

# **DANIEL AND SOPHIE ENSLAVED**

**CHARLES RYDER**

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

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## **Also by Charles Ryder**

“The New Government 1”  
(Moderate, non-consensual content)  
( 34,887 words, rated 5-stars)

“The New Government 2”  
(Moderate, non-consensual content)  
( 35,082 words, rated 5-stars)

“The Director's Downfall”  
(Moderate, non-consensual content)  
( 35,062 words)

“The Humiliation of Catherine Hunter”  
(Moderate, non-consensual content)  
( 35,300 words, rated 5-star)

“The New Government 3”  
(Moderate, non-consensual content)  
( 35,300 words)

“Return to Mainland 1”  
(Written jointly with Velvetglove)  
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)  
( 18,800 words)

“Freya and the Amesbury's”  
(Moderate, non-consensual content)  
( 35,062 words)

“State Orphanage 17”  
(Moderate, non-consensual content)  
(15,500 words, rated 5-stars)

“Stolen, Book 1”  
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)  
( 16,900 words)

“Return to Mainland 2”  
(Written jointly with Velvetglove)  
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content, rated 5-stars )  
( 19,000 words)

“Return to Mainland 3”  
(Written jointly with Velvetglove)  
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)  
( 21,000 words)

“Owner to Office Girl”  
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)  
( 22,000 words)

“Ascendancy”  
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)  
(104,000 words)  
The 3 books of the New Government Trilogy

“Victoriana”  
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)  
( 22,688 words)

“Repurposing Laura”  
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( 25,040 words)

“Prey For Him”  
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)  
( 25,900 words)

“Society of Sadists”  
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)  
( 25,000 words)

“Spanked and Disciplined”  
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)  
( 20,500 words)

“Spanked and Disciplined Again”  
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)  
( 21,000 words)

“Spanking Saves Souls”  
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)  
( 20,000 words)

“Minority Rules”  
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)  
( 17,000 words)

“The Purity Police”  
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)  
( 17,000 words)

“The Humiliation of Naomi Sanderson-Hughes”  
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)  
( 20,000 words)

“The Cadet Regime”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)  
( 20,000 words)

“Abigail’s Arab Adventure”  
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)  
( 25,000 words)

“The Grey Channel”  
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)  
( 20,000 words)

“Correction Girls”  
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)  
( 20,000 words)

## Prologue

The kitchen was silent, save for the faint tick of the old gas oven. The tiled walls seemed to echo that silence back, hard and unforgiving. The woman in black did not need to raise her voice. Her presence alone filled the room, her leather coat cutting a sharp line against the bland domestic setting, her figure commanding, her stance absolute.

On the linoleum floor, the pair knelt side by side, hands tucked behind their backs. Their satin uniforms, mint green, childish, absurd, shone dully in the afternoon light streaming through the window. The puffed sleeves and lace collars gave them the look of overgrown infants, made worse by the stiffness with which they held themselves. They dared not shift their weight. Even the smallest movement might be interpreted as insolence.

The woman took her time. She paced once around them, boots clicking on the tile. She leaned down, close enough that the sharp smell of leather and her perfume enveloped them. Her eyes travelled slowly over the seams of their uniforms, the buttons neatly fastened, the collars pressed flat against their throats, the bows tied tight at each elbow.

“Neat,” she said at last, the single word carrying with it neither praise nor warmth. More like a cold verdict, delivered in a courtroom that was hers alone.

The girl swallowed hard. She felt the collar chafe at her throat as she did so, the lace edge scratching her skin. She could sense the heat of her own shame rising in her cheeks, though her eyes stayed dutifully lowered to the floor. The boy beside her shifted ever so slightly, and the leather-clad figure immediately turned, the air tightening with her disapproval.

“You will serve properly,” she continued, her voice low, deliberate. “Not as you choose, but as I demand. In this house, you are not husband. You are not wife. You are not equals. You are children, and you will remain so until I say otherwise.”

The words struck them harder than any physical blow might have. Both nodded in unison, chastened, obedient. The girl’s lips parted as though to speak, but no sound came; instead, she forced herself to whisper a quavering,

“Yes, ma’am,” that trembled in the air.

The woman straightened, satisfied that the lesson was sinking in. She let the silence linger, heavy and humiliating, before turning away.

“Now,” she said finally, her tone brisk, dismissive, “fetch the tray. And do not rise until I permit it. Crawl, if you must. That will remind you of your place.”

The command hung there, simple yet devastating, and the pair bowed their heads lower still. They knew there would be no reprieve. Only obedience. The kitchen clock ticked loudly, each second dragging across the tiled silence. The two knelt obediently on the linoleum, side by side, knees pressed to the cold floor. Their hands were tucked stiffly behind their backs, shoulders pulled back, spines straight. The mint satin of their uniforms glistened in the pallid afternoon light, every crease neat, every button fastened, every bow at their puffed sleeves tied perfectly.

They knew the inspection would come. It always did.

The woman in black stood before them, her presence filling the cramped domestic space with a severity that seemed almost too large for the room. Her leather coat, laced and buttoned close to the waist, exaggerated her authority, every line of it sharp and deliberate. She regarded them with the unhurried calm of someone who had no need to prove her control, it was simply assumed, a fact of the air they breathed.

“Look at you,” she said, voice measured, low, steady. “Two children, waiting to be told what to do in your own home. And yet you kneel there as if you understand the privilege. You do not.”

Her boots clicked once across the tiles as she paced around them, slowly, deliberately. The girl felt the leather sweep close to her cheek as the figure circled, her heart thudding with a mixture of fear and a strange, helpless anticipation. The boy kept his head bowed, eyes fixed firmly on the floor, as though to glance upward would be unthinkable.

She stopped behind them. Neither dared shift.

“Up,” she ordered. Then, with the faintest pause, “On your knees still. Crawl.”

The girl’s lips parted in shame before she even moved, but she obeyed at once. Palms to the cold linoleum, she lowered herself forward, the puffed sleeves of her childish dress rustling faintly as she shifted her weight. The boy followed suit, the pair of them crawling in unison across their own kitchen floor, the leather presence behind them watching their every movement.

“Slower,” came the curt instruction. “Deliberate. Let every inch remind you who you are.”

They adjusted, their crawling slowed to a crawl of ceremony, each movement forced, awkward, humiliating. Satin skirts rode up as they moved, leaving them exposed, ridiculous, and perfectly aware of it. At the far counter, the tray awaited. Silver polished, cups set neatly in a row, the teapot steaming faintly as though mocking them. The girl reached it first, trembling as she dared not rise. She stayed crouched low, balanced awkwardly on her knees as she slid her hands beneath the tray. The boy knelt beside her, waiting for his own command.

“Carry it together,” came the order.

They lifted as one, both pairs of hands trembling under the weight, not because the tray was heavy, but because the act was crushing. They shuffled back on their knees, tray balanced carefully between them, every second an exercise in control. The woman in black stood perfectly still, arms folded, eyes fixed on them with cold satisfaction. At last, they reached her feet.

“Place it down,” she said.

They lowered the tray onto the linoleum, hands hesitant, clumsy. One cup rattled faintly against the saucer. The boy flinched at the sound, but it was the girl who spoke first, her voice breaking, thin and uncertain.

“I—I’m sorry, ma’am.”

The silence stretched for a moment. Then the leather-clad figure crouched, her face level with theirs. Her hand shot out, seizing the boy’s chin, tilting his face up sharply.

“Sorry will not serve me tea,” she said coldly. Her hand released, and he dropped his gaze again, cheeks flushed.

She turned her attention to the girl.

“Pour.”

The girl obeyed with trembling hands, lifting the pot, the spout wavering as she filled the cup. She dared not spill a drop. When the cup was full, she placed it carefully back on the saucer, then folded her hands once more in her lap, head lowered. The woman took the cup, sipped once, then let the silence stretch unbearably.

“You are ridiculous in these clothes,” she said at last, her tone almost conversational. “You know it. I know it. That is why they are perfect. Every time you move in them, every time you see your reflection, you are reminded, you are mine to direct, mine to reduce.”

Neither spoke. Both felt the weight of the words press down upon them, harder than the tiles beneath their knees. She set the cup down again, untouched save for that single sip, and stood tall once more.

“Now,” she said, voice sharpening, “thank me properly. Aloud.”

The girl’s throat tightened, but she forced herself to speak.

“Th—thank you, ma’am.”

Her voice broke halfway through, and tears pricked at her eyes. The boy followed, his words quieter, strangled with shame.

“Thank you, ma’am.”

The woman regarded them for a long moment, then smiled faintly, a smile without warmth.

“That,” she said, “is service.”

And with that, she turned away, leaving them kneeling beside the tray, humiliated and silent in the home that no longer belonged to them.

# Chapter 1

Morning sunlight streamed through the glass atrium of Fairchild Property Management. 27 year old Sophie Carter walked briskly across the polished floor, blouse immaculate, skirt smart, her heels clicking neatly. Her blonde hair was tied back with professional precision, her files tucked under one arm. She looked every inch the competent administrator, polite smile, steady pace, efficient. Her colleagues greeted her as they always did.

“Morning, Sophie.”

She replied with her usual quick warmth, her voice calm, even bright as it always was. No one could have guessed, looking at her smart figure and pretty face, how raw her throat felt from the lace collar pressed there the night before. No one saw her fingers tremble when she keyed in the day’s appointments, remembering how those same hands had been flat on the kitchen tiles, satin sleeves hanging absurdly.

By ten o’clock, she was leading a meeting with the lettings team, her voice steady, her notes immaculate. They looked to her for figures, for clarity, for order. And she delivered. Not one of them could have imagined her in tears twelve hours earlier, whispering “thank you, ma’am” as though it were salvation.

Every “Of course, Mr. Harris,” and “Yes, I’ll take care of that” felt like a mask pulled tighter, a disguise no one could pierce. The shame made her smile harder, sit straighter, work faster desperate that no trace of last night’s humiliation should seep into daylight.

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Across town, Daniel sat at his desk in a back room of the large bank that he worked for, typing commands into a terminal. His colleagues by and large ignored him but in his own mind at least his admin job was essential to the smooth running of the office. Every so often someone would call and ask for the information that he collected and collated so assiduously which always gave him a little tingle of pride and confirmed his value to the organisation.

But now he wasn’t so sure of his worth. Last night, his efforts hadn’t made anyone proud. He should have done something of course, slapped their blackmailer and thrown the horrible woman out into the street. That would have surprised the cruel bitch, but thinking something and doing something weren’t exactly the same thing and Daniel certainly wasn’t a confrontational sort of a chap.

He’d always been willing to settle disagreement through negotiation or compromise and, truth be told, he was hardly physically equipped for confrontation. He was quite a small, thin man, lithe as he liked to describe himself. Someone with inner strength and integrity rather than some sort of Neanderthal thug. In fact he wasn’t much bigger than Sophie and ill-equipped to tackle even tall, austere Helena Markham much less that perverted bastard who’d invaded their home that night. And as much as he tried to ignore it, that incident preyed constantly on his mind

At lunch, he sat with his team, laughing at a joke about his endless spreadsheets. He even added a quip of his own, and they chuckled. To them, he was quiet but dependable, But all he could see was Sophie’s face as Helena raised her voice,

*“You will take his punishment.”*

All he could hear was her broken sob,

*“Thank you, ma’am.”*

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They both received it just after lunch. Daniel saw the notification flash in the corner of his screen, *From: Helena Markham*. His stomach lurched. He glanced around the office, half expecting someone to notice, though of course no one did. Sophie received hers at the same moment in the property office across town. The subject line was identical, *Uniform for This Evening*.

Daniel opened it first, hands clammy on the keyboard. The message was short, clinical.

*This evening you will change immediately upon arrival. New garments have been left for you. They are to be worn without alteration. You will present yourselves in the living room, together, precisely at seven. Failure will mean correction.*

Sophie read hers twice, heart hammering. Then came the attachment, photographs. Matching outfits laid neatly out. not satin this time, but crisp white shirts with stiff unyielding collars, paired with a scandalously short, grey pinafore tunic for her and a pair of matching grey schoolboy shorts for him. Beneath them, folded white knee socks, shiny black lace-up **shoes** and a broad yellow and green striped tie each, Childish. Schoolroom. Utterly demeaning.

Both stared at their screens in silent horror, far from one another but united in dread. By five thirty, both husband and wife had left their respective offices wearing their smart coats, carrying briefcases, nodding goodnight to colleagues who envied their tidy suburban marriage. On the train home, Sophie glanced at her reflection in the window, crisp blouse, calm face, and felt her stomach twist.

Soon she would be in the childish uniform. Soon Helena's boots would echo on their floor again. Daniel sat beside her, jaw tight, eyes fixed on the passing suburbs. He knew what waited at home. Knew it would only grow worse. Together they rode in silence, two respectable professionals hurtling back toward a house where respect meant nothing.

## Chapter 2

The living room was silent, neat, and completely ordinary. The sofa stood square against the wall, the curtains drawn back, the faint hum of traffic outside. Yet Sophie and Daniel felt none of its familiarity. The air was heavy with waiting. They stood side by side on the carpet, just as instructed, dressed identically, crisp white shirts with stiff collars buttoned to the top, green and yellow striped ties pulled chokingly tight, tight grey shorts for him and a short grey pinafore for her, pressed to perfection. White knee socks gleamed, pulled to their knees, shoes polished until they reflected the light.

Sophie clasped her hands in front of her, knuckles white, eyes lowered. Daniel stood stiffly, arms by his sides, jaw set, though his tie's knot bit just as sharply into his throat. The sound of boots in the hallway came first, then Helena Markham's figure filling the doorway. Black leather coat, hands on hips, her expression unreadable. She paused, surveying them as though they were specimens in a case.

"Together," she said at last. "Greet me."

Their voices tangled in a rush,

"Good evening, ma'am."

Helena stepped further into the room. Her gaze swept down their uniforms, the collars, the ties, the hems. She adjusted her gloves deliberately before speaking again.

"Louder. Clearer. In unison. Again."

"Good evening, ma'am."

This time the words struck the air almost evenly, Daniel's tone flat, Sophie's voice high and trembling. Helena allowed the silence to linger before inclining her head.

"Better. You will learn."

She walked a slow circle around them, her boots muffled on the carpet. Sophie's eyes followed the floor, but she could feel the weight of inspection on her back, the swish of leather as Helena passed close. Daniel's jaw clenched harder with each step, shame gnawing at him.

"Do you understand the rule?" Helena asked, pausing behind them.

Their mouths opened in near-unison, but Daniel faltered a fraction of a second late

. "Yes, ma'am." Sophie's voice overlapped, breaking on the word *ma'am*.

Helena moved swiftly, stepping into Daniel's line of sight. "Too slow," she said, her voice cold. She let the words hang before turning her gaze to Sophie. "And because of him, you both have failed."

Sophie's heart leapt into her throat. She fought the urge to protest, knowing it would only worsen things. Daniel's stomach twisted as he realised what was coming, his pride punished, but Sophie bearing half the blame. Helena returned to her place before them.

"We will repeat until you are perfect. You will speak with one voice, one will. My will. Do you understand?"

This time they snapped it together, louder, broken but obedient,

"Yes, ma'am."

Helena allowed herself the faintest smile. She had them. The rule was no longer instruction, it was law. At least as far as the Carter's were concerned. And they both knew that any hesitation, any mistake, would bind them tighter to her authority.

"Again."

Helena's voice was calm, measured, and absolute.

Daniel and Sophie stood side by side in their ridiculous matching uniforms, shirts crisp, and their socks gleamed, their shoes caught the overhead light. But it was their voices that betrayed them.

"Yes, ma'am," they said together. Sophie's voice trembled; Daniel's was low, flat, grudging.

Helena raised a single eyebrow. "Unacceptable." She stepped closer, leather coat whispering as she moved, her gloved hand adjusting Daniel's knot with a sharp tug upward. His breath caught as the collar pressed tighter.

"You," she said coolly. "Your voice is too deep. You will speak in a higher pitch. Childish. That is how I want you."

Daniel swallowed hard, shame prickling his skin. A grown man, twenty five years old, ordered to squeak like a boy. He dared not refuse.

Helena turned to Sophie. "And you , you I think will lisp. Every word. Every syllable. You will sound as silly as you look."

Sophie's eyes widened, tears already forming.

"Y-yeth, ma'am," she stammered automatically, and flushed crimson at the sound of herself.

Helena's smile was faint, satisfied. She stepped back and folded her arms.

"Together. With corrections. Do you understand?"

They hesitated for a fraction of a second, then obeyed.

Daniel forced his voice high, awkward, absurd,

"Yes, ma'am."

Sophie echoed at once, her lisp thick, her shame unbearable,

"Yeth, ma'am."

The words tangled, ridiculous, childlike.

"Better," Helena said. "Again."

"Yeth, ma'am, yes, ma'am."

"Again."

"Yeth, ma'am, yes, ma'am."

Their voices cracked on the last word, Sophie's lip trembling, Daniel's face hot with fury and humiliation. Helena let the silence grow. She studied them, two adults dressed like children, speaking like children, stripped of every dignity. She knew they felt it in their bones. the longer they repeated, the more natural it would become. And soon, neither would dare speak any other way in her presence.

At last she nodded, satisfied.

"Yes. You're learning, finally."

Sophie's shoulders sagged with relief, her eyes glistening. Daniel stared at the carpet, fists tight, the shame of his squeaky obedience heavier than anything he had known. And Helena, serene, knew she had bound their voices as surely as she had bound their uniforms. She paced slowly before them, her boots sinking softly into the carpet. Daniel and Sophie stood side by side. They already looked absurd enough. But now Helena would make them sound absurd too.

"Together," she said. "Say, *I am a good child.*"

Daniel's voice cracked into a forced, squeaky pitch, "I am a good child." Sophie lisped, her words slipping wetly "I am a good chiwd."

"Again," Helena ordered, barely keeping the amusement from her voice.

"I am a good child."

"I am a good chiwd."

Their voices overlapped, uneven, humiliating. Daniel's pitch too high, Sophie's lisp too heavy. Helena let the corners of her mouth twitch upward in satisfaction.

"Louder."

"I am a good child!" squeaked Daniel. "I am a good chiwd!" sobbed Sophie, her eyes brimming.

"Better. Now say, *Fank you, ma'am, for teaching me.*"

Daniel's jaw tightened, but the words tumbled out, shrill and broken.

"Fank you, ma'am, for teaching me."

Sophie stammered, her lisp worse with the length,

"Fank you, ma'am, f...for teaching me."

Helena let silence fall, forcing them to stand there, cheeks blazing, before she snapped her fingers.

"Again."

"Fank you, ma'am, for teaching me!"

"Fank you, ma'am, f...for teaching me!"

"Good," Helena said softly.

"Now say, *We are your children.*"

Daniel almost broke then. His fists curled at his sides, his jaw trembled. But Sophie was already whispering it, broken, desperate to please. So he joined her, his voice shrill, hers wet with a lisp,

"We are your children."

“Again.”

“We are your children!”

Helena let the words echo, savouring the sound. Two adults, reduced to squeaks and lisps, declaring themselves her children in their own living room. She stepped closer, her gloved hand tilting Sophie’s chin up, then Daniel’s in turn.

“Yes,” she murmured. “You are.”

And she knew they would repeat it as many times as she pleased.

The living room air grew thick with repetition. Daniel and Sophie’s voices cracked, squeaked, and lisped through phrase after phrase, each more humiliating than the last. Helena paced slowly before them, her coat whispering with every turn, her gloved hands folded behind her back.

“Together,” she said. “Say, *We wuv our ma’am.*”

Daniel’s voice squeaked unnaturally high, shame flooding his face, “We wuv our ma’am.” Sophie stammered through the lisp, cheeks wet, “We wuv our ma’am.”

“Louder. Like you mean it.”

“We wuv our ma’am!” they chorused, squeak and lisp colliding. Sophie’s knees trembled beneath her pinafore.

“Again.”

“We wuv our ma’am!”

Helena allowed herself the faintest smile. “Better. Now, *we are widdle children who need to learn.*”

Daniel shut his eyes, humiliation scalding him. But when Sophie’s broken voice began, he was forced to follow.

“We are widdle children who need to learn.”

“We are widdle children who need to learn.”

Their voices tangled, absurd, infantile. Helena tilted her head. “Again. Louder.”

“We are widdle children who need to learn!”

“We are widdle children who need to learn!”

Sophie sobbed openly now, her tears dripping onto her pinafore. Daniel’s face blazed crimson, his squeak cracking higher each time he tried to force the words out.

“Good,” Helena said calmly, as though marking essays. “Now, *Ma’am is always right.*”

“Ma’am is always right,” squeaked Daniel.

“Ma’am ith awwayth wight,” lisped Sophie.

“Again.”

“Ma’am is always right!”

“Ma’am ith awwayth wight!”

Helena circled slowly, boots thudding softly on the carpet. “Now together, louder, with smiles. *We are happy to obey.*”

Daniel’s mouth twisted, but he obeyed. “We are happy to obey.” Sophie forced the words through sobs, “We are happy to obey.”

“Again!”

“We are happy to obey!”

“We are happy to obey!”

Their voices cracked, their humiliation total. Helena paused in front of them, watching Sophie’s tears streak her cheeks, Daniel’s jaw tremble as he squeaked the words again and again. Finally, Helena lifted one gloved hand. The silence fell heavy.

“Yes,” she said softly. “Now you sound as you look. Two children, silly and obedient.”

Daniel’s fists unclenched slowly at his sides, the shame cutting deeper than any strap could. Sophie’s chest heaved with sobs, her pinafore damp with tears. And Helena knew this was only the first night of the drill. Tomorrow, she would choose new words. And they would repeat them until their voices broke entirely. She let the silence hang until both husband and wife shifted awkwardly in their matching uniforms, pinafores pressed, collars biting, ties choking high at their throats. Sophie’s cheeks were wet with tears; Daniel’s face burned with fury and shame. At last Helena spoke, her tone calm and final,

“From now on, you will not call me ‘ma’am.’ That is too formal. Too distant. You are children, not clients. And children do not say ‘ma’am.’”

Her boots clicked once as she stepped closer, her black coat brushing against Sophie's sleeve. She bent slightly, her voice low but unmistakable.

"You will call me *Mummy*."

Daniel's eyes snapped up, horrified. Sophie's lips parted in shock. But Helena's stare silenced them before words could form.

"Together," she said coolly. "Say, *Fank you, Mummy*."

Daniel's throat closed around the word, but Sophie's voice broke first, thick with her lisp,

"Fank you, Mummy."

Helena's eyes shifted instantly to Daniel.

He squeaked, his voice absurdly high, each syllable painful,

"Fank you, Mummy."

The words hung in the air, grotesque, childish. Helena smiled faintly, satisfied.

"Again," she commanded.

"Fank you, Mummy."

"Fank you, Mummy."

"Louder. With feeling."

"Fank you, Mummy!" they chorused, squeak and lisp colliding, tears spilling down Sophie's cheeks, Daniel's face burning.

"Yes," Helena said softly. "That is what I wanted. Your Mummy. Your only Mummy. And you will remember it every time you speak."

She circled behind them, her boots whispering against the carpet. Her voice grew colder and more deliberate.

"Now, together, say, *Mummy is always right*."

Daniel's squeak cracked high, Sophie's lisp thickened with sobs,

"Mummy ith awwayth wight."

"Again."

"Mummy ith awwayth wight!"

Helena stepped back into view, folding her arms. Their pinafores, their ties, their socks. all perfectly identical. And now their voices too, reduced, childish, broken.

"Good children," she said softly, as though praising infants. "You will never forget who you belong to."

Daniel's fists unclenched slowly at his sides. Sophie whimpered, staring at the carpet. Both whispered the same words under their breath, afraid to stop repeating them,

"Fank you, Mummy... Fank you, Mummy..."

And Helena knew she was well on the way to claiming them completely.

## Chapter 3

The next evening, the house no longer felt like theirs. Sophie and Daniel stood once again in the living room, side by side, pinafore and shorts pressed, ties biting, socks and shiny shoes gleaming. Their collars scratched at their throats, their voices still raw from the previous night's repetitions of "*Fank you, Mummy.*"

Helena, *Mummy* now, always Mummy, entered, leather coat swaying, her presence absolute. But this time she was not alone. A new figure followed, tall, severe, with her hair scraped into a bun and a long, chalk-dusted skirt falling to her ankles. She carried no handbag, only a polished cane and a leather-bound notebook. Her gaze was sharp, her expression humourless.

"This," Helena said calmly, "is Miss Ashworth. Your governess."

Sophie gasped faintly. Daniel's jaw set hard, but he dared not speak.

"Children need lessons," Helena continued smoothly. "And a Mummy cannot always be in the classroom. Miss Ashworth will teach you. She will inspect your uniforms, your manners, your voices. You will call her *Miss*. Always. Do you understand?"

"Yeth, Mummy," Sophie stammered at once, her lisp thick. Daniel squeaked the same words, face crimson.

Miss Ashworth stepped forward. Her shoes clicked softly on the floorboards as she opened the notebook. She did not look at Helena; she looked only at the two "children."

"Hands behind your backs," she ordered crisply.

They obeyed instantly.

"Stand straight. Eyes forward."

They straightened, though Daniel's tie pulled so tightly that his breath came shallow. Sophie blinked back tears, her collar biting at her damp skin. Miss Ashworth's voice was clipped, merciless.

"Tonight we begin with recitation. Simple, but important. Repeat after me, *We are Miss's good children.*"

Daniel squeaked, shame gnawing at him. Together they chanted,

"We are Miss's good children."

"Again,"

Miss Ashworth said, making a sharp tick in her notebook.

"We are Miss's good children."

Helena watched from the armchair, calm, satisfied, like a parent observing a trusted governess at work. The drill would continue. Spelling. Manners. Reading aloud in childish voices. Each mistake noted, each hesitation punished. Sophie's tears would come quickly. Daniel's squeaks would crack. And Miss Ashworth would never relent. The living room no longer looked like theirs. A folding desk had been set up against one wall, complete with a chalkboard propped neatly behind it. Two small wooden chairs stood before the desk, chairs far too low for grown bodies, forcing knees to jut awkwardly when occupied.

Sophie and Daniel stood stiffly side by side in their matching uniform, collars buttoned, ties pulled chokingly high, socks gleaming white. Their hands were clasped behind their backs as they awaited orders. Helena sat serenely in the armchair, leather coat folded neatly across her lap, her gaze cool, approving. Miss Ashworth stood at the old-fashioned chalkboard, notebook in one hand, chalk in the other. Her hair was scraped into a severe knot, her blouse starched, her skirt long and dark. She exuded authority without effort.

"Sit," she ordered crisply.

They obeyed, lowering themselves into the small chairs. The wood creaked beneath their weight, their knees sticking out childishly. Sophie flushed crimson. Daniel's jaw worked as he tried to swallow his pride. Miss Ashworth turned to the board and wrote slowly, her chalk scratching,

*Mummy is always right.*

"Copy," she said, handing each of them an exercise book and stub of pencil.

Sophie bent her head at once, blonde hair falling around her cheeks, and began to write in neat letters. Her hand trembled slightly, but her obedience was instinctive. Daniel stared at the words, shame burning through him, before lowering his head too. His letters came out jagged, pressed too hard into the page, the squeak of pencil betraying his resentment. Miss Ashworth paced behind them, skirts whispering.

"Neater," she snapped at Daniel, rapping the edge of his desk with the chalk. He flinched and tried again, the letters tighter this time. After a few minutes, she made them stand and hold up their work. Sophie's page was praised with a curt nod. Daniel's was dismissed with a sharp frown.

"On your feet. Read it aloud. Together."

They held their pages before them, voices quavering.

"Mummy ith awwayth wight," Sophie lisped, tears pricking at her eyes. "Mummy is always right," Daniel squeaked, his voice cracking unnaturally high.

Miss Ashworth shook her head. "Again. With smiles."

"Mummy ith awwayth wight!"

"Mummy is always right!"

Their voices clashed, absurd and childish. Helena's lips curved faintly as she watched from her chair, her eyes bright with satisfaction.

"Very good," Miss Ashworth said coolly. "Now, lines. One hundred. *We are Mummy's children.*"

She snapped her notebook shut.

"Begin."

Daniel and Sophie sank back onto the little chairs, their pencils scratching miserably as they filled line after line with the phrase, collars tight, tears falling, humiliation total. And Helena, serene in her chair, knew the schoolroom had only just opened. The hundred lines were not finished when Miss Ashworth's voice cut sharply across the room.

"Enough. On your feet. Both of you. To the board."

Sophie and Daniel rose awkwardly from their too-small chairs, their clothing creased from the unaccustomed crouch, shoes slipping slightly against the carpet. They shuffled forward, exercise books still in hand. Helena's eyes followed them with calm amusement from her seat in the armchair, one gloved finger resting thoughtfully against her cheek. Miss Ashworth tapped the chalkboard with her pointer.

"Spell it. Together. *Mummy.*"

Daniel swallowed hard, his voice breaking into its required squeak, "mummy." Sophie lisped at once, her tone trembling, "m...mummy."

"Again."

"Mummy."

"Mummy."

Their voices clashed, squeaking and lisping and absurdly infantile. Miss Ashworth wrote the word large across the board, then pointed to Sophie.

"You. Write it."

Sophie took the chalk in her trembling hand, pressing it to the blackboard. Her letters were neat enough, but her tears made her vision blur, and the y trailed crookedly.

"Sloppy," Miss Ashworth said flatly. She turned to Daniel. "Correct it."

His hand clenched around the chalk. He wanted to protest, to say it was fine, but Helena's presence in the corner reminded him that silence was dangerous. He erased Sophie's word and wrote his own, harsh, angular, too deeply etched.

"Ugly," Miss Ashworth observed. "Both wrong."

She rapped the pointer sharply against the board.

"Together. Ten times. Aloud."

"Mummy, Mummy, Mummy, Mummy, " Daniel squeaked, voice cracking higher with every repetition.

"Mummy, Mummy, Mummy, Mummy " Sophie lisped, sobbing openly now, her childish mispronunciation apparent in every syllable.

Miss Ashworth circled them as they recited, skirts swishing around her legs. Helena's smile widened faintly, the faintest nod of satisfaction at the spectacle. When the drill ended, Miss Ashworth snapped her pointer against the board once more.

"Next. *Children.*"

Daniel groaned inwardly but obeyed, squeaking, Sophie whimpered the word, "children."

"Again."

"Again."

Every mistake brought a sharp rap of the pointer across the edge of the board, making Sophie flinch and Daniel grit his teeth. At last, Miss Ashworth stopped. Her notebook snapped shut.

"Pitiful. But improving."

Helena rose from her chair, leather coat swaying. She stepped between them, gloved hands lifting each of their ties sharply, tugging the knots up to remind them of the collar biting their throats.

"You will learn," she said softly, almost gently. "Mummy's children always learn."

Both nodded quickly, voices cracked but obedient.

"Yes, Mummy."

"Yeth, Mummy."

The lesson was over for now, but the schoolroom would open again tomorrow.

## Chapter 4

The following evening, the little classroom was already waiting when they arrived home from work. The desk, the chalkboard, the two low chairs. The air in the living room seemed heavier now, as though it had accepted its new purpose. Sophie and Daniel stood stiffly in front of the board, uniforms immaculate. Their socks gleamed, shoes polished, as though their very appearance would protect them from what was to come. Helena sat in her usual armchair, calm, composed, her black coat draped neatly. Miss Ashworth stood at the board, slim cane in hand, notebook open.

“Tonight,” she said crisply, “we begin with simple sums. Fail that and you will learn a different lesson,” her eyes glanced briefly at the rattan cane displayed on her desk at the front of the room.

She chalked quickly on the board.

$2 + 3 = ?$

“Answer, children. Together.”

Daniel’s squeak and Sophie’s lisp collided,

“F...five.”

“Correct.” A curt tick of the notebook. Then, without pause, she wrote again,

$7 - 4 = ?$

“Three.”

“Good.”

The third sum appeared,

$9 - 6 = ?$

Daniel hesitated. Sophie whispered, “three.”

Their voices were uneven, late. The cane cracked sharply against the desk. Both flinched.

“Too slow,” Miss Ashworth snapped. “Hands out.”

Daniel’s jaw clenched, but he obeyed, squeaking pathetically as he extended his palms. Sophie’s hands shook as she held hers forward, the sleeves of her crisp white shirt slipping back. The cane descended with a sharp rap across Sophie’s hands first. She whimpered, jerking back, then forced herself to present them again. Daniel received his stroke next, his squeaky gasp humiliating in its absurdity.

“Again,” Miss Ashworth commanded. “ $9 - 6 = ?$ ”

“Three!” they blurted together, voices broken, childish.

“Better.”

She wrote another,  $5 + 5 = ?$

They squeaked it correctly. But the moment Daniel’s pitch dipped even slightly, Miss Ashworth turned sharply.

“Too deep, hands up.”

Another rap to his palm.

“Higher this time.”

Daniel forced his voice into a squeal that made his face blaze crimson,

“TEN!”

Sophie sobbed softly,

“Ten.”

Helena watched from her chair, smiling faintly. Every mistake every humiliating, childish punishment made her smile that little bit more.. By the time Miss Ashworth closed her notebook, both pupils had tear-streaked faces, sore hands, and voices cracked from the endless repetitions. She set her cane neatly against the board.

“Pitiful. But tomorrow, better.”

Helena rose, her boots soft against the carpet. She looked down at them, their collars damp, their ties tugged crooked by nervous fingers.

“Mummy is proud,” she said softly. “Say it.”

Daniel and Sophie obediently squeaked together. “Mummy is proud.”

Helena’s smile deepened.

“Yes,” she said. “And tomorrow, Mummy expects more.”

The chalkboard still held the evening’s sums when Miss Ashworth announced that the lesson was over. Sophie and Daniel stood miserably before her, hands red from the cane strokes that they’d already suffered, pinafores creased, collars damp with tears and sweat. Helena, serene in her armchair, crossed one leg neatly over the other and watched with interest. But clearly the lecture still wasn’t over. Miss Ashworth’s tone was calm, cold, almost businesslike.

“Mistakes must be remembered. Lessons must be learned. It would be remiss of me not to reinforce today’s lesson.”

She pulled one of the small chairs forward, sat, and smoothed her skirt. Then she tapped her lap sharply with two fingers. Her eyes fixed on Sophie.

“You first.”

Sophie gasped softly, her tears returning at once.

“P...please, Miss...”

“Now,” Miss Ashworth snapped.

Helena’s quiet voice followed, silken, imperious and with just a hint of amusement.

“Do as Miss tells you, child.”

Sophie shuffled forward, the hem of her pinafore swishing awkwardly, her white socks flashing above her shoes. She bent, trembling, then draped herself across the schoolmistress’s knee. Her hands touched the carpet, her face burned crimson, her tie swung down toward the floor. The woman wasted no time in raising her short skirt and then to Sophie’s obvious dismay pulled her navy blue panties over the swell of her buttocks. The first smack landed sharp and deliberate. Sophie squealed and kicked involuntarily,

“M...Miss! Please!”

But Miss Ashworth did not pause. Each stroke came measured, unhurried, her palm descending with a sting that built steadily. Sophie sobbed, her voice breaking into pitiful cries. Helena watched calmly, noting every squeal, every wriggle. When Miss Ashworth stopped at last, she pulled Sophie upright, turned her sharply, and pointed her to stand beside the board.

“Face forward. Hands behind your back. You will watch.”

Sophie obeyed, tears still glistening, her collar crooked, her tie pulled tight against her throat.

Miss Ashworth turned her gaze on Daniel.

“Now you.”

Daniel froze. His pride screamed against it. But Helena’s cool eyes from the armchair held him motionless.

“Do as your schoolmistress tells you, child,” she said softly.

He stepped forward stiffly, each click of his sensible, black lace-up shoes loud in the silence. He bent, awkwardly, lowering himself across Miss Ashworth’s lap. His male frame made the scene absurd, tiny shorts stretched across his thin buttocks, knees bent awkwardly, socks gleaming. His fists clenched as he lowered his head to the carpet. The first smack cracked across his backside. The sudden shock of it made up squeal which in turn made Helena laugh out loud. Another stroke and another squeal, each one higher, more broken than the last. Sophie sobbed afresh as she watched, her own punishment mirrored, her husband squeaking like a boy across his implacable schoolmistress’s knee.

## Chapter 5

Her nose pressed into the wall, the cool paint biting against her skin. Arms stiff and the hem of her pinafore clutched high, Sophie felt every inch the child that Helena said she was. The leather sole's sting still burned across her knickers, a raw heat that made her squirm, though she dared not move. Upstairs, Helena's heels tapped steadily, each step punctuated by the pitiful yelp of her husband as she dragged him upstairs by the ear. A slap echoed faintly. Then another. Then silence. Sophie's breath caught in her throat. She wanted to shut out the sounds, the memories, but they returned mercilessly.

Miss Ashworth had departed and once again there was just the three of them in the house. Helena had taken the opportunity to criticise their scholastic performance and had slipped then both over her knee, one after the other until they begged for mercy. And now that her 25 year old husband had been taken upstairs to bed by Helena, Sophie had time to think. The whole terrible, shameful affair had begun weeks ago but Sophie could remember it like it was yesterday. Daniel, pale and twitching with nerves, had cleared his throat one evening on the sofa.

*"We... we need something new, Sophie," he had whispered, fiddling with his spectacles. "I've been talking to someone online. He's... experienced. It could be fun."*

She had shaken her head at once, shy, hesitant, the sort of woman who blushed if anyone mentioned sex at the office. But Daniel had looked so desperate not to be the banks weedy little clerk, so pathetic in his yearning to seem bold, that she had relented. She thought it would be silly, awkward, a bit of dress-up. She hadn't expected him. The man who arrived was older, confident, rough and a bit too...working class. Terrifyingly assured, his voice brooked no argument.

He had taken command from the moment he stepped inside, reducing Daniel to a stammering wreck and Sophie to a trembling doll in her stockings and heels. She had tried to play the part, really she had. Arching herself clumsily, pouting as she thought a seductress might, but her voice cracked and her blush betrayed her inexperience. She remembered even now the way the man had laughed, deep and mocking,

*"Pathetic. She's no femme fatale. Just a shy little girl pretending. What the hell have you brought me here for you silly little fucker?"*

She had wanted to die of shame. And then, just as it seemed things couldn't get any worse, Helena had appeared. Watching quietly. Recording and smiling with that seen, self-confident smirk that they had come to recognise so well.. She must have come along with Trevor although nobody had mentioned her. And the worst thing was that she was actually recording everything that was going on. Afterward, it was Helena who held the evidence. Helena who leaned close and whispered,

*"Such a pretty thing when you cry. Shall we keep this between us? I think we'd better, don't you."*

And from that night, her life was no longer her own. What should have been an evening of exploration and sensuality had turned into a nightmare and as a result here she was, a marketing executive of twenty seven, nose pressed to the wall of her own sitting room, skirt clutched up to her waist on command, bottom blazing from the slipper, waiting for Helena to come back down and remind her again that she was nothing but *Mummy's silly little girl*.

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Helena shoved Daniel through the doorway of the small bedroom, her fingers still locked firmly around his ear. He stumbled, clutching at the frame of the bed for balance.

"Pathetic," Helena murmured, giving his ear a twist that made him squeal. "A grown man squeaking like a schoolboy. I wonder if your colleagues at the bank would recognise their silly little clerk like this?"

Slaap! Her hand cracked across the seat of his trousers. Daniel flinched, face scarlet with shame.

"P...please, Mummy..."

"Shut your mouth. When I want you to speak, I'll tell you."

Helena sat on the edge of the bed, her poise immaculate, and pulled him down by the ear until he bent awkwardly in front of her.

"You wanted to play the man of the house, didn't you?" she continued, her voice soft, deadly. "Arranging little adventures online. Bringing that dominant brute through your own front door. You

thought it would make you bold. And instead,” Slaap! “He humiliated you. He humiliated your wife. And I was there to watch it all unravel.”

Daniel whimpered.

“I’m sorry, Mummy...”

Slaap!

“Not sorry enough, little man.”

She released his ear and seized his chin, forcing his tear-streaked face up. His spectacles sat askew, fogged from his sobs.

“You are a weedy little fellow, Daniel. Thin, unimpressive, pitiful. Your colleagues laugh at you behind your back. Your wife is ashamed of you. And I...” Helena smiled faintly, “...I own you.”

She let the words sink in, then patted her lap.

“Over. Now.”

Daniel’s knees wobbled.

“N...no, Mummy, please, not again...my bottom’s s...so sore.”

Her voice snapped like a whip.

“Over, you sad excuse for a man. Or I’ll send a message to your branch manager with a photograph attached. A certain one of you kneeling like a begging dog for that man you invited into your marriage. Is that what you want me to do?”

Daniel gave a strangled cry, then scrambled across her lap, collapsing into place like the weak little individual that he was. Helena adjusted him briskly, tugging his trousers taut, pinning his narrow waist beneath her arm. She raised her hand slowly, letting him hear the pause.

“Now we’ll make certain, Daniel, that you never forget what you are.”

Her palm descended with a sharp crack, and his cry echoed off the bedroom walls. The house rang with it. Each sharp report from upstairs came down through the ceiling, a smack, then Daniel’s pitiful cry, high and broken through the fog of his spectacles. Sophie squeezed her eyes shut, her nose still pressed hard against the wallpaper. Her arms trembled with the effort of keeping her pinafore lifted. Every instinct screamed at her to lower it, to cover herself, but Helena’s voice still echoed in her head,

*“Skirt up. High. Mummy isn’t finished with you yet.”*

So she held it. The cool air across her thighs only made the sting in her knickers worse, every hot welt reminding her of her place. Upstairs, another smack. A muffled squeal. Helena’s voice, low and calm, too distant to catch the words, but Sophie didn’t need to. She knew the rhythm. The lecture. The cruel patience. A sob escaped her lips. She bit it back at once, pressing harder into the wall. If Helena heard her weeping from below, she would only make things worse.

Another cry from Daniel drifted down. Sophie’s heart thumped in her chest. He sounded so small, so utterly reduced, no bigger than she felt now, nose to the wall like a punished schoolgirl. And yet, some part of her knew Helena would come back to her. Helena always did what she promised to do. Sophie could almost hear her measured words in her mind already,

*“My silly little girl, waiting where I left her. Don’t think I’ve forgotten you.”*

The tears spilled harder. She sniffled, choked, then whispered the phrase she had written in her lines, the one Helena had forced her to lisp aloud,

“I...I’m not a professional woman... I’m Mummy’s silly little girl...”

Her voice cracked, but the admission gave her no relief. Only dread. Sophie’s arms trembled, pinafore hem gripped tight, the wool bunched cruelly in her fists. Her nose rubbed raw against the wallpaper. Every sob from Daniel upstairs twisted the knife deeper, not just because she pitied him, but because it reminded her of the night that had ruined them both.

Trevor.

She could hardly even think his name without shuddering. That first moment still made her stomach knot, the door opening, and there he was. Broad, heavy-set, older than either of them, his presence filling their modest sitting room as if it were his own. He hadn’t hesitated. No polite smiles, no soft introductions. Just a glance at Daniel, shrinking already into his spectacles, and then at her, a stare so direct it made her flush scarlet on the spot.

*“So this is the little wife,”* he had said, his voice low and amused. *“You’ll do.”*

Daniel had laughed nervously, trying to sound in control. She could see it even now, his thin hands fussing with his tie, his voice shaking as he muttered something about, *“just trying something different.”*

Trevor had ignored him. His hand had been on Sophie’s shoulder within minutes, steering her where he wanted her. His instructions were crisp, impossible to refuse. Daniel had sat frozen, useless, watching while Sophie was pushed into stockings, into heels, into poses she could never carry off. She hadn’t felt glamorous. She had felt ridiculous. A child dressing up in clothes meant for someone else. Her pout had trembled into a blush, her arch into an awkward curve. Trevor’s laugh had filled the room.

*“Look at her. Pathetic. She’s no seductress. Just a shy little girl playing at it.”*

Her face burned at the memory. Even now, nose to the wall, she could feel the shame of it in her bones. Bent over the arm of her own living room sofa while the large, bearded man had thrust his bulging cock inside her without any sort of foreplay, simply rammed himself inside her and pistoned in and out of her without even the pretence of anything sexual or erotic. Just an aggressive, dangerous man taking what he wanted.

And then Helena had stepped forward. Calm, smiling, recording everything on her phone while Sophie squirmed and stammered, while Daniel wilted in his chair. Helena hadn’t needed to touch her. Just watching, documenting, had been enough. And then, almost worse than the assault on her had been the man dragging poor Daniel by the hair so that he screamed in shock and then forcing him to his knees with his backside thrust into the air before thrusting his large, throbbing penis into her husband!

The shock of it, the violence, the perverse wrongness of it all had rendered Sophie speechless. She’d watched, the tears rolling down her face as the beast of a man violated her small husband right in front of her. Afraid to even move much less try and do anything about the revolting act happening on her living room carpet Now Sophie clutched her pinafore higher, tears dripping freely. She knew Helena had every frame, every humiliating second, the stockings, the heels, Trevor’s assault on her poor husband, even Daniel’s failure to protect her was all caught on Helena’s camera A sob broke from her throat. She whispered the words Helena had drilled into her, a pitiful litany in the dark,

*“I’m Mummy’s... I’m Mummy’s silly little girl... I’m not a femme fatale... I’m not anything at all...”*

Upstairs, Daniel gave another cry, sharp and strangled. Sophie’s knees buckled, but she held herself rigid. She knew Helena would come back down soon. And when she did, Sophie would still be waiting, nose pressed to the wall, her shame redoubled by the ghost of Trevor’s laugh echoing in her head.

## Chapter 6

The creak of the stairs froze Sophie where she stood. Her arms ached from holding her pinafore bunched to her waist, her nose sore against the wall, but she dared not move. Helena's heels clicked steadily down until she reappeared in the doorway, composed as ever, her hair untouched, her skirt immaculate. She looked not at Sophie first but around the sitting room, as though checking that everything remained in order. Only then did her gaze settle on the trembling figure with her nose pressed obediently to the cream plasterwork.

"Well," Helena said softly, "my little clerk is in bed. Tucked up like the little boy he is. I told him to keep his hands outside the sheets of course. Who knows what excitable things naughty little boys get up to when I'm not there?"

Sophie's eyes squeezed shut, fresh tears sliding hot down her cheeks.

"And now," Helena went on, unhurried, "it's your turn again."

Helena crossed the room and stood directly behind her. With one fingertip she lifted Sophie's collar, tugging lightly at the knot of her tie until it bit deeper at her throat.

"Skirt still high," Helena observed. "Good girl. You've remembered your place."

Sophie whimpered.

"Yes, Mummy."

"Daniel is finished for the evening," Helena murmured into her ear, the tone calm, almost soothing. "But you, my silly little girl, are not. Because Trevor wasn't wrong, was he?"

Sophie's whole body stiffened.

"P...please, Mummy, don't..."

Helena's hand smoothed down over Sophie's raised pinafore, resting against the thin cotton of her knickers.

"He called you pathetic. He said you were no seductress. Just a child pretending. And I watched, Sophie. I watched every blush, every clumsy pose, every tear you tried to hide."

Sophie gave a broken sob, pressing her forehead harder into the wall.

"Now I hold those memories. Those files. And every time I raise your skirt or tighten your tie, you remember them too. Don't you?"

"Y...yes, Mummy."

"Say it properly."

"I r...remember, Mummy. I w...was pathetic. I'm just... just your silly little girl ..."

Helena's smile was slow, assured. "Exactly so. And that's why your punishment isn't over. Daniel sleeps like a boy in his bed. But you..." Helena tapped the slipper against her palm, "you will stay awake with me until I decide you've truly learned what you are."

Sophie sobbed softly, still holding her skirt high, her nose against the wall, knowing Helena would keep her there as long as she pleased. Helena let the silence linger until Sophie's trembling grew audible. Then, in a voice cool and assured, she said,

"Turn around, child. Nose away from the wall. Skirt still up."

Sophie sobbed once, then obeyed. She pivoted slowly, pinafore bunched high in her fists, her tear-streaked face blotched and red. She could not meet Helena's eyes. The leather sole of the slipper swung idly from Helena's hand.

"Higher," Helena commanded. "Let mummy see what she's dealing with."

Sophie hitched the hem another inch, the pleats stretched tight, the navy cotton of her knickers clinging to her. Her legs trembled. Helena smiled faintly.

"Yes. A picture of obedience. A twenty seven year old marketing executive, standing in her own living room, skirt up like a scolded schoolgirl, waiting for more with mummy's slipper."

Sophie whimpered,

"P...please, Mummy, I'll be good."

"You'll be better after this," Helena cut in smoothly. She tapped the slipper against her palm, letting the sound punctuate the stillness. "Because we haven't finished with Trevor, have we?"

Sophie's whole body flinched.

"Mummy, please, don't say his name..."

Helena stepped closer, eyes fixed on the weeping girl before her.

"Trevor. That dreadful man you let into your marriage? Do you remember how he laughed at you, Sophie? He called you pathetic. He said you weren't a femme fatale at all, but just a silly little girl playing dress-up. And he was right."

Sophie's shoulders shook violently, tears spilling.

"Yes, Mummy," she whispered, broken.

"Say it properly."

Her lips quivered.

"I wasn't a femme fatale... I was pathetic... I'm just Mummy's silly little girl."

Helena tilted the slipper, stroking its worn sole across Sophie's thigh.

"And then he fucked you, didn't he? Humped you like a dog on this very living room carpet as I recall? How did that go for you? Did you enjoy the attention, my little whore? Or do you regret with the last fibre of your being, Daniel's decision on behalf of the pair of you?"

Sophie sobbed and sniffed and then started to cry again, The shame of the questioning too much for her to withstand.

"I...I regret it m...mummy."

Helena laughed delightedly at Sophie's reaction and smacked her glowing red, bare bottom.

"Exactly so. And every time this leather sole kisses your bottom, you will remember Trevor's laugh. That cruel, laugh that showed you what you really are."

Sophie wailed softly, her hands clutching her pinafore higher, her face scarlet with shame. Helena raised the slipper, her smile serene.

"Now thank mummy for giving you what Trevor only guessed you needed."

"Thank you, mummy."

Helena let the slipper dangle at her side, her eyes never leaving Sophie's streaming face.

"Standing is too grown-up for you," she said at last, voice calm and deliberate. "You'll go over mummy's knee again. That's where you belong."

Sophie shook her head helplessly, tears dripping onto her blouse. "Please, Mummy, I...I..."

"Hush." Helena's tone cut like glass. She settled herself on the sofa, smoothing her skirt, her composure immaculate. Then she patted her lap once, firmly. "Here. Now. Or shall I ring Trevor and remind him what a pretty little picture you made, wriggling in your stockings while you cried?"

Sophie gave a broken sob. That name was enough by itself. Clutching her pinafore hem miserably, she shuffled forward and lowered herself across Helena's lap. The position was agony in itself, her bottom high, her legs dangling, her pinafore rumped up to her waist. Her collar bit at her throat, her tie pulled taut against the back of her neck as Helena adjusted her neatly into place.

"There," Helena murmured, one hand pressing Sophie's waist down, the other lifting the slipper. "Exactly where a silly little girl should be. Not in an office, not in heels and stockings. Over her mummy's knee and ready to be spanked."

The first smack cracked across her knickers, sharp and flat. Sophie shrieked, legs kicking helplessly.

"Still," Helena commanded, pinning her tighter. "Count them. Out loud. With your lisp."

"One, M...Mummy!" Sophie sobbed.

Another fell. *Smack!*

"Two, Mummy!"

The rhythm was merciless. Helena did not hurry. She let each stroke echo, let Sophie's sobs fill the pause, then brought the slipper down again, precise and unhurried. By the fifth, Sophie was wailing. By the tenth, she was gasping for breath, her tie choking her sobs into squeals.

"Better," Helena said softly, her voice cutting through the cries. "Do you hear Trevor's laugh, Sophie? I do. Every time this slipper lands, I hear him telling me exactly what you are. Say it."

"I'm Mummy's silly little girl!"

Sophie wailed, her words mangled by tears.

"Louder."

"I'm Mummy's silly little girl!"

*Smack!*

“And you’ll never be anything else, will you?”

“N...n...no, Mummy!”

Helena smiled, serene, her arm rising and falling in steady rhythm. Each stroke was a reminder, each shriek a confirmation, Sophie reduced, infantilised, utterly in her place, a grown woman corrected like a child across her mummy’s knee. The slipper rose and fell with cruel rhythm, the sound ringing sharp against the walls of Sophie’s sitting room.

Slaaap!

“Th...thirteen, Mummy!”

Slaaap!

“Fourteen, Mummy!”

Her cries grew higher, thinner, her voice breaking on every number. Helena’s hand held her down with ease, her calm assurance unshaken while Sophie’s legs kicked helplessly, her shoes thudding against the rug.

“Louder,” Helena said softly, raising the slipper again. “Your husband’s asleep upstairs, but I want him to hear his little wife counting her correction.”

Slaaap!

Sophie wailed, then forced it out through sobs,

“F...fifteen, Mummy!”

Helena let the pause linger, stroking the sole of the slipper slowly across the seat of Sophie’s blazing knickers.

“Do you remember Trevor’s words, girl? Do you?”

Sophie’s tears poured.

“Y...yes, Mummy...”

“What did he say?”

“That I...I w...wasn’t a femme fatale... I was... pathetic...”

“And what are you now?”

“I’m Mummy’s silly little girl!!”

The slipper cracked down again, twice in quick succession. Sophie shrieked, writhing in shame and pain.

Slaaap!

“Twenty-one, Mummy!”

Slaaap!

“Twenty-two, Mummy!”

Her voice collapsed into hiccupping sobs, but Helena was unrelenting. She delivered another slow, steady dozen, each accompanied by a broken count. Sophie’s throat rasped against her tie, every cry catching, every number lisped out pitifully.

“Th...thirty six, m...mummy...”

“Better,” Helena murmured. “You’re learning to accept it. The slipper teaches what the paddle could not, that your place is here, over mummy’s knee, with your bottom hot and your mouth full of confessions.”

Sophie whimpered into the cushion, trembling from head to toe. Helena raised the slipper once more, her tone almost indulgent.

“Just five more, child. Five to make certain. And with each one, you will thank Trevor for showing me exactly what you are.”

Slaaap!

“Th...thank you, Trevor, for showing Mummy...one, Mummy!”

Slaaap!

“Thank you, T...Trevor... two, Mummy!”

Sophie howled the words, her face blotched, her body collapsing across Helena’s lap. By the final stroke, she was sobbing uncontrollably, the words mangled into broken fragments,

“Th...thank you, T...Trevor... f...five, Mummy!”

At last, Helena lowered the slipper, letting it rest across Sophie's glowing bottom cheeks. She stroked her back with cool precision, smoothing the crumpled pinafore.

"There. That's better. A proper slippering for mummy's silly little girl. You'll not forget Trevor's laugh in a hurry, not when your bottom reminds you every time you sit down."

Sophie could only sob, limp across Helena's lap, corrected far beyond pride.

## Chapter 7

At last Helena let the slipper fall silent. Sophie lay limp across her lap, face pressed into the cushion, sobbing until her whole body shook.

“Up,”

Helena said, calm and precise.

Sophie struggled upright, wincing as her pinafore fell back into place, but Helena’s sharp look stopped her hands halfway.

“No. Skirt up. High. You’ll stand that way until you’ve apologised properly.”

With trembling fingers, Sophie gathered her pinafore again, lifting it to her waist. Her striped tie swung forward, damp with tears. She stood before Helena, bare legs quivering, her navy knickers stretched tight over the blazing heat beneath. Helena folded her arms, the slipper dangling from one hand.

“Well?”

Sophie’s throat ached. “I’m sorry, Mummy... f-for being pathetic... f-for not being a femme fatale... for needing the slipper...”

Helena arched an eyebrow and flexed the rubber soled slipper between her hands, Sophie sobbed harder.

“I’m sorry, Mummy... I’m just your silly little girl.”

Helena’s lips curved faintly.

“Better. Now thank me.”

“Thank you, Mummy... for c...correcting me...”

Helena rose smoothly. In one swift movement she seized Sophie’s ear between finger and thumb, twisting until the girl squealed.

“Enough crying. Come with me.”

Sophie stumbled forward, her pinafore bunched high in one hand, the other clawing feebly at Helena’s grip on her ear.

“Upstairs?” she whimpered.

“No,” Helena said coolly. She tugged Sophie toward the narrow door beneath the staircase. She opened it, revealing a cramped space barely big enough for a single cot and a shelf. The bulb overhead flickered weakly.

“From tonight, this is your bedroom. A fitting place for a silly little girl who still needs her mummy’s slipper.”

Sophie gasped, horror flooding her.

“No, Mummy, please... not there... I’ll be good...”

Helena’s fingers tightened cruelly on her ear, twisting it and pushing her head down until she was half-bent.

“You’ll sleep where mummy tells you. You’ll wake where mummy tells you. And every morning you’ll look into the mirror to remind yourself that this is who you are now.”

Helena gave her ear another sharp twist, then thrust her toward the cot.

“Skirt up, nose to the wall. You’ll stay there until I say otherwise.”

Sophie stumbled into the tiny room little more than a cupboard really, her tears dripping freely, her pinafore still hoisted high. She pressed her forehead to the peeling plaster, sobbing, as Helena’s shadow filled the doorway. The bulb hummed faintly overhead, throwing long shadows across the narrow walls, her pinafore bunched high in her fists, tears dripping onto her white socks.

The cot loomed behind her, a child’s cot, hardly more than a shelf with a thin mattress and a grey blanket folded flat. Thirty minutes later Helena’s heels clicked softly on the wooden floor as she stepped into the cramped space. Her presence filled it completely, calm and assured, while Sophie sniffled, trembling against the wall.

“Skirt higher,” Helena said.

Sophie whimpered, lifting the hem another inch, the wool scratching against her wrists. Her knickers were stretched tight, the angry heat still throbbing beneath them. Helena set the slipper on the cot, then ran one finger along the edge of the tiny shelf above it.

“Dust. I’ll expect this cleaned every morning before work. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mummy,” Sophie whispered, her voice raw.

“And your uniform,” Helena continued evenly, tugging at Sophie’s collar until the knot of her tie bit deeper. “You will fold it neatly on place it on that chair.. So that in the morning, when you rise for your marketing job, you will see it waiting for you when you return home. A reminder that no matter what you play at in your office, this is who you truly are.”

Fresh tears spilled down Sophie’s cheeks.

“Yes, Mummy.”

Helena stepped closer, her perfume overwhelming in the tiny space. She leaned in, her voice soft but merciless.

“Tell me, Sophie. Where do proper wives sleep?”

“In... in the bedroom, Mummy...”

“And where do silly little girls who need mummy’s slipper sleep?”

Sophie’s voice broke.

“In the cupboard, Mummy...”

Helena smiled faintly.

“Exactly so. You’ll lie there tonight, while your husband pretends to sleep upstairs. And in the morning, you’ll go to work as if nothing has happened. Neatly dressed in your designer suits and sharp, high heels. That way no one in your office need ever know where you truly belong.”

She turned to the doorway, her heels sharp on the floorboards.

“Time for bed now, little girl.”

The door clicked shut, plunging Sophie into the dim light of her new room. She sobbed as she climbed into the small cot and pulled the threadbare blanket over herself. The cot creaked with every shift of Sophie’s weight. She lay curled on her side beneath the thin grey blanket, her pinafore folded neatly on the chair as instructed, her tie placed atop it with the knot drawn cruelly tight. The bulb overhead buzzed faintly, casting a weak glow that seemed to press the narrow walls even closer.

Her bottom throbbed with every movement. The slipper had left a heat that refused to fade, a reminder of every number she had lisped, every shameful confessions wrung from her. She buried her face into the pillow, flat, lumpy, smelling faintly of dust, and tried to will herself to sleep. But her mind raced. Trevor’s laugh echoed in her ears, Helena’s calm voice overlaying it, “*Not a femme fatale. Just mummy’s silly little girl.*”

Upstairs, the floorboards groaned faintly. She knew Daniel was awake. He would be lying on his back in the bed in the spare room staring at the ceiling, his spectacles on the nightstand, too ashamed even to move. Helena had sent him up early, scolded and spanked, tucked in like a child. And then Helena herself had retired. Sophie had listened as her heels crossed the landing, as the mattress, Sophie’s mattress sank beneath her weight. Now, through the silence of the house, came the soft, steady sound of her breathing, almost a purr, deep and even, the faintest suggestion of a snore.

Helena slept peacefully in the bed that had once been Sophie and Daniel’s. She had stripped them of dignity, of privacy, of their very rooms, and now she slumbered like a queen in the spoils of conquest. Sophie rolled onto her back, staring up at the cracked plaster above the cot. Her tears slid silently into her ears. She thought of the morning, carefully dressing herself into her smart office clothes and then painting on a smile for her colleagues in the office. None of them would know. None of them would guess.

Another restless turn, another creak of the cot. From above, a faint thump. Daniel, shifting in bed. Sophie almost whispered his name. But what good would it do? He was as trapped as she was. Perhaps worse. She closed her eyes, clutched the thin blanket to her chest, and listened to Helena’s soft, steady snore. The sound of their captor sleeping. The sound of their owner at peace.

## Chapter 8

The alarm rang at six. Sophie was already awake, stiff from the cot, her back sore from the thin, narrow mattress, her bottom still burning faintly beneath her knickers. She rose quietly, folding the grey blanket with trembling hands, setting it square on the bed as Helena had ordered. The uniform stripped off and folded neatly on the chair mocked her, pinafore, shirt, and tie. But today demanded her other costume.

She padded upstairs, avoiding the creaky step, and slipped into the bathroom. The mirror caught her, face pale, eyes swollen, cheeks blotched from tears. She set her jaw. With practised precision, she reached for the concealer. Layer by layer she painted away the redness, softened the puffiness, powdered the shine. Mascara followed, careful strokes to mask the wetness in her lashes. Lipstick, pale and professional, the shade she always wore for client meetings.

When she stepped back, the mirror showed not the silly little girl sobbing in a cupboard under the stairs, but Sophie, a twenty seven year old executive. Impeccably turned out. Respectable. Untouchable. She buttoned her blouse, silk this time, not cotton, smoothed her tailored skirt, and tightened the slim black belt. Her blazer went on next, pressed and sharp. She knotted her professional scarf, not the striped tie, at her throat. It looked perfect. Respectable. As if nothing had happened.

In the bedroom, Daniel was dressing too. His suit hung loosely on his narrow frame, but he adjusted it carefully, fussing with his tie knot until it lay straight. His spectacles were polished. To anyone at the bank, he was what he had always been, a young clerk, neat, diligent, unimpressive but reliable. They caught one another's eyes in the mirror. Neither spoke. Helena's soft tread came down the landing. She passed the doorway, serene, her own dressing gown tied neatly, her hair brushed. She didn't need to say a word. The faint curve of her mouth was enough, a reminder of the slipper, of Trevor, of the cupboard under the stairs.

Daniel looked down at his polished shoes. Sophie fixed her gaze on the mirror, tracing the professional woman she had painted back onto her face. Together, they left the house. On the street, neighbours nodded as always. At the station, no one looked twice. In the office, colleagues greeted Sophie with smiles, asked after Daniel's weekend. And nothing had changed. Nothing *could* change. Because beneath the make-up, beneath the suit, beneath the smiles and polite laughter, both of them knew that when evening came, they would return to Helena. And to her, they were only what she had named them. A weedy little clerk and a silly little girl.

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The lift doors opened onto the seventh floor, and Sophie stepped out with her portfolio tucked neatly under her arm. She walked quickly, heels smart on the polished floor, her blazer sharp, her silk blouse smooth against her skin. No one looking at her now could have guessed that she had sobbed herself hoarse only hours earlier in a cupboard under the stairs of her own home.

"Morning, Soph!"

"Morning, Sophie ... did you catch the email about Friday?"

"You're presenting at three, right?"

The greetings came easily. Sophie smiled back, her lipstick immaculate, her eyes bright from the concealer she had worked so carefully into place. She laughed at a small joke from Kate on the design team. She thanked Matt from accounts for dropping off some printouts. Her voice was steady, her manner brisk and professional. She took her desk, tidy and organised, a small plant in the corner, the framed picture of her and Daniel smiling on their wedding day. She had to look away from it.

By nine she was in a client meeting. Her slides were crisp, her voice clear, her delivery confident. She explained the numbers, laid out the projections, answered the questions. Heads nodded. Compliments followed.

"You've got a knack for this, Sophie."

"Always so composed."

She smiled, nodded, thanked them. And all the while, Helena's voice whispered in her memory, "*A knack for it? Composed? Don't make me laugh. You're not a professional woman. You're mummy's silly little girl.*"

At lunch, she sat with colleagues in the break room, laughing at office gossip, pretending to care about holiday plans. Her food tasted of nothing. She thought of the lumpy cot. The slipper. Daniel's pitiful wailing as the slipper crashed against his bare bottom. In the afternoon she caught her reflection in the glass wall of the conference room. The professional mask was perfect, silk scarf, pressed blazer, lipstick steady. But beneath the powder, she still felt the raw heat in her knickers, the soreness Helena had left. It was a private, invisible mark, one her colleagues could never guess at.

By mid afternoon she had answered every email, closed every task, charmed every client. On paper, it had been a flawless day. She even received a compliment from her director, "*Sharp work as always, Sophie. I don't know how you keep so composed.*" She smiled politely. But inside, she was already trembling. Because the office lights would dim. The lifts would descend. She would walk to the station, catch her train, and return to the little house. To the quiet street. To Helena's calm, waiting smile. And all the make-up, all the silk, all the polish would mean nothing once the front door closed behind her.

The meeting wrapped on time. Sophie closed her laptop, thanked the clients, and slipped out of the glass-walled conference room with the others. She smiled, nodded, even joked as they drifted back toward their desks. Her phone buzzed in her blazer pocket. She slipped it out casually, glancing at the screen as though expecting an email. Instead her breath caught.

*"I do hope that you're being a good little girl for mummy?"*

The words glared back at her, neat, calm, impossible to ignore. Her thumb trembled over the screen. She felt the blood rush to her cheeks, a hot flush she struggled to hide. A colleague passed her in the corridor and smiled. She smiled back automatically, heart hammering. She tucked the phone quickly away, forcing her feet to carry her back to her desk. But the words were already inside her, echoing, overlaying every compliment, every "well done" she had earned today.

*"Good little girl for mummy?"*

Her colleagues saw the silk scarf, the poised presentation, the steady voice. They would never know that only last night she had been bent over Helena's knee, pinafore up, slipper cracking across her knickers as she sobbed out Trevor's name. They would never imagine her cot under the stairs, the childish uniform folded and waiting for her return. They couldn't. Nothing in this environment could betray it. To them, she was Sophie the professional. Sophie the reliable. Sophie the composed.

But Helena's text had stripped that illusion in an instant. And Sophie knew she couldn't even risk ignoring it. Mummy always knew. She opened her inbox, stared blankly at the screen. Around her, voices chattered, printers hummed, keyboards clacked. Ordinary life went on. And inside her head, Helena whispered again, "*You're not a professional woman. You're mummy's silly little girl.*"

Her hands hovered over the keyboard, frozen. She knew she should be finishing her report, tidying the deck for the afternoon presentation. But the phone in her lap burned against her palm. Helena's message waited, pulsing in her mind.

*"I do hope that you're being a good little girl for mummy?"*

If she ignored it, Helena would know. Somehow she always knew. And the consequences... Sophie's bottom still throbbed faintly at the memory. Her thumbs trembled as she unlocked the screen. She glanced around quickly, Kate was bent over the printer, Matt was on the phone. No one watching. Slowly, carefully, she typed,

*"Yes, Mummy. I'm being good. I'm your silly little girl."*

Her face flamed as she read it back. Twenty seven years old, sitting in a smart city office, silk scarf knotted neatly, lipstick perfect, and here she was, confessing into her phone like a schoolchild. She hit send. The whoosh of the message made her stomach flip. A moment later the screen lit again.

*"Good girl. Keep your knees together at your desk. And keep that scarf tight. Mummy will want to inspect you when you get home."*

Sophie swallowed hard. She tugged the ends of her scarf automatically, drawing the knot a little higher under her chin, as though Helena could see her even here. Kate returned with the printed pages.

*"Sophie, could you just check these figures before the three o'clock?"*

Sophie smiled brightly, reaching for the papers with steady hands.

“Of course, Kate.”

Inside, her stomach twisted. Her phone rested heavy in her lap. And she knew that every word she spoke today, every professional smile she wore, meant nothing. Helena had her. Helena owned her. The clock ticked toward three o’clock. Sophie sat at her desk, papers neatly stacked, screen filled with charts. On the surface, she looked every inch the capable young professional, scarf knotted high, blazer pressed, hair brushed smooth, lipstick immaculate. Her phone buzzed.

*“Hands flat on your desk. Palms down. Five minutes. No excuses.”*

Sophie’s heart lurched. She glanced around. Kate was on a call. Matt was frowning at his laptop. No one watching. Carefully, she placed her hands flat on the surface, palms down, as instructed. Her screen glowed with her report, but her mind counted the seconds. Another buzz after what felt like an eternity,

*“Good girl. Now type, ‘Mummy’s silly little girl is working hard.’ Word for word. Send it back.”*

Her face burned. She typed, every keystroke an agony.

*“Mummy’s silly little girl is working hard.”*

She hit send, and immediately her phone lit again.

*“Better. Now keep your knees pressed together. You’ll stay like that until the meeting.”*

Sophie shifted in her chair, thighs clamping tight. She tried to focus on her spreadsheet, but the ache in her legs grew with each passing minute. Every time she moved, the words echoed in her head, *“Mummy’s silly little girl is working hard.”*

At three, the client meeting began. Sophie stood at the head of the table, laptop open, slides crisp on the big screen. She smiled, answered questions, pointed neatly with her pen. Her phone, tucked beneath her notes, buzzed once. Then again. She dared a glance,

*“Are your knees still together, Sophie?”*

*“Mummy hopes her little girl is smiling sweetly at the nice clients.”*

Her voice caught for a moment. She forced herself to swallow and carry on, lips stretched into a professional smile while her heart pounded.

“Excellent work as always,” the client said at the close.

Sophie smiled again, thanking them, but inside she was shaking.

Back at her desk at four, another buzz,

*“Pull your scarf knot higher. Tighter. I want it neat when you come home.”*

Her fingers obeyed automatically. She tugged the silk knot up until it pressed against her throat, the pressure making her swallow hard. By five, she was exhausted. Not from the work, she had done it flawlessly, but from the constant weight of Helena’s presence. Every text had been a reminder, every instruction a string pulling her back to the cupboard under the stairs, to the slipper, to yet more humiliation.

The office lights dimmed. Colleagues wished her goodnight. Sophie smiled, gathered her papers, slipped her phone into her bag. On the train home, the last message of the day arrived. The carriage rocked gently, colleagues’ voices drifting around her as they chatted about dinner plans, weekend trips, Friday drinks. Sophie sat stiff in her seat, portfolio on her lap, scarf knotted perfectly at her throat. Her phone buzzed. She slid it from her bag, hands trembling.

*“Hurry back, silly girl. Mummy’s slipper is waiting for you.”*

The words blurred as fresh tears stung her eyes. She blinked hard, staring out at the passing lights of the suburbs, willing herself not to break down in front of strangers. Around her, the chatter went on as though nothing had changed. But inside, Sophie knew everything had. The clients she had charmed today, the colleagues who had praised her, the director who had called her “composed,” none of them would recognise the girl who had stood with her nose to the wall last night, pinafore up, knickers blazing, sobbing under the sting of the slipper.

And yet Helena knew. Helena always knew. Sophie clutched her bag tighter. She thought of the cupboard under the stairs, the cot waiting for her, the grey blanket folded neat. She thought of Helena’s calm smile, the slipper dangling from her hand, Daniel lying upstairs in bed like a punished schoolboy. The train slowed. Her stop. She rose with the others, blending seamlessly into the crowd of commuters. To them she was Sophie, twenty seven, sharp and respectable, another young professional heading home after a long day. But Helena’s words pulsed in her mind with every step toward the house,

*Mummy's slipper is waiting for you.*

## Chapter 9

The house was quiet when Sophie and Daniel returned from work. Too quiet. They moved carefully through the hallway, their eyes flicking nervously toward the stairs, toward the cupboard under the stairs, toward the sitting room. Helena wasn't there again, but this time their phones buzzed simultaneously and the message flashed onto their respective screens.

*“On your knees, both of you. Hands behind your backs. Side by side on the carpet. Wait there for me. I’ll decide later if my silly little girl and my pathetic little clerk deserve the slipper tonight. I have news that affects the pair of you”*

Daniel looked at Sophie, his face twisted with dread. They both sank slowly to their knees, side by side on the carpet, hands clasped behind their backs, heads bowed. The room was silent but for the clock ticking on the mantelpiece. Sophie's legs ached, Daniel's spectacles slid slowly down his nose, but neither dared move. Helena could return at absolutely any time, or not at all but moving without permission was a risk neither was prepared to take. And what news did their mistress have for them?

Twenty minutes later the door opened. The two of them could hear Helena's heels clicked across the hall, unhurried, calm. She entered the sitting room, immaculate in her dark blouse and skirt, her hair pinned neatly. A faint smile touched her lips as she saw them kneeling where she had ordered.

“Good children,” she said softly, placing her handbag on the table. “Exactly where I instructed you to be.”

Sophie swallowed, her throat tight against her scarf. Daniel let out a faint whimper. Helena sat gracefully on the sofa, crossing her legs. She let the silence linger, savouring the sight of them kneeling in their own home, before speaking again.

“You've been wondering about my news, haven't you?”

Sophie's head jerked up, then dropped again at once. Daniel's face coloured.

Helena's smile deepened. “I have another girl. I was with her earlier this afternoon. Oh how she cried! Louder than you, Sophie. Louder than you, Daniel. And she begged me to stop paddling her. But, as you know, mummy doesn't stop until she's satisfied.”

Sophie's lip trembled.

“Mummy... who is she?”

Helena leaned forward, resting her chin on her hand.

“Would you like to know?”

They both nodded miserably.

“She's older than you, Sophie. Cleverer as well, I'd imagine, and more respectable, supposedly steadier. A magistrate, no less. Imagine that, a woman who sits in judgment of others, kneeling in her own home with her blouse rumpled, tears running down her cheeks, writing lines for me just like you do.”

Daniel gasped, appalled. Sophie covered her face with her hands, sobbing. Helena's tone hardened.

“She is my naughty little girl. You are my silly little girl and my pathetic little clerk. I keep you all in your places. And none of you are special. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mummy,” they whispered in unison.

Helena rose, lifting an oval wooden paddle from her bag. She tapped it lightly against her palm, eyes gleaming with a sort of repressed pleasure.

“Then show me you've understood. Both of you. Over mummy's knees, one after the other. Tonight I'll hear you count louder than any magistrate.”

Helena sat on the sofa, paddle balanced on her knee, her smile calm and assured. Sophie and Daniel knelt side by side before her, hands clasped miserably behind their backs, eyes downcast.

“This is my magistrate's paddle, She bought it for herself to experiment with apparently. But now that I've scorched her backside with it properly, I thought that you two would like to try it out, as it were. Isn't that kind of me?”

She smiled at that as they nodded reluctantly.

One at a time,” Helena said. “But the other will kneel beside me and watch. That way you’ll both know exactly how pathetic you look.”

Her eyes flicked to Sophie.

“Up, silly girl. Over mummy’s lap.”

Sophie scrambled forward, her skirt rustling, tears already spilling. She laid herself across Helena’s lap, her pinafore riding high as Helena tugged it up without ceremony. The paddle cracked down, sharp and flat across her knickers. Sophie shrieked, her legs kicking helplessly.

“Count,”

Helena commanded.

“O...one, Mummy!”

Daniel whimpered, glasses fogging as he watched his wife’s bottom blaze beneath the slipper.

Craaack!

“Two, Mummy! Please mummy!” Begged Sophie.

The rhythm built, deliberate, unhurried. Helena did not look at Sophie’s tear-streaked face, she looked at Daniel, forcing him to witness his wife’s disgrace.

“Do you see?” she said softly. “Your clever marketing executive, over mummy’s knee like a schoolgirl. Listen to her squeal. This is what she is.”

Sophie wailed the count, sobbing between each number, until twenty sharp strokes had wrung every last shred of dignity from her. Helena lifted her upright, her smart designer skirt still bunched around her waist, tears streaming down her cheeks and pointed to the floor at her feet.

“Kneel there. Hands on your head. Watch.”

Now her gaze fell on Daniel.

“Your turn, clerk. Over.”

Daniel gave a strangled cry, but obeyed, clambering clumsily across her lap. His suit trousers stretched taut, his thin frame trembling. The paddle raised and cracked down with an even louder report. Daniel squealed, high and pitiful, more like a young woman than a grown man

“Count for me, clerk.”

“O...one, Mummy!”

Sophie sobbed beside them, her hands trembling on her head. She could hardly bear to watch, but she dared not look away.

Craaack!

“Two, Mummy!”

Helena’s voice was smooth and slightly amused.

“A matching pair. My silly little girl and my weedy little clerk. Husband and wife, equally reduced. Equally corrected.”

The strokes fell with relentless rhythm. Daniel kicked and squealed, his spectacles sliding down his nose. Sophie sobbed with him, their voices rising together, her own shame doubled. At twenty Helena let the paddle fall and rest on his thin, office trousers. She held him down a moment, then released him with a pat.

“Kneel beside your wife,” she said. “Hands on your head. Both of you. Show me you’ve learned.”

They knelt side by side, skirts and trousers rumpled, faces blotched with tears, hands on their heads like naughty children. Helena looked down at them serenely, the paddle resting across her knee.

“Not so clever now, are we? Sophie the so-called executive. Daniel the bank clerk. Both nothing more than children waiting for mummy’s next command.”

Their sobs filled the room. Helena smiled faintly, perfectly composed, mistress of them both. The silence after the last crack of the paddle was almost as bad as the strokes themselves. Sophie and Daniel knelt side by side, their faces blotched and wet, hands clasped on their heads, their bodies trembling with sobs.

Helena rose from the sofa with unhurried grace, smoothing her skirt as though nothing unusual had occurred. She placed the paddle carefully on her chair, like an unspoken threat and then glanced back at the pair.

“Stay just like that,” she said softly. “Kneeling and remembering.”

Her heels clicked toward the hall. The front door opened, then closed with a quiet finality. And once again they were alone. Neither moved. Neither dared. The carpet itched beneath their knees, their arms ached from holding their hands high, their bottoms throbbed with a raw, relentless heat. They could not look at one another. To meet each other's eyes would mean acknowledging what they were, husband and wife, reduced together, humiliated together, not as professionals but as children.

The clock ticked on. Minutes stretched into an hour, maybe more. Still they knelt, weeping softly, waiting for a sound that never came. Because Helena didn't need to be in the room to control them. Her paddle still resting ominously on her vacated chair had spoken. And her silence spoke louder still.

When she returned she had a glass of red wine in her hand and some quite shocking news. Helena wanted to spend more time with her new acquisition, the mature magistrate and for now at least Sophie and Daniel were superfluous to requirements. Both held their breath, did that mean that their period of servitude was at an end? That Helena had grown tired of them and that they were free? Her next words dashed those hopes entirely and left them even more aghast if that was possible. The two of them were to be "reassigned" and would be introduced to their new keepers over the weekend.

## Chapter 10

Helena deposited Sophie at the door of a large, anonymous townhouse and was gone in moments. George Layton opened it himself, tall and formally suited with that arrogant expression that only the very wealthy or entitled seem to possess. He looked her up and down as though she were a candidate being weighed at interview for a particularly minor post. As if the whole thing was beneath his dignity.

“So,” he said, voice dry, “this is Helena’s protégé is it? Little Miss Executive herself. Come in.”

He didn’t ask Sophie to sit. Instead, he gestured for her to stand in the centre of the room while he poured himself a drink.

“Turn,” he said, flicking his hand as if directing a model on a catwalk. Sophie spun awkwardly, her blouse rustling. “Hmm. Yes. A presentable package on the outside. But presentation is everything with your sort of people, isn’t it? So let’s unwrap you and see what’s left?”

Sophie flushed at the comparison but he simply strolled over, glass in one hand. With the other he tugged Sophie’s scarf away and dropped it carelessly on a side table. He popped her top button with his thumb, leaned close enough that she flinched.

“Helena dresses you up like a schoolgirl, I hear. That’s her taste. Mine is simpler. I prefer to see what you’ll do without ceremony. When you’re treated like nothing special, which is of course exactly what you are.”

He stepped back, sipped his drink, and nodded to the armchair.

“Over the arm. Now. Blouse up, skirt high. Let’s have a first test.”

Sophie hesitated. Layton didn’t raise his voice. He simply reached for his phone, glanced at it, then looked back.

“Daniel works in accounts at Lloyd’s, doesn’t he? I could call a friend in compliance. Ask for his file. Shall I?”

Sophie stumbled to the chair and bent over it, heart hammering. Layton’s palm landed sharp, brisk, without pause. He didn’t ask her to count. He didn’t tell her to thank him. He didn’t even stop sipping his drink between smacks. The indifference was worse than ceremony, as though her squeals were just background noise.

“When I tell you to do something, it’s done at once do you understand? Don’t stand there fluttering your eyelashes at me like you expect some sort of sympathy.”

His hand rose and fell while Sophie gasped out her apologies almost in time to the sharp slaps.

“Pathetic,” he muttered after a dozen strokes, setting his glass down. “All image and no resilience like so many of your kind.”

He tugged her skirt back down roughly, pushed her upright, and made her stand before him again hands by her sides before taking a firm grip on her left breast through her thin, lemon yellow blouse.

“Remember, Miss Executive, I know all about you and while your under my roof you’ll do everything I say without hesitation or talking back to me. Because otherwise you’ll find me just as enthusiastic with the cane as your mistress. Are we understood?”

“Y...yes, sir.”

Sophie sobbed and squealed as her massaged the plump flesh of her breast and thumbed her engorged nipple. Although he hadn’t specifically asked to be referred to like that, Sophie was in no doubt that someone like Layton would simply expect it as a matter of course. He smiled faintly giving her one good, firm squeeze before letting her go and returning to his newspaper.

“Fetch me the Financial Times from the hall table. We’ll continue when I’ve finished the markets report.”

Sophie fetched the paper as ordered, hands trembling. Layton took it without thanks, flicked it open, and began scanning the front page. He didn’t glance at her.

“Stand there,” he said offhandedly, nodding to the hearthrug. “Hands behind your back. Straight.”

She obeyed, tears drying on her cheeks, her heart pounding. The rustle of pages filled the silence. Then, without warning, Layton lowered the paper, reached down for his leather-soled slipper, and beckoned.

“Over the arm again.”

Sophie scrambled to obey, her head in the seat cushion and her bottom facing towards the ceiling. He administered another set of smacks, quick, hard and efficient, and then returned to his paper as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. He didn't comment on her cries. He didn't make her count. He simply resumed reading, sipping his drink, leaving her standing awkwardly, skirt askew, waiting for the next interruption.

It occurred to Sophie that he was very used to dealing with young women and clearly this wasn't his first experience of wielding an implement of correction. After a while he set down his paper, leaned back, and studied her as if she was some sort of exhibit.

“Your firm banks with us, doesn't it? Marketing consultancy, mid-size, not especially stable. A pity if one of the partners heard how one of their junior executives spends her evenings?”

Sophie's cheeks burned.

“Please, sir, don't...”

He waved her off.

“Not tonight maybe. But remember, I know everything about you and your pathetic excuse for a husband so you'd do well to take heed and do everything that I tell you to in the short time that we're going to be together.”

After dinner, he ate cold roast beef and left her standing in the corner while he chewed, Layton summoned her back to the sitting room.

“Shoes off. Stand on the rug, and pull your skirt up.”

She obeyed, her tights thin against the carpet. He made her recite her job title, her qualifications, her salary. After each answer he landed a blow with his slipper, sharp and fast. “Not worth it,” he murmured each time. “Not worth the ink on the certificate.”

By the end Sophie was sobbing, her voice broken, her sense of herself shattered. He really was a hateful man. When he was tired of his sport he called her over to stand between his thighs and ran his hands up and down her thighs before sliding his hand under her office skirt and giving both her warm, plump buttocks a simultaneous squeeze. He smiled as she squealed involuntarily.

“Don't play coy with me, young lady. I have it on good authority that you like to fuck. Especially in your own living room...in front of witnesses.”

Sophie began to cry, she just couldn't help herself. Had the vile old man seen that dreadful film? If not he certainly knew all about how she'd been violated. She sobbed at the situation she was in, but a sharp slap to an unprotected thigh brought that to an end.

“I have a deal for you, pretty little Sophie Carter. I can bend you over the table right now and cane you over that sore, red arse of yours, or we can go upstairs and fuck. Your choice. But if you don't make a decision before I count to ten, it's going to be both. Ready? One...two...three...”

“Erm...fuck, sir,” she whispered, her face flushing beetroot red.

“What was that?” Asked a plainly amused Layton. “I didn't quite catch it. Speak up, girl!”

“A f...fuck, sir.”

Oh you want me to fuck you rather than spank you? Well. I can quite understand that. Off to bed we go then. Upstairs, yes that's right go on. I'll follow.”

George Layton could feel himself swelling with anticipation as he followed her rapidly disappearing backside up the stairs to his bedroom. What an excellent afternoon he was having already.

## Chapter 11

Over at the other side of town, Daniel Carter was having the diametric opposite experience to George Layton. Helena had brought Daniel over to the large house at dusk. The owner, Cedric Blackwell opened the door himself, looming, his dark eyes flicking over Daniel with open contempt.

“So this is the clerk,” he growled. “Pathetic little specimen, isn’t he?”

Daniel stammered, his spectacles fogging with the heat from the house. Helena smiled and left without another word. As she turned her back, Blackwell seized him by the shoulder with one huge hand and marched him inside. He was a very large man, tall and running to fat and not far off double Daniel’s weight. But even in his fifties he still carried his physicality like a threat

“Strip off those city clothes. You won’t be needing a banker’s suit here. We’ll dress you properly.”

He watched dispassionately as Daniel stripped down to his underpants and then from a chest he produced a pile of garments, a starched grey shirt, a very tiny pair of grey shorts, knee-length grey socks, a red and grey striped blazer and a matching striped tie. Daniel’s hands shook as he buttoned the shirt, tugged on the shorts, and pulled the socks up to his knees. The tie, broad red and grey stripes, Blackwell knotted himself, jerking it until Daniel coughed.

“Look at you,” Blackwell barked, stepping back to survey him. “Twenty five years old, and you look like a boy of twelve. Which I hear is how you’ve acted to date. Now stand straight, hands behind your back, and don’t you dare drop your eyes when I’m speaking to you.”

Daniel stood quivering and erect, already close to tears in the presence of the intimidating older man.

“I know all about you, you pathetic specimen. I know your history and I know exactly what you’ve been up to. And let me tell you this, I don’t have an ounce of pity for you. In fact your mere presence irritates me. Let me demonstrate that.”

At once, Blackwell set him across his lap with barely any effort. Daniel’s shorts rode high, his thin legs flailing helplessly. The cane rested against the arm of the chair, but Blackwell used his broad palm first, each smack echoing in the high-ceilinged room.

“Count!” He roared.

“O...one, sir!” Daniel squealed.

“LOUDER!”

By the twelfth, Daniel was shrieking, his knees buckling, his tie askew.

Blackwell hoisted him upright by the ear and planted him before the mirror.

“What do you see?”

Daniel sobbed. “A... a weedy boy, sir.”

“Correct. And as long as you’re here under my roof I’m going to confirm that to you every single day.”

Blackwell’s iron-hard hand slapped the backs of Daniel’s bare thighs once for each of the last three words just to emphasise his point, which set him off squealing and yelping again much to the older man’s evident disgust. But rather than punish him further, the man simply took a hold of one of Daniel’s ears and propelled him up the stairs and deposited him in a small miserable room with a narrow, single iron bed, a pillow and one course blanket. There was one small desk and chair and a single wardrobe in the corner but no unnecessary decoration whatsoever Blackwell pushed him onto the bed and stood over him for a short while.

“Get some sleep, boy. You’re going to need all of your strength tomorrow.”

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The tall clock in the hall struck seven. Daniel already stood in the study, trembling, hands clasped behind his back, spectacles polished, his ridiculous uniform biting at every seam, starched grey shirt with a stiff, unyielding collar, striped school tie pulled as tightly as possible, grey and red striped blazer with brass buttons, short trousers that left his pale knees exposed above his grey pulled-up socks.

Blackwell entered heavily, shutting the door with a thud. He carried his cane as naturally as a walking stick.

“Well, boy,” he barked, looming above Daniel. “Our first day together. I can only assume that you’re looking forward to it as much as I am? Hey? Hey???”

He buffeted Daniel in what was probably meant to be a manly gesture, but it almost knocked Daniel off his feet. The man tutted.

It’s only your first day and already you look pathetic and defeated. Pull that sock up straight, you slovenly child. And let me tighten that tie for you.”

Daniel whispered, “Yes, sir.”

Blackwell seized his chin and tilted it up sharply.

“Speak properly. Clear voice. Again!”

“Please, sir. Yes, sir!” Daniel squeaked, his voice breaking like an adolescent’s.

Blackwell’s laugh rumbled in his chest.

“He took Daniel by his tie and pulled it upwards so that Daniel’s black shoes were scrambling for purchase on the polished wooden floor

“Pathetic. Let’s see if we can drum some discipline into you.”

He marched Daniel to the centre of the room and circled him like a drill sergeant. With the cane he tapped at his socks, flicked his tie knot up higher, tugged his blazer straight. Each touch made Daniel wince.

“Look at those spindly things!” Blackwell jeered, slapping Daniel’s legs with the cane. “Pathetic, much like the rest of you.”

Daniel rubbed at his thighs, his face burning.

“There. Now you look more like a boy about to cry for his mummy.”

Blackwell set the cane on the desk and dragged the straight-backed chair into the centre of the rug. He sat, patted his thick thigh.

“Over. Shorts up. Hands flat on the carpet. You’ll take thirty this morning.”

Daniel hesitated for half a breath, and Blackwell’s roar made him scramble at once. He bent across the vast lap, his short trousers pulled high into the crack of his hairless backside, his thin legs dangling helplessly. The first smack rang out like a gunshot. Daniel yelped. The second made him squeal. By the fifth he was writhing, his knees splaying, socks slipping down.

“Count!” Blackwell thundered.

“O...one, sir! Two, sir! Th...three, sir!”

Each number broke into sobs. By twenty he was bawling openly, tears soaking his spectacles, his legs kicking like a child’s. At last Blackwell dragged him upright by the ear and planted him in front of the tall mirror. Daniel’s face was blotched, his tie askew, his shorts rucked up indecently.

“Look at yourself, boy,” Blackwell barked. “What do you see?”

Daniel choked out the words Helena had once made Sophie say,

“A... a weedy boy, sir.”

“Louder.”

“A weedy boy, sir!”

“I see a pathetic child. Tell me what I see again, Carter.”

“A...a pathetic ch...child, sir.”

“Louder you fool!”

Daniel flinched at the sheer volume of the command that had been bellowed into his ear.

“A pathetic child, sir!”

“And if there’s one thing I can’t stand, Carter, it’s a pathetic child. Did you know that?”

“No, sir...I mean yes, sir.”

Daniel was gabbling now, he was quite ready to say almost anything the intimidating older man wanted to hear if only it would spare him extra punishment. Unfortunately for him, this wasn’t going to be one of those times. The man reflected in the mirror smiled wolfishly and reached over for his long, thin rattan cane.

“And my punishment for pathetic boys like you, Carter, is the stick.”

He swished the cane through the air to emphasise his point, smiling at the look of abject terror that crossed Daniel’s face. Then, reaching for Daniel’s collar he dragged the already weeping young man across to the chair and placed him firmly over it with enough force to temporarily drive the air from

Daniel's lungs. And then, without further ado, Daniel's thrashing began. Stroke after heavy stroke delivered by Cedric Blackwell's strong right arm.

Daniel howled and kicked and shrieked for mercy, but he'd chosen the wrong man to beg from. Begging and tears had the opposite effect on Blackwell than the one probably intended. They hardened rather than softened his heart, excited him even more than a standard, stoic beating would. He paused for a second and casually rubbed his erection through his trousers, enjoying the pain and distress he was causing and happy to take his time over it.

The first serious correction was always a pleasure. Some boys needed repeated doses and reapplication of the cane but as he'd suspected, Daniel Carter was a pathetic excuse for a man and he'd broken almost immediately. Not that Blackwell was opposed to that, beating a feeble man was just as exciting as far as he was concerned. He raised the cane to his shoulder and brought it whistling down with a resounding craaack! The only matters remaining were how many strokes and exactly when he should make the young man remove his silly little schoolboy shorts.

## Chapter 12

Sophie arrived back at the townhouse just after six, scarf knotted neatly as usual, hands trembling on her bag. She was just within Mr Layton's stipulated time when she should be back inside his house. Layton didn't even rise from his chair when she entered, he merely gestured with his glass. She took off her smart coat and hung it up along with her expensive briefcase. The gesture seemed to suggest slipping out of her real, professional life and into her dystopian new one.

"Stand there. No, further forward. Where I can see you while I read."

She obeyed, heels clicking softly, heart hammering. Layton glanced up over his paper, eyes sliding lazily down her blouse, her skirt, her stockings. He didn't comment, not at first. He wasn't trying to impress or even flirt with the silly little woman. She was barely worthy of his attention if he was being honest. He smiled to himself as he imagined her in her strict, schoolgirl uniform. Yes, that was just about her level. He let the silence grind, then indicated that she should come and stand in his favourite position, between his legs as he sat.

He ran his hands up her long legs again. He'd made her go out and buy herself a pair of black stockings to wear with her glossy, black heels complete with a suspender belt. Clichéd of course, but what the hell? That's what all young women should wear, especially naughty little ones like Sophie Carter. He tugged her sky-blue blouse tighter across her chest, and tugged on both her protruding nipples at the same time and smirked when she flushed crimson.

That was all a part of the enjoyment. Despite her sexual misdemeanours, the sort of thing that could finish her professionally and socially if they ever got out, she was in reality quite shy, even prudish. Just the kind of woman that he preferred corrupting. What was the point in debasing a whore when innocent young women like Sophie were available? He twisted her nipples, not enough to cause any great pain, but enough to make tears spring to her eyes. He felt his cock start to engorge.

He made her bend forward a little so he could reach the small pearl buttons of her blouse and then slowly, ever so slowly he popped the top one. And then...nothing. He made her stand like that, crouched over him slightly while he ostentatiously went back to reading his newspaper. Every so often he would pause and unfasten a single button, slowly, one at a time until the edges of her smart silk blouse parted.

Her unfettered breasts, he didn't let her wear a bra any more, he'd declared that she was "far too small up top" to warrant one, hung just above his head like unripe fruit. But for half an hour he managed to resist temptation and carry on reading the *Financial Times*, sipping whisky, barely acknowledging her. Then, without warning, he snapped the paper closed and gestured to the arm of the chair.

"Over. Quickly."

Sophie scrambled forward, bending awkwardly, realising with a certain amount of humiliation that he wasn't even going to play with her breasts. He'd stripped her like this just to make a point, just to humiliate her further. Although all thoughts of shame were driven completely out of her head when Layton's slipper descended in quick, brutal strokes. No counting. No ceremony. Just stinging pain punctuating his muttered commentary, as if in discussion with himself..

"Silly little girl." Smack.

"Over-rated." Smack. Smack.

"Needs to know her place." Smack, smack, smack!!

He used the slipper because although the report of it striking her backside (her arse as he'd delicately put it) was quite thrilling it didn't cause a lot of damage and therefore he could beat her pretty much for as long as he liked. He'd explained that to her early in their relationship as she lay sobbing over his knee with her bottom cheeks absolutely blazing, stroking and pinching them to his heart's content.

After a couple of dozen he tossed the slipper aside, reopened his paper, and left her bending, dishevelled, blouse twisted, tears running silently down her face. Once she'd quietened down a little he called her over and made her strip off everything apart from her unbuttoned blouse before making her perch uncomfortably on her knee while squeezing her breasts until she squealed prettily.

Finally he couldn't resist her any longer, she was pushed to her knees and then trapped between his hairy highs again. This time she had to take his swollen cock in her mouth and lick and stroke it, not quite to orgasm, but very, very near. This game went on for quite some time with Sophie made to look at him for the entire duration of her ideal. Once when her eyes dropped from his through sheer fatigue, he removed her from his shaft with a loud plop and then slapped her face for her and told her to concentrate.

Fifteen minutes of intense oral servitude later he pulled out again but this time it was to shower her in long ropes of his foul jism. Some went into her blonde hair but the majority ended up smeared over her upturned face, slowly running down her flushed, tearful cheeks and dripping onto her little, apple shaped breasts. He lay back for a short while, recovering his breath and playing with her soft golden hair.

"Shower time, Miss executive. Let's go upstairs and get you cleaned and ready."

And although Sophie was in no doubt what the dirty old man was going to get her ready for, she was in no position to resist. What could she do? If she refused he'd just beat her until she complied. This way was humiliating enough, sharing a shower with a hairy, perverse man who was old enough to be her father was incredibly shameful. But at least it wasn't too painful. She had no doubt that he'd like to leather her backside further if he could, but even he had to rest while they were bathing together.

But of course that didn't mean that he wasn't going to torment her. When they were stood together under the warm water, he wrapped his arms around her from behind so that she could feeling his swollen member against the cleft in her bottom and then let one hand slide down so that it invaded her sex. She gasped as he found her clitoris which was already starting to treacherously swell, and gently manipulated it. There was no resisting it, despite the fact that he was whispering into her ear mockingly and calling her a dirty little bitch she could feel herself starting to slide into an orgasm of her own. She bucked and writhed a little but still thrust herself into his hand before coming with a joyful little squeal.

As he sniggered and washed her down with soap and a sponge he made her agree that she needed punishment for being "a wanton whore". And once she'd been thoroughly scrubbed he sent her out of the shower still dripping water everywhere to go and get the slipper from downstairs. When she reappeared, damp and humiliated he made her stand in the middle of the bathroom, hands on her knees and her wet backside thrust out before delivering a good hard twenty strikes that echoed loudly from the tiled walls of the bathroom.

"Your colleagues think you're a happily married woman," he said between strokes. "But we know better don't we. We both know that you're a dirty bitch who likes to fuck strangers."

"Y...yes, sir."

She gasped, barely able to get the words out as the strokes rained down.

He glanced back, smirk tugging at his mouth. "Say it louder. Tell me exactly what you are."

Her throat constricted.

"I'm... I'm a dirty bitch who likes to fuck strangers, sir."

"Better." He smiled and raised the slipper to shoulder height turned again before bringing it crashing down.

Smaaack!

Smaaack!!

Smaaack!!!

## Chapter 13

Daniel was already trembling, standing in his blazer and ridiculously juvenile school tie while Blackwell inspected his socks. The doorbell rang.

“Company,” Blackwell grunted. “Stand straight. Hands behind your back. Eyes forward.”

Daniel obeyed, heart thudding. The idea that someone other than Blackwell, would see him like this was already making his stomach churn. Who was the sadistic, sick bastard going to bring in? The door opened. Heavy footsteps crossed the hall. And then the voice ... deep, common, working-class and amused, terrible in its familiarity.

“Well now. What do we have here? If it isn’t the pathetic little banker.”

Daniel’s stomach lurched. Oh God! It was Trevor. The same Trevor who had invaded his home, who had fucked Sophie before his eyes, who had laughed as Daniel quailed in silence. The same beast who’d taken him so humiliatingly on the floor of his own living room. For a horrible second Daniel thought he was going to lose control of his own bladder. Blackwell clapped Trevor on the shoulder and led him into the room.

“Hello old friend. Thought you’d enjoy seeing what Helena’s sent me. Piss-poor little thing, isn’t he? I hear you and him have met before?” Asked Blackwell with a smirk and a quick lick of his rubbery lips.

Trevor circled Daniel slowly, like a predator scenting fear. He tugged at Daniel’s short trousers, snapped his tie, leaned close until Daniel could smell the drink on his foul breath and see his yellow teeth.

“Still squeaking, bank clerk? Still watching while your betters take what they want? Is your pretty little wife still being fucked by men you introduced her to?”

Daniel whimpered.

“Please, sir...”

The man leaned forward slightly and slapped his face and then grabbed his smart school tie, wrapping it around his fist and hauling Daniel onto his tiptoes.

“I asked you a question, bitch. Your only job is to answer it respectfully.”

He lifted Daniel even harder so that the tips of his shoes drummed against the floor and his face started to go even more red.

“Well?” He demanded.

“Y...yes, sir. She is still being...f...fucked, sir...”

He managed to choke out, not knowing if what he said was actually true but terrified that it was, Trevor’s laugh was cruel as he shook Daniel like a terrier with a rat.

“Helena was right. You’ll never be a man. Just a schoolboy needing to be put in his place.”

Blackwell settled heavily into his armless wooden chair, the one he always used for situations like this.

“Shall we give him a proper show, Trevor? The boy’s due another correction.”

Trevor grinned.

“By all means, the little fairy deserves everything he gets.”

Daniel found himself dragged across Blackwell’s vast lap, shorts bunched, socks askew. Blackwell’s palm descended with booming smacks, each one punctuated by Trevor’s jeering commentary.

“Listen to him squeal. Your sexy little wife never made half the noise you little wanker.”

“Pathetic, he’s twenty seven you know? You’d think he was about twelve wouldn’t you, from the fuss he’s making.”

“Pull that tie tighter, Blackwell, let’s watch him choke.”

Daniel howled, every smack amplified by Trevor’s laughter, every tear magnified by the knowledge that Sophie, somewhere else, was probably suffering just as much as he was and the realisation that it was all his fault. His lovely, innocent wife being s by someone because of his stupidity! When Blackwell finally let him up, Trevor seized Daniel’s chin, forcing him to meet his eye.

“Understand this, bank clerk. Helena owns you. Blackwell keeps you. And I’ll use you when I like. You’re nothing, not a man, not a husband, just a scared little boy in short trousers.”

Daniel sobbed, nodding frantically. Desperate to escape another punishment

“Yes, sir.”

Trevor’s smile was cold.

“Good. Then we’ll get along fine, just so long as you remember your place.”

Blackwell poured whisky for himself and Trevor, gesturing for Daniel to stand by the hearth. His short trousers showed every quiver of his knees, his striped tie knot biting high.

“Look at him,” Trevor chuckled. “Helena sends her toys far and wide, doesn’t she? She let me fuck him once and film it. Didn’t think I’d get another turn.”

Daniel’s stomach dropped. He remembered that night in his own home, Sophie sobbing while Trevor roughly made him kneel on the carpet, pulled his pants down and then thrust...Oh God, oh God! Now there was no refuge, no Helena to intervene, only Blackwell and Trevor, the violent bullies that he’d been given to.

Blackwell suddenly barked at him,

“Over the desk. Shorts pulled up tight, no much tighter than that boy. I want you to really feel my cane.”

Trevor leaned against the mantel, sipping whisky and smiling.

“Make him squeal, old man. Let’s see if he’s learned.”

The cane whistled. Daniel shrieked, gripping the desk edge.

“Count properly!” Blackwell thundered.

“O...one, s...sir.”

Trevor smirked.

“Pathetic voice, clerk. Do it again, louder. Pretend your office colleagues are listening.”

The cane fell again. Daniel howled. Both men laughed.

“Two, s...sir,” Daniel stuttered the tears coursing down his flushed, downy cheeks.

The caning went on and on, Blackwell exercising the full power of his arm as usual, Daniel shrieking hysterically and starting to beg incoherently.

“Six, sir...oh please sir...p...please.”

Blackwell paused and set the cane down. Daniel gasped and sobbed like a child, glad only that his thrashing had stopped

Trevor placed his glass carefully down on to the desk that Daniel lay crying over.

“My turn.”

Even before Daniel could argue, or even beg the cane whistled down and bit savagely into the centre of his bottom re-igniting the pain of the previous six strokes. He flung his head back and howled. He even tried to stand up but Blackwell stepped over and placed his bulk in the centre of Daniels’s back keeping his nose pressed against the polished wood of the desk.

Five more strokes followed, hard, heavy and accurate. Eventually Trevor paused and dragged Daniel upright by his hair, holding him nose to nose, watching with an amused expression as the tears cascaded down Daniel’s starched, grey shirt front. He extended his tongue and licked Daniel’s face, much to the amusement of Cedric Blackwell who chortled and applauded appreciatively.

“You’re still, pathetic aren’t you, Carter? A boy who’s finally discovered his true vocation in life?”

Trevor seated himself in the chair and hauled Daniel across his lap. Unlike Blackwell’s booming smacks, Trevor’s were sharp, fast, relentless. He punctuated each with a jeer.

“This is for squealing in front of Sophie. This is for letting Helena dress you like a child, and this is for thinking you were ever a man.”

Daniel’s cries rose higher, more desperate, until Trevor finally shoved him back toward Blackwell.

“Stand straight,” Blackwell barked. “Hands on head. Face the mirror.”

Daniel obeyed, tears running down his face. His shorts were twisted, his socks slipping. Trevor moved behind him, one finger tracing the inside of Daniel’s collar, tugging the striped tie cruelly. “Look at yourself. A junior clerk, a ridiculous schoolboy, nothing more. And a pathetic excuse for a man, you’ll admit it, won’t you?”

Daniel sobbed.

“I...I’m a pathetic excuse for a man, sir.”

Trevor laughed and took other sip of his drink.

“Again.”

“I’m a p...pathetic excuse for a man, sir.”

Blackwell roared approval, bringing the cane down once more across the front of Daniel’s thighs.

“LOUDER!”

“I’m a pathetic excuse of a man, sir!”

For hours they traded him back and forth, Blackwell booming commands, Trevor whispering venom, each punishing in his own way. Daniel was made to recite humiliating catechisms, fetch drinks in his short trousers, kneel on the rug while they discussed business, and squeal under cane and hand until his voice broke. Trevor dragged Daniel by the collar of his shirt so that he knelt in front of him. Slowly Trevor unzipped his long thick cock and slapped Daniel’s face with it.

“You know what to do with it, boy. Unless you want me to stick it up your arse again?”

Daniel sobbed brokenly while Blackwell stood sniggering in the background fumbling for his phone in order to record Daniel’s abject shame for posterity. Trevor only had to slap Daniel twice before he reluctantly opened his mouth and took in as much of Trevor’s manhood as he could. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Blackwell crouch by his side, the video on his phone blinking red.

When at last Trevor rose to leave, he ruffled Daniel’s hair like a schoolboy’s.

“Don’t get too comfortable, clerk. I’ll be back. You and your wife both need reminding who you belong to.”

Blackwell grunted agreement, settling into his chair.

“Corner, boy. Hands on your head. Stay there until the clock strikes midnight.”

Daniel obeyed, trembling, the two men’s laughter echoing in his ears.

## Chapter 14

Helena arrived at the Carter home just after dusk. She let herself in, as always, the click of her heels a sound both Sophie and Daniel had half longed for, half dreaded. She was wearing an expensive looking black skirt, 3 inch heels, nylons and a whiter than white crisply starched man's shirt. They watched in the sitting room, pale, thin, visibly shaken from their separate, dreadful fortnights, as she made her entrance. Helena surveyed them both with serene amusement.

"Well, well. My two little strays are back where they belong. Did you both miss me?"

Neither spoke. Their eyes flicked briefly toward each other, then dropped in shame.

"I'd advise you both very strongly to answer me, that is unless you want me to arrange another fortnight with your temporary keepers? It would be very easy to..."

She took out her phone as if to dial.

"P...please, mummy. Don't do that."

"Pleeease, mummy."

Helena smiled at the two of them dressed in their ridiculous, matching, mint green satin uniforms with puffed sleeves and white, lace collars. The looks of abject terror on their faces were enough to convince her that her decision to farm the two of them out had been the correct one. They seemed to be even more humble and servile than they were two weeks ago, which of course was the intention. She sat herself down comfortably and then gestured to Sophie.

"Kneel."

Sophie obeyed instantly, hands clasped behind her. Her childish, satin uniform both immaculate and foolish. Helena's smile deepened.

"Tell your husband and I what Mr Layton made of you?"

The question in itself was disingenuous. She'd spoken to George Layton several times and he had been extremely enthusiastic about the arrangement. She already knew in great detail what had transpired between the two of them and wholeheartedly approved. Sophie's cheeks instantly flamed. She seemed to be incapable of hiding her feelings, thought Helena. But that in a way made her even more cute

"H...he... he made me stand while he read his paper. He... corrected me while discussing the markets. He called me a silly little girl..."

"Corrected you?"

Sophie bit her upper lip and tried not to cry.

"He...spanked me and used a s... slipper on me and..."

Sophie's voice petered out into a humiliating silence.

Helena's eyes glittered.

"And did you squeal like you normally do, little piggy?"

"Yes, Mummy," admitted Sophie with yet another delightful flush.

Daniel squirmed, his own cheeks burning. He had imagined her torment each night, but hearing it aloud, in her own voice, cut deeper. The man, Mr Layton apparently had spanked her and slipped her and God only knew what else. He wasn't even sure if he wanted to know what the "what else" actually was either. Not if it was anything like his own dreadful experience at the hands of that old sadist. Not forgetting that bastard Trevor either...

He realised with a start that Helena had finished with Sophie and was speaking to him now

"And you, Daniel, don't think I've forgotten about you. Kneel beside her and let's hear what you have to say."

He sank down, his ludicrous satin pants rising up as he did so to make him look even more foolish than he actually felt.

"Tell Sophie what your Mr Blackwell made of you."

Daniel's voice stuttered humiliatingly.

"He dressed me in shorts, Mummy...and..."

"Don't tell me dear, tell you lovely wife."

Daniel half turned from his kneeling position towards Sophie.

“He erm... dressed me in shorts, a different school uniform to ours...”

“Tell us about it, Daniel. How did Mr Blackwell like you to dress around the house?”

Daniel swallowed nervously but explained to Sophie that Mr Blackwell liked to dress him in a junior school uniform, grey starched shirt, striped school tie, incredibly tight grey shorts and knee length socks. He blushed horribly as he saw the tears in her eyes. Having to explain his own subservience like this to his wife was absolutely mortifying.

“Anything else?” Asked Helena as he drew to a stuttering end.

“He called me a pathetic excuse for a man, mummy. He caned me and made me count the strokes,”

“That must have been quite shameful for you I imagine, a grown man being caned like a schoolboy?”

Daniel nodded unable to speak, his eyes fixed on the living room carpet trying not to cry.

“I can’t imagine anything much more humiliating than that, can you Sophie?”

Something about the vaguely amused tone of Helena’s voice made Sophie look up at her then quickly at her husband kneeling by her side.

“Although if that punishment had been witnessed? I suppose...?”

Helena rubbed her chin as if in thought.

“Did anyone witness your punishment, Daniel? Now’s the time to tell us. I can see Sophie already wants to know.”

Sophie had a sudden sinking feeling in her stomach. She turned again to Daniel.

“T...Trevor... it was in front of Trevor.”

Sophie gasped. “Trevor?!”

Helena’s smile widened.

“Yes, Trevor. My old friend apparently enjoyed reuniting with Daniel again. Perhaps you should compare notes, after I’m finished with you of course.”

Helena rose, standing above them, her calm voice just as impersonal and as sharp as the cane.

“Do you see now? Layton mocks you, Sophie. Blackwell breaks you, Daniel. Trevor laughs at you both. And yet here you kneel, side by side, waiting for me. Because you know the truth.”

She leaned down, lifting their chins in turn.

“You will always return to me. Because no matter who I lend you to, no matter how you squeal, you are mine. I own you now and you will thank me for taking you back.”

Their tears mingled as they whispered together,

“Thank you, Mummy.”

Helena’s smile was serene.

“Good children. Now fetch my paddle, Sophie. It’s hung up in the usual place, We’ll begin afresh together like any happy family.”

Helena stood above Daniel staring down at him, calm, immaculate, while Sophie’s feet pounded on the stairs as she ran to retrieve the wooden paddle.

“I haven’t told Sophie about your...experience with my friend Trevor, Daniel. Perhaps you want to share that with her sometime, or perhaps not? Although I do believe there’s a film of it somewhere with you squealing and crying as usual. Let’s hope that doesn’t fall into the wrong hands shall we?”

She smiled as Sophie entered the living room holding the oval paddle gingerly at arm’s length. She took it from the tearful young woman and then sent her back to kneel alongside her husband, erect with her hands behind her back. They made a pretty couple, Sophie and Daniel kneeling side by side, their bodies trembling, their eyes fixed on the polished wood now lying across Helena’s hands, a broad wooden paddle, its surface smooth and ominous.

“Two weeks away,” Helena murmured. “Two weeks squealing for others. Now you return to me. Do you imagine you deserve a warm embrace?”

Both shook their heads miserably. They knew exactly what sort of embrace their imperious mistress had in mind.

“No,” Helena said. “You deserve to be welcomed home properly. The paddle will do it. Stand. Side by side. Pants down.”

They obeyed, Sophie fumbling her zip, Daniel tugging at his waistband, both exposing themselves awkwardly, their childish pants sliding down their legs. Helena took each by an ear and led them unresisting to the sofa and then seated herself with serene authority.

“You first, Daniel. Over.”

She patted her thighs beneath her stylish, black skirt. He draped himself across her lap, his thin body stretched, spectacles fogging with tears. The paddle descended with a sharp crack that echoed through the room.

“Owwowww!”

“Count.”

“One.”

Craaack!

“Count properly, young man.

“Sorry, mummy. One, Mummy!”

Sophie flinched at the sound, clutching her hands in front of her short satin skirt as she stood watching Daniel’s humiliation unfold. Each blow landed harder than the last, Daniel’s voice rising until it cracked completely. She almost had to pinch herself to believe that this was actually happening. Only a matter of a few weeks ago she and Daniel had been two absolutely normal people living absolutely normal lives. Dull lives perhaps but happy ones as far as the pair of them were concerned. But now in the bizarre new world that they inhabited they were little more than slaves, modern day slaves.

When at last Helena had enjoyed her fun, she pushed him aside so that he fell awkwardly to the floor and began to remove frantically at his bare bottom to try and alleviate the sting delivered by that horrible paddle. Sophie tried hard not to watch but she couldn’t help herself. She swallowed nervously, the wait was almost as bad as the paddle, especially when there was absolutely no hope of any sort of reprieve from her implacable mistress. Sure enough Helena soon pointed the paddle at Sophie.

“Your turn. Quickly girl, over my knee.”

Sophie made herself bend across Helena’s lap, tears spilling even before the first stroke fell. The paddle’s flat surface bit into her, louder, sharper than the slipper ever had.

“Cry for me,” Helena whispered. “Cry louder than Layton ever made you. Count them, let’s hear you squeak like the little mouse you are.”

And Sophie did, sobbing with each smack, her voice hoarse, her body trembling. At last Helena was finished. Her children had well and truly been taught their place. She let the paddle rest across her knees. Sophie and Daniel knelt side by side again on the rug, bottoms blazing, faces streaked with tears. Helena stroked the paddle’s surface with calm fingers, enjoying the feel of the solid wood in her hands.

“That is your welcome home, children. Remember it. Others may borrow you, that is entirely up to me of course. Others may borrow you at my discretion, but you will always return to me. And when you do, it will always be on your knees, weeping, thanking me for the privilege. What do you say?”

Both whispered through sobs and almost in unison,

“Thank you, Mummy.”

“And before I forget, Miss Ashworth asks me to tell you that she missed you both but that she was looking forward to tomorrow’s lessons in the schoolroom. Isn’t that nice of her?”

Daniel and Sophie nodded uncertainly, until their mistress glared at them.

“Yes, mummy,” they chorused obediently.

Helena smiled, serene,

“Good children. Now stay exactly as you are until I tell you otherwise. Mummy has her tea to finish and then we’ll finish with the final part of your welcome home punishment.”

She smiled again. At the look of horror on their flushed, tearful faces.

“Don’t think for a second that I’ve finished with you both. That little tickling was hardly worthy of the term “ a paddling”. But when I’ve finished my tea and cake, that’s when you’ll find out what a real welcome back thrashing is all about.”

She turned on her heel and returned to the kitchen smiling to herself as the tears started again behind her

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Helena stood, paddle in hand, and pointed to the sofa. She'd removed her crisp white blouse and designer skirt and was now in just her high heels. Stockings and matching black panties and bra.

"Bend over the back of the sofa. Both of you. Side by side, bottoms raised. Hands flat on the cushions. No wriggling."

Sophie and Daniel obeyed, their movements clumsy with fear. Soon they were arranged like schoolchildren in disgrace, their mint-green leggings tugged down to their ankles and their matching satin tops pulled up to their chests, their pale thighs bared side by side. Their faces burned, pressed close to the upholstery, their hands gripping tight. Helena stepped back, admiring the sight.

"Two weeks apart, and now back together where you belong, tearful, terrified and waiting obediently for mummy's correction."

The paddle cracked down on Daniel first. His thin body jerked, a squeal bursting from his lips. Before the sound had even faded, Helena swung onto Sophie's waiting backside. She yelped, her heels kicking against the carpet.

"Count together," Helena commanded.

"One, Mummy!" they chorused, their voices already breaking.

Again the paddle fell, Daniel then Sophie, Sophie then Daniel, each stroke measured, alternating, the rhythm relentless. The pain twice as intense as their earlier paddling not thirty minutes previously.

"Two, Mummy!"

By the fifth, Sophie was sobbing openly. By the seventh, Daniel was squealing, his spectacles sliding down his nose. Helena's smile was serene as she compared their cries.

"Louder, Sophie. You're being outdone by your pathetic husband." "Eight, Mummy!" Sophie shrieked, her voice raw.

Craaack!

"And you, Daniel, another poor effort, Layton had Sophie squealing every night like this apparently. Don't let her put you to shame."

Craaack!

"Ten, Mummy!"

Daniel howled, his knees buckling.

Craaack!

Craaack!

The paddling continued, blow for blow, until the room rang with their voices. Helena leaned close between strokes, whispering her taunts,

"Sophie, listen to your husband squeal. This is the man you used to share a bed with."

"Daniel, look at your wife's tears. That's the woman you thought you could protect."

"Both of you, mine, broken side by side, and grateful for it."

Each taunt made the paddle fall harder, each stroke drawing a louder cry. By fifteen apiece they were broken, sobbing into the sofa, their voices cracked and uneven. Helena delivered the last set in quick succession, Daniel, Sophie, Daniel, Sophie, until they lost track of the count entirely. She ended with a resounding crack across both backsides in turn, making them shriek in unison. She laid the paddle across the sofa, her expression calm, almost tender.

"Up. Kneel. Face me."

They scrambled down, kneeling side by side on the rug, hands clasped, tears streaking their cheeks.

"Now thank me," Helena said softly.

"Thank you, Mummy," they sobbed together, the words sealing their disgrace.

Helena smiled.

"Welcome home, children."

The End