

**BANK TO BORDELLO
MARIA'S DOWNWARD SPIRAL**

Velvetglove & Charles Ryder

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The authors wish to thank Italian Boy who was the initial inspiration for, and the original commissioner of, this story, and Formant for his wonderful Cover illustration.

Cover illustration by Formant
<https://www.deviantart.com/0formant0>

This electronic book published by Silver Moon Books
Silver Moon Books is an imprint of Fiction4All
www.fiction4adults.com

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CHAPTER ONE

Maria Sinclair checked the view from her corner office. It was still wonderful up here on the 16th floor with the entire City laid out beneath her. She sighed to herself a little. Would she still be here tomorrow? That was the million pound question. The rumours that had been swirling around for some time had finally crystallised. RFB was being restructured, from top to bottom. She'd worked for Regional First bank for nearly twenty years. She'd started straight out of school, and worked her way up to the dizzying heights of Director of Human Resources.

It had taken time, a great deal of effort and, if she was being fair, it had cost her second marriage. Her first husband, another high-achiever, had dropped dead of a heart attack ten years earlier. The shock of it had numbed her for a while and she had endured a number of pointless dates with a succession of incompatible men before finally settling on handsome, amusing Johnny Langley. The irony of the fact that Johnny turned out to be the most unsuitable of all her mismatched acquaintances wasn't lost on her.

At first everything had been okay, they'd laughed, and even made love quite a lot. Her friends all liked him and best of all Francesca, her daughter from her first marriage, liked him as well. On reflection it was probably that fact which persuaded Maria to marry again. In her mind she believed that Francesca needed a father-figure in her life, and Johnny seemed to fit the bill. Plus, as far as she was concerned, Maria wasn't prepared to commit to any relationship long term unless she was wearing that all-important ring on her finger.

Their first few months together had gone well. Maria even got over her natural caution and began to place her trust in Johnny. That was her first mistake and, frankly, she hadn't made many mistakes in her life. She hadn't become a high-flying young executive at RFB merely by chance. Everything she did in her professional capacity was planned and organised, every risk measured and assessed. She had a plan - to be a director of the Bank by the time she was 40 - and she'd stuck rigidly to it.

Her home life however was a different matter. Charming Johnny, she realised, was in reality a feckless bum. His back-story regarding his own thriving business was largely a figment of his over-active imagination. She still cringed at the memory of lending him money to 'stabilise his cash flow' as he put it. Things unravelled pretty quickly after that culminating in him having an affair with a much younger woman.

That was when Maria's patience snapped. She came to her senses and ordered him from the family home. For a while, she almost missed his amusing company, even though he was an absolute cheating, conniving bastard. Worse, Francesca missed him. It was hard to explain to a 15 year old girl why the man she called daddy had disappeared from her life.

Maria was temporarily shaken from this reverie by her secretary bearing a cup of coffee and the news that tomorrow's meeting was confirmed for 9am. To say Maria wasn't looking forward to it would have been a gross understatement. A couple of years ago, a company re-organisation might have meant a little re-shuffle; a few people kicked upstairs to see out the rest of their careers not doing very much, with others given new roles and responsibilities.

But nowadays....?

Maria just wasn't sure any more. The crushing downfall of the previous FAIR Government ('Feminists Are in the Right') and the unexpected and disputed election of PP ('Patriarchal Power') to total supremacy had turned politics, and indeed society, on its head. Their new 'One-Party Democracy' was as autocratic as could be imagined. Some considered it a return to the Stone Age. But others saw it as a revival of a Golden Era.

Yes, women still technically had the vote. But each woman's husband, sponsor or her father cast it on her behalf so, in reality, a man usually had at least two votes and often many more. Technically, 'One-Party Democracy' allowed opposition candidates - even females - to stand for election but nobody could actually vote for them. Their candidacy was noted merely for interest, as the ultimate token of 'gesture politics'. Following the most recent By-Election, the FAIR candidate was subsequently arrested on suspected corruption. Now she was due to be publicly birched as half time entertainment before the FA Cup Final.

Outside of government and politics, Maria had heard all sorts of disturbing and unbelievable stories within the private sector. The recently passed 'Disparity Act' made it illegal for companies to treat men, women and other genders all the same. Males and females 'are different for a reason', as the political slogan goes. Sexual harassment was not only legal, it was encouraged.

She'd heard rumours of women being sacked without pay if they refused the advances of a male colleague; weird, implausible reports of former female executives having to 'service' their new male bosses, for example. Maria's conservative, feminist mind found it very difficult to visualize such a ridiculous scenario.

Could she imagine herself, or any of her female work colleagues, down on their knees fellating a man? At work? She'd never done that sort of thing to either of her husbands, even in the privacy of their own bedroom. The thought of doing it in a professional environment such as RFB was utterly alien to her. She'd always been extremely dismissive of women who tried to use their sexuality to advance their careers. She'd made her way to the top by brains and hard work, not by dressing to please some male boss. That was how sluts behaved, not professional businesswomen.

The unavoidable truth however was that women she'd known for years through her business network seemed to have just melted away. A good 75% of her female colleagues from other, similar businesses could no longer be contacted. Take Lindsay Clarke. Lindsay was a highflyer at one of the major search firms in town. She and Maria had been friends as well as business contacts for years. But when she'd dialled Lindsay's number there was now only that humming sound that meant her line was dead.

When she tried the switchboard she was told they had no record of a Lindsay Clarke. The only person of that name on the books was Linzi, a new junior in the back office. Perhaps she wanted to speak to her? Maria was confused. Why did they think she'd want to speak to a back office girl?

She hadn't dwelt on it at the time, but now that memory was causing her a vague feeling of panic. Of impending doom. She'd seen first-hand how the horrible, new Patriarchal Power system worked. A few months ago she'd received a letter from her former husband's solicitor demanding her house and her assets under a 'Revision Settlement'. At first she'd laughed at the thought and tossed it to one side. Johnny always did have an unpleasant sense of humour.

Unfortunately a much more threatening letter had arrived a week later outlining the various penalties that she'd incur if she didn't reply immediately. The term 'Five years in Prison' certainly caught her eye. She went on the internet and checked out the name of Johnny's solicitors. They were certainly legitimate and, as she read the comments about them, extremely aggressive. A Revision Settlement, she discovered, was where any disgruntled male could now take any claim regarding a female litigant from the past and have it re-assessed.

Maria remembered how astonished she'd been to discover what was happening. She'd heard a few rumours of reassessments, but there seemed to be almost a media blackout. She'd never heard anyone mention details before. The result however was equally jaw-dropping. Feckless Johnny Langley was awarded the keys to her large and beautiful home despite never having contributed a penny either to its purchase or upkeep.

And that wasn't all, not by any means. He was also given her Audi, her modest stock portfolio and 90 percent of the balance of her cash savings account. The Judge described leaving Maria with even 10 percent as 'generous' and the revision as a whole was 'just recompense' for the mental turmoil that she'd put him through by falsely accusing him of having an affair and throwing him out of his own house.

Under the law, an 'affair' nowadays couldn't just be sexual. Husbands were more than entitled to take mistresses or have casual sex with other women. It was considered entirely reasonable and not remotely 'just cause' for separation or divorce. There was no such thing as male infidelity. To be granted a separation order, a wife required her husband's approval and a clear statement that he no longer had a use for her.

The Judge's astonishing decision had led to Maria and Francesca being required to leave their family home within 48 hours. They were allowed to remove only as many possessions as they could cram into one suitcase each. Everything else now belonged to Johnny and his young fiancé. Two 'inspectors' removed various items of jewellery, Maria's favourite high heels and perfume, and her treasured photograph album from her suitcase.

They said that Johnny's new female partner had priority over any valuable chattels while in due course he could send her any photographs that he didn't want. Maria and Francesca were only entitled to their clothes, any costume jewellery, a few accessories, their wash bags and cosmetics, a couple of pots and pans, and a board game.

That was all.

Their destination was Emmeline Pankhurst House. The only place in the City that Maria could find that would still take a single female parent and her offspring.

Despite its name, EP turned out to be a crumbling tower block full of tiny one-bed apartments in a less than salubrious part of town. Nevertheless, the landlord still felt justified in charging an absolutely exorbitant fee for the pleasure of living within its damp, miserable walls. Maria was still reasonably well-paid, but even so, their rent swallowed quite a large chunk of her salary.

As she stood sipping at her coffee and taking in the view from her office window, that was just one of the many things that was on her mind at the moment.

What if the reorganisation resulted in her being paid less or, heaven-forbid, knocked her down a grade or two? Although Emmeline Pankhurst House was quite a humiliating place for a director of RFB to live, it was still a roof over their heads. She could just about afford the rent and the bills and their day to day living expenses on her salary. But there wasn't a great deal of wriggle-room.

Gabriel Franklyn was another person who really wasn't looking forward to the meeting. He was the CEO of Regional First Bank and he enjoyed his role. He already knew that he was to retain his job post the reorganisation. That had never really been in question. He was male, pale and not quite stale yet. He was even due to receive a generous increase in his salary. No, as far as Gabe was personally concerned the new regulations had come at just the right time. The shares he'd already been given were easily enough for him to enjoy a very healthy lifestyle whenever he chose to retire.

What he was concerned about was the content of the meeting. He'd always thought of himself as one of the good guys. He tried to treat everyone in his employ fairly and ethically - well as far as anything in the banking industry could be described as ethical. As such he'd actively supported his female staff and promoted them whenever he had the opportunity.

But now ... ?

He glanced down at the short, pre-prepared speech in his hand. He knew the content of it by heart of course. He was always fully briefed and well prepared. In this case the paper was going to be more of a prop, something to hide behind once he'd read out its contents. Because, make no mistake, what he was about to say to his senior staff was absolutely incendiary.

Meanwhile, in the senior Ladies restroom, Maria checked her appearance one last time. She fiddled with her brunette hair in the mirror. She'd made the effort today; her smartest Chanel suit, her glossiest Balenciaga heels. She certainly looked the part of a youthful executive. The years had been good to her. She worked out regularly and didn't smoke or eat junk food. She stood 5' 6" in her black stockings and had a slim, yet busty figure. She could easily pass for a woman five years younger than her 37 years.

Angrily she turned away from her pale reflection. What was she thinking? Either Regional First Bank would take into consideration everything that she'd done for them over the preceding 20 years and keep her in her present job and at the same salary, or they could fuck off and she'd find herself a new position at one of their competitors on more money. There was no way she was prostituting herself to keep her directorship.

No way!

Maria felt the cold hand of fear in her stomach. Had she heard correctly or was she going insane? Had Gabe Franklyn really just told them all that the senior and middle female management at RFB were to be 're-purposed'? All, without exception, were to be 'let go' from their existing positions within the

company! There was a low hum of consternation mixed with guffaws from some of the less sensitive men.

"Serve the bitches right, we don't need them here." She heard one of her particularly reactionary colleagues call out.

"Most of them only got the roles because of quotas anyway," complained another.

"Let the good times roll, guys!"

Maria was quite stunned. The original information delivered by Gabe, in that 'I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but...' voice of his, had been bad enough. But the fact that some of her former workmates were pleased, rather than dismayed by it, was just unbelievable. She'd always considered that everyone in management team at RFB, irrespective of their background or gender was on the same side. She realised what a naive, trusting fool she'd been.

"Ladies, if I could have your attention again? I may have some good news."

All female heads turned expectantly towards the CEO.

"The new government guidelines do allow us to retain the skills of certain female employees. There's a list pinned up on the notice board. If you have any questions, please make an appointment to meet with Jack Blenkinsop. He'll answer any questions you may have. Thank you for your attention."

For a second Gabriel Franklyn's piercing blue eyes caught those of Maria and then he turned away hurriedly. Jack Blenkinsop had been one of Maria's junior HR managers, a rather bumptious, arrogant kid who was over a decade younger than her and who'd originally been her intern at Regional First. All around her tears were starting to flow. Half the female execs were already on their mobiles.

Maria forced herself to remain calm and tried to focus on her immediate problem. She made herself go to the notice board but, as she expected, her name wasn't up there. Plenty of others were though. Her friend Carolyn for instance had been demoted from Marketing Director to a junior secretarial position in the Marketing department. Her replacement as Director was a male. The Deputy Director was also a male. Carolyn's own Manager was a male too. So her friend would now be labouring under three men.

Not literally, of course.

Maria had no choice but to accept that the memo pinned to the notice board signalled the end of her own long career with RFB.

Grimly she phoned Jack's mobile number, but got no answer. She gave it five minutes and tried again, but with the same result. She angrily texted him to demand a meeting, but got no reply. Gabe's plush, corner office was not only empty, but locked. She went out to grab a salad for lunch and then came back. There was still no reply to her text. Unhappily she went up to where she knew she'd find Jack.

In her own ... er ... her former ... office.

When she got out of the lift on the 16th floor, it was pandemonium. Women were scurrying backwards and forwards carrying armfuls of stuff. It was clear Maria wasn't the only RFB executive in the middle of an immediate lifestyle change. Slowly she made her way to her office, but when she got there, there was already a queue of a dozen women. She tapped the shoulder of one of them; anxious, bespectacled Rachel from Finance.

"Rach, how long have you been here?"

"Since Gabe stopped speaking. About an hour already. Apparently Mr Blenkinsop's leaving at 5pm on the dot, and if you haven't been seen by then, you won't get seen at all. And I really have to speak to him." Rachel wiped away a tear from her cheek and turned away.

Maria stood behind her colleague for ten minutes, glancing repeatedly at her watch. The queue didn't budge an inch. Fuck, this was ridiculous! She marched to the front of the line and banged angrily on what used to be her own door. It was eventually opened by a spotty youth she vaguely recognised as one of that year's graduate intake.

"Yes?" He demanded, rudely.

Maria managed to suppress the retort that was already forming on her lips. How dare the little nerd dare to speak to her like that!? She didn't even know his name.

"I want to speak to Jack about emptying my desk and my settlement."

"Do you mean MISTER Blenkinsop?"

She silently ground her teeth.

"Yes."

"Can't you tell Mr. Blenkinsop is busy right now?" asked the insolent young man. His pale, freckled skin was pitted with acne scars.

She glared at him furiously. A male voice called out from inside.

"What the fuck's going on, Paul? I'm in a meeting."

"It's only Sinclair, Jack. She's demanding to speak to you."

"She's what?"

"Demanding to speak to you."

"Tell her to piss off and join the queue."

"You heard the man, Miss Sinclair. On your way."

Maria was so stunned by the kid's attitude that she just stood and stared.

"Oh, and Paul. Make sure she takes all her crap with her."

The boy half turned to where three black bin-bags had been dropped by the wall and pointed at them. Almost shaking with suppressed rage Maria gathered them together and re-joined the back of the queue.

She had to see Jack if only to discuss her severance package. She had no real idea what it would actually be, but due to her seniority and her long service she imagined it would at least be quite substantial. Not that it would in any way make up for the disgraceful way in which she'd been treated. She'd definitely make sure Jack-bloody-Blenkinsop knew her feelings on that matter.

However, as a succession of tearful women scurried past her from Jack's office, her resolve started to weaken. While she waited she checked her mobile for job vacancies in the City that could be suitable. Strangely, nobody seemed to be hiring at the moment, certainly not at her job level or salary demands. She called up Marcie at Fenway and Brock, who'd approached her in the past about a couple of really juicy jobs elsewhere, only to be told rather curtly that no one of that name was working there any longer.

With a sigh, she resigned herself to the fact that she may have to live on her severance package for a little longer than she'd first thought. Well, at least she'd be able to share a bit more quality time with Francesca, which was a good thing. At that moment the door to her office opened and another red-faced former executive came past her. Jane was wiping her forehead with a handkerchief and apparently didn't even notice Maria's greeting.

At last, at 4.55 p.m., it was Maria's turn to go in. She knocked again, a little more politely this time and was invited to enter. Jack was sitting in her leather chair. He had his feet up on her desk and his hands behind his head. His black shoes were impeccably polished. She couldn't deny the prick looked the part; tall, arrogant and overly fond of himself.

"So, last and clearly least, Miss Mary Sinclair. What do you have to say for yourself, my girl?"

The graduate named Paul sniggered at his master's unexpected witticism.

"I'm not your girl, Jack. I've never been your girl. My name is Maria and I'm a senior director at RFB, as you well know."

Jack's pupils were dark, almost black, like a pair of evil eyes from a horror movie. He looked up at her with the complete confidence of somebody who knows the script and how the plot ends.

He'd been a total bastard from the start. A sociopath. Even as an intern, he'd bullied those beneath him in the hierarchy, especially female clerks and secretaries, while at the same time he was only too happy to brown-nose senior management, or indeed any male whom he thought might advance his career. In other words Jack Blenkinsop was the very epitome of an ambitious, amoral, corporate reptile.

And it was this snake who was about to decide her fate.

Worse was the fact that they already had a rather acrimonious history. Jack had been allocated to HR when he arrived straight from university. Gabe had just instituted a system where graduates were placed in departments at random. HR got Blenkinsop and Blenkinsop got HR, despite his complete lack of empathy and suitability for people management. He should have been placed straight into sales or trading.

It had only taken the first week or so for the two of them to discover a mutual antipathy. Jack didn't like the fact that he'd been sentenced to a wimp department "shifting losers about" as he was overheard saying. He didn't like the fact the head of his department was a woman, and a classless one who hadn't even attended a top university or private school.

Maria, on the other hand, resented the youth's sense of entitlement, his air of condescension and his obnoxious male chauvinism. What made it worse was his relative lack of ability. Despite his expensive education, Jack was really rather dim. Maria gave every new member of staff the benefit of the doubt, but

it soon became obvious that, beneath his bluff and unwarranted self-confidence, Jack Blenkinsop just wasn't up to the job.

So, when his probation period was over, she wrote a rather scathing report to Gabe outlining exactly why Jack (and other male recruits like him) should be removed from the graduate scheme. Instead, however, he was transferred into the Legal Department to assist on some top secret project. From then on Jack's attitude towards her became even worse, almost as if he'd somehow read the contents of her confidential report.

So that was the unfortunate background to this meeting. Jack with his polished leather shoes on her desk, staring directly at her cleavage.

She looked around for a chair to sit on and realised there wasn't one. So she stood awkwardly in front of her own desk with the contents of her former career haphazardly chucked into three bin bags.

Jack Blenkinsop eased further back in his chair and steepled his fingers.

"You used to be a director at the bank, Mary, for some reason that I could never work out. But now you're unemployed as I understand it? Isn't that the case?"

Maria could immediately feel the rage in her breast.

What an uncaring, horrible little bastard he was!

"Look, Jack. I'm not really here to chew the cud with you. Let's just agree my severance package and then I'm out of here."

"Your what?"

"My package, Jack. Let's not play silly buggers. Tell me what you think I'm getting and then I'll tell you if I agree with it ... or not."

Jack smiled at her showing his even, white teeth.

"I can only think that you've misread the situation...again, Mary."

Maria fought the panicky feeling in her stomach that was just starting to spread. She decided to ignore him purposely getting her name wrong.

"I want my years of service multiplied by my seniority and current salary to be reflected in my severance package, or it's no deal and I'll see you and Regional First fucking Bank in court."

The spotty youth by Blenkinsop's side burst into laughter. Jack himself merely smiled.

"Then it's no deal...see you in court."

"B...but you can't do that! You can't sack me and then give me nothing!"

"That's quite true, that would be unfair of course. And as you know, RFB always observes the law."

Maria nodded angrily. The sadistic bastard was just showing off in front of his sidekick.

"So, I have a cheque here for you."

She held out her hand expectantly.

"But in return you have to do something for me."

"What?"

"You need to show your appreciation before I can release this cheque. So leave your luggage where it is, bag lady, and come around to this side of the desk."

Did he really mean what she thought he meant? He was holding up a folded piece of paper between his finger and thumb. Her severance package.

"You have to be kidding ..." she gasped.

He smirked. His eyes really were coal-black, with pinpricks of red inside them. She watched him pick up his cigarette lighter that lay on her desk and flicked it, holding the flame threateningly close to the cheque.

"No!" she whispered. "Please."

"Mary, you're not very clever I know, but even you must understand what's required here?"

He turned his chair and she heard the zipper of his trousers.

"Seriously, Jack ... don't embarrass yourself, pl ... ease." Her voice was almost a squeak. Her mouth was suddenly dry. "I'm a 37 yr old woman ..."

He jabbed his finger at her.

"All the more reason you should be grateful that I'm even giving you a chance. Most of the older bitches got zilch. I'm 25 and good looking and I seriously don't need any favours from the likes of you. Now get down or get out."

Reluctantly, ever-so reluctantly she inched round the side of her old desk.

His long, thick, swollen cock was jutting out of his pants. Maria was completely dumbfounded. Was he really serious? He couldn't be. She glanced over at the pimply youth who was openly grinning at her. She realised what must have been going on in this office all afternoon. Jane wiping her forehead with a hanky. This pair of vermin had been mistreating her colleagues as well.

Of course, she should have simply marched out of there, head held high and with what still remained of her dignity intact.

But then an image of Francesca swam into her mind. Would retaining her dignity put food on their table or pay the rent? That cheque still dangled tantalisingly in front of her should, by her estimation, total several thousand pounds at least; certainly enough to keep the two of them fed and housed for quite some time.

So, she slowly hitched her skirt up a little and sunk onto her knees. Although this sort of thing disgusted her, if it was what it took to safeguard her and her daughter's immediate future ...

Slowly she realised that Jack wasn't even going to move. She had to shuffle forwards a little on her stocking-clad knees.

"Don't worry." He chuckled, patting the top of her head as if she was a spaniel. "It won't be a huge load. I've already had fun with a couple of your prettier ex-colleagues this afternoon. But I'm sure I can squeeze out a little dessert."

"Plea ..."

"Get on with it." He said, showing her the face of his watch.

Inexpertly, she took the horrible, smelly thing in her hand, and looked up at him. There was no doubt where he intended her to put it next. At the same time she noticed that the acne-scarred Paul had repositioned himself for a better view.

Grimacing she took the end into her mouth. She could barely remember Johnny's, let alone her first husband's. She hadn't done this for either of them. Not really. She was a 'missionary with the lights off' kind of woman and always had been.

It was truly horrible. The thought that his thing had already been inside other mouths just this afternoon. And maybe not only their mouths? Eeyuughk.

Clumsily she licked at it. She had almost no experience. She felt him thrust greedily towards her larynx, which made her cough and splutter.

"Come on you useless slapper. Time's marching on."

The pimply face alongside them giggled at that. She froze. He was holding his phone.

"Smile." Jack said. "Paul's just collecting evidence. His photos will go into the Legal Department's database. However, your daughter won't have to see them ... so long as you're good."

She began moving her head rapidly backwards and forwards. She really needed to make him climax, to finish this filthy deed as soon as she could. Then she could take her damned cheque and flee and never see him, or his horrible associate, or frankly anyone at RFB, ever again. With luck she might even be able to flee the country.

She gasped when he took a firm hold of her ears and squeezed her mouth further onto him.

"Use your t ... tongue, make it l ... like a pussy round my c ... cock."

He grunted. He was literally fucking her face. She felt saliva on her chin.

"That's it M ... Mary. Oh yes. I'm so glad you p ... popped by my office to w ... wish me good luck in your role."

She realised his words were a script for a video. They were making this appear like she wanted to do it. She felt him stiffen slightly and then his thing throbbed in her mouth. She grimaced. Salty, bitter fluid splashed her palate. It seemed to stick to her gums and tongue.

Grunting like a pig, he withdrew from her mouth. He was still spurting. She felt the remainder spatter her face and hair. 'Squeeze out a little something' indeed. The amount of it was ridiculous.

"Oh man," he laughed, "I've been waiting to do that ever since I joined RFB."

She felt anger, shame, disgust ... but also relief. Now she could just take her money and leave immediately. Perhaps she could file for sexual assault in spite of the photos and video they'd taken. Who in hell would actually believe them?

She started to get up.

"Whoa there lady. Where the fuck do you think you're going?"

She felt a movement on her right side. She saw it in her peripheral vision. The kid Paul had pulled his own tumescent penis through his open flies.

"No ... now come on, be fair." She pleaded.

Jack was picking up his own phone from the desk.

"Paul's an important witness in this case. So now I'm collecting evidence on his behalf. He works in my department and you must show him the same respect you show me. Or this cheque gets burnt."

Maria realised there was no point arguing, begging or resisting these monsters.

"Suck it, bitch." The kid snarled. "Or I just might post a few pics online."

He stepped forward and slapped her across the ear with his truncheon.

"You've got two minutes. I'm meeting my mates down the pub at 5.15 p.m."

She turned her head and opened her mouth. What difference did one more make now anyway?

He shoved it in.

She jerked her head to and fro, doing the same as she'd done for Jack. The rough material of his cheap suit scratched her upper lip.

She heard the metallic click of a lighter and inhaled tobacco smoke. Jack had lit a cigarette and exhaled in her face.

"Sorry, she's piss-poor Paul, isn't she?" She heard Jack say, casually blowing smoke rings. "Whatever her next job is, the old slapper's going to need a lot more practise."

The acne-faced young man laughed.

"Haha, I don't mind a bit of amateur hour, boss. She's not bad looking for her age, is she?"

"Shift a bit to the side. I want to get more of her face in the shot."

It didn't take the youth long to cum. This time the main beneficiary was Maria's very expensive suit. He pulled out and great gobbets landed on her shoulder pads, lapels and all over the buttons down one side.

By now she was beyond caring. She wiped her hand across her face and looked up just in time to see Jack putting his phone down before a plume of grey smoke clouded her vision. She coughed. As the smoke cleared, she saw him contemptuously flick the cheque across the floor.

"That's full and final payment you silly bitch. Don't think you're getting anything else from us."

Jack dropped his cigarette on her carpet and stubbed it out. Both men were sniggering and joking as they straightened their clothes and walked to the door.

"Be good." Jack said, his voice amused but menacing. "That's us even. Try anything and your useless blowjob technique will be all over the net."

The door slammed and she heard their footsteps and laughter receding down the corridor.

Maria retrieved the piece of paper. At least the bastard hadn't lied about the money. She picked it up, unfolding it while trying not to smudge it with their foul seed.

Maria read it, and then read it again and again, and again. Her befuddled mind refused to take the amount in at first.

Her reward for 20 years of unstinting service was just one week's salary.

CHAPTER TWO

Maria still had the disgusting aftertaste of semen lingering in her mouth, as well as dried stains on her tobacco-scented suit, when she let herself into the cramped, one-bedroom apartment that she and her daughter now called home. It was on the 19th floor of the EP Block, or rather Emmeline Pankhurst House, to give the tenement its official name.

The bedsit was all she had left from her second marriage. Well, this hovel and Francesca. There was no working elevator. The concrete staircase smelt permanently of boiled cabbage and stale urine. Used condoms and shreds of underwear were a common sight in the stairs. Disgusting graffiti written in red lipstick covered the staircase walls.

The whole of EP Block was reserved for single parents. The bedsits split about 20:80; a fifth of them were for young unmarried males who'd been awarded custody of their kid, while four-fifths were for women, like Maria, divorced with a child. The men had been allocated the larger bedsits on the bottom 4 floors. Women occupied floors 5 to 20.

Each female bedsit was identical; a flimsy wooden front door, a tiny entrance hall with a living-sleeping room straight ahead, a shower and toilet on the hall's left, and a kitchenette to the right. Their only window, overlooking the grey concrete 19 floors below, was protected by iron bars. A few women had already jumped.

"Darling I'm home."

She heard a grunt and a splash.

"Give me a moment mum."

Their entire shower room was only the size of a normal bathtub. One half of it comprised a plastic tray with a dripping shower and a transparent curtain. The other half of it consisted of a WC and tiny corner basin. There was no door to the room.

Maria saw Francesca sitting on the toilet reading a free newspaper.

"Don't look, mum."

"Sorry darling."

The footprint of their entire bedsit was 20ft x 10ft (6m x 3m), insufficient to provide them with any sort of privacy. They both took turns sleeping on the bed and the sofa, in the poky living-sleeping room. There was nowhere that either of them could get away from each other, or even out of earshot.

Maria shut their front door and hung up her key. Security was minimal. The insubstantial wooden door could easily have been pushed in. Even worse, their landlord had a master key to every apartment. Sometimes he let himself in while they were both out. Their things had gone missing. Maria had even noticed the bedcovers had been moved and her underwear drawer disturbed. Without warning, he'd knock loudly on their door, sometimes at 6 a.m., other times at 11 p.m., demanding the rent.

She went into the kitchenette and checked their mini-fridge. There was just enough room for milk, butter, a carton of juice and a few vegetables. She picked up the carton and rinsed her mouth with orange juice.

The toilet flushed. It made a grinding sound. Their cistern was broken but they couldn't persuade any tradesman to climb up to the 19th floor to mend it. A young plumber living on the 3rd floor had said he'd do it but at an extortionate price and only if Francesca went on a date with him.

Maria heard her daughter washing her hands.

"Hi mum. Good day?"

"Hmm, not really darling. Bad news at work."

There was no way Maria could spare her daughter. The rumours would be all over the news and social media. Lots of male keyboard warriors were already posting cruel and jeering comments.

She kissed Francesca on the cheek.

"Come sit on the sofa. I've got something to tell you."

Jack Blenkinsop had a plan.

To him, women were like the properties on that old Monopoly board game. The first row – the cheap browns and light blues – were his initial targets; cut-price and easy to conquer. The next two rows were increasingly valuable and entertaining. He'd already fucked a few of them.

But it was the final row that he was saving up – those valuable greens and navy blues – where he would take his time before breaking them. And as far as he was concerned, Ms. Maria Sinclair was 'Mayfair' itself, or 'Boardwalk' on the US version, the final property that he would possess.

For now, three lucky women formed a queue outside his new apartment. He had a view of the river with a large balcony, 4 bedrooms and an open plan living space with floor-to-ceiling windows. The place had previously belonged to a successful solicitor. But she'd had to sell it to Jack for peanuts.

Now she was doing a different kind of soliciting, LOL.

The first applicant in the queue was his mum's age. She was visibly desperate. She hoped that Jack had one job available between the three candidates; a three to one chance. Winner takes all. But in fact he maybe had one real position for every ten women. Still, that wasn't his problem.

"Undress over there." He told her, while he sipped his can of beer and lit a ciggie.

She'd known what was coming. That was why she was here. To try and bribe him. She blushed, put down her handbag by her feet, and started to strip. Her fingers were shaking.

He stared at her coldly. He was only seeing this one because she'd been a neighbour while he was growing up. She was friendly with his mum. Her application stated she'd be 47 in a month or so.

He watched her remove her heels, navy jacket, white blouse, wool skirt and black bra. To be fair she wasn't too bad for nearly 50. He'd remembered her as quite a sexy woman, another reason he was seeing her. Her hair was dark without any grey in it yet. She had a few excess lbs but wasn't fat. Her tits were large without too much sag.

"And those."

She hesitated, blushed and pulled down her black, lacy briefs. She'd obviously chosen matching underwear to try to impress him.

"Feet apart, hands behind your head, jugs out."

He watched her assume the humiliating position, ready to be interviewed.

"You remember me, Audrey?"

"Y ... yes J ... Jack." She stammered.

"No, it's Mr Blenkinsop now."

"S ... sorry, Mr. Blenkinsop."

"How's your husband? What's-his-name, Gordon?"

"He w ... walked out a month ago, Mr. Blenkinsop, Sir. He said he was bored with me after 25 years."

Jack laughed. "I don't fucking blame him. He was a funny dude Gordon, fat and bald even back then. My mates and I used to wonder what you saw in him. You ever fuck anybody else?"

She blushed. "No ... no Mr. Blenkinsop, I didn't."

Jack nodded, deciding to believe her. He took a long drag on his ciggie, glanced pointedly at his watch and then towards the door where two younger women were waiting.

"How far are you prepared to go for this job opportunity, Audrey?"

Her bottom lip quivered. "Er ... please, what do you mean Mr. Blenkinsop?"

He snapped his fingers impatiently. "Go stand by the window. Next!"

"Please ..." Audrey gasped, "I'm prepared to do ... anything, sir."

Jack shook his head. "Too late. You can dwell on exactly how far you're prepared to go while you wait your turn."

The second of the evening's applicants was a cute 22yr old graduate. She'd left university with a First Class degree just as the Government changed. She was equally desperate as her family couldn't afford to support her.

"Undress there," he told her, "near to the old biddy by the window."

The girl had come dressed as a schoolgirl, with socks and a white shirt and striped tie. Seemingly word was already getting round about Jack's tastes! Her hair was done in bunches and she wore spectacles. He watched her remove everything; her buckle shoes, white socks, blazer, striped tie, white

shirt, miniskirt and trainer bra. Her bee-sting tits were small and disappointing. Still, she had nice legs and a pert bum.

“That as well.”

She didn't hesitate. She tugged down her thong. She had shaved her cunt.

“It's lucky you're academically clever, isn't it? You're not much to look at.”

She blushed and looked down at the floor.

“Feet apart, hands behind your head, flat chest out.”

He picked up his notepad.

“So, Sally Watkins, huh?”

“Yes Sir, Mr Blenkinsop.”

“It says he you were Head Girl at school and Head of the Students Union at university, as well as getting 5 A's and a First.”

“Yes Sir.”

He snorted, unimpressed.

“But what's more relevant is how many guys have you fucked so far?”

She frowned, absorbing his question. “Er ... only two, Sir.”

Jack sighed. “Two? I'm not fucking surprised, ugly cow like you. What about blowjobs? Anal? Hand jobs at least, surely?”

Sally stared at him, trying to compute his rudeness.

“Er ... I masturbated a boy at school. And I let another feel my breasts.”

“Your breasts?! Fucking hell bitch, you call those breasts? My assistant Paul's got acne pimples bigger than them.”

She bit her lip and didn't argue.

He looked at his watch again and then glanced towards the door. He already liked the look of the third contestant.

“And how far are you prepared to go for this job opportunity?”

“Anything Sir. I'll do ... whatever you tell me to.”

“Hear that fatty?” Jack called out to Audrey who was standing and listening, with her hands behind her back and tits thrust out. “Whatever I say.”

“Yes Mr. Blenkinsop Sir, whatever you say.”

He laughed. “Okay, both of you lie down together there and perform a lesbian 69.”

They looked stunned. A 46 yr old housewife and a 22yr old graduate, both of them straight. They stared at each other in shock.

Nevertheless, seconds later they swallowed their pride and lay down. The two naked women started kissing and caressing each other as they imagined that lesbians would.

The final interviewee exactly split the age gap of the first two. She was 34 and married. Her misfortune was that she'd been the family's breadwinner. Her spouse was a househusband who looked after their two kids.

She was the most desperate of the three.

“Undress there,” Jack chuckled, “in front of those two muff-divers.”

He recognised this one. She was a newsreader. Or she had been until recently. She had a typically photogenic face, coiffed blonde hair, aquamarine eyes and as fine a rack of titties as Jack could imagine. She'd been fired from the TV company without references or severance for threatening to use her public profile to protest her demotion.

He watched her undress. How are the mighty fallen, hah? She took off her jacket and dress, high heels and tights, her silk shirt, bra and briefs, stripping against the backdrop of two naked women coiled in a 69. Her facial expression combining anger, numbness, defiance and desperation looked wonderfully confused to Jack.

He took a photo on his phone to share with the lads. This one had lovely curves, pale unblemished skin and the tell-tale little swelling above her waist that mothers retain, however much working out they do after giving birth.

“So, Jody Stevens, you want to apply for a job?”

“Y ... yes ... er ... Mr. Blenkinsop.”

“Feet apart then and put your hands behind your head. Let’s see that pussy of yours.”

Reluctantly she spread her feet, inching them as wide as she could.

“Two kids, huh? That’s a big minus for you Jody.”

Her aqua eyes flashed with fury but she somehow held her tongue. It was up to her to get a job or her family would starve.

Jack smiled. He despised househusbands. How could a guy stay at home and mind the kids? Even a janitor’s job was more respectable than that? Besides, surely this bitch must have earned enough for them to employ a nanny.

“Shove your tits out.”

He watched her push her shoulders back. Damn, yep, her jugs were amazing. He could already imagine giving her a titty-fuck. Better still, he’d have her nips pierced and then rings inserted with his own name on. That’d show her wimp of a husband who was boss.

He glanced down at his notepad. He’d been sent a copy of her résumé by the TV Company’s People Department.

“It says here that you used to give a lot of head in order to get your anchor role on TV?”

Again, resentment sparked in her eyes.

“No Sir. I achieved every single promotion on merit.”

“So, in that case you’re no good at giving blowjobs? Hmm, that’s another big minus Jody.”

“Well ... I did ... er ... used to do that for my ... husband ... and a previous boyfriend.”

Jack sighed. “Yeah, but those would be out of love. You see I’m looking for candidates who are truly committed to pleasing their bosses and superiors. Blowing an older guy is a different skill to a bit of oral foreplay with somebody you actually fancy.”

He glanced at his watch. He made certain she saw him do it. He spotted the panic in her aquamarine eyes.

“Look ... Mr. Blenkinsop ... I am very good at whatever I turn my mind to. I promise. If ... that ... is a requirement ... I’d be ...” she faltered, eyes moist with tears, “... happy to learn.”

Jack let her see him studying the two other women behind her.

“Sit on her face now.” He called out to Audrey. “You know what rimming is?”

His mum’s friend looked across at him. She was much heavier than the 22yr old graduate. Audrey shook her head with a confused expression.

“It means get your arsehole onto her tongue. Ride it hard. I’ll be inspecting your poop chute later to check it’s sparkling clean.”

He studied the scene. Audrey’s tits flopped up and down as she jogged like a dressage rider onto Sally Watkins’ face. He snapped another photo of them both.

Then he turned back to Jody.

“Care to join them?”

She blinked. “Please ... I’m not a les ... lesbian.”

“Nor are they.”

At that moment, both of them heard singing. Male voices. A raucous football chant.

“Here we go, here we go, here we go ...!”

The voices got louder, nearer. Several men, five or six at least.

“... here we go, here we go, here we go, uh!”

His mates appeared in the doorway. They were all his age, mid-20s, but Jack was the lucky one. He was given brains, while they only got brawn. He scored a proper job while they were tradesmen, bar workers, or even unemployed.

He waved them in with a big grin.

“Hey lads, the party’s just getting going ... come on in.”

Seven boozed-up lads danced into the room, still singing, some holding cans of beer. They were dressed in denim jeans, football shirts and leather jackets. Their eyes and smiles widened when they saw three naked ladies.

“Fuckin’ hell!” one said, striding over to Audrey who was red-faced and bouncing up and down. She was grimacing with shame.

“Wow, it’s the bird from the telly,” another of them gasped, staring at Jody.

Several crowded round Audrey and one reached out to pinch her dancing nipples. Another leaned down so he could peer at Sally's squished profile.

"Right, gents, hush!" Jack called for calm. "Ladies, stand up in a line."

Audrey rose and released Sally while Jody shuffled into position. Sally got up and joined the others, forming a line of three. The seven lads arranged themselves a semi-circle around Jack's chair, like a panel of judges.

"Okay, here's the deal." Jack addressed the three female candidates. "I'm afraid two of you will be going home shortly. Only one of you will get an opportunity to progress towards the top job I'm offering."

He grinned.

"Top being a relative term, of course. But for a female role it's decently paid, reasonably secure and as senior as you can aspire to. Understood?"

All three naked women nodded. Their expressions were eager.

"Now, my good friends here need looking after. They're nice lads, horny and fun. Some may just want a BJ, others a quick fuck, or maybe a nice spit-roast, two at once."

The line of judges laughed, cheered and jeered, nudging and taking the piss out of each other.

"Step forward if you wish to be considered for the role."

Audrey, Sally and Jody hesitated, glanced at each other, and then all three took a cautious step forward. The lads sang their approval.

"Here we go, here we go, here we go ...!"

Jack nodded. "Hmm, I see. So none of you wants to go home yet?"

"N ... no ... sir ... Mr. Blenkinsop ... sir." They echoed.

He beckoned Audrey over first. She stood in front of him.

"Turn around and show these gentlemen your arsehole."

The 46 yr old woman had tears in her eyes. However, she edged round 180 degrees, bent over and pulled open her plump buttocks. Her puckered rim was still slightly wet with Sally's spittle.

Jack used his thumb and two fingers to open her up. He stared at the whorl of her anus.

"Ever had a cock in here, fatty?"

"N ... no ... Mr Blenkinsop, sir."

"Well better late than never."

Jack turned to his mates. "Gus, you mate? You always did like a cougar."

His heavily tattooed friend smirked while the others jeered.

"If I fuck her arse, does that mean she gets the job?"

"Course not Gus. It only means she doesn't get sent home. Not yet anyway."

"So what's in it for me?"

"Good question." Jack slapped the cellulite on Audrey's buttock. "How much you got with you? What's my mate get for keeping you in the game?"

Another of the lads fetched the 46yr old's handbag and took out her leather purse. There were two notes and some coins in it.

"T ... ten pounds, sir." Audrey gasped, staring at the floor.

"But there are two tens here."

"I'm ... mean twenty pounds, sir."

"She can keep the coins," the lad called Gus said magnanimously. "I'll accept just the notes in payment."

Jack jerked his chin at the corridor of bedrooms.

"Thanks Gus. First door on the left. Give her shithole a good pounding. Then come back and tell us how she did in the challenge, okay?"

Everybody cheered as Gus marched Audrey away by her earlobe.

"There she goes, there she goes, there she goes ...!"

Jack turned his gaze onto 22yr old Sally Watkins.

"You sure you want to apply? You're not much to look at. You've only got two chances of getting the job; slim and none. That's unless you really impress us, of course."

He stressed the word really and leered along the line of judges, winking.

The naked young woman stayed resolutely in position; her feet wide apart, eyes forward, tiny tits presented. Her hair bunches were bedraggled and her spectacles smeared.

“Any interest fellas?”

“Does she like rimming guys as well as women?”

“I dunno, Jonno.” Jack replied to the man who’d asked. “You like rimming men too?”

Sally blushed. “I ... don’t know sir.”

His mate Jonno was fat, with a barrel chest and belly, and chunky legs. He was wearing shorts and a red football shirt that was too tight on him. His face was pale and freckled.

“Go on, I’ll give her a chance.”

Jack jerked his chin at the corridor again.

“Thanks Jonno. Use the bathroom. First door on the right.”

Everybody cheered again as the fat man dragged Sally away, using one of her bunches as a leash.

“There she goes, there she goes, there she goes ...!”

That left the famous news anchor with six men, including Jack.

“And are you sure you still want to apply, Jody? I mean, you’re married, a mum, a celebrity no less. At the end of the day the job’s not that great. Nothing like the money or status you’re used to.”

The naked 34 yr old blushed but stayed resolutely in position. She nodded.

“Okay, here’s the challenge. You have 60 minutes to get us all off twice. A gangbang; fucking, oral, bukkake, anal, hell, even measly handjobs. But if we haven’t all blown our nuts at least twice in an hour, you go straight home. Okay?”

“D ... do I get the job ... if I do that?”

Jack frowned. “Are you negotiating, bitch? What did I say? Two go home and one gets through to the next round. No guarantees.”

“O ... okay, sir ... Mr. Blenkinsop.”

Jack’s smile was reptilian. “And another thing. We’re going to film the whole show. You’re going to sign a model release form granting unlimited copyright to me.”

“But ... please ... my husband ... my f ... friends ...”

The line of judges all laughed, high-fiving.

“Your hubby will be proud.” Jack replied. “At the lengths to which you went to try and support the family.”

CHAPTER THREE

Maria threw the dice.

She and Francesca were playing Monopoly on the battered old board she'd managed to cram into their two suitcases of possessions. It had been the family's favourite game during happier times.

But she was distracted. She was secretly forming a plan.

She wasn't going to settle for what this new patriarchal government had decided would be her fate. She was worth more than a bedsit on the wrong side of town. She was a woman who belonged in the expensive part of the Monopoly board – the greens, even the navy blues – and she would make sure that she took her daughter there with her.

Yes, the new laws mandated she could only work in clerical, retail, warehouse or factory roles, at blue collar or subordinate level. But surely there were ways round that? It was just a question of applying herself and thinking outside the box, as she'd always done.

They packed up the game at 11 p.m. Francesca won and went to sleep in the bed happy. But Maria didn't. She took her phone into the shower room and sat on the toilet, reading the job vacancy sections.

At five minutes past midnight, she was still hard at work when she heard a key in their front door. The door opened.

Tugging up her underwear and straightening her clothes she rushed out.

It was Lorenzo, her sleazy landlord.

"Evening Ms. Sinclair." He leered. "Rent!"

"It's not due until tomorrow." she snapped, blocking his path into their living room.

"It is tomorrow!" he snapped back, showing her his smart, obviously stolen, watch.

"I ... I'll get it ..." she said.

She hoped he'd stay in the hall but he followed her into the living room where Francesca was fast asleep.

"Wanking your clit?" he chuckled. "That what you were doing in the ensuite?"

"Certainly not! I was working." She replied, counting money out of her kids-style money box.

He smirked. "Lonely lady like you ... must have needs?"

She thrust ten notes into his palm, one by one. "I said I was working not wanking."

"Working?" Lorenzo said, arching his eyebrow. "I got a call today, said you'd been fired."

She almost choked. "Fired? No. I was allowed to leave following a major reorganisation. I was paid a severance settlement and will be getting a new job very soon."

He scratched his stomach. Lorenzo was in his sixties, balding with a greasy comb-over and cheeks like a hamster's. He had cunning, beady eyes.

She saw him glance over towards sleeping Francesca.

"I'm glad you got a severance settlement because the rent's increasing in two weeks."

"An increase? B ... but it only just went up? It's extortionate already!"

He shrugged. "The last review was two months ago. And if it's too much, you can always move on."

"B ... but ..."

Her voice petered out.

They both knew she couldn't.

He put his heavy palm on her shoulder.

"I can make things a bit easier for you, Ms. Sinclair. You only have to say the word and we can discuss a ... compromise. I'm sure you and young Miss Sinclair wouldn't like to be thrown out onto the street."

Maria smiled politely. She couldn't afford to be rude. But she had absolutely no intention of reaching any ... compromise ... with disgusting Mr. Lorenzo. What had happened earlier with awful Jack Blenkinsop would remain a one-off.

Thirty seconds later she managed to manoeuvre her creepy landlord out and relocked the door.

The three dishevelled women stood waiting in line for the judges' verdicts.

46yr old Audrey was on the left, 34 yr old Jody was in the middle and 22yr old Sally stood on the right. They were all naked, standing with their feet apart, backs upright and shoulders back.

Jack smiled. "Step forward if you still want to be considered for the role."

Only Jody and Sally took a step forward. Audrey remained where she was, snivelling and wiping her eyes.

"What's the matter, fatty?" Jack asked her. She couldn't speak so he turned to his mate, who Audrey had paid twenty pounds to sodomise her.

Gus shrugged. "I dunno. We were getting along fine. She sucked my dick a little, I lubed myself up in her cunt and then I managed to breach her shitter. It was hard work but, you know, we got there. After I'd filled her up I said I wanted a little ATM clean-up. You know, just the usual but she refused. Said she didn't like the smears on my dick. So I grabbed my belt and beat her."

"Turn around." Jack said to the sobbing woman.

Audrey's shoulders, back, buttocks and upper legs were criss-crossed with red X's. There were gouges made by a buckle. The white cellulite on her lower buttocks was dimpled with scarlet spots.

"How'd you score her?" Jack asked.

"I was going to give her a 6 out of ten. Until she refused the arse to mouth. So maybe a 4?"

Jack sighed. "Sorry Audrey. Your time in the competition is up. Put your clothes on and fuck off."

That started her blubbering again.

"B ... but I'm d ... desp ... erate ..." she wailed.

"Not desperate enough, obviously. Gus, show her out."

The heavily tattooed guy walked over, grabbed Audrey's pile of clothes and handbag, and marched her naked to the apartment door.

"I'm sure you'll find suitable employment soon." He said, and pushed her out of the door.

Jack grinned apologetically at the other two women.

"So, you both want to be considered. Good girls."

He stared at Sally, the 22yr old graduate. Her bunches had fallen out and her hair was matted and sticky. One of the lenses of her specs was cracked and the other was filthy. Her pale body was covered in graffiti written with indelible black pen; words like 'bog brush', 'bidet', 'WC' and 'Old Spice'. Even her tiny nipples had been painted red with 'press to flush' written in black above them.

"How'd she do Jonno?"

The fat man in a football shirt and nylon shorts grinned and stuck his thumb up.

"I gotta say guys, this little slapper's one dirty lady."

"She wasn't dirty when she went in but she's mucky now!" somebody joked.

"So that's why you didn't come out the bathroom for a whole hour!"

"You know," Jonno chortled, "... I'd never even been rimmed once before this Government got in. But I've had the pleasure of a few eager tongues since then. And I have to tell you, none were a patch on this one. The little lady seriously wants this job."

Everybody nodded, impressed. They all liked commitment.

"Just rimming?"

Jonno stuck his tongue out and winked. "Come on Jack, You think I'm that lacking in imagination! Nah, she washed me all over; toes, feet, thighs, balls, belly button, tummy ripples and, best of all ..." he raised his arms.

"... these babies. My pits!"

"Oh man how gross!" everybody exclaimed.

"Cleaned them like new." Jonno laughed. "Better than any deodorant!"

"Cheaper too."

Jack stared at Sally.

Maybe he'd underestimated her?

"So as well as a First Class degree and five A's, you deserve an A in analingus as well?"

She reddened. "Y ... yes, Sir, I hope so."

"What did you score her, Jonno?"

“Gotta give her an 8.”

Everybody cheered; ‘ooh’, ‘aah’, ‘wow’.

Jack nodded benevolently, as if he was about to do the girl a big favour.

“Go along to my ensuite bathroom.” He said to her. “Second on the right. Wait in there. I’ll give you 24 hours to impress me.”

She frowned. “D ... does that mean I’m ... still in with a chance of the job, sir?”

He stared at her coldly. “It means that if you don’t do exactly what I say for the next 24 hours you’ll never work in any fucking job again.”

Sally Watkins scuttled off down the corridor as fast as her thin legs would carry her.

Jody was the biggest mess of all; blonde hair everywhere, lipstick and mascara smudged all over her telegenic face. The insides of her thighs and legs shone with translucent fluid. Her pink pussy gaped open like a dying rose in the rain. Her curves were marked with scratches and bruises, her tits purple with love-bite hickeys. And there were 15 crosses written in pen on her stomach.

“But you did it.” Jack said, congratulating her. “Six guys, fifteen loads. What’s the breakdown in the end Kev?”

“A nice sequence; five in the mouth, four in her cunt, three in her arse, two on the face and one on her tits.”

Two HD cameras stood mounted on tripods in the room.

“And all recorded on film.” Jack laughed.

“Pl ... please ...” the former news anchor whispered.

“You get her husband’s number from her purse, Rick?”

“Yep.” Rick reeled off a string of 11 numbers.

Jack looked at her and winked. “I guess it’s worth a lot to you for me not to send the movie to that number?”

Jody sunk down onto her knees. “Anything ... sir.”

He rose from his chair and put his hand out. Then he helped her to her feet.

“Congratulations Jody Stevens, you’re through to the next round. I’ll expect you here at 8 p.m. tomorrow evening.”

Maria looked around the cramped little waiting room, trying not to stare at the assembled collection of misery all around her. She imagined that she must appear the same way to the dozen or so other women there. The smell of desperation was palpable. She - and no doubt they - simply had to, had to, get a job. The alternative was too horrible to contemplate. If she wasn't employed in something 'suitable' in the next few days then she'd be legally classified as a 'vagrant'.

And under the current regime of a country that she didn't recognise as her own any longer, that meant the liquidation of what little assets she still owned and incarceration in a government-approved workhouse for an undefined period of time. Francesca, due to her age, would become a 'dependent of the State', taken from her as well.

And that just couldn't be allowed to happen.

Maria blinked back tears. She didn't want to spoil her immaculate make-up. She knew that sort of thing was frowned upon by prospective employers. She had to be suitably dressed and prepared for the job she was applying for, and in the current climate that meant high heels, nylons and the shortest skirt she could possibly get away with.

She remembered with a certain amount of irony how she used to look down on women who 'dressed to impress' in the office. And yet here she was dressed like ... well dressed like an attention-seeking whore. Surreptitiously she unbuttoned her white silk blouse just a little more. There was no harm in being prepared after all.

Two hours later she heard her name called and hurriedly got to her feet before smoothing down her short skirt. The girl behind the desk, who was nearer Francesca's age than her own, looked her up and down before popping the bubble-gum she was chewing.

"You can go through now," she said, in a bored monotone.

As Maria entered the room and stood almost at attention, a middle-aged man behind the desk looked up from his phone briefly.

"Jesus fuck, darling! How the hell old are you? I told HR I wanted a little eye-candy, something to brighten up the office a little. If I'd wanted my mother as my secretary, don't you think I'd have asked her?"

His eyes dropped back to his phone. Maria blushed at the implication. He was at least 5 years older than her, maybe 10. He was such a fat, plain, sweaty wreck of a man that it was hard to tell. The sort of man she wouldn't have looked at twice in the past. Nevertheless she had to banish those thoughts from her mind.

"P...please, sir. If you'd just take a look at my resume, I'm sure you..."

"Do shut up, you old baggage. What could you possibly have that I would want?"

She bit her lip. She had nearly twenty years of experience working in an eminently respectable banking environment. Nevertheless he put his phone down for a second and clicked his fingers. She stepped across and handed him her carefully worded, expensively produced resume.

Surely he couldn't fail to be impressed?

Although the knot in her stomach only intensified when she recalled her last so-called 'interview'. There a young man, a boy really, had harangued her for bothering him with her application. The 'office job' his company was offering turned out to be more accurately the tea-girl whose duty it was to go from office to office dispensing drinks and snacks from 8am to 6pm.

He asked her if she didn't think she was just a little bit over-qualified for that? His question dripped with sarcasm. The fact that she'd swallowed her pride enough to apply didn't impress him.

She still recalled the awful embarrassment of having her CV crumpled into a ball and then flung at her face. He even made her scabble on the floor and then put it into a bin before telling her crudely to fuck off and stop wasting his time.

Now, as she stood trembling in front of this horrible, fat man, she thought about how welcome that tea-girl job would have been right now.

She watched as his small, piggy eyes peered over the top of her résumé at her.

"Show me your tits."

Hurriedly her hands flew to the remaining few buttons on her blouse. Even a few weeks ago she'd have slapped his face at the very least. Now she couldn't display herself quickly enough. She unbuttoned the cuffs, slipped her shirt off her shoulders and dropped it on the floor before unfastening her bra. She was quite proud of her D-cup breasts. They weren't as perky as they used to be of course, but they were still attractive enough.

"Wobble them for me, girl."

Maria dropped her lilac bra onto her blouse, took a breast in each hand and wiggled them. She watched him slide back in his seat a little and then heard the unmistakable sound of a zip being lowered. She bit her lip but carried on with her demeaning display.

"Pull your nipples upwards. Go on, really stretch them!"

His hand, although half-hidden behind his desk, started to move rhythmically.

"Put your hands on your head and jump up and down," he ordered.

She didn't pause, she simply did as she was told, jumping up and down on the spot like a fool. She could see him smiling and now hear him masturbating.

"Higher, get those udders higher!"

It was awkward trying to jump with her hands on her head, especially in her high heels, but she carried on, trying to ignore the ache in her slim calves.

"Faster!" He ordered.

She bounced up and down, entirely aware of the spectacle she was making of herself. His hand increased its ministrations until, to her horror she saw he was starting to rise from his seat. He stood up, waving his bloated cock in her direction before ejaculating over her CV, still open on his desk. He lolled back in his chair and gasped a little. She took the opportunity to pause and collect herself.

He looked back over at her.

"Show me your blouse," he wheezed.

Hurriedly she collected it from the floor and carried it over to him. He smiled at her and then wrapped some of it around his rapidly deflating cock. He wiped his penis dry before handing her blouse back.

"Now, get dressed and fuck off out of my office."

She looked at him in horror. Did he really mean that she should put her blouse back on, the one he'd just wiped himself on? But what else was she meant to do? She didn't have a jacket as she'd deemed one unnecessary, just one more layer to be taken off. Carefully she put her bra back on and then, wrinkling her nose in disgust, she buttoned her blouse. There were damp, sticky patches everywhere and it smelled horribly of his foulness.

"Oh, and before you go, take this shit off my desk," he indicated her spunk-soaked resume.

She made her way to his desk.

"Presumably my secretary has a note of your name? Call me if you've got a daughter or a niece maybe, who's looking for a job. Someone who'd be happy to work underneath me, if you know what I mean?"

He winked lasciviously at her

Shamefaced, she picked it up gingerly between her thumb and forefinger.

"Don't be shy you old dog. Put it in your mouth like a bone. Don't remove it until you're outside in the street."

As she made her way past his sniggering secretary and the small group of desperate women who'd been waiting there half the day, the man picked up his phone and returned to something more important; placing a few bets on tonight's football.

That evening, Maria joined 'Minder'.

Minder was the new, government-owned Dating App. It was now compulsory for every female citizen over 18 to register and join. But so long as she was already married or sponsored, it was a relatively easy process. A wife simply uploaded her details and those of her spouse and her account was listed in the 'Unavailable' section.

Well, that's unless her minder enjoyed threesomes or loaning her.

But for separated females like Maria, or single girls such as Francesca, it was a much more labour intensive and humiliating process. Every woman over 18 had to fill in a comprehensive profile about herself, upload photos and click the 'Available' box, stating she needed a male to 'Mind' her behaviour.

Maria was obliged to provide her actual name, her real address, her unemployed status ('seeking'), current relationship-and-sexual history, doctor's name and medical past, measurements and features, etc.

Hundreds of details with zero anonymity. Everything had to correspond with government records or it was flagged as 'False'. Everybody could read everything about her life.

When it came to her sexual history she filled in the names of her two husbands and ticked the boxes for 'penetrative vaginal sex' and 'oral foreplay'. Thankfully she wasn't guilty of any of the other 48 listed acts. Then she clicked 'continue' to the next section.

Up came 'False' in red.

Reddening, she realised she now had to include Jack Blenkinsop and his assistant Paul as well. Somehow the government database already knew about them too. She entered their names and ticked the box for 'unreciprocated fellatio'. This time the App allowed her to continue.

Finally, she took two selfies and uploaded them. One was a face-pic from above, a flattering angle, making her look as young and attractive as she could. Another was a shameful shot of her wearing only lingerie, reflected in the bathroom mirror.

Grimacing with embarrassment, she clicked 'Available' and waited for the messages to pour in.

CHAPTER FOUR

Jack Blenkinsop eased his executive chair back a little in order to see the faces of all four girls at the same time. Even his impressively large desk was struggling to fit the entire quartet of female figures now bent across it. He decided to start at the far left. He'd arranged them by order of their age so the first to go would be Shaz, or as she used to be known at work, Sharon Dworkin, a 32 year old, former Accounts manager at Regional First Bank.

"Why are you four girls here, Shaz?"

"We're here, Mr Blenkinsop, because we've been specially chosen to test this month's instruments of correction, sir," answered the attractive, busty blonde.

Sharon made sure that she answered in the bright, enthusiastic way that RFB's remaining female staff members were now expected to respond. She smiled to show Mr Blenkinsop how pleased she was to have been chosen.

Jack shifted his gaze to her neighbour.

"And which instruments of correction will you be testing for us today, Bethy?"

Elizabeth Greer, 26 years old former senior PA to his predecessor, Maria Sinclair, smiled back at Jack showing her beautiful teeth. She was only a year older than him but that was enough to magnify her humiliation.

"We have three instruments today, sir; the hairbrush, the paddle and the strap."

"And which one are you looking forward to testing the most, Bethy?"

Elizabeth kept a smile rigidly plastered to her face while she searched for an answer.

Nevertheless, he could tell her mind was thinking what a stupid question!

"Erm, the hairbrush, sir," she replied brightly, not knowing which answer he wanted to hear.

"Right ho." Jack grinned. "Hairbrush it is. We'll give your arse an extra ration, as it's your favourite."

"Thank you, sir."

Elizabeth's lovely chocolate-coloured eyes seemed to acquire a patina of tears before she hurriedly blinked them away.

"Fifi, what are the rules of engagement today?"

Fiona Wolfe, a 21 year old recent graduate from the local university explained them to him.

"We must keep our eyes on you at all times, Mr Blenkinsop."

"And?"

For a second there was a look of panic in her eyes as she fought to remember.

"We must keep our hands on your desk sir, palms down."

"Yes?"

"Oh, and we're permitted to wriggle a little and cry, but not too much," she added in a relieved tone.

"Hmmm, it seems to me as if you haven't really been paying attention young lady. Stay behind afterwards, I think you need a little more homework."

"Yes, sir, of Course, sir," Fiona answered with a tight little smile despite the obvious feeling of dread in her stomach.

Jack nodded; although Fifi was very pretty, olive skinned and dark-haired, she was a bit of an airhead. Quite how she'd got her degree in Economics, he'd never know. Not that a junior secretary actually needed any sort of degree nowadays. Just a nice face and the correct attitude.

He turned his head to the end of the line. There she was, his new girl, the 18yr old intern he'd personally chosen from several applicants. Lorna really was something special, a tall, stunning blue-eyed blonde.

In the old days, Lorna could very easily been snapped up by a modelling agency to be a model. But female models were no longer required because marketing products to women was banned. A man decided what his woman purchased or wore nowadays. Pretty women became porn actresses instead. 'Lingerie porn' was popular for men deciding on what underwear their wives would be wearing during the day and in the bedroom.

Lorna Lessing could very easily have become a porn actress but she'd only just finished school. In a way, Jack had rescued her from that fate. He'd hired her directly from the local private school for girls where he'd recently spoken at a recruitment evening.

Not that RFB actually needed to bother attracting recruits anymore. In the current atmosphere they had probably 20 or 30 applicants for every post advertised. But Jack did like to attend recruitment fairs. They gave him a head start over the competition. The stunning and well-bred, Lorna being a prime example. As soon as he'd spotted her in her cute uniform with her Prefect's badge proudly displayed on the lapel of her blazer he knew he just had to have her.

And now, here she was, this blonde vision. Stretched out over his desk with her large, blue eyes already filled with tears. Merely the sight of her privileged, haughty face was enough to make him hard. Plus, as his personal intern, he'd insisted she wear her former school uniform; blazer, tie, white knee socks and all, to work.

"And finally, last and probably least, Flatsy." He said to her.

Lorna blushed prettily on hearing her new, hateful, nickname, but at the same time she tried to smile as she'd been taught. An effect that Jack found enormously endearing.

"Tell us, Flatsy, how the implements are to be tested?"

The girl choked a little before starting.

"We are all to be beaten six times on the b...bare backside with each implement ... Sir," she added as a last-minute thought.

"And then?" He prompted, as if he was her kindly uncle.

"W ... we all h ... have to tell you which one we hate the most and then ... and then that instrument will be used all around the building for a month, sir."

"Hmm, very good young lady. It's no wonder you were a prefect at that school you went to is it?"

"Y ... yes, sir ... I mean n ... no, sir I'm sorry s ... sir" she managed to stutter.

Jack even found her stuttering cute, for the time being at least. And, even though he'd thought of it himself, her 'Flatsy' nickname had been a brilliant idea. She was still a bit juvenile rather than actually flat-chested. But in comparison to some of the other girls in the office, her three colleagues bent over his desk for example, she was rather under-endowed. That was enough as far as he was concerned to mock her and to undermine her self-confidence, particularly when she was at that, coltish, vulnerable age.

"Well, we've wasted enough time. Mr Evans, if you could do the honours?"

Fred Evans smiled at Jack and awoke from his temporary daydream. The sight in front of Fred was a wonder to behold. Four skirts pooled around four pairs of ankles, and four naked, white bottoms of varying shapes and sizes. Coincidentally, their size seemed to match the ages of their owners; rather plump and generous to his right, along to small and juvenile-looking on his left.

Fred moved forward to stand directly behind Sharon Dworkin. The snooty bitch had treated him like dirt when she was a manager. He put his hand on her naked bottom cheeks. They felt bloody great. He'd imagined doing this for many years, but as an elderly janitor that's all it had been, just a pipedream.

That was until the PP Party had won a landslide and made everybody's dreams a reality. Every guy Fred knew had voted Pee-Pee. The acronym still made him chuckle. He was still a humble janitor at RFB but his new job spec was entirely different. Now he supervised a bunch of female cleaners who'd been demoted from executive positions. Not only that, he was attached to the HR Dept as an Administrator. He 'administered' punishments due to the power in his biceps.

"Bottom out further, Shaz," Fred instructed.

In his head, Fred tried to imagine how the former Accounts manager making 50k would have reacted to being addressed as anything but 'Miss Dworkin'. But now that she was a filing clerk earning less than Fred, she accepted her nickname gracefully and gratefully.

As she stuck her bottom out, he met it with a very firm application of the large, wooden-backed hairbrush. He timed it perfectly, like a Viv Richards cover drive smashed to the boundary.

"Ooooggh ... One thank you, Mr Evans."

Whaaap!

"Owwwow ... Two thank you, Mr Evans."

Fred smiled to himself. The snooty bitch certainly felt that one. He had a vague feeling of disappointment that there was only four left. Never mind, there were still three more girls and two more implements to go.

Meanwhile, staring at Shaz's scrunched features, Jack tried to exude a facade of bored indifference. But in reality he was buzzing inside. The looks on the faces of all four girls were priceless. The agony and the humiliation in the moist eyes of the oldest woman as she was thrashed by a janitor in his brown overalls, the looks of dread and fearful anticipation on the faces of Bethy and Fifi, and best of all Flatsy's terror and already cascading tears.

He couldn't hide his erection. The front of his trousers was bulging. But he didn't even try to conceal it. In fact he felt proud.

Maria logged onto 'Minder'.

She panicked. Where was her profile?

Then she found it in the 'Deleted' section.

A standard message stared at her from the screen.

"Subscriber, your profile has been auto-deleted due to the fact that you received 10 consecutive 'Down Swipes'. As you were made aware when you joined, the purpose of your profile is to receive 'Up Swipe' expressions of interest. Therefore, our Moderators suggest you meticulously reconsider your data and responses and reload them, along with suitable photographs. It may well be that you need to make yourself more enticing in order to avoid 'Down Swipes'. Have fun and good luck!!"

The words blurred on the screen as she began to cry. She put her head in her hands and wept. It had taken her 3 hours to fill in the form. Now she had to do it all again.

Steeling herself, she reactivated her profile and carefully began to type in her names, bedsit address, seeking employment status, age, two marriages, etc.

Suddenly a message pinged into her inbox.

The direct message came from 'ANONMALE79764'

"Hi Maria, I saw your previous pix. I want to see your cunt, arse and tits before I consider your application. Cheers, Anon."

Sighing with frustration, she continued the laborious process of filling in her doctor's and dentist's names, numerous measurements and other data.

Then a second message pinged into her inbox.

It came from a profile with a face photo she actually recognised. The man's name was Norbert Styles. He'd been her next door neighbour back when she was married to Johnny Langley. He was a bachelor in his fifties.

"Maria!! What a nice surprise. I was trawling new profiles and came across yours. Literally, LOL! Remember me? Old Nobby. I certainly remember you but, more importantly, I remember Francesca. Here's the deal. I'll take you on but only as part of a mum-daughter package. Get in touch if you're interested, Nobs."

Now in despair, Maria carried on ploughing through the ordeal. It took her another two hours to finish. Then she opened her camera.

She ground her teeth and stripped all her clothes off, thinking of Anon Male's message. She swiftly snapped a full frontal photo of her naked body and a second of her rear. Then she uploaded them.

Finally, she clicked 'Available'.

Jody Stevens kissed her husband and children goodnight.

"Sorry darling, Mummy's got to go out to a business dinner. Lots of TV bigwigs." She turned to her husband. "Don't wait up, my love."

He had a concerned expression on his face. "Are you sure?"

She forced a smile. "Of course. You know that nowadays we have to hang around until the last guys have left. I'll be home as soon as I can."

"I hope none of them make a pass at you."

She cupped his cheek in her palm. "I'd just ignore them, silly."

She managed to hide her blushing cheeks as she turned for their front door. She was wearing a black dress with a plunging neckline and a slit up the side. Underneath she had put on her sexiest, lace lingerie.

She took the crowded bus and arrived at 8.02 p.m., two minutes late.

"I'm sorry Sir." She gasped to Jack Blenkinsop having run up the stairs. He opened the door and looked at her.

"Who the fuck are you?"

"Jody Stevens. You ... interviewed me last night. You said to return tonight for the next stage."

"Did I? Oh you'd better come in then."

She stared at what she saw. Her jaw fell open. Six young women were standing in a line by the window. All were in various stages of undress. Jack sat down again in an armchair facing them. He was smoking,

Jody could see that several of the girls recognised her from the TV. She blushed in shame that she was reduced to this. And worse, would rumours get out?

"What'd you same your name was?"

"Jody... Jody Stevens."

"Age?"

"Thirty four ... S ... sir."

"You're second oldest. Stand there."

Jody eased herself into the line second from the end. She stood between a topless redhead and a brunette in an office suit of jacket and skirt.

"Right," Jack said, winking at her. "You've some catching up to do. Tits out."

She swallowed and unzipped the back of her dress, easing it down her arms and torso, revealing her lace bra. Holding her dress up with one hand, she reached behind and unclipped her bra. She let it fall to the floor.

He grinned at her. "I do remember you now! Last night. Yeah. Look at those babies."

Jody had managed to hide her breasts from her husband. She'd done her best to cover up the scratches, bruises and purple love-bites with makeup.

She watched him checking his phone. His face lit up.

"Here it is! The movie. All ready for me to send to hubby. All I have to do is press send."

"N ... Pl ... please sir. I beg you. Don't do that."

Jody could feel the other women's eyes glancing along at her. She guessed most or all of them were single. They'd realised that she was married.

"Look out the window. Down to the left. The lamp post."

She turned round and looked down through the glass. It was dusk, getting dark. The lights were on. She peered at the street corner.

"Look carefully. Tell me what you see."

Jody watched a car drive along slowly. Two people were waiting under the lamppost. The car stopped. They walked over to the driver's side. She realised the people were both women. Street hookers.

"I ... see prostitutes, Sir. Two of them. And a car."

She heard him laugh. "Well spotted, Sherlock. It's five past eight. You have until midnight to earn me a grand."

Jody froze. She heard one of the other girls titter nervously. The redhead stood next to her inhaled in shock.

"B ... but ..." she turned round to face him. "Please Sir, not that."

Jack smirked. He stubbed out his cigarette into an ashtray on the arm of the sofa.

"Three choices. One, you do it now, for just one night to prove yourself and get through to the next round. Two, you'll do it forever, night after night because you ain't got any other job. Three, I press send on my phone. Which is it to be?"

Jody felt a hot tear run down her cheek. She had to choose the first option.

"I'll do it, Sir."

He nodded. "Get on down there and report to Velma. She'll give you some pointers and prices. And run. I want a grand by midnight."

On the employment front, time was rapidly running out for Maria. She'd tried so hard, but it just wasn't happening for her. She was rapidly coming to the conclusion that she just wasn't going to be taken on in any sort of office environment, never mind a supervisory position. She scrolled through the job section of a specialist website for lower paid roles. There was nothing, unless she wanted to work in the 'hospitality industry', which even she knew was a euphemism for pole-dancing or waitressing in some sort of seedy club.

With a heavy heart she dressed again in her one remaining decent, albeit cum-spattered, suit. She slipped on her last remaining pair of stockings and her trusty pair of long-serving, blue, high-heeled shoes, and headed out to look for work. Almost anything would do now.

And that's how she came to find 'Allen and Sons, Warehousing'. The 'help wanted' sign was like an oasis in the desert. Quickly she hurried across the busy road and went to the reception.

"Yeah?" A young girl asked, looking at her curiously.

"Erm...hi, it's about the sign outside. You're looking for help?"

The girl picked her nose and rolled the resultant ball of gunk in her fingertips.

"You serious?"

"Yes, of course."

"You haven't exactly come dressed for the part, have you?"

She small brunette flicked the ball of snot towards Maria's heels.

"I'm ready to work though, why not give me a chance? I could start right away if you want?"

The girl looked her up and down again.

"I'd best call dad."

At least she hadn't been thrown out, thought Maria. Perhaps she was suitable for the job? Although what the job actually was, she still didn't know. But whatever it was, it would still be preferable to lap-dancing.

A muscular-looking man appeared in the doorway followed by the girl, his daughter presumably.

"This is her is it?"

"Yes, dad."

"Put her in E-shed with the other ladies."

"Yes, dad."

"And Evie?"

"Yes, dad?"

"Tell them to go easy."

Maria blanched a little. Go easy on her? And who were the girls?

"What's your name, love?" He asked, brusquely.

"Erm...Maria, sir. Maria Sinclair."

"I'm willing to give you a chance, Maria. Can you start right now? We're a bit short-handed."

"Yes, yes of course."

"If you're any use to me, you can work again tomorrow. If you're not then..."

There was no need to make the point. If she didn't make the grade, she'd be out on her ear.

"Th...thank you for the opportunity, Sir ... Allen."

The owner nodded and went out, leaving her in his daughter's tender care.

"Come on then, posh girl. Follow me and let's see if you got a day's proper work inside you."

Maria swallowed nervously as she followed the brat to a cavernous shed. Inside, as far as her eyes could see were hundreds of empty pallets, and to her left was a mountain of stuff.

"Sal!" the girl bellowed.

To the right was a little cabin. Shortly a large, lumbering woman appeared. Her hair was coal black and shaggy and like the rest of her it looked like it could do with a good wash. The woman paused and flicked a cigarette butt away.

"What?"

"Here's the new girl, dad's giving her a chance. Look after her for us will you?"

The girl turned and left without a word.

The woman looked at her and shook her head.

"What the fuck are you meant to be?"

"H...how do you mean?" Maria asked, nervously.

"Why are you dressed like some office-bitch? This is hard work, not pissing about in an office talking about knitting all day! Take that bloody stupid jacket off and we'll get to work."

Hesitantly, Maria did as she was told.

Now, do you see those sack of potatoes? They need to be taken from that pile," she pointed a grubby finger in the direction of a mountain of sacks, "and stacked neatly on those pallets over there"

Maria looked around, in the dim light she could just about make out other people in the vast space.

"Get on with it then, you silly bitch. What are you waiting for?"

To her shock and dismay the course woman leaned back and simply kicked her up the backside. Helped on her way, Maria stumbled over to the little group she'd seen earlier.

"Haha, look who've they sent us now! Lady muck from head office by the looks of it," cackled some wizened old creature displaying her lack of teeth as she did so.

"What's your name, girl?" another asked. She was probably ten years younger than her.

"It's Maria."

"My name's Lil, come with me and I'll show you what to do."

Gratefully, Maria scurried after the tall, copper-haired woman. They came to the edge of the massive pile of potato sacks.

"All you gotta do, is pick up a sack, like this," she bent and hauled a sack up onto her shoulder without any apparent effort.

Maria watched intently.

"Go on then, pick one up!" demanded the aggressive looking woman.

Maria hurriedly bent and grasped the sack by the top like the woman had done, she hauled mightily but the sack barely came off the floor.

"Just drag it if you have too, but make sure you follow me," laughed the woman, marching off with the sack on her shoulder.

Panic-stricken, Maria pulled and tugged at the heavy sack and ended up dragging it across the floor. When they came to an empty pallet, Lil had already deposited hers on one of the corners.

"Put yours next to mine as if you were building a wall with them," she explained.

And then, before Maria could draw breath, Lil was marching back across the floor to get another sack. That went on for what seemed like an age. The younger woman had taken pity on her as she struggled to drag the bags over the uneven floor, and had hoisted a bag straight onto Maria's shoulder for her. That made the job a little easier, but instead of her arms aching terribly she felt as if her legs were going to give way.

Her shoes were an inconvenience, her skirt was too tight around her waist, and her expensive white blouse was utterly ruined. Her hair had started to lose its shape and she was sweating like a pig. Which was no surprise really, as it was the first manual work that she'd ever done. She was happy to see that the pallet they'd started on was almost complete. She just couldn't lift the heavy sacks any higher, but between them they managed to load the requisite 60 bags.

"How many pallets do we need to do, Lil?" She managed to gasp.

"Until all those sacks are on them, love," grunted the woman.

Maria felt like crying. Damn. What a way to earn a living.

A ten minute pause for a mid-morning cigarette was her only break. She answered a few questions about her name and her age and what job she used to do, and did she have a fella, before Big Sal, as she was known behind her back, chivvied them back to work. Another two hours of back-breaking labour followed until, to Maria's relief, there was a thirty minute dinner-break. She lay on her back eating a

sandwich and looking up at the tin roof way above her head. Was this going to be her life from now on? Labouring in a warehouse? She didn't even know how much the job paid. It did however have the huge advantage of being a salaried job, and that would be enough to keep her and her daughter from vagrancy. And surely it would be only a temporary arrangement until she found something suitable?

The afternoon was more of the same, physically exhausting manual labour. She was wet with perspiration, her hair was plastered to her forehead, her blouse and her skirt were streaked with dirt, both her stockings were laddered and she'd broken half her nails. She'd lost count of the number of pallets they'd filled between them. The truth was that she just didn't care now. All she wanted was to go back to her miserable little flat and sleep for two days.

The sun had gone down by the time they knocked off. The girls in the shed, bar Big Sal, had all disappeared. Maria found her jacket covered in dirt and footprints and wrapped it around herself. As she made her way out to reception she was called over by the man she assumed was the owner.

"There's no need to come in tomorrow, love. We won't be needing you."

Maria looked at him opened-mouthed. Her brain was having trouble processing the words that were coming out of his mouth.

"You were a bloody shambles. Lazy, a slacker, that's what my girls are telling me. With regret, you're fired!"

He turned to go.

"B...but what about my wages? I've worked all day, you must know that."

"There's no wages love. You were on probation and you got a free dinner. Them's the rules. It's not my fault that you didn't measure up, now is it?"

"But..."

"Look love, piss off will you? Some of us have got homes to go to."

Maria shuffled away, almost too exhausted to walk.

She had a home to go to as well ... but for how much longer?

CHAPTER FIVE

Jody approached the car's open window.

"Looking for company, gentlemen?"

"How much love? Three of us, no holes barred."

She hesitated. No holes? She guessed what that pun meant. It was ten thirty. She still needed six hundred pounds.

"Th ... three hundred. For half an hour."

There were three of them. Smug salesmen on a night out by the looks of it; fat faces, red cheeks, cigars in their mouths. The driver peered at her.

"You that bitch from the telly?"

She grimaced. Could she lie? "Yes ... I am sir."

He smiled and she saw him exchanging glances with the passenger and the man in the back.

"Two hundred for an hour. Bareback. No condoms. Take it or leave it."

"Forty five minutes, sir. I have to finish by midnight."

He turned again, consulting his colleagues.

"Okay. Forty five mins. But we do what we like."

Over the next three quarters of an hour, Jody Stevens serviced three strangers in the public toilet of a nearby car park. It was disgusting. The floor tiles were wet and stained. Both cubicle lavatories were blocked and overflowing. The urinal was full of golden cigarette butts.

Each man came inside her twice. She was spit-roasted in various combinations and then all three managed a weak third orgasm, dribbled over her face.

The men laughed down at her as they zipped up and then straightened their clothes. The driver pulled out his wallet. He pulled out five banknotes.

"Here we are. A hundred quid."

"No ... we agreed two hundred. And I did everything you asked."

"Two hundred? You're kidding." He turned to the others. "Gary, Geoff, did I say two hundred?"

One of the others shook his head. "Nah. You said a ton for one hour. Bareback, no condoms. Take it or leave it. I distinctly remember that was the deal."

The driver threw the five notes down at her and they all walked out.

At 11.58 p.m. Jody knocked nervously on Jack Blenkinsop's door.

"Yeah? Who the fuck is it?"

His voice sounded sleepy and angry.

"It's m ...me, Sir. Jo ... Jody."

The door open. He was wearing a navy blue, silk dressing gown knotted at the waist, and his hair was unkempt.

"Who the fuck are you?"

"Jody Stevens, Sir. You sent me out to work as a ... prostitute for you."

"Oh yeah. I did. A grand by midnight. What time is it?"

"One minute to midnight Sir."

He smirked. "Like fucking Cinderella. Hand over the grand." He held out his palm.

She bit her lip fearfully. "There's only nine hundred, Sir."

His palm shot upwards and slapped her left cheek.

"Fucking hell bitch. I give you one simple instruction and you fail."

"I'm sorry, Sir. But some ... punters reneged on the price we agreed."

He shrugged. "Goes with the territory, bitch. Hand it over and come inside."

Jody gave him the wad of cash and stepped into his apartment.

He walked along the corridor and she followed him. He pushed a door open and saw it was dark inside. She was in his bedroom. It smelt of smoke and sex. In the murky light she could just make out two figures in the enormous treble-bed.

"Strip." He said.

Jody's heart sank. It was midnight. She had to get home. Her husband would be getting worried and, worse, suspicious.

He turned the bedside lamp on, casting a yellow glow across the bed. Jody recognised two of the women from the earlier parade; a brunette and the redhead. They were naked and had been sleeping. They blinked at her.

Jack opened a bedside drawer and crammed her money into it.

Jody had no choice but to undress. She felt disgusting, slimy and dirty. Her vagina and anus were leaking and her parched mouth tasted of bitterness. Her breasts and nipples were sore and bruised. She looked towards his ensuite bathroom.

"M ... may I take a shower, sir?"

He snorted. "No need. Just bend over and grab your ankles."

She screwed her eyes shut. No. She couldn't do it. No job opportunity was worth this. She was going home. Fuck him. He could stuff his job.

"I ..."

He picked up his phone from the table and winked.

"Or would you rather I sent the wimp last night's movie?"

"Plea ..."

But she was trapped. She stared at him like a rabbit in headlights. The two girls in bed were watching her, wide awake now.

Slowly, Jody parted her feet, bent over, and held her ankles.

"You ... grab that cane. You ... kiss my balls."

She peered sideways and glimpsed the redhead clambering off the bed. Jody saw bare feet and heard the rattle of a cane being removed from hooks on the wall.

"Mmm ..."

Next she heard Jack settling on his bed and his moan as the other girl began licking between his legs. "A hundred strokes. One for each quid she was short. Start softer and get harder as you go along."

"Yes sir."

Jody heard a lilt of amusement in the redhead's voice. She saw the long shadow as the girl took up position behind her.

Whoosh!

Ah. It hurt. But it was bearable.

"Nah." Jack snapped. "I said soft ... ER ... but not like a fucking feather."

Whoooosh!

Jody grimaced. She'd never once been smacked on the bottom in her entire life. A sting of fire ripped up her spinal column. A hundred ... of these?

Whoooosh!

Whoooosh!

Whoooosh!

She counted and tried not to cry or call out.

She managed ten, then twenty, thirty, forty ... fifty. Half way. She was sobbing now, as much with humiliation and frustration as pain.

"Oh man, that's goood." She heard Jack exhale. "There's nothing to beat some deep throat while watching a bit of live entertainment. Okay, harder now."

Whoooooosshh!

"Aagghh ... sss." Jody hissed in agony.

Whoooooosshh!

Whoooooosshh!

Only her desperation to spare her husband the pain of discovering her forced infidelity gave her the courage to stay bent over.

Sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety ...

Jack grunted. She could tell he was having an orgasm inside the girl's mouth.

"Oh yeaaaaahhhh mmm ... that's you through to the next round Tessa, honey."

... 91

... 92

... 93

... 94

... 95

“Okay ...” he was laughing, “that’s enough. No need for the last five. I’m not a complete bastard.

Jody couldn’t make out what he said. But she could hear his enjoyment and realised the caning had at last stopped. She remained bent over, barely able to see through her tears.

Suddenly she winced. Shadows moved across the floor. She felt hands on her seared buttocks. Fingernails examining the damage.

“How is it?” Jack’s voice asked.

“Beautiful.” The redhead had a slightly shrill twang. Like she might have been Scottish. “So many wee colours, like a rainbow. Reds and pinks and purples.”

“Stand up and look at me.”

Jody straightened cautiously, Her head was spinning. Blood had run to her brain. She blinked when she saw him sat up in bed with a woman’s head resting in his lap.

“I’m afraid that’s you out of the running, dear.” He shrugged, stroking the hair of the brunette that had fanned out over his waist. “Jenie, right?”

“Jo ... Jody.” She whispered. “That’s okay. I don’t want the job anymore.”

He grinned at her. “Sorry, love. That’s not your choice. I have another job for you.”

Her breath caught in her throat. She couldn’t breathe. Surely not?

“Hooker.” He said, matter-of-factly. “On the streets. Six nights a week. You pay me a basic five hundred a night for protection. But you can keep 50 percent of anything you make above that.”

She blinked. Her mouth opened but no words came out. “B ...”

“Look bitch. Think about it. That deal means you’d have earned two hundred quid tonight. For just four hours work. If you can call fucking and sucking work.” He winked. “And hubby doesn’t need to know anything.”

“He’ll know when he sees my bottom.” She retorted.

Jack merely smiled. “He’s a wimp. A house husband. A nanny. What the fuck’s he gonna do about it even if he does see? Hide your bum from him. Guy doesn’t deserve to get any arse anyway.”

Jody wanted to scream. But his words struck a chord somewhere deep within her. Yes, she’d been the breadwinner for years. She’d done this to save the family. Why should she feel so guilty?

She waited several seconds. “O ... kay.”

Jack smirked triumphantly and reached into the bedside drawer. He pulled out a few notes and counted out a hundred pounds.

“Here.” He said, magnanimously. “Your share of your trial shift. Buy yourself some Arnica and skin cream. Report here tomorrow at 6 p.m. and I’ll introduce you to Stavros. He’s the minder of my girls. You tip him fifty a night for protection. Got that?”

Unable to argue any more, Jody nodded as her deal got worse.

“Yes sir.”

Jack jerked his chin at the redhead. She bent down and scooped up Jody’s heels, crumpled black dress and soiled, torn lingerie. She shoved the entire pile into Jody’s palms.

“Okay, Colleen will see you out. You can get dressed outside. I need my beauty sleep now.”

Dumb with shock, Jody allowed herself to be escorted down the corridor in silence by a naked redhead who’d just given her 95 strokes of the cane. The girl unbolted the front door, opened it and gestured for Jody to leave.

“Hurry.”

She slapped Jody’s sore bottom.

“Aagghh ...”

Jody stood with her pile of clothes as the door slammed.

Maria managed to lever herself slowly out of bed. Every muscle and joint ached terribly. The idea of getting up and going back to that dreadful warehouse and doing it all again seemed surreal. Who was she

kidding? She just wasn't cut out for mindless physical labour. She sat on the edge of the bed. She would have given almost anything to slide back under her blankets and go to sleep. But today was Wednesday. If she didn't have an actual, paid job by Friday evening she'd be officially a vagrant. She put her head in her hands and wept.

That's how Lorenzo found her five minutes later. For a little while he stood by the door and watched her chest heaving under her nightdress. He licked his lips in appreciation, she was cute, there was no doubt about that. At the same time she glanced up.

"Shit! What are you doing in my room! You frightened the hell out of me!"

Lorenzo smiled back at her. He was used to being shouted at by his female tenants, it came with the territory as far as he was concerned.

"It's my room, Ms. Sinclair. You're just renting it from me. If you're going to shout and use abusive language I may have to ask you to leave," he replied, pompously.

Although there was no chance of that. Lorenzo actually rather liked Maria Sinclair. And he liked Francesca Sinclair even more.

"What do you want? I don't have any money at the moment."

"There's no need to take that attitude, Ms. Sinclair. Especially when I came here to help you."

"Help me?" She eyed him warily.

"Yes, help you. Is that so unusual?" He asked in a wounded sort of tone.

Yes, it was. He was a man after all, and virtually all the men she had come into contact with recently were selfish, evil bastards. She doubted that her sleazy, lascivious old landlord was about to break that particular mould.

"I'm sorry, go on," she encouraged. What did she have to lose after all?

"I know that you've been fired from the bank and that you need a job by Friday. I might be able to help."

She looked at him suspiciously.

"What sort of job?"

"An official, paid job."

"Doing what, exactly?"

That same afternoon, Maria Sinclair found herself clicking down towards the high street in her high heels. Nothing else but her heels had survived from her office-wear collection. But as Lorenzo had made clear to her, she wasn't auditioning for an office job. His friend Luke owned a club called Exploitation and, as a favour to her landlord, he was willing to interview her for a waitressing job in his bar.

At first she was indignant. She was a businesswoman for Christ's sake! She wasn't a bloody waitress! Especially in some seedy shithole such as the name 'Exploitation' suggested. But as Lorenzo had been only too happy to point out, that was two weeks ago and this was now. When she told him about the debacle at the warehouse and how she'd been left with nothing to wear for her interview, he even advised her on that.

Maria had to forget that she used to be a high-flying executive. She had to use her initiative. Luke was a bar-owner and he was willing to meet her regarding a bar job. What did she think Luke would want her to wear? A little prompting from him saw her examine her few remaining clothes. Nothing seemed to work. How about Francesca's stuff, he suggested. Was there anything suitable in her daughter's wardrobe?

That's how 37 year old, ex-HR director Maria Sinclair was dressed in her daughter's old uniform set off by her own high heels. White knee-socks, an old, royal-blue netball skirt that barely covered her matching blue knickers, a white, cotton school blouse that was tied at the waist. It revealed her bra-less nipples quite clearly, and an old, striped school tie hung loosely around her throat. She'd even put blue ribbons in her brunette hair.

From the amused sniggers she got from men and the disapproving glares from the few women who were out and about, Maria knew that at least she was having an effect. But in her situation, wouldn't the

women have done the same thing? It was easy to criticise her and mutter about morality, but all she was doing was trying to do what was best for her and her teenage daughter.

The doorman at the club patted her backside as she sidled past him and told her that if she wanted a lollipop all she had to do was ask. She blushed and hurried on through the club. It was fairly dark in there and she managed to negotiate the floor without too much undue attention. Despite her own appearance, she couldn't compete with the half-dozen topless women scurrying around with their trays. She knocked at a door marked Luke Fenton, Manager, and was admitted. Fenton didn't bother to rise to greet her. He was a hard, thuggish-looking man as befitted his occupation. His shaven head and what appeared to be black eyes gave him a menacing look.

"You're the Sinclair woman, yes?"

"Yes."

He nodded.

"I like your outfit darling, it suits you. Lorenzo told me you were a good-looking piece and he was right."

"Th...thanks."

Maria didn't really know what to say, but that did sound like a compliment. And she hadn't had too many of those recently.

"So, down to business. Let's have a look at them?"

She looked at him blankly for a second.

"Your tits, darling. This is a titty-bar. It's for men who like to look at tits all day and don't mind paying for the privilege."

Maria swallowed, Lorenzo had told her what sort of bar it was as she was leaving the flat. By then it was too late to argue. And anyway, what were her options? Slap him and storm off in righteous anger? That would have made her happy, but only for about five minutes. This way, if the Luke guy was actually going to employ her, she'd lose her dignity for sure, but on the other hand she'd get to keep both her crappy flat and her beautiful daughter.

Slowly she unbuttoned the two buttons that were straining to control her D-cups and pulled her shirt open. Her plump white breasts poked out. The striped tie dangled neatly in her cleavage. He stepped forward and took a breast in each hand, kneading and squeezing her like he was making bread.

"Not bad," he admitted. "I've seen better but I've definitely seen worse."

She tried not to react as he thumbed her nipples erect. Even when he bent forward and licked one of them before squeezing as much of her left tit into his mouth as he could.

"Nice. I have a certain type of clientele. Rich and well-behaved usually. They don't cause me any trouble ... just so long as I keep 'em happy. You understanding me so far, girl?"

Maria nodded, not trusting herself to speak.

"Some of the boys like a bit of older pussy. Not old and decrepit, obviously. Mature and a bit classier. Your sort of body," he tugged on her daughter's, school tie, "would make a couple of older guys I know, very happy."

She could feel tears in her eyes.

"You don't have to suck and fuck if you don't want to, Maria. Don't get me wrong, that's not my style. You can work in the kitchen if you like. Washing up and drying in the steaming heat. That makes minimum female wage and the girls down there work 12 hour shifts."

He waited for her reaction but there wasn't one.

"However, I like you and I like these. So you can try out in the topless bar as a waitress on twice that, plus cash tips."

She screwed her eyes shut. "And ... ?"

"And nothing." He said. "Unless you choose to make a private deal with an admirer. If you do, the house takes 50 percent and you keep the rest. You can't say fairer than that."

Maria bit her lip again. A topless bar-girl, groped by perverts and probably pressured to do more. Or an overworked, underpaid skivvy? What a choice!

"So what's it to be darling? The choice is yours, only don't waste my time. You're cute for an older dame but you're nothing special. I could replace you ten times over with younger, better looking girls."

You probably know that already. You're more a favour I owe a mate. And if you do work for me babe, there's something you should know."

He squeezed her creamy breasts very hard in his large muscular hands until she squealed.

"I always, always repay my debts. With interest if necessary. Understood?"

"Oooohh, yes. Yes, I u...understand."

"So, do you want to work in my topless titty-bar?"

"Yes please, yes I do," she gasped.

He released her breasts and bent forward to give each of them a tender, sloppy kiss.

"There's a good girl. And it's Mr Barry from now on. Now that I'm your employer."

"Yes, sir. Mr Barry."

"I want to see you here tomorrow at 10 am, bright and perky. We'll start you off easy on the lunchtime shift.

"Yes, Mr Barry. And thank you, Mr Barry."

Get dressed and get out. Make sure you're on time tomorrow."

"I will be, thank you again, Mr Barry."

"And make sure you get a good night's sleep."

She nodded happily. "I will."

Because you're going to need it, he thought to himself.

CHAPTER SIX

Gabriel Franklyn was torn. He'd always considered himself one of the good guys. If asked to describe himself, the first word he would have used would have been 'gentleman'. A gentleman of the old school; kind, generous, protective and a provider for his wife and their four children. He was certainly the latter, he'd made easily enough money in his career never to have to worry about it again and, to be fair, money didn't particularly interest him anymore. Even as he thought those words he realised how stupid and arrogant they sounded, but that was the truth.

Nowadays he felt himself being stirred by something other than money and status. After all, even a scheming, talentless con-man could make himself money and buy himself an approximation of status. And one thing Gabriel wasn't, was fake. His brains and hard work had brought him to the position he now occupied, but he wanted more. He'd never been quite sure what that 'more' was until the recent social upheaval. Now he was beginning to understand what it might be.

At first, the sacking of all the senior women at FRB had appalled him. Some of them were his friends as well as colleagues. He'd been with the Company twenty years after all. But after a few months, he had to admit that he barely noticed their passing. The office was now full of attractive young girls who would have been well out of his league when he was a young man. Now, as CEO, they couldn't do enough for him.

Even the older women who'd been there a while had changed their attitude to him. Susan, his secretary for the last four years, now called him 'sir' rather than Gabriel, for example. She was a good looking, blonde woman in her thirties and he'd always rather fancied her. Making an approach was always out of the question when he first knew her, even as the CEO. It was just a lawsuit waiting to happen. Now though, things were different.

He'd seen how some of the young bucks in the office treated their new young secretaries, people like Jack Blenkinsop for example. Jack wasn't the sharpest tool in the box, but he was ferociously loyal, two qualities that Gabriel liked in an ambitious underling. He had his 'girl' as he liked to refer to her, well in hand. He seemed to get away with pretty much anything, and in that case why shouldn't the CEO?

Steeling himself, he called Susan into his office. As usual she was wearing a smart pants suit combination, this time a nice grey pinstripe; ideal wear for the office, formal but not showy. The problem was that Gabriel personally liked women in stockings and suspenders, as he explained to his secretary like any reasonable man would. For a dreadful second he thought she was going to say something. Instead a look flashed across her face. Was it dread or fear, or even pity for him? He wasn't sure, all that he knew was that she told him she'd be in tomorrow, dressed as requested and was there anything else she could do for him?

That was the start, the top of the slippery slope as far as Gabe was concerned. Things that would have got him fired at the beginning of his long career, fondling an intern's delectable young arse as she bent over the photocopier, asking a dignified, former executive what colour knickers she was wearing today, were now just a matter of routine within the office. The look of terror whenever a woman was called into his office was like an aphrodisiac. He learned that 'more' he was looking for was 'power', pure unadulterated power.

He knew that now.

Maria stared at the screen. She couldn't believe it.

"Subscriber, your profile has been auto-deleted again due to the fact that you received another 10 consecutive 'Down Swipes'. Be aware that if this continues, your account will be permanently closed and the Government will instigate proceedings against you. Our Moderators advise you to take this threat very seriously. You must check your data and responses and reload them again, along with suitable photographs. Have fun and remember, last chance!"

Wiping her eyes, he clicked reactivate and set to work.

Almost immediately she received a new DM from ‘ANONMALE79764’

“Haha Maria, I got some mates of mine and we all arranged for us to down-vote you within the same minute. I said I want to see your CUNT not your front. That means holding your labs open and showing me inside. I want to see the wet pink I might be buying. And then pull your SHITTER open and show me the tight brown. And finally pull your nips so I can see how far your TITS stretch. Do it, now! Anon x.”

She tried to imagine how any man could be so horrible, ganging up on her like that. She didn’t even know anything about him. His age or job or name. Not one single thing.

While she painstakingly re-entered all her data once again, she received several more direct messages.

One from ‘EMPTYWALLET666’

“No chance, slag. Not unless you’ve got a dowry hidden away. If you have a secret offshore account with at least 5 figs, upload a pic of you giving a thumbs up with your right hand and I’ll get in touch again. Otherwise, count on me for continued down votes. Sincerely, Empty. £\$£\$£\$.”

One from ‘BIGDICKYDONG3’. The avatar showed a horrendously large, veined erection.

“Hi Maria, I remember you from the gym. Nice pair of jugs. You have 1 hour to reply to this message. I wanna know how much you like my dick and what you’d do with it if I sponsor you. Minimum 1,000 words. Get writing. Richard Large.”

Rule 3.4 of the Minder Site was pasted below the message.

“Subscriber, under the terms of your membership, you are obliged to reply to any message where a male member has clicked the ‘compulsory reply’ box. You must comply fully with his request or your account will be permanently closed and the Government will instigate proceedings against you.”

Maria gripped the screen with frustration and screamed. How could she type a thousand words in 60 minutes to a man she didn’t know? She tried to picture all the men she remembered from the gym and who he might be.

Saving her half-finished profile data, she typed a message, all about the magnificence of his penis and erection and how much she wanted to lick, taste, suck and worship it.

“What are you so busy doing, mum?”

Francesca walked into the room and peered over her shoulder.

Maria hurriedly hid the message.

“Just filling in this damn form again, darling. Give me another half hour will you?”

“Okay. I’ll make us a salad. We’ve still got some greens that are okay.”

Maria finished the message and sent it. Then she returned to her profile.

Checking that Francesca was busy in the kitchen, she took 3 new photos and uploaded them; one of her pussy, one her bottom and a third of her breasts, just as Anon Male had instructed.

Jack laughed when he saw Maria’s latest profile pictures.

He leaned forward and studied her cunt. It wasn’t bad for a woman her age with a grown up kid. He peered at the whorl of her anus. It looked totally unused. Her tits were nice too. Pale and pliable. He clicked on the camera-facility installed in his office PC.

Maria’s face instantly appeared on his screen. He remembered her mouth. She was sat in her hovel, eating some green salad while she typed. Of course, she was completely unaware that he was spying on her.

He chuckled, sat back and hit the backspace key.

He watched her curse, throwing up her hands in despair, as half an hour’s work disappeared from her screen, just like that. Jack had emptied the previous 20 boxes she’d filled in.

“Noooo!” she wailed. “Fucking useless App!”

He groaned with pleasure and hit the delete key. All of her answers vanished. Even her name. She’d have to start from the very beginning, all over again. He watched her sobbing, tearing at her hair.

Then he looked down.

Flatsy was kneeling in the well under his desk. Her large blue eyes were open, gazing up at him adoringly. She really was doing a good job of making it look like she worshipped him. Her lips slithered up and down along his length and she had a suspicion of a smile on her face.

Of course, the smile was because she was hoping to get paid today. Interns only got minimum wage but Jack had delayed her first month's pittance due to uncertainty about her position. Her stepdad had warned he'd thrash her if she didn't bring home the bacon by close of business. Just because he was wealthy didn't mean Lorna could laze about at home.

Jack thrust forward into her larynx, making her gag. Her pretty blue eyes watered. She didn't like him really. Nor his cock and certainly not his jizz. However, she forced a smile.

Meanwhile, on the screen, Maria was dabbing her eyes with a tissue. Then she began typing all over again. She looked defeated. Jack knew it was almost time.

"Ggrrrrr mmmmmmmmm."

He grunted like a pig as he unloaded down Flatsy's throat.

She stared at the photo of her mum.

Francesca had received an official-looking Government email ordering her to join the 'Minder' dating App. Just like her mother, she was expected to find a male sponsor as quickly as possible.

They'd sent Francesca a link to her mum's profile. The photos were totally shocking; full frontal nudes and close-ups of her vagina, anus and breasts. She never realised her mum would upload something like that. She had to be really desperate.

Francesca began carefully filling in her own profile; her name, address, employment status, parentage, the fact that she was a virgin, her doctor's name and medical past, measurements and features, etc.

It took her three hours. Then she chose a couple of selfies that were already stored on her phone. A cute face-pic and another one in her swimming bikini. Even if she said it herself, she looked pretty hot.

She clicked 'Available' and waited for the messages to pour in.

Roger Clapham wasn't cutting the mustard at FRB. He'd been promoted when his female boss had been culled in the full expectation that he'd at least match her Sales figures. As it turned out, he couldn't. He was a little bit of a lightweight, not really a part of the new office culture.

As a lapsed sympathiser himself, Gabriel had spotted that Roger was uncomfortable with the new role of women at the bank. He made a bet with himself that Mrs Clapham, if there was such a person, was one of those dreadful feminists in a boiler suit who had the poor man well under her thumb.

He was half right. There was indeed a Mrs Clapham but by heck she didn't look like any short-haired lesbian he'd ever seen! She was bloody gorgeous. His employee file had pictures of Clapham's wife and family and a short resume. Chloe Clapham was 37, olive-skinned, dark-haired, and had a large pair of tits, if Gabe was any judge. Plus she was French! And if that wasn't enough the Claphams had an 18 year old daughter, Sandrine, who was just about to start university. Gabe pulled up his computer and got to work.

Roger looked at the internal email that had flashed up on his personal feed. Oh shit!

'Dear Colleague,

It has come to the attention of senior management that presently you are demonstrating an inability to function at an appropriate level. You should consider this to be a final warning regarding your conduct here at FRB.'

He rubbed his forehead. Fuck, what was he going to do? What was he going to tell the girls? Being sacked from a major corporation like FRB was a huge blot on his personal copybook. What would his future job prospects be if that happened?

At the same time, several floors above his little cubicle, in Gabriel's splendid 20th floor office, Roger's wife and daughter were sat somewhat awkwardly on the two small chairs that faced the CEO's desk. Mrs Clapham and her daughter were even better in the flesh, Gabe decided. The mother easily justified the word luscious. But she was Parisian, giving off that snooty 'my shit doesn't smell' arrogance.

She was dressed in an elegant, short-sleeved, emerald dress that contrasted beautifully with her olive skin and complimented her green eyes.

Her daughter Sandrine was wearing a tight, blue woollen sweater that emphasised her wonderful young breasts, along with an unfortunate pair of dark blue, linen trousers that Gabe disliked. Both the ladies had dressed to impress and, despite the slacks, in Gabriel's eyes they'd succeeded. It was hard to imagine such a duet being the wife and offspring of a man as insipid and ordinary as Clapham.

"Thank you for agreeing to this meeting, ladies. I had hoped to meet you both in slightly more auspicious circumstances. However you received the summons I sent you, presumably?"

"Yes I did, Mr Franklyn. What is this all this about? Something regarding Roger, non? Shouldn't he be here as well?"

Gabriel smiled in his paternalistic way. Just the sound of her slight French accent was enough to excite him.

"I don't think so, Mrs Clapham. Although may I call you Chloe?"

"Yes you may, but I still don't understand why you've called me and Sandrine up here to your office?"

"I'll come straight to the point, Chloe. Your husband, Roger is a thief!"

Chloe Clapham put one of her delicate hands to her mouth in an almost stereotypically Gallic fashion.

"What? Are you serious?! Mais non, Roger would never do anything like zat!"

That much was true, he was far too cowardly and lacking in imagination for that sort of thing, thought Gabriel.

"I can assure you, Mrs Clapham, our forensic investigators are on the case. Your husband has defrauded this company and stolen things that don't belong to him. Now we intend to retrieve our property, sack your husband, and place him in prison for a very long time."

She looked at him in an astonished fashion.

Had he overplayed his hand? This sort of bullshit didn't come naturally to him.

"B...but, why would Roger...? We haven't seen any of the money if that's what you mean?"

"I don't think you understand, Chloe. Your husband clearly can't restore our property to us. Therefore, by recompense, we want some of his property in return. What do you think your husband owns that could interest the directors of the bank?"

She looked at him aghast.

"The...the house, ze cars? Not my jewellery, surely?"

"Not nearly enough, merely baubles."

Now she looked more confused than ever.

Finally her daughter Sandrine exhaled.

"He means us, mother! You and me, why else do you think I'm here?"

Gabriel turned and smiled at the intelligent half of the mother-daughter duet. She definitely had a certain *je ne sais quoi*. Just the expression of resignation on her entitled face was enough to cause his cock to swell in anticipation.

Chloe pursed her lips.

"I'm sure Mr Franklyn means no such thing, cherie. But don't worry, I shall call ze police if necessary."

"Don't be silly, mummy. What do you think they'll do? They won't even turn up. Will they, Mr Franklyn?"

She turned to Gabriel. He shook his head.

"I'm afraid not, young lady."

Sandrine was quite smart, he realised, as well as good looking. The sort of girl who once upon a time would have been a shoo-in for the Bank's graduate scheme.

"I demand..."

Shut up, Chloe.” He snapped. “Here's the deal, ladies. One of you is going to get fucked this afternoon. The other is going to get spanked. That's if you want Roger to stay out of prison and keep the lifestyle you've clearly become accustomed to? If you can't decide within the next minute I'm going to pick up that phone and call the police. And if I call them, Sandrine, they'll certainly be here to remove your father from my premises within the hour. Are we clear?”

The girl, the absolute younger image of her luscious mother, nodded reluctantly.

"Your minute starts now."

Gabriel could hardly believe how easily the whole thing had gone. This was a step up from terrorising his female office staff, and as a result it was that much more exciting. His mind explored the further possibilities that his position at the Bank afforded him.

He watched, fascinated, as the two women whispered an urgent exchange. He unzipped his pants, the sound of which made both their heads swivel. But so what? He'd already told them he was going to fuck one of them. He could hardly do that with his cock in his pants could he?

The older woman cleared her throat. The disdain in her voice was delightful.

"Erm...you can ... fuck me, if you want?"

"Hmmm, that's hardly the grateful response I was expecting, Chloe. Why not try again?"

He'd taken his erect cock in his right hand and began to lazily manipulate it. The look of distaste in Sandrine's eyes only made him stiffer.

"P...please fuck me, I er...want you to fuck me."

"Do you, now? And what makes you think I want to fuck an old banger like you, especially as I have a much newer, better looking model to hand?" He lied with practised ease.

Gabe could see the look of panic in the mother's eyes.

"No...please. I'm begging you. Fuck me. I'm better at it, she's a virgin, she doesn't know what she's doing."

"So, let me get this straight. You're offering me second hand goods and you expect me to be happy?"

Now tears were coursing down the elegant woman's face. An image that Gabriel realised, with a momentary stab of guilt, was one that he very much liked.

"How about you, Sandy? Are you happy to be thrashed, or would you prefer me to fuck you? I think I'm going to leave the choice in your hands."

He enjoyed her reaction to the word, 'thrashed'. The original threat of a spanking had now suddenly changed into the threat of a more serious punishment. A little more whispered discussion followed, Gabriel slowly unfastened his hand-made Italian leather brogues and slipped them off his feet.

"Please, Mr Franklyn?"

He turned towards the blushing girl expectantly. Sandrine spoke.

"My mother would like you to fuck her, if that's acceptable, and I want you to thrash me. But please, we both request you don't tell Roger, my father."

Gabe nodded like a wise old owl, hiding his smile. He glanced at the bookcase. A thick hardback of the Complete Works of Shakespeare housed a hidden lens.

"Of course, Roger needn't find out about your sacrifice to save him. I will ensure that only the three of us know. Is it true that you're a virgin by the way?"

The daughter glanced at her mother and then shook her head, her face bright red with humiliation. It was an interesting way for a mother to discover the truth. He nodded and smiled again before turning away.

"What have you got on under that cheap dress, Mrs Clapham?"

"Erm, stockings, a suspender belt, my knickers and my bra, of course."

"Show me."

"I...I beg your pardon?"

"Don't fuck around with me you silly bitch. Take that bloody dress off right now, or I'm calling the police. I won't tell you again"

Hurriedly, she unzipped the dress and pulled it over her head. Wow! She really was still quite something; night curves with black stockings and heels and matching garters, a powder blue pair of skimpy knickers and a tasteful, pink bra. He quickly stood up and pulled his trousers and pants off.

"Get on your knees and waddle over to me. You, Sandy, take those horrible linen slacks off and come and watch."

Impatiently he grabbed the sophisticated French woman by her hair and hauled her towards him. Taking his engorged cock he slapped her roughly in the face with it a few times before ordering her to lick his shaft.

"This is what's called 'a blowjob', Sandy. Have you heard the term before?"

He smiled over at the teenager.

She flushed even more and nodded. Of course she had, all her friends had, everybody had. A 'pipe' en Francais. A 'BJ' in English.

"And did you ever expect to see your mother demonstrating one?"

She shook her head, trying not to cry.

"Do you think she'll be good at it, or not so good at it?"

He pulled out and slapped Chloe full in the face with the palm of his hand.

"Well, Sandy?"

"Not so good," she whispered.

"Haha, do you know what, you're right!"

Seizing the older woman's hair again, he shook her and slapped her a little more.

"Wake up, you old whore!!" He shouted, before shoving his penis between her red lips.

He looked across at Sandrine as he thrust his hips backwards and forwards.

"Take that sweater off, young lady. Let's have a look at your hooters, shall we?"

She watched in shock as her mother coughed and spluttered on the floor. As if in a dream Sandrine removed her sweater and stood in her teenager sports bra and white knickers.

"Not quite as impressive as your chubby little mummy, are you? But don't worry, you'll probably grow a pair like hers ... someday."

Gabe snorted, which was a little unfair as in reality she already had a fantastic curvaceous little figure.

He paused. He could feel himself coming. He slipped himself out of her unresisting mouth and ejaculated all over the mother's face and immaculate hair. He made sure the hidden lens got a great view.

Tired, he slumped into his chair and called the semi-naked young girl over to him. He patted his hairy thighs and obediently she bent herself over them. Without a pause he began to slap Sandrine's pert little backside through her thin, nylon knickers.

It didn't take many blows to reduce her to tears. Beneath her writhing body he could feel his manhood stirring again. Thank heavens for those little blue tablets! He looked down at her mother sobbing on the floor.

"Eyes on me, Chloe. Once I've finished spanking your daughter I'm going to fuck you, so get yourself nice and wet down there and ready for me. Tell me when you're ready to be fucked and I can stop spanking your daughter."

He watched as his words slowly percolated through her befuddled brain. Then she hurriedly began to play with herself. With a smile he yanked Sandrine's cute, white panties to her knees and rapidly increased the speed and force of her spanking. The 18yr old kicked and fought, but she was no match for him. As her shrieking and begging reached crescendo levels he began to appreciate the need for new expensive soundproofing in his room.

"Mr Franklyn, Sir,". He heard a desperate entreaty from the floor.

"Yes?" He replied not pausing in his chastisement.

"I ... I'm ready, sir."

"Ready for what? You stupid woman."

"I ... I'm ready to be f ... fucked, please sir."

He paused and stroked Sandrine's scorched bottom cheeks as she wailed across his knee.

"Up you get, young lady. Across to the corner, hands on your head. No! Facing into the room. You want to watch your darling mother getting the fucking of her life, don't you?"

Sandrine most certainly did not! She just wanted the whole dreadful nightmare to stop and for her and her mum to be back at their house. But instead she was forced to stand and watch as the nasty old man just ploughed into her mother as she lay on his desk with her knees up by her ears. His grunting and

her little squeals were horrible and distressing. But all she could do was stand and watch her beloved mother being savagely screwed.

Gabe was enjoying himself so much. His plan had worked perfectly. As he thrust in and out of the weeping Chloe he contemplated his next move regarding the Claphams. First, fucking the delectable, young Sandrine was obviously top priority. And then how about caning the French mother's plump, attractive derriere rather than merely spanking it?

Tough decisions had to be made, but that's what he was paid the big bucks for.

Meanwhile, several floors beneath them, Roger Clapham was desperately trying to think of ways to appease senior management. Would offering to come in extra early and leave late be enough, he wondered?

His phone rang. His heart stopped. Who was it? He picked up.

"Roger? It's Susan, from the Chief Executive's Office. Come upstairs straight away. Mr Franklyn has something you need to see."

CHAPTER SEVEN

Maria heaved a huge sigh of relief when she logged on.

Her profile was still there. At least it hadn't been deleted. And she had 3 new messages.

The first was from 'BIGDICKYDONG3'.

"Hi Maria, close but no cigar. I enjoyed your essay about my dick. I bet that took you an hour or two, LOL. Good luck in your search for a sponsor. Fat chance! Richard Large."

The second was from 'ANONMALE79764'.

"Okay Maria. It's time to reveal how keen on me you really are. This time I want to see your cunt pissing, your arsehole taking a shit, and your nips with pins stuck through 'em. Fail to do that and my gang will get your account deleted for good. You've got 24 hours! Anon."

She gasped. How on earth? How could she upload photos like that? People would see them. Her real name, real address, everything! Francesca would see them. She couldn't do it.

But did she have any option?

Her fingers were still trembling as she opened the third, from 'BENEFACTOR101'.

"Maria. Hi, it's Jack Blenkinsop. One of my colleagues at RFB sent me the link to your profile. I'm truly sad to see the depths you've sunk to. So I want to help. Seriously. No tricks. As I said, we're even. All is water under the bridge between us now. Think of me as your benefactor. I'll see you tomorrow morning. Be outside my office at 08.00. Don't be late. Your friend, Jack."

Maria burst into tears of happiness. Thanks heavens.

She did have an option, after all.

Maria arrived at 7.00 a.m., just as the bank's doors opened.

She was wearing what remained of her office wardrobe. Stained suit, cleaned but frayed blouse, laddered stockings and scuffed shoes.

The male security supervisor at the front desk didn't recognise her.

"Mr. Blenkinsop please."

"Sign here." He said. "Report at the reception on the 16th floor."

She had to stifle a reply of 'I know, I used to be his boss'.

There was nobody on the 16th floor yet. She perched on a chair and waited.

And waited.

And waited.

And waited.

Men started drifting in from around 8.15 onwards. A few female cleaners arrived to vacuum the carpets and tidy the offices.

"Er ... Mr, Blenkinsop? He said he'd be here at 8 o'clock."

The young man laughed at her. "Eight? Jack? Nah. More like ten, ten-thirty."

Then, at just after nine, somebody came up to her. He was a handsome man of colour. He was dressed in a smart, charcoal grey suit.

"Maria Sinclair?"

She stood up, straightening her jacket.

"Er ... yes. To see Mr. Blenkinsop."

He smiled His skin was very dark, his teeth very white, and his features very even. "Jack's running late. He's asked me to check you out."

He clicked his thumb and forefinger, indicating she should follow. He took her down the familiar corridor to one of the small interview rooms.

There was a round table with three chairs. He sat down on one. Uncertain what to do, Maria remained standing. He looked up at her.

“There’s the possibility of an internship. Don’t worry, it’s paid. Minimum wage but at least you’d get back on the ladder. Interested?”

Maria gulped. Intern? Nevertheless, she swallowed her pride.

“Yes ... Mr ...?”

He smiled. “Just call me sir.”

“Yes ... Sir. Very interested.”

He nodded. Maria reached in her pocket for her CV. But he waved it away.

“Not interested. We already know everything about you Maria Sinclair. Especially how desperate you are for a job and a sponsor. We know you’re on your last chance with your Minder profile.”

She gulped again, feeling her cheeks blushing hot.

“Don’t worry.” He said, patting the chair next to his. “Sit.”

Maria perched on the edge of the chair, looking sideways at him.

“Please ...” she whispered, “... what happens next?”

She watched him put his dark hand on her black stockings.

“You’ll just have to wait and see.”

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE SEQUEL

AVAILABLE NOW:

‘WHAT LIES BEHIND’ by Velvetglove

What lies on the other side of the screen you’re looking at right now? ... I mean, who actually writes this stuff? A dangerous pervert? Or just some old chap in slippers and a cardigan? A sadistic lesbian pretending to be a man? Perhaps it’s just a monkey with a typewriter?

Melanie often asks herself this question. She’s a submissive 37yr old divorcee with fantasies. Vivid, lurid fantasies that she hopes to make real at last. But where can she find a man to help her explore what lies behind her masochistic desires? Why not the author of many of her favourite stories?

‘RETURN TO MAINLAND’ by Charles Ryder & Velvetglove

The year is 2029 and the penal system is so overcrowded that the lucky ones on parole are repatriated to the mainland to work as ‘skivvies’. They’re not expecting nirvana but they’re optimistic that life will be much better than before.

Return to Mainland is an offshoot of the Penal Colony 9 and State Orphanage 17 series by Velvetglove (PC9) and Charles Ryder (SO17). This time the two authors have combined to bring you the story of what happens when various colonists are returned to the mainland on parole.

‘STOLEN’ by Charles Ryder

Thirty year old dentist, Caroline Lassiter has been stolen. Stolen from her family, her friends, and from her job. All her plans for the immediate future, stolen away. She's now a captive in the home of two middle-aged, wealthy, predatory lesbians. Caroline has discovered to her cost that, beneath their outwardly respectable facade, the women are cruel sadists. She's now their toy, their sexual plaything. She's required to learn her lines and then take part in their debauched role-playing games. Games that invariably end with her being beaten and humiliated for their amusement.

BY THE BALLS by Velma Glover

Viola and Matt have been happily married for the past 7 years. She’s 27, with blue eyes, blonde hair and a sensational rack. He’s tall, dark and handsome and a year older than her, with a great job. They met at college and now live in an upmarket borough of London.

But behind closed doors, their relationship isn’t what it seems to their vanilla friends. And all isn’t even what it seems to Matt. They live a 24/7 Female-led marriage. But he doesn’t know the half of it.

Viola has plans. She has her husband ... by the balls.

THE END