

FREYA AND THE AMESBURY'S

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

Chapter 1

George looked across at his wife, enjoying the intense expression on her face. He knew she very much enjoyed what she was doing. The tip of her tongue slipped between her lips as she drew her arm back and then,

Whhaack!

the leather strap in her hand cracked against the pair of bright-red buttocks writhing over the back of the padded bolster. The girl howled, she threw her head back and simply howled in pain as another stripe was painted across her plump backside. He nodded appreciatively, the little bitch had certainly felt that one. His wife was quite the expert with the strap, but then so she should be, she certainly practised enough. He smiled to himself as he listened to the girl cry and beg. He was trying to locate a patch of still-white buttock cheek but that was becoming increasingly difficult. He let her writhe for a little while longer, allowing her to absorb the pain. After all there was no need to rush, they had all afternoon if they wished. He drew his own arm back and waited until she calmed a little and presented a less difficult target. When he judged the moment right he brought his own implement of choice, a drilled, wooden paddle, down with considerable force,

Whaaap!

The noise of the paddle striking her bare bottom was quite deafening but was easily surpassed by the shriek of agony that the girl produced. Her legs flailed wildly but to no avail. She was quite securely fastened in position over the bench, her head low down and her thrashed buttocks placed at a convenient height. He placed a large, hairy hand possessively on the buttock cheek nearest to him. As usual he was impressed by the degree of heat radiating from the girl's arse. He squeezed and kneaded at it, oblivious to her protestations. In fact he greatly enjoyed her begging, that's why he hadn't put a ball-gag in her mouth. Sometimes they did that just for a change. It depended on what mood they were in, or if they had a hangover.

He looked across at Karen again, this time she caught his eye and smiled. She was quite a woman, he was lucky to have her. It can't be very often that a man finds his perfect soul mate, he

mused. She was big and buxom, large powerful thighs, a big arse and droopy, pendulous breasts. He loved every inch of her, she was in his opinion a proper woman. He would have loved her if that was the only thing about her, but that wasn't all. Almost unbelievably they both shared the same dark predilections. a mutual love for rough sex was what originally brought them together but it went much deeper than that. She was, he soon discovered, a devious, manipulative, sadistic bitch. all of which only served to excite him even more. in the early days it quickly became clear that she liked to both give and ,to a lesser extent , receive pain. he himself was of a similar disposition and they happily experimented on each other. As they lay sated and exhausted in bed they began to fantasise about how they could improve their beautiful relationship. Their conclusion was that they required a victim, or preferably victims, to join them in their little games.

They advertised for and found willing participants but their pleasure, they realised, was limited by the willingness of their 'victims'. They discovered quite a number of masochists who were quite willing to have their backsides beaten to a pulp, some of them were even willing to pay for the privilege. But as entertaining as that was, the attraction soon began to pale. Without actually acknowledging the fact, even to each other, both realised what they wanted, what they really needed was an unwilling victim. It would have to be a woman, they decided. Karen was bi, but George was strictly hetro so that would work. They discussed their 'ideal 'playmate, attractive, small, shy and submissive seemed to be ideal attributes. Without actually agreeing that the next step might be a little perilous, a little illegal maybe, they set to work. One of the most exciting things about their relationship and their mutual pleasures as far as they were concerned was the fact that both were, on the outside at least, fine upstanding members of their local community. Karen for example held a well-paid administrative job in an eminently respectable company and had done so for the last twenty years. George had inherited the large detached house they shared and a surprisingly large amount of money from his hardly-missed parents.

Although he didn't particularly need the work George busied himself with his security business. It was quite a profitable concern but that was really only a cover for his true purpose. What it did do was enable him to spy, both on his own clients and anybody who took his fancy really. The technical advances in micro-cameras and listening equipment had been truly incredible. Now, on almost all of his jobs, he installed a secret listening device and camera somewhere within the building. it was, he concluded, quite amazing what people got up to when they thought they were safely ensconced within four walls. He and Karen liked to fuck while they watched some of the more salacious incidents captured forever by George's all-seeing cameras. Then they'd whisper into each other's ears about what they'd like to do to some of the more attractive participants.

Whhaack!

The sound of leather smacking against naked flesh brought George back from his reminiscing. The howling and shrieking continued, the girl begged them to stop and promised that in future she'd be the best behaved little girl ever, if only they'd stop hurting her. George smiled at that, it always amused him when one of their girls presumed to offer them a bargain. They were absolutely in no position to try and negotiate. As far as he was concerned they were his chattel, rather than rational, independent human beings. Slightly annoyed by her attitude, George raised his paddle and brought it crashing down again.

Whaaap!

She didn't appear to be learning her lesson very well. To be fair though their current girl was one of his favourites, a runaway they'd picked up cold and shivering in the pouring rain. Karen had been driving as she almost always did, he'd been sat in the back hidden by the blacked-out windows. Convinced by Karen's solicitous enquires regarding her health and seduced by her offer of a cup of tea and a hot meal the girl had climbed into the vehicle. By the time she'd realised there was a man in the back of the car it was too late to complain. Karen locked all the doors in the car from her position in the driving seat and drove off. This particular girl was so wet and demoralised that she didn't protest as they drove the twenty miles back to their secluded house, in fact she was almost asleep as they car slowly crunched over the gravel drive. George had climbed out and opened the passenger door. Taking a firm grip on her unprotesting wrist he propelled her through the front door and heard it bang behind them as Karen shut and bolted it.

His eyes flickered back to his wife as her raised , polished strap caught the light in the room. Despite the girl's frantic struggling the brown leather struck her right across the meat of both scarlet cheeks. he made a mental note to make sure he watched for that particular image when he and Karen reviewed the film later that evening. He personally liked the facial shots the most and had installed a camera to capture that particular view, along with the other three in the room. He noticed his wife's delightful, meaty breasts still shaking with the shock of the blow she'd just delivered. She'd stripped to the waist for this disciplinary session as she often did. He hoped she'd notice his hard-on, which she'd probably admit was impressive, especially for a man of his...mature years.

He looked down at the girl again twisting and turning and kicking her legs. She was way past any thought of preserving her modesty now. Her pretty little cunt was almost continually on display, made all the more blatant by her lack of pubic hair. One of the first things they'd done to her, and to all their other victims in fact, was to shave her. George did so enjoy inflicting that sort of mental and physical pain on his victims. He liked to hoist them onto the kitchen table and make them sit legs apart until he used shaving foam and a razor to carefully removed each and every little hair. It was a job he took a certain amount of pride in and he never regretted his efforts, no matter how long it took. In fact he would regularly break for a cup of tea or even a snack while the girl was required to remain perched on the table, sobbing in shame and humiliation.

The girl's name was Gemma, Gemma Goulding. That's what it said on the grubby Building Society cash card that she had in her little purse. That appeared to be one of the few things she owned. As a test George had demanded the PIN number off her and then driven some considerable distance from the house to check its veracity and to place Gemma away from their own immediate vicinity. The card worked and revealed that Miss Goulding had less than a pound in her account. A little more judicious digging supplied her parents address, her age, and a little of her background. It seemed as if she'd left with just the clothes on her back and a couple of changes of clothing in her backpack. For the first weeks or so while she was a guest in their house Karen and George had fussed over her, letting her stay in her pleasant new bedroom and sleep till all hours. She was fed and clothed and looked after and she slowly came out of her shell. She'd run away from home because she 'couldn't stand' her new step-dad apparently. Karen and George had exchanged glances

at this juncture, but said nothing. Rather they listened to the aggrieved young woman poured out all her feelings regarding that particular gentleman and how he'd begged her to 'do it' with him whenever her mother was out of the house.

George remembered shaking his head in mock-sympathy, he may even have tutted a little. he was becoming quite the actor he realised. Although at first he found their approach quite irksome he had bowed to his wife's suggestions regarding their playmates, as she liked to describe them. And to be fair to her, her predictions had turned out to be surprisingly accurate. The girls they chose were generally already brow-beaten before they came within the orbit of the Amesbury's. Either that or they were shy, timid creatures who could be easily intimidated. Gemma was from the former group. Clearly the aggressive, new step-father had bullied her and probably had sex with her which clearly upset the young woman. She'd taken the big decision to leave her own family home to protect herself and probably her mother. That fortuitous turn of events had led her to their door. All it took then was a little patience. The girl had probably never been listened to in her life, a defeated mother, an insensitive step-father, uncaring teachers, who really knew? As far as Gemma was concerned she'd found two adults who, finally, were prepared to listen to her.

The pleasure, the really intense pleasure seemed to increase the longer it took their victim to realise that the trap had been sprung and that, rather than a pair of sympathetic ears, the Amesbury's were sexual predators of the most depraved kind. It usually took a few days, for example, for the girls to notice that there wasn't a phone in the house, that all the windows in the house were barred, and that they were never left on their own. Gemma had lost her mobile phone somewhere in her travels but despite requests and had been told that the Amesbury's were having problems with their internet connection, which neatly explained the lack of any sort of available gadgetry as well. In Gemma's case the lack of social media wasn't such a hardship. Her few friends contacted her infrequently and even then didn't seem to be doing anything particularly interesting. Other than that it was a few former schoolmates who used the various platforms to make fun of her general appearance and her lack of a boyfriend.

It wasn't that she was unattractive, she wasn't hideously ugly or anything, it was just that even her own mother had once described her to a friend as 'a bit plain'. She was under no real illusion regarding her attraction to the opposite sex and that self-image seemed to keep any boys she fancied well at bay. Added to the fact that she was physically unprepossessing, still quite small and underdeveloped, despite the fact she was twenty and in full-time work. Even at work though, it was hard for her to escape the bullying that seemed to be a permanent part of her life. She just didn't do confrontation, and would say and do pretty much anything to avoid a scene. Although it had taken all the little courage she possessed to walk away from that bastard who was living with her poor mother, it was the best thing she could have done. How else would she have been lucky enough to meet people like George and Karen Amesbury? At least they listened to her and treated her like an adult.

Chapter 2

Freya could recall, with pleasure, the exact moment when she cautiously opened the letter with the results of her A-level examinations in it. That sudden stab of pleasure when she realised she had passed them all! Not with outstanding results it had to be said, but nobody was expecting that outcome, least of all her parents. Her mother in particular had wanted her to leave school at sixteen and get 'something suitable', by which Freya took to mean a job behind a shop counter somewhere in the little town they lived in. In a surprising show of determination, Freya had squeezed out just enough performance to be allowed to stay on into the sixth form and continue her studies. Her mother had clicked her tongue in that way she had and predicted that 'no good' would come of it. To her surprise, her father had agreed that she could stay on at school and try for her higher-level qualifications. She'd worked really, really hard and the outcome of all that effort and the tears and tantrums that went with it was three, brand-new, sparkling higher level exam passes. She wished now that she'd had the nerve to brandish the evidence of her hard work in the face of her plainly unimpressed mother, but clearly that would have been a step too far.

Freya's mother was a shrewish nag of a woman who was very used to getting her own way in her own house. She had been fairly annoyed when her daughter and her feeble husband had teamed up to ignore her suggestion regarding Freya's education, who in all seriousness who was the girl trying to fool? Clearly she wasn't any sort of academic, so why was she prolonging her own agony by staying on at school? Surely the best option would have been to find a job that was suitable for her modest abilities, settle down, marry a nice boy that she approved of, and produce grandchildren for her? That's what Marjorie had done for her mother, God rest her soul. Was it really too much to expect her own daughter to do the same? In fact, as Marjorie saw it, she was doing the girl a favour, letting her down gradually by reducing her expectations. Freya in her opinion, just wasn't cut out for office-type work.

That was why she was quite disturbed to discover Freya had been moderately successful in her exams. She'd carefully rehearsed her lines for when the inevitable happened and her well-intentioned but clearly dim-witted daughter failed yet again. Something along the lines of 'never mind, dear, it's probably for the best.' She'd even gone as far as tentatively arranging a job via a friend of a friend. A perfectly respectable position in a shoe shop, a post she was fairly sure even her daughter could cope with. So when Freya stood there with a rather vacant grin on her face she felt vaguely cheated, let down somehow. It was as if the girl had deliberately defied her. How was she going to explain the situation to the owner of the shoe shop? Really, it was too bad, Freya had always been such a selfish little girl. Marjorie sulked all the way through lunch and tried to ignore the excitable babble emanating from her daughter's lips.

Later that afternoon, when her husband had made his usual Saturday trip to the golf course, Marjorie took the opportunity to castigate Freya for leaving her room in a mess. Ignoring the girl's protestations she'd taken her by the arm, sat on her bed and hauled the struggling girl across her

lap. Flicking up Freya's little skirt she began to spank her scruffy, untidy, ungrateful daughter over her tight, white knickers. It only took a couple of minutes of intense smacking before the girl burst into tears. There, little madam, that will teach you to put airs and graces on in front of me, she thought to herself. Undeterred by her daughter's blubbing she carried on tanning the frantically squirming little target Freya kicked her legs in a desperate attempt to free herself but to no avail. Her mother wasn't a particularly big woman, but for her size she was surprisingly strong, certainly strong enough to control Freya's increasingly wild struggles. Only when Freya lay exhausted and unresisting over her knees did Marjorie desist. She didn't like spanking her daughter necessarily, but she was damned if she was going to let the little chit of a girl show her up under her own roof. And anyway, she certainly deserved taking down a peg or two.

Freya for her part merely cried. She knew better than to get off her mother's lap without permission. Were any of her friends still spanked by their mothers, she wondered? it didn't seem right somehow. She was grown up after all, she was eighteen now. She wasn't a schoolgirl anymore. Her mother had spanked her for as long as she could remember. The majority of her friends, she suspected, had also become accustomed to corporal punishment of one kind or another, but were they still put over their mothers knees as she was at eighteen years old? It wasn't a thing her circle of friends would have talked about, well brought-up young ladies didn't discuss that sort of thing, but she suspected the answer would have been, no. Imagine if she was the only one, the only 18 year old in town who was still spanked over her mother's knee? She'd simply die of shame if that ever got out.

Eventually she was allowed up and sent to 'her' corner, the one in the living room nearest the large bay window. There she had to tuck her skirt up, put her hands on her head and push her nose as near to the wall as she could. While she stood there snivelling and feeling sorry for herself she decided that she would show her mother what she was made of. She was going to get herself a well-paid, responsible job in a nice office if it was the last thing she ever did. That would certainly show her! Her daydreams of a nice job and the money she'd make and the clothes she could buy herself occupied her time for a while. A sudden, outrageous thought struck her, what if she made enough money to rent her own place? She could imagine the look on her mother's face when she told her she was moving out! Her comforting thoughts were rudely interrupted when her mother took her firmly by the ear and led her up to her room,

"You're to have a bath and get changed into your pyjamas by 6pm, young lady and then it's straight into bed without any supper I'm afraid. I've had quite enough of your behaviour for one day, my girl."

As the door closed behind her mother's retreating back Freya made definite plans to visit the employment exchange on Monday morning and find herself a suitable position in a smart office. As she drifted off, despite the earliness of her bedtime she attempted to massage the ache out of her tender backside.. A job couldn't come soon enough as far as she was concerned.

Chapter 3

Gemma was watching TV when Karen called her over to look at her computer.

"Where did you say you were from , dear? I can't quite remember?"

"From Kingsbury, why do you ask?"

"I thought so, something just came up about Kingsbury and I thought of you. Which school did you go to by the way, Kingsbury College?"

"No, that's quite posh. I went to the High School."

Karen put 'Kingsbury High School uniform' into her search engine and was supplied with several different pictures of pupils.

"Mmm, that's a smart-looking uniform, Gemma. I'll bet you looked quite the picture wearing it?"

"Well, I don't know about that." Gemma smiled, "but thanks anyway."

"No, I'm serious Gemma. I'll bet you looked lovely in it. George likes to see his girls in uniform, he thinks it shows a little respect ."

"What's that my dear, do I hear my name being taken in vain?" Asked her husband as he lumbered, bear-like, into the room.

"I was just telling Gemma, love, that you like the girls to be dressed in their school uniforms."

"Oh yes I do, that's very true as you know."

Gemma looked from one to the other, unsure if they were joking or not.

"Do you still have it, Gemma? Hung up carefully in a wardrobe in your house, your school uniform I mean?"

Gemma stirred a little uncomfortably.

"I...I wouldn't have thought so. I expect mum would probably have thrown it out or maybe given it to charity."

"That is a pity, young Gemma. I'd so like to have seen you in it. I'll bet it suited you perfectly, did it?"

Gemma blushed prettily. She hadn't given her school uniform much thought if she was honest. She didn't absolutely hate it like some of the girls did and George was quite correct, it actually did look pretty good on her.

"I...I didn't mind wearing it I s...suppose."

"Describe it to us, Gemma, if you don't mind?" Asked Karen.

"It was pretty much like those pictures."

""Go ahead and describe it anyway, give us an idea what it looked like on you," suggested George.

"It was all pretty normal I suppose," said Gemma, trying to avoid noticing how abnormal this particular conversation was. "It was just a white blouse and a tie and a grey skirt. Oh and a pullover."

"Gemma, Gemma. No need to hurry, first things first. What underwear did you usually wear? What colour knickers for example? Were you allowed a bra?"

Gemma blushed even more, she really didn't like the direction this conversation was taking at all.

"I...I, erm...."

"Don't be shy, Gemma love. Indulge your Uncle George. He's just curious, that's all."

Gemma watched nervously as 'Uncle George' made his stately way towards her and stare at her for a little while before slumping heavily onto the small sofa by her side and effectively trapping her between him and his wife. She didn't like him near her like this. For one thing he was very big and quite intimidating. If her unfortunate experiences with her mother's bastard of a boyfriend had taught her anything at all, it was to be wary of men, all men.

"Well, Gemma?" Asked George Amesbury.

Her options were particularly limited at that time, beholding as she was to the Amesbury's.

"Erm...usually b...blue knickers for school. or maybe white."

"Mmmm, that does sound very nice, my dear. I can just imagine them." His hand slipped across to rest on her knee.

"And the bra, I don't suppose you were allowed a bra, not with those little fleabites?"

Gemma blinked hard to prevent the tears forming in her eyes. Before she could brush the hand from her denim-clad knee she felt another, more bony but still surprisingly strong hand on her other knee.

"Well, Gemma? Where are your manners, young lady? You must answer when either Uncle George or I ask you a question you know, it's only polite after all."

If she had been in any doubt beforehand regarding the behaviour of her two hosts, there certainly wasn't any more. She made as if to stand but was easily restrained by pressure from both sides. She slumped back miserably. Oh shit, what had she got herself into now?

"You were telling us about your bras, Gemma. You shameless little thing."

"I usually wore a training bra t...to school."

"Did you indeed? Asked George. "Presumably you have one on now as well then? I'd like to see it please."

The tears were sliding unchecked down her cheeks as she slowly pulled her woollen sweater up to reveal a rather grubby bra that may or may not have been originally white.

"But Gemma, that's a big-girl bra, not a training bra!" Exclaimed Karen Amesbury with mock surprise.

"Why are you wearing a bra like that, Gemma? Really, there's no need. What do you think, Karen?"

"Most unhygienic, George, most unhygienic if you ask me.. Wearing an ill-fitting bra simply encourages sweating and therefore chafing. What is the point of wearing one if you don't need to?"

"Karen's right, dear. Take it off please."

Gemma looked aghast, surely the man wasn't serious was he?

"You heard my husband, Gemma. Please don't pretend you didn't. Now, do as he says please."

The last couple of words were accompanied by a sharp slap to her thigh, Biting her upper lip, Gemma slowly reached behind her and worked the offending item loose.

"Give it to Uncle George, dear. He'll know what to do with it."

Shamefacedly and trying to avoid making eye-contact, Gemma handed over her bra . He took it and to her mortification, examined it closely.

"There's a good girl, Gemma. How does that feel now, more comfortable I'm sure?" Asked Karen in a conversational tone, as if removing her bra in front of relative strangers was a regular everyday occurrence.

"N...nice, thank you." God! What exactly was she thanking the creepy woman for?

"Why do you wear a bra when there's no need, Gemma?" Asked George as if it was the most normal question in the world.

Gemma looked down at her lap while her cheeks blazed with humiliation.

"Owww...ow!"

Gemma squealed as the woman slapped her thigh again.

"Answer Uncle George, darling. I've told you once already, rude little girls are generally spanked in this house."

"Please, I want to go now. I...I don't want to be any trouble...please."

"Go were, dear?"

"G...go away, I suppose."

"Go to where exactly, Gemma? Go back to living on the street? Go back to being fucked by your mother's boyfriend? What?"

"I...I...I don't know! Somewhere else. Can I go to my room, please?"

"You can, dear. But not until you've answered Uncle George's question regarding your bra, or rather the lack of it."

"I guess i wear it because...because it makes me feel better, I suppose." mumbled the tearful young woman.

"I don't really think that's an acceptable reason, young lady. They should only be worn when they're actually a necessity. Look at Karen for example. I said look at her, Gemma!"

Startled by his sharp voice, Gemma forced herself to look as to her horror, Karen Amesbury slowly opened the buttons of her crisp, immaculate blouse to display her huge breasts safely encased in an industrial-sized bra.

"My wife, Gemma, is as you can see a real woman. She deserves to wear a bra, it's a necessity rather than vanity. Do you understand?"

Not trusting herself to reply, Gemma merely nodded.

"She doesn't seem to have learned her lesson, George. I think she needs a spanking, don't you?"

Even before Gemma could begin to formulate some sort of protest she found herself hauled over his large thighs, her nose somewhere near the carpet and her backside high in the air. Without any sort of preamble his large hand splatted against her backside.

"Owwwww!"

Even through the material of her jeans that had hurt! She struggled and tried to avoid his hand but he controlled her easily and began to get into a certain rhythm.

Slaaapp!

Slaaapp!

Slaaapp!

She screamed and fought, but to no effect.

Slaaapp!

Slaaapp!

Slaaapp!

Oh God, Oh God! It was really beginning to hurt now.

"Owwwoooow...please....please stop."

She squealed and begged him to stop, but he was relentless. Behind her, Karen had removed her blouse and was slowly unfastening her bra.

"Give her a few more, dear, and then pass her over please. Oh and take those ugly jeans off her if you would, they're just getting in the way."

George did as he was bid and reluctantly passed the girl over to his wife. He was happy to see her big tits flopping down though. He settled back to watch her deal with little Gemma. He wasn't disappointed. Now that her backside was unencumbered with her jeans, Karen really laid into her. When the girl tried to kick her way off his wife's lap she simply hooked a muscular calf over the back of Gemma's legs and carried on smacking her. George lay back on the sofa and stared intently, it was always a pleasure to watch an expert in action. The girl's howls and shrieks didn't interfere with his pleasure at all, in fact he found them quite a turn-on. They merely served to prove that the little bitch was feeling it. He began to feel that familiar, pleasant stirring as his cock responded to the scene.. It wasn't unfamiliar to him of course, but it never failed to stimulate him. He began to rub idly at himself through his tweed trousers. As the volume and intensity of the girl's pleading increased, so did his erection. He unzipped his pants and drew out his erect cock.

And that was just the beginning of Gemma's new life with the Amesbury's. From that terrible day forward she was treated almost as a plaything by her dreadful hosts. The house, she realised, was a carefully designed trap. The windows were all fastened and barred, the doors were always locked with a key. There were no means of communication with the outside world and nobody knew she was inside the house. Even she didn't know where in the Country the house actually was, she'd arrived there in the dark and anyway she'd been virtually asleep at the time. She wasn't allowed to watch television without supervision, she was permitted to watch videos though, horrible dreadful things which the Amesbury's had obviously made themselves involving girls just like herself. The truly frightening thing was that there seemed to be lots of different faces on the films. The fact that several girls passed through this house before her was bad enough on its own, it suggested that the Amesbury's were obviously used to what they did. Her entrapment and subsequent incarceration wasn't a one off and neither did it happen by chance. The question was, where were the other girls now? It was a question that Gemma didn't have the nerve to ask, almost certainly because she didn't want to know the answer.

A few days after her introduction to the reality of life with the Amesbury's Gemma was handed a parcel. Inside had been a complete new school uniform. And not just any school uniform either, the actual Kingsbury High School that Karen had been so interested in, even down to the tie and blazer.

"Your Uncle George bought that for you, Gemma dear. He wants you to wear while you stay with us. is that okay?"

Considering that only the day before Karen had literally blistered her backside with a hairbrush for some perceived infraction of the rules that now governed her life, the answer was yes, it was okay. In fact what she was required to say was a little more demeaning than that. It was more like,

"That's fine Aunty Karen, thank you very much, Aunty Karen."

The package even contained 'regulation' underwear, or rather the Amesbury's interpretation of what underwear they wanted their new acquisition to wear. In her case it was either thick, navy blue, school-type knickers, or tiny, diaphanous white ones. As she dressed herself under the watchful eyes of her 'aunt' she quickly realised that the white socks just about covered her ankle joint, her skirt was just about mid-thigh in length and her crisp, white shirt was at least one size too small. She reached for the navy blue and white striped tie and automatically tied it into the appropriate knot. Karen escorted her to the bathroom and experimented with a couple of different hairstyles before taking a navy blue ribbon and gathering her shoulder-length brunette hair into a single high pony tail. Seeing herself in the wall mirror, Gemma was instantly transported back to her school days, which she realised miserably was the point of the whole humiliating exercise. Karen turned her from the mirror and adjusted her tie a little so that it hung neatly in the centre of her chest. Then taking her by the hand she made towards the stairs.

"Your Uncle George has been so looking forward to seeing you properly dressed, let's go down and see what he thinks shall we, dear?"

Chapter 4

Freya looked miserably out of the window. Her social life wasn't great at the best of times but surely it wouldn't be helped by having to traipse halfway across the county with a work colleague. She glanced sideways at the driver. Karen Amesbury was most persuasive however. Freya had realised very quickly that Mrs Amesbury generally got what she wanted. She was at least 25 years older than Freya, not that Freya would dare ask Mrs Amesbury that sort of question. She didn't really possess the confidence to pose a question that might cause any sort of issue. Ever since she was a little girl, figures of authority in her life had discouraged her from asking questions. Her mother had been cold and rather distant figure, her father was almost constantly working. Her all girls school was a hot-house, focussed almost entirely on passing exams. Discipline was very firm and Freya had to work extremely hard just to achieve even moderate results. What she remembered most was the feeling of vague dread throughout her schooldays. She was small and shy and mousey. She didn't excel at anything really. She wasn't very sporty or particularly musical. She didn't have any particularly close friends and she didn't really fit into any particular cliques.

She certainly wasn't ugly but she never seemed to have much luck with the opposite sex. In fact she was quite attractive in a cute girl next-door sort of way. She was fairly small and physically immature; she'd never really developed curves for instance. She'd never really discovered a hair style that suited her or had the confidence to experiment with a new one. It suddenly dawned on her that unless she got herself a decent job she'd have to stay at home and live with her parents. She had a couple of fairly useless interviews, mainly because she couldn't summon the necessary confidence to sell herself to prospective employers. Her time was running out. In desperation she blew the little bit of money that she'd managed to save from her Saturday job and her babysitting money on a smart new suit and forced herself to tell a couple of white lies on her CV.

And then, just when she was on the verge of packing it all in and taking her mother's advice and take that job in the shoe store, she quite by chance had a little bit of luck. She bumped into a girl she had known at school who was a little older than her in a cafe. The girl told her that her uncle owned an engineering business on the other side of the country and they were looking for a management trainee. She screwed up her courage and bought herself a bus ticket. She got up early and didn't tell her mother she was going. She managed to navigate herself shakily through her interview and to her surprise she got the job. She was so happy; it was pretty much the first notable thing she'd achieved on her own. She'd met Karen Amesbury briefly at the interview but on her first day the woman was kind enough to take her under her wing. She had apparently worked at the business for the last twenty years and was both PA to the owner and office manager. Physically she was a large, imposing woman. She habitually wore high heels and with those on she was at least a foot taller than Freya. She had quite a temper and was quite willing to shout down anyone who disagreed with her. She absolutely dominated the large open-plan office which she managed. Freya

was management and therefore theoretically superior to Mrs Amesbury in term of Company hierarchy, but would never have considered crossing the woman even in her wildest dreams.

Freya enjoyed her new role in the company. She was the only management trainee, there were another five girls in the office but they were a close-knit group of hard-drinking, swearing, drug-abusing, sluts. They weren't unpleasant girls necessarily but Freya found it impossible to imagine herself being a part of their nights out. As a result she was back again to her lonely existence. She didn't know anyone in the new town. She could only afford a crummy bedsit miles away from the city centre. There were no attractive single men in her orbit. After a couple of months Karen Amesbury started to take an interest in her. She was called into the woman's office for an orientation chat which turned into a discussion almost totally about Freya, where she was from, what her interests were, her family and so on. On the one hand Freya was almost grateful that someone was taking an interest in her, but on the other it was quite an intrusive conversation. From then on the woman continued to chat with her on a regular basis, whether Freya wanted to or not it seemed. It was a strange situation, the two of them had almost nothing in common and yet Freya found herself slowly unburdening herself to the woman. They even stared going out for lunch together.

When the large, comfortable car pulled through a set of imposing gates and down a private gravel drive, Freya was surprised at just how surprisingly large and pleasant Karen's place was. A big detached house tucked nicely away in its own grounds. There she was introduced to Karen's husband, George. She shook hands with the large man; did he hold hers just a little bit too long? He certainly looked her up and down.

"So you're Freya? You're certainly just as pretty as Karen said you were."

Freya blushed at the compliment, as she invariably did. She wasn't sure if she wanted the man to refer to her as 'pretty', but on the other hand she certainly wasn't going to challenge him. They all sat in the large living-room and exchanged small talk and drank a bottle of rather nice wine. As the evening progressed she could feel her natural inhibitions receding. The two of them were very pleasant hosts. Dinner was excellent and afterwards they returned to the living-room and drank more wine. Suddenly Freya felt very drunk. She wasn't particularly unused to drinking by any means, but all of a sudden she felt a bit queasy. Her stomach had begun to churn as she felt a bit cold and clammy. She could feel Karen's eyes on her.

"Are you okay love, you don't look so well?" the woman asked anxiously.

She didn't feel okay, she felt absolutely terrible in fact. Her stomach heaved again and she could feel the bile rise in her throat. Without a word, Karen took her by the hand and led her to the downstairs bathroom. Within seconds Freya vomited heavily, neatly avoiding the toilet bowl. She stayed in there for what seemed like hours, knelt on the cold linoleum floor her arms hugging the toilet. She dimly remembered Karen hovering solicitously over her and George popping his head occasionally. But mainly she felt dreadful, as if she'd eaten something poisonous. She vomited so regularly that eventually she just didn't have the energy to be sick any more. But on the other hand

she didn't feel strong enough to get to her feet either. Sometime later she felt herself being gently shaken awake, she'd managed to fall asleep with her head resting on the plastic toilet seat. She didn't resist when Karen led her gently into a bedroom and gently stripped her, washed her and put her to bed. She fell into a deep sleep punctuated by vivid dreams of herself endlessly running, what she was running towards or away from, she never did discover.

The following morning she woke with a start, where was she? The banging in her head soon reminded her. Oh God...what had she done? She felt absolutely terrible. How embarrassing....she'd drunk too much and puked up into her host's bathroom! She silently prayed that she hadn't made too much of a mess in there. She groaned aloud and put her hand to her forehead., she had the mother and father of all headaches. She looked for her watch and realised it wasn't there. In fact nothing she owned was in the room. It was a very pleasant room though, a bit too pink for her tastes perhaps but nicely large and airy. She managed to find a clock by her bedside. Good grief, it was half past ten! Half past ten on a Friday morning! She was already an hour and a half late for work and she was still in bed. She sat up quickly and immediately regretted it. Slowly she edged across the bed and looked for something to wear. She managed to find a dressing gown behind the door and make her unsteady way downstairs. There she found George reading a newspaper.

"Good morning Freya, did you sleep well?" he asked with a smile.

"Yes thank you", she replied automatically. "Where's Karen, I don't have any clothes...I'm late for work."

"Don't worry yourself. Karen will sort work out for you. You can talk with her when she gets back. She wasn't too happy with you I'm afraid. She was up half the night cleaning the bathroom, we both were in fact."

Freya blushed to the roots of her hair. "Oh, I'm so sorry Mr Amesbury. I don't think I've ever been quite so sick in my life. I don't know what came over me...I'm sorry." She tailed off lamely.

"All your clothes are in the wash I'm afraid. Everything was rather...dirty unfortunately."

Freya didn't know where to look, had she wet herself as well, or worse? How would she ever live this down?

"D...do you have my mobile; I can't seem to find it?"

"It's in the utility room downstairs, but I'm afraid you stood on it when you were er...unwell last night and I don't think it's working."

Freya could feel her face dissolve into tears. She'd vomited everywhere; she'd ruined her clothes, missed work, and broken her phone. Just how could this get any worse? George Amesbury stood up and put his arm around her.

"Don't worry, little girl, everything is going to be okay." Freya was so upset that she turned her head into his comforting shoulder and wept, the 'little girl' remark didn't really register.

An hour or so later she felt a bit better. She'd managed to sip at a little water without throwing it all back up again and politely turn down the offer of a little piece of dry toast. She didn't feel well enough to leave the kitchen however and was grateful that George stayed and talked to her. When she eventually plucked up the courage to ask for her clothes she was informed that they were all still in the washing machine. Subconsciously she pulled the sides of her dressing gown more tightly around her. Another couple of hours drifted by and she began to feel a bit drowsy and unwell. George suggested returning to her bed, to which she happily acquiesced.

That was where Karen Amesbury found her when she returned from work.

"Freya...Freya...time to get up now honey."

The girl felt her arm being shaken impatiently. She managed to sit up.

"Wh...what time is it?", she asked blearily.

"It's six o'clock honey. You've missed an entire day's work."

Freya looked up fearfully. Despised her disorientated state she could tell that Karen was unhappy with her.

"I...I'm so sorry Karen, I don't know what came over me."

"You drank too much, Freya. And to be honest you made a bit of an exhibition of yourself. We need to speak, honey. Get yourself out of bed and come downstairs."

It was a chastened Freya who found herself stood in front of her hosts dressed in just a dressing gown. She hadn't been offered a seat and she certainly didn't feel brave enough to take one. She hadn't been offered a glass of wine either, but she wasn't too bothered about that.

"Well young lady, what do you have to say for yourself?" demanded a clearly aggrieved Karen Amesbury.

Freya felt that familiar feeling of helplessness overwhelm her. She couldn't help averting her eyes, she had never really known how to deal with confrontation. She always felt uncomfortable when dealing with this sort of questioning. She wished very much that she didn't, but there wasn't much she could do about it. Suddenly she felt as if she was back in her mother's house being grilled about some aspect of her behaviour. In fact Karen reminded her a little of her mother, only far bigger physically and very much more intimidating.

"I'm dreadfully so..."

"Do speak up girl, we can hardly hear you!"

Freya flinched, she really didn't like being shouted at. "I'm dreadfully sorry for last night. I think I must have had too much to drink."

"Really?" snorted the woman derisively. "Do you think so? Obviously if we'd have known that you couldn't manage alcohol we could have given you orange juice. We certainly won't make that mistake again, will we darling?"

"I don't think so dear, I'm afraid it's going to be orange juice for you from now on Freya."

"But I...I've said I'm sorry, what more..."

"You've ruined our bathroom and you've ruined your own clothes Freya. Do you understand that?"

"Well yes...and I've apologised..."

"And on top of that you've put me in the unfortunate position of having to lie for you at work! How do you think I felt about that? I don't think I've ever lied to senior management before in my life."

Freya rubbed at her eyes with the sleeve of the too-large dressing gown. She didn't really know what to say. She had let herself down and she knew it.

"I...I think I should go now K...Karen. I've imposed on you enough and I'm so s...sorry." She sniffed unhappily and wiped her eyes again.

"How do you think you're going anywhere Freya? Mr Amesbury doesn't drive and I certainly won't drink and drive, even you wouldn't expect that would you?"

Freya shook her head dolefully. "Could you order a taxi..."

"Out of the question, unless you've got about £50 for a cab on a Friday night." Interrupted Karen.

"And that's if you could get one to come up here, we're quite isolated as you know." Added her husband.

"Plus you probably need clothes to travel in a taxi, young lady. I had to wash your blouse again as it still stinks, I've thrown your skirt, and your tights and your knickers away. They were simply covered in something else entirely." She looked at her husband and giggled.

Freya finally broke down and wept. This was simply terrible, what was she going to do? What if the girls at work found out about this or, God forbid, Mr McKenzie!

George Amesbury eventually took pity on her. Haven't we got anything for her to wear darling? She can't walk around forever in that dressing-gown..."

"What do you suggest dearest? Do you think anything of mine will fit her any better?" She's quite...small."

"That's true, let me have a think."

Freya meanwhile continued to stand awkwardly enveloped within the over-size gown. Karen took pity on her. She put her arm around the girl and led her into the kitchen.

"I'm going to prepare something to eat for Freya darling, she must be starving. You go upstairs and find something suitable for her to wear if you can."

As George lumbered upstairs, Karen hugged the tearful girl more tightly to her large chest.

"Don't worry darling little Freya, everything's going to be okay. I promise

Chapter 5

George leaned over and picked the delicate bell up from the coffee table. He gave it a small shake. Within seconds there was a little flurry of activity and Gemma appeared in front of him. She curtsied neatly as she was required to do and then stood with her hands clasped behind her and her head bowed. He slowly looked her up and down, my word but she was quite a peach. His mind wandered back to the wet, bedraggled little urchin they'd picked up those few months ago. She'd been fed and looked after properly and she'd bloomed. Her hair had thoroughly cleaned of all the additives and cheap dyes that had helped ruin it and had been returned to its own rather attractive brunette colour. It had however been cut properly into a nice little pixie-cut that did rather suited her elfin, heart-shaped face. Her skin was nice and clear now and her fingernails had benefited from a serious manicure. Her alcohol intake had been regulated of course and the overall benefit was clear to see,

She was dressed in her formal 'parlour maid' uniform. Glossy, black three inch heels, black, seamed stockings, a matching black suspender belt and silk, black panties. Her simple black dress was the regulation three inches above her knee and trimmed in gleaming white lace at her collar and cuffs. Over that she wore a pristine white apron which was tied in a large bow behind her. On her head was perched a tiny, beribboned little mob cap. He did love her in that uniform, it was one of his favourites. It wasn't her only one of course, just one of the several from her 'domestic' range. They ranged from a simple, knee-length, short-sleeved nylon dress under which she might be allowed to wear one of her little training bras but no knickers., along with a pair of black plimsolls which she wore to do any sort of dirty, manual work. So if she had to scrub the kitchen floor with just a bucket of lukewarm water and a brush she'd be directed into her 'skivvy' uniform.

On the other hand, she had a 'play' uniform for when her hosts were in the mood, or worse, if they had a gentleman visitor. That was more a fantasy get up, five inch heels, more expensive, finer stockings, a silk thong, a 'skirt' that barely covered her pussy, a diaphanous, white blouse with enough buttons undone to exhibit her push-up bra and little, apple-shaped tits, and a cap with even longer, more humiliating ribbons. It was, unfortunately as far as she was concerned, the sort of uniform that encouraged her breasts to be fondled and her backside to be groped and pinched and it invariably led to her being fucked by her owners or any of the fellow perverts that they'd invited to that terrible house. The Amesbury's did seem to have an awful lot of like-minded friends, and often 'entertained'. Unfortunately, Gemma was often the main source of the entertainment. Although occasionally guests would bring their own entertainment in the form of hapless young women, much like herself, she reflected bitterly.

They would invariably be dressed and treated as their particularly owners preferred. Some like her in abbreviated, humiliating uniforms. Others might be dressed as hookers or whores, on one occasion Gemma answered the door to an extremely ordinary-looking couple who had brought along a very attractive woman along with them. When they handed Gemma their overcoats the girl

was revealed to be wearing nothing at all apart for a leather collar around her neck. As she entered the room the woman blushed a deep red as she realised that there were three other couples already in the Amesbury's living-room, all of which were eyeing her lasciviously. While going about her serving-girl duties and having her backside prodded and pinched, Gemma discovered that the young woman worked for the couple in some capacity in their business. Apparently she'd committed some sort of fraud and in order to avoid an investigation by the police she'd agreed to accompany her employers to a party. She noticed that George and the young woman, she never discovered her name, disappeared up the stairs shortly after her arrival. With a sinking feeling she realised that in return she would have to entertain the two business-owners.

It turned out that they were actually man and wife. The tall, thin humourless woman evidently had a thing about watching her deceptively mild-looking husband have sex with other women while she sat and watched. Although , as the surprisingly aggressive man fucked her in a variety of different positions , she couldn't help but notice the woman sat splay-legged on a chair while she brought herself to a noisy , pleasurable climax. Eventually he'd made Gemma kneel on the bed in front of him and then cum copiously over her up-turned face. Even before she could react he'd slapped her across the face and called her a slut. He took her by the hair and dragged her off the bed and over to his wife. first she was made to kneel again between her legs and apologise for fucking her husband. As a penance she had to lick the woman to another orgasm while the man sat on the bed and mocked her and her performance. When eventually the middle-aged woman was sated, Gemma was hauled over her knees and soundly thrashed to' atone for her misdeeds' as the woman clearly enjoyed telling her.

The result of all this was that Gemma was almost relieved when it was just her and the Amesbury's in the house together. Although she couldn't really explain why it was almost as if she enjoyed their time together. Sure they dressed her like a doll and were mean to her, but she had to admit that sometimes she deserved the spankings and canings that she regularly received. After all, as the Amesbury's patiently explained to her, she felt responsible for her. Their discipline might be strict but it was only because they cared for her wasn't it? Had her mother or father ever disciplined her when she veered from the righteous path for example? The answer was obviously no, they hadn't. She had done some silly things in the past as she admitted to Mr and Mrs Amesbury. Yes, she had experimented with drugs, yes she did drink too much on occasion, yes she had slept with too many unsuitable boys. Clearly, concerned parents wouldn't have countenanced such a thing. Did Gemma agree with that? Parents who cared about their daughter would have done something about Gemma's wild ways, wouldn't they?

The constant drip-feed eventually had its inevitable affect on the impressionable young girl. Her unconcerned parents were her enemies, not her friends. The Amesbury's were her friends because they took the time to discipline and correct her misbehaviour, not her enemies. George could see the effect he had on the girl just from the way she looked at him. He was both pleased but at the same time, vaguely annoyed. Gemma had always been one of his favourites, malleable and sexy at the same time. Easily influenced and a pleasure to control and dominate. All good things must come to an end though, he thought ruefully. The look of terror on the girl's face that had originally been such a turn on when she first came under their thumb was gone now, replaced by an almost weary acceptance of her fate. Worse still, it was almost as if she'd come to accept her inferiority and that she somehow deserved the punishments he and his wife loved to inflict on her. As they fucked

together, part of their mutual pleasure involved their discussions of what indignities they'd recently subjected Gemma to, and the further plans they had for her. That he noticed had almost ceased. It was that time again, time to search out new pastures, time for a refresh.

As she stood to attention in front of Mr Amesbury in her cute parlour maid uniform, Gemma couldn't of course know what was running through his head. Had she done so she might have been even more apprehensive. As it was she was only worried about why he had summoned her, the sound of that tinkling little bell usually had that effect. So she stood as stiffly as possible, head up, tits out, arse in, as she'd been reminded so many times, usually with the aid of a rattan stick. Her desperate need for approval was quite touching somehow. But business was, after all, business. Karen had left it to him to deal with, apparently she had another interesting 'project' she was working on. When he told Gemma that she'd left the kitchen in quite a state that morning and she was to place herself over his knee, he wasn't surprised at the alacrity with which she obeyed. As she nestled over his fat thighs he got the impression that was where she felt she belonged. Well, not for much longer. He slowly lifted her skirt and folded it over her back. His hand rested possessively on the crown of her delectable backside, enjoying the feel of her arse through her silk underwear. After all it was such a magnificent specimen of an arse, plump but not too large, resilient without been too firm, and pale enough to show very clearly just how hard it had been punished. Yes, he thought, he'd definitely miss this bottom.

He raised his hand and brought it down with a loud Splatt! She squealed in sudden surprise. He knew what her problem was. Generally he started off fairly easily and increased the firmness of his slaps. This time he had started with a very heavy slap. Before she could protest too much a sudden flurry of meaty, open-handed slaps made her struggle wildly. That was the affect that George was after. Glancing up at the clock on the wall he realised that he was cutting things a bit fine. Her hip and her sex were grinding into his groin as her struggles intensified, his cock was hardening exponentially. More heavy slaps followed, there was a almost a panicky reaction from the girl, perhaps she could tell there was something amiss. George reached across for the knife he'd placed nearby, bringing it down he sliced her knickers off at the hip, replaced the blade and redoubled her spanking. He reached down to play with her pussy, but she was already quite damp. A little fingering in the right places and one final slap. He lifted her off his lap and against the table. He quickly dropped his pants and then pulled out his engorged penis. Spreading her legs he thrust into her, she was ripe and ready. She squealed with a certain amount of pleasure, she liked it when her master fucked her. She grabbed him around the neck and pulled herself into him. Ahhh, he was a big man in all senses of the word, and particularly where it mattered. He rammed into her again and her eyes rolled in her head. Just then the front doorbell rang. Not right now for Christ sakes, he thought angrily. And the bastards are five minutes early! Ignoring the annoying noise, George concentrated on the job in hand and hammered himself into his cute parlour-maid. He came with a huge rush, and she shrieked with what he hoped was a similar orgasmic pleasure to his own. It would make for a fitting finale, give the girl something to remember him by.

The doorbell rang again, more insistently this time. Both Gemma and George quickly tidied themselves, George straightened her cap which, remarkably, had stayed on her head through their frenzied bout., smacked her backside lightly, and sent her to answer the door. She checked herself in the mirror as she walked down the hall. Despite her flushed face and the fact her silk knickers

were still on the kitchen floor she certainly looked presentable, almost like a real maid in fact. She reached for the bolt and opened the door to reveal a pair of faces that she knew only too well

Chapter 6

Some time passed in the kitchen. Freya drank fruit juice and nibbled at some toast. Almost immediately she felt better. Karen explained that work wouldn't be a problem. She'd told Mr McKenzie a bit of a white lie admittedly but in the end nobody had been harmed. And she hadn't mentioned anything to anybody about the 'incident'. Freya's secret was safe with her. She winked at the girl and squeezed her shoulder in a conspiratorial way. George put his large head around the kitchen door.

"What about Gemma's stuff, is any of that still around?"

"That's quite a good idea darling. I'm not sure, I'll go and check."

Minutes later Freya heard her name called and obediently followed Karen upstairs.

"You're in luck honey, we've only got limited wardrobe to choose from but I guess it's better than nothing. We've got plenty of socks and knickers but not much else I'm afraid. "

Freya looked at the clothes scattered on the bed, there were plenty of white socks and blue knickers as Karen had suggested, there were several grey skirts and white blouses, and a couple of navy blue pinafore dresses. Slung on a chair was a blazer and a striped tie. The clothes were evidently part of a school uniform.

"Yes, I thought we still had a few bits and pieces of Gemma's old uniforms. God knows why we've kept them, nostalgia I suppose. I'm sure you won't want these." The woman smiled and began to fold them away.

"No, I don't mind honestly." said Freya. For some reason she felt very vulnerable wearing just an outsize robe and no underwear around the house.

"Okay then dear, try on what you want and then come downstairs when you're ready."

To her great relief the discarded bits of clothing fitted her very well. She quickly pulled on a pair of knee length white socks and a pair of not too faded blue knickers. She hunted around for a bra but there wasn't one, which was understandable really. She scooped up a white blouse and buttoned it at collar and cuffs, leaving the top couple of buttons undone. She pulled on a pleated grey skirt and was gratified that it fitted perfectly around her waist albeit shorter than she would have dared to wear it at her old school. She searched around on the bed and had a choice between a royal blue v-necked pullover and a grey one. She held them both to herself and chose the blue one. She brushed her hair into some sort of shape and set off downstairs.

The mood downstairs had lightened a little and soon Freya was sat around the table eating a little food. She felt a lot better now and soon perked up enough to enjoy the conversation. Eventually it turned to her.

“You look very smart in that uniform young lady, although it’s quite a change from your business suit.” remarked Mr Amesbury.

Freya smiled and nodded, she felt different as well.

“How old are you by the way, sixteen, seventeen, perhaps?”

Freya felt herself blushing horribly. One of her great fears was to not look her actual age, which was why she habitually wore heels and a push-up bra.

“N...no actually I’m nineteen, well nearly nineteen anyway.”

At least Mr Amesbury had the decency to look surprised. “Oh...I’m most dreadfully sorry my dear, I didn’t mean to embarrass you. I apologise, at my age it’s always hard to judge the age of a pretty young woman.”

“That’s okay; I am pretty small I guess,” she was nevertheless quite pleased that he’d referred to her as a ‘young woman’ though.

“Mr Amesbury didn’t mean anything Freya, that uniform does make you look younger though you must admit? If you added the tie and put your hair in pigtails you’d pass for sixteen any day of the week.” Added Karen with a smile.

“Who’s clothes are they anyway, your daughter’s?”

As soon as she said the words Freya realised that she’d put her foot in it. To her horror she watched an upset looking George Amesbury get out of his chair and leave the room.

“Oh no, Have I said something wrong? If I have I’m most dreadfully sorry.”

“That’s okay love; you weren’t to know after all. Mr Amesbury and I can’t have children although we would have loved to have a great big family. Those clothes belonged to Gemma, a lovely girl who we used to provide a home and shelter for. It didn’t work out unfortunately and Mr Amesbury has blamed himself ever since. Sometimes things like this just set him off, it’s not your fault, dear.”

But Freya did blame herself! If only she hadn’t been so stupid yesterday. She wouldn’t have humiliated herself and ruined her clothes. If she hadn’t ruined her clothes she wouldn’t be wearing Gemma’s right now. She began to cry a little, couldn’t she do anything right? Karen came and sat by her on the sofa; she put her arm around her and hugged her comfortingly.

Later on Mr Amesbury returned and Freya couldn’t help but notice that his eyes were red-rimmed.

“I’m so sorry, Mr Amesbury. I had no idea...”

“That’s okay Freya, I’m sure you didn’t mean any harm it’s just, it’s just that...”

He couldn’t finish his sentence.

“I think that seeing how pretty you looked in that uniform made Mr Amesbury really happy, isn’t that so darling?”

George Amesbury nodded his head, as if not trusting himself to reply.

“Did she remind you of Gemma and all the good times we had together, darling?”

Mr Amesbury sniffed and nodded his head again; he couldn’t quite bring himself to look either of the women in the eye. Freya cuddled into Karen’s large comforting breasts and tried desperately not to cry, that poor man! Eventually Karen put a light-hearted film on and the three of them squeezed together on the sofa and watched it. Slowly the warmth of the room from the two large bodies on either side of her made Freya’s eyelids droop. Enjoying the feeling of comfort and security wedged between the two of them she soon fell asleep and was carried upstairs to bed.

She woke up next morning feeling refreshed. Her stomach didn’t ache anymore and she felt fine. She jumped out of bed and showered in the en-suite bathroom. This was so much nicer than her poky little bedsit and its grim shared bathroom. She noticed that the clothes she had worn the previous night had been carefully put on hangers. As that was the only option she dressed hurriedly and brushed her hair in the mirror. She knew how young she looked without her make-up. No wonder Mr Amesbury had imagined she was younger than she really was; it was an easy mistake to make. Downstairs everyone was in a much better humour. Karen asked her what her plans for the weekend were. Freya realised that she actually didn’t have any. It was the last weekend of the month and she only had a few pounds in her account. Normally she would have just sat in her room and felt sorry for herself or gone for a walk on her own. As it was pouring with rain outside that second option was probably a non-starter anyway.

“I er...I haven’t decided yet Karen. I haven’t got anything planned as such.”

“Well we’re going shopping to that massive new out of town retail market that’s just opened and I believe we’re going to get some lunch out, you’re quite welcome to join us if you want.”

Freya mentally assessed the miserable contents of her fridge. Why not go out with her two new friends? Perhaps she’d go crazy and buy something with her credit card, assuming she had any credit left on it that was. “Yes, why not...that would be great thanks”

“I’m glad you’re coming with us Freya, between you and me I was a little bit worried about Mr Amesbury last night. He gets down so easily; it upsets me so much when he’s unhappy. He’s normally such an easy-going sort of man, but I could tell he was genuinely sad last night.”

Freya immediately felt guilty; she’d made Mr Amesbury unhappy. It was her fault; she’d made a grown man cry with her thoughtlessness.

“Do you think...?”

“Do I think what, dear?”

“D...do you think it would make Mr Amesbury happy if I were to wear more of Gemma’s uniform? Do you think it would remind him of their time together and make him happier maybe?”

Karen pulled the small girl towards her, “bless you Freya love, I’m sure he’d like nothing better. It will certainly bring a smile to his face.”

Twenty minutes later the two of them were back in the living room.

“George, darling I have a surprise for you.”

George Amesbury turned and his face burst into a delighted grin. His wife was holding Freya’s hand. The girl looked a little unsure of herself, and with good reason. She was wearing a pair of shiny black school shoes, neatly turned over, white ankle socks and a short, pleated grey skirt. He could tell from the tightness of her collar that she was wearing one of the new, crisp white shirts fresh out of its wrapping, and neatly tied around her neck was a navy-blue and white striped tie. In her hands she carried a navy-blue blazer and a navy-blue beret. He struggled to keep his emotions in check.

“Well what do you think darling, Freya wanted to show you her pigtails before she put her beret on. I do hope you approve,” glancing down at his obvious erection, Karen Amesbury was certain that her husband definitely approved of the way the girl’s hair was tied with cute blue ribbons. Freya of course was completely oblivious to the tent in the front of his tweed slacks.

“Oh my word, yes. Freya darling you look so beautiful. You’ve made an old man very happy, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Let me just get a couple of quick pictures.”

Freya was so pleased; at last it seemed that she’d done something right. Mr Amesbury was such a nice chap, if dressing up was all it took to make him happy then she was all for it. She gave a little twirl, “why thank you sir.” And then posed happily for the photos that Mr Amesbury took on his mobile.

Freya sat in the back of the luxurious 4x4 revelling in the space and comfort. She hadn’t even passed her driving test yet, never mind bought a car. Karen turned and explained that first they’d shop and then go for a bite to eat in a nice little restaurant that they knew.

“We’re meeting up with friends there Freya, so it should be good.”

Freya had a sudden feeling of panic. She didn’t mind wearing the uniform for Mr Amesbury, but how was she going to explain it to friends of Karen? “But...I’m wearing a school uniform.”

“And very pretty you look in it too,” said George Amesbury.

“No I mean...well, what will your friends say”?

“Oh I see what you mean, dear. Well I guess that we can tell them that you’re a colleague from work who likes to dress up in public. Or perhaps that you’re our...let’s think, our niece perhaps

staying with us for a while? A niece who, maybe we've picked up directly from her private boarding-school, and who we're treating for lunch? There, how does that sound?"

Both sounded terrible as far as Freya was concerned. Why oh why had she agreed to this?

"Well, dear?"

"Oh, erm...the second one perhaps"?

"I think that's for the best Freya, don't you?"

"Y...yes, I suppose so." Replied a reluctant Freya.

"Let's get into our roles now, what do you think? You can refer to me as Aunty or Aunt Karen, and to Mr Amesbury as Uncle George."

"B...but do I have to?"

Freya was well aware of the incongruity of her whining request. She actually sounded as young as she was pretending to be.

"I think you do, dear. That's unless you can think of a better idea? And before you can say anything, no we're not going back."

Freya sat back and folded her arms petulantly. The journey continued in silence. She could hardly believe how she'd managed to get herself into this mess. Really she should put her foot down and demand that the car should turn around and take her back to her own flat. But that involved having to confront the Amesbury's, not just her intimidating work colleague but her rather large husband as well. Discretion, she thought, was the better part of valour. Which was the motto she had pretty much lived her life by if she was honest. Moodily she glared at the back of Karen's head, hoping that her annoyance could be transmitted by thought waves.

Once in the mall, Karen took Freya to one side and carefully straightened her tie.

"Put your sweet little hat on, young lady and put a smile on your face. You don't want to make Uncle George unhappy do you?"

Freya jammed the unflattering beret onto her head and took Karen's proffered hand. Together the three of them roamed the huge new shopping outlet. Freya persuaded her new friends to go into a fashionable clothes outlet. She explained that she needed a new skirt for work and probably a new blouse as well. She held up various items against herself but met with little approval.

"They just don't suit you I'm afraid, darling. They're rather too grown-up don't you think. You don't want to be dressed like your mother, do you? Asked Karen, rhetorically.

"Look at these prices!" whispered George by her side. "How much money have you brought with you by the way?"

Freya looked around with a guilty start. She'd left her purse and her credit card in the house! She was so annoyed that she actually stamped her foot in frustration. How could she forget

something so obvious, she was such a fool! No sooner had she done that she felt her skirt raised and the back of her legs slapped. She gave an involuntarily squeal and put her hands back to protect herself. Before she could do so she got another resounding slap. Karen grabbed her arm and hustled her out of the store, ignoring the stares and in some cases the giggles of the other customers.

"W...what are you doing, that really hurt?"

"Don't you dare talk back to me young lady! If you act like a petulant schoolgirl, that's just how you'll be treated."

"Karen's right, Freya. You're embarrassing yourself with this sort of behaviour."

"Sulking because you can't have what you want is so selfish, Freya, Those clothes were way out of your price range, young lady."

"I...I wasn't upset that I couldn't afford them. I was annoyed because I've forgotten to bring my credit card. I'm s...sorry if you think that," replied Freya apologetically. She hated the tearful tone her voice had taken on, but she really didn't like being scolded, especially in public like that.

"Don't try and worm your way out of this Freya. Whose fault is it that you've forgotten your purse? Is it your Aunt's, is it my fault?"

"No, it's my fault. I was just cross that's all, I'm sorry," she apologised again.

"So you haven't brought any money with you, despite the fact you knew that we were coming here? You're so childish sometimes, Freya, your poor mother and father must despair of you sometimes?"

Freya sniffed and brushed her eyes with the sleeve of her blazer. Although she didn't like what her new friends were saying she knew in her heart that they were right. Her mother had often said that her silliness would get her into trouble, and today at least she'd been proved to be correct.

"It's okay, don't worry we'll take care of it," said Karen taking her hand again.

Freya allowed the two of them to lead her to a discount store. There they chose a couple of blouses and skirts for her. Plain and simple if not a little young for her. The skirts were pleated and short and the blouses were ruffled and conservative in design. Reluctantly she also allowed Karen to buy her some dark tights and some plain white underpants. Both Karen and George smiled indulgently at her request for a bra to replace her ruined one before looking pointedly at her immature bumps. Before they went for lunch, Karen went to a rather smart store and bought herself an expensive skirt suit, presumably for work thought Freya enviously.

Lunch turned out to be a bit of a nightmare for Freya. George and Karen's friends appeared to be similar ages and similarly wealthy. The restaurant itself was very smart and, dressed as she was, Freya felt out of place. The two friends, Olivia and Mark Wilson, were very interested in Freya. They both looked her up and down appreciatively when Karen introduced her as her niece.

"So how are you enjoying boarding-school, Freya? That uniform suits you very much by the way?"

“Oh...it...it’s very nice , thank you.”

“Olivia used to go to boarding-school, didn’t you darling?”

“I did but it was many years ago, I expect it’s changed a lot since those days.”

“How do you mean, Olivia?”

“Well in my time boarding-schools were really jolly strict. There wasn’t a week that went by that one of the girls didn’t have her bottom smacked for some reason or another, and that was when we were sixteen!”

The four laughed at the image of a big girl having her bottom smacked at school. Freya said nothing but studied her plate intently.

“How old are you, Freya dear?”

Freya risked a glance at Karen. “I..I’m sixteen.”

“And are you still getting your bottom tanned as well?”

All four laughed again. Freya was absolutely mortified, this simply couldn’t be happening! But what could she do, stand up now and tell the Wilson’s that she was really twenty one and was dressed in school uniform for a laugh? She would never, ever live it down. She remembered with a sinking feeling the photos that Mr Amesbury had taken earlier that morning. Social media would have an absolute field day with her! What if the girls at work found out? She could never go back. Where would she get another job? Dimly Freya registered that the conversation had paused. To her horror she realised that the four were looking at her expectantly, did they really want an answer?

“Well Freya, Mr Wilson asked you a question? Where are your manners?”

“Sorry Mr Wilson, no I don’t get by bottom tanned at the moment.” she almost whispered the words, hoping desperately that the surrounding tables couldn’t hear her.

“You’re not getting it tanned at the moment? Does that mean you’ve had it tanned in the past?”

“Oh Mark!” exclaimed his wife with a giggle. “Do leave the poor girl alone. Can’t you see you’re embarrassing her?”

God knows what she must look like thought Freya. Her face was absolutely burning with shame. She concentrated hard on the menu on her lap. She needn’t have worried though, the conversation swirled around over her head as the four adults ignored her. When the waiter returned for their order, Karen told him that Freya wouldn’t have a starter but that she would have a small portion of the pasta and a glass of tap water.

When Olivia looked questioningly at her, Karen explained loudly that Freya had ‘overindulged’ the previous night and was being careful. The two women smiled at each other with a look of mutual understanding. Freya attempted to slide lower in her seat to avoid Olivia’s inquisitive stare.

“Don’t slump Freya, there’s a good girl. And don’t forget to use your napkin this time either please.”

Thoroughly put in her place the girl waited patiently for her food. She was quite hungry by the time her small portion arrived and ate it quickly. None of the adults wants a desert and Freya was not asked if she wanted one. Karen wouldn’t let her have a coffee either, but graciously ordered some more water for her. Eventually the tortuous meal drew to a conclusion and the two couples parted.

“It was lovely to meet you Freya. You must get your Aunt and Uncle to bring you over to our house the next time you visit.”

Freya caught Karen’s eye. “Yes, that would be lovely, and it was nice to meet you too, Mrs Wilson.”

“Excellent, it’s a date then, see you soon.”

Her husband casually squeezed Freya’s buttock. “See you soon little Freya.”

“That was lovely don’t you think Freya?” asked Karen after they had parted.

“Yes...great, thanks for lunch Karen.”

“I didn’t quite hear that, dear.”

“Th...Thanks Aunty Karen, for lunch.” Stuttered Freya.

“You’re welcome dear, manners don’t cost anything don’t you agree?”

“Yes Aunty Karen.”

“And?”

“Yes Uncle George.”

“There’s a good girl.”

Freya could feel the tears forming in her eyes. This whole situation was just so surreal! She wasn’t sure what to do.

“What’s the matter, Freya dear? Are you feeling unwell again? I was a little worried that gorgeous pasta might be a little rich for your tastes.”

“N...no I’m not unwell, Karen. But I would like you to take me home now though, please.”

“Home? We haven’t finished shopping Freya, my word you can be a little selfish at times. Don’t you agree Aunty Karen?”

“I do indeed Uncle George. Little Freya is beginning to sound a bit cranky. Perhaps an early night is in order?”

“No...No I want you to take me back to my house! I don’t want to go back to your house!”

“Hush now Freya, you’re beginning to sound a little hysterical.”

“Our house is your house now Freya and that’s where we will be going just as soon as we’re ready. We simply don’t have the time to drive across to that rather depressing area to visit that falling down dump that you call a house.”

“That is unless you want to go to the bus stop in your school uniform and try and work out how to get back on your own?”

“And that’s assuming you have the necessary funds to do so...oh no, silly me I forgot that you didn’t bring any money with you.”

Freya was trapped and she knew it. There was no way she was going to make a fuss and draw attention to herself. Equally there was no way she was going to face up to the increasingly aggressive Amesbury’s. She would just have to agree with them that would probably be easier in the long run. Reluctantly she allowed herself to be dragged from store to store until eventually they were back at the car.

“We’ve discussed your behaviour today Freya and neither of us are very satisfied, isn’t that true Uncle George?”

“Unfortunately your Aunt is correct, Freya. When we get you home I’m going to punish you for your sulky, selfish behaviour. Aunt Karen wants me just to spank you, I think you may well benefit from a sound slipping. I’ll decide when we get home. I just hope that you’re as ashamed of your behaviour as we are. After all we’ve done for you today as well. We’ve bought you lunch and we’ve bought you new clothes, but I don’t recall a word of thanks.”

Freya opened and closed her mouth. Did she hear correctly, they were going to spank her back at the house? They couldn’t be serious, could they? She hadn’t done anything to deserve a spanking. Angrily she shook her head. What was she thinking? She didn’t have to justify herself! She was an adult woman; she wasn’t going to let anyone spank her. Before she could start to protest she thought better of it. Karen and George Amesbury were two very large, intimidating people. What on earth was she going to do? Perhaps if she held her peace and was good until they got back to the house they may take pity on her? Then they could all laugh about the incident, yes that would be best. Up in the front of the car, George and Karen Amesbury glanced across at each other and smiled.

When they eventually got back home, Karen insisted that Freya hang up her blazer and school hat in the hall.

“I think it would be easier for Uncle George if you took your skirt off and hung that up as well.”

Freya looked at her with open-mouthed astonishment. Oh no! They actually meant to spank her; it wasn’t an empty threat or even a joke. The two of them actually meant to spank her.

“I...don’t...I don’t think that’s a good idea Karen. I mean you can’t be serious?”

“Skirt off Freya, there’s a good girl.”

“But you can’t possibly be serious. You can’t spank me...please. I haven’t done anything wrong.”

“Do you think Uncle George was wrong earlier? Do you deny that you were sulking today or that you were selfish? And you were quite rude to Mr Wilson when he asked you a question as well, if you remember?”

“B...but you can’t spank me; I’m too old for that.”

By way of an answer, Karen grabbed her firmly by the wrist and positioned in front of the hallway mirror.

“Do you think you’re too old for a spanking, really? Take a look at yourself in the mirror. Do you think you look like a mature adult? Well...do you, Freya?”

Reluctantly Freya examined herself in the mirror. Gleaming white shirt and school tie, short grey skirt and little ankle socks. How could she deny Karen’s question? Slowly she shook her head.

“Exactly, young lady. In fact you are exactly what you look like, a naughty, disobedient little girl who’s due a spanking.”

“P...please Karen don’t do this...please.”

“I’m afraid Uncle George insists, dear. He wasn’t impressed with your behaviour; he feels it reflects badly on us.”

“B...but I...”

“The longer you take dear, the more annoyed that Uncle George will become. I’d strongly advise against annoying Uncle George.”

Tearfully Freya began to pick at the waist fastening of her school skirt. At that moment she heard George Amesbury’s heavy tread at the top of the stairs. Hurriedly she unzipped herself and allowed the skirt to fall to her ankles.

“Is she ready yet, Auntie Karen?”

“Fold your skirt up dear and put it on the table, there’s a good girl.”

Karen obeyed the demand and then turned around to find that Uncle George was stood in front of her holding a slipper in his right hand.

“No...No, you said a spanking...not the slipper...please.”

Without another word the large, powerful man simply bent down and scooped her over his shoulder. Ignoring her attempts to struggle and squirm free, he slowly mounted the stairs. Karen watched them go; she could see the girl’s terrified little face and smiled as her striped school tie fluttered incongruously over her husband’s shoulder. The bedroom door was firmly shut and for a minute she couldn’t hear anything but the girl’s feeble protestations. Then, Whaaap, the sound of a heavy leather slipper striking the tender flesh of a vulnerable, naked bottom. This was followed by a

shriek and then as her husband settled into a rhythm, many more slaps, and a constant rise in the volume of shrieking.

Whaaap, Whaaap, Whaaap. George Amesbury was unrelenting. Freya howled and screamed and begged. She kicked her legs and squirmed desperately over his lap, but there was no escape. She pleaded with him to stop; she'd do anything...anything if only he'd stop. She promised with all her heart that she'd be a good girl, an obedient girl, if only he'd stop beating her with the slipper. Eventually she couldn't hear the girl anymore, three more resounding strokes and it was all over. Karen went into the kitchen to make herself a cup of tea, and to firmly stroke herself through her thin silk knickers.

Thirty minutes later she could hear footsteps on the stairs. Carefully she straightened her clothes and quickly washed her hands. Freya entered first, her hair was tousled and her face was still red from her exertions. She was still in her knickers and blouse and looked absolutely adorable.

"Our little girl has something to say to you, Aunty Karen."

"I...I'm so sorry for being rude and s...sulky, Aunty Karen. It won't happen again, I promise to be a really, really good girl from now on."

Karen smiled and opened her arms wide. The girl obediently stepped forward to receive the hug.

"You're forgiven dear; everything's going to be ok." Karen whispered in her ear. At the same time her hands slid down Freya's back to cup her buttocks. Even through the protection of her knickers she could still feel the heat emanating from them. She glanced up to see her husband grinning at her. Taking Freya by the hand she guided the girl back upstairs to her own bedroom. Laying her down on the bed she knelt by her and reached down to the young girl's pussy. Sliding her hand under the girl's knickers met very little resistance. When she moaned, Karen kissed her full on the mouth and slid an experienced tongue into Freya's mouth. Her hand began to work at her slit, sliding up and down and then playing with her clit. Freya rolled her hips and rubbed her red, stinging bottom cheeks against the bed cover. Karen carefully slid a digit into Freya's rapidly moistening slit. Her other hand reached for and found one of the girl's pert little breasts and began to tease at a nipple. Freya was both excited and shocked; she'd never been with a woman. She'd never even considered being with a woman. But here she was squirming excitedly on a work colleague's bed, bucking her hips and pleading for more stimulation. Eventually it ended in a huge, shattering orgasm. The sort she had imagined many times but had never experienced.

The three of them sat at the dinner table and chatted as if nothing had happened. Freya had been allowed to put her skirt back on, brush her hair, and smarten herself up. Her face was glowing and she felt great. The whole experience had been almost overwhelming, the uniform, the spanking, the sex with her female colleague. On the one hand she felt terribly guilty; she didn't have to try too hard to imagine the enormous shock and disapproval this would cause her parents if they ever found out

"Well, it's been a lovely couple of days don't you think Freya?"

"Y...yes I suppose so." Freya knew she should say something. She should stand up and walk out, or just scream at them. That's what the strong heroines in her romantic novels would have done. She hated herself for her lack of courage, but George and Karen Amesbury were just too intimidating. That terrible spanking she had received had really knocked the stuffing out of her. She was still dressed in the horrid school uniform they'd made her wear as well. She'd been allowed to put her skirt back on, brush her hair and smarten herself up but it couldn't hide the fact that she'd received a thorough slipping. Her bottom stung abominably against the hard, wooden chair.

"We're going to take you home tomorrow dear, but we want to see you again next week. There's no need for you to plan anything, you can come home with me after work."

"B...but I'm busy n...next week, Karen I won't..."

"Are you really busy, Freya? Or is that a lie? What do you think happens to naughty little girls who lie?"

"It seems dear that our little girl hasn't learned her lesson yet?"

"Would you like me to give her another one, darling?"

"No...No...It should be okay. I'll check and make sure."

"Freya, Freya, I don't think you've quite grasped how this works have you? We don't care that you may have made plans for something next week. When we say you'll be here next week, then quite clearly you will be here next week, am I making myself clear?"

"Yes."

"Yes what young lady? I hope you're not forgetting your manners?"

"Yes, Uncle George, sorry Uncle George."

"It's been a long day Freya and I guess you're tired. Before I put you to bed though, we've got a little film for you to watch."

Freya then found herself jammed on the settee between her two tormentors. Unlike the previous night's entertainment this film had a certain home-made quality. To her mounting horror Freya saw herself on the large TV screen, vomiting, rolling on the floor in her own mess, dressing in her uniform, being slipped while sprawled across a knee and shamelessly displaying her private parts, and finally being fingered to a climax. Uncle George had placed an arm around her and was fondling her breast through her blouse. Aunt Karen meanwhile was stroking her sex through her thin knickers.

"Just imagine if somebody's workmates were to see this?" whispered Karen into one ear.

"Just imagine if some naughty little girl's parents were to have this emailed to them?" whispered George into her other ear.

Even as the tears ran down her face, Freya could feel herself beginning to moisten under Karen's knowing hand.

Chapter 7

Freya arrived at work ten minutes early as she normally did. She toyed very briefly with the idea of not coming in to work, just staying in her shabby little room all day. Realistically that was hardly possible; she'd have to go into work to get paid in order to pay for her little room. And, as Karen and George had made it very clear, if she didn't go in they'd simply come to her house and pick her up. The other option was to leave, resign her job and just walk away. But where would she go? The only current option would be to return home, to her parents disapproving arms. She remembered telling them over the phone that she'd managed to get herself a Management job and how surprised they had both been. Even their vaguely grudging congratulations had been music to her ears. How could she then go back to their house and explain that she wasn't up to the task? Plus, what about that dreadful video? The Amesbury's surely wouldn't send that to her parents...would they? With a sinking feeling she realised that Karen's position within the Company would give her access to all her personnel records, including the address of her next of kin. Once again she took the path of least resistance, went to her desk and turned on her computer.

She needn't have worried; Karen treated her exactly as before. Nobody in the office would have suspected for a moment that there was anything at all between them. Freya thought back to the events of the last couple of days, especially the fantastic climax she'd experienced at Karen's experienced hands. That alone was almost worth the humiliation she'd endured over that period. On the Sunday, in the privacy of her own room, she'd tried hard to recapture the moment. The result, compared to that experience, had been a little lack-lustre. Enjoyable to be sure, but not the mind-blowing experience that she remembered so well. A couple of days drifted by and the events of the weekend receded in her mind. Her life returned to its dull predictability. She didn't hate her job, on the contrary it gave her a sense of achievement and responsibility, it was just a little unexciting rather like her private life.

On that Wednesday, there was a knock on her door and Karen Amesbury entered without waiting for permission.

"Hello dear, how are you? I just thought I'd pop in and see if everything's okay?"

Freya blushed a little, it was impossible to avoid that sort of reaction when Mrs Amesbury had that knowing look on her face. She'd come to realise that the overbearing woman really did hold her future in her large, pudgy hands.

"I'm o...okay thanks, Karen. How are you?"

"I think I'd prefer you to call me Mrs Amesbury, Freya. If that's okay with you of course. I know you're management and all, but I think a little respect is in order don't you, dear?"

Freya blushed even more! Karen did so enjoy it when the naive little girl did that. It was very easy and very gratifying of course, to humiliate her.

"Yes, Mrs Amesbury. Sorry." Freya felt the hot glow in her own cheeks. She felt such a fool, apologising to her own subordinate.

"Apology accepted, darling." Karen Amesbury lowered herself uninvited into the seat opposite Freya.

"That's a very smart suit, Freya. Where did you get it from, it makes you look very grown-up."

Freya gritted her teeth for a second, "thank you, Mrs Amesbury."

"That's okay, dear. It's amazing the difference a padded bra and pair of heels can make, don't you think?"

Freya blinked rapidly to prevent the tears gathering in her eyes, "Was there something you wanted, Mrs Amesbury? I'm quite busy at the moment." Freya felt her stomach churn at her own bravery. She wasn't a confrontational person by any means, but really!

Karen looked hard across the desk. "A certain little girl had best mind her manners, if that certain little girl wants to avoid having her little bottom spanked."

Freya felt her face burn even more warmly.

The woman opened her handbag and produced a couple of photographs. The first showed her in that horrid school uniform smiling at the camera. The second showed a picture taken from behind that appeared to show a young girl in that same uniform holding an adult woman's hand while shopping in a mall. She could hardly take her eyes from the second picture. The pleated grey skirt was so short! What on earth had she been thinking? Were her legs really that white and skinny?

"Aren't they lovely, Freya? You look so pretty in your uniform, don't you think? I have lots more by the way, if you're not quite sure who the cute little princess holding my hand is."

Freya could feel the tear rolling down her cheek. Hurriedly she dabbed at them.

"Don't cry, Freya dear. Anyone would think you didn't like wearing your lovely uniform?"

Freya just sat sniffing and looking miserable.

"Well, Freya?"

"I...I don't really like it M...Mrs Amesbury...N...no."

"Why ever not? You look so pretty in it."

"I...it's just so ch...childish. I look quite ridiculous in it."

"It suits you dear, I can just imagine you coming to work in it, the rest of the girls would just love it, can you imagine?!"

Freya could imagine it, very well in fact. What little authority she had at the moment would simply evaporate.

"I might just go and pin the photo of you holding my hand to the notice board right now. Let's see how long it takes everyone to guess who it is? What do you think dear?"

Freya began another little tearful bout. Karen smiled at her discomfiture. This was sooo amusing.

"If I were you, little Freya, I wouldn't talk like that in front of Uncle George. He loves you in that uniform, you remind him so much of dear Gemma. You don't want to get another spanking, do you Freya?"

"N...no, Mrs Amesbury."

"Because it hurt last time didn't it Freya? It hurt very much and made you cry as I recall?"

"Yes, Mrs Amesbury it did." sniffed Freya miserably.

"And you really don't want me to tell Uncle George that you've been a bad girl at work, do you Freya?"

"N...no, Mrs Amesbury."

"I could call him right now, from your phone in fact, and tell him you'd been a naughty girl. How would he take that, do you think?"

"I...I don't...I'm not sure, Mrs Amesbury."

Karen smiled at her. "Oh, I think you do know, Freya. I think you know very well. What do you think he'd do to you?"

"Spank me, probably." whispered Freya. As if someone was stood listening just outside the door to her office.

"I don't think there's any 'probably' about it dear, do you?"

Freya shook her head in mute agreement.

"In fact if I called him now he might well drop whatever he was doing, get in the car, and drive over to see you. Can't you just imagine him marching up those stairs with that angry look on his face? I can picture your little face, Freya, all scared and tearful. Would he spank you with the door opened or closed? Would he let you keep your knickers on I wonder. You'd kick and cry of course, but could you keep quiet enough so that the rest of the girls wouldn't hear? Perhaps he might help you out by putting your knickers in your mouth for you, sort of like a gag? Would you like that, Freya? To be gagged while you were getting your fat little bottom thrashed? Well?"

The tears were running down her cheeks now, just the thought George Amesbury's hard hand slapping her soft mounds was enough to set her off. But being bullied like this at her own desk in her own office was terribly humiliating. She made to stand and go to the bathroom.

"Where are you going, Freya?"

"To tidy myself up, Mrs A...Amesbury" she managed to sniff.

"You're spending far too much time in that bathroom, Freya. What are you doing in there anyway? It had better not be what I think it is, young lady!"

Her sudden bright red flush was amusing to behold. Karen knew she had hit a nerve.

"So it's true, you are masturbating in there, on company time as well. You naughty, naughty little girl Freya Sanderson! Whatever would mummy and daddy say if they ever found out?" Karen laughed at the girl's obvious discomfort.

"P...please Karen...Mrs Amesbury it's not like that...really it's not." Freya sounded quite desperate, she could just imagine the look on her mother's aristocratic face if this ever came out.

"Imagine being sacked for continual masturbation in the Company toilets? How shameful!"

"I...don't continually masturbate...please believe me."

"Sit back down, Freya. Let's get to the truth of this."

Slowly, resignedly Freya slid back into her chair and tried to get a grip of herself.

"So you, don't continually masturbate then?"

"N...no, of course not...I'm too busy for one."

"But you do clearly masturbate sometimes? Answer me Freya, or you'll be answering to Mr Mckenzie."

Freya visibly paled, Mr Mckenzie did seem a reasonable sort of chap and she got on quite well with him, but that the thought of having this discussion in the Managing Director's office simply terrified her. Not trusting herself to speak she slowly nodded her head.

Karen Amesbury smiled, this was all too easy.

"How many times, young lady?"

Freya looked up at her with a startled face. "I...b...beg your pardon?"

"Don't try and be coy, Freya. It's too late for that nonsense now. I asked you a simple question. How many times a day do you wank yourself off in the Company's toilets?"

Karen had never seen another human blush quite so red as Freya did at that question. She stored the image in her head in order to rely it to her husband later on.

"I...I...don't every day. J...just occasionally. If I'm feeling tense maybe." Freya whispered.

"Oh, Freya what are we going to do with you?" Karen shook her head in mock sorrow while the girl hung hers in genuine shame.

"I think it might be a good idea if you were to ask my permission to use the bathroom in future, don't you?"

"B...but do I have to? Please don't make me, Mrs Amesbury, it's so humiliating."

"I'm afraid I have no option, young lady. Unless you'd like me to take it up with Mr Mckenzie, that is? It would be interesting to hear his reaction regarding one of his managers wanking in the bathroom wouldn't it?"

Freya hated that word! But what could she do? Who could she denounce Karen Amesbury to, the Company, her parents, the police? Each idea was more ludicrous than the last, she had no options left. Perhaps she should just keep her head down and work? Probably Karen would get bored of her, like all her previous boyfriends, she thought bitterly. Karen Amesbury didn't get bored with her, quite the opposite in fact. She was as good as her word regarding Freya's bathroom visits. She did indeed require the young girl to ask her permission to use the facilities. Karen had her own office on the other side of the building, so whenever Freya needed to use the bathroom she had to traipse over there and ask. If anyone was already in Karen's room she had to go away and wait until the woman was available. If Karen was free, Freya had to knock and then wait to be invited in. Usually Karen would ignore her for a minute or two before asking her what she wanted.

"T..to use the bathroom please, Mrs Amesbury." That was shameful enough in itself that she, a management trainee, would have to ask another woman lower in the hierarchy than her if she might use the toilet at work.

"Use it for what this time, Freya?"

"Just for a ...a pee. Mrs Amesbury." Her face would always turn bright red, as if she could never get used to the ritual humiliation.

"Not to masturbate in, Freya?"

"N...no, Mrs Amesbury."

"Because you do sometimes masturbate in there, don't you dear?"

There was a slight pause while Freya made herself not cry.

"Yes, M...Mrs Amesbury."

"You're a naughty little girl, Freya Sanderson."

"Yes, Mrs Amesbury. Sorry Mrs Amesbury."

"It's a dirty habit, Freya and one that has to stop. Do you hear me?"

"Y...yes, Mrs Amesbury." The humiliated little girl managed to sniff.

"Good, you may use the bathroom dear, but I'll be checking afterwards so no naughtiness. I have a very strong sense of smell."

Freya turned and fled, quickly wiping the tears from her eyes. Karen was such a bitch to her!

Chapter 8

"Take a seat please, Miss Sanderson."

Mr McKenzie was a lovely man, he was always like this, a little formal but always so polite and charming. Although this time he didn't seem to be smiling quite so much.

"You've been here six months, Miss Sanderson. Six months today in fact, hasn't time flown?"

"Yes sir, it has?"

"Mr McKenzie had always been 'sir' to her. It just seemed natural that way.

"And how do you think that time has gone? Are you enjoying yourself here at McKenzie and Brown?"

"Yes, sir. I love working here."

"Well that's good to hear, and the other young ladies, everything okay there?"

He meant the group of rather raucous girls who worked as the admin staff. She sometimes amused herself by imagining her mother meeting them, that would be quite funny. She would absolutely hate them, rough, common strumpets. She could just imagine the words her mother would use.

"And Mrs Amesbury, are you and her getting along?"

"Yes, sir. At least I think so, sir." Freya wasn't quite sure she liked where this was going.

"Hmmm. Here's Mrs Amesbury's assessment of your time here." He picked up a sheet of paper and read from it.

"Despite making some progress I feel that Miss Sanderson may not be suited to a role in management at the moment. She is a hard-working, conscientious young person, but I feel that somehow she doesn't have the necessary maturity to impose herself on a business like McKenzie and Brown. That, I hasten to add, doesn't mean she never will have the necessary gravitas to work in management. My opinion is that she should be retained but her role within the Company should be altered a little to reflect her current status."

Freya could already feel the tears forming.

"I can see you're upset, young lady. But isn't that just what Mrs Amery was suggesting? My management team seldom burst into tears when things don't go their way. Mrs Amery has served this Company faithfully for over twenty years and I trust her judgement implicitly. However, don't forget that she hasn't suggested I fire you, if she had done that I'm afraid you would be packing your things right now. As it is, she has proposed a compromise "

Freya tried to control her emotions but this was all a dreadful shock that she hadn't anticipated. Despite her best efforts, Karen didn't see her as management material! What she should do was simply stand up and walk away, just leave McKenzie and bloody Brown. That's what she should do, although she dismissed the idea almost as soon as it entered her head'. What would she do then? Back to her parents, that would be her only option. Could she bear her mother's amused condescension? She could hardly go back to her little bedroom with the childish posters on the wall, she'd outgrown all that. She'd also outgrown having her bottom smacked by her parents, although she was fairly sure that wouldn't happen anymore. Her bottom lip quivered as she remembered the humiliation of standing bare-bottomed with her nose in the corner of their living-room. She brushed away the tears and forced herself to focus on what Mr McKenzie was saying. God only knew what he thought of her now.

"So, Mrs Amesbury has been kind enough to suggest that you spend more time with her on a one to one basis. At the same time she'll find you things to do that perhaps more suitable for a young lady in your stage of development."

"B...but, I really..."

"I'm afraid there's no room for negotiation, Miss Sanderson. This is your only option."

Take it or leave it, thought Freya bitterly, although she wouldn't dare voice her opinion of course.

"Okay Mr McKenzie, and thank you." Oh God! What was she thanking him for, he'd just sacked her in effect.

He smiled briefly at her and looked pointedly at the door. Her interview was clearly at an end. She got to her feet and clumsily made for the door. She exited his office and made her way to the bathroom to at least attempt to tidy herself up. Eventually she made her way back to her office, as she pushed open the door she could hear voices. Inside was Karen Amesbury and Helen somebody or other from the typing pool.

"One minute please, Freya." Mrs Amesbury held up her hand.

Freya was a little confused, why was Helen sat in her chair behind her desk? With a sinking feeling she realised that the desk no longer had her personal things on it. Where was her laptop?

"Just gather your things while I finish up here please, Freya"

That was when she realised that her little office was no longer hers any more. Helen from the typing pool was being moved into it, and she was being moved out.

The next few weeks were a complete nightmare for Freya. Not only had she lost her office and her official title of management trainee, she'd also lost what little dignity she had left. Her new workstation was a corner of Mrs Amesbury's own desk and chair that was just slightly too low for her to work comfortably. Not that she did any actual work in the sense that she understood the

term. It was as if she was a school leaver on her first job, rather than a recent university graduate. Her new responsibilities involved keeping Mrs Amesbury's office tidy and basically running errands for her. During her first week in her new office, Mrs Amesbury had decided that her clothes 'weren't appropriate' for her new position.

"We don't want any confusion, do we Freya dear.?I think it would be more appropriate if you were to dress in a little less formal management-style."

Whatever the spurious reason Mrs Amesbury had concocted, that's what she was required to do. So, gone were the skirt suits she had slowly accumulated to lend some credibility to her management role. Gone were the high-ish heels she'd eventually learned to walk in. In their place were well-polished flat shoes, just like the ones she'd worn in school. Fairly short, pleated skirts and plain, simple blouses completed her 'look'. After a couple of weeks, even her hair had come in for some criticism.

"It doesn't match the rest of your appearance, dear. You look like a schoolgirl trying to copy her mother's hairstyle. I think we should tone it down a little, don't you. We don't want the rest of the girls sniggering behind your back do we?"

Freya certainly didn't want that, she'd had enough of it at school if she was honest. But that didn't stop it happening. In fact once she'd abandoned her more sophisticated hairstyle for a simple pony-tail the girls at work seemed to take more interest in her. They had never been particularly respectful of her in the first place, despite her managerial status. They were in fact the same sort of girls who used to bully her unmercifully at school. Loud, self-confident girls interested in drinking and partying and chasing boys. She thought she'd left them all behind when she stayed on into the 6th form and they left, but here they all were, large as life and if anything, more obnoxious. As she scurried around the building at the behest of Mrs Amesbury she couldn't help but come to their attention.

"Is it true you've been sacked, Freya?"

"Ohh, that new hairstyle *does* suit you, Freya."

"Hey, Freya, is it true you work for Helen now? Don't you have a A-levels or something?"

Were just some of the many hurtful comments that were directed at her. Ironically her only defender was Karen Amesbury, who scared even the loudest girls in the typing pool. A fact which pushed Karen and Freya even closer together. The older woman became a sort of mother-figure to Freya. She'd always had a difficult even fractious relationship with her actual mother, a fact that skilful, manipulative Karen Amesbury soon teased out of her. The sat close together for many hours in between Freya's errands to the coffee shop and the photocopier. During that time Karen pushed and probed and slowly conceived a scheme that made even a woman as debauched as she was feel slightly faint with excitement. She soon realised that the reason that Freya simply didn't walk away from her ever-diminishing role at McKenzie and Brown was it was all she had. Freya had struggled to get an interview anywhere before being taken on, and it was only at her insistence that she'd been given the trainee management job here. Jonathon McKenzie had been right of course, she was quite unsuitable for the role, her exams weren't great, she didn't have much of a personality and she

was a bit socially awkward. But more importantly, she reignited an idea that had been developing in the minds of Karen and her husband.

Following her discussions with Freya, easily masquerading as concerned interest, she'd come to the conclusion that the girl wasn't confident of being able to get another job in management but on the other hand had nowhere else to go apart from her mother's house. She had no close friends, no savings, and no other family to rely on. Her only options were McKenzie and Brown or her parents. Now why would a young girl put up with the low-level humiliation that Freya had experienced, rather than go home to the warm, loving embrace of her family? The situation intrigued Karen Amesbury. She made it her business to discover the reason.

Chapter 9

Marjorie Sanderson was, in her own opinion a pillar of her local community. She served on as many committees and local schemes as she could squeeze herself onto. She was a regular church-goer and a stalwart of the small, self-selected group of similar ladies that controlled church-functions and policy. She was married to an unexceptional little man called Nigel, who she was quite willing to ignore just as long as he provided her with the regular stream of income to which she'd become accustomed. He was a hard-working chap, there was no doubt about that, always away on some sort of business 'deal' or meeting or whatever it was he did. The problem was, that's all he was. He was really very dull, he had no hobbies or interests, he only accompanied her to church with the greatest reluctance and even when he did he had nothing to say to her friends. In reality he was a sad disappointment to her, every time she saw him she felt a bit cheated in some sort of obscure way. Didn't she deserve a partner who was just as prominent in the local community as she was?

And what made matters worse was that her daughter, Freya, seemed to take after him. although it was difficult to acknowledge at first, it soon became apparent that she had given birth to a rather plain, undistinguished, non-entity. Freya didn't seem particularly good at anything, oh she tried hard enough. It was just her lack of ability in so many areas that was such a disappointment. Some of her friends had brainy daughters, others had sporty daughter, some had musical daughters, most of them, unfortunately, had attractive daughters. Judith had nothing like that, Freya wasn't bad at anything and she wasn't particularly unattractive, she was just so...ordinary. And that was the most dispiriting thing, how had she, Elise Sanderson, produced such an ordinary daughter?

It was so vexing, and it only got worse as time went by. She had to pay, for example, for Freya to attend the local Grammar school while at the same time congratulate her two closest friends when their similar aged daughters received scholarships. She then had to plaster a smile to her thin lips as they regaled her with what darling Jessica was up to, and dearest Gillian's latest award was. Her own daughter however, plodded on as usual. Not quite at the bottom of most of her classes, but nowhere near the top either. Not learning to sing, never quite mastering a musical instrument and dead last in both races she was entered into on sports day. She had quite come to despair of Freya, nothing seemed to work. She'd tried shouting and scolding but neither had the desired effect. She had then taken her struggling little daughter over her knee and slapped her bare bottom several times. That had a positive effect on Freya's behaviour and also had the pleasing side effect of making Elise happy, so she carried on with that method. Freya was also very small, it was as if she'd never reached puberty, much less passed through it as her contemporaries were all doing. So it was relatively easy to subdue and to physically manipulate her.

Marjorie came to quite enjoy the little thrill of excitement whenever she had to chastise her timid daughter. She didn't enjoy it exactly, but she was wise enough to realise that it was for the girl's own good. Really, she needed a very firm hand. Marjorie was determined that if her little girl wasn't going to be the most accomplished or the most talented, she was at least going to be the best-behaved. As a consequence, Freya's disciplinary regime increased, rather than decreased, as

she got older. While her friends were increasingly allowed more freedom and more leeway, Freya came increasingly under the control of her mother. Her father did occasionally attempt to intervene on her behalf, but he was easily overwhelmed and informed that he should mind his own business. Nigel Sanderson was not really the man for confrontation, especially with his own self-opiniated, determined wife. Her explanation was simple, their daughter was average and therefore had to work that much harder to achieve parity with her schoolmates

Freya's semi-rebellion had admittedly come as something of a shock to her, as if her daughter was somehow implying that she, Marjorie Sanderson, was wrong. But then to compound that insult, she'd actually gone and got herself an office job! And that despite her own warnings that nothing would come of it. Freya had simply ignored her, ignored her advice and taken herself away from the loving bosom of her family. That defied all logic as far as Marjorie was concerned. For the first couple of days she stayed by the telephone, certain that her timid little daughter would phone and beg her to come and fetch her home, that she'd made an error and that she was sorry.. But that didn't happen. Freya did phone but only to tell her mother that everything was great and that she was enjoying her job and that she'd made new friends. Marjorie had to reply through almost gritted teeth, that sounded wonderful, darling. You must be very happy, darling. Well done you, darling. When their goodbyes were finished, Marjorie almost threw the handset back onto its stand. That little bitch had defied her!

With every day that passed, Marjorie came to resent her daughter just that little bit more. It was quite obvious now that the girl just didn't respect her .Any proper daughter would have listened to her mother and taken on board what she had to say. her friends certainly agreed with her anyway. The general consensus from their coffee-mornings was that Freya was clearly ungrateful for everything her mother had done for her over the years. Marjorie had always been strict with Freya, but that was obviously what the girl needed, and what they all agreed was best for her, Rather than mollify her, these sorts of conversations tend to upset Marjorie even more. The more intelligent daughters were all away at University, which was something at least Freya didn't even attempt to do. The more homely girls all had jobs within their capabilities in town, hairdressers and shop-girls and the like. Marjorie certainly didn't disapprove of their choices as they were still largely under parental control. But why oh why did the one rebel have to be her own disrespectful daughter? It all seemed so unfair somehow, especially as she only wanted what was best for the girl.

Chapter 10

With the downgrading of her duties, there came an appropriate reduction in her salary, not much but enough for her to struggle to make her regular payments to her landlord. Karen also vaguely knew Mr Vishand, and all it took was a word via a friend to inform her landlord that perhaps Freya wasn't the tenant he thought she was. He gave her a week's notice. Then it only remained for Karen to 'notice' that Freya was unhappy and to tease out the reason from her. There was no need to fret, Karen told her. She absolutely must come and stay with George and her. The house was far too big for the two of them, plus Freya could save money on her bus fares by getting a lift from Karen every day. This was the crucial moment as far as Karen was concerned, it should have signalled that Freya had had enough of her adventure and was going to pack her bags and return home. So she was pleasantly surprised when Freya agreed to her proposition, the girl wasn't particularly grateful but Karen allowed that to slide. She certainly had bigger plans for that delightful little minx.

"Freya, Freya! Where are you girl?"

Freya cringed slightly when she heard her name called down the corridor. It reminded her too much of her miserable schooldays. Not only that, the woman shouting for her had only recently become her superior. When Freya had first arrived at McKenzie and Brown as a trainee manager, Helen Bishop had been a typist. Just one of the girls in the pool. She was just one of the group of loud, opinionated young women who made up the secretarial staff. Freya had tended to avoid their company, not because she considered them to be her social inferiors, but because she didn't particularly drink or smoke or gossip about boys. Her self-imposed exile from their social affairs had first mystified and then annoyed the girls. Obviously their belief was that Freya did indeed look down on them. Her accent for a start was different to theirs, more middle-class, more educated. She didn't even watch the same sorts of TV shows, Freya's mother had never allowed her to watch any sort of 'reality' TV or any soap. She considered them unsuitable, as a result Freya didn't have the slightest idea who her colleagues were excitedly discussing. She was also, unlike all of them, a virgin. Her mother hadn't yet discovered a suitable boyfriend for her. As a result, Freya was viewed as 'posh' and 'snobbish'. The girls, as a unit, decided not to like her.

When she was a management trainee with her own office, she was a bit out of bounds. She could be sniggered at in the corridor for some perceived social faux-pas or questioned at break time regarding her clothes, but she couldn't be directly confronted. Mrs Amesbury for instance wouldn't have allowed it, would have been bad for business. As rowdy and disruptive the Admin girls were, they all feared the statuesque older woman. It was generally agreed that she was an aggressive lesbian and needed to be treated with respect. However for some inexplicable reason it seemed that little Freya was no longer protected by her management status. In fact there was some doubt as to her actual, new status. She still worked for the Company but she no longer had her own office. Helen Bishop now occupied that space. It appeared that Freya now worked directly for Mrs Amesbury. Their suspicions were confirmed when a blushing Freya was ushered into the open-plan

office the admin girls shared and it was explained to them that the young girl would be taking a more 'hands on' role within McKenzie-Brown. To those ends she was now at the disposal of the girls regarding research, photocopying, errands, refreshments and that sort of thing. Mrs Amesbury looked around as if daring the girls to make some sort of amusing comment, but nobody did.. Despite the fact that Freya had been demoted from management trainee to office gopher right in front of their eyes and that her future held so many intriguing possibilities for them, the assembled young women still didn't have the collective nerve to challenge Karen Amesbury

Helen Bishop was quite a nasty piece of work, a fact that Karen had noticed quite early about her and tacitly approved of. She seemed to be the leader of the Admin girls and therefore a potential ally. Although had she not wanted to play the game, Karen would have had her dismissed without a second thought,. There was no need to worry however, Miss Bishop was a very willing accomplice. In return for the right to exercise just a little bit of tyranny over her work colleagues, Helen became Karen's protege. If she was honest, Karen saw a lot of her younger self in the girl. Dominant personalities, alpha-females if you like, tend to exhibit certain tendencies immediately apparent to those of a similar ilk. Before Freya had appeared on her radar, Karen had been all set to offer the post of Management Trainee to Helen. The girl was just about smart enough to do the job, but more importantly as far as Karen was concerned , she was more than capable of keeping the rest of the girls in order. She had a waspish, abrasive personality and a sharp tongue. She was certainly capable of taking care of herself, but she was equally no threat to Karen's own Queen Bee status. Almost the perfect candidate, in fact. That was until she helped interview Freya and recognised her inherently submissive personality. Almost immediately a plan had formed in her head and she'd easily convinced Steven McKenzie that Freya would make a suitable choice. Karen then explained to Helen that although she'd recommended her to Mr McKenzie, he for some reason, had appointed an inexperienced, know-nothing young girl from outside the business. A decision that made no sense as far as she was concerned.

As a result, Helen was strongly opposed to Freya's candidature and proceeded to try and undermine her at every opportunity. And, since she was the dominant female in the room, it wasn't long before the rest of the girls began to view Freya as a figure of fun as well. Karen was, of course, well aware what was going on but her silence was construed, correctly, as tacitly condoning their behaviour. Even Helen, the most naturally cunning of them, didn't pause to think why Mrs Amesbury would want to employ Freya and then allow her to be bullied by them. Their behaviour soon had the effect that Karen was aiming for. Freya spent more and more time avoiding her erstwhile colleagues and as a result spent more time in her company. that had enabled her to control her intended victim so much more easily. The invitation to Karen's house had gone almost perfectly, the little something she'd slipped into Karen's drink had done its job wonderfully well allowing her and George to manipulate the humiliated little thing. But now the next stage of her plan needed to be implemented and that's where. Miss Helen Bishop, her protégé, came in.

"Freyaaa!!"

Helen's abrasive voice boomed down the corridor again, sounding even more annoyed. Karen smiled when she heard it. Moments later Freya scurried past her on her way to her former office. Rather than enter straight away she paused and knocked on the door, trying unsuccessfully to ignore the 'Miss H Bishop' sign fixed to it. When she heard Helen's voice she entered the familiar room. The

woman behind the desk didn't look up or even acknowledge her presence for a minute or so. Helen knew better than to interrupt however and stood almost to attention in front of what used to be her own desk.

"Where have you been, Sanderson? I've been calling you for ages. You haven't been locked in the bathroom again have you?"

Freya immediately blushed as she invariably did whenever anyone mentioned that word to her. She was terrified that Mrs Amesbury might have told anyone of her suspicions regarding Freya and her bathroom visits. Although, having said that it would be hard to see how she could sink further in the estimation of the others. After all, here she was waiting on her former typist.

"No, Miss Bishop."

And that was another thing, why was she obliged to call a girl two years older than her 'miss'? not that Freya would ever dream of bringing that up. Although Miss Bishop wasn't in the same intimidatory league as Mrs Amesbury she was still quite frightening to a timid girl like Freya. She was one of those girls that every school had, a low-level bully, always niggling and trying to manipulate others into doing what she wanted. Freya had fallen foul of a bullying clique when she was at school, a situation made even more shameful by the fact that the girls involved were the year below her, Helen reminded her of the ringleader of that little gang of bullies.

"Well, where have you been? You know you need permission to be away from your workstation for any length of time?"

That was horribly, shamefully true. She'd been released from her demeaning position on the corner of Mrs Amesbury's desk, which was a relief. She was the sort of demanding woman that Freya just couldn't say no to. Every single facet of her life had been opened and examined during her time in that office. She lost count of the number of times she'd sat there red-faced with humiliation as yet another embarrassing episode from her past was dredged up. That seemed to be over now, because here she was sat outside Miss Bishop's office in the corridor behind her own junior-sized desk, at the young woman's beck and call. The small desk and matching small chair were amusingly referred to as her 'work station' when all it had on it was a notepad, a pen, a little calendar with tear off pages that contained improving messages, and a long plastic ruler. The only thing the ruler was used for was an implement with which to discipline her. As in,

"Freya, go and get your ruler please, let's get to the bottom of this." Helen Bishop never seemed to tire of her little joke.

That instruction invariably ended with the her wriggling bare-bottomed over Helen's lap or bent across her desk as the eighteen inches of plastic painted her backside a bright shade of red. As a consequence she tried very hard to avoid upsetting Helen, but that was easier said than done. Helen was a most demanding boss and seemed to have complete authority over her.

"I've just had a message from Admin, apparently you made a mess of this morning's coffee order?"

"I...i don't think so, miss. I got everything everyone wanted, I th...think."

"Thinking never was one of your strengths though, was it Sanderson? That's why you stood there and I'm sat here."

Helen never passed a chance to demean Freya or mock her fall from grace.

"N...no, miss." Freya had learned that agreement with Miss Bishop was usually the best tactic.

"So how do you explain the fact that you got Leanne's order wrong? Do you think you don't have to worry because she's just a new girl?"

Leanne was Helen's younger sister who'd joined the Admin staff straight from school to fill the position vacated by her. Not only did she resemble her sister but she was equally aggressive and assertive.

"Apparently she specifically ordered a latte with two sugars. But you evidently ignored a perfectly reasonable request and didn't bother to bring any sugar? To my mind, that could be construed as a form of bullying. Well, what do you have to say for yourself?"

Freya looked at her open-mouthed. Surely her boss wasn't serious?

"I...i didn't not bring it on purpose." She could clearly hear the defensive whine in her own voice. "I must have misheard her, I'm sorry."

"Sorry won't make it right though will it, Sanderson? What I propose is that you go back to the shop and replace Miss Bishop's drink with another one and this time don't forget the sugars. You can pay for this one out of your own money as well. Perhaps that might teach you a lesson.. Oh, and don't forget to apologise to her for your error either, you don't want to get a reputation as a bully, do you?"

Freya was too shocked to even object. Having to replace the intern's coffee at her own expense seemed so unfair. Not to mention the suggestion that she was a bully! That was rich coming from the mouth of someone like Helen Bishop.

"Go on then! What are you waiting for, Christmas? And don't dare dawdle, I'll be keeping my eye on you, my girl." Helen looked at her watch meaningfully.

Freya turned and hurried off, blinking the tears from her eyes as she did so. She paused by her chair to pick up her coat, not because it was raining, but because Karen had provided her with a gabardine, a rubber-coated, knee-length, quilted jacket that she insisted must be worn correctly at all time which meant being belted and fully buttoned up and with the hood up no matter what the weather was like. Why bother having an expensive item like her gabardine and then not wearing it properly, Karen had asked her, rhetorically. Outside it was quite warm and humid and it wasn't long before Freya started to gently perspire. What must she look like, she thought, wearing a rubberised Macintosh with the hood upon a summer's afternoon? Not only that, she was wearing knee-socks and black, flat-soled shoes. At least the hood would hide her blushes. This was one of those times she was grateful she didn't know anyone in the town she worked in. She didn't really know what time it was because she wasn't allowed to wear a watch. All she did know was that she had to hurry, which of course only made her sweat more. When she got to the front of the queue in the busy little cafe she was perspiring freely. She ordered her coffee from the god-looking barista who she sort of

fancied. However the change he handed back to her was accompanied by a derisive little smirk as she peered at him from her all-enclosing hood.

Holding the coffee in one hand and the blasted sugar in the other, she walked back to the office as fast as she possibly could. When she got back to her little desk, she thankfully removed her coat, trying to ignore the all-pervading, unpleasant smell of rubber. She could feel the sweat pooling uncomfortably around her underarms. The neck of her pale blue blouse chafed around her neck. Quickly she checked her hair was still properly tied in its neat pony tail and then scurried downstairs to the open-plan Admin office. At the far end she could see Leanne Bishop sat on her desk and chatting to another young girl. Nervously she approached the pair. as she produced the coffee, Leanne raised the palm of her hand in irritation. Freya stood there, unsure what to do. The girls carried on their conversation, ignoring her. Finally Leanne turned to her ,

"In future, Sanderson, you'll stand and wait until someone wants to speak to you, do you understand?"

"Yes, Leanne, I'm sorry."

"What do you want anyway? Have you been running or something, you look awfully warm?"

The other girl sniggered only added to Freya's red-faced embarrassment.

"I...I've brought you another coffee."

The young girl looked at her quizzically.

"Why?"

"Because I...I messed up the coffee order this morning. I'm very sorry and it won't happen again."

"I should think not, you need to concentrate, you little air-head."

The other girl sniggered again at Freya's evident discomfort.

"Anyway, I don't want it now. Do you want it, Michelle?"

"What is it?" Asked the other girl.

"Erm...it's a latte."

"Nahh, I don't like coffee,"

"Nobody wants it Sanderson, go and pour it away you silly little girl." Ordered Leanne.

Crimson-faced, Freya hurried away to the little kitchen and quickly poured the liquid down the sink before anyone could ask her what she was up to. Trying to avoid the rest of the girls she quickly made her way back to her workstation, no doubt that humiliating story would be all over the office within the hour.

Chapter 11

In the back of Mrs Amesbury's nice car, Freya once again questioned what she was doing. She'd agreed to go back to Karen's house despite all that she'd been subject to there. One obvious attraction was that she was living there in her lovely house rent free. Another factor was that horrible video that the Amesbury's had made of her. She could just imagine the look on her mother's face when she received a copy of that particular humiliating series of events! Oh my God, it just didn't bear thinking about. Recently Karen had suggested that it might be a good idea to send copies to other 'interested parties' as she described them. Her blood had run cold at that unspecified threat, Karen hadn't named the likely recipients but Freya could just imagine the furore in her own little town where everyone seemed to know everyone else. She'd never be able to hold up her head in public again. So although living with Karen wasn't ideal, it did avoid the potential of her secret being revealed. Also she didn't have to live at home, at her mother's house. Subject to her constant criticism and unsolicited advice regarding suitable boys and appropriate jobs. She simply couldn't bear the thought of having to accept defeat and crawl back to her mother's house with her tail between her legs. The Amesbury's then were the best of two bad choices, but what other choices did she have?

Being sat in the back of the car, rather than the front was a good indication of how she was treated in the Amesbury household. Karen had opened the back door and ushered her into the seat and then fussed around making sure that the seat belt was properly fastened, as if Freya herself was incapable of doing so. She'd also insisted that Freya neatly fold her gabardine and place it carefully on the seat by her. Karen glanced in the rear-view mirror,

"You look bit flustered, dear. How was work today?"

Freya had to explain, in excruciating detail, just how badly her day had gone. She daren't leave out any part of it because she knew that Karen was very likely to check the veracity of her story with Helen Bishop.

"You really must pay more attention to detail, darling. Perhaps if you had you'd still be wearing your smart suits and sitting in your own little office?"

"Yes, I suppose you're right, Mrs Amesbury."

How Freya hated these interrogations! Even delivered in her deceptively mild voice, Karen's remarks never failed to upset her. She had learned though that agreeing with the older woman was the path of least resistance.

"Who knows, dear? Perhaps in a year or two you might have absorbed enough knowledge to be put back on the Trainee scheme? That's how I imagine it will turn out anyway? What do you think, Freya?"

Freya could hardly believe her ears, two years! That seemed an awful long time to be working for someone as horrible as Helen Bishop. Karen must have seen the look on her face.

"Don't worry yourself, Freya darling. I can think of several ways to shorten that period, but you must listen to everything I say and take it all on board. do you agree?"

"Y...yes, Mrs Amesbury." What else could she say?

"I think that with a lot of hard work and a lot of properly organised study we can fill in all those gaps in your knowledge that for some reason your school has failed to fill. Look on the bright side, dear. Under my tutelage you'll be back on track within the year. How does that sound?"

Freya smiled, that didn't sound too bad. At least it was an actual target she could aim for

"That sounds really good, Mrs Amesbury, thanks so much."

"That's no problem, your Uncle George and I think the world of you, you know that don't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so, Mrs Amesbury, thanks ever so much."

Freya actually was grateful to the woman, her mother for instance had never given her any indication whatsoever that she appreciated her in any sense.

That weekend the three of them, Karen, George, and Freya had sat down together and formulated a plan of battle. The first, and potentially most important, phase involved a full and frank discussion of Freya's failings and the reasons that had brought her to her present situation.

"It's essential that you accept what we say, Freya. You may not like what we have to say, but please don't get upset if we have to tell you some home-truths. We're not doing it because we hate you dear, quite the opposite in fact. We're doing it because we love you and only want what's best for you. Do you understand that?"

"Y...yes, Mrs Amesbury."

"That's good, then we'll begin. George, if you could tell us what you think?"

Freya then had to listen and squirm and try her hardest not to cry as Mr Amesbury described her as 'immature', 'naive', and even 'a little foolish at times'. Clearly she meant well, but apparently she behaved like a 'little schoolgirl'. She absolutely hated listening to what the man had to say and yet...and yet she suspected a lot of what he had to say was true. She just didn't believe in her heart that she was ready yet to manage herself yet, much less anyone else. Karen handed her a large cotton handkerchief and told her that it was okay to cry and that there was no shame in it. Freya thanked her and proceeded to take full advantage of the invitation. When George was finished, they

had a break for lunch and to her surprise, Freya didn't feel too bad. It was almost as if she'd somehow unburdened herself.

After lunch it was Karen's turn. She reiterated and expanded on what she'd told Freya in the car. Did the girl agree with Karen's opinion that she had been let down by her school? Freya nodded her head uncertainly, a part of her thought about all the time and effort she'd put in only to come away with only moderate exam results. Perhaps Karen did have a point? Maybe it wasn't her, maybe it was the school's inability to teach? That thought cheered her up for some reason. What then, carried on Karen, would Freya say to some intensive tuition courses led by her and George, and maybe other colleagues and experts to help bring her up to speed regarding her areas of weakness? There wouldn't be any charge of course, Freya should regard it as a labour of love. Freya didn't quite know what to say, nobody had ever done this sort of thing before. She was so overwhelmed that she almost burst into tears again. It was so kind of Karen and George to take the time to try and help her. It wasn't as if they had any obligation or even needed to help her. They were, it seemed, merely doing it out of the kindness of their hearts. Freya knew that although she wasn't an academic genius, she wasn't a complete fool either. Perhaps intensive tuition was exactly what she needed? She could already picture herself with her feet back under her own desk at McKenzie and Brown. The three of them stood and hugged and Freya promised to commit to whatever programme the Amesbury's had in mind. That evening they shared a sofa, a romantic comedy, and a good bottle of wine. Well Karen and George shared a bottle of wine while Freya made do with a lemonade.

The following day plans were made for her education. Freya and Karen were normally back in the house before 6pm on most working days. While Karen prepared a snack, Freya would go up and have a shower and a change of clothing. After eating, Freya would have at least two hours of lessons on whatever subject Karen decreed. On Saturday, Freya would have at least two more hours of revision, usually with a tutor of the Amesbury's choice. George and Karen did realise it was quite a chore for them to take on, but were happy to do it if it helped Freya in any way. Their only proviso was that Freya would have to accept their rules and obey them implicitly, did Freya agree to that? If she couldn't stick to the scheme that they'd all agree for whatever reason then the only possible conclusion was that she didn't want to do it anymore and if that were the case, then it would probably be best for all concerned if Freya was to resign from McKenzie and Brown. And if she was no longer working, she wouldn't need to live with the Amesbury's any longer and would be free to return to her mother's house. If, on the other hand, she did want to persevere then the Amesbury's were happy to begin her education, or re-education as Karen liked to refer to it on the following Monday. Freya was so pleased! How could she refuse such a kind offer? It was quite an easy choice really. As Mr Amesbury liked to point out, short term pain for long term gain. As she lay in her comfy bed in her pleasant room that night she could hear the Amesbury's making love in the room next door. Her own mind drifted to the earth-shattering orgasms that she'd experienced at Karen's skilful hands and her hand drifted down to explore the increasingly damp area between her legs.

True to her word, Karen Amesbury began Freya's re-education on the following Monday. When her car pulled up outside the house, she released Freya from her rear seat-belt and told her that her change of clothes were waiting for her on her bed. As Freya had half-expected, they consisted of the school uniform that she'd worn on the first fateful weekend in the Amesbury house. The shiny black

shoes, the ankle socks, a pair of navy blue knickers like the ones her mother had insisted she wore to school even in her final year, the grey, pleated skirt that she worried was too short, a crisp white shirt, a blue and white stripe tie, and a navy blue v-neck sweater. She left her hair in the pony-tail and hoped that would go unremarked on. She heard her name called and hurried downstairs. Karen looked her up and down and nodded.

"Whenever you're under tuition, Freya, I think that it's important that you wear your uniform in respectful way, don't you?"

"Yes, Mrs Amesbury," Freya nodded in agreement.

"By respectful I mean that you should wear every piece of your uniform as intended, your shoes must always be polished for example, socks pulled up, skirt ironed, shirt spotless, tie properly knotted and so on. Are we in agreement on that score, young lady?"

"Yes, Mrs Amesbury," repeated Freya dutifully.

"While you're being taught, Mr Amesbury and I think it only proper that we be referred to as 'sir' or 'miss' as appropriate, much as if you were really back at school, dear. All these things will help engender the idea of discipline and obedience that we intend to instil into you."

"I...I understand," said Freya, only too aware that she was being returned to her hated school days.

"So let's get straight to it, young lady. If you take yourself up to the attic right now, you'll find Uncle George ready to begin your first lesson. It's all so exciting don't you think, almost the start of a new chapter in your life? Off you trot, Freya darling, and don't forget to call Uncle George, sir. I'm sure he'll be expecting that."

Freya obeyed, this wasn't quite what she had in mind when she'd agreed to the Amesbury's offer of 'intensive tuition' but it was too late to back out now, She scurried up the narrow flight of stairs and entered the room. She hadn't been up here before and was surprised to discover that it was now fully fitted out as a classroom. A large desk at the front that Mr Amesbury was sat behind, and a smaller, old-fashioned desk and chair combination that was presumably for her. There were scholastic posters on the walls and even a couple of dusty old maps. There were shelves with book and stationery, and there was even a small blackboard on the wall. The Amesbury's, it appeared, had spared no effort in preparing their 'classroom', oddly it even reminded her a little of her first classroom when she was very young. All that was missing was the thirty or so other children.

"Good evening, Freya. All ready to start work?"

"Y...yes, Mr...I mean yes, sir."

For some reason she was quite gratified to see him smile.

"Good girl, our first lesson is mathematics, Something all of us agree is a particular weakness as far as you are concerned I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

And that was something that couldn't be argued with. She had never really got Maths, but she was appreciative enough of the subject to know that she really did have to get a grip of it.

"Sit down, and we'll begin."

Freya wriggled herself into her seat and immediately realised that it couldn't be adjusted. She shuffled a little to try and get comfortable but the chair seemed to be too near the table. She had to sit either with her knees pressed uncomfortably under the desk, or let her bottom slide out over the rather unyielding wooden bench. A heavy text book thumped loudly on to the desk and made her start.

"Do stop fidgeting, Freya, there's a good girl."

She blushed a little at the admonishment, but nevertheless opened her book. To her relief it didn't seem to be unduly complex. George Amesbury returned with a pad of graph paper and a pen.

"Page five please, young lady. Let's see where your understanding of Maths stands in the scheme of things shall we?"

Twenty nerve-racking minutes later the answer seemed to be that Freya's comprehension wasn't great. George Amesbury seemed to be a surprisingly competent teacher. It didn't take him long to establish that Freya was in desperate need of attention regarding her Mathematical knowledge. The more her lack of knowledge was exposed, the more nervous she became. Mr Amesbury was very 'old school' in terms of his approach. His rather formal dark suit, white shirt and dark tie combination had been enough for Freya to accept his authority without question. After discussion and explanation of negative numbers, he'd set her a short test. Due mainly to her nervousness she managed to get just one out of ten correct. He shook his head as he handed the paper back to her.

"Are you really trying, Freya, or am I just wasting my time?"

Freya bit her lip and blinked so that tears couldn't form in her eyes. She'd tried her hardest, she really had.

"Stand up please, Freya. Kneel on your seat and put your elbows on the desk. Yes, like that, with your head down and your bottom up."

Freya felt horribly humiliated in this exposed position, but all thought of modesty were driven from her head when his strong hand slapped into her soft bottom cheeks. He hadn't even had to raise her pleated skirt, it was so short that it simply raised high enough to expose her navy blue knickers every time she bent over.

Slaaapp!

Slaaapp!

Slaaapp!

It didn't take long for the big man to settle into the slow deliberate rhythm that he seemed to favour. She tried desperately not to upset him further by wriggling but the pain of the spanking was just too much to bear.

Slaaapp!

Slaaapp!

Slaaapp!

"Behave yourself please, young lady. You must learn that I won't put up with any lack of effort. He changed his position and grasped her tightly around the waist before returning to his measured, relentless pace.

Slaaapp!

Slaaapp!

Slaaapp!

Freya had given up trying to remain stoical and was howling and kicking for all she was worth. Two floors below her in the living room, Karen could hear the girl's desperate wailing while she watched the unfolding events via her large, state of the art television. As she stroked herself through her thin knickers she made a mental note to congratulate her husband on the quality of the recording , it really was crystal clear!

Chapter 12

"As you can see from the video we sent, Freya's re-education is proceeding at quite a pace. Doesn't she look cute in her little uniform? In our opinion, It's far more appropriate for a girl of her stature and current state of maturity than those silly suits she insisted on wearing to work. They didn't really do anything for her, she looked like a schoolgirl playing dress-up. They made her look younger (if that were possible) rather than older.

In answer to your question regarding her dress code, yes she is required to stay in her uniform from the moment she returns from work to the time she has to get bathed and ready for bed, (her bed time is 8.30 during the week and 9pm on a weekend by the way). I prefer her to wear pyjamas rather than a nightdress and she has several pairs of rather juvenile items, most of which are pastel colours and have cartoon characters on them, which she hates of course.

She also has to wear her uniform until lunch time on Saturday morning. She has her regulation two hours of lessons, but then we like to give her errands which take her out of the house. She clearly doesn't enjoy wearing her smart little uniform in public but my husband and I believe it's instrumental in helping to her learn her place. Incidentally she has never been asked her age while wearing it. Everyone simply assumes she is what she appears to be, a young girl in her uniform. In the afternoon she is allowed to wear a pretty dress or a smart blouse and skirt combination. I also prefer her to wear socks or go bare-legged rather than wear tights. Obviously, as we discussed earlier, she's not allowed to wear jeans or trousers of any kind in fact.

Saturday is usually when we spoil her, we take her shopping or maybe out for a walk and an ice-cream. Sometime my husband will give her a couple of pounds to spend on herself, money we like to refer to as her 'pocket money' by the way. Once her choice has been sanctioned by both of us she's free to buy it. As you know, her wages (such as they are) are paid directly into a savings account which I administer. From that account I buy her suitable clothes for work, simple blouses, modest skirts and so on. As I've explained to her several times, her watchword must be modesty. There is absolutely no need for her to draw attention to herself at work. She's a relative new girl and she currently occupies the lowest, least remunerated role in the Company. She essentially must be seen but not heard.

I don't know if you agree, but to me Freya is certainly a 'background' sort of person. She doesn't have any particular attribute that makes her stand out from the crowd. She's not very good at her job, I regret to say, and neither is she particularly attractive. She's quite unassuming (with good reason) and in my opinion she has quite a forgettable personality. Her stand-offish attitude also seems to make it hard for her to form any sort of friendships with the rest of the ladies in her office who to my mind are very pleasant young people.

In other words, it seems clear to us that Freya needs re-educating in all sorts of ways, never mind just her lack of academic ability. We hope that the methods we've used so far meet with your approval and look forward to your reply. We're particularly interested in any ideas or suggestions that you may have that would help us mould Freya's rather recalcitrant character into a more useful, more productive, member of society."

Chapter 13

Freya was up bright and early as usual. In return for help with her re-education she was now required to get out of bed at 6am and do housework before she got ready for work. At the moment she was kneeling on a mat in the kitchen cleaning and polishing Mr and Mrs Amesbury's shoes as she did most mornings. She was dressed in what was referred to as her 'chores uniform'. Today it consisted of a tight pair of white shorts, a bright yellow T-shirt and a pair of white gym shoes, knickers weren't considered necessary and she was never allowed to wear a bra anyway. She still blushed slightly every time one of the Amesbury's dismissively mentioned her 'flea-bites'. She worked as quickly as she could, polishing and brushing vigorously. Her work wasn't always inspected, but when it was her bottom would suffer if it wasn't up to scratch. She's almost come to accept her situation as normal, she received what amounted to free board and lodging in a very nice house, all she was expected to do in return was help a little with the housework. It didn't sound too onerous but invariably she would finish her chores fatigued and bathed in sweat.

She'd then have a quick shower and get dressed in whatever Mrs Amesbury had laid out for her. This morning it was knee-length blue socks and brown sandals, diaphanous little white knickers, a sky-blue, short-sleeved blouse and a shortish blue-tartan pinafore dress. She tied her mousey hair in its customary single plait with a blue ribbon and then set about preparing breakfast for Mr and Mrs Amesbury. She could hear them moving about upstairs and hurried to switch the kettle on so that she could make the tea as soon as they appeared. The two of them were quite grumpy in the morning and hardly a word was exchanged. Freya busied herself with her regular bowl of porridge, it was ideal for growing girls apparently, and her glass of water. When everyone was finished, Freya collected all the dirty dishes and stacked them in the dishwasher. She scampered around the kitchen, wiping the surfaces and tidying away before the rattle of the key in the door alerted her to the fact that Karen was ready to leave. Mr Amesbury had recently taken to kissing his wife chastely on the cheek before giving Freya a slobbery, wet, open-mouthed kiss and a quick squeeze of her little breasts. Something he quite clearly enjoyed much to her secret disgust. Pausing only to collect her hated gabardine and button and belt it up she allowed herself to be ushered into the back seat of Karen's car and submit to the humiliation of being buckled into her seatbelt.

Work itself was not getting any better. Despite all her hard work in the classroom there was no apparent change in her status. She was still evidently regarded as a glorified tea-girl and was treated as such. Leanne and Michelle had taken full advantage of her situation and ordered her around like a servant. The lack of support that Freya received from the more senior staff only served only to make them more brave. Leanne had recently slapped Freya across the face, apparently for some imaginary display of disrespect, in full view of the rest of the Admin girls. Rather than receive any sort of reprimand, both girls were called to a meeting chaired by Helen Bishop. There were some mutterings about 'bullying' and Freya, as the older of the two, was held to be mainly responsible for the incident. The outcome was that Freya was required to apologise to Helen's sister for being slapped by her and warned as to her future behaviour! Before she was allowed to leave Helen's office she had to go and get the ruler of her own little desk while Helen 'got to the bottom of the problem' watched and encouraged by her heartily amused younger sister.

Leanne couldn't wait to get back to the Admin girls and describe in great detail how her sister Helen had bent Freya over her desk and then thrashed her with a ruler. She laughed as she told them how, despite her tearful begging, Freya had her knickers pulled down and her backside painted a shiny red.

"Oh, pleeease, Miss Bishop...please stop...it hurts so much!"

Leanne did a passably good impersonation of Freya having her bottom smacked, much to the amusement of her colleagues.

Chapter 14

"Thank you for your recent message regarding Freya's re-education. I am pleased to see that you're not 'sparing the rod'. The girl has clearly allowed to get away with too much for far too long. I can see from the videos that you were kind enough to send me that Freya is really feeling her deserved punishments. That to me is the only way to deal with the sort of immature behaviour that she so regularly displays. If she insists on behaving in such a juvenile manner, that's exactly how she should be treated. It's also good to see that she's being put to bed at an appropriate time, I can only assume that she gets a little 'cranky' if she's allowed to stay up any later? Early to bed and early to rise, as they say.

Giving her appropriate chores around the house is also a good idea. Thinking ahead, that's probably the sort of skills she'll be able to utilise in her future 'career'. You seem to have been proven correct in your assessment of her abilities. Despite the best intentions of both you and your husband, Freya still seems remarkably resistant to learning or retaining any sort of knowledge. I realise that you have both been relatively lenient with the poor girl, but wouldn't an escalation of her disciplinary regime be more appropriate? At this stage I would like to see her being subject to more stringent corporal punishment. Surely a schoolmaster of your husband's stature should carry a cane and not be afraid to use it in cases like Freya? I respectfully suggest that a good dose of the stick every now and then would have a quite positive effect on the girl's ability to retain information.

I was gratified to learn that Freya is required to retain her school uniform until her bed-time. You're correct, she does look cute in it and very appropriately dressed. I think it's most important for her in her current stage of development. It helps remind her that she's not quite the grown-up young lady she clearly thinks she is? It's interesting that she doesn't draw any attention to herself when she appears in public dressed like that, once again that only serves to confirm our opinion that her immature appearance and lack of any discernable physical development

It's very good of you and your husband to take time out of your busy lives to take Freya out and spoil her. I can only hope that she's genuinely appreciative of your efforts? Buying her clothes for her makes absolute sense, goodness only knows what she'd fritter her money away on if she was left to her own devices. When you say she isn't allowed to wear trousers of any kind (something I wholeheartedly agree with of course!) have you taken steps to remove the temptation from the girl by giving them away to a charity perhaps?

I couldn't agree more regarding the description of Freya as a background person. I'd imagine that part of the problem with buying clothes for the girl is that she's just so unprepossessing to look at. I mean, why would you want to emphasise her plainness by giving her eye-catching clothes to wear? No, she's far better served by being dressed in plain, simple things that allow her to blend into the background. At the same time, it's quite disappointing to learn that she has an attitude problem with regard to her work colleagues, I do hope that situation is being taken in hand? It's as if the girl doesn't realise quite how lucky she is to be given the opportunity of working in an office. I understand that she's a manager in the same office as you, is that actually true?

Finally, please rest assured, your methods seem entirely appropriate to me. After all isn't a more obedient, more compliant Freya what we all want? if that involves a certain amount of discipline, then who am I to argue?

Thank you very much for your kind communication. I'm already looking forwards to the next video and message."

Chapter 15

The trip hadn't been Freya's idea, far from it. Karen had asked her when the last time she'd been home to her parent's house. The answer, much to her own surprise was just less than a year. She realised that apart from the odd day here and there that she hadn't actually used any holiday time as such. When she found this out. Karen was adamant that Freya should pay her parents a visit. After all they must worry about her. Freya was tempted to reply that her mother almost certainly didn't care but she realised that might be interpreted as 'insolence' by her landlady, something she knew the assertive older woman wouldn't tolerate, so she bit her tongue. Karen told her to organise the trip home, and as a special treat she and George would drive her over to her mother's house. Karen was vaguely surprised to learn that her mother was 'looking forward to having her back home again', perhaps the visit wouldn't be so bad after all?

The drive passed surprisingly quickly, Freya. occupying her customary position in the back seat was told in no uncertain terms that she was to be on her best behaviour. Earlier that morning Mr Amesbury had turned her over his knee and delivered a long, painful, humiliating spanking over her pyjamas while lecturing her about her future conduct. She was after all representing both him and Mrs Amesbury now that they had taken responsibility for her re-education. It had been a long, difficult road. Her bottom, the backs of her thighs and even the palms of her hands had all suffered under the Amesbury's relentless regime. But she had to admit that perhaps their methods were having the desired effect. At work she was more involved in actual, productive work on behalf of Helen Bishop. Rather than be a general skivvy for the rest of the office she was entrusted with actual work related issues. She had even been called into Mr McKenzie's office and been congratulated for showing 'distinct signs of improvement'.

The familiar scenes of her youth flashed by as they drove through the suburbs. Eventually they pulled up outside her parent's house. It seemed different somehow, smaller perhaps. She sat and waited until Karen undid the buckle of her seatbelt for her and helped her out of the car. As the three of them approached the house the front door opened to reveal her mother dressed in what appeared to be a rather formal suit.

"Freya darling, how lovely to see you," she said without managing to produce a smile. "And you must be Mr and Mrs Amesbury, such a pleasure to meet you both." This time, Freya noticed, she did produce a rather thin-lipped smile. She led the little group into the large, comfortable living room. While the two women cooed about how lovely the room was, George took a firm hold of her backside and squeezed it through the thin, pleated skirt she was wearing. She resisted the urge to brush his hand away and just hoped her mother hadn't seen the incident.

"Would you like a cup of tea or coffee, Mrs Amesbury?" her mother enquired

"Tea would be lovely, Mrs Sanderson, and please call me Karen."

"That's very kind Karen, my name's Marjorie, by the way. How do you and your husband take your tea?"

"The name's George, Mrs Sanderson. Perhaps it would be a good idea for Freya to make the tea? Give the adults time to talk, don't you think?"

Freya blushed to the roots of her hair and prayed her mother wouldn't query the implication that she wasn't an adult. Her mother merely agreed that it would be a good idea and Freya shuffled off to the kitchen, glad to be no longer the centre of attention. She drew the preparation out as long as she could, she could hear the constant buzz of conversation from next door and the occasional jovial aside. At least her mother and the Amesbury's were getting along, idly she wondered where her father was, playing golf perhaps? Finally, when she couldn't delay it any longer, she carried the tray back into the living room.

"Aren't you having tea, Freya?"

"Erm...no mum, I've sort of given up caffeine."

"Freya, shouldn't you tell your mother the real reason you don't drink caffeine?"

Freya blushed again but daredn't ignore the question.

"Mrs Amesbury d...doesn't like me to drink tea of coffee, mum. She thinks it's bad for me."

"And?" Enquired Karen Amesbury.

"It m...makes ne...cranky." Admitted Freya, reluctantly.

There was a short pause before her mother gave an uncharacteristic little giggle.

"Well, that could explain some of your behaviour at least. I have to admit that I didn't consider that caffeine may have been at the root of your...crankiness. incidentally, Mr and Mrs Amesbury, I do hope that Freya has behaved herself while she's been living under your roof?"

"Her behaviour has certainly... improved I'd say. Karen. Wouldn't you?"

"Yes, on the whole I'd say it's improved to an extent."

"This is rather embarrassing for me, Karen, but I wasn't even aware that Freya was living at your house until recently. As far as I knew she was living in a lovely little bedsit, that's what she told me anyway."

"I'm so sorry, Marjorie. I have no idea why Freya would do that to you."

"Why didn't you tell me, Freya? And why did you leave the bedsit anyway, if it was so nice?"

Freya caught Karen's eye and realised there wasn't going to be any excuses.

"I...I couldn't pay the rent, mum. Mr and Mrs Amesbury said I could stay with them."

"How do you mean you couldn't pay the rent? I thought you had a management job and that you were independent. That's what you told me anyway."

A barely suppressed snigger from George warned her that this wasn't going to be good. And so it turned out, over the next thirty minutes an increasingly tearful Freya was made to admit the whole sorry story to her mother. When she'd finished with the demotion, the change in her financial situation, her new role at work and finally her re-education her mother had slowly shaken her head disapprovingly.

"I'm so very, very sorry my daughter has put you to all this trouble Karen and George. I'm afraid it's just another collection of failures to add to a very long list as far as she's concerned. I told her, I warned her that no good would come of this whole sorry adventure, and so it's proved. I'm not even sure what to say now, it's all so humiliating."

She stood up and hurried from the room leaving behind her a shell-shocked daughter.

"Oh dear, Freya, look what you've done now!"

"Lied to your mother, not kept her informed, and look how you've upset the poor woman."

"Don't you have any thought for anyone else, Freya? You're so selfish sometimes, she's your mother after all."

Freya's face dissolved into tears, the Amesbury's were right she had behaved badly.

"What did I specifically warn you about before we set off, Freya? What did I tell you most specifically?"

"T...to b...be on m...my best behaviour, s...sir." Freya sniffed miserably.

"And yet we haven't been in the house two minutes and your mother's already in tears!"

"I'm so sorry, I...!"

It's no use apologising to us, Freya, What about your dear mother?"

Almost on cue the door to the living-room swung open and her mother appeared looking rather red eyed.

"Freya has something she wants to say to you, Marjorie," said Karen.

"I...I just wanted..."

"Stand up please, young lady," said George.

Freya quickly got to her feet and haltingly explained to her mother how wrong she was to have deceived her and apologised for not keeping in touch and letting her know what was going on. Part of her resented this grovelling apology but she feared retribution in the shape of George Amesbury's iron-hard hand, or something even worse! her mother sniffed and muttered something about ungrateful little girls.

"If you've a mind to punish her, Marjorie, please don't worry on our behalf. We find that little Freya responds positively to corporal punishment, doesn't she dear? "Asked George.

His wife quickly answered in the affirmative. Marjorie turned and left the room again, returning with one of her own slippers in her hand. She sat on the sofa and then patted her own thighs. By now, Freya was disciplined enough to know exactly what was required of her and she obediently folded herself over her mother's knee.

"You know I don't want to do this Freya, but I have your best interests at heart. Clearly your wanton behaviour can at least be partially explained by my reluctance to punish you when you so deserved it. Rest assured, young lady, I won't be making that same mistake again."

Marjorie lifted her daughter's short, pleated sky-blue skirt and was gratified to see that Freya didn't squirm or try to avoid her punishment. She lifted the leather-soled slipper high above her head and brought it down squarely on her daughter's white-knickered backside. Freya immediately howled and burst into tears. The woman smiled grimly and brought down the slipper just as hard for the second stroke. She'd soon teach the little brat her place! How dare she disregard Marjorie's advice and go gallivanting off around the country? Now Freya began to wriggle and twist to avoid the terrible sting of her mother's slipper, but once again her lack of size and strength told against her. No matter how hard she kicked her little legs and begged, Marjorie was unrelenting. The leather-soled slipper rose and fell with alarming vigour and accuracy. From the other sofa, the Amesbury's watched in rapt attention as Freya's familiar reaction to having her little bottom tanned unfolded in front of them. When Marjorie paused only to pull her daughter's flimsy, white knickers down to her knees, George stirred awkwardly to try and relieve the pressure from his engorged penis.

Karen, for her part, allowed her hand to gently slide between her legs and rub pleurably at herself. Even then she was observant enough to notice that Freya hadn't picked up on what her mother had said regarding not making the same mistake again.

Chapter 16

Gemma couldn't help but look at herself in the large oval mirror installed at the foot of the bed. Her head was the nearest to it and it was being held up by her pony-tail. She was naked and kneeling on the bed, behind her and also naked was the gross, hairy body of the man that now ruled her life, Mathew Soames who was apparently lost in his own thoughts as he vigorously thrust his cock deep into her arse. His wife, Melissa Soames, was sat by the side of the mirror intently watching the two of them fucking. Her flushed red face and the sweat coursing down it gave a clue to her mental agitation. What gave it away was the fact that she 'd removed her skirt and spread her stockinged knees enough to display her sex and to allow her to insert two fingers into herself. She'd just got in from her office job and was suitably and smartly attired apart from her short skirt which was flung halfway across the room. This time she was playing her favourite 'outraged wife returned from work early only to find her husband fucking the maid' role.

Gemma had endured so many variants of this sort of role-play that she was just a little bored. George Amesbury was a fairly nasty piece of work, but at least he and Karen had enjoyed a certain amount of variety in the perverse games. She'd also come to quite enjoy sex with both George and Karen, he was good at it and she was quite a novelty, Gemma's first bisexual partner. Soames on the other hand just liked to bang her until he came irrespective of her needs, his wife didn't seem to enjoy the sexual act at all, but she really, really enjoyed watching it and masturbating. Each to her own, thought Gemma charitably. The Soames were rich, they both had very high-powered jobs and wanted for nothing. The house was bloody huge, twice the size of the Amesbury's for example and their three cars were all very new and very shiny. Best of all, when they weren't screwing or spanking her, they were very generous towards her. She had her own room, even her own car and all she had to do was indulge her hosts in their little games. It would do for now, until they grew bored of each other perhaps? By then she'd have collected even more evidence with which to compromise the two of them.

Until that time came however she was still pretty much a plaything, and when Melissa climaxed, which would be any time now if Gemma was any judge, then she'd be required to drape herself across the knees of her mistress and take a thorough spanking while being subjected to a scolding during which she'd be described as a slut and a whore. After which she'd be pushed to her knees and made to lap at Melissa's pussy while Mathew looked on with his cock in his hand. All really rather predictable, just then she felt the first twitches that suggested her master was about to come. Idly she wondered what was for dinner that evening.

Chapter 17

"Dear Karen and George,

This is just a brief note to let you know how grateful I am to have my own darling daughter back with me, rather than that ungrateful little brat who left my house a year ago. I appreciate all the work you and George have done to bring her back onto the straight and narrow. And please don't worry, all your efforts won't go to waste because I intend to continue the disciplinary regime that you started. As you suggested, I've instituted a 'zero tolerance' approach with the girl. Every single instance of bad behaviour is now punished, every single mistake or error is itemised and then 'dealt with' at the appropriate time. I have to admit that Freya's father originally did make a slight objection to her new regime, but fortunately for him his new job has taken him even further afield and for longer periods which is probably for the best.

Your good work has made sure that Freya is so much more amenable to receiving and following instructions regarding her behaviour. Clearly as her mother I like to think that I know what is and isn't best for my daughter. I realise now that the whole disastrous episode with McKenzie and Brown was partly my fault, and for that I apologise. I should really have put my foot down and insisted that the girl did not even bother to apply for a job that was so obviously beyond her very limited capabilities. I cringe when I imagine her sat in a busy office simply pretending to have any authority or indeed, ability as far as that sort of work is concerned.

As you can imagine there are no more pretentious little suits as far as my Freya is concerned. Luckily enough I have a friend who owns a shoe shop in our little town, despite Freya's lack of retail experience he was kind enough to give her the opportunity of working for him. He is something of a disciplinarian, and I've made him aware that Freya does need a firm hand and constant supervision. She is, as a consequence, on her best behaviour while at work. She is required to wear the shop uniform (which for some reason she doesn't like!) and her appearance is checked at regular intervals. I have explained (with the assistance of her new hairbrush, I'm afraid to say) that while she works in the shop she's representing the owners and must adhere to their standards. She has to wear a pair of glossy, navy blue heels, black stockings with matching suspender belt and knickers, a knee-length, navy blue skirt, and a white silk blouse tied at the collar with a pretty, floppy bow.

I think it looks very smart and presentable, rather better than wearing some sort of nylon tabard and flipping burgers, I'm sure you'd agree? Admittedly she doesn't earn much at the moment, her name tag pinned to her blouse describes her as 'Freya Sanderson, Junior Assistant' and she's paid accordingly. Not that it's an issue as far as she's concerned, her wages such as they are, are paid directly into my account and I disburse as and when I consider it appropriate. She's required to keep an account of all the money that she receives from me and a detailed record of exactly what that money is spent on. I think that teaching her about money and responsibility is far more suitable at her age and state or maturity than trying to learn obscure historical facts, for example. Her mathematics certainly seems to have improved, please pass my thanks on to your husband. She knows of course that there is no excuse for being even one penny out in her reconciliation.

I have decided against trying to further her education by the way, I see little reason in throwing good money after bad. I'm afraid that the girl's dreams of management will have to remain just that, a dream. She's been given the opportunity to prove herself and has clearly failed, quite dismally in her case. I'm quite content that she has achieved her maximum level of responsibility by working in a shoe shop. In fact, by my calculation, you, your husband and I have managed to place Freya in her ideal job, something I take a great deal of pleasure in, if I'm honest. Now I can tell all of my friends that my daughter has a nice, honest, respectable job that won't over-tax her limited intellect.

I have to say that for the first few weeks in her new role. Freya had a little bit of an 'attitude' problem. She complained about the tightness of her skirt and the fact that she wasn't allowed to wear a bra even to work. I have a little leather strap that I used to use on Freya before she abandoned me and ran away, reluctantly I felt it necessary to reintroduce it into her life. Despite her tears and her claims that she was 'a big girl now' and that she'd outgrown the strap, it didn't take her long to make her reassess the situation. I accompanied her to work and required her to apologise personally to Mr Winterton for complaining about her smart new uniform. The fact that her two young colleagues were there to witness her stuttering little speech was difficult for her I suppose, but a good indication to her regarding her future behaviour at work. And before you ask, yes I have given Mr Winterton permission to deal with Freya and her 'moods' as he sees fit.

Talking of her colleagues, it's rather a coincidence, but one of the girls Freya was at school with is working at the shoe shop as well, the funny thing is that despite leaving school two years earlier than Freya and with no qualifications, she's now in effect Freya's immediate superior. Kayleigh is also Mr Winterton's niece which means that Freya is usually under the supervision of at least one of them. Kayleigh appears to be a lovely young woman by the way, a trifle boisterous perhaps, and just a little sharp-tongued so I've heard, but I'm fairly sure her heart is in the right place. She has, for example invited Freya out for 'a night with the girls', but as that exercise apparently involves drinking alcohol I'm afraid I've had to deny my daughter the pleasure. (That embarrassing video of her blind drunk in your house still haunts me). She is allowed out of course, but only to suitable events, shopping trips with me for example or Church outings.

As well as her social life, I do consider it my duty to regulate other aspects of her life as well. Clearly I insist on choosing her clothes for her (what dutiful mother wouldn't?). The first time she kicked up a little fuss I made her cut her own work suits into pieces (well she won't be using them anymore will she?) with a pair of scissors. Now she is very much more compliant with my wishes. When she's not wearing her shop uniform she has quite a selection of pretty frocks, skirts and blouses to choose from. Also I prefer to wear a pair of sandals or well-polished flat, ballet-shoes around the house. Her hair is usually worn in a single plait, but she also looks very cute in pigtails. On Sundays I like her to be extra smart for Church, I do have a reputation to keep up as you know, so I've put her back into her school uniform. I like to think that her wearing it helps to keep her humble and grounded, particularly when it's the junior school version, sandals, ankle socks, pleated grey skirt, white shirt, striped tie and beret.

Some of my friends are also accompanied by their own daughters who have naturally progressed into their smart 'Sunday best' clothes, mature dresses, stockings and heels and so on. The first time my darling daughter complained about the fact that she was still required to wear her uniform I took her straight home and blistered her little bottom with my hairbrush, yes the large,

wooden, oval-backed one I showed you. Between slaps I explained that those young women had earned the right to be dressed in a mature fashion and be treated as adults, but that she had not, and did she understand the difference? Luckily, for the sake of her backside, she quickly, and I might say humbly, acknowledged that she did indeed realise that her immature behaviour warranted her being dressed as she was. After much squealing and kicking she was directed to 'her' place in the corner of the room, her toes touching the skirting board, her nose touching the wall, her knickers pulled to her knees, her skirt tucked into her waistband and her hands on her head. And there she stayed until I considered her to be truly repentant.

Usually however she stays to the end of the service and then helps out wherever needed. First she helps hand out tea and cakes to the Church Committee. Then she's assigned duties such as sweeping out the Church or cleaning and polishing as and when required. When that's been carried out to the satisfaction of our vicar, she's allowed to rejoin the ladies again to help out with the washing up. She might be then required to sit and wait until I've finished discussing my Church business. She is certainly not allowed to join in the conversation between her betters and is most certainly seen but not heard. My friends have, of course, been informed of her many failures while working for you and are aware of her shame. naturally they are most supportive of my methods of dealing with Freya and often suggests ways in which her appearance or her behaviour might be improved.

Our vicar, Miss Collinghurst has suggested that Freya's woeful lack of knowledge regarding the Good Book and the Scriptures may be rectified by enrolling her in a local Church School during her holidays or even for a long weekend or two as a sort of taster. I have seen the accompanying brochures and I have to say I'm very impressed by the setup. It's basically a sort of a residential college where girls from good Christian families might be sent to brush up a little in areas where they may have a weakness. The good Vicar was at pains to assure me that St Aloysius is a Retreat rather than a school for wayward young ladies, but having read the multitude of rules and regulations that accompanied the handbook, I'm not so sure. Should I decide on sending dear Freya to such an establishment I'll be sure to keep you informed.

I apologise if I've gone on for rather too long, but I know that, like me, you only have my daughter's interests at heart. Once again I must thank both you and your husband for turning Freya from the dark path down which she was wandering and returning her home to the loving bosom of her family.

Best Wishes,

Marjorie Sanderson."

Karen sniggered as her husband read the letter to her for what must have been the tenth time. It was balanced on a pillow positioned by her head. She so did enjoy hearing about little Freya.. The very thought of that timid, tongue-tied brat being consigned to a strict Church retreat was enough to stimulate her on its own. The fact that her husband was ploughing into her in that powerful, relentless manner he had helped as well. In fact she was so excited that she could feel herself starting to tip her over the edge.

"What next after Freya?" Panted her husband as he worked away impressively for a man of his advanced years. "How on earth can we top that?"

Karen arched her back in pleasure and stared impassively at the ceiling

"I...I...I've been thinking," she replied in the same rhythmic manner. "That...that...we...we should set our sights a little higher."

"How do mean, dear?" Asked her husband with a groan.

"It...it's all well and good corrupting young girls like...like...Freya and Gemma."

"Oh it is...it is," agreed her husband as he began to pick up the pace a little. "What do you have in mind?"

Karen could feel his straining cock deep inside her, she knew from many such situations that he was getting towards the brink, and she held out as long as she could. Eventually she couldn't contain herself any longer.

"I...I...I'm thinking that we should aim for a more mature woman next time. Maybe an arrogant bitch with an attitude problem, who maybe ...just maybe might benefit from some of our intense coaching?" She panted into his ear.

She could feel the little tell-tale twitches that told he was just about to come. She could feel herself right on the very edge. She tried to prolong the moment but it was impossible.

"An entitled bitch with a submissive side a mile wide that she thinks she's kept ever so secret?"

She could feel the first secretions from his thickly veined cock. She reached up and grabbed him by the neck and pulled him onto her. As he pounded into her she whispered a name into his ear, just for him alone. She was rewarded by the familiar pause, tension and then huge gush as he ejaculated into her followed almost immediately by her own similar climax. He slowly rolled off her and lay on his back, panting slightly.

"Oh, I do love you Karen Amesbury."

"And I love you too, darling."

THE END

