

# Annabel and Mr. Nash Part Two

Lorenzo Marks

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# Chapter One

## ANNABEL'S NEW LIFE

“Am I going to be kept clean like this all the time now?”

Sitting in her punishment chair, with her bare legs hanging over the wooden arms, Annabel couldn't help but look at herself in the closet mirror. With her hair tied back, and her flower-patterned, sleeveless smock pulled up to her waist, she was at least spared an embarrassing view of her exposed crotch, which was blocked out by the back of Mrs. Craddock's head.

Only a shadow of red-brown stubble had grown back in the forty-eight hours since her excruciatingly shameful performance at the pool party, but after pressing a hot, damp towel against her vulva, Mrs. Craddock had gently scraped all of Annabel's emerging pubic hair away until she was once again smooth as silk.

“This is how Mr. Nash wants you to present yourself to him,” Mrs. Craddock said, giving Annabel's mons a final wipe-down. Goose bumps rose up on Annabel's arms, and to her chagrin, she discovered that the old woman's tender ministrations were having an unsettlingly pleasant effect on her.

“Present myself?” Annabel asked anxiously.

Just as he had done after the poker night, Nash had kept his distance since they had returned from Helen's house, and Annabel's only companion had been Mrs. Craddock. As much as she loathed the strict old housekeeper, Annabel had been grateful for the respite. Somehow her daily regimen of supervised housework, exercise and ablutions, acted as a kind of feminine buffer against the periodic ordeals of sexual humiliation that Nash liked to arrange for her. Even when Mrs. Craddock punished her for minor infringements, the pain and embarrassment were tempered by the fact that they were two women alone together. Now however, it sounded as if Annabel was being groomed for another intimate liaison with her twisted master.

“From now on, Mr. Nash has decided that you will be spending more time attending to his personal needs,” Mrs. Craddock said, sitting back to admire her handiwork.

Annabel gulped involuntarily.

*What needs?*

“You are very fortunate to have been born the way you are,” Mrs. Craddock said wistfully. “Such beauty.”

And then to Annabel's astonishment, Mrs. Craddock leaned forward and kissed her just above her labia. With her legs akimbo, and naked from the waist down, Annabel braced herself. Her suspicions had obviously been correct—the sadistic old bitch really was attracted to her!

But instead of the expected oral invasion of Annabel's most personal parts, Mrs. Craddock merely sighed and stood up.

“Come along, girl. Mr. Nash is waiting for you.”

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When Mrs. Craddock brought Annabel into the living room, it took a measure of self-control for Darius to avoid looking up from his magazine. It was imperative that he maintain a superior air of disdain to hide the excited anticipation he was actually feeling. Having shown considerable restraint up until now, he had decided that the time was right for Annabel to become his full-time lover. Yes, he would still take pleasure in farming her out to friends and acquaintances, but with her spirit now broken, he was ready to take full possession of her gorgeous young body.

He was sitting in his favorite armchair with his bare feet resting on a leather footstool. Naked beneath his dressing gown, he held the magazine over his lap to hide his erection.

“Annabel is here for your pedicure,” Mrs. Craddock said.

Pretending to finish a passage, Darius finally looked up over his reading glasses. His beautiful young charge was dressed in a simple smock that stopped at the middle of her thighs. He had instructed Mrs. Craddock not to allow Annabel any underwear, and he could see the shamefaced girl's hardened nipples poking against the cotton material.

*Excellent! The stimulant is starting to take effect!*

After Annabel's humiliating medical exam the previous week, Dr. Schafer had sold Darius a large supply of a powerful aphrodisiac. Darius had no idea what it was made from, but the good doctor had assured him that once ingested, it would leave Annabel in an intense state of sexual arousal. Even better, he had informed Darius, continuous dosages would have a cumulative effect on her body, meaning that Annabel's libido would continue to grow stronger every day.

Unbeknown to the poor girl, Mrs. Craddock had been spiking her food with the compound since Monday morning, and already Annabel was starting to look a little flustered. Now Darius could begin another deliciously naughty game—even though she would still find their lovemaking abhorrent, Annabel would now have to suffer the shame of physically enjoying the erotic pleasures that her newly supercharged body would give her. And without the knowledge that her sex drive was being artificially enhanced, she would be driven down to a deeper level of self-loathing!

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*Oh, crap! A pedicure?*

Annabel nervously knelt down in front of the footstool, upon which had been placed a set of clippers, nail files, scissors and shaping tools. She looked with distaste at Nash's yellow toenails and waited for him to speak, but he had returned to his magazine.

"Don't tell me you need instructions?" Mrs. Craddock said. "I'm finished for the day."

"No, Mrs. Craddock," Annabel sighed heavily. "I can do it."

"Very well, I'll be off then," Mrs. Craddock replied. "Good afternoon, Mr. Nash."

"Good day, Mrs. Craddock," Nash said, his face still hidden behind the magazine.

Annabel listened to the old woman close the front door behind her and then hesitatingly got to work. Although in her previous life, Annabel had been a VIP customer at an upscale health and beauty spa, she was quite an accomplished manicurist herself—although she had never imagined that she would ever have to attend to anybody other than herself!

As Annabel squeamishly clipped away at Nash's thick, horny nails, her mind drifted back to her devastating ordeal at Helen's pool party. After her humiliating spanking, followed by the revolting *spit-roasting* by Trent and Josh, she had spent the rest of the party naked, serving their drinks and food, and forced to listen to their cruel and belittling comments.

Annabel had awoken the following morning under a suffocating cloud of misery and unworthiness, and she had followed Mrs. Craddock's instructions like an automaton, as if there was now another *self* inhabiting her body. But as the day had worn on, her attention had gradually been drawn to an unsettlingly pleasant sensation manifesting within her body, and today, if anything, she was feeling even more sexually aroused!

She was acutely aware of her erect nipples under her inadequate clothing, and there had been an embarrassing dampness between her legs all morning. This unexplained state of excitement so soon after her public humiliation, had left her feeling both bewildered and concerned. Was she, on some base level, now taking a filthy carnal pleasure from her ongoing abasement?

When she had finished filing Nash's toenails, Annabel sat back on her heels and inspected the results of her efforts. His feet were still ugly, but she had to admit there had been some improvement. Then she quickly chastised herself for taking even the slightest measure of satisfaction from this revolting job. She had just become acquainted with every detail of Nash's toes, and that was just the kind of intimacy that she was trying to avoid!

Annabel cleared her throat, and Nash lowered his magazine.

“Not bad,” he said, leaning forward to examine his feet. “Now, I want you to open my robe and *mow the lawn* as I believe you young ladies like to call it.”

Annabel blinked, unsure if she had heard correctly.

“Excuse me?”

“You have a pair of scissors there,” Nash said, with a bored sigh. “I want you to trim my pubic hair.”

## Chapter Two

Beneath his veneer of nonchalance, Darius could feel his heart hammering away in his chest. His cock was at full mast now, and his whole body tingled with anticipation. Even though he had already witnessed Annabel unclothed in a variety of degrading scenarios of his own invention, his physical contact with her had been limited. But very soon, that was all about to change! As Dr. Schafer's wonderful aphrodisiac continued to intensify her sexual desire over the coming weeks, Annabel would quickly discover that Darius' throbbing cock would be the only outlet for her bodily cravings!

Still looking numb after her weekend ordeal, the only indication of Annabel's revulsion was a slight turn-down of her luscious lips. But she had been through so much by now that she was past making verbal objections, and she merely reached up and untied Darius' robe. As the woolen garment fell apart, Darius' erect member came into view, laying like a fat sausage on his round belly.

After the briefest hesitation, Annabel picked up the scissors, while with her other hand she raised his shaft into an upright position. Darius let out a shuddering sigh at the sensation of her slender fingers around his cock, while the miserable girl snipped away at the dense thatch of dark hair surrounding its base.

As she went about her lowly chore, Darius noticed that she was dropping the loose hair onto the foot stall. In spite of his heightened state of excitement, he managed to say, "Don't leave it on there."

When Annabel paused and looked up at him quizzically, he added, "Put it in your mouth."

This time there was a tiny flash of repugnance in the wretched girl's eyes as she unwillingly scooped up the small pile of hairs and then, to Darius' utter joy, pushed it between her lips.

Even though Annabel wasn't actually massaging his dick, he felt it jerk of its own accord.

*How does she manage to turn me on so easily?*

In a throaty whisper, he said, "Swallow it."

Mouth closed, and eyes moist, Annabel breathed hard through her nostrils and closed her eyes as her throat contracted. She made an audible gulping sound, followed by a hacking cough as Darius' discarded pubic hair descended down her gullet.

*Incredible!* Darius thought, rapturously. *All of her old standards have been eradicated! I do believe that there is no longer anything that this poor lassie won't do for me now!*

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By summoning up enough saliva, Annabel had managed to condense Nash's pubic hair into a mashed wad, making it just about possible to swallow. Trying not to heave at the thought of it settling in her stomach, Annabel was about to resume trimming, when Nash said, "Okay, that's enough."

She put down the scissors and waited with trepidation. Nash's erect penis was still in her hand, and by now she didn't need much imagination to guess what was coming next. However, as so often in the past, Nash would prove her wrong yet again.

"Now kiss the soles of my feet."

Even after all she had been through, this new and unexpected request sent a wave of disgust through her. In her brief time here, she had been forced to repeatedly show off her naked body, been humiliated, spanked and caned, had all of her orifices variously filled with semen, urine, and soap water, and had been compelled to have sex with six different men—but somehow she found this the ultimate debasement! She hated herself now, and hardly knew who she was anymore, but from somewhere deep within, she could still hear the old Annabel fiercely protesting.

*Fuck him!* the voice said.

"Who is your master?" Nash asked.

*You will not kiss his feet!* the voice screamed.

“Answer me, Annabel.”

Annabel looked at the hardened skin on his heel.

*Don't do it!*

“Annabel?”

Even though she thought she had none left, a solitary tear escaped Annabel's eye as an internal fire flickered and died, and the dissenting voice faded into silence.

“You are, Mr. Nash,” she said, and then leaned forward and pressed her lips against the bare sole of Nash's foot.

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Curious to discover how far she had descended, Darius now added, “Lick them.”

Without looking up at him, Annabel poked out her dainty little tongue and began to lick the arch of his foot. Darius was not ticklish, but the mere sight of this once-arrogant heiress lapping away at his bare sole was enough to make him want to giggle with delight.

*My little puppy girl. Hmm. Now there's an idea!*

“Now I want you to suck my toes.”

It was impossible to tell what was going on in that pretty little head now, because she had closed her eyes, but Darius watched in fascination as the big toe of his right foot disappeared between her soft lips. He could feel her tongue darting between the gaps as she slowly worked her way along, coating each toe with her saliva. Breathing heavily, Darius reached out, pressed his hand over hers, and began sliding it up and down his shaft. The only sounds in the room were the ticking of the wall clock, Darius' heavy breathing, and Annabel's gentle slurping noises each time she pulled off one of his toes. To his satisfaction and delight, when Darius released her hand, she continued to stroke his erect cock.

Darius leaned back in ecstasy as his beautiful slave girl knelt humbly before him, her hand slowly pumping his shaft, and her mouth now amazingly stretched around every toe on his right foot. She was also emitting some rather telltale sounds in her throat, reminding Darius that the poor girl was no longer in total control of her own physical responses.

Even though Annabel hadn't picked up the pace with her hand, the sheer perverted pleasure of watching her demean herself like this was bringing Darius close to climaxing over her fingers—which wasn't quite the happy ending he had planned.

Pulling her hand away, Darius gasped, “That will do, my dear. It's time to go up to my room.”

## Chapter Three

Annabel stood awkwardly at the foot of Nash's bed. It was the first time she had been permitted to enter his bedroom—although for her it was a dubious honor. Like the rest of the house, its furnishings were simple and antiquated. When Nash slipped out of his robe to reveal his naked body, she suddenly found herself longing for her own little punishment room.

Nash rolled over onto his stomach on the bed, presenting Annabel with a view of his hairy ass and purple scrotum. As revolting a sight as it was, to Annabel's dismay, her nipples were still rock-hard, and as much as she had been sickened by having his toes in mouth, there was no denying the warm glow of arousal in her belly.

*What the hell is wrong with me?*

"I want a nice relaxing massage," Nash announced into his pillow. "Use the oil on the nightstand."

Annabel groaned inwardly, but after the disgusting act she had just performed in the living room, surely this should be easier to handle. As she reached for the dispenser however, Nash said, "Take off your dress first—and then straddle my back."

*Oh, fuck!*

Annabel's heart sank as she reluctantly lifted the smock over her head. Even though Nash had seen her naked on several occasions now, the fact that they were both nude and alone in the house together, made her feel especially uneasy. Very conscious of her proud nipples and her shaved crotch, Annabel squirted some oil into the palm of her hand and climbed onto the bed. There was no way of performing this unwholesome task without making intimate physical contact with the old pervert, and so, biting her lip, she parted her thighs and lowered herself down onto Nash's buttocks.

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Darius savored the exquisite sensation of Annabel's damp pussy pressing down on his ass cheeks as she massaged his neck and shoulders. Before she had climbed on top of him, he had noted the way her pink nipples were jutting out, and he wondered what she was making of her newly enhanced concupiscence. It would be interesting to see how she handled her conflicting emotions as her sexual yearnings intensified.

As she pressed her thumbs into the small of Darius' back, he said, "I was looking at one of your social networking accounts today. It seems that your ex-boyfriend and Helen have become something of an item."

He smiled to himself as Annabel's hands briefly froze. "Apparently after we left the party, Bobby stayed over, and one thing led to another. Keep going. Do my buttocks now."

Annabel resumed her kneading, and Darius continued, "I think it's for the best. They make a handsome couple, and Helen is such a well-bred young lady. There's no way a catch like Bobby should have wasted himself on slut like you."

Annabel remained silent, although Darius did notice that her fingers were digging a little harder into his wobbling flesh.

"I called Helen to congratulate her," Darius went on. "And you'll be pleased to know that I have given all of your old friends an open invitation to visit you. You'd like that, wouldn't you? I know you are particularly fond of Josh and Trent."

Annabel let out a little whimper, and turning over, Darius was gratified to see that his little monologue had had the desired effect. Even though she appeared to be operating on autopilot, he was still capable of inducing a tear or two.

He took hold of his stiff cock and waved it at her. "Climb on board."

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As much as she despised this cruel and vulgar man, Annabel couldn't help letting out a reflexive squeak of pleasure as she slid easily down his shaft. It felt as if all of her pleasure sensors had been amplified, and she was unable to stop herself rotating her hips as she impaled herself on him.

"My, you have turned into a horny bitch!" Nash grinned up at her.

He reached up and pulled on her sensitive nipples, making her gasp.

"Ride me," Nash said, his breath quickening, and Annabel was unable to resist. She gripped his forearms and ground her pelvis hard into his. He was squeezing her breasts now, scrunching them together, and then pushing them back and flattening them against her chest.

Annabel threw her head back and closed her eyes. She had no idea why she felt this way, but she was helpless to stop it now. All she knew was that her body needed release—and it had to be now. Nash raised his hips, pushing himself deeper inside her and Annabel cried out in ecstasy.

"That's it!" Nash breathed. "Make yourself come!"

Annabel didn't need any encouragement, and her whole body jerked as her orgasm pulsed through her. It was immediately followed by another, and Annabel slumped forward, her face directly above his, her nipples brushing against the hairs on his chest, and before she knew what had happened, her tongue was inside his mouth, their saliva mingling and their teeth clashing.

A third and fourth climax swept through her, and then Nash suddenly moaned into her throat, spurted inside her, and then she collapsed on top of him.

As she gradually regained control of her body, it suddenly hit her that she had just had the most incredible sexual experience with the person she hated the most in the whole world! Somewhere out there, Bobby and Helen were beginning a normal, healthy, romantic relationship, and here she was, stuck in this dingy little house, intimately involved in her own sick and disgusting union with an ugly man who was easily old enough to be her father! She began to sob into his neck, and she felt Nash's hand stroking her hair.

"There, there," he crooned. "Don't be sad. Even though Bobby is out of your league now, I still find you attractive, and I've got some good news for you—starting from tonight, you will be sharing my bed!"

*What?*

Annabel raised her head and looked at him in dismay.

"That's right!" Nash kissed her on the nose. "From now on you are going to be my slave by day—and my lover by night!"

## Chapter Four

Over the next few days, Annabel's daily routine slipped into a simple, albeit unpleasant, pattern. Forbidden to leave Nash's bed without his permission, she invariably awoke before him, and would then be forced to lay naked by his side, listening to his snoring until he finally stirred.

Unlike the first two weeks, when she either completed her ablutions alone, or under Mrs. Craddock's supervision, now she had to shower with Nash—which also meant soaping, rinsing, and drying him—before dressing in her maid's uniform and preparing his breakfast. After he had eaten, Nash would either retire to his den or—if Annabel was lucky—go out on an errand whenever Mrs. Craddock was on duty. After her housework was completed, there might be an odd job to perform in the garage or garden, followed by a tiring exercise and posture session, for which she would have to change into her undersize leotard. The evenings would be spent attending to whatever whim took Nash's fancy. This might take the form of a neck massage, manicure or pedicure, serving him drinks or snacks, or merely sitting quietly at his feet while he watched television or read.

Then would come the part that Annabel dreaded the most—bedtime. Her constant state of arousal was reaching almost unbearable proportions now, and to her utter mortification, as she went about her duties, she would catch herself secretly anticipating the disgusting nightly sex sessions she was forced to perform with Nash. Such was her need for release, that as disgusting as she found the act itself, her carnal yearnings would quickly take over, and she would eagerly bring herself to orgasm after shuddering orgasm. After they were done, Annabel would collapse into an ashamed and exhausted sleep until she opened her eyes the next morning, and then her demeaning daily cycle would begin again.

Annabel accepted this new submissive lifestyle with a dull resignation and operated under the premise that if she managed to please both Nash and Mrs. Craddock in their respective ways, she might be spared any further sexual humiliations involving people from outside.

That fragile hope was cruelly shattered the day that Tom Craddock arrived to pick up his wife.

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Annabel was hanging out the laundry and thinking about her phone call with Aunt Sissy earlier that morning. It had been an unexpected opportunity to talk to her aunt, but before dialing, Nash had given her a detailed briefing on how the conversation should proceed. Very quickly, Annabel had understood that there would be no chance of passing on a coded message about what was happening to her, and as Nash had sat with his cheek pressed against hers, she had miserably reassured Aunt Sissy that everything was going along just as Nash had described it.

Today Annabel was dressed in one of her alternative outfits, a red and white checked tea towel tied around her waist, with another matching piece covering her breasts. As usual, the inadequate pieces of cloth barely hid her charms, and the brisk late summer breeze kept lifting up her *skirt* whenever she reached up for the clothesline. Claspings two wooden clothes pegs between her lips, Annabel was on tiptoe holding up one of Nash's shirts when she heard Tom Craddock's voice behind her.

“Hey, kiddo! Remember me?”

Annabel froze, aware that her skirt was riding up high enough to expose the lower half of her buttocks.

*How could I forget? You had your penis in my mouth! I was forced to swallow your sperm! You sucked my nipples and pushed lime wedges up my asshole!*

“Damn, I'd forgotten what a lovely butt you have!” Craddock leered. “I can see your cunt lips, you know?”

Annabel spun around and held Nash's shirt up in front of her.

“How did you get in here?”

Such was Nash's confidence in his total domination of Annabel by now, that he had gone off on an errand, leaving Annabel unattended in the house—and his belief was fully justified because it had never entered her head to try and leave. What purpose would that serve after all that she had endured so far? But she had never expected anyone else to come in—particularly as she had checked herself to make sure the door was locked.

“Is Mrs. Craddock back?” she asked cautiously.

“Nuh-uh. But I'm taking her to her sister's house for the weekend and she told me to wait for her here.”

Annabel looked at the key in his hand and her heart began to race. Her and this fat little pervert alone in the house together? For how long? Nash and Mrs. Craddock had only been gone for an hour!

“So,” Craddock said, snatching the shirt away. “You want to show me the rest?”

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Annabel instinctively made a run for it, but as she passed him, Craddock caught the knot on the side of her wraparound and it easily came away in his hand, leaving her naked from the waist down. She bounded barefoot across the back patio and slammed into the locked back door.

“Oops!” Craddock snickered “Must have accidentally turned the latch. We'll just have to wait for them to get back. Now, how are we going to amuse ourselves?”

Annabel slid down the door and hugged her knees to her chest. “Please, I have to finish my chores, or I'll be punished.”

“That's okay,” Craddock said, examining Nash's shirt. “Washing day, huh? Come on, don't be scared. I'll help you.”

Annabel warily watched him like a cornered animal.

“You really don't have any choice,” Craddock said, lowering the shirt toward the freshly cut lawn “If you don't let me play with you, I won't let you finish your job.”

Annabel looked at Nash's shirt in horror. If there was so much as a single grass stain on there, she would be in serious trouble!

“Okay, have it your way,” Craddock said, reaching for the laundry basket.

“No!” Annabel leaped to her feet, her hands covering her naked pubes. “You promise—you won't do anything?”

The fat, bald man grinned nastily. “I promise I'll let you finish hanging out your laundry, that's all.”

Annabel let out an exasperated sob.

*It's going to happen again! This hateful little man knows I have no choice! And when he touches me, I know that my disgusting body is going to betray me too!*

Warily, she approached him and accepted the proffered shirt. When Craddock reached for her top, she reflexively shrunk back.

“Come on baby,” he said. “Uncle Tom wants to play!”

With a disheartened sigh, Annabel stepped forward and allowed Craddock to untie the top. He gazed at her exposed nipples and said, “Look at you, all puffed up and ready for action!”

He leaned forward and kissed each of her swollen nubs, sending an unwanted tingle of pleasure down Annabel's spine.

“Carry on, then,” he said, and so Annabel was forced to hang out the washing in the nude, while Mrs. Craddock's lecherous husband looked on.

## Chapter Five

Her cheeks glowing, Annabel picked up two wooden clothes pegs and reached up to hang Nash's shirt on the line. As she raised her arms, Craddock moved up behind her and placed his hands on her waist, causing her to jump.

"Easy, baby," Craddock said, his breath hot on her neck. "Don't mind me, just concentrate on finishing your work before my wife gets back."

While Annabel pegged the shirt, Craddock slid his hands around to her flat stomach and then up over her breasts. Annabel's breathing quickened as his fingers found her hardened nipples.

"Oh, yeah," he whispered. "You're really up for it, aren't you?"

Just as Annabel had feared, her treacherous body was already responding to Craddock's touch, and she could feel herself becoming damp between the legs.

"Please," she gasped. "I have to finish this first."

*I have to finish this first?* Annabel thought in horror. *What the hell did I just say? I don't want this disgusting little man to touch me—do I?*

"Okay, a deal's a deal. Work first, play later," Craddock said, and with a light kiss on her shoulder he released her sensitive nipples.

In spite of the fact that Craddock had already seen every detail of her anatomy before, Annabel demurely kept her thighs pressed together as she picked up a pair of Nash's underpants. When she reached into the basket however, Craddock beat her to it and snatched up a handful of clothes pegs. When Annabel straightened up, he said, "Turn around a moment. I want to try something."

Her heart pounding, Annabel did as she was told.

"Stay perfectly still," Craddock instructed, and then to Annabel's astonishment and outrage, he clipped a peg to her right earlobe.

"Ow! That hurts!" she said, reaching up.

Craddock pulled her wrist away and grinned up at her.

"It suits you, he said. Have another one."

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Annabel stood helplessly naked in the afternoon sun, as Craddock snapped a second peg on her other earlobe. Apart from the fact that they pinched her painfully, she knew that she must look absolutely ridiculous! But her latest tormentor was far from done. As Annabel stood meekly before him, Craddock went into a kind of childish frenzy, and began decorating her ears with the wooden pegs.

Annabel winced each time another one was clipped on, and by the time he stopped to admire his handiwork, Craddock had attached five pegs around the edges of each of Annabel's ears. Tears of pain and shame welled up in her eyes, but still Craddock continued with his depraved little game.

"Aah!" Annabel flinched as he stuck a peg on her stiff right nipple.

"Eek!" Craddock followed up by pegging her left teat.

"Ooh! That's sore!" Annabel whimpered. "Please take them off!"

Craddock had a familiar glazed look in his eye as he pulled one more peg out of the basket.

"We'll have to do something about that wagging tongue of yours. Stick it out."

"No," Annabel moaned desperately. "I'll be good—I'll suck your cock!"

"My, haven't we turned into a dirty little slut?" Craddock chuckled. "Now stick it out."

Despairingly, Annabel opened her mouth and offered him her tongue.

"Not like that. Stick it out further, and keep it flat," Craddock said, peering inside her mouth.

"Hungh!" Annabel braced herself as Craddock squeezed the wooden peg open, and then tantalizingly slowly, closed it onto her tongue.

"Hagh!"

*My God, that hurts!*

“Very good,” Craddock said, appraising his sadistic efforts. “Get back to work then.”

Unable to retract her tongue, Annabel immediately started to drool as she returned to her embarrassing, and now painful, task.

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Feeling idiotic beyond words, her nipples, ears and tongue hurting unbearably, Annabel hurried to hang out the remainder of Nash’s laundry. Each time she bent down to retrieve an item of clothing, she felt Craddock’s wandering hands squeezing her buttocks or tickling her pudendal cleft.

She already understood that he intended to have her when she was done, but what actually worried her more was Mrs. Craddock’s impending return. If she came back now, perhaps Annabel would be spared from Tom Craddock’s lewd attentions, but a far worse scenario would be getting caught in the act.

Locked out of the house, Annabel was now at Craddock’s mercy. Nervously, she turned to face him. The loathsome toad licked his lips eagerly as he tugged on the pegs clamping Annabel’s nipples.

“Hah!” Annabel cried out in pain as a line of saliva swung from her chin.

Without speaking, Craddock took Annabel by the wrist and guided her over to one of the garden chairs.

“Bend over and hold onto the arms,” he hissed.

As Annabel despondently complied, she felt Craddock’s hands on the inside of her thighs, pulling them wider apart until she was offering him an uninterrupted view of her naked rear. Hearing the sound of Craddock’s zipper, Annabel closed her eyes and rested her forehead on the back of the chair, and then, with her pegged tongue hanging out of her mouth, she could do nothing but listen to the afternoon birdsong as Craddock casually entered her.

## Chapter Six

Craddock took his time, slowly drawing his penis in and out of her, obviously secure in the knowledge that Annabel was his to play with at his leisure. Even as recently as a week ago, Annabel would have been horrified to think that she would submit so readily to such a disgusting old man. But she had now sunk to such a low level of self-esteem that being fucked from behind in the open air seemed to be no more than she deserved. At least this time, there weren't any witnesses.

The other thing though, was almost more shameful than she could bear—her pussy was sopping wet, and she was actually pushing back with each of Craddock's thrusts in order to maximize his penetration.

*He's right! She thought woefully. I'm a slut!*

Annabel could hear Craddock panting as he picked up the pace. Then his stubby fingers tightened around her sides, and with a guttural moan, he erupted inside her. Annabel raised her head and she stamped her bare feet on the flagstones, as she too, reached her climax.

"God, that felt good!" Craddock exclaimed.

"Aah!" Annabel replied, the peg on her tongue wagging in the air.

A bewildering feeling of carnal bliss mixed with a disturbing sense of remorse flooded through her as she slowly descended from her high. There was no denying that she had really needed that release, but what a demeaning way to get it! This wasn't lovemaking! She had simply been used as a receptacle for Craddock's disgusting cum!

As he pulled his prick out of her, Annabel opened her eyes and then froze in shock—Nash and Mrs. Craddock had returned and were watching them from the kitchen window!

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As the back door opened, Annabel's legs began to shake uncontrollably.

*Oh, shit! She saw me fucking her husband!*

As Nash and Mrs. Craddock approached, Annabel straightened up and reached up to remove the peg from her tongue.

"Don't touch it!" Mrs. Craddock snapped, her face like thunder. "Hands by your sides!"

Rigid with fear, Annabel immediately stood to attention, highly conscious of Tom Craddock's sperm trickling down the inside of her thigh.

"Thomas, what is the meaning of this?"

Hurriedly zipping himself up, Tom Craddock breathlessly said, "It wasn't me, my dear. She seduced me!"

"Is that so?" Mrs. Craddock glared at Annabel who, unable to make a coherent response, frantically shook her head.

"She was hanging out the washing and I merely came out to say hello," Craddock explained. "The next thing I knew, she had stripped off her clothes and opened my fly. I'm sorry darling, but I just couldn't resist her persistent advances. Can you forgive me?"

Dimly, Annabel understood that this was yet another debauched game, but so intense was her terror of the old woman, that she desperately tried to absolve herself.

"Nng!" she gurgled, still shaking her head from side to side.

"What?" Mrs. Craddock snapped.

"I—int—do it!"

Nash, who had been quietly admiring the clothes pegs adorning Annabel's nude body, said, "Are you accusing Tom of being a liar?"

Annabel stopped shaking her head and looked at him tearfully as she realized that she had stepped into yet another of Nash's traps. Of course this had all been preplanned! She was once more the unwilling victim of one of their perverted sports!

Her shoulders slumped and she shook her head a little less enthusiastically this time.

“In that case you have earned yourself a severe punishment for being such a profligate nymphomaniac. And with a married man, as well!”

*But he was at the strip poker game!* Annabel screamed in her head. *He pushed lime wedges up my ass!*

“Mrs. Craddock,” Nash said. “Perhaps you’d like to accompany me upstairs where we can discuss Annabel’s punishment.”

After they had been left alone, Tom Craddock snuggled up behind Annabel and cupped her breasts in his hands. He buried his face in her long, red hair, and said, “I hope you enjoyed your fucking—because oh boy, are you going to pay for it now!”

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When they returned to the back yard, Annabel was as they had left her, naked and shaking with fear, her pegged tongue ludicrously poking out of her mouth, and her ears and nipples also crowned with wooden pegs, while Tom Craddock sat on one of the garden chairs pretending to look appropriately sheepish.

*You dirty little bastard!* Darius smiled inwardly as he laid Annabel’s latest instruments of torment onto the garden table.

After a brief consultation with Mrs. Craddock, they had opted to keep Annabel’s punishment relatively simple—at least for them, if not for Annabel! Darius picked up a roll of duct tape and said to Annabel, “Bend over, and hold on to the arms of the chair again.”

Annabel reluctantly reassumed the same position in which she had just surrendered herself to Tom Craddock, and then Nash swiftly wrapped the tape around her wrists, securing them to the chair. Next he handed Mrs. Craddock the bamboo cane that Annabel was so terrified of. As the old lady tested it out with a few air swishes, Darius noticed Annabel’s body jerk involuntarily. She was probably expecting to get a thrashing across the buttocks, but although her ass was going to be the cause of much pain and discomfort, it would not be coming in the way she expected.

Darius picked up the remaining items on the table and moved around behind Annabel’s naked rump. He had recently acquired a string of anal beads from an online bondage store, and it was now time for Annabel to become acquainted with them. The nine silicon balls were arranged in a series ascending in size from half an inch in diameter, up to the largest central bead—which was not only an outrageous three inches across but was also covered with uncomfortable-looking nubs—before descending back down to the smallest size again.

Although Annabel had already experienced the discomfort of a huge anal water enema, he doubted whether the poor girl would be prepared for this latest indignity. Indeed, she was now eyeing the beads and the tube of lubricant in his other hand with a look of horror, and the comical-looking peg jiggled crazily on her outstretched tongue as she made a strangled moan of protest.

“Tom,” Darius said. “Would you be so kind as to pull Annabel’s buttocks apart?”

## Chapter Seven

Feeling the cool air on her exposed anus as Tom Craddock pried her cheeks apart, Annabel reflexively clamped her thighs together. She immediately received a slap on her right buttock and heard Nash say, “Don’t make this any worse for yourself!”

With an inward moan of hopelessness, Annabel allowed them to manipulate her legs out wider, painfully conscious of the fact that her pussy lips were still very much damp and inflamed. But in spite of her abashment at being under such close scrutiny, it wasn’t her crotch that she was worried about! She had managed to get a glimpse of the string of beads in Nash’s hands, and despite her relative naivety regarding sexual matters prior to her arrival in this lunatic asylum, she had endured enough by now to figure out exactly which orifice they were intended for! It was the largest bead that had particularly caught her eye—how in God’s name was Nash ever going to get that frightful thing inside her?

Nash’s cold fingertips prodded at her opening, and then she felt her sphincter painfully yield as his lubricated digit slipped inside. A second finger followed, and Annabel emitted an unladylike grunt as he worked them in and out of her body, making sure that she was greased up enough to accept the wicked-looking string of beads.

She actually heard his fingers popping out of her asshole and then, before her anal ring had time to close, Nash began to insert the smallest bead into her. Annabel tightened her grip on the chair as the larger second and third beads followed, stretching her anus out to over an inch in width. She began to pant heavily, and she tried to focus on the growing pool of her saliva on the seat of the chair as her discomfort quickly escalated into a relentless, tearing, agony.

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Darius watched transfixed, as Annabel rotated her beautiful round ass in an attempt to alleviate the soreness in her enlarged asshole. She was making a continuous wailing noise now, and although they were protected from prying eyes by high brick walls, Darius didn’t want to risk attracting any unwanted attention.

Leaving the string of beads dangling from her back end, he retrieved the duct tape and then plucked the clothes peg off her tongue.

“Please! Take them out! They hurt so much!” Annabel implored him with round, watery eyes.

Without replying, Darius promptly slapped the end of the duct tape across Annabel’s lips and then proceeded to wrap the roll several times around her head until she was well and truly muzzled. With the silver tape encasing the pegs attached to her ears and also binding her lustrous red hair to her head, she looked both amusing and desirably helpless!

Returning to Annabel’s rear end, Darius squeezed some more lube onto the baseball-sized central bead. Her butthole had already been expanded enough to cause the poor girl considerable distress, but this was going to cause some serious disfiguration!

*Who could have devised such a malicious instrument of torment?*

Using both of his thumbs, Darius pushed against the bead, as behind him he heard Tom Craddock laugh, “I don’t think Annabel’s butthole is going to be big enough for that!”

Ignoring him, Darius braced his feet and pushed with all his might. Slowly, Annabel’s anal opening grew and grew, and the large, stippled ball began to disappear from view, eliciting a muffled scream from Annabel. Just as her asshole looked as though it could expand no further, her sphincter suddenly accepted the offensive trespasser and literally sucked it inside.

Annabel let out an indignant snort as Darius completed the relatively easier task of filling Annabel’s rectum with the remaining, smaller beads. Finally, all that remained on view was the plastic pull-ring protruding from Annabel’s red-raw asshole. Bound to the chair, Annabel’s nude body writhed in pain as she sobbed into her gag.

Satisfied, Darius took a seat and said, “Mrs. Craddock? If you please?”

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A red mist of fury engulfed Annabel as she instinctively strained to expel the string of beads from her rectum. Her body felt totally stuffed, and her recently violated anus was on fire! She no longer cared what she looked like as she frantically flexed her bowel muscles. She was so focused upon this all-consuming task that it took a few seconds before she registered that Mrs. Craddock was talking to her.

“I said, raise your right leg, Annabel.”

Annabel’s mind was in such a turmoil that she was at first unable to process the old woman’s words, but a searing crack of the cane across her buttocks soon caught her attention.

“I won’t ask again,” Mrs. Craddock said.

Petrified of receiving another stroke, Annabel quickly raised her leg as required.

“Higher,” Mrs. Craddock said. “Bend your knee and ankle so that the sole of your foot is facing upwards.”

Apprehension now accompanied Annabel’s pain as she adopted the absurd pose.

“Hopefully, this will remind you not to play around with other people’s husbands in the future.”

Before Annabel had a chance to reflect on how unreasonable all of this was, an inconceivable flash of pain tore across the sole of her foot. Annabel shrieked into her gag and waved her leg around wildly. Such was the intensity of her suffering that she was momentarily sidetracked from the agonizing beads plugging her ass!

“Now lift up your other foot.”

Her body shaking in terror, Annabel reluctantly raised her left foot. Trying to ready herself for the impending stroke of Mrs. Craddock’s cane, she took a deep breath through her nose. A few seconds passed, but nothing happened.

*The cruel bitch is toying with me! For God’s sake, just get it over with!*

With her bowels bursting, her anus inflamed, her nipples and ears numb from the relentlessly pinching clothes pegs, and balanced on the toes of her right foot, Annabel’s body was unable to take the strain any longer, and to her utter mortification she felt her bladder suddenly let go.

## Chapter Eight

A gush of yellow piss unexpectedly erupted from between Annabel's legs and cascaded onto the flagstones, forcing Mrs. Craddock to jump back to avoid getting splashed.

"Filthy girl!" Mrs. Craddock brought the cane down hard onto Annabel's upturned sole, leaving an angry red stripe across the sensitive flesh. The anguished girl bellowed into her gag, and her left foot shot up into the air before slamming back down into the spreading pool of urine between her legs.

Darius had seen Annabel in a number of painful situations since her arrival, but he doubted whether she had ever experienced such concentrated agony as this. Her face was soaked with tears which ran down over the duct tape and dripped from her chin.

"Right foot," Mrs. Craddock commanded.

"Nnn! Plss!" Annabel begged.

Immediately, Mrs. Craddock laid another stinging blow across Annabel's ass, causing the girl to squeal like a stuck pig as she wiggled her burning rump.

"Right foot!"

With a snort and a whimper, Annabel raised her right leg again, giving Darius a clear view of the raised welt bisecting her foot. Once more, Mrs. Craddock slashed the bamboo cane across her sole, triggering another frenzied one-legged jig from Annabel. As she twisted and struggled against her bonds, Darius noticed that the first two anal beads had popped out of her asshole and were swinging around like a little tail.

"Left!"

Annabel was making a continuous whinnying sound now, and it took three attempts for her to muster the courage to offer her left sole again. After a long, sadistic pause, Mrs. Craddock brought the cane down hard again, and once more Annabel howled and danced for them.

Mrs. Craddock looked at Darius who nodded.

"Thank you, Mrs. Craddock."

He squatted down next to the sobbing girl and grabbing her chin, turned her face towards him. "I'm am going to leave you here so that you have plenty of time to ponder your indiscretion today. And while you are at it, I expect you to have squeezed out all of the beads by daybreak. If not, you can expect further punishment. Is that understood?"

Annabel nodded sorrowfully as Darius pinched off a line of snot dangling from her nose and wiped it on her right breast.

"Good. Mrs. Craddock, as Annabel will be otherwise occupied tonight, would you be so kind as to prepare supper before you leave?"

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As the shadows lengthened across the lawn, Annabel gradually began to get a grip on herself. For a moment back there, when Mrs. Craddock had been viciously whipping the soles of her feet, she thought she was going to lose her mind. It was still way too painful for her to stand on her flat soles, so with her wrists taped to the arms of the garden chair, she remained bent over, balancing on the tips of her toes.

In her peripheral vision, she could see Mrs. Craddock pottering around in the kitchen, so even as her calves and thighs began to ache, she remained motionless for now. As the fiery pain in her buttocks and feet began to subside, her focus of attention returned to the anal beads jammed inside her. Nash had told her that she had to push them all out by morning, which on the one hand meant she would be bound in this uncomfortable position for hours, but at least she would have plenty of time to complete the humiliating and painful task.

Although she couldn't see what was happening behind her, by contracting her sphincter muscle she deduced that a couple of the smaller beads were already out of her—but it was the middle one that she was most concerned about. When Nash had earlier forced it inside her, she had thought she was going to explode! This time however, the onus was on Annabel to force the vile object back out through that tiny, sensitive orifice.

Unsure of whether Nash intended to check up on her or not, Annabel decided it would be prudent to get on with the distasteful deed. If she ejected the whole string before dark, perhaps Nash would allow her back inside.

After a few minutes of grunting and squeezing, she felt the third bead slip out of her. The next one though was a different proposition, and Annabel winced as she felt it expanding her anal ring. Twice she thought she had expelled it, only for her sphincter muscle to give out and allow it to slide back inside her body. Finally, Annabel pushed as hard as she could, and the two-inch bead popped free.

*Ugh! God, that hurt! It's like being constipated!*

Breathing heavily through her nose, Annabel decided to take a rest. It was going to take a superhuman effort to get past the monstrous central bead with its wicked little bumps.

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After enjoying one of Mrs. Craddock's precooked casseroles, Darius crept into the kitchen and peered out of the window. As expected, Annabel was still attached to the chair, although she was now kneeling on the flagstones. Not wishing to be discovered, Darius shifted his viewpoint so that he could see how much progress she had made with the beads.

In the glow from the kitchen window, he could just make out four of the smaller beads dangling between her thighs, which meant that the vicious three-inch bead was now blocking her anal canal. She really did present a delightfully absurd picture, taped naked to a piece of garden furniture, her head half-encased in duct tape, her nipples pinched flat by the clothes pegs, and the obscenely ridiculous string of beads emerging from her ass like a rear appendage!

Annabel had her head turned to one side on the seat of the chair, and apart from the gentle motion of her dangling breasts, she was quite still.

*Goodness me! I do believe she has fallen asleep!*

After covertly observing his beautiful slave for another minute, Darius returned to his den, poured himself a drink, and settled own for another exploratory session on Annabel's laptop. He eavesdropped on Annabel's friends' online chatting for a while, noting with satisfaction that Bobby and Helen were still getting along just fine. Jose and Trent were still raving about the incredible pool party, and so Darius couldn't resist inviting them over for a return match—using Annabel's identity, of course!

It was by pure chance that he happened upon the curiously titled MY SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX folder hidden away in Annabel's video library. When he double clicked it, four sub-folders appeared, labeled *Helen*, *Samantha*, *Alisha*, and *Chelsea*, respectively, and even more interestingly, they were all encrypted. His pulse quickening, Darius sat back thoughtfully.

Now I wonder what information my ditsy little lover has obtained about her former girlfriends that would require password protection?

## Chapter Nine

It had been a long, miserable, and uncomfortable night, punctuated by sporadic snatches of troubled sleep, and increasingly desperate attempts to dislodge the rest of the revolting string of anal beads from her rectum. As much as she wanted to however, Annabel was simply unable to summon up the courage to force the enormous middle bead through her tiny anus. Each time she got close, the awful searing pain that ripped through her was too much to bear.

*It's like trying to pass a bowling ball!*

Eventually, her tear-filled frustration had given way to weary resignation as she had miserably accepted the fact that until somebody came to her assistance, the bowel-clogging beads would have to remain embedded inside her. As the hours had ticked by, she had instead concentrated on alternating her posture between kneeling on the hard patio and straightening her legs and pushing out her butt, in order to ease the incessant aching in her limbs and back.

Awoken by the dawn chorus, she raised her head and looked around blearily. The black and gray shadows of the night were slowly being colored by the sun rising into the brightening sky. Since she had been forced to share Nash's bed, she had become accustomed to watching the dawn break while he snored contentedly beside her, and so she knew from habit that it was now a little after six.

She wondered what time the fat old pig would be getting up. He didn't seem to have a regular job to go to, so his daily routine varied. Under any other circumstances, Annabel would have savored every second without his presence, but she was so sore and thirsty that she was—as incredible as she found it—actually eager to see him!

Despite her aggravated condition, she was forced to wait another two hours with the sun on her back before the kitchen door finally opened. Nash leaned on the door frame with a cup of coffee in his hand and watched her for a moment before coming around to inspect her rear end.

“Still in there, eh?” he said. “I thought I told you to get rid of them?”

Annabel shuffled her bare feet and gurgled into her gag.

“Perhaps you like beads inside your ass, is that it? Do they make you feel good?”

“Nnn!” Annabel cried frantically.

“Very well,” Nash said. “If that's what you want, you can keep them.”

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After freeing her wrists from the chair, Darius took Annabel into his den and made her kneel on the floor in front of him. From the way she gingerly lowered herself onto the carpet, it looked as though she was in a great deal of discomfort—as well she might be. He couldn't imagine what it must have felt like to spend an entire night with those irritating balls stuffed up inside her! Not to mention being doubled over with a sore ass and smarting feet, and with the added torment of the clothes pegs pinching her ears and nipples. No wonder she had such a pathetically mournful look in her lovely blue eyes!

First Darius unwound the duct tape, which proved harder than he would have thought, and resulted in quite a few strands of Annabel's red hair being torn out. As she gasped for air, he plucked the pegs off her earlobes, and then pulled the other two off her nipples. Annabel sucked in another breath as the blood suddenly rushed back to her soft, pink nubs.

“Is that better?” he asked.

Lowering her head, Annabel mumbled, “Yes, thank you, Mr. Nash.”

“I expect you must be quite hungry and thirsty.”

Annabel nodded, still looking at the floor.

“Well, as Mrs. Craddock is off for a couple of days, you’ll have to prepare breakfast on your own. But first, I have something to ask you. Stand up and take a look at your laptop.”

Now Annabel made eye-contact with him as she unsteadily rose to her feet.

*Yes, that’s right—your laptop means the outside world doesn’t it!*

He pointed to the secret folders he had discovered earlier. “I have been trying to get into these, but you have protected them for some reason.”

He noticed the look of apprehension on Annabel’s face as she looked at the names of her four former girlfriends.

“So,” Darius said. “What is the password?”

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*Oh shit! How did he find that?*

Back in her former life at Pemberton Hall, Annabel had been secretly building a dossier of potentially compromising photos of the other girls, some covertly take on her own phone, others acquired via various means from third parties. She didn’t know why she felt the need to do this, except that she thought they might come in useful one day.

Her initial impulse was to tell him she had forgotten the password—once he saw the pictures and attached notes, Nash would not be able to resist using them for his own nefarious ends! But then she thought back to the humiliating pool party and the way they had all turned upon her.

*Why the fuck should I care how he uses them?*

“I’m waiting,” Nash prompted.

Annabel opened her mouth and blinked twice—her mind was a blank!

“Well?” Nash drummed his fingers on the desktop.

“I—I can’t remember it!” Annabel stammered.

*It was true!* Her psyche had been so devastated by Nash’s endless series of painful degradations that she literally had no idea what it might be.

“That’s a pity,” Nash sighed. “Because I was going to take the anal beads out of you. But until you give me the password, they shall remain in place permanently, day and night, the only exception being when either I or Mrs. Craddock remove them for toilet breaks. How does that sound?”

*It sounds awful!*

“Please, Mr. Nash,” Annabel whined. “Just give me a moment to think.”

“Oh, you’ll have plenty of time to think, waddling around like an old woman while you do your chores. Turn around and grab your ankles, I’m going to push them all the way back in again.”

“Oh, please don’t, I’m begging you. I’ll remember it, I promise!”

“Bend!”

With a whimper, Annabel assumed the degrading position. She felt Nash’s fingers on her buttocks and then her sphincter being stretched apart as he began to push the string of anal beads back inside her.

*Think, for God’s sake Annabel!*

She knew it wasn’t a difficult password—she wasn’t that sophisticated when it came to computers, and besides, she had never expected that anybody else would ever see the files.

“Ungh!”

Annabel wobbled forward as the first bead re-entered her rectum.

“Painful, is it?” Nash asked. “Then why don’t you tell me how to get into your blackmail files?”

*Blackmail! Of course! How could I be so stupid?*

“Ech! Stop, Mr. Nash! Please!” Annabel grunted. “I can remember it now! It’s *blackmail911*.”

Nash stopped pushing and said, “Now that wasn’t so difficult, was it? And as a reward, I’ll take the beads out for you.”

## Chapter Ten

Darius felt a sudden rush to his dick as he hooked two fingers into the plastic ring that dangled from Annabel's asshole. It wasn't just the sight of her naked behind that had excited him—he was pretty sure that he had now gained access to some damaging information about Annabel's lovely young friends—and that meant an opportunity to try and trap one, if not all of them, into joining his sexually depraved world.

As he tugged slowly on the string of anal beads, he cast his mind back to the pool party. Even though Annabel's suffering had taken up the majority of his attention, he could still recall Chelsea's slim physique with her small, pert breasts, and long-legged Samantha's green eyes and short platinum hair. But he already knew who he was going to focus on first—Alisha, the gorgeous African-American girl who had captivated him the minute he first laid eyes on her! The fact that she had made no secret of her distaste for Darius, would make ensnaring that proud young woman all the more pleasurable!

A mewl of discomfort from Annabel drew him back to the present, and he watched in fascination as the fourth bead emerged from her buttock. The biggest one that she had been unable to pass, was next in line, and Darius intended to have a bit of fun with it.

Using two hands, he leaned back in his chair and pulled on the string. After some initial resistance, he saw her anal opening begin to expand as the three-inch wide ball slowly revealed itself.

“Ah!” Annabel moaned, and gripped her ankles tighter.

When the bead was halfway out, he heard Annabel emit a low, guttural, bark as if she was defecating. A little more, and she would be able to squeeze the bead out by herself.

*Not just yet, my dear!* Darius smiled wickedly and stopped tugging on the ring.

“Oh!” Annabel gasped in frustration, as the large, stippled sphere receded back inside her rectum again.

“Mr. Nash! Oh, God, please take it out!”

“Before I do, I want to know if you enjoy having foreign objects stuffed up your ass.”

“W-What? No, I—”

“Oh, dear,” Darius said. “That wasn't the answer I was looking for at all.” He slapped her lightly on the ass and added, “It looked like we're done here. I've got things to investigate on your computer, so you'd better start doing your housework.”

Instead of straightening up, Annabel actually wiggled her naked ass in front of Darius' face.

“I can't take this anymore! Please pull it out!”

“Then answer my question,” Darius said.

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As was usually the case with this sick bastard, Nash was making no sense at all! Annabel was begging him to remove the beads that had been stuck inside her body for hours, but in order to be released from her agony, she was supposed to tell him how much she liked having her ass violated!

*What the fuck! Tell the old pervert what he wants to hear!*

“I do like it!” Annabel cried.

“What's that?” Nash said.

*Fuck you!*

“I like having things in my—asshole!”

“Really?” Nash said. “You've never mentioned it before during our lovemaking.”

Through her exasperation and discomfort, Annabel suddenly comprehended where this was heading.

“Would you like me to stick my cock in there?” he asked.

Annabel closed her eyes and bit her lower lip. It was the same old game—she was expected to be the instigator of his twisted fantasies. Even though she had found their nightly sex sessions vile enough, he had never made her perform anything other than oral sex and straight intercourse. But after today, she realized that a new and disgusting addition to their depraved repertoire was going to be introduced.

Of course, Annabel understood that she had no choice. She knew that Nash would happily have her totter around the house all day with the obscene string of anal beads jammed up her, and so with a heavy heart, she said, “Yes, please, Mr. Nash, I’d like you to—put it in there.”

“I’m not convinced,” Nash said. “Be more specific.”

*There really is no limit to the mental cruelty that this man can inflict!* Annabel thought miserably.

She took a deep breath and shouted, “I’m begging you, Mr. Nash! Please will you fuck me up the ass!”

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Unable to contain himself any longer, Darius unzipped himself and fished out his hard dick. He had often entertained the idea of taking Annabel anally during their nightly trysts, but for some reason he had always held back. Now that her virgin ass had been well and truly stretched however, he couldn’t think of a more appropriate moment to violate that hole.

Once more, he pulled hard on the string, and his efforts were greeted by an accompaniment of bestial grunts and groans from Annabel. As the huge bead once more appeared, Annabel let go of her ankles and braced herself with her hands on the floor.

*I can’t believe that this is the same haughty young lady that turned up on my doorstep a few weeks ago!* Darius thought. *I wonder if she even realizes how far she has sunk!*

It certainly did make for a most bizarre but arousing spectacle, with Annabel bent over and straining for all she was worth, while Nash slowly extracted the insulting beads from her rectum. All of a sudden, the central bead popped free, and with her anus stretched three inches wide, the other beads followed with ease.

Darius gazed in amazement at the pink interior of Annabel’s ass. He had never before had the pleasure of staring into one that big! Annabel still hadn’t moved, and it suddenly occurred to him that she was waiting for him to ass-fuck her!

Pulling himself together, Darius placed the beads next to Annabel’s laptop, stood up, and promptly slipped his cock into her rapidly contracting anus. He remained still as her rectal muscles closed around his shaft, and they both sighed together—although, he suspected, for entirely different reasons!

*Dear Lord!* Darius mused, as he gently rocked his hips. *Her butt is totally impaled by my cock!*

The fleshy cavern that he had just peered into was now so snug around his penis, that Darius knew it would only take a couple of pumps before he shot his load into her bowels. He placed his hands on her waist, and asked, “Are you enjoying this?”

Annabel gave out a high pitched mewl, as he suddenly erupted inside her.

“Yes Mr. Nash,” she puffed. “Thank you for fucking my ass!”

Darius slumped back in his seat, pulling Annabel back with him onto his lap. He stroked her long hair to one side and rested his chin on her shoulder with his prick still semi-erect inside her asshole.

*Another memory for us to share! Another taboo broken!*

“You are very welcome, my dear,” he said huskily. “Now when she returns from her trip, Mrs. Craddock is going to teach you some new and interesting tricks.”

Darius felt Annabel’s hot cheek against his, as she turned her head inquiringly.

“It is Mr. Eddie’s birthday on Sunday, and I am throwing him a party.” Darius reached around and gently tugged on her sore nipples. “And you, my sweet girl, are going to be the star attraction.”

## Chapter Eleven

“Here’s to a very happy birthday, Eddie!” Nash said, raising his flute of champagne.

Alastair Barclay followed suit as he, Tom and Mrs. Craddock, Helen, Trent and Josh, all wished Eddie Yeats many happy returns.

It was a pleasant afternoon, with just a hint of a cool breeze to remind them that fall was just around the corner. Helium-filled balloons floated from the chairs and clothesline, and the garden table was adorned with a fine buffet which the guests were now nibbling on as they made small talk.

Alastair couldn’t help dwelling upon what a curious bunch they were—five middle-aged folk and three attractive twenty year-olds, all co-conspirators in the steady and relentless sexual torment of one unfortunate young lady. Even though they had gathered to celebrate Yeats’ birthday, the jovial atmosphere was charged with an underlying electricity as they anticipated the imminent arrival of the guest of honor—which was the sole reason why any of them had turned up in the first place.

In his e-mailed invitation, Nash had promised them an afternoon of entertainment involving Annabel, and judging from the interesting props on display, it looked as though the devious old swine had dreamed up another titillating treat for them to relish.

The yard had been converted into a weird kind of obstacle course, with two wooden jumps, a paddling pool filled with water, and a metal tray covered in gravel all arranged in a circle on the lawn. When everybody had had enough to eat, and their glasses had been replenished, Nash tapped his glass with a spoon and said, “Listen up, everyone! In honor of Eddie’s fifty-sixth birthday, I present for your enjoyment, *Annabel’s Dog and Pony Show!*”

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Darius settled back into his chair and beamed at the rapt expressions on his guests’ faces as they watched Mrs. Craddock go into the house to fetch Annabel. After spending the morning helping Mrs. Craddock prepare the buffet, she had been confined to her punishment room. Before receiving his guests, Darius had checked in on the terrified girl, who had been perched on the end of her bed, already dressed in her humiliating costume. She had looked at him pitifully as he had complimented her on her outfit, knowing perfectly well how much she was dreading her ordeal to come.

For the past week, after completing her chores, Annabel had been mercilessly drilled in the back yard by Mrs. Craddock for five hours, non-stop, every day. Even the slightest hesitation or mistake had been met by a severe thrashing from Mrs. Craddock’s crop, with the result that she had now been conditioned to respond perfectly to the old woman’s every command. Darius had watched a couple of sessions but had generally stayed away because he wanted to enjoy the show as much as the others.

The eager silence in the back yard was finally broken by Trent who asked, “*Dog and Pony Show?* What the fuck is—?”

He was cut short as Helen let out a squeal of delight, and they all turned to see Mrs. Craddock leading an extremely red-faced Annabel out across the lawn. She was stark naked, with her pussy, as ever, cleanly shaven, but it was the rest of her attire that drew gasps of excited approval from the guests. Her arms had been bound together at the wrists and elbows and were folded together halfway up her back. A leather bridle had been fitted onto her head, with a rubber bit jammed between her teeth, and a strap running over her crown, on top of which flew a long, multicolored feather plume. Her lustrous red hair had been tied back into a ponytail, and attached to her nipples were two painful-looking metal clips, from which dangled silver bells that jingled merrily as she pranced into the garden.

With Mrs. Craddock and her riding crop hovering menacingly nearby, Annabel trotted with her knees up high before coming to a halt on her toes in front of her captivated audience.

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*Oh, my word! Alastair thought. Nash never disappoints, does he?*

He immediately felt his cock stiffen as Annabel presented herself to them like a show pony. Her naked body looked even more voluptuous than he remembered it, and even though it looked as though she had lost a couple of pounds, her breasts remained as full and proud as ever. He allowed his eyes to travel down to her smooth, hairless crotch, and was pleasantly surprised to see that her labia were slightly swollen and damp.

*Well, well! It looks as though young Annabel is getting as turned on by this pony play as the rest of us!*

But when he looked at her face, it was apparent that even if her body was reacting to her alfresco display of exhibitionism, the mortified girl was not enjoying the experience one little bit! Alastair had become accustomed to seeing Annabel blushing in recent weeks, but today her cheeks were positively crimson! He tried to catch her eye, but she was desperately trying to avoid visual contact with any of them.

Mrs. Craddock gave Annabel a tap on the buttocks with her crop, and said, “Kneel, Annabel.” The light contact couldn’t have hurt, but Annabel flinched nonetheless, and to Alastair’s delight, she promptly put her right foot forward and lowered her left knee onto the grass.

“And welcome your guests.” Mrs. Craddock added.

Her eyes moist with shameful tears, Annabel slowly nodded her head like a dressage pony as she reluctantly made eye contact with each member of her lustful audience. With her teeth bared in an insane grin around the rubber bit, her chin coated with saliva, and the little bells attached to her nipples glinting in the afternoon sunlight, the poor girl looked absolutely ludicrous—and judging from the pained expression in her eyes, she quite obviously felt it, too!

“She’s so cute!” Yeats finally declared. “How long have you been training her?”

“Just under a week,” Mrs. Craddock said proudly.

“And does she do tricks?” Helen asked with a mischievous grin.

“Most certainly. Annabel has been practicing very hard, and she is keen to demonstrate to you all how clever she is. Stand up, Annabel!”

## Chapter Twelve

After the swift and often agonizing punishments that had been an ever-present part of her training sessions, there wasn't any question of Annabel refusing Mrs. Craddock's instructions. Even so, as she raised herself up onto her toes again, she knew that the next few hours were going to require a lot more resolve than she had anticipated. It was one thing performing like a circus animal for the old bitch when it had just been the two of them together, but now, in the presence of her former peers and Nash's sick friends, the crushing weight of humiliation was suddenly plummeting Annabel to new depths.

"Up!" Mrs. Craddock said, and urged on by another tap of the crop, Annabel cleared the first, foot-high jump, and landed toe-first with a splash into the paddling pool. She remained in place, kicking up the water for a full minute before Mrs. Craddock gave her the command to continue. Breathing a lot harder, and her legs and thighs soaked with water, Annabel took three springing strides, leapt over the second jump which was twice as high as the first, and then winced in pain as she landed on the tray of gravel. Once more she jogged on the spot until she was allowed to move, this time grunting in pain as the sharp little rocks dug into her bare soles.

"And go!" Mrs. Craddock called out, and off Annabel went again, stark naked except for her demeaning bridle and plume, while her appreciative audience clapped and laughed.

Around and around she went, leaping into the air, her little bells jingling from her crazily bouncing breasts, then stamping her feet into the water, before leaping even higher over the second jump, and then painfully running on the spot in the gravel tray again.

By the end of the third circuit, Annabel was snorting heavily through her nose, and sweat was running into her eyes. In training, she had never had to complete more than two circuits without a rest, but as she started her fourth lap, it began to dawn upon her that this ordeal was going to be far tougher than she had previously imagined.

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For the next twenty minutes, Mrs. Craddock kept Annabel hard at it with no respite, while the birthday guests relaxed with their drinks and watched happily. Even as their conversations resumed, Darius noted that all eyes remained glued upon the naked, perspiring, pony-girl that Annabel had been transformed into. With her tinkling breasts wobbling around beautifully, and her colorful plume flying high above her head, Annabel appeared to be finding it harder and harder to lift her tiring legs over the jumps.

Only when Annabel skidded onto her knees with a resounding splash into the paddling pool did Mrs. Craddock finally bring an end to her torture. After giving the exhausted girl a moment to catch her breath, the cruel housekeeper ordered Annabel to sit on the crossbeam of one of the jumps. As she lowered her naked crotch onto the hard wood, Annabel let out a gargled cry through her rubber bit. Even though she braced herself on tiptoe, Annabel was unable to prevent her pussy lips from wrapping themselves around the beam.

Trent leaned forward in his seat and said, "Is that pussy juice I see?"

Sure enough, as the tormented girl shifted backward to ease her discomfort, Darius observed that her highly aroused cunt had left a sticky coating on the wood. Blushing furiously, her naked body gleaming with perspiration, her breasts heaving, and the muscles in her thighs straining, Annabel once again presented a delectable picture of total submission. In fact, her subjugation was now so complete that the assembled group no longer displayed any surprise at Annabel's cruel fate, and the general atmosphere had taken on an air of amused contempt, as if Annabel had brought all of this upon herself.

And in truth, Darius mused, you could say that she really had.

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Once Annabel had her breathing under control, Mrs. Craddock took her inside to prepare for the second part of her kinky show. While they were waiting, Mr. Nash opened a bottle of wine, and then they compared the pictures and videos of Annabel's pony show on their cell phones.

Trent chuckled and shook his head. "I'm still having trouble getting used to this. The high and mighty Annabel reduced to a mere performing animal!"

Helen Parker could not have agreed more. For her, the thought of Annabel being kept in a state of constant bondage and degradation had awoken something intensely arousing within her. She was puzzled by her reaction but embraced it fully as she recognized that even though she had already taken Bobby away from Annabel, and witnessed her total fall from grace, she still craved so much more!

"So, we've seen the *pony*," Yeats said. "Now we get to see the *dog*?"

Nash merely grinned cheekily, and Josh said, "You've got to be kidding! I cannot wait to see this!"

Helen glanced down at Josh's bulging crotch and a shiver of excited anticipation traveled down her spine as she felt her own nipples hardening. Indeed, as she glanced around at the others' expectant faces, she could really sense the sexual tension sparking around the back yard.

"Ah," Nash said. "Here they are. Is everybody ready for part two?"

If Annabel's naked pony show had been sensational, then the sight that greeted Helen as she turned in her seat was nothing short of mind-boggling. Mrs. Craddock had removed Annabel's bridle and plume and replaced it with a dog collar and leash! The distraught girl was still naked, but this time she was crawling on all fours, with the tinkling bells still dangling from her pinched nipples.

There was a spontaneous round of applause as Mr. Craddock led Annabel out into the yard, and once again presented her to the assembled guests.

Noting the contorted expression of shame on Annabel's face, Helen couldn't resist leaning forward and patting her on the head.

"What an adorable little puppy!" she said, and she raised Annabel's chin so that the poor girl was forced to look her in the eyes.

"Bobby's at a ball game today," she said spitefully. "But I promised him I would bring back plenty of videos for him to see what a pathetic creature you have become."

## Chapter Thirteen

Alastair could barely contain himself as he stared at the heavenly sight of the once proud Annabel, now naked, leashed, and collared, and down on her hands and knees. Even after everything she had endured, the red-faced girl still looked utterly humiliated, which only fueled his excitement further!

“Annabel, turn around and heel!” Mrs. Craddock said.

Just as she had with the pony girl show, Annabel responded immediately to the old woman’s command, shuffling around and then rising up onto her toes with her legs straight and thighs parted, so that they could all see the soft, wet folds of her cunt lips.

*Why the hell is she so horny? It’s quite obvious that she is hating every moment of this!*

Then Mrs. Craddock did something that almost had Alastair coming in his pants—reaching into her apron, she produced an enormous rubber dildo with a long furry tail attached to it! Helen gasped with delight and exclaimed, “Good God! She’s going to get a tail, as well!”

Mrs. Craddock handed the vulgar sex toy to Yeats. “Eddie, as it’s your birthday, would you do the honors?”

Yeats eagerly jumped out of his chair and crouched down behind the trembling girl. Turning the dildo over in his hands, he said, “This has got to be a foot long. It’s going to hurt like hell without lubrication.”

Behind him, Nash offered, “Annabel looks pretty lubricated. Why don’t you use her own nectar?”

“Good idea!” Yeats said, and with his left hand he parted Annabel’s puffed-up petals. As he inserted the tip of the massive phallus into her, Annabel emitted a startled squeak. Inch by inch the black cock disappeared inside her cunt, and Annabel moaned louder and louder until she was impaled on a good six inches of rubber.

Yeats withdrew the dildo and inspected it. Even from where Alastair was sitting, he could see that it was shiny with Annabel’s vaginal excretions.

“Brace yourself, honey,” Yeats said, and he placed a hand under Annabel’s belly before pushing the dildo up against her tight asshole.

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“Ooh! Ah!” Annabel cried out in pain as the large bell-end of the dildo breached her sphincter.

“Stay in place, Annabel!” Mrs. Craddock snapped when the poor girl began to wobble on her arms and legs. Aided by her own bodily fluids, once her bunghole had yielded to Yeats’ steady pressure, the dildo slipped easily inside her.

“Ow! It hurts!” Annabel yelled.

“Be quiet, or you’ll feel my crop!” Mrs. Craddock admonished, and the trembling girl immediately clammed up.

Darius massaged his erect penis through his pants as he watched the entire twelve inches of hard rubber vanish from sight. He had invaded that puckered little hole with his own cock on several occasions since that first time in his den, but he knew that Annabel had never been able to get used to it.

“There!” Yeats returned to his chair in triumph as everybody started filming Annabel’s newly acquired tail.

“Such a long doggy tail!” laughed Tom Craddock. “Aren’t you going to wag it for us?”

Darius couldn’t see Annabel’s face, but he was willing to bet that it had just turned a few shades redder—and not just from embarrassment, either!

“Do as my husband asks,” Mrs. Craddock said. “Show everybody how happy you are.”

And to much general amusement, Annabel complied with the humbling request, wiggling her rump so that her tail waved back and forth in the air.

“She looks like she’s really enjoying herself!” Helen chuckled.

After allowing her to humiliate herself for a couple of minutes, Mrs. Craddock gave Annabel her next instruction.

“Roll over and show.”

There was the briefest of delays this time before Annabel lowered herself and then rolled over onto her back. Avoiding their faces by staring straight up at the sky, she then braced herself on her arms, raised her butt off the grass, and parted her thighs as far as they would go. There was another frenzy of photography as they all savored the close-up view of Annabel’s wet and pouting pussy.

“You’re right, Helen!” Trent said. “She is absolutely dripping! She must be getting a lot of pleasure out of this!”

Annabel’s scarlet cheeks and moist eyes said it all. The wretched girl was having a hard enough time of it without her body betraying her! And the best part was, Darius still hadn’t told her that she was being artificially stimulated, which could only add to her rapidly building sense of unworthiness and self-loathing.

Mrs. Craddock kept Annabel indecently displaying herself for a full five minutes while her audience chuckled and made crude comments. Then it was time for her to go *walkies*.

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Basking in the deliciously heady atmosphere, Alastair watched Mrs. Craddock lead Annabel over to the paddling pool. Naked and crawling like an animal, the little bells attached to her nipples chinking merrily, and the dildo-tail protruding from her asshole, Annabel had surely been plunged to her lowest depths so far. He thought back to how uppity she had been in her former life at Pemberton Hall when he had been her humble manservant. Now the devastated young woman could hardly bring herself to look him in the eye!

When they reached the paddling pool, Annabel paused, but Mrs. Craddock jerked on her leash and said, “Get in and drink!”

Alastair gazed in awe as the nude girl climbed into the water, and to his utter joy, lowered her face and poked out her little pink tongue, and began to lap it up. Annabel must have worked up a terrible thirst during her pony show, because it looked as though she was carrying out the demeaning act with a degree of enthusiasm.

“I’ve got an idea,” Yeats said, and after untying one of the helium-filled balloons, went across to where Annabel was drinking, and to everyone’s mirth, attached it to the base of her tail.

“Oh, Annabel!” Helen laughed. “You look absolutely priceless!”

Mrs. Craddock pulled on the leash again, and with the balloon wobbling above Annabel’s plugged ass, walked her back toward the patio. She then unclipped the leash and Annabel waited, head down, for the next part of her ordeal.

Mrs. Craddock dipped into her apron, handed Yeats a wooden spoon, and said, “Now Annabel wants to play *fetch*.”

## Chapter Fourteen

If it was possible to dread any one aspect of this horrible afternoon the most, for Annabel this had to be it. Even though there wasn't much else they could do to humiliate her any further, there was something about this game that hurt her more deeply than the rest of her vulgar performances. Perhaps it was that up until now she had only been putting on a show for them, which deep down, they all knew she was performing against her will. But now there would be interaction with her tormentors, and she would be forced to be an active participant in her own degradation.

And then there was the deeply disturbing reaction of her own body, which after hearing their cutting remarks, evidently none of them had missed. She was as baffled as she was worried about this constant state of arousal that had been growing more and more powerful within her every day. How could she be sexually excited at being abused in this manner? But there was no doubting the tingling between her legs, the dampness covering her crotch and thighs, and the constant throbbing in her tightly clamped nipples. To her utter despair, she realized that if things got out of hand—and they almost certainly would—she would probably not be able to control her carnal urges!

Miserably, Annabel waited while trying to avoid the avid stares of the party guests. Then Yeats lobbed the spoon over her head and shouted, “Go get it, girl!”

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For the first time that day, it looked to Darius as though Annabel was about to disobey. Even though any real resistance had effectively been eliminated by now, he had noticed that there were still some demeaning acts that touched a nerve deep within her—and evidently, behaving like a keen-to-please pet was one of them!

But it only took the slightest movement of Mrs. Craddock's raised crop for the *Pavlov* effect to kick in, and Annabel quickly lifted up onto her toes and scampered away with her tail swinging cheerfully, and the balloon bobbing high above her naked body.

The dildo stuffed deep into her rectum was obviously causing her a great deal of distress too, because she moved with an almost crablike gait, much to the amusement of her audience. Darius was also pleased to see that the effect of the aphrodisiac was becoming increasingly more amplified, and her swollen cunt lips and the insides of her thighs were now slick with her vaginal fluids.

The spoon had landed in a flower bed, and when Annabel returned to the patio with it clamped between her white teeth, her chin was covered in wet earth.

“And beg!” said Mrs. Craddock, who was now taking a well-earned rest in one of the garden chairs.

With a wretched expression in her eyes, and her blushes now spreading all the way down to her chest, Annabel sat up on her knees and raised her arms with her elbows bent, and her fingers pointing down as if they were dog paws. Darius didn't know if it was a part of her training or not, but she was also panting hard, her tinkling breasts rising and falling rapidly, and her teeth locked into a ridiculous doggy grin around the spoon handle.

After she had spent a sufficient amount of time in this degrading pose, Mrs. Craddock said, “Give the spoon to Mr. Eddie.”

Looking almost grateful, Annabel dropped the spoon at Yeats' feet, but maintained the begging position and continued to breathe deeply with her mouth open.

“Holy fuck!” Josh snickered “I can't believe I used to be totally infatuated with this girl!”

Darius noticed that Yeats, who was normally full of inventive ideas, was at a loss for words as he gazed adoringly at their naked puppy girl, so he prompted, “I think Annabel is waiting for a reward, Eddie. How about giving her a bone?”

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Snapping out of his reverie, Yeats didn't need Nash's crude innuendo to be spelled out for him, and with a lecherous smile, he unzipped his fly and pulled out his thick, hard cock.

"Is this what Annabel wants?" he purred, shaking it in front of her face.

"Wag your tail if you do," Mrs. Craddock put in.

Her eyes brimming with tears, her face almost as red as her hair, Annabel shook her ass from side to side, swinging the artificial tail merrily—as if sucking Yeats' penis in front of them all was going to be the highlight of her day.

"Come and get your reward then," Yeats said, and he unbuckled his belt and pulled his pants and underwear down to his ankles.

Alastair's throat went dry as Annabel leaned forward and placed her lips against Yeats' cockhead. He recalled how well hung the guy was from the strip poker night, and he was sure that Annabel would have somewhat less pleasant memories of that too!

To Alastair's astonishment and exhilaration, Annabel quickly demonstrated to them all that she was no longer an amateur at oral sex. Evidently Nash had been giving her plenty of practice! After taking his glans between her lips, Annabel cupped Yeats' balls with one hand, grabbed the stem of his prick with the other, and then traced her tongue up and down the length of his shaft.

Yeats closed his eyes and groaned with pleasure. "Oh, sweet Jesus! Darius, what the hell have you been doing to this girl?"

## Chapter Fifteen

As loathsome as she found this disgusting task, Annabel was quickly losing her self-control. At the first taste of Yeats' thick, veiny penis, a fire had started to glow in her belly, and it was spreading alarmingly fast!

She was vaguely aware of Helen making a rude comment about what a whore she had become, but as she took the full length of Yeats' manhood into her throat, she knew that there was no question of her failing to complete this pornographic act in front of them.

She was torn between utter self-disgust, abject shame, and sheer sensual pleasure. There was nothing erotic about this—she had been behaving like an animal all afternoon, and now she was acting like a bitch in heat! In a hot-blooded frenzy, she jerked on Yeats' thick rod, opening her mouth wide to catch his seed as it shot in a white, glutinous spray against the back of her throat. She coughed and hawked his semen up into her mouth just as a second salvo was launched.

She was acutely aware that what she was doing was vile, revolting, and belittling, but for some unknown reason she found herself savoring Yeats' briny-tasting issue. Without being able to stop herself, she pulled away from Yeats' crotch, and after displaying the contents of her mouth to her rapt audience, swallowed every drop of his cum, and then licked her lips.

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*She's finally snapped!* thought Alastair.

There was a perplexed, unfocused look in Annabel's eyes as she sat back on her haunches and waited for the next round of instructions. Even Mrs. Craddock sounded a little taken aback when she said, "It looks as though Annabel wants to play some more."

Without prompting, Annabel shook her lovely ass in approval as everybody gawped in amazement, and Mrs. Craddock said, "Well go on then, you dirty little puppy girl. Who do you want to play with next?"

Annabel looked at them each in turn. Her hair had fallen across her flushed face, and her beautiful blue eyes looked so big and wild that she looked ready to explode!

After a moment's consideration, Annabel picked the spoon up between her teeth and dropped it at Trent's feet. "Hey there, girl!" he said, and promptly threw it backhand into the air. Annabel had turned and was in hot pursuit before the spoon had even landed and was soon kneeling and begging in front of the horny young guy, her nude body again sheened with perspiration, and her full breasts undulating with each deep breath.

As Alastair watched her eagerly take Trent's cock into her mouth, he realized that he was witnessing a defining moment in Annabel's conversion from a respectable young heiress to this naked, sex-crazed, mindless beast. There was no doubt in his mind that she was in a state of mental turmoil, but a savage craving had been triggered within her, and had completely taken her over—and somewhere deep inside that slurping, sweating, naked, wild woman, the genuine and dignified Annabel would be watching with helpless horror.

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Annabel's indecent game of fetch went on for another hour. After she had sucked off all five of the male guests, Mrs. Craddock called for a break. Annabel looked absolutely spent, her nude body soaked with sweat, her shiny breasts heaving, and her tongue dripping residual sperm from her gaping mouth.

The men sated, they drank and talked some more, and Mrs. Craddock came out with Yeats' birthday cake. When it looked as though Annabel had recovered sufficiently, Darius called her over.

She seemed to have come down from her frenzy of temporary insanity as she knelt submissively by his side, and her usual expression of defeat combined with shame had returned. Darius patted his slave on the head and placed a chunk of birthday cake between her teeth.

“Chew it slowly,” Darius said. “That pretty little mouth has been working overtime this afternoon.”

His comment raised a few chuckles, and Annabel’s blush returned with a vengeance.

*That’s more like it! My little tormented, conflicted, Annabel is back with us again!*

“Annabel has done a very good job of satisfying the men here today, don’t you think?” Darius asked the contented group, and he was greeted with a chorus of approval.

“I think she deserves a reward for all her hard work. Annabel, go and lay on your back on the lawn.”

She glanced at him anxiously before complying with his instruction.

“Now open your legs wide and pull out your tail.”

Giving everybody a clear shot of her inflamed labia and plugged-up asshole, Annabel looked skyward again as, with an unfeminine grunt, she worked the huge rubber dildo out of her rectum.

“Excellent,” Darius said. “Now I want you to put it in your cunt and make yourself come.”

Annabel raised her head off the grass just high enough for Darius to observe her look of utter mortification. Then with a whimper of misery, the beaten girl gripped the rubber phallus with both hands and slid it into her wet pussy.

Just as it had earlier, the aphrodisiac triggered a fast bodily response, and the desolate young woman soon began to pick up the pace. As the dildo slipped in and out of her cunt, she arched her back and raised her feet up onto her toes.

Cell phones began to flash again as her rapt audience watched Annabel pleasure herself in the most obscene fashion. Evidently, the artificial stimulant that was coursing through her veins had such a powerful grip on her that she was literally unable to stop herself!

Annabel began to moan in ecstasy as her climax neared, and to the unconstrained delight of the others, she began to ejaculate long squirts of cunt juice over her hand. When she finally reached orgasm, Annabel’s whole body trembled and she let out a long, strangled cry of relief.

She stayed still for a long moment, her butt raised up off the grass, and the absurd tail hanging from her inflamed cunt. Then, utterly exhausted, she collapsed onto the grass and threw her arm over her face in shame.

Helen lowered her phone, and said, “I can’t wait to show Bobby this video of his ex-girlfriend, stark naked except for a dog collar, and masturbating in the open air with a giant rubber dildo!”

Darius tuned out from the barrage of cruel comments that followed, and instead turned his thoughts to his next potential victim. By now, Annabel’s former friend Alisha, should be in a state of total shock and confusion, and if he had played his hand correctly, before long Darius would have the stunningly attractive black girl under his control too.

## Chapter Sixteen

### ANNABEL GETS A PLAYMATE

For the entire weekend, Alisha Royce had remained locked in her apartment, taking no calls, while she frantically considered her options. Her first reaction when she had received Nash's shocking e-mail had been to contact the police, but after reading the full message, she had had second thoughts. Not only was it patently clear that this horrible little pervert was quite prepared to follow through with his threats, but more chillingly, that he was not working alone. He had concluded his message by informing Alisha that should he receive a visit from the law, he had arranged that the pictures would still be released by an accomplice.

With shaking fingers, she once more scrolled through the images that he had sent her. There was no point in calling his bluff and denying that the attractive African American girl shown enjoying a line of coke was indeed Alisha, because the covertly taken photos were so clearly defined. She remembered the night well—New Year's Eve, the same night that she had foolishly cheated on her boyfriend, and subsequently lost him because of that malicious bitch Annabel!

Alisha closed her eyes and rubbed her temples. One stupid night, a total one-off, which was now coming back to haunt her again. And who the hell had taken the pictures? The fact that they had landed in Nash's lap, could only once again point to fucking Annabel!

But for the umpteenth time, Alisha reminded herself that the *how* and the *why* no longer mattered. The simple fact was, Nash had made it quite clear that he was willing to release these pictures to her employers at Bale, Thomas and Farrington, which would probably bring her bright future in the legal profession to a premature end. Alisha had worked hard to get to her current position, and she was only too aware of how difficult it was for a young black woman to succeed in what was still predominantly a white man's world. She had a senior mentor of her own race in the firm, and she was already highly regarded by her boss. She wasn't entirely sure of how he would react on seeing these incriminating shots, but after agonizing for two full days, she already knew that she was not prepared to take the risk.

And, feeling sick to her stomach, Alisha knew what that meant—she was going to have to agree to Nash's demands.

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In his bed, Darius put his arms behind his head and closed his eyes in pleasure as Annabel's tongue lapped gently around his scrotum. He liked to start the day off with a leisurely blowjob, and his reluctant slave had become quite proficient at them.

Darius could hardly contain his excitement after receiving Alisha's reply. Quite apart from her elegant beauty, the young lady possessed an air of strength and pride that would take a lot of breaking down. Of course, being an aficionado of both physical and psychological domination, Darius was going to relish every second of the challenge. It would be interesting to see how long it would take her to lose her dignity and self-respect after performing some of the demeaning acts he had in store for her.

He glanced down at the top of Annabel's head bobbing up and down on his groin. After her initial resistance to his depraved games, she had crumbled quite rapidly, but Darius suspected that he would need to take a slightly different approach with the noble Alisha. He had gleaned a little background information about her from Annabel's laptop, and he was already formulating how he was going to proceed. There would be nudity and sex of course, but he would need to find out exactly what made Alisha tick and what values she holds dear—and then systematically force her to violate each and every one of them!

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Keeping to the far side of the street, Alisha furtively glanced at the curtained front window of the drab brownstone as she passed it for the third time. She still couldn't believe she had made it this far, and she had even once walked all the way back to the station, clinging to the vain hope that this nightmare might just go away by itself. But as the train had pulled into the platform, she had remained motionless as the other passengers pushed past her, and then forlornly watched it speed away without her.

Now she stopped at the end of the street and breathed deeply as she tried to summon the courage to actually knock on Nash's front door. She checked her watch and discovered to her dismay that her procrastinations had made her ten minutes late! What if he had already sent off the pictures? In a panic, she turned on her heel and headed back towards Nash's house.

Images of Annabel's naked ordeal at Helen's pool party flooded her head. She had tried to convince herself that Nash might have something else in store for her, but it was quite obvious that the depraved old man was an utter pervert. Alisha recalled how she had caught him surreptitiously ogling her body as she had sunbathed in her bikini beside Helen's pool—particularly her sizable breasts. She was quite accustomed to having men stare at her bust, but Nash's beady little eyes had made her skin crawl. Now she was about to place herself at his complete disposal! What if he told her to take off her sweater and bra? Alisha didn't think she would ever be able to bring herself to do that!

When she reached Nash's house, she again lost her nerve, but as she quickened her pace, Alisha heard the door open and then Nash's creepy voice behind her. "You may as well get it over with and come inside. You've come this far, after all."

## Chapter Seventeen

Darius settled into his favorite armchair while Alisha Royce, legal secretary and part-time law student, stood uncomfortably before him. She was wearing a pair of khaki slacks, a baggy white sweater, and flat, brown shoes—the sort of sensible but stylish get-up that Darius would have expected of her. Her naturally frizzy hair had been straightened, and hung in loose curls down to her shoulders, and somewhat surprisingly given her unfortunate circumstances, she was wearing a pair of large, round, golden earrings.

In spite of her obvious uneasiness, Alisha maintained eye contact with him, her chin raised in defiance—totally unaware that her resistance only increased Darius' sadistic pleasure. He let her simmer in silence for a moment, relishing the way she eyed him with contempt, her full lips slightly parted in a rather enchanting sneer.

“Well now,” Darius said finally. “Before we proceed with our little arrangement, I want to be sure that I am going to have your full cooperation—by which I mean your total obedience.”

“What do you want me to do?” Alisha said.

“Whatever I want,” Darius replied simply.

Alisha's jaw dropped. “I can't do what Annabel did, you know, at the party!”

*Oh, my dear girl!* Darius thought. *You haven't seen the half of it!*

“You mean, get naked in front of people? Why ever not? The skimpy bikini you were wearing left little to the imagination.”

Alisha turned her face away angrily, showing Darius her finely chiseled profile.

Darius continued, “The fact remains that either you do anything that I tell you to—and I mean anything—or your bosses at Bale, Thomas and Farringdon will soon discover that their angelic young rising star is in fact, a cokehead.”

Alisha turned back to face him, eyes blazing. “I am not! That was a one-off mistake! And how did you—?”

“Enough!” Darius snapped. “I did not invite you here to argue with me! Either you abide by my rules without question, or we can call it quits now—and you can go find a job waiting tables!”

Just as it had before with Annabel, Darius' sudden change of tone had the desired effect, and Alisha immediately clammed up, albeit breathing heavily through her nostrils.

“So?” Darius said. “What is your decision? Are you going to behave and do as I say?”

Staring at the wall above Darius head, Alisha nodded imperceptibly.

“Say it.”

Alisha snorted. “Okay!”

*Excellent!* Darius thought. *We've taken the first important step!*

“Very well, then,” he said. “You can begin by removing that ugly sweater.”

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Even though she had half-expected it coming, Nash's first instruction sent a bolt of panic through Alisha. She had only just arrived here for God's sake, and already the perverted old pig was telling her to take her top off!

“Can't we—?”

Nash raised his eyebrows. “Can't we what?”

“Can't we do something else?” Alisha tried feebly.

“Like what? Play dominoes?”

The condescending tone of the man made Alisha want to hit him. He was treating her like an idiot!

“No, I meant, I can work for you. Clean or cook or something?”

“I already have a sexy little maid, remember? Although I will most certainly think up some menial tasks for you to perform over the coming months. Getting back to the point, I thought I just made it clear that you are to obey my every command, immediately and without question.”

Alisha looked at her shoes miserably. There was no point in pretending—this despicable man was not going to back down.

“I’ll make it easy for you,” Nash said. “If you haven’t taken off that sweater by the time I count to three, all bets are off, and I’m sending the pictures.”

Now Alisha looked back up at him, wide-eyed. It was all happening so fast! On the way over, she had been harboring the vague notion that she might be able to somehow negotiate with him, but the moment of truth had arrived!

“One.”

Alisha gripped the hem of the sweater but was simply unable to bring herself to raise it. Even though he had already seen her in her bikini, this was an altogether different scenario!

“Two.”

*Oh God! How can I possibly do this?*

“Three! Okay that’s it, you can go home,” Nash said, raising himself up from his armchair.

“No! Please!”

Nash gave her a level stare. “What? You obviously don’t intend to keep your side of the bargain, so why should I?”

“I’ll do it!”

“So you keep saying.”

Alisha’s heart was hammering in her chest, and her throat had gone dry. This was the worst of nightmares, exposing herself to a disgusting middle-aged white man. Biting her lip, Alisha closed her eyes and pulled the sweater up and over her head, and then clasped it in front of her breasts.

“Give it to me,” Nash said.

Stiffly, Alisha did as he said, before quickly wrapping her arms around herself.

“Arms at the side. Now.”

Alisha emitted a tiny mewl of anguish as she again complied. Even though she was wearing a bra, she had never felt so vulnerable in her life. After a long pause, she heard Nash say, “My goodness, Alisha, I had forgotten just how enormous those black udders are!”

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Her plain white bra contrasted delightfully against her mocha skin, but it was the sheer size of those amazing jugs that captivated Darius so much. They had to be forty inches plus, and he was just itching to unveil them for his viewing pleasure.

But first things first. Alisha already looked devastated, and her expression of contempt had given away to one of horrified shame.

*Interesting how quickly people lose their composure when they are forced to expose themselves,* Darius mused.

He leaned back in his armchair and said, “Now that you are going to be spending your weekends here, I think we should first get to know each other a little better.”

Alisha didn’t reply, but the way she was trying to control her breathing was having a superb effect on her undulating bust.

“You grew up in the projects, didn’t you?” Darius said.

Alisha now made eye contact with him, no doubt surprised that he knew anything about her past.

“Oh yes, I’ve been making a few inquiries. I find it interesting that a young woman with such a humble past managed to integrate herself into such an elite circle of privileged white people.”

Still, Alisha kept her counsel, although Darius could see in her eyes that she was becoming increasingly agitated.

“Your mother is West Indian, is she not? Your father from Brooklyn? Your employers are providing financial assistance for you to study law part-time while you work your way up through the firm?”

Alisha’s look of astonishment was a delight to behold. What she didn’t know was that this information had come from the highest echelons of the law firm where she worked—and if she knew how Darius was connected to this source, she would most likely run for her life and go into hiding!

“Okay,” Darius said. “If you don’t want to talk to me, we’ll just continue learning about the rest of you. Take off your shoes, socks and slacks.”

“Wait,” Alisha said, alarmed. “I’ll tell you about myself. What do you want to know?”

“Oh yes, you will,” Darius said. “But not until you are standing before me in your underwear.”

“I can’t do that!” Alisha cried.

“Don’t be silly, of course you can. You didn’t mind flaunting your body beside Helen’s pool, did you?”

Alisha’s pained expression betrayed her thoughts—that had been different because then *she* had been in control. When she failed to move, Darius gave her an exaggerated sigh. Look, if you are going to make this so difficult every time I give you an order—”

“Alright!” Alisha said, and angrily stepped out of her shoes, unbuttoned her slacks and then pulled them off. She was wearing a pair of yellow ankle socks, and she had to bend forward to remove them, giving Darius a splendid frontal view of her dangling breasts.

*Oh, my dear God!* Darius thought ecstatically, as Alisha straightened up before him, now wearing nothing other than her panties, bra, and earrings. *This really is going to happen, after all!*

## Chapter Eighteen

Standing in this unfamiliar house in her underwear while Nash scrutinized her body, Alisha was seized by a sudden urge to flee. Ever since she had received his ultimatum, her imagination had been running wild with terrible images of what he might do. But she had never truly been able to conceive that this could actually happen to her. She was Alisha Royce, dignified and proud, a young upwardly mobile professional woman, respected by her peers and employers. How could she have allowed herself to get drawn into this awful predicament?

Nash bided his time studying her, and it took Alisha a huge amount of resolve not to cover herself with her hands again. His eyes lingered on her crotch for an uncomfortably long moment and then Nash said, “So you come from an impoverished background, and you’ve worked extremely hard to better yourself. Are you ashamed of your low-class roots?”

At first Alisha didn’t register the question, such was her current state of discomfiture. Then she shook her head imperceptibly. “No, I’m proud of who I am.”

“Really? What about your friends? Do they know?”

“I have nothing to hide,” Alisha said, mustering as much dignity as possible given the circumstances.

Nash nodded thoughtfully. “Nothing to hide, huh? In that case, I’d like you to pull your panties down to your knees.”

Alisha blinked. “Excuse me?”

“I want to see your cunt, Alisha.”

Now she reflexively swallowed, and to her chagrin, her legs started to tremble. Was the rotten bastard goading her?

“You’d better do as I say right now,” Nash said. “Because I am getting very tired of having to repeat myself.”

*Oh, Christ no! I can’t do this!*

“Okay, that’s it,” Nash sighed, levering himself up from the armchair. “I’ve had enough—”

“Mnnh!” Alisha emitted a despairing sob, and then, looking up at the ceiling, hooked her fingers into the waistband of her panties and lowered them to her knees.

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“Oh, my goodness! That’s quite a thicket you were hiding down there!”

With the humiliated girl still looking skywards, Darius feasted his eyes on the luxuriant, triangular bush nestled between her dark thighs. After several weeks of playing with Annabel’s pale, smooth mound, this made a fascinating contrast, and he couldn’t wait to get the two hapless girls together.

“Do you ever trim it?” he asked.

Intently studying the ceiling as she exposed her most intimate parts to him, Alisha whispered, “What?”

“Your pubic hair. Your *lady garden*. There’s so much there, I rather think you just let it grow wild. Unusual for a modern young woman not to take an interest in her own body hair.”

Alisha chewed her bottom lip, her long legs gently quivering.

“Let’s find out,” Darius said. “I want you to place your hands behind your head. Do it now.”

Now Alisha did look at him, and he was gratified to note that his taunting had finally brought a little moisture to her eyes.

“Quickly!” he barked, and Alisha’s body jerked before she raised her arms and locked her fingers together behind her head. It was her armpits that Darius was interested in, and they were quite bare.

“So you shave your armpits, but not your cunt. Odd. Do you leave that jungle down there as a kind of protection? Something for a man to fight through?”

Alisha closed her eyes and imperceptibly shook her head. Darius could only guess as to what she must be thinking right now. Here she was, showing off her quim to a middle-aged white man who was openly discussing her private and personal bodily grooming habits with her.

“Well, I’m afraid it doesn’t look right,” he said.

Alisha opened her eyes again.

“From now on, I forbid you to shave your armpits as well.”

When Alisha opened her mouth to protest, Darius said, “No arguments. We’ve been through all that. Nobody at work is going to see it, are they? Unless of course, you are fucking your way to the top.”

“How dare you!” Alisha hissed quietly.

*Ooh, that hit a nerve!*

“Remember your predicament,” Darius warned her. “I’ll brook no insolence from you.”

Alisha huffed and lowered her eyes.

“That’s better,” Darius said. “So in a couple of weeks, I expect to see two lush clumps of black hair growing under your arms. You’ll look much more—Amazonian.”

With her panties at half-mast and her hands submissively clamped behind her head, Alisha was already far removed from the dignified young professional woman that he had called into his house not thirty minutes earlier—and her dismantling had only just begun!

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Biting back tears of anguish, Alisha simply could not believe that this was actually real. It had all occurred so rapidly! She had intended to barter with him, maybe offer him some kind of a compromise, but the man was relentless! A short while ago, it would have been utterly inconceivable to her that she could strip to her underwear in front of a complete stranger—let alone expose her naked pubes to him!

And what was this thing about underarm hair? Already, he was interfering with her personal grooming! Was there no end to this man’s depravity?

Nash’s next instruction came as a shock, but no surprise. “Okay, let’s bring those fun bags out to play.”

Alisha had never heard the crude and insulting term before, but she knew exactly what he meant. Stalling for time, she said, “I—do you want me to lower my arms?”

“Of course I do,” Nash said. “How else are you going to take your bra off?”

Alisha felt a stab of indignation. Not only was he stripping her naked, but he was talking to her like she was a complete imbecile!

Nash sighed when Alisha failed to move. “Um, right now, if you don’t mind?”

Miserably, Alisha reached around and located the clasp on her bra strap. She unhooked it and then paused—even though he was already privy to the sight of her uncovered crotch, revealing her breasts to him felt like a far worse indignity. Since reaching puberty, Alisha had always been proud of her generous bust, and she had quickly learned to use it to full effect whenever she wanted something. She would often see the men in the office stealing glances at her prominent chest, and on one occasion she had even caught her own boss covertly staring at them.

But now the source of her power over men was going to be used to further belittle her. At Helen’s pool party, she had observed Nash ogling her, no doubt fantasizing about what her naked breasts must look like. At the time, she had smiled inwardly, safe in the knowledge that he would never find out. Oh, how foolish she felt now!

“I said, now!”

Nash's sudden change of tone made Alisha jump, and she snapped her out of her inertia. Groaning despondently, she lowered the twin cups of her brassiere and let them fall away, allowing her enormous mammaries to spring free. In a final desperate attempt at concealing her modesty, Alisha held the garment in front of her chest until Nash snapped, "Drop it on the floor and put your hands back behind your head!"

After Alisha had reluctantly obeyed, Nash leaned forward in his seat, and said, "Oh, Lord! Those are absolutely spectacular, my dear girl!"

## Chapter Nineteen

Darius could feel his cock straining against his underpants as he feasted his eyes on the devastated young black woman. How quickly he had stripped away her dignity—along with her clothing!

He let his eyes roam over every inch of her smooth, dark skin, pausing at the delightfully titillating sight of her panties stretched between her knees, and then up to the curly dark triangle of hair between her thighs, over her flat, muscled stomach, before resting on her massive tits.

They really were a work of art, and despite their size, they managed to defy gravity by jutting out proudly, punctuated by two prominent chocolate-chip nipples. Finally, he looked at her exotic, dark face highlighted by those enchanting oriental style eyes—which were now glistening with her increasing shame.

Deciding that it would be a nice kinky touch to leave her big, golden earrings in place, Darius was now ready to move on to the next stage of Alisha's torment.

"It must be quite a burden, carrying those great big balloons around all day," he said wickedly. "I'll bet you never go braless, do you? Look at the way they are hanging down to your belly button!"

There was a wounded look in Alisha's eyes as she actually glanced down at herself! Of course, his comment had been a total lie, and they both knew it, but he had said it to lay the groundwork for her next level of debasement.

He stood and picked up a silver chain from the coffee table, and as he waved it under her nose, a look of increasing alarm spread across Alisha's face. Approximately twelve inches long, the chain had two vicious looking metal clamps attached to either end. Darius slowly opened them in front of Alisha's face, and she gasped and took a step backwards.

"Come now," Darius smirked. "This is going to help you keep those big jugs standing to attention at all times."

Eyes wide, Alisha shook her head. "Please don't!"

Darius closed the gap between them and nodded slowly. "Oh, yes I will. And if you don't want to make things worse for yourself, you'll remain quite still while I put them on you"

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Alisha stared in horror as Nash allowed the first clamp to close around her right nipple. An agonizing flash seared through her breast as the metal bit down on her sensitive nub, squashing it flat.

"Aah!" Alisha shrieked, her body jerking.

"Stay," Nash said, as if addressing a pet dog.

"Nmph!" Alisha bit her lip as the second clamp mashed her left nipple.

*Oh God, that hurts!*

"Excellent!" Nash said, appraising his handiwork. Alisha too, looked down at the chain looped between her breasts. The intense pain in her crushed nipples was showing no sign of abating, and she frantically wondered how long he intended to leave these awful clamps in place.

"Now today you are going to learn how to carry the weight of those ridiculously oversized udders," Nash said cruelly. Then he raised the chain, painfully pulling on her nipples and lifting her breast upwards and outwards.

Alisha let out a sharp hiss as he moved the chain up in front of her face. Bit in spite of all the indignities that Nash had already heaped upon her, she was ill-prepared for what was coming next.

"Take it between your teeth," he said, his face inches from Alisha's, her pinched nipples brushing against his shirt.

*This was too much! He was treating her like an animal!*

“No,” Alisha said, her bottom lip trembling.

“No?” Nash raised his eyebrows. “After all this, you have now decided to trash your career?”

Alisha let out an exasperated sob as she was again reminded of how she was totally at this sick fucker’s mercy. Unable to comprehend that she was actually doing it, she leaned forward and clenched the chain between her teeth. When Nash let go, she immediately felt the weight of her breasts pulling on the chain.

Ungh!” For the first time, a single tear escaped her eye as she stood meekly before him. Holding her bare breasts up by the chain, and with her panties around her knees, she had never felt so degraded in her entire life!

“You will keep the chain in place until I say otherwise,” Nash said. “Is that clear?”

Unable to articulate an intelligible response, Alisha miserably nodded her head, wondering how this ordeal could possibly get any worse.

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Annabel’s arms, legs, and back ached terribly as she snipped away at the grass with a pair of tiny nail scissors. She had been at it for over an hour and had been instructed by Mrs. Craddock to keep going until somebody told her she could stop.

After the harsh old housekeeper had left, Annabel had at least been allowed the luxury of some alone time as she carried out her pointlessly difficult task. Dressed in a one-piece swimsuit that was so small that the gusset was stretched uncomfortably between her wet and swollen labia, she had inched her way around the lawn on her hands and knees and let her addled mind wander.

In a permanent and shameful state of arousal, logical, coherent thought only came to her sporadically these days, and she spent most of her time on autopilot as she went about her chores. As boring and menial as they were, at least she was spared the incessant pain and humiliation that accompanied the rest of her time under Nash’s dominion.

The latest of these outrages to her dignity had of course, been the morale-shattering *dog and pony show* that she had been forced to perform the previous weekend. She was so well conditioned by now, that there had been no question of her disobeying Mrs. Craddock’s commands, but the experience had left her with a deeper sense of self-disgust than ever before. With all of her previous degradations, it could have been argued that she had been acting under duress, and more importantly, that her audiences had been aware of that fact. But by prancing on her toes like a little show pony, and then scampering around naked on her hands and knees to fetch the wooden spoon with her *tail* wagging merrily behind her, she had given her former friends the clear impression that she was quite contentedly living out her new sub-human lifestyle.

Nothing could have been further from the truth, of course, but Nash had succeeded in manipulating her so deviously, that she sometimes caught herself wondering if she really had brought all this upon herself. After all, it was her basic greed that had allowed events to degenerate to their current state—and it was on that nebulous financial target, which now seemed a thousand years away, that she attempted to focus on with each arduously passing day.

Lost in her meandering thoughts, with her face inches from the grass, Annabel hadn’t heard the back door open behind her, and she started when she heard her master’s voice.

“Annabel, you can stop that for now. Somebody is here to see you.”

## Chapter Twenty

Darius had been having so much fun humiliating his new captive, that he had briefly forgotten how much Annabel so easily turned him on. As she turned to face them, he gazed hungrily at her juicy cunt lips which were wrapped around the ludicrously tight band of Lycra running up the middle of her crotch. Annabel still had no idea that her food was being spiked with Dr. Schafer's powerful aphrodisiac on a daily basis, and Darius had no intention of ever letting her find out! Their nightly lovemaking was becoming increasingly intense, and for Darius at least, deeply satisfying as the poor, sex-crazed girl frenziedly attempted to relieve her pent-up passion on the end of his cock. Afterward, as she lay gasping in his bed with her cunt or asshole filled with his sperm, her eyes would brim with tears as she yet again had to come to terms with her unexplained filthy and wanton behavior!

Right now, however, those lovely blue eyes grew as wide as saucers as she took in the unexpected sight of Alisha, who also gasped in shock, letting the chain slip from her mouth.

"Oops!" Darius chuckled. "You'll have to be punished for that, but leave it there for now, I want you two to get reacquainted. Annabel, stand up and come over here."

The red-haired beauty struggled to her feet and nervously approached her naked former girlfriend. It was difficult for Darius to ascertain which of the two girls felt the more awkward. Alisha had already witnessed Annabel's total abasement at Helen's pool party—indeed she had even participated in her public spanking—but now, with her panties at half-mast and her exposed nipples connected by the painful and humiliating chain, she hardly held the upper hand.

He allowed the two high society bitches a moment to take in the situation before deciding it was time to inflict further damage to their already fractured relationship.

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As ridiculous as she felt in her current state of undress, Alisha's embarrassment was quickly transformed into shock and fury when she heard Nash's next words.

"Alisha has agreed to join us every weekend," he informed Annabel. "And I have you to thank for her compliance."

Annabel's cheeks turned red and she looked away from Alisha's eyes.

Alisha too, turned to Nash. "What do you mean?"

"Well, I found your incriminating pictures on Annabel's laptop, isn't that right, Annabel?"

Annabel looked at her feet and mumbled incoherently.

"Answer clearly," Nash warned her in a low voice. "And look at Alisha while you speak to her."

Annabel reluctantly raised her flushed face and weakly said, "Yes."

Momentarily forgetting her own compromised position, Alisha demanded, "Why would you have those pictures? How did you get them?"

When a flustered Annabel failed to respond, Nash said smugly, "Oh, your *friend* here has been busy compiling a blackmail file on you. I don't know if she ever intended to use it, but it doesn't matter now. The point is, sweet Annabel not only destroyed your relationship with your boyfriend, but now she has managed to drag you into this mess. What do you think of that?"

Alisha didn't know what to think—at that instant she was incapable! All she knew was that her life had been shattered not once, but twice, thanks to this stupid white bitch who Alisha had once so admired. Instinctively, she lashed out and struck Annabel across the cheek with the palm of her hand. Annabel shrieked and staggered backwards, but Alisha grabbed her long red tresses and jerked her closer. Forgetting about the panties around her knees, Alisha stumbled and pulled Annabel down with her by the hair.

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Annabel tried to fight back but she was no match for the powerful black girl. Her long hair was on fire as Alisha gripped it with both hands and threw her onto her back. Annabel let out a deep grunt as Alisha knelt on her abdomen, knocking the wind out of her. As Alisha landed a stinging blow across her face, Annabel started to panic.

*Why doesn't Nash stop her? Does he want her to kill me?*

Through watery eyes, Annabel caught sight of the silver chain attached to Alisha's nipples, swinging just above her face, and as Alisha brought her hand up again, Annabel grabbed it. Alisha's open palm froze in mid-flight and she let out an anguished squeal. Encouraged, Annabel jerked on the chain, and twisted it, stretching Alisha's crushed nipples towards her.

"Agh! Oh, fuck! Let go!" Alisha screamed.

"Then—stop hitting me—" Annabel puffed.

Thankfully, the enraged black girl lowered her hand. The pain in her eyes was all too evident, and Annabel eased her grip on the chain without actually letting go. The clamps must have been agonizing, because suddenly all the fight seemed to have left Alisha and she let out a woeful sob.

"You stupid, stupid, girl!" she moaned. "How could you have done this to me?"

Seeing the immediate threat had passed, Annabel released the chain and gasped, "I'm sorry Alisha, really I am!"

Alisha merely shook her head and awkwardly struggled back upright. Behind her, Annabel saw Nash positively beaming after watching their scrap.

"I think Annabel deserves to be punished, wouldn't you agree, Alisha?"

For a moment, Alisha stared at him blankly, but then she snorted heavily through her nostrils and nodded her head.

"Very well," Nash said. "In that case, you will carry out the punishment."

## Chapter Twenty One

*What a cat fight!*

Darius' warped imagination was already running riot over how he could exploit these two young ladies' mutually developing animosity. Not only would he have them inflicting pain on each other, but they would soon also become accustomed to being intimate in perverted ways that they couldn't possibly conceive of. Every weekend, they would be forced to adopt the role of torturer—as well as kinky lesbian lover! If they disliked each other now, in a few weeks' time they would positively despise each other. And wait until they were forced to perform in front of Eddie, Tom and Alastair!

Relishing the limitless possibilities, Darius told the girls to wait for him in the back yard while he bounded up the stairs and went into Annabel's punishment room. Without Mrs. Craddock to help him, there was a chance that Alisha might take the opportunity to run for it, but he doubted she would now. Annabel certainly wasn't going anywhere, and if they wanted to resume their fight, they were welcome to. Darius would simply sit back and enjoy the show until they had exhausted themselves, and then their ensuing punishment would be doubly taxing.

He sorted through Annabel's closet drawers—which were now crammed with a variety of bondage and sex toys—and located what he was looking for. Collecting his Canon Sure Shot on the way, he returned to the yard where, to his satisfaction, both girls were obediently waiting for him. He noted with interest that they had retreated a few yards from each other and were staring in opposite directions.

*Perfect! The more you hate each other, the more fun I'm going to have!*

Now they both turned to look at him—or more accurately at the giant strap-on dildo he was carrying! Shocked expressions turned into horror as the two captive girls simultaneously comprehended what he had in mind.

“Annabel, take off your swimsuit,” Darius commanded. “And Alisha, put your chain back between your teeth.”

When both girls merely stared at him in disbelief, he snapped, “Do it now!”

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Alisha watched dumbfounded as Annabel flinched at Nash's barked order, and quickly unpeeled the undersize one-piece from her body. Alisha clearly recalled Annabel's shameful nakedness at the pool party, but now that she too, was effectively naked, the sight of Annabel's puffy pink nipples and shaven pubes, made her feel especially uncomfortable. Then there was that hideous-looking phallus that Nash was brandishing. Even though she had no experience in these matters, it was obvious to Alisha what the sick bastard wanted them to do. The only question was who was going to do what to whom!

With a tiny measure of relief, Alisha's question was answered when Nash handed her the strap-on, and said, “As you may have observed, Annabel's pussy is a little on the damp side. So we'll combine her punishment with a little bit of sexual release. Put it on.”

Alisha stared in disgust at the proffered sex toy and slowly shook her head. “I can't wear that thing,” she muttered.

Nash sighed. “Do I have to remind you yet again of the predicament that you are in?”

Alisha's shoulders slumped as, her head swimming, she watched her hand reach out and grasp the leather straps.

*I'm a law student! she thought helplessly. I prick-tease the men in my office. They dream of dating me! How has he succeeded in bringing me down to this level so quickly?*

“I can't,” she whispered again, but she had already positioned the vile object over her vulva.

“I’m not a lesbian,” she protested as she looped the lower strap up between her legs and buckled it to the horizontal strap encircling her waist. She looked across at Annabel, who was staring at the rubber penis projecting from Alisha’s groin with a confused mixture of lust and terror.

“A big black cock for the law student!” Nash laughed as he raised his camera. The flash brought Alisha back to the moment with a bump—she really was here in Nash’s yard, with metal clamps pinching her numb nipples, a rubber phallus strapped to her crotch, and her panties still caught halfway down her legs!

Then, to Alisha’s utter astonishment, Nash shouted, “Annabel, heel!”

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Normally, after Mrs. Craddock’s endless and brutal training sessions, Annabel would have instantly dropped onto all fours and presented her naked rear for inspection. At this point in time however, she was absolutely mesmerized by the proud, black penis that was poking out from Alisha’s crotch. She was already resigned to the fact that she would soon be impaled on it, but even though she had in recent weeks become thoroughly accustomed to accommodating various men’s dicks, she simply couldn’t get her head around the fact that Alisha was about to fuck her!

It wasn’t that long ago that they had been friends, and along with Helen, Samantha, and Chelsea, they had spent many enjoyable hours shopping, going to the movies, or nightclubbing together. How long ago that all seemed now!

“I said heel, girl! Do you want me to fetch the cane?”

At the mention of the cane, Annabel’s conditioning kicked in and she assumed the humiliating position, making sure that her legs were straight, her thighs apart, and her ass thrust out. She was acutely aware that her pussy was sopping wet, and now that she knew what was coming, her abashment was accentuated by an unwelcome tingle of anticipation—just as with Nash every night, in spite of her mental anguish, she was physically aching to be fucked!

“I told you to put the chain back between your teeth,” she heard Nash say to Alisha. “I want those fat tits of yours pulled up at all times.”

Annabel looked back through her open legs and saw the inverted figure of Alisha miserably comply with Nash’s order. Waiting forlornly, she fully comprehended how far they had sunk as Alisha took up position behind her. Nash had them both fully under his control and they would have no choice but to follow his every command, no matter how repulsive or humiliating it may be. These two former young socialites were now the sexual playthings of a dirty-minded middle-aged man!

Annabel tensed as she felt the thick tip of the dildo press against her inflamed labia. “Give her all eight inches,” she heard Nash say. “I want you to make her come!”

## Chapter Twenty Two

Darius set his camera on video mode as he captured the titillating spectacle of the African American law student slowly penetrating the white-skinned redhead—with an artificial cock! The contrast in their skin color was quite fetching!

When she had pushed the entire length of the dildo inside Annabel's cunt, Nash said, "Alisha, hold Annabel's legs up."

The shamefaced girl glanced at him apprehensively before awkwardly gripping Annabel's thighs and lifting them so that her long legs stuck out on either side of Alisha's waist. Impaled on the strap-on, Annabel was forced to take her upper body weight on her hands. Her hair and breasts hung down, brushing the grass, and her face was bright red from—Darius presumed—a combination of embarrassment, arousal, and physical exertion.

"Now take her for a walk," Darius said, his voice quivering with excitement.

Alisha looked at him, aghast, so Darius explained, "You push, and Annabel can walk on her hands."

He zoomed in on the contorted expression of shame on Alisha's face, the chain clasped between her teeth, and her massive jugs riding high, as they clumsily began to shuffle around the lawn.

"Keep going around in circles," Darius said, taking a seat on one of the patio chairs.

For the next twenty minutes, he made the two humiliated young women totter about, coupled together in an obscene parody of a wheelbarrow race. As they staggered around and around, the movement of their bodies caused the dildo to move in and out of Annabel's wet cunt, and it wasn't long before the distraught girl started to grunt in a most undignified way. All too soon, with her feet sticking out horizontally and her forehead just above the grass, she started to moan and shudder as the aphrodisiac pumping through her veins did its work.

As her unwanted orgasm pulsed through her body, Annabel's arms gave out and she collapsed face-first onto the lawn. Poor Alisha, still holding her breasts up by her teeth, was unable to support her, and she too, toppled forward, sinking to her knees with the strap-on dildo still deep inside Annabel's pussy. The lewd spectacle was so comical that Darius couldn't help laughing, which prompted a low moan of dismay from Alisha as she allowed the chain to slip from her teeth once again.

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If she had felt humiliated before, Alisha's current state of utter mortification made her want to curl up into a ball and die. That awful pig of man, who she wouldn't ordinarily have given so much as a second glance, was actually laughing at them! This whole depraved game had been his idea, and yet he was making *them* look like perverted lunatics!

Alisha had no idea what Annabel had to be thinking at that moment, but if this was an example of what she had been forced to endure over the past few weeks, she was probably losing her mind. Alisha was already beside herself with outrage and shame, and she had only been here a couple of hours!

As she knelt, panting on the grass and staring at her saliva dripping onto Annabel's ass cheeks, she heard Nash say, "Oh dear! You've dropped the chain again. You're not making a very good start are you, Alisha?"

Alisha looked at him pleadingly. During their tiring walk around the back yard, her jaws and neck had ached terribly. Nash had said she was to keep holding them up until otherwise instructed—how long would that be?

“I was prepared to cut you some slack the first time, because you are new at this,” Nash said. “But I’m afraid that was strike two, so now you are going to have to be punished. Come with me upstairs—you too, Annabel.”

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As Annabel followed them up to her punishment room, she still couldn’t quite wrap her brain around that fact that Alisha was actually here. Had she really just fucked her with a strap-on dildo? Even after all the revolting acts that she had been forced to participate in, that had to be the most surreal!

After removing her strap-on, Nash once more put the chain attached to Alisha’s nipples back between her teeth. With her large, dark brown breasts pulled up and out, Alisha looked thoroughly devastated, and Annabel could only sympathize with her. She remembered all too well how quickly Nash had orchestrated her own descent, constantly keeping her off guard, and bombarding her with physical and psychological abuse until she hardly knew who she was anymore.

“Get on the bed, Alisha,” Nash said. “On all fours, legs apart, with your lovely big ass pointing at me.”

Alisha let out a little cry of objection before grudgingly adopting the obscene position. Annabel couldn’t help but gaze at Alisha’s plump, brown labia between her parted thighs, and to her chagrin, she felt a warm throbbing sensation in her belly. Ever since her libido had gone into overdrive, she had gradually come to suspect that Nash was behind it. Now she was more convinced than ever that her sexual impulses had been secretly altered—because in all the years that she had known Alisha, she had never entertained the slightest of lesbian yearnings. Nor with any of her girlfriends for that matter—so why was her body responding this way to the sight of the naked, prostrate black girl?

While Annabel was wrestling with this uncomfortable realization, Nash had been rummaging in her closet. Now he handed her a wooden paddle and said, “Remember the thrashing that Alisha gave you at the pool party?”

*How could she forget? That had been the possibly the worst day of Annabel’s life!*

“Well, guess what?” Nash said. “It’s payback time!”

## Chapter Twenty Three

At first Darius didn't think that Annabel was going to put much effort into it. There was no question of her refusing, but he understood that most normally adjusted people were loath to inflict physical pain on others without some sort of justification. But as she worked up a rhythm, alternating between Alisha's ass cheeks, so Annabel began to deliver each swat with increasing power. Evidently reminding her of the humiliating beating she had received from Alisha at Helen's party had done the trick!

Darius sat back in Annabel's punishment chair to enjoy the spectacle. It certainly was a most arousing scene—a beautiful naked redhead spanking an equally attractive black girl on her bare ass! And the fact that there was no love lost between them made it all the more stimulating. He wondered if they had any inclination of how intimately they were going to get to know each other over the coming weeks!

As the pain steadily intensified, Alisha started to make little whining sounds through her gritted teeth. When she began to rotate her ample buttocks in an attempt to alleviate the stinging pain, Darius fixed his gaze upon the meaty, dark labia between her parted thighs and felt the blood rushing to his dick!

"That will do, Annabel," he said. "You've had your fun. Alisha's ass looks really sore—so now it's time to kiss it better."

Annabel stopped mid-swing and glanced at him. Her cheeks were flushed from the exertion of the spanking, her lovely breasts heaving as she tried to catch her breath. Darius held out his hand and she gave him the paddle.

Darius said, "On your knees and kiss Alisha's ass."

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In a flustered daze, Annabel did as she was told. Since her ordeal had begun some weeks ago, she had been subjected to some depraved sexual torments that she could never previously have imagined possible—but they had all involved men. Okay, Mrs. Craddock had given her a couple of nervous moments, but so far Annabel had been spared the trauma of having to perform any lesbian acts—now she was being told to kiss the naked buttocks of Alisha Royce!

Trying not to think about where this was most likely leading to, Annabel took a breath and pursed her lips. With the chain still in her mouth, Alisha could only manage a gargled moan of protest as Annabel leaned forward and pressed her mouth against Alisha's right ass cheek. Clearly, her sexual orientation was as straight as Annabel's—unfortunately, as Annabel had learned only too well, her objections would only add stimulus to Nash's twisted creativity!

After she had lightly kissed Alisha's other cheek, Nash said, "Keep going. Kiss them all over and don't stop until I say so."

With the musky scent of Alisha's pouting labia in her nostrils, Annabel proceeded to pepper Annabel's round ass with light butterfly kisses. Incredibly, Alisha remained in position, although her gathering squeals of outrage gave away her revulsion at Annabel's attentions. By now, Annabel knew that Nash was merely getting warmed up, and he confirmed it a moment later by saying, "Use your tongue now."

As revolted as she was by this disgusting performance, once again Annabel's modified libido had other ideas. Lapping her tongue against Alisha's dark, velvety skin, she felt the heat in her belly beginning to build as she gradually coated Alisha's buttocks with her saliva.

Even though she knew that there was no limit to Nash's vulgar imagination, Annabel still momentarily froze when he whispered her next instruction. "Pull her cheeks apart and put your tongue inside her asshole."

With a low moan of resignation, Annabel put her hands on Alisha's sore buttocks and pulled them apart, exposing her small, black anus. Alisha emitted a squeal of discomfort but stayed put.

*Oh, God!* Annabel thought. *He wants me to put my tongue in there?*

Miserably, Annabel knew that there was no point in trying to delay the inevitable, and her little pink tongue emerged from between her lips. At first contact, Alisha jumped and Annabel pulled away, but after a brief pause she touched it with the tip of her tongue again.

"Push it in," Nash breathed. "Work it deep inside her."

Feeling sick to her stomach, but also shamefully excited, Annabel probed at Alisha's tiny anal opening, pushing her face forward until it was pressed up against Alisha's parted cheeks.

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Darius leaned forward for a closer look as Annabel continued to rim Alisha's asshole. He still couldn't believe that the proud African American was allowing her to do it, but somehow she was managing to stay on all fours with the chain between her teeth, while her former friend violated her rectum with her tongue. Darius had no idea what she had been thinking before her arrival, but he doubted if this scenario had even remotely crossed her mind!

Watching Annabel's tongue disappear deeper inside Alisha's rectum, he knew that his conflicted young slave would be experiencing intense sexual excitement despite her revulsion at what she was being made to do—such was the extraordinary power of Dr. Schafer's secret aphrodisiac!

Gazing fondly at the enforced lesbian act, Darius began rubbing his cock through his pants. His own passion was reaching almost unbearable proportions and he desperately wanted to mount Alisha from behind. Prudence prevailed however, as he reminded himself that the miserable young woman had only been under his control for a couple of hours, and if he rushed things, she might bolt. No, for now he would let the two young women learn things about each other that they would never previously have dreamed of—and for the moment at least, Darius would have to content himself with being their sexually pent-up voyeur!

## Chapter Twenty Four

The usually lucid and uncluttered mind of Alisha Royce was reduced to a confused whirlwind of emotions as she felt Annabel's wet tongue wiggling inside her rectum. To her horror, she discovered that it was actually quite a pleasant experience—although it was something that she would never even have permitted her ex-boyfriend, Ricky, to do to her. The thought of her estranged lover brought her back to the reality of her terrible situation. She was stark naked, balanced on her elbows and knees, her nipples cruelly pinched between sharp metal clamps which were suspended by a chain held between her teeth, while her former friend was licking out her asshole! All this in front of a lecherous old white man!

Now her delirium was accompanied by a welling rage as she once more comprehended fully how much she was being violated. And yet, as tempting as it was to tear herself free and make a run for it, she still managed to remind herself of why she was here. Yes, this was awful, horrible, but it was just the three of them in this small private room. Annabel was being subjected to the same indignities, and as much as she hated him watching, if Nash was the only witness to their debasement, in order to save her career she might just be able to endure it.

With a jolt, she realized that Annabel's tongue had redirected its assault to her exposed crotch and was now lightly licking at her labia. Alisha let out a snort of shock and disapproval—was Annabel going down on her of her own accord? She hadn't heard Nash say anything.

*Oh fuck, that feels so good! Oh, please stop! The silly bitch is going to make me come!*

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Alisha slammed the palm of her hand onto the mattress and her well-toned body jerked as her orgasm pulsed through her. Annabel pulled away, panting, her nose, mouth and chin, slick with Alisha's pussy juice.

Darius picked up his camera, set it to video mode, and took a close-up of the pink, open interior of Alisha's cunt, before moving around to her contorted face. As he had done with Annabel, the more damaging material he could accumulate, the less likely his new young captive would be to have a change of heart later on.

Now that they had succeeded in bringing each other to orgasm, it was time to force them to hurt each other again. This was the pattern of torment that he had in store for them—alternating sessions of pleasure and pain to supplement their newly acquired mutual animosity. Over the coming weekends, they would be spending many intense hours together, and it would be interesting to see if their shared degradations would bring them closer together or drive them further apart!

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After Annabel had brought Alisha to a climax, Nash gave them a moment to calm down before sending them down to his garage. It had been a while since Annabel had been in here, and the first thing she had noticed were the new and bewildering fixtures and fittings that had been added. During her weekly chores, she had occasionally seen Eddie Yeats carrying a tool bag—mercifully, apart from the occasional grab at her breasts or ass, he hadn't made any attempts to sexually assault her—and she had also heard a lot of banging and sawing coming from the garage.

Now, to her consternation, she could see what it had all been about. A wooden plank with four holes bored into it had been bolted a few inches above the concrete floor, there was a small wooden cage in one corner, and beside it sat a sinister-looking headless, rocking horse—with an obscenely large plastic dildo sticking up from its seat. Nash was building a sex torture dungeon!

Overhead, various chains and ropes were dangling from the crossbeams, and now Nash positioned the two girls beneath them, facing each other inches apart, before handcuffing their wrists behind their backs. Next, he forced a wooden stick between Annabel's teeth which he then secured with a string around the back of her head.

With both girls gagged—Alisha was still holding her breasts up by the chain between her teeth—the sadistic old pig then proceeded to loop the end of one of the ropes around Annabel's breasts, pulling them tight so that they were painfully bound together, before securely tying them off.

“Now, Alisha,” he said. “I want you stand on tiptoe.”

Looking down into Annabel's eyes with a look of pained bewilderment, Alisha did as she was instructed. Nash then spent a long time repeating the breast-tying procedure on Alisha, ensuring that there was no slack in the vertical rope before binding Alisha's large breasts tightly.

He looked up at the ceiling, testing the tautness of the rope, and following his gaze, Annabel saw that the rope was looped over a pulley in the ceiling.

“Now,” Nash said. “I want you two girls to be good while I go outside and run some errands.”

Without further comment, he gave them each a pat on the ass and left them alone. Naked, and bound together by their breasts, they had no option other than to look at each other, which was almost as painful as their physical discomfort, given the overall circumstances.

*Is this it? Annabel thought. Is this all he wants us to do?*

After a minute or so, however, she understood why Nash had been so particular about keeping the ropes tight. As Alisha's calves began to tire, she started to grunt and moan through her gritted teeth, and then finally Annabel felt a searing pain in her own breasts as Alisha pulled downward in order to alleviate the aching in her calves. Now Annabel was up on her toes, her breasts stretched agonizingly upright. She gasped around the wooden gag, and tried to pull herself back down, but Alisha was stronger and stared at her defiantly.

*Oh no, you don't, you bitch!* Annabel thought furiously.

She had no way of knowing how long Nash intended to keep them there, but she was damned if she was going to spend the whole time with her breasts on fire and her legs aching. As she jerked suddenly downwards, fire tore through her breasts, but she succeeded in catching Alisha off guard, and the black girl was yanked upward with a squeal of pain. As Alisha attempted to pull herself back down, Annabel planted her feet wide apart and leaned backwards to give herself better leverage. Seeing her tactics Alisha did the same, and Annabel felt the looped circles of rope biting into her tortured breasts as their bizarre game of tug-of-war began in earnest.

## Chapter Twenty Five

Alisha's nostrils flared angrily as for the umpteenth time, she used all of her waning strength to pull Annabel up onto her toes. Immediately, she felt the burning in her trussed-up breasts as the redhead began to fight back. For such a slender girl, Annabel was a lot stronger than she looked, and Alisha felt her strained calves being stretched yet again as Annabel leaned backwards. They had only been doing this for ten minutes, and already Alisha felt physically shattered.

*It's no good. As much as I hate her, we are going to have to share the burden or we'll kill each other!*

The question was how to communicate? She was tempted to drop the chain, but with her hands cuffed behind her she would not be able to recover it, which meant she might get punished by Nash for lowering her breasts.

*Lowering my breasts? What kind of depraved world have I descended into here?*

She looked down at Annabel's swollen boobs which had by now turned almost purple due to the reduced blood circulation, and wondered what damage was being done to her own. Catching Annabel's eyes again, she shook her head slowly.

"Nngh!"

Annabel stopped tugging, and holding her gaze, Alisha nodded slowly, as she allowed Annabel to settle back on the flat soles of her bare feet. Hopefully, the moron would recognize this concession as a truce and she would soon reciprocate in kind.

Alisha gritted her teeth around the metallic-tasting chain that she had carried around for so long, and waited for as long as possible while her tired legs trembled and her suspended breasts ached for release from their torment. Then, when she had given Annabel as much respite as she could manage, she gradually lowered herself—and was mightily relieved when Annabel allowed her breasts to be pulled skywards.

Even though their suffering would be no less severe, at least now they would give each other a minute or so of relative deliverance until Nash decided to untie them.

How long they would have to wait for that moment, Alisha could only guess.

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By the time Darius returned home, the girls had been strung up together for—he checked his watch—almost two hours. He hoped he hadn't made the ropes too tight—there needed to be some circulation to their breast tissue—but he was pretty sure they would have eventually learned to divide the amount of suspension time equally.

*It's important that they learn to give and take, he thought contentedly, as he opened the connecting door to the garage. Because there's going to be so much more sharing to come!*

Sure enough, the two tied-up young women were quite motionless—Alisha resting, Annabel straining to stay up on the tips of her cute little toes.

*Ah, how sweet! Well, let's see how they cope with their next joint venture!*

"How are you, ladies?" Darius chirped as he set about untying the rope binding their breasts. As the blood rushed back, Annabel let out a tortured whine through her gag. Once Alisha's massive tits were also freed, Darius abruptly pulled the metal clamps off her nipples and she let out a gasp of shock, dropping the chain in the process.

"We'll dispense with that for now," he said, uncuffing both girls and then removing Annabel's wooden gag. "You are both rather sweaty, so come with me up to the bathroom."

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Showering with Nash had become a regular occurrence for Annabel, so she was not particularly fazed when he began to undress. Alisha on the other hand, didn't know where to look as the middle-aged pervert slowly revealed his fat, hairy body.

"Close the plug and run a tub, Annabel," Nash said, pulling off his pants. His cock was already poking out rudely, and Annabel noticed Alisha gasp and turn her face away.

"I want you to get in together," Nash said. "You can let it fill while you are washing each other."

Through force of habit, Annabel immediately climbed in and sat in the shallow water. Alisha remained standing however, wrapping her arms around her sizable breasts. At first Annabel didn't understand why she had suddenly become so shy, considering that Nash had already seen every inch of her. Then she looked across at Nash's naked body as he rose from the toilet seat.

*Oh, right. She's never seen him naked before. Well, she'd better start getting used to it!*

She thought back to the first time she had seen him nude—in this very bathroom—and dimly recalled her own angst when he had forced her to look at his hardened penis. How long ago that seemed now!

"Get in the tub right now, Alisha," Nash said, moving towards her. His naked proximity was all the motivation the black girl needed, and she hurriedly stepped over the side and sat with her legs tightly closed between Annabel's knees.

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Once again, Alisha's immediate gut instinct had been to flee, but reminding herself that all of the horrors she had endured so far would be for nothing if she demurred now, she sat looking intently at Annabel's face through the rising steam, trying to ignore Nash's stiff cock quivering just inches from her face.

"Annabel, I want you to wash Alisha's fat titties now," Nash said, kneeling beside the tub and raising his camera.

Suppressing a twinge of indignation at his crude and childish language, Alisha drew a sharp breath as she felt Annabel's fingers gently soaping her aching breasts. To her consternation, she felt her nipples tightening under Annabel's tender caresses, something which the ever-observant Nash spotted too.

"Ooh!" he giggled, zooming in on them with his camera. "Are you enjoying this, Alisha?"

Alisha closed her eyes in shame, and unexpectedly found herself wondering what her friends were doing right now. Samantha and Chelsea had planned a shopping trip, but Alisha had made up a work-related story in order to clear her weekend for this twisted sicko! How she dearly wished she was with them as Annabel's deft digits kneaded and pressed her sensitive skin.

"When I ask you a question, I expect an answer," Nash warned.

Alisha bit her lip. "I—no! I'm not—"

"Not enjoying yourself, naked in the tub with your former friend?" Nash taunted her. "Then why are your nipples sticking out like bullets?"

*Oh, the pig! Why can't he leave me with at least a modicum of decency?*

"Let me tell you how it's going to be," Nash said, lowering the camera. "As well as being my personal slaves, from now on, you and Annabel are also going to be lesbian lovers."

Now Annabel stopped massaging Alisha's breasts and both girls turned to look at him.

"Yes, that's right. I'm guessing that neither of you are that way inclined, but that's beside the point—your new relationship will be for the benefit of myself and my close friends. I know how you feel about each other, particularly you, Alisha, but right now I want you to kiss and make up—literally."

## Chapter Twenty Six

Darius gazed approvingly at the two naked lovelies in his bathtub as they reluctantly inched their faces closer together. It was quite evident from their mutual expressions of distaste and embarrassment that he had presumed correctly about their sexual persuasions. As their lips touched, he took a picture, the flash prompting them to quickly separate.

“That wasn’t much of a kiss was it?” he mocked. “Come on girls. You are supposed to be in love with each other. Do it again, and this time I want a nice long, open-mouthed French kiss—with lots of tongue action!”

He switched his Sure Shot over to video mode and watched them through the display.

“Make it good, ladies,” he chuckled. “The camera is rolling!”

Through the steam, he zoomed in to catch every detail as Annabel’s mouth closed over Alisha’s full lips. The two girls had unconsciously edged closer so that their breasts were now squashed together, and Annabel’s long legs straddled Alisha’s waist.

Both of his unwilling lovers had their eyes closed as they performed for him. Annabel’s tongue was indeed deep inside Alisha’s mouth, causing the black girl to emit a series of little muffled squeaks. When Annabel finally came up for air, Darius said, “Keep going. I’ll tell you when to stop.”

Annabel looked into Alisha’s eyes apologetically before planting another open-mouthed kiss on her lips, her hands coming up to rest on Alisha’s damp shoulders. However shameful and revolting she might have found this homosexual act, Darius knew that her aphrodisiac enhanced body would be responding quite favorably to it.

After keeping them at it for a good five minutes, Darius said, “Okay, lover girls, you can stand up now. We’re going into the bedroom.”

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*I hate him! I hate her!*

Despite the screams of outrage in her head, Alisha remained stoically silent as she battled to preserve her dignity, although, naked and wet—he hadn’t allowed them to towel themselves off—her efforts were proving increasingly futile.

Nash told her to lie on her back on the bed, with her feet up against the headboard, and her legs splayed disgustingly wide apart. Then, to Alisha’s horror, he had Annabel climb up on top of her the opposite way around, so that each girl’s face was positioned directly next to the other one’s crotch.

*Oh, shit no! Surely not!*

Even though Annabel had already once succeeded in bringing Alisha to a climax with her tongue, this arrangement seemed that much more intolerable. By having them service each other simultaneously, he was adding weight to the illusion that they were eager and willing lovers. As she felt Annabel’s satin tongue begin to lap at her labia, Alisha was suddenly struck by the horrifying prospect that they might eventually come to enjoy each other’s bodies. She had heard stories of how women convicts had been converted to lesbianism while serving time in jail!

These confused and rambling thoughts quickly dissolved as Nash pushed Annabel’s butt downward until her wet, bare pussy was pressed against Alisha’s face. Its pungent aroma filled her nostrils and Alisha kept her lips pressed firmly together as Annabel’s thighs blocked out the light.

“Use your tongue, Alisha,” she heard Nash’s voice from above her. “I want you to make your girlfriend come again.”

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Darius carefully filmed the hot lesbian *sixty-nine* session as if he were a porn film producer. He delighted in the contrast between Alisha's dusky skin, and Annabel's pale flesh. Their still-wet bodies squelched together as they licked and slurped between each other's thighs. As Annabel proficiently flicked her tongue against Alisha's clitoris, the black girl moaned loudly into Annabel's cunt, and she arched her back, bracing her strong legs against the headboard, and lifting them both up off the mattress.

Annabel meanwhile, was grinding her crotch into Alisha's face, coating it with her sticky secretions. His own passion rising to an uncontrollable level, Darius discarded the camera and, slipping his hand under Annabel's mons, he lubricated his cock with her steadily flowing juices. Then he pressed his swollen, purple glans against Annabel's bunghole and leaned forward. Annabel squawked and brought up her head in surprise as his cockhead breached her anal ring. Directly below, Alisha shook her head and tried to break free, but as Darius sunk deeper into Annabel's rectum, he pressed down on the small of her back, trapping the black girl in place as his balls settled over her eyes.

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*Oh, dear God, I'm going to throw up!*

Trapped between Annabel's thighs, with Nash's scrotum blocking her vision, Alisha fought to get out of her claustrophobic, fleshly prison. She could feel Nash's rigid penis moving against her tongue through Annabel's vaginal wall.

*He's fucking her in the ass – right above my face!*

Very quickly, Annabel expertly brought Alisha to a second orgasm, and when the spasms finally subsided, her exhausted body went limp. She could fight them no longer, and she resigned herself to her fate. Nash had seen everything there was to see, and she had already been forced to partake in despicable acts that would stay with her for the rest of her life. What more could he do to her?

Absurdly, she saw herself arriving for work on Monday morning, greeting everybody in her usual brisk and cheerful manner. *Hi, guys! What did you get up to this weekend?* In spite of herself, she gave out a humorless snort of laughter, whilst at the same time, Nash grunted above her and then she felt his cock withdrawing from Annabel's asshole. As his wrinkled ball bag rose from her face, she blinked in the light and took a deep, rasping breath—just in time for Nash's cock to unload its hot, viscous contents into her mouth!

## Chapter Twenty Seven

Disembarking from the train, Alisha felt a knot of dread tightening in her stomach. In a few minutes, she would be knocking on Nash's front door, ready to begin another weekend of sexual slavery, humiliation, and torment. She couldn't believe she was actually going back!

The previous week, she had only had a vague notion as to what Nash might do to her, but by the time she had finally been released on the Sunday evening, she had vowed that she would never allow herself to be put through such an awful, disgusting ordeal again.

At work on the Monday, she had gone about her duties in a kind of daze. Everything was as it had been on Friday, her desk and her computer, the quiet but busy hum of the office as her colleagues efficiently went about their business. But Alisha had changed on the inside—and she knew that it was irreversible. By the middle of the week however, the events of the weekend had started to take on a dreamlike quality, as if she had imagined the whole sordid affair, and she gradually started to feel something like her old self. By Friday morning, she had decided that she would rather live with the consequences of her indiscretions—nothing was worth what Nash had put her through.

But then, as a sharp reminder, Nash had sent her an e-mail, along with an array of attached images of her lesbian trysts with Annabel. He had advised her that should she decide to renege on their agreement, not only would they be accompanying the photos of her cocaine use to her employers' desks, but they would also be sent out to her circle of friends.

Tearing her eyes away from the pornographic images, Alisha had fled to the ladies' washroom and emptied her stomach into the basin. Looking at her reflection in the mirror, she had then understood fully that this nightmare was for real—and that it was never going to go away.

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For Annabel, this part never got any easier. The rest—sleeping with Nash, Mrs. Craddock's harsh discipline, even the painful and embarrassing medical exam—as awful as they were, remained preferable to Nash's social occasions, when his little band of twisted friends would come around to play.

The only possible plus-point was that she might be spared center stage tonight. Selfishly, she suspected that dubious honor would be bestowed upon Alisha, who had been upstairs with Mrs. Craddock for most of the morning. Annabel had heard a lot of thumping around through the ceiling, interspersed with a number of loud shrieks, which meant that Alisha was in *training* for something.

She had wondered if Alisha would even turn up this weekend. The wretched girl had received quite a baptism of fire the previous week, although she hadn't been forced to undergo anything like the varied tortures and humiliations that Annabel had been through.

*All in good time*, she thought sourly. Now that Alisha was firmly in Nash's clutches, he would never let her go.

She turned her attention to the snacks she was preparing and wondered if Nash's guests would consist of the usual group of deviants. A shudder ran down her spine as she contemplated the prospect of having to sexually service them again. She was becoming quite familiar with Tom Craddock's and Eddie Yeats' bodies—their erect penises in particular—but in spite of her unexplained and unwanted orgasms, she could never pretend she took any pleasure from them.

And then there was her former manservant, Alastair Barclay. She had grown up bossing him around, acutely aware of his lecherous stares as she had grown into womanhood. How she had enjoyed subtly prick-teasing the lecherous old fool, flaunting her body by the pool while pretending not to notice him lurking in the shadows.

She suppressed another shudder as she recalled the intimate moments they had had together since her subjugation. Who was the fool now?

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The playing cards had been put to one side, buffet snacks devoured, and alcohol—served by Annabel in her skimpy maid’s uniform—liberally consumed. Alastair Barclay was no great drinker, but he had indulged in a few glasses of a rather good Cabernet which had left him enveloped in a rosy glow of anticipation.

Nash had promised them all a *surprise* after their poker game, but typically he had refused to divulge any details. All Alastair knew was that it would most certainly involve deviant sex, but as Annabel had been hovering around them all evening in her revealing little costume—frequently getting her ass and tits groped by Tom Craddock and Eddie Yeats—he was at a loss as to what the surprise might be.

“So when do we get to play with our favorite housemaid?” Craddock asked, greedily eyeing Annabel’s cleavage as she bent forward to fill a glass.

“All in good time,” Nash said. “I thought you might like a little variety tonight.”

“Variety?” said Yeats. “You mean there’s somebody else here?”

Nash beamed triumphantly, and called out, “Mrs. Craddock? If you please.”

The door opened almost immediately and the old housekeeper entered the room. For an awful moment, Alastair wondered if she was the surprise, but then Mrs. Craddock turned towards the open doorway and said, “Come on girl, don’t just stand there.”

Alastair craned his neck to see who was standing in the passageway, but whoever it was must have been hiding behind the door.

Then he heard a girl’s voice that he recognized but couldn’t quite place.

“I can’t do it!” she pleaded. “I can’t go in there!”

## Chapter Twenty Eight

“If you don’t get in here right now, I’ll thrash you so hard you’ll be forced to stand up all week!” Mrs. Craddock snapped, waving her riding crop.

Darius glanced around at the expectant faces of his friends as Alisha cautiously crept into the room.

“Holy fuck! A beautiful black girl!” said Craddock.

“Alisha!” Barclay gasped, and then said to Darius, “How did you—?”

“Never mind the *how*,” Darius grinned. “Suffice to say that Alisha will be every bit as compliant as young Annabel has been for your pleasure.”

“You’re kidding!” Craddock said. “We get to fuck her too?”

Hearing his words, Alisha flinched and took a backward step to the doorway.

“Stay where you are!” barked Mrs. Craddock. “And keep your hands by your sides.”

The poor girl promptly froze and stood nervously before them. Darius had given Mrs. Craddock a basic outline of what he wanted, but had opted to trust the old woman with the details. Looking at Alisha now, he was not at all disappointed.

She was wearing tiny leopard skin-print panties, but instead of a bra, her mammoth, naked breasts had merely been fitted with a pair of silver-sequined nipple tassels. Copper bangles tinkled on her wrists, fur-covered bands encircled her ankles, and her feet were bare. To complete the effect, her long black hair had been tied into *cheerleader* bunches, and her own large gold hoops dangled from her ears. Finally, and most interestingly of all, Mrs. Craddock had decorated Alisha’s cheeks and forehead with dozens of little white dots!

*Well, well, Mrs. Craddock. You are even more creative than I thought.*

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Alisha stood before her leering audience and wished the ground would open up and swallow her. That old bitch Mrs. Craddock had made her study herself in the mirror upstairs before making her entrance, and she was well aware of how ludicrous she looked! She was a proud, educated law student, but now she looked like a parody of an African tribal dancer!

She had no idea who two of the men were—one was bald and squat, the other big and somewhat menacing—but she certainly recognized Barclay, the butler at Pemberton Hall. Of course, he had also been present at Helen’s pool party when Alisha had been shocked to observe Annabel’s humiliating fall from grace. If she had only known what was in store for herself!

Annabel was now sitting on the big man’s lap, and he had his hands on her breasts. Alisha’s ex-friend—and now reluctant lesbian lover—was looking at her curiously, no doubt relieved that she was not to be the star attraction tonight.

For her part, Alisha still didn’t know if she had the fortitude to go through with this. Earlier in the week, Nash had e-mailed her some links to dance videos that she was to copy and practice. To her dismay, the clips all showed young women in skimpy clothing performing *booty* dances—in other words, Nash expected Alisha to learn how to shake her ass to music!

Of course Alisha knew how to dance, and in the past it had been for her own pleasure at nightclubs, enjoying the lustful looks she was receiving from the young men watching her moves—but this was something entirely different!

Nash said, “Alisha, I know you are already acquainted with Alastair Barclay, but I’d like you to meet Mrs. Craddock’s husband, Tom, and my other good friend Eddie Yeats.”

Trying to keep her knees from shaking, Alisha blinked and stared at them. Was she supposed to say hello?

“So what are you going to do for us?” Nash said.

Alisha was momentarily confused by his question. He had told her to practice all week, hadn't he? But then she got it. The sadistic bastard was playing with her! At first she couldn't bring herself to say it, and she merely gazed at the amused expressions on their faces, but then feeling ridiculously like a contestant on *America's Got Talent*, she meekly said, "I-I'm going to dance for you."

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Annabel's nipples were rock-hard underneath Yeats' calloused palms, her highly sexed body reacting once more of its own accord to his clumsy touch. Like the rest of them, she couldn't take her eyes off Alisha as Mrs. Craddock turned on the music player, and the first bars of *Savage* filled the room. The trendy music seemed totally out of place in the stuffy little house, but she was sure that this middle-aged male audience couldn't have cared less what music was being played.

It was Alisha's near-naked body they were interested in, and Annabel had to admit that the elegant black girl looked strangely arousing in her exotic get-up. She felt her cheeks heating up as she recalled their enforced lovemaking the previous week and wondered with a mixture of trepidation and excitement if she was going to be a part of this kinky performance yet.

At Mrs. Craddock's prompting, Alisha turned her back to them, and then hesitatingly began to rotate her hips. It was only the slightest of movement, and Tom Craddock laughed, "Come on! Shake that booty!"

Mrs. Craddock gave Alisha a swift crack across the buttocks with her crop and Alisha yelped. Animated by the stinging pain, she raised her arms and began to gyrate her backside in earnest. Craddock clapped his hands together, and Yeats said, "That's it, girl! Get that ass moving!"

Annabel watched mesmerized, as Alisha picked up speed, her big, round butt describing perfect circles in time to the rhythm of the music. She had never seen Alisha do anything like this before and could only imagine that she had been recently practicing.

After a minute or so, Mrs. Craddock gestured with her crop, and Alisha turned back around to face them. A wretched expression was etched on her face as she now began to swing her enormous breasts in time to the beat, causing the silver tassels to spin around and around.

"Way to go, honey!" Tom Craddock chuckled. "Swing those puppies!"

## Chapter Twenty Nine

Fingering his boner through his pants pocket as he absorbed the alluring spectacle, Alastair Barclay noted with interest the patches of coarse black hair sprouting from Alisha's armpits as she raised her arms high above her head. As with all of Annabel's friends, he had often covertly checked her out at Pemberton Hall when she had come to visit, particularly when she had been sunbathing in her bikini by the pool, and like the others, she had always been impeccably groomed.

*No doubt, another kinky modification specified by Nash, he mused.*

The miserable girl herself was studiously ignoring their faces as her splendid tits bounced wildly around, the silver tassels hypnotizing him with their endless rotations. He glanced across at Annabel, who was still perched upon Yeats' lap, and felt a sudden surge of impatient lust. This new, lewd world he had joined, where two gorgeous young women were enslaved to a bunch of dirty old men, was bringing out his basest instincts, and he badly needed a fuck! But as ever, Nash was in charge, and he would set the pace.

"Lose the bikini," Nash said, his quavering voice giving away his own state of arousal.

Alisha hesitated, her eyes briefly locking with his, and then averting them again she pulled on the drawstring on the side of her bikini bottoms, and they fell away to the carpet.

Alastair leaned forward as the hapless young woman, resumed her gyrations, her vulva now exposed to them all. Unlike Annabel's hairless little package, Alisha's mons was blanketed by a thick triangle of black, curly hair.

As the music faded out, Alisha lowered her arms, but a flick of Mrs. Craddock's crop persuaded her not to cover herself.

"Quite a jungle you've got down there!" Yeats laughed, and for the first time, Alastair detected a little moisture collecting in the devastated young woman's almond-shaped eyes.

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An electrically charged hush descended on the room as the four middle-aged white men ogled Alisha's bare body. For some reason the music had provided a measure of cover for her degrading performance, and she found herself longing for more. Just standing here like this, while she allowed these vile men to inspect her most intimate parts, was almost more than she could bear.

Finally, Nash broke the silence by instructing her to remove the nipple tassels. They were only stuck on with liquid latex, and Alisha let out a mewl of shame as she completed her unwrapping by revealing her dark, stubby nipples. Her nudity seemed to her to be accentuated by the earrings, bangles and ankle bands that she was still wearing—not to mention the horrible, faux tribal decoration adorning her face.

After what seemed like an endless spell of agonizing exhibitionism, Nash said, "Well, what did you think guys?"

"I don't know," Tom Craddock said, wiggling his fingers in the air. "I've seen better."

"Eddie?"

"Not much rhythm for a black girl," Yeats agreed.

Absurdly, Alisha discovered that she was both aggrieved and disappointed at their derogatory remarks. Even though she had been forced to perform for them in the most demeaning and undignified way imaginable, she really had done her best!

"Well, Alisha," Nash said in a schoolmasterly voice. "It looks as though you haven't put enough effort into your performance. My guests feel rather let down. How do you think you can make it up to them?"

Alisha opened her mouth, and to her frustration, her eyes started to brim with tears. "I-I don't know."

Nash grinned at her wickedly. “No? Well, I do. A spanking, followed by an apology, and then you can ask each of my guests in turn how you can make amends for your failure to entertain them.”

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Darius had learned over the past weeks that it usually paid dividends to give Mrs. Craddock a free hand in dispensing Annabel’s punishments—the mean old housekeeper often came up with humiliations that even put Darius to shame!

The old woman didn’t disappoint now as she fished into her apron and produced a shiny pink vibrator.

“Open up,” she said curtly

Alisha glanced at her with a look of horror, but she looked to be in such a turmoil that she meekly parted her jaws and allowed Mrs. Craddock to place the sex toy sideways between her pearly white teeth.

“Bite down, and don’t you dare let it go.”

Mrs. Craddock then told Alisha to turn around, place her hands on the dining table, push out her butt, and spread her legs. The unhappy girl reluctantly complied, giving them all a wonderful view of her the fleshy hammock between her legs. From this exposed and obscene position, her brown pussy lips pouted delightfully through her mat of bushy pubic hair.

To the obvious pleasure of Darius’ assembled guests, Mrs. Craddock proceeded to administer a series of rapid blows with her crop across Alisha’s ass cheeks. They looked and sounded extremely painful, and the distraught girl soon confirmed this by sobbing loudly through her clenched teeth.

Then Mrs. Craddock did something that took even Darius by surprise. Laying down her crop, the old woman removed the vibrator from Alisha’s mouth and after switching it on, worked it all the way inside her cunt.

## Chapter Thirty

With the pink vibrator whirring relentlessly away inside her pussy, Alisha was led back over to her lecherous audience and made to kneel before them.

Her face was awash with tears now, causing the white dapples on her face to run.

*Got to give the girl credit, Alastair thought. It took quite a thrashing to finally break her.*

“What do you have to say for yourself?” Nash said, looking down at her disdainfully.

Looking utterly defeated, Alisha sobbed, “I’m sorry I danced so badly for you.”

“I hope you are. I expect my guests to be treated with more respect. Now, how are you going to make it up to them?”

As enjoyable as it had all been so far, this was the moment that Alastair had been waiting for.

Alisha wiped her eyes with the back of her hand and looked at Nash imploringly. By now, the implications of his words would have been crystal clear.

“I-I don’t know...” she mumbled.

Nash gave an exaggerated sigh. “And I thought you were a law student. Not very bright are you? Maybe Annabel can help you?”

Still up on Yeats’ lap, Annabel looked at Nash with a start. Clearly, she had been hoping to remain a spectator.

“Well?” Nash asked. “How does Annabel atone for her sins?”

Her cheeks flushed pink, Annabel evidently knew the drill well. She slid off Yeats’ lap and onto her knees in front of Nash. Lowering her pretty blue eyes, she said, “Please sir, may I offer you a blowjob?”

*Good Lord!* Alastair thought. *She has been completely tamed!*

Nash looked back and forth between the two kneeling young women. “Yes you may,” he said thoughtfully. “But first you can get us all in the mood by playing together yourselves”

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“Alisha, remove Annabel’s uniform.”

Acutely aware of the intense gaze of the nearby men, Annabel stood and looked down at her former friend who remained on her knees. Her face was streaked with white lines where her tears had caused her make-up run. Even with their new love-hate relationship, Annabel couldn’t help but feel a twinge of sympathy.

When Alisha failed to make a move, Annabel, aware of the risk of further punishment, took her by the wrist and pulled her hand up to her black miniskirt. Alisha remained motionless, head bowed until Nash prompted, “Alisha?”

Then, still without looking up, Alisha tugged on the skirt until it was around Annabel’s knees. With only her white cap, see-through top, fishnet stockings, and five-inch pumps to remove, Annabel should have been naked in a less than a minute, but Alisha was clearly not in a mood to cooperate.

“Perhaps you’d like to feel more of Mrs. Craddock’s crop?” Nash suggested.

That did it. With a shuddering sigh, Alisha pulled the skirt all the way down and Annabel helpfully stepped out of her shoes. Next, Alisha slowly rose to her feet and removed Annabel’s blouse.

“You can leave the cap and fishnets on,” Nash said to Alisha. “After all, you have your bangles and ankle bands, so it wouldn’t be fair if Annabel were completely naked.”

Tom Craddock snickered and then Nash announced, “I should advise everybody that Annabel and Alisha have recently become lesbian lovers. Why don’t you show everybody how much you adore each other, girls?”

It was clearly obvious that Alisha had no intention of initiating the first move, so Annabel leaned forward and planted a gentle kiss on the black girl's lips. Immediately a tingle of excitement shot through her and she kissed her again, this time pushing her tongue between Alisha's plump brown lips.

Alisha moaned into Annabel's mouth but didn't pull away, and incredibly she allowed Annabel to explore her teeth and palate with her tongue. It wasn't the most intimate they had been by any stretch of the imagination, but it was their first time in front of an audience!

They continued to kiss passionately for a minute or two, just inches away from four leering old men, the only noises in the room being the slurping of their entwined tongues, and the steady buzz of the vibrator inside Alisha's pussy. With her artificially enhanced libido, Annabel didn't require any battery-operated toys to make her own pussy to juice up!

Nash must have been drawn to the sound of the electronic device too, because he said, "Alisha, I want you to get down on all fours now, and Annabel, you will remove the vibrator—with your teeth."

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Her face twisted in shame, Alisha dropped onto on her hands and knees while Annabel took up position behind her. Then the redhead placed her hands on Alisha's buttocks and parted them, exposing to everyone the base of the plastic vibrator rotating between her swollen labia. With a little maneuvering, she managed to grip the device with her teeth and pulling back her head, deftly removed the rude little device.

Unsure of what to do next, she turned to look at Darius whilst attempting to hold the sex toy between her lips. She looked both lovely and comical as the whirring, rotating device slipped free and landed on the carpet, much to the amusement of her audience.

"Don't worry about that," Darius said, reaching under his chair. "I've bought you both a present." During the week he had procured an eighteen-inch, double-ended latex dildo, which he now handed to Annabel. "I think you know what to do."

Handling the vulgar, flesh-colored dildo as if it were a live snake, Annabel placed the bulbous tip against Alisha's still puffed-up pussy lips, and slowly pushed it inside. As it entered her, Alisha raised her head and gasped in surprise—it was a lot longer and thicker than the pink vibrator had been!

When it was halfway inside Alisha, Annabel turned around so that her ass was facing the black girl's, and reaching between her legs, inserted the other end into her own cunt. Then she shuffled backward, impaling herself on its length until their buttocks were touching.

Now the two young lovelies were locked together, Annabel's paleness contrasting beautifully with Alisha's dark-toned skin.

"Well," said Darius, taking a photograph for his collection. "I do believe you two are going to have hours of fun with that!"

The two girls stayed as still as they could, trying not to stimulate each other with any unnecessary movements. Darius knew that Annabel wouldn't need much to explode with a shattering orgasm, and he could see the frown of concentration on her flushed face.

"Gentlemen," he said briskly. "I think it's time for the blowjobs they promised us. Who wants to go first?"

Craddock and Yeats were the quickest to volunteer, and as they positioned their rigid members in front of the girls' stricken faces, Darius gave himself a symbolic pat on the back for another job well done. He had taken a chance with Annabel, and an even bigger risk with Alisha, and yet here they both were, jointly impaled on a rubber dildo, each sucking on a middle-aged man's cock!

If he could reduce them to this demeaning level, how much further down into the abyss would they be prepared to descend? Darius fully intended to find out.

# Chapter Thirty One

## ANNABEL GOES TO WORK

“There!” Mrs. Craddock chuckled. “That looks much better!”

Annabel stared at her new hairstyle in the mirror and nearly burst into tears. Her beautiful red tresses were gone! She had worn her hair long for as far back as she could remember, and its luster and rich quality had always been a source of both admiration and envy among her peers. But now in its place was a plain, frumpy bob, which Mrs. Craddock had—quite deliberately—hacked away at so badly that all the ends were at different lengths, making it obvious that it was a homemade haircut!

Over the past couple of months, Nash and his accomplices had systematically taken away Annabel’s dignity and pride, possessed her body in every conceivable way, and had even reduced her to the status of a performing animal—but up until now, she had always had her lovely long hair as a reminder of her former life. Now they had taken that away too.

“What’s that miserable face for?” Mrs. Craddock said, stroking Annabel’s bare shoulder. “You are going to be a hired help now. We can’t have you presenting a hygiene risk in nice people’s homes, can we?”

To her chagrin and self-disgust, Annabel felt her nipples tightening as the old woman continued to caress her shoulder. The fact that she was as naked as the day she was born meant that she was unable to hide her unwanted arousal.

Mrs. Craddock moved around behind her and ran her fingers through Annabel’s newly shorn locks. “Well, I think you look very nice.”

Unexpectedly, Mrs. Craddock planted a kiss on the back of Annabel’s exposed neck, making her start and causing goose bumps to spread along her arms. Annabel had spent many hours alone with Mrs. Craddock over the course of her confinement, and the old woman had often hinted at a less than healthy interest in Annabel’s body. She had grown quite accustomed to being naked in front of the strict housekeeper—often while enduring one of her many sadistic punishments—but she had never quite been able to get used to being touched by her. The problem was that her rebellious, sexually supercharged body had other ideas!

To Annabel’s dismay, Mrs. Craddock slipped her hands under her armpits and then gently cupped her breasts. As the old lady took her swollen nipples between her fingers, Annabel couldn’t help emitting a little embarrassing moan of pleasure.

“You like that?” Mrs. Craddock crooned into her ear.

It was a difficult question to answer. Just as when she was forced to make love to Nash each night, Annabel was now torn apart by her utter revulsion at the old crone’s fondling, and the overpowering desire for sexual release that was building within her. Wretchedly, she knew from bitter experience that it was only a matter of time before her base animal instincts took over.

“Please stop!” Annabel whimpered.

“Come now, you don’t mean that, do you?”

Keeping her watery eyes on Annabel’s reflection, Mrs. Craddock moved her right hand lower down until her fingertips were tickling Annabel’s puffed-up labia.

Annabel’s hips jerked involuntarily as Mrs. Craddock deftly inserted a calloused finger into her pussy.

“No!” Annabel gasped. “Please don’t!”

She started to wriggle as Mrs. Craddock slowly moved her finger in and out of her cunt, and a tear of shame escaped Annabel’s eye. The warmth was spreading through her belly and despairingly, Annabel knew she was on the brink of losing control. She could feel Mrs. Craddock’s thumb rotating on her clitoris now, and she let out a low groan and closed her eyes. But just when she was about to come, the old woman stopped her ministrations and abruptly removed her finger.

“Oh!” Annabel opened her eyes and looked at Mrs. Craddock frantically.

“What’s the matter?” Mrs. Craddock said. “I thought you wanted me to stop?”

Annabel's right hand automatically went to her crotch but Mrs. Craddock slapped it away. "No you don't, you dirty girl! You know the house rules—no masturbating. If you want to come, you'll have to ask somebody else to do it for you."

*Oh, you spiteful bitch! You can't leave me in this condition!*

Looking miserably down at her bare feet, Annabel drew a tremulous breath, and said, "Would you—please?"

"Oh no, you had your chance. You'll just have to cope." Mrs. Craddock smiled cruelly, then added. "Although if you ask nicely, maybe Mr. Nash will oblige."

Despite the urgency of her situation, Annabel recoiled at the thought of begging the old lecher for sex. But what in God's name was she going to do? She felt as though she was going to explode! There was no way she would be able to last the day like this!

In the event, Mrs. Craddock as usual made the decision for her. "Come along, follow me downstairs, and we'll ask him."

## Chapter Thirty Two

Alastair Barclay sipped his tea impatiently. It was always the same whenever he visited Nash's modest brownstone. Just knowing that he was about to participate in yet another installment of the continuing debasement of young Miss Annabel, put him into such a state of excitement that he could hardly sit still!

Alastair's sadistic pleasure was heightened by the fact that he had both known and lusted after Annabel for many years as she had matured from a precocious child into a stunningly beautiful woman. As the head butler at Pemberton Hall, he had of course been obliged to keep his lewd desires private—compelled instead to relieve his frustrations with nightly jerk-off sessions in his bed while fantasizing about his young mistress.

Of course that had all changed dramatically over the past few months, and since Darius Nash had taken control of Annabel's life, Alastair had enjoyed the delights of her body on numerous occasions—not to mention witnessing her undergoing the most humiliating and depraved sexual torments!

He glanced over at the man responsible for changing his life—as well as poor Annabel's—with an ambivalent mixture of distaste and admiration. Despite his best efforts to appear otherwise, Nash clearly had no breeding, and mother nature had certainly not been kind regarding his physical appearance. And yet, beneath that unappealing exterior dwelt a strength of character and a dark magnetism that had enabled him to transform Annabel and her equally attractive black friend Alisha, from arrogant, independent young women into shamefaced sex objects. Even though they were acting under duress, bit by bit, Nash was insinuating himself as the ultimate authority in their lives.

In the latest development in her new life of servitude, Annabel was to be farmed out as a domestic to certain carefully selected clients. No doubt, Alastair mused, she would be performing far more than regular household duties, and he had no doubt that Nash would be charging handsomely for any *extra* services that Annabel might be required to perform. Alastair had found out about this when, to his delight and surprise, Nash had asked him if he would be prepared to use his own Honda CR-V to ferry the hapless girl to and from her various destinations. In return, Alastair would receive a modest remuneration, but more importantly, as Annabel's chauffeur, he would be allowed to attend and hopefully participate in her humiliating ordeals.

A rap on the living room door brought him back to the present, and the ugly old housekeeper, Mrs. Craddock, entered the room followed by Annabel—who was stark naked! Upon seeing Alastair, she wrapped an arm across her breasts, and placed her other hand over her crotch. Even after all he had seen and done with her, she remained as shy and embarrassed as ever. As the red-faced girl studiously examined the carpet, Alastair stared in amused surprise at her badly cut hair. She hadn't worn her hair short since she was a small child, and he knew how vain she was about her long, flowing red locks. Yet another link with her former privileged life had been cruelly severed!

Mrs. Craddock said, "I'm sorry to bother you but Annabel has a request."

"Well, what is it?" Nash said haughtily.

"Annabel, go and stand in front of your master and tell him what you want," Mrs. Craddock said.

Annabel shifted uneasily, her face growing even redder.

"Now!" Mrs. Craddock said, slapping her on the ass.

Annabel yelped and shuffled awkwardly into the center of the room. Still with her eyes averted, she said, "I-I want—"

"For goodness sake girl, spit it out!" Nash said.

Annabel's been playing with herself upstairs and now she's all flustered," Mrs. Craddock said, her words making Annabel squirm noticeably.

"Is this true?" Nash asked Annabel, who nodded her head imperceptibly.

"And now you want to come?"

Again, the slight nod of the head.

“You *are* a filthy little slut,” Nash said. “Well, if you want us to satisfy your carnal urges, you’re going to have to ask nicely.”

Her head bowed, Annabel mumbled, “Please will you—”

“No, not like that. Put your hands behind your head and look at us,” Nash said.

Slowly, Annabel adopted the humbling pose, and Alastair hungrily took in every inch of her firm, smooth body. Her pink nipples looked quite engorged and when he gazed at her shaven vulva, he noticed that her puffy labia were glistening with her love juice. Even though she was obviously dying with embarrassment, it was indeed evident that she had been worked up into an extreme state of arousal.

“Kneel on the floor,” Nash commanded.

Her eyes glistening, Annabel dropped to the carpet, keeping her hands behind her head. Watching her wobbling breasts, Alastair felt his cock stiffening.

“Now what do you have to say for yourself?” Nash said.

Her face an impossibly dark shade of crimson, Annabel said in a barely audible voice, “Please will you make me come, sir?”

Alastair gazed at the devastated girl, open mouthed. To be naked and kneeling, pleading for sex, in front of her former manservant, had to be humbling beyond words.

Nash checked his watch and looked at Alastair. “You don’t have to take her to work until noon. Would you like to oblige?”

Trying not to appear over eager, Alastair said, “I guess we have time.”

“Very well, but you know that self-stimulation is strictly forbidden, don’t you Annabel?”

“Yes, sir,” Annabel whispered.

“So you will have to be punished. Do you agree?”

Annabel looked at him, apparently unable to reply, so Nash said, “Either you accept your punishment, or you can go off to work all het up like that. It’s your choice. Do you agree to being disciplined for your wanton behavior?”

Annabel nodded miserably.

“I can’t hear you.”

“Yes, sir,” Annabel mumbled.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, sir, I agree that I should be punished,” Annabel said, her moist eyes betraying her inner anger at being forced to concede that she was at fault.

“Okay then,” Nash said, raising himself out of his armchair. “Let’s go to the garage.”

## Chapter Thirty Three

The garage-cum-torture dungeon was getting cooler now that summer was near its end, but Annabel's rampaging body was on fire. As humiliating as it was to be standing naked in front of her three, fully clothed, middle-aged tormentors, her need for release was overwhelming. She knew that when it was over, she would feel the full brunt of her self-loathing—but also that within a few hours she would be overcome with sexual desire once again. However he had achieved it, that cruel bastard Nash had managed to ensnare her in a vicious cycle of bodily craving followed by shameful remorse!

Now she watched as Mrs. Craddock bent down to unlock a vertical plank bolted down a few inches above the concrete floor. When she had been suspended by her breasts down here with Alisha, Annabel had had plenty of time to examine the new and sinister additions to the garage that Eddie Yeats had constructed—the wooden cage, the hanging ropes and chains, the horrid-looking headless rocking horse with its indecently attached rubber dildo—but the low wooden plank had always baffled her as to its purpose. Now she saw that it was separated down the middle and hinged, and when Mrs. Craddock swung it outward, the four holes that had been bored into the center split in half.

“Step inside, Annabel,” Nash instructed.

Still confused, Annabel placed her bare ankles inside the two semi-circular openings as guided by Mrs. Craddock.

“Now bend over and put your hands on the floor,” Nash said.

Despite her extreme state of ardor, Annabel hesitated. Placing her wrists in the inner segments would mean bending double, and the holes had been set approximately three feet apart, meaning that her ass would be thrust out and her legs spread wide, gifting them all with a clear view of her spread pussy!

“Hurry up, girl!” Nash snapped. “We haven't got all day, and you have work to do later!”

Hopelessly, Annabel bent forward as far as she could go, until her wrists were just outside her ankles. What was left of her hair hung down, as did her breasts, and between her spread thighs she could see the inverted faces of Nash and Barclay leering at her. When Mrs. Craddock pushed the outer segment back into place and slid the small metal bolt across, Annabel was firmly locked into her obscene and uncomfortable pose.

“Look at that dripping cunt,” Nash said. “The little whore is aching for it!”

Annabel closed her eyes.

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The distraught and frustrated girl certainly did present a delectable picture as she bent her knees to accommodate her awkward and degrading posture. Alastair had seen wooden stocks before, but never one that forced a person to bend over in such an obscene and uncomfortable way! Nash was right about her pussy too—her stretched labia were swollen and moist, and there was even a damp patch surrounding her little button asshole.

“I got the idea from a history book about the persecution of medieval witches,” Nash announced proudly. “It's a variation on the pillory but as you can see, the victim is compelled to remain in a doubled over position, which I should imagine would become quite excruciating after a while.”

Alastair leaned forward for a closer look at Annabel's upside-down face between her parted thighs, and although partially obscured by her hanging breasts, he could see that it was already a much deeper shade of red than before.

“Well?” Nash said to Alastair. “You'd better get on with it if Annabel's not going to be late for her first job.”

Alastair would have preferred that Nash and Mrs. Craddock left the room, but by now he understood well that he was merely being used as a conduit for Annabel's humiliation and suffering. What mattered the most was that she was demeaning herself in front of them, allowing them to closely study this most intimate of acts. If it hadn't happened already, it would only be a matter of time before Nash and his cronies were familiar with every detail of Annabel's private world—mentally, emotionally and physically.

Wordlessly Alastair unzipped his fly and positioned himself behind the tormented girl. He pulled his underpants to one side and his cock sprang out, as rigid and proud as a teenager's. Annabel always had this effect on him, no matter how many times he possessed her. It wasn't just her physical beauty and sensational body that turned him on so, but also the depth of shame and self-hatred that she had to be feeling as she submitted to him.

As he guided his cockhead up against Annabel's puffy labia, she jerked her ass, sliding her plump vaginal lips over his purple glans, which caused her to moan deeply. Beside them, Mrs. Craddock said, "If you want to come, you must do the work, Annabel. Now push back."

As bizarre as it was to be once more copulating in front of spectators, Alastair treasured the moment as Annabel slowly impaled herself upon his member. Placing his hands on her haunches, he watched his cock slide into her body inch by inch, until his groin was flush against her soft buttocks. Keeping totally still, he allowed Annabel to grind against him, nudging her hot, sticky cunt back and forth in little thrusts along his shaft.

It took less than five minutes before she came, her body convulsing, and a high-pitched squeal rising up from below. As the velvety walls of her pussy contracted around his prick, Alastair too, breathed out a grunt of delight as he spurted inside her. They remained locked together while their orgasms receded before Alastair was brought back to earth by the sound of Mrs. Craddock's voice.

"What do you have to say, Annabel?"

Breathing hard, Annabel said, "Thank you for fucking me, Mr. Alastair!"

Withdrawing his cock from her slick cunt, Alastair knew how difficult that must have been to say. Yes, he had fucked her several times before, but in Annabel's mind, he would always remain the humble manservant that she had grown up with, and he doubted that she would ever get remotely comfortable with their new and kinky sexual relationship.

"And now you need to be punished," Mrs. Craddock said, retrieving a rattan cane from a rack on the wall.

Annabel's thighs began to quiver as she heard the wicked instrument slicing through the air.

"Yes," came her tremulous reply.

"Then ask politely."

*Dear Lord, Alastair thought. The old cow doesn't give her a moment's respite, does she?*

"P-Please punish me for being a dirty girl!" Annabel whined.

The first lash came unexpectedly, leaving a wicked red welt across Annabel's thrust-out buns.

"Aah!" Annabel shrieked, and even Alastair winced at the sound of the rattan biting into her soft flesh.

"What do you say?" Mrs. Craddock said.

"T-Thank you for punishing me—*EEK!*"

A second angry stripe appeared as Mrs. Craddock swished the cane viciously down again. With her wrists and ankles firmly secured in the wooden stocks, Annabel had no choice but to remain in position, her legs spread wide, her recently violated cunt on full display, and her tortured ass wriggling frantically from side to side.

## Chapter Thirty Four

Turning his Honda CR-V into the wide leafy avenue that led to Helen's parents' house, Alastair noticed Annabel shift uneasily in her seat beside him. His pretty young charge had been silent for the duration of the trip—probably still inwardly squirming with abashment after her sex and punishment session in Nash's *dungeon*.

After giving Annabel six painful strokes of the cane, Mrs. Craddock had instructed her to ask Nash for anal sex. Alastair had become aware over the past weeks that although her asshole was being regularly breached—both by middle-aged men's cocks and also a variety of sex toys—it remained a painful and disgusting practice for her. To make the act even more degrading, Nash had placed the tip of his dick against her anus and ordered her to impale herself on it. With her wrists and ankles locked in place, the stricken girl had been forced to rotate her lovely round ass until she had successfully accommodated the entire length of Nash's penis inside her rectum.

Alastair had watched in fascination as master and slave had remained locked obscenely together while Annabel had been forced to repeatedly thank him for violating her bunghole. After a good ten minutes of this humiliation, he had finally ejaculated inside her, after which Annabel had been ordered to plead for another six lashes across her ass cheeks. When her agonizing punishment had been administered, they had retired to the living room for another cup of tea, leaving Annabel in her bent over position, naked and aching, her buttocks red and contused, and her cunt and ass filled with semen.

Now Alastair turned into Helen's driveway and shut off the engine. Noting the look of alarm on Annabel's sweet face, he said, "Yes, that's right. You're going to be working for your old friend Helen today."

Aware that Annabel always suffered worst when being humiliated in front of her former peers, Nash had deliberately kept her in the dark as to her destination today—and from the look of panic in her eyes, the surprise had obviously had the intended effect.

With a little coaxing from Alastair, Annabel reluctantly got out of the car. It was quite extraordinary that even after all of the demeaning acts she had been forced to perform in front of her old chums, she was still terrified of facing them again.

In a way, Alastair supposed, this new subservient role was probably worse for her than the obscene sexual displays she had already enacted. Here she was, the former *lady of the manor*, waited on hand and foot her entire life, now being sent to work as a lowly skivvy for her old rival. No doubt, Helen would make her suffer every bit as much as Nash and Mrs. Craddock did—perhaps even more so.

Alastair rang the bell and turned to survey Annabel's latest get-up. With the clear intention of making her an object of ridicule in front of her trendy former friends, Mrs. Craddock had dressed her in a plain gray frock that buttoned all the way up to her neck. The hem however, had been cut away as raggedly as her hair, stopping at the tops of her thighs. She was wearing white cotton panties which were just visible from behind, but, as was all too evident from the jutting outline of her nipples, no bra, and on her sockless feet were a pair of cheap plastic, buckle-down sandals. With her terrible haircut completing the effect, this once fashion-conscious heiress, would be the laughingstock—fact which clearly wasn't lost on Annabel, judging from her crimson cheeks and anxious, round eyes.

The door swung open and Helen said, "Ah, about time."

Helen was dressed in a pair of powder blue shorts and a yellow shirt which she had tied up to reveal her flat midriff, and Alastair thought she looked absolutely radiant.

*Pity she's not another one of Nash's victims*, he mused. *Then again, if the old bastard ever gets an opportunity, I have no doubt he wouldn't hesitate to ensnare her!*

"Good afternoon, Miss Helen," Alastair said, slotting neatly into his professional demeanor. "Your hired help is at your disposal for the rest of the day. Naturally, she will obey your every command—no matter what it might be."

The implications of his words were not lost on Annabel, and he noticed that her legs were quivering. Helen gave her an amused look and said, “Good heavens, Annabel, whatever have you done to your hair?”

Almost cringing with embarrassment, Annabel merely stared at the floor.

“I understand that you’ll be joining us this afternoon, Barclay,” Helen said.

“As an observer, of course. If Annabel misbehaves in any way, I am to report it back to Darius who will arrange severe corrective measures for her.”

“Well, everybody is waiting on the patio,” Helen said chirpily. “Shall we?”

Now Annabel did look up, her ample chest undulating rapidly. It was amazing to Alastair that even after everything that had happened to her, Annabel still couldn’t get over her sense of abject shame every time she was publicly degraded. By now she knew Josh and Trent on a very intimate level, and only a few weeks ago, they had looked on as she had performed naked for them, first as a show pony, and then as a collared dog! And yet, here she was trembling with fear at the thought of them seeing her in this demeaning get up!

They followed Helen through the house, but when she saw her old friends assembled on the back patio, Annabel froze in the French window. Alastair pinched the exposed lower half of one of her buttocks, making her jump.

“Come on,” he said, giving her a light shove in the small of her back. “It’s show time.”

## Chapter Thirty Five

Just as Annabel had dreaded, everyone was here—Trent, and Josh, who had already defiled her on two previous occasions, as well as Drew, Chelsea and Samantha, who had also borne witness to her humiliation at the pool party. The only missing member of the old gang was Alisha of course, who, unbeknown to the others, was now going through her own personal hell at Nash's cruel hands. But worst of all, Bobby, her ex-boyfriend, was also present, and was now regarding her with an expression of sneering contempt.

*Why is he here?* Annabel moaned inwardly.

The last time she had been paraded like a performing animal in front of them at Eddie Yeats' birthday party, Bobby hadn't been there—which was understandable given the degrading level that the girl he had once loved had been reduced to. But today here he was, obviously with Helen's blessing, a willing spectator to yet more of Annabel's pain and degradation.

Now of, course, since Nash had forced Annabel to dump him, Bobby had become Helen's boyfriend. Seeing him now, Annabel felt a deep pang of jealousy, knowing that while she was forced to share ugly old Nash's bed each night, Helen and Bobby had been dating like a smart, regular couple.

"Well, lookee here," Josh smirked. "It's Cinderella!"

Despite her best efforts, Annabel could feel her cheeks burning. She was becoming accustomed to being made to look and act like a moron, but to have to perform in front of her old friends again was, she knew, going to be another huge blow to her already shattered self-esteem.

"Did you cut your hair yourself?" Samantha giggled.

Standing foolishly before them, it finally hit home just how far she had fallen. They were all studying her with a mixture of amusement and pity—the once proud Annabel who they had all envied was now nothing more than their submissive plaything, and with a heavy heart she knew that they were going to get their pound of flesh today.

Helen, who was still standing beside her, reached across and pinched Annabel's left nipple through her dress, causing her to flinch.

"Dear me," Helen said. "You're all hard! Are you excited to be here?"

Because of her unwanted enhanced libido, Annabel could not dispute the fact that her nipples were indeed erect—Nash kept her in a constant state of arousal these days—and the way they were straining against her frock made it plain for all to see!

"Not wearing a bra either," Helen noted. "Do you like showing off your titties in public?"

Blushing furiously, Annabel looked at her feet and shook her head.

"What's that? We couldn't hear you."

"No," Annabel mumbled.

Helen suddenly grabbed Annabel's shorn hair and jerked her face upward. "You will address me as Mistress Helen from now on!" she snapped. "And that goes for everybody else here. It's either *mistress* or *master*—do you understand?"

"Y-Yes, Mistress Helen!" Annabel gasped.

"Good. Now I'll ask you again. Do you like showing off your boobs?"

It was useless. There was only one answer that Helen was going to accept. Yet again, Annabel was going to have to collaborate in her own debasement.

Her eyes stinging, Annabel uttered, "Yes, Mistress Helen."

"You see?" Helen announced to her keen audience. "I told you she's always been a slut."

Annabel bit her lower lip and tried not to make eye contact with any of them. Quite apart from the shame and despair that she was experiencing, to her horror, she suddenly needed to visit the bathroom. God forbid that she should wet herself in front of everybody now! While she was fretting over this, Helen produced a pair of scissors from her back pocket and brandished them in front of Annabel's face.

“I see you’ve already made some crude adjustments to your frock,” Helen said, lifting up the ragged hem so that everyone could see Annabel’s white cotton panties. “So I’m sure you won’t mind if I make a couple more.”

It was as much as Annabel could do to keep her hands by her sides as Helen pulled the front of her dress out and then snipped a hole in it. As the material drew back into place, one of Annabel’s hardened teats poked out—much to the mirth of everyone watching.

Helen then repeated the procedure on the other side, so that now both of Annabel’s nipples were absurdly exposed. But Helen wasn’t done yet. Tugging on one of the openings again, she deftly worked the scissors around until the hole was a good five inches across. Then she pulled Annabel’s nipple, making her gasp, and worked her entire breast out into the open air. Helen quickly did the same to Annabel’s other breast, leaving them both bobbing comically free in the open air.

Trying to mentally block out her audience’s laughter, Annabel wondered how she was possibly going to be able to get through this afternoon. After months of abuse and torture at the hands of Nash and his cronies, it was still the public humiliation that hurt her the most.

Helen said, “Now we need to do something about your ridiculous shoes. Take them off.”

Aware of her naked breasts hanging obscenely downward, Annabel bent and unbuckled the cheap plastic sandals as instructed. While she was doing this, Helen went over to the gravel pathway that encircled the house and scooped up a handful of small, sharp stones.

“This will help you to stay focused while you work,” Helen said, dropping several stones into each of the shoes. “Now you can put them back on again.”

Miserably, Annabel started to slip her right foot into its sandal, but Helen said, “Not that one. Put it into the left shoe.”

Somebody snickered, and Annabel briefly looked up at Helen, but knowing that Barclay was on hand to report any acts of disobedience, she despondently forced her right foot into the wrong shoe. It took some effort, and her toes were pinched painfully, but she finally managed to get it buckled up. After she had, with equal difficulty, succeeded in squeezing her left foot into the right shoe, Helen ordered her to straighten up. Now there was physical pain to add to her emotional hurt as the hard pieces of gravel bit into the soft, under flesh of her compacted feet.

“God, she looks so stupid,” Trent chuckled.

“Why don’t you try them out?” said Helen triumphantly. “Take a walk around the pool.”

Feeling their eyes boring into her, Annabel winced as she set off on her absurd and uncomfortable little journey. The shoes were so tight around her toes, that combined with the painful stabs of the stones, she could manage little more than a tentative hobble.

“Come on!” Helen called after her as she made her way awkwardly around the pool. “You’re moving like an old woman! We haven’t got all day!”

As terrible as this current ordeal already was, Annabel unexpectedly found herself thinking back to the last time she was here, when Nash had made her behave like a childish idiot, culminating in her stripping off her bikini in front of everyone, then being spanked, and finally submitting to that degrading *spit-roasting* by Trent and Josh. On that occasion, everyone had been initially shocked at Annabel’s dramatic retardation. Now they were all well prepared for it—and were also evidently relishing the prospect of a long, and for Annabel, miserable afternoon.

## Chapter Thirty Six

Helen watched in delight as her onetime rival shuffled around the pool, her red face etched in pain, and her wobbling breasts ludicrously poking out of her dress. In all the years she had spent in Annabel's shadow, she had never remotely dreamed that she could wield such power over the formerly stuck-up bitch—and boy, was she going to make the most of it!

She looked around at her friends who were all avidly following Annabel's labored progress. Judging from their faces, this new-found power had conjured up similar sadistic urges. She had no doubt in her mind that, no matter how despicable the acts Annabel would be forced to perform today, nobody was going to object to them.

Annabel finally completed her circuit of the pool and stood meekly before her tormentors. Unable to look any of them in the eye, she kept her clenched fists by her sides and stared at her comical footwear.

Helen reclined on the sun lounger next to Bobby and said, "You are going to have to work faster than that, you lazy girl. From now on, you will carry out your orders at the double. If you keep anybody waiting too long, you will suffer the consequences. Understood?"

Head down, Annabel nodded, and then remembered to utter, "Yes, Mistress Helen."

"And you will always look at whoever you are addressing!" Helen barked.

Slowly, Annabel raised her face in Helen's direction. Despite the deep servile conditioning she had received, there was no denying the slight glint of venom showing in her eyes. So much the better as far as Helen was concerned!

"Good," Helen said. "Now come over here and kneel down beside me."

Annabel nervously approached her ex-friend, and then gingerly dropped to her knees. Helen rummaged around in a bag beside the sun lounger and produced two little silver bells. Alastair leaned forward for a better look and saw that they were both attached to wicked little serrated clips, which Helen proceeded to attach to each of Annabel's puffed-up nipples. Annabel drew in a hiss of breath as each clip bit down on her delicate nubs, and from the way they were being squeezed flat, Alastair guessed that her attention had now been momentarily drawn away from her sore and crushed feet.

"There," Helen said, patting Annabel on the head. "Now we can't lose you. My maid has prepared some finger-food, which you will find in the kitchen. Bring it out to the patio table."

Looking almost grateful for the chance to spend a moment away from everybody's scrutiny, Annabel rose and started to walk gingerly towards the French windows.

"Annabel," Helen said, feigning weariness. "What did I just say about being lazy? Run, damn you!"

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As Annabel sped past him, biting her lip from the pain in her tortured feet, with her tinkling breasts bouncing crazily, Alastair realized that this just might turn out to be one of Annabel's most terrible ordeals so far. Helen was a real bitch, and she was obviously deriving a great deal of sadistic and even sexual pleasure from her erstwhile antagonist's debasement. He himself was sporting a hard-on that was impossible to conceal, but if he had guessed correctly, Annabel's *duties* this afternoon would almost certainly involve erotically servicing some of the men present at some stage—except Bobby, of course, Helen was definitely not going to allow that!

While Annabel carried plates of food back and forth between the kitchen and the pool patio, her ex-peers settled into casual conversation as if this was any other normal weekend gathering. Watching them, Alastair observed that although they were pretending to ignore her, every so often one or the other would shoot her a furtive look as she passed. It was a similar atmosphere to Eddie Yeats' birthday bash prior to Annabel's *dog and pony* performances—Alastair recognized that they

were trying to make her feel like a worthless nonentity, even though she was in reality the star attraction. It was a cruel game of role-play, and despite the fact that Annabel was the reason they were all here, it was important to keep up the pretense that she really was nothing more than the hired help.

In acting out his part as Annabel's chaperone, Alastair felt no need to join in with their play-acting, and he contented himself with feasting his eyes on Annabel's absurdly clad figure as she hurriedly served their food and drink. As she jogged around, breathing somewhat heavily now, her movements became increasingly awkward and jerky as she attempted to alleviate the pressure on her feet. This had the effect of making her exposed breasts bounce around even more wildly than ever, filling the air with the merry tinkling of her little silver bells.

As the pool party began to warm up however, the well-heeled young guests couldn't resist turning their attention to Annabel before very long.

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The bodily anguish was bad enough—the searing fire in her nipples, the agonizing stones digging into the soles of her feet, the stabbing pain in her cruelly squashed toes—but it was their laughter and their juvenile, mocking remarks that almost succeeding in reducing Annabel to tears.

“She looks like a little milk cow with those little bells!”

“Her udders are big enough!”

“I'd swear they've grown bigger since last time. I wonder if she's ready for milking?”

“Look at her shoes. Doesn't she know her right from her left?”

“I always knew she was a bimbo!”

Intellectually, deep inside of her, she knew that she was the victim here, but who could deny the truth of their hurtful comments? With her ruined hair, her ridiculous dress, her painful, silly-looking plastic footwear, and her naked, jingling breasts, she really had to look imbecilic beyond belief!

And she was allowing them to belittle her, wasn't she? There was the promise of money and freedom somewhere in the future—isn't that why she was in this shameful situation right now? She did have a choice, didn't she? If so, then maybe she deserved everything that they did to her.

When everybody had received their first drinks, Helen said to her, “Stand to attention, legs apart and hands behind your head, until somebody requires your services.”

Under a black cloud of despair, her nipples and feet aching terribly, and the growing pressure in her bladder reaching worrying proportions, Annabel humbly complied. Feeling utterly valueless, she watched her erstwhile friends chatting contentedly together, a fashionable crowd of young men and women without a care in the world, of which, once upon a time, she had been a very central part.

## Chapter Thirty Seven

“Hey you, I need a refill!” said Trent, waving his glass.

Annabel didn't move at first, and by the time she had registered that she was being summoned, it was too late to avoid Helen seizing the opportunity.

“Daydreaming on the job? I think that calls for a punishment, don't you, guys?”

There was a general chorus of assent as Helen rummaged in her bag again, and then pulled out a red leather flogger. Alastair could only guess as to what other kinky delights the bag contained, but it was certainly evident that Helen had indulged in a little online shopping in preparation for today's fun and games.

“Trent, as you are the injured party, would you mind administering the spanking?”

“It would be my pleasure,” Trent said, taking the flogger. “Come on sweetie, bend over.”

Annabel looked aghast at the flogger in his hand, and then pleadingly at Alastair.

“Don't look at me,” he grinned. “These good people are you employers today.”

Her already flushed cheeks turning even redder, Annabel turned around and halfheartedly offered Trent her rump.

“Not like that!” Helen snapped. “Bend right over and touch your toes.”

Annabel let out a barely audible breath, and then did as she was told, her trimmed dress rising up over her buttocks and exposing her white cotton panties.

“Christ! I'd almost forgotten what a lovely butt you have,” Josh sighed.

Alastair had to agree that she presented a most delectable sight, with her ruddy ass in the air, and her naked tits dangling in front of her face. Even her ex-boyfriend Bobby was leaning in for a closer look!

“Give her six of the best, Trent,” Helen said. “And make sure she remembers them.”

There was a loud crack as the six tails of the flogger wrapped themselves around Annabel's thighs.

“Ow!” Annabel shrieked, her head coming up and one of her hands reaching around to her behind.

“Stay in position,” Helen warned her.

*Thwack!*

This time Trent had a better aim, and the leather tails snaked around Annabel's ass cheeks. Again, the poor girl howled in pain. The third and fourth strokes followed in rapid succession, and now Annabel was shaking her lovely round ass, her breaths coming in choked sobs.

*Swish!*

Number five landed on her smooth thighs again, leaving behind a series of pink welts.

“What do you have to say for yourself, Annabel?” asked Helen.

“I-I'm sorry—for being so lazy!” Annabel sniveled.

“Good. It had better not happen again. Last one, Trent.”

Annabel shrieked out loud once more as Trent delivered the final lash, and then in a moment of exquisite delight for Alastair, a damp patch appeared in the crotch of her panties.

“Oh, fuck!” laughed Samantha. “She's going to wet herself!”

Annabel's hand flew back to cover herself but the floodgates had already opened, and a steady stream of urine erupted from her bladder, running down her thighs and forming an expanding puddle between her feet.

Mortified, Annabel straightened up and started to hobble off in the direction of the house, but Helen shouted, “Hey! Come back here!”

Her crimson face streaked with tears, and her hands pressed between her legs, Annabel came to a halt and looked around desperately. The stream of piss had now slowed to a trickle between her fingers, but the insides of her legs were shiny from her micturition, and she had left an embarrassing large dark pool on the patio.

“Oh, no!” Annabel moaned. “I'm so sorry!”

“You filthy girl!” Helen smirked. “Well, you can’t wear soiled knickers can you?” Take them off immediately.”

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Although this hadn’t been a part of Helen’s plan today, watching Annabel unexpectedly disgrace herself in front of everyone fueled her excitement even further. Just as when she had witnessed Annabel performing like an animal at Nash’s house, she found herself becoming increasingly stimulated by her former rival’s obvious state of mortification.

“Please, can’t I go inside and do it?” Annabel moaned.

“Absolutely not!” Helen said. “You deserve to be punished for pissing on my patio, and I will keep punishing you until you are house-trained! Now take them off and hold them up so everybody can see what a disgusting girl you really are!”

Looking quite pitiful, Annabel reached behind and slipped her thumbs into the waistband of her panties. Then, looking upward to avoid their faces, she pulled the soaked garment down her thighs and then stepped out of it. After a brief delay, she picked it up and held it between thumb and forefinger. Her obvious distaste gave Helen another wickedly delicious idea.

“Now put them on your head. Wear them like a hat.”

Annabel looked at her in horror. “Please, Mistress Helen, don’t make me do that!”

“If you don’t do as I say right now, you’ll get another six lashes across your bare ass.”

Annabel vented another delightfully shuddering sigh, sniffed back her tears, and then, in front of them all, actually pulled her wet panties down over the top of her head! With her breasts sticking out of her dress adorned with the little bells on her nipples, and her silly plastic shoes on the wrong feet, she now looked ridiculous beyond words, and the anguished look in Annabel’s lovely blue eyes said it all.

“Now get back to work,” Helen said. “I need another drink.”

“Me too,” said Josh.

Obviously terrified of incurring further chastisement, Annabel quickly gathered their glasses and stumbled over to the poolside bar. When she had returned with their drinks, Samantha said, “My ashtray is full, Annabel.”

As Annabel picked it up, Helen’s sadistic imagination sparked into life again. “Where do you think you are going with that?”

Annabel paused and looked at her in bewilderment. “I-I—”

“Eat it,” Helen said with a devilish smile. “Then lick it clean.”

Trent burst into laughter, nearly spilling his drink, while Annabel merely stared in disbelief. For a second, Helen thought she might have tipped her over the edge. Several expressions seemed to pass across her face in succession—revulsion followed by a glimmer of anger, then a scowl of disgust, but finally that now-familiar expression of sad resignation.

Helen knew that Annabel had never been a smoker, so having to consume the four cigarette butts in the ashtray would be an even more revolting experience for her. The whole group went deathly quiet as Annabel, unable to keep the look of repulsion off her face, gingerly picked up the first stub and after a momentary pause, popped it into her mouth. She grimaced and swallowed, and Chelsea said, “Eew! Annabel! That is so disgusting! I cannot believe you actually ate that!”

Annabel briefly looked as though she was going to throw up, but she seemed to manage to get it under control.

“Hurry up!” Helen beamed. “Finish your meal!”

Everybody looked on in repugnance as Annabel slowly and miserably swallowed the other three butts, one after the other. Her usually reddened face had taken on a rather pale hue now, and she was unable to prevent herself from gagging as the last cigarette butt descended into her stomach.

Finally, to a background of groans from her former friends, Annabel stuck out her little pink tongue, and started to lap up the ash on the bottom of the tray.

## Chapter Thirty Eight

Annabel had been constantly standing for over two hours and her tortured feet felt as if they were on fire! When there were no glasses to refill, instead of allowing her to sit down, Helen had instructed Annabel to stand perfectly still with her hands behind her head, except for a couple of occasions when she had been deemed too slow to react to an order and had been sent on an agonizing trot around the back lawn. As her underwear had dried out, to Annabel's shame it had started to give off a rather unpleasant fishy odor, and Helen had ordered her to remove it and rinse it under the outside faucet. Now, as the sun started to sink and it got cooler, the group decided to move back inside.

"Annabel, take the dishes and glasses into the kitchen and wash them, then join us in the dining room," Helen said.

Even as accustomed as she now was to taking orders, Annabel still inwardly bridled at Helen's offhand manner. Who did she think she was? Even so, there was no question of disobeying or showing any sign of dissent with Barclay watching. As with all the other indignities she had suffered so far, she knew she would just have to endure this awful day as well—otherwise all of her efforts so far would have been for nothing.

She loaded everything up onto a tray and took it into the kitchen. Apart from the pain in her feet and nipples, her legs were aching now and she desperately wanted to sit down for a while. On top of that, despite drinking from the kitchen sink, she couldn't get rid of the horrible taste of ash in her mouth!

As she washed the dishes, she listened to them taking in the other room. Along with her conflicting states of shame and arousal, a vague sense of unreality had now enveloped her. A few months ago, she would have been sitting there with them, sharing their jokes and gossip and enjoying the covetous glances of Trent and Josh while she snuggled up next to Bobby.

Now she was nothing more than their menial, and worse, the target of their verbal and physical abuse. So far, apart from making her expose her breasts, her mistreatment hadn't involved anything of a sexual nature, but she was sure that would come soon. The boys in particular had been drinking quite heavily all afternoon, which did not bode well!

"Annabel, hurry up will you?" Helen yelled from the living room. "We're ready to start the game!"

Annabel's stomach tightened and she drew a deep breath.

*Game? That doesn't sound good.*

Then she hung up the dishcloth and hobbled painfully and anxiously into the living room.

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Alastair watched with interest as Helen laid out her kinky props on the coffee table. Clearly the young lady had been putting a lot of thought into Annabel's trials and tribulations today. He thought back to the times she had visited Pemberton Hall as Annabel's friend, and it reminded him that you never really knew what was going on in other people's minds. Yes, he had observed that they had been rivals, constantly jousting with each other in a fake-friendly manner, but he had never realized the depth of animosity that Helen had been carrying all this time. She had already stolen Annabel's boyfriend, but she was evidently far from satisfied, and it looked as though it was her intention to destroy Annabel's spirit as well as her reputation.

Annabel appeared apprehensively before them, her face beginning to glow from embarrassment again. Her tits still poked ludicrously out of her dress, her pink nipples decorated with the tinkling bell-clamps, and her feet remained squeezed the wrong way around into those ugly plastic shoes. He glanced around at the rest of the audience and noted the same sexually charged excitement in

their eyes as before. Even Bobby, despite the smirk of contempt of his lips, couldn't take his eyes off his ex-girlfriend.

"We're going to play a little game now, Annabel," Helen said. "You'd like to play a game, wouldn't you?"

Annabel looked at her, looking both puzzled and fearful. She had become accustomed to a variety of sordid *games* under Nash's tutelage—none of them pleasant for her.

"Answer me."

"Yes, Mistress Helen," Annabel said, and Samantha tittered, evidently still unable to get used to Annabel's new submissive position in their lives.

"Good," Helen said. "This game is designed to test your obedience. I'm going to set you a few simple tasks. If you don't complete one, you will have to pay a forfeit instead."

She gestured to a glass bowl in the middle of the coffee table, which was filled with slips of paper. "Myself and the boys have already decided on the forfeits, but as I am a kind mistress, I will allow you to choose them yourself."

Annabel's eyes wandered anxiously over the array of sex toys and other items littering the table, her expression becoming visibly more distressed.

"Of course, if you don't want to pay the forfeits, simply carry out each task as requested," Helen smiled. "It's entirely up to you. Are you ready to begin?"

As it was a rhetorical question, Annabel watched silently as Helen picked up an empty beer bottle and walked over to the far end of the living room. When she returned to the sofa, Helen said, "We'll start with a simple one. I want you to remove your dress and then pick up that bottle—with your pussy!"

## Chapter Thirty Nine

Annabel stood motionless, her eyes fixed upon a large pink dildo on the table poking rudely up in the air. There was other bondage equipment too, cuffs, gags, hoods, whips and canes, most of which she had already been unfortunate to have become quite familiar with over the past three months, as well a bowl of eggs, and a rather large banana whose purpose she didn't even want to think about! What the hell was this? Had Helen been taking lessons from Nash?

"If you don't do it now, I'll take that as a forfeit," Helen said, snapping her out of her hypnotic daze. Annabel had no idea what was written on the slips of paper, but if Trent and Josh had been adding their input, she had a pretty good idea. As repugnant as her *task* was, it would be infinitely preferable to submitting to those two sex-crazed boys again!

Inadvertently catching Bobby's eye, Annabel felt her cheeks getting hotter as she pulled the dress up over her head and let it fall to the carpet. Absurdly, she reflexively put her hands between her legs to cover her bare crotch.

"Don't be such a prude!" Trent laughed. "We've seen it before, and besides, you're going to need it in a minute."

Awash with shame, Annabel knew that if she didn't get the disgusting deed over with soon, she would have to draw a forfeit from the bowl. Now wearing nothing but the bell-clips on her nipples and her painful plastic shoes, Annabel turned away from them and squatted over the bottle. Then, feeling like a cheap whore, she reached between her legs and parted her labia, which, adding to her mortification, were wet and swollen. This was in no way of course due to any enjoyment on her part, merely her treacherous body's reaction to whatever artificial stimulus Nash was lacing her food with.

As the neck of the bottle slid into her vagina, Josh said, "I once saw a sex show like this."

Trying to ignore their laughter, Annabel focused on accommodating the glass bottle.

Now came the hard part. When she had received the length of the neck, she removed her hands and squeezed her vaginal muscles, praying that she would have the strength to hold it in place. Then she gradually straightened her legs and, her embarrassment tinged with a sense of relief, managed to raise the bottle off the ground.

"What a slut!" Bobby muttered, his familiar voice driving home the fact that she was actually standing naked in front of her former peers with a beer bottle stuck up between her legs!

"Now I want you to carry it across to the other side of the room," Helen said. "And if you drop it, you draw a forfeit."

With a slight whimper, Annabel shuffled clumsily around, thighs apart, her vaginal wall clenched around the glass neck of the bottle. She could already feel it slipping due to the excessive lubrication inside her, and as she took the first ponderous step, she instinctively knew that she wasn't going to make it.

"I hope you're not going to disobey me," Helen said.

"Look at her cunt!" said Josh. "She's sopping!"

"She must be enjoying herself," said Drew.

*Why are they being so cruel?* Annabel thought. *Did they really always hate me this much?*

As she attempted another step, she felt the bottle slip a bit further. One more and she would lose it, and then she would have to draw one of the dreaded slips of paper from the bowl. Realization suddenly dawned upon her that Helen had no intention of letting her complete any of the so-called tasks, and that, just as with Nash and his cronies, she was in for a long evening of humiliation and sexual abuse again.

Resignation and despair swept over her as she inched forward, and sure enough, the unfaithful bottle slipped out of her body and bounced onto the carpet.

"Annabel!" Helen said, her eyes glowing with sadistic pleasure. "You disobeyed me!"

"She wants the forfeit," Chelsea laughed. "She's horny!"

Annabel closed her eyes, wishing the ground would swallow her up. Despite all of the physical, sexual, and mental anguish she had endured so far, she knew she would never, ever, get used to being humbled so completely like this in front of all of her old friends.

Helen stirred the slips of paper in the bowl, and said, “Pick one, and read it out aloud.”

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With trembling fingers, Annabel reached into the bowl and picked out the first paper slip she touched. She knew it didn't matter which forfeit she picked because they were all likely to be equally repugnant.

Her eyes ran across the words but she failed to register their meaning. She was suddenly acutely aware of how absurd she must look, standing naked before them with the little bells on her nipples, about to read out her vile request.

“Well?” Helen said. “Have you forgotten how to read?”

Annabel tried to focus on the paper, aware in her peripheral vision of their eyes boring into her, each of them savoring her total downfall. As with all of her previous degrading trials, she knew that she was going to do this, because that nebulous day of freedom and wealth some nine months down the line was all that she had left to cling to.

Almost inaudibly, she mumbled, “Trent, please may I—?”

As her voice faltered, Helen said, “May you what? Speak up!”

Annabel cleared her throat, the injustice of it all once again making her want to scream. Even though she hadn't written these words down, she was the one vocalizing them, and even though they all knew that it was under duress, it would still appear as if she was expressing herself willingly. Like Nash, this was the way Helen wanted it—Annabel appearing to act as if she really was a common hussy.

“Trent,” she began again. “Please may I suck your cock and swallow your cum?”

## Chapter Forty

“Annabel! Really!” Samantha tittered.

Definitely not for the first time, Alastair felt his cock thickening in his pants. Even though he had witnessed Annabel being placed in so many different humiliating and degrading situations in recent months, it never failed to excite him when this former arrogant young heiress was forced to behave like a filthy whore.

It also occurred to him that some preplanning had been put into this, because the normally eager Trent, merely said, “Excuse me?”

Annabel glanced helplessly at Helen and then repeated her request.

“Why do you want to give me a blowjob?” Trent asked casually.

A rapt silence descended as everyone watched Annabel writhing with embarrassment. Not only was she going to be ravished physically, but mentally too. She was going to have to perform an act that she found abhorrent, but she was also going to have to beg for it!

“Are you a nympho, is that it?” Trent said.

This was too much! Over the previous few years Alastair had watched many hopeful young men—Trent included—trying to flirt with the unobtainable Miss Annabel from Pemberton Hall, knowing deep down that she was way out of their league. Now here she was having to explain why she wanted to suck Trent’s dick in front of everybody!

“Say it,” Helen said. “Tell Trent what a horny bitch you are.”

Eyes shimmering, Annabel said, “I-I’m a horny bitch—”

“And?”

“And I want—please may I suck your cock?”

A quick glance at Trent’s bulging crotch told Alastair that he was more than ready to receive Annabel’s services, but still her agony continued.

“I’m not convinced,” Trent said. “Say it like you mean it.”

Annabel looked at him, her face a mask of misery. Then, to Alastair’s utter joy, she dropped to her knees and blurted out, “Please Master Trent, I am a dirty cunt and I would love to suck your cock!”

It was a defining moment, totally unexpected, and one which underlined Annabel’s complete and final fall from grace. You could have heard a pin drop before Trent sighed dramatically, “Okay, if you must.”

Despite the obvious pantomime that was unfolding, Annabel’s emotional pain had created a sizzling electrical charge among her onlookers. As Annabel freed Trent’s rigid member and enveloped his cockhead with her lips, Alastair looked around and didn’t see one sympathetic face in the room.

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Filled with shame and self-loathing, Annabel took the full length of Trent’s penis into her mouth, feeling its soft skin moving against her tongue while she relaxed her throat as Nash had taught her. Even though she was performing this hateful act in front of all of her ex-friends, there was nothing she could do to stop the warm rush as her deceitful body reacted to the physical contact.

She heard Trent sigh as she moved her head up and down on his shaft, and Josh said, “Damn, she’s good! Did she ever do this with you, Bobby?”

“Uh-uh,” Bobby said in disgust. “She always said it was too demeaning for her.”

“What? She’s loving every minute of it! That’s not just a blowjob. She’s deep-throating him!”

Annabel’s ears were burning now as they discussed her while she continued with this most intimate and personal of acts. The most awful part was that everything they were saying was true. Prior to falling under Nash’s control, she had been relatively naive about sex. Now she was an

expert *cocksucker* as Nash liked to call her. But none of this made her ordeal any easier. Physically, they may have transformed her into a whore, but deep inside she was still the same proud Annabel, and no matter how many times she publicly dishonored herself, it never got any easier.

To add to her torment, her own arousal was now building to a crescendo, and as she felt Trent's thigh muscles tightening under the palms of her hands, she knew to her dismay, that she was going to climax when he did.

As she felt his cock twitch in her throat, a shuddering orgasm swept through her and she uttered a muted groan around his shaft. Trent also cried out, jerking his hips as his hot seed shot down Annabel's esophagus. She gulped greedily, nostrils flaring as she struggled for air. Another salvo of Trent's sticky issue was expelled down Annabel's throat and into her stomach, as a second uninvited orgasm pulsed through her body.

Annabel stayed where she was, slumped forward on her knees with Trent's softening penis still in her mouth. While her ecstasy faded, acutely aware of what she had just done in front of them, she was terrified of disengaging herself and having to face them all.

A long moment passed in silence, and then Bobby said, "Demeaning, huh, Annabel? What a slut!"

Annabel let out a muffled sob into Trent's crotch. There was no point in protesting—her bodily pleasure had been obvious to them all. Her face flushed and damp with tears, Annabel withdrew Trent's now-flaccid dick from her mouth. She could feel all eyes upon her, and desperately wanted to flee the room, but she was now so well-conditioned that she remained on her knees, subservient and ashamed.

Finally Helen said, "Well now that you've had your fun, perhaps you'd be kind enough to refill everybody's glasses, and then you can try performing another simple task."

## Chapter Forty One

Helen was being utterly ruthless! After watching Annabel expertly sucking Trent off, Alastair was once again filled with pent-up desire. But as was usually the case with Nash, the order of events were today being dictated by Helen, and he could only wait in hope that his name might be included somewhere in that glass bowl.

Alastair had borne witness to some bizarre and kinky scenes since meeting Darius Nash, but a surreal atmosphere cloaked him as he listened to this attractive crowd chatting and drinking merrily while their tormented ex-friend stood naked before them.

Annabel was standing with her knees slightly bent and her tortured feet pointing outward at a hundred and eighty degrees. Her arms were also stretched out to the side, level with her shoulders and palms facing down, upon which Helen had balanced two shooter glasses full of water. To complete her absurd pose, another tumbler of water rested on the top of Annabel's head.

Her mission this time was to stay absolutely still for twenty minutes without spilling any of the water. She had been in the humiliating position for just three minutes and already her arms were beginning to tremble. A cute little frown creased her brow as she battled to concentrate.

*Poor thing!* Alastair thought. *She really is trying to avoid another forfeit!*

As usual, he visually devoured her nakedness, her narrow waist and flat belly, the curve of her hips and thighs, her prominent, hairless vulva with its pouting lips, and her perfectly shaped breasts. Despite her comical and humbling posture, the degrading little bells clinging to her nipples, and her badly cut hair, she remained a beauty to behold, a luscious sight that Alastair would never grow tired of.

"Be careful," Josh said. "Your arms are dropping. You're going to lose the glasses."

A tiny grunt escaped Annabel's lips as she strove to keep her arms level. Alastair drank in the anguished look in her lovely blue eyes as her face turned a deeper shade of scarlet with the sustained effort.

Helen looked at her watch. "Five minutes. Only fifteen more to go."

Her words were not intended to be an encouragement of course, merely a reminder of how much more pain Annabel was going to have to suffer if she was to escape more sexual humiliation. Annabel whimpered, her arms and knees now visibly shaking. It was patently obvious that she wasn't going to make it, and yet she was giving it her all! Such was her fear of Nash by now, that even though she was in a no-win situation, she still felt obliged to go through with these absurd and meaningless tasks!

She lasted one more minute before, with a cry of frustration, her aching arms dipped, and the two shooter glasses fell onto the carpet. There was a general hum of mock disapproval in the room before Helen tutted, "Disobeying again? Whatever will Mr. Nash say? Come on then. Pick another forfeit."

In a moment of confusion, Annabel forgot about the tumbler on her head, and as she leaned forward to select another slip of paper from the bowl, it landed on the coffee table, splashing Helen, before bouncing, unbroken, onto the floor.

"Oh!" Annabel gasped. "I'm sorry, Mistress Helen!"

Helen shook her head. "Disobedient. No bladder control. Clumsy and stupid. You really are damaged goods, aren't you? Barclay, you can tell Mr. Nash that I'm quite disappointed with his maid's service today."

"I'll be sure to inform Mr. Nash of Annabel's failings," Alastair said, and as he watched the stricken girl select another forfeit from the bowl, it was as much as he could do not to whip out his cock and start jerking of right there and then!

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Annabel read the forfeit with a sinking heart, but in the knowledge that there was to be no mercy, forced herself to read the disgusting and ridiculous message out loud.

“I want to drink six raw eggs whilst masturbating with a banana.”

The items in question had been sitting innocuously on the coffee table amid the array of sex toys, and now that she knew their purpose, she caught herself wondering who had dreamed up this perverted little exercise. Surely not Helen?

“Oh God, Annabel!” Chelsea shrieked. “What a sick mind you’ve got! I had no idea!”

Annabel almost protested out loud. *It’s not me! They wrote this vile stuff!* But instead, wretchedly accepting her fate, she waited uncertainly for Helen to say something else before hesitatingly reaching for the banana.

“Look at her!” Drew sneered. “She can’t wait to put it up her cunt!”

The banana was about eight inches long, firm and curved, and a good inch and a half in diameter. Despite everything she had done, she couldn’t believe that she was actually going to insert this into her vagina in front of them all! And yet, her hands acting as if by their own accord, she shut her eyes, parted her thighs, spread her puffy labia with her fingers, and then pushed the tip of the banana inside her body. As she worked it further in, she heard Helen say, “Josh, would you mind breaking the eggs for Annabel?”

To her chagrin, her well-lubricated pussy accommodated the intruding fruit with ease, and to make matters worse, an uninvited tingle of pleasure ran down her spine as she shoved it up deeper between her legs.

She heard Josh cracking the eggs and as she reluctantly started to move the banana in and out of her pussy, she opened her eyes in time to see him raising a pint glass filled with raw eggs, the yolks bobbing around like yellow ping pong balls. Annabel had never eaten one raw egg in her life, let alone half a dozen, and she wondered apprehensively if she was going to be able to keep them down. Josh approached her with the glass and she could smell the alcohol on his breath.

“Open up, you naughty girl!” he grinned, raising the rim to her lips.

Her distress now matching the disgraceful arousal between her legs, Annabel obeyed, and as she allowed the first yolk into her mouth, she instantly knew that she wasn’t going to be able to do this.

“Keep moving it down there,” Helen reminded her, and with her right hand guiding the banana up and down, Annabel tried to swallow. It was the texture more than the taste that made her gag, although somehow she managed to keep the slimy yolk down, letting it mingle with the ash, cigarette butts, and semen already floating around in her queasy stomach. Despite her success, Josh kept pouring the viscous fluid into her mouth, and unable to keep up, Annabel couldn’t help but allow some of it trickle down her chin and over her naked breasts.

“Utterly hopeless!” Helen mocked.

A second yolk slipped into her gullet and Annabel retched again, before snorting two yellow lines of goo out of her nostrils. Josh pinched her nose, forcing her mouth open, and tilted the glass further. More and more of the yukky egg yolks entered Annabel’s mouth, one of them escaping as she hawked and choked.

“She’s let go of the banana!” cried Samantha.

“Trent, go and help Josh!” said Helen.

All Annabel could focus on was trying to swallow the revolting eggs, and she gripped Josh’s arms with both hands, but now she could feel the banana moving inside her again, and even though her face was raised, she realized that Trent must be crouching between her legs.

As she felt the warmth gathering towards a second excruciatingly shameful orgasm in front of them all, she gagged again, this time letting the yellow mess cascade over her chest and down her torso. Josh stepped away to avoid the sticky shower and Annabel fell backwards onto her elbows, her hips bucking as Trent valiantly kept hold of the invading banana stuck between her legs.

## Chapter Forty Two

An air of insanity had gripped the room. Helen had a feverish look in her eyes and Chelsea and Drew were laughing manically as Trent, also apparently out of control, whipped the banana out of Annabel's cunt and unzipped his fly. Alastair just had time to glimpse the wet, pink interior of her pussy before Trent frantically shoved his cock inside. As he began to steadily thrust into Annabel, he reached down and started massaging Annabel's breasts, coating them liberally with the excess slime.

Annabel had been brought to the point of orgasm by the banana and it didn't take long before Trent's increasingly rapid stabs sent her over the top again. Her chest and face now all slick and shiny, she arched her back and, throwing one arm over her eyes, uttered a guttural moan which gradually escalated into a high-pitched wail. A moment later, Trent grunted and tensed, his fingers gripping the little bells attached to Annabel's nipples, pulling them up and stretching her breasts into elongated cones.

As their climaxes dwindled, Trent roughly pulled out of her, causing Annabel to gasp. Wiping his sticky hands on her thighs, Trent stood and abruptly headed off to the bathroom to clean up. Annabel remained where she was, defiled and dirtied in every sense, still hiding her face in shame, her shoulders gently shaking.

It had been such a bestial display that at first nobody knew what to say. Such was her state of angst that Annabel hadn't even had the propriety to close her legs, affording them all with a clear view of her juicy, shaved cunt.

Trent returned from the bathroom looking a little sheepish, and Helen said to him, "Trent honey, could you fetch that bottle of tequila from the drinks cabinet?"

Turning her attention to Annabel's prone, still slightly breathless form, she said, "It just occurred to me that Annabel hasn't anything to drink."

"Unless you include that pint of raw eggs!" Drew laughed.

"Let's see if she can still take her liquor," Helen said. "Stand up, Annabel."

Slowly, Annabel pulled herself up into a sitting position, pulling her knees together as she realized how brazenly she had been exposing herself to everyone. Then, with some effort, she rose unsteadily to her feet. It looked to Alastair as though the physical travails of her day were starting to take their toll. However, Helen still had plenty more games of torment up her sleeve!

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Her stomach churning with the odious mixture of cigarette butts, ash, and raw eggs, Annabel watched forlornly as Helen laid a tape measure along the carpet, and then handed her one of the shooter glasses that she had earlier dropped on the floor. Uncapping the bottle of tequila, Helen announced, "Now Annabel's is going to take the sobriety test."

She filled the glass in Annabel's shaking hand and said, "This shouldn't be too difficult—even for a dolt like you. Drink up."

Annabel was too exhausted to be offended at this latest insult. She was more concerned with the nasty drink she was about to consume. In her previously cosseted existence, she hadn't been much of a drinker, although she had occasionally been known to get a little tipsy on cocktails or expensive champagne. She had never been interested in hard liquor however, and the one time she had merely smelled tequila had made her retch. Now Helen was forcing her to knock back a whole shooter glassful! She remembered from Nash's dreadful strip poker night that this potent drink was supposed to be accompanied by a wedge of lime and a dash of salt, but sadistically, Helen was going to make her swallow this neat.

Figuring it to be the least painful approach, Annabel raised the glass to her lips and knocked it back in one go. She let out a spluttering gasp as the fiery liquid burned down her throat, making her eyes water.

*Oh, God! That was vile!*

With an unexpected surge of pride, Annabel managed to keep the shot down, although she immediately felt giddy. Emboldened by the warm glow rapidly spreading through her body, Annabel glared at Helen defiantly.

“Liked that, did you?” Helen smiled. “In that case, have another.”

Annabel’s bravado quickly gave way to alarm. Another? Surely she wouldn’t be able to hold any more of it down? With the revolting contents of her stomach mingling together, she was feeling decidedly nauseated. Despite all of the depraved acts she had already been forced to undertake, the thought of vomiting on Helen’s carpet in front of her former friends would be unthinkable!

Nevertheless she watched helplessly as Helen refilled her glass, while behind her Josh cackled, “Annabel’s getting drunk! This is going to be so cool!”

With no chance of escape, Annabel decided to get it over with as quickly as possible and chugged the second glass straight down. Again, she grimaced as the tequila scorched her throat. Her whole body felt flushed as the alcohol surged through her veins, and she suddenly felt as if she was floating six inches above the carpet.

She heard Trent say, “How are you feeling, Annabel?”

As if by magic, a third glass of tequila was in Annabel’s hand now, and for some reason, Annabel poked her tongue out at Helen before knocking the drink back. She wobbled in her painful plastic shoes and put her hand on Helen’s shoulder to steady herself. She was aware of laughter in the room, but for the first time that day, she didn’t really care.

“Another?” Helen said, pouring from the bottle and handing Annabel the glass again.

“I’d be careful if I were you, Helen,” Samantha said. “She looks like she’s about to throw up!”

Annabel turned awkwardly and slurred, “Fuck you, Sam!”

“Oh-oh!” Josh laughed. “Cinderella’s getting bold!”

Without replying, Annabel snatched the glass and tipped its burning contents down her throat, but when she handed the glass back, she deliberately dropped it before Helen could reach it.

“Annabel!” Helen scolded, unable to keep the grin off her face. “You are behaving very badly! And you know what happens to naughty girls, don’t you?”

Annabel nodded, hiccupped, and took an involuntary step backwards. “Naughty girlsh—getsh punished!”

Helen retrieved the glass and topped it up again. “Come on, one more and then we’ll see how well you can hold your alcohol.”

## Chapter Forty Three

As Annabel gulped down her fifth consecutive neat tequila, Alastair massaged his erection inside his pants. Unlike the rest of them, he hadn't had much to drink, but he had become totally intoxicated by the sexually charged madness that had gripped these young folk around him.

*Power corrupts, he thought. And absolute power corrupts absolutely. Or something like that.*

But wasn't that what this was all about? Total control over a fellow human being, free reign to inflict upon her whatever perverted tortures they could dream up with impunity. During the day, at work or college, these attractive, refined young adults would surely be well behaved models of decorum. Now just look at them! Here was their ex-friend, not too long ago the very best of them, now naked, humiliated, defiled, and utterly helpless—and they were feeding off her debasement like vampires!

Annabel swayed unsteadily, clearly inebriated, her face, breasts and belly smeared with raw eggs, her face now taking on a slightly greenish tone. The poor girl had such a disgusting concoction swilling around her guts, Samantha's prediction about vomiting had to be due to materialize quite soon!

Helen capped the tequila bottle and placed it at one end of the tape measure, and then said, "I want you to put your finger on the top of the bottle and walk around it three times."

"Oh, fuck!" Bobby couldn't help but laugh. "Helen, you are one mean piece of work!"

Annabel wobbled for a moment as she processed this odd command, before finally leaning down with her index finger daintily extended. As ludicrous as she looked, naked and bent over with the little bells chiming from her hanging nipples, Alastair's eyes roved greedily over her body, catching a rear-view glimpse of the soft, damp petals between her thighs.

It took her two attempts to even locate the top of the bottle, but she got there eventually and then began to unsteadily circle the bottle. After she had completed her third circuit, Helen said, "Okay, now stand up and try to walk in a line along the tape."

As soon as Annabel straightened up, a look of alarm crossed her pretty features and she put one hand against the wall while the other came up to cover her mouth.

"Oh shit! She's going to blow!" said Josh, leaning back into the sofa.

Indeed, for an awful moment it looked as though Annabel was about to puke, but instead, when she opened her mouth, she emitted a long, unladylike belch.

"Gross! Whatever would Aunt Sissy say?" said Chelsea.

Even in her disoriented state, Alastair could see the embarrassment in Annabel's eyes as laughter again filled the room.

"Walk the line," Helen reminded her, and after recovering a semblance of control, Annabel pushed away from the wall. Her head must have been in a terrible spin however, because after a tentative first step, she staggered sideways, cannoned into the drinks cabinet, and then slid onto the floor.

"Try again," Helen said heartlessly.

With a little sob of frustration, Annabel attempted to stand up, but losing her balance once again, she slumped forward onto all fours, her musical tits jiggling beneath her. Shaking her head in an apparent attempt to clear it, Annabel bravely continued with her pointless quest by crawling on her hands and knees towards the tape measure. When she reached it, she awkwardly rose into an unseemly crouching position, knees wide apart, displaying her smooth crotch. But when she attempted to stand, she immediately fell backwards, her legs flying up in the air much to the amusement of her sadistic audience. Finally defeated, Annabel remained where she was, breasts heaving, thighs spread, with her fingers pressed up against her eyes.

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“Stand up Annabel, and choose your next forfeit,” Helen said.

*Oh, please leave me alone! I just want to go to sleep!*

Through her drunken haze, Annabel’s focus returned to her throbbing feet and nipples, and without considering the consequences, she angrily plucked the nipple clamps off and flung them across the room.

“Annabel!” Helen said. “Who said you could do that? Do you want to get punished again?”

As the blood returned to her cruelly squeezed nubs, Annabel gasped loudly. The excruciating pain brought her a modicum of clarity, and reacting instinctively to Helen’s threat of retribution, she maneuvered herself up into a sitting position. She gazed around blurry, and then deciding that it was still too soon to attempt to stand, she again crawled on all fours toward the coffee table. Then she rose shakily up onto her knees and dipped her hand into the hateful glass bowl.

She blinked as she tried to decipher the words, and it took a moment to realize that she was holding the slip of paper upside down. Then, mustering as much concentration as she could, Annabel read out, “I-I wanna cock in eshry hole.”

Helen said, “Annabel, you’re slurring. Could you please repeat yourself more clearly?”

Suddenly feeling foolish again, Annabel slowly enunciated the sentence again. “I—want a cock in every—hole.”

“Whore!” Bobby muttered, and Annabel looked up in horror as she realized what she had just said—in her alcoholic fuddle, she had briefly forgotten that he was still here witnessing her ruination.

“Explain what you mean by that,” Helen said.

Annabel wavered in front of them. As drunk as she was, she still comprehended what Helen was doing—Annabel was going to have to spell it out, and in doing so she would lend credence to the illusion that she was the architect of these depraved forfeits. Fortunately, her current state of inebriation had a slight numbing effect on the continual shame she was experiencing, so she managed to say, “I want a cock in my cunt, one up my asshole, and another in my mouth—all at the same time!”

“Really, Annabel!” Samantha said. “You’re getting worse and worse!”

Annabel had to admit that she had even surprised herself with the ease in which she had come out with such an obscene request, and she figured she had the tequila to thank for that.

“And who do you want to perform this orgy with?” Helen asked.

Even in her befuddled state, Annabel knew that this was a no-brainer—asking her former sweetheart, Bobby, was out of the question, and Drew was with Chelsea, which left only the three other remaining men in the room.

“Trent, Josh—and Mr. Barclay,” Annabel answered, feeling more than a little disconcerted at the way her tortured nipples were already hardening at the prospect.

“Well, you’d better ask them nicely then.”

## Chapter Forty Four

Stark naked, other than her silly plastic shoes, Annabel mumbled her lewd request. Alastair could see that her pink nipples were erect, and her labia, plump and wet. As intoxicated as she was, he tried to gauge what her state of mind could be right now. Certainly, she had just come out with some brazenly foul-mouthed words, something that she normally had great difficulty with. She had also displayed a couple of minor acts of defiance—which Alastair thought Darius and Mrs. Craddock had crushed out of her months ago. He wondered how she might be feeling about that after her *Dutch courage* wore off later.

Alastair was somewhat disconcerted to see that Trent and Josh, if anything even drunker than Annabel, were already stripping off, displaying their well-chiseled torsos, and muscular legs. At his advanced age, Alastair had no intention of getting naked in front of these young folk, no matter how much he wanted to join in the fun.

As the boys peeled off their underwear, Helen turned towards him. “Aren’t you going to join in, Barclay?”

Alastair saw Samantha looking at him with an amused expression and he felt himself blushing. “I hardly think—”

“Annabel asked for you,” Helen said gently. “Why don’t you take care of her mouth and let those two horny studs do the rest?”

*Why the hell not?* Alastair thought. He had previously taken a Cialis as a precautionary measure, even though had never previously failed to perform whenever Annabel’s delightful charms were on offer. He downed the remains of his drink and went over the center of the room where Josh was lying on his back with Annabel crouching over his dick. Trent, with a brand-new youthful erection sticking up at an acute angle, had maneuvered behind her, and holding her by the waist, was slowly bending her forward.

Even though he had never participated in a foursome before, it took little imagination for Alastair to figure out his position. Unzipping himself he pulled out his rigid member and then moved around toward Annabel’s face. She looked up at him with unfocused eyes and then gave out a small grunt of surprise as Trent started to penetrate her asshole while simultaneously lowering her onto Josh’s waiting cock below.

Annabel braced her hands against Alastair’s thighs as her luscious lips formed a perfect circle and then enveloped his bell end.

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Through closed eyes, Annabel could see bright flashes as someone in the room—probably Helen—saved this pornographic act for prosperity. That was the least of her concerns as she was currently being overwhelmed by a multitude of conflicting sensations. She still felt slightly nauseous, and each time Barclay’s swollen glans prodded against the back of her throat, she had to fight the urge to gag. Meanwhile, below and behind her, Josh and Trent had filled her up to overflowing with their rock-hard penises. She could feel them both throbbing inside her, separated only by her thin dividing vaginal wall.

Trent had his hands on her breasts, adding to the assault on her senses by roughly pinching her sore nipples. To add to her confusion, Josh was rubbing her clitoris with his thumb, and her super-sensitive body was responding with compound interest!

With the three men pressed up so closely, she began to feel a little claustrophobic and tried to pull her face away from Barclay’s groin, but he had a hand clamped firmly behind her neck, keeping her tightly locked in the vulgar four-way embrace.

As her passion built, a little voice started up in her head, and Annabel recognized it through its pompous, self-assured, condescending tone, as her own.

*What have you become? You are having sex with three men at the same time in front of an audience! People you have known for years! When this is all over, you will never be able to face them again. And even if you do start over somewhere new, they will still have these memories of you. In their minds, you will forever remain Annabel, the dirty whore!*

Even as her former self put her to shame, Annabel's disobedient, libidinous body took total control, and she ground her crotch deep onto Josh's shaft, and at the same time, squeezed her sphincter around Trent's embedded cock, while allowing Barclay's rod deeper into her throat.

Trent lost it first, tugging hard on Annabel's nipples as his seed exploded into her rectum. Feeling his hot rush, Annabel quivered with the first pulses of her own orgasm. Above her, Barclay moaned and Annabel snorted through her nostrils as she received another viscous salvo straight down her esophagus.

Squealing like a stuck pig, Annabel felt her climax sweeping through her, and seconds later she accepted Josh's sticky deposit up into her womb. They jerked and groaned together before Annabel's knees finally buckled and she allowed Barclay's dick to slip out of her mouth before collapsing forward so that she was sandwiched between the two younger men.

Exhausted, she lay between them, feeling their hearts pounding on either side of her sticky, sweaty body. As her euphoria subsided, she heard Bobby say, "Dear God, and to think that I was once planning on marrying that slut!"

Eventually, Trent peeled his naked body off Annabel's back, his semi-hard member retreating from her abused rear end with a rude plopping sound. With some effort, Josh then pushed Annabel off him and she rolled like a rag-doll onto her side.

Helen said, "Annabel? Can you stand?"

Annabel kept her eyes closed and didn't answer.

"She's totally out of it," Josh said, his own voice unsteady after his exertions.

Completely spent, Annabel was more than willing to let them think she had passed out. She knew that her filthy, smelly, naked body was on full view but she was beyond caring. Her lust temporarily sated, all of her muscles ached, her feet were killing her, and her asshole and pussy were raw. She placed her hands on her tender breasts and feeling the stickiness there, impulsively said, "I want a shower."

"Yes, you do look a bit of a mess," Helen said. "I've got a better idea. Guys, why don't you take Annabel outside for a refreshing swim?"

"Okay," Trent said. "Just give me a minute to get my legs back. This bitch goes off like a jackhammer!"

Annabel was actually just drifting off when she felt hands under her armpits and knees. Then she was floating as they carried her out to the backyard. The evening air cooled her skin as they crossed the patio, and she opened her eyes and looked up at the night sky.

The warm glow of after-sex and alcohol dissipated quickly as they began to swing her back and forth, and the queasiness in her stomach returned with a vengeance as the stars blurred above her.

"One, two, three!"

Annabel was suddenly airborne, spinning and disoriented, and then came the deafening, cold shock as she hit the water. In an instant she was sober, water rushing up her nose as she attempted to get her bearings. With a deep, hoarse gulp, she broke the surface, spluttering and coughing.

Her tormentors were all lined up at the edge of the pool, laughing at her. Her mind suddenly sharp again, the full impact of what she had just done hit her like a brick. Bobby's hurtful words came back to remind her of all that she had sacrificed in order to keep her inheritance. Despairingly, she realized that he was right. She had become the lowest of the low. Even a street hooker carried herself with more dignity.

Now the all-conquering Helen, her arm lovingly around Bobby's waist, said, "I hope that's revived you, Annabel, because Samantha wants to give you a caning for insulting her earlier."

## Chapter Forty Five

### ANNABEL HELPS THE HOMELESS

Sitting in the passenger seat of Alastair Barclay's Honda CR-V, Annabel nervously wondered what was in store for her today. After all of the sexual humiliations she had been forced to suffer at the hands of Darius Nash and his evil cronies, she would have thought that she would by now have become immune to any further suffering inflicted upon her. But the ever-changing scenarios that Nash devised for her meant that she remained constantly on edge regarding her immediate future.

His vile imagination seemed limitless, and Annabel was mentally and emotionally unable to keep up with it. As usual, she had been kept in the dark about her *work* today, and judging from the increasingly squalid scenery in this unfamiliar part of the city, her upcoming trials would most probably be as bad as, if not worse than anything she had experienced so far. Would she have to perform like a dumb animal again? Or perhaps she would have to disgrace herself sexually in front of a leering audience. She might be caned or whipped, or have to perform revolting lesbian acts as she had with Alisha. Anything was possible with these sick bastards, and even after all this time, it never got any easier.

This morning, Mrs. Craddock had dressed her up in a starched white button-up tunic, and a little white cap emblazoned with a red cross perched upon her head. She was also wearing sheer white stockings and had white tennis shoes on her feet. Ominously, she had not been provided with any underwear, leaving her naked underneath. Her red hair was still cut into an unattractive short bob, and Mrs. Craddock had for some reason coated Annabel's lips with a very garish shade of red lipstick which, along with some dark eyeliner, blue eye shadow, and rouged cheeks, had the effect of making her look a bit like a toy doll! Beneath her almost cartoonish nurse uniform, her vulva remained cleanly shaved, a daily routine that Mrs. Craddock seemed to take great pleasure in undertaking. To add to Annabel's already acute discomfiture, the tunic closely fitted her body and her permanently erect nipples were plainly visible as they strained against the tight material.

Annabel gazed forlornly out of the window as they passed rows of shuttered shop fronts and empty warehouses. Wherever they were headed was going to be uncharted territory for her, because with her privileged upbringing she had only ever previously frequented the most fashionable and upscale districts of the city. How distant those memories seemed now after weeks and weeks of sexual slavery under Nash's dominion. How long had it been exactly? Two months? Three? She still remembered that the original arrangement had been for one year, after which she would be free, and more importantly, extremely wealthy. It went without saying that things could never quite be the same again. Of course she would never be able to face her so-called *friends* again after the way they had utterly humiliated her the previous week. Her one-time sweetheart, Bobby, was now in love with her former rival Helen, and Trent and Josh had used her body repeatedly as, adding to Annabel's mortification, Samantha, Chelsea and Drew had looked on in disgust. She caught herself flushing now as the horrible images of that morale-crushing weekend at Helen's house came back to haunt her.

Annabel returned to the present with a jolt as Barclay swung into a cracked asphalt parking lot and stopped the car in front of a redbrick building. They were parked in front of the entrance which consisted of green double doors, above which hung a sign that read, MERCY CLINIC & SHELTER FOR THE HOMELESS.

Annabel gulped as she connected the implications of the sign with her faux-nurse uniform. Was this going to be her job for the day? Helping to take care of sick and smelly hobos? As much as the idea repelled her, at least it would be preferable to the unbearable suffering she had been subjected to at Helen's place. But by now Annabel had become attuned to Nash's deviant thinking processes, and with a hollow feeling in her stomach, she knew that there would be a lot more required of her today than simply washing feet or taking temperatures.

She followed Barclay into the lobby and was immediately swamped with a sickly feeling of trepidation as she took in the austere surroundings. The walls were painted a drab olive, and stark

neon lights illuminated the room. Three plastic orange chairs lined the left wall, while an ancient gray-haired man sat behind a desk to the right. The air was filled with the unpleasantly mixed odors of disinfectant and stale urine, triggering Annabel's innate loathing of hospitals and doctors.

But her apprehension quickly turned to outright dread when Barclay approached the desk and said, "Hello there, I'm looking for Dr. Schafer. Is he here yet?"

*Did he say Dr. Schafer?*

At the sound of the evil doctor's name, her knees started to quiver. She had been through countless ordeals since arriving at Nash's house, some too humiliating to describe, but nothing had been as physically agonizing as her *medical exam* at the hands of Dr. Schafer. How could she possibly forget the awful cramps in her belly as he had filled her with water while her arms and legs were bound up? And the milking cups that had so cruelly crushed her breasts while she had been forced to jump with a rope as her enema had squirting obscenely out of her rectum? Then there was that sadistic Nurse Ingle who had forced jets of water up Annabel's nostrils. Annabel didn't think that she could ever face those maniacs again.

"Ah, yes," the old man said, squinting with interest through his lenses at Annabel. "He's in the dormitory, just down the hall."

"Thank you," Barclay said. "Come along Annabel."

Annabel's days of refusing to obey orders were long since over, but it was on shaky wooden legs that she walked behind her erstwhile butler to face her tormentors once again.

## Chapter Forty Six

Alastair pushed through another set of double doors and found himself in a well-lit room with rows of metal-framed beds along each side. He had never met Dr. Schafer before, but he had heard about Annabel's painful and humiliating medical exam at Nash's house and he was both eager and curious to observe what he had planned for the hapless young woman today. Alastair had also learned that the ongoing suffering of Annabel's former friend Alisha Royce was also being fueled by some powerful drugs provided by this disbarred doctor.

Although as her driver, Alastair hadn't been given any details about Annabel's duties here, he had already concluded that, like her fabricated job at Helen's house, this was merely a set-up prearranged by Nash as a pretext to having her perform for the four down-and-outs that now sat expectantly watching her from their beds. Evidently Nash had pulled some strings to arrange the use of this venue, which looked like a genuine shelter but was clearly being used as a stage today—upon which Annabel was undoubtedly going to be forced to put on a memorable show for these lucky guys!

Dr. Schafer, small and bald, with a goatee and round spectacles, was seated behind a steel trolley upon which an array of medical instruments and pharmaceuticals had been arranged. A tall and frightening looking nurse was busy handing out plastic cups of water and pills that looked suspiciously like Viagra to the four disheveled and unshaven *patients*. They were all dressed in uniformly striped pajamas through which Alastair observed that a couple of them didn't even need the sexual stimulant, if that is what it was!

"Dr. Schafer, I presume," Alastair smiled, extending his hand. "I believe you are familiar with Annabel?"

The doctor's handshake was limp and clammy, but there was a sinister gaze in his steely eyes that hinted as to why he had been struck off the AM's register. Alastair instinctively perceived that here was a man who took great pleasure from hurting and degrading his *patients*—particularly if they happened to be attractive young women like Annabel!

"Of course I am," Dr. Schafer said, his eyes fixed on his cowering victim. "Such a brave young lady as I recall, and long overdue for another examination. But her first task today is to help attend to the needs of the other patients here. Annabel, I'd like you to meet Frank, Randy, Oscar, and Jimmy."

Looking around the room, none of these old vagrants looked particularly sick, just old and worn out from alcohol abuse. In fact, the sight of this new pretty young *nurse* had already inspired a few lewd comments and excited laughter among them. Annabel, her face turning beetroot, kept her wide eyes to the front, studiously avoiding those of Dr. Schafer. She looked absolutely terrified at the prospect of another thorough examination in front of these dirty old men!

"Now, Annabel," said Dr. Schafer, coming around from behind the trolley. "First off, I want you to introduce yourself to Frank over here. Frank, would you please stand up at the end of your bed?"

Frank looked like he was the oldest one there, with sagging jowls, no teeth, and wisps of white hair clinging to his bald pate. He climbed off the bed and stood in his jammies while Nurse Ingle took Annabel by the wrist and pulled her close to him.

"Say hello to Frank," Dr. Schafer prompted. Annabel glanced helplessly at Alastair before mumbling her greeting while simultaneously staring at her tennis shoes.

"Hmm, that wasn't much of a welcome was it?" Dr. Schafer said. "The boys have been looking forward to your visit and I want you to be nice to them. I think it would be better if you gave Frank a kiss."

Annabel let out a muted whinny, and Alastair could just imagine her distress—not only was the guy old enough to be her grandfather, but his chin was covered in white stubble, and his tongue kept flickering in and out over his glistening, purple lips!

*My goodness!* Alastair thought. *A few months ago, Annabel was dating the most desirable young jock in college. Now she's about to be forced to plant a kiss on this rancid old dude!*

Closing her eyes, Annabel tilted her face up and puckering her lips, quickly touched her mouth against his. Unable to help herself, she immediately pulled away, spat on the back of her hand, and wiped it on her tunic.

“She obviously doesn’t like the taste of yer baccie, Frank!” Randy, one of the other vagrants, laughed.

“Well, she’ll have to get used to it,” said Dr. Schafer. “Annabel, try that again please, but this time I want you to open your mouth and offer Frank your tongue.”

Now Annabel looked pleadingly at the nasty doctor, but there was to be no respite.

“Or perhaps, you’d like Nurse Ingle to give you a few injections instead,” Dr. Schafer said.

That did it. Dr. Schafer had obviously hit upon a weak spot, because with a groan of misery, Annabel parted her velvety lips, and placed them over old Frank’s mouth.

*I’ll bet the old shit didn’t expect this when he woke up this morning!* Alastair thought as he watched Frank’s knobby hands gripping Annabel’s waist. *And neither did she!*

## Chapter Forty Seven

*Eew! Gross! His mouth tastes disgusting!* Annabel thought as her tongue bobbed along Frank's toothless gums. She had been forced into some indecent encounters with a few middle-aged guys since her tenure at Nash's house had begun, but this revolting man was by far the oldest. He had to be at least eighty years old!

Annabel had long since ceased to be surprised at the depths to which Nash expected her to descend these days. Shocked yes, and always revolted and ashamed of herself, but not surprised. Anything was possible, but what was Nash expecting to happen here? She had become physically used to having sex with much older men by now—if not mentally and emotionally—but surely this old fuck wouldn't be able to manage a hard-on?

After what seemed like a lifetime, Dr. Schafer finally allowed her to pull away. She could taste his second-hand tobacco in her mouth and she tried hard not to gag. Frank just stared at her through his filmy eyes with a smile as wide as his face, making Annabel feel thoroughly defiled. She could hear the other tramps whooping and clapping, and she suddenly felt like one of those strippergram girls!

"Okay, now that you two are acquainted, I want you to pull down Frank's pajama bottoms, Annabel," Dr. Schafer said.

"What?" Annabel said, aghast, although she should have guessed that it was coming.

"I want you to test whether Frank has an inguinal hernia or not," Dr. Schafer said. "It's a perfectly normal practice young lady."

Annabel hadn't a clue what the doctor had just said, but the idea of exposing this decrepit old bum's lower body while everybody watched on, filled her with a sudden dread. What if he did have an erection? Would she have to touch it?

"Hurry up, my dear," Dr. Schafer said. "You've still got the other three patients to check out."

*Oh God! I'm going to have to go through this with all of them?*

With shaking fingers, Annabel reached for the waistband of Frank's pajama bottoms and, feeling the hairs on his belly, worked her fingers inside. Then, much as one would whip a sticking plaster off the skin in one go, she yanked his pants down to his ankles, fixedly looking at his face rather than at his genital region. Frank meanwhile, looked as though he was in heaven, his smile still smeared across his craggy face.

"Now the procedure is very straightforward," Dr. Schafer said. "Annabel, you are to cup Frank's testicles with your hands while he coughs twice. Have a good feel around the whole area and if you detect any unusual bulges, let me know."

As always, there was no point in resisting the inevitable—she might just as well get on with the vile act. Even though this scene was masquerading as a medical one, Annabel was very well aware that all Schafer wanted to do here was embarrass her in front of these hobos. They knew it too, judging from the yells of encouragement as she tentatively moved her hand under Frank's pajama top, being careful to try to avoid his penis. Unfortunately she had been correct in assuming him to be impotent and her fingers brushed against his flaccid member, making her jump and pull her hand back.

Breathing heavily out of her nostrils, Annabel steeled herself, and tried again. Coming around the side, she found his wrinkled sac with her fingers and suppressing a moan of revulsion, wrapped them around it.

Frank gazed happily into her eyes, still beaming like a kid on Christmas Day, and said, "You want me to cough now honey?"

Then he did, without turning his head to the side, and splattering Annabel's face with droplets of spittle in the process. Annabel screwed her eyes up in displeasure but somehow managed to keep her fingers around his saggy scrotum. She wasn't sure what she was supposed to be feeling for down there but when Frank coughed a second time, she definitely felt his balls contracting, and worryingly, his limp cock twitching against her wrist.

“Well, Nurse Annabel?” Dr. Schafer said. “Anything?”

“Um—I don’t know.” Annabel stammered.

“She’s just playing with Frank’s balls!” Oscar laughed, making her flush even deeper. “What kind of a nympho nurse is this?”

“A dirty little redhead!” said Jimmy. “And a real hottie, too!”

Feeling ever more ashamed of what she was doing in front of them, Annabel desperately wanted to let go of old Frank’s scrotum, but she was now so deeply conditioned to obey that she kept her hand on his balls while the lewd comments kept on coming.

“You like getting it on with old guys, sweetie?”

“Did you ever touch your granddaddy like that?”

“Look how she’s hanging onto Frank’s nut sack! I’ll bet she wants to give it a kiss!”

Amid the verbal assault, Annabel was becoming aware that Frank’s penis had lengthened and hardened some, but still lay against her inner forearm. She was so accustomed to these nasty games by now that she had already resigned herself to where this was heading, but this guy was so old that she doubted whether he would ever be able to achieve an erection, let alone maintain one!

“Never mind, Nurse Annabel,” Dr. Schafer said. “We’ll move on to the next test. I want you to check Frank’s temperature. You can let go of his testicles now—this is supposed to be a medical exam, not a groping session.”

Trying to ignore the general mirth generated by the doctor’s insulting remark, Annabel withdrew her hand with great relief. Taking this smelly old man’s temperature couldn’t be as bad as being forced to touch his private parts, could it?

## Chapter Forty Eight

If old Frank was experiencing problems raising it, Alastair was having no such trouble as he watched Annabel getting up close and personal with the old vagrant. Alastair had, over the past few months, witnessed Annabel engaging in a number of crude sex acts with several of Nash's close group of middle-aged accomplices—himself included—as well as two young men of her own age, not to mention a lesbian tryst with her former friend Alisha, but now she was entering a whole new sexual arena!

He had observed a gradual change in Annabel's demeanor since her year in servitude had begun, and although she was still clearly deeply ashamed of the perverted acts she was forced to perform, her defiant and haughty nature of old seemed to have evaporated completely. He doubted whether she had come to fully accept her new lowly status in life, but she was managing to keep her resentment well hidden. Alastair's pleasure now came not from watching her resistance being broken down, but from the obvious self-disgust she felt during her obscene performances.

"You'll be taking Frank's temperature rectally," Dr. Schafer said to Annabel. "Frank, would you mind bending over the end of the bed please?"

The revulsion in Annabel's dainty features was plain for all to see as the old man willingly turned around and leaned over the metal frame at the end of the bed. Then, without any further instructions from the doctor, he reached around and parted his butt cheeks, exposing both his asshole and his dangling ballbag that Annabel had just been caressing. Annabel took an involuntary step backward at the revolting sight, but his buddies thought it was hilarious.

"Now we need to find a thermometer," said Dr. Schafer, visibly reveling in Annabel's hopeless situation.

Alastair had already noticed that there was an absurdly large thermometer sitting on the steel trolley that would certainly bring tears to old Frank's eyes if it were to be inserted into his rectum, but Dr. Schafer said, "Oh, dear, it seems that Nurse Ingle forgot to bring any of a suitable size. How unfortunate. But not to worry, you can just use your tongue instead. That will suffice for an approximate reading."

*What a wicked brute!* Alastair thought deliriously. Even though he was maintaining a thin pretense that there was some practical purpose to this depravity, Dr. Schafer had obviously preplanned everything to maximize Annabel's progressive humiliation! They could all see how disgusted she had been at having to cup Frank's scrotum, but now she was being ordered to put her tongue into his asshole!

"Please," she whimpered. "I can't do that!"

"Okay then," Dr. Schafer said briskly. "Nurse Ingle, would you start preparing Annabel's inoculations, please. She will require thirty injections today."

Annabel's eyes grew as wide as saucers, and she gasped, "No! Wait! I'll do it!"

Her crimson face took on a desolate expression as she reluctantly sank to her knees behind Frank's spread ass cheeks. Then, ever so hesitantly, she poked out her little pink tongue and moved her face forward until it connected with Frank's protuberant ring-piece. Repelled, she immediately pulled away, but Dr. Schafer was merciless. "Keep it there, Nurse Annabel. You can't possibly tell if Frank has a temperature from such a brief contact. And I want you to push your tongue inside, not just lick it."

There was an audible whine from the stricken girl as she again touched Frank's buttock with the tip of her tongue. Whatever she had been dreading would happen to her when they left this morning, she couldn't possibly have anticipated something as depraved as this!

Alastair noticed Annabel's throat bulging as she worked her tongue into Frank's back hole, and for a moment he thought she was about to throw up. She was breathing heavily through her nostrils, and Alastair cringed inwardly at what Frank's crack must smell like! Dr. Schafer kept her there for a full minute before finally allowing her to come up for air.

"So, does Frank have a temperature?" Dr. Schafer asked.

“Blech!” was all Annabel could manage in reply as she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

“Don’t you even think about kissing me after doing that!” Randy snickered

“Not to worry,” Dr. Schafer said. “Nurse Ingle has brought along a bar of carbolic soap to wash her mouth out with—hygiene is very important, after all. Now, Annabel, finally I need you to take a sperm sample. Nurse Ingle, if you please?”

The sadistic nurse picked up a plastic cup and placed it on the floor beside Annabel. The red-faced girl looked at the cup, then at Dr. Schafer, before glumly turning her face back towards Frank’s hairy ass.

*Oh, Lord!* Alastair laughed inwardly. He should have guessed that this was on the agenda, and once again, despite Dr. Schafer’s official tone, it was just another facade designed to force Annabel to try to induce Frank into attaining an erection! Actually, as the old derelict turned around and straightened up, Alastair noted that he was already halfway there! Still kneeling, Annabel saw it too, and with what looked like a great effort of will, she falteringly wrapped her slender digits around his swinging member.

Annabel’s face was a picture of disgust as, still on her knees in her cute little nurse’s outfit, she slowly moved her hand up and down Frank’s semi-flaccid shaft, its purple glans popping in and out of view with each stroke. For once there were no crude comments, and a hush descended upon the room as the small group of onlookers watched this pretty young redhead being forced to masturbate a man old enough to be her grandfather!

## Chapter Forty Nine

Trying not to focus her eyes upon her filthy task, Annabel attempted to stroke some life into Frank's half-erect penis, not because she wanted to encourage any further sexual developments with him, but because she was afraid of what her punishment might be if she failed. When Dr. Schafer had mentioned injections, a wave of terror had swept through her. She practically had a phobia about needles and even though she had been trained to obey anyway, the specter of thirty injections was enough to cow her into a state of total compliance!

She could still taste Frank's sweaty anus, and thinking about the sensation of his puckered rim against her lips while she pushed her tongue inside, nearly made her retch again. She had been forced to do many disgusting and shameful things in the past few months, but that had to count as one of the vilest, something she would have to live with for the rest of her life—and yet she really had done it! That was the level of control they had over her now.

She could feel his wrinkly skin moving under the palm of her hand, and out of the corner of her eye, she glimpsed his bulbous glans, but there was no indication of any further stiffening, and as her wrist began to get tired, Annabel began to suspect that this was as much as the old guy could manage.

A few minutes had passed by in silence, but now Frank's fellow hobos were starting to taunt both him and Annabel, which added to her shame because it somehow implied that they were united in this intimate act. This had always been Darius Nash's overriding goal of course—to give the appearance that Annabel really was a worthless whore who actually enjoyed the perverted acts she was obliged to carry out.

Finally, Dr. Schafer said, "We're not really getting anywhere, are we? You're obviously not arousing Frank enough, Nurse Annabel. Let's try and give him some increased stimulation. Let go of his dick for a minute and stand in the middle of the room."

Feeling irrationally guilty at having let everybody down, Annabel did as she was told. All eyes were upon her as she waited for the next instruction, and when it came, Annabel was not in the least bit astounded.

"Take off your tunic, Nurse Annabel."

Avoiding the lecherous stares of the four homeless men, Annabel hesitatingly worked her fingers down the buttons on the front of the tunic. As if prearranged by a stage director, a shaft of sunlight suddenly appeared through a nearby window, casting her in a bright spotlight as she shrugged the simple garment over her shoulders. She had been ordered to undress in public so many times now that she knew it was futile to attempt to cover herself, so she kept her arms straight at her sides, allowing everybody to ogle her effectively nude body.

"Look at that gorgeous cunt!" Randy exclaimed. "Bald as a baby's ass!"

"And what a fine pair of titties with big pink nipples!" added Oscar.

Blushing furiously, Annabel stood awkwardly in front of her admirers as they commented on every detail of her body. Unfortunately, the object of the exercise was to excite Frank, and although he looked deliriously happy, his dick still hadn't become fully erect.

"Turn around and bend over, and then pull your buttocks apart just as Frank had to do for you," said Dr. Schafer, sounding rather undocorlike at the moment.

Miserably Annabel complied again, giving them all a rear view of her most private orifices. Somebody wolf whistled, which was followed by a spontaneous round of applause, making Annabel feel cheaper than ever!

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For Alastair, no matter how many times he gazed upon Annabel's nude body, it never got boring. The young woman was an absolute stunner and right now, bent double and pulling her ass cheeks apart in front of a group of leering hobos, she was a sight to behold!

Wearing just her cute little nurse's cap, white stockings, and sneakers, she was the epitome of every dirty old man's hospital fantasy—and there was plenty more to come yet! Standing directly behind her, Frank looked as though he had fallen in love as he stared entranced at Annabel's puffy hammock and the tidy little butthole just above. Alastair discreetly checked out the old guy's cock, and it had certainly lengthened and swollen some more.

*Such is the power of the pussy!* Alastair mused.

After making Annabel maintain the obscene pose for a couple of minutes, Dr. Schafer allowed her to straighten up, and then he said, "We'd better take the opportunity to clean up her dirty mouth, don't you think, Nurse Ingle?"

With a nasty smile, the silent *nurse* picked up a pink block of carbolic soap from the trolley and approached the red-faced girl. It occurred to Alastair that he hadn't heard Nurse Ingle utter a single word so far, and he wondered if she might be mute. She definitely had no need to vocalize her intentions as she reached over and gripped Annabel's button nose tightly between her thumb and index finger!

Annabel emitted a strained yelp, and as her lips parted, Nurse Ingle roughly jammed the bar of soap between her teeth. As the cruel woman tried to push the soap deeper into her mouth, Annabel reflexively clamped her teeth down, but Nurse Ingle knew exactly how to overcome any resistance, and to Alastair's amazement and delight, she reached down with her other hand and scraped her long fingernails along Annabel's tender labia. Annabel's eyes grew wide as Nurse Ingle sought out her clitoris, and when she felt the sharp tip of her Nurse Ingle's nail, Annabel gasped in pain, permitting the heartless nurse to wedge the soap deep inside her mouth.

"Walk up and down for us, Annabel," Dr. Schafer commanded. "Give everybody a good look at you."

Once again, Annabel's persecutors had succeeded in turning her into a ridiculous spectacle, and yet as the hapless girl trudged forlornly along the dormitory, gagging and retching, her splendid tits bobbing, and her lovely round ass undulating, Alastair found himself sporting an erection far superior to old Frank's!

## Chapter Fifty

Annabel's legs felt like jelly as she paraded her naked body back and forth in front of the snickering group of lecherous hobos. Her eyes were watering from Nurse Ingle's pinching grip as well as the absolutely vile taste of the soap in her mouth, which was causing her to gag continuously.

The proud and arrogant Annabel of old seemed like an ancient memory now. She had become thoroughly accustomed to being naked in front of strangers while being forced to behave in the most demeaning of ways, and yet the deep sense shame and self-loathing never seemed to wane. Lord knew she had tried so hard to intellectually and emotionally distance herself from these soul-crushing episodes, but each time new witnesses were introduced to her total comedown, the acute feelings of embarrassment and worthlessness just came rushing back anew.

After several passes by, Nurse Ingle caught Annabel's arm and swiveled her around in front of Frank again. The odious bar of soap was roughly extracted from Annabel's mouth, leaving a foul-tasting residue on her teeth, and a bitter after-taste in her throat.

"Kneel down and try again, Nurse Annabel," Dr. Schafer said.

Swallowing hard, Annabel again sank submissively to her knees so that her face was level with Frank's semi-hard penis. She numbly wrapped her fingers around it and began to jerk him off again. Still the old fuck couldn't quite get it fully up, so in exasperation Annabel instinctively opened her mouth in readiness to accommodate him. This reflex must have been subconsciously added to her psyche as a result of the countless blowjobs she had been forced to perform since falling under Nash's control! Realizing in horror at what she had almost done, she let go of his dick, but unfortunately she had already sealed her fate.

"Excellent idea, Nurse Annabel," Dr. Schafer said happily. "I'm glad to see that you are taking your work seriously. Please continue with the fellatio."

"I was right!" Jimmy yelled from behind her. "She's a fucking nympho!"

Nothing could have been further from the truth of course, but with her unfaithful body permanently in heat, they would all have had plenty of time to observe her erect nipples and swollen labia during her march past, and there was no hiding the fact that physically at least, she was indeed highly aroused, which only served to exacerbate her shame.

With no other choice than to obey, Annabel lifted up Frank's cock and with disgust, accepted it into her mouth. Feel the soft skin resting against her tongue, she could hardly believe that she was actually doing this with such a grizzled old man! Before she had fallen into the clutches of Darius Nash, Annabel had never given head, finding the process quite disgusting, but in the past few months she had technically become quite the expert. That didn't make it any easier on an emotional level as she felt the old vagrant's shaft gradually stiffening inside her mouth.

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Dragging his eyes away from the fascinating sight of Annabel on her knees sucking off an octogenarian, Alastair studied the faces of the other three homeless men in turn. Their rude comments had dwindled off again as they watched Annabel's oral sex act in rapt silence. Whatever they had been expecting earlier, they now knew that they were all going to get a turn with the pretty young redhead and their eyes shone with excited anticipation.

*Well, you might not be enjoying this, Annabel, but you are certainly going to make some washed up old men very happy today!*

After a couple of minutes, Annabel pulled herself off him, coughing and spluttering, to catch her breath, but after Nurse Ingle slapped her on the back of the head, she quickly resumed her unenviable task. During the brief interval, Frank's dick had come into view, and it was now clear that Annabel was finally succeeding in her carnal mission. Glistening with Annabel's saliva, the old

fellow's tool was almost completely erect, the plum-shaped head poking proudly out of its sheaf of skin. Alastair wondered how long it had been since that had last happened!

The room was filled only with the sound of Frank's heavy panting and Annabel's noisy slurping as her head bobbed back and forth with increasing rapidity. For Alastair, it was a deeply erotic spectacle, given the previously arrogant personality of the young woman now being forced to service an old, unhygienic looking tramp in front of strangers. To make the exhibition even more degrading for her, Annabel's body, pumped daily with Dr. Schafer's secret and powerful aphrodisiac, would be responding in kind, forcing her to endure the emotional turmoil caused by a mixture of repugnance and shame along with deep sexual pleasure!

Without warning, Frank let out a peculiar sigh and jerked his hips. Annabel simultaneously threw her arms out wide, fingers spread, and emitted a strangled cry. As she slipped her mouth off Frank's cock, Dr. Schafer snapped, "Spit it into the receptacle, Nurse Annabel!"

With a desolate expression on her crimson face, Annabel looked around for the plastic cup on the floor and then leaned over and allowed Frank's seed to trickle between her lips into the cup. The old boy's member was already wilting but the dirty deed had been done.

Now the other three began to pipe up again, clearly impressed with Annabel's oral skills.

"Way to go, Frankie boy!"

"You too, Nurse Annabel! Champion cocksucker!"

"And she enjoyed herself! Look at how her nipples are poking out!"

Annabel kept her head bowed as Nurse Ingle picked up the cup of semen and placed it on the trolley. Alastair was sure that they wouldn't be testing it—after all, Dr. Schafer was no longer legally allowed to practice, and this whole thing was obviously another of Nash's charades—but they might be saving it for some other wicked purpose later. In due course, Annabel would find out. Meanwhile, her ordeal in the homeless shelter was picking up pace.

"Well, don't just sit there," Dr. Schafer said. "You have three more patients to attend to—and to save time, you can check them all together."

## Chapter Fifty One

Annabel watched with increasing dismay as the three remaining vagrants quickly removed their pajamas and huddled around her. Unlike old Frank, all three of them had full erections, which they now waved in front of her burning face. She had no choice but to notice that Randy was particularly well-hung as he slapped his cockhead against her cheek.

“I know you are keen to get sucking again, Nurse Annabel,” Dr. Schafer unkindly stated. “But I’d like you to stand up and introduce yourself properly with a nice welcoming kiss first.”

*Introduce myself?* Annabel fumed. *They’ve seen every private detail of my body! What else could they need to know about me?*

Forlornly, she got to her feet, feeling somewhat claustrophobic at the close proximity of the three unclothed drifters. There was far too much gray body hair, wrinkled skin, and old male testosterone around for her liking. On autopilot, she French-kissed each one in turn, allowing them to explore her mouth with their tongues, and feeling their broken, yellowing teeth with her own tongue. As she was rotated around, the remaining two would grope her ass and breasts, making her squeal into the mouth of whoever she was currently kissing.

Then it was time for the repugnant *temperature taking* session. One by one, she knelt behind their spread ass cheeks and worked her tongue into their brown holes, feeling sick to her stomach as their ass hair tickled her nose. As a crowning insult, when she started rimming Oscar, he broke wind into her face, almost making her to throw up!

To speed things along. Dr. Schafer had Annabel cup their balls and blow them off at the same time. Back on her knees, she spent the next fifteen minutes licking and sucking, always with somebody’s testicles in hand. Oscar and Jimmy both had sizable beer bellies, which as they crowded in around her, intensified her sense of confinement.

Oscar came first, his hot issue hitting the back of her throat. Annabel coughed it up into the new receptacle on the floor and was quickly ordered to resume her unpleasant chore. This time however, Dr. Schafer commanded her take Jimmy and Randy’s penises at the same time. Annabel recoiled in terror. Randy’s dick had to be at least eight inches long! She doubted if she could accommodate it on its own, let alone with Jimmy’s alongside it!

But try she must, and stretching her mouth as wide as she possibly could, she allowed the two horny old men to guide their shafts between her spread lips. As they nudged themselves deeper into her throat, Annabel breathed frantically through her nostrils. At one point, she really thought she was going to suffocate, but when she tried to pull back, she felt Nurse Ingle’s cruel fingers holding the back of her head firmly in place.

*Fuck! She’s going to kill me!* Annabel thought desperately.

But survival mode kicked in, and she instinctively relaxed her throat and managed to control her breathing while the two men, side by side, gently pulsed their dicks in and out of her mouth. When Jimmy came, Randy pulled his thick penis out and began to rapidly masturbate in front of Annabel’s face. She looked at it in astonishment while keeping her lips together with Jimmy’s semen still inside. Almost hypnotized by Randy’s enlarged cockhead, Annabel was taken totally by surprise as the first salvo hit her in the face. She flinched and tried to turn her head, but Nurse Ingle behind her was too strong, and another powerful spurt of ropy white semen landed on her nose.

Feeling almost faint, Annabel leaned over and deposited Jimmy’s semen into the receptacle on the floor. Then, at Dr. Schafer’s bidding, she wiped most of Randy’s bodily fluid off her nose, cheeks, and chin, and flicked it all into the receptacle.

As the three old men caught their breath, Annabel sat numbly back on her heels. She had been forced to perform some hideous acts of depravity over the past few months, but right now, she felt filthier than ever before.

While Nurse Ingle was retrieving the cup of mixed semen, and the four sated old vagrants were putting their jammies back on, Dr. Schafer selected a peculiar metal contraption—that reminded Alastair of a small bear trap—from the trolley. He approached the desolate figure still kneeling on the floor and told her to rise to her feet.

“Open wide,” he said, tapping her on the chin with the device. Annabel looked at it uncomprehendingly before obediently parting her jaws. The instrument consisted of a thin steel bar that looped around on itself, forming a narrow figure-of-eight shape. Dr. Schafer placed it inside Annabel’s mouth so that the upper and lower portion of the bar rested just behind her teeth. Then he began ratcheting the two sides apart using a small lever on the side of the instrument.

Alastair’s mind raced back to the unforgettable poker night when he had first had the indescribable pleasure of watching Annabel debase herself. Part of her punishment that night had included a plastic mouth extender that had stretched her lips into a grotesquely wide grin that had exposed every one of her teeth. This was obviously another similar dental instrument, which in this case, was designed simply to keep the jaws apart. Alastair doubted that Dr. Schafer intended to carry out any dental treatment today, its purpose being to serve as a kind of pseudo-medieval torture device!

As Dr. Schafer kept on pressing the lever, Annabel’s eyes grew wider and wider along with her stretching jaws. A genuine dentist would never have deliberately subjected his patient to such discomfort of course, and Alastair suspected that the good doctor had tampered with the apparatus in order to allow it to open up much wider than its manufacturers had intended! Indeed, by the time he was done, Annabel’s teeth were jammed further apart than ever before in her young life, and her pink tongue flashed around inside her mouth as she let out a gargled moan of anguish.

Dr. Schafer then produced what at first glance looked like a large pair of scissors from his pocket, and for a second Alastair had the insane notion that he was about to cut out the distraught girl’s tongue! But on closer inspection he observed that the end of the *blades* were in fact flat steel circles and that the tool was actually a spring-loaded tongue clamp.

“Stick out your tongue, please,” Dr. Schafer said, in what was, given the circumstances, a wholly inappropriate bedside manner.

“Aah!” Annabel replied, as the clamps bit down on her tongue, their weight pulling it out of her wide-open mouth. Not only did she look to be in a great deal of distress, but as per usual with Darius Nash and his deranged friends, she looked quite absurd with the metal frame jammed between her teeth, her mouth forced open impossibly wide, and the clamp swinging freely from her chin.

## Chapter Fifty Two

*Oh God, my jaws are aching already!* Annabel thought frantically. *How long does he intend to keep this hateful thing in place?*

A fleeting, unbidden reminder of her previous medical *exam* under the direction of this twisted doctor flashed into her mind—skipping naked with a jump rope in the back yard of Nash’s house, her stomach obscenely swollen by an enormous enema, with two painfully tight suction cups hanging from her breasts! This monster didn’t understand the meaning of the word *mercy*, and she just knew that the disfiguration of her mouth would only be the first part of her long suffering today.

“We’ll begin by taking her temperature,” said Dr. Schafer. “Nurse Ingle, would you please put her in the correct position?”

Annabel watched with trepidation as the tall, sinister nurse picked up what looked like a pair of mittens, each with a small metal D-ring sewn into the end. Then she roughly grabbed hold of Annabel’s right hand and worked it into the glove. The insides were thickly padded giving Annabel no room at all to wiggle her fingers, and the cuff consisted of a leather strap, which Nurse Ingle now tightened and buckled securely. Once the second glove was firmly in place, Annabel’s hands had been rendered quite useless, but Nurse Ingle wasn’t done yet. Next, she fished a white, leather collar out of her apron and proceeded to fasten it around Annabel’s neck. Attached to the collar were two snap-locks, and Nurse Ingle raised Annabel’s arms up in turn, attaching the D-rings on the gloves to either side of the collar.

With her hands and arms disabled, Annabel was now lowered onto a stool directly in front of the group of leering old tramps. Her absolute terror of this vicious woman was such that she didn’t even offer a token of resistance when Nurse Ingle moved around behind her, placed her hands underneath her knees and then lifted Annabel’s legs up so that her feet were beside her gloved hands. Legs apart, Annabel’s most private places were on clear and vivid view to all and sundry, and despite having already displayed her nudity to the four homeless men—not to mention having just performed fellatio on each of them—this posture made Annabel feel even more vulnerable and exposed!

She had been so preoccupied by all of this that she hadn’t noticed Dr. Schafer approaching from the side. Perhaps, in her former pampered lifestyle, the large, plastic syringe he was holding would have confused Annabel at first, but she would never forget the terrible enema this evil doctor had administered to her before, and she felt her anus puckering up automatically as Dr. Schafer squatted down in front of her.

Blinking up at her through his glasses, Dr. Schafer said, “We’ll just have to clean you up a bit first. Don’t want you making my instruments all messy, do we?”

With her jaws forced apart, and her tongue hanging out, Annabel was hardly in a position to reply, but she did emit a choked gargle of outrage as the hard plastic tip of the syringe breached her sphincter.

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*What a delightfully vulgar sight!* Alastair thought as he watched Dr. Schafer press the plunger in, slowly squirting the syringe’s liquid contents into Annabel’s rectum.

Almost immediately, the anguished girl began to scream and struggle, and Nurse Ingle had to keep a firm grip on Annabel’s legs to stop her from toppling off the stool. Alastair had no idea what the syringe contained—he had watched Dr. Schafer empty a large brown glass bottle into a bowl, from which he had extracted the clear liquid—but it was apparently extremely painful. The room echoed with Annabel’s strained gurgling as she battled unsuccessfully to free herself from Nurse Ingle’s hold.

When the syringe was empty, Dr. Schafer rose and went back to the bowl to refill it. Annabel was twisting her head from side to side now, the clamp on her tongue swinging back and forth. Alastair's eyes were drawn to her swollen cunt lips, and her damp, hairless and shiny vulva, and he felt his cock twitch in his pants. With these four randy old men in attendance, he doubted that he would be given the opportunity to partake in today's proceedings, but it was still a deliciously enlightening experience to watch this sick *medical* pair at work.

Their technique seemed to revolve around adding layer upon layer of physical torment to their hapless victim, so that eventually she wouldn't be able to focus on any one particular part of her tortured body. Right now, her jaws had to be aching terribly, but she looked rather more concerned with the pain in her abdomen as she shook her constrained hands in agony.

Once again, Dr. Schafer slowly emptied the contents of the syringe into Annabel's body, and by now her vocal protestations had deteriorated into a deep, animal bellow. With her eyes rolling in their sockets, and saliva dripping freely from her chin and tongue, she was totally unrecognizable as the well-heeled mistress of Pemberton Hall that Alastair had waited on for so many years.

With her enema doing its work inside her, Dr. Schafer stepped back to let nature take its course. The four old men watched in fascination as they waited for Annabel's bowels to move, but Dr. Schafer was already preparing the next phase of her misery. Picking up the ridiculously oversize thermometer—could it have been designed for a bull, or perhaps an elephant?—he liberally coated the end with Vaseline, and then said, "After Annabel has evacuated her bowels, I wonder if any of you gentlemen would be kind enough to insert this into her rectum?"

## Chapter Fifty Three

Even through the agony of the intense cramps in her lower abdomen, Annabel felt utterly humiliated at the inevitable prospect of having to eject this stinging liquid from her insides in front of everybody. Yes, she had taken their penises into her mouth and rimmed their anuses, so there really wasn't much left to hide from them, but somehow this intensely personal function felt like the deepest violation so far. There wasn't any question of her holding it in—the pain was too much, and besides, she wouldn't have any choice in the matter. She could already feel her bowels pushing, and as the four pajama-clad old men stood back in readiness, Annabel closed her eyes in shame.

All too soon she heard the first trickle, felt the release in pressure, and then sent out a low sigh of relief as her body started ejecting the enema with ever increasing power. Hearing her personal waterfall splattering onto the linoleum, Annabel couldn't help opening her eyes. Between her spread thighs, she saw the now brown-tinted fluid arcing through the air and forming an expanding puddle on the floor. It seemed to go on forever, the blessed relief transcending her intense embarrassment. Finally, she squeezed out the last few spurts, followed by a series of undignified farts, much to the amusement of her band of onlookers.

“What a mess you've made,” Randy said, stepping around the filthy puddle to position himself in front of her exposed crotch. Annabel looked at the enormous thermometer in his hands, and her brief calm was interrupted by a new wave of terror. She knew exactly where that was going, and even though she had long ceased to be a stranger to anal penetration, the bulbous glass head of the instrument had to be at least two inches across!

Renewing her desperate struggle, she felt Nurse Ingle's claws digging into the soft flesh of her thighs. Meanwhile, Randy knelt down and placed the end of the thermometer against Annabel's already sore anus.

*Please, God, no! It's too big!* Annabel screamed in her head as the old bum began to push.

She could feel the cold glass pressing into the small opening as Randy grunted, “It won't fit!”

Indeed, Annabel seriously doubted that the old guy would have the strength to force her anus open that wide, but then he was joined by Jimmy, and with both of them pushing as hard as they could, Annabel's sphincter suddenly relented and as her body accepted the cold glass invader, Annabel felt as though she was going to be ripped apart!

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Even if her mouth hadn't been forced wide open, Alastair doubted whether her garbled enunciations would have made any sense. He had witnessed Nash's depravity on several occasions, and Mrs. Craddock also knew how to inflict extreme suffering, but for sheer cruelty, Dr. Schafer had to beat them both.

When the two panting old vagrants finally stopped pushing, there had to be five inches of the huge thermometer inside Annabel's ass! Her clamped tongue lolled around on her chin, and her bound hands thrashed around as she tried in vain to escape Nurse Ingle's grasp. But when she was released, Annabel had no option but to stand up with her legs apart, because the thermometer was well and truly wedged inside her.

“Randy, would you and the boys please take Annabel for a shower? You'd better take off what's left of her uniform, but leave everything else in place,” Dr. Schafer said.

“And please make sure she is thoroughly cleaned,” he added, handing Randy the bar of carbolic soap that had earlier been wedged inside Annabel's mouth.

When Annabel had been marched through the double doors by the four old men, Alastair stood by uncertainly watching Nurse Ingle attaching a pair of leather cuffs to one of the bed rails. Dr. Schafer, who had returned his attention to the items on the metal trolley, looked up at him and said,

“Mr. Barclay, perhaps you would go with them just to make sure things don’t get out of control. Let’s have the patient back here in about half an hour.”

By the time he had located the bathroom—a bleak chamber of painted brick and high, opaque windows—the guys had already removed Annabel’s hat and shoes and were in the process of peeling off her stockings while the giant thermometer protruded from her asshole like a grotesque tail!

The shower stall was a large walk-in affair, with three rusty shower heads arranged in a row along the wall. To Alastair’s surprise, the hobos all stripped naked as well before manhandling the stricken girl inside. She still had the collar around her neck, and with the mittens attached to it, Annabel’s arms were kept held up in a gesture of apparent surrender.

“Okay, honey,” Randy said, his cock already at full mast. “Time to give you a bath.”

For the next thirty minutes, Alastair watched the writhing mass of nudity with a mixture of revulsion and carnal fascination. The four wrinkly old men, with their big wobbling bellies, hairy man-tits, and sagging skin, slid up and down against Annabel’s voluptuous and youthful form, while they slathered her with soap. Annabel was turned and pulled and shoved back and forth between them under the gushing water, coughing constantly because of her physical inability to close her mouth.

It was interesting to observe how the homeless guys’ initial amazement at their good fortune to be able to play with such a stunning young woman had now been replaced by a general aura of confidence and control. They had seen enough of Annabel’s submissive nature to realize that they could do with her as they pleased without fear of recrimination. It was a similar evolution to the one that Alastair had witnessed at Helen’s house with Annabel’s former friends.

There was a sharp clap from behind, and turning, Alastair saw the intimidating figure of Nurse Ingle. He had been so mesmerized by the lewd spectacle in the shower that he hadn’t noticed her enter the bathroom. Neither had the four dirty old vagrants who had by now lifted Annabel up in the air, Randy behind her with his arms under her armpits and his hands squeezing her wet breasts, Oscar and Jimmy holding up a leg each, while Frank was kneeling in front of her spread, shaved pussy with his tongue poking out. Before he had a chance to make contact however, Nurse Ingle clapped her hands again, and the startled old men obediently carried the gasping girl back into the dormitory.

## Chapter Fifty Four

Annabel could only imagine what they must have looked like as they came stumbling and shuffling through the doors. Held aloft with her hands bound up in the degrading mittens, Annabel was utterly helpless, and through the swirl of her physical torments she prayed that they wouldn't lose their balance and drop her on her ass and shatter the glass thermometer that was impaling it!

Even though her jaws and tongue were numb, and her anus was on fire from being stretched so wide, it was, as usual, the enforced intimacy with these reprehensible people that affected her the most. She had been cast as the leading role in an insane comedy show which, no matter what unfolded in the future, would always be a part of her dark and dirty history. When her *annus horribilis* was over, she would obviously never tell anybody about how she had sexually serviced these four ancient old bums—but the awful memory would stay with her for the rest of her life.

She was unceremoniously dumped on her bare feet in the middle of the floor, a small pool of water quickly forming on the floor beneath her. To Annabel's relief, Nurse Ingle plucked the clamp from her tongue, but to her greater disappointment, the painful metal brace between her teeth was left in place.

"Now I want to get your temperature after a little light exercise," Dr. Schafer said. "Running on the spot will suffice, I think. Knees up high, and off you go!"

Nurse Ingle delivered a sharp smack across her right buttock, and Annabel immediately complied with the doctor's instructions. Only a few coarse remarks from her audience interrupted the sound of Annabel's labored breathing and the slapping of her bare feet on the wet linoleum. She knew how absurd she must look with her hands trussed up by her shoulders, her mouth stretched wide open, and the thermometer jutting out of her ass, but after about ten minutes of jogging, her focus of attention turned towards her increasing state of fatigue. She wasn't sure how long she could keep this up, but her fear of attracting further punishment was enough to keep her struggling on.

After what seemed like an eternity, Dr. Schafer finally allowed her to rest. While Annabel stood there panting heavily through her gaping mouth, Nurse Ingle pushed her forward over the end of a bed rail, and in the next instant Annabel felt the wretched thermometer being slowly extracted from her body. The blissful relief she was experiencing at being unplugged came to an abrupt ending as the large globular end of the thermometer reached her sore sphincter. Annabel braced herself, but there was to be no gentle coaxing out of the instrument by the cruel Nurse Ingle. Instead, she simply yanked it hard and Annabel cried out in agony as it extended her anus even wider before finally popping free.

Further compounding her misery, Frank said, "Just look at that black hole! You can see all the way inside her!"

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Alastair did look with extreme interest at the gaping cavity that Annabel's butthole had been transformed into, and from the way her thighs were quivering, it looked decidedly painful! As her tortured orifice began to contract back towards its original size, Dr. Schafer approached the bed with a long white feather in each hand. "Now I want to check the patient's skin sensitivity," he said. "Would you prepare her for the testing please, nurse?"

Nurse Ingle quickly gripped Annabel by the shoulders and manipulated her over onto her back on the bed. Then she unceremoniously yanked Annabel's ankles apart and locked them into the two cuffs that she had attached to each end of the bed rail.

Dr. Schafer handed a feather each to Frank and Oscar. "Would you mind checking the sensitivity of Annabel's feet?"

"You mean tickle her?" asked Frank with a cheeky grin.

“That’s correct,” Dr. Schafer said blandly, as if tickling a bound girl’s bare feet was a perfectly normal part of medical procedure.

The two vagrants began stroking the tip of their feathers up and down the soles of Annabel’s feet. The anguished girl immediately let out a high-pitched squeal and scrunched up her toes as she frantically tried to pull away. Anchored to the bed rail with her hands incapacitated, all Annabel could do was swivel her head from side to side and arch her back as the two laughing old men caressed the arches of Annabel’s feet.

It was difficult to tell with her jaws forced apart, but Alastair assumed that Annabel was actually laughing, although the tears that were streaming down the sides of her face suggested she was finding this latest assault anything but pleasurable.

Randy and Jimmy were gathered around the bed now, and when Alastair moved in to join them, he saw that Dr. Schafer was opening a plastic container filled with metal pins. “If you would be kind enough to help, gentlemen,” he said, “I also want to test the skin on Annabel’s breasts and vagina. Make sure you push the pins in far enough that they stick—like so.”

Alastair watched open-mouthed as Dr. Schafer inserted a good quarter of an inch of the pin into Annabel’s left areola. Her gargling screams reached a new pitch at the sudden stabbing pain, and her naked form writhed around frantically on the bed. Now the vagrants got to work themselves, adding more and more pins to each of Annabel’s nipples until Alastair counted eight arranged around each one.

But her torment wasn’t finished yet. While Annabel was being used as a human pincushion, Nurse Ingle had tightly rolled up a piece of toilet tissue into a long, thin line. Placing her hand on Annabel’s forehead to keep her head still, she began poking the end of the tissue inside Annabel’s left nostril, pushing it all the way to the back, and irritating the delicate tissue inside until the distraught girl began to sneeze.

Dr. Schafer meanwhile had directed Randy and Jimmy down Annabel’s body toward her bald crotch. Her damp and inflamed cunt lips presented a juicy target for the shiny little pins, and Annabel’s cries became even louder as they pierced her puffy labia. Her head thumped up and down on the mattress and she shook her gloved hands as if she were having a fit. All the while she was being pricked, the other two tramps kept up their relentless tickling, and Alastair’s gaze was drawn to her dainty pink feet as they twisted and turned inside the metal shackles.

By the time they had emptied the container, Annabel had at least twenty pins sticking out of her pussy lips, and from the manic expression in her moist, blue eyes, it looked to Alastair as if they had finally managed to drive her insane!

## Chapter Fifty Five

*Get them out of me!*

Coherent thought was beyond Annabel by now as the relentless addition of the pins seared the most sensitive parts of her body. Coupled with the excruciating tickling on the soles of her feet, she had been reduced to a helpless wreck, thrashing around on the bed while this gang of leering old men stood merrily above her. Quite apart from the stinging pain, Annabel was in a state of abject horror at the thought having her soft skin being pierced. Her fear of doctors and hospitals was intense enough, but her dread of needles was far worse!

She couldn't see clearly because the incessant sneezing induced by the length of tissue paper aggravating the insides her nostrils was making her eyes water constantly, while the maddening tickling of her feet was now almost sending her over the edge! Just as she felt a new wave of hysteria begin to envelop her, she heard Dr. Schafer say, "Well, I think her circulation is in good working order, so that will be enough. Nurse Ingle, would you be so kind as to remove the pins? Then let's get her sitting up so that she can take her medication."

Even through the almost neurotic state she had put in, Annabel caught the word *medication* and wondered what Dr. Schafer could possibly be giving her. She had long ago deduced that he had to be behind her constant state of sexual arousal, and she was far too well acquainted with the evil bastard to entertain the vaguest notion that any pharmaceuticals he intended to plant inside her would be intended for her well-being.

Nurse Ingle proceeded to extract the pins one by one from Annabel's sore nipples and inflamed labia. Then Randy and Jimmy pulled her up by her arms like a rag doll, so that she was sitting on her backside with her splayed legs still locked against the bed rail. Nurse Ingle then proceeded to tie a length of cord around Annabel's left big toe, and then loop it over her shoulders and around her neck before locating her right foot and tying it off on her other big toe. Thus secured, Randy and Jimmy let go of her and she remained in place, gloved hands up, legs out, and head bent slightly forward.

Now it was Dr. Schafer's turn again to pile on the suffering again. He picked up a small orange egg-shaped object which was attached to an electrical wire and a plastic control box. Then he parted Annabel's exposed labia with one hand and inserted the device inside her vagina. When he turned on the control box, the egg began to throb inside her, immediately sending an unwelcome surge of pleasure through her belly.

"Would you please administer Annabel's medication, Nurse Ingle?" Dr. Schafer said.

Unable to move, and with her mouth jammed open, Annabel could only watch on feebly as the sadistic nurse placed two green pills underneath her tongue. Then she moistened the inside of Annabel's mouth and throat with a liquid spray that tasted vaguely of urine. As a final, utterly demoralizing indignity, Nurse Ingle then fetched the plastic cup filled with the combined semen of the four hobos and poured its contents over Annabel's tongue!

"The tablets will slowly dissolve and enter her bloodstream," Dr. Schafer informed his admiring audience.

"What are they for?" asked Frank.

"They will help her to dream," Dr. Schafer said. "Now, I believe that tea and sandwiches have been served in the recreation room. Shall we?"

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*Is that it? Have they finished playing with me now?*

All alone in the dormitory, Annabel could do nothing but sit in the increasingly uncomfortable position. She could wiggle her toes and rotate her ankles, and of course move her arms and head, but she would remain seated on the bed, unable to raise her ass from the mattress until Dr. Schafer

freed her from her constraints. For all she knew, he might have her sitting here all night—it was entirely up to him.

These were the parameters of Annabel's existence now—old sadistic perverts dictating every little detail in her life. They even had control of her sexuality, a detail she was being reminded of right now as her hot pussy leaked vaginal fluids onto the sheets as the little orange egg whirred away inside her.

All of a sudden, she felt utterly drained of energy and she couldn't help closing her eyes. Strange images flitted into her head as she dropped into a kind of semi-sleep. She saw herself with the old gang, Bobby, Helen, Samantha, Chelsea, Drew, Trent and Josh, sunning themselves beside the pool at Pemberton Hall.

She was her former self, confident and admired by all, her long red tresses flowing behind her as she raced Bobby to the pool. Lurking in the background was Barclay, her creepy old manservant, watching, wishing, and wanting, as the three young girls deliberately flaunted their bikini-clad bodies in front of him. What fun to be able to hold such power over somebody—

“Just look at you!”

Annabel opened her eyes groggily and saw Helen Parker leaning against the bed opposite. She looked absolutely gorgeous in a tight-fitting red dress and silver pumps. As high school and college rivals, they had always tried to outdo each other, and aware of her own naked and hog-tied circumstances, her cheeks burned like fire.

*What is she doing here?*

Helen said, “You've become an even filthier whore than the last time I saw you—and that was bad enough. At least then you were fucking boys of your own age! Now you are doing men old enough to be your grandfather! I always suspected you were a sick puppy, but this is beyond belief!”

Annabel tried to protest her innocence, but all that came out of her stretched jaws was a choked bubbling sound.

“Can't even speak,” Helen mocked, and to Annabel's amazement, she had quite suddenly changed into a halter top and jeans.

*How did she do that so fast?*

Helen came up close with a spiteful smile on her lips and traced her fingertips over Annabel's right nipple. “You know I set you up, don't you? It was all part of my plan to get Bobby. And it worked. He hates you now. No, he pities you, but not in a sympathetic way, more like the way somebody pities an alcoholic or obese person.”

Helen was naked now, her body glowing like gold, and Annabel blinked and shook her head. She could feel Helen's hand on her breast, but she had to be dreaming, hadn't she? Then something distinctly weird happened—Helen's neatly trimmed blonde bush transformed into a long penis, hanging out of a black nest of pubic hair. When she looked back up, Annabel was staring into the face of Trent.

“Hi sweetie, remember us?”

His voice sounded odd, as if there were two people talking at the same time, and then, right in front of Annabel's eyes, the face morphed into Josh.

“We thought we would come together, seeing as how you like fucking us both at the same time!”

“Don't take any notice of them, Bell.”

Now Annabel turned her head in the direction of the familiar voice of Aunt Sissy, who was inexplicably sitting cross-legged on the bed next to hers.

*Aunt Sissy? Is that you? Look! Look at what they are doing to me!*

“I know exactly how you feel,” Aunt Sissy said, as if reading her mind. “I know it's awful, but you will come out of it a stronger person, and with all of the riches you deserve. Besides, you have no choice. These are the rules.”

“Yes, my little cocksucker!” said Darius Nash who had somehow appeared behind Aunt Sissy and was now massaging her neck. “And you know what happens when you break the rules, don’t you?”

*Get away! Annabel screamed in her head, losing any remaining semblance of mental composure. Leave me alone, all of you! You’re not real!*

To her dismay, she realized that she had just wet herself, and as the shameful warmth spread beneath her naked buttocks, a thick gray fog enveloped her.

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“Wow, baby, you’re so wet!” Bobby said, working his fingers inside Annabel’s red satin panties.

“I’m a different girl, now,” Annabel whispered. “I know how to make you happy.”

Bobby chuckled. “Really? And what can you do for me?”

“Anything.”

Bobby inserted two fingers between Annabel’s labia and began moving them in and out of her.

“Oh God!” Annabel groaned, closing her eyes. “That feels so good!”

“You said *anything*,” Bobby breathed into her ear. “Tell me about that.”

“I know how to give head now,” Annabel said. “I’m real good at that.”

“Now you’re talking,” said Bobby. “How about anal?”

“No problem there, my sweet. I’m taking plenty up my asshole these days.”

“You never used to talk like that before,” Bobby said—and now Annabel detected a slight note of disgust in his voice.

“Isn’t that what you wanted?”

“What?” Bobby said, his fingers pumping faster now. “For you to be a slut?”

“No!” Annabel protested. “I’m not a—”

“Yes, you are!” Bobby snarled. “You are a whore, not my pure, innocent Annabel anymore. You’re a cocksucking bitch. Now, I want you to come for me, slut—”

Annabel opened her eyes, disoriented at first in the gloom, but a few bars of moonlight illuminated the opposite wall, and with a sinking heart, she remembered where she was. She was lying on her back again, her ankles still cuffed to the bed rail, and her hands still bound up in the mittens attached to her neck collar, but the hateful metal mouth brace had finally been removed.

She was still writhing around on the mattress because there really was a pair of fingers fucking her pussy. She knew that the shadowy figure sitting on her bed wasn’t Bobby, but in the dim light she couldn’t make out his features.

“You like that, don’t you?” he said. “You’re so fucking wet!”

He leaned closer and now in the moonlight Annabel saw the reflection of his glasses, and his thin hair and lined forehead, and she recognized him as the antiquated old man in the lobby when she had arrived with Barclay that morning.

She immediately began squirming around, trying to extricate his fingers from her moist interior. “Stop! Please!”

“You don’t mean that, do you? I saw how much fun you had with the boys today. I just want to see what all the fuss was about.”

“Barclay!” Annabel yelled, her voice echoing off the walls.

“He’s not here,” the old man said, unbuttoning his pants. “You were so far out of it, it was decided to leave you here overnight. He’ll come and get you some time tomorrow. In the meantime, you can relax and enjoy yourself.”

As he dropped his pants and climbed on top of her, Annabel saw dark shapes moving on the other beds in the dorm.

“What’s going on?” somebody said in a bleary voice.

A light was switched on, and Annabel saw that several of the beds were now occupied by more smelly old homeless men. One by one, they sat up and looked at the sex act taking place at the end of the room. Annabel felt the old guy's cockhead pushing past her labia and she opened her mouth to scream, but he immediately slipped his fingers between her lips.

"Don't you bite now," he whispered. "Any trouble, and I'll be sure to inform Mr. Barclay in the morning."

Miserably, Annabel relaxed her jaws and allowed him to move his bitter tasting fingers around the inside of her mouth. At the same time, he penetrated her with a grunt, and began to rhythmically slide up and down her body. Annabel turned her head to the side, feeling his wet tongue in her ear, and watched in dismay as the rest of the old vagrants in the room climbed down off their beds.

Resigned to her fate, she closed her eyes—and all she could see was Bobby shaking his head sadly, with a look of derision on his face.

THE END OF PART TWO