

The Humiliation of Catherine Hunter

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Author's Note: All characters in this adult fiction story are at least 18 years of age

Chapter 1

They had told her to be careful whom she employed in her thriving business. She'd ignored them of course. She knew best, she always knew best. She'd trusted her gut instinct yet again but this time, for the first time, she'd been wrong. Horribly and catastrophically wrong. She'd been so intent on creating an all-inclusive, multi-cultural workforce to support her left-wing credentials that she'd taken her eye off the ball. Her most recent employee, Aula, had turned out to be useless. She appeared to be well qualified with just the right amount of experience. She hadn't interviewed particularly well and she wasn't the most attractive of women. Despite that, Catherine had decided to employ her; it had been a disaster from the outset. Aula was incompetent, rude and quite dim. She was meant to be Catherine's PA but she appeared

to have no personal skills whatsoever. She had no idea about time-keeping; she didn't appear interested in the business at all. She had managed to insult or offend almost every member of management who was senior to her, and to treat everyone she perceived to be her subordinate with complete disdain. She couldn't even type for God's sake!

Much though it disturbed her to do so, Catherine decided to delve a little more deeply into Aula's background. She had been so willing to employ a 'woman of colour' as she loved to describe her employee to her liberal friends, that to her vague disquiet she realised that perhaps she hadn't carried out her due diligence. When it turned out that Aula's qualifications were faked, Catherine was furious. It was the last straw, she felt so let down on a personal level. Even Catherine's impeccable liberal sensibilities could take no more. She called the dumpy, black Nigerian woman into her office on Friday afternoon and sacked her. Aula didn't seem particularly perturbed by the decision; she smiled and shook her head.

"That's not a good idea, Catherine. I suggest that you apologise and then re-instate me. If you do it nicely enough and with the right amount of humility, I may overlook your rudeness."

Catherine Hunter could feel her jaw literally drop open. Was the woman quite insane? She'd lied and cheated, her exam qualifications were fakes, plus she was absolutely terrible at her job. Even Catherine's sister, Chloe who was at least as progressive as Catherine in terms of racial equality had urged her to rethink her choice of Aula as her PA.

"Aula, with respect, how on earth can I keep you after what you've done? I admit it all this is partly my fault, I should have done my research on you, but how do you expect to stay in a job that you're not qualified to do?"

"I don't think it's a matter of ability, Catherine. I've noticed that nothing I do seems to be good enough for you. No matter how hard I work or how many unpaid hours I put in, you never seem to value my work or my value to the Company."

This time Catherine couldn't prevent herself sniggering.

"Oh Aula, really! I don't want to be unkind but what value, precisely, do you think you bring to the Company? I could if I wanted to replace you a hundred times."

The black woman glowered at her boss.

"First, Catherine, you should refer to me as 'Miss Akinwande'. You should show some respect. Second, I think your decision has been made on the basis of race rather than competence. I shall be speaking further to my Union representative at the department of Racial Equality. I've already given him a file that details your behaviour."

"I think you should leave now, Aula. Collect your stuff and get out of the building. You'll be paid up to date, don't worry about that."

"I'm not worried in the slightest, Catherine. But you certainly should be."

Despite the woman's hopelessness and her veiled threats, Catherine went home early and cried for the entire evening. She hated having to sack people from her business, especially recent employees, especially minority recent employees. It really went against everything she believed in, what on earth was she going to say to her more radical friends now? She opened a nice bottle of wine and proceeded to drink most of it. It was only when she was half drunk that Aula's last words began to resonate. But then why should she be worried? Any industrial tribunal would surely find in her favour. She went to bed early and woke on Saturday morning with a terrible hangover; somehow she felt that it was ever so slightly deserved.

Chapter 2

That was when her troubles started. On Monday morning when she arrived at work she was met in her office by two uniformed officials, one man and one woman. They had quickly identified themselves as Racial Equality Officers. Then, without any preamble, she had then been arrested on the charge of incitement to racial hatred and read her limited rights. Before she could protest the officials from the RE had handcuffed her and frog-marched her out of her own office in full view of half of her horrified staff! She was hauled outside into the busy street and deposited face down in an RE van. The male official had decided to accompany her, his female colleague was driving. This was unbelievable! She, Catherine Hunter handcuffed in the back of a Racial Equality van as if she was some sort of ignorant fascist! She turned her head and attempted to engage the Asian man looking down at her,

"Excuse me, I wonder if you...ooof!" Her plea was interrupted by a hefty boot in the ribs.

"Shut it, whore. You can have your say when we get there."

She daredn't ask where 'there' was. She assumed it was her assailant's office. She heard him settle back and then place both boots into the middle of her back.

"One more word out of you and I'll gag you with your own knickers, you silly bitch."

Catherine obediently bit her lip and stayed silent for the rest of the journey. Her mind was in turmoil, what was going on? Presumably this was something to do with Aula, but what? She was surely within her rights to sack an employee who was both incompetent and a liar? She racked her brains to try and think of another situation where she may have unwittingly broken one of the many new laws relating to Social Justice, but nothing came to mind. Every avenue led back to Aula and Catherine couldn't help but think of the woman's parting words. By the time the van stopped her stomach felt as if it had turned to water. The officer removed his boots from her back and seized the collar of her expensive blazer. He took a firm hold and levered her to her feet. She could feel some of the stitching tear but assumed, correctly, that a torn jacket was the least of her problems.

Once again she was taken by the two officers and frog-marched quickly and humiliatingly up the imposing staircase that led to the headquarters of the Department for Racial Equality. Anyone watching her being manhandled up the stairs while she struggled in her heels would have simply assumed she was some sort of racist offender, as opposed to a wealthy, politically aware young woman. Her horrible journey continued, the officers each put an arm under one of hers and forced down slightly on her shoulders. The effect was to lower her head to the height of their waists, making it even harder to walk at the speed they were walking. In a sense she was grateful, at least nobody would recognise her with her head down and her long, blonde hair obscuring her face. Imagine the ignominy of meeting someone she knew in her current situation?

Eventually the little convoy arrived at their destination

"Behave herself, did she?" Asked the intimidating uniformed black man from behind the high desk.

"Bit of a mouthy cow to be honest sarge, asked us what the fuck we thought we were doing."

"That's a bit cheeky, anything else?"

"Afraid so sarge, she referred to me as a 'Paki' and advised me to get a proper job."

"And she tried to kick me in the shin sergeant, just as I was helping her into the van."

"Did she indeed, Officer Kahn?"

He looked down at the handcuffed woman in front of him. Her report told him that she was Catherine Alexandra Hunter, twenty five years old, white and single. She was apparently the owner and sole director of Hunter Associates, a city

based company that was fairly successful. What it didn't tell him that she was tall, slim' blonde and attractive. He could see all those things himself. He could also see that she was terrified, which pleased him. Her obviously expensive suit was dusty and dishevelled. Her hair was a mess and her tears had ruined her make-up. It was quite clear that she didn't have much idea or experience of the predicament she was in. He produced shackles from beneath his desk and gave them to the Asian man who immediately fastened them to Catherine's slim ankles. A chain was then produced which linked the handcuffs to the shackles

"Take her down to the holding pen please Gupta, gag her if necessary."

The man hustled her down the corridor. "Not so high and mighty now, eh princess?"

Forced to shuffle along by the short constraining chain between her legs, Catherine was in no state to reply. What felt like many hours later she was pulled roughly to her feet and pushed down the corridor and into a small room. Sat at the desk was a young looking girl in a smart suit reading through a file. She started at the sudden interruption and nervously adjusted her spectacles. Catherine was dumped into the single remaining chair and then the two were left alone.

"Good morning, my name is Lucy Church. I've been appointed as your legal representative."

"That's very kind of you but I have my own lawyer if you don't mind."

Lucy Church looked over her designer lenses. "We don't have a lot of time, Miss Hunter so I'll be quick. Nowadays it's the courts that set the time of cases. Yours has been set for 4.30 and it's now 4.05. If we don't appear in court at that precise time and with a coherent defence then you will simply be found guilty and sentenced. Do you see now?"

"B..but.. What about..."

"I don't wish to be rude but I really think we should press on." Clearly her council was a little rattled by all this. Catherine took a deep breath and composed herself and answered the questions as quickly as she could. No she most definitely hadn't racially insulted her employee. No, she hadn't referred to the arresting officers as Pakis, and no she certainly hadn't assaulted a female CRE officer in the course of her duty. The young legal representative adjusted her spectacles again and asked if she was sure she hadn't done any of those things. Catherine angrily rejected the question and explained her personal background and history. She was very much in favour of racial equality, she was a big supporter of encouraging women into business, and she was a committed feminist. How were those crimes she was accused of compatible with an educated, liberal, middle-class person like her? Lucy looked a little perturbed by this. Catherine was obviously a well-educated, intelligent sort of person. Hadn't she read a newspaper or gone online recently? The media was full of what was currently happening in the UK. The rise of Islam, due in the most part to an idealistic and sympathetic left wing, had quickly and efficiently taken over many areas of the country. Education for example, the media, and even the police force were now dominated by radical Islam. In the bigger cities, Sharia Law was now the accepted norm. This was the law under which Catherine Hunter was due to be tried this very afternoon. Clearly she didn't suspect what was going to happen. Lucy had defended many English women in this court and, despite her previous stellar record, hadn't won a victory for over two years. In her heart she knew that as things stood she wouldn't be winning another one anytime soon. She knew that Catherine, despite her unblemished criminal record and proven history of support for minority rights would be found guilty and sentenced that afternoon.

At that moment the door swung open and Catherine was led out of the room and into the court. Although she was quite confident that the whole ridiculous misunderstanding would be quickly sorted out, Catherine couldn't help feeling a little nervous. It appeared that Lucy and her were the only white faces in court. Her Western guilt complex immediately kicked in. Everyone knew it was wrong to judge another person, especially by their skin colour. Had she known the true nature of the court she would have been more than a little nervous. Judge presiding was Mr Milton Obeng, a notoriously tyrannical magistrate. Obeng had a virulent dislike of white people in general and what he considered to be uppity white women in particular. He had already read the reports on the defendant and had consequently already decided what the outcome would be. It only remained for him to wring the most possible enjoyment from the situation.

Chapter 3

Catherine could hardly breathe. She felt sick despite the fact she hadn't eaten since breakfast. Twelve months! How could that be? She hadn't actually done anything wrong. In fact she'd try to do right by hiring a minority employee. Surely all this was a nightmare and she'd soon wake up in her own comfy bed? Unfortunately that wasn't the case. This morning she had been a free, independent woman. By the time darkness fell she was a convicted felon, shackled and on her way to prison. The judicial process had been a joke. It was clear that the judge had taken an immediate dislike to her. At one stage he asked her if she was conversant with recent changes in the employment laws. She replied that she was and was told that was a typically arrogant answer! When the prosecutor described her as a bigot and a racist, she was shocked to see the judge nod his head in apparent agreement. Lucy Church tried her best, but when she accused the defendant of falsifying her qualifications she was told that she risked being in contempt of court. Catherine knew then that she would be found guilty. And indeed she was a smiling Judge Obeng awarded her six months in prison for racially insulting and sacking the defendant, three months for racially abusing Officer Gupta, and three more months for attempting to physically assault Officer Kahn. All sentences to run consecutively of course. And as a final insult she was fined £20000.

She turned and dipped the ancient scrubbing brush into the bucket of scummy lukewarm water and then returned to the chore she'd been set. The long dimly lit corridor stretched out into the distance. Quickly she wiped a tear from her eye and began to scrub. She'd been here a month now. Just one month into a minimum twelve month sentence. Already she had been cowed and defeated. She had long since ceased to profess her innocence. That only brought her more punishment. She had learned the hard way that the only possible response to the accusations and insults from the staff was agreement. She was a racist wasn't she? Yes, Miss. She was a bully as well? Yes, sir. Any other answer was guaranteed to provoke her accuser into a paroxysm of fury. She would be kicked or slapped or one off the wicked little canes the staff all carried would be whipped across her buttocks or the palms of her hands. She found it hard at first to terms with her treatment. Like most she'd been conditioned to side with the 'oppressed' minorities. She and her leftist friends simply refused to accept that the massive increase in immigration would have any detrimental effect on the country. So convinced were they that they refused even to discuss it. Now she knew better. Her business which she'd build from scratch over the last three years had simply been stolen from her. All the hard work and sleepless nights she'd endured had counted for nothing. Her reward was to find herself incarcerated in this nightmare prison. It wasn't actually called a prison of course. No, this institution was where preconceived attitudes were adjusted. She almost smiled when she considered that. The Campaign for Racial Equality assumed that every white person was a racist, until they could prove otherwise. Even Catherine's impeccable liberal credentials hadn't passed muster. A simple but brilliant idea. She'd lost her business through fraud, and she'd been imprisoned to prevent her fighting her case. A whistling noise and an agonising pain in her backside reminded her to keep on scrubbing the already immaculate stone corridor. "No slacking you kuffar whore" She hadn't heard the Asian man but she certainly paid the price for her lack of attention. The guard simply ignored her and carried on down the corridor. That's all she was to these people she realised, a whore. Her middle-class background, her university degree, her business skills all counted for absolutely nothing. The country appeared to have regressed to a sort of Victorian culture where men had all the power and women were treated as chattel.

Even the most hardened left-wing, supporting feminist couldn't deny that Hardwicke House was a prison for white women staffed exclusively by black and Asian officials. Although described in the literature as a re-education centre, that was simply a euphemism for a racial prison. It was nothing less than an attempt to re-educate women from a minority viewpoint. Consequently the education part of the process was taken very seriously. The residents of Hardwicke were required to attend a myriad of lectures on a wide variety of topics. The linking feature of all these topics was to promote a non-white, non-European angle. For example the British Empire was portrayed as a wholly fascist exercise. There was simply no discussion. The European, and especially the British colonisation of Africa and Asia, had been reclassified as 'genocide'. The descendents of those responsible had to be punished and re-educated to understand the viewpoint of the oppressed.

Catherine sat at a desk laboriously writing out by hand an 'alterative' of Colonial history. The view that she was required to understand, memorise, and then regurgitate was that the British excursion into its' overseas territories was a wholly negative history. There were no acceptable benefits accruing from Imperialism. The reign of Queen Victoria was understood to be 'genocidal'. Under her oppressive regime, Britain has slaughtered and enslaved millions of black and

Asian people. That was the 'true' Holocaust. That was what people like Catherine and her ilk were paying for. The white, British race had to understand that reparations were now not only desirable, but essential.

Catherine risked another glance up at the board. She daredn't risk catching the eye of her teacher. It was already demeaning enough to be sat at a child-sized desk in a ridiculous school uniform writing things out by hand. Computers were forbidden at Hardwicke House. Teachers didn't give out photocopied work. They simply wrote things on the board which their charges had to copy into their notebooks. Why would they discuss what was in the textbooks? There wasn't another opinion. In Hardwicke House and hundreds of other similar institutions up and down the country there was only one acceptable truth. Catherine remembered with a shudder how one girl, who must have been in her thirties, had attempted to engage in discussion with a teacher. The intimidating large black man had simply seized her by the ear, dragged her out to the front of the class and belaboured her backside and thighs with his large hand. Catherine remembered how upset she'd been at the time. Her male friends would certainly never dream of spanking a woman! The whole surreal incident seemed like a dream. Now she hardly noticed the constant punishment meted out by her teachers.

Her first lesson in a classroom had seemed so bizarre at the time. Twenty women made to dress in school uniform and learn 'facts' by rote. Women old enough to have teenage children of their own routinely spanked and even caned by bullying teachers. The frightening thing was that this apparent madness had now become the accepted normality as far as Catherine was concerned. Every day she was roused from her bed at 6am. Half asleep the girls were required to dress in their PE uniforms, black plimsolls, white ankle socks, tight white knickers, a tiny green gym skirt and a tight, yellow nylon blouse. Along with the other 'girls' in her form she'd be sent on a cross-country run over the extensive grounds. When they returned, shivering and muddy they'd have to queue for one of two shower cubicles that issued forth a dribble of icy water. Then having to attempt to dry themselves on tiny, rough threadbare towels before hurriedly dressing and presenting themselves for inspection. Uniform inspections were taken very seriously at Hardwicke House. The school uniform was highly polished black lace-up shoes, white knee socks, tight white knickers, a thigh-length pleated grey skirt, a pristine whiter than white starched white shirt and a garish yellow and green striped school tie that had to be tied tightly enough to almost choke the wearer.

Assuming the inspection was passed, and if it wasn't then the culprit would have her bare thighs slapped, the girls were allowed to hurry to the refectory to receive their first meagre meal of the day. Usually this was a thin, porridge style gruel, two slices of white bread with a smear of cheap margarine, and a glass of water. The meal was eaten in silence and the empty plates, and they were always emptied, were hurriedly tidied away. Everything, the run, the uniform, and breakfast had to be completed by 7am. Woe betide any girl who wasn't sat at her tiny desk by 7am with her pen and exercise book at the ready. There then followed five hours of long, tedious lessons split only by two fifteen minute breaks.

Not all the lessons were academic. There were things like PE, dance and singing and cookery. Subjects that officials considered to be suitable for women. PE and dance were both very popular with the staff. The opportunity to ogle the 'girls' in their tiny gym kits was irresistible to many of them. The displays they were forced to put on simply confirmed to their jailers that they were amoral whores. No Asian woman for example would engage in such wanton displays of naked flesh. Once they had convinced themselves of the moral degeneracy of their 'pupils' the warders found that punishing them for the slightest infringement was a justifiable and in fact absolutely necessary. Hardwicke House, like all the other similar 'Institutions' that had sprung up across the country was ruled by fear and was intended to be a terrifying, demoralising place.

Catherine had been an inmate in that dreadful place for six months before she was allowed her first visitor. She wasn't told about it until the morning of the visit. She wasn't sure of her reaction, on the one hand she'd miss a morning of lessons, but on the other her parents and her younger sister if she was allowed to come would be witness to her humiliation. She needn't have worried, her visitor was neither her parents or her sister, it was Aunty Akinwande! She was utterly dumfounded, what on earth was that bitch doing here?

"Has the cat got your tongue, Miss Hunter?" The Nigerian woman smiled as she asked the question. "That uniform suits you by the way."

"W...what are you doing here?" hissed Catherine

This time the woman actually laughed, "What am I doing here? Surely you forget yourself, Miss Hunter. I am the woman you racially insulted and then illegally sacked, don't you remember? As such I am allowed to visit you in prison whenever I like in order to assess your level of contrition."

Catherine must have looked blank because the woman carried on.

"Your level of contrition will be assessed in order to ascertain your sentence, surely you have been told this? No, well let me explain. Although your sentence was a very lenient twelve months, if I the plaintiff am unhappy at any time with your attitude then I can require that the sentence be re-assessed. I know from working with you that you can be a little slow on the uptake, so I'll explain. In reality that means that if I think you need more time in here to reflect upon your crime, then that's what you'll get. And talking of which, I assume that you are enjoying yourself in this fine establishment?"

Catherine simply stared at her aghast. What on earth did she mean? Surely that couldn't be right? First she was to be arrested and sent here on a trumped-up charge, and now she was threatened with having time added to her unjust sentence?

"I asked you a question, Miss Hunter. I'm pretty sure Miss Lakhani would be interested to know your answer."

Catherine was brought back to earth by the mention of the dreaded governor of Hardwicke House. Miss Lakhani, a hefty young Pakistani woman, had already caned her twice and warned her that their next meeting would result in her receiving a public beating in front of her fellow inmates.

"Y...yes I am enjoying myself Th...thank you."

"Good, are they treating you well?"

"Y...yes, yes very well."

"Have you learned your lesson do you think?"

Catherine found herself automatically replying with the mantra that had been drilled into her many times.

"The staff here at the re-education centre have encouraged me to reflect on my crime and for that I am most grateful. I accept the fact that my punishment was justified and I hope that with their help I can become a valuable member of the community again."

"There, that wasn't too hard was it?"

Catherine shook her head; she didn't trust herself to reply to the smirking bitch sat across the table from her.

"Although it does appear that you still haven't learned how to address a superior?"

Catherine looked at her for a second.

"I'm sorry, Miss Akinwande...I...I forgot."

"Nevertheless, Catherine, ignorance is no excuse. I shall mention your lack of respect to Miss Lakhani this afternoon when we discuss you and your behaviour."

Catherine swallowed hard and tried to blink away a tear, surely that was just a threat? Aula wouldn't really do that...would she?

Chapter 4

Chloe Hunter knocked on the glass door and entered. The room was familiar to her apart from one major point. Rather than her sister, Catherine, the chair was occupied by a squat, black woman.

“Aah, Miss Hunter come and stand here in front of my desk.”

Chloe did as she was ordered. How the times had changed she thought bitterly. Rather than the smiling face of her sister she was looking at the plump, ugly woman who had stolen her business. Chloe remembered Catherine giggling at Aula’s ineptitude the last time she was helping out during the summer holidays. How long ago that seemed now! This time Aula had requested that Chloe’s school send her to Hunter Associates to carry out her work experience programme. She could hardly believe it when the school had told her. This was the last place in the entire world that she wanted to work in. She rather got the impression that the school had reluctantly acquiesced, something about Aula’s connections apparently.

Aula Akinwande on the other hand was quite happy to have the younger Hunter girl stood in front of her desk. She was like a cut down version of her Catherine, fairly small but with the same blonde hair and attractive face of her sister. She was dressed in a smart blue suit, complete with dark stockings and gleaming high heels which matched her suit. Her blonde hair had been teased into a more sophisticated style she still however wore the sulky, disrespectful face that Aula remembered from their first meeting. Her arrogance and condescension had annoyed Aula at the time. But now she was in a position to do something about it.

“You will be delighted to learn, Miss Hunter, that we still have one work experience place available. I had to think long and hard about finding a suitable candidate and fortunately your name came up. We’re looking for a General Assistant, that is someone without any particular skills but who is willing to learn on the job as it were. Would that suit you do you think, a job that demands no particular skills or talent?”

“I’m not so sure about that, Aula. After all....”

“Let me just stop you there Chloe, my name as far as you are concerned is Miss Akinwande. If I were you I’d think very strongly before turning down a job in a work opportunity scheme, the ramifications could be most painful.”

Chloe grit her teeth and didn’t answer. This was clearly ridiculous, she was an A grade student, she’d done this work before and it was her family name over the door for God’s sake! But on the other hand she’d heard stories about girls who’d turned down work experience jobs and then been sent for re-education. They couldn’t be true could they? Well, it probably was she thought bitterly, after all that’s where her beloved sister was apparently. And that situation was down to the fat, ugly black bitch who sat so smug and complacent in front of her.

“Perhaps you think that you deserve a bigger role in the Company?”

“Well I have worked here before, and I do know...”

“Unfortunately you seem to have forgotten that I was here when you last worked. I must say that I thought you were particularly incompetent, even for an intern. I just don’t think that you necessarily have the brains or the work ethic necessary to achieve a managerial position.”

Chloe was completely dumbfounded! How dare that fat, ignorant, useless...Fortunately she managed to bite back the retort that was right on the edge of her tongue.

“After due consideration I’ve decided to allow you to assist Miss Sitole. Well, what do you say?”

“Thank you.”

"Thank you Miss Akinwande, you silly little girl! Any African at this Company is referred to as 'sir' or 'miss', understood?"

"Y...yes Miss Akinwande."

"Go outside and get Robertson to introduce you to Miss Sitole."

At first she was a little mystified as to whom Miss Akinwande was referring. She was then shocked to find out that the woman waiting for her was none other than Mary Robertson, one of her sister's management team and her mentor during her first internship. After a brief hug she was led to the stairwell.

"Why don't we use the lift, surely that would be quicker?"

"It would be of course, but the lift's reserved for senior staff now."

"But you are senior staff aren't you?" asked a confused Chloe.

"A lot's happened since you've been away."

It transpired that once Catherine had been removed, Miss Akinwande had decided that that Hunter Associates was 'too white' and she had taken steps to rectify the matter. As a result several black and Asian employees had been taken on, and a few of the original staff had been sacked without references. The entire management level had been 're-assigned' and now worked for the new employees. Mary herself was now, despite her Masters degree in business, officially Miss Akinwande's PA.

"Why don't you just resign?" asked an incredulous Chloe.

"Because if you resign from a black-owned business nowadays it's considered to be a form of racism and punished accordingly."

"Y...you mean like..."

"Yes, exactly like your sister. Although she was given a particularly long sentence, the poor girl."

Chloe was horrified, of course she'd heard stories like the one that Mary had just described but they had all seemed so unlikely. Her school for example concentrated on the wrongs done to immigrants and how best they could be rectified. Black and Asian people were always portrayed as the victims, certainly never the aggressors. Down in the basement she was introduced to Miss Sitole who was to be her immediate superior. The large black woman looked her up and down carefully.

"Go away Robertson, I'm sure you've got some pointless work you can be getting on with don't you?"

"Yes, Miss Sitole."

Chloe glanced across and was embarrassed to see the older woman blush.

"Well! What are you waiting for? Fuck off right now!"

As she turned and scurried away she was encouraged by a well aimed slap to her backside. Chloe watched open-mouthed, Mary Robertson her former boss had just been slapped by a black woman who was half her age!

"What are you staring at, stupid?"

Chloe was brought back to reality by the woman's grating voice.

"I...erm...I"

"What are you, some sort of imbecile?"

"No I'm not...I"

"What's your name?"

"It's Chloe."

"Chloe what? And hasn't anybody told you how to address senior staff yet?"

"Erm...Chloe Hunter Miss...er Sitole."

"Hunter eh? The racist bitch's sister I presume?"

Chloe didn't answer, she was shell-shocked by the woman's abrasive behaviour.

Eventually Miss Sitole left her in peace, but only after having issued a string of orders. Evidently she was to file and reorganise every piece of paper that was lying around the shambolic looking room.. She looked at her watch, it was only 10.30. She wondered when the next break was before sighing and beginning the task she'd been set. Eleven o'clock came and went, so did twelve but there was still no sign of a break or of that matter of her supervisor. Hungry, thirsty, and very dusty she picked up her discarded suit jacket from a chair and ventured out to look for Miss Sitole. The dining room was up on the second floor as she remembered, so she set off in that direction. She passed a couple of young Asian girls who looked at her with some surprise. As she pushed open the door to the dining-room she couldn't help notice that the only white face in there belonged to the lady handing out food from the kitchen.

"What the hell do you think you're doing, girl?"

She didn't have to turn around to know that it was Miss Sitole bellowing across the floor at her. What she didn't expect though was for her supervisor to grab her by the ear and propel her back through the door while all the time slapping her over her skirt.

"How dare you come up to the dining-room? How dare you leave your workplace without my explicit permission?" To her shame, she could hear the laughter from the assembled diners as she was led out of the room.

The muscular older girl hustled her back down to the room she'd previously vacated. She dragged Chloe to a wooden chair and then hauled her across her ample lap. Chloe realised she was about to be spanked! She kicked and struggled wildly but to no avail, Miss Sitole was simply too strong. Her large firm hand rose and fell rapidly. After a couple of minutes she paused and Chloe started to scramble off her knee. Without a word the woman gripped her tightly and then hauled up her skirt to display her powder blue knickers. Once again she began to rain heavy open-handed slaps down on the struggling young girl's defenceless buttocks. Exhausted and defeated, Chloe simply gave up and cried. The aggressive woman's hand appeared to be made of wood! Eventually it was over; the girl was lifted to her feet and dragged to a corner. Her skirt was pinned to her jacket and she was instructed to place her hands on her head. As a final gesture her knickers were pulled inside out down to her knees.

"Don't you dare move from that spot, young lady until I tell you it's ok to move, understood?"

Chloe simply nodded her understanding. She didn't feel able to speak without bursting into tears again. An hour seemed to drag by before she was summoned by her supervisor. Shortly she found herself in front of Miss Akinwande again. The Nigerian woman smiled a little as she looked Chloe up and down.

"Miss Sitole has explained the situation to me and I'm completely happy with how she dealt with it. For your information, interns have twenty minutes to eat their lunch at wherever they happen to be working. They are not entitled

to wander the building unsupervised and they are most certainly not at liberty to use the senior dining room. I trust that Miss Sitole has made that most clear to you?"

Chloe sniffed and nodded her head.

"I didn't quite catch that young lady?"

"Yes she has, Miss Akinwande."

"What do you say to Miss Sitole?"

"Thank you, Miss Sitole for making the situation clear to me."

"Good, in light of that I'm going to make Miss Sitole your mentor while you're with us. Do you have anything to add Miss Sitole?"

"Thank you Miss Akinwande, yes I'd like to remind Hunter that tomorrow she needs to wear her school uniform rather than that cheap suit."

"Of course Miss Hunter, in this company interns are required to wear their uniforms when on work experience. In our opinion it helps remind them of their place."

The following morning, Chloe dressed very reluctantly in her school uniform, black shoes, black tights, a pleated navy blue skirt, and a light blue blouse. She was certainly not going to wear her tie though. Who the hell would wear a school tie to their place of work? An hour later she was hurrying back to her parents' house trying desperately not to rub the pain out of her throbbing backside in public. Angrily she wiped the tears from her eyes. She hoped desperately that she didn't bump into anyone she knew. That bitch Sitole had spanked her again, but this time in front of Aula Akinwande! It was all so humiliating, and for what? For not being respectfully attired? What the hell was that? Just because she hadn't worn her tie and her bloody blazer! That black bitch, Aula had phoned the school and spoken to Miss Wilson, the careers advisor, and simply asked her what the school uniform was. She made a note on her pad and then tutted. Miss Sitole had been called in and had once again taken her over her ample knees and simply slapped her for several minutes. She was required to hold her skirt up to her waist and push her nose into the designated corner of Aula's office. Miss Sitole then pulled her knickers to her knees and slapped her bottom and thighs.

"You are to go home, Hunter and change into your FULL school uniform including the correct underwear, understood?"

"Y...yes, Miss Sitole."

"Are you allowed to wear a bra to school, Hunter?"

"Yes, M...Miss Sitole. Senior girls are allowed a bra." Sniffed Chloe tearfully.

More resounding slaps to her rapidly reddening thighs followed.

"You are not, repeat not a senior girl, Hunter. Here you're very much a junior girl. Junior girls with tiny tits do not wear bras in this workplace. When Miss Akinwande gives you permission, you are to go home, redress yourself and then report back here where you will undergo a very detailed uniform inspection. And don't forget, junior girls do not wear any make-up. I hope I've made myself clear?"

The last six words were accompanied by six heavy slaps from the muscular black woman. Chloe yelled and cried, and tried to avoid the blows, but Miss Sitole simply gripped her strongly by the back of her neck. Ten minutes later she stood shamefaced and sobbing in front of Aula Akinwande.

“Tidy yourself up girl and hurry back. You have exactly one hour, I would avoid being late if I were you. That is unless you want to make Miss Sitole really angry?”

Chloe really, really didn't want to make the horrible woman any more annoyed than she clearly was. She almost ran down the stairs and into the street. She managed to get a bus and walk the last few hundred metres to her large family house. Thankfully her mother was out; she really didn't feel like explaining the situation to her. She ran to her room and pulled her skirt up to examine her backside. It was actually glowing! It felt so sore and bruised. Hurriedly she stripped off her uniform, her silk knickers and her little training bra. In their place she dug out a pair of navy blue knickers that she hadn't worn for a long time and a pair of blue, knee length socks. She pulled a face at her reflection in the mirror. She grabbed a flannel and hastily wiped what little make-up she was wearing from her face. She put her skirt and blouse back on and pulled out her hated school tie from the cupboard. She hated wearing the light blue and dark blue striped thing, it screamed the word 'schoolgirl' to all and sundry. A word she was desperate to avoid at her mature age. She took her blazer from the hanger, the two enamel badges she wore with some pride that indicated she was both a Form Captain and a Prefect were still pinned to the left lapel. She decided to leave them on, despite their clear confirmation of her schoolgirl status. A quick brush through her blonde hair and she was ready. She decided to play smart and called for a cab, she just daren't be late.

Chapter 5

“Not guilty.”

Judge Ghulam Siddiqui looked over his half moon lenses at the young woman in front of him. She'd drawn herself up to her full height and spoken the words confidently and clearly. For a white woman she was fairly impressive. Her suit was beautifully cut and her hair and make-up were immaculate. He looked down at his notes again. She was he noted with some pleasure, appealing her original sentence. She'd confirmed her name as Catherine Hunter and that her age was twenty-five. She was currently a resident at Hardwicke House, which was one of his favourites. He glanced at the pictures of her in her various demeaning, Hardwicke uniforms trying to decide which his preference was. In the background he was dimly aware of the woman's lawyer droning on about her good works and the various character references she had dredged from somewhere. At the same time he couldn't help but imagine Miss Hunter stripped of her fancy suits and tied over a caning bench. He imagined that she wouldn't look quite so arrogant then. He turned a page; here was a list of her official punishments. He noticed that she'd had a fair few canings from the delightful governor, Miss Lakhani. The latest one in fact had been a public beating, in front of Miss Hunter's fellow students and the assembled staff. He sat back slightly to ease the pressure on his rapidly thickening cock. He knew for a certain fact that those canings had been interspersed with many unofficial 'corrections'.

His pleasant reverie was interrupted by the realisation that the defendant's lawyer, a little chit of a thing by the name of Church was looking expectantly at him.

“You may sit down, Miss Church, thank you.”

A tall handsome Pakistani man stood up and began the case for the prosecution. He was very good; he described Catherine Hunter as a member of the 'privileged white elite'. He explained that her wealthy parents had sent her to expensive private schools which had enabled her to be given a place at Cambridge. From their parental money and influence had enabled her to start an IT business which had flourished. Flourished due to the fact that many of her technical workers were Asian. These good young Muslims had been the backbone of the operation. However, according to reports these young people were scandalously underpaid and overworked. By contrast, the exclusively white management team paid themselves handsomely and did little actual work. He proceeded to hand out pictures of Catherine's management team on various junkets and holidays that they'd gone on together. Many of them depicted the scantily dressed women drinking and cavorting. Judge Siddiqui shook his head theatrically when presented with the 'evidence'.

The lawyer for the prosecution then went on to describe how a hardworking young black girl, taken on as a PA had begun to turn the place around. She'd discovered a network of lies and corruption and had gone to Catherine Hunter with the evidence. Rather than give her the respect that her hard work and diligence had earned, her boss, Catherine Hunter, had called her into the office, racially and physically attacked her and had then fired her on the spot. Judge Siddiqui smiled as he heard the low mumble of discontent from the floor of the court room. And now, continued the lawyer that same Catherine Hunter had the bare-faced cheek to appear before this court to demand her case be thrown out! In the prosecution's opinion the woman's sentence should be extended, certainly not reduced.

Sat alongside Catherine, Lucy Church squirmed uncomfortably. This was going as badly as she feared it would. She had almost begged Catherine not to appeal her case. There was no chance that the sentence would be overturned. Asian judges certainly never contradicted each other in terms of decisions. She knew that the prosecution's case was nonsense, so did Judge Siddiqui in all probability. But these sorts of trials were seized upon by the rabidly pro-Muslim media to 'prove' how badly they were treated by their former white masters. Almost unbelievably though, Catherine had to chosen to ignore her advice and to trust in British Justice. She had even tried to avoid taking the case but to her dismay found that it had already been assigned to her. A young, white female hoping to make her way in the profession, such as Lucy, certainly couldn't pick and choose her cases in the current political climate.

Judge Siddiqui began his summing up by praising the prosecution team's 'unstinting efforts' before moving onto the appeal itself,

“I have heard the various character references produced by the defendant, and I must say that they are most impressive. I have read the list of the defendant's charitable work, and the organisations to which she belongs. Both of which are commendable.”

He paused to look at Catherine Hunter and smiled as he caught her eye.

"And as a consequence I have decided to increase her sentence by only six months rather than the year that I originally had in mind. I am not convinced that she has shown due contrition for her overwhelming white privilege. I also recommend that she be given a twenty stroke caning on her return to Hardwicke House for wasting the court's time. The sentence is now one and a half years and will start as from today. The case against Miss Hunter is upheld, take the prisoner down"

He looked across at Catherine again and felt a sexual buzz as he saw her proud, aristocratic face crumple. Just for a minute she had thought she was going to get away with it.

"Miss Church, I haven't quite finished with you. If you could remain once the prisoner is removed please."

Lucy felt her guts turn to water. She barely registered a weeping Catherine being shackled and then humiliatingly pushed and pulled out to a waiting RE van.

"Stand up please, Miss Church." Shaking, the attractive young lawyer did as she was told. "Miss Church, even by your rather low standards this was a poorly fought case. Why on earth you encouraged Miss Hunter to pursue this rather hopeless course of action is beyond me. I can only assume that you imagined that you knew better than Judge Obeng and I. Such arrogance cannot go unpunished, and as such I hereby sentence you to 6 months for contempt of court and a further 6 months for bringing a vexatious case to this court. Both sentences to run consecutively, and rather than going to prison, which would of course curtail your career, I will allow you to be assigned to Hardwicke House, take her down please."

Within minutes Lucy Church found herself kneeling opposite her former client in the back of the RE van. Like Catherine her suit jacket had been pulled off her shoulders to pinion her arms by her sides. Similarly she was held erect in a kneeling position by a large black hand which was painfully gripping her hair. Each woman was a witness to the others humiliation. The two guards talked animatedly over their heads about last night's football as if having two white, middle-class women kneel at their feet was the most common thing in the world. After a while the talk turned to the women.

"You looking forward to your caning, you racist bitch?" asked one of them.

When there was no immediate reply he casually reached down and pinched Catherine's nipple between thumb and forefinger through the thin material of her silk blouse. He squeezed and twisted at the same time produced an immediate squeal of pain.

"I asked you a question, bitch."

"Aaahh...n...no sir, I...I'm not, sir."

"It's gonna sting a little don't you think, princess? How many strokes was it again?" Asked the other man.

"T...twenty, s...sir." Catherine stuttered her reply. Twenty strokes of the cane! She'd never received more than six before. Even her dreadfully humiliating public caning was only six strokes. She could feel the tears already coursing down her cheeks.

"Haha, look at the little slut. She's already crying her eyes out!"

"Ha, she hasn't even felt the stick across her fat arse yet."

"Wonder which rod Miss Lakhani has put aside for her?"

"Surely the heavy one, old Siddiqui would expect that wouldn't he?"

"You'd think so wouldn't you?"

He leaned forward again and pinched and mauled Catherine's other nipple.

"What do you think princess, any ideas?"

Catherine shrieked again. "N...no sir, no idea sir."

The other warden slapped Lucy Church across one of her delicate, flushed cheeks.

"

And how about you, you stuck-up little bitch? You've always thought yourself better than us haven't you? Prancing around in your expensive clothes, trying to do a man's job and failing every other week. What's going to happen to you at Hardwicke, do you think?"

"I...I don't know...leave me alone...please."

He shook her by her hair.

"I asked you a question you little bitch?"

Lucy burst into tears while both men just laughed. The mocking and manhandling of the two unfortunate women continued until just before they arrived back at Hardwicke House. The women both had their blouses hurriedly rebuttoned before the back doors swung open and they were handed over to the tender mercies of the Reformatory staff. Miss Kahn smiled at the sight of a dishevelled Caroline Hunter and, holding her by the hair, spat straight into her face.

"So glad you could make it again, Hunter. Are you glad to be back? We have orders to take you straight to Miss Lakhani; she's got something special for you."

Between her and the other female guard they took Catherine by her arms and rapidly frog-marched her through the austere corridors, half dragging her when her shackles meant she couldn't keep up. A knock at the Governor's door and they were admitted. Behind her desk sat Miss Lakhani, calm and sophisticated despite her obvious youthfulness. She steepled her fingers and smiled humourlessly at Catherine.

"Ah, Hunter. How nice to see you again. I have just spoken to the esteemed Judge Siddiqui. I'm afraid I have to agree with his recommendation, if anything I feel he's being a little too lenient. Anyway, it's time for you to get yourself over the caning bench."

The plump Pakistani woman unbuttoned her own smart jacket and laid it on the desk.

"Please Madame...please...don't cane me...please, I...I couldn't stand twenty strokes...please."

"Do shut up, you silly little girl. One more word from you and I'll make it twenty five strokes."

Carefully she unbuttoned the right-hand sleeve of her crisp white blouse and rolled it up to her elbow. In the meantime the guards had removed Catherine's shackles from her ankles and wrists and then guided her over the wooden bench. Her expensive skirt suit was almost torn off her and she was left standing in just her heels, stockings, knickers and dark blue silk blouse. Catherine was already crying, she'd realised the futility of begging and had managed to bite her lip. She allowed herself to be strapped across the splay-legged bench and then waited for the inevitable. She heard the click of heels and then suddenly the small Pakistani was in her vision. She could see her ostentatiously flexing a long, meaty looking rod.

"I'm not going to pretend this won't hurt, Hunter. It's going to hurt a great deal. I want you to understand that there will be no more vexatious appeals; you will serve your entirely justified eighteen month sentence here at Hardwicke House. And that, as I'm sure you're aware is the absolute minimum term you will spend within the walls of this fine institution. Do you understand?"

She used the tip of the cane to bring Catherine's eyes level with her own.

"Y...yes, Madame. I understand, Madame," croaked the terrified former businesswoman.

"Good, then let's begin. Count them for me please, Miss Hunter."

Catherine squirmed in her Velcro straps, but she was held too firmly to avoid punishment. She heard the familiar whistle of the Malacca cane before it bit into the meat of her bottom. And then...for a brief second, nothing. But then an absolutely agonising streak of pure pain radiated through her backside.

Aaaaagh. O...One, Madame."

Whhaaack

"Aaaah.Two,m... Madame." she managed to gasp out.

Whiiip.

"Ohhhh, p...please Madame. th...three, Madame."

Whhhoop

"Ahhhhgh...aaargh....aahhh. F...four Madame."

Whhaapp!

Aaaagh!! Fiiiive, Madame! Please...please...no more. She knew she was demeaning herself but she just didn't care.

Catherine was in agony, she dimly registered the stick rattling against the wood of the bench. Was that it? Was she being reprieved for some unaccountable reason?

"I have some calls to make, Hunter. Don't go away will you? Miss Kahn could you go and fetch me a coffee please, black and one sugar."

And that's how she was left, crying and whimpering with her backside striped and no doubt bruised. The throbbing in her cheeks hurt like hell. Was that it? Please God let that be it, she'd be so grateful and so obedient if that turned out to be the case. Ooooh, her bottom hurt sooo much! She squirmed and twisted in an attempt to alleviate the pain, but it was no use. What on earth was she thinking of, demanding a re-trial? Didn't poor little Lucy advise her strongly not to do it? Once again she'd refused to take advice on board.

Chapter 6

Chloe wiped the sweat off her forehead and tried to concentrate on the job in hand. The basement was a warm, humid place at the best of times but with the temperature outside in the mid 20's the windowless room had become quite oppressive. There was no time for a break, however. Not that Chloe could take a break without asking for permission, especially when she knew it wouldn't be given. Miss Sitole had graciously allowed her to remove her heavy wool blazer and even roll up the sleeves of her blue blouse, but her school tie was still chokingly tight around her throat. At the moment she was on her hands and knees and using a small dustpan and brush to make sure she got every scrap of dirt off the linoleum floor. This whole situation was so frustrating, she could imagine all her friends in their smart suits learning actual useful stuff and meeting interesting people in the nice offices they were working in. Whereas she was being used as a skivvy and had spoken to hardly anyone in this dreadful business. Thank God it was Friday, the week had dragged by with agonising slowness. She had been spanked and bullied on a fairly regular basis, both things she knew were unacceptable. Just wait until her school heard about her treatment! The thought of their reaction did give her a very slight feeling of satisfaction. She was actually looking forward to school on Monday morning!

The door opened behind her, it was Ade, a girl of her own age who was also on work experience. The difference was that the black girl wore a beautiful suit and had her hair done in a particularly attractive manner. She looked down at Chloe and smirked.

"Miss Akinwande wants to see you in her office, Hunter. I'd run along if I were you. You don't want another...do you?"

She slapped her own prominent backside by way of explanation. Chloe grit her teeth and didn't rise to the bait. Ade was the sort of plump, spoiled little black girl who was so beneath her socially, intellectually, and in appearance that she barely registered on Chloe's radar. But here, at Hunter Associates, she was certainly regarded as Chloe's superior and both of them knew it. It also appeared that Ade wasn't expected to wear her school uniform either. Although she wasn't exactly blessed with good looks, the combination of her clothes, her physique and her sophisticated hairstyle at least made her look like a young adult. Chloe on the other hand looked like a sweating, dishevelled little girl. She wondered what Ade had been doing for the last week. Certainly something more useful and interesting and than anything she'd been engaged in, she reflected bitterly. What a waste of time the whole miserable experience had been. And now she had to go up to spiteful Aula's office. Hurriedly she unrolled her shirt sleeves and buttoned up her blazer. She wasn't sure if that was necessary but she was unwilling to risk it.

As she mounted the stairs to Aula's office she surreptitiously straightened her tie and brushed her hair into some sort of order. She now wore a blue Alice band in her hair, only because Aula had discovered that it was a common choice for the younger girls at Chloe's private school. Before she knocked on the door she made sure her blue socks were pulled up to her knees. Hopefully this was the last time she'd have to deal with the fat bitch. Aula looked up and smiled as the younger Hunter entered her office. It always made her happy to rub the entitled little brat's nose in the humiliation of her sister's downfall. She didn't offer her intern a chair.

"So, Miss Hunter, how do you think your work experience has gone?" asked Aula with disarming friendliness.

"Erm, well...okay, I suppose. Not too bad." She desperately tried to summon a little enthusiasm for her miserable week.

"Not bad? Asked Aula raising her eyebrows a little."You don't seem over-enthused?"

"No, well...I didn't actually get to do much..." Chloe trailed off lamely.

"Don't worry, dear. I have an idea. Stay right there."

The Nigerian woman picked up her desk phoned and dialled.

"Hello, good morning. I'd like to speak to Miss Wilson please. My name is Miss Akinwande, from Hunter Associates."

Chloe was mystified, what had Miss Wilson to do with the current situation? She'd be back at school on Monday.

"Miss Wilson? Yes, Aula Akinwande here. I'm afraid everything isn't okay, Miss Wilson. We've had difficulties with your work experience girl, yes Chloe Hunter. I'm sorry to say that she's been quite the disappointment. Her time-keeping is dreadful and her attitude has been...shall we say unhelpful. I'm afraid that this doesn't reflect well on either you personally or the school. I was afraid this sort of resentful, jealous situation might arise. I have spoken to my contacts at Racial

Equality and they've assured me that this is totally unacceptable. Well, yes Miss Wilson, I quite understand and I do accept your apology. But my question is this, how am I going to be reimbursed for a wasted week of work experience? Yes, yes, I do have an idea. I'd like to retain Miss Hunter's services for another week. Let's hope that this week has been an aberration. I'll give her a chance to redeem herself, yes as you say, a clean slate as it were. Good, good, thank you. Obviously I'll mention your compliance when I speak with my colleagues at RE. Goodbye."

Chloe stood there absolutely bewildered, what had just happened? Did she hear correctly, was she being sent for a second week of work experience?

Aula looked at her with a smug expression.

"I'm so glad that little piece of unpleasantness has been resolved Chloe dear, aren't you?"

"But what...?"

"Nothing too difficult for you to comprehend, Miss Hunter, I hope? Due to your attitude and demeanour you're going to be returning on Monday morning at 8am. Do make sure your uniform is immaculate, I will be checking you know."

She giggled in the high-pitched way she had.

"What are you waiting for dear? Run along now and have a nice weekend. Oh, and Chloe?"

"Yes, Miss Akinwande?"

"I'd get a shower when you get home if I were you. You smell a little...ripe if I'm honest."

Chloe turned and blundered her way tearfully out of her sister's former office. How could Aula be so cruel to her? She'd slaved away pointlessly for a week and gained nothing from the experience and yet she'd been ordered back to repeat it next week! What was Miss Wilson playing at? She was still upset when she got home. Her mother noticed immediately and soon the truth was out. Felicity Hunter was furious, not only had the black bitch stolen her older daughter's business and had her imprisoned, but now she was attempting to control her younger daughter as well! Well, she'd see about that. She called the school and arranged a meeting with Sally Wilson for 9am the following morning.

Chapter 7

Lucy lay huddled and terrified in her cell deeply traumatised by the events of the day. This morning she was a well-paid, respected solicitor. Now she was a prisoner in a racially segregated prison. Yes, she knew all about Hardwicke House via her many clients who'd been sent here. She was under no illusion regarding the ambition of places like Hardwicke; they'd been established to cow and to intimidate the white, female population of the country. She smiled grimly to herself when she remembered the many articles she'd read just a few years ago that called for greater understanding and appreciation of the diverse cultures that had recently been encouraged to settle here. She shook her head, how could she and her liberal, feminist friends have been so gullible? The rapidly rising immigrant population had by and large been allowed to keep their cultural practises. Never mind that in many cases they were deeply misogynist or homophobic or even racist, they were excused and in some cases encouraged as examples of 'diversity'. So intent on been seen to be reasonable, the government of the day had passed laws and regulations that virtually compelled the indigenous population to accept and even respect the regressive practises that the newcomers had brought with them from their own socially backward countries.

The treatment of women, for example had taken giant steps backwards in Lucy's opinion. Her own profession had shed hundreds and hundreds of female legal executives over the last few years. There were no longer any white female judges for example on the circuit that Lucy worked on; in fact there were very few white men. Law had become notoriously difficult for white graduates to enter. So called positive discrimination had swung the pendulum completely the other way. And, she reflected bitterly, had allowed incompetent buffoons like Obeng and Siddiqui to thrive and prosper. Now she herself was caught in the web, she'd been planning for some time to pack her bags and flee to somewhere more amenable but the health of her mother had deteriorated to such an extent that she had to stay and look after. She'd recently passed away and Lucy was planning to use her inheritance and her savings to go away and make a new life. But now it looked as if she'd left it too late to make her move. Miserably she wiped away a tear and tried to get comfortable on her small lumpy bed.

Catherine Hunter squirmed and sobbed over the hard wooden bench. She was now half way through her allotted twenty stroke 'welcome back' caning as Miss Lakhani had described it. Her bottom felt it was on fire, she dread to think what it might look like with ten ridges already decorating it, and she still had another ten to come! She cried and wailed piteously but it seemed as if the governor was completely unmoved. She held a telephone to her ear.

"Yes, that is her you can hear, judge. We're exactly half way through. How's she taking it? Let's go over and ask her shall we?"

She could see Miss Lakhani's glossy, black, high-heeled pumps in front of her. The woman squatted by her side and put her phone to Catherine's mouth.

"Say hello to Judge Siddiqui, Hunter. He just called to see how you were. Isn't that nice of him, he worries about you, you see."

"H...hello, sir."

"Good afternoon, Miss Hunter. I do hope you're behaving yourself?"

"Yes sir...oh yes, sir...I am, sir, I am." She choked out her reply, fervently hoping that he believed her. She would have said anything and agreed to anything if only her caning could be halted.

"How many strokes have you had, Miss Hunter?"

"T...ten, sir. Ooooh...ten."

"Do they sting a little, girl?"

Did they sting a little!? They were absolutely agonising, her poor buttocks felt as if she'd sat on a griddle.

"Y...yes, sir. They do s...sting, sir."

"How many more, Miss Hunter."

“Oooohh, ten sir...please sir.”

She knew that he knew exactly how many strokes she had remaining and that he just wanted to hear her say it. He was such a sadistic little bastard. Miss Lakhani took the phone away and laid it on the ground beneath Catherine’s head.

“Five more, Hunter. This time you need to count and then thank Judge Siddiqui for each one. Nice and loud now so that he can hear you, please.”

Catherine wriggled and struggled but she couldn’t get her bare bottom away from Miss Lakhani’s insistent cane tapping against her backside.

“Please, miss...please, miss. No more, miss.”

The young Pakistani smiled as she raised the stick above her head. Oh how she loved her job.

Whaaack!

The first stroke landed with a resounding crack across Catherine’s already wealed bottom. She was rewarded with a shriek from her victim.

“Well, Hunter? We’re waiting.” She asked in an eminently reasonable voice.

“Oooohhh, eleven. Thank you Judge Siddiqui. Oooohhh!”

Twenty five miles away Judge Ghulam Siddiqui gently massaged his straining penis that he’d released from his immaculate slacks. It wasn’t as good as being there, but it was still pretty damned good. He lay back in his comfortable leather chair and imagined her snooty, entitled middle-class; white face screwed up in pain and covered in snot and tears.

Craaack!

“Aaaaghh....Th...th...thirteen. Thank y...you J...Judge Siddiqui.”

Siddiqui’s tongue lolled out of his slack jaw as he masturbated with one hand and listened to his phone with the other. How many strokes was she due, seven more? He doubted if he could hold out that long. He’d give it a bloody good try though.

Chapter 8

Felicity Hunter's morning wasn't going well. First the meeting had been delayed for an hour because Miss Wilson had requested a member of the school's management team to attend the meeting. When he eventually appeared he turned out to be a tall, imperious Asian gentleman in a turban. He slowly and carefully placed his overcoat, his umbrella and his newspaper on the desk and sat down wearily. Without a word of apology for his tardiness the man launched straight into that morning's business.

"Which of you is Miss Wilson?"

The small, mousy looking teacher raised her arm like a schoolgirl.

"Good, my name is Singh. I'll be representing the interests of the school in this matter. Please, explain this unfortunate situation."

He listened intently as Miss Wilson outlined what had gone on, nodding and shaking his head as appropriate.

"Good, thank you, Miss Wilson. What appears to be the issue? This girl, Miss...erm?"

"Miss Hunter, Mr Singh."

"Yes, thank you, this girl, Miss Hunter has clearly let herself and the school down during the last week. As far as I understand it, the owner of the business where her work experience took place has kindly agreed to let her attempt to remedy the situation by repeating that week. Where is the problem?"

"Just one second, Mr Singh. My daughter has a very busy few weeks of revision ahead of her. She can hardly spend one week on work experience, and certainly not two. I don't want her to attend another week of work experience with that dreadful woman. Do you know she was spanked over there? Spanked! While on her work experience! Have you ever heard anything so ridiculous?"

Mr Singh took off his spectacles and pinched the bridge of his nose. There were certain types of parents at the school that he absolutely loathed. Unfortunately this arrogant, pompous woman was one of them. It was quite clear to him now why her husband had run off with a younger, happier model.

"Mrs Hunter, I believe? Under the new government regulations, schools are not allowed to turn down work experience opportunities for their pupils. Similarly a pupil may not leave a work experience scheme until the employers are satisfied that their work experience pupil has learned and understood how the business in question works. Unfortunately your daughter seems to have not taken anything on board regarding the business. Indeed, Miss Akinwande has called me personally and explained the situation from her point of view. She described your daughter as spoiled, resentful, and motivated by racial prejudice. Those are very serious issues, Mrs Hunter, and we as a school have to examine them very seriously. I've taken advice on this from the school's legal team and it appears very much as if Miss Akinwande is well within her rights to request that your daughter here repeat her work experience. Miss Akinwande is a well-respected business woman within the community; she's certainly not the type of person that the school can afford to offend."

Felicity Hunter was quite flabbergasted by the little speech. Was she hearing things correctly? Was her darling daughter really going to have to go back and work for the woman who'd stolen the business from poor Catherine? It was absolutely outrageous! Where was the justice in that? She opened her mouth to complain, but at that moment Mr Singh put up his hand to silence her. He was looking at the screen of his mobile phone.

"I have a text from Miss Akinwande. She tells me that she is very annoyed that Chloe hasn't reported for work yet and expects to see her within the next thirty minutes."

"How dare she demand anything? We are in a meeting; Chloe can't be in two places at once. Not that it's any business of that bitch Aula, of course."

Mr Singh and Miss Wilson exchanged nervous glances.

"I don't think that's very helpful, Mrs Hunter. We know you're upset, but I'm afraid that Miss Akinwande does have the law on her side. There isn't anything to be gained not taking Chloe back to Hunter Associates. Indeed I believe it's a

legal requirement that all girls, including Chloe, attend whatever work placement they've been allocated." Said Miss Wilson nervously.

How she hated situations like this. In the last few months alone there had been at least ten incidents like this where girls from the school had been required to attend work experience schemes that they had no interest in and in her opinion had no real value. The first time she had brought this up with the school management she'd received a visit from two rather unpleasant, uniformed officials from Racial Equality who quickly made it clear to her that turning down any placement with any black or Asian owned business would be taken as a particularly racist act. Both the school and she personally would naturally be held to account, and did she want that? Sally Wilson was particularly unhappy at the inference, she definitely considered herself to be very progressive in terms of her own politics. She'd gone on several marches and written in the comments section of Left-wing publications to that exact effect, and here she was being accused of racism! It was totally unacceptable. Despite her protestations the RE officials left her in no doubt what the outcome of removing any of the girls from any non-white business would be.

Sally knew of course what had happened to Catherine Hunter and to her business. At the time she remembered thinking that Catherine's behaviour was so unlike the girl she remembered from Highgate, but perhaps that there was no smoke without fire. Perhaps, the general consensus was, Catherine's business ambition had made her act in what the local newspapers had described as an 'unacceptably racist manner'. Having listened to the two officials she was having to rapidly reassess those opinions. Obviously there was something else going on, but she certainly didn't want to challenge it. Like the rest of her friends and colleagues, she'd seen pictures in the local newspaper of Catherine in her humiliating Hardwicke House uniform and read the rather salacious detail of what the racist business owner could look forward to behind the forbidding walls of the Re-education Centre. She like them believed that discretion was the better part of valour.

Mr Singh nodded his agreement and looked at his watch.

"If you have your car with you, Mrs Hunter, it might be a good idea for you to set off now and drop Chloe into town. You'll probably just about make it within the time-scale."

Furiously, Felicity Hunter got to her feet and searched in her bag for her car keys. She looked at the nervous woman who was trying not to catch her eye.

"Thank you, Miss Wilson. You've been so very...helpful."

Sally kept her head well down and didn't even attempt to reply.

As the silver BMW sped along the road into the town, there was a buzz from Chloe's mobile phone. She read the message and swallowed nervously before passing it on to her visibly furious mother,

"It's from Miss Akinwande, mummy. She wants to see us both in her office just as soon as we get there. I...I hope that okay? We should probably do it...you know what Miss Wilson and that man said."

Felicity grasped the wheel even more tightly but didn't reply. The car accelerated just that little bit more. By the time they'd found a parking space and half-run, half-walked to the familiar office in the town-centre, Felicity's anger had abated a little. Sally Wilson was right, there was no real point in being so annoyed, what would that gain her or more to the point, gain Chloe? There was no real sense in antagonizing the black bitch. But perhaps if she played her cards correctly that pleasure would be hers somewhere down the line?

She breezed through the double doors and up the stairs with Chloe in tow. Her daughter couldn't help but notice the glances and whispered comments as the two made their way towards the management offices.

"Is she in Catherine's old office, darling?"

Chloe nodded uncertainly, this didn't seem right somehow. She knew from her previous experiences that she wasn't allowed upstairs without specific permission. When they reached the door, Felicity banged on it impatiently and then glanced at her watch. Good grief, half the morning had already gone. The door opened to reveal a scowling Aula Akinwande.

"How dare you knock on my door like that? Why haven't you reported to reception?"

Felicity was slightly taken aback; the room itself held so many happy memories for her with regarding to her helping Catherine grow Hunter Associates. She had given Catherine quite a sum of money to enable her to realise her dream, and spent many hours supporting her daughter. But now the room contained Catherine's nemesis, squat, ugly, black Aula.

"You wanted to see me, Aula?" She maintained her cool, "and here I am."

Aula looked furious, "you, girl. Go and report to Miss Sitole and explain why you're three hours late for work." She shouted at Chloe who was stood sheepishly behind her mother.

Before Felicity could say anything, her youngest daughter scurried away as directed by her boss. Miss Akinwande turned and stalked back to her desk. Felicity followed and sat herself down in the one available chair without being invited to do so. Aula took a deep breath and let it pass.

"Thank you for coming to see me, Mrs Hunter. I have a couple of things I need to discuss with you."

"Before you start, Aula. I'm not happy how you talk to my daughter; she's still at school for goodness sake. She doesn't actually work for you. She's not used to being shouted at like that. If anything It's my fault she was late this morning. I've just come from a meeting at the school. "

"I know all about your meeting, Mrs Hunter. As the employer I have to be kept up to date with all developments."

She had never liked Felicity Hunter. She was typical of her type, wealthy, arrogant, and aloof. Always well-dressed and immaculately made-up. She'd probably never done a stroke of real work in her life. She had never really spoken with Aula, even when she was briefly Catherine's PA. It was as if speaking with her daughter's employees was somehow beneath her.

"What is it you wish to speak about?"

Aula smiled to herself and began. She was not satisfied with Chloe, not at all. She didn't like her appearance or her attitude or her time-keeping or her work ethic. She knew that Chloe resented her because of the whole Catherine incident, but it was her, Aula, who was trying to reach out, to build bridges, to put the past behind them by giving Chloe the opportunity to re-establish herself in the business. After all, Catherine would one day return to the office; wouldn't it be nice for her to know that her sister had gained some valuable experience in Hunter Associates? That was one reason why she hadn't changed the name, incidentally. Aula knew she wouldn't be running the business for ever. She saw herself as a sort of stop gap until either Catherine returned, or Chloe was old enough to assume the reigns. The Nigerian woman could see that Felicity had been taken in by her bullshit and had thawed a little.

"So, Felicity, do you mind if I call Felicity by the way? You can see why perhaps that Chloe's rather offhand attitude has mystified both me and some of my senior management team? If we weren't interested in reintegrating Chloe into the Hunter Associates family, we wouldn't have required her attendance as a work experience girl. Does that make sense to you?"

In a perverse sort of way it did, she thought grudgingly. Although she resented Aula enormously and would never forgive her for what she'd done to Catherine, the fact was that she didn't have to give Chloe any sort of work experience if she didn't want to.

"I suppose so, Aula. My only issue is that Chloe has some very important exams coming up that she can't possibly fail if she intends to go to a good university."

Aula Akinwande nodded her head as if she cared and made sympathetic noises. She had a certain inclination that Mrs Hunter's beloved younger daughter wouldn't be attending any sort of university, never mind a good one anytime in the immediate future. She had other plans in mind for that particular snooty little madam.

That first morning back had been terrible for Chloe. First she'd been shouted at for a good ten minutes by Miss Sitole. Where had she been, what time did she call this, why was she wearing tights again rather than socks, where was her Alice band? Did she think she could get away with showing such blatant disrespect? Hey, did she? She'd had her face slapped and her ears twisted and her hair pulled. Then Miss Sitole had stripped her of her blazer and dragged Chloe over her bony knees, pulling the girl's skirt up she then proceeded to slap her bottom and thighs just as hard as she could. This time though it wasn't just her hand. From a nearby table Miss Sitole had picked up a hairbrush and began to belabour Chloe's tender, young backside with the back of it. This time Chloe really squealed she kicked her little legs and struggled for all she was worth but Miss Sitole was far too strong. She had a large collection of younger brothers and sisters who were much more vigorous than the little white girl and fought much harder than her when they were being chastised. If only the girl's arrogant mother could see her now thought Miss Sitole with an unaccustomed little smile.

Eventually she was let up and proceeded straight to the 'spanked little girl' dance which so amused Miss Sitole. No matter how wealthy or pretty or clever a girl was, she would always attempt a similar dance following her punishment. Thirty minutes of corner-time soon sorted that particular situation and this time it certainly worked for Chloe. Her skirt was pinned to her blouse and her knickers removed leaving her glowing red buttocks as proof positive of the efficacy of Miss Sitole's methods. Eventually she was allowed to redress herself minus her tights. Tights were never to be worn in the office by junior staff, didn't she know that? She had to put her shoes back on over her bare feet. She was given a pound by Miss Sitole and told to go and buy herself a pair of white ankle socks. And while she was out she may as well go and get everyone's coffee order for them. But first she had to go and ask the management and senior office staff for their order and write it down in her cute little pad. Her work experience was going to plan, as usual she thought. She was learning so much!

Chapter 9

Lucy Church was learning a lot as well, learning that her assumptions regarding Hardwicke were correct. If anything the stories she had heard had underplayed the situation at this terrible place. Being dragged out of bed at 6am, the gruelling cross-country run in her shameful gym-kit, cold showers and inadequate breakfast wasn't an ideal start to the day, but as far as the residents of Hardwicke House were concerned it was merely a normal part of their regime. There was no point in complaining, she's learned that very quickly. All the staff carried canes or straps and were very willing to use them. The merest hint of insubordination or reluctance was dealt with quickly and efficiently. There was an almost overwhelming atmosphere of terror. Lucy had been here and had hardly spoken to her fellow inmates. First of all their days were strictly regimented and planned. They had almost no free or unsupervised time. Talking in the long gloomy corridors was frowned upon, casual chatter in the classrooms was strictly forbidden. Then, in the evenings the women had about fifteen minutes of 'personal time' depending on the whim of their particular warden. Often they were rushing to wash, brush their teeth and put their ridiculous, tight two-piece pyjamas on before lights out at 10pm. From those brief, snatched minutes, Lucy had learned that the women on either side of her were called MaryAnne and Jemima and were respectively thirty years old and from Manchester and twenty-eight and from London. And that was pretty much it, why they were here, what they used to do for a living, she had no idea.

She had spoken with the Governor, however. The Pakistani woman was about the same age as her but was dressed almost regally in an obviously expensive skirt and crisp blouse. The contrast with her foolish and humiliating Hardwicke House uniform couldn't have been greater, and that was a part of the point she supposed. The woman, Miss Lakhani had quickly explained to her that she was now, as far as the State was concerned, a racist criminal, and therefore trash. There was no recourse to the law, as she should well know. Her sentence was one year minimum and she would most certainly serve that time. There would be no 'time off for good behaviour' or any of that old fashioned nonsense. Good behaviour was required as a very minimum, but no doubt she'd soon discover that for herself.

From then on Lucy was plunged into a whirlwind of lessons, chores, uniform inspections, bellowing wardens and very strict discipline. To try and keep her mind from her ordeal, Lucy tried to keep a score of the number of misapplications of the law that she personally witnessed almost every day. She soon gave up however as the numbers quickly mounted. Hardwicke House, she soon realised, was above the law. What happened daily behind those austere walls that would once have summoned a horde of Human Rights lawyers was now ignored and regarded as normal behaviour. Lucy certainly wouldn't have been surprised to discover an actual Human Rights lawyer or two incarcerated as she was. With a shiver she realised that the legal system that she knew and loved was slowly but surely falling under the control of people who were determined to mould it to their own purposes. They had absolutely no respect for it themselves, but they realised the power they could wield if they were able to control it. Corrupt, useless judges like Siddiqui, she realised, would soon become the norm rather than the exception. Promoted way beyond his experience and ability in order to meet divisive cultural quotas, Siddiqui was a classic example of his kind. The problem was that soon he and his ilk would soon be a majority rather than an irritating minority.

Lucy knew of course that she'd been committed to Hardwicke House illegally, but what could she do? Who could she appeal to? She had been sent to the reformatory because of who she was and the message to other young, female, white lawyers was clear. Toe the line, or else. Trying to take on the new legal establishment wouldn't just end in defeat but in humiliating incarceration as well. Lucy promised herself that once she was out of the nightmare she found herself in, that's exactly what she would be doing. She was no hero after all, just a young woman trying to make her way in the world.

Chapter 10

Catherine was so stiff and cramped that just for a second she stood erect and stretched. It felt good but it wasn't a position she could keep for long. She was bound to attract the attention of the overseers sooner or later, and unfortunately they all carried long, thin canes. That was what they were actually called as well, overseers, a conscious hark back to when it was black bodies labouring away in fields rather than white ones. All around her there were inmates from Hardwicke making Social Reparation, as it was known. Social Reparation was a comparatively recent phenomenon. Originally it had been started by guilt-ridden left-wingers, conscious of their own 'white privilege'. Both men and women volunteered themselves in a variety of ways to 'atone' for the sins of their ancestors. The wealthy surrendered part of their money through self-chosen tithe schemes. They automatically gave a fixed percentage of their monthly income to a scheme set up to repay black and Asian immigrants for their historical mistreatment. Those without excess funds volunteered their skills, or just their time for free.

At first the people who did this were viewed with a certain amount of amusement, as if this sort of vapid virtue-signalling was a legitimate exercise. However, as time passed and a succession of left-wing governments followed, these sorts of voluntary acts became enshrined into law. The Social Reparation Bill made it a legal requirement for the white population to make some sort of repayment for what their ancestors had done two hundred years ago. When people attempted to point out that their own particular ancestors had led blameless, agricultural based lives as opposed to working in the slave-trade for example, they were simply shouted down. No, every white person in the country had a legal duty, an obligation, to 'make things right'. Hardwicke House had merely taken that to its logical conclusion and made its inmates work as 'field hands' as they were known. That's how, on a warm and pleasant Thursday afternoon Catherine Hunter, former entrepreneur and business owner found herself pulling up carrots on a black-owned farm. Within her limited field of view she could see a teacher, a civil servant, and a former politician struggling at their back-breaking job. Each had a sack which they were filling. At the end of the day, the target weight would be revealed. Any field hand who had not picked the required weight of carrots would be caned over their extremely tight, green shorts.

Their work uniform for this particular job was a pair of plastic sandals, the excruciatingly tight shorts, and a thin, short-sleeved, yellow nylon blouse. No matter the age or the size of the inmate, every one wore the same uniform without a pair of knickers or a bra. At the end of a long, tiring day they'd simply be marched back the way they'd come. In this particular case it would be along a winding dusty lane and through a small village. At first, Catherine had been mortified to be put on display in her humiliating uniform. She'd blushed and cried a little at the mocking, personal comments she had to put up with as they were led through villages and towns on whatever project they'd been assigned to, but now she simply ignored it. She was far more worried about meeting her quota than any words shouted at her. Being publically thrashed by the overseers in front of a small mob of yokels was far worse than been mocked. Once had back felt as if it had clicked back into place she bent to her task once again. Apart from the ache in her dead limbs and the terrible cramps, the worst part was not knowing what her actual target was. She couldn't, for example, work feverishly for an hour fill her sack, and then rest. The target was an ever-changing number over which the inmates had absolutely no control. Sometimes four sacks of carrots would be enough, other times six sacks full wouldn't meet the quota. It was just another way the wardens at Hardwicke House exerted their power.

Hours later, as it began to get dusk, the whistles sounded and the women thankfully ceased their gruelling work. A truck drove slowly down the line while the women hoisted up their own bags. Then they trekked back to the weighing station each secretly praying that they'd picked enough to satisfy the overseers. Catherine chatted to a few of the women she knew about nothing in particular, it just helped the time go quicker. A couple of months ago an inmate was interested in talking about escaping from Hardwicke and exposing what was really going on. She even went as far as to ask for people who were interested in going with her to make themselves known. Very shortly after that she'd disappeared and was never heard of again. Whether she was a true radical or a plant installed by the authorities, nobody ever found out. Nobody was that interested to be honest, all they wanted to do was to keep their noses clean, see out there time at the Reformatory and never, ever come back.

"Jordan, pass."

Their discussion was interrupted by the bellowing of the foreman.

Williams. pass."

"Gilligan." The attractive, red-haired woman talking to Catherine paused. "Fail."

The woman looked shocked and opened her mouth to say something. Catherine grabbed her hand in warning. Michaela Gilligan kept quiet but the tears rolled down her flushed cheeks.

"Sanderson-Hughes, fail." Naomi Sanderson-Hughes was the former politician who the wardens seem to take a particular pleasure in tormenting.

"Hunter." Catherine held her breath. "Pass." And then exhaled thankfully.

The roll-call continued until each of the thirty or so inmates had been accounted for. By Catherine's estimation five of them hadn't achieved their quotas. She was correct, all five were called to the front and the rest of the women line up in five rows. Each of the five had to bend forwards with their hands on their knees thrusting out their backsides encased in thin, skin-tight cotton. Each of the eight overseers then strolled down the line of well-presented buttocks and applied a single stroke to each one. It was certainly an efficient method, although Catherine was loathe to admit it. No sooner had it begun then it was almost over. No great preparation or routine, just five very well disciplined girls each with eight stripes added to their backsides. As was customary the overseers were rewarded with a deserved round of applause by the assembled peasantry, who were no doubt thinking of what they'd personally like to do now to the shamefully chastised young women.

All that remained was for the beaten inmates to rejoin their colleagues before beginning a rapid march back to Hardwicke House and the attraction of a lukewarm shower, some sort of inedible muck for dinner, two hours of prep and then another early night. Even as she marched along, Catherine had a slightly nervous feeling about tomorrow morning's Science test. She would really have to revise her weak areas tonight. Immediately behind her she could hear the constant sobbing and sniffing as poor Michaela Gilligan tried to regain control of herself before they arrived back at their hated 'home'.

Chapter 11

Lucy almost literally had to bite her lip. She was a very intelligent young woman, and had four A grades at advanced level from her expensive private school and a starred First from her extremely prestigious university to prove it. History had been one of her favourite subjects, particularly the reign of Queen Victoria and the Economy of that period. She had read a great many books and attended several lectures from eminent historians, but now she was required to listen to now was the incredible nonsense. The lessons that she and her fellow inmates had to attend had been written with a particular audience in mind. Despite her own research it seemed that almost everything she had been taught was untrue. According to her new teachers, almost every invention and technological development of the Victorian period had their origins in Africa and that the West, and Britain in particular had simply stolen those ideas leaving their original African inventors destitute. Names of people she'd never even heard of were bandied about as if they were well known. Very famous Western scientists and inventors were simply never mentioned.

There had been rumours of course that History in school and Universities was being taught with a more 'sympathetic' viewpoint towards those parts of the world that Britain had colonised many years ago. Lucy and her like-minded friends weren't particularly opposed to the idea. After all, it was only right that the oppressed should have a voice. In fact, as a Historian she was very interested in the different interpretations of the subject. This however was a perversion of the idea of diversity. What she and her fellow 'schoolgirls' had to undergo now was nothing less than propaganda. History was being rewritten in front of her very eyes. The aim, she realised, was to hammer home the message that white was inferior to every other skin colour. Europeans had only dominated Africa through trickery, every worthwhile invention and idea was of Asian or African origin. White people had given nothing to the world, only stolen.

Even Lucy bridled at this. Like her friends she was deeply conscious of what Britain had done in its colonies. But that was many years ago, all the combatants had been dead a long time. The ethos and culture of those days was so different to what it is now. How could she be held responsible for the actions of someone else's ancestors hundreds of years ago? The answer of course was simple. Catherine Hunter's fate explained the whole thing in microcosm. The rapidly growing black and Asian establishment was simply appropriating land, business and anything else they could lay their hands on. Their justification was the 'mistreatment' of their ancestors by the ancestors of the white people that currently owned all the land and successful businesses in the country. And their vehicle for carrying out their expropriation was white, Western guilt and the legal system which they had recently come to dominate. That was why the inmates of racial prisons like Hardwicke House were largely middle-class and wealthy. They generally had assets that had attracted attention in the first place.

Despite her rebellious thoughts, Lucy had no real intention of standing up from her little wooden desk and denouncing her teacher. The current one was a large, unhappy Jamaican woman with arms the size of the average man's legs. She didn't so much teach as read her text book at the sea of white faces arrayed in front of her. The pupils at Hardwicke house not only dressed like 1950's schoolgirls, but they were treated in much the same way. Sat to attention in five rows of five girls. Each small, forward-facing desk had an equally small chair attached to it, solidly wooden and non-adjustable. For the small girl like Lucy they were just about bearable, for the taller woman like Catherine they were a nightmare. Especially when all the women had to sit with their knees together and their sandals flat on the schoolroom floor. The whole atmosphere was very oppressive, but that hadn't prevented one of Lucy's fellow pupils from putting her hand up, as they were required to do before asking any sort of question. Lucy had a premonition of what that question might be, and she was right.

"Yes, girl?"

The girl shot to her feet, arms folded behind her back.

"Please, miss. Is what you're telling us actually correct, miss? Because if I remember by time at Oxford, that point about..."

That was as far as she got. The angry black woman darted over and took her by her green and yellow striped Hardwicke tie. Without a word she dragged the shocked woman to the front of the classroom and bent her over her desk. The woman's tiny, pleated skirt revealed her knicker-clad buttocks and the Jamaican simply slapped them as hard as she could. This carried on for several minutes as the humiliated, bespectacled woman fought and twisted to no avail. Her bottom was just slapped harder and harder until all the rebellion appeared to have been beaten out of her. What was also just as mad for the horrified spectators was that throughout it all the teacher made no attempt to justify the spanking. The message was clear enough, do not under any circumstances challenge the authority of the classroom teacher. When it was

finally over the crying woman was grasped by the collar of her shirt and hauled to the nearest corner Her head was pushed so that her nose was actually touching the plaster.

"Church!" Growled the still furious black woman.

Lucy shot to her feet as if her chair was suddenly on fire.

"Go and find Miss Williams and ask her if she can spare a minute of her time. Tell her I have an incident in my classroom."

"Yes, miss."

Lucy almost ran from the room, just glad to be out of that terrible atmosphere. It was only after a couple of metres that she realised the magnitude of her task. Miss Williams was Head of Discipline, a large black woman feared by just about everyone in the school, teachers included. Now she had to go and find the woman and ask her to go to Miss Martin's room. She quailed at the thought, nobody wanted to be in contact with Miss Williams for any length of time. She was notoriously bad-tempered and rude. Part of her remit was to carry out the public punishments on the school stage during morning assembly. Lucy had seen enough of those to know that Miss Williams' reputation was, if anything, understated. Even the few tough women at Hardwicke had been reduced to wailing penitents after just a couple of strokes of her wicked, pliant, bamboo cane. God only knew what she would do to a soft, academic like Caroline Carpenter. Lucy realised she didn't actually know where Miss Mathews office was. Which was good because she'd never had to go there, but bad because she simply daren't take too long in finding the woman.

Her dilemma was solved by a bellow from further down the corridor.

"You girl, what are you doing? Come here now!"

Half turning, Lucy saw a tall Asian man she'd never met before. She hurried over to him.

"What's your name girl, and what Form?"

"Please sir, it's Church, sir. Lucy Church, Form NB, sir."
She stood at attention while his beady eyes looked her up and down.

"Where are you going in such a hurry, Church?"

"P...please sir, I'm going to Miss Williams office, sir."

His sallow face lit up in a parody of a grin revealing misshapen, yellowing teeth. He placed his thin cane on one of her pert little breasts and used it to flick idly at her tie.

"Miss Williams, hey? You must have been a very naughty little girl, Church, to have been sent to see Miss Williams? Are you a naughty little girl, Church?"

"Please sir, n...no, sir. I have a message for her, sir."

The man looked disappointed for a second.

"Show me your hall-pass, Church."

Lucy bit her lip and flushed.

"P...please, sir. I d...don't have one, sir"

The man's crooked little smile returned.

"No hall-pass? I knew you were a naughty girl, Church. Come and see me in your lunch break. I'll be in the teachers Common Room, waiting for you." The tip of his cane played with her tie again. "You can explain why you think it's acceptable to roam the corridor, avoiding lessons when we meet."

"Please, sir. Yes, sir. I'm sorry sir, could you direct me to Miss Williams office , sir."

The man lifted his cane and pointed down another corridor with it.

"Last office on the left, nice and quiet if you know what I mean? Until we meet again, Church."

He turned on his heel and left her anxious and terrified behind him. What rotten luck to have met such an awful man right at that very moment. She screwed up her courage and tapped nervously on the door, half hoping there'd be nobody in the office.

"Come," answered a deep voice.

Lucy Church, veteran of a hundred courtroom battles, felt her innards turn to water.

"Well?"

The woman really was a formidable figure. Not unattractive, but very large, severe and unsmiling.

"P...please, m...miss. I have a message from Miss Martin, please, miss."

Lucy realised she sounded quite foolish, but she just didn't care. All she wanted to do was escape that room unscathed.

"Well, you stupid girl! What is the message? And do try not to stutter, you sound like a fool."

Lucy felt like bursting into tears. She actually felt like a junior schoolgirl again, being berated by a particularly unpleasant teacher.

"Please, miss. Miss Martin wonders if you have a minute to spare. She has an i...incident in her room."

Lucy blushed profusely as she realised she'd stuttered again. It wasn't her fault that the Head of Discipline was such an intimidating figure was it? She managed to blurt out her name and Form with stuttering and then had to give a brief summary of the situation. In response, Brenda Williams rose to her feet. Lucy felt absolutely tiny stood by her. Slowly the woman put on her academic gown and then went to a tall thin cupboard by the wall. After a little thought she extracted a long, thin cane from its depths and swished it a couple of times.

"Follow me, Church. And do try to keep up, girl."

As she scuttled in the wake of the large African woman she was deeply thankful that it was Caroline Carpenter standing in the classroom with her nose pressed to the wall, rather than her. Miss Williams opened the door forcefully so that it banged against the back wall. There was a pantomime-like intake of breath from the nervous 'schoolgirls', Lucy managed to sidle into her seat without being noticed by anyone.

"Is this the miscreant, Miss Martin?" Asked the woman in her loud, abrasive voice.

"It is, Miss Williams. This girl is guilty of the most rude and ignorant behaviour I've ever suffered as a teacher in this school. I request that you discipline her most severely."

Hardly breaking her stride, Brenda Williams seized Caroline by her long, dark pigtail and into the space by the teacher's desk.

"Touch your toes, girl." There was no preamble or discussion regarding Caroline's 'rude and ignorant behaviour', she was simply bent over so that her little skirt exposed her tight, blue briefs. Miss Williams roughly pulled the woman's school knickers to her knees and drew the cane back.

Whaack!

Whaaap!

Whhiip!

The bamboo absolutely whistled in and bit into Caroline's unmarked, porcelain-white buttocks. The strokes were very hard indeed, the first one made the woman shriek in an unearthly howl. The second and third were if anything, harder. The other girls sat in terrified silence. Some of them had never met Miss Williams and this was their first experience of her method of discipline. Seven more followed at regular intervals, each one producing a shriek and babbling incoherence from

the victim. Brenda Williams dropped her cane onto the desk and grabbed the still bending girl by the collar. She pulled her up to face her smirking teacher.

"Apologise to Miss Martin! Explain to her how wrong you were to interrupt her lesson!"

Caroline Carpenter obeyed, stuttering and blubbing her apology through a torrent of tears.

"I presume that you will never again interrupt a lesson in this school in order to display your ignorance, Carpenter?"

"P...please, miss. No, m...miss." snivelled the wretched woman.

"Turn around, Carpenter and show your classmates your bottom."

There was a collective note of sympathy as Caroline displayed her corrugated backside to the others. It was already bright red, indeed going purple already in places. Miss Williams tucked the short skirt into the waistband of Caroline's skirt and steered her back to the wall so that her bottom remained on display.

"Take a good look, young ladies. You're all on a warning. Should I have to return to this particular Form and repeat this particular message, the number of strokes will double. Is that clear?"

As one the girls jumped to their feet and agreed that yes, it was perfectly clear.

"Carpenter, you will write a formal four-page letter of apology to Miss Martin, and you will write an eight-page apology to me explaining why you were wrong, your punishment, why it was justified, and what you learned from it. Do you understand?"

A muffled "please, miss, yes, miss." Was heard from the corner.

Satisfied, Miss Williams gathered her cane and left the shocked room as quickly as she'd entered it.

"You may be seated, girls." Said Miss Martin with a certain amount of satisfaction. "You, Carpenter may put your hands on your head and stay in your corner until the end of the lesson."

The girls sat as carefully and quietly as possible, now was not the time to catch Miss Martin's attention.

"Now, girls. As I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted, the rule of the British in India should be regarded as one of almost constant genocide. Church, could you give us some examples please?"

Lucy rose to her feet, folded her hands behind her back, and began.

Chapter 12

Ade Onasanya and her friend Esther were out shopping together on a fine Saturday morning. Ade had been given a sum of money from Miss Akinwande as thanks for her successful internship at Hunter Associates and was anxious to spend it. She had very much enjoyed her time there. She had learned so much in just a week! Her experience had really opened her eyes to the possibilities open to her. She had sat and chatted at some length to Miss Akinwande and the woman had really impressed her. Under the new laws there were really no bars to the ambition of a young, hard-working black person such as her. Ade's mother had told her all about the bad old days when people of colour were discriminated against and couldn't get the sorts of jobs they deserved. Ade had listened to the tales with a mixture of shock and horror, determined that she wasn't going to suffer a similar fate. By the time she was at secondary school those stories were a dim memory, the majority of her teachers were at pains to point out that every opportunity was open to her, and there wasn't anything she couldn't do. That was confirmed when she went on her work experience week. Everywhere she looked, black and Asian faces dominated. There were no white people in any management role which, Ade suspected, was a key reason why Hunter Associates was so successful.

Aula Akinwande, for example, was an excellent role model. She controlled the business and its staff with a rod of iron. Two employees, both white incidentally, had been sacked for gross negligence in the week she was there. Apparently they'd been there since the company's inception, a story Ade found hard to believe considering their obvious failings. Miss Akinwande had told her then that she should never be afraid to sack a white employee if that employee wasn't performing as expected. There was really no need to retain a poorly performing member of staff merely because they had been indulged in the past was there? The strength of Hunter Associates was its new management systems and its personnel. While it was true, Aula had confided in her, that some of the original staff were quite useful due to their experience and contacts. That wasn't a situation she was entirely happy with, white privilege had run its course, and everybody knew that.

She'd also learned from the other management staff that the country's non-white population, while still a minority, was expanding extremely rapidly and were slowly but surely taking their rightful position in society. Moral power was on their side, young ladies of Ade's age took it for granted that people of colour would be running things in the near-future. She had no idea why someone Chloe had been given an internship at a place as prestigious as Hunters, but she knew for a fact that the girl didn't belong there. The company's treatment of the stuck-up white bitch only served to confirm that in her mind. Perhaps they were on the lookout for a new secretary, but it seemed a bit of a waste of an internship. She found the way that the white staff at Hunters were treated, especially the older ones, to be quite eye opening. Although she hadn't actually witnessed it, she was almost certain that she'd heard one of the ancient PA's; Robertshaw was it...or Robinson perhaps, being spanked by Miss Sitole in her office. Whatever had happened the woman couldn't meet Ade's eye as she scurried by her on her way out.

For reasons that she couldn't fully explain, the incident gave her a little thrill. The humiliated secretary not daring to complain about her mistreatment was for some reason, quite exciting. But, as she soon realised, that was the normal state of affairs at Hunters and that behaviour also spilled out into the wider world. When she accompanied one of the young, black employees to pick up some stationery from a local shop she was surprised at how obsequious the white woman behind the counter was. The woman, who was old enough to be their mother, addressed them both as 'miss' and couldn't do enough for them. She rushed around picking up their order and accepted her companion's demand that she should put the bill on account without a murmur. They departed, she realised later, without a word of thanks. That must be just how things were, concluded Ade. On the walk back to the office, she awkwardly brought the conversation back around to the submissive shop assistant.

"Do you remember those Performance Files you have to fill in for your teachers at school?" asked the older girl. "It's like that in almost every shop of office where the staff comes into contact with customers. If you're not completely happy with the service you can inform the relevant authority. When we get back I'll show you on my phone. There'll be an email asking the company if the employee we just dealt with showed us the right amount of respect and was helpful."

Ade digested that news for a while.

“And what happens if we, if you don’t think she was respectful enough?”

“Then she’ll get a visit from RE in the very near future.”

Ade was impressed, very impressed. Just one word from her would bring Racial Equality running? It sounded too good to be true.

“Really?” she asked in a semi-believing way. She didn’t want to be made a fool of.

The girl paused. “No, seriously, that’s what would happen. I’ve seen it lots of times. Why do you think that old woman was so nice to us? Because she loves us and worships the ground we walk on? No, it’s because she knows she can longer treat us with disdain, like she has in the past, no doubt.”

Ade felt a similar flutter in her stomach to the one that she experienced when she heard the white PA get punished.

“A couple of employees from Hunters have been taken for re-education. Don’t you know why the business is called Hunters by the way?”

The woman went on to explain who Catherine Hunter was and how she’d used the skills and abilities of her non-white staff to promote herself and her business and how it had taken a woman as determined and brave as Aula Akinwande to expose her for what she was and to rightfully wrest control of the business from her. Ade listened in open-mouthed amazement, she was already a supporter of Miss Akinwande, but now her admiration knew no bounds. What a role-model she was! She was like a school lecture come true, a downtrodden star employee becomes the boss of the business by exposing its former leader as a racist and a bully!

“You do know that the little blonde bitch Chloe, is Catherine Hunter’s sister don’t you?”

Ade didn’t, she hadn’t managed to put two and two together which for some reason made her dislike the girl even more. That resentment had rankled enough for Ade to plan her shopping trip with something specific in her mind. She and Esther spent the morning roaming the shops and looking. Following her discussion at work, she watched the interaction between black customers and white employees more closely and compared it with that of white employees and shoppers. The employees were far more attentive to their black customers, she realised. It dawned on her at that moment that the white shoppers didn’t get to fill in a Performance file, only non-white customers did. While she obviously agreed with the sentiment, she’d never considered it before. But once she mulled it over, it made sense. White people already had every advantage, things like Performance Files were just a sensible method of making things more fair, an attempt, as a schoolteacher had explained to her root out racism wherever and whenever it occurred.

Eventually, in a posh little shoe shop, they’d come across a rather timid older woman employee who was clearly intimidated by their presence. With her newly-discovered knowledge she realised that only white employees were required to wear name badges. This one was apparently called Constance Pennington, she was fifty-two, and her job description was ‘senior shop assistant’. The two girls browsed a while before Ade clicked her fingers at the woman.

“

You, girl. We’d like a little service, if it’s not too much trouble.”

This was the first test for Ade, would the woman come over and slap her before throwing her into the street? Or would she come scurrying over? She didn’t need to worry, within seconds the middle-aged woman stood obsequiously in front of them.

“Yes, madam? How may I be of assistance?”

Ade heard Esther snigger by her side.

“You can bring me a size five in this.” She showed the woman her choice of shoe. “And hurry up! We don’t have all day!”

"Yes, madam. Of course, madam."

Esther giggled nervously again as the woman turned and hurried away.

"What are you doing, Ade? Aren't you worried she'll call the police or something?"

Ade smiled in her supercilious way.

"I wouldn't worry about that, Esther. What would she complain to the police about, the fact that I have asked to see a pair of shoes?"

"No, but..."

"Don't worry, dear. Just follow what I do."

The woman returned with the required shoes.

"Here you are, madam, size five as requested."

"Size five! Are you deaf as well as stupid, girl? Do I look like a size five to you? I said size six!"

The woman flushed but apologised and hurried away. Esther looked at her friend in consternation. Ade merely smiled back at her.

The woman returned with a new pair and handed them to the girl. Ade didn't take them. She sat down heavily in a chair.

"I'd like you to put them on me, you're a shoe expert, apparently."

"I...I'll just call one of the junior staff, madam."

"No, Pennington. I want you to fit them. I feel I warrant your attention this morning don't you? That is unless you don't like to deal with customers like me?"

The implication was clear.

"No, madam. Of course not, madam. If you'll just slip your shoes off?"

"Can you do that, Pennington? Surely that's a part of your job description?"

With a slight sigh the older woman knelt and began to unbuckle one of Ade's shoes. Ade smiled triumphantly at her clearly shocked friend. The woman carefully pulled off the shoe only to be met with a distinct odour. Ade hadn't changed her tights and had worn the same pair for a couple of days now. Despite trying to ignore the stench, the middle-aged woman couldn't quite hide her distaste and recoiled slightly.

"What on earth is the matter, Pennington? Don't you like black people's feet? Is there something about our smell that you don't like?" She demanded aggressively.

"No, madam. Of course not, madam. I'm sorry about that."

"Kiss my foot!"

"I b...beg your pardon, madam?" Asked the obviously shaken woman.

"You heard me. I want you to apologise and then kiss my foot to prove you like the smell of black people."

Ade held her breath and she could see that her friend was similarly enthralled. Slowly the woman lowered her aristocratic-looking face until her lips brushed the black nylon of Ade's smelly tights.

"What do you say?"

"I...I'm sorry, madam."

"Kiss it again. Sorry for what?"

The woman obeyed the shameful, degrading demand. "Sorry for not liking your foot, madam."

"Get up and put the other one on."

The second slipped on easily, too easily. Ade leaned down and grasped the woman's ear. She turned her head so that their eyes met.

"What sort of shoe expert are you? That's way too big, you fool! How am I meant to wear a shoe that doesn't fit?" She shook the woman's ear for emphasis.

"Sorry, madam. I'm sorry, madam. I'll go and get..."

"Stay there on your knees. Call for someone else. Perhaps they'll be more use than you?"

"Stacey, do you have a minute please, dear?"

A surly-looking blonde girl appeared. It took her a little while to process what was going on. Her boss was kneeling at the feet of a black teenager with tears on her cheeks.

"Could you bring me the blue sandals in five and a half please?"

The blonde girl turned and fled, only to reappear seconds later with the required pair. She made to bend down.

"Give them to Pennington, she needs the practise."

Constance Pennington, middle-aged mother of three carefully placed the leather sandal on the black teenager's foot and buckled it for her.

"Put the other one on."

As the woman bent to her task, Ade put her other foot on the woman's shoulder. The young shop assistant's eyes were on stalks as she watched her boss carry out her task without demur.

"That feels better, move out of the way and let me walk around. No, Pennington! I didn't say you could stand up did I?"

Ade strolled around conscious that all eyes were on her. She returned to her seat.

"Take them off, they're horrible."

Constance quickly eased off both shoes trying desperately to ignore the smell.

"Kneel up, Pennington."

The woman obeyed and received the soles of both her tormentor's feet in her tear-stained face. Ade pushed and prodded and even managed to squeeze a big toe into Constance's reluctant mouth. To her side she could hear Esther laughing and in front of her she watched the blonde assistant's face fixed in a kind of shocked stupefaction. Once she'd finished wiping the sweat off her soles into the woman's unresisting face, she demanded that Constance replace her own shoes before calling for Esther and then leaving without a word, although both shocked assistants could hear the delighted laughter of the two teenagers.

Chapter 13

Chloe Hunter was approaching the end of her final week of work experience and was hating every second of it. If anything it was worse than the first week. Miss Sitole found fault with almost everything she did, and the rest of the staff were no better. Her own self-confidence, buffed and polished by years of private education was quickly eroding. Perhaps she wasn't good at everything as she'd previously believed? She certainly couldn't type, she accepted that now. But who of her school colleagues could touch-type? It wasn't as if they were planning careers as secretaries or anything, so why would they need that particular skill? Chloe regularly found herself in the typing class, being taught by a shrill little Chinese woman the correct way to sit and to hold her hands while she typed. She was supplied with a little headset through which some dull text would be issued and God forbid if her effort wasn't a precise reflection of it. Every single miss-spelling or punctuation error brought immediate retribution from her Asian teacher. The fact that the entire class of would-be secretaries were exclusively white women hadn't escaped her attention either. It seemed clear that Hunters only took on native, white British candidates as secretaries, kitchen or cleaning staff nowadays.

Chloe's fingers throbbed and burned, she'd just been given three strokes of Miss Wei's long plastic ruler to each of her soft hands. How having her hands punished was meant to help her dexterity on the keyboard was a mystery to her. She had to admit though that Miss Wei's methods were very efficient. Her constant scolding and use of humiliating corporal punishment certainly seemed to galvanise the half dozen young women she was employed to teach. Thank goodness she'd be leaving very soon. She'd never complain about being bored at school again. Surreptitiously she peered around at her fellow trainee-typists. Was this all that they aspired to, to transpose other peoples' notes onto a computer? One good thing about her experience was that having witnessed the limited opportunities available to so many girls her age, she'd work as hard as necessary to achieve her ambitions. She had an idea that she'd like to train as an accountant and then like her sister, start her own business.

The loud crack of the ruler crashing against the top of her desk soon woke her out of her reverie.

"Wake up, Hunter! Stop dreaming! Miss Sitole would not be pleased to hear that you are being inattentive!"

Chloe sat up ramrod straight and began to type as quickly and effectively as she possibly could. Her eyes flickered to the clock on the wall, only another hour of this boring, repetitive nonsense and then it would be 11am and time for mid-morning break. Then she'd have to scurry round and get everyone's coffee order for them, but at least she'd be outside the building and away from her baleful employers. As she stood in the coffee queue she started to realise that all the Barista's were white, apart from the manager who was a tall thin-lipped Asian woman. She hadn't really considered it before, but the more she thought about it the more she realised that management positions were, by and large, becoming the preserve of the non-white population, certainly in the modest town she lived in. In fact as she stood there she tried to think of any business she'd been into recently where the manager or owner was white. Hunters was a good example, when Catherine had been there it was primarily staffed and managed by middle-class white women. Now they were a distinct minority. Where had all the former employees of Hunters gone?

"Good morning, how may I help...Oh hi Chloe. I didn't recognise you dressed...dressed like that."

It took Chloe a second to recognise the speaker. Oh my word it was Julie Marshall, one of the women who'd mentored her during her first internship at Hunters!

"Oh hi, Julie. Wha..."

Just in time she managed to not ask Julie what she was doing behind the counter of a cafe when she had a Marketing degree from a prestigious university. Clearly from her nylon tabard she was working there.

"Erm, I mean...how's things?" she finished lamely.

"Well, I'm finished at Hunters as you can see." She looked around mirthlessly.

"Are you okay and stuff?" Oh my God, thought Chloe, yet another stupid question.

"Yeah, I guess so. I've had to move back in with my parents and take this until something better comes up."

"Marshall! Stop yapping and get on with the job you're paid to do, please."

"Yes, Miss Faisal, sorry."

Chloe didn't know where to look; Julie's fair skin had become horribly flushed with embarrassment.

"That's £21.60 please, miss." The poor woman mumbled.

Chloe couldn't give her the money quickly enough and she almost ran out of the shop. Was that the 'career' that awaited her when she'd accrued an enormous debt by going to University? She tried desperately to convince herself that Julie had just been unfortunate, but if that was the case how come she hadn't walked straight into another job in Marketing? She'd been pretty good at it when she worked at Hunters. Catherine, for example was a big fan of her work, and that was generally enough for Chloe. The thought of her beloved older sister unjustly languishing in prison swiftly brought a tear to her eye. She wiped it away angrily; she wouldn't give those bitches back at Hunters the pleasure.

Chapter 14

The Boeing 737 swept imperiously down the runway and executed a virtually perfect landing. Relaxed and yet completely in control the Captain glanced across at her companion in the co-pilot seat. His face still bore the slightly confused look that it generally did. She hated flying with him; he was a disaster waiting to happen in her opinion. Had he really passed the same extraordinarily stringent exams that she had? She'd passed on her fears to the relevant authorities as she was required to do, but had heard nothing in reply. Really! This was all getting so tiresome. Wasn't anything going to happen as a consequence of her foresight? Did she have to go over the heads of her immediate bosses and speak with someone who actually cared what she was saying and would do something regarding her fears? Perhaps an anonymous letter to a national newspaper might do the trick?

Samuel Mtiti could feel the sweaty trickling down the inside of his damp, white shirt. How he hated the woman sat by him. She was always so snooty and condescending, so perfect and prim. Her uniform for example was absolutely pristine; nobody would guess that she'd just flown a large group of rowdy holidaymakers back from Spain. That she'd held the lives of 180 or so passengers and crew in the palms of her perfectly manicured hands. The problem was that she was very, very good at her job. She made it look easy, in fact. Samuel on the other hand, was not quite so skilful. He wasn't as experienced as she was, despite the fact that he was five years older. He hated her attitude and her attractiveness, he was jealous of her ability and her youth. But most of all he hated the fact that she was his boss. In Samuel's culture the man was always the leader, always in charge. Here, in this aeroplane, she was most definitely his superior and how was he going to explain that to his proud father?

By his head the radio crackled into life,

"Flight BA1129, this is the Tower. You're cleared to taxi to disembarkation. Please be advised that the Police have a warrant to search your aeroplane before the passengers disembark. Do not allow the passengers to disembark before the police have carried out their checks. Repeat, do not allow passengers to disembark, over."

Samuel picked up the receiver. "Message received and understood, over."

The woman by his side rolled her eyes as she guided the plane to its designated area.

"Wonder what this is about, some sort of substance bullshit I guess? Let's just hope they're quick, hey Second-Officer?"

Samuel nodded his head, "Let's hope so, Captain."

She was so icy and formal, Samuel often wondered about her sexual inclination. Was she a dyke perhaps? She'd never shown the slightest in him, for instance. Or maybe she was just some frigid, upper-class bitch biding her time until the right wealthy but weak man came along? Whatever, she was hardly good company. She treated him like the household help as opposed to a fellow professional, which certainly rankled. The plane came to a halt, the doors were opened. Rather than the patter of feet down the steps, there was a silence. Amanda unbuckled her seatbelt, stood and stretched. Samuel risked a quick look at her nicely developed breasts that pushed out her crisp white blouse. She might be a bit of a bitch, but she was certainly a good-looking woman. He had a quick image of her stripped and readily available to him. A rap at the door shook him out of his pleasant dream. He stepped forward and opened the cabin bulkhead door. One of the two large policemen showed him his card. 'Mathew Johnson – Racial Equality.'

"Excuse me, miss. You are Amanda Carlton-Hughes?"

Amanda paused as she straightened her cap.

"I am Captain Carlton-Hughes, if that's what you mean?"

"Amanda Carlton-Hughes, I'm arresting you on suspicion of a racially-motivated crime. You have the right to remain silent. If you do **say** anything, what you **say** can be used against you in a court of law."

Samuel Mtiti was most gratified to see Amanda's jaw drop open in shock.

"B...but what...what on earth are you talking about? What crime have I committed?"

"Are you going to come quietly miss? We don't want to cuff you but we will if necessary."

"But I haven't done anything wrong! You can't just arrest me...you can't!"

Samuel smiled at his captain's evident distress. Things like this just didn't happen to people like her, she was a very long way outside her comfort zone. The two policemen exchanged glances before shouldering their way into the cabin and each taking the statuesque woman by an arm. They spun her around and handcuffed her before she realised what was happening. She was furious; she struggled and lashed out a foot which caught one of the policemen a painful blow to the shin. He swore and punched her in the stomach. The force of the blow doubled her over and the two men took the opportunity to put their arms through hers and force her head down. Angrily they hustled her entire length of the plane as people sat and watched as their attractive pilot was manhandled roughly past them. At one stage her cap fell off her brunette head and was retrieved and rammed back on to it by the policeman she'd kicked.

She was pushed and pulled down the steps as she awkwardly tried to balance on her shiny, black Court shoes. The two policemen took a firmer grip once they reached the tarmac and headed for the terminal at a brisk pace. Amanda could hardly believe what was happening. She was being marched through the crowded building in full view of hordes of interested spectators. Didn't these two numbskulls realise she was a pilot for God's sake? Someone who was worthy of their admiration and respect? She wasn't a damn narcotics-dealer or whatever their stupid accusation was. Just wait until daddy's solicitors heard about this, she'd sue them until the pips squeezed! Back on the plane in the meantime, a delighted Second Officer Mtiti had assumed total control of the aircraft and had advised his cabin staff that the passengers could now disembark. My, how he was looking forward to writing up this flight to his superiors!

Captain Amanda Carlton-Hughes was in a position that she was most assuredly not used to. Being bent over a desk with her bottom sticking out was quite unusual, having a bamboo cane applied to said posterior was completely unheard of. She struggled as hard as she could but the muscular black man holding both her wrists was completely unbothered by her efforts to free herself. Superintendent Johnson flexed his cane appreciatively between his two hands before whipping in another solid stroke to her meaty buttocks. He liked to cane all sorts of women, but large, buxom, entitled white women were definitely his favourite. Her scream of pain was like music to his ears; he laughed and applied another stroke. Her big bottom could definitely take it and plenty more if he were honest. He hadn't removed her tight uniform slacks, the material only seemed to emphasise the size of her plump behind, holding everything in place so that he accurately stripe her cheeks. She was shrieking now, desperate for him to stop and give her some relief. Her wriggling and writhing only served to inflame him the more. Another two, three, four cane strokes made the volume of noise she was producing hard to bear. Johnson looked at his watch and paused. He walked around to the front of his victim and raised her face to his by her hair.

"That, my stuck-up little whore, was just a taste of what you'll get if we hear one more peep out of you, do you understand?" He shook her just to emphasise his point, and when she didn't immediately reply he slapped her face.

"I asked you a question, bitch?"

"Yes...I...I understand."

"You've been arrested because you're a racist. Do you understand that as well?"

"B...but I'm n..."

He slapped her face again, harder this time.

"I asked you if you understood. Do you understand, Captain Carlton-Hughes? Or would you like me to cane you again, but properly this time?"

"No...no...please, I understand..."

"Well that's cleared that up. Let me just confirm you've been arrested because you're a racist, agreed?"

"Y...yes, agreed."

She definitely wasn't a racist, but what else could she say? Like most of her generation she'd accepted the narrative that white people were generally at fault and needed to atone for the sins of their ancestors. Until now however she'd largely paid lip-service to the idea. The idea that she could be treated like this was truly shocking, what had she actually done that warranted being arrested, frog-marched off her own aeroplane and caned? The idea seemed preposterous; she literally had no idea why she was bent humiliatingly over a desk in this airless little room. But at this moment she was quite willing to say anything that would enable her to leave it.

"Did you hear that, George? Our racist Captain has just admitted she's a racist."

"I heard it Matt, but how many times have we seen it? Scratch any white woman in authority and underneath you'll find a racist. It's just about par for the course. I suppose we should respect the fact that she admits it. it sounded nice coming from those sweet little lips as well."

"Mmmm, she has got sweet little lips hasn't she? She's a fat, arrogant bitch all right, but she sure does have a sweet, rosebud mouth."

The man holding her wrists let her go and allowed her arms to slump down in a more comfortable position, but only for a couple of seconds. She felt him walk behind her, take both of her unresisting arms and fold them halfway up her back

To her horror, Amanda then heard the unmistakable sound of a zip being lowered. Within seconds she could smell the distinctive odour of a man's cock as it was slapped against her sore cheek. Once again she tried to struggle but the big policeman behind her simply took both her hands in one of his and then grip her tightly by the collar of her blouse. The large, circumcised cock was slowly drawn down the length of her lips. She tried to turn her head but Johnson grabbed her by the hair again and kept her in the position he wanted her. He slapped his cock against one cheek and then the other, Amanda had never felt quite so humiliated, struggling was having no effect so she tried begging. Please, please, they had to let her go, she hadn't done anything. She was so sorry, she'd sign anything if only they'd let her go. Please don't do this, she was engaged to be married. Both men dissolved into laughter; to be honest they both enjoyed the feeble entreaties of their victims. If anything the begging and tears only added to their enjoyment.

"Engaged to be married!" Laughed Johnson, "the shittiest excuse yet."

Both laughed again, Johnson squeezed a thick, grimy thumb between her tight lips.

"Open up, darling. Don't make us do it for you."

He thrust his thumb deeper in and squeezed it against his forefinger, crushing her delicate cheek flesh. She squealed despairingly, giving him the opportunity to insert his rigid penis into her unwilling mouth.

"Don't dare let me feel your teeth, whore. Not if you value your good looks."

She gagged and fought but the man holding her from behind simply flexed his muscles and increased his grip. She'd never actually done this sort of thing before; it wasn't what a well brought-up woman would do. Especially a strong, independent, professional young woman like her. Sure, she'd been asked to suck a boyfriend's cock but she'd always refused. Even when Oliver, her politically correct fiancé, had summoned the nerve to ask her. She'd refused of course; she liked to be in charge of all her relationships with men. And yet, she thought bitterly, here she was being violated in some

bleak little office by two thugs while dressed in her Captain's uniform, a very strong symbol to her of what she was and what she'd achieved. As if he could read her mind, the policeman grabbed her black tie and pulled himself further into her making her choke. He continued to ram into her using her necktie as a sort of leash. She could taste the bitter flavour of pre-cum and guessed he was about to explode. She struggled and strained but the two muscular men had her thoroughly under their thumb. She felt him tense for a brief second, just before he poured his disgusting seed down her throat. She gagged and choked and some of his foul-smelling sperm slid out of her lips and her aquiline nose. The two laughed cruelly as she coughed and spluttered.

"Better get her ready, the office will wonder where we've got to." Said Johnson.

"I wouldn't worry, Matt. They'll probably have guessed," replied his companion with a grin.

Between them they hauled the exhausted woman to her feet. She looked shocked and dishevelled, her face had obvious streaks of sperm on it and her make-up was ruined. Her smart uniform tie was askew and her cap was upside down on the floor. George bent down and picked it up for her before jamming it forcefully onto her head.

"There you go love, that's much better. An officer shouldn't be seen outside without her cap, should see?"

They both laughed as they pulled her arms behind her and reapplied the steel cuffs to her wrists. Without another word she was dragged out of the room and marched through the airport concourse until once outside they reached a waiting car.

Chapter 15

Catherine Hunter stood ramrod straight in front of the solid wooden desk. She was in the required 'tits out, arse in' position, favoured by the staff at Hardwicke House. Behind the desk sat the imposing Brenda Williams and next to her sat Catherine's nemesis, fat, ugly, squat, Aula Akinwande with her infuriating little smirk plastered to her lips. Miss Williams rustled a couple of sheets of paper on her desk as she read through them, Aula simply stared at Catherine. My, how the girl had changed, she'd lost some weight that was for sure. But it was more subtle than that, her whole bearing seemed to have changed, she appeared less confident for example. Although she was stood at attention she seemed unwilling to draw attention to herself somehow. But, reflected Aula complacently, eighteen months in a Reformatory would have the effect on a girl. After all that's what they were designed to do, teach oppressive white women their true place in society. This was the fourth or fifth time she'd visited her former boss. Each time she'd noticed, to her pleasure that Catherine appeared to be less and less arrogant. She seemed finally to accept that she had committed a crime and was justifiably being punished.

"So, Hunter, it's almost time for you to leave this esteemed institution isn't it?"

Aula was gratified to see that when she was addressed by the Head of Discipline, Catherine tried to stand even more stiffly to attention.

"Please, miss. Yes, miss."

Aula squeezed her own stocking-clad thighs together when she heard Catherine's submissive reply. She liked the way that the inmates at Hardwicke were required to use 'please' before every question and answer. Once it was an accepted part of the routine it served to confirm that they were inferior to their masters and mistresses.

"Although whether or not you leave us this week is not entirely in your hands, is it Hunter?"

"Please, miss. No, miss."

A barely discernable tremor in her voice gave away a little of the stress she was suffering.

"In fact it's not entirely in my hands either. As I'm sure you know, Miss Akinwande here will have the final say on your release, which is only right and proper as she is the injured party in all this. Don't you agree?"

"Please, miss. Yes, miss."

"So what do you have to say for yourself Hunter, what if anything, have you learned during your short stay with us at Hardwicke House?"

Catherine steeled herself to reply. This was so shameful, but she realised that in order to escape from this dreadful place she was going to have to swallow what little pride she had left and persuade these two bitches that she had learned her lesson. She was going to have to ignore the sheer illegality of potentially being made to serve a sentence that was longer than the one she was originally given on the whim of someone like Aula. She could already feel the anger mounting, which she realised was entirely pointless. Unless she attempted to portray some sort of contrition she could be kept here indefinitely, it seemed. She herself knew of cases where women sentenced to a six months had still been behind the walls at Hardwicke three years later. Three years! How could she stand something as cruel as that? She already missed her family and her friends dreadfully. There was no other option, she simply had to convince the two of them.

"I've learned a lot at Hardwicke House, Miss Williams. First of all I accept unreservedly that I was in the wrong in sacking Miss Akinwande and I humbly beg her forgiveness. She was an excellent employee and my unfortunate decision was driven by jealousy and spite. Thanks to the staff at Hardwicke House, I now understand that what I did was wrong and racially motivated. Since I've been here I've been thoroughly re-educated, I've learned that my problems stem from my own overweening sense of white privilege. I was unfortunate to attend a school where the achievements of non-white

thinkers, engineers, inventors etc were not fully understood or appreciated. Thanks to the intensive teaching methods employed at Hardwicke House I now realise that I was criminally under-educated. So much has happened in the world of which I was unaware. I'd like to take this opportunity to thank my teachers for their unstinting efforts on my behalf."

Catherine had learned that little speech by heart to the extent that she almost believed it was true. There really was no other way, refusing to accept her past mistakes would result in more time being added to her sentence. Even accepting her errors but not apologising with the requisite amount of servility would have a similar result. There was no doubt that Hardwicke House had won in her case. The fact that she had committed no crime and had been incarcerated simply so that Aula Akinwande and her friends could steal the business that she'd worked so hard to create had to remain buried in a compartment in her mind. That had to be forgotten about, all that mattered was her release from this horrible prison.

"Well that does seem suitably penitent, Hunter. I'm pleased to see that you have thanked the staff for their efforts. They really do work very hard as I'm sure you know."

Catherine could feel the corner of her mouth twitching as she fought not to display her emotion. The staff were generally sadistic scum, the sort of dimwits who in the old days wouldn't have been able to hold down any sort of normal job. But here, in this terrible place, they expected to be treated with respect and obedience. She'd been beaten and violated by most of them more times than she cared to remember. She'd sucked more cocks and licked more pussies in the last 18 months than any ten women could have done in their lifetime. Her bottom was throbbing at that very moment thanks to a member of staff deciding that her shoes had not been shined to perfection and then applying a leather strap to her bruised and battered backside. The thought of escaping Hardwicke House concentrated her mind wonderfully.

"Please, miss. They do, Miss." There was no other acceptable reply.

Miss Williams nodded slowly and returned to her paperwork.

"I can see from your report, Hunter, that you've been formally caned several times by Miss Lakhani. One of them was a twenty stroke affair with you strapped over a caning bench?"

"P...please, miss. Y...yes, miss." Catherine could feel her composure starting to crack, just the mention of that dreadful punishment made her feel weak-legged.

"What was it for, Hunter? Perhaps you could remind us?"

Catherine blinked rapidly to prevent her tears showing.

"Please, miss. F...for mistakenly trying to have my deserved sentence o...overturned, miss."

"That seems strange behaviour to me, Hunter, for a girl who supposedly accepted that her sentence was justified? What do you think, Miss Akinwande?"

Aula smirked at Catherine's evident discomfort.

"I agree, it was almost as if Hunter didn't really accept the decision of the court. Which is surely a separate crime in itself?"

Catherine felt her innards suddenly chill.

"I agree, a very unfortunate decision," replied Miss Williams glowering at Catherine. However in the girl's defence, that was some months ago. I notice from her file that the only punishment she received from Miss Lakhani after that was a single public caning, so perhaps we might assume that the girl has learned some sort of lesson?"

Aula nodded in agreement. "I suppose it could be interpreted in that way, if one was in a generous mood."

"There isn't anything else on her record that particularly annoys me, Miss Akinwande and I'm inclined to agree her release. What do you have to say? The final decision rests with you of course."

Aula smiled showing her beautiful white teeth. She was absolutely revelling in her power over the entitled white bitch. Seeing her like this was like an aphrodisiac, Catherine Hunter's immediate future rested in her hands. She looked the woman slowly up and down. She'd seen her dressed in her humiliating little uniform several times now but it seldom failed to amuse her. The little white knee socks and tiny grey, pleated skirt seemed almost normal now. The crisp white shirt and perfectly tied necktie just appeared to be perfectly appropriate for a girl in her situation. She already knew of course how this delightful little scenario was going to play out, she'd imagined it enough times in her head. Catherine's face was a picture, a mixture of terror, apprehension and hope. She wondered how many times in the last eighteen months the snooty bitch had regretted sacking her.

"I have to say, Miss Williams, that despite the excellent work of the staff here at Hardwicke House, my first inclination is to suggest that Hunter spend a little more time here."

She glanced over at Catherine and was pleased to see the look of absolute horror on her face. Aula loved the feeling of authority that she held over the racist older woman, once again she squeezed her thighs together appreciatively to produce a pleasant tingle deep in her sex.

"I'm just not sure that she's learned her lesson sufficiently enough. Perhaps another six months might be appropriate?"

"Well, the decision is yours of course. Do you have anything you wish to say to Miss Akinwande, Hunter?"

Catherine couldn't stop the salty tears coursing down her cheeks. She had been so near to release only for this foul woman to deny her at the last minute. She felt faint with fear, she couldn't spend another six months of her life at Hardwicke, she just couldn't. Slowly she sank to her knees.

"P...please, Miss Akinwande...please, I'm begging you...please don't make me spend any more time here. I...I've been here eighteen months already. And I've learned my lesson...I really, really have, look."

Former business-woman and wealthy entrepreneur, Catherine Hunter crawled on her bare knees to where the little black woman sat and began to kiss the tips of her black high heeled shoes.

"I'm sorry, Miss Akinwande. I'm so, so sorry. P...please forgive me and let me go home. I,,,I beg you."

Catherine knelt up and clasped her hands together beseechingly, all pride gone. She would have done and said absolutely anything at that moment if only Aula would change her mind and let her go. She had been broken and she knew it. More importantly, Aula Akinwande knew it as well, she'd very much enjoyed having her shoes licked by yet another member of the snobbish, entitled Hunter family. It only remained for her and Brenda Williams to play out their own pre-arranged scenario and the deal would be done. She rather liked the large intimidating Jamaican, once you got to know her, and Aula knew her very well, she was a very interesting woman. All it had taken was a promise on Aula's part to provide a steady stream of women 'in need of reform', £5k in cash, and a night of very hot, very sweaty sex where the two of them explored their own, very personal sexual proclivities.

"This is most unusual, Miss Williams. I'm half-inclined to give the poor girl another chance, she does appear to be almost contrite. Is there any way we could organise some sort of semi-release? Some sort of situation where Hunter could be released into my jurisdiction for a period of say six months or so while I assess her suitability for release from her sentence? That way would give me the opportunity to make sure her contrition was genuine and not just an act she was putting on in order to avoid her just punishment."

There was of course a way to arrange all those things. Miss Williams did indeed have the right forms to organise a release on my terms. The paperwork was signed by the three of us, dear little Catherine didn't even bother to read hers, bless her. The effect of her signature was to bind her to me for at least six months in the role of a...servant, I suppose. During her period of repentance she was to defer to me regarding every single thing. For example the clothes she wore, her employment, where she lived, her freedom, all her choices in fact were dependent on me and my good will. Should she

break any of my conditions or decisions during that six month period, then she was to be returned to Hardwicke House immediately and she would start another six month period of re-education from that date, irrespective of the time she'd spent in my tender care. Just to refresh her memory, if that was necessary, she was bound to Miss Williams own caning bench and was given six very brisk strokes with her little white knickers removed and used as a temporary gag to try and reduce the surprising volume of noise she produced while her final Hardwicke House punishment was being carried out. I can't deny that I found her caning to be entirely stimulating, watching her aristocratic features dissolve into a mask of terror and then pain was most amusing. Once it was finished, Brenda paused only to inform her that should be returned to Hardwicke House before the six month period with me was up, her reward would be a very thorough thirty six stroke caning with the heavy rod which would make her twenty stroke punishment seem like a fleabite in comparison. While Catherine lay exhausted and suitably thrashed over the bench, Brenda and I took the opportunity to repair to her adjacent private room to indulge in another gloriously wild session of sex with just the girl's tears and semi-muffled howling as a welcome accompaniment to our intense love-making.

Chapter 16

Even after nearly a year, Mandy's feet ached terribly. She wasn't helped by the fact that she had to wear four inch, blue stiletto heels whenever she was on duty. There couldn't possibly have been a less suitable pair of shoes in which to try and do her job. Her feet were arched so uncomfortably it was like purgatory. How did the other girls manage? She checked her appearance in the mirror one last time, she was wearing too much make-up she knew that. In her former life she wore as little as possible in order to suggest that as a strong, independent woman she wouldn't be judged in the conventional manner. Now, according to staff regulations, her face was slathered with the stuff. Foundation cream, mascara, even a garish shade of company approved lipstick were all present and correct. Her hair had grown out of its previously short, professional looking cut and had been teased up, sculptured and dyed an unsubtle shade of yellow. Rather than comfortable socks she wore a pair of dark blue stockings and a matching suspender belt. She couldn't wear trousers any more of course and they had been replaced with a royal blue A-line skirt that hung three inches above her knees and managed to make her medium sized buttocks look massive. Instead of her smart white shirt the whole ensemble was finished off with a sheer, white, nylon blouse that she had to wear with at least two buttons undone and made her sweat horribly. Around her neck she had jettisoned her pilot's tie that she was so proud of now wore a gruesome yellow and blue scarf.

Her transformation was completed by her identification badge, which now read 'Mandy Hughes – Assistant Stewardess' as opposed to the slightly more impressive 'Captain Carlton-Hughes' that she used to wear. She didn't like to dwell on the past as it made her cry, but she couldn't help but reflect on the magnitude of her downfall. A year ago one of the few female captains in the fleet, today she was in effect a waitress. An over-worked, underpaid skivvy at the beck and call of some of the worst examples of humanity that she'd ever met. On her feet all day, constantly asking some low-life passenger from somewhere unspeakable who'd paid £35 for their seat 'if there was anything more that she could do for sir?' That was how she had to phrase the question, Stewardess School or Trolley-Dolly College as it was less formally known was most insistent on that point. Amanda had lost count of the number of times that she'd been told that 'the customer is always right'. And the work was surprisingly hard. Apart from take-off and landing she hardly ever sat down. She'd walked the aisles hundreds of times but her feet never seemed to adjust to the constant battering they received.

Whoever had chosen her new career had a perverse sense of humour. It turned out that the caning she received at the hands of those two Racial Equality thugs was just the first of many. Far from being some sort of dreadful misunderstanding she had indeed been arrested for the crimes of 'impugning the reputation of a professional man going about his official duty' coupled with 'racial insulting a colleague in the workplace.' Which she understood was as a result of reporting that useless bastard, Mtiti to the relevant authorities. She had been consigned to the tender mercies of a reformatory for six months where she'd been taught via liberal use of the strap and cane just exactly where she'd gone wrong. Every month that she'd spent in that awful place, she'd had to write another letter of apology to Mtiti. When she was released she was given a bare-bottom caning in front of the idiot as a warning to her future behaviour and then sent to train for her new occupation. That was what probably upset her the most. She'd attended a disciplinary hearing in front of three senior officers and been summarily sacked without benefits or a pension for conduct unbecoming a pilot. Her certificates enabling her to pilot a plane were revoked with immediate effect. And, as a part of the conditions of her release, she had to enrol in Stewardess School.

There she spent three months learning how to make coffee and plump pillows. A large part of her day involved learning the stock phrases of her new profession by rote. She was also taught by a beautician how to 'make the best of herself regarding her personal appearance. It was all so extraordinarily demeaning; she remembered the class having to hold a little mirror and then smile into it to ensure that it was acceptable. And the discipline was so strict; barely a lesson went by without the firm hand of a teacher being applied to one of the girls' tight, blue skirted backsides. The six months she'd spent in the reformatory were, she reflected bitterly, ideal preparation for life at Stewardess School. The only way to get out of it was to play by their rules, accept their discipline, and try to learn. Amanda was also extremely intelligent and that combined with her new-found compliant attitude ensured that she graduated easily. Some of her colleagues however were not so lucky. The penalty for any sort of failure at the end of the three month course was a brisk skirt-up caning in front of the rest of the class and then immediate demotion back to the beginning again. Amanda knew a couple of her more air-headed classmates had repeated the class at least four times.

She'd bumped into Mtiti a couple of times, he was a captain now. He'd been promoted for some unfathomable reason. Her only slight pleasure was to note that he no longer flew planes, which sort of vindicated her earlier actions. He was, on the other hand, apparently a rising star in the field of Administration, which meant he was desk-bound. The first time they'd met she'd had to salute him which she resented enormously. He'd recognised her immediately of course and paused to congratulate her on 'how smart she looked a credit to Stewardesses everywhere'. She'd had to thank him through gritted teeth and call him sir; she didn't want to be reported to management after all. And then, to her absolute shock he'd simply reached forwards and taken a firm grip of one of her breasts through the virtually diaphanous material. She didn't know how to react, it was a situation she'd never even considered, never mind experienced. Here she was in broad daylight being mauled and groped by a large black man. To make matters worse he didn't even try to hide what he was doing, and his broad grin showed that he didn't particularly care what she or indeed anyone else thought about it.

That was when she was finally forced to accept that the career she'd worked so hard towards and had been so proud of was over. From here on she was just a piece of window dressing for the airline. Her experience meant nothing, her image of herself as a role model for future female pilots similarly meant nothing. Her former fiancé had deserted her when he heard the news, as he explained it just wouldn't do for a man in his position to be involved in some sort of scandal. Her parents and her friends were also aware of the situation and had shown the requisite amount of sympathy but she could tell that they weren't entirely supportive of her either. She could hardly blame them if she was honest, who would believe that she'd been branded a racist simply for trying to protect the lives of future passengers with the airline? There was no smoke without fire, as she could well imagine someone as staunchly traditional as her father saying. Her only option now was to see out whatever remained of her contract and then get the hell out, but into what she had no real idea.

Chapter 17

Chloe read and re-read the contract that she'd just typed up. She blinked away the tears and glance up at the clock on the wall. She had just five more minutes to ensure that what she'd produced was absolutely accurate. Her new boss was most insistent on that score. She'd been called to a meeting and asked if she could spell and punctuate, of course she had replied angrily. In response the spell-checker on her word processor had been disabled so now she had to prove her claim to competency. Each time she'd made any sort of error her hands had been strapped by her new boss and her work torn up in front of her face. Her hands were throbbing terribly now, what had she done to deserve this? The last eighteen months or so had been an absolute nightmare. Her 'work experience' at Hunters had slowly been drawn out to a full month. A whole four weeks of constant humiliation and punishment, and then on that fateful Friday evening she'd been given a note from Aula Akinwande.

'Miss Hunter.

Congratulations on passing your period of Work Experience here at Hunter Associates. I'm sure you will be both relieved and excited to learn that you have been selected by the senior staff to become a permanent employee with us. Taking in to account your performance so far we are delighted to be able to offer you the post of Coffee Girl on a starting salary of £5k per annum. We hope that with the right amount of training and motivation that you can progress to the next step on your personal ladder, Junior Secretary, within the next eighteen months.

Miss A Akinwande (Director).'

Chloe was of course aghast, Coffee Girl! She was predicted to get straight A's in her upcoming exams, the ones she'd spent the last year of her life revising for. She had a provisional place in a prestigious university. She'd hurried home to show her mother who'd immediately demanded a meeting with her school's headmistress, Dr Bywater. That evening there was an emergency meeting in the Head's office. As well as Chloe and her mum there was also timid little Miss Wilson and that horrible Asian man, Mr Singh. Her mum explained the whole situation and demanded the Chloe return to school on Monday morning rather than report as instructed to Hunter Associates. She could tell immediately that Mr Singh was unhappy, he'd taken off his metal-rimmed spectacles and was busily polishing them. When her mother had finished shouting the man had turned to her and asked her what, exactly, she was opposed to about going to work at Hunters? She remembered being a little flustered by that question. She managed to splutter something about her own expectations and her academic achievements thus far. The man had stared at her intently.

"Isn't it more the case that you simply look down on people of colour like Miss Akinwande and have no respect for a black-run business?"

The question had simply floored her, that wasn't the case at all, she hated Aula, of course she did but not because she was black. It was because she was a dreadful human being. Similarly she detested Hunters because everyone in the organisation was mean and cruel to her, not because it was 'black-owned'.

"I think, Miss Hunter that even now you have difficulty in accepting the fact that Miss Akinwande is now the legitimate, and I must say very successful, owner of Hunter Associates. Isn't that true, girl?"

Chloe shook her head mutely. That simply wasn't true, the situation had been explained to her with the help of Miss Sitole's cane several times.

"How do you think this would play in front of a Racial Equality enquiry? Wealthy entitled white girl won't accept a job from a black employer. I'd be hard-pressed to think of a more overtly racist act to be honest. It's the sort of scenario which could only result in some sort of re-education sentence, and a lengthy one at that. Don't you agree, Miss Wilson? After all, you're being paid to be in charge of our pupils on work experience aren't you? To be honest I'm beginning to question your worth when these sort of regrettable incidents occur."

The mousy woman fiddled nervously with the collar of her plain blouse and tried to blend into the background even more so than she normally did. How she regretted being railroaded into the post of liaison officer!

“And you, Dr Bywater, do you have anything to say on the matter?” Asked the man.

In the past, Julia Bywater would have had a lot to say on the matter. She prided herself, well used to pride herself, on her fearlessness and outspokenness. It was partly those qualities that had secured her the post of Headmistress of Highgate. Now though, well times were different. Whereas she used to have the total support of the School’s management team, it wasn’t so clear-cut now. Slowly but slowly her friends on the Board of Governors had been replaced by a selection of racial minorities, the school had to show a more ‘diverse’ outlook it had been argued in order to attract a wider spectrum of girls to Highgate. Now she had almost no autonomy, every decision she made had to be first thoroughly vetted by her management committee and refused if it didn’t meet their criteria. She had come to realise with a certain degree of shock that the majority of Governor’s were now opposed to her. She enjoyed her job and she really couldn’t afford not to have it. After all, what would she do if she was unemployed at her age?

“It’s an awkward situation, Mr Singh. Chloe is indeed a promising student, however the job offer is concrete one. Hunters is a strong business and Chloe would be getting in at the ground floor as it were.”

The look of despair on the girl’s face made Julia feel almost sick with shame. They both knew that she had let Chloe down grievously, but what were her options?

“That’s a very good point,” opined the man. “Plus Chloe would be starting her working life debt-free.”

“Are you all quite mad!?” shouted Mrs Hunter. “Do you really think that working as a ‘Coffee girl’ on five thousand pounds a year in a business her sister built is a good career move? What the hell is wrong with you all?”

Chloe remembered how furious her mother had been. She realised now that it had obviously all been a sham. Clearly her pretend job with Hunters had been planned from the outset in order to humiliate her and her family. Aula had conspired with that man, Singh to have her consigned to Hunters. Her mother’s outburst had played exactly into their hands and with the Highgate’s acquiescence her schooldays were over and her working life had begun, albeit four or five years too early. She’d reported for work on Monday in her expensive suit, a small rebellion against her employees she had imagined, but even that had backfired. Having to spend all day wandering the corridors of Hunter Associates knocking on doors and asking if anyone wanted tea or coffee was shameful enough. Having to do so while dressed in a smart suit, stockings and heels was simply mortifying. She even had to wear a crisp white apron while she carried out her ‘duties’ Her year of Coffee Girl drudgery passed awfully slowly. The initial feelings of shame and resentment never really went away. She was literally the lowest of the low, the bottom rung of the ladder. Even the youngest, most foolish, empty-headed young secretary was deemed above her in the pecking order, she was even known as ‘Coffee Girl’ rather than her actual name

The adult world of work was everything that Ade Onasanya hoped it would be, and more. The transition from school to work was surprisingly easy. For example, unlike her white contemporaries she didn’t have to sit her end of year exams. Black and Asian pupils were simply awarded the grades that their teachers predicted they’d get, something about white privilege and levelling the playing field. Although in all honesty, Ade wasn’t sure what ‘levelling the playing field’ actually meant, not that it mattered of course. She imagined she’d have got the 3 A’s she was awarded anyway. The point was that she’d easily accrued the grades to take the management position she’d been promised at Hunter Associates. It was all so exciting, she and her friends had shopped relentlessly in order that she acquire everything she needed for her new post at Hunters. Her job title was ‘junior executive’, Miss Akinwande had explained to her that at least for the first few months she would be acting in a mainly supervisory position until she was fully up to speed with the working methods of her employers. She’d be getting her own office of course, and her own secretary. She was given a start date that was three months away, giving her enough time to take a lengthy break with her friends.

Chloe stood nervously in front of Miss Akinwande as the woman appraised her over her spectacles. Aula was moderately pleased by what she saw; the girl certainly didn’t seem quite so arrogant and entitled now. A year of working as the office skivvy had removed a great deal of her misplaced pride. Aula felt it could only be a good thing for the girl to be

reminded constantly that although it was her name over the business, she certainly had no control or authority over it. The reality was quite the reverse in fact.

"I hear, young lady, that you've been performing adequately well in your role. Are you enjoying your job?"

"Erm, thank you, Miss Akinwande. I...I...erm, yes I suppose I have enjoyed parts of it, yes."

Aula slowly nodded her head. "Do you think that maybe now is the time to advance your... career?"

Chloe felt herself flush at the gentle mockery but realised now was not the time to show her resentment.

"Yes please, Miss Akinwande, that would be marvellous." She certainly meant that, anything would be better than her current form of servitude."

"Very well, I will reassign you to the training pool for the next couple of months. I've informed Miss Wei and she's expecting you tomorrow morning. Let's hope for your sake that you haven't forgotten too much of what you were taught in her lessons last year, she's not a particularly patient woman, as I understand?"

"Y...yes, Miss Akinwande."

"You'll wear your smart little school uniform while you're back in the classroom of course."

"Yes, Miss Akinwande." How Chloe hated having to wear her old school uniform. She'd grown a little recently and hoped she could squeeze into it.

"And don't forget the Alice Band for your hair; I've always thought you looked quite cute in that."

"No I...I won't forget, Miss Akinwande." She also hated the fact that someone quite so unappealing as Aula might find her 'cute'."

"So what do you say, Chloe?"

"Thank you, Miss Akinwande."

Aula pushed her chair backwards and turned sideways. "And what do you do, by way of appreciation?"

Chloe blinked furiously in a furious attempt to keep her tears at bay. She stumbled forwards on her heels and knelt awkwardly in front of Aula, unable to meet the hateful woman's amused face. The Nigerian woman reached down and worked her short skirt up her hips so that her bright red knickers were showing. She reached forward and grabbed Chloe roughly by the hair and directed her head between her legs.

"Lick!" was all she croaked huskily.

Reluctantly Chloe extended her little pink tongue until it touched the surface of the woman's pants. She could already smell the ugly little woman's arousal and as usual it made her stomach churn. Another tug at her hair was the signal for her to run her tongue along the length of Aula's swollen pussy lips. She felt the woman shudder pleasurably and push Chloe's head further towards her.

"Mmmm, that's good." Whispered the woman.

Chloe repeated the stroke with her tongue. She hated and despised what she was required to do, but it was certainly better than having her bottom striped. Just the thought of Aula's long, whippy cane made her lick more purposefully, the smell and taste of Aula's silk knickers now mixing with her feminine secretions. Above her Aula reached across to her desk and picked up the little sheaf of photographs she had been looking at before she'd summoned Chloe. Each was a picture of a sixth form girl in school uniform, one from the front and one in profile. Attached to each was a little background

information regarding the girl in question. Now that Chloe was moving on, Aula was looking for a replacement Coffee Girl. She'd narrowed her search down to five before she invited the last three down for an interview. Her current favourite was a fresh-faced, red-headed girl with freckles. Holding the photo of Nathalie in one hand she reached down and pulled the soaking gusset of her silk knickers to one side to allow her current pet better access to her sex.

"Deeper, bitch."

Chloe struggled to obey, knowing full well the penalties if she considered to be working without 'sufficient enthusiasm'. Aula began to grunt a little, imagining the fun she would shortly be having with her new acquisition. She began to wrap her nylon-clad thighs around Chloe's head. Credit where credit was due, Chloe had transformed herself into a surprisingly adept pussy-licker. It must be all the practise she was getting in her current role, Coffee Girls were great for morale. Just before she came with a huge climax, Aula wondered if she should maybe employ two of them next year.

Once she'd cleaned her boss a little with her tongue, Chloe was allowed to clamber back to her feet. Her face was a mess, a mix of tears, snot and Aula's pungent juices. Her make-up was ruined of course, her mascara already running down her cheeks. Aula had by now re-arranged herself and was sat at her desk as if nothing unusual had taken place. She glanced up at the tearful, dishevelled girl.

"Back to work now, dear. My staff need their coffee."

"Y...yes, M...Miss Akinwande."

"Oh, and Hunter?"

"Yes, Miss Akinwande?"

"You don't really have time to use the bathroom until the lunchtime break, understood?"

"Yes, Miss Akinwande." Chloe managed to keep the despair from her voice. She understood alright, she was to go about her job with the evidence of what she'd been doing between Miss Akinwande's legs clear for everyone to see.

Chapter 18

Felicity Hunter squirmed a little on her hard, wooden seat God! She was so bored. The day seemed interminable and this was only the first of the two half-days she was required to attend every week. Every week! As if she didn't already have enough to do. Following her unfortunate run-in at Chloe's school, her former school now she reflected bitterly, she had received a letter on official Racial Equality headed notepaper demanding her attendance at Racial Awareness Discussions until further notice. The first few weeks were purgatory, four hours on a Tuesday morning listening to some bore explaining that she clearly had 'racist tendencies' and that they should be eradicated. When, to her surprise, she was examined on the things she had been lectured on but largely ignored she was shocked to find herself required to attend RAD meeting on a Thursday as well as a Tuesday! She was furious, but she quickly discovered that there was no process of appeal, the RE didn't do discussion, they simply instructed. Felicity spoke briefly with her expensive lawyers only to discover that there wasn't any way out of avoiding the mind-numbing lectures apart from 'passing' the random exams that were set by the lecturers.

She was sure that her name had been passed along to RE by that dreadful little Singh person, but it seemed there was very little she could do about it. The RAD days reminded her of the Speed Awareness Course she'd once chosen to avoid penalty points on her license. A long, long day being lectured by self-righteous, humourless, condescending Government employees who appeared to relish their little bit of unaccustomed power. There were no discussions or mitigating circumstances, the same rules and instructions regarding how people of colour needed to be respected were repeated ad infinitum until even Felicity could remember them. The excruciating role-plays, where pretend meetings and discussions took place were so demeaning. The class was constantly reminded how they should refer to black and Asian people and how their culture and opinions should be uppermost in the minds of white people. Only by taking into account how people of colour thought could racial harmony be achieved, and that's what everyone wanted, wasn't it? The clear implication was that if you didn't agree completely with the relentless propaganda being delivered in the meetings then you were opposed to racial harmony. One rather outspoken, middle-class woman who was clearly used to being listened to simply disappeared from the lecturers. At first Felicity was quite pleased at the thought of even the RAD zealots giving up on her. It was not until she happened to glance at the local newspaper and see a picture of the woman, Sara Lambert apparently, dressed in the reformatory uniform of the institution she'd been assigned to. The reason was 'an inability to accept instruction regarding Racial Equality'. The warning could not have been clearer; in fact the woman's unfortunate fate was the sole topic of discussion among her own particular RAD group.

Felicity was certainly no fool, she made herself buckle down and learn the endless nonsense she was slowly been indoctrinated with. She didn't actually believe any of it, but she knew with a chill in her heart the outcome if she showed any sort of rebellion. The experiences of her own children had already been a stark warning. Poor Catherine was still languishing in Hardwicke House, a prison in all but name. And Chloe had been condemned to work at Hunters, pretty much at the whim of that bitch, Aula Akinwande. She shuddered as she contemplated the potential possibilities if she herself fell victim to the new system that was rapidly taking a hold on her country and its inhabitants. She had a sudden vision of the future, what would become of Chloe for example if her mother was in some sort of prison? No, it was obvious that she'd just have to pass whatever examination was set in order to free herself from the ridiculous situation that she found herself in. She wiggled her bottom a little trying to avoid catching the eye of the dull, monotone lecturer and glanced at her wristwatch. Good grief, still an hour to go!

Lucy was back at her former employers in the town. Her sentence had been served, she'd received a salutary caning from a smiling Miss Lakhani by way of a goodbye present and then she was sent on her way. She'd contacted her former workplace, which was now Redman-Haigh-Bannerjee, and told them of her release. She had always been a popular figure, and one of the Partners, Mike Haigh, had always had a bit of a thing for her, so she was allowed to return. The unfortunate news however was that her license to practise had been put on hold for six months at the request of Judge Siddiqui. He'd told Mike that he had taken a particular interest in her case and would be keeping a close eye on her in the future in order to confirm that the lessons she had learned at Hardwicke House had been retained. The judge did accept however that she needed to make a living for those six months and suggested that the Company employ her as a temporary receptionist. And that was where she could be found, manning the reception desk and trying to smile at the customers. Pinned behind

her on the notice board, as there was on every other notice board in the building, was a picture of her in her shameful Hardwicke House uniform and a brief summary of her crime and sentence. She was instructed, like all returnees, that she was to answer any questions pertaining to her time in that institution in a polite and honest manner.

Chapter 19

The buzzer on Chloe's desk sounded yet again. Without really thinking the young blonde got to her feet, smoothed her skirt down and grabbed at her writing pad and pen. She hurried to the door nearest to her and knocked on it. A few seconds passed before she was told to enter. She did so quickly and closed the door quietly behind her. She scurried over to the large desk in front of her and stood in front of it, feet together, hands behind her back and eyes downcast.

"You called, Miss Onasanya?"

Ade didn't answer immediately; she fiddled with her mobile phone for a little while before replacing it on her desk with a sigh. She picked up a piece of paper and rattled it.

"Look at me, Hunter."

Chloe obeyed, taking in again the face of her plain, podgy new boss.

"What is the meaning of this, girl? You told me you knew how to spell, but this is riddled with mistakes. Look at it!" Ade flung the piece of paper to the ground and then watched amused as the white girl, her new secretary, scrambled to pick it up.

"It's right what they say isn't it? Give a white girl an inch and she takes a mile."

Chloe stood to attention again with the offending piece of paper in her hand, her pretty face blushing profusely.

"Y...yes, miss."

Ade smiled and settled her generous backside back into her chair. She did so love this sort of situation. The girl in front of her was hardly recognisable as the glamorous Chloe Hunter from eighteen months or so ago. Rather than that infuriating air of aloof superiority that she used to possess, she was now far more reticent. Her clothes for example, which Ade and her friend Esther had spent several enjoyable hours planning on, no longer flattered her. On her feet she wore a pair of highly polished, black ballet flats which were half a size too small. Her legs were covered by cheap opaque black tights; similarly she wore cheap, plain white knickers as well. Her shirt was a starched, white cotton affair bought from a school supplier that was buttoned tightly at her throat and wrists. Her suit was a very cheap, shiny-looking black one which managed to be both too tight across her backside, and too baggy in the jacket. She had been ordered to wear a pair of round, steel-rimmed spectacles as well, despite having near perfect vision, which consequently made her squint a little. The crowning glory though, as far as Ade and Esther were concerned anyway, was her hair. Both girls considered that Chloe was inordinately proud of her flowing blonde hair. Therefore they'd taken her to a miserable little back-street hairdresser and had it dyed black and clumsily cut by the young apprentice there into an approximation of a tidy bob. The result was that Chloe was barely recognisable, which as both giggling girls congratulated each other was exactly the point.

Ade herself had spent lots of her proud mummy and daddy's money on suitable clothes for the office. She knew in her heart that she'd never be a beauty, but she certainly dressed the part. With her heels and her very expensive new hair-do, she simply towered over her new, mousey secretary. One thing was certain, casual visitors to her office would be left in no doubt as to who was the manager and who was the assistant. Chloe didn't even have the veneer of cool confidence that her private school had taught her, that had all but disappeared as well. In its place was an uncertain, hesitant little girl. Even a little while ago she'd have been sorely tempted to slap Ade's face had she spoken like that to her, but now she half expected it. Perhaps she half-deserved it in a way? She was fairly useless after all; everything she did seemed to fail. Now she apparently couldn't even spell properly.

"Five mistakes, Hunter. You know what that means."

Chloe did indeed know what that meant. Carefully she placed her pad, pen and the typed report on the corner of Ade's desk. She undid the three plastic buttons on her jacket and slipped it off her shoulders before laying it on top of the pad. Reluctantly she squeezed both her elbows to her ribs and held out both hands, palms uppermost. Ade left her like that for a minute or so while she fiddled with her phone.

"Look at me, Hunter." Chloe raised her head and looked at her tormentor just as the camera flash went off.

Ade stood and slowly removed her beautifully cut wool jacket. She paused as if to contemplate where to hang it before settling on the hook on the back of her door. She did so enjoying dragging out the tension; Chloe's scared little face was a sight to behold. She unbuttoned the sleeve of her silk blouse before picking up the brown leather strap from her desk.

"How many did we say, Hunter?"

"F...five, Miss Onasanya."

"Very well then, prepare yourself."

Chloe bit her lower lip and tried not to cry.

Whaack! The first stroke bit into her soft white, right-hand palm. God, it hurt! But she knew better than to say anything.

Whaack! The second on her left hand hurt even more if anything. This time she was allowed to speak.

"O...one, Miss Onasanya. Thank you, Miss Onasanya."

Chloe had learned to her cost that as far as a hand-strapping was concerned, a stroke to each hand counted as just one stroke, not two.

Whaack!

Whack!

"Twoooo, Miss Onasanya. Th,,,thank you, Miss O...O...Onasanya."

Ade didn't really mind how her secretary stuttered and stammered during her punishments, if anything it proved that she was getting through to the disobedient wretch. She happily gave Chloe the remaining six, waiting between each stroke so that the sting could be fully appreciated. When she'd finished she dripped the strap on her desk and sauntered around to pick up her camera.

"Look at me, Hunter."

Chloe raised her tearful, screwed-up face to her boss and the inevitable click and flash proved that her shame had been captured forever. Before she was allowed to lower her hands, Ade came over to her and took a close up of her scorched palms and fingers. Within a few seconds her best friend Esther was just one recipient of the pictures. Only then was she allowed to rub her hands together to try and alleviate some of the dreadful, stinging pain.

"Go away and try again, you silly little girl. We will stay here all day and all night if necessary until you get it right."

Quickly Chloe shrugged her jacket back on and did up the buttons before exiting the office as quickly as she had entered it thirty minutes ago. She blew urgently on her hands as she sat outside on her cramped table and chair before trying, once again, to satisfy the fat little tyrant who now dominated her existence.

Chapter 20

Aula Akinwande applied the handbrake to her Mercedes. Another week over, thank goodness. She rolled her shoulders luxuriously and exhaled, a whole weekend of pleasure to look forward to. Out of the corner of her eye she caught a little flurry of black and white. Slowly, carefully the car door was opened for her.

“Welcome home, mistress.”

Aula eased herself out of her leather seat before making her way towards the imposing front door of her palatial villa. Behind her she could hear the thump of the car's boot as it was closed and then the sound of someone walking quickly on the gravel drive. Without turning round she led the way into her house closely followed by her maid. She went into the living-room and made her way to her favourite chair. The little table by her right armrest already had her favourite gin and tonic with ice and no lemon on a coaster, waiting for her. With a sigh she relaxed into it, closed her eyes and exhaled loudly. When she opened them again she felt a whole lot better. Her maid was stood with her arms folded behind her against the wall, meaning that her bags from the car must have been deposited in their rightful place. She clicked her fingers and pointed to her feet.

Katie had been watching attentively, waiting for such a signal. When it came she almost ran over to her mistress and knelt demurely at her feet. When she was given permission she lifted one foot up and unbuckled the glossy pump from Miss Akinwande's foot. She placed the high-heeled shoe carefully to one side and then placed her mistress's foot on her own lap. Starting with the ball of the foot she used her thumbs to dig and knead at the tired flesh. Her fingers scraped at the expensive stockings her mistress favoured and by now she could smell the distinctive aroma produced by her mistress's feet when they had been encased all day in nylon and leather. Once that pungent odour might have upset her, but now she didn't let it. Her thumbs worked their way down to the arch of the foot; Aula squirmed pleasantly and took another sip of her gin. Katie slowly worked her way down the length of Aula's foot with practised skill. When she'd finished she looked up expectantly at her mistress and waited until she was given permission to unbuckle her other shoe. She took care to place the second pump neatly by the first.

Before she could begin her massage, Aula clicked her fingers and pointed to her empty glass. Katie jumped up quickly and replenished it with more gin and tonic. That done, she settled back onto her heels and took Aula's foot onto her lap again. She repeated her action and massaged the nylon-clad foot from toe to heel. Once she was finished she carefully replaced her mistress's foot back on the floor and waited respectfully for further instructions. Lazily Aula reached under her skirt and worked her black hold-up stockings over her protuberant backside and wriggled them down her plump cellulite thighs. She indicated that Katie should shuffle forward and then draped her discarded stockings around her shoulders. Lifting her right foot so that the sole faced towards Katie she waited pleasurably until the girl pushed her face against it, first her left cheek, then her right cheek and then her lips so that her personal odour could be fully appreciated by her maid. Katie kissed the sole of the foot and then slowly began to lick it with long, even strokes of her tongue. Aula moaned in appreciation, this was how a long day's work should end. She wiggled her toes luxuriously and was rewarded as her foot-maid took her little toe into her mouth and sucked at it. The process was repeated until finally Katie had one big, black toe in her mouth. Aula glanced down and smiled, this was how it should be. Katie had taken a certain amount of time to be trained up to this standard, but it had all been so worth it. Apart from the actual pleasure of having her feet licked and sucked, the symbolism of the whole thing made her moist with pleasure.

Her parents had arrived in this country with nothing, whereas her foot-maid belonged to a snobbish, wealthy, entitled old English family. The very thought of the situation made her involuntarily slide her hand down to her sex and slide a single finger down the wet, slippery aperture. She had connived and worked very hard over these last couple of years and her reward, or one of her rewards, for all that labour was the young woman who was licking her stinking, grimy feet so assiduously and without a hint of protest. She had protested at first, naturally, but a combination of regular thrashings and the threat of sending her back to Hardwicke House for further 'retraining' had concentrated the snooty little madam's mind wonderfully and certainly made her more compliant. The clinching factor though, was the girl's sister and mother. She employed the girl's pretty little sister at her own business and although she was having a miserable time as Ade Onasanya's PA, there was no doubt Aula could make her life even worse. Similarly, her maid's mother who was even more

arrogant and entitled than she was had been subjugated and made to attend endless Racial Awareness Discussion meetings.

Aula had explained to her foot maid that just a word from her to Rajiv Singh would see her attending those meetings every day of the week if necessary or, if Katie was still disobedient and insolent; her mother would be attending Hardwicke House herself. Is that what Katie wanted, to consign her elderly, racist mother to a period of detention in a reformatory? Aula inserted a finger into herself as she recalled Katie's face when she heard that threat. She knew right there and then that the idea that she'd planned and executed to perfection had come to glorious fruition. Wealthy, privileged business-owner Catherine Hunter had been systematically stripped of her business, her wealth and ultimately her freedom. Rather than a strong, independent young woman, she was in effect Aula Akinwande's servant, her foot maid. From the very first day they met she'd worked tirelessly to engineer this situation, and now here it was, played out in front of her own eyes. She felt such a rush of achievement and satisfaction that she inserted another finger into her soaking wet pussy. At the same time she pulled her toe from Katie's mouth and slapped her face with the sole of her foot. Her signal that her maid should start work on her other foot.

Catherine Hunter obeyed immediately, fighting the stench of the black bitch's horrible feet. Didn't the woman ever wash? The taste in her mouth was unimaginably foul, but what were her options? Aula, her mistress, she thought with a shudder really did hold all the cards. Catherine had been naive and a little foolish if she was honest. Employing Aula Akinwande had been done in the spirit of equality and compassion, all she had done was follow the guidelines that she'd learned at school and university and via her preferred left-wing media. The result she had been aiming for was one of social justice and, if she was honest, feeling good about herself. The actual outcome was the loss of her business and the destruction of not only her own lifestyle, but and that of her sister and her mother as well. How could they ever forgive her? The very least she could do was to try and keep her evil former secretary happy whatever that took. That Aula was undoubtedly evil was one of the hardest things that Catherine had to accept. She was in no doubt now of course. Just one glance at the bitch's ugly face glorifying in Catherine's debasement was enough, but the very thought that a person of colour could be evil just went against everything she taught and accepted as the truth. Good God, how stupid she'd been!

Aula slapped Katie's face again to signal that she'd had enough. It was funny how she thought as the girl as Katie now rather than as Catherine. The latter had been her boss, university educated and the oldest daughter of a rich and privileged family. Katie, on the other hand was merely her employee, her maid, her foot maid to be precise. Catherine earned a six figure salary, Katie received fifty pounds a week 'pocket money'. Catherine lived in an opulent river-side apartment; Katie lived in the smallest, most miserable room in Aula's largely empty villa. Catherine habitually dressed in the latest fashions; Katie wore her drab, maid uniform virtually all of the time. Catherine had, as far as she knew, been a regular, heterosexual, young woman; Katie was a devout lesbian and grateful worshipper of Aula's beautiful, black pussy. Just the thought of Katie's energetic, respectful tongue was enough. She leaned forward and grabbed Katie by the ears and hungrily pulled her forward into her sex.

Catherine knew what she had to do; she'd done it many, many times before. When her mistress was in this sort of mood her job was to bring her to orgasm just as quickly as she possibly could. Her tongue licked and probed, her teeth nibbled carefully at Aula's engorged clitoris. The woman gripped her ears painfully and ground herself against Catherine's tongue and her face, rubbing and rubbing until with a little shriek she came enormously bucking and writhing over her foot maid's shiny, red, unhappy face. The fact that Katie was still reluctant despite liberal applications of Aula's house-cane was a perverse turn-on to the dumpy, black Nigerian. Katie was after all merely an employee, a maid rather than a lover and as such her feelings were neither here nor there. Once her heart-rate had subsided a little she leaned from her chair to retrieve Katie's lacy little cap from the floor where it had fallen and placed it back on her blonde head.

"All fours Katie, there's a dear."

Catherine knelt on her hands and knees providing a seat upon which her mistress could stretch out and place her feet. It was perhaps the most demeaning position imaginable. Not only was she a black woman's foot maid, she was her foot-stool as well. She felt the woman's pampered feet grind into various positions on her back through her thin black nylon dress as she struggled to make herself comfortable. Eventually her mistress spoke.

"How was your day, Katie?"

"Very good, thank you mistress."

"And what did you do all day while I was out earning the money to feed and clothe you?"

Catherine ground her teeth in impotent fury before replying.

"I've vacuumed and dusted all the downstairs rooms, mistress. I thoroughly cleaned the kitchen from top to bottom. I prepared dinner for you this evening. I've done the washing and put the clothes on the line. I washed your underwear by hand as instructed and put that on the line as well. I also cleaned as polished all your shoes." Which I have to do every other day she thought, angrily.

"It's good that you have a nice easy day now and then, don't you think?"

"Yes mistress, thank you mistress." An easy day!

"You won't mind then, that I've invited someone to dinner will you?"

"No, mistress. Of course not, mistress."

Catherine felt a sudden chill in her stomach. Whoever the bitch had invited to dinner, the outcome wouldn't be good. The last time it had been a couple of Aula's friends who had been fascinated by her appearance and had taken Aula's invitation to punish her if they felt like it rather too literally. She'd carried the bruises of the strapping they'd given her for some days afterwards. The time before that she'd had to suck an employee of Hunters' cock while he sat eating and then have her arse fucked by him much to her disgust and Aula's evident amusement.

"He's a gentleman who you know quite well, so I expect you to be on your best behaviour, is that understood?"

"Y... yes, mistress."

"You know what happens to naughty little girls who don't behave themselves don't you, Katie?"

Catherine swallowed before she replied. "Yes, mistress. Naughty little girls have their bottoms caned, mistress."

"That's right, Katie. You'd do well not to forget that."

"Yes, mistress."

Several minutes passed while Aula sipped at her drink and Catherine's stomach tied itself in knots while she tried to think who it might be that her mistress had invited to dine with them. Clearly it was someone she knew and a man; even then the options seemed endless. She absolutely hated been kept on tenterhooks like this. She tried to recall all the men she might conceivably have wronged and the likelihood that he was the mysterious dinner guest. Eventually she felt the weight of Aula's heavy thighs removed from her aching back. Instead one of Aula's bare feet kicked her up the backside.

"Get up girl; you haven't got all evening to be lying around. Go and make me a snack, oh and go and fill this up again." She held up her empty glass.

Catherine busied herself in the kitchen. Making food was a rare moment of normality in her chaotic new life. She seldom saw anyone now; she was hardly ever allowed to leave the house. Occasionally her mistress would allow her a brief telephone call to her sister or her mother, but even that was monitored and censored. She was to all intents and purposes and indentured servant. These sorts of dinner parties, humiliating that she was preparing for were an almost welcome intrusion into her dull life despite the inevitable humiliation they brought. How long, she wondered, did Aula intend to keep her like this?

Her thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of her mistress into the kitchen. Catherine curtsied as she was required to do.

"I've just got off the phone with our dinner guest, Katie. "

Catherine's heart gave a little flutter; please say that he can't make it...please.

"He'll be here at 8pm, and he'd like you to be dressed in your Hardwicke House uniform. It's his favourite, apparently."

Catherine's stomach plummeted, the guest whoever he was, was evidently a pervert. The cupboard in her miserable little room was full of clothes, none of which she would have chosen for herself. There were several of her plain, knee length grey or black servant girl dresses trimmed with white collars and cuffs, for example. There were also more abbreviated versions of the uniform with a tiny skirt and low-cut tops; there were different school uniforms, her Hardwicke House one, the one from her old school and ones that just appealed to her mistress. There were little 'Alice' style dresses with short skirts and ribbons, there were latex items and there were leather items. Her mistress liked to refer to it as her 'dress-up' cupboard. It was where Catherine was sent whenever her mistress wanted to 'play' or when she invited other, similar minded friends to her house.

"He wants you in the playroom sat at your desk and writing out the line 'I am a naughty little girl. Naughty little girls are spanked on their bare bottoms' until he arrives. Is that clear?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Repeat the line please."

"I am a naughty little girl. Naughty little girls are spanked on their bare bottoms, mistress."

"That's a good girl, run along now."

Catherine hurried away up to her room and hurriedly stripped off her simple, black and white maid dress, stockings, underwear and shameful mob cap. She splashed some cold water onto her face and dried herself on her threadbare little towel. Quickly she began to dress; she had no idea of the time as she wasn't allowed a wristwatch or a clock in her room. On with the white knee socks, tiny knickers and vest. A thigh-length grey skirt followed then a pristine white blouse and carefully knotted green and yellow tie. She tied her blonde hair into two small pigtails with matching green and yellow ribbons, checked her appearance in the small mirror and then hurried downstairs and into the living room which her mistress had designated as the 'playroom'. It was here that she was required to act-out the various humiliating role-plays that her mistress evidently enjoyed. She squeezed herself behind the junior-school sized desk took up her pen and began to write her allotted, humiliating lines.

After ten minutes or so she heard the front doorbell ring. Her stomach automatically contracted, normally it was her job to answer the door and she almost wished that was what she was doing. At least she would know who was on the other side of it. Instead she heard the voice of her mistress welcoming the guest and then his gruff reply. The two of them approached the door to the playroom but passed by it on their way to the living-room presumably. She heard the clink of glasses and the low hum of discussion punctuated by the occasional laugh.

'I am a naughty little girl. Naughty little girls are spanked on their bare bottoms.'

'I am a naughty little girl. Naughty little girls are spanked on their bare bottoms.'

The first page was almost full; she had no idea how many lines she had to write. Her mistress hadn't specified a number. She knew from experience however that she was required to write until told to stop. Her mistress knew how many words Catherine could write per hour. The problem was that Catherine didn't have access to the time. The only answer was to write as many as she could and hope that sufficed.

'I am a naughty little girl. Naughty little girls are spanked on their bare bottoms.'

'I am a naughty little girl. Naughty little girls are spanked on their bare bottoms.'

Suddenly there was a creak outside the door and she heard voices, automatically she checked her hair ribbons and her tie. As the door opened she stood to attention and watched as her mistress entered. She was dressed in a black academic gown and wore a mortar board on her head as she did when she wanted to inject a little formality into the proceedings. Behind her was the smiling face of...Judge Ghulam Siddiqui.

"Good evening, young lady. I hear that you've been a naughty little girl?"

THE END

