

# Annabel and Mr. Nash Part Three

## The Conclusion

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# Chapter One

## ANNABEL—LIVE-IN MAID TO THE GENTRY

Sitting beside Barclay, her former butler, in his modest little Honda CR-V, Annabel stared with growing anxiety as they trundled up the sweeping gravel drive that led to a stately Georgian style country mansion. It wasn't on the scale of Pemberton Hall, the huge estate that Annabel had grown up in, but having spent the past few months cooped up in Darius Nash's pokey little brownstone, she now found herself quite intimidated by the size of this new and unfamiliar place. Not least because—as Nash had explained to her that morning—unlike her previous life at Pemberton Hall where she had ruled as the powerful and pampered young mistress, Annabel would soon be working here as a lowly maid. Furthermore, Nash had spitefully informed her just how far down the food chain she was going to be at her new place of work—right at the very bottom, to be exact!

Thinking back, there had been a strange, almost wistful look in Nash's eyes as he had imparted the news that she would be spending a couple of months working at a posh residence on the other side of the city. It was almost as if he was afraid he wasn't ever going to see her again, and not for the first time, Annabel had wondered if there more going on here than she had at first realized. The fact that Aunt Sissy had agreed to allow her to be left in the hands of a perverted sadist like Nash in the first place had never made any sense, and then her friend Alisha's subsequent entrapment followed by her sudden departure had also raised questions in Annabel's mind as to just how much control Nash really held over *his* girls.

"Come on. Time to meet your new employers!" Barclay said, opening his door.

Annabel duly let herself out of the passenger side and followed him. It wasn't that long ago, Annabel ruefully recalled, that Barclay would have opened the door for her with a deferential bow. Nowadays she was no more than mere chattel to him, a sex slave with whom he had had his way on any number of occasions. And why wouldn't she be? Barclay was by now intimately familiar with every inch of her naked body, as well as having witnessed her undergo the most humiliating of sexually perverted ordeals! Familiarity breeds contempt, and although his sexual desire for her was still plainly obvious, her easy access meant that he was no longer awestruck by Annabel's beauty. How far removed from the days at Pemberton Hall when Annabel used to deliberately flaunt herself in front of him, secure in the knowledge that the old lecher would never have dared to lay a hand on her!

*Employers, indeed!* Annabel thought miserably as she followed Barclay up a set of stone steps flanked by neatly trimmed privet hedges. Even though she was the heiress to a fortune, Annabel hadn't been permitted to handle so much as a single cent since she had been placed under Nash's control—and she seriously doubted that there would be any financial compensation for whatever *work* she would be required to perform here!

"Funny how things turn out, isn't it?" Barclay said while they waited on the front portico. "All those years that I waited on you hand and foot without a word of thanks—and now you are going to find out exactly how that feels!"

Annabel remained silent and stared glumly at the flagstones under her feet. She doubted if there was anything these people could possibly come up with that could match the degradations that Nash had already inflicted upon her. Even so, at least he was a known quantity. Now she would have to recalibrate her emotions once again. Being naked and humiliated had almost become second nature to her by now, and yet every time new people were introduced to her debasement, her shame and self-loathing always plummeted to ever lower depths. Who might be waiting for her behind that door? Was it a family? Would there be boys or girls of her own age, or perhaps even younger? What kind of people would they be? Would they treat her fairly or was she about to be thrown at the mercy of a new bunch of sadistic freaks?

As these possibilities tumbled around Annabel's troubled mind, the door swung open and her heart immediately sank. A tall and stern looking woman glared down at her with such a withering expression that Annabel was immediately reminded of the terrifying and sadistic Nurse Ingle.

Unlike the psychopathic nurse however, this woman was dressed in a crisp white blouse, a navy, knee length pencil skirt, dark tights, and highly polished black stilettos. Her black hair was shaped into an immaculate pageboy cut, and Annabel couldn't help noticing the high thrust of the woman's ample chest. She had to be in her forties, but her figure was still trim, her narrow waist flaring out into broader hips and thighs before tapering back down into shapely calves.

In her previous life, Annabel had always reveled in the envious looks that the other girls had given her as she had minced around in the latest designer wear. Now, with her own red tresses shorn into a ragged bob, and clad only in a simple blue and white checked tunic with cheap plastic sandals on her sockless feet, Annabel felt decidedly second-rate in the presence of this frightening but elegant woman. A little shiver ran up her spine as she contemplated spending the next two months under this woman's strict rule, and she found herself almost missing Mrs. Craddock!

After giving Annabel a cursory once over, the woman's eyes softened ever so slightly as she said to Barclay, "Hello, Alastair. It's been a while."

"Hello yourself, Veronica," Barclay said. "You're looking well."

The fearsome looking woman almost smiled then, and in spite of her growing anxiety, Annabel couldn't help wondering if they had ever been lovers. The fact they were old acquaintances was of no comfort to her of course, because it increased the likelihood that this grand house was going to serve as yet another venue for acts of depraved cruelty at her expense.

"You're looking rather rejuvenated yourself," Veronica said.

"Well, you know what they say," Alastair said. "You're only as young as *what* you feel."

And to Annabel's embarrassment, he promptly reached over and squeezed her right buttock!

"Quite," Veronica said stiffly, before turning her steely gaze back to Annabel.

"I've been well briefed about this wanton little hussy," she said. "Well, I'll brook none of that behavior in Mr. Van Hook's household. Strict discipline, absolute cleanliness, and many hours of hard work will soon cure this little tramp of her lustful ways. Come on, young lady, don't just stand there."

At first, Annabel couldn't make her legs move, so Barclay gave her another pat on the ass and said, "After you, my lady!"

As Annabel haltingly entered the house, she heard Veronica say, "Where do you think you are going?"

She looked up nervously, only to discover that Veronica was addressing Barclay. The lecherous butler paused mid-stride on the threshold, and said, "I thought you might be needing my assistance."

"Not at all," Veronica said curtly. "I'm perfectly capable of taking it from here. I'm sure you have other duties to attend to at Pemberton Hall."

In less forbidding circumstances, Annabel would have grinned at the crestfallen look on Barclay's face. How the old pervert must have been looking forward to watching Annabel suffer another humiliating ordeal.

"But I could—" Barclay stammered.

Cutting him off, Veronica said, "It was very nice to see you again Alastair, but I want to get Annabel settled in before the master of the house comes home. Now good day."

After closing the door on him, Veronica turned briskly on her heel and said to Annabel, "Follow me."

Trailing behind the daunting woman, Annabel watched the seductive sway of Veronica's hips as she clip-clopped in her heels across the polished floor. There was no doubting her innate sensuality, but it was tempered by the aura of power she exuded. This was not a woman to be crossed lightly, as evidenced by Barclay's meek capitulation. Yes, Veronica was clearly a strict disciplinarian, and now that Annabel was totally under her control, she wondered what the next few weeks would hold in store for her!

## Chapter Two

Looking around at the opulent decor, Annabel couldn't help but feel a pang of nostalgia for Pemberton Hall. She had grown up in surroundings such as these, and up until her enforced tenure under Darius Nash, had taken them pretty much for granted. Now it almost felt as if that life had never really existed and she truly felt overawed by the high ceilings, twinkling chandeliers, and marble floors.

Veronica led her through to the back of the house, out through a French door, and onto a patio dotted with ornamental statues. Beyond, an expansive lawn surrounded by ancient trees enveloped a large kidney shaped swimming pool. Annabel gazed wistfully at the sparkling clear water as she recalled the many idle hours she and her friends had spent sunbathing by the pool at Pemberton Hall. But even those cherished memories had now been tainted by her latest poolside experience at Helen's house, and she cringed inwardly as she thought afresh of the humiliations she had been forced to endure in front of her former friends.

They followed a brick pathway around the side of the house and through a wooden door into a spacious utility room. Two male cooks were chopping vegetables at a kitchen table on the left, while over on the right, two Asian girls loaded a washing machine with white sheets. Everyone stopped and looked up when they came in, and to her dismay, Annabel felt herself blushing.

"Staff, I want you all to meet Annabel, the new scullery maid," Veronica said, clapping her hands. "She will be working here for the next few weeks. Annabel, meet Ivan and Milo who are the chef and sous-chef respectively, and the two maids here are Rita and Cornelia. Later on, I will introduce you to Rafael the gardener, and Higgins the chauffeur. As scullery maid, you rank the lowest in the household staff, and you will do exactly as you are told by them. Is that clear?"

*Scullery maid!*

The old-fashioned title couldn't have been more appropriate considering the stark contrast between this barren room and the lavish furnishings she had just passed through. Even the pale blue house coats worn by the two maids, and the white uniforms of the two cooks looked outdated. It was almost as if she had just stepped through a time portal back to the Victorian era!

Annabel nodded dejectedly, trying to avoid the curious expressions on the faces of her new superiors. During her years growing up at Pemberton Hall, a procession of staff from various countries of origin had waited on her and her aunt—and Annabel had treated them all like the lowlifes she believed them to be. She had never been unfair or nasty with them, but she had always felt it proper that everybody should know their position in the household. Now the tables had been fully turned, and she faced the awful prospect of having to jump to the commands of the very type of people she had once looked down upon!

Over the past few months of degradation and servitude at the hands of Nash and his cronies, Annabel had learned a lot about herself—in particular how much she was able to endure. She had already resigned herself to the fact that she would most likely be suffering many more indignities here, but the more she saw how much this place paralleled the surroundings of her own upbringing, the harder she knew this was going to be. Yet again, she held fast to her only hope of salvation—the knowledge that when this terrible year was finally over, she would be restored to her rightful place at the top of the social pecking order.

"Answer when I speak to you, young lady," Veronica said. "And stop looking at your feet!"

Her cheeks burning even brighter, Annabel raised her chin and found herself looking straight into the eyes of Ivan the chef. He was wiping his hands on a towel and appraising her with a look that she recognized all too well from the various middle-aged perverts that Nash had already forced upon her.

Looking quickly away, she mumbled, "Yes, Veronica."

Without warning, Veronica, lashed out and cuffed Annabel around the ear. Annabel's head jerked forward and when she looked up again, her eyes were watering, and her ear felt like it was glowing.

"You will refer to me as *Miss* Veronica at all times," Veronica snapped. "Is that understood?"

“Y-Yes, Miss Veronica!” Annabel stammered shakily, and to her chagrin, she heard one of the watching maids titter in amusement.

“Good. Very well people, now that you all know what she looks like, I’m going to take Annabel to her quarters. Back to work everybody—chop chop!”

Relieved at the opportunity to get away from the scrutiny of the others, Annabel followed Veronica through a doorway leading straight onto a dimly lit concrete staircase, and as they descended beneath the house, Annabel’s sense of foreboding increased. They passed under an archway at the bottom of the steps and after Veronica flicked on the light, Annabel looked around with dismay.

They were in a cellar about thirty-by-thirty feet, with wooden beams that supported a low ceiling and bare brick walls surrounding a concrete floor. Directly in the middle of the room was a steel frame bed and a thin mattress with some items of clothing on top, and beside it a plain, wooden chair. Along one wall was a metal locker, against the adjacent wall a simple porcelain commode with no seat, and a few feet further along a stainless steel shower head stuck out of the wall above a shallow step-in basin. The only other furniture in the room was a standing sink adorned with some basic items for ablution purposes, and beside it a plain full length mirror screwed to the wall.

That was it. No couch, no dresser, and certainly no television!

*This is where I shall be sleeping for the next few weeks?*

By comparison, her cramped room in Nash’s brownstone suddenly seemed rather inviting!

Looking around, Annabel then spotted a gray metal door that almost blended in with the bland concrete walls of the cellar. It had a single padlocked bolt and a small square window at head height. It looked rather like the door to a prison cell, and Annabel found it so sinister looking that a shiver ran down her spine.

“What’s through there, Miss Veronica?” she asked timidly.

“You don’t need to concern yourself with that,” Veronica said briskly.

Annabel’s stomach twisted inside as she instinctively deduced that her question had touched a nerve. Whatever did lay behind that door, Annabel suddenly decided she didn’t want to know about it now!

Veronica said, “As you can see, you have all the basic needs here. You should be comfortable enough. Now I want you to take a shower and then dress in the clothes provided on the bed. I’ll be back in half an hour, so you’d better be ready.”

Annabel listened to the sound of Veronica’s heels on the steps, and when she heard the door close at the top, she stepped out of her sandals. The concrete was cool under her bare feet and she felt rather vulnerable getting undressed in such a large and barren room. She raised her head as she prepared to tug her tunic off—and that was when she spotted the surveillance camera in the ceiling.

## Chapter Three

Annabel froze. She was no technology expert, but she knew enough that the dark glass globe in the ceiling directly above her bed was not a light bulb. Aunt Sissy had the same type of cameras installed in various locations around Pemberton Hall. She let go of the neck of her tunic and scanned the rest of the ceiling. There were two more tucked in opposite corners and another in the space between the toilet bowl and the open shower. No wonder they hadn't supplied her with the privacy of an enclosed bathroom—somebody was watching her!

Annabel's heart began to beat faster at the terrible implications of this latest discovery. Even though she had already endured dozens of humiliating and often painful tests of her sufferance, she was ill-prepared for this unfamiliar new game. Although Nash had gradually expanded the circle of witnesses to Annabel's descent, she had at least been able to see who she was dealing with. But now she was utterly clueless as to the identity of her peeping tom. Was it the owner of the house? Perhaps all of the staff members she had just met were huddled around a monitor at this moment waiting for her to strip naked and shower for them. Or worse, could the cameras be linked to a computer which was right now streaming her live to thousands of paying customers around the world?

It was absurd that after having been debased in the worst ways imaginable, that she should be so terrified of exposing herself in front of a hidden audience—and yet she found herself rooted to the floor with a paralyzing attack of stage fright!

With Veronica's parting words still ringing in her ears, Annabel knew that she had no choice but to comply with her instructions. Regardless of who might be watching her, if she wasn't showered and changed by the time Veronica returned, Annabel knew she would undoubtedly incur a punishment. Her ear was still throbbing and Annabel was willing to bet that a cuff around the head was the lightest of sentences that could be dished out by the hard-faced bitch.

With a sigh of resignation, Annabel once again grasped the neck of her tunic, and this time she reluctantly pulled the simple garment up over her head.

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In his sumptuous office on the penthouse floor of the high-rise building that housed the law firm of Bale, Thomas and Farrington, David Van Hook watched the adorable redhead remove her tunic. He was impressed. Not just because of her feminine loveliness, but also because after several months in captivity, she was apparently still in control of her mental faculties.

He had observed with interest how she had hesitated after spotting the ceiling cameras—they were deliberately not concealed from view because that was what Van Hook had intended. For him, her knowledge that she was being scrutinized in intimate detail was vital because her mental and emotional torment was every bit as important as the physical suffering she would soon be enduring.

He touched an icon on the monitor and the camera zoomed in on her half naked body. She was braless, although she was denying him the chance to scrutinize her breasts by crossing her forearms over them. Van Hook smiled at her endearing attempts at modesty. Although he had never met the man, Van Hook had used his lofty position within *Apex* to procure a dossier on Darius Nash, and from what he had read about him, it was certain that young Annabel would by now have become accustomed to performing various depraved and shameful acts that she could never have previously conceived of in her former life.

Van Hook could probably have obtained all of Nash's digital evidence of these pornographic depravities, but that would have taken the pleasure of discovery out of this moment. The beautiful part was that despite all that Nash must have put her through, here she was in a brand new environment, acting just as coyly as if she were starting her ordeal all over again. And in a way she was, because as he lustfully watched her bend forward and work her cotton knickers over her thighs

while covering her breasts with her other hand, David Van Hook had already decided that he was going to turn this lovely young specimen into his personal plaything!

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Stark naked and feeling as if the eyes of the whole world were upon her, Annabel stepped into the exposed shower stall. Nervously, she picked up a block of pink soap and its tar-like scent immediately took Annabel's mind back to her last horrible assignment at the *Mercy Clinic and Shelter for the Homeless*. At least today she wasn't being forced to parade naked in front of a bunch of dirty old hobos with the soap jammed into her mouth!

Turning her back on the spartan room, Annabel opened the old-fashioned faucet and then yelped as her body was engulfed by a cascade of icy water that took her breath away! Resisting the impulse to jump out of the stall, she quickly began to soap herself. Acutely aware that there was a camera almost directly above her, she tried to angle her body so that her breasts weren't on display to whoever might be watching. The absurdity of her attempts at modesty weren't lost on her considering the manifold depraved acts she had recently been forced to perform, and yet she felt compelled to protect herself as best she could. Whoever these people were, they were strangers who had never seen her most intimate parts, and just the idea of exposing herself to a different audience made her cringe with embarrassment!

She didn't want to stand in that cold shower any longer than was necessary, so she set about washing herself briskly, bending as slightly as possible when she lathered her calves, and making sure not to touch her crotch or breasts. When she was rinsed off, Annabel closed the faucet and grabbed the only towel from the nearby rail. The thin cotton towel was so small it was little more than a facecloth, and Annabel was beginning to realize that everything in this room had been put there only to maximize her vulnerability. Gamely, Annabel toweled herself as dry as possible before returning to the bed with her hands across her breasts and the damp towel covering her pubes. Now it was time to find out what they wanted her to wear today.

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Van Hook leaned in a little closer to his monitor as Annabel perched herself on the edge of the bed, knees together, arms across her chest, and the inadequate towel strategically placed on her lap. Her uniform was laid out beside her and she contemplated it for a moment before picking up a pair of black panties. Van Hook zoomed in the camera to get a better look.

He had given Veronica plenty of latitude as to how she should handle their newest acquisition, but he had set out a basic set of guidelines, and he had every confidence that his kinky, lesbian housekeeper would not let him down. And by allowing Veronica to punish and humiliate Annabel in her own way, Van Hook was afforded the added voyeuristic pleasure of surprise. Step one of this adventure was all about watching from afar, reveling in the discomfiture of his unbalanced young prey while building up anticipation for the infinitely more personal encounters to come.

Even so, Van Hook was the producer of this show, and everybody in the household were his players. His role was to create the setting and circumstances, and then sit back and enjoy the outcome. It was like watching a sexually twisted version of *Big Brother!*

As the creator of his own show, he had personally selected Annabel's kinky maid's outfit, right down to the black panties that the young woman was now holding out in front of her. And unbeknown to Annabel—or even Veronica—those innocuous looking panties were going to be the centerpiece of this episode of his show. To the eye, they looked like a regular pair that would fit snugly around Annabel's around buttocks and vulva. No doubt the hapless girl would feel

humiliated enough having to show off even these bland panties in front of the staff—it was underwear, after all, and women were very private about that sort of thing—but after the sequence of events that he was expecting to come into play, she and everybody else involved would be amazed at what would happen next.

It was the material that was the key. Using his money and a contact at a private research center, Van Hook had commissioned a little personal development of an as yet unpatented fabric that was specifically designed to shrink when wet. Its original purpose had something to do with diaper linings, but Van Hook had succeeded in acquiring a quantity of items of clothing manufactured from an enhanced version of this fabric—which would shrink considerably faster than its inventor had originally intended!

He hadn't mentioned any of this when he had handed Annabel's costume to Veronica, of course, but he had provided her with strict instructions to make sure that the underwear got wet, no matter what else happened. How Veronica planned to do that was up to her, but she knew from past experience that whenever Van Hook *scripted* a particular scenario, she had to make it look as natural as possible—it was all a part of the show.

Now he watched eagerly as Annabel contemplated getting into her unique underwear as modestly as she could. Although she had successfully managed to keep her front side averted from the cameras when she was showering, getting dressed with the same level of decorum was sure to prove more difficult.

By now she must have convinced herself that she was being observed by persons unknown, as evidenced by the look of apprehension in those pretty blue eyes. Indeed, notwithstanding the obvious delights of her curvaceous body, it was Annabel's eyes that captivated Van Hook the most. Her body language displayed a certain degree of, if not defeat, then resignation to her plight, but in those fathomless eyes Van Hook saw shame and misery, as well as the unmistakable glint of defiance! Oh yes, the young heiress was still holding on to something of her former self deep inside, and that was what thrilled Van Hook about the prospect of testing her to her very limits!

## Chapter Four

Vividly recalling the humiliating maid's outfit that Darius Nash had previously forced her to dress up in, Annabel held up the black panties cautiously. She was a little surprised—and relieved—to find that they weren't more revealing, particularly as a quick glance at the rest of this uniform told her that whoever was in charge of her wardrobe was clearly cast from the same ilk as Nash.

With a resigned sigh, she couldn't help glancing up at the nearest camera before leaning forward and threading her right foot through one of the leg holes. After maneuvering her left foot into the other opening, she awkwardly worked the garment up her legs while managing to keep them together with the towel in place over her crotch and keeping an arm across her breasts. She quickly sought out the black bra and wasn't entirely shocked to discover that it was a push-up job. Now she moved quickly, briefly exposing her nipples before pulling the cups in place and then fastening the bra strap. She looked up straight at her reflection in the wall mirror and saw that the snug-fitting bra had pushed her bust obscenely up and out! Still, at least she was now relatively decent and could finish dressing with a little more composure.

Just like the uniform she had worn at Nash's house, the black dress was so small that it stopped short at the tops of her thighs, and the neckline was so low that her thrusting breasts almost popped out of the top! Worried that Veronica could return at any moment, Annabel tied the white apron around her waist and then slipped the single white garter belt up over her right thigh. All that remained on the bed was a white lace headband which she guessed was supposed to serve as a demeaning little cap. There were no shoes under the bed, and although there was a selection on the rack by the wall, Annabel had learned if nothing else over the past few months, to obey instructions exactly. That meant, she sadly concluded, she would be carrying out her duties barefoot and Cinderella-style.

Still mindful of the cameras above her, Annabel stood and surveyed herself in the mirror. Her outfit was similar to the ridiculous cosplay uniform that Nash had dressed her up in, but when she turned around and looked over her shoulder, Annabel saw that there was actually one very noticeable difference—the dress had been specially cut so that the hem rode high up at the rear, completely exposing her panties!

After the numerous times she had been forced to expose herself publicly over the past few months, Annabel might have expected to develop a certain immunity to the embarrassment this caused her—but it wasn't working out like that at all! The thought of having her rear end on display—albeit covered—in front of the other staff members made her wince. She reached behind and tried to pull the hem down, but she discovered that her efforts were a mere futile gesture at modesty. Reconciled to her fate, Annabel sat on the end of the bed and stared forlornly at the mysterious metal door in the wall.

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At her desk in the small storeroom that also served as her office, Veronica watched with interest and growing arousal as Annabel awkwardly attempted to hide her privates while she showered and dressed. Mr. Van Hook had provided her with some background notes on the girl, and she had learned that Annabel came from a privileged background. She also knew that she had been at the mercy of Darius Nash for the past few months—a nasty little creep who Veronica had once had the misfortune to have worked with. However, as much as she despised the greasy lowlife, Veronica had to admit that they had a great deal in common when it came to their dark and twisted desires!

She could only imagine how many times young Annabel had been forced to copulate with him, and the thought of his fat hairy body writhing on top of this young beauty filled Veronica with disgust. Anyway, regardless of whatever else Mr. Van Hook had planned for Annabel, Veronica

expected there would still be many hours available when their hapless young victim would be available to cater to her every deviant whim!

She focused intently on the screen, taking in every enticing detail of the pretty new scullery maid, her thrusting bosom, her angelic blue eyes, her badly cut mop of glossy red hair, and her shapely bare legs crossed demurely as she awaited Veronica's return. Veronica had toyed with the idea of deliberately returning early to catch her out, but she had become so engrossed by Annabel's unenthusiastic performance that it took her a moment to realize that the titillating little show was now over. Composing herself, Veronica stood, straightened her skirt, and then went down to the cellar.

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Before she realized she had done it, Annabel was standing to attention beside her bed as soon as Veronica strode into the cellar. The unnerving woman stood before her, arms folded across her chest as she carefully appraised Annabel's belittling uniform.

"Turn around, girl."

Cheeks flushing furiously, and acutely aware of the ridiculous spectacle she must be presenting, Annabel did as she was told.

"Oh, very nice! A perfect fit that will ensure your plump ass is always on offer for a thrashing whenever you misbehave!" Veronica said. "Now turn back and face me."

After Annabel completed her slow pirouette, she was surprised to find that Veronica had moved even closer to her, and due to the woman's extremely high heels, Annabel was practically at eye level with Veronica's prominent bust! It occurred to her then that one of the reasons she was being kept barefoot was to ensure that she remained at a lower physical height than everybody else—a symbolic reminder of her humble position in this unfamiliar household.

Embarrassed by the proximity of Veronica's jutting breasts, Annabel averted her gaze, but Veronica gripped her by the chin, tilted her head up, and stared intently into Annabel's eyes.

"Ah, yes," Veronica said, her breath sweet and warm on Annabel's face. "You appear to be afraid, but I still detect a glimmer of resistance in those sweet blue eyes. Somewhere in there, you are still clinging on to your former pride in anticipation of your eventual freedom, isn't that so, Miss Annabel of Pemberton Hall? I think the master of the house has chosen well. You won't be completely broken without a fight—which is exactly what he wants!"

She abruptly let go of Annabel's chin and turned on her heel. "Come along, it's time to put you to work!"

Watching the seductive sway of Veronica's hips as she disappeared through the archway, Annabel tried to absorb the terrible implications of her mistress's words. As she had feared, Annabel was indeed going to become a new pawn in somebody's sick game of control and domination. And she had a very bad premonition that her life was going to become even worse than it had been under Nash's control—if that was even possible!

Following Veronica's echoing footsteps, Annabel hurried to catch up, the stone steps cool under her bare feet. When they reached the door to the utility room, the prospect of working shoeless in front of everybody inexplicably made her feel even more exposed than the absurdly high hemline at the back of her dress!

## Chapter Five

Before descending to Annabel's cellar, Veronica had instructed Rita to set a bowl of water and a scrubbing brush on the utility room floor. The two Filipina maids had already gone off to another part of the house, but the items were duly waiting in a corner of the laundry area which would afford the two male cooks an unobstructed view of their new subordinate as she carried out the first of her demeaning tasks. This was exactly in line with Mr. Van Hook's directive of course, and Veronica felt another little quiver of excitement as she anticipated Annabel's reaction to her first act of forced exhibitionism in this house. She had no idea why Mr. Van Hook specifically wanted Annabel's panties to get soaked, but he was the boss and Veronica had already passed this mandate on to Ivan.

Adopting her professional demeanor, Veronica gestured to the bowl and said, "You can start by scrubbing the floor tiles—I hope you won't find that too difficult."

When she received no reply, Veronica turned and saw that Annabel was still cowering in the doorway. Her cheeks had turned a beautifully deep shade of pink, and her wide blue eyes were fixed on the washing bowl with dismay.

"Come along, girl!" Veronica snapped. "Get over here and get down on your hands and knees."

When Annabel still failed to move, Veronica said, "Or perhaps you'd prefer to have your ass whipped right here in the scullery in front of everybody?"

The threat of such a humiliation clearly outweighed Annabel's reluctance to display herself in her absurd costume because she let out a gasp and whimpered, "N-No! Please don't!"

As Annabel nervously shuffled into the room, Veronica was pleased to note that Ivan and Milo were now leaning on the kitchen counter and taking in the proceedings with interest. Pretending not to notice them, Veronica said, "Hurry up, girl! There's plenty more work for you to do today!"

Trying to keep her backside hidden from the two grinning cooks, Annabel slowly dropped to her knees in front of the bowl. The wooden scrubbing brush was fitted with a plastic handle through which Annabel now slipped her slender fingers and then gingerly dipped the bristles into the water.

Then she began to scrub, making sure to position her body sideways in an attempt to prevent the cooks from getting a good look at either her underwear or her wobbling cleavage. The poor girl's feeble attempts at modesty only served to fuel Veronica's mounting excitement, and trying to keep the thrill out of her voice, she said, "I want you to get right into the corners and up against the skirting. You can't possibly do it from that angle, so you'll have to swivel around."

Annabel raised her head and briefly opened her mouth in protest, but obviously realizing that she was in a trap from which there would be no escape, she tentatively inched her way around until her beautifully prominent ass was now directed toward the whole room. Veronica feasted her eyes on Annabel's firm round buttocks straining beneath the taut black fabric of the panties.

Ivan let out a low whistle and muttered, "Sweet Jesus! Check out those peaches, Milo!"

Veronica felt a pleasant throbbing sensation in her belly as she noticed a slight stiffening of Annabel's shoulders. Although the girl had already been trained by Darius Nash to obey, her body language, however imperceptible, betrayed the inner turmoil that seethed within her. Oh yes, this one was definitely a fighter, a young woman of privilege who fully intended to retake her place at the top of the social pile when her year of submission was finally up.

And that was exactly what Veronica—and Mr. Van Hook—wanted. Where was the pleasure in tormenting a broken soul that no longer possessed the self-esteem to even care? It was the shame, the outrage, and the sense of utter helplessness imposed upon the proud victim that excited Veronica so intensely!

She glanced again at the two cooks who were still hungrily ogling Annabel's voluptuous rear end, and this time Ivan caught her eye and winked. Having set the scene, Veronica was ready to step back and watch the potbellied cook get involved in Annabel's persecution—and she knew she could totally rely on the filthy lecher for that. There had been several other unfortunate wenches in Mr. Van Hook's employ in recent years, and after initial concerns about possible culpability, Ivan had grown to become an eager participant in their sexual torments. Mr. Van Hook was a very well

connected and influential man, and intricate measures—some using the stick, others the carrot—were always put in place to ensure that his prey didn't go to the authorities after Van Hook had tired of playing with them. Confident then that he was free to act out his basest desires with impunity, Ivan would no doubt be licking his lips at the prospect of playing with this delectable young morsel of a girl!

Milo on the other hand was new here, and the spotted-faced youth, not much older than Annabel herself, would possibly be shocked once Ivan got to work on her. This added element of surprise spiced up the games even more. Even if Milo refused to join in, he would be quickly convinced to keep his mouth shut about what he had witnessed. It would be interesting however, to see how he reacted when faced with such an enticing opportunity.

Regardless, Mr. Van Hook would undoubtedly be keeping an eye on proceedings from his office, and he would be impatient to see what happened next. So too was Veronica, and she said, "I have things to do, so I'm putting Ivan in charge, and you will do exactly as he tells you. Am I clear, Annabel?"

"Y-Yes, Miss Veronica," Annabel mumbled.

"Very well. I shall be back to inspect your progress later."

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Annabel listened to the echoing sound of Veronica's high heels, followed by the door closing. She was now alone with two strange men—in the most vulnerable position a girl could possibly find herself in!

Deeply aware of the presence of her male onlookers, Annabel tried to focus upon her pointless task. With just a bowl of plain water to scrub already spotless tiles, it was all too obvious by now that her *job* here was just a charade. Just as she had been dreading all along, she was again a part of some deviant game in which she was the central character. Having been subjected to such puerile indignities dozens of times by Nash and his circle didn't make this current scenario any easier to deal with, however. Perhaps it was the large house with its trappings of wealth that intimidated her so much—the very surroundings that she had grown up accustomed to. Now she was on the other side of the fence, and the unsettling part was that a tiny voice in her head was suggesting that she actually belonged there!

As she began to scrub, a shadow fell across the wall and Annabel drew in a sharp breath. One of the cooks was standing right behind her, probably just inches from her proffered rear-end! After a brief pause, Annabel began to scrub away again, head down, in the vain hope that he would go away.

"Can I help you with that bowl, honey?"

It was Ivan, of course, the fat, older one with the bulbous nose and sleazy eyes. Still keeping her face averted Annabel glanced to the right. In her anxious state, she had moved a couple of feet away from the bowl of water without realizing it.

"N-No, it's okay," she stammered, and started to shuffle back over to the bowl, but a pudgy hand landed on her back and Annabel froze.

"Let me," Ivan said.

His shadow moved on the wall and she heard the water sloshing around in the bowl, and then to her utter shock she felt the contents of the bowl cascade all over her backside! Startled, Annabel sat up on her knees as the water pooled around her. In spite of her concerns as to what Ivan might do to her next, her bigger fear was the likelihood of Veronica punishing her for this! Her panties and the hem of her dress were absolutely soaked!

"Oops!" Ivan said. "Lost my grip."

Still with her back to him, Annabel felt both of his hands on her shoulders now, and she stiffened as he firmly pushed her back down.

*Oh! Stop touching me!*

“Just carry on as Miss Veronica instructed you,” he said in a soothing tone. “I’ll tell her it was an accident.”

Reluctantly, Annabel allowed him to press her into her former prone position, and she hesitatingly started to scrub the tiles again. She just knew she was going to get into trouble for this, but there was nothing she could do about it. Resigning herself to her fate, she continued with her menial chore and was relieved to see Ivan’s shadow retreat from the white wall in front of her. After feeling his fingers upon her, she had been bracing herself for a more intimate groping, but puzzled as she was that it didn’t materialize, she had no option other than to keep her nose to the tiles and hope she was going to get away with it.

Even though her scrubbing was making absolutely no difference to the immaculate tiles, Annabel figured she had to go through the motions, and with her wet panties clinging uncomfortably to her buttocks, she shuffled along toward the center of the wall.

For a while she worked in silence, the only sounds being the rasping of her brush and the clinking of pans which meant the two cooks had thankfully returned to their work. But as she continued, Annabel suddenly became aware that something quite alarming was beginning to happen to her underwear!

## Chapter Six

Alone in his penthouse office, Van Hook unzipped his fly and freed his erect cock. With his right hand, he casually massaged himself while using his other hand to zoom the utility room camera until Annabel's delectable butt filled the frame. He had observed the dramatic shrinkage of this innovative synthetic material in a laboratory before, but now he was finally going to see it working its wicked magic on his unsuspecting victim!

For him, the concept was perfect—Annabel would very quickly start to feel the fabric constricting around her crotch, but under Veronica's strict orders, she would be hesitant to do anything about it. Nevertheless, as soon as it became apparent to her that the material was going to keep on constricting until it bunched up between her cunt lips, surely she would instinctively reach around in an attempt to adjust the rapidly disappearing gusset.

What a dilemma for his blushing new maid!

Keeping his fist moving slowly up and down his throbbing member, Van Hook watched closely as the black artificial fabric molded itself neatly around Annabel's buns. Its progress wasn't perceptible to the human eye, and yet there was no doubting that the panties were now a much tighter fit. Gradually, the leg openings began to bite into the soft flesh of Annabel's lower buttocks, not too visually obvious yet, but on Van Hook's computer screen, little bulging ridges of skin around the outside of the garment were just becoming noticeable.

He zoomed the camera back slightly and feasted his eyes upon the gusset, which was now clinging to Annabel's pubic mound and presenting him with a delightfully pronounced rear view of her camel toe. Van Hook knew from the laboratory tests that there would be no respite from the relentless contraction of this fabric until it completely dried out, and that was not going to happen for a while. The only remaining question was which would snap first—the amazing shrinking panties or Annabel's self-control?

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Veronica finished completing her daily housekeeping entries and closed her laptop. Ordinarily, she would now give the upstairs rooms a quick inspection, see what Rafael was doing in the garden, and then check in to make sure that Mr. Hook would still be home for dinner in the evening. It was not uncommon for him to change his plans at the last minute and dine out with colleagues or clients, but Veronica was confident that would not be the case tonight—not with his newest plaything waiting for him!

Higgins, the chauffeur—a misogynistic old swine if ever she knew one—hadn't messaged her with any change of plans either, so she needed to make sure that events were proceeding in the right direction. Although Van Hook hadn't explicitly explained why he wanted Annabel's panties soaked, Veronica hadn't been able to stop thinking about them in the fifteen minutes she had been away. The thought of young Annabel in damp underwear was in itself enough to bring a stirring to her loins, but the one thing she had learned about her depraved boss was that he was always springing surprises—in other words something unexpected was going to take place!

Leaving her cramped office, Veronica hurried downstairs, but before opening the utility room door, she took a deep breath and calmed herself. Mr. Van Hook would be watching, and he would be expecting her to play her usual role as the strict housekeeper. No matter how excited she felt inside, Veronica must outwardly project the impression that she regarded Annabel as nothing more than a stupid, worthless girl.

Through the door she could hear the two Filipina maids' high-pitched giggling over the dulcet tones of Annabel's protestations. Veronica counted silently to three and turned the door handle in anticipation—the next stage of Mr. Van Hook's depraved show was apparently already underway!

When she opened the door, her eyes were immediately drawn to Annabel's thrust out rump. The young faux maid was still on her knees scrubbing the tiles with her right hand, but she had moved her left arm behind her so that the back of her hand was covering the cleft between her buttocks.

The reason for adopting this awkward position was immediately apparent. In the back of her mind, Veronica had already surmised that Annabel's panties were made of no ordinary fabric. And it should have come as no surprise really to discover that her employer had somehow managed to source a synthesized compound that reacted so quickly when in contact with water. In the brief time that Veronica had been away, Annabel's underwear had already constricted to tiny proportions. What had previously been a sensible pair of knickers had now been reduced to nothing more than a tiny G-string—and judging from Annabel's squirming backside, the rapidly contracting garment wasn't done yet!

The rest of the staff had stopped working when they had spotted the activity taking place around Annabel's most private bodily area. Rita, the older of the two maids, was openly laughing and pointing as the thin black waistband of the panties bit cruelly into Annabel's soft flesh. Cornelia, about the same age as Annabel herself, had her hand over pressed over her mouth to stifle her own giggles. Ivan was leaning on the kitchen counter, grinning rudely at Annabel's plight—and no doubt proud of his part in it—while to Veronica's satisfaction, Milo was watching with rapt concentration. Ordinarily, Veronica would have told them all to get back to work, but that would not be what Mr. Van Hook wanted at all—the more witnesses there were to Annabel's involuntarily indecent exposure, the more intense her shame and humiliation!

It was time for Veronica to take charge of the scene, and in a sharp and officious tone, she said, “What's this? Why are you touching yourself, Annabel?”

Hearing the voice of her supervisor, Annabel braced her shoulders and turned her head slightly, showing everyone the profile of her beetroot red cheek.

“I-I—there's something wrong!” she stammered, still protecting her crotch with her hand.

“That is not how you scrub tiles!” Veronica barked, unable to completely suppress the slight tremor in her voice. “Put your left hand back on the floor right now! And why is the bowl empty already? My goodness, girl, there's water everywhere! What have you been doing? I gave you a simple task to complete, and you've been playing around instead! Now put your hand down immediately and get back to it!”

With a little sob of frustration, Annabel slowly moved her arm away, and in doing so presented everyone in the room with an unimpeded view of her hairless hammock. Veronica literally caught her breath as she drank in the sight of the gusset—now nothing more than a thin strip of black fabric—worming its way between Annabel's deliciously puffy labia!

“Oh, my God, look! Where have her knickers gone?” Rita shrieked.

Conscious of Mr. Van Hook's omnipotent presence, Veronica knew that she was required to play out this charade to its inevitable conclusion. And even though it was painfully obvious to all and sundry—even the gawping youth, Milo—that Annabel had absolutely nothing to do with what was happening between her legs, it was essential that she be made to feel responsible. The fact that Annabel would constantly be the victim in this house was irrelevant—it was her sense of guilt and shame that would provide the fuel for Van Hook's erotic adventures. With enough chastisement and verbal haranguing, Annabel would eventually come to believe that she was truly responsible for her miserable circumstances!

Right now, the woeful girl was looking extremely distressed as her bare buttocks wriggled from side to side while the unyielding material sank deeper into her crotch. All eyes were fixed upon Annabel's most secret place, and like Veronica, everybody else was no doubt wondering exactly how much more this mysterious textile was going to shrink.

Suddenly, Annabel raised her head and hissed between her teeth. “Ooh, it hurts! P-Please, Miss Veronica, make it stop!”

Spellbound, Veronica heard herself say, “I have no idea what you are talking about, girl. But if you persist with this shameful display, you will be most sorry!”

“She’s a dirty little slut!” Ivan chuckled. “She wants us to look at her pussy! See how horny she is?”

And to Veronica’s delight, that much was true. There was no denying Annabel’s obvious emotional pain, but judging from her damp and swollen cunt lips, on a physical level at least, the hapless and tormented girl was actually deriving considerable sexual gratification from her humiliation!

What remained of Annabel’s underwear was now nothing more than a T-shaped black line cutting viciously into her waist and crotch. The discomfort must have been reaching almost unbearable levels by now, and yet Annabel was admirably keeping her groaning and whining down to a minimum. Veronica was undecided as to when she should call a halt to the torture. Knowing her boss as she did, it was certain that he would be expecting to watch Annabel’s subsequent punishment for her lewd behavior, but because she was unfamiliar with this newly contrived scenario, Veronica wasn’t exactly sure when would be the right time to implement it.

Her dilemma was solved almost immediately however, as with a sudden and resounding snap, the waistband of the panties flew apart, and relieved of the upward tension, the narrow strip between Annabel’s labia dallied for a second—no doubt lightly adhered to the luckless girl’s bodily secretions—before dropping between her thighs, leaving Annabel’s pink and glistening honeypot on display for all to see!

## Chapter Seven

*Oh, no!*

With a squeal of horror, Annabel felt the waistband go. The split-second relief from her physical discomfort was immediately obliterated by the shocking awareness that her bare crotch was now fully exposed to the entire room! Her instinctive reaction was to put her hand back up behind her, but no sooner had she lifted her palm off the tiles than she heard Veronica snap, “You disgusting tramp! What do you think you are doing?”

Unsure whether her cruel mistress was referring to her now-aborted attempt to cover herself, or to the fact that she was now totally naked from the waist down, Annabel stayed perfectly still and screwed her eyes tight shut. As with so many of these sick games over the past months, she again found herself in a no-win situation. She was still totally bewildered by what had been going on around her nether regions—how could a pair of panties shrink so fast?—but that question was irrelevant to her current dilemma. The simple reality was that nobody had ripped them off her, they had simply come apart, and she just knew that the sadistic housekeeper now hovering behind her was going to hold Annabel fully responsible for it!

The implications were all too familiar. Upon first laying eyes on Annabel a few hours earlier, Veronica had called her a *wanton little hussy* which at the time had been unjustified considering they had never even met. Now it was all fitting together—as if Annabel hadn’t already had an inkling of what was to come. Not only was she the lowliest member of this bizarre household, but she was to be portrayed as a horny little slut to boot—the perfect set-up for whatever twisted games they had in store for her!

Regardless of what horrors lay ahead, Annabel’s immediate worry was with the here and now—down on all fours with her bare ass stuck up in the air, showing off her privates to a group of laughing strangers who were apparently quite willing to go along with the pretense that she was doing it all of her own volition! Eyes closed and her cheeks aflame, Annabel tried to ready herself for the inevitable retribution to come.

“I asked you a question, you little harlot!” Veronica said. “Why are you exposing yourself in public? These good people are trying to get on with their work. Do you honestly think they are interested in your smelly little beaver?”

With the odds stacked impossibly against her, Annabel knew that there could be no correct response to Veronica’s belittling question. If she answered in the affirmative, she would just be confirming the lie that was being woven around her, and despite everything, Annabel simply could not bring herself to do that. The alternative was to contradict Veronica’s lowly opinion of her, and that would surely bring severe consequences.

Even so, Annabel replied, “N-No, Miss Veronica. There was something wrong with my—”

“Your what? Your panties? Are you suggesting Mr. Van Hook has provided you with a substandard wardrobe? I’m sure he’ll be very disappointed when I inform him of your ungrateful attitude.”

Even though Annabel had yet to meet her mysterious employer, Annabel was pretty certain that he was fully aware of the demeaning treatment she was enduring. Even if he wasn’t, she simply could not afford to take the risk of angering him.

“No, I-I didn’t mean that—” Annabel mumbled.

“So what did you mean?” Veronica interrupted. “That your fat ass couldn’t even fit into a normal pair of panties? Is that it?”

Annabel thought a moment before replying. The longer she resisted Veronica’s attempts to have her verbally concur that she was indeed an overweight slut, the longer she would have to remain down on the floor in this mortifying position.

Finally, with a sigh, she mumbled, “Y-Yes, Miss Veronica, my fat ass broke the panties.”

The two Filipina maids tittered in unison, and Ivan said, “Look at her cunt lips—they’re all wet and puffy!”

Annabel wanted to curl up and die, but she had been through enough of these unfair and perverted games to know that if she didn't play along, things would only get worse for her.

"You're right, Ivan," Veronica said. "She's actually getting turned on by flashing her pussy at you. Well, I'm afraid there is no place in Mr. Van Hook's household for that kind of behavior. Annabel will definitely have to be punished!"

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*It must be taking an act of extreme willpower for Annabel to remain down there in such an obscene posture,* Veronica mused as she relished the sight of the sorry girl's pouting and moist labia.

It was certainly an interesting turn of events that Annabel should be experiencing physical gratification from her public disgrace, and yet she knew that people like Darius Nash were skilled practitioners in the art of physical and psychological remodeling. There was no doubt in Veronica's mind that Annabel was loathing every second of her ordeal, even as her treacherous body was reacting so favorably. What a confusing torment for the hapless girl!

"Because you have offended the rest of the staff with your lewd behavior," Veronica said, "I think it would be fitting if they were to administer your punishment themselves. Perhaps a sound spanking would suffice. What do you think, people?"

"Really?" Rita chuckled. "We get to spank her?"

"Well, she seems to be unable to resist showing off her bare ass, so I believe a few strokes from each of you across those wobbly cheeks would be quite appropriate, don't you?"

By way of an answer, a wicked grin spread across Ivan's face, Milo ran his tongue over his bottom lip, and even young Cornelia, always so quiet, clapped her hands together in delight. For her part, Annabel, now having given up her attempt at invisibility through motionlessness, craned her neck around, and whimpered, "Please no, Miss Veronica! You do it—not them!"

*Fascinating!* Veronica thought. *Even as conditioned as Annabel has become to being punished in public, the thought of having to submit to people who she still regards as her inferiors is simply too much for her to bear! Just what I was hoping for!*

"Excuse me? Are you forgetting yourself? You do not get to stipulate terms, young madam," Veronica said. "You need to remember your place around here, and the best way for you to remember that is by learning from better people than yourself!"

Annabel briefly glanced up at Veronica before quickly lowering her eyes, but not before Veronica had spotted in them another revealing little flash of umbrage. Miss Annabel of Pemberton Hall was still alive and kicking somewhere inside there, but she would remain buried out of sight as long as Veronica was in control. Besides, what chance did Annabel have of maintaining any dignity when she was naked from the waist down with her butt sticking up in the air? But if Annabel thought that she was to receive her humiliating chastisement in her current position, then she was sorely mistaken!

"Milo, would you please bring that chair over here?" Veronica said.

While the spotty youngster dragged the straight-backed chair across the floor, Veronica instructed Annabel to stand, and after the red-faced girl had reluctantly complied, ordered her to bend over the back of the chair and grasp the base of the legs furthest from her. The back of the chair was high enough to compel Annabel to push out her ripe ass cheeks again, but resistant to the last, the flustered young maid kept her shapely thighs pressed together.

"Place your feet on the outside of the chair legs," Veronica said blandly, as if reciting a standard punishment procedure.

With her head down on the wooden seat, Annabel emitted a barely audible sigh as she once again exposed her most intimate parts to everybody in the room. And what a sight it was to behold, as Annabel waited for her punishment! The hopelessly inadequate maid's dress had ridden right up, leaving her buttocks and hairless pussy totally exposed to the room! Veronica couldn't help noticing

the bulge that had developed in the front of young Milo's pants, and she had to wonder if the two enthusiastic Filipina maids were as wet between the legs as Veronica herself was right now.

"Where is her pubic hair?" Cornelia tittered, tilting her head for a better look at Annabel's smooth vulva.

"The little whore is a shaver!" Ivan declared. "She wants us to see everything in detail!"

"Well, she has got her wish," Veronica said. "Now you may use your bare hands or any other suitable items you can find here in the kitchen. So who wants to go first?"

## Chapter Eight

*Excellent! Veronica is exceeding even her own high standards!*

With his other hand gently regulating the rigidity of his own joystick, Van Hook maneuvered the mouse pad so that he had a forty-five degree angled view of Annabel's prominent rear end, which would present him with the best possible viewpoint of the action. Without audio, he had been following proceedings with the keen curiosity of a peeping tom, and now that he saw the semi-naked maid had been rudely arranged over the back of a kitchen chair, a spanking was clearly forthcoming. A bit predictable perhaps, but the sight of a young adult female being smacked on her bare buttocks never failed to excite him. Even if the slaps themselves weren't that painful, it was the shame and embarrassment that the miserable girl would have to suffer that mattered most.

With bated breath, he waited for Veronica to take up her position, but to his surprise and delight, the senior maid stepped up instead. In her mid-thirties, Rita was what he would have described as a handsome woman, with finely chiseled, angular features, dark, sensual eyes, and typically Southeast Asian olive skin. Van Hook had occasionally daydreamed about stripping her naked and suspending her by the wrists in the cellar, but he had rules regarding the selection of his victims, and as a regular employee, he had opted to keep Rita off limits. That said, he had often used his hidden network of surveillance cameras to spy on her in her bathroom, and he had seen enough to know that there was a fine and solid body hiding beneath the pale blue smock she was now wearing.

As Rita raised her arm to deliver the first blow, Van Hook noted with interest the look of enthusiasm on her face. Perhaps with the right incentive he could persuade the athletic Filipina to participate in further disciplinary sessions with Annabel—albeit dressed in rather more domineering attire.

While he was pondering this mouthwatering idea, Rita brought her arm down and Annabel's body jerked. When Rita took a pace back to reposition herself, the high definition lens showed a faint pink impression of Rita's hand print on Annabel's right buttock—the senior maid was clearly not holding back!

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“Ow!”

Annabel had intended to deny them the satisfaction of hearing her cry out, but Rita was slapping her really hard, and after six or seven spanks, the stinging was becoming too much to bear!

With her cheek pressed down against the hard seat of the chair, Annabel tried to focus more on the physical pain than the humiliation of knowing that they were all looking at her spread and inflamed labia. Unfortunately, Ivan's derisive comments had been only too true—as much as she wanted to die from the shame, her body was reacting in a most pleasurable way to this degrading punishment!

*What is wrong with me? Am I finally turning into the filthy slut that Nash wanted me to be?*

She felt so defiled, and yet every time Rita's hand made contact with her flesh, the warm throbbing between Annabel's legs grew more and more exquisite! It made no sense to be aroused by such an indignity, but the physical evidence could not be denied!

*Oh, please God, don't make me come! I couldn't stand that. Not in front of all these people!*

Rita continued to rain down a succession of slaps and very soon Annabel was wiggling her backside in an attempt to alleviate the pain.

“Is she dancing?” Cornelia said.

“Of course she is!” Rita panted. “Look at how she is dripping! She's loving this!”

Annabel winced at Rita's words. Even with her legs spread, she was acutely aware of the stickiness between them. Notwithstanding all of the outrages of the past six months, Annabel couldn't think of anything worse than the situation she was in right now. Unlike the sexual abuse

that Nash and his buddies had put her through, she had now been placed in a contrived situation in which she was being held culpable for her actions, and her unfaithful body was only serving to underline her guilt!

*But I didn't do any of this! I'm a good girl, a respectable young heiress! Not some lowly maid who enjoys being humiliated and abused!*

Finally, Rita's onslaught came to a halt, and Annabel remained in her humbling pose, waiting for the next of her attackers. Even though she knew in her heart that it was bound to happen eventually, she desperately hoped it wasn't going to be one of the men.

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"Go on, Milo," Ivan said, giving his assistant a little prod in the back. "Have a little fun with her."

Milo hesitated and averted his eyes from Annabel's exposed sex, his response confirming his youthful innocence to Veronica. There was no denying his obvious hard-on however, and Veronica was convinced that with a little encouragement, this awkward young man could soon be converted into a willing participant in Annabel's punishment games. Ivan must have sensed it too, and he picked up a dishcloth, ran it under a faucet until it was soaked through, and then handed it to Milo. "Give her a few towel snaps. That should get her squealing!"

Veronica noticed Annabel shift slightly as she prepared for Milo's turn. Positioned as she was with her bare ass facing the room, she could only guess as to what was coming next, which must surely be adding to her anguish!

Milo held the sopping cloth in one hand before again settling his eyes upon his delectable target. Then he twirled the dishcloth around, spraying droplets everywhere, until it was compressed into a tight, dripping coil. With what looked like practiced ease, he drew his arm high across his chest and whipped the cloth down backhanded across Annabel's rump. A sharp crack filled the air as Annabel's head snapped up and her hands let go of the chair legs.

"Yah!"

*Ooh! That really stung her!* Veronica thought, a cruel smile playing on her lips. *Young Milo must have learned that skill in the high school locker room!*

"Stay in position, young lady!" she barked. "Your punishment has only just started!"

With an audible whimper, Annabel lowered her head again and wrapped her fingers around the chair legs. An instant later, Milo again whipped the cloth down across her backside, and immediately followed that up with a rasping forehand. Each strike left a well-defined red steak across Annabel's quivering ass cheeks, and galvanized by the sight, Milo laid three more rapid markers upon Annabel's tender skin.

"Ah! Ow! Eek!"

Annabel was writhing now, twisting her torso in an attempt to lessen the impact of each blow. The sight of her bright red butt cheeks writhing frantically from side to side was having a profound effect on Veronica—indeed, this usually mundane room was now charged with sexual tension as Annabel literally danced to Milo's staccato tune.

"Okay Milo, that will do!" Veronica shouted over the crack of the cloth. "That's enough!"

Milo stopped and looked at her, panting hard, his eyes a little glazed, and his cock visibly straining against his pants. Returning to reality, he lowered his eyes and said, "I'm sorry Miss Veronica, I got carried away."

*My, haven't we awoken a sleeping monster!* Veronica thought, as her eyes returned to the lobster red orbs of Annabel's ass cheeks.

"That's perfectly alright, Milo," she said. "Annabel deserves her punishment, but we do need to get on and finish our chores before the master of the house gets home. Cornelia, would you like to go next?"

Like Milo, Cornelia was quietly spoken, but she had already exhibited a great deal of pleasure at Annabel's plight, and the young Filipina immediately took a metal spatula down from the kitchen rack and shoved the disoriented Milo to one side. As mild little Cornelia lined herself up for her first strike, Veronica marveled at how easily people's personalities could change if they were unexpectedly placed in a position of total power over others.

Annabel had stopped moving her torso from side to side now, and her cries of pain had subsided into a steady series of grunts as moans with each impact from the spatula. Her almost purple ass had been under a constant assault for nearly twenty minutes and Ivan had yet to take his turn.

"I think that's enough for now, Cornelia," Veronica said. "Ivan, are you ready to teach Annabel a lesson she will never forget?"

"Oh, I am," Ivan smirked.

Hearing the exchange, Annabel turned her head on the wooden seat so that she could just about make eye contact with Veronica. Her face was almost as red as her ass, and her eyes were moist with tears.

"Please Miss Veronica, no more! I promise to be good!" she whined.

Veronica was sure that for all her tears, Annabel was play-acting just a little in an attempt to preempt a spanking by Ivan. Of all the people in this room, he was the one she would be most desperate to avoid contact with.

*I guess Miss Annabel has built up something of an aversion to fat middle-aged men over the past few months!* Veronica thought. *Well, I hate to disappoint you my dear, but you are everybody's plaything now, with no exceptions!*

"I'm not interested in your promises, young lady," she said. "Everybody is entitled to a turn, and you will stay where you are until I give you permission to move."

## Chapter Nine

Up in his penthouse office, Van Hook watched the potbellied cook unhook his belt and fold it double. This wasn't the first time Ivan had been called in to play by Veronica, and Van Hook already had a couple of recordings of him reducing a vulnerable young girl to a tearful wreck.

Even from afar, Van Hook could tell that Annabel was made of surprisingly stern stuff, and she would provide a big test of Ivan's sadistic nature. Van Hook again zoomed in to Annabel's ass, and was delighted to see that her previously unblemished white skin was now a patchwork of varying shades of pink and red with the occasional purple welt rising up in places. Already he could see that even the simple act of sitting down would prove to be a very painful task for Annabel over the next few days—and now she was about to receive a thrashing from a leather belt!

Increasing the pace of his masturbation, Van Hook stared in fascination as Ivan leaned down and spoke into Annabel's ear. He then gently scraped the edge of his belt over her sore butt cheeks and the girl's thighs began to tremble. After a few moments of sadistic teasing, Ivan pulled the belt away, but instead of the expected blow, he instead lashed it down onto the tiled floor. Van Hook couldn't hear the noise it made, but Annabel most surely did because her whole body jumped and then—oh my!—a little dribble of piss escaped from her pussy and trickled down the inside of her thigh.

Again, Ivan moved closer and whispered to his shaking victim before stepping back once more—and this time slashing the belt hard across her contused buttocks. How Van Hook wished he could hear Annabel's cries of anguish as he observed the tendons standing out in her neck and her tongue flailing around in her wide open mouth. Before she had time to recover, Ivan unloaded another lash and Annabel stretched up on her toes and tried unsuccessfully to pull in her ample ass. After the third stroke, the tormented girl couldn't stop herself as she instinctively let go of the chair legs and placed her hands palms outward in front of her inflamed rump.

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“Just say it!” Ivan said in a low, even voice. “Tell me what you really want, and I won't thrash you.”

*I won't say it!* Annabel raged in her head. *Not to you, you disgusting old pig!*

Images of Darius Nash, Alastair Barclay, and Tom Craddock flashed through her scrambled brain. Of all the people who had molested and degraded her over the past six months—including her ex-friends, insane doctors, and even those decrepit old hobos—it was exactly Ivan's type, the sad, middle-aged, boozy, porn-addicted losers, that she abhorred the most! Under ordinary circumstances, not one of them would have had a prayer of a chance of even laying a finger upon her! These were the dirty old scum that Annabel used to enjoy flaunting herself in front of, knowing that they would go home and jerk off alone in their bedrooms with just the memory of her for inspiration.

But since her life had been so dramatically changed for the worse, she had become very familiar with the touch, taste and smell of their flabby, hairy bodies, and much worse, their saggy balls and Viagra-hardened cocks! Well, she'd had no choice in the matter before, and even if Ivan intended to take her, she was damned if she would pander to his pathetic ego and utter the words that he wanted to hear! Veronica may well have forced her to admit that she was a dirty slut, but enough was enough—Annabel had to salvage some pride.

Facing the wall, she had no idea what instrument of pain he held in his hand, but she willed herself to be strong. After all, how much more could it hurt than Milo's wet dishcloth? Her buttocks were still throbbing painfully, but she believed that if she gave it her fullest attention, she could just about withstand the pain.

She couldn't feel Ivan's hot breath on her cheek anymore, so she guessed he had moved back to ready himself. Annabel braced her bare feet on the tiles and closed her eyes. Nothing happened for a moment, and then she felt something hard, almost sharp, running along the contours of her backside. Up until then, she hadn't realized just how tender her buttocks had become, but the light touch sent a little bolt of electricity through her!

*Oh God! Maybe I've misjudged this! If such faint contact can be so sensitive, then—*

A loud smack reverberated around the room and Annabel shrieked in terror. In the same instant, to her horror, she felt a little jet of urine squirting out of her.

"Look, she's wet herself!" Cornelia laughed.

"She's such a timid little thing!" Milo said.

It took Annabel a moment to realize she hadn't actually been struck. Ivan had only been toying with her, but yet again her disloyal body had given her away. This vile piece of shit had made her lose control of her bladder in front of them all, which made a mockery of her pretense that she wasn't afraid.

"Say you want me to fuck you. Say you want to come, and I'll spare you the pain!"

His cheek was almost touching hers again, and to her chagrin she could feel her legs trembling. Why was she being such a wimp? She'd been through worse than this, hadn't she? So screw him! Knowing that she would almost certainly regret it, Annabel kept her lips firmly pressed together, but then covered when she sensed him move away from her again.

When the first lash of the belt did land, Annabel had a brief moment of clarity to remind herself that she only had herself to blame. She had been given a choice and could have capitulated to Ivan's demand, but no, she still had that flame of rebellion burning inside her. Yet knowing that she was destined to lose whatever happened, was her show of insubordination worth it? Right now, as the nerve endings in her buttocks sent their angry little signals to her brain, she wasn't so sure—it felt as though she was being seared by a red hot flame!

She wasn't aware that she had screamed until she sucked in a lungful of air, but no sooner had she caught her breath than another excruciating band of fire cut across her bruised buttocks. This time she did hear herself scream, although the screeching noise she made barely sounded human to her.

*Oh, sweet Jesus! I can't take any more of this!*

Annabel had learned much about her pain threshold since she had moved in with Darius Nash, and she had frequently surprised herself as she had learned to tolerate ever increasing levels of torture. But whether or not this was the accumulative effect of her beatings today, or a particularly vicious technique that Ivan was using, Annabel seriously doubted that she could withstand any more. As tears began to sting her eyes, she waited for Ivan to talk to her again. She really, really, didn't want to say it, not in front of everybody, but if it meant calling a halt to this agony, what else could she do? She could articulate the words without meaning them, couldn't she? Surely everybody would understand that she would be confessing her sins under duress.

But Ivan didn't talk to her. Another blistering slash whipped across her buttocks, and again Annabel yelled with everything she had. After she had refilled her lungs again, she knew that there was only one thing she could do to stop him—and even though it made her feel lower than she had ever felt before, she simply had to say it.

"P-Please fuck me, Ivan!"

For a panicky split-second, she thought he hadn't heard her, but then he said, "What did you just say?"

## Chapter Ten

Veronica was both amazed by and impressed with Ivan's unexpectedly vindictive attitude toward Annabel. Whereas the others were clearly deriving a great deal of malicious pleasure from her suffering, Ivan on the other hand was sending out vibes so hostile that they bordered on out and out hatred. A quick glance at his bulging crotch was confirmation enough that Ivan was also highly aroused by the idea of having total power over a pretty and defenseless young woman, but there was something about Annabel's overall demeanor that seemed to be bringing out the absolute worst in him.

What exactly was it? Considering the obscene and humiliating position that the wretched girl had been forced to assume for such a long time, it shouldn't have been readily apparent why Annabel was antagonizing Ivan so much. But Veronica was pretty sure she knew what was bugging him so much because she had already picked up on it herself—it was all in Annabel's eyes.

No matter how much they abused and humiliated her, a barely detectable glint of arrogance still dwelled within those angelic, blue eyes. Annabel may very well have learned to hide her inner feelings through word and deed, but she couldn't completely conceal how she truly felt about her tormentors—the eyes were the windows to the soul, after all. Here was a young lady to the manor born, and no amount of sustained degradation could ever truly extinguish that, especially when she was carrying the one torch of hope remaining to her—eventual liberation from her nightmare world of subjugation.

Ivan, on the other hand, had worked his way up from the gutter, at one point holding a good position at a prestigious hotel in the city, before losing it over a spurious sexual harassment charge. Effectively blackballed, his hard-earned career had imploded, leaving Ivan with a lingering bitterness toward attractive women. Veronica knew all of this from his resume, as well as a briefing from Mr. Van Hook, who had, for whatever reason, provided Ivan with gainful employment, as well as a most unlikely opportunity to gain his revenge on the fairer sex without fear of retribution.

Knowing the backgrounds of both protagonists, Mr. Van Hook would surely now be watching with great interest to see what Ivan would do next in an attempt to crush Annabel's lingering spirit—and of far greater significance, to see how Annabel would react.

“I—want you to fuck me.”

Annabel's voice was little more than a whisper now.

“They can't hear you,” Ivan said. “Say it louder. Tell everybody what you want.”

Veronica's eyes were now fixed upon Annabel's sopping sex, her bloated labia as red as her sore ass cheeks. All Ivan had to do was free his rigid cock and lean forward and he would slip inside her with ease, and for a moment Veronica thought that was exactly what he intended to do—but the misogynistic chef evidently had other ideas!

“I—please will you—?” Annabel croaked, quickly followed by a high-pitched cry as Ivan brought the unforgiving belt down across her ass again.

“Ai! No more, please! Just fuck me! I want you to fuck me!”

“You don't tell me what to do!” Ivan snarled, slipping his free hand inside his apron. “Beg, you little cunt!”

“I said please already!” Annabel protested. “What else do you want me say?”

*Oh no, that attitude is not going to help your cause at all, young lady!* Veronica thought.

Ivan was totally running the show now, and even if she wanted to, Veronica wasn't sure if she could stop him. Even the cackling Filipinas had gone quiet and were watching the unfolding drama with awe.

An incurable sadist herself since childhood, Veronica did however occasionally experience what she termed *reverse sexual fantasies* in which she found herself playing the imaginary role of the victim instead of the abuser. She found these infrequent urges—the antithesis of her natural predatory instincts—unexpectedly arousing, and as she watched Annabel, the privileged heiress, being forced to act out the role of a lowly whore, she couldn't help but wonder what she must be thinking right now.

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*What more does he want from me?* Annabel thought frantically.

Her back was aching terribly, her calves were beginning to cramp up, and her buttocks were so sore and tender she wondered whether she would ever be able to sit down comfortably again. But all of that pain and discomfort was secondary to the hurt she was suppressing inside as she tried to placate the rabid dog standing behind her.

She was asking him to fuck her out of a basic need for survival, but in doing so she was violating her deepest personal code of honor. Had she possessed the fortitude to remain silent, then he could have forcibly taken her for as long as he liked but she would still have won the moral victory. And Ivan was well aware of that, which why he was insisting she plead for it.

“Tell everyone why you took your panties off,” Ivan said.

“But I didn’t—”

“Then why aren’t you wearing them?”

*You know why!* Annabel thought helplessly. *Oh God, he’s insane! And this is a madhouse!*

“I—they—”

“Tell the truth, or so help me I’ll thrash it out of you!”

Annabel felt her bladder move at the prospect of any more punishment being administered to her burning ass. The truth. If she could only speak the truth right now. But in this *through the looking glass* world into which she had been so abruptly thrust, the truth was irrelevant—it was the illusion that mattered, and if Annabel were to survive this horror, she now understood that she would have to fully live out the role they had cast her in.

So be it.

“I-I can’t help myself,” Annabel said, trying to make her voice audible. “I love cock—I always have. Miss Veronica is right. I’m a dirty slut. I need cock every day, especially from mature men like you, Ivan—”

Again, she saw the leering faces of Darius Nash, Alastair Barclay, et al—and God, how she despised them!

“I like an experienced lover—someone who can make me come over and over again!”

Her voice trailed off into silence and Annabel wondered if she had overdone it. It was obvious that she hadn’t meant a word of what she had just said, and now, in her desperate attempt to please, she may have inadvertently succeeded in humiliating her tormentor!

After what seemed like an eternity, Ivan said, “What a sad little bitch you are. Do you honestly think I would stoop so low as to put my dick inside your disease-ridden hole?”

*What did he just say?*

Mentally and emotionally drained, Annabel didn’t think she still retained the capacity for surprise, but as his insulting words sunk in, she was actually stunned by them. She had already accepted that he was going to copulate with her right here in the utility room in front of everybody else, but now it sounded as though he was about to turn her down! How could he, after how hard she had tried?

“Look at you!” Ivan continued. “Your juices are running down your thighs! You disgust me!”

Tears began to well up in Annabel’s eyes as she comprehended the trap she had just fallen into. There was no greater humiliation for a woman than to offer herself to—plead with!—a man for sex and then be turned down!

“Well, I’m not gonna do it, but maybe Milo might fuck you,” Ivan said. “Why don’t you ask him?”

## Chapter Eleven

All eyes turned toward Milo whose face was suddenly as red as Annabel's ass. The flustered youth opened his mouth, but Ivan put up a silencing hand.

"Well? Are you going to ask Milo to help you?"

"M-Milo, please will you fuck me?" Annabel sniveled.

Milo began to shake his head, but Ivan waggled his finger at him and then withdrew his other hand from his apron. Up until then, Veronica had wondered if she was going to witness one, if not both cooks putting their dicks inside Annabel's slippery cunt. But one look at the long, curved cucumber in Ivan's hand definitely put an end to that speculation!

Rita and Cornelia stifled more giggles as Ivan waved the tip of the vegetable an inch from Annabel's swollen cunt lips. Ivan looked at Milo and nodded.

Milo gulped and said in croaking voice, "Okay, I will do it."

"Be careful Milo," Rita said. "You don't know what you might catch!"

"Are you ready, Annabel?" Ivan said.

"Y-Yes," Annabel said uncertainly.

When Ivan touched the tip of the cucumber against Annabel's outer labia, her whole body jerked, and then she yelped as Ivan slowly began to trail it up and down Annabel's moist opening.

"O-Oh!" Annabel moaned.

"Listen to her!" Cornelia giggled.

"Let it out, girl!" Rita said.

*Is it really possible that Annabel's engorged labia are unable to distinguish between the hard cucumber and the end of a man's penis?* Veronica wondered.

Looking at the way Annabel was now turning her head from side to side, she obviously sensed that something was not right. Then without warning, Ivan began to push the vegetable inside Annabel's highly accommodating pussy. Veronica watched mesmerized, as inch by inch, the phallic shaped gourd slowly disappeared inside Annabel's body.

"Ungh!" Annabel let go of the chair legs and arched her back. Ivan had selected a rather generously proportioned cucumber for the task, and Veronica estimated that there must have been at least six inches inside Annabel's cunt by now—with a good six more to go!

Ivan kept on pushing and Annabel's grunts grew louder. When approximately eight inches of the cucumber were embedded inside Annabel's body, Ivan let go and stood aside so they could all have a good look. Annabel was gripping the seat of the chair now, her torso and neck twisting around in an attempt to see what was going on behind her.

"Ask Milo to make you come," Ivan said, gripping the cucumber once more.

Now aware that Milo wasn't anywhere near her, Annabel gasped, "What is it? What have you put in me?"

Ivan chuckled and began to draw the vegetable in and out of Annabel's sodden cunt. The confused girl's breathing was quite audible now, and despite her obvious disapproval at having a foreign object inserted inside her, it looked like she was already on the verge of climaxing!

"Well, it's not Milo is it?" Ivan said as he quickly picked up the pace.

"S-Stop!" Annabel gasped. "Take it out of me!"

She was up on her toes now, her calves straining, and her purple-red ass cheeks bouncing as the dark green vegetable slipped easily in and out of her cunt. Ivan was pumping her at full speed now, and a deep guttural groan escaped her lips as her left arm suddenly shot out to the side, fingers splayed.

"N-Noo!"

Annabel threw her head back, her whole body stiffened, and then she remained quite still in that pose for so long that Veronica thought she might have had a seizure!

"Shit! She's just come!" Rita shrieked.

Annabel slumped forward, her badly cropped red hair falling around her face. His work done, Ivan stepped away, leaving Annabel still deeply impaled on the glistening vegetable. Feeling

slightly giddy herself, Veronica gazed mistily at the insolent cucumber jutting out from between Annabel's bruised ass cheeks and wondered what Mr. Van Hook had made of all that.

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"Good evening, Mr. Van Hook," Higgins said, holding open the back door of the limo. "Will you be going to the club first sir, or straight home?"

"Home," Van Hook said, hoping he didn't look too flustered.

*My God, that girl came like a bunny rabbit!*

He had a copy of the video on his iPad, and as Higgins pulled out into the busy traffic, he replayed it silently in the back seat. The girl was a fighter, no doubt about that. Just the ticket! He couldn't wait to meet her!

He touched the speed dial on his phone and Veronica immediately answered. "Mr. Van Hook. What time shall we be expecting you for dinner?"

"I'll be home by seven," Van Hook said. "How is the new employee?"

"She needs some training, but we'll knock her into shape," Veronica said.

Noticing Higgins' eyes on him in the rearview, Van Hook said, "Good, good. I can't abide badly behaved staff."

"Will you be interviewing her before or after dinner, sir?" Veronica asked.

Van Hook pondered this and said, "Is she fit to work?"

"I think so, sir. In fact, I think she would prefer to stay on her feet for a while."

Van Hook pictured Annabel's sore buttocks and grinned to himself. Veronica loved playing the game. What a godsend that woman had been. And as loyal as they come. But then she did owe him big time. Van Hook liked keeping people in his debt.

"In that case, have her help serve dinner this evening."

"Very good, sir," Veronica said.

Van Hook hung up and settled happily back into the comfortable upholstery and closed his eyes. He had no specific plan for the feisty young redhead this evening, but he had a lot of juicy ideas about what he was going to do to her. He recalled that constant fury burning in her eyes, even as she attempted to play the submissive. Poor old Ivan hadn't really tamed her. Annabel had simply learned through hard-earned experience how and when to let her captors think they had won. Oh yes, her pride had taken a huge battering when she had discovered she was being forced to climax on a cucumber, but she had doubtless been through many other similar humiliations with Darius Nash and she had somehow harnessed the ability to always bounce back.

Well, she was about to meet her match tonight. Maybe he would put her into the cell. He had noted the look of trepidation on her face when she had asked Veronica what was behind that metal door.

*Oh, you'll find out soon enough, missy! You'll be spending many miserable hours in that bleak room!*

The limo pulled up at a red light and Van Hook opened his eyes to see that Higgins was watching him again. The chauffeur quickly looked away but not before Van Hook said, "There's a new staff member joined us today, Higgins."

"Really, sir?"

"Young, good looking girl."

"That's nice, sir."

"Strong willed too, Veronica tells me."

No answer this time.

"Already had to be disciplined today," Van Hook added.

"That's a shame, sir," Higgins said.

"Received quite a thrashing, so Veronica said. Most of the staff joined in too, apparently."

Higgins made eye contact with his boss again, and this time held it.

“Maybe you’d be interested in helping keep the girl under control?” Van Hook said.

“Me, sir?”

Van Hook smiled. He had plenty of clandestine footage of Higgins’ own particular style of discipline of unfortunate young female employees.

“She could help you in the garage,” Van Hook said. “Teach her about car maintenance. Let her play with the jump leads. See how she takes to a bit of grease and oil. You could even introduce her that special oil drum you keep in there.”

The light turned green and Van Hook thought he saw a twinkle in Higgins’ eyes before turning his attention back to the road.

Higgins said, “I’m not quite sure I understand what you mean, sir.”

## Chapter Twelve

### ANNABEL MEETS HER NEW MASTER

“Jump in the shower and wash those tears off your face,” Veronica said. “We can’t have you looking all miserable in front of Mr. Van Hook.”

Annabel, still in her saucy French maid costume, looked at her questioningly. They were alone in the cellar, Veronica perched on the wooden chair beside the bed, Annabel standing nervously a few feet away. Despite her distressed state, Annabel still looked absolutely gorgeous and Veronica couldn’t resist indulging in a little bit of fun before Mr. Van Hook got home.

“Don’t tell me you’re still shy after the vulgar performance you just put on upstairs? You took off your panties in front of everybody and then masturbated with a cucumber, my dear,” Veronica said, as if Annabel needed reminding.

Annabel flushed deeply and shuffled her bare feet on the concrete floor.

“Mr. Nash warned us that you are a bitch constantly in heat, but I would have expected a little more decorum from a young lady of your background,” Veronica went on.

Annabel briefly caught her eye and then looked away. They both knew perfectly well that the whole sordid scene had been set up in advance, and that Annabel’s disgusting pleas for Ivan to fuck her had been uttered under extreme duress—but also that it was pointless for her to say anything in her defense.

What Annabel might not have been aware of was the pharmaceutical agent that was causing her endless state of sexual arousal. Even if she had worked out that she was being secretly drugged with this powerful aphrodisiac, she must surely know by now that Veronica would deny it. The whole point of this delightful game was to make Annabel appear to be at fault at all times.

Trying not to betray her own excited anticipation, Veronica said, “Hurry up. The master of the house will be home soon. You can’t keep him waiting.”

Annabel glanced at the open shower stall and hesitatingly turned her back on Veronica. Then she untied the apron, unzipped the dress, and let it fall to her ankles. Veronica feasted her eyes on Annabel’s perfect young figure. Her shoulders were broad, her waist narrow, and her reddened buttocks firm and round.

After a brief pause, Annabel took off her headband and finally she rolled the lace garter belt down her leg, pressing her knees together as she bent forward. Now totally naked, she turned to the shower stall, making sure to keep her back to Veronica and with her arms wrapped tightly around her. Veronica found this display of modesty quite endearing given the obviously placed ceiling cameras recording her from every angle!

Veronica gazed hungrily at the sway of Annabel’s contused ass cheeks as she padded self-consciously to the shower. The poor little dear had certainly taken a beating. And that awful cucumber! That must have been painful even though it had so easily brought her to a climax.

As Annabel turned on the faucet, Veronica looked at her watch. She had over an hour before Mr. Van Hook was due to arrive home. That should be plenty of time for what she had in mind.

While Annabel was showering, Veronica went over to the locker, took out her key chain, and opened the metal doors. Inside was a veritable Aladdin’s cave of kinky cosplay costumes, bondage equipment, and novelty sex toys, most of it selected according to Mr. Van Hook’s instructions, but with a variety of additional items of Veronica’s own choosing.

After a moment’s consideration, she took out a large, pink, rubber coated vibrator. She turned it on and watched it buzzing for a moment and then nodded with satisfaction. She had been toying with the idea of trying to coerce young Cornelia into her bed recently—now that she had Annabel to play with, the Filipina maid would be spared for the time being.

She switched off the vibrator and returned to the bed. Annabel was still soaping herself under the cold-water shower, no doubt trying to physically and spiritually cleanse herself of her mortifying punishment session upstairs. Veronica slipped the vibrator under the sheets and enjoyed the view for a couple more minutes.

Then she barked, “Annabel!”

Annabel jumped and closed the faucet. Still keeping her body turned away, she reached for the small square of toweling on the rail and held it against her.

“Come over here,” Veronica said.

Annabel slowly turned around, and clutching the towel in front of her privates, shuffled back to the center of the cellar. Veronica felt herself getting moist as the beautiful young heiress shifted uncomfortably in front of her.

“You’re not going to get dry just standing there, are you?” Veronica said.

Keeping her head down and her arms across her breasts, Annabel began to dab the inadequate towel against her wet skin. Veronica got up and stood directly in front of her.

“Give me the towel.”

With shaking fingers, Annabel held it out, and then clamped her hand back between her thighs.

“Lift up your arms.”

Annabel’s shoulders stiffened and then she slowly raised her arms, so that her fists were either side of her head.

“All the way up,” Veronica said.

A slight whimper escaped Annabel’s lips as she complied. Veronica eagerly surveyed the quivering girl’s naked body, letting her eyes rove over her perfectly proportioned breasts with their puffy pink nipples and then down over her slightly rounded belly to her shaven vulva. Veronica swallowed and started to wipe Annabel’s left armpit, making the girl jerk and almost lower her arms.

“Stay still,” Veronica said. “I’m sure you don’t want another spanking.”

Annabel stayed still, arms raised, moist eyes flitting around the room in embarrassment as Veronica gently wiped her down.

“Do you have a boyfriend?” Veronica said.

Annabel didn’t reply, so Veronica roughly grabbed her chin and squeezed.

“You will answer my questions, young lady! Now do not test my patience anymore.”

“Yesh!” Annabel nodded.

Veronica slapped her hard across the cheek.

“Miss Veronica!”

“Ah! Sorry, Miss Veronica! Yes—I mean no.”

Veronica looked at Annabel’s flushed face.

“Well, which is it? Yes or no?”

“No, Miss Veronica. I had a boyfriend—but we broke up.”

Veronica paused wiping and looked into Annabel’s eyes.

“What was his name?”

“B-Bobby,” Annabel said softly.

“Oh dear,” Veronica said. “He broke up with you, didn’t he?”

Annabel gulped.

“And it broke your heart?” Veronica said.

A tear trickled down Annabel’s cheek and Veronica wiped it away with her thumb and impulsively licked it, tasting Annabel’s salty despair.

“I’ll bet he was handsome,” Veronica said.

Annabel nodded silently again.

“And well built. A sports jock, I would think,” Veronica continued. “That would be your type. But I wonder—why would he walk out on such a beautiful girl as you?”

Annabel glanced at her and looked away and Veronica started wiping the towel over Annabel’s breasts eliciting a gasp from the miserable girl.

“Did he break up with you, Annabel?”

They made eye contact again, and Veronica said, “No, *you* broke up with *him*—and yet you are the heartbroken one. That doesn’t make sense.”

Veronica toyed with Annabel’s nipples in turn, feeling them hardening under the towel.

“Unless—somebody *forced* you to break up with Bobby.”

Annabel stayed silent, so Veronica pinched her right nipple.

“Is that what happened?”

“Ow! Yes, Miss Veronica!”

“Who made you break up with Bobby?”

“Mr. Nash!”

Veronica smiled wickedly.

*Nash! Of course!*

Even though she had already figured out the answer, Veronica said, “And why would he do that?”

“I-I don’t know, Miss Veronica,” Annabel whispered.

“I think you do.” Veronica gripped Annabel’s chin again, although this time a little more softly.

“Was he fucking you?”

With a little whine, Annabel nodded.

“How often? Every day?”

Another nod.

“And every night?”

“Yes, Miss Veronica.”

“Were you sharing the old pervert’s bed?”

“Yes,” Annabel sniffed.

“Did he play dirty games with you?”

“Yes.”

Veronica began to rub the towel between Annabel’s legs.

“Any others?”

“His friends, Miss Veronica.”

“Hmm.”

Veronica increased the pressure on Annabel’s vulva making her gasp again.

“What about your butler, Barclay?”

Now Annabel nodded and let out a sob.

*I thought so! The pig!*

Veronica dropped the towel but continued to massage Annabel’s crotch with her bare fingers.

She looked into Annabel’s deep blue eyes and said, “It must have been awful for you, losing a handsome young stud, and then having to service those unattractive old men.”

Annabel’s pussy lips were puffed up and wet, and Veronica raised her hand so that Annabel could see her sticky feminine issue on her fingers.

“Do you find me attractive, Annabel?” Veronica said.

Annabel weighed up her reply—they both knew she would have to be careful here.

“I think you are very beautiful, Miss Veronica, but—”

“But?”

Annabel let out a shuddering breath.

“But I’m not—”

“Not what?”

To her credit, even though she was now shaking, Annabel looked Veronica directly in the eyes.

“I-I’m not a lesbian.”

Veronica tapped her index finger and thumb together, a thin line of Annabel’s excretions connecting them.

“Then why are you so aroused?”

“I-I don’t know,” Annabel whimpered.

“Lower your arms.”

Annabel complied.

“Put them around me.”

Annabel hesitated.

“Do you want me to hit you again?”

Annabel put her arms awkwardly around Veronica's waist. Both of their hearts were beating fast.

"Now kiss me."

## Chapter Thirteen

Having so far avoided a full-on lesbian relationship with old Mrs. Craddock, Annabel was in shock at this unexpected turn of events. She had been mentally preparing herself for her introduction to Mr. Van Hook—yet another older male—but now Veronica had sprung this on her!

Yes, she had been forced into those weird bondage sex performances with Alisha, but her ex-friend had found the whole experience as repugnant as Annabel had. This was a whole new thing altogether—clearly Veronica was an out and out dyke!

Now she was pressed up against this fearsome woman, their chests squashed together, their noses almost touching, and Annabel was under orders to initiate a lesbian kiss! Could she bring herself to do this? She thought back again to the vulgar shows that she and Alisha had been ordered to put on together, the revulsion and the shame—but also the overwhelming physical pleasure. Veronica was indeed an attractive woman in a severe kind of way, and she certainly looked and smelled far better than those disgusting old pigs that Annabel had been servicing over the past few months. Besides, she really had no choice—if she refused, she might possibly lose everything she had worked for so far.

Annabel closed her eyes and inched her lips closer until they made contact with Veronica's. She immediately felt a tingle of excitement between her legs—beneath the shame, there was something deliciously sinful about this! Veronica was her immediate boss, and even though she was acting under direct instructions, Annabel felt as though she was seducing the older woman. At once nauseated and aroused, Annabel pushed her tongue between Veronica's lips. To her amazement, the strict disciplinarian yielded and allowed Annabel to explore her mouth.

*What are you doing?* said the authentic Annabel of Pemberton Hall.

*I'm enchanting her!* replied the sexually enhanced Annabel the Sex Slave.

*But you're not a lesbian!*

*I can pretend, can't I?—and if I can make her fall in love with me then she might not hurt me anymore!*

*You're playing with fire! What about Mr. Van Hook?*

*I'll make him fall in love with me too.*

*This is a mistake! These people are evil—they don't fall in love!*

Veronica suddenly disengaged and stared intently at Annabel with wide eyes.

“My, that was a better kiss than I was expecting!” she panted.

Suddenly afraid that she might have overstepped the mark, Annabel whispered, “I'm sorry.”

“Oh, you will be, my little temptress!” Veronica said. “Now you've started something you're going to have to finish!”

Veronica dropped down onto the bed and said, “Undress me!”

*Huh?*

The dynamic of their fledgling relationship had instantly shifted and Annabel again covered herself with her hands—Veronica was back in control.

“Come on, you little skank! You know you want to—your cunt is practically dripping!” Veronica said.

“I-I don't—”

Eyes blazing, Veronica snapped, “Antagonize me at your peril, young lady! Now we *are* going to do this—the easy way, or the hard way!”

*Which is the easy way?*

Propping herself up on her elbows on the bed, Veronica raised her right leg and said, “On your knees, scullery maid.”

The abrupt reminder of her lowly household rank was enough to deflate the delusions of grandeur Annabel had just entertained and she sank to her knees. She was naked on the floor and the pointed toe of her mistress's shoe was an inch from her nose.

“Kiss it,” Veronica said.

As much as it repulsed her to do so, Annabel placed her lips against the end of the shoe. Veronica then tilted her ankle so that the sole was in front of Annabel's face.

"Lick it," Veronica said.

Annabel closed her eyes and poked out her tongue, trying not to imagine where Veronica had been walking in these shoes. She lapped against the rough rubber sole, thinking that her submission was complete—but it wasn't by a long way.

"Suck the heel," Veronica said.

Annabel opened her eyes.

"Suck it like you suck Nash's cock!"

With a little more of her old self dying inside, Annabel opened her mouth and then closed her lips around the four-inch heel. As she sucked on the narrow length of hard plastic, she asked herself for the thousandth time what possible pleasure these people could be deriving from debasing her in this way.

"Okay, don't get overexcited," Veronica said. "Now take off the shoe."

Annabel withdrew her lips from the stiletto heel with a slight gasp and removed Veronica's shoe. She was immediately reminded of the vile toe-sucking ordeal that Nash had put her through, but instead of his fat, hairy toes and yellow nails, Veronica's feet were pale, slender and elegant, her manicured toenails painted scarlet.

It was only when she heard Veronica gasp again that Annabel realized she was already sucking on her big toe without having been told to. Too late to stop now, she kept on going from toe to toe, still no less shocked at how aroused this rude act was making her feel.

Finally, Veronica said, "*Now undress me—and make it quick!*"

With a loud plop, Annabel pulled her lips off Veronica's toes. Her mistress had already unzipped her skirt and the fierce urgency in her eyes galvanized Annabel into action. With trembling fingers, she reached up and slid Veronica's skirt down over her pale thighs. Veronica was wearing surprisingly sexy pink panties with a lace trim, and Annabel couldn't help noticing the damp spot in the middle of the crotch.

While Annabel slid the skirt down to the floor, Veronica impatiently unbuttoned her blouse and slipped it over her shoulders and then unhooked her bra and threw it onto the floor. Annabel stared nervously at the older woman's large, white breasts and brown, pointed nipples.

"Take off my panties," Veronica said in a husky voice.

Annabel reached up and took hold of the waistband of the panties and worked them over Veronica's thighs and legs, and then pulled them off her feet. She glanced at Veronica's black bush and then looked down. Still clutching her mistress's panties, Annabel stayed on her knees because she literally didn't know what to do—she hadn't been lying when she had told Veronica she wasn't a lesbian!

"Look at me," Veronica said.

Annabel timidly obeyed. Veronica's face was flushed and her eyes blazed.

"Tell me what you want," Veronica said.

*What do I want? I want to go home! I want to be free!*

"I-I think you are very nice—"

Veronica raised her foot again and pushed her toes between Annabel's lips.

"Don't tell me that bullshit! Tell me what you really want!"

*How can I tell you with your foot in my face?*

"Mmph! I wnn you—"

Veronica lowered her foot.

"What?"

"I-I want you, Miss Veronica," Annabel huffed.

"Why?"

*Why? Because that's what you want me to say!*

Thinking frantically, Annabel mumbled, "Because I love you."

Veronica let out a shrill laugh that made Annabel jump.

“The lowly scullery maid is in love with the head housekeeper?”

*She's totally fucking mad!*

“Y-Yes.”

“And?”

Annabel hesitated even though she now knew where this was going.

“Perhaps you'd prefer to sleep with Ivan every night?” Veronica prompted.

“No! I want to sleep with you! I-I want to have sex with you, Miss Veronica!”

As she looked pleadingly into Veronica's eyes, Annabel realized that this had become an ever-recurring theme in her new life. None of these people were satisfied with using her body in every conceivable way—now she had to beg them to do it!

“Then show me,” Veronica said, leaning back and spreading her thighs.

Realizing that to demur now would most likely bring down the wrath of hell from this crazy bitch, Annabel raised herself up and climbed on the bed. Veronica inched around and Annabel knelt between her open legs and poked out her tongue.

Veronica had a generous cunt with fleshy labia protruding from her thick thatch of pubic hair. Trying not to breathe in, Annabel began to lap away and from above she heard Veronica sigh. In spite of her innate aversion to this unnatural act, Annabel's treacherous body immediately began to react, and she pushed her tongue inside. Veronica groaned and clamped her fingers around the back of Annabel's head, pressing her face into her slimy crotch.

Annabel shrieked her outrage in her head as she licked out the older woman's pussy, something she had never before remotely entertained, not even at school age slumber parties when half-drunk girlfriends talked about it. But this was now, and it was real, and even after all the public sexual humiliations that had recently been forced upon her, she hated herself more than ever.

Running out of breath, she patted her palm against Veronica's thighs, and the finger grip loosened, allowing her to come up for air. Before she had chance to catch her breath, Veronica twisted her around so that they were now head to tail, and as soon as she felt her mistress's tongue dabbing at her own cunt lips, Annabel instinctively reciprocated.

As she licked and kissed between Veronica's sweaty thighs, it soon became apparent at the other end that the older woman had done this many times before. To her physical delight but emotional dismay, Annabel felt herself building quickly to orgasm, and for some irrational reason, she felt obligated to try to do the same for her mistress. Annabel quickly realized that she was going to come first, but just as she tensed her body, Veronica abruptly withdrew her tongue!

Annabel stopped licking too, and she raised her head in confusion.

“Oh no, you keep going, young lady!” Veronica said breathlessly. “This is for me—you can wait!”

*What? You can't stop now!*

Even as she buried her face back into Veronica's dense pubic forest, Annabel was appalled at her base reaction! She didn't want to do this! She was straight! She had a boyfriend—or she did have once! But she kept on licking and tickling with the tip of her tongue, seeking out and finding Veronica's clit, trying everything in her limited oral repertoire to bring the spiteful cow off—because if she failed to please her mistress there would be no reward.

With a violent jerk of her hips and a spasm of her thigh muscles, Veronica reached her orgasm. Annabel kept her tongue buried inside the older woman's hot, wet cunt—and then she yelped as Veronica slapped her still-sore ass. Without realizing it, Annabel had lowered her own crotch back onto her mistress's face, momentarily forgetting the pecking order.

“Roll over and lay on your back,” Veronica said.

Torn between shame and desire, Annabel did as she was told. Veronica shimmied around until she was kneeling between Annabel's spread legs. Annabel waited for the inquiring tongue. She opened her eyes. Veronica was holding an enormous plastic penis.

“Do you want to come?” she said.

Annabel whimpered and nodded.

“Then beg.”

*Oh, God. Here we go again!*

“P-Please may I come, Miss Veronica?”

“Do you want me to stick this vibrator up your cunt?”

“Yes!” Annabel cried. “Please fuck me with the vibrator, Miss Veronica!”

Annabel gasped as she felt the big fat rubber tip touch her wet labia. She squealed as Veronica shoved the thick phallus inside her. She screamed when Veronica turned it on, and it buzzed and churned inside her. And then, just as she was about to come—Veronica yanked it out.

Annabel sobbed. She pleaded. Veronica put the vibrator back inside her. She pushed it in and out. Annabel arched her back. She closed her eyes—and Veronica abruptly withdrew the vibrator again.

“Oh, no! P-Please!” Annabel groaned. “I’m begging you! Please may I come?”

Veronica watched her writhing on the bed for a moment. Then she switched off the shiny, wet vibrator. “No, you may not. It’s time to meet your master.”

## Chapter Fourteen

Seated at the head of the long, polished mahogany dining table, David Van Hook sipped his Cabernet Sauvignon while scrolling intently through his iPad. For a change, he wasn't perusing the intrusive video footage from his security camera system—it was all downloaded and he could check it out later anyway—but brushing up on the details of conservatorship law. Specifically, he was interested in trustees, and the various legal ramifications if the beneficiary were to be legally declared incompetent to handle their own finances—for example, if they were to be diagnosed as mentally insane.

There was a knock at the door and then Veronica entered the elegant dining room. She looked flush faced and had a sparkle in her eyes, and Van Hook quickly put two and two together. He would enjoy that particular show at his leisure later on.

"Are you ready for your starters, Mr. Van Hook?" Veronica said.

"It looks like you've already had yours, Veronica," Van Hook smiled.

The woman was not easily embarrassed, but she did briefly look away.

"Who will be serving?" Van Hook said.

"Cornelia is still on duty—and so is the new scullery maid," Veronica said.

"Ah, yes. What was her name again?"

"Annabel."

"Right. So why don't we have her serve my dinner tonight? Cornelia can take the evening off."

"Very good, sir," Veronica said.

"How was she?" Van Hook said teasingly.

"Sir?"

"Her first day. I saw she needed a little—encouragement at first. Is she settling in now?"

Veronica glanced at him, a hint of a smile on her severe lips.

"I don't expect she'll give you any trouble, Mr. Van Hook," she said.

"In that case, you too can clock off now, if you wish."

A shadow of disappointment passed over Veronica's face.

"Perhaps I should stick around just in case there are any problems?" she said.

"As you wish, Veronica. I have Higgins on speed dial if I need him. Anyhow, I should like to spend some time alone with the new arrival—if it's all the same to you?"

Veronica forced a smile. "Of course, sir. I'll be in the utility room if you need me."

She turned on her heel and Van Hook took another sip of his wine.

*Interesting. The young filly has evidently had a powerful effect on my hard-nosed housekeeper. This could turn out to be even more entertaining than I thought!*

He turned his attention back to his iPad. He had connections with the law firm that was handling Annabel's trust fund. He knew people in the upper echelons of the health service. He was also acquainted with Annabel's Aunt Sissy. He would have to pull in a few markers to pull off what he had in mind, but first he needed to decide if the young lady was going to be worth the hassle. From the agitated look he had just detected in Veronica's eyes, he suspected she just might.

He didn't look up when Annabel came in with his soup, pretending to be immersed in his work—she the hired help, he the lord and master. But as she leaned forward to serve him, his eyes flickered to her ample cleavage under her French maid's dress and his cock stirred. Yes, she had something alright. More than her fit young body and her pretty face. This was a young woman of substance—and right now she was here for David Van Hook to do with as he pleased!

Deliberately ignoring her, Van Hook spooned his soup and focused on his iPad. Even though he found the aura of this fascinating girl most intoxicating, he sensed that she would try to exploit any signs of weakness on his part. She certainly seemed to have ruffled Veronica's feathers which was no mean feat. At last, a well-heeled and strong-willed young beauty worth breaking. He relished the mental and emotional challenge ahead—particularly as the cards were all stacked in his favor!

He finished his soup and dropped the silver spoon in the bowl with a clatter, making Annabel start. For the first time, he looked at her properly. She was wearing the ridiculous French maid dress

that he had had made especially for her, the white head band perched on top of her head, her pert breasts thrusting against the low neckline, the garter belt circling one shapely thigh, her feet bare. She made eye contact with him and then coyly looked away.

*Oh, yes! You're a real mind-fucker, aren't you my sweetie?*

"You may take my soup bowl away," he said dismissively.

Annabel tilted at the waist to collect the bowl, giving him a delightful view of her wobbling braless tits.

Pretending not to notice, he said, "What is your name, girl?"

Annabel looked momentarily surprised by the question. He doubted she'd had much prior experience of being a nonentity in her young life.

"Annabel, sir," she said softly.

"This is your first day here?"

"Yes, sir."

"And do you know who I am?"

"You are Mr. Van Hook—the master of the house."

Van Hook grinned in spite of himself. He couldn't tell whether she was fucking with him or she was genuinely afraid—he liked that.

"Indeed I am," he said. "Now run along to the kitchen and bring me my dinner."

Annabel hesitated then, probably waiting for Van Hook to resume studying his iPad before she turned around. That wasn't going to happen. He had no idea what kind of underwear she had on—if any—but he certainly intended to find out!

When she still failed to move, he said, "Are you hard of hearing, young lady?"

Her facial expression lost a bit of its composure as she swiveled on the balls of her feet and hastily exited the room—but not before Van Hook had caught a lovely glimpse of her bare, rosy butt cheeks! He had already seen her ass on video of course, but that didn't even come close to the real thing! Van Hook chuckled with satisfaction as he turned back to his iPad—*strike one* to the master of the house!

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Veronica was sitting on a stool at the kitchen counter when Annabel returned with the soup bowl. Annabel was still deeply ashamed at the way she had begged her mistress to allow her to climax down in the cellar—not to mention extremely frustrated after being so cruelly denied herself! Now the burning in her cheeks intensified as she studiously watched Ivan load up the main course dinner tray.

"I hope you haven't been scowling at Mr. Van Hook like that," Veronica said.

Annabel kept her eyes averted as she silently shook her head.

"Has he spoken to you yet?"

"Yes, Miss Veronica."

"Well, that's an encouraging sign. I assume that you are aware of the need to make a good impression? If he fires you, that may have a detrimental effect on your financial arrangement."

That got Annabel's attention. It hadn't occurred to her that she might get canned.

"I understand, Miss Veronica," she said as Ivan placed a steaming plate of veal casserole on the tray. Annabel felt herself salivating as she inhaled the mouthwatering aroma—she hadn't eaten since a meager breakfast early in the morning!

"I hope you do, for your sake," Veronica said. "Whatever Mr. Van Hook wants, he gets—one way or another."

Annabel didn't quite understand what Veronica was implying, but she had already resigned herself to the fact that Van Hook, however cultured, was just another twisted fuck in this nightmare world she had fallen into. But having survived Darius Nash's relentless punishments and

humiliations, she figured she was now mentally strong enough to endure the attentions of David Van Hook.

Ivan finished up arranging the tray and grinned nastily at Annabel.

“All good to go, cucumber fucker!”

Ignoring him, Annabel picked up the tray and reflexively gulped—she didn’t realize until now how hungry she was!

“Don’t you even think about taking anything off those plates!” Ivan said. “That is top quality cuisine—far too good for the hired help.”

Annabel glared at him, and not wishing to show off her bare ass, backed the door open.

“If you’re real hungry, I kept your cucumber in the fridge!” Ivan called after her.

*Fuck you!* Annabel seethed as she padded bare foot down the hallway. She stopped to compose herself before entering the dining room. Veronica’s words had made an impression—she really didn’t want to piss Van Hook off after everything she had been through.

Just as before, he was busy scrolling down his iPad and he didn’t look up when she set the tray down on the table. She had this sudden panicky thought that she might have been a disappointment to him. It had never before entered her head that any straight male might find her unattractive because she had always been aware of her natural beauty. But in her silly French maid outfit, with her hair roughly shorn, and her sore, red ass exposed, she was hardly at her best!

She put the plate of casserole in front of him, then the dishes, and when he tapped his empty glass, she refilled it with wine. Still he didn’t acknowledge her, and she wondered if she was supposed to make conversation. But that wasn’t a maid’s job, was it? Confused, she stood demurely to one side, not sure if she was passing the test or not, but wanting to impress him.

Instead, her stomach gurgled—loudly.

Now Van Hook did look up at her, an amused smile on his face, and Annabel’s face burned hotter than ever. Strange, after all the depravities she had been put through, that she should find such an innocuous bodily reaction so embarrassing.

Her stomach grumbled again, a rude, plaintive groan that seemed to fill the entire room. Van Hook put a forkful of veal into his mouth and considered her while he chewed. Annabel gulped and looked away.

“Haven’t they fed you yet?” Van Hook asked her.

“No, sir,” Annabel said, as her stomach noisily bubbled up again.

Van Hook speared some vegetables and popped them into his mouth.

“You must be ravenous,” he said.

Annabel didn’t reply—but her stomach did with a squeak of gastric juices!

She couldn’t help but look as Van Hook put another succulent piece of tender veal into his mouth. It smelled heavenly! Ivan may well have been an evil sadist but he clearly knew how to cook!

Van Hook looked at his iPad for a few minutes while Annabel salivated. Then he put down his fork and drank some wine.

“If you’re going to keep staring at me like that, perhaps you’d like to join me?” he said.

Was this a test? Would she be punished if she said yes?

Playing the odds, Annabel nodded imperceptibly.

“What was that?” Van Hook said.

Annabel looked at the half finished-meal and licked her lips.

*Oh God. Here’s to nothing.*

“Yes please, Mr. Van Hook. I would like to—have dinner with you.”

Van Hook chuckled.

“You would? That is most gracious of you, Annabel.”

Annabel’s heart sank.

*A trap then?*

“But I think you should ask me properly for a girl of your social station,” Van Hook said.

*My station? I’m going to be a multi-millionaire when this is all over!*

“How about a nice little curtsy from my new maid?” Van Hook said.

*A curtsy?*

Annabel had a quick flashback to that horrible night when Nash had forced her to curtsy to his crude poker friends—including her ex-manservant Barclay!

*You can do this, she told herself. You’ve done it before—this is the easy stuff.*

Annabel pinched each side of the hem of her dress and putting one leg in front of the other, bent her legs.

“Try it again,” Van Hook said.

Annabel blinked at him. Hadn’t she done it correctly? She had practiced under Mrs. Craddock’s critical gaze hundreds of times.

Annabel uncertainly repeated her dainty little dip at the knees.

Van Hook sipped his wine.

“Try again.”

Now totally nonplussed, Annabel frantically tried to figure out what she was doing wrong—but then she got it.

## Chapter Fifteen

The little signs pleased Van Hook the most—the ephemeral flash of defiance in her pretty blue eyes, the subtle biting of her lower lip, the deeper ruddiness of her flushed cheeks. Here was a proud and well-bred young lady having to beg for her supper, and no amount of acting could ever totally conceal the outrage she was feeling deep inside.

Now she bent her knees again, and this time raised her dress all the way up above her belly button, giving Van Hook his first live viewing of her hairless cunt—and in the flesh it was even more delectable than it had looked on his iPad screen! The shamefaced girl was clearly highly aroused, her damp and inflamed pussy lips pouting insolently at him even as she avoided his eyes!

Her stomach complained loudly again, and Van Hook said, “I would like to invite you to dinner, Annabel, but it would be poor form for the master of the house to be seen sharing his table with his maid.”

Now she glanced up at him, unable to hide the letdown in her eyes.

“However, we can get around that technicality—if you lose the maid’s uniform,” Van Hook said.

Her disappointment morphed quickly to dismay and then resignation. He had given the girl a simple enough choice—strip naked for him or go hungry! Still blushing beautifully, she reached around and unzipped the dress, and then after a momentary pause, shrugged it off her shoulders and pulled it down her body to her bare feet.

Clad now in nothing but the white lace garter belt and matching headband, Annabel’s right arm hovered momentarily across her breasts before she lowered it to her side, allowing him to ogle her nakedness at his leisure. As he visually drank in every inch of her perfect curves, Van Hook wondered if her prompt obedience was a result of her craving to be fed, or her weeks of bondage training under Darius Nash. Either way, she had held up her end of the deal, so as a gentleman, Van Hook felt obliged to honor his.

“You must indeed be famished,” Van Hook said.

Annabel continued to display herself to him, her face a picture of turmoil and indecision.

“Well, here it is—climb on up,” Van Hook said, gesturing to the half-eaten platter in front of him.

Aware of the girl’s circumstances, and how far she had come, Van Hook knew that she really had no choice but to obey. He was also aware that she wanted—or needed—to please him. And then there were the remains of his dinner. If she failed him now, he wouldn’t fire her, but he would instruct Veronica not to feed her tonight.

Annabel must have roughly figured that all out herself because she placed her hands on the tabletop and lifted herself up onto the polished surface. She was kind of crouching now, not sure which position he wanted, apparently preconditioned to direct commands by Nash.

Van Hook didn’t usually operate that way, preferring normally to be the silent director behind his plays, but with this gorgeous young lady squatting naked on his dining table, he was suddenly eager to hurry things along!

“Sit down here and open your legs as wide as they will go,” he said, tapping the table in front of him.

Annabel duly did as she was told, shuffling her legs forward and spreading her thighs so that her gaping cunt was in front of his dinner plates. Even with the balance of power so obviously tilted in his favor, Van Hook had to will himself to remain calm. Annabel possessed such a powerful feminine aura that even in this state of servitude she remained a potential danger. He stuck his fork into the casserole and raised it to her lips. Surely there was no need for him to say anything further at this stage of the game?

Annabel gulped and opened her mouth and then closed her lips around the tender chunk of meat. Van Hook watched her throat convulse as she swallowed, and then he forked another piece. This time Annabel snatched it with a greater urgency and Van Hook felt himself stirring down below. It took a lot to get him physically excited these days, but this naked, starving girl was beginning to seriously punch the right buttons! He fed her a couple more pieces, spellbound by the

sheer carnal bliss in her eyes—and then he put down the fork and scooped up some mashed potato with his fingers.

To his delight, Annabel hungrily opened her mouth, and he jammed his fingers between her soft lips, pushing the pulped potato to the back of her throat. She coughed and snorted as he felt around the interior of her mouth, and when he pushed in deeper, she gagged and her eyes watered.

“Eat it!” he softly hissed. “You are sitting at your master’s table now—and you will eat!”

He shoveled another handful of potato into her mouth, then another, watching with fascination as she struggled to keep up with him, chewing and swallowing, her nostrils dilating as she fought for air. Then he picked up a piece of veal with his fingers and dangled it in front of her face, moving it from left to right as her eager eyes followed.

“Sit in the plate!” he said.

Annabel kept her eyes fixed upon the chunk of meat.

“Sit!”

She raised her buttocks off the dining table and edged herself forward.

“Put your ass in the food, you dirty girl!”

Annabel lowered herself onto the plate and Van Hook gazed at the rich gravy squelching up into her crotch. He popped the meat between her teeth and she stared at him in confusion.

“Now I want you to masturbate,” he breathed.

The chunk of veal looked like a little turd clamped between her white teeth. Van Hook dipped his fingertip into the gravy and then wiped it across Annabel’s forehead.

“Make yourself come!”

Finally, a single tear escaped her eye as she reached down between her legs, and sitting stark naked in David Van Hook’s veal casserole, slipped her finger inside her cunt. Van Hook pushed the piece of meat inside her mouth and she chewed like a beast while she worked her finger up and down her fired up labia. He scooped up the remains of the potato and dumped it on top of her head, mashing it into her badly cut red hair.

Annabel swallowed with an audible gulp and then she gasped as her hips rose and a stream of ejaculate arced over the plate and landed on Van Hook’s expensive Finamore shirt. He watched her nubile body shuddering as she half-closed her eyes, her hair matted with mashed potato, her face streaked with gravy, her bare buttocks squishing in the plate of casserole—she looked sensational.

Van Hook picked up his phone and hit one of his speed dials.

“Yes, Mr. Nash?” Veronica said.

“Are you still in the kitchen?” Van Hook said.

“I am, sir.”

“Would you be so kind as to bring in dessert? Our chambermaid is a little indisposed at the moment.”

There was a slight but significant pause at the other end and then Veronica said, “Very good, sir.”

Van Hook put his phone down and looked at Annabel. She had come down from her unwanted ecstasy and was now looking between her thighs at the mess she was sitting in. From the expression of utter mortification on her face, she had apparently never been enticed into playing any *splashing* games with Nash before!

“You are a mucky girl!” Van Hook grinned. “You’ve got gravy all over your hot little cunt!”

Hearing him speaking so crudely, Annabel’s face crumpled momentarily and she shook her fingers as if to cleanse herself. Van Hook expected that she had always been a fastidiously clean young lady growing up at Pemberton Hall—well she was going to have to get used to being wet and messy while she was living under his roof!

The door opened and Veronica came in with the dessert tray. Seeing Annabel sitting naked in her boss’s dinner plate she did a double take but recovered quickly and put the tray down as near as was decently possible.

“Thank you, Veronica,” Van Hook said innocently. “And what do we have here?”

“Chocolate pudding with orange slices,” Veronica said.

*Oh, my dear Lord!*

Veronica wavered in case he might need something else of her, but Van Hook spotted her eyes flickering toward Annabel's soiled and naked body. Feeling mischievous, instead of dismissing Veronica, he picked up an orange slice and placed it between Annabel's lips. The poor, bewildered girl didn't eat it, just sat there with the fruit poking out of her mouth, her legs still spread and her bare ass cheeks squelching in the dinner plate.

Van Hook playfully grabbed a handful of pudding and slapped it against Annabel's left breast, making her gasp and accidentally let go of the orange slice. He picked it up and she dutifully held it between her lips again. Then he massaged the brown chocolate into her breast, making sure to tease her erect nipple.

Beside him, Veronica let out a trembling sigh and said, "Is there anything more I can do for you, sir?"

Van Hook raised his chocolaty fingers and pushed the orange slice into Annabel's mouth.

"You tell me," he said.

## Chapter Sixteen

Veronica placed the dinner plate on the plush carpet. Annabel was down on her elbows and knees. There were a few scraps of veal left in the gravy, but she wasn't hungry anymore.

"Lick it all up," Veronica said.

In her peripheral vision, Annabel could see the black stilettos of her mistress straddling the plate—her new mistress, and now her unwanted lesbian lover. As she lowered her head and poked out her tongue, Annabel suddenly pictured what a sight she must have presented—naked on the floor, her florid ass covered in gravy, her once beautiful hair matted with potato, her face and breasts sticky with chocolate pudding.

*What am I doing in this crazy house? she thought deliriously. Didn't I already keep my part of the deal by succumbing to Nash's perverted demands?*

As she began to lap at the gravy, she was visited by the insane notion that she was descending through the seven levels of hell! Was she being deliberately and systematically passed on from one household to the next, each one erecting a new emotional barrier between her current fucked-up self and the proud Annabel that she used to be?

Dimly, she was aware that even now, after all of this madness, she could still leave. She could get up right now and walk stark naked out of the front door, saying goodbye to her inheritance but restoring her pride and taking back her personality. All she had to do was get up off the floor.

Annabel continued to lick the plate. She no longer felt in control of her own body. She could feel the warm stickiness between her legs as she clamped a cold piece of veal between her teeth. How could this demeaning act possibly be arousing her? Was she losing her mind? Or worse—were they taking it from her?

She chewed, swallowed, and ran her tongue around the porcelain, recognizing it as *Royal Crown Derby* because Aunt Sissy owned an identical set—another reminder of Annabel's former life of comfort and privilege. But instead of discouraging her, the expensive crockery served as a kick start to keep pushing on through this nightmare—she wasn't going let them win now!

She slurped and sucked up the remains of the gravy, trying to make it appear like she was actually enjoying it. When the plate was squeaky clean, she looked up and gave them her best impression of what she hoped was a contented puppy girl—but judging from the scornful sneer on Veronica's lips, that may not have been the best idea!

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*Oh, you conniving little bitch!* Veronica thought as she looked down into Annabel's sweet blue eyes. *For a second there, I almost believed you had finally been broken!*

When Annabel had French-kissed her earlier in the cellar, Veronica had momentarily lost control of their relationship. Girls like Annabel had an innate ability to use their sexuality to manipulate people, and it was becoming apparent that this bewitching young heiress was a master of the art. Since falling into Darius Nash's clutches she had most likely been fighting to preserve her dignity every step of the way. Now Veronica could see that the young temptress was adopting a new approach, subtly trying to weaken them with her beauty and vulnerability—but even as she recognized this, Veronica felt herself wavering.

Looking down at the naked girl, she realized that as stunning as Annabel's body was, her true power, her sexual aura, emanated from her beautiful face, her deep, soulful eyes, her high cheek bones, her lush, soft lips, and her flawless pale skin. How could one gaze upon those enticing features without some degree of pity? Well, Veronica had absolutely no intention of allowing this wily vixen to get under her skin—and she knew exactly how to prevent it!

“I really don’t know what to say, Mr. Van Hook,” she said. “The new maid has brazenly exposed her body to you and stolen your dinner! I thought she understood the rules. How can you possibly forgive me?”

Annabel’s sweet face knotted into a confused frown.

“I must admit I was taken aback by her strange behavior,” Van Hook said with a wry grin.

“Maybe she has mental issues?” Veronica said.

“It’s possible.”

“I mean—sitting buck naked in your dinner?”

“She showed me her cunt while I was eating,” Van Hook added.

“I’m embarrassed,” Veronica said. “Perhaps we should call Dr. Schafer to examine her?”

Down on the carpet, Annabel whimpered and shook her head. Apparently, she was already acquainted with the depraved doctor.

“No? Then what should we do with you?” Veronica said. “Send you back to Mr. Nash? Wouldn’t that mean you have defaulted on your agreement?”

“P-Please don’t!” Annabel moaned. “I-I’m sorry—I’ll try to do better!”

“But this kind of behavior cannot be allowed to continue,” Veronica said. “Either we have you checked out by Dr. Schafer and Nurse Ingle or—”

“—she could spend some time in the cell,” Van Hook finished the sentence.

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Annabel was strapped into the wooden chair in the cellar, still naked, but after a cold shower at least her body was clean again. For some reason Veronica had positioned the chair in front of the wall mirror, giving Annabel no choice but to sit and look at herself, and in the reflection she could see behind her the metal padlocked door that filled her with so much dread.

Left to herself, Annabel contemplated herself in the mirror. Apart from her roughly cut hair, she still looked pretty much as she did before leaving Pemberton Hall. Her hair would grow back, as would the pubic hair between her legs. This gave her hope that she could emerge from this nightmare physically intact, ready to pick up her luxurious lifestyle from where she had left off. There was still the question of the residual emotional damage that she may have to carry around with her, but given the traumas she had experienced so far, she figured she was still hanging in there—even though Veronica had suggested otherwise.

She looked at the gray door again and goosebumps rose up over her wet body. Why did that room frighten her so much? Was it just the fear of the unknown? They had already told her what was on the other side—a cell. But what kind of cell? A prison cell? But why would they need to lock her up? She had been left with a choice—the cell or Dr. Schafer, a no-brainer for Annabel—anything had to be preferable to suffering that sick bastard’s *medical treatment* again!

But Veronica had also suggested that Annabel was in some way mentally challenged. And that could only mean that she was due to undergo some kind of therapy. She glanced at the door again and shuddered—maybe she had made the wrong choice after all.

Annabel heard the utility room door opening and then footsteps on the stairs. She recognized the familiar clip-clop of Veronica’s stilettos but they were accompanied by heavier steps—and those solid thumps suggested that a much larger man than Mr. Van Hook was coming to see her. Tethered naked to the chair, Annabel’s heart started to pound in nervous anticipation. In a bizarre way, she hoped that her new visitor might turn out to be Ivan—because he was at least a known quantity—but her gut instinct told her that this mystery man was going to be far worse than the cruel cook!

In the mirror, Annabel watched Veronica come through the archway, looking as brisk and businesslike as ever in her tight skirt and crisp blouse. It seemed almost inconceivable to Annabel that they had been naked together just a few hours earlier! But it wasn’t Veronica who concerned her at present—her eyes were fixed on the tall, gray-haired man behind her. Immediately, Annabel

knew that her instincts had been correct—there was something very scary in his cold eyes that suggested this sharply dressed old man was going to bring her a lot more pain and misery than she had ever endured before!

When the gray man stood in the way of the mirror and casually surveyed her naked body, Annabel automatically moved to cover herself—but of course she couldn't because of the straps that securely bound her to the chair. And she didn't understand why Veronica had done that either. Wasn't she behaving herself, as instructed? Or was there another reason for restraining her? Was this man about to do something so awful that she wouldn't be able to endure it?

When he reached into a black leather bag and pulled out an electric head shaver, she had her terrible answer!

## Chapter Seventeen

“This is Mr. Higgins,” Veronica said. “He is Mr. Van Hook’s trusted personal assistant—and you will obey him as you would me.”

Keeping his eyes fixed upon Annabel, Higgins held out his bag and Veronica compliantly took it. She had worked alongside this intimidating man for a few years now, and still she knew very little about him. Even though Veronica was officially the head of this household, Higgins answered only to Mr. Van Hook, and that was as far as she needed to know.

“Hold still now,” Higgins said, and clamped his large hand around the back of Annabel’s neck.

As he switched on the clippers, Veronica felt herself instantly getting wet between the legs.

*Oh, my word! The pretty little heiress is about to lose all of her lovely auburn hair!*

As Higgins began to shear her hair off, Annabel started to cry—not hysterical sobbing, just silent tears as yet another link to her pampered past was being eradicated. Veronica watched, spellbound, as Higgins quickly cleared a bald path over the top of Annabel’s crown. He stood to one side so that the wretched girl could see the comical effect and she let out a sob of dismay. Then he ran his hand over her bald strip and continued with his task. Veronica gazed on with growing fascination as Annabel’s red hair cascaded over her shoulders and breasts. Higgins pulled out her right ear as he worked around the side of her head, the clippers buzzing noisily in the otherwise silent cellar.

After shaving the other side, Higgins moved around to the back of the chair and pushed Annabel’s head forward. All that remained of her once glorious tresses was a tuft of red hair just above the nape of her neck. Higgins quickly removed that and then placed his hands on Annabel’s shaking shoulders. Now the sniveling girl was completely bald, but Higgins wasn’t done yet. He switched off the clippers, dropped them into his bag, and after rifling around for a minute, took out a safety razor and a small can of shaving foam. He placed his hand under Annabel’s chin and raised her head so that she was again forced to look at herself in the mirror. Then he squirted a pile of white foam on top of her bald head.

“Please keep still so that I don’t accidentally nick you,” he said.

Annabel closed her teary eyes and stayed perfectly still as Higgins massaged the foam over her scalp. When her head was coated with white foam, he held his hand out to Veronica again.

“There is a towel in the bag,” he said.

Accustomed to this chauvinist’s offhand manner, Veronica fished inside the bag, found the small hand towel, and handed it to him. After wiping his hands clean, Higgins began scraping Annabel’s head with the razor, intermittently wiping it on the towel. Little by little, Annabel’s smooth, bare head revealed itself, now bereft of any remaining red stubble. He took his time, being careful not to cut her, and occasionally wiping her runny nose with the towel. When he was done, Higgins wiped the remaining cream off Annabel’s head and stood back to admire his handiwork.

“There,” he said. “Smooth as a billiard ball!”

Annabel blinked her eyes open and looked at her reflection in horror. Veronica could only imagine what the distraught girl had to be feeling right now. All women took pride in their hair—and judging from the picture in her dossier, Annabel’s tresses had previously been gloriously rich and glossy.

And now it was all gone!

Higgins leaned in with the razor again, making Annabel flinch.

“Easy,” he said. “Just got to get rid of your eyebrows and then we’re all done.”

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*What has he done to me?* Annabel wailed inside her head.

After shaving off her eyebrows, Higgins wiped her face with the towel and stepped aside so that she could see herself in the mirror again. Annabel hardly recognized herself! Her naked body was now totally hairless! She had always taken such care to look after her long red hair—but now there wasn't any of it left! Even though she knew that it would all grow back in time, there was something dehumanizing about what Higgins had just done to her. She thought of Veronica's chilling words upstairs, how she had suggested that Annabel had mental health issues—and right now, Annabel felt like a lobotomy patient!

Higgins dropped his shaving equipment into the bag and then went over to the metal locker. Annabel anxiously watched him in the mirror as he squatted down and rummaged around in a packing box. What could he possibly be looking for that had required shaving her head?

While they were waiting, Veronica reached over and rubbed her hand over Annabel's smooth scalp.

"You don't look quite so cute now, do you?" she said.

"W-Why is he doing this?" Annabel whispered.

"Mr. Van Hook and myself felt that you were playing with us up in the dining room," Veronica said.

"P-Playing?"

"Yes. Fucking with us. Playing mind games."

Even as she was about to protest her innocence, Annabel knew that she had been found out. She had indeed been trying to use her charms to win over the both of them—and to her great dismay, she now knew that they had seen right through it!

"And I have to admit that it almost worked," Veronica said. "You are quite a devious young lady, aren't you? I expect you learned how to twist people around your finger as a child. Of course, that beautiful face of yours is the danger. How could anybody resist it? So we're going to have to hide it for a while.

*Hide my face? What is she talking about?*

Higgins straightened up and came back with something red and shiny in his hand.

"There is a tube of latex rubber glue in my bag," he said to Veronica. "Would you mind taking it out and applying it so that I can fix Annabel's mask?"

*Glue? Mask?*

Annabel's heart started to beat faster.

"You don't have to do this!" she sobbed.

Ignoring her, Veronica located the glue, uncapped it, and then squirted a liberal amount on top of Annabel's head. Then she massaged it over Annabel's smooth scalp, across her forehead, and over her cheeks and chin. When Veronica went over to the sink to wash her hands, Annabel caught a glimpse of her glistening face before Higgins stepped in front of her again and held up a freaky looking rubber hood!

*What the hell is that supposed to be?*

"Please don't!" she whimpered as Higgins opened up the hood above her head.

"Keep quite still so I can mold it to your face," he said.

As she felt the latex touching her sticky skin, Annabel started to panic and turned her head. Higgins roughly pinched her nipple, making her yelp.

"I said keep still!"

This time Annabel allowed him to slowly pat the rubber hood in place and she felt it clinging tightly to her skin. She heard a zipper closing behind her head and then Higgins stepped aside once more so that she could see her reflection in the mirror.

At first she could make no sense of her new face. The sides and top were bright red and the front section was flesh colored with two pink smudges on her cheeks. Oval holes had been cut out for her eyes, nostrils and mouth, and running across the top, was a white lace folded hat.

"What do you think of your new rubber maid's mask?" Veronica chuckled.

What was there to think? Annabel's pretty features were now hidden behind a bland, faceless sheet of latex! She blinked out of the eye holes at herself and flexed her cheeks, feeling the glue

tightening against her skin, and a tear trickled down the mask. They had turned her into an expressionless rubber doll!

“How long will I have to wear this?” she sniveled.

“That depends on how long the glue holds,” Higgins said. “Could be a few weeks. Maybe months.”

*Months! I'm going to have to go about my duties looking like this?*

As she stared forlornly at her smooth, featureless face, it dawned upon her that she no longer existed. A face was a person's identity. She still had her eyes and lips, but they looked as if they had been stuck onto a mannequin!

“W-What if the glue doesn't *ever* wear off?” she said.

“Then you'll just have to get used to your new, ugly rubber face, won't you?” Veronica giggled.

“You don't mean that!” Annabel wailed, watching her lips moving in the mirror as if they belonged to somebody else.

“I guess we'll just have to wait and see,” Veronica said. “Now we're going to leave you strapped in the chair for a while so that you can't claw the mask off before the glue dries. We'll be back later to fit the rest of your rubber maid's costume.”

“No!” Annabel shrieked. “This wasn't the deal! After the year is up, I get to go back to my life!”

“Hmm, we can't have her screaming the house down like that,” Veronica said to Higgins.

“No, we can't,” Higgins nodded. “Let me see what else I can find in the locker to fix that.”

## Chapter Eighteen

After several frantic minutes, Annabel stopped struggling against her bonds. She had already stopped yelling because the penis gag thrust inside her mouth had reduced her cries to a muffled moan. Besides, there was nobody here to listen. After Higgins had forced the metal ring gag into Annabel's mouth and buckled it around the back of her head, Veronica had jammed the obscene double headed phallus into the hole—and then they had left her alone.

Annabel stayed still, blinking out fresh tears as she looked at the grotesque rubber face staring back at her. Her biggest asset in life had always been her looks. She had won Bobby's heart because she was the prettiest girl in school, and she had always known that she could have any man she wanted. Her natural beauty had been a part of her life for as long as she could remember—and now they had taken it away from her!

She began to sob uncontrollably again, and the ridiculous rubber penis jutting out of her open mouth bobbed up and down as if mocking her. Her new glossy latex face remained impassive. Was this the only facial expression that she would ever have from now on? No expression at all?

With no chance of escape, Annabel had no choice other than to sit naked in the chair and stare back at this artificial face. She could feel the adhesive tightening against her forehead and cheeks and she was reminded of Veronica's taunting words: *You'll just have to get used to your new, ugly rubber face!*

This brought on another round of writhing and twisting but it was hopeless. Her body went limp as fresh tears cascaded down her latex cheeks, running along the rubber penis and dripping off its round tip.

She thought of the deal that she had made with Aunt Sissy. One year with Mr. Nash. That was it. Then she would be free again—and rich. Aunt Sissy wouldn't have lied to her about that, surely? But what if Van Hook had somehow changed the rules? He was evidently a very powerful man. Perhaps he had managed to compromise Aunt Sissy? But then why would he want to turn her into a rubber faced freak? She assumed that Nash, Barclay and all the others were using her as a sex toy because they found her attractive. What possible pleasure could they get out of fucking her when she looked like this? Unless—

Unless they were doing this to fuck with her mind. Veronica had made that point about Annabel being mentally challenged. Were they really trying to drive her insane? Was this a way of separating her from her future inheritance?

She looked at her bland and featureless face again. No, this wasn't going to be permanent. They were bluffing. In fact, now that she thought about it, they hadn't even said the adhesive was everlasting. In her panic, Annabel had asked them that, and Veronica had simply said they would have to wait and see.

Yes, they're having a wonderful time messing with my mind—but I *will* wait and see!

Annabel inhaled deeply through her nose, her nostrils filling up with the pervading odor of rubber. Not for the first time in the past few months, she willed herself to calm down. She sat still and stared at the smooth, glossy face reflected in the mirror, and for the first time in her young life, she hated her own image.

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Veronica watched with admiration as Higgins expertly secured Annabel's arms behind her. The young heiress was strangely calm after her earlier desperate struggles, and when Higgins released the chair straps, she stood impassively with the pink penis sticking out of her mouth while he dressed her in the rest of her rubber outfit.

An aficionado of rubber wear, Mr. Van Hook had selected this costume himself, and it looked a perfect fit as Annabel obediently stepped into the leggings and allowed Higgins to roll them up her

body. The thin latex clung tightly to her skin, showing off the contours of her leg muscles as if it had been sprayed on. Like the leggings, the top half of the suit matched the red surrounds of the maid's hood. Higgins stood behind Annabel while Veronica held onto her nipples, and between them they eased her breasts through two circular cutouts. After zipping the top up the back, Higgins then slid Annabel's arms into two long latex mittens that went up past her elbows. He then crossed her arms behind her back and bound them tightly together with leather straps.

Annabel was now encased in a tight, red suit of rubber which left only her ass, crotch, and breasts exposed, and to complete her uncomfortable and humiliating ensemble, Higgins placed a white lace ruff around her neck. When he plucked the pink penis from her gaping mouth, Annabel took in a big breath which made her protruding breasts jiggle, but she made no attempt to resist as Higgins led her toward the metal door. It was impossible to gauge her state of mind with her pretty features hidden, but her blue eyes grew wider when Higgins unlocked the door and turned on the light.

Although Veronica had been involved with the furnishing of Annabel's underground quarters, Mr. Van Hook had accorded the construction of this mysterious cell solely to Higgins. Most of its construction had taken place late at night when the rest of the staff were asleep, and Veronica had wondered what all the secrecy was about—now she was about to find out. Higgins shuffled Annabel into the cell and Veronica followed, her heart beating a little faster through apprehension as much as excitement.

The room was larger than she had anticipated, perhaps four yards square, which suggested that the basement extended much further under the house than she had realized, and the door they had just walked through was actually set into a dividing wall. The four walls around them were padded, which she had been expecting, but the rest of the fittings were so bizarre that she had trouble processing what she was seeing. Her immediate impression was that they had just passed through a time portal to an eighteenth-century lunatic asylum!

Built into the wall on the right was a copper metal machine about the size of a closet that looked like a prop from a steampunk movie. The myriad tubes, dials, speakers and levers made no sense, but their implied menace brought goosebumps up over Veronica's arms. Looking up, she saw that the cell had no ceiling, but hanging down from the overhead darkness were several rubber tubes, metal chains, and electrical wires. And on the left, perhaps most chilling of all, was a steel trolley adorned with an array of medical instruments, bottles of pills, pumps, leather straps, gags and numerous other objects that defied description.

An open steel collar dangled from a chain set into the back wall, and now Higgins turned Annabel around and locked it around her neck. Up until now, Annabel had been physically passive, but now that she was affixed to the wall like an ornament, she began to wail through her ring gag.

Higgins reached up and pulled down a fat tube of corrugated black rubber which added to the industrial feel of this unsettling little room. The nozzle was fitted with a metal flange which Higgins now inserted into Annabel's ring gag. Higgins twisted the flange, and Veronica heard a solid clunk as it locked into place.

Annabel's vocal protestations were now reduced to a dull moan echoing up through the pipe that now protruded like an appendage from her inscrutable rubber face. Higgins reached up into the darkness again and this time brought down two electrical cables, each of them with a serrated crocodile clip attached to the end. Annabel stopped warbling and her round eyes followed the two clips as Higgins pinched them open—and then snapped them shut over each of her nipples.

Annabel's squeal of pain reverberated up the rubber tube and with the rest of her body restrained, she stamped her feet on the concrete floor. Veronica gazed with thrilled fascination at this strange rubber bound creature. It didn't even seem like Annabel anymore. In a little over an hour, she had been transformed into something inhuman. The only indications that the desirable young woman was still in there, were her exposed pussy, ass and tits—and of course her moist, blue eyes. As Higgins went over to the trolley to select Annabel's next instrument of torture, Veronica had to wonder what crazed thoughts must be going through the wretched girl's mind right now.

## Chapter Nineteen

*Voices.*

Whispered and incorporeal, just out of reach but insistent, demanding that she listen but not quite letting her hear. Then silence, leaving Annabel alone with nothing to look at but the plain cell door.

*Smoke.*

This time it was purple in color, puffing out from a strange leather horn that looked like it had been plucked off an ancient gramophone player. It smelled sweet like lavender, and with her mouth attached to the feeding tube, she had no choice but to inhale it through her nostrils.

*Milk.*

Sour and sticky and delivered through the feeding tube with just enough pressure to force it down her gullet without choking her. Her belly feeling uncomfortably bloated. A strange fuzzy feeling inside her.

*Lights.*

The tube light, suspended in the overhead darkness, began to flicker. So annoying! Annabel hated that and she so badly wanted to give it a tap, but with her arms bound together behind her back, she was useless. The flickering got faster, filling the little white room with a stroboscopic effect, suspending the curling clouds of purple smoke, making the metallic machine seem to move closer.

*Shock.*

A searing pain delivered simultaneously to both of her nipples, already sore from the sharp metal clamps. Annabel lurched and gurgled into the tube. Her body writhing as much as it could under the restricting rubber, her neck jerking on the short chain.

*Orgasm.*

The little plastic egg deep inside her buzzing into life, her wet pussy responding quickly, her legs jerking, her tethered body shaking, her moans of passion echoing up the tube, and the splattering of her juices on the cell floor.

As the voices started to whisper to her again, Annabel focused on the little window in the door, her only link to the outside world. She had to stay connected to her past life because that would be her future life. One year, they said. She could do it. She was being tested to a level that she wouldn't have thought possible, but she was still here. She was still Annabel.

*But you don't look like her.*

Annabel cocked her head to the side—that sounded like Helen.

*Annabel was beautiful. You look like a plastic dummy!*

Was that Alisha?

*And Annabel had long, red hair. You're bald!*

Samantha?

*I wouldn't fuck her, the way she looks now.*

Trent?

*Don't waste your time on her. She's damaged goods. She likes having sex with fat, old men.*

Bobby?

*No! That's not true—and you're not Bobby!*

Annabel willed herself to ignore the taunting voices of her former friends. They weren't really here. These whispers were just recordings. A cruel device to torment and unsettle her, just like the smoke and the electric shocks, the forced feeding and the flashing lights—and the powerful, shamefully gratifying orgasms!

A plume of pink smoke billowed from the leather horn, filling the room and obscuring her view of the little window. Annabel closed her eyes and braced herself for the rush of sickly milk that would soon be filling her stomach.

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With her face encased in that plain latex mask, it was impossible to gauge how Annabel was handling the relentless torment of the insanity cell. Using his mouse pad, Van Hook zoomed in through the pink smoke to her face, but her tightly closed eyes denied him any access to her mind.

Because by now she had to know that it was her mind that he wanted. Her body was his to do as he pleased—and he fully intended to—but the real battleground was inside that pretty little head. Somehow, Annabel had managed to come through this far with her identity intact. He had seen it in the dining room, the way she had played the part of the submissive, and he had been impressed—the pampered young heiress was a far steelier character than he had expected her to be.

She had long since understood that the only way she would survive this year of servitude was to dive deep and hold on to her identity. Clever girl. Much more than a pretty face. But then she didn't even know if she had that anymore. That was the point of the ridiculous latex mask. If you no longer had your original face, then were you really still the same person? You could argue that you are still the same on the inside, the same thoughts, dreams, and memories, but that would not be how others would see you. Most people are basically superficial and tend to judge on first appearances. And Veronica and Higgins had wickedly intimated that the mask might remain bonded to her skin forever! Brilliant!

Van Hook zoomed back out and remotely panned up her body, starting with her bare feet, her toes clenched on the hard floor, moving up her rubber encased legs to her smooth vulva and her slightly swollen belly. Then more rubber surrounding her thrust out breasts, the nipples cruelly crushed by the crocodile clips. And back up to the featureless latex face, no longer Annabel's engaging features, a look of stunned astonishment perhaps, but nothing more.

And yet with all of this he sensed she remained defiant inside her clinging rubber prison.

Van Hook's cock stiffened as he watched her throat convulsing. Yet more of the cloying, narcotic-laced fluid was being mechanically pumped into her increasingly bulging tummy. Once the drugs began to infiltrate her brain, she would find it increasingly difficult to hold on to a rational thought. Accompanied by the intoxicating smoke, subliminal whispers, flashing lights and electric shocks, her grip on reality would surely slip. The only physically pleasurable part of Higgins' therapy were the regular orgasms triggered by the vibrating egg inside her cunt—but on an emotional level, he was sure that the once unattainable Annabel probably found those climaxes the most painful part of her conditioning.

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“Annabel, can you hear me?”

Blinking her eyes open, Annabel peered through the curling red mist as Miss Veronica's face materialized in front of her.

*Am I dreaming?*

“She's conscious,” Veronica said, in a strangely distant voice.

“Then let's unhook her.”

Annabel was ripped out of her fugue as blood surged painfully back into her released nipples. Then she was gulping in smoky air as the feeding tube was removed. She felt fingers between her legs, and her slippery labia parting as the egg was removed. Higgins unlocked the collar and Annabel tottered forward into his arms—she couldn't use her legs!

*How long have I been in here?*

Higgins turned her around and hooked his powerful arms around her, linking his hands under her jutting breasts. Then he dragged her out through the door, her heels dragging on the floor.

Annabel looked around at the drab cellar which had seemed so restricted before—now it resembled an enormous cavern.

Higgins hefted her onto the bed face up and she stared at the lights. Her legs weren't working and she couldn't feel her arms but her brain was ticking over, and with each passing second her thoughts were becoming increasingly coherent. She had no idea what they had done to her in there, but if the idea had been to drive her mad, then they had failed!

*I'm alive—and I'm still me!*

Higgins' big hands gripped her ankles and pulled them apart. Annabel knew he could see right up her bare crotch, but so what? He had seen it before. Another stranger added to the list. She felt clamps around each of her big toes, not painful like the nipple clamps had been, but she instinctively knew that her feet had been secured to the corners of the bed and she didn't try to resist—of course she couldn't anyway.

Miss Veronica's face appeared above hers. The strict head housekeeper had a concerned frown on her face, as if Higgins had done some irreparable damage to Annabel. Perhaps she was worried that she might lose her new lesbian lover. Her slender fingers fiddled with the strap around Annabel's head and then the wicked ring gag was finally removed from between her jaws.

"Can you close your mouth?" Miss Veronica said.

Annabel moved her aching jaws from side to side, and then she gingerly closed her mouth.

"You're a tougher kid than I thought," Veronica said.

She swiveled a plastic tube so that it was hanging just above Annabel's mouth.

"If you get thirsty, just suck on the tube," Veronica said.

Annabel wondered if she was supposed to say *thank you*.

"You can rest now," Veronica said. "I'll be back to check on you in the morning."

Annabel listened to Veronica's heels clicking on the stone steps, and Higgins' heavy footsteps behind her. The light went out and the cellar was plunged into darkness. As her eyes slowly adjusted, she could just about make out the shape of the archway. She could also see the little red lights that indicated the location of the ceiling cameras. Somebody would be watching her through the night.

*Let them watch*, Annabel thought as she closed her eyes. *I survived the cell and I'm not insane!*

But as sleep gently began to caress her, Annabel saw flickering lights behind her eyelids—and then the voices began to whisper her name.

## Chapter Twenty

### ANNABEL THE RUBBER MAID

Passing the hallway mirror, Annabel glimpsed a particle of dust and she came to a wobbling halt. She was just about beginning to master her uncomfortable new rubber boots, but she had already fallen twice and getting up without the use of her arms was no easy feat. She tottered back around and cocked her neck, trying to locate the tiny fleck in the sunlight.

There. In the bottom corner.

Now she bent her knees so that the duster in her mouth would be at just the right height, and then rapidly shook her head from side to side flicking the feathers into the corner of the mirror. She straightened up with a little sigh as the torpedo shaped invader inside her wet pussy receded a little. The speck of dust was gone, and Annabel was pleased with her attention to detail.

Dust was her enemy.

Once upon a time, as a free young spirit at Pemberton Hall, Annabel didn't care about dust. It wasn't her problem. The cleaning staff would take care of all that nonsense. But dust mattered to her now. If Miss Veronica spotted any dust or dirt during her daily inspections, Annabel would surely be punished—and she very much wanted to avoid that.

She paused in front of the mirror and studied the face that stared blankly back at her. She no longer hated that face. She knew it wasn't her, no matter how tightly it clung to her skin. It was just a mask, and in fact it helped by hiding her true feelings from the rest of them. For example, they could no longer see her blushing, which she still did a lot. She would have expected to have built up an emotional shield against the humiliation after all they had done to her, but alas she still felt it as deeply as ever. Perhaps that was actually a good thing, though. To fully accept her new life without shame would suggest that she had forgotten who she really was, and that was all she had left—that and her money, of course.

She stared at the emotionless face in the mirror, and thinking of her future wealth, attempted a smile, but of course with the cylindrical duster holder jammed into her mouth, the rubber face in the mirror did not smile back. It didn't matter. That freakish apparition wasn't Annabel, she reminded herself again.

Her rumination was interrupted by another dancing speck of dust—or was it the same one?—and she angled her knees again to get at it, and the rubber projectile in her gusset thrust deeper, making her groan. She had already come once this morning because of the persistent thing, and she wanted to avoid that again if possible—but she knew that wasn't going to be easy.

After giving Annabel time to recover from her cell torture, Veronica had made a couple of additions to the rubber maid's suit. Annabel's crotch and ass were now covered by a pair of matching red latex *panties*. Even though she was grateful for the protection to her modesty, Annabel quickly discovered that the accessory was only designed to add to her discomfort. It consisted of a simple waistband and a gusset with a rubber torpedo attached to the inside. After securing the waistband with a large pop stud, Veronica had then eased the phallus inside Annabel's perpetually sopping cunt and then pulled the gusset up between her legs and fastened it to the waistband at the back with another stud. This had made walking a risky business, as Annabel had quickly learned. The faster she walked, the more the rubber phallus moved inside her and the greater the chance she would come again.

Fortunately, the uncomfortable five-inch heel boots made walking an awkward and challenging exercise in itself—as did the hobble chain that connected Annabel's knees. Thus, her progress was slow and tottering, meaning the interior motion of the phallus mostly kept her on the brink of orgasm, but not quite over it.

Good, but in another way, bad.

Then there was the duster. Veronica had fitted the ring gag back between Annabel's jaws and then clicked a black cylinder into the hole. There was a small aperture at the front of the cylinder

into which Veronica then fixed the handle of the feather duster. This was how Annabel was supposed to dust—and that was what she had been doing all morning.

She was surprised at just how much dust there was in this big old house—and the more she dusted, the more she came across. It was everywhere if you looked hard enough. Had Pemberton Hall been as dusty as this?

She looked down the long hallway at the bright dust particles dancing in the light from the windows. Nothing she could do about them until they landed somewhere. Then she would have at them.

*Annabel!*

Was that Helen?

Annabel swiveled around on her high heels and almost lost her balance again. Her ex-friend wasn't standing there laughing at her. She was alone in the great hall—but not really alone. She knew they were watching her from above. The cameras were everywhere in this old house. Mr. Van Hook watched everything.

With that in mind, Annabel clumped along to the mahogany telephone table and immediately noted to her dismay that it was covered in dust! How could that be? She had already cleaned it this morning!

The tabletop was low and Annabel had to bend forward, allowing her exposed breasts to dangle as she worked the feathers over the polished surface. The change in position caused the rubber missile to shift inside her and a little shudder ran through her body. Not quite an orgasm.

*Freak!*

Bobby?

Annabel straightened up, and the phallus jabbed deeper. She gasped and shuffled around. No sign of Bobby either, which was just as well. Even though she had long since lost him, the thought of him—any of them—seeing her like this would be too much for Annabel to cope with.

*But why would Bobby be here?* she chided herself. *He doesn't even know about this house. None of the old gang do.*

*I clearly heard the voices,* she answered. *They weren't in my head!*

*Really?*

*Yes. It must be Higgins. He's sending the whispers through hidden speakers in the ceiling.*

*Are you sure about that?*

Growing up, she had of course learned about people who suffered from paranoia, acknowledging it as just another mental illness without really understanding what it was. She had figured it was what happened to old people and idiots. Annabel had always been centered and self-assured. Why would anybody want to hurt her? She was beautiful, fun, and full of life. She had always been protected by her privileged lifestyle. Bad things happened to other people.

She inspected the surface of the telephone table as best she could with the duster poking out from the front of her face. It seemed to be dust free again, thank God! She would come back again later to check, just in case.

Now she had to do the library.

She clopped across the marble tiles toward the heavy oak door, turned around and leaned on it. The door slowly opened, and she went inside and looked around at the wooden shelves. Books. Lots of them. Books collected dust.

Annabel hated dust. Dust was her enemy.

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Alastair Barclay knocked on the side door of the big mansion with a wry smile.

*Tradesman's entrance.*

He had spent his entire life serving the gentry, as had his parents before him. It wasn't a calling exactly, more of an expectation. A way of life. He had been raised to serve the rich and to understand his station in life. And for most of his seventy years, he had played his part perfectly—until very recently.

Now, thanks to Darius Nash—or more accurately, to the mysterious David Van Hook—a whole new world had opened up for him. Now the manservant got to play with the spoiled young mistress. And Alastair craved more. Not just Annabel, but so many others of her ilk. Pretty little rich girls. Alastair had spent his life watching them and lusting after them. Which was why he had agreed to this meeting today, despite the implicit risk. What else did he have to live for anyway?

The door opened and Veronica looked down at him with her usual haughty, slightly sneering expression. She was dressed in her standard attire, a crisp white blouse, gray pencil skirt, tights and heels, but there was an unexpected aura about her that Alastair found strangely arousing. He had always thought her an attractive woman for her age, but today there was something else that made him suddenly wonder what she would look like naked.

“Alastair,” she said. “You look younger every time I see you.”

“I was about to say the same thing to you,” Alastair said.

Surprisingly, a slightly pinkish hue tinged Veronica's cheeks.

“Are you blushing?” he asked.

“Don't be ridiculous,” Veronica said.

He got it then—Annabel, of course.

“You're early,” Veronica said. “Mr. Van Hook won't be home until seven.”

Alastair didn't want her to change the subject, needing to know more about what she had been up to with Annabel. But she was right, he was early for his meeting—more like a summons—and he wasn't sure why. He was eager to know what role he might be asked to play in Van Hook's dark and wonderful stage drama, but equally he hankered to see Annabel again.

“I didn't want to be late,” he said unnecessarily.

“Well, you'd better come in,” Veronica said, standing aside, and Alastair noticed then how much shorter her skirt was today.

He climbed the step and found himself in a spacious kitchen and laundry room. A couple of good-looking Filipinas were ironing, and two dubious-looking cooks were preparing food. There was no sign of Annabel.

Veronica gestured to a counter on the kitchen side and Alastair sat on one of the stools.

“Coffee?” she said.

“That would be nice,” Alastair said, eyeing the Filipina girls' smooth, brown legs.

Veronica went to the coffee maker and then took a bottle of Cognac out of a cupboard and poured it into one of the coffee cups.

“Join me?” she said. “The sun is under the yard arm.”

Surprised, Alastair hesitated and then nodded.

Veronica brought the fortified coffees to the counter and sat opposite him.

Unable to hold it in any longer, Alastair said, “So how is Annabel getting on?”

Veronica sipped her coffee and said, “You'll probably be surprised.”

## Chapter Twenty One

Alastair followed Veronica across the high-ceilinged hallway, watching her ass swaying under her tight skirt and observing the high cut of her panty line. His cock throbbed in his underpants, which caught him off guard—maybe it had been triggered by the thought of seeing hot young Annabel again?

Veronica pushed open a tall wooden door and went inside. Alastair paused and his heart thumped. Why was he nervous? This was Annabel. His little bitch. She had fucked and sucked him. She could never be the young *lady of the manor* to him anymore. Nevertheless, he wiped his sweaty palms on his pants and entered the room.

Like the rest of this grand house, the library was impressive, but it meant nothing to Alastair, who had spent his life working in such luxurious surroundings. These were the trappings of the rich folk who he despised so much. What did catch his immediate attention however, was a shiny, red creature shuffling around on the far side of the room.

“Annabel,” Veronica said. “There is somebody here to see you.”

The red figure froze, giving Alastair more time to analyze it—although his brain wasn’t registering what he was seeing. It was humanoid in shape, with nice female curves, but this plastic *replicant* couldn’t possibly be Annabel, could it? He took a couple of steps forward, focusing on her buttocks—the little of her flesh that remained visible—a little bruised, but solid and wrinkle free, just as he remembered them.

“Annabel, turn around,” Veronica commanded.

Haltingly, the weird rubber figurine did as it was told.

Alastair gaped.

“Annabel?”

Her glistening eyes rolled left and right. He looked down at her pink, pointing nipples. The rest of her was covered with red latex.

*My God! Annabel!*

He glanced at Veronica, who merely raised an eyebrow, arms folded.

*What have they done to you?*

He stepped closer but a feather duster protruding from her mouth was standing between them.

“Just twist it to the right,” Veronica said.

Alastair reached uncertainly for the black cylinder nestled between Annabel’s s jaws and it turned with a click and came free in his hand. He looked into Annabel’s wide pink, mouth, her perfect white teeth, her pink gums, her soft palate, her thrashing tongue, her bouncing uvula—all of which he had previously probed with his hard cock. Then he reached up and ran his fingers over her milky white face, touching the pink spots on her cheeks, tracing over the idiotically questioning eyebrows, then pinching the latex that clung to her like a second skin.

“Is this—?”

“Permanent?” Veronica said. “I really can’t say. I would hope not. Annabel was such a pretty girl.”

On hearing those worrying words, Annabel turned her eyes mournfully toward Veronica—evidently then, the proud young lady of Pemberton Hall was still very much alive inside that plastic exterior. The idea that this freakish rubber mask might possibly be for keeps, both appalled and excited Alastair in equal measure. He looked back down at her breasts—appearing to be much larger than he remembered them as they jutted rudely out from their red latex surroundings—and his erection intensified.

“What does she do all day?” he said.

“She dusts,” said Veronica simply.

“That’s it?”

“For now, I guess. She belongs to Mr. Van Hook, and right now, this is what he chooses for her to be.”

*Belongs.*

An unexpected sense of loss swept over Alastair as it suddenly occurred to him that Van Hook had the power to take Annabel away from him forever. He still had no idea what this upcoming meeting was all about, but he had a sudden premonition that today his life was about to be changed irrevocably—for better or worse!

*Well then.*

Trying to ignore Veronica's intimidating presence, Alastair placed his hands against Annabel's breasts, feeling her hard nubs under his palms. Annabel made a little clucking sound in the back of her throat but she didn't pull away. Alastair felt her sexual heat flowing into him and his cock pulsed harder.

Behind him, Veronica cleared her throat.

"Perhaps you'd like to check Annabel's work?" she said.

Alastair was still squeezing Annabel's breasts. What he really wanted to do was fuck this young woman—rubber mask or not.

"Her work?" he said hoarsely.

"Yes. Her dusting," Veronica said. "That, as I said, is all that she does."

*Not all, I'll wager!* Alastair thought.

Saliva dribbled down Annabel's chin and Alastair wiped it away with his thumb.

"If her work is substandard, she gets punished," Veronica said.

Alastair caught a whiff of excitement in Veronica's voice. Yes, his first impressions had been correct—the dirty dyke was horny!

"Punished?" he said.

"Spanked, actually," Veronica said. "Have you ever spanked a spoiled young heiress while she is all wrapped up in red latex?"

"Actually not," Alastair said, "But I have watched her being spanked before—and I think she rather enjoys it."

Annabel signaled her disagreement by shuffling her feet and rolling her pretty blue eyes from side to side. They all knew that the haughty young mistress of Pemberton Hall absolutely did not like being spanked, stripped, or otherwise publicly humiliated, but that was the delicious pleasure of this whole charade—and with her little mouth stretched into a circular gape, the wretched girl wasn't even capable of articulating her dissent!

"In that case, let's go ahead and check her cleaning," Veronica said.

Annabel caught Alastair's eye and imperceptibly shook her head.

*Even now, Annabel still can't face the idea of being disciplined by her old butler!*

To emphasize his newly acquired dominant role in her life, Alastair poked his finger deep into Annabel's open mouth, making her gag.

"It would be my pleasure," he said, now tapping his finger against Annabel's front teeth. "I do hope she *hasn't* been a good little housemaid!"

He punctuated his little joke by jabbing his finger straight to the back of Annabel's throat.

"Awk!" she said, her wet tongue flailing against his finger.

It didn't take long for them to find some dusty bookshelves above head height—because how the hell was Annabel supposed to even reach that level with her arms trussed behind her and her knees connected by a short hobble chain?

"Oh dear!" Veronica snickered, raising her finger. "This looks very much like dust to me!"

As Alastair looked at Veronica's blackened fingertip, his cock jerked again—was Veronica asking him to take control here? He had always been somewhat intimidated by this stern and handsome woman, but now he sensed that she was sending him a signal that she wanted him to take the leading role in this titillating little scene! Interesting and scary—Alastair had been a servant his entire life. Was this the moment for him to step up to the plate?

*Why the fuck not?*

He swallowed dryly, took a step forward, and ripped Veronica's blouse open, sending buttons flying onto the carpet. Veronica's jaw dropped, her lips forming a perfect circle, just like Annabel's. Having passed the point of no return, Alastair gazed at Veronica's sizable tits wobbling inside a

black lace bra, which he then yanked upward, allowing those surprisingly youthful puppies to bounce delightfully before him.

Veronica flushed and slapped his cheek.

“Mr. Barclay!”

The glint in her eyes encouraged him to immediately slap her back.

Veronica raised a hand to her cheek, and Alastair wondered for a moment if she was going to punch him. Instead, she reached behind and unhooked her bra strap, letting it fall to the floor.

*My word!*

Alastair enjoyed the sight of Veronica’s big brown nipples for a moment, then he said, “Now I want you to stick your dirty finger into Annabel’s mouth!”

For a fleeting moment, he wondered if he had gone a touch too far as Veronica’s glared at him—but then to his astonishment, she leaned in and kissed him on the lips!

*Wow! I did not see that coming!*

With her exposed breasts jiggling naughtily in front of her, Veronica turned to Annabel and placed her dust-smear finger onto the stricken girl’s tongue.

“Eck!” Annabel said.

Alastair was momentarily at a loss what to do next, but to his amazement, Veronica saved him the trouble by unzipping his fly and slipping her hand inside his underpants!

Wrapping her fingers around his stiff tool, she gave him a level look and said, “Not bad for an old guy.”

*Not bad?* Alastair thought. *You’ve just given me the biggest hard-on of my entire life!*

Veronica freed his erect penis and gave it a couple of strokes.

“Why don’t you go and inspect the reading table?” she said, squeezing his cock. “Give it a wipe down.”

Alastair looked at her.

*Seriously?*

As bizarre as this whole scene was turning out to be, this was too much of a golden opportunity to pass up—this may very well be his one and only chance to stick his cock into strict, sexy Veronica!

With his aforementioned seventy-year-old dick jutting proudly in front of him, Alastair walked over to the antique table and stroked his glans back and forth over the mahogany surface. Behind him, Veronica chuckled while Annabel clacked her open throat.

He came back and said, “Do you see any dust?”

Veronica circled the base of his cock with her hand, lifted it up, and tapped her fingertip lightly against the meatus, making him gasp. Then she withdrew her finger, taking with it a thin line of precum.

Holding up her sticky finger, she said, “I do indeed! Annabel has been most lackadaisical in the execution of her duties! Mr. Barclay, I think she needs a firm spanking, but first we need to get her out of these kinky panties,” Veronica said.

Annabel made another inarticulate noise as with a flick of a pop stud, the rubber gusset parted from the waistband, but interestingly, still clung to Annabel’s crotch.

“Part your legs, Annabel,” Veronica said.

With a pathetic little whine, Annabel did as she was told, and Alastair bent to take a closer look at the gusset that remained stubbornly stuck between her thighs.

“What’s this?”

“Why don’t you pull it out?” Veronica suggested.

*Pull it out?*

Alastair put his hand between Annabel’s hot thighs and gently pulled the gusset down. As the garment came away from her crotch, a little rubber penis slowly emerged from Annabel’s bald pussy, and the tormented girl let out a low groan. Alastair pulled the modified rubber panties free and examined the rude little phallus, which was slick with Annabel’s feminine juices.

“Horny little maid, isn’t she?” Veronica said.

Then she surprised him yet again by grabbing his wrist and thrusting his hand between Annabel's legs. There was another squeal from the gagged rubber maid and he ran his finger over her labia.

"She's in heat all the time now," Veronica said. "Isn't that right, Annabel?"

Annabel looked up at the ceiling and shook her head.

"Come now, the evidence is right in front of us," Veronica said, taking the panties from Alastair.

"Look at it," Veronica said.

Annabel turned her eyes down toward the rubber cock in front of her face.

"Stick out your tongue," Veronica said.

Annabel hesitated and then did as she was told.

"Lick it."

"Ak!" Annabel said, as her tongue touched the sticky phallus.

Veronica moved the gusset up and down, forcing Annabel to lap the entire length of the phallus.

"Quite the little cocksucker, too," Veronica noted. "Would you like to suck Mr. Barclay's cock, Annabel?"

Annabel's eyes grew wide and she shook her head again.

"It's either a sucking or a fucking—after he has spanked you," Veronica said. "Which would you prefer?"

"Ah-ung!" Annabel said.

"What? I have no idea what you just said."

"Ong!" Annabel said, shaking her head.

"Alastair, do you have any idea what this simple girl is trying to tell us?" Veronica said.

"I think she said *both*," Alastair smiled.

"Ogh!" Annabel warbled.

Veronica shook her head. "Maybe we should try sign language. Okay, Annabel, if you want Mr. Barclay to put his cock in your pussy, shake your breasts, if you want it in the mouth, blink your eyes, and if you want it in the ass—put your tongue back in."

Annabel looked at her, evidently trying to process all of this sudden information. It was clear that Veronica had set her a trap from which she could not escape. It was a certainty that Alastair would get to fuck one of Annabel's holes, but the poor girl was being forced to decide quickly from the most bewildering of options!

Predictably, clever young Annabel chose none of them by standing quite still, keeping her eyes wide and unblinking, and her tongue sticking out of the ring gag. Unfortunately for her, Veronica was already way ahead of this one-sided game.

She winked at Alastair and said, "I'll go and fetch the leather spanker while you watch to make sure she doesn't cheat—and while I'm at it, I'll go and mix us a couple more drinks."

## Chapter Twenty Two

Leaving her bra on the floor, Veronica tied the ruined blouse together around her midriff. She wasn't too concerned that the staff would guess what was going on in the library, but it wouldn't be seemly for them to see her naked breasts—not just yet anyway!

Heading to the utility room, she checked her watch—they still had enough time to have some fun with Annabel before Barclay's meeting with Mr. Van Hook. Her lecherous old boss was undoubtedly watching them in the library via his hidden cameras anyway, and Veronica thought she was playing her part very well. Although she was seducing Barclay under Mr. Van Hook's orders, part of her remit was to use her kinky imagination for these games so that her boss could enjoy the element of surprise—being the unseen voyeur was what got him off the most!

Ivan and Milo were busy in the kitchen as usual. They had been told to prepare snacks and finger food tonight, and the trays were already being set out by Rita and Cornelia under plastic wrappers on the counter. All four of them looked up when Veronica went unhurriedly to the cellar door—and she had to hide a grin as they gaped at her breasts bouncing freely under her open blouse.

*That will give them something to gossip about!* she thought as she descended into the cellar.

Giving Higgins' sinister cell a quick glance, she crossed over to the locker and searched the hangers until she found what she was looking for—a leather spanker inlaid with brass studs! She went back up to the utility room and the staff all stared at her again. She laid the spanker on the counter next to the trays of food and poured two more glasses of Cognac. Then she quickly downed one of them and refilled it—the next part of her performance might require a little extra fortification.

The spanker had a leather loop attached and she hung it around her neck, letting the spanker dangle between her obviously braless breasts. Then she picked up the glasses and walked out of the door feeling the stares of her staff burning into her back.

In the library, Annabel was standing in exactly the same position as before, motionless, eyes wide, and her trembling tongue still sticking out of her gaping mouth. As Veronica handed Barclay his drink, Annabel's watering eyes settled on the spanker.

"So has anything happened?" Veronica said.

"No," Barclay said.

"That's astonishing. How long was I gone?"

"Two or three minutes, I guess."

"Must be something of a record," Veronica said.

Actually, she could see that Annabel was on the point of breaking now. Her eyes were beginning to stream and her tongue quivered precariously as she battled to keep it sticking out. It was a brave display of resistance, but her defeat, as always, was inevitable.

"I think she's about ready to choose an orifice," Veronica said. "You'd better get ready."

She looked down and saw that Barclay had partially lost his erection.

"Perhaps, you'd like some assistance?"

Barclay looked a bit embarrassed, which Veronica found ironic given the humiliating situation Annabel was in!

"Down in one?" she said.

She raised her glass and they clinked and swallowed their drinks.

Feeling the effects of the liquor, Veronica untied her blouse and slipped it off. Barclay stared at the spanker dangling between her large breasts as she began to stroke his cock. Feeling him stiffen remarkably quickly for an old guy, Veronica knelt down and said, "Keep an eye on the rubber maid and let me know what she decides."

"Okay!" Barclay gasped.

As Veronica kissed the tip of his penis, she realized that she was actually getting a kick out of the sheer insanity of what she was doing here—Annabel, who she had already forced into a lesbian sexual relationship, was standing stock still with her tongue sticking out, terrified that she was about to be fucked by Barclay, who was now being sucked off by Veronica!

*What a freaky little threesome I've created!*

Veronica took it slowly, aware that the old butler might explode without warning. She hadn't been instructed to do this but she wanted to surprise her watching employer—as well as her old friend Barclay! Even so, she didn't want the old butler coming in her mouth!

She applied her tongue skillfully, using all of her years of experience. Although she mainly regarded herself as a lesbian these days, she had once been straight and still knew how to handle a cock. In fact, she didn't find giving a blowjob to this seventy-year-old manservant at all unpleasant!

“S-She blinked!” Barclay gasped.

Veronica pulled her mouth off Barclay's cock and turned around, the leather spanker swinging between her breasts.

“That means she wants your dick in her big mouth,” Veronica said. “Are you jealous, Annabel?”

Now blinking her tear-filled eyes continuously, Annabel shook her head, inadvertently causing her breasts to jiggle.

“*And she wants it in her sopping cunt!*” Veronica said. “I told you she was a nympho!”

“Ung!” Annabel protested—and in doing so retracted her tongue.

“All three? Annabel, really!” Veronica giggled.

Rising to her feet, Veronica checked her watch.

“We haven't got long, so you'll have to decide, Alastair.”

With his cock jutting proudly out of his pants once more, Barclay said, “Well, I've had the pleasure of her other two holes before—so I'll take her in the ass!”

Veronica lifted the spanker over her head and handed it to him.

“You have to punish her first—then she gets her reward!”

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*Veronica, you dark horse! Above and beyond the call of duty!* David Van Hook thought as he watched the amazing library scene unfolding on his laptop. He knew of course, that she had been using Annabel sexually, but the sight of her getting down on her knees in front of the old butler had taken even him by surprise. It was also giving him a semi hard-on in the back seat of his Bentley. Veronica had an unexpectedly buoyant pair of titties for a forty-year-old—and the much older Barclay wasn't doing too bad himself in the erection department!

He watched with interest as Veronica bent Annabel over the chair, exposing her wet and puffy cunt lips from behind. With her arms permanently bound together across her back, Annabel waited helplessly for the thrashing that Barclay was about to administer. Van Hook hadn't been able to hear the details of the game they had been playing, but he had watched with great fascination as Annabel stood to attention, drool trickling out of her stretched open mouth, tears rolling down her wide eyes, her breasts and shaved cunt exposed while the rest of her body remained tightly coated with latex.

Now Barclay was laying into her bare backside with a leather spanker which Van Hook had ordered online himself—a delightfully wicked instrument dotted with brass studs—and from the way Annabel was wiggling her reddening ass, it was every bit as painful as it looked! Even more interesting, Van Hook noticed a gluey strand of fluid hanging from her inflamed cunt. The poor girl could not possibly be enjoying the pain, but her body was treacherously responding in the most masochistic way!

Van Hook looked up at Higgins in the driver's seat. “It would seem that your conditioning cell is beginning to have an effect on our young maid.”

Higgins glanced at his boss in the rearview mirror. “Really, sir? How's that?”

“She seems to be deriving sexual pleasure from a severe ass beating,” Van Hook said.

“Ah, yes. Well, that was one of the intended results, of course,” Higgins said. “It will intensify with each subsequent session in the cell. After a month or so, she will be a very different young woman in so many ways—as per your instructions, sir.”

Van Hook turned his attention back to the spanking scene on his laptop. Annabel's ass was now bright scarlet, and she was rotating it in a rather sensual fashion. He zoomed in to the cleft between those bruised cheeks and saw that her vaginal emission had increased to the point that she was leaving a dark stain on the expensive carpet. Then, to Van Hook's delight, she lifted her head and her whole body shook as she apparently reached orgasm—from a spanking!

Veronica reached over and took the spanker away from Barclay who was trembling a bit himself. Then the old butler inched forward and placed the tip of his cock against Annabel's asshole! Van Hook zoomed the camera in as close as possible and then watched as Barclay's purple glans stretched Annabel's sphincter, and then he pushed himself slowly inside her. Van Hook zoomed back out to watch Annabel's reaction, which although her latex face was expressionless, was no doubt one of anguish and outrage. Nevertheless, she would most likely come again when her ex-butler came inside her rectum.

As Barclay slowly pumped away, Van Hook closed the laptop. The show was almost over because Veronica would want to have everything ready for the master of the house upon his arrival—and the master was in a very good mood. All the pieces were falling into place. Van Hook had been making some phone calls, Barclay was being drawn deeper into the game—and young Annabel of Pemberton Hall would soon be declared mentally incapable of managing her own affairs.

## Chapter Twenty Three

Bent over the chair with her buttocks on fire as Barclay rhythmically thrust his cock in and out of her raw asshole, Annabel tried to remember why she was even here in this madhouse. She had a vague recollection of a previous life when she had been a beautiful and pampered young woman, but that seemed so long ago now that she couldn't quite summon up the details. Faces from her happy past flashed through her mind, Aunt Sissy, her friends, Alisha, Helen, Samantha and Drew, but they were quickly replaced by leering old men's faces, Darius Nash, Tom Craddock, Eddie Yeats, and of course the old man now bugging her from behind, Alastair Barclay.

She saw her friends laughing at her as she stripped naked at Helen's pool party, and then the stinking old hobos she had been forced to service at the homeless shelter. She saw herself performing as a pony and then as a puppy at Eddie Yeats' birthday party, and waitressing for Nash's friends at the poker game. In her mind's eye, she kept seeing penises, always hard and red and dripping with cum. She had been used as a sex object for so long now that it actually felt normal.

How could she return to her luxurious past after all they had done to her? Even with all that money, these depraved people would live in her head with her for the rest of life. Even if she left the country, they would always be there with her. What if she found a handsome man to marry? How could she possibly tell him about all the terrible things she had been forced to do? She was spoiled goods. And besides, who would want her with a plastic face like this? Miss Veronica had implied that the latex would be attached to her skin for the rest of her life. She wouldn't be Annabel of Pemberton hall anymore!

*Because you're not Annabel of Pemberton Hall! You're Annabel the slut! The cocksucking whore! You're a worthless rubber maid! You can't even talk! You can't use your arms. All you are is a mouth, a cunt, and an asshole—all to be used by these old men at their leisure! Get used to it! This is your life now!*

She heard Barclay grunting and then felt his hot seed rush into her rectum. Her old manservant, who used to wait on her hand and foot, had just ejaculated inside her ass! He pulled out with a loud sucking sound, and despite the burning pain, Annabel felt another orgasm rush through her body. She jerked over the back of the chair, feeling the pleasure mingling with her shame as she licked the wooden seat.

Behind her, Veronica said, "It looks like she enjoyed her reward, Alastair."

And it was true! How could her body possibly derive so much pleasure from being spanked and bugged by an old man she detested?

"Up you get, you dirty girl!" Veronica said.

Annabel was lifted up by her bound arms and turned around. Barclay stood before her, his face red and perspiring.

Veronica was topless, big, brown nipples erect.

"Say thank you to Mr. Barclay for making you come," she said.

Annabel flushed inside her rubber mask.

"Aga!"

"That wasn't much of a thank you," Veronica said. "Perhaps you should show Mr. Barclay how grateful you are instead."

Annabel felt something deep within her something crumbling away, and without further prompting from Veronica, she dropped to her knees in front of her former butler and allowed him to put his sticky penis inside her gaping mouth.

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"I want you to understand that if you decide to do this, there can be no backing out," David Van Hook said.

“I understand,” said Alastair.

“I hope you do, because if you let me down, the repercussions will be severe.”

“As they will if I get caught by the authorities,” Alastair reminded him.

“I can assure you I have enough influence to make sure that will not happen.”

“Then—why do you need me?” Alastair said.

“Because you are the best placed person to do it. I want this to look natural without arousing any suspicions. It’s better that way.”

Alastair looked at the brown glass bottle on the dining table. There was no label which was fine with him—he didn’t want to know anything about its liquid contents.

“And just to reconfirm, in return you will—”

“I will deliver to you any young lady you desire as we have agreed,” Van Hook said.

Despite the astonishing work out it had just had in the library, Alastair’s cock hardened at the delectable thought that he could have his very own nubile plaything!

“I already have a short list—and they’re all friends of Annabel’s,” Alastair said.

“Interesting,” Van Hook said. “When you have completed your task, you can give me the list.”

Alastair’s erection tightened as he went through the girls’ names in his head. These were the snotty, hard bodies that had strutted around the pool at Pemberton Hall. The prick teasers that had known he was spying on them and had loved every minute of it in the knowledge that he would never have a chance of laying his hands on their unblemished skin.

Well now. Here was that chance. Alastair had no idea what was going on behind the scenes here. All he knew was that Van Hook seemed to have the power to make Alastair’s perverted dreams come true. Sure, there had to be a risk attached to dealing with this shady and powerful man, but what the hell did he have to lose? He was seventy-years-old! He had just had anal sex with young Annabel, his former mistress! What else could be better in life than to sexually humiliate these hot, arrogant young women that he had never had the remotest chance of touching back in the real world?

He cast his mind back to the heady images of Samantha, with her platinum cropped hair and long, lean body, to the pert, dark haired Chelsea, and the big breasted black girl, Alisha, but most of all, Helen Parker, tall, blonde and statuesque, the jealous bitch who had relished in Annabel’s demise and had subsequently stolen her boyfriend. Oh, what stomach churning pleasure he would have with one of these babes! Alastair would dream up such disgusting perversions for them to perform that even Darius Nash would be impressed!

“So, then—what is your answer?” Van Hook said.

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With sweat stinging her eyes and her rubber leggings creaking, Annabel stooped to pick up the bag of potting soil. She couldn’t exactly pick it up with her hands still confined by their rubber mittens, so she pushed her arms through the string handle and awkwardly straightened up.

She parted her feet to keep her balance, wincing as sharp gravel dug into her soles. She blinked several times to clear her vision, and finally managed to focus on the misted-up greenhouse window in front of her. Now she had to work her way back through the maze of green plant life and find Rafael.

The sullen gardener had sent her on several of these errands since she had been sent to help him in the greenhouse. Once upon a time she would have questioned the point of them. After all, she had passed trolleys and wheelbarrows on her laborious travels. But she knew better by now—the point was to hurt her, to make her feel worthless, and of course to break her spirit.

Annabel shuffled around, trying to ignore the biting pain in the soles of her feet. She had been grateful when Veronica had freed her arms, removed the ring gag and hobble chain, and then taken off her rubber boots. The awful panties with the probing little penis had stayed on, but at least she had relative freedom of movement. Annabel had been hopeful that they might remove the rubber

mask, but she had known better than to push her luck. She would have liked to have tried taking it off herself, but that would be impossible with these frustrating rubber mittens.

Rafael had been the only remaining member of staff that Annabel had yet to meet but given the cruel reception she had received from the rest of them, she hadn't held out much hope that he would be any different. In fact, when Veronica had led her into the greenhouse, Annabel's heart had started pumping in anticipation of yet another cruel assault—so far, she had been spared that, but the day was far from over.

She walked gingerly back along the gravel path, the bag swaying from her extended arms as more sweat accumulated in her eyes. She was sweating everywhere, even on her exposed buttocks and breasts, which was hardly surprising considering she was wearing a rubber suit in a greenhouse!

Annabel slowly navigated her way through the rows of plants until she saw Rafael hunched over his work bench. Hearing her toes crunching on the gravel, he turned and leered at her, his one good eye fixing upon her sweaty breasts. Annabel froze. Was this going to be the moment she had feared? Maybe she could talk him into settling for a blow job.

"Come here, rubber doll," Rafael said, crooking his finger.

As she had by now been conditioned to do, Annabel obeyed immediately. Rafael took the bag of soil from her aching arms and set it on the ground. He gazed at her breasts for a while, and Annabel waited apprehensively. Although she had been sexually intimate with a number of old and disgusting men in the past few months, this guy was particularly vile. His left eye was covered with a milky film, his mouth was set in a perpetual sneer, his shoulders were hunched and he walked with a limp. Annabel caught sight of her white, expressionless rubber face in the window and it occurred to her what a grotesque couple they made. She wondered if Mr. Van Hook had any secret cameras in the greenhouse.

Rafael reached down and popped the stud on her rubber panties. As he eased the small phallus out of her pussy, Annabel gasped and closed her eyes. She felt him tugging the panties away and the air against her damp crotch.

*Please not in the ass!* she thought anxiously—she was still sore from Barclay's bugging in the library.

But when she opened her eyes again, Rafael had turned back to his work bench. Now, standing in just her rubber leggings, top, and mask, Annabel was bewildered. It seemed that the ugly old gardener had no interest in fucking her. That would be a novelty. Maybe he was incapable? That would also be a new one for Annabel—she had come to assume recently that all middle-aged men came with instant rock-hard erections.

She glanced at her odious rubber panties on the worktop and then at the vegetables that Rafael was now putting into a basket.

*Vegetables.*

*Onions, tomatoes, beans, cabbage, coriander, potatoes—*

Rafael turned and said, "I want you to take these to the kitchen."

Relieved that she wasn't about to get fucked, Annabel saw that the basket had two woven handles and she held out her arms.

"Hold up," Rafael said. "The basket is full, but there is more."

He held up a carrot and Annabel immediately thought back to the humiliating cucumber incident in the kitchen on her first day.

"I-I could come back," she offered hopefully.

Rafael waved the carrot at her and grinned nastily.

"No need for that—bend over."

## Chapter Twenty Four

Hearing laughter, Veronica opened the door to the utility room. Annabel was standing against the kitchen counter with her arms threaded through the handles of a wicker basket full of vegetables. Ivan and Milo were leaning against one of the worktops, and Rita and Cornelia were sitting on chairs in the laundry area. None of them were working because they were all chuckling at Annabel, who remained quite still with her face turned away.

“What’s going on?” Veronica said.

“Annabel brought in the garden vegetables,” Cornelia giggled.

Veronica had of course taken Annabel to the greenhouse herself, so she took a step closer to see what all the amusement was about. Annabel was still wearing her red rubber leggings as well as the tight top with the holes cut out for her breasts to poke through, but she had apparently left her rubber panties in the greenhouse. Side on, Veronica noticed a sprig of greenery protruding from between Annabel’s buttocks—that was apparently what the two Filipina maids were finding so funny.

Veronica went around the counter and now saw that Annabel’s bare breasts were resting on top of the vegetables in the basket, a cucumber sticking up between them.

“Annabel, look at me,” Veronica said.

Annabel turned her head. Her raw eyes were streaming, her nose was running—and a large onion was jammed between her teeth.

“Did you do this?” Veronica asked Ivan.

“No. I guess she got hungry on the way!” Ivan chuckled.

Annabel sniffled and made a gargling sound behind the onion. Veronica continued around the counter and stopped behind Annabel. The green foliage sticking out between Annabel’s butt cheeks was the rosette of a carrot.

“Lean forward, Annabel.”

Annabel raised up on her bare toes.

“Part your legs.”

Annabel shuffled her feet apart and Veronica bent down for a closer inspection.

A carrot indeed, and a large one at that—jammed all the way up Annabel’s asshole!

*Rafael, you wicked old man!*

Veronica said, “Annabel, take your arms out of the handles and turn around.”

Annabel rested her heels back on the floor, shimmied her arms free and then turned to face Veronica. Her eyes were so puffed up from the stinging effects of the onion that she could hardly see. Veronica took hold of the onion and worked it free and Annabel took a rasping breath and then coughed.

Veronica held up the onion, checking out the deep bite marks.

“Well, that’s totally ruined,” she said, dropping it in the waste bin.

“She’s a thief,” said Ivan. “How can I prepare dinner without the onion?”

“I’m sure Rafael has more,” said Veronica. “But you’re right. We can’t have our maid stealing the produce, can we?”

“Can we punish her?” Cornelia said.

“Hmm, I think we should make the punishment fit the crime,” Veronica said. “There is no way Ivan can use that carrot now it has been inside Annabel’s dirty hole—so I think she should keep it there.”

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It had been over a month since Darius Nash had last seen Annabel, and he was hopeful of seeing her again today—even though that was not the reason he had been summoned here. As was

often the case with *Apex*, the message had been delivered verbally and in person by Mr. Van Hook's personal assistant, the sinister Mr. Higgins. This method of communication ensured that there could never be a physical record should the proverbial shit hit the fan some time down the road.

Darius rapped three times with the brass knocker and checked his reflection in the stained-glass window beside the large front door. He had dressed smartly for this meeting, not because he was feeling intimidated by the prospect of finally meeting Mr. Van Hook, but to convey the image that he took his duties within the organization seriously—which he indeed did—but also that he was a serious business negotiator.

Darius was still peeved that he had lost Annabel, as well as her beautiful black friend, Alisha. Those had both been *Apex* directives which Darius had been given no choice but to follow. This time he intended to get something—or rather *someone*—in return for his information. Having already feasted well on Annabel and Alisha's pain and humiliation, he was hungry for more.

The door opened and he found himself looking up at a refined woman dressed in a white blouse, tight blue skirt and heels. It had been some years since they had briefly worked in the same household, but she hadn't aged. Indeed, there was a rather youthful glow in her cheeks.

"Hello, Veronica," he said pleasantly. "Long time, no see."

Veronica looked down her nose at him and didn't reply. There was an awkward pause while she seemed to be considering whether or not to let him in.

"I'm here to see Mr. Van Hook," he prompted.

"I know that." Veronica said. "This way."

Darius tucked his tablet under his arm and followed her across a spacious lobby.

*Nice place. Nice ass.*

Veronica led him down a passage and then opened a door which took them into a kitchen and laundry room.

"Please take a seat. Mr. Van Hook is in video conference right now, but he'll see you shortly," Veronica said. "Would you like something to drink while you are waiting?"

"Just water, please."

Darius sat and watched Veronica go over to the sink. She was still severe in her mannerisms but not at all unattractive for a woman of her age, and as she leaned to turn on the faucet, he was reminded that she had a decent sized pair of tits under that crisp blouse.

*Maybe I should ask for Veronica to play with—now wouldn't that be a turn up?*

Veronica placed his glass on the counter, hesitated, and then sat opposite him.

"You're looking good," Darius said.

Veronica raised her chin. "Thank you."

"The work here must suit you."

"Mr. Van Hook is firm but fair," she said.

*Firm but fair. I'll bet he is.*

"Which is how it should be," Darius said.

"Indeed."

Darius glanced around the empty utility room.

"How many staff do you have here, may I ask?"

"Why do you ask?"

Darius didn't mind her frosty manner—in fact he rather enjoyed it. There had been an *incident* between them years back—entirely Darius' fault—which Veronica clearly hadn't gotten over yet.

"Just curious. It's a large house to manage."

"It is a small staff. Two cooks, two maids and a gardener. Then there is Higgins, Mr. Van Hook's chauffeur—but he is an authority unto himself."

"Yes, I've met him. An imposing character, to say the least."

Veronica paused and then said, "And then there is our newest addition, Annabel the chambermaid—who you have also met."

Darius looked directly at Veronica. "Oh yes, Annabel and I are very well acquainted."

"So I understand," Veronica said.

“And how is young Annabel getting along?”

“She’s troublesome, but we’re whipping her into shape.”

“I don’t doubt that for a moment,” Darius said with a knowing grin.

He sipped his water and said, “Do you have any idea how long she will be working here?”

“I do not,” Veronica said. “My job is to make sure she learns her duties—as well as her place in the household.”

“It’s just that I was told this was a temporary post and that she would be returning back to my house to complete the agreement with her Aunt Sissy.”

“I don’t know anything about that,” Veronica said. “Perhaps you should take it up with Mr. van Hook.”

*Oh, I will!* Darius thought.

“You know, I put in a lot of work with Annabel’s training before she got here,” Darius said.

“I did, in fact. But she remains a rebellious girl.”

“She was a very arrogant little princess when I first met her,” Darius said. “A little cunt, in fact.”

Veronica looked at him sharply. Darius was having some fun here and she knew it.

“I found that public nudity knocked a lot of pride out of her. It’s hard to be arrogant when everybody can see your personal bits, don’t you think?”

Veronica flushed a little and said, “I would imagine so.”

“Especially in front of acquaintances,” Darius went on. “I took her to a pool party and made her strip in front of her friends—she was never quite her old self after that.”

Veronica looked off into the distance for a moment as if she were recalling a similar experience herself. Then she said, “Nevertheless, she’s a lot tougher than she looks. There’s still a spark of defiance inside that needs to be extinguished.”

“Money can be a great motivator,” Darius said. “Especially the amount that is waiting for Annabel when her year is up.”

He noticed a little melancholy in Veronica’s eyes when he said that.

“May I ask something personal?” Darius said.

“Depends what it is.”

“Have you partaken?”

“In what?”

“In Annabel. I mean, I can tell you quite honestly that I’ve fucked her in every conceivable way. I was just wondering if you have introduced our young heiress to the world of lesbian sex.”

“You are a disgusting little man, Darius.”

“And you are a cruel lady, Veronica.”

*And a dyke.*

Veronica said, “If you really must know, I sensed that after having to endure your odious, fat body, for so long, Annabel was quite grateful for some feminine attention, for a change.”

“So you *did* fuck her!” Darius smirked. “And you really think she enjoyed it?”

The door swung open and a pretty Filipina maid dressed in a powder blue dress entered the room.

“Here she comes now,” Veronica said. “Why don’t you ask her yourself?”

Standing in the doorway was a life size rubber doll.

## Chapter Twenty Five

*Darius Nash!*

Annabel's stomach tightened and she froze in the doorway.

*Is he here to take me back?*

Through the swirling fog in her mind, she couldn't immediately decide if that would be a good or a bad thing.

"Annabel, do you remember Mr. Nash?" Miss Veronica said.

Annabel nodded dumbly.

"Then come in and say hello."

Ever mindful of the carrot jammed all the way inside her rectum, Annabel walked slowly toward the kitchen counter. Nash had a strange frown on his face, as if he was still trying to process what he was looking at. Annabel felt an irrational stab of embarrassment that he should be seeing her like this.

"Is this really Annabel?" Nash said.

"Don't you recognize her eyes?" Veronica smiled. "Or her pretty pink nipples?"

"Yes, I do!" Nash said. "It *is* you, Annabel!"

Nash's eyes dropped to Annabel's exposed crotch.

"You keep her shaved."

"Yes, the same with her head."

"How long have you kept her in rubber?"

"Over a week now."

"And how long—?"

"That's up to Mr. Van Hook—and how long the glue lasts, I guess."

"Glue?"

"Yes, Higgins glued the latex mask to Annabel's bald head."

Nash let out an involuntary giggle.

"My word! You people are worse than me!"

"Annabel is worried that the glue will last forever," Veronica said.

"Forever?" Nash said.

Annabel shook her head silently—she refused to allow herself to contemplate that terrible possibility.

"Have you forgotten your manners, Annabel?" Veronica said.

Annabel blinked slowly and said, "H-Hello, Mr. Nash."

Out of nowhere, she had a sudden image of herself standing on the front step of his brownstone. It seemed like a hundred years ago. She remembered hesitating before going inside. She had told herself to *think of the money*—and she had been repeating that mantra ever since.

"Hello, Annabel," Nash said. "You look a little *different* from the last time we met."

Annabel flushed again, although there was no way they could tell.

"I was asking Veronica if you have been behaving yourself," Nash continued. "She said you are still be obstinate from time to time."

"And she's been stealing," said Cornelia from behind the linen baskets.

"Really?" Nash said. "What has she stolen?"

"Vegetables," Cornelia said.

"What kind of vegetables?" Nash said.

Veronica said, "Annabel, why don't you show Mr. Nash where you hid the carrot?"

Annabel sighed and then coyly shuffled around and bent forward. Behind her, Cornelia giggled.

"That must be rather uncomfortable," Nash said.

*Of course it is! It hurts!*

"That is her punishment," Veronica said. "She put it there and she can keep it there."

Annabel had grown weary of protesting her innocence. By default, she was guilty of whatever they accused her of, so she just had to accept it. In fact, she wasn't exactly sure now if she *had* put

the carrot up there herself. At first, she thought the gardener had done it, but now she couldn't fully recall.

Veronica's phone rang and Annabel heard her say, "Yes, Mr. Van Hook. He's right here with me. Very good, sir, I will."

Then she said, "Annabel, please show Mr. Nash through to the library."

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There was a timid knock on the library door, and Van Hook said, "Enter."

The door creaked open and a bland, white rubber face poked through the gap.

"Well, come in, Annabel."

Annabel stepped gingerly into the room, her bare toes sinking into the rich carpeting. Her legs were wrapped in red rubber from her ankles to her thighs. The rubber top covered her torso, shoulder and arms—with the exception of her wobbling breasts—but her mittens had been removed. So had her rubber panties.

"So, what is it girl?"

"M-Mr. Nash is here to see you, sir."

"Then show him in."

As Annabel turned to the visitor, Van Hook spotted a bush of greenery sticking out between her shapely buttocks. He hadn't been watching his cameras today, but one of the staff had obviously been having some fun with her—most likely Rafael.

Annabel stood to one side and Darius Nash entered the room. He was just as weaselly looking in real life as he was in his photograph, although Van Hook noted that he was dressed neatly for their meeting.

"Mr. Nash," Van Hook said. "It's good to finally meet you. Please take a seat."

"Please call me Darius," Nash said, planting himself in the armchair opposite Van Hook.

"A drink before we begin?" Van Hook said. "I'm having Scotch."

Nash hesitated and then said, "Yes, thank you. I'll have the same."

Van Hook looked over at Annabel who had been hovering uncertainly by the door.

"Annabel, will you fix us two Scotch and sodas please? And bring some ice."

When Annabel had gone, Van Hook said, "What do you think of your young charge?"

"She looks—different," Nash said.

"That she does," Van Hook chuckled. "But the physical changes are just one aspect of her metamorphosis."

"I had noticed that she appears to be a lot more amenable than she used to be," Nash said.

"And a lot of that is a result of your excellent groundwork, of course," Van Hook said. "We have merely developed her brainwashing to the next level."

"Brainwashing?"

"The objective being to create the appearance of permanent mental illness," said Van Hook.

Nash frowned. "I'm not sure I understand what you mean by *appearance*."

Van Hook said, "Let me ask you this. As a practicing sexual sadist, what is it that thrills you the most when you are tormenting your girls?"

"Their shame," Nash said straight away. "I revel in the anguish in their eyes."

"Exactly," said Van Hook. "Absolute submission is never the goal, is it? Because then the sport would be over. There has to be some fire, some resistance coming from the victim, to make the game worthwhile."

"So, the goal isn't to drive Annabel mad—but to create the *impression* that she is?"

"You catch on fast," said Van Hook. "Any independent psychiatric tests will confirm her insanity—except the real Annabel will still be inside there. A prisoner in her own mind, never to escape. To me, that is the definition of true sadism."

“Extraordinary,” Nash said. “But how could you possibly achieve such a delicate balance? Surely a person is either insane or not?”

“We have sophisticated techniques here and Annabel is undergoing regular sessions—and her downward spiral is accelerating.”

Nash processed this and said, “But what will happen when her year is up? If she is found mentally incompetent to manage her own life, surely as next of kin her Aunt Sissy will resume her guardianship?”

“That brings us to the point of our meeting,” said Van Hook.

There was another knock on the door, and Cornelia poked her head inside.

“Excuse me, sir. Annabel is here with your drinks.”

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Watching Annabel place the tray on the coffee table, Darius tried to weigh up what Van Hook was saying. By all accounts, it would seem that Annabel’s yearlong agreement was about to become permanent! If so, this would put a new spin on his negotiations with Van Hook. As eager as he was to get down to the brass tacks of their meeting, the object of his desire was now standing a few inches away from him—and even wrapped in latex and with a bald head inside a white mask, she still managed to turn him on!

Avoiding Darius’ eyes, Annabel straightened up and waited for further instructions, no doubt hoping to be promptly dismissed—unfortunately, Van Hook wasn’t done with her. Letting her stand by the coffee table, he raised his glass.

“To future conquests.”

Darius didn’t quite understand this strange old man, but if he could provide a steady stream of red-faced young women to humiliate and degrade, then he was happy to play along. They touched glasses.

“Annabel, please turn around and show us your butt,” Van Hook said.

There was really no way of detecting any change of expression under that featureless mask, but Annabel’s eyes were as communicative as ever. Slowly she turned and bent slightly forward, just as she had done in the kitchen earlier.

“Why have you got a carrot stuck up your asshole?” Van Hook said.

“I-I stole it,” Annabel whispered.

“From the kitchen?” Van Hook said.

“From the greenhouse,” Annabel said.

“How long have you been carrying it around up there?” Van Hook said.

“I-I don’t know,” Annabel said weakly.

“Would you like to take it out?” Van Hook said.

“Y-Yes please!” Annabel whined.

“Then squat down on the carpet and squeeze it out,” Van Hook said. “Pretend you are taking a dump.”

Annabel hesitated for just a moment and then dropped down as instructed, pushing out her lovely bottom and displaying the vegetable that stretched out her ring piece.

“You get one chance,” Van Hook said. “If you can’t eject it, then it stays where it is.”

As he watched Annabel’s raw anus flexing around the carrot, Darius found it hard to reconcile this strange creature with the haughty young girl who had arrived on his doorstep only a few months ago. She had been through so much and there was still so much more to go. Was it really possible that Van Hook could make her enslavement permanent?

Annabel grunted and the carrot slowly emerged from her asshole like a fat, orange turd. Darius felt his cock twitch and he drummed on his tablet with his fingertips. It contained the encrypted blackmail files that he had taken from Annabel’s computer. Incriminating pictures and details of

Annabel's close circle of girlfriends. Once he turned this information over to David Van Hook, unbeknown to them, these beautiful young rich girls' lives would never be the same again. Alisha had already been transported to a farm for further training. Helen, Samantha and Chelsea would each follow a similar fate.

The carrot suddenly appeared at speed, and with a groan of relief Annabel expelled it onto the expensive carpet. She stayed in place, her shoulders shaking, the shiny carrot lying in a sticky puddle between her feet. Darius gazed with fascination at her pulsating anus as it slowly returned to its original size.

"Turn around and pick it up," Van Hook said.

With a soft moan of disgust, Annabel did as she was told, holding the dripping carrot by her fingertips.

"Now eat it," Van Hook said.

Annabel blinked at him in disbelief.

"You stole it, so now you can eat it—or else you can but it back up your asshole."

Watching Annabel swallow and retch as she reluctantly consumed the defiled vegetable, Darius had already decided that he would be willing to forego the other girls, if he could just get her back.

## Chapter Twenty Six

Up in his swanky top floor office at the law firm of Bale, Thomas and Farrington, David Van Hook clicked on the first of the blackmail files that he had obtained from Darius Nash.

Chelsea Tillman, twenty one years old, shoulder length dark hair, brown eyes, impish little features, and a lithe young body. Also, judging from the video clip, provider of excellent blow jobs, this one being administered to a particularly well-hung black man. According to the file, Chelsea has a fiance called Drew. Whatever would he make of that? In itself, possibly not enough to ensnare her, but definitely a snag to draw her in and then manufacture further incriminating evidence. Nothing that *Apex* couldn't easily take care of.

Now Samantha Rivas on the other hand was a surprisingly dark horse. Plenty to play with here. Drugs, sex and, oh my, a little embezzlement, too! Interesting young filly. Platinum, short cropped hair. Studded navel. Endless legs. Pretty, but bitchy face. Now this honey would be fun to break down.

On to Helen Parker—the biggest bitch of them all. Blonde hair, blue eyes, curvy figure, a very sexy young lady who had taken advantage of Annabel's misfortune to steal her boyfriend, Bobby. Old Barclay had a very unhealthy interest in her, and by fulfilling his part of the deal, he would have her. Poor Bobby—first he loses Annabel, then he loses Helen!

Van Hook closed the files and opened a video clip. The last of the girls in Annabel's blackmail list was an elegant, self-assured, and extremely attractive African American law intern called Alisha Royce who just so happened to be employed right here at Bale, Thomas and Farrington—except that at this very moment the hapless young lady was learning all about life on a farm!

But this was no ordinary farm. The owner, Jacob Craddock, was a particularly vicious *Apex* foot soldier, highly skilled in the art of disciplining arrogant young women. By the time he was done with her, Alisha would have a very different outlook on life indeed. Van Hook had actually met this intelligent and vibrant black girl on one occasion, and he had often observed her strutting around the office in her smart clothes, her head held high and her ample bust thrust forward.

Van Hook opened the clip to full screen and pressed the play icon. The once proud law intern was naked in a horse paddock. Her hair had been pulled back into a ponytail, and a leather bridle had been fitted to her head, with the bit between her clenched teeth. To complete the humiliating effect, the bridle had been fitted with leather horse ears and blinkers, and had a colorful feather plume flying on top!

Alisha's arms had been secured behind her back and little round bells had been clamped to her nipples. As one of her white masters cracked his riding crop, Alisha began to trot around a small jumping course, and now Van Hook could see a horsehair tail dancing from between her buttocks. Van Hook watched with delight as this black show pony struggled to clear the jumps in front of her amused audience.

*What a comedown for the dignified African American girl!*

Van Hook enjoyed the spectacle for several minutes before shutting the video clip off. Now he opened another window, this one a live feed from the back yard of his house where the staff were having some fun with Annabel. Whereas the shaky clip of Alisha had been pre-recorded on a handheld camera by one of his employees, Van Hook's sophisticated surveillance equipment allowed him to follow this footage of Annabel's torments much more closely.

She was still in her rubber maid's get-up—as she had been for a couple of weeks now—with the ridiculous white mask hiding her pretty features. He wondered if she was getting used to it. It was hard to tell with the featureless mask hiding her true expressions. Veronica had reported that Annabel was totally subservient now, obeying instructions almost without hesitation. But that didn't give him any indication of what she was truly thinking inside there.

Ivan had strapped Annabel's calves tightly to her thighs, bending her legs double, and then repeated the procedure with her arms, compelling her to crawl around on her elbows and knees. Rafael had a carrot tied to a string on the end of a stick, and he was dangling it just out of reach of Annabel as she struggled around in an attempt to catch it with her teeth.

Van Hook recalled making her eat another large carrot that had been jammed up her asshole for the best part of a day. Somehow, she had managed to consume the entire thing, retching constantly as she swallowed her own sticky anal juices. What a disgusting thing to have to do in front of her former manservant, Alastair Barclay!

He turned his attention back to the performance in his yard, Annabel now showing off her naked rear—and poking out of her ass was a small yellow balloon with a smiley face printed on it. Zooming in, he also noticed that a cartoonish pair of eyes had been drawn on each of her butt cheeks, but of greater interest to him was the gluey dribble of vaginal fluid hanging from Annabel's puffy cunt lips. The poor wretch was getting turned on by her endless humiliation, and she had no clue why!

Satisfied that Annabel's mental and physical conditioning was moving along nicely, Van Hook closed the video feed. All the pieces of the puzzle were slotting into place. He would see that Barclay and Nash received what they wanted in return for their services—total possession of their chosen upper-class girls! He had made the necessary business deals to ensure that Aunt Sissy's estate would eventually come under his control—not that he needed the money himself, but the considerable amount involved would certainly help finance his nefarious future activities.

And what of Annabel, the young lady in the center of all this intrigue?

Well, if she had any idea what was in store for her, she would almost certainly abandon her efforts to please her captors and try to escape—but it was way too late for that now.

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“Come on, little rubber animal!” Ivan laughed. “Catch the carrot!”

Rita and Cornelia giggled with delight as Annabel tried to jump up. It was futile of course, with her legs securely bound, but she made a little jerking motion all the same, just to keep her tormentors happy. As uncomfortable as she was, bound up in the hot, rubber outfit, they could always make life worse for her.

Rafael lowered the carrot so that it was an inch above Annabel's face. He had tilted her backward so that she was balanced on her knees and toes, her elbows pointing forward and her face skyward. Annabel snapped her jaws at the carrot and Rafael snatched it away and everyone laughed. This had been going on for quite a long time now. Weren't they getting bored?

Because this game was simple and relatively painless, Annabel kind of switched into autopilot and her mind began to wander. Sometimes she wondered if it was even her mind at all. She had been confined in the cell three times now, and each time she came out, she felt a little more detached from herself. It was strange. She still knew who she was—or who she had been—but that other Annabel was almost becoming a separate identity.

She hoped that she would be able to rejoin herself when this horror was over, but there were so many uncertainties now. For starters, she didn't know for sure that she would ever get this horrible mask off her face. What if the latex adhesive had really bonded with her skin? She could have it surgically removed but then she would have no face! Annabel of Pemberton Hall would cease to exist! Her beauty had been everything to her—if they took that away from her then there would be no point in carrying on. So she had to assume that it would eventually come off and they were just fucking with her mind.

Back to her mind. Was she losing it? She was still hearing the incorporeal voices and they sounded so real. Then there was her memory. Sometimes she knew exactly who she was and why she was here—but other times a mist would descend and her current persona became her reality. She had been clinging on for so long that she sometimes wondered what she was clinging to!

And what about her body? She was so accustomed to being perpetually horny that she couldn't recall having felt any other way. And the worst of it was the shame. She hated the fact that she was

getting sexual enjoyment from their humiliating games, but she could no longer deny that the more they degraded her, the more excited she got. It was a vicious cycle!

Rafael dropped the carrot and Annabel snapped at it—but again she was too slow.  
Everybody laughed.

## Chapter Twenty Seven

### ANNABEL'S TRUST FUND

"A celebration is in order, gentlemen," David Van Hook said as he poured champagne into three crystal glasses. "Annabel's Aunt Sissy passed away last night."

Darius looked across the dining table at Alastair Barclay who didn't react. Evidently Darius was the last of them to know about this.

"Fortunately, I have been working behind the scenes with Sissy's lawyers to ensure that Annabel will receive her sizable inheritance," Van Hook continued.

Darius' heart sank. After his last meeting here, he had been under the impression that Annabel would be returned to him for keeps. Now it seemed that she would be getting her money after all.

*Oh well, maybe one of the other girls then.*

"Unfortunately for her, there has been a legal challenge raised as to her mental competence to handle her finances—and indeed her life," Van Hook said.

"So what happens to her money in that case?" Darius said.

"Have you heard of the legal concept of conservatorship?" Van Hook said.

Darius shook his head.

"When an individual is deemed mentally or physically incapable of meeting their daily basic needs, the court will appoint a legal guardian to care for them. This will include personal care as well as managing their financial affairs. It's quite a responsibility," Van Hook said.

"And how is this guardian appointed?" Darius said, sitting up in his chair.

"There has to be an evaluation by a qualified psychiatrist of course, and then the appointment will be made by court order."

"And do we know who this guardian will be?" Darius said.

Van Hook said, "As you might already have guessed, I have a great deal of influence in that decision."

*Well, spit it out, man!*

"Would you be interested in taking on Annabel?" Van Hook said.

"I-I—of course I would!" Darius spluttered.

"Due to her mental illness, it would be a permanent engagement," Van Hook said. "The yearlong agreement is now null and void since Sissy passed away. Both she and Annabel have signed the necessary documents, so the whole thing is legally binding."

*Annabel under my control for life?*

"Does she know about this?" Darius said.

"Not yet," said Van Hook. "She doesn't even know about her aunt's death."

"Well, yes, of course I accept!" Darius said. "I think you know how much I care about Annabel's wellbeing."

Van Hook grinned.

"Then that has been settled. Now you should know that I have given Helen Parker to Mr. Barclay, so she is off limits to you—unless you should decide to share your girls at your discretion, of course."

Darius glanced at Barclay again and he detected a hint of a smile this time.

"Regarding Sissy's inheritance," Van Hook said. "Although the money will officially belong to Annabel, and you will be its legal administrator—I will actually be managing the funds. I can however assure both of you gentlemen that you will be financially comfortable for the rest of your lives."

"So there you have it," Van Hook said, raising his glass. "Alastair gets Helen, and Darius gets Annabel. May I propose a toast to the late Aunt Sissy?"

"To Aunt Sissy!" Darius and Alastair said together.

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Annabel sat on a stool in front of the mirror. Her rubber leggings and top had been removed so she was now naked—except for the hideous mask that she had become so used to wearing. Veronica and Higgins had left her alone to remove it herself. She had been sitting in front of the mirror for five minutes now, and she still hadn't worked up the courage to do it.

*What if it doesn't come off? What then?*

For the twentieth time, she raised her fingers and touched the latex edge where it circled her neck. She looked at her eyes looking back at her. Was she really inside there? It had been so long she had almost forgotten what she looked like. She remembered the zipper at the back and reached behind and ran her fingertip up and down it. She found the little metal tag at the bottom and held on to it.

*Do it.*

The zipper slid easily up the back of her head and she felt the tension in the latex easing around her face. Now she reached behind with both hands and parted the rubber, tentatively pulling the two sides apart. There was a light tearing sound and she stopped, afraid that her skin was coming away with the rubber. She touched around the back of her head, probing. There was no pain. She examined her fingers. No blood.

Annabel's heart began to pound as she resumed her task, gently pulling the rubber away from her scalp, little by little, until the mask hung loosely around her head. Just the face to remove now. Her face. Was she about to remove her own face?

With shaking fingers, she began to peel the mask away. With every inch, she stopped, fearing that the tearing sound was her own flesh coming away. Then checking with her fingertip again, looking for loose skin or blood, but finding none.

*It must be the dried glue!*

With growing excitement, Annabel kept on working the mask away from her face until it was just dangling in front of her, attached only to her nose and around her eyes. There really was no point in stopping now, so she grabbed hold of the rubber frill, closed her eyes, and pulled.

She sat quite still with the hateful mask in her hands, eyes still closed, pulse racing. Then she looked at the mirror. At first, she didn't recognize herself. Her scalp was covered by a thin layer of red stubble and her eyebrows were just light shadows. She threw the mask on the floor and gingerly touched her face, running her finger over her cheekbones, over her nose, picking dry pieces of latex off her forehead and chin.

She was okay! She needed a wash and a facial and her hair needed to grow back—but she looked like Annabel again!

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"I don't understand," Annabel said.

Seated in a large leather armchair in the library, Annabel looked very small.

"It was very sudden," said Van Hook. "Heart failure."

"My Aunt Sissy is dead?"

"I'm afraid so, my dear."

Veronica had dressed Annabel in one of the standard pale blue uniforms that the Filipina girls wore. She was barefoot—and bareheaded.

Annabel frowned, struggling to process this new turn of events. She didn't appear overly distressed at the news—she just looked confused.

"So—am I free to go?" she asked.

This was an interesting reaction. The original Annabel would have been making demands right now—but she was a very much adjusted young lady now. She wouldn't dream of doing anything without asking permission first.

“Well, under the terms of your Aunt Sissy's will, your trust fund will become available to you as soon as you turn twenty-one. But now that she is no longer with us—rest her soul—there is nothing legally binding regarding your yearlong agreement.”

“And I will still get my money?” Annabel said.

“Well, yes and no,” Van Hook said. “Although the funds are rightfully yours—and indeed shall remain so—the results of your psychiatric evaluation have created a slight problem.”

“My evaluation?”

Van Hook handed her a printed health department document. It had cost him quite a sum to get it, but it would stand up to scrutiny in court.

Annabel glanced at it and said, “When did I have an evaluation?”

Van Hook said, “You've been under a lot of stress recently which might explain why you don't recall your trip to the hospital.”

The clouds seemed to be clearing a little and Annabel said, “I didn't go to a hospital.”

“Oh, yes you did, dear,” Van Hook said. “Your signature—and Aunt Sissy's—are on that report in front of you.”

Annabel looked at the report again. “I don't remember signing—”

“Again, that's understandable given your mental condition,” Van Hook said.

“My mental—?”

“It's all in the report,” Van Hook said. “We petitioned the court and they have duly issued an order that you be kept for therapy until you are deemed mentally fit to manage your own affairs. If the treatment doesn't work, then you will remain under the care of a legally appointed guardian.”

Van Hook's words seemed to be slowly sinking in.

Annabel said, “But there is nothing wrong with me.”

Van Hook gestured to the report in Annabel's hand. “On the contrary, there seems to be a lot that needs fixing—but don't worry, we have the staff and facilities here to take care of you. I'm sure that with your cooperation, you can still leave here as a sane and competent adult by the time you turn twenty-one.”

Annabel dropped the report of the floor and slowly shook her head.

“No!” she said. “I did everything I was asked! I'm not mad! I can take care of myself!”

“Annabel,” Van Hook said. “I understand that you want to be a free and independent woman, but the experts have ruled otherwise. For your own good, you should accept the therapy.”

Annabel abruptly stood.

“I want my money!” she whined. “I want to go home!”

“This is your home for now,” Van Hook said calmly. “Just be a good girl, and I am sure you will be out of here in a few months.”

“I want to go now!” Annabel said. “My aunt is dead. I don't have to stay here anymore!”

“If you want your money, then I am afraid you will have to,” Van Hook said.

Tears began to well in Annabel's eyes as the cruel implications of Van Hook's words began to sink in.

“I-I will speak to somebody! I'll get help!” Annabel yelled. “You cannot keep me here anymore!”

Van Hook was impressed but not totally surprised at Annabel's spirited reaction. The one thing that had kept her going all this time—her money—was now being taken away from her again, and the inner Annabel had suddenly forced her way back to the surface.

“I'm not insane!” she said. “I don't need therapy! I have my face back! I'm Annabel!”

She bolted for the door and flung it open—and ran straight into the arms of the waiting Mr. Higgins.

## Chapter Twenty Eight

When Annabel came to, she was sitting in the chair in the cellar. As her head cleared, she tried to move, but her arms and legs were strapped to the chair. She stopped struggling and looked at her reflection in the mirror on the opposite wall.

She was naked and her legs were parted, revealing her shaved and inflamed crotch. In the mirror she saw that some new items had been added to the cellar—a gurney, a metal stand with a plastic bag hanging from it, a stainless-steel table cluttered with medical instruments.

*Medical instruments.*

Her stomach turned over.

As the fog in her mind cleared, Annabel replayed her meeting with Mr. Van Hook.

Aunt Sissy was dead, but they had moved the goalposts. Now they said she needed *therapy*. A shiver ran down her spine and she tested her bonds again. Mr. Van Hook had told her that if she didn't respond to her therapy, a guardian would be appointed to take care of her—and that could be forever. Up until now, the only way Annabel had managed to hold herself together was to use the one-year deal as a kind of emotional compass. One year of hell but then it would all be over. But now, if she failed to satisfy her doctor, there would most likely be no end in sight. What to do? Fight them? Or play along?

She knew that she wasn't mad, because if she was, she wouldn't be questioning her sanity right now. Yes, there were the voices, and a few other weird things happening in her head, but she still knew who she was—or at least who she used to be. She certainly didn't remember going to the hospital, and the more she thought about it, the more convinced she was that they were only doing this to take her money from her.

She looked anxiously at the medical equipment again. Why hadn't they committed her to a real hospital? And if her therapy was to take place in here in the cellar, would she even be dealing with a real doctor?

She heard footsteps on the stone stairs and a moment later she had her terrible answer.

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David Van Hook watched Dr. Schafer and Nurse Ingle prepping Annabel for her enema via his network of surveillance cameras. He knew of course that Annabel was well acquainted with the two deranged medics, and the poor girl had just illustrated her utter terror by literally pissing herself, a yellow spout of urine arcing up from between her legs and splattering onto the floor.

Now they had her on the gurney, lying on her back with her ass in the air and her legs bent back so that her ankles were secured to the metal rail on either side of her head. Nurse Ingle had fitted a ring gag between Annabel's jaws—which the frightened girl had accepted meekly after just a little initial resistance—and her arms were confined by a straitjacket with two holes cut out to enable her nipples to poke through.

Over at the table of medical instruments, Dr. Schafer picked up a very large purple dildo and began to coat it with petroleum jelly. While he was doing that, Nurse Ingle wheeled the metal stand over to the end of the gurney. A large enema bag dangled from the stand, and Annabel stared at it between her open thighs. It was filled with a yellow liquid and had a sticker with the number one printed on it.

Dr. Schafer came back to the gurney and spoke to Annabel, who shook her head and wagged her tongue through the ring gag. He showed her the dildo and she protested some more. A metal tube ran through the dildo like a urethra and now Dr. Schafer placed the bulbous tip against Annabel's pulsing anus and began to push it down.

There was no sound on the video feed, but Van Hook could see by the contorted expression on Annabel's face that she was screaming—and with good reason. Her asshole was being stretched a good two inches wide as the thick dildo slowly disappeared inside her body!

Van Hook watched with fascination as Dr. Schafer worked all ten inches of the dildo into Annabel's rectum until just the base was visible with the metal tube sticking out of it. Annabel was turning her head from side to side in agony, but the straitjacket was secured by a chain to the top end of the gurney, restricting her movement. She clenched her bare toes and rolled her eyes, but Dr. Schafer merely smiled at her and patted her bald head. He seemed to have a pleasant bedside manner.

Now Nurse Ingle attached the rubber tube from the enema bag to the metal rod jutting out of the dildo, and then she opened the valve. Van Hook estimated there must be a quarter gallon of fluid inside the bag, and now it was gradually seeping through the dildo into her bowels. Annabel continued to writhe as the painful and persistent enema invaded the insides of her body.

Nurse Ingle took a seat and lit a cigarette while Dr. Schafer left the cellar. Clearly this was going to be long process. Poor Annabel. This was just the first session of her therapy—and there would be much more to come!

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*Oh, God! Please let it stop!*

Annabel could only guess how long the agonizing dildo had been stuck inside her. It was possibly only half an hour, but it felt like so much longer. Between her spread thighs, she could see the clear plastic enema bag, now less than half full of the yellow fluid.

*Why is it taking so long? Just get it over with!*

But through her red mist, Annabel understood why. Just as with every other degradation she had been forced to endure, her prolonged suffering was the objective—that was how they took their pleasure. She also knew beyond any doubt that this painful enema was not even a necessary part of her therapy. She had known that as soon as Dr. Schafer and Nurse Ingle had walked through the archway. They were sick sadists. They weren't here to cure! Their skill was imparting pain—and they were very good at it!

Annabel groaned loudly through the ring gag and Nurse Ingle looked up from her cell phone. She got up and walked over to the gurney. Annabel moaned again. Nurse Ingle peered into Annabel's gaping mouth, presumably to make sure that she wasn't choking. Then she pursed her lips and dropped a little white glob of spittle into the back of Annabel's throat.

While Annabel coughed and gagged, Nurse Ingle checked the dildo, giving it a little wiggle which sent a wave of pain surging through Annabel's plugged up ass. She looked at the bag, tapped the valve and then returned to her seat. Annabel looked up at the concrete ceiling and tried not to think about the bag. Watching it wouldn't make the fluid drain any faster.

*For the love of God, how much longer?*

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Van Hook settled himself behind his office desk and opened his laptop. He had spent the morning at a rather important business brunch, and now he was keen to see how his slaves were getting on. He rarely did legal work these days—unless he had a personal interest such as Aunt Sissy's will—but he guessed he had to justify his profit share occasionally.

He opened the latest video from the farm. Alisha, the black law intern, had undergone some changes since her arrival there. The white farmers had shaved her head, leaving just a Mohican

patch on top and two little tufts of hair over each ear. The objective, just as with Annabel, had of course been to humiliate her, and the farmers had succeeded beautifully.

Alisha's other major physical change was in the size of her breasts. They had been impressive enough before, and she had clearly been aware of the impact her bust had on the male members of staff at Bale, Thomas and Farrington. But thanks to the daily application of an enhanced prolactin—supplied of course by the evil Dr. Schafer—her breast size had increased dramatically! In fact, her black udders were so ridiculously enormous now that she looked more animal than human!

The latest video upload showed Alisha strapped to a metal frame on a raised dais in the middle of a barn. She was squatting on a black dildo that had been attached to the dais, and her immediate boss at the law firm, an upcoming African American lawyer called Martin Price, was lathering butter all over her massive breasts. As a member of Alisha's own race, Price didn't look particularly happy as he went about his lewd task, and with her head strapped into a harness, neither did Alisha! Van Hook already knew that a public milking was about to ensue—because he had ordered the video especially—but he stopped the recording because he wanted to check on Annabel in the cellar. He took one last fond look at Alisha's shame-filled eyes and her huge jiggling jugs and closed the window. More of that later.

Over to the live feed from his cellar. Astonishingly, Annabel was still bent double on the gurney. Another enema bag had been hooked up to the stand, and zooming in, he saw that this one had a number three sticker on it.

*This is her third bag!*

He focused the camera on her belly which was now looking considerably distended, and then to her face. She was gasping through the ring gag, her tongue flailing around like a crazed bug, and her blue eyes rolled around madly. The stomach cramps had to be unbearable, but Van Hook guessed Dr. Schafer knew what he was doing—he had once been a doctor, after all!

Van Hook zoomed out, studying Annabel's bent body, her thigh muscles straining, her toes flexing. She had been there a while, and he suspected that she would remain there for some time to come. The fictitious excuse for this *therapy* had been to cure Annabel of her mental illness so that she would eventually be free to enjoy her inherited wealth independently. The truth of course, was the exact opposite. As far as the outside world would be concerned, young Annabel had lost her mind—people would assume recreational drug use—and now she was in the care of professionals.

But appearances can be deceiving—and if her ongoing conditioning went to plan, poor fucked up Annabel would continue to remain very much aware of what was happening to her!

## Chapter Twenty Nine

Darius had been pleasantly surprised when he had received the invite to attend Annabel's trust fund party—apparently all the paperwork was complete, and she was now officially a very wealthy young lady. He had been even more surprised when David Van Hook had asked him to send out an invite to Annabel's former close circle of friends. The third surprise had been the incentive of a substantial amount of cash just for attending the party—Darius had been told to outline Annabel's mental health situation and that she was undergoing therapy and her friends' presence could be helpful.

Darius thought back to the cruel way they had all turned on Annabel at Helen's pool party. There had never been any love lost there under the surface, had there? Once they had figured out that Annabel was helpless, they had shown their true colors, alright. Bobby had quickly jumped into Helen's arms. Josh and Trent had gleefully taken advantage of Annabel's body. Samantha and Chelsea hadn't been the main instigators but they certainly hadn't come to Annabel's rescue and had clearly enjoyed watching her debasement. Alisha had been the only one to express disapproval, but that had all changed when she had realized that Annabel had deliberately fucked up her relationship with her boyfriend, Ricky. Of course, Alisha had her own problems to deal with now at the farm, so she would not be attending.

Interestingly, everybody else had accepted. Partly because of the money, which was no small amount, but also, Darius guessed, because they wanted to see Annabel the mental patient. Little did they know that Van Hook would soon be throwing his net over these beautiful young people too. Their lives were about to change forever—at least as far as the girls were concerned! How Van Hook intended to handle the men, Darius could only guess, but he knew that *Apex* was a vast and powerful network, and if David Van Hook wanted something, he was certain to get it.

Darius thought about the deal they had made. Both he and Alastair Barclay were going to receive enough money to ensure they would never have to work again, but for both of them, the money was actually secondary. *Apex*, through Van Hook, had the power and capability to bring well-heeled young women under their control, to do with as they pleased.

Under their agreement, Barclay was going to have Helen Parker, and Darius was a little envious of that, he had to admit. The tall blonde was a looker alright, but also a haughty bitch, and breaking her down would have been such delicious sport. Meanwhile, Darius would get Annabel—and this time it would be for good. Van Hook would of course be controlling Annabel's trust fund, but Darius got to play with the young lady, however he wished. He could even make her pregnant if he wanted to—now wouldn't that be something?

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Cornelia and Rita were putting the finishing touches to the buffet table. It was a warm Sunday afternoon and Rafael had rigged up a small marquee tent so the guests didn't get too hot. The garden looked nice and the maids had even put balloons up. Annabel's trust fund party. Veronica didn't know the details, but she very much doubted that Annabel would ever see a penny of her trust fund. Once you became the property of David Van Hook, you stayed that way.

She was eager to meet Annabel's friends, not because she had any interest in them as people, but because she was certain that they would all be suffering the same fate of sexual servitude as Annabel in the not too distant future. Maybe Veronica would get to play with them herself. The fun part would be watching them laughing at Annabel today, secure and confident in their privileged world and greedily anticipating their paychecks just for turning up—yet blissfully unaware of the nightmare that lay in waiting for them!

Veronica was also very much looking forward to seeing Annabel again. Her pretty young chambermaid had been locked in the cellar with that creepy doctor and nurse for a week now. For

her *therapy*. God knew what they had been doing to her! On the one hand Veronica was excited, but on the other she was afraid that Annabel might have been ruined beyond repair! But it was unlikely that Mr. Van Hook would allow that because Annabel had so many good years of playtime left in her—and Veronica wanted to be a part of it.

That raised a question—now that the trust fund had been signed and delivered, what exactly did Mr. Van Hook have planned for Annabel’s future? Would she be delivered to an unknown destination like other girls before her, or would she continue her role here as a lowly chambermaid? Veronica certainly hoped so. Instead of a millionaire lifestyle, a monotonous routine of endless servitude. What a cruel irony that would be for the former little rich bitch!

Veronica sat in a garden chair and took a sip of white wine. No point in overthinking things. Mr. Van Hook always had the final say and he would let everybody know what he had decided at the party. All Veronica could do was sit back and enjoy the show—and she fully intended to do just that!

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The last time Alastair Barclay had seen Annabel’s so-called *friends* had been at Helen Parker’s house, when they had thoroughly enjoyed themselves abusing Annabel to their hearts’ content. The time before that had been at Eddie Yeats’ birthday party at Nash’s house, when Annabel had been forced to perform her disgusting *dog and pony* show. And the time before that had been at Helen’s pool party when the gang had first discovered that their former peer was no longer the proud and arrogant young heiress they had always known.

Prior to that, Alastair had hungrily watched these youngsters frolicking around the pool at Pemberton Hall as Annabel’s guests. He had spent many hours furtively checking out the girls in their swimsuits while he had politely served them drinks and snacks, and they had barely acknowledged his presence. Well, for Annabel and her friend Alisha, the world was now a very different place, and by the day’s end, Samantha, Chelsea and Helen would also be staring into the abyss!

As he walked past the tradesman’s entrance around the side of Van Hook’s house, he heard the sounds of young people chatting and laughing. A high society garden party. Once upon a time, he would have been attending to these stuck-up pricks, but he was no longer a butler, and he didn’t need their money anymore. Yes, times were changing for humble Alastair Barclay—or to put it more succinctly, it was payback time!

He stepped onto the manicured lawn and stopped to survey the scene. They were all there, of course, Samantha, Chelsea, Drew, Trent, and Bobby—and of course the latest object of Alastair’s lust, Helen Parker. They were relaxing in the marquee, no doubt looking forward to seeing poor Annabel again, and most likely wondering exactly how much of her inheritance they were going to get—if only they knew!

Oddly, given his newfound power in life, Alastair was a little nervous as he walked toward them. Maybe it was just his social conditioning kicking in. He would have to work on that. The beautiful young people glanced up at him, not quite sure how to respond. He wasn’t wearing his usual creased pants, jacket and bow tie of course, because he was officially retired, and today he was casual smart in a polo shirt, slacks, and docksiders. He thought he looked pretty good for a seventy-year-old ex-butler.

He took a seat and said, “Hi, everybody. Do you remember me?”

There was an awkward silence, then Helen Parker said, “Yes, of course. You’re Barclay, Annabel’s butler—what are you doing here?”

*Oh, you are definitely going to find out soon enough, my arrogant young friend!*

“I no longer work at Pemberton Hall,” Alastair said. “I take it you heard about Annabel’s Aunt Sissy?”

“Yes, we did,” Helen said. “Very sudden and quite a shock. She always seemed such a robust old lady.”

Alastair caught her eye and wondered what she suspected. It didn’t matter. They were all in this together now—and very soon the girls would be in deeper than they ever wanted to be.

Alastair said, “To answer your question, I was invited by Mr. Van Hook. He informed me that Annabel will be coming out of therapy today, and of course we are celebrating her newfound wealth.”

Samantha Rivas said, “Bullshit. You don’t give a fuck about Annabel. You’re here for her money—just like the rest of us.”

*Really, Samantha? Stick around and find out what truly interests me.*

“I won’t lie,” Alastair said. “After a life of servitude, it feels good to finally be my own man. I believe I have earned it.”

Even though they were now technically talking as equals, Alastair could see the derision in their eyes. To these people, money was irrelevant. To them he would always be Barclay the lecherous old butler. Well, by this time tomorrow they would all be wishing they were his social equals!

One of the pretty Filipina maids brought Alastair a glass of wine on a silver tray. That made a nice change! He could certainly get used to this! He sipped his wine and surveyed the beautiful young people as they quickly lost interest in him. Drew and Chelsea were sitting close together as always, apparently now considering getting married. How that was about to change! Samantha was still her self-confident self, lean and long and full of attitude. Alastair had almost chosen her. And then there were Helen and Bobby, also still very much an item. Not for much longer. Poor Bobby had already lost Annabel and today he was going to lose Helen—and she was going to belong body and soul to Alastair Barclay!

## Chapter Thirty

“Mr. Nash, you’re looking well,” said Helen Parker.

Darius noted the hostile look in Bobby’s eyes as he shook Helen’s hand. Fuck him. Darius and Helen had a common bond—Annabel. Josh and Trent also greeted him warmly, but the girls, Samantha and Chelsea didn’t acknowledge him as he took his place at the long table. All in good time.

Alastair Barclay was sitting off to one side on his own and he nodded at Darius.

“Mr. Barclay, you’re looking rather—collegiate today,” Darius said.

“Does retirement suit me?” Barclay said.

Samantha snorted and Darius checked out her long, bare legs. He couldn’t wait to see this arrogant bitch squirming naked in front of everybody.

Veronica came out to the back yard and welcomed the guests.

“Mr. Van Hook is taking care of some business in his den, but he will see you all a little later,” she said.

“Where is Annabel?” said Helen.

“Still with her doctor, but she will come to see you soon.”

“Has she really gone mad?” said Josh.

“As you are already aware, Annabel has had her difficulties recently,” Veronica said.

“Yeah, like she fell in love with that fat fuck!” said Bobby, glaring at Darius.

Helen put her arm around Bobby’s shoulders. “Don’t worry about that—you’re with me now.”

“So when do get our money?” Trent said.

“As I said, Mr. Van Hook will see each of you when he is free.”

“So, is Mr. Van Hook controlling Annabel’s cash now?” said Chelsea.

“For now,” said Veronica. “Until the court appoints her a legal guardian.”

*Which will be me,* Darius thought.

“And will she ever get better?” said Helen.

A watery voice said, “Perhaps—but it will take time.”

They all turned to see Dr. Schafer standing on the patio—and right behind him, on the end of a dog leash, was Annabel.

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Nurse Ingle led a very reluctant Annabel out onto the lawn in front of her former friends. Alastair understood that the idea was to present Annabel as a nut job, but even so he could scarcely believe what he was looking at.

The rubber mask was gone and her head was bald. There were two inverted black crescents inked on her forehead where her eyebrows should have been, giving her a permanently surprised countenance. A plastic dental mouth extender was jammed between her jaws, and it had been opened up so wide that the lower half of Annabel’s face bulged out and all of her teeth, front to back, were on display. Her nostrils were pulled up into a piggy snout by a set of nose hooks that were connected to a string running over the crown of her head and connected to the dog collar around her neck. She was wrapped up in a straitjacket, but there were two holes cut out of the front exposing her nipples which had little bells attached to them by metal clamps. She was naked from the waist down, except for a leather girdle encircling her waist which secured a vibrator jammed deep inside her cunt.

She certainly bore no resemblance to the Annabel that Alastair had ogled so many times at Pemberton Hall—in fact she barely looked human!

Nurse Ingle unclipped the leash and left Annabel squirming barefoot on the grass in front of the marquee. There was a stunned silence at first as if they were all trying to reconcile this grotesque apparition with the Annabel they once knew.

Then Josh said, “Holy shit! Just look at her!”

Helen giggled, which started off Samantha and Chelsea, while Bobby just stared at his ex-girlfriend in disbelief. Alastair too, was having trouble processing it, despite the fact that he had already seen her in her ridiculous rubber suit. Somehow, seeing Annabel’s blushing face again, made it look far more humiliating—and titillating!

Dr. Schafer said, “Say hello to your guests, Annabel.”

Annabel just looked up at the marquee cover, clearly mortified that her peers were seeing her in this embarrassing state. Alastair found this intriguing. Even though she looked like a total basket case, she was apparently still thinking clearly enough to know exactly what was happening around her. This of course, was precisely Van Hook’s sadistic intention—making it appear as though she were deranged when she was actually perfectly sane. And the greatest injustice of all was that she had just become a millionaire but she couldn’t touch a penny of it! Alastair could only guess at the outrage and frustration the poor girl had be experiencing right now!

Nurse Ingle walked behind Annabel and gave her a sharp crack across her buttocks with a short switch. Annabel shrieked and lifted one foot of the grass in agony.

“Annabel, please be polite and look at your friends,” Dr. Schafer said.

Annabel slowly lowered her moist eyes until she was looking at her grinning audience. With the absurd mouth extender forcing her jaws apart, she said, “Ga-ga!”

“What did she just say?” Helen laughed.

“I think she said she’s horny,” Trent said.

“Ang!”

Annabel made another unintelligible noise and shook her head.

“You really won’t be able to get anything sensible out of her today,” Dr. Schafer said. “She isn’t very communicative right now.”

“No shit!” laughed Josh.

Alastair glanced around at the group with renewed interest. It wasn’t the first time that they had witnessed—and participated in—Annabel’s degradation. Their initial shock and surprise at Helen’s pool party had quickly morphed into sadistic pleasure, which had carried over to Eddie Yeats’ birthday party and Annabel’s next visit to Helen’s house. It struck him how easily they had adapted to Annabel’s new lowly status—and how they now reveled in it. Sure, they had been lured by the promise of money, but they fully intended to have some fun at Annabel’s expenses while they were here.

Rita and Cornelia came out with silver trays of buffet food, and Veronica said, “Eat up, folks and drink as much as you want. Mr. Van Hook wants you to enjoy Annabel’s trust fund party.”

Alastair saw that familiar flash of fury in Annabel’s eyes at the mention of her money—ironically the very reason she had arrived at this nadir in her life. Despite her outward appearance, he knew she was still very much inside there, still hanging on. Did she still believe that she had a chance of getting out of this horror? Maybe it would be better for her if she really did go insane.

While the guests filled their plates and replenished their glasses, Nurse Ingle reached between Annabel’s legs and turned on the vibrator. The silent nurse then whipped the switch across Annabel’s ass and the gurgling girl bent her knees and dropped into a half crouch. With the fat vibrator churning around in Annabel’s naked pussy, Nurse Ingle gave her another swat on the rump and Annabel began to move, slowly and awkwardly, still in a semi squat, her bare soles slapping on the grass.

As they watched Annabel’s slow progress around the lawn, Alastair glanced across at Helen Parker who was tucking into a salad and enjoying the show, and his dick twitched.

*Soon, Helen. Very soon.*

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Veronica watched with amazement as Annabel had yet another climax. That was her fourth—or was it fifth? It was hard to tell because she looked like she was having a multiple orgasm right now, her sweat sheened thigh muscles flexing as she struggled to remain on her feet. Saliva trickled out of her gaping mouth and down her straitjacket, dripping off the bells that jingled on the ends of her nipples. Her latest trembling orgasm ended with a cascade of vaginal fluid onto the grass and she finally collapsed onto her knees.

The young and beautiful had eaten their fill and were getting a little tipsy. Veronica was certain that Mr. Van Hook would be keeping an eye on events on his laptop, and she figured he must be getting ready to drop his bombshells soon. Veronica glanced over at Bobby. He was such a prick with his jock attitude that she couldn't bring herself to feel sorry for him. Trent and Josh didn't seem to give a fuck. They had never been in Bobby's league as far as the girls went, so they would no doubt be happy to stick around when the rules of the game changed. Drew would be given no choice. His relationship with Chelsea was over, although he didn't yet know it. And the three conceited pretty girls? Well, their lives were about to become very interesting indeed!

She looked over at Darius Nash and Alastair Barclay, the two big winners here today, she surmised. She knew they had been engaged in private meetings with Mr. Van Hook, and she was sharp enough to have connected Barclay with Sissy's sudden illness and death. Nash would also have had to play his part in all this, and Veronica guessed that he had provided the ammunition that Mr. Van Hook was about to exploit. They would no doubt be getting a financial reward for their endeavors—from Annabel's trust fund—but she was pretty sure these two old perverts would have asked for something in addition. The question was who had they chosen?

Veronica's phone buzzed and she stood and went over to the guest table.

"Helen and Bobby, Mr. Van Hook is ready to see you now."

All of the guests turned their attention away from the sweating, writhing Annabel. It was money time. Helen winked at Bobby and they followed Veronica into the house, holding hands.

## Chapter Thirty One

Dr. Schafer had invented a new game for Annabel's *therapy*. The vibrator had finally been plucked from her dripping cunt and she was on her knees in front of Trent who had his pants around his ankles. Because she still had the mouth extender in place, Annabel was incapable of giving a proper blowjob, so she had been instructed to bring Trent off simply by using the tip of her tongue. Due to the alcohol that Trent had already consumed, this technique was going to take a while, so Josh had jumped up and also whipped his pecker out, meaning Annabel now had to alternate between their swollen cockheads.

Alastair was so intently watching Annabel's pink tongue flitting around that he hadn't noticed Helen and Bobby walking back across the patio. They both looked in shock.

"Helen? Bobby? Are you guys okay?" Samantha said.

Bobby glanced at bald, gaping Annabel still lapping away at his friends' penises and then silently retook his seat.

Chelsea said, "Helen, say something. Did he give you the money?"

Veronica emerged from the house, a satisfied smile on her face, and said, "Mr. Barclay, Helen has something to say to you."

Helen stood a few feet away from Alastair, her face ashen, her shaking hands clasped in front of her. Whatever Van Hook had come up with had certainly had the desired effect!

"Helen?" Veronica said.

Helen looked at Alastair, then at Bobby who closed his eyes and shook his head.

"Mr. Barclay, I-I—oh God, I can't do this!"

"Would you like me to tell Mr. Van Hook that you've changed your mind?" Veronica said.

Helen's eyes grew wide and she shook her head. "N-No!"

"Then try again."

Helen blushed—the first time Alastair had ever seen her do that—and took a deep breath.

"Mr. Barclay," she said. "I would like to, um, apologize."

Samantha stood up. "Apologize? What the fuck is going on here?"

Veronica said to Samantha, "I think you should sit down and shut up."

Samantha said, "How dare you—?"

Helen miserably shook her head which stopped Samantha in her tracks. Helen's face had turned from gray to bright red and now tears were welling in her eyes. Samantha slumped into her seat. Bobby still had his eyes closed. Drew and Chelsea were sitting close together, their eyes wide with apprehension. Even Trent and Josh had stopped playing with Annabel and were tucking their dicks back in their pants.

Dr. Schafer and Nurse Ingle took their seats beside Darius Nash and they all waited for Helen to continue her speech. Helen glanced miserably at Annabel kneeling on the grass—with all of her teeth exposed in a crazed, open grin, and with her head shaved, Annabel kind of resembled a skull.

Helen sniffed and said, "Mr. Barclay, I would like to apologize for—being such an arrogant bitch."

Samantha gasped and Chelsea clung onto Drew, but Alastair's cock throbbed. This was really going to happen! Alastair had no idea what had been said in Van Hook's den and he didn't care—the powerful old pervert had delivered! He realized that Veronica was looking at him and he guessed he was required to play his part in Helen's new game.

"Are you talking about all those times at Pemberton Hall when you deliberately flaunted your body in front of me?" he said.

Helen nodded.

"You will answer Mr. Barclay, Helen," Veronica said.

"Y-Yes," Helen said.

"Yes, who?" said Veronica.

Helen drew a shuddering breath. "Yes, Mr. Barclay!"

*Mr. Barclay! Helen Parker just called me mister!*

Trying to hide his excitement, Alastair said, “Yes, you were a bit of a stuck-up cunt, weren’t you? I expect you knew I was watching you—all of you girls, in fact.”

“Of course we did, you sick old pervert!” Samantha said.

Veronica’s phone buzzed again and she looked at the screen.

“Samantha, Chelsea and Drew—Mr. Van Hook will see you now.”

Chelsea shrank back behind Drew, and Samantha said, “I’m not going in there!”

Veronica gave her an icy stare. “It would be in your interest that you do.”

Samantha was losing some of her bluster. “What did he say to you, Helen?”

“That is none of your concern,” Veronica said. “Helen still has some apologizing to do. Now I suggest you go inside and listen to what Mr. Van Hook has to say.”

“What if I don’t?” Samantha said.

“Then your life will be destroyed,” Veronica said simply.

“I don’t care!” Samantha said. “I’m not going to end up like Annabel!”

“It’s not just about you,” Veronica said. “Think of your loved ones.”

“What do you mean—?”

“I suggest you go and ask Mr. Van Hook—right now.”

Chelsea was sobbing now, and Drew put his arm around her. Samantha frowned at the patio for a long moment before finally standing up.

“Come on,” she said. “We need to hear what the old bastard has to say.”

Drew and Chelsea slowly got to their feet and the three of them followed one of the maids into the house. That left Helen standing in front of Alastair and Darius, with Dr. Schafer and Nurse Ingle sitting nearby, and Trent and Josh standing on the lawn either side of the kneeling Annabel.

“You were going to answer my question,” Alastair said to Helen. “Did you know I was ogling you.”

“Yes,” Helen said softly.

“Of course you did. And you took great pleasure in parading around in your tiny bikini, didn’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Because you knew that there wasn’t a chance in hell that Annabel’s ugly old butler would ever get a chance to touch or even see your naked body, right?”

Helen nodded and let out a sob.

“And now here we are,” Alastair said.

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Darius hadn’t expected things to move along quite this quickly. Helen Parker was standing with her head down and her hands clasped together in front of her. She looked absolutely terrified. Only half an hour earlier, she had been laughing at poor Annabel. What a turnaround! What the hell did Van Hook have on her? Darius would not have been surprised if much of the blackmail material had been professionally fabricated—but whatever he had told Helen, it had certainly put the fear of God into her!

Darius said, “I think she should show you, Alastair.”

Helen snapped her head up. “No!”

Veronica said, “Would you like me to call Mr. Van Hook so he can begin sending out messages?”

“No!” Helen said even louder, her eyes brimming with tears.

“Then strip for Mr. Barclay. You owe him that after all the years of prick teasing.”

Helen looked at her. “Here?”

“Yes,” Veronica said. “Right here.”

Helen glanced at Trent and Josh, and then at Bobby who had his face in his hands.

“I-I can’t strip in front of them!” she said.

Veronica sighed and took out her phone.

“Wait! Stop!” Helen said, putting up her hand.

Veronica held up her phone. “Mr. Barclay is waiting.”

“Just a moment,” Helen sniffled. “I’m not ready.”

“Have it your way,” Veronica said, swiping her phone with her finger.

Helen let out an exasperated gasp and then gripped the hem of her shirt. She raised it, giving them a glimpse of her belly button, lowered it, and then raised it again. She glanced anxiously at Trent and Josh, who were gawping at her with their mouths open, then she looked skyward and pulled the shirt over her head and then clasped it against her chest. Darius had a flashback to that first day when Annabel had turned up at his brownstone. Her reaction, her shamefaced, trembling hesitation, had been exactly the same. Now he looked at Annabel kneeling on the floor strapped into a straitjacket with her shaved head and her drooling, open mouth. That first day seemed an awful long time ago now.

“Drop your clothes on the ground,” Veronica said. “And please don’t make me repeat myself each time.”

Helen sniffled and threw her shirt on the grass and then crossed her arms over her chest.

“Arms by your sides,” Veronica said. “You are supposed to be showing your body to Mr. Barclay.”

“Oh, God help me!” Helen moaned as she lowered her arms.

She was wearing a rather cute peach colored bra which supported a very impressive rack of bulging tits. Darius suspected they didn’t need the bra for support at all—well, they would find out soon enough!

“Jeans,” said Veronica.

Helen’s tears flowed freely over her pink cheeks now as she unbuttoned her jeans and rolled them down her shapely legs. She stepped out of her shoes and leaned forward to pull her jeans off her ankles. She was wearing yellow ankle socks. Cute.

After a brief hesitation, Helen straightened, raised her arms, then remembering her orders dropped them to her sides. Her panties matched her bra and they had a little red rose embroidered on the waistband.

## Chapter Thirty Two

Everyone stared—except Bobby—as Helen stood quietly sobbing before them in her socks and underwear. The irony was that she had happily flaunted her fit young body in front of Alastair in much more revealing swimsuits many times in the past. But of course, back then she had *chosen* to wear them at Annabel’s poolside—and now she knew that she would soon be revealing a whole lot more of herself!

“Well?” Veronica said. “Are you just going to stand there? Mr. Van Hook will be coming out to join us soon.”

“Oh!” Helen groaned softly.

As she unhooked her bra with trembling fingers and let the cups fall away, Josh and Trent visibly leaned in for a better look. Those boys had spent years fantasizing about getting into Helen’s pants, and after their recent experiences with Annabel, they must have been sensing a real chance today.

Helen held the bra in her hand for a second and then dropped it on the grass with the rest of her clothes. She paused then, maybe hoping that was enough, but the impatient look on Veronica’s face said otherwise, and so Helen slipped her fingers inside the waistband of her panties and slowly drew them down her thighs and calves and then stepped out of them. Her hands hovered over her crotch, but she knew the rules by now, and she dropped her arms to reveal to everybody that the carpet matched the drapes.

“A true blonde!” Nash exclaimed.

Helen flushed deeper and looked off to the side.

Alastair slowly studied the hot female body that now belonged to him. She was slim, with long legs, but her breasts were large and buoyant and punctuated by pointing brown nipples. Alastair felt his pecker rising in his underpants as he tried to come to grips with the fact that the previously unobtainable Helen Parker was actually standing in front of him stark naked!

From the look on her flushed and damp face, Helen couldn’t quite believe it either and she kept shuffling her feet on the grass and clenching her fists at her sides.

“Lose the socks,” Veronica said. “Naked means naked—and that includes your earrings, neck chain and watch.”

Helen let out another audible sob as she fiddled with her earrings, looked around as if there might be someplace to store them, but then letting them drop from her fingers onto the grass. Her watch and necklace followed, and finally she crouched down to remove her socks. When she stood back up again, she truly was as naked as the day that she was born!

“Holy shit!” Josh said. “Helen, you are so fucking hot!”

For a change, Helen had no words and she remained where she was, allowing everyone to study her nude figure. Unfortunately for her, Veronica was just getting warmed up.

“What do you think, Mr. Barclay?” Veronica said. “Is she how you imagined her to be?”

“Better,” Alastair said.

Veronica, who was clearly getting excited by Helen’s naked shame, said, “Turn around, bend over, and part your legs.”

Helen looked at her. “W-Why?”

“Because I want you to show Mr. Barclay your asshole.”

Josh snickered while Bobby groaned into his hands.

With a miserable whimper, Helen turned around, parted her thighs, and slowly bent over. Then Alastair watched with delight as her fingers appeared around each of her ass cheeks and she pulled them apart.

“Wider than that,” Veronica said. “Stretch them open—you’ll be keeping no secrets anymore.”

There was another ashamed groan from Helen as she complied, and both Alastair and Nash sat up in their chairs to get a better look at her cute little brown hole.

“That looks very tight,” Nash said. “Are you an asshole virgin, Helen?”

Bent double with her splendid tits dangling, Helen silently shook her head.

“Bobby? Did you ever get stuck up there?”

Bobby didn't answer and continued to hide his face in his hands.

“I don't think he did,” said Alastair. “These upper-class girls don't allow that sort of thing.”

“Well, Annabel does!” Nash chuckled. “In fact, she's had all sorts of objects jammed up her asshole, isn't that right, dear?”

Kneeling quietly on the lawn, Annabel's blue eyes swiveled toward Nash and she made a soft gurgling sound.

Veronica said, “Josh, would you be so kind as to take out Annabel's mouth extender? I have no idea what she's trying to say.”

Josh dragged his eyes away from Helen and squeezed the plastic handles on each side of the dental device, allowing Annabel to close her mouth so that he could remove it. He held it up between his thumb and forefinger, a line of saliva swinging from it in the afternoon sunlight, and then tossed it onto Helen's pile of discarded clothes.

“Gross!” Trent snickered.

Annabel remained on her knees, wiggling her aching jaws from side to side.

“Tell Helen what you like sticking up your asshole,” Veronica said to her.

Annabel swallowed painfully, and then mumbled, “Vegetables.”

“What kind of vegetables?”

“C-Cucumbers and carrots.”

Trent and Josh giggled again.

“She also likes large enemas,” said Dr. Schafer. “She's had over fifty of them this week.”

“Fifty! Holy shit!” said Trent.

“But her favorite ass plug is a man's cock,” said Nash. “I've had mine up there hundreds of times!”

Completely accustomed by now to public ridicule, Annabel silently accepted their cruel and taunting comments. Helen however—still bent over with her asshole on display—began to sob even harder. Alastair lowered his gaze to the rear view of her cunt, the lips parting to reveal her pink interior. He had to will himself not to crawl over there and stuck his nose up her slit!

After letting Helen suffer in that embarrassing position for a minute or so, Veronica told her to stand up and turn back around. Her face was even redder now, and tears flowed freely down her face—the haughty bitch of an hour ago was nowhere to be seen.

Veronica said, “Now I don't think Mr. Barclay really got much an apology before, did he?”

Shoulders shaking, Helen looked at her in confusion.

“You can blame Samantha for that when she opened her big mouth,” Veronica said.

“I-I *am* sorry—”

“I don't think that's good enough now,” Veronica said. “I want you to *show* Mr. Barclay how sorry you are.”

Helen blinked out more tears. “H-How—?”

“Go and sit on his lap.”

“Can't I just—?”

Veronica took out her phone again and Helen's shoulders slumped. Just as Annabel had discovered before her, Helen was in a no-win situation. She stepped up onto the patio and then haltingly lowered her bare ass onto Alastair's lap. She jerked when she felt his boner pushing against her buttocks, but she managed to stay seated.

“Put your arms around Mr. Barclay's shoulder,” Veronica said.

Helen hesitated but then she raised her arm and draped it across Alastair's shoulder.

“Now show him how sorry you are,” Veronica said.

Helen blinked tearfully at her. “I-I don't—”

“Kiss him—and use your tongue.”

A few chairs away, Bobby took his face out of his hands and stood up. “No!”

“Sit down and be quiet, Bobby,” Veronica said. “Just remember that you are potentially in as much trouble as Helen.”

His face a mask of anguish, Bobby reluctantly took his seat and closed his eyes.

“And I want you to watch your ex-girlfriend kissing Mr. Barclay.”

Bobby groaned and reluctantly opened his eyes again.

“Helen?” Veronica said.

Trying hard not to grimace, Helen Parker turned her face toward Alastair and touched her lips quickly against his.

“Pathetic,” said Veronica. “I said use your tongue.”

With a little whine, Helen opened her mouth and poked out her tongue. Feeling her warm breath on his face, Alastair did the same and their tongues touched. As their mouths connected, Alastair placed his hand over Helen’s right breast and she squealed into his mouth. He brought his other hand up and clamped it behind her neck, and then explored her mouth and teeth with his tongue. Underneath her bare ass, his cock throbbed and for a moment he thought he might come in his pants!

When they finally broke away, Helen gasped and Alastair felt her nipple harden under his fingers. Alastair’s face was wet with Helen’s tears and he licked his lips and smiled at her—she didn’t smile back.

“That was better,” Veronica said. “Much more passion.”

“I think she enjoyed it,” Alastair said.

Helen turned her stricken face away from him and looked despairingly at Bobby.

“Bobby can’t help you,” Veronica said. “You belong to Mr. Barclay now.”

Helen’s bottom lip quivered and she shook her head slightly.

“Oh yes, Mr. Van Hook made your situation perfectly clear,” Veronica said. “You have no choice.”

*Or she probably does have a choice, but the alternative is apparently far worse than becoming the sexual plaything of an old butler that she despises!* Alastair thought.

“You should tell Bobby now that you’re through.”

Helen looked at Veronica pleadingly but then she glanced at the cell phone in her hand and more of her delicious tears dripped onto her breasts.

“Tell him,” Veronica said.

“B-Bobby,” Helen sobbed. “I-I’m breaking up with you.”

Bobby swallowed hard and looked at his feet.

“And now tell him why,” said Veronica.

Clearly Helen didn’t know why because she sniffled and shook her head.

“Because you are in love with Mr. Barclay,” Veronica prompted with a wicked smile.

Helen let out a choking sob.

“Say it,” Veronica said. “All of it.”

Helen let out a mournful sigh and cried, “Bobby, I am breaking up with you because I am in love with Mr. Barclay!”

This time it was Bobby’s turn to let out a choked sob. Now the sorry fuck had lost two beautiful girlfriends to *Apex*—and as far as Alastair was concerned, the egotistical jock deserved everything that was happening to him.

“If she loves Barclay, then she should prove it by fucking him,” Nash suggested wickedly.

Helen looked at him in horror.

“I quite agree,” said Veronica. “Helen, take out Mr. Barclay’s cock and sit on it.”

Helen tore her eyes away from her tearful ex-boyfriend and lifted herself off Alastair’s lap. For a long moment she stood quite still, evidently weighing up her options, realizing the significance of what she was about to do. If she obeyed this order—to actually fuck a seventy-year-old man in public—there would surely be no going back for her.

To Alastair’s delight, Helen finally stepped back and with a look of utter disgust on her tear-stained face, she unzipped his fly. Everybody watched closely as she fished around inside Alastair’s underwear and pulled out his erect penis.

“Oh God!” she said under her breath. “This can’t be happening!”

Helen looked up to the heavens as she straddled Alastair's legs. Then she grimaced, reached down and gripped his cock, and inched herself into position. Alastair sighed as he entered her, and he was surprised to discover that she was well lubricated—he must be a good kisser for an old boy!

As she slipped down his length, he pulled her face close to his and said, “Oh, yes, my dear. It most definitely *is* happening—and you'd better start getting used to it!”

## Chapter Thirty Three

While Helen was weeping and sliding up and down on Alastair's cock, the patio door slid open and Mr. Van Hook came out with a large Scotch in his hand. There was a mean glint in his eyes that Veronica had observed on a few occasions, and it usually showed when he had just done something most wicked. Indeed, with his shining eyes and receding hairline, all he needed was a pair of glowing red horns to complete his diabolical countenance.

Following behind him and holding hands, were Samantha and Chelsea—they were also both stark naked. Chelsea was crying, but Samantha looked outraged. Nevertheless, she obediently stood on the back lawn beside Chelsea so that everyone could ogle their bodies, just as Helen had done. It would seem that the remaining two female members of this beautiful young crowd had been just snared.

Darius Nash said, "What happened to Drew?"

"He left," Mr. Van Hook said dismissively as he took a seat. "Don't worry, he knows better than to say anything—plus he is never going to see his girlfriend again. That planned marriage is never going to happen."

Hearing this, Chelsea began to wail and her pert breasts shook in time with her shoulders. Samantha—who had been watching Helen with a look of horror on her face—raised her chin defiantly, although her cheeks were tinged with a pinkish hue. Veronica appraised the taller girl's body. She was lean and fit, almost muscly, her stomach as tight as a drum. She had a Brazilian pubic haircut between her legs and a stud in her navel, and her short cropped hair was dyed platinum. Although she was a strikingly attractive young woman, her overall demeanor was almost mannish. Then the penny dropped and Veronica suddenly understood why Mr. Van Hook was making them hold hands.

*This could be fun!*

Mr. Van Hook said, "As you can all see, Samantha and Chelsea have also decided to join our secret club, so I believe that's everybody accounted for."

"What about those two?" said Nash.

Mr. Van Hook regarded Josh and Trent who had been staring open mouthed at Samantha and Chelsea. Now they both looked around uncertainly.

"We won't cause any trouble!" Josh said.

Mr. Van Hook sipped his drink and said, "What do you think?"

"Well, they've always been enthusiastic participants in Annabel's games in the past—and I can assume that they have never said anything," Nash said.

"No, sir!" said Trent.

"Do you guys want to stick around?" Mr. Van Hook said.

Josh and Trent looked at each other.

"Yes, sir!" they said in unison.

"I don't need to tell you that it would be highly inadvisable for you to talk to anybody about any of this, do I?"

"No, sir!"

"Barclay?" Mr. Van Hook said.

Helen was still grinding her hips around the ex-butler's erect cock, with her damp face now pressed against his shoulder and her toes clenching on the patio.

"F-Fine by me!" Barclay gasped.

"Okay boys, then you may stay and enjoy yourselves," Mr. Van Hook said.

The relief on the boys' faces was palpable and they grinned and returned their attention to Samantha and Chelsea.

*How the dynamics of this little group of friends has changed!* Veronica thought.

Until a short while ago, the girls held all the sexual power. Now they were naked and helpless. Chelsea had lost Drew, Helen now belonged to Barclay—while Bobby was apparently being

compelled to play the role of the impotent voyeur—and Samantha’s secret desires were no doubt soon going to be revealed to all.

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Van Hook said, “Samantha has a confession to make.”

Samantha still looked furious but her cheeks turned even pinker. Everybody waited but Samantha bit her lip. As with Annabel in her early days, Samantha’s defiance excited Darius. Even though she was doing everything she could to maintain her dignity, the simple fact remained that she was standing naked in front of everyone—public nudity has a powerful way of instantly crushing a person’s self-confidence!

“Tell them what you told me in my den,” Van Hook said.

Samantha glared at him and then snapped, “I’m a lesbian, okay?”

“I knew it!” said Trent.

“Yup. Never saw her with a boyfriend,” said Josh.

“But why didn’t you just tell us before?” Trent said. “There’s no shame in it.”

For some reason Samantha did look ashamed. Maybe she had been keeping it secret from her family.

“Because it’s none of your business, okay?” she said, her eyes glistening.

Veronica was looking at Samantha with renewed interest now, and she said, “Is that why you are holding Chelsea’s hand? Have you got a secret crush on her?”

Chelsea looked horrified. “N-No she doesn’t! I have a boyfriend!”

“You *had* a boyfriend,” Van Hook corrected. “You won’t be hearing from him again.”

Chelsea let out another sob of despair.

Veronica said, “And now that Chelsea is single, Samantha has a wonderful opportunity to make a move on her.”

Both girls must have seen that coming—or at least Samantha would have—but they surely wouldn’t have anticipated Van Hook’s next command. “Get down on all fours and face each other.”

Very reluctantly, the two naked friends did as they were told.

“Now open your mouths and stick out your tongues.”

Both girls hesitated, but then complied.

*I have no idea what method of coercion Van Hook has used on these young folk, but it is extremely effective!* Darius thought.

Van Hook said, “Dr. Schafer, do you have any of that special adhesive in your bag?”

“I believe I do,” Dr. Schafer said.

*Adhesive?*

Dr. Schafer handed a small pot to Nurse Ingle. She went over to the prone girls, crouched down, and unscrewed the lid which had a small brush attached. She went to apply the adhesive to Chelsea’s tongue first, but the tearful girl closed her mouth. Without speaking, Nurse Ingle took her switch out of her apron pocket and cracked it across Chelsea’s rump.

Chelsea squealed and stuck her tongue back out and Nurse Ingle carefully coated it with the adhesive. Then she repeated to process with Samantha’s tongue, and returned to her seat.

Van Hook said, “Put your tongues together.”

Both girls closed their eyes as their tongues connected.

“And now stay perfectly still until you are given permission to move.”

Over on Barclay’s lap, Helen started to make a low choking sound. Then she raised her face and her body began to jerk and she let out a strange gargled cry. Bobby looked at her rising up on her toes and then abruptly turned away. It had taken her a very long time, but Helen Parker had finally had an orgasm on the old man’s cock!

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“Bobby, you can leave now,” Van Hook said. “Mr. Barclay will drive Helen home. As you just witnessed, he is perfectly capable of taking care of her.”

Looking totally shell-shocked, Bobby slowly rose to his feet, gave Helen one last mournful look, and then trudged around the side of the house. Helen too, looked completely numb as she watched her lover leave while she was still impaled on Barclay’s cock.

Van Hook was pleased. He’d had to go hard and heavy with these rich kids, had pulled in a lot of favors, now owed a few, and with the help of technology and friends in high places, turned their sins into major crimes that could possibly bring down their entire families. The only thing that surprised him was how easily they had crumbled—young people today had no backbone. Their lives had been too pampered and easy—well, not anymore!

He said to Dr. Schafer, “Will the glue have set by now?”

Dr. Schafer checked his watch and nodded.

“Veronica, perhaps you’d like to take over? You know how I prefer to watch.”

“My pleasure,” Veronica smiled. “May I borrow Nurse Ingle?”

Dr. Schafer casually waved his hand and Nurse Ingle joined Veronica on the lawn, standing on either side of the naked girls.

Veronica said, “Okay, you two dykes can stop kissing now.”

On all fours with their noses touching, Samantha and Chelsea simultaneously pulled away from each other—but of course the adhesive had by now firmly bonded their tongues together and after a little awkward twisting of their heads, they stopped trying to disconnect.

“I told you to stop kissing,” Veronica said.

Chelsea groaned into Samantha’s mouth and they tried again, but it was already clear that they were wasting their time. In fact, Dr. Schafer did have a glue remover which could separate their tongues instantly—but without it, nothing short of surgery would be able to part their soft flesh. If Van Hook wanted to, he could keep them adjoined like that indefinitely—like Siamese twins!

Now Samantha was beginning to panic and she tried to jerk backward, but that only succeeded in stretching their tongues and Chelsea whimpered in pain. Veronica allowed them to continue their futile struggle for a minute longer, as the two frightened and naked girls panted frantically into each other’s mouths and their mingled saliva dripped onto the lawn.

Van Hook stood and picked up his glass. He needed a refill and he needed to fetch Annabel’s legal documents. His work here was today was almost done—and he was feeling rather proud of himself!

## Chapter Thirty Four

“Get dressed, Helen,” Barclay said. “I’ll give you a lift.”

Helen pulled out of her teary stupor and said, “It’s okay, I can go home by myself.”

She needed to be alone and she needed time to digest everything that Van Hook had shown her and Bobby on his laptop. It had been too much to process at the time, but there had to be a way out. She wanted to find Bobby, to tell him that she loved him. She couldn’t believe that she had actually just fucked this disgusting old butler in front of her boyfriend!

“No, you don’t understand,” Barclay said. “We’re going to my apartment.”

Suddenly very conscious of her nakedness again, Helen covered herself and said, “W-Why?”

“Because you belong to me now, Helen,” Barclay said. “I thought Mr. Van Hook had made that clear. Whenever I call, you will drop whatever it is you are doing and follow my instructions.”

Helen felt the tears welling up again. She didn’t want to go anywhere near this old creep, let alone accompany him to his home. But until she found a solution, spoke to a private detective or a lawyer, she realized that she had no choice at this point in time. For now, she would have to go along with this sick and twisted game.

She bent to pick up her panties, but Barclay said, “Leave them. Just your jeans, top and sneakers—I’ll be in charge of your wardrobe from now on. Hurry up. We have a lot to talk about—and I’ll probably be ready for another fucking session by the time we get back. We can spend the evening in my bedroom—won’t that be romantic?”

*Oh, dear God! Somebody get me out of this nightmare!*

She hurriedly pulled on her clothes while Barclay went to speak to Nash.

Over on the lawn, Samantha and Chelsea were naked and on all fours facing each other with their tongues together. Helen had been in such an emotional state after climaxing in front of Bobby, that she hadn’t been aware of the lewd performance taking place behind her.

Now Veronica and Nurse Ingle started belting them on the buttocks, and Helen’s stricken friends began to awkwardly maneuver around in a circle, their joined tongues thrashing, their eyes wide with confusion and panic, their breasts bouncing beneath their sweaty bodies.

Barclay came back over and gazed at the bizarre spectacle.

“Darius told me they’re glued together,” he said with a grin. “Like a pair of mating dogs!”

Helen watched in shock as her friends turned around faster and faster with each swish of Nurse Ingle’s switch or Veronica’s crop. Trent and Josh had their pants down now, and Helen stared in disgust at their hard penises.

“Let’s try a bit of horizontal motion!” Veronica cackled.

Trent and Josh knelt down behind the two panting girls and positioned their cocks ready for penetration.

“Do you want to stay and watch?” Barclay said.

Helen looked at him and shook her head. She wanted to get the fuck out of this nut house, but not with Barclay—she wanted to go home and shower his smell off her body!

“Come along, then,” he said, holding out his hand. “I’m parked on the road.”

Helen numbly took his hand and they followed the path around the house. A few hours ago, she had been looking forward to watching Annabel being humiliated in front of her friends. She had been excited about the money that Van Hook had promised them. And she had been in a happy romance with handsome young Bobby, the boy she had stolen from Annabel. Now she was being forced into a deviant sexual relationship with a seventy-year-old man—and she had no idea how she was going to get out of it!

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Annabel was so consumed by the spectacle of Trent and Josh taking Samantha and Chelsea doggy style, that she jumped when Dr. Schafer put his hand on her shoulder.

“Come along, Annabel, it’s time for you to go home,” he said softly.

He helped her to her feet and her legs tingled because she had been kneeling on the grass for so long. Dressed in nothing but the straitjacket, she took a final glance at the perverted foursome on the lawn, and then let Dr. Schafer lead her over to the patio.

Home? Where was home? She couldn’t possibly live in Pemberton Hall now that Aunt Sissy was gone.

While Dr. Schafer was busy rummaging through his leather bag, Annabel caught her reflection in the patio windows. She looked at her bare scalp, and then down at her bare crotch. Her nipples poked through two little holes in the straitjacket. Recently her mind had seemed to oscillate between moments of clarity and longer spells of muddled haziness. She was returning to lucidity now as she regarded herself in the glass—this was what these evil bastards had done to her! She had always been the envy of her friends and the object of desire to every man she met. Who would possibly want her looking like this?

Dr. Schafer held up a syringe and Annabel drew a sharp breath—she still had a deep loathing of needles but was too afraid to run.

“This will help you relax for your journey,” Dr. Schafer said.

*Journey? Where am I going?*

Dr. Schafer bent her forward and she felt a prick in her right buttock, and then he straightened her back up and she saw Mr. Van Hook walking back across the patio toward her with some papers in a plastic folder. Annabel guessed what they were—the bullshit documents that had declared her legally insane. This was how he planned to control her money.

Mr. Van Hook sat down next to Nash and handed him the papers. They clinked glasses, shook hands, and then spoke quietly together.

Annabel’s legs started wobbling and her lips felt numb. What had Dr. Schafer injected her with? She was about to ask when she saw Higgins come out of the house pushing a wheelchair.

*A wheelchair?*

Mr. Van Hook and Nash stood up and came over to her.

“Annabel, as I explained before, your Aunt Sissy’s last will and testimony has been read and arrangements have been made for the liquidation of assets and the transfer of funds. Congratulations! You are going to be a very wealthy young lady!”

Annabel stared at the wheelchair. It was black and ugly and had been fitted with leather straps.

Mr. Van Hook went on, “But as I also explained, you have been legally declared incompetent to manage your own affairs.”

Annabel dragged her eyes away from the sinister looking wheelchair and tried to focus her eyes on him.

“I-I’m okay,” she slurred.

“Unfortunately, the hospital and the courts have deemed otherwise,” Mr. Van Hook said.

Annabel’s knees suddenly wobbled but Higgins caught her before she fell and now she saw Nurse Ingle holding up a large, white diaper.

“Just in case you have any accidents on the way home,” Dr. Schafer smiled. “That was a very powerful muscle relaxant I gave you.”

Nurse Ingle crouched down and pushed Annabel’s thighs apart and then taped the diaper into place. Annabel looked at it in the glass reflection. She looked like a helpless retard—which was just what they wanted, of course.

Her knees jerked and Higgins lowered her into the wheelchair and then buckled her ankles and wrists into the leather straps. She was too physically weak to fight but her mind was racing.

“Where are you taking me?” she said.

Mr. Van Hook said, “The court has appointed a legal guardian for you until you are deemed fit to handle yourself—as well as your substantial fortune. Until then, your guardian will control all

aspects of your daily life. Finances, clothing, feeding, personal hygiene—you won't have to do a thing for yourself."

Annabel began to strain at the leather bonds.

"W-Who will be my guardian—?"

Her voice trailed off as she looked at the documents in Darius Nash's hands.

"That's right, Annabel," Darius smiled. "It will be just like old times!"

"I don't want to go back there with him!" Annabel cried. "Send me to a private hospital! I can get well there!"

"Your medical care has all been arranged," Nash said. "Dr. Schafer and Nurse Ingle will be coming around every week to make sure your health needs are attending to."

"No!"

Annabel struggled with renewed effort but her drugged arms and legs were too weak and the leather restraints too tight.

"Just be a good girl, Annabel," Mr. Van Hook said. "Do everything that Mr. Nash tells you—because only he can tell the court when you are ready to be re-evaluated."

Annabel looked at Nash in horror and he blew her a silent kiss.

"You can't do this!" she wailed. "I did my part! I did everything you said!"

"Oh, dear," Nash said. "We can't have you screaming like a madwoman during our drive home—whatever would people think?"

Dr. Schafer duly produced a full head harness ball gag from his bag.

"No! You're not putting that on me—"

Nurse Ingle pinched Annabel's nose and Dr. Schafer pushed his fingers between her lips. She tried with all her might to keep her jaws clamped together but her strength was draining fast, and they managed to push the ball between her lips and then secure the straps around her bald head.

Mr. Van Hook said, "Just do as you are told and everything will turn out just fine."

Veronica kissed Annabel on top of her shaven scalp and said, "Goodbye, Annabel. I'm sure we'll see each other again."

Higgins took hold of the handles and pushed Annabel around the side of the house and along the pathway to the road where a station wagon was parked. He opened the rear door and then lifted Annabel and her wheelchair into the back, lowered the wheel brakes on the wheelchair, and slammed the door. There were windows all around her and Annabel realized to her dismay that when they were on the road she would be visible to passing traffic.

She heard the front doors closing and Nash said, "Are you comfortable Annabel? Won't be long before we get you back home."

Annabel's tormented mind took her back to the day she had first arrived at Nash's brownstone. He had moved quickly, stripping her naked on the first day, and then quickly reducing her to her subservient sex slave, sharing her with his friends and then even with her own friends. The whole terrible sequence of events seemed to blur into a kaleidoscope of terrible images. And now she was going back—and she knew in her heart that Nash would never release her. If Nash had his way, she would rot in that dingy little house for years to come!

The car engine fired up and they pulled out into the main road and Annabel sat helplessly in the wheelchair, unable to move or talk. But she could still think. They had somehow had her declared legally insane but she knew she wasn't. On the contrary, she was very much aware of what they were doing to her, and why—it was all about her money.

They made their way through traffic into the city, Annabel afraid to look out of the rear window—what must she look like to the cars behind? She had no idea how long they had been traveling before the car suddenly pulled up outside the entrance to the city park.

"Here will be just fine, Mr. Higgins," Nash said. "Thank you for the ride."

The back door opened and Higgins unlocked the brakes and lifted Annabel and her wheelchair out onto the sidewalk. There were a lot of people about and already she was getting some very curious looks.

“It’s a nice evening, so I thought we’d cut across the park, Annabel,” Nash said. “My house is not far away on the other side.”

Nash began to whistle cheerfully as he wheeled Annabel through the park. Annabel’s cheeks burned as people stopped and stared at her in amazement. She was bald, gagged, secured in a straitjacket, wearing a diaper, and strapped into a wheelchair. She felt the cool evening air on her bare toes. A few people took photos of her on their phones. She was a curiosity, a freak.

A woman asked if Annabel was alright, and Nash flashed his legal paperwork and explained that Annabel was on her way home from a mental hospital.

*But I’m not mental!*

*You must be. How else did you allow yourself to get into this pathetic state?*

*They tricked me!*

*You fooled yourself. And you let them do it. Always remember that. You could have walked away at any time.*

*But I wanted my money!*

*And now they have it.*

*No. I won’t let them! I am Annabel of Pemberton Hall. I’ll do whatever Nash wants. I’ll play his sick games. I’ll let him fuck me and punish me and humiliate me in public. I’ll do whatever he wants me to—but one day I will have my money!*

THE END