

African Reparations

By

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OWNED BY HER LESBIAN BOSS: Jennifer Spanked And Dominated At Work.

THE ONLINE SLAVE: Falling Foul Of a Cruel Internet Predator.

MIND CONTROLLED SEX SLAVE: Haughty Elizabeth Succumbs to An Elderly Pervert. But Why?

CUCKQUEANED BY MY HUSBAND'S BIMBO SLUT: She Becomes a Slave to Her Younger Rival.

BULLIED BY HER BITCH BOSS: Susan 'Mouse' Morris Trapped In A Downward Spiral.

SUBLIMINAL SERVITUDE: Mother and Daughter Enslaved By a Lesbian Sexual Predator.

SPANKED AND DOMINATED BY HER YOUNGER INTERN: Amanda's Descent Into Lesbian Slavery.

OFFICE BOSS TO CUCKQUEAN: How Charlotte Lost It All To A Superior Woman.

SPANKED AND HUMILIATED IN THE ASYLUM: Sandra is unjustly committed to an asylum.

THE FURTHER EDUCATION OF COLLEGE GIRL CAROLINE: The university experience doesn't quite work out as Caroline expected.

LYDGATE HALL REFORMATORY FOR INTRANSIGENT FEMALES: An Institution set up specifically to help wrong-thinking females back into civilised society.

OLIVIA'S DOWNWARD SPIRAL: Olivia fails at work and has to return home to live with her mum and to find a new job, any new job.

MISS BAINBRIDGE AND THE MENTORSHIP SCHEME: A new government scheme whereby white collar female offenders can avoid jail by submitting to court appointed Mentors.

SPANKED IN FRONT OF HIS FRIENDS: Mainly M/F . An older professional woman seduced, dominated and humiliated by a much younger, lower class man

ADOPTED IN ERROR: A 21 year old woman hiding out on the witness protection scheme as a 16 year old with a tyrannical new 'mother' and a bitchy new 'sister'. What could go wrong?

A GOVERNESS FOR CHARLOTTE: 18 year old Charlotte fails her exams badly, her parents employ a tutor for her. Unknown to them, the tutor is an elderly, cold-hearted sadist.

AMY'S INTERNSHIP: Amy is a 21 year old university graduate. Her only internship option turns out to be a run-down business with a cruel, dominating owner intent on making Amy's life a misery.

ELEANOR IN THE ADULT REFORMATORY: Young political rebel Eleanor is arrested and incarcerated in a terrifyingly strict reformatory to atone for her sins and to be 're-educated'.

VICTORIA APPLEBY'S FALL: Alpha executive, Victoria Appleby is replaced by a much younger woman who discovers Victoria's fraud. She then falls slowly under the control of her rival and is dominated.

THE REFORMATORY FOR PROFESSIONAL WOMEN: Amelia has screwed up at work and has been sent to a reformatory to mend her ways. There she discovers a harsh world of dormitories, uniform, lectures,

homework, hard physical labour, exhausting exercise and harsh corporal punishment.

ANN PRIOR-PALMER PAYS THE PRICE: Ann has her privileged life as a politician turned upside down when she makes an error that will cost her everything. Her career, her husband, her family and friends. Instead of her comfortable life she becomes a plaything for some of her sadistic Indian constituents and eventually a slave.

THE WORKHOUSE: Miranda Reed, 28 year old financial executive falls foul of the Penury Laws receives a 12 month sentence at Middleton Workhouse. In reality it's a terrifying prison where the inmates are routinely mistreated, humiliated and punished

MISS MONTAGUE'S PETS: Wealthy, sadistic Stella Montague has an unusual hobby. She likes to collect young women as pets and then blackmail them into playing "games" with her and her similarly perverted friends

MASTERING THE MOTHER IN LAW: Andrea a formerly wealthy pampered woman is forced to move in with her daughter and son in law. There she's spanked and humiliated on a regular basis as she slowly realises that she's no longer the one in charge.

MISS SOUTER'S GIRL: Hilary's pleasant, vanilla existence is turned upside down when she meets and falls under the spell of an older, manipulative predatory lesbian who likes to spank her and treat her much younger than her 28 years

ACQUIRED BY SADISTS: Elizabeth Quinn is a bad girl. She steals from her employers. She's then acquired two elderly sadistic sisters who beat her and set her to work for them as a housemaid. Elizabeth rapidly discovers that her "duties" are of a sexual as well as a physical nature.

SUSAN STRANG IN SERVICE: Susan returns from university to stay with her mother, her new stepfather and his daughters in their vast estate. There she discovers that she's now regarded as a maid rather than a member of the family and treated as such by her sadistic new relatives.

CONTROLLING MRS BRADBURY: Phillipa Bradbury is very senior manager. She suffers from imposter syndrome and believes that her lifestyle and the tangible benefits which she has are way out of proportion to her actual ability. That's when she finds a mistress. Or does the mistress find her?

MILLY PALMER'S MISTRESS: Milly Palmer has a secret. For six days a week she's a much valued senior employee at Sterling and Crouch, a fine old established business. On Thursday evenings after work however the 35

year old executive changes into her old school uniform and reports to her older mistress, Mrs. Margaret Evanston

SALLY'S TEENAGE MISTRESS: Sally Harper has reached that strange period in her life where, despite her achievements she feels distinctly unfulfilled. That's until 18 year old intern Jane enters her life. But rather than being "the one" as Sally had hoped, Sally is a devious, manipulative sociopath.

CHRISTINE AND MISS ONYEKA: Christine's personal life spirals out of control. So she hides herself away in a different town and lodges with her forbidding new Nigerian landlady, Miss Onyeka. Who, it transpires, has very firm ideas regarding the disciplining of misbehaving young women like Christine

INTERNS: In the near future, students are required to give back to the nation that supported their education. We follow four young female university students trying to navigate the dangerous waters of being menial labour in roles that they are particularly unsuited for.

MAKING HILARY A SLAVE: Hilary an outwardly successful middle manager is missing something in her life, order, control and discipline. Shy and naive, she's looking for someone to take care of her needs and to

look after her. Unfortunately she meets, cruel, sadistic Cynthia who has very different ideas regarding her “needs”.

MARION AND SARAH: Marion and Sarah used to be lovers until Sarah realised that she was in an abusive relationship. She escapes, but years later Marion tracks her down and is in the mood for revenge. The worst of it is that Sarah realises how much she missed Marion’s control. But will she risk everything to relive it?

EMMA PAYS REPARATIONS: Set slightly in the future, Emma is persuaded to go to Pakistan to work off the debt her British ancestors have incurred over the centuries. Unfortunately her sponsor, Miss Ghosh is a wealthy sadistic woman who intends to extract the last ounce of pain, humiliation and suffering from her English slave.

A Housewife Shamed: Jane, a young housewife, leads a happy if sheltered existence with her husband Arthur. That all changes when the sadistic, predatory Palmers, man and wife, move in next door. Almost immediately Jane is upended and spanked for their amusement and that’s just the beginning of the many indignities that the naive young woman suffers at their hands.

Chapter 1

Victoria Ashford, forty-five, attractive, widowed, and long accustomed to the quiet privileges of her Chelsea townhouse, slit open the envelope with a silver letter-opener. The paper inside carried the heavy crest of the Overseas Reparation & Labour Accord. She read it once, then again, her thin lips tightening. Her great-great-grandfather, a Liverpool merchant who fitted out six slaving vessels in the 1790s, had left a trail of profit that the Authority now valued at five million pounds in today's money.

Victoria had inherited the house, the investments, and the comfortable silence of old money. She had nothing like five million liquid, and the reduced settlement of eight hundred thousand was still far beyond her reach. However she was still fairly confident that her very expensive lawyers could shield her from this personal intrusion into her life. That,

after all, was what she paid their exorbitant fees for...wasn't it?

She read through the small print and shivered slightly, the alternative should her employees fail was simply terrifying. The alternative stared up at her in cold print, five years of personal restitution. Five years of labour in whatever African or Caribbean community ORLA chose. She would be required to sign an acknowledgment first; a public confession of her ancestor's crimes and her own inherited guilt, streamed live for anyone to watch. Only then would she be shipped out.

In a cramped flat above a kebab shop in Leeds, Chloe Whitaker, twenty-nine, unemployed since the marketing agency cut staff, laughed bitterly at her own letter. Some distant cousin twice removed had crewed on a Bristol slaver. The family debt came to two million. No matter which way that debt was apportioned, Chloe had forty-three pounds

in her current account and a wardrobe of designer dresses bought on credit. Three years of service awaited her. Three years of sweating under a foreign sun to pay for sins she had never committed and benefits she had never seen. She pictured herself on her knees scrubbing floors while strangers filmed it for the feeds. The thought made her stomach turn, yet the law was absolute, dissention was not an option.

In a sprawling mock-Tudor mansion outside Guildford, Arabella Cavendish, nineteen, home from her first term at Durham reading English Literature, watched her father pace the drawing room. The Cavendish family had owned three sugar plantations in Barbados. The full settlement would strip them of the estate. Arabella's personal share, traced

through the female line, stood at four million. Her parents had paid for the house and the trust fund; Arabella herself had nothing but a glossy black credit card and a future that had, until yesterday, looked effortless.

Six years, the letter said. Six years of indentured servitude. Her mother wept. Her father spoke of lawyers, of appeals to the European courts, of anything that might keep his daughter from being sent away like common cargo. But in his heart he knew that appeal was pointless. He was about to lose his daughter and unless his accountants could juggle his finances he was about to lose his wife as well as his own liberty

The thing was that the Overseas Reparation & Labour Accord did not care about excuses. It did not care that none of them had ever owned another human being. It cared only that the ledger must balance, and the balance would be paid in money or in flesh. Across the country, thousands

of similar letters had arrived. Some families paid and closed the door on the past. Others, like Victoria, Chloe and Arabella had no such choice. They would acknowledge their guilt in recorded statements that would be archived forever.

Then they would be transported, processed, and put to work. The first step was the same for all, public confession. The cameras were already waiting. The mob waiting expectantly for the country's aristocratic heirs to acknowledge their guilt. Looking forwards to seeing posh people publicly humiliated and then punished for their sins. The TV channel that had the rights to this display of public mortification was extraordinarily popular. Something the government would always point to when questioned regarding the morality of what it was doing.

The Overseas Reparation & Labour Accord had converted a brutalist office block in Croydon into the National

Acknowledgment Centre. Inside, rows of cubicles, each fitted with a camera, a plain wooden chair, and a screen displaying the official script, waited for the guilty. Victoria Ashford arrived first, at forty-five she still turned heads, She was tall, ash-blond and aristocratic. Immaculately dressed in a navy coat that had cost more than most people earned in a month. The coat was the first thing taken from her at reception. She was handed a plain grey cotton dress instead, shapeless and slightly too short. No jewellery, no watch, no phone. Everything personal was locked away. The attendant, a young Black woman whose badge read "Supervisor Adebayo," smiled without warmth.

"Change in there," she said, nodding toward a curtained alcove. "You will wear the uniform for the recording. This is what the word "equality" means, Mrs Ashford."

Victoria's cheeks burned as she tried to ignore the fact that she was being lectured to by some ignorant black woman in

an ill-fitting uniform. She did as instructed, carefully folding her expensive dress and her sleek stockings already knowing that she was unlikely to ever see them again and then emerged in the drab garment. The dress clung awkwardly to her body, emphasising that she was no longer in control of how she presented herself to the world.

Chloe Whitaker came next, hungover and furious, her usual heavy make-up scrubbed off at security by a heavy-handed guard who clearly enjoyed his work. Twenty-nine, pale from too many late nights, she looked younger without the armour of her make-up. They gave her the same grey dress. It hung loose on her thinner frame. She swore under her breath when she caught sight of herself in a mirror, cheap, diminished and really quite ridiculous.

Arabella Cavendish was delivered by her father's driver. Just nineteen, porcelain-skinned, educated at Roedean, she had never queued for anything in her life. Now she stood in

line behind women she would once have ignored. Her young appearance, slim physique and short grey dress made her look like a schoolgirl playing prisoner. Tears threatened, but she blinked them back. Crying on camera would only make the footage more popular online.

Like the rest of the women stood forlornly in queues she had seen enough videos to know exactly what people up and down the country were looking for. Tears, red-faced humiliation and hysterical reactions were all high on their list. The common people, as she still thought of them, enjoying the downfall and the humbling of people just like her. The revenge of the proletariat, she thought bitterly. She had been well aware that this day would arrive and had prepared for it as well as she could mentally. Head up, chin out, certainly no tears.

They were processed separately at first, fingerprinted, photographed, and then led to adjacent cubicles. Thin

partitions meant each could hear the others if voices rose. The script was identical for all.

"My name is [full name]. My ancestor [name] profited from the enslavement and transportation of African people. Through his actions, my family benefited, directly or indirectly, from stolen lives and labour. I acknowledge this crime against humanity. I accept personal responsibility for restitution. I surrender my freedom willingly to make amends."

Victoria read it first. Her voice, trained for dinner parties and charity committees, cracked halfway through. Supervisor Adebayo made her start again. Third take was deemed acceptable. The camera zoomed in on her face as she spoke the final line. Millions would watch the clip, slowed down, dissected and mocked. That was the really terrible thing as far as she was concerned, mocked by the ignorant working classes for something she had no hand in. Some

crime, if it could be called that, committed by an ancestor that she'd never even heard of nearly 200 years ago.

Chloe stumbled over the word "surrender." She laughed once, a sharp bitter bark and then forced the rest out through clenched teeth. The supervisor noted "insufficient contrition" and scheduled a second session for the following week.

Arabella's recording was flawless in delivery but cold. Her pale blue eyes stared straight into the lens as though daring anyone to pity her. The clip would trend within hours,

"Heirhead Arabella owns her guilt."

No one spoke at first. Then Chloe broke the silence.

"This is fucking insane."

Victoria turned away, pretending to study the notice board. Arabella hugged her bony knees to her chest. Michelle stared at the floor and whispered,

"We haven't even started yet."

On the wall, a digital clock counted down the days until departure flights. Lagos. Accra. Kingston. Port-au-Prince. Their new lives were waiting for them.

Chapter 2

The holding room emptied quickly after the confessions. Victoria, Chloe and Arabella were marched down a corridor to a larger hall fitted with rows of hard benches facing a massive screen. Dozens of other women already sat there, all in the same grey dresses, some weeping quietly, others staring blankly ahead. The air hummed with forced silence

under the watchful eyes of ORLA supervisors and the unblinking cameras dotted every few metres.

A stern voice crackled over the speakers. "Before departure, you will view educational content mandated by the Overseas Reparation & Labour Accord. This material²³²³ is drawn from the national curriculum, taught in every school since the reforms of the 2030s. Pay attention. Understanding is part of your acknowledgment."

The lights dimmed. The screen lit up with the ORLA logo, then cut to a montage, grainy archive footage of slave ships, auctions, plantations. A calm narrator, with a pronounced West African accent, began.

"For generations, Britain's children have learned the truth of empire and enslavement. From primary school onward, every pupil studies how Britain built its wealth on stolen African lives. They learn the names of the profiteers, the ships, and the calculated brutality. They debate why

descendants today still benefit from that blood money."

Clips rolled, classrooms full of diverse children, many Black or Asian, nodding as teachers, usually second-generation immigrants, explained triangular trade routes, the millions dead in the Middle Passage, the lies of abolition as a benevolent gift.

"Sympathy for those now called to account is scarce," the narrator continued. "Britain's youth know the facts. They see no injustice in restitution. They celebrate ORLA as long-overdue balance."

The screen shifted to current footage, viral clips of the confessions playing on phones in schoolyards. Teenagers laughed at slowed-down replays of tearful white faces.

"Finally paying up," one boy sneered. "My gran's family never got a penny."

Social media feeds scrolled alongside, posts with millions of likes.

"Cry harder, heirhead Arabella." "Six years? Should be life." "About time these posh lot scrubbed floors for once."

Victoria gripped the bench, her knuckles white. At forty-five, she had gone to school before the full reforms, when empire was still glossed as adventure. Now, children learned it as crime from the start, however contentious that opinion might be. Chloe scrolled mentally through her own feeds in memory, before her phone was confiscated. The comments on leaked confession clips were brutal. No pity. Just general satisfaction.

Arabella, nineteen, had grown up with the new curriculum. Even at her private school, they had covered it relentlessly, the profits funnelled into grand houses like hers, the ongoing inequalities. Her classmates, many from

immigrant families, had eyed her during those lessons. Now the world was doing the same.

The video ended with a poll graphic: "Do you support personal restitution under ORLA?" Ninety-two percent yes. Comments flashed: "They had it too good for too long." "Justice delayed is justice delivered."

The lights came up. A supervisor smirked. "Any questions? No? Good. The public has spoken. Your service begins soon."

Outside, Britain watched and approved. The young, raised on unfiltered history, saw only fairness. Sympathy was extinct. The ledger was balancing, and the nation revelled in it. The women filed out, heads bowed, into a country that had long ago turned against their kind.

Chapter 3

Two days after their taped confessions, the women were bussed to a cavernous warehouse on the edge of Heathrow, repurposed by the Overseas Reparation & Labour Accord as the Allocation Centre. The air inside was cold and echoed with the low murmur of hundreds of grey-dressed figures shuffling forward in queues. Large digital boards hung from the ceiling, flashing destination codes, ACC (Accra), LOS (Lagos), KIN (Kingston), PAP (Port-au-Prince), BIM (Bridgetown), FRE (Freetown).

At the front of each queue stood ORLA allocation officers, all from the diaspora, Nigerian-British, Jamaican-British, Ghanaian-British, their accents a deliberate reminder of who now held authority now. Victoria Ashford, forty-five, still stiff with resentment, was called forward first from her group. The officer, a broad-shouldered man in his thirties with a Manchester accent, studied her file on a tablet.

"Victoria Louise Ashford. Liverpool merchant lineage, six vessels, high profit margin. Your profile notes administrative experience, languages, and a certain... bearing." He looked her up and down with open contempt. "The Republic of Ghana has requested women of your background for rural community management. You will assist labour teams in the Ashanti Region. Five years. Farming oversight, record-keeping, and manual work when required. Next."

And, just like that, she had been allocated. Victoria opened her mouth to protest, but a supervisor's glare silenced her. Ghana. She had been on safari there once, twenty years ago, staying in air-conditioned lodges. It had been a marvellous experience. She doubted very much if her upcoming visit was going to be quite so happy. Chloe Whitaker was processed by a young Jamaican-British woman who barely looked up from the screen in front of her.

"Chloe Marie Whitaker. Bristol crewing line. Marketing skills listed, but honestly, love, we don't need influencers. Jamaica has first call on Bristol descendants. You'll be placed in a sugar estate rehabilitation project outside Montego Bay. Cane cutting in season, tourist education the rest. Three years. The community there remembers the British very well indeed. Go over there and queue with everyone else."

Chloe felt the blood drain from her face. Cane cutting? Wasn't it hot in Jamaica? Didn't they have machines, or even men that could do that sort of thing? Surely that couldn't be right? What on earth did she know about cutting sugar cane? She didn't even know what sugar cane looked like if she was being honest. She stumbled forward and into the correct plane queue

Arabella Cavendish approached next. The officer, a sharp-eyed woman from Sierra Leone, smiled thinly as she read the file.

"Arabella Rose Cavendish. Barbados plantations, three estates, direct ownership. My country has a special programme for the old Barbadian planter families. You're going to Bridgetown first for processing, then to a rural parish. Six years. You'll work in schools teaching English and history, plus domestic service rotations in community households. The families there still know the Cavendish name. They requested girls like you specifically."

Arabella's stomach lurched. Domestic service for no pay. In the homes of people who she had never met let alone spoken to or harmed in any way.

Behind them, the boards kept updating. Allocation was not random. ORLA had spent years compiling requests from receiving nations. Communities that could prove historical ties to specific British ports or families were given priority. Liverpool descendants went to Nigeria or Sierra Leone. Bristol bloodlines to Jamaica or Ghana. London merchants to

the Gambia. Barbadian and Jamaican planter families were claimed eagerly by the Caribbean islands, where memories ran deepest and the desire to reverse roles burned brightest.

Some countries demanded the wealthiest first. Others wanted the youngest, to maximise years of service. A few specifically asked for women who had lived comfortable lives, so the contrast would bite harder. There was no appeal, no swap system. The receiving nations had waited centuries; they would not be rushed or denied their choices. Whatever they wanted, they got. It was the least the Western imperialists could do after all.

As the three women were separated into different holding pens according to their new flags, they caught one last glimpse of each other across the hall. Grey dresses, pale faces, eyes already learning to look down. The flights left around dawn so as not to inconvenience regular, paying customers. Chartered planes, economy seats only, no in-flight meals

or luxuries for restitution cargo. Their countries had been chosen for them, with cruel precision. All they had to do was to sit back and prepare themselves for their new adventures.

Chapter 4

Victoria Ashford's plane touched down at Kotoka International Airport on a humid January morning. The chartered ORLA flight carried forty women in grey dresses, all Liverpool or London merchant descendants claimed by Ghana. They were herded off the aircraft like livestock, no passports stamped or customs formalities. ORLA officials in crisp uniforms waited on the tarmac with Ghanaian

immigration officers who watched without expression a scene that they'd seen a hundred times before. A bus with barred windows took them straight from the runway to a processing compound twenty minutes outside the city. High walls, razor wire, floodlights. Signs in English and Twi read, *ORLA Restitution and Reception Centre-Ashanti Station*.

Inside the compound, the women were stripped again. The grey dresses were confiscated and replaced with thin orange smocks, knee-length and sleeveless, stamped front and back with the ORLA logo and a registration number. Victoria's was ORLA-GH-1187. Her hair, still neatly styled from London, was cropped short with electric clippers by a silent Ghanaian woman who offered no mirror. Jewellery piercings were removed if they could not be surrendered willingly. Shoes were exchanged for rubber flip-flops. They were hosed down in an open courtyard, cold water from high-pressure jets while female guards laughed and

commented in Twi. Victoria tried to cover herself until a guard barked at her,

"Hands at sides! Stand up straight, white sow!"

After the hosing, they were issued basic kits, two more orange smocks, one bar of coarse soap, a plastic bucket, a roll of toilet tissue, sanitary pads, and a thin mattress roll. There was no underwear or even a bra. Victoria did think about complaining but just in front of her a tall, blonde-haired woman received a stinging slap to the face for daring to ask that same question. Victoria's name was called for secondary allocation. She was led to a small office where three Ghanaians sat behind a table, two women and one man, all in their forties, all wearing traditional cloth over modern suits. The man spoke first.

"Mrs Ashford, your ancestor fitted vessels that took over two thousand of our people from these shores. As a result you have been assigned to Kumasi North District, specifically

to the village of Ntonso. You will live in the restitution compound there and work under the direction of the local assemblywoman, Madam Akosua Mensah."

One of the women leaned forward.

"Your duties will include assisting female farming cooperatives, teaching basic literacy in the evenings, and performing whatever domestic tasks Madam Mensah assigns in her household. You will address all Ghanaian staff as Madam or Sir. You will speak only when spoken to in public. Any complaint from the community will be dealt with appropriately."

Victoria's throat was dry. Ignoring the urge to ask what "appropriately," meant she did manage one question.

"May I ask how I will be housed?"

The second woman smiled without any warmth.

"You will share a room with three other restitution workers in a concrete block behind Madam Mensah's compound. Open latrine, bucket bathing, mosquito nets if you keep the place clean enough to deserve them. Meals are fufu or banku with soup, twice daily. You will eat after the family has finished."

The man closed her file with a flourish.

"Transport leaves in one hour. You will kneel when Madam Mensah greets you tomorrow. She has waited a long time for this moment."

Victoria was marched back to the holding yard. The other women whispered questions, but guards separated them instantly. She sat alone on the concrete, orange smock clinging to her damp skin, hair shorn, number stark across her chest. The sun climbed higher. The air thickened with heat and red dust. When the bus finally rolled out for the six-hour journey north to Kumasi, Victoria stared through

the barred window as the city gave way to palm groves and roadside markets. Women her age sold plantain, laughed with friends, moved freely. None of them wore orange. None of them were indentured slaves.

She pressed her forehead against the warm glass and closed her eyes, her five years had begun. The bus rattled into Ntonso just after midday, kicking up clouds of red dust that coated everything. Victoria sat chained to her seat, exhausted and thirsty under the stares of her indifferent guards. When the doors finally opened, the heat hit her almost painfully. She stumbled down the steps in her orange smock and flip-flops, one of twenty women unloaded into a fenced yard behind some sort of village assembly hall.

A crowd of black faces had gathered beyond the fence. Children pointed and giggled. Older women watched in silence, arms folded. A few men leaned against motorbikes, smirking. Phones were out, recording. Madam Akosua

Mensah waited on the raised veranda of the hall. She looked to be in her fifties, maybe 10 years older than Victoria. She was broad and commanding in bright kente cloth, gold earrings flashing in the sun. There was no doubt who was in charge of this particular situation.

The guards lined the new arrivals in a row. "Kneel," one ordered. Victoria dropped to her knees on the hot gravel. Pain immediately shot through her shins. The other women followed, some slower, earning sharp prods from rifle butts. Madam Mensah descended the steps slowly, inspecting them as if they were livestock. She stopped in front of Victoria.

"This one is mine," she said in clear, accented English. "Stand, girl."

Victoria rose unsteadily. Madam Mensah circled her once, then reached out and pinched Victoria's upper arm hard enough to bruise.

"Soft," she pronounced. "English soft. We will fix that."

The crowd murmured approval. Madam Mensah turned to the guards.

"Take the others to the general compound. This one comes with me."

Victoria was marched through the village on foot, Madam Mensah riding ahead on a small motorbike driven by a teenage boy. People stopped to stare. Children ran alongside, chanting "Obroni debtor! Obroni debtor!" in sing-song voices. Someone threw a rotten mango; it splattered messily against Victoria's leg.

Madam Mensah's compound was large by village standards, a concrete house with a corrugated roof and a dusty walled courtyard. Inside the gate stood a smaller concrete block with four doors. Her new home for the foreseeable future. Three other restitution women already

lived there, two French and one Dutch, all in orange smocks, heads shaved. They knelt as Madam Mensah entered. Victoria was ordered to join them.

"You will call me Madam," Mensah said, speaking directly to Victoria. "You will not speak unless I ask you a question. You will work until I say stop. You will eat what is left after my family eats. You will bathe with one bucket of water per day. You will use the latrine behind the mango tree and clean it yourself."

She pointed to a corner where a pile of farming tools waited, hoes, machetes and baskets.

"Today you begin. The women's cooperative meets at the cocoa farm in thirty minutes. You will carry water for them. Then you will weed. Then you will fetch firewood. Then you will pound fufu for my evening meal. You will do everything you are told to do without question or complaint. Is that understood?"

Victoria nodded and then remembered to say “yes, madam”. Her knees ached already and her mouth tasted of dust. Madam Mensah snapped her fingers. One of the other women scrambled to bring a plastic gallon container and a head-pad.

"Put this on your head and follow me."

Victoria lifted the empty container. It was heavier than it looked. The Dutch woman showed her silently how to balance it. They walked single file out of the compound, Madam Mensah leading, Victoria stumbling behind with the gallon jar bouncing painfully against her hip. At the village tap, a queue of African women waited, chatting and laughing. When Victoria approached under Madam Mensah's glare, the queue parted without a word. She filled the container under their silent scrutiny, hoisted it onto her head with spilling water running cold down her neck and back, soaking the orange smock, much to the amusement of

the village women.

The cocoa farm lay half a mile away along a red dirt track. By the time they arrived, Victoria's neck burned, her calves cramped, and sweat stung her eyes. Thirty local women waited under a tree, hoes in hand. They greeted Madam Mensah warmly, then turned cool eyes on Victoria. She spent the afternoon trailing them row by row, refilling their water cups, carrying bundles of cut weeds, kneeling to pull stray grasses when ordered. The sun baked her shaved scalp. Insects bit her exposed arms and legs. When she slowed, the overseer's voice cracked like a whip.

"Faster, English woman. You need to learn how to work."

At sunset, Victoria trudged back carrying a bundle of firewood tied with twine that cut into her shoulders. Her hands were blistered, her smock filthy with sweat and soil. In the compound kitchen, an open-sided shed, she knelt on

the dirt floor to help pound fufu in a tall wooden mortar. The pestle was heavy. Her arms shook after ten minutes. The other women took turns without complaint, but Victoria's strokes grew weaker. Madam Mensah watched from a plastic chair, sipping chilled minerals from a fridge, a slight smile playing on her thick lips.

When the fufu was finally smooth enough, Victoria was allowed the scraps left in the mortar, eaten with her fingers from a shared bowl, her groundnut soup already cold. After washing the pots with ash and cool water, she was shown her sleeping spot, a thin mat on the concrete floor of the shared room, mosquito net patched with tape. A single bulb flickered overhead. The other women spoke little. One whispered in French,

"First day is always worst. It does not get better. But you must work and hope for the best"

Victoria lay in the dark, body aching, listening to village

dogs bark and distant music from a party somewhere. The air smelled foreign. Five years minus one day. She didn't cry. She just didn't have the energy for tears

Chapter 5

Chloe Whitaker's flight landed at Sangster International Airport in the late afternoon, the Jamaican sun still high and fierce. The ORLA charter from Gatwick carried sixty women, all traced to Bristol or southwest England slaving ports. Chloe sat near the back, wrists lightly cuffed to the seat arm during descent "for security." The cuffs were removed only when the doors opened and the humid air rushed

in. Customs was a formality. Uniformed Jamaican officials scanned barcodes tattooed temporarily on the women's forearms and then waved the group through a side gate marked *Restitution Intake Only*. There was no luggage of course. Nothing but the orange smocks they had been issued in London and the small plastic bags containing soap and sanitary items.

A battered coaster bus waited, windows barred, air-conditioning broken. The drive to the processing centre took forty minutes along the coast road. Chloe stared out at turquoise sea, luxury resorts, and billboards advertising all-inclusive holidays. Tourists in rented cars overtook the bus, glancing curiously at the cargo of pale, shorn women in identical orange dresses.

The Centre was a former sugar estate great-house outside Montego Bay, repurposed by ORLA. White columns, peeling paint, verandas now lined with security cameras. In the old

slave yard, new fences had been erected. They were ordered off the bus and made to line up in the dust. A Jamaican woman in her early forties, tall and straight-backed in a dark green uniform, crisp white shirt and neatly knotted olive tie, addressed them from the steps.

"Welcome to Jamaica. My name is Supervisor Marcia Reynolds. Your ancestors from Bristol shipped thousands of our people through these same waters. Some of their descendants live in the parishes you will serve. They remember their histories. You will not be harmed, but you will work. You will show respect. You will speak when spoken to. Any breach adds time to your sentence."

Chloe's name was called early for individual allocation. She was led to a side room where two people waited, a young man from the local restitution committee, and an older woman whose face was stern and unreadable. The man opened Chloe's file.

"Chloe Marie Whitaker, age twenty-nine. Bristol lineage. Marketing professional in England." He said the word "professional" with faint mockery. "You are assigned to the Maroon Heights Rehabilitation Estate, St James Parish. The community there is descended from survivors of ships your bloodline helped crew. They requested Bristol women specifically for the sugar cane programme. You will live in the restitution barracks on the estate. Up at six-thirty every morning during crop season. Cane cutting until noon, then processing in the factory or tourist education in the afternoons."

The older, aristocratic woman spoke for the first time, voice low and deliberate and with a perfect English accent..

"You're here for three years. The community overseers in charge of you will report directly to us. If they say you are lazy, you will stay longer. We don't want your tears or excuses. We want you to work, to earn your keep. If you do

not want to work it will go very hard for you here."

Chloe was given a new smock, this one khaki instead of orange, stamped Maroon Heights – Bristol Debtor, just in case anyone was unsure what she was doing in Jamaica.. Her head had already been shaved in London, but they cropped it closer here with blunt scissors. A number was stencilled on the back of her neck in indelible ink.

That evening she was transported inland with ten other women. The road climbed into the hills, past modern bauxite mines and old plantation ruins. Maroon Heights was a working cane estate now cooperatively owned, but the great-house had been converted into a heritage site for tourists. The barracks were former slave quarters, restored just enough to be habitable, concrete floors, simple bunk beds, open windows with bars.

There were ten women to a room. Chloe was assigned a lower bunk near the door. The others already there were

a mix, two more from Bristol, one from Glasgow and one Australian. They nodded but said little. What more was there to be said? After all they would have plenty of time to get to know one another. At dawn the next day the bell rang and Miss Delores, unlocked the door.

"Out. Line up. Boots are over there."

They were issued heavy rubber boots and stiff, over-sized gloves. Chloe's boots were too big, she just knew that they were going to give her blisters. But equally there didn't seem a lot of point in protesting. Not while Miss Dolores carried a long, thin riding crop in one hand. The cane fields were quite a shock, they stretched green and endless as far as the eye could see. They were really quite beautiful under the early rising sun. However, as she knew only too well, she wasn't a tourist any more. She was in Jamaica to work. Miss Delores handed Chloe a machete.

"Watch how the others do it. Cut close to the ground.

Bundle ten stalks, tie, stack. Slow workers eat last. Don't let me catch you slacking off, missy."

The first swing of the steel machete jarred Chloe's arms to the elbow. By the third row her palms were raw even through the gloves. The sun climbed. Sweat soaked the khaki smock until it clung transparent to her skin. Wasps nested in the cane and stung without warning. Miss Delores walked the rows, correcting the women with sharp taps from her crop.

"Faster, Bristol girl. Your great-great-granddaddy watched my people do this in chains. You get no chains. Be grateful."

Chloe blinked and wiped away a mixture of sweat and tears from her sunburnt cheeks but made no reply. At noon they were allowed water and a small portion of salt fish and hard dough bread, eaten sitting in the dirt. Chloe's hands shook too much to hold the bread steadily. The afternoon brought no relief. Tourist groups arrived to see the "restitution in action" part of their paid heritage tour. They

stood behind a rope while Chloe and the others loaded cane trucks under the guides' commentary.

"These women are here voluntarily under the ORLA treaty, making amends for historical wrongs..."

Chloe couldn't help but shake her head; the word "voluntarily" was simply a lie. What alternative did she really have? But of course she simply daren't voice her true feelings. Behind her, phones clicked and whirred as her shame was captured forever. She heard a child ask in a loud voice if the workers were real slaves. The guide laughed.

"No, darling. There are just British volunteers paying a family debt, that's all. They're probably grateful for the opportunity."

Chloe didn't even bother reacting to that piece of sheer nonsense. What difference would it make anyway? By dusk

she could barely straighten her back. Blisters had burst and reformed. Her smock was black with cane juice and dirt and wet with sweat. Her little group was one of the last back to her compound and therefore dinner was late and meagre, rice and red peas from the communal pot, served after the community families had eaten, obviously. Chloe sat on the barracks step with her enamel plate, too tired to taste the food.

Miss Delores paused on her rounds.

"Three years, Bristol girl. That's day one done. I do hope that you're enjoying our genuine Jamaican hospitality?"

She laughed and slapped one voluminous thigh as she walked away, clearly pleased with her joke. Chloe looked up at the dark hills, the stars already bright. She nodded once, silent, and went inside to collapse on her bunk. The cane would be waiting again at dawn for her.

Chapter 6

Arabella Cavendish's chartered flight only carried Caribbean-bound restitution women, mostly those with direct planter ancestry from Barbados, Jamaica, and Antigua. Arabella, still carrying the faint scent of her mother's perfume from the tearful goodbye at Heathrow, sat rigidly in her seat. The orange smock had been replaced in London with a thinner white one for the warmer climate, stamped across the chest with ORLA-BB-442.

At immigration, Barbadian officers processed them with efficient indifference. There were no stamps in passports this time as the women no longer held their own documents. A temporary barcode was scanned on each wrist, and they were funnelled toward a waiting fleet of minibuses. The drive to the central processing centre took them along the south coast, pastel-coloured chattel houses, rum shops

flying the broken trident flag, tourists on catamarans oblivious in the distance. Arabella pressed her face to the window, trying to memorise the beauty before it turned into something else.

Their destination had a large sign at the gate that read: *Historic Site & ORLA Restitution Facility – Cavendish Wing*. The name hit Arabella like a slap. She could hardly ignore the irony. Her family had owned three estates here in the eighteenth century. This must have been one of them. She and the rest of the women on the bus were lined up in the old courtyard. A Barbadian woman in her fifties, elegant in a tailored suit despite the heat, addressed them from the veranda.

"I am Director Evelyn Probert. Many of you carry names this island knows well. The communities have waited generations to welcome you properly. You will work, you will

learn, and you will serve. Politeness and obedience will be returned. Disrespect will not."

Arabella soon discovered that she'd been assigned to the Parish of St John and more specifically the St John Restitution Village Programme, and to the household of Mrs Carla Haynes. She was to live in the Haynes household as domestic restitution worker. Her mornings were to be spent in the school teaching English and history under supervision. Her afternoons and evenings in the home, cleaning, cooking, childcare, gardening and whatever else that was required of her.

That evening she was driven north to St John in a pickup truck, sitting in the open back with two other new arrivals. The road wound through cane fields and gullies, past small churches and rum shops blasting out Soca music. Children waved; some shouted "Planter pickney!" as the truck passed.

Mrs Carla Haynes's house was a modern concrete

bungalow on a ridge overlooking the east coast. Solar panels on the roof, a neat garden, satellite dish. A far cry from the barracks Arabella had feared, but the welcome was colder. Mrs Haynes, thirty-eight, pretty, and visibly pregnant, stood on the doorstep with her two young children clinging to her legs. Her husband leaned against the gate, arms folded.

Arabella was made to stand in the yard while Mrs Haynes inspected her.

"Turn around."

Arabella turned slowly, cheeks burning.

"Thin," Mrs Haynes said. "Privileged thin. We'll put muscle on you. My grandmother used to say the Cavendish women never lifted a finger while ours broke their backs. Now you lift for me."

The children stared openly. The older one, a boy of seven, asked,

"Is she our slave, Mummy?"

Mrs Haynes smiled.

"No, darling. She's our helper. For a very long time."

Arabella was shown to her room: a small windowless storeroom off the kitchen, concrete floor, narrow cot and just the one shelf to call her own. A single hook for her clothes and a bucket in the corner for night use.

"Duties start at five-thirty," Mrs Haynes said. "You make breakfast, pack lunches, clean the house top to bottom, collect the children from school, cook dinner, wash dishes, iron uniforms. When that's done, you prepare lessons for tomorrow. You eat after we eat. You bathe last. You speak only when spoken to."

She handed Arabella a pale blue dress for morning and a khaki one for afternoon.

"Change now. Then start with the kitchen floor. On your

knees."

Arabella stood alone in the tiny room, clutching the dresses. Outside, she heard the family settle down to watch television, laughter drifting through the walls. She changed into the khaki dress, rolled up the sleeves, and walked to the kitchen. A plastic bucket, scrub brush, and bar of coarse soap waited on the tiles. As she knelt and began scrubbing, the Atlantic wind rattled the windows, carrying the scent of cane and sea. Somewhere down the hill, waves crashed against the rugged coast her ancestors had once surveyed from their great-house veranda.

Arabella woke before dawn in her windowless storeroom, jolted awake by the alarm on Mrs Haynes's phone echoing through the thin walls. 5:55 a.m. She had slept fitfully on the narrow cot, the air thick and unmoving; her body stiff

from yesterday's scrubbing. Mrs Haynes's voice followed the alarm.

"Arabella. Kitchen. Now."

She scrambled into the crisp white long-sleeved blouse buttoned at collar and cuffs and then hurriedly slipped on the mid-thigh length pale blue pinafore that she'd been issued for school duties. No bra, no underwear beyond basic sanitary protection. The dress felt childish and exposing at the same time. A parody of a juvenile school uniform.

In the kitchen she lit the gas stove under instructions barked from the hallway. Breakfast for the family, ackee and salt fish, fried dumplings, cocoa tea. Arabella measured, stirred, flipped, plated, all under Mrs Haynes's watchful eye. The children watched cartoons in the living room, giggling when she passed.

"Faster," Mrs Haynes said. "You'll make the children late."

When the family had eaten, Arabella was handed a single fried dumpling and a mug of weak tea. She ate standing at the sink while washing the pots. At 7:45 she walked the children to school, half a mile down the hill. The boy, Joshua, seven, skipped ahead. The girl, Amara, five, held Arabella's hand with deliberate tightness, as if testing whether the white woman would pull away. Villagers greeted the children warmly and then stared at Arabella in silence. Phones lifted discreetly.

St John Parish Primary was a bright single-storey block with blue walls, murals of national heroes, children already streaming in wearing neat khaki uniforms. A sign above the gate read *All Are Welcome*, but the staff's eyes said otherwise as far as Arabella was concerned. The principal, Mrs Lorraine Bishop, waited in the staffroom. She was in her fifties, hair in elegant braids, voice calm and cutting.

“Miss Cavendish. You will assist in Standard Three and Standard Four English and Social Studies. Mrs Greene and Mr Clarke are your supervising teachers. You will stand when they enter. You will not sit unless invited. You will not touch our children except to help with writing grip. You will not speak unless answering a direct question from staff. The children may address you as Miss Arabella. They have been told who you are and why you are here.”

Mrs Greene, Standard Three, was first. Thirty-two children aged eight and nine stared openly as Arabella was marched to the front.

“This is Miss Arabella,” Mrs Greene announced. “Her family owned land and people in this parish long ago. She is here to help us now. Say good morning.”

“Good morning, Miss Arabella,” the class chorused, some giggling, some solemn.

Arabella stood beside Mrs Greene’s desk while the lesson began: reading comprehension about the arrival of enslaved Africans in Barbados. Mrs Greene read passages aloud, then asked questions.

“Who can tell Miss Arabella why the British brought our ancestors here?”

Hands shot up. A boy near the front answered confidently. “To work on sugar plantations for no pay, Miss. So families like hers could get rich.”

Mrs Greene nodded. “Correct, Kofi. Miss Arabella, do you agree?”

Arabella swallowed. “Yes, Mrs Greene.”

“Louder.”

“Yes, Mrs Greene. That is correct.”

The children murmured. Mrs Greene continued the lesson, calling on Arabella to hand out worksheets, to write key

words on the board, to kneel beside struggling readers and listen to them sound out sentences about chains and middle passage and auction blocks. Every time she leaned close, the child would glance up at her pale face, and then back at the page. During the mid-morning break the children swarmed the playground. Arabella was told to stand in the shade and watch. Some approached curiously.

“Is it true your house in England is bigger than this whole school?” one girl asked.

Arabella hesitated. Mrs Greene was watching. “I don’t live in that house anymore,” she said quietly.

Another boy kicked dust at her shoes.

“My granny says your people whipped ours.”

Teachers nearby pretended not to hear, merely smiling indulgently as their charges questioned the arrogant young white woman. Standard Four with Mr Clarke was worse. The

children were older, ten and eleven perhaps, and bolder. The lesson was on the 1816 Bussa Rebellion. Mr Clarke projected old maps showing the Cavendish estates marked clearly.

“These plantations,” he said, tapping the screen, “were owned by the family of the assistant standing there. Miss Arabella’s direct ancestors.”

He turned to her.

“Tell the class how many enslaved people worked on Gall Hill in 1810, Miss Arabella.”

She had read the file during processing.

“Two hundred and forty-three, Mr Clarke.”

“And how many overseers with whips?”

“I... don’t know exactly, sir.”

“Guess.”

“Perhaps... ten?”

“Fourteen,” he corrected. “Fourteen white men to control two hundred and forty-three Africans. Remember that ratio when you feel tired today.”

The children laughed openly, pointing and gesticulating. For the rest of the period Arabella marked exercise books at a small table in the corner, red pen shaking in her hand. Wrong answers were circled firmly by Mr Clarke, then handed back for her to watch the children correct. When one girl cried over repeated mistakes, Arabella instinctively reached to comfort her. Mr Clarke’s voice cut across the room.

“Keep your hands to yourself, Miss Cavendish. You lost the right to touch our children the day your family bought and sold theirs.”

The girl wiped her own tears and avoided Arabella’s eyes. At noon the teaching day ended. Arabella walked the Haynes children home, changed into the khaki dress, and began household chores, sweeping the yard, washing clothes by

hand in a tub, peeling provisions for dinner, minding Amara while Mrs Haynes rested.

By sunset her hands were raw from bleach water, her back aching from bending. She served dinner, ate leftovers alone on the back step, and then prepared the next day’s lessons under a single bulb until Mrs Haynes told her lights out. As she lay on her cot listening to the family laugh at a sitcom in the living room, Arabella stared at the dark ceiling. That was one school day dispensed with, God only knew how many to go.

Chapter 7

It happened on Victoria's eighth day in Ntonso. She had risen at five thirty as usual, swept the compound yard, fetched water from the village tap, and accompanied Madam Mensah to the cocoa farm to help with the women's cooperative. By mid-morning the sun was brutal. Victoria's task was to carry filled water bottles to the workers and collect empty ones. She moved slowly, neck aching from the constant weight on her head, orange smock soaked through with sweat.

One of the younger farmers, a sharp-tongued woman named Abena, complained loudly that the water was warm. Victoria apologised and hurried back to the shade where the cooler gallons were stored. In her haste she tripped over a cocoa root, spilling half a gallon across the dirt. Abena laughed. The other women joined in. Madam Mensah heard the commotion and strode over.

"What is this?" she demanded, eyeing the puddle and

Victoria kneeling beside it.

"I'm sorry, Madam. I tripped. I'll refill it immediately."

Madam Mensah's face hardened.

"You waste water my people pay for. You waste time my people need. You think sorry fixes that?"

Victoria lowered her head.

"No, Madam."

"Back to the compound. Now. You and I need to have a discussion regarding your behaviour."

The walk home was the longest Victoria had ever known. She felt the anxiety slowly bloom in her stomach as she made the journey "home." Madam Mensah rode her motorbike slowly ahead, forcing Victoria to jog behind in flip-flops through the dust. Villagers watched from doorways. Children ran alongside, sensing drama. At the compound gate, Madam Mensah dismissed the other restitution women

to their room and locked the gate. Only she and Victoria remained in the open courtyard.

“Kneel,” she ordered.

Victoria dropped to the hot concrete. Madam Mensah disappeared into the house and returned with a thin, supple switch cut from a nearby guava tree. She swished it once through the air. The sound made Victoria flinch. Surely the woman didn’t intend to...

“You will receive five strokes,” Madam Mensah announced calmly. “One for each year you owe me. You will count each one aloud. You will thank me after each one. If you miss a count or forget to thank me, we start again from one. Now, remove your smock.”

Victoria hesitated for a fraction of a second. Madam Mensah’s eyes narrowed.

“Now!”

Hands shaking, Victoria pulled the orange smock over her head and folded it neatly beside her. She knelt naked in the midday glare, shaved head bowed, arms clasped in front of her. The first stroke landed across her shoulders. A thin line of fire exploded across her skin.

“One. Thank you, Madam,” she gasped.

The second crossed the first. Victoria’s voice cracked on the count. By the end her back was striped red. Tears blurred her vision, but she forced the humiliating words of gratitude out. Madam Mensah paused.

“You spilled water because you are lazy and careless. Say it.”

“I spilled water because I am lazy and careless, Madam.”

“Louder.”

“I spilled water because I am lazy and careless, Madam!”

The switch whistled again. Extra strokes, largely because the large black woman was enjoying Victoria's distress but also simply because she could. Here in her own yard Akosua Mensah was judge, jury and executioner. When it was over Victoria remained kneeling, sobbing quietly, welts rising in neat parallel lines across her back and thighs. Madam Mensah circled her once, inspecting her work with a certain quiet satisfaction.

"You will wear no smock for the rest of the day. You will finish your duties like this so everyone sees what happens to wasteful Liverpool women. Tomorrow you will apologise to Abena on your knees in front of the whole cooperative. Then you will carry double water until I say otherwise."

Madam Mensah turned to leave and then paused.

"And Victoria?"

Victoria looked up through tears.

"Yes, Madam?"

"This was a mild punishment by my standards. Next time you will feel something that truly reminds you how slave-girls were treated in the old days. Do you understand me?"

She walked into the house without waiting for an answer, screen door banging shut behind her. Victoria stayed kneeling until the sun shifted and the shadows lengthened. Only when Madam Mensah's voice called from inside

"Water the veranda plants, girl," did she rise on trembling legs.

Naked, marked, and burning, she picked up the watering can and began her afternoon tasks. The other restitution women watched silently from the doorway of their room, none daring to meet her eyes. Knowing that only the whim

of their cruel owner separated them from being in the same position as the new, English woman.

Word spread through Ntonso by evening. Phones captured discreet photos over the compound wall. By nightfall the images were circulating in village WhatsApp groups with laughing emojis and captions. Arrogant English woman learning some manners. Victoria lay face-down on her mat that night, wounds stinging against the coarse sheet.

Chapter 8

It was a Sunday afternoon three weeks into Arabella's service, the one day when household chores lightened

slightly after church. Mrs Carla Haynes had dressed in her finest for the occasion: a new yellow dress that accommodated her growing pregnancy, gold jewellery flashing. Arabella had been made to iron the garment twice to remove every crease.

"Grandfather is coming for lunch," Mrs Haynes announced while Arabella ate her breakfast leftovers on the back step. "You will wait on him hand and foot. He requested to see the Cavendish girl up close. You will behave yourself of course and make sure that he receives the respect all old people deserve,"

Arabella's stomach tightened. She remembered the elderly man from her allocation when she first arrived, Mr John Haynes, the one whose eyes had fixed on her with quiet intensity, the one who had said his granddaughter's people had laboured on Gall Hill. He arrived at noon in a taxi, leaning on a polished cane despite his straight posture.

Seventy eight years old and stick thin but upright and dignified, wearing a crisp white shirt and dark trousers. Mrs Haynes greeted him with hugs and kisses. Arabella was summoned from the kitchen.

“Come greet Mr Haynes properly,” Mrs Haynes ordered.

Arabella approached in her short khaki household dress, head bowed. She curtsied awkwardly as she had been taught.

“Good afternoon, sir.”

Mr Haynes studied her for a long moment.

“Lift your face, child.”

She did. His dark eyes were sharp, unblinking.

“You have the Cavendish look,” he said quietly. “Same cheekbones as the old portraits in the great-house museum.”

Arabella was uncertain as to how to reply. Was that a compliment or a criticism? Instead she merely blushed and held her tongue. Lunch was served on the veranda, flying

fish, cou-cou and jug-jug. Arabella stood behind Mr Haynes’s chair, refilling his glass, serving seconds, clearing plates. Every movement, she realised, was watched. When she leaned forward to pour him some sorrel, his hand brushed her hip deliberately. No one commented. After the meal the family withdrew to the living room for coffee. Mr Haynes remained on the veranda in a wicker chair, fanning himself slowly. Mrs Haynes appeared at the kitchen door.

“Grandfather wants a private word. Take him a fresh glass of water and attend him on the veranda. Close the doors behind you.”

Arabella carried the glass out. Mr Haynes gestured to the footstool in front of him.

“Sit there.”

She perched on the low stool, knees together, hands clasped. He sipped the water, and then set the glass aside.

“Your people owned my people,” he began conversationally. “My great-grandmother was born on Gall Hill in 1812. Field hand. She told us stories of what really happened down there. Those stories came down to me.”

Arabella swallowed nervously and stared at her hands.

“I’m sorry, sir.”

“Sorry is just words. But I have something more...appropriate in mind.”

He shifted forward slightly.

“Mrs Haynes tells me you’ve been slow to learn respect. A little pride left in you. She asked me to help correct that today.”

Arabella blinked and looked up at him, the tears already forming on her lashes.

“Stand up. Come here.”

She rose on unsteady legs. He patted his lap.

“Over my knee.”

For a moment she froze. He waited, cane resting across his thighs.

“Now, girl. Or I tell Carla to add six months to your term for disobedience. I can do that you know. I’m on the reparations committee”

Arabella stepped forward and lowered herself awkwardly across his lap, the khaki dress riding up her thighs. He adjusted her position with firm hands until she was balanced, bottom nicely raised. The first smack landed hard across her bare skin, Mrs Haynes had forbidden underwear on Sundays “for easier corrections.”

Arabella gasped. He spanked briskly, methodically, right hand rising and falling with surprising strength for his age. Each slap echoed off the veranda walls. Twenty, thirty, forty strokes. Her bottom burned crimson. She bit her lip to stay

silent at first, then whimpered, then sobbed openly. When he finished he let her lie there a minute, catching her breath.

“Stand up.”

She slid off his lap, dress falling back into place, tears streaming. He looked at her steadily.

“Now you will show proper gratitude. On your knees, girl.”

Arabella sank to the tiled floor in front of his chair. Her hands trembled as she reached for his belt under his direction. He guided her head gently but firmly.

“Slow and respectful,” he murmured. “Slow and respectful...no need to hurry. We have all the time in the world together, you and me.”

The old man smiled thinly and tried to imagine would say if they could only see him now. The veranda doors remained closed. Inside, the family television played loudly enough to cover any sound. When it was over he patted her cheek

almost kindly, tucked himself away, and stood.

“Tell Carla I’m ready for dessert.”

Arabella remained kneeling until he walked inside. Then she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, straightened her dress, and carried the empty water glass back to the kitchen. Mrs Haynes met her at the door, smiling.

“Good girl. Grandfather says you’re learning. He tells me that he’s already looking forward to when he returns, same time next month when he visits again.”

Arabella nodded silently and began slicing the coconut cake with shaking hands. The afternoon sun continued to pour down, bright and indifferent, over the quiet parish ridge. Arabella Cavendish, the spoiled, indulged only daughter of the (formerly) wealthy Cavendish family was paying her reparations in the old-fashioned way.

Chapter 9

In the lush hills above Montego Bay stood Rose Hall Great House, restored to its eighteenth-century glory but now privately owned. The current owner was Dr Evelyn Morgan, fifty-eight, a Jamaican-British heiress who had made her fortune in London real estate before returning home a decade ago. Tall, black, silver-haired, always immaculately dressed in linen suits or flowing kaftans, she was known in certain circles as a formidable, unforgiving woman who collected art, antiques and favours.

It was Dr Morgan who had sat on Chloe's allocation panel that first day at the processing centre, the older woman whose voice had been low and deliberate when she told Chloe that she was here to work, to try and make amends for the horrors her ancestors had committed. She had watched Chloe with unblinking interest ever since the file landed on her desk. There was something about the girl that piqued her

interest, something...personal.

Three months into Chloe's sentence, Dr Morgan sent a letter to the Maroon Heights estate office. Inside was an invitation addressed personally to Miss Delores Cameron, Chloe's daily overseer.

My dear Delores,

I would be delighted if you would join me for dinner at Rose Hall on Saturday evening. Please bring along the young Bristol debtor, the Whitaker girl. I have followed her progress with interest and would like to assess her manners in a more intimate setting.

Dress informal. Transport will collect you at six.

Warmly, Evelyn Morgan

Miss Delores read it twice, her mouth forming into a slow smile. She had long known Dr Morgan's tastes, wealthy, powerful, unapologetically predatory, and particularly fond

of breaking proud white girls who carried old slaving names. The invitation was not a request; it was an order. It was an invitation to dinner, no more and no less, something that Miss Dolores could plausibly deny if the need ever arose.

On Saturday evening the estate Land Rover pulled up outside the restitution barracks. Chloe, summoned from her bunk, was ordered to wash thoroughly, shave what little hair had begun to grow back between her legs, and change into a clean khaki smock. No underwear, as usual and no bra. That was a given now.

“You behaving good tonight,” Miss Delores warned, buckling Chloe into the back seat beside her as if she was a helpless child. “Dr Morgan don’t tolerate foolishness. You do exactly what you told, when you told, and how you told. Understand?”

Chloe nodded mutely, stomach churning at the thought of the unknown horrors that lie ahead. The drive wound up

through gated communities and dark cane fields until the great-house appeared, floodlit against the night sky. White columns, sweeping lawns, the old stone slave bell now purely ornamental. A mute conformation as to how things on the Island had changed so radically.

A uniformed maid led them through cool marble corridors to a private drawing room overlooking the sea. Dr Morgan waited there in a deep red armchair, a glass of rum in her hand. She wore a black silk kaftan that set off her silver hair and dark skin. Two other black women, friends from Kingston, both in their fifties, lounged on the sofa, watching the scene unfold with lazy amusement.

“Delores, darling,” Dr Morgan rose to embrace Miss Delores warmly, kissing both cheeks. “And this must be the Whitaker girl.”

Chloe was pushed forward.

“Kneel,” Dr Morgan said softly.

Chloe already knew better than to argue with black authority figures and she dropped to the polished wooden floor. Dr Morgan circled her once, lifting Chloe’s chin with two fingers.

“Pretty little thing. English weakness still in the face. Delores, you’ve been working the poor little thing hard?”

“Every day in the cane, ma’am. She cry less now.”

“Good. Isn’t that nice to hear, our honoured guest made to feel welcome?”

There was a snigger of amusement from her friends as Dr Morgan settled back into her chair and gestured to the low table in front of her.

“Serve us drinks, girl. Rum on ice for me and my guests. Water for Delores, she’s driving you back. That is assuming that you’re a good girl this evening.” Chloe rose on shaking

legs to obey, trying desperately to ignore the pointed inference of the word “good”. As she poured, Dr Morgan’s hand rested possessively on the back of her thigh, sliding slowly upward under the short smock to firmly cup her right buttock.

Dinner was served in the candlelit dining room: peppered shrimp followed by curried goat. Chloe stood behind Dr Morgan’s chair, refilling glasses, clearing plates, never sitting. Every time she leaned forward, Dr Morgan’s fingers brushed her deliberately. After dessert the party moved to a smaller, more private room at the rear of the house, an old overseer’s office converted into something far more useful. Dark wood panelling, a wide, white leather ottoman in the centre, antique riding crops displayed on the walls like art. The door closed with a soft click. Dr Morgan turned to Miss Delores.

“I’d like to see how obedient the Whitaker girl has become, Dolores. Strip her please.”

Miss Delores needed no encouragement. Ignoring the startled look on the young English woman's face she roughly yanked the khaki smock over Chloe's head and tossed it aside. Chloe stood naked under the low lights; arms instinctively covering herself until Dr Morgan's sharp "Hands at your sides" made her drop them.

The two Kingston women settled into armchairs with fresh drinks to watch as Dr Morgan patted her lap.

"Over here, girl. Face down"

There was no other course of action, not here, not while she was surrounded by four predatory black women any one of whom could have easily overpowered her. Chloe draped herself across the silk-covered thighs. Dr Morgan's spanking was slower than Miss Delores's field corrections, almost leisurely in fact, each smack calculated to sting and humiliate rather than merely punish. The authoritarian woman lectured softly between strokes.

"Your ancestors had my ancestors bent over barrels and whipped for less than this. Now the positions are reversed. How does that make you feel, girl?"

Chloe could only cry and gasp out her apologies. When Dr Morgan tired of that game, she guided Chloe to her knees between her parted legs. Miss Delores stood behind Chloe, holding her shoulders firmly in place.

"Show your gratitude properly," Dr Morgan murmured, lifting the hem of her kaftan.

Chloe obeyed, tears mixing with the taste of expensive rum on Dr Morgan's skin. The Kingston women commented idly, as if discussing a performance and giggling occasionally at the spectacle and the white girl's obvious shame and distaste at being made to carry it out. Later, much later, when Dr Morgan was satisfied, she allowed Miss Delores her turn; rougher, more familiar from her time in the fields with the more reluctant white girls.

A firm grip on the girl's ears to guide her velveteen tongue exactly where she wanted it. Chloe knelt alternately for each woman in the room, used slowly and thoroughly until her jaw ached and her knees were bruised on the hardwood. At two in the morning the Land Rover returned her to the barracks. Miss Delores tossed the khaki smock at her on the back seat.

"You did good tonight. Dr Morgan says she wants you again next month. Maybe you stay overnight then like a good girl?"

Chloe curled against the window of the vehicle, staring out at the dark cane whispering past. Then she was back in her uncomfortable narrow bunk reliving the events of the evening over and over in her mind. Alongside her the other women slept on, unaware or uncaring. Probably glad that it was her and not them who'd been the centre of attention that evening. She did not wash that night. She didn't do anything,

she just lay rigid until dawn, tasting rum on her lips and realising that this was her life now, at least until she was freed.

Chapter 10

The red circle on Madam Akosua Mensah's calendar had been there for weeks, a private promise to herself. On the exact morning one year after Victoria's arrival, Madam Mensah woke around 6am with a quiet satisfaction. Victoria was already kneeling naked in the courtyard when Madam Mensah emerged from the house, the new red collar gleaming against her tanned skin.

She had been sent out at 5 am with orders to wait on her knees until summoned. Dew had soaked her, mosquitoes had feasted, but she had not moved. Madam Mensah stood over her for a long minute, savouring the sight: the once-elegant London woman reduced to this, a collared, shivering creature on bare concrete.

“Happy anniversary, Victoria,” she said softly. “One year of teaching you your place. Just one year out of five of making you humble.”

Victoria’s voice was hoarse from the night air.

“Thank you, Madam.”

Madam Mensah smiled, slow and cruel.

“Today we remember how far you have come, and more importantly, just how much I have enjoyed the journey.”

She clipped the leash to Victoria’s collar and led her, crawling on hands and knees, back into the main house.

The other restitution women were locked in their block; this day belonged entirely to Madam Mensah’s pleasure. In the bedroom she made Victoria recount, aloud and in detail, every major indignity that she’d suffered during the past year.

“Begin with the first punishment,” Madam Mensah ordered, settling into her armchair with a cup of tea. Victoria, kneeling between her muscular thighs, hands behind her back, began.

“The spilled water... you stripped me in the courtyard... twelve strokes naked while the village watched over the wall... you made me finish the day without my smock...”

Madam Mensah’s eyes half-closed in remembered delight, her hand drifted towards her own sex.

“Mmmm, I loved how red your skin went. And how you tried to cover yourself at first. Tell me about the village tap.”

Victoria's voice trembled as she recalled the incident.

"You made me fetch water naked for a week after that... the children threw stones... the women laughed and called me 'white dog'..."

"Yes," Madam Mensah murmured. "I stood on the veranda and watched every trip. Your shame made me smile, but you know that already, don't you?"

She prompted Victoria into recalling several of the petty indignities that she had put the arrogant English woman through. The entire month for example when Victoria was forced to eat from a bowl on the floor like a pet while the family dined at the table mocking her and calling her a white sow. Some of the evenings when Madam Mensah invited neighbours to watch Victoria scrub the kitchen floor on hands and knees, naked, while they drank beer and commented crudely on her body.

She made Victoria remember the time she was tied spread-eagled to the mango tree for an entire afternoon as "lesson in patience" after dropping a tray of eggs. Especially the part where the local village boys literally fought each other for a better view of her pale white skin and her blonde sex struggling to free herself. And the humiliating weekly inspections where Madam Mensah probed and prodded every orifice with clinical detachment, commenting loudly on Victoria's squirming reactions to her rough, careless handling.

And those nights, some of Madame Mensah's favourite nights when Victoria was leashed to her bedpost and used at her whim. Spanked, caned, fingered, used orally, whatever took Madame Mensah's fancy at the time. With each recollection, Madam Mensah's breathing deepened. She derived intense, visible pleasure from the retelling, fingers idly stroking herself through her panties as Victoria spoke.

When the shameful recitation finally ended, Madam Mensah set her tea aside.

“You left out the best parts,” she said. “How you cried the first time I made you lick my shoes clean after the farm. How you begged, actually begged me not to be sent to the latrine pit to clean it by hand. How your snooty English accent cracked when you thanked me after I whipped you for looking me in the eye. Do you remember those times, girl? Because I certainly do.”

Victoria’s face burned crimson at the memories. Madam Mensah rose and fetched her favourite implement of correction, a long, thin rattan cane reserved for special occasions like these.

“Today I think we should celebrate properly, my girl.”

Ignoring Victoria’s begging and pleading, she positioned the aristocratic Englishwoman so that she was bent over

the bed, legs spread, collar chained to the headboard, her face pressed into the mattress. Then she gave her forty-six strokes, one for each year of Victoria’s life, delivered not brutally or angrily but slowly and with long pauses between so Madam Mensah could admire the rising welts and listen to the changing quality of Victoria’s sobs. Between sets she whispered her own reminiscences.

“This one for the day you fainted in the sun and I made the women pour cold water on you instead of helping.”

“This one for how sweetly you screamed when I used the chilli paste on your sex and nipples as punishment.”

“This one because I simply enjoy the sound of your English tears.”

When the caning ended, Victoria’s bottom and thighs were criss-crossed with dark purple ridges. Madam Mensah

traced them with cool fingers, humming in satisfaction. Then she drew Victoria to her knees again.

“Now pleasure me while you think on every indignity. I want to feel your gratitude. If I feel you slacking or that you’re disrespecting me in any way. It’s going to be another dozen with the cane and I can promise you that they will really sting, my girl.”

Victoria obeyed, tears falling onto Madam Mensah’s thighs as she worked. Madam Mensah kept one hand tangled in Victoria’s short hair, the other holding the leash taut, controlling every movement. When she finished, the black woman allowed Victoria to collapse at her feet.

“Good girl,” she said, almost tenderly, reaching down to stroke Victoria’s roughly shorn hair. “Four more anniversaries to come...at least. I plan to enjoy each one more than the last.”

She left Victoria curled on the floor while she dressed for the day. Before leaving the room, she looked back once.

“Tonight the cooperative women return. You will thank each one personally for helping teach you humility.”

Victoria’s whispered “Yes, Madam” was barely audible. In her mind she repeated the phrase “Four more anniversaries to come...at least.” And wondered what the last two words meant.

Madam Mensah smiled, a deep, sated, sadistic smile, and closed the door behind her.

Chapter 11

Dr Evelyn Morgan did not wait a full month. Ten days after the first evening, another envelope arrived at Maroon Heights. This one was addressed directly to Miss Delores, but the note inside was shorter and sharper.

Delores,

Bring the Whitaker girl to Rose Hall tomorrow night. Overnight. I have guests from abroad who wish to sample Bristol stock. Prepare her thoroughly.

E.

Miss Delores read it in the estate office, folded it once, and slipped it into her uniform pocket. That evening, after the cane trucks were loaded and the women hosed down, she called Chloe to the overseer's hut.

"You going up the hill tomorrow. Dr Morgan wants you all night this time."

Chloe's mouth went dry.

"Please, Miss Delores... I've been working hard. I haven't complained once...an..."

Delores laughed softly.

"This not punishment, girl. This reward...for her anyway. You just the prize."

The next afternoon Chloe was taken to the estate shower block early. Two senior restitution women, under Delores's orders, scrubbed her roughly with coarse brushes until her skin was pink and raw. Every inch was inspected. Her head was clipped shorter again, not shaved but just cut in an unflattering sort of a juvenile style bob which had the effect of making her look younger than her twenty nine years. A thin steel cuff was locked around each wrist and ankle, just for decoration Dolores had whispered maliciously into her ear before they left. Decorative but strong enough to hold.

At dusk the same Land Rover collected her. This time Miss Delores stayed behind.

“You on your best behaviour,” she warned as Chloe was loaded into the back. “Dr Morgan’s friends flew in from Toronto and Cape Town special. They don’t like naughty. If I hear one bad word from Miss Morgan then you is going to suffer, girl. You hear me?”

Chloe nodded frantically. She knew very well that suffering meant a caning. She said nothing in the car, just tried to ignore the driver’s lascivious face looking back at her in the mirror. The gates of Rose Hall opened silently. The great-house was lit more dramatically than before, torches along the drive this time, red bulbs in the old dungeon windows for effect. A white, scared-looking maid in a crisp black and white uniform led Chloe through corridors she hadn’t seen last time, down stone steps to a lower level.

The room was larger than the previous one, vaulted ceiling, iron rings set into the walls, a wide four-poster bed. It was like some sort of film set for perverts. Antique whips and manacles hung as decor she supposed, but Chloe noticed some looked recently oiled and swallowed nervously. Dr Morgan waited in a high-backed chair, wearing a severe black linen dress that made her silver hair gleam. Three other women stood or lounged around the room.

One, she later discovered was Canadian, mid-fifties, heavysset, in tailored trousers and a blue silk blouse, introducing herself only as “Auntie Joyce.” Another was South African, tall and angular, perhaps sixty, with close-cropped grey hair and a riding crop already in hand, Mrs Van Zyl. The third was younger, late forties, elegantly beautiful, Trinidadian-British, in a flowing emerald gown, Miss Laver. All four watched Chloe with the sort of calm, natural,

predatory greed that people of a certain class and mindset seemed to possess. Dr Morgan rose slowly.

“Strip her.” Was all she said. No preamble or introduction this time.

The maid obeyed, pulling the khaki smock away in one motion. Chloe stood naked, cuffs glinting, skin prickling in the cool air. Dr Morgan walked around her in a full circle. Poking and inspecting her as she stood shamefaced in the centre of the room

“She heals cleanly. Good. We can be more thorough tonight.”

She gestured to a low padded bench in the centre of the room.

“Secure her.”

The maid and Miss Laver guided Chloe forward. Steel cuffs clipped to rings on the bench legs, forcing her to bend at the

waist, arms stretched forward, legs spread. A wide leather strap was buckled across the small of her back. She could not move more than an inch in any direction. Dr Morgan addressed her guests like a sommelier presenting a rare vintage.

“Bristolian lineage. A daughter of the oppressors. Equally as culpable as the worst of them. Twenty-nine. Three years owed. Still some pride in her, see how she tenses ladies? But that isn’t such a bad thing of course. It gives us something to work on. Delores has certainly softened her in the fields, but there’s a lot more to extract if I’m any judge.”

Auntie Joyce stepped forward first, running thick fingers along Chloe’s spine.

“Such pale skin. Won’t it mark beautifully?” She exclaimed with a certain amount of pleasure.

Mrs Van Zyl tested the riding crop against her palm.

“I brought something from home. A little gift from me and my family. My grandmother’s people felt the original. I want this one to feel what that was like.”

Miss Laver simply smiled, trailing long nails down Chloe’s inner thigh until she trembled. Dr Morgan took her seat again, directly in Chloe’s line of sight. With a dismissive flick of her hand she sent the maid scurrying away to the corner of the room, hands on her head nose pushed against the plasterwork until she was needed again.

“We’ll take our time. No need to rush centuries of debt in one night.”

The women laughed gently in agreement and prepared themselves. The first stroke landed without warning, Mrs Van Zyl’s leather crop, biting deep across the meat of Chloe’s bare buttocks. The force and the sudden shock of which made her scream into the padded bench. Dr Morgan leaned forward, her brown eyes shining.

“Count them for us, Whitaker girl. Slowly. And after each set, you will thank the woman holding the whip for teaching you your new place in the world.”

The night stretched out long for Chloe. The four ladies rotated positions with leisurely cruelty, whipping, caning, and spanking by hand until Chloe’s bottom and thighs were a mess of welts and bruises. The ice applied by the trembling maid, who knew from her own painful experiences in the Morgan household, was not for mercy, but to keep the swelling down so the next layer of pain could register cleanly.

The ladies were old friends and very experienced sadists. Brutality didn’t really appeal to them, deep, searing humiliation was more their thing. And to say that they were experienced was to grossly underestimate their expertise. When they tired of stripes, they turned to other games. Chloe was unstrapped only to be repositioned on her back, legs

held wide; on her knees, mouth forced open; bent over the bed while they took turns with straps and toys designed to humiliate more than injure.

Dr Morgan herself took the longest turn, sitting on the edge of the bed with Chloe's head between her thighs, gripping the girl's ears tightly.

"Look at me while you serve," she murmured each time Chloe faltered. "I want to see the exact moment when the pride in your eyes dies and you realise exactly what you are, what you've become."

Hours blurred. Chloe's voice gave out long before her tears did. At dawn they finally allowed her to collapse on a thin mat in the corner, wrists re-cuffed in front of her, a light chain to the wall. The women retired upstairs for breakfast on the veranda, laughing softly about details.

Chapter 12

Chloe woke to the sound of the key turning in the lock. Grey dawn light filtered through narrow basement windows. Her body was a map of pain, welts crisscrossing her back and thighs, jaw sore, her sex used and bruised and her wrists chafed from the cuffs. She had not been unchained all night, the short tether had forced her to sleep curled on the thin mat like an animal...like a slave in fact she realised bitterly. Dr Evelyn Morgan entered first, already dressed for the day in a crisp white linen blouse, silver hair pulled into an elegant chignon. Behind her came Auntie Joyce in a floral robe, Mrs Van Zyl in black slacks and a silk blouse, and Miss Laver carrying a garment bag over one arm.

"Up, girl," Dr Morgan said softly.

Chloe struggled to her knees. The chain was unclipped. Her legs barely held her. Miss Laurent laid the garment bag

across the ottoman and unzipped it with deliberate care. Inside hung a pristine Jamaican private-school uniform: brilliant white cotton shirt still creased from packaging, green-and-gold striped tie, pleated grey pinafore dress, knee-high white socks folded neatly, and polished black leather shoes with buckles.

The women watched with quiet amusement as Chloe was made to dress under their instructions. First the white shirt, buttoned to the throat. Then the tie, Dr Morgan herself knotted it tightly, pulling until Chloe's collar pressed against her windpipe.

"Proper girls wear their ties snug," she murmured.

The pinafore was next. It had clearly been altered: the hem shortened to mid-thigh, exposing the lower curves of Chloe's bruised bottom when she moved. The bodice was tailored tight across the chest, emphasising that nothing was worn underneath. White socks pulled up to just below the

knee. Shiny shoes buckled firmly. When they finished, Chloe looked like a sixth-former from an elite Kingston academy, except for the badly cut hair, the faint welts visible on her thighs, and the look of pure defeat in her green eyes. Mrs Van Zyl adjusted the tie one last time for her.

"There we are... perfect. My mother cleaned houses for girls who wore uniforms like this. Now this girl wears it for us."

The ladies joined together in the laughter and then they led her upstairs to the sunlit breakfast room overlooking the Caribbean. A long mahogany table was set with silver and china, but Chloe was not offered a chair. Instead, Dr Morgan simply pointed to the floor beside her own seat.

"Kneel there. Sit back on your heels and look up at us."

Chloe sank down, her short grey skirt riding up and her knees on cool tiles. Breakfast proceeded at a leisurely

pace, fresh fruit, ackee and salt fish and excellent Blue Mountain coffee. The women chatted about travel plans, mutual friends, the upcoming reparations gala in Accra. Chloe remained silent, looking up at the four society ladies but not actually seeing them. When the plates were cleared, Dr Morgan pushed her chair back.

“Time for morning discipline. We can’t send you back to the fields without proper correction.”

They ladies smiled and took turns. First Auntie Joyce pulled Chloe across her wide lap on the cushioned window seat. The shortened pinafore offered no protection. Joyce’s heavy hand spanked slowly, methodically, turning already-bruised skin dark purple. Between strokes she lectured in a calm Toronto accent about “entitled white girls who never learned respect.”

Next Mrs Van Zyl hauled Chloe to her feet and then bent her over the breakfast table; tie still tight, skirt flipped

up. She used a thin leather strap, twenty precise strokes that reopened some of last night’s welts. Chloe’s muffled cries echoed off the crystal chandelier. Miss Laver preferred intimacy. She sat in a high-backed chair and positioned Chloe on all fours in front of her, head forced between silk-clad thighs. While Chloe serviced her slowly, the lithe black woman leaned forward and used a long, plaited leather riding crop on the exposed bottom, timing each light snap to Chloe’s rhythm.

Finally Dr Morgan herself took the longest turn. She led Chloe to the veranda overlooking the endless blue sea and bent her over the wrought-iron railing in full view of the distant garden staff, who watched without expression. Dr Morgan used an antique ebony ruler from the old plantation office.

“Count,” she ordered. “Proper pronunciation. Like the schoolgirl you’re dressed as.”

. Chloe's voice cracked on twenty-three. Dr Morgan made her start again from fifteen. When it ended, Chloe was left draped over the railing for ten full minutes, uniform dishevelled, tie askew, skirt rucked up and tears dripping onto the tiles below. Only then was she allowed to straighten and smooth the pinafore down. Dr Morgan tucked a stray fold of fabric back into place with mock tenderness.

"You may keep the uniform. Wear it back to the estate. Let the other debtors see what happens to British girls who visit Rose Hall."

The driver was summoned. Chloe was walked to the Land Rover on unsteady legs, shoes clicking on the marble. The women waved from the steps like hostesses seeing off a weekend guest. In the back seat Chloe sat gingerly, feeling every ridge of the leather against raw skin. The tie remained knotted; no one had loosened it. As the great-house disappeared behind the gates, she caught her reflection in the

window: immaculate uniform, blunt pixie-cut, eyes red from crying. The driver met her gaze in the mirror and smiled thinly.

"Miss Delores waiting at the barracks. She say cane extra tall today."

Chloe closed her eyes. The uniform would be stripped away the moment she arrived, of course. But the memory of wearing it, of being dressed like a privileged child only to be beaten and used like a slave, would stay far longer than the fabric.

Chapter 13

Eighteen months had ground Arabella Cavendish down to something quiet and pliant. Now twenty one years old,

she moved through the Haynes house like a shadow, crisp white blouse always spotless, collar buttoned nice and snug at her throat, eyes down unless addressed. The new baby had arrived four months earlier, a girl, and Arabella had become indispensable: night feedings, nappies, endless rocking in the small hours while Mrs Haynes slept. She rarely left the compound now, and when she did it was only to hang washing or fetch provisions under escort.

Mrs Haynes had planned a two-month trip to England for a family wedding and medical check-ups. She had, in a rare moment of apparent kindness, promised Arabella that she could accompany her, “to see your parents, girl, under strict supervision, of course” as a sort of reward for being such an obedient nurse. Arabella had allowed herself the smallest flicker of hope a glimpse of her mother’s face, the smell of English rain, even if chaperoned and restricted.

The hope lasted exactly one evening. Mr John Haynes

arrived for his monthly visit the week before the proposed departure date. Over dinner he listened to the travel plans, nodding politely. Later, on the veranda with rum in hand, he spoke quietly to his granddaughter.

“That Cavendish girl has been useful with the baby?”

“Very,” Mrs Haynes admitted. “I was planning to take her.”

Mr Haynes sipped his rum, eyes distant.

“Leave her here with me instead. My house is too quiet since your grandmother passed. She can keep an old man company. Do the cooking, cleaning, gardening. I’ll make sure she’s... properly occupied.”

Mrs Haynes hesitated only a moment. Her grandfather’s word still carried weight and she was, after all, a dutiful African daughter.

“If you’re sure she won’t be too much trouble, Grandpa. You know how uppity she gets if she’s not treated with a firm hand.”

He smiled slowly. “Oh, I’m quite sure.”

The next morning Mrs Haynes summoned Arabella to the kitchen.

“There’s been a change of plans. You’re staying in Barbados. Grandpa needs help at his house while I’m away. You’ll go to him tomorrow.” Arabella’s face drained of colour and tears sprung to her eyes.

“But... you said I could see my parents, Ma’am.”

Mrs Haynes shrugged.

“Grandpa asked. Family comes first. Family always come first. Pack your things, one dress, one smock, that should be enough.”

Arabella’s eyes overflowed but what could she do? She only

whispered,

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Mr Haynes collected her himself the following day in his old pickup. Arabella sat in the back among sacks of provisions, small bundle of belongings at her feet. The drive to his house in St Peter took forty minutes, north along the coast, past luxury villas and quiet beaches. The sort of place, she reflected miserably, that she would have loved to have holidayed in.

His home was a traditional coral-stone bungalow set back from the road, wide veranda, mango trees and high walls. No other servants lived in; a woman came twice a week to do heavy laundry. Otherwise it was just him, and now Arabella. He carried her bundle inside himself, a deliberate courtesy that made her uneasy.

“Your room,” he said, opening the door to a small chamber off the kitchen. Narrow cot, one sheet, a hook for clothes. A ring bolted to the wall at ankle height.

“You’ll sleep here. You’ll address me as Massa at all times. You’ll ask permission to speak, to eat, to use the bathroom. Understood?”

“Yes...Massa.” The word sounded odd in her mouth, uncomfortable almost. She knew it was a Negro contraction of the word “master” and that she was indeed a slave in all but name. Nevertheless it was a jarring reminder of her new place in society. He smiled the same sharp, hungry look that she remembered from her allocation day.

“Good girl.”

The first week established the rhythm. Arabella rose at five to prepare his breakfast, salt bread, fried flying fish, cocoa tea served on the veranda. She knelt beside his chair while he

ate and played with her hair or her ears or inserted a large, grimy thumb between her delicate lips for her to suck, as she waited for any command. After clearing the breakfast things away, she cleaned the house top to bottom on hands and knees, dress tucked up, bottom exposed for his occasional inspection or casual smack if the mood took him.

Afternoons were for gardening, pulling weeds, sweeping leaves, watering plants etc, always under his watchful eye from the veranda rocker. Sometimes he’d call her over to casually lay her across his knees and spank her or stripe the palms of her hands with a thin, light cane that he carried for that express purpose. But evenings were his favourite time. He would make himself comfortable in his favourite armchair on the veranda and then call her only after she’d finished her meagre supper.

“Time for your lessons, child.”

Those words alone sent a shiver through Arabella's slight frame but nevertheless she'd stitch a bright smile to her face and hurry over to where he sat. She would kneel in front of his armchair at his feet while he read passages from history books about the old plantations, quizzing her on details of Cavendish ownership, forcing her to recite how many enslaved people had worked Gall Hill in any given year. Wrong answers earned the hairbrush across bare thighs. Correct ones earned a pat on the head and, sometimes, the privilege of massaging his calloused old feet.

Unless he was particularly fatigued, most nights ended in his bedroom. He was slow, deliberate, savouring every moment of power over the pretty English girl whose family had once owned his. He liked her on her knees first, slow oral worship while he stroked her hair and murmured about reversal and justice. Then he would position her exactly as he wished: over the bed, on the floor, against the wall. He took

his time, sinking himself deeply inside her and drawing it out until she trembled.

Afterward he often made her sleep at the foot of his bed on a mat, ankle chained short so she could not straighten fully. There wasn't any particular reason for that. It wasn't as if she was going to run away from him. Where would she go, for example? Who could she run to? Runaway slaves were dealt with very firmly by the local authorities. Once they'd taken their own pleasure with the slave, the very least that she could look forward to was a prolonged public thrashing in front of a fascinated, approving crowd of local people.

No, he liked to chain her to the wall purely as a warning. A petty punishment used as a reminder of his people's past. Their treatment at the hands of people like her relatives back in jolly old England, hundreds of years ago. Seeing her shackled and helpless, especially in her tearful state, was a constant pleasure as far as John Haynes was concerned.

In the same sense of petty vindictiveness he particularly enjoyed denying her the visit to England. One night, as she knelt drying his feet after his bath by blowing carefully on them, he spoke conversationally.

“Your parents were expecting you, weren’t they?”

“Yes, Sir,” she whispered.

“Must be disappointing for them. And for you?”

She said nothing.

He tugged her hair lightly, pulling her face closer.

“I asked Carla to leave you here on purpose. The thought of keeping you from them, of you stuck serving an old black man while your mummy and daddy wait in vain, well...” He chuckled softly. “It excites me more than you can imagine.”

Arabella’s cheeks burned crimson, but she kept her head down. He lifted her chin with one large finger so that her bright blue, tear-filled eyes looked into his dark ones.

“Thank me for it.”

“Thank you, Sir, for keeping me here instead of letting me visit my parents.”

“Louder.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

He smiled, already hardening again. There was no need to unzip himself this time. He was sat naked in his chair except for a loose linen shirt

“Good girl. Now show me how grateful you are.”

Six weeks into Mrs Haynes’s absence, Arabella’s world had narrowed to the coral-stone house, the veranda, the bedroom, and the old man’s quiet, relentless enjoyment of her submission. Mrs Haynes would return in another three weeks, Arabella was already counting the days down.

Chapter 14

Eighteen months into Chloe Whitaker's three year sentence, the offer arrived.

Dr Evelyn Morgan, now sixty eight, still immaculately turned out, still the wealthiest and most feared woman in Jamaican restitution circles, sent a formal letter to the Maroon Heights estate committee. Carbon copies went to ORLA's Caribbean oversight board. The proposal was simple. Dr Morgan wished to purchase the remainder of Chloe's term outright. Full cash settlement to the estate cooperative, plus a substantial donation to the parish reparations fund.

In exchange, Chloe would be transferred permanently to Rose Hall as private domestic and personal restitution worker, no fixed end date, no return to England. The committee deliberated for one afternoon. The money was too good, and Chloe's behaviour had been exemplary. Plus Dr

Morgan's temper was legendary in these parts, particularly when she was crossed or thwarted in any way. Approval came swiftly. Miss Delores delivered the news herself that evening in the barracks.

"Pack nothing. Dr Morgan wants you tomorrow. You belong to her now. For good."

Chloe, thirty-one now, thinner now and hardened from fieldwork, felt something icy inside her. What did the horrible woman mean, "For good"? She had served half her sentence and she'd had nothing but good reports. She'd heard how some British women had been awarded an extra month or even an extra year in some cases for bad behaviour. But she herself had been good, obedient and respectful. She'd done it on purpose, making herself accept the harsh conditions and the cruelty so that she could go home. Counting down the days until her release back to England

But her thoughts and her tears didn't seem to matter. Chloe had begged literally on her knees to be allowed to stay in the Maroon Heights compound. But despite everything and her almost hysterical crying, the next morning she was bathed, shaved smooth, and dressed, not in the usual khaki smock, but in the altered Jamaican private-school uniform Dr Morgan had sent her back to the compound in after that first memorable overnight visit.

Crisp white shirt, buttoned to the throat. Green-and-gold tie knotted brutally tight by Miss Delores herself. Grey pinafore shortened to mid-thigh, hem brushing the lower curves of her bottom. White ankle socks and highly polished black shoes. No underwear, of course. The uniform had been laundered and pressed; it looked immaculate, almost innocent. Miss Delores stepped back to admire the effect.

"She always did like you in this. Said it made the reversal sweeter, helped teach you your place good and proper."

The drive up to Rose Hall was silent. Chloe sat in the back seat, hands folded in her lap, skirt riding up whenever the Land Rover bumped. Dr Morgan waited on the great-house steps in a severe black linen dress, silver hair gleaming. Auntie Joyce and Mrs Van Zyl flanked her 18 months older now, but eyes just as predatory.

"Bring her to me," Dr Morgan said.

Miss Delores handed over the temporary transfer papers and the leash that had been clipped to Chloe's new, wider collar during the drive.

Dr Morgan took the leash herself.

"Thank you, Delores. You kept her in good condition. Your money is over there on the table. Don't forget to keep us informed of anything else that may interest us in the future."

Delores smiled briefly, nodded and then, having pocketed the envelope of cash, left without a backward glance. Dr Morgan tugged on the leash lightly.

“Come, schoolgirl.”

Blushing profusely with shame, Chloe had no option other than to follow the older, imperious woman. Inside, the house had changed. A new wing had been added: a private suite with barred windows, a schoolroom motif, old wooden desks, blackboard, canes on the wall, and an adjoining bedroom dominated by a four-poster bed and restraint points. Chloe was led straight there. Dr Morgan sat in a high-backed chair and made Chloe stand in front of her, hands behind her head, elbows back, skirt lifted just enough to expose everything.

“Look at you,” Dr Morgan murmured in an amused tone. “Thirty-one years old. Still pretty. Still blushing crimson under that uniform. And now I own you completely.”

She let the silence stretch until Chloe’s cheeks burned dark red and tears welled.

“B...but my sentence...I can’t stay here. I...I have a life in England...people will miss me and...”

“Chloe Marie Whitaker, age twenty-nine,” interrupted the Jamaican woman calmly, reading from Chloe’s original file. “Single, no partner, no offspring, parents both deceased, a sister you haven’t spoken to for several years and,” she let the tension mount a little...”unemployed. Who on earth is going to miss a non-entity like you? No, you’ll be much better off in my beautiful country surrounded by people who care for you.”

The woman smiled wolfishly showing her perfect white teeth that shone against her black skin.

“And now to business. First of all here are the rules in my house. You wear the uniform always unless I say otherwise.

You address me as Headmistress or Ma'am. You exist for my pleasure and my guests' pleasure. There is no end date anymore. You are mine until I tire of you, or until I die. Whichever comes first."

She looked up enquiringly, obviously expecting a reply.

Chloe's voice cracked.

"Yes, Headmistress."

Dr Morgan smiled slowly.

"Good girl. Now over my lap for your welcome-home spanking."

She pulled Chloe down across her thighs, skirt flipped up, tie still tight. The spanking was leisurely, heavy-handed, designed to re-mark every inch of skin. Chloe sobbed into the rug, counting aloud in the prim English accent that Dr Morgan loved to mock. When it ended, Dr Morgan kept her there, stroking the heat.

"Tonight Auntie Joyce and Mrs Van Zyl will stay over. Tomorrow Miss Laver arrives from Trinidad. We'll celebrate properly then."

The days blurred into a rhythm of calculated cruelty. In the mornings Chloe knelt beside Dr Morgan's bed to wake her with slow oral service to the old woman's wrinkled, African-smelling sex, her uniform skirt rucked up. Her days were then filled with domestic chores, dusting, polishing, serving meals on her knees, and always under watchful eyes and casual corrections. A slap to an unprotected thigh, a twist of her ear, a casual tug on her hair which had grown long enough by now to tie into two short, ridiculous looking braids. Then there were her regular "lessons" in the mock schoolroom. Dr Morgan or one of the others would cane her for imaginary infractions, then bend her over a desk and use a strap-on while lecturing on, for example, plantation history.

The evenings often brought guests, Dr Morgan was famously social and entertaining was one of her favourite things. Chloe's humiliating uniform was used to maximum effect. It made everything sharper, the contrast of the privileged attire on a permanent slave. Women from Kingston, Toronto, Cape Town and London flew in regularly. Chloe served drinks, knelt under tables, performed on command. Dr Morgan's favourite was to have Chloe recite her old life, her university parties, her Shoreditch brunches, her marketing job, while being taken slowly from behind over the desk.

"Tell me again how you used to be free," she would whisper, thrusting deliberately. "While you wear a schoolgirl uniform and belong to me."

She particularly liked to perform in front of a long mirror, tugging Chloe's hair painfully so that she could see the girl's tearful image reflected. Chloe's shame never dulled. The

uniform ensured that. Every glance in a mirror, crisp white shirt, tight tie, childish short skirt on her adult body, restocked her intense humiliation. At night she slept on a mat in Dr Morgan's dressing room, uniform often left on because "I like seeing it rumpled in the morning."

Sometimes Dr Morgan woke her in the dark for another slow, possessive session, murmuring about legacy and reversal until Chloe sobbed into the pillow. There was no calendar anymore. No countdown. That was the worst thing. No timeframe for repatriation to lie awake at night and dream about. Now there was only the uniform, the leash, the older women's hands and voices, and Dr Morgan's quiet, endless satisfaction at finally owning her girl completely. Chloe Whitaker, thirty-one former marketing executive, now permanent schoolgirl slave in a Jamaican great-house.

Chapter 15

Mrs Mensah soon began the more intimate torments. After a day in the cocoa fields, Victoria was leashed and pulled into the bedroom. "Serve me," she ordered. Victoria's hands trembled as she obeyed, mouth and fingers working under threat of the switch. It was mechanical at first, disgust roiling in her gut. But Mensah's moans along with the firm grip on her hair, stirred something unwelcome, a flush of heat, quickly suppressed. "You're enjoying this," Mensah taunted one night, fingers tracing Victoria's wetness. "No!" Victoria spat, tears burning. But the denial rang hollow, even in her own ears. Her confidence began to erode, she second-guessed every order, her own once-commanding voice reduced to whispers. Her husband's letters arrived from home sporadically, censored and with hardly any information in them anyway. She imagined him moving on and getting on with his life. But even that seemed to matter

less and less nowadays.

The intimate torments carried on but in a more subtle manner. Mensah's bedroom smelled strongly of her own, distinctive black scent, the air thick with heat trapped under the corrugated roof. Victoria's first "service" was clinical, kneeling on the woven mat that scratched her knees, the taste of salt and unfamiliar musk on her tongue as Mensah guided her head with firm fingers tangled in her short hair. She retched afterward, the bitter aftertaste lingering like shame. "Straight," she repeated to herself in the dark, the word tasting like ash.

But by year two, the sensory landscape had shifted. The same shea butter scent now triggered a Pavlovian clench low in her belly. Mensah's hands, felt different on her skin now, no longer just rough, but possessive, knowing. When Mensah traced the welts she'd just raised with the flat of her wooden paddle, the sting bloomed into heat that pooled

between Victoria's thighs. She hated the slickness she felt there, the way her breath caught when Mensah's thumb brushed her nipple, the involuntary arch of her back seeking more contact.

The denial became torture. "Tell me you want this, London girl" Mensah would murmur, breath warm against Victoria's ear, fingers circling but never quite touching where she ached most. Victoria would shake her head, tears burning hot tracks down her cheeks, tasting salt when they reached her lips. But her hips moved of their own accord, chasing the pressure she both craved and despised.

Later came the turning point. A fever left Mensah weak; Victoria nursed her with cool cloths that smelled of medicinal herbs, the older woman's skin fever-hot under her palms. When Mensah pulled her down into the narrow bed, Victoria went willingly, the first time without force. The kiss tasted slightly of palm wine, Mensah's mouth surprisingly

soft. Victoria's hands, once manicured, now also calloused, traced the curves she'd come to know through service, finding new tenderness in familiar territory. When Mensah's fingers entered her slowly, deliberately, Victoria's gasp was half-sob, half-moan. The pleasure of being simply held, possessed again, was far greater than her original reluctance.

During "anniversaries," the whippings blurred into caresses, pain into a strange, throbbing pleasure. Victoria's body betrayed her repeatedly; climaxes came unbidden, leaving her horrified. "What's happening to me?" she often asked herself. Her heterosexuality, once a pillar, cracked. Dreams shifted from her husband's arms to Mensah's thighs, waking her sweaty and ashamed. Her natural, English middleclass confidence diminished. She avoided looking at

herself in mirrors, hating the submissive slump in her shoulders, hating how much she'd visibly changed. "I'm not this," she told herself, but the thrill grew, a core-deep excitement at surrender that terrified her. Mensah noticed, exploiting it: "You need this, don't you?" Victoria shook her head, but her body still arched toward the ebony hand.

Year three marked the fall. A storm confined them, Mensah now unchained her for the night, pulling her into bed not as debtor but almost as equal. The sex was slow, Mensah's hands gentle yet commanding, drawing confessions from Victoria's lips. "I... I need this," Victoria gasped, climaxing with tears. Horror followed dawn: "I'm straight. This isn't me." But the certainty dissolved. Mensah's gaze lingered now, a possessive affection that thrilled and repulsed. Victoria's inflated self-view shattered; she was no longer the competent consultant but a woman who knelt eagerly, her sexuality fluid, warped by captivity. Stories

from the UK reached even Ntonso, returnees broken, some "converted," mirroring her own turmoil.

By year four, love crept in uninvited. Mensah fell ill again; Victoria nursed her like last time, hands tender, heart aching. "Why do you care?" Mensah asked. Victoria, kneeling, whispered, "Because... I love you, Madam." The admission horrified her, arrogant Victoria Ashford, in love with her hated mistress? An inferior black woman no less? It thrilled her to the core, a forbidden rush that made submission addictive. Mensah smiled, pulling her close. Their nights became passionate, Victoria adopting the submissive role willingly, collared, bound, and begging. "Strip me of everything," she murmured once, ashamed but aroused. The reality of her new life exposed as pleasure rather than pain.

Year five ended in December 2030. ORLA papers arrived; Victoria was free. Mensah unbuckled the collar, her eyes soft.

"Go home, girl. You've earned it. I'll miss you though."

Victoria stood at the compound gate, bus ticket in hand, staring back at the woman who had ruled her life for the past five years, sometimes painfully, sometimes unjustly. And now London called, family, James (long remarried), her old life, her job, her career. But the thought of it did nothing for her now. She had a new life now, no more arrogance, no more misplaced over-confidence, her heterosexuality a myth. What she really wanted was what was stood in front of her, her mistress.

"I can't," she whispered, turning back.

Mensah waited on the veranda.

"Stay?"

Victoria knelt, unprompted. "Yes, Madam. Forever."

Chapter 16

Dr Evelyn Morgan believed the uniform was never

merely clothing. It was a constant, exquisite instrument of humiliation, one she refined with meticulous care and obvious pleasure. Every morning, Chloe was required to dress herself in front of the full-length mirror in Dr Morgan's dressing room, under direct supervision.

The ritual was always the same. First the crisp white shirt, starched so stiffly that it scratched against Chloe's skin. She had to button it to the very top, fingers fumbling under Dr Morgan's gaze, until the collar pressed hard against her throat. Then the green-and-gold striped tie. Dr Morgan insisted on tying it herself now, standing behind Chloe, pulling the knot deliberately tight, tight enough that Chloe's breathing became shallow, tight enough that swallowing was a conscious effort.

"Proper schoolgirls don't breathe freely in this house," Dr Morgan would murmur into her ear. "They remember their place with every gasp."

The shortened grey pinafore came next. The hem had been taken up another inch and now barely covering the lower curve of Chloe's bottom. When she stood straight, the slightest shift revealed everything. Bending even a fraction exposed her completely, especially the glow from her bottom after she'd been spanked or caned

. The bodice was darted so tightly that her breasts strained against the fabric, nipples visible through the thin white shirt beneath. White knee socks were folded exactly three fingers below the knee, no higher and no lower. Finally the shiny black buckle shoes, polished by Chloe herself the night before until she could see her shamed reflection in them. And if there was even the slightest deviation from this preparation then the entire outfit would be stripped and the process repeated with corrections if the black woman thought it appropriate.

Dr Morgan's favourite addition was the monogram. She

had commissioned discreet embroidery on the pinafore's bib, a small gold crest reading "Rose Hall Academy" above the words "Bristol Debtor." It looked, at a glance, like any elite Jamaican school insignia. Only up close did the truth reveal itself. Chloe was never allowed to forget she wore it. During the day, every task was designed to exploit the uniform's indignities.

Serving breakfast on the veranda where she had to curtsy deeply to each guest, skirt rising high enough to display welts from the previous night. Dusting the library shelves, during which Dr Morgan required her to reach high, standing on tiptoe, skirt riding up in back while amused guests watched from armchairs. Polishing the mahogany dining table while bent over, bottom fully exposed, tie swinging forward like a pendulum as she worked in slow circles. The humiliation peaked during "detention" sessions in the mock

schoolroom. Dr Morgan would sit at the old teacher's desk in a severe black gown, cane across her lap.

"Skirt up, Whitaker. Over the desk."

Chloe would bend, pinafore flipped onto her back, tie dangling down to brush the floor. The position forced her legs apart for balance, socks sliding down slightly, shoes scuffing the wood.

Caning was slow, twelve deliberate strokes while Dr Morgan lectured on historical reversals, pausing between each to trace the fresh line with the cane tip. Afterward, Chloe was made to stand in the corner, hands on head, skirt tucked into its own waistband to keep her marked bottom on display. Guests were encouraged to comment.

"Look how the uniform frames those stripes."

"Such a proper little schoolgirl, except for what's missing underneath."

"The tie really does complete the picture. Makes her look exactly like the entitled brat she used to be."

The women tried hard to outdo each other, to think up cutting, cruel remarks with the sole intention of "teaching the girl her place,

At formal dinner parties, Chloe served as centrepiece. She stood on a low dais in the dining room throughout the meal—hands behind head, legs apart, uniform immaculate while guests dined below her eye level. Conversation flowed around her humiliation: comparisons of her marks, speculation about how long before the tie left permanent creases in her neck, laughter when someone reached up to tug the skirt higher.

Dr Morgan's deepest pleasure came at night. She liked Chloe in the full uniform during use, tie used as a grip to control depth and pace, skirt rucked up around the waist, shirt buttons popped open one by one but never fully

removed. The contrast of the pristine, childish outfit against what was being done to its wearer never failed to arouse the doctor. Sometimes she left the shoes on too, buckles glinting as Chloe's legs were forced wide.

"Tell me what you are," she would demand, voice thick, while the thick strap-on was moving inside her.

"A... a Bristol debtor in school uniform, Headmistress," Chloe would sob, cheeks crimson, tie choking each word.

"Louder. Let the house hear."

And Chloe would obey, voice cracking, until Dr Morgan was satisfied. Afterward, Chloe was rarely allowed to undress fully. She slept in the shirt and tie, skirt sometimes left on, socks bunched at her ankles, uniform rumpled and defiled, a constant reminder even in exhausted sleep. Dr Morgan would stand over her in the dark, fingers tracing the embroidered crest.

"This is what you'll wear forever, schoolgirl. Every day and every night as a reminder of your status in this black household."

Chloe, twenty nine and permanently nineteen in Dr Morgan's eyes, could only whisper, "Yes, Headmistress," After all, what other reply could she possibly make?

Chapter 17

Four years had reshaped Arabella Cavendish into something unrecognizable from the wide-eyed 19-year-old who had landed in Barbados. At 23, she moved through the Haynes household with mechanical precision: khaki dress always pressed, collar a constant weight, voice a murmur of "Yes, Ma'am" or "Yes, Sir." The "loans" to John Haynes and other parish families had left invisible scars, nights of slow, possessive use that replayed in her dreams. She had changed

nappies, scrubbed floors, served at parties where guests pinched and prodded, all the while stories of similar fates echoed back from the UK. ORLA was untouchable, public support was ironclad, especially among the young and the diaspora. Reparations were justice, not cruelty, they said.

But the Cavendish family never stopped pulling strings.

From their Hampstead home, Arabella's parents, her father a retired banker with Whitehall connections, her mother on charity boards, had lobbied relentlessly. They hired investigators, donated to politicians critical of ORLA (a minority admittedly, but still vocal), and finally exploited a quiet clause in the Accord. The final third term of a sentence could be "bought out," if both parties could agree upon a figure. If the receiving family agreed and a lump sum was deemed enough to cover "lost labour." The Hayneses, after years of "proper use," accepted a hefty payment from the Cavendishes, enough to build a big new bungalow by

the sea and to fund the children's education. Mrs Haynes even seemed reluctant; "You've become part of the family, girl," she said during the final inspection, fingers lingering possessively on Arabella's collar.

The release paperwork arrived via ORLA's Bridgetown office. Arabella's six-year term, cut to four served and two bought out. She boarded a flight home in a plain dress provided by the authority, collar finally unlocked, but the indent on her neck remained. No fanfare, no media scrum at Heathrow. Her parents waited in a private lounge, tears flowing as they hugged her fragile frame. "It's over, darling," her father whispered. Finally she was home, the large Edwardian house the only one that she'd ever known, her old room untouched, therapists booked, and a quiet family dinner planned.

But the story leaked, anonymous tip from Barbados, perhaps the Hayneses themselves, disgruntled at the "easy out" for a rich girl. Tabloids pounced:

"Heiress Buys Freedom from Slavery Sins—While Poor Debtors Rot."

Was the dominant headline. Social media erupted. Young activists, especially Black Britons, flooded feeds,

"ORLA for all or none. Rich white girl skips her dues? #NoJustice."

. Protests outside the Cavendish home: signs reading

"Pay Your Debts, Rich Girl" and "Reparations Aren't Optional."

Public muttering was fierce; no backlash against ORLA itself, support was stronger than ever, but outrage at the apparent inequality.

"Morally justifiable? Absolutely," tweeted a popular

podcaster. *"But not if the wealthy wriggle free."*

The government, ever ready to appease its core vote, buckled under pressure. A quick amendment was voted through, buyouts void if "public equity" demanded continuation. In other words, Arabella, and others like her would be required to serve the balance of their buyout sentences in the UK. Justice, it was claimed, needed to be seen to be done. Strings were pulled in order to lodge Arabella with a powerful black London family with ties to Caribbean diplomacy. The Patel's were chosen, Dr Aisha Patel, 52, a human rights barrister whose Jamaican grandmother had shared stories of plantation legacies; her wife, Lena, a tech executive; and their two adult daughters, all living in a sprawling Kensington townhouse.

Arabella was transferred within a week, there was no choice in the matter, no appeal. Her parents' outrage fell on deaf ears;

"It's the will of the people," the ORLA rep said flatly.

The Patel's did not waste time. Arabella arrived at their Kensington townhouse on a grey London afternoon, escorted by an ORLA official who handed over her file with a shrug. "Public equity satisfied," he muttered before leaving. Dr Aisha Patel opened the door herself, tall, elegant in a silk blouse. Behind her stood Lena, arms folded, and their daughters, Nadia and Zara, phones already out to film the handover.

"Welcome home, Cavendish girl," Aisha said, voice smooth but laced with ice. "Carla Haynes sent us everything we need to know. Videos, notes, your little confessions. We know exactly how to handle you."

Arabella's knees buckled. She had dreamed of London, rain on familiar streets, her mother's voice, but this was a perversion. So close to freedom, yet somehow deeper in chains. They made her strip in the marble hallway, right

under the chandelier.

"Everything off. Let's see what four years in Barbados did to the heiress."

Arabella's hands shook as she removed the plain travel dress. Naked, pale, marked faintly from old corrections, she stood shivering while the family circled.

Nadia, 25, laughed softly.

"Look at her blush. Still got that posh shame."

Zara, 22, zoomed in on her phone.

"This is going straight to the group chat. 'Rich debtor arrives crying already.'"

Lena reached out and pinched Arabella's nipple hard enough to make her gasp. Aisha produced the new collar, black leather, thinner than the old one, with a silver tag already engraved "CAVENDISH—PUBLIC EQUITY." She buckled it tight, fingers lingering.

"You thought money saved you. But the people spoke. Black London spoke. You're ours now for the next two years, not for fields or cane, but for something more refined. We don't need your labour. We need your shame. The people need to see justice done."

Her new uniform came next, a parody of a Victorian maid's outfit, black dress with white apron, the hem deliberately short, starched collar pressing against her discrete leather one. No underwear. Frilled mob cap pinned to her hair, which had grown out unevenly. Aisha forced her to look in the hallway mirror.

"See that? The girl who thought that she'd bought her way out of justice."

Arabella's reflection broke her. Not only the humiliating look of the uniform, which was certainly bad enough, but also her hopeless, Tears spilled instantly, hot and uncontrollable. The Patel's watched with quiet, satisfied

cruelty.

"That's it," Lena murmured. "Cry like the entitled little thing you are. We paid nothing for you. The public gave you to us. Nobody like you, don't you know that yet?"

In the mornings Arabella served breakfast on her knees, head bowed, while Aisha read aloud from Arabella's old social media, her old university posts, holiday photos with captions about "living my best life."

"Read this one back to us," Aisha would command, holding the phone. "'Santorini with the girls—living the dream!' Tell us what you're living now."

Arabella, voice cracking: "Serving you, Ma'am. On my knees. Where I belong."

The daughters filmed everything, her tears, her stammers and sent the clips to private groups where other young black professionals laughed and talked about "real justice."

The afternoons were set aside for "lessons" in the study. Aisha, the barrister, made Arabella recite legal arguments defending ORLA while bent over the desk, skirt lifted for casual slaps and random questions designed to humiliate her.

"You fought this system with your daddy's money. Now defend it. Convincingly."

Wrong phrasing earned belittling mockery. More serious infractions earned Arabella the strap, wielded by unskilled but terribly enthusiastic young women. Evenings however were the worst. Dinner parties were held, frequent, glittering affairs with lawyers, activists, MP's aides and the like. Arabella usually served naked beneath a sheer apron, collar gleaming, pouring wine while guests discussed her case as they casually fondled or verbally abused her. Aisha would pull her into the centre mid-meal.

"Tell our guests why you're here instead of free."

Arabella, tears streaming: "Because... because the public demanded justice. My family tried to buy me out... but black voices said no and they were right to do so. I'm ashamed. I deserve this."

The words, drilled into her during her many lessons in the classroom were almost automatic now. Lena would stroke her hair almost tenderly.

"Good girl. Do you hear this everyone? It's the sound of equity, of justice."

People laughed politely, some even gently applauded. Nights were often shared between the couple. Aisha was slow and more verbal, making Arabella beg on her knees in her posh accent, recounting her shameful Barbados experiences when she was being used. Lena was rougher, dragging her, pinning her down and then whispering hurtful things in her ear designed solely to hurt and to degrade.,

"Your parents are only ten miles away. They know you're ours. Imagine their shame, imagine what they're thinking right now?"

The daughters took turns "babysitting," which involved making Arabella kneel in their rooms; reciting the many sins of her and her family and people like her while they scrolled her old Instagram, laughing at the contrast. And while all that hurt of course, Arabella's main fear was being seen. The idea of someone from her old life seeing her as she was, what she'd become made her stomach clench with shame

Escorted walks in Hyde Park collared and uniformed where she passed strangers who might once have been friends. Once, she spotted her mother across the street, shopping. Their eyes met. Her mother turned away, face crumpling. Arabella sobbed into her apron all the way home. The sisters gleefully recorded the incident and posted it to their ever-growing number of followers.

Two years stretched ahead. The Patel's savoured every tear, every broken "Yes, Ma'am," every moment of aristocratic pride dissolving in London rain. Justice, they said, had finally come home. And Arabella, rich girl, heiress but still a debtor, cried herself to sleep each night, collar tight against her throat, knowing no amount of money could buy her out this time.

Chapter 18

Dr Evelyn Morgan had perfected the art of emotional humiliation over the years, turning it into a slow, corrosive poison that seeped deeper than any physical mark. She began

with the mirror. A full-length antique mirror was installed in Chloe's small dressing room, positioned so that every morning, as Chloe dressed in the uniform, she had no choice but to confront herself fully. Dr Morgan would stand behind her, hands on Chloe's shoulders, forcing her to stare.

"Look at yourself, Whitaker. Thirty-one years old. Former marketing executive. Shoreditch brunches, university degree, designer clothes. Now what do you see?"

Chloe's reflection stared back, pigtails crimson cheeks, eyes red from crying, the tight tie choking her throat, the absurdly short pinafore exposing everything, the embroidered "Bristol Debtor" gleaming like a brand. Although she hesitated, she knew exactly what was required of her.

"Say it," Dr Morgan would whisper, fingers digging in.

"I see... a schoolgirl slave, Headmistress," Chloe would

choke out, voice breaking as fresh tears spilled.

"Louder. Convince the mirror."

"I'm a pathetic Bristol debtor in a childish uniform, owned forever. I deserve this shame."

Only when Dr Morgan was satisfied, when Chloe's sobs shook her whole frame, would she allow her to turn away.

The verbal degradation was relentless.

During "lessons," Dr Morgan made Chloe recite her old life while bent over the desk, cane poised.

"Tell me about your last birthday in London."

Chloe, skirt flipped, tie dangling, legs trembling: "I... I had brunch with friends... bottomless prosecco... then shopping in Selfridges..."

The cane would strike.

"And now?"

“Now I kneel for your pleasure, Headmistress... in this uniform... thanking you for owning me...”

Another stroke.

“Pathetic, isn’t it? The fall from prosecco to my piss pot.”

Chloe’s humiliation peaked when Dr Morgan forced her to write letters, monthly, dictated word for word, to her old friends and family back in England. Seated at a child-sized desk in the schoolroom, uniform pristine, Chloe wrote in neat schoolgirl handwriting while Dr Morgan paced behind her, dictating.

Dear Mum and Dad,

I am well looked after at Rose Hall. Headmistress Morgan is strict but fair. I wear my uniform every day and learn many lessons about responsibility and gratitude. I am no longer the selfish girl I was. Please do not worry. I belong here now.

Love, Chloe xxx

Dr Morgan would read them aloud afterward, mocking every line.

“‘Belong here now.’ How true. And they’ll still picture their ambitious daughter in a boardroom, not bent over my desk with welts and tears.”

She sent photos too, carefully staged. Chloe in uniform, kneeling primly, eyes down, a single tear on her cheek. Never explicit enough for intervention, always humiliating enough to wound. But perhaps the deepest cut came during dinner parties. Dr Morgan hosted monthly gatherings for her circle of like-minded friends, wealthy black women from across the diaspora, all aware of restitution stories and fully supportive of them. Chloe served as centrepiece, standing on her dais throughout the meal. But now Dr Morgan added a ritual. Mid-dessert, she would make Chloe recite a “confession” to the room.

“Tell my guests who you are, schoolgirl.”

Chloe, voice trembling, tie choking each word:

"I'm Chloe Whitaker, former privileged white girl from Bristol with deep personal connections to the despicable slave trade. As a result I thought I was better than everyone, especially black people. Now I wear this childish uniform and serve Headmistress Morgan and her friends. I'm ashamed every day and I know I deserve it. Thank you for watching my correction."

The women would applaud, laugh, toast and of course, comment.

"Look at her blush, still embarrassed after all these years."

"The tie really sells it. Like a naughty schoolgirl who never grew up."

"Cry harder, Bristol girl. We enjoy it. It's the best part."

Chloe's tears would flow freely then, streaming down crimson cheeks, dripping onto the pristine white shirt. Dr

Morgan would lean in afterward, wiping a tear with her thumb and tasting it.

"That's the flavour I love most. Pure, distilled humiliation."

At night, when Chloe knelt for final service, Dr Morgan would hold her face and make eye contact.

"You'll never stop feeling this shame. Every time you see yourself in the uniform, hear the comments, taste my perfume on the back of your throat, you'll remember exactly what you've lost and what you've become. And you'll cry every single time."

Chloe nodded brokenly, because there wasn't much else to say. Dr Morgan's smile was slow and satisfied, like a large black feline who found herself in possession of all the cream.

"Good girl. Now cry for me again."

And Chloe did, silent, endless tears of emotional devastation that no physical mark could ever match. The uniform had become her prison. The shame had become her identity. And Dr Morgan intended to keep her drowning in it forever.

Chapter 19

By 2028, ORLA had become a household name in Britain, a spectre lurking in family trees, debated on morning shows, protested in the streets. Stories filtered back relentlessly, viral clips of confessions, leaked photos of women in orange smocks toiling under African suns, anonymous accounts

of "personal service" in Caribbean households that excited the prurient over their breakfast cereal. The public mood had hardened, sympathy was in short supply. Schools now taught it as "restorative justice," it even had its own daily time-slot on the national curriculum. Social media amplified the glee of the diaspora. For white families with tainted lineages, every postman's knock carried dread.

In a sleek Birmingham apartment overlooking the canals, 35-year-old Harriet Langley tore open her letter with shaking hands. She knew from the official postmark what it potentially contained. Harriet was a corporate lawyer, sharp-suited and ambitious, with a boyfriend in finance and a weekend house in the Cotswolds. Her trace linked back to a great-uncle who had insured slave ships out of London. Her personal debt for that historical crime was assessed at £2.5 million or two years and six months of indentured service on a sugar estate in Jamaica was the agreed tariff. She collapsed

onto the leather sofa, letter crumpling in her fist. Her fiancé, Tom, read it over her shoulder, face paling.

"We'll fight it. We have lawyers. There'll be appeals. Don't worry, you'll see"

He rubbed her shoulder sympathetically but Harriet knew better; the stories from Kingston spoke of unbreakable assignments. A former friend of hers, Priya, a second generation Indian, texted back with a thumbs-up emoji: *"About time those old fortunes paid up don't you think?"* Harriet's mother called in tears: "We never knew, darling. But the news... women coming back broken." Harriet stared at her reflection in the window, polished and professional, but couldn't help imagining herself hair shorn and in shackled and bent over in cane fields. She vomited in the sink.

Down in Plymouth, 22-year-old Bethany Croft received

hers while scrolling social media in her shared student house. Bethany was a fashion design undergraduate, bubbly, slightly Instagram-famous for her thrift hauls showing how a working-class girl could get by. The accusation was thin, wafer thin. A very distant relative who had sailed as a deckhand on a Plymouth slaving ship. His personal profit, assuming that the booty was shared out equally was judged to be the modern equivalent of £1.1 million. Which, despite the sheer nonsense of the "collective guilt" and the rather dodgy maths involved, had consigned Bethany to one year and one month in Ghana working for a community farm.

She screamed, dropping her phone. Her roommates rushed in, two Black girls from London, who exchanged amused glances. One of them, Aisha, had called up the ORLA hotline and given them Bethany's name and address after an argument. Bethany's dad, a fisherman, rang later on, understandably furious. "Bloody government selling out

our kids for old sins. But those videos... women on leashes, begging. There's no way my girl is going to some African country based on this bullshit!"

But Bethany's social feed was already filling with hateful comments,

"Karma for Plymouth's past."

Enjoy the restitution, luv."

"Don't forget to send us a postcard, bitch."

"You deserve everything that's coming to you. You racist."

She barely slept that night, mainly because she couldn't stop herself scrolling through the hundreds of personal messages that were now clogging her feed. She curled up, sobbing, and eventually drifted off in the early hours dreaming of overseers and canes and humiliation.

In Edinburgh's New Town, 48-year-old Fiona McAllister

opened hers at the breakfast table with her husband and grown son. Fiona was a gallery owner, cultured, silver-haired, with a lineage tied to Scottish merchants who funded Glasgow's tobacco trade via slaves. Debt: £3.8 million or four years in Barbados carrying out her new role, domestic rotations in black homes throughout the island.

Her husband's coffee cup dropped from his frozen fingers in shock. "We'll pay. We'll find the money. We could sell the flat if needed." But even the combination of the value of the flat and Fiona's savings wouldn't cover half the cost. Even the reduced option would still leave her a servant...a slave in all reality for around two years. Her son, home from university, hugged her without saying a word. Friends texted condolences laced with distance, who wanted to be associated with slave-traders in this day and age?

Across Britain, the letters kept coming. ORLA's reach was unyielding, the stories from abroad a constant drumbeat.

There was to be no mercy and no escape. The women packed, protested, or paid what they could, but the tide of history pulled them inexorably south. To British, and Western sensibilities it might seem cruel and unjust, to be made to pay for historical injustices that they had never personally benefitted from. And to repay people who had never suffered personally from slavery seemed absurd.

But to the African mindset, indeed to a growing swell of young white people as well, the idea of reparations was not only entirely logical but desirable as well. What better way for the West to really atone for centuries of oppression and neglect than to actually do something about it rather than just talking about it and wringing its collective hands? Wasn't it reasonable to insist that the descendents of slavers should be punished? What was the alternative, to simply ignore historical injustice? What message did that send to millions of oppressed people all over the globe?

No, the Overseas Reparation & Labour Accord was here to stay. The many years of indoctrination of young Western people in schools and colleges had led inexorably to this moment and the various interested factions weren't going to let it go easily. In fact if anything the scale of reparations, the huge and ever-growing numbers of countries demanding recompense and the desire of people to trace dynasties back centuries in the hope of finding a hitherto unknown connection had intensified rather than diminished. Which could only meant bad news for hundreds of thousands of white, Western women in the future.

AFRICAN REPARATIONS

The End
