

THE NEW GOVERNMENT

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

Chapter 1

"Papers!" Demanded the older of the two boys, holding out his hand.

Struggling to keep her emotions in check, the tall, well-dressed woman opened her handbag and rummaged inside. Without a word she handed over the required paperwork to the pimply-faced youth. Gillian wasn't racist exactly but she didn't like Pakistanis on a general principle. They seemed to have a particularly bad attitude to women. The boy looked down at her ID and then back up at her. He said something to his younger colleague in what she supposed was Pakistani and they both laughed.

"Your name, age, and address."

She tried to stifle a sigh; clearly her ID belonged to her. It had a recent picture of her face on the front of it.

"Gillian Longmuir, forty-two, 9 Cypress Gardens, Allenby."

The two boys looked at each other and this time the younger one said something which appeared to amuse them both. His colleague assumed a more serious look.

"Have you read the recent directive regarding interaction between State Officials and members of the public, Mrs Longmuir?"

She nodded her head, it was usually best to reply in the positive to questions like that.

"Then you'll be aware that State Officials, such as us, should be referred to as 'sir'?"

She flushed at the remark, but she knew he was correct. Even teenage thugs in uniform like these two had to be treated with a certain amount of respect.

"Yes, sir."

"Good, and where do you work, Mrs Longmuir?"

"I work at Marston's which is just over there on the other side of the road, sir."

"You're very well-dressed for a secretary, Mrs Longmuir. Do you have suitable permission from your employers?"

Behind her she heard the younger boy snigger. Gillian felt her face blush again. Suitable permission from her employers? Unbelievably, this sort of question had become common-place in modern-day Britain.

"I...I'm not a secretary. I'm a senior manager in the firm, sir."

"Nevertheless I assume that you have the requisite paperwork entitling you to wear that rather ...daring suit? Isn't it a little short for a lady of your age? We do have anti-Harlotry rules now, as I'm sure you're well aware."

She looked at him in amazement, was the dreadful little Pakistani suggesting she was a whore? She could hardly believe her ears. She heard his colleague say something in his own, indecipherable language.

"My colleague, Mr Majid, would like to ask if those are stockings you're wearing, or tights."

"I honestly don't see what possible business is it of yours what I'm wearing?"

She was so annoyed by their intrusive questions that she allowed herself to forget the stories she'd heard from some of the girls at work regarding the recent introduction of the stringent Morality Laws that she dimly remembered reading about. Naturally she never considered that the rather stringent rules might be applied to her.

The Pakistani slowly looked her up and down. "It seems to me, Mrs Longmuir that someone has been remiss in reading up and understanding the New Government's Morality Laws. Rule 2a clearly states that any unaccompanied girl can be stopped and questioned regarding her appearance at any time by any State-appointed Official. We as you can see by our uniforms, are State-appointed Officials; you are an unaccompanied female whom we suspect may be of low moral standing. In order to assuage our fears, you need to produce the requisite paperwork giving you permission to wear a short skirt to and from your place of work."

Majid, who was now stood directly behind her, said something else.

"Oh, and in order to carry out our remit, Mr Majid still wants to know if you have on stockings or tights."

Gillian felt a sudden coldness in the pit of her stomach. This horrible little man was quite seriously accusing her of being a whore! She wasn't a girl either. Far from it in fact, she was a senior manager in a well-respected firm of accountants and the mother of two daughters. How could this be happening on the main streets of her own town?

"I...I don't have any paperwork, I didn't think it was necessary. I didn't..."

"Tights or stockings?"

"Stockings, sir." She replied shame-faced. Being asked if she was wearing stockings or tights in the street by a teenage Pakistani was a new experience for her.

"Show us."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said 'show us' Mrs Longmuir, as I'm sure you're well aware. That is unless you want me to arrest you."

She stood looking at him, unsure what to do.

“Just pull up your little skirt and show us! Don’t pretend that you don’t want to show us, why else would you wear such an indecent skirt especially at your age?”

Gillian was furious. “How dare you ask me questions like that you horrible little man? I’m old enough to be your mother; doesn’t your culture have any respect for women at all?”

Constable Faysal Zafar smiled showing his pearly white teeth. As he reached behind his back for his handcuffs he had already begun his speech,

“Gillian Mary Longmuir, I’m arresting you on suspicion of Harlotry and potential Hate-crime, anything you say will be taken down and may be used in evidence against you in a court of Law.”

Gillian had given up struggling, her hands were handcuffed behind her back and they in turn were clipped to cord which ran to a pulley behind her head. Her hands had been pulled to a point that was just slightly too high, forcing her head down and making her virtually stand on her toes, which in her high heels was very uncomfortable. She’d been made to stand there in the grimy little cell for what felt like hours. Her expensive suit jacket had been stripped from her and thrown into a corner. Her similarly costly, delicate white blouse was now grubby and sweat-stained. Now she wasn’t just uncomfortable, but hot and thirsty as well. It was increasingly difficult for her to take in the morning’s events. Rather than sat at her desk in her own office she was tied up in a police cell. She wasn’t even sure if her treatment had been legal, but then who, in the current political climate, could she complain to?

Just then the door to her cell opened and she raised her head enough to see that it was the same two policemen who had arrested her.

“Ahh, Mrs Longmuir, so glad you could stay.”

“P...please, you have to let me out of here. Or at least let me call my solicitor.”

“I wouldn’t worry about that sort of thing, Mrs Longmuir. Everything will be taken care of. We’ve called your husband by the way; he’ll be here after lunch.”

“Kevin’s coming here? But he can’t see me like this. It’s just so embarrassing...for both of us.”

“Why would your husband be embarrassed, Mrs Longmuir? He’s not the one under arrest or detained in this cell is he? No, I’m afraid the embarrassment is all yours in this case.”

She let her head drop in shame; of course the horrible little man was correct. Kevin would obviously be angry on her behalf, but would he be embarrassed? Probably not, she conceded. She felt the tip of a wooden cane touch underneath her chin which pushed her head back up so that she was face to face with the arresting officer.

“So, until he arrives, Mrs Longmuir, we have a certain amount of time on our hands don’t we? Mr Majid and I are both concerned enough about you to give up our lunch to make sure you’re well looked after. What do you say to that?”

The tip of the cane pushed her head even further back making her spine stretch uncomfortably. Clearly he wasn't going to release her until she answered him.

"Th...thank you."

The cane remained in the same place but sawed insistently.

"Thank you, sir."

"That's better, kuffar. Now, would you like me to release you?"

"Y...yes please, sir."

"Beg, then, if that's what you want."

"Please, sir, I beg you, s...sir. Please let me down."

She was struggling to keep on her feet, she was tired and uncomfortable. For a few seconds longer the man kept her in that stressful position before calling on his colleague to release the unfortunate woman. She almost wept with relief as she tottered towards a chair in the middle of the room.

"Where do you think you're going, kuffar? Stand to attention in front of the chair."

Too tired and demoralised to even consider arguing, the dishevelled woman did as she was ordered. Constable Zafar looked her slowly up and down, he loved situations like this and he was happy to say that they were happening more and more regularly nowadays. The rank and file of the New Government's petty officials were dominated by former 'minorities', many of whom enjoyed making their former masters squirm whenever they got the opportunity. Certainly many Muslim men like Faysal Zafar had a deep seated hatred of white people and white, middle-class English women in particular.

"I believe we have a couple of issues to work through, Mrs Longmuir. First, you're clearly guilty of harlotry. We could put you through the legal system, but that's long and tortuous and would probably end with you being publically caned, a prison sentence and your photograph in the newspapers. My colleague and I are going to do you a favour and give you a private, off the record as it were, caning."

"B...but I haven't done anything, I..."

"Do stop your moaning, Mrs Longmuir. You really should be grateful to us, you know. Pull your skirt up to your waist and then bend over the chair please."

"But you can't..."

"RIGHT NOW! Longmuir, if you know what's good for you."

Constable Zafar rapped his cane against the chair to emphasise his point. Hurriedly, Gillian's hands went to the side zip of her skirt.

"I didn't say unzip it, did I Longmuir? I told you to pull your skirt up to your waist, didn't I?"

With a sob Gillian reached to the hem of her skirt and wriggled it upwards. She heard the other officer say something she didn't understand and the two men laughed.

"My colleague just referred to you as 'big-bottomed', Mrs Longmuir. In our culture being referred to as such is a compliment."

The cane tapped insistently at her knickers as they were stretched across her bottom.

"So, what do you say to such a compliment?"

"Th...thank you, sir."

"Thank you for what, Mrs Longmuir?" The cane sawed across her exposed backside.

"Thank you for complimenting my b...big bottom, sir."

Gillian Longmuir's face had blushed a delightful shade of red. She could hardly believe that she was bent over a chair in a prison cell, showing her bottom to two mocking teenagers.

"I wonder what your workmates would make of this, Mrs Longmuir. It must be dreadfully humiliating for you?" Asked Zafar, with transparently fake concern.

The policeman had an uncanny ability to almost read her mind. That exact thought had occurred to her as well. She could quite imagine the shock etched on the faces of her staff if ever this situation was revealed. It would hardly be good for her image either. There were certain employees who would enjoy seeing her like this, half naked and terrified. In the current political climate it was hard to be a successful woman without creating enemies.

The cane tapped on her behind again, but this time with a little more force.

"Well, Mrs Longmuir? We're waiting?"

How she hated the horrible, smug little bastard. She was sure his emphasis on her married title was just used to further demean her, to remind her of the ignominy of her present situation.

"I...I guess they'd be shocked...I suppose."

"Shocked by the fact that you're showing us your stockings and delightful little knickers, Mrs Longmuir? Or shocked by your flaunting yourself in public and your racist language?"

His partner said something indistinct,

"Ha ha, my colleague tells me that he likes your knickers, Mrs Longmuir. He wonders if you might be good enough to give them to him, in the spirit of friendship as it were."

"B...but I can't...This is so wrong."

"My friend would be most offended by a refusal, Mrs Longmuir. You're in quite enough trouble already, don't you think?" He swished the cane rapidly through the air.

With a sob of defeat she made to stand up, but was restrained.

“You may not get up, Mrs Longmuir, just reach back and slide them from your fat arse.”

Both Asian men came to stand directly behind her in order to watch her awkwardly struggle with her shiny, pale blue panties. Gillian was crying with shame, the whispers and mocking laughter of the two men just made her terrible situation even worse. Eventually she shuffled them down her plump thighs and over her bottom. She wriggled and twisted to pull them down to her ankles and then stepped out of them.

“Give them to Constable Majid, Mrs Longmuir. Perhaps a little curtsy would be appropriate as well?”

The woman did as she was bid, anything to get this over with. The grinning young Pakistani put the knickers to his nose and inhaled deeply. He turned to his partner and said a few words. Both men laughed, and the policeman put the panties into his uniform jacket.

“Back over the chair, Mrs Longmuir.” He swished his nasty looking cane again.

She turned to him with tears pouring down her cheeks.

“B...but you said that if I gave him my k...knickers that...”

“I said nothing of the kind you old whore. It’s about time someone took you in hand. Bend over, there’s a good little kuffar.”

Hesitantly she obeyed the demeaning command.

“Legs wider than that, whore. It’s not like you to try and retain some modesty.”

Sobbing, she obeyed, her tight office skirt was still rucked up to her waist and she knew that without knickers she was blatantly displaying herself to two ginning Pakistani teenagers.

“Wider, Mrs Longmuir!”

Her feet were now stretched beyond the legs of the chair. This simply couldn’t be any worse. Whaack. The cane bit into her pale buttocks just at the top of her thighs. She screamed loudly, she’d never felt pain like that in her entire life! Almost before she had time to process the agony of the first stroke, the second followed. That hurt even more!

“This, Mrs Longmuir, is what harlots receive in our prisons. You’d do well to remember that.”

Four more strokes were whipped into her trembling backside, and each received with a howl of pain. She was begging them now, saying anything that might stop her dreadful punishment. Faysal Zafar looked casually at his watch. The whore’s husband would be here shortly. Perhaps it was time to wrap this entertainment up, at least for the time being. Roughly he pulled the squealing woman to her feet by the collar of her blouse. Between them he and Majid half carried her back to her original position, handcuffed her, and attached them to the pulley. She was hauled to her toes again and her skirt pulled back down. The two men laughed and joked as they left the cell, Majid pulled out her knickers from his pocket.

“For my collection lady, thank you.” He stumbled over the few English words he knew and then smirked at her before he left and pulled the door behind him with a loud clang.

Chapter 2

Jessica Winslow was angry, she was as furious as only a tall, statuesque redhead could be. What the hell was going on? It wasn't as if she'd been away a long time. She'd extended her two week summer vacation by just one week. She'd known about the proposed take-over of course, but as she understood it that wasn't even definite. Now, a mere three weeks after she'd left the building, workmen were actually in the process of changing the name on the front of it! Seren Systems was no more it seemed, the concept that she'd given the last three years of her life for was now apparently abandoned. She marched up the stairs to the building and waved her ID card at the door. Nothing happened and she had to brake hard to prevent herself crashing into the non-sliding glass door. Oh my God, they'd changed the login key to the main door without informing her! How absolutely dare they?

Angrily she pressed the door buzzer repeatedly.

"Good morning, Prospero Communications how may I help you?" asked the disembodied voice.

"You can help me by opening this bloody door!"

"Who are you please Ma'am?"

"I'm Jessica bloody Winslow you fool, let me in this instant!"

"I'm very sorry Ma'am; I can't let you in without the proper authority."

"What? Who the hell are you? I'm a director of the company and I demand that you let me in immediately!"

"My name's Kyla, Ma'am. I'm very sorry but I can't let you in through this door unless either your ID card works or you're on the list that I have in front of me. Mr Taylor has impressed upon me that there can be no exceptions Ma'am."

Now she was even more confused, who the hell was this Kyla? More pertinently who was Mr Taylor? There were no male senior managers at Seren and never had been. She guessed that he was something to do with the new management, whoever the hell they were. She'd certainly never heard of them. Momentarily she considered kicking the glass door as hard as she could until they had to let her in until she remembered that she was wearing a particularly expensive pair of Balenciaga heels.

"How do propose I get into the building Kyla? Considering I can't work unless I can get to my desk. My desk on the eighth floor." She added the last bit to impress upon the new girl that she indeed was a senior executive.

"There's an employee's entrance around the back Ma'am. If you go there and knock, I'm sure they'll do all they can to help you."

It took all Jessica's immense willpower not to stand and shriek at the inanimate box she was speaking into. Employee's entrance, what the God damned fuck was going on? Almost crying with rage she made her way around the side of the building and found the only door. She pushed

against it and found it was locked. This was too much; angrily she took out her mobile. Why didn't she think of this earlier? She'd simply call one of the girls to come down and let her. Taking a deep breath she scrolled through her contacts and called the first one she came to, Annabelle. The empty hum on the line confused her at first. Perhaps Annabelle had changed her phone? But how could she as they all had business phones? Quickly she tried the next one, Belinda. The same empty humming noise greeted her. With a sinking feeling she tried her sister's number, with the same result. Her phone she realised couldn't make outgoing calls.

Resignedly she banged on the locked door. Nothing happened for a minute and then it was slowly opened by a scruffy looking older man armed with a clipboard and pen.

"Name?" he asked in a bored sort of way.

"Who the hell are you?" demanded Jessica angrily.

Slowly the man looked her up and down. "I may ask the same of you, young missy."

Jessica couldn't help but stare at his unshaven face with open-jawed bewilderment. She was so confused that she forgot to be angry. This was a whole new situation for her. She'd always been able to intimidate men of any age, even as a young girl. She was tall and quite striking looking and this allied to her superior brainpower meant she was quite used to getting her own way. This shabby - looking old man seemed quite impervious however. Nothing in her formidable armoury had really prepared her for indifference. She'd always been top of the class, her wealthy parents had been happy to pay for tutors and good private schools. Lots and lots of hard work had brought good exam results and then a good university. A decent degree had then brought her to the notice of Madeleine Fox and Seren Systems. Her Maths and Accounting degree had secured her a post in the Finance Department and from then on it had been plain sailing. The several years of female led government had resulted in very pro-feminine business conditions. Seren Systems had benefited enormously from their business connections with other female-dominated enterprises, and business had been booming.

"I don't know who you are, but my name's Jessica Winslow and I'm a director at Seren systems."

Reluctantly the man consulted his list by running a grimy finger down it. "Winslow, Winslow, Winslow. I don't have a Jessica on my list," he muttered almost to himself.

"What? You must have!"

"I have a Jessy Winslow, that's all."

"Jessy? Well I suppose that must be me and that someone's made a mistake." Jessy? That brought back memories, it was what her parents used to call her. It was the pet name her younger sister still used as well.

She made to push by him but he had the nerve to step over and block her path. He was so close to her that she could smell his slightly acidic, unwashed odour.

"Where do you think you're going missy? You can't just barge in here. I'm going to need to see some ID."

Jessica resisted the urge to throw her laminated card at his ugly face and simply handed it to him. He looked at it suspiciously for a few seconds.

"I suppose it might be you. You've put on a few pounds haven't you?"

"Thank you." She replied with just a hint of sarcasm. "And now, if you don't mind..."

"Hold on missy, you're going to need to sign the late register. You're over an hour late by the clock."

She didn't even bother asking. All she wanted to do now was to make her way upstairs and to find out what the hell was going on. Without reading the form she scrawled her illegible signature across it.

"And the time sheet young lady, you mustn't forget that."

She scrawled her name again.

"Put down 9.17."

She realised that he was serious. He'd made her sign a timesheet! Realising she was free to go she made her way up to reception. As she approached the lift she was aware of a figure sat at a desk. Wasn't there something familiar about her? She walked over, oh my God it was Michaela Davies! What the hell was she doing on the reception desk?

"Michaela...w...what are you doing? Why are you on reception? Why are you dressed like that?"

The intern, normally a most stylish young woman, was wearing a plain white, nylon blouse with the two top buttons undone. That was mad by the fact that the blouse seemed almost translucent and at least a size too small, even for a girl as modestly endowed as Michaela. She was also wearing way too much make-up for a woman her age and her shiny, blonde hair was tied up in a high pony-tail with a bright-blue ribbon. She looked up shamefaced at Jessica.

"Hi, Miss Winslow. I...I'm not supposed to chat with visitors. C...can we talk later maybe? They're waiting for you on the eighth. You'll have to use the stairs I'm afraid." Silently she pointed to the far corner of the hall.

Worried more than angry now, Jessica quickly climbed the stairwell up to the director's floor. At least she'd get some answers up here. Once again the doors were all locked and she had to be buzzed in. The first door she arrived at wasn't Madeleine Fox's any more. The new logo read 'Mr C.T Taylor, CEO'. Impatiently she pushed and went in. As she did, three heads turned almost simultaneously to look at her. Three unfamiliar, male heads.

"What are you doing up here, girl? Are you lost?" Asked one of them rudely.

For a minute she couldn't answer, she just stood and looked around. The room was clearly the same dimension as when she left, but somehow it was completely different. Where were the inspirational feminist quotes that used to hang on the walls? Where were the pot plants? Where was Madeleine's desk? Where was Madeleine for that matter?

"Well?" asked the man.

"I...I'm..."

"I know who you are, Miss Winslow. Please take a seat." A tall, handsome, well-dressed older gentleman, apparently the leader of the little group, ushered her to a wooden chair in front of a large, tidy desk.

"I'm Charles Taylor, Miss Winslow; please sit down it's so good to meet you at last. You've been away I understand?"

"Erm...yes I've been in Italy for a couple of weeks."

"How very pleasant for you, did you have an enjoyable time?"

"Yes, yes thank you." This all seemed so surreal; chatting to a man she'd never met before about her summer vacation.

"Excellent, Miss Winslow. But now you're home and must be wondering exactly what's going on, I assume?"

"Y...yes...exactly. Where's Madeleine, why are you sat at her desk?"

"Oh Maddie's around somewhere isn't she, Nigel?"

"I imagine she's in the building somewhere, Charles." Answered the shorter blonde man who'd spoken so rudely to her.

"Charles, if you could just explain to her. She looks awfully vague, a bit like a poor little fish that's just been landed" requested the third man in the room.

A poor little fish? She certainly didn't recall ever being referred to as a poor little anything in her life. Who were these people?

Even the forbidding Charles Taylor smiled at that. "Well, Miss Whitehead it does seem that a lot has happened since you've been away doesn't it? First, as you can see Seren Systems is I'm afraid, no more, Mrs Fox simply couldn't resist the generous offer from my Company for her little outfit."

"Little outfit? We turned over 40 million pounds in the last financial year!"

"As I said before being rudely interrupted, Miss Whitehead, a little amateurish outfit. A business that will be run properly and profitably for probably the first time."

"I resent that very much, Mr Taylor. Seren was a well-run, profitable business as you well know."

"Really, Miss Winslow? Do you think so? I would say that Seren Systems earned less than half what it should have earned over the last three years."

Jessica blushed hotly. "Once again I reject entirely what you're saying."

“You reject what I’m saying Miss Winslow because you personal deficiencies as CFO have robbed the Company of hundreds of thousands of pounds. It’s a situation that will have to be rectified.”

“How do you mean, rectified?” Asked Jessica angrily. “What is there to rectify? Seren Systems made year on year profits. “

Charles Taylor smiled paternally. I see from your file that you’re a barely qualified accountant, Miss Winslow. But even you should know the difference between turnover, of which you’re so proud, and profit, about which you appear to be woefully ignorant.”

Jessica blushed to the roots of her very expensively styled hair. “How absolutely dare you!?” Was this man insane? Nobody had ever suggested to her that she was anything less than perfect, never mind ignorant.

“How absolutely dare you?” mimicked the blonde man, cruelly capturing Jessica’s cultured upper-class diction very well.

Jessica got to her feet. “Sit down this instant please, Miss Winslow! I’m afraid we have more to tell you. Let me introduce you to Mr Walters, he’s our legal man.”

Despite herself Jessica returned to the uncomfortable wooden chair. She was beginning to have worrying feelings about this. She half turned to look at the tall, thin man who as yet hadn’t been introduced.

“Good morning Miss Winslow, as Mr Taylor has intimated I work for our parent company, Globalinc. I’m head of Corporate Governance and I take Globalinc’s responsibilities very seriously. We are very much a ‘by-the-book’ organisation. We never cut corners and we carry out our duties strictly to the letter of the current legislature. And for your information incidentally we turn over more a week than Serena Systems turn over in a calendar year. Jessica swallowed nervously. There was no doubting those figures.

“While you’ve been sunning yourself, Miss Winslow, Serena’s books have been inspected, and I mean forensically inspected by some of the very best minds in the country. And I’m afraid to say that already they have discovered enough evidence to have you personally investigated.” He held up his hand as Jessica tried to say something. “We’ve applied to the Financial Service Office to have your personal assets frozen , and they have complied.” He glanced at his watch before he carried on. “ In precisely seven minutes the Police will arrive to escort you off our premises and remand you in custody pending the outcome of your trial. As a consequence you will hand over the keys to your company car and surrender your mobile phone. Do you have anything further to add?”

Jessica was absolutely shattered. In just a few minutes her gilded world had come crashing around her ears. “B...but prison...you can’t send me to prison...I haven’t done anything! I want to speak to my lawyer...right now I want to speak to my lawyer.” Out of the corner of her eye she could see the horrible blonde man, who she still hadn’t been introduced to, sniggering and obviously enjoying her discomfiture.

“Do you mean Miss Rachel Sloane? Miss Sloane is both your business and personal lawyer I believe?” asked Charles Taylor.

“Yes...yes Rachel won’t stand for this ! She won’t let me be put in prison.”

“I’m afraid that Miss Sloane is in prison herself, Miss Winslow. Life is ironic like that sometime. I believe she is also under investigation by her professional body. Something to do with a conflict of interest and an unhealthy association with a shady communications company as I understand it.”

At that moment there was a firm rap on the outer door, “Time’s up I’m afraid Miss Winslow. I’ll take your keys, your phone and your ID if I may.”

As she stumbled to her feet the blonde man strolled over to her. “My name’s Nigel Barton, Miss Winslow. I’m sorry that we haven’t been formally introduced but I’m sure that we’ll get to know each other a lot better in the future.”

Jessica was so shocked that she didn’t even react to her arms being cuffed behind her back. The two large, confrontational looking policemen accompanied by a rather butch-looking uniformed woman then simply placed their arms between her wrists and placed a hand on her shoulder. By pressing down slightly they thrust her head towards the carpet and marched her, head down, out of the door and down the stairs. Heads turned at the commotion, people left their offices and watched as the smartly dressed woman was marched humiliatingly out of the building. Jessica yelped with pain as her arms were raised by her two captors.

“Quiet please, Miss Winslow. I don’t want to gag you, but I will if you continue to shout and scream,” ordered the young policewoman.

One of the tall policemen had withdrawn his baton and used it to raise the hem of Jessica’s expensive skirt so that her pale pink panties were exposed. She wriggled hopelessly as she felt the cool air on her backside.

“Do stop making a fuss, Miss Winslow, there’s a good girl,” said the policewoman, who was probably ten years younger than her prisoner.

The baton was pushed forward just a little so that it squeezed between the cheeks of her slim buttocks, Jessica squealed in surprise.

“Okay, Miss Winslow. That’s quite enough of that, don’t say we didn’t warn you.” From her belt the young policewoman produced a black leather ball-gag and with a practised skill proceeded to insert it into Jessica’s unresisting mouth and buckle it tightly behind her head.

By the time they reached the ground floor, an appreciative little crowd had gathered. The new director’s had used the lift to arrive there first and guffawed as they saw the dishevelled, gagged woman being herded out of the business that she had helped develop. Behind her desk, Michaela Davies watched in open-mouthed astonishment as the former director was simply led away. She’d only known Jessica for a year or so and was still a little in awe of the woman’s looks and

achievements. Although she'd never mentioned it, she looked upon Jessica as a sort of role model, someone to be looked up to and emulated if possible.

"Davies! Get back to work, girl. Unless you'd like to accompany Miss Winslow, that is? You're still on probation, remember."

Michaela blushed as she heard that horrible pig, Nigel Barton, bellow across the crowded reception area. But nevertheless she obeyed his command as quickly as she could. It was true, she was still on probation. All the female employees were in fact, and it had been pointed out to them in no uncertain terms that any probationer who didn't live up to Globalinc's exacting standards would be immediately terminated without pay or a reference. She'd already been demoted once from the Marketing Department to the Reception Desk, which was obviously quite humiliating. Her sharp suits had been left at home and she'd taken a 30% pay cut. She still considered herself lucky however, as most of her fellow interns had been sacked. It was only Nigel Barton's personal intervention that had saved her from joining the ranks of the unemployed. Like the majority of her friends she still had a large student loan to pay off, and a career to build. Working on Reception was, unfortunately, the only option she had at the present time. Just then her recollections were interrupted by the shrill tones of the phone on her desk.

"Good morning madam, Kyla speaking. How may I direct your call this morning?"

Jessica Winslow, meanwhile, was as uncomfortable as she'd ever been in her pampered, thirty year life. She was on all fours on the floor of a grimy Police van. She could hardly breathe thanks to the large gag filling her mouth, and her knees ached terribly. The two policemen sat opposite each other on benches, both with their booted feet resting on her back. One of them lazily kicked her bottom to get her attention.

"Are you listening to me, you stuck-up bitch? You think this is bad, wait until we get you into prison where you belong."

The other man leaned slightly forward and slapped the back of her head.

"Listen to my wise colleague, you thieving whore. The judge don't like arrogant bitches like you. He don't care for lying, corporate crooks either. I reckon he'll send you away for a long, long time."

Jessica sniffed and began to sob pitifully. What on earth were these two thugs talking about? What had she stolen, and how were they so certain that she'd be going to prison at all, never mind for a long time? Another kick up her defenceless backside made her moan through her gag.

"They don't call it a prison of course, it's actually known as a Government Re-education Centre. But really it's a prison, a strict, no-nonsense prison. You look to me as if you're the sort of girl who's going to have a tough time there." Both men laughed unpleasantly and proceeded to take it in turns to mock her as she knelt submissively between them.

Once they reached their destination she was hauled out by the collar of her smart suit and then frogmarched down echoing corridors until she was roughly deposited in a small cell and left alone with her thoughts. Her only slight comfort was having the gag removed. What seemed like hours later the cell door swung open and the young policewoman and one of the policemen escorted her down to a door which to her surprise opened out into a crowded courtroom. She blinked in the unaccustomed light and looked around her. It didn't take her long to realise that the only two women in the room were her and the policewoman. The judge, a large, intimidating black man peered at her over his half-moon spectacles. He turned to a man stood nearby.

"How does your client plead, Mr Lincoln?"

"My client pleads guilty, your Honour. I'm afraid the evidence is overwhelming."

The black man turned back to her again. "Young lady, this is clearly a case of multiple fraud and criminal malfeasance. All too often I see entitled, incompetent young women like you in front of me. Clearly you have been promoted way beyond your own particular level of competence, which is I'm afraid the only mitigating factor. However, never let it be said that Judge Milton Obeng is an unreasonable man. Taking into account your age, sex, and obvious lack of ability, I have decided to give you the benefit of the doubt and sentence you to a minimum six month sentence in Southfields Re-education Centre. In exactly six months time you will be summoned before me again to assess your progress, if any. If there has been no discernible improvement in your behaviour I can promise you a very much extended period of re-education. Do I make myself clear, young woman?"

Jessica was utterly dumbstruck. Nothing in her experience had ever prepared her for a situation like this. What on earth had just happened? Where was her defence lawyer, surely that wasn't it? What had she been accused of, exactly? Her mouth opened and closed, but not a sound came out. Seeing the look on the Judge's face however, she quickly nodded her head up and down. Judge Obeng grimaced,

"Bailiff, if you could add 6 strokes for dumb insolence, I'd be most grateful. Case dismissed"

He banged his gavel and Jessica was escorted from the courtroom to begin her new life.

Chapter 3

Kathryn hated Monday mornings. She hated going to work of course, she hated the early start, but most of all she hated London Underground. Monday morning seemed to bring out the worst in them. It was as if they stored up all their hateful slobbering lust over the weekend and brought it into work with them on a Monday. She couldn't avoid it though, in the new working culture that the New Government encouraged, nobody could.

Her feet were aching already, the lack of seating place plus her high heels were already making the journey into work wearying. All the seats were taken by men in suits most of whom were staring intently into their phones. She remembered the time when she had a phone to play with to - alleviate the boredom of journeys like this one.

At the next stop more people squeezed onto their already overcrowded carriage. Right on cue she felt a hand on her right buttock cheek. It gripped her quite firmly before kneading it a little. Its owner then switched his attention to her other cheek. She felt her face start to blush as she wiggled a little to displace the unwelcome intrusion. She gripped the overhead strap a little more tightly and tried to shield herself with her briefcase. In the old days of course she would have shouted at him or perhaps ground a sharp heel into his foot. Unfortunately this wasn't the old days any more. These days she simply had to grit her teeth and accept it.

She could feel the hem of her smart business suit being raised a little. She looked around for some sort of assistance although she knew that none would be forthcoming. Quite the opposite in fact, one elderly gentleman had spotted her predicament but was quite evidently entertained by it. She could see him fumbling for his phone; no doubt he was planning to film the entire humiliating episode. Not that he needed to of course, all the carriages were heavily equipped with Hi-def CCTV. There was hardly an inch of uncovered area on the train. The New Government even made a profit out of that! She knew that whatever happened in the carriage could be accessed via a live stream pay per view. Not that she'd ever seen it herself; she didn't have the requisite security clearance. Neither for that matter did any of her female friends or family. Her boss had clearance though. A few months ago, one of the girls from work had been groped on a train by two men and then been unwise enough to complain loudly and vocally about it. The same afternoon she had been arrested at the office and charged with lewd and lascivious behaviour in a public place. As far as Kathryn knew she had managed to find herself another job. She certainly wasn't working at the office any more. Her boss was amused enough by the film to play it in the office for a day on a continuous loop. He was probably watching her on the live stream right now she realised, the creepy pervert.

But that was why she couldn't react to whoever was intent on raising her skirt higher and higher up her thighs. She tried to block him with her briefcase but he was most insistent. The problem however was that Kathryn didn't know who he was. He could just be an opportunistic pervert, but on the other hand he might be a New Government official. She looked up quickly as the train slowed for a station, hers was the next stop. All she had to do was resist the creep for one more stop and she was free. More people jammed onto the carriage. She felt herself being pushed against her assailant. Oh my God, unless that was an umbrella jammed into the cleft of her backside, the disgusting pig had taken his cock out! She squirmed a little to try and dissuade him but he was relentless. She could hear him grunt and then all was still. She had a horrible feeling about this. Her station arrived and

she squeezed through the mass to the door. She risked a glance back and her worse fears were confirmed, an unremarkable little balding man was zipping up his pants. She reached around to check without really thinking and was rewarded with a handful of the man's still warm spunk.

Despite having to detour to the bathroom, Kathryn was just on time. Jenkinson and Co didn't look too kindly on latecomers to their offices. Being late twice in one week usually resulted in the culprit having to work a Saturday morning without pay. Not that the pay was an attractive option. Kathryn had never earned so little as she did at present. Her basic salary was £300 per week. She, like all females was taxed at a flat rate of 50% which left her with £150. She paid 50% of that on her food and lodging which left her with £75. Her weekly travel card was subsidised by the Company but which she still paid £25 for. She had £50 per week for all her other costs. She wasn't allowed an overdraft or a credit card either. The New Government had cancelled her student loan when she couldn't meet the monthly payments. However they'd also cancelled her degree as well which meant that officially she had no qualifications from her three years at her prestigious University.

When her yearly review came around she was adjudged to have acquired her job as a solicitor by fraudulent means. Threatened with police involvement she was required, in writing, to voluntarily resign from her position and reapply for a job 'for which she was more qualified'. That turned out to be a secretarial position with a £20000 pay cut, worse still, a secretarial position for a former rival. Her boss was, in her opinion, a rather dim young man, promoted way beyond his ability by dint of the fact that his father was a local New Government official.

She jogged uncomfortably up the stairs to her third floor office; secretaries weren't encouraged to use the lifts. She hung up her jacket on its peg and got on with her work. She worked steadily for a couple of hours. Her boss, Gavin, had arrived about an hour after her and breezed into his own office without a word. At midday she took out her lunch, prepared by her landlady, and ate it sat at her desk. It consisted of some sort of hard cheese on unpleasant white bread accompanied by a rather tired apple. How had it all gone so wrong? Three years ago she had a well-paid prestigious job in a large corporation. She had her own little house and a nice car. Now she had nothing, the house and car had been repossessed and her job stolen from her. Three short years was all it had taken the New Government to turn the country on its head. The left wing Government had been completely crushed at the polls by the New Government. Buoyed by their success they had pushed and pushed the constraints of the constitution. Slowly but surely women had become more marginalised. Decades of militant feminism had been rolled back.

Her thoughts were interrupted by her intercom,

"Katie, my office now please."

The fact that it was her thirty minute lunch-break didn't appear to have registered with him.

"Coming, sir."

How galling to have to refer to a previous subordinate as 'sir'. And why the hell did he call her Katie? Nobody had called her that since she left school... Nevertheless she brushed the crumbs from

her lips and went to knock on his door. He made her wait of course, he always did. Eventually she went to stand in front of him. He looked her up and down as he always did.

“How are you this morning, Katie?”

Immediately she was on her guard. He hardly ever asked her how she was. He plainly wasn't interested in how she was.

“Err...I'm fine sir, how are you?”

“Good Katie, thanks for asking. In fact my day was improved by this, which has just popped up in my inbox.”

As she walked around to his side of the desk she knew with a sinking feeling that somehow this was related to what happened on the train that morning. She was right! There she was as clear as day being assaulted by the bald pervert. Only it didn't look like that. It looked as though she was grinding herself against him. For a second her eyes were closed and it looked like she was actually enjoying herself. He paused the film on that actual shot. She knew that the video had been filmed by the old bastard with the phone. Gavin enlarged the shot of her with her eyes closed. Slowly but surely she could see her name badge, which she was required to wear during business hours, revealed by the camera,

Kathryn Upton. Junior Secretary. Jenkinson and Co.

“Surely you can see that he's rubbing himself against me, Mr Leeman?”

“I have to be honest with you young lady, that's not really clear. From this angle it looks as if you're doing all the rubbing. You certainly seem to be enjoying yourself.”

Kathryn could feel the tears pricking her eyes. He couldn't be serious could he?

“The gentleman who filmed this, an act of public service that we should all be grateful for as I'm sure you'd agree, has asked me what I intend to do about this. He considers it to be a clear breach of the law regarding lewd and lascivious behaviour and I must say that on first viewing I'm inclined to agree with him.”

“B...but I'd never do that Mr Leeman, you know I wouldn't.”

“I'm not so sure Katie; didn't your friend Miss Glover commit a similar crime? In fact isn't she still in re-education? Perhaps we ought to pay her a visit, you and I?”

Kathryn shuddered when she realised that Barbara Glover was still in re-education. She had assumed that her colleague had simply got another job. She'd been away for quite some time. Gavin Leeman opened a file on his desk.

“Miss Glover was sentenced to a period of no less than three months re-education which should have been completed about two weeks ago. However I see from her file that she has earned a total of three extra months for various indiscretions. Reading the reports it seems that Miss Glover can't seem to learn her lesson.”

Kathryn started to sob; she could see where this discussion was going.

“Too late for tears, Miss Upton. In light of your behaviour this morning I’m tempted to book you into re-education for a week. Let’s see how that works out for you.”

“Please sir, please Mr Leeman...please don’t do this. I don’t want to go to re-education.”

Gavin Leeman leaned back in his chair and smiled, “My dear Miss Upton, it doesn’t matter what you think or want. If I or indeed any of your superiors’ want you to attend re-education for a short sharp shock then that’s where you’ll be going, understood?”

“Yes sir, if you say so sir.”

“That’s all for now, young lady. You’d better get back to work, I can see that you’ve got about three minutes of your break left. I’d hate to have to give you a Saturday detention.” He smirked when he noticed the damp patch on her navy blue skirt as she hurriedly made her way back to her desk.

She sat down and typed away furiously. A Saturday detention? The patronising bastard! Just who did he think he was? Angrily she brushed away a tear. Unfortunately even as she internally cursed the horrible little man who was now her boss she knew that he was right. In his smug, insufferable little way he was right. He could if he wished sentence her to a Saturday detention for almost anything. The last time she had been required to come in was on a beautiful sunny day. She had to sit alone in an empty office at her uncomfortable little desk and manually type up several unimportant reports. This was bad enough but at the same time she had to do it while dressed immaculately and wearing make-up as if it were a normal day at the office. The worst thing though was knowing that the unblinking camera pointed straight at her was recording every moment of her humiliation. Was he watching her? Was he completely ignoring her? She dared not tempt fate. That sort of little rebellion could easily lead to re-education, or worse. She laboured away all day until at exactly 1.00pm she received a call on her desk phone. It was him of course, it sounded like he was in a pub or something. You may leave now Miss Upton but I’d strongly advise you not to be late on Monday morning, was all the charmless bastard had to say.

Chapter 4

Gillian Longmuir, senior manager in a well-respected accountancy firm, had wet herself. She'd been waiting in her horrible cell for so long that had bladder had given up the unequal battle and she'd simply allowed her urine to cascade down her thighs and soak her shiny, black stockings and pool around her glossy high heels. At the same time the sheer ignominy of the situation had really hit home and she'd begun to cry in self-pity. Where the hell was her husband? Kevin wasn't generally an assertive man but surely even he would be outraged when he saw the state she was in? She wrinkled her nose; the smells that she was involuntarily producing were terrible. It was hot in the cell and she had been sweating profusely. That odour mingled with the smell of stale urine now rising from her feet was truly horrible. She must have drifted off despite the pain in her shoulders and her backside because she suddenly woke with a start when the cell door reopened.

"I must apologise for the stench, Mr Longmuir. It smells like your wife couldn't wait to use the bathroom."

Zafar and Majid were back but this time they had brought along her husband. Kevin looked flustered and quite baffled by what was going on. He looked at his wife strung up by her handcuffs but it was as if his brain was unwilling to take it in. He opened his mouth and then slowly shut it.

"We've explained the basics of the case to your husband, Mrs Longmuir. And we've told him that we're willing to drop the case and release you dependent on a couple of factors."

"Yes, yes, please."

"I'm speaking Mrs Longmuir, please don't interrupt."

Kevin looked even more confused, people simply didn't speak to his wife in those tones and yet he was a teenager telling his wife to basically shut up, it was quite astounding! Without being quite able to take his eyes off his squirming wife he listened as the older of the two policemen explained how he was willing to release Gillian into his custody on the understanding that the he and his colleague would be invited to the Longmuir house on a regular basis in order to check on her progress. The alternative would be to arrest her right now and charge her with the crimes of Harlotry and Racial Hate Crime. Did he really want his wife to have that stain on her record? Would she be able to retain her job after the inevitable prison sentence that would follow? Kevin wasn't really a very confrontational man and therefore the former of the two options seemed eminently more attractive, especially as Gillian earned so much more than he did. If he was certain about one thing it was that he didn't want his comfortable middle-class lifestyle to be disturbed. He also noticed that the policeman wasn't asking his wife for her opinion; he was waiting for Kevin's reply. Despite his wife's humiliating predicament Kevin couldn't help but feel a little bit more important than his usual humdrum existence allowed him to be. After all, he couldn't remember the last time he'd made a decision that impacted on their future.

"I think that the first option would be preferable, Mr...?"

"Zafar, Sir. Constable Zafar."

"Thank you, Constable Zafar."

Gillian could hardly believe her ears, what on earth was he thanking this pig for? Even so, she managed not to voice her displeasure.

“If I could offer you a little advice, sir? The new laws that are coming into force are designed to let men reclaim their positions in society. The Government believes that so many of this country’s problems have been caused by an imbalance in traditional power structures. As we progress, the power and privileges that women have managed to fraudulently acquire will be gradually eroded until the New Government think parity has been restored. A Patriarchal value system is not only required by the Government, but will be positively encouraged. Should you need any information or advice on this topic either myself or my colleague, Constable Majid, would be happy to assist. I will give you our contact numbers before you leave.”

As they emerged into the late afternoon daylight, Gillian Longmuir’s mind was in turmoil. She could hardly believe what had taken in that dreadful police station. She’d been assaulted by two teenage Government officials, but it seemed that absolutely no action would be taken against them! She, in fact, had been positioned as the villain of the piece. Her own husband had apologised for her behaviour and promised that it wouldn’t happen again. He’d even invited her two assailants into her house in order that they might ‘check her progress’! She could hardly wait to get back to the security of the house though; she would certainly give him a piece of her mind just as soon as they stepped over the threshold. As they approached Kevin’s car she held out her hand for the keys.

“I think I’ll be driving us home, dear. I don’t think you’re quite up to it at the moment, do you?”

She glared at him furiously, but in reality the last thing she wanted to do at the moment was cause a scene. She slid into the passenger seat of the car, stifling a moan as the weals on her backside came into contact with the leather. The sting in her bottom only served to remind her that her knickers were still in the pocket of that ugly little Paki thug, the hot tears that flooded down her cheeks were a sad mixture of shame and self-pity.

Changes were afoot in the Longmuir household. Kevin had begun to feel a certain amount of liberation; he’d even begun to take more of an interest in politics. He hadn’t paid a lot of attention to the rise of the New Government. He liked what they stood for and had voted for them without really understanding the true ramification. His vague resentment towards his wife and her behaviour, he had come to realise, was far from unusual. In fact, according to the many websites he’d read, his own feelings were mirrored by many men up and down the country. Quite simply, women had held the whip-hand for far too long. ‘Positive discrimination’ for women had been a proven failure. Simply promoting averagely performing women in favour of more talented men just because they were female made absolutely no sense. Feminism was now causing more problems than it solved and had become a euphemism for ‘man-hating’. The ease with which the New Government had overcome the previous Woman’s Equality Party was the start of the precipitous fall from power that many women had experienced. The voting public didn’t want all-women short lists foisted on them, men didn’t want exams that automatically favoured women. Men didn’t want to be disbarred from even applying for jobs just because they were men. Under the Equality Party

for example the situation had arisen where there were almost no new male teachers being employed. Retired male University lecturers were legally replaced by women as a matter of course.

The ground was fertile for the rise of the New Government. Part of their skilful manifesto revolved around phrases that seemed to encourage even more rights for women, but in reality, would prove to have diametrically the opposite effect. This combined with a New Government inspired smear campaign against leading Equality Party minister's, who were of course all women, had resulted in a landslide victory for the New Government. This, he realised was how wealthy, middle-class professional women, much like his own dear wife could be detained without any sort of trial. He barely admitted it even to himself, but the sight of the arrogant woman strung up and humiliated like that had given him the hardest erection he'd ever had. Even more shocking, and exciting if he was honest, was the realisation that she hadn't complained about her treatment to anyone. She was clever enough to realise that she didn't have anyone to complain to. What would the police actually do if she complained to them? Would she tell any of her friends or work colleagues about her humiliating ordeal? He wasn't even sure if she'd told her bitchy daughter, his stepdaughter if he was being accurate, what had actually happened in that sweaty little cell.

Gradually it had dawned on him, even a man as reasonable as he, was becoming less and less willing to accept the new orthodoxy. Gillian for example didn't really respect him, he knew that. She earned over twice as much as he did in his routine office job. That wasn't necessarily down to his lack of ambition which she frequently alluded to. The real problem, as far as he was concerned at least, was the fact that any progression in his office was blocked by the large amount of completely average woman ahead of him in the hierarchy. Gillian, he realised, had been a senior manager for longer than the New Government had been in power. While their respective careers had progressed at roughly the same rate before the short-lived and disastrous Equality Party had come to power. During their female-focussed leadership, his had stalled while hers had rocketed. His relative lack of career success had led his wife to question his ability, which in turn had led him to similarly question it. That attitude had percolated to their stepdaughter, Emily, who treated him with a casual dismissiveness. As if helping to clothe and feed her and provide a roof over her head wasn't a big deal. Taking everything into account, it didn't take him long to research on his computer where and when the next local meeting of the New Government was.

Chapter 5

Southfields Re-education Centre had proved to be a shocking eye-opener for Jessica Winslow. Nothing in her previous life had prepared her for this, rules and regulations, bellowing aggressive staff, her entire daily life being organised by others. Southfields RC was a typical example of its kind. It wasn't, as the New Government was happy to point out, a prison. By no stretch of the imagination were the pupils contained within its four grim walls sent there to be punished. Rather, they had been awarded a certain amount of time in which to be re-educated. Clearly, they, their ideas and beliefs had somehow been corrupted under the previous administration. Therefore, they didn't need to be punished as such, they simply needed to have their preconceived 'facts' questioned and then dismissed. Southfields, and the hundreds of similar institutions that had been established up and down the country, was an essential element in the New Government's plans. Here, those unfortunate enough to have missed out on a fully rounded education at school and university could have the obvious gaps in their knowledge filled in. Or in many cases, could have the fake knowledge they had been mistakenly supplied with, removed.

For example, the New Government had struggled with the concept of feminism and as a result had simply decided to outlaw it. The justification was that the Women's Equality Party had relied on feminism as one of its central tenets and that it had been a major contributor to the country's economic and social turmoil. Clearly feminism had spectacularly failed as a concept and therefore both it and its adherents were both undoubtedly wrong. Feminists obviously needed to be re-educated in their thought processes in order to prevent further disasters. Jessica had never heard feminism or her beloved WEP described as such in all her 30 years, but now she heard it on a daily basis. Indeed she not only heard it but was required to write essays on it and stand in front of her classmates and deliver lectures on it. That's partly why she was sat rigidly to attention, eyes facing forward, feet together and squarely on the floor and her hands folded on her lap. Around her the rest of her 14 classmates sat in identical postures.

When her form teacher turned his back on them to return to his blackboard, Jessica took the opportunity to quickly and surreptitiously check her blue and white striped tie. Mr Carbury was most insistent that his pupils adhered strictly to Southfields stringent uniform code. Had anyone suggested a month ago that she'd have been sat in a classroom and dressed in a ridiculously shameful school uniform at her age, she'd have simply laughed in their face. She wasn't laughing now, however. She most certainly convinced of the dreadful reality of her situation. As those police thugs had explained to her, Southfields wasn't officially a prison, but in all but name it was. She was incarcerated in it, and had been for just over one dreadful month. She wasn't free to leave, officially she was a 'boarder' in the re-education centre. She hadn't been allowed to leave its grim institutional walls, and neither had she received any visitors. She didn't know if any of her friends or workmates, or even her family knew where she was. And even if they did, would she have been happy for them to see her like this?

"Taylor, give me one reason for the failure of that illegal organisation, the Women's so called Equality Party."

The woman on her left immediately sprung to her feet.

"Please sir, arrogance, sir." She stood at attention, arms folded behind her back as she'd been taught.

"Thank you, Taylor. You may be seated, girl."

Jessica hardly registered the fact that a woman in her thirties had just been referred to as 'girl'. In the same sense she hardly noticed the school uniforms any more. When she had been first introduced to a classroom at Southfields she had been both shocked and appalled. What on earth were these women thinking of, allowing themselves to be dressed as schoolgirls and to be treated as such? She could hardly prevent herself staring at them in their shiny brown sandals and tiny, white ankle socks. Young, and not so young, women dressed in knee-length, pleated gymslips and pristine white shirts. And even school ties! Under the previous regime, school ties for girls had been almost eradicated, Jessica for example had never even worn one. At Southfields however, they were most definitely a part of the uniform. At first, Jessica had been unable to tie hers and was rewarded with a hand-strapping every day until she learned how to do so to the satisfaction of her various teachers. It didn't take her too long, in fact Jessica had to admit that the constant threat of corporal punishment was a most efficient teacher. Things that she thought she'd forgotten since leaving school had been easily dredged from her memory.

The initial caning that she'd received for 'dumb insolence' at the instigation of Judge Obeng had helped Jessica concentrate her mind wonderfully. Once she was safely in the re-education centre she'd been stripped and tied down over a punishment bench. She'd fought and struggled, she was a big girl with quite a temper, but the warders were used to her sort of behaviour. They'd simply laughed at her as she fought and quickly subdued her. Once over the bench, a warder had produced a cane and delivered six carefully-spaced out strokes. The first was simply terrible, it felt as if she was been cut in half. She had thrown her head back and howled, the noise she produced in the small room had been deafening. She squirmed and struggled as hard as she could but there wasn't enough give in her bindings. In fact she had a suspicion that the warders were enjoying her futile struggling. The second was, if anything, worse. She heard the whistle of the stick a fraction of a second before it bit into her bare backside. She screamed again and begged her captors for mercy. Dimly she could hear their reaction through the dreadful pain,

"Look at her crying, you don't look like such a big shot now, do you darling?"

"Haha, look at fat arse squirming around. Give her another one Charlie...give her something to cry for, the silly little bitch."

Four more followed which left her howling and begging. She could still just about hear the laughter and unkind comments, but her over-riding need was to be allowed to rub her burning backside. She was left on her own for a little while, to 'reflect on her behaviour' as one man put it, still strapped to the bench. What seemed like ages later she heard the door open and then the clicks of what she assumed was a camera shutter. A rough hand grabbed the front of her hair and raised her head.

"Feeling a little more obedient, missy?"

She'd gasped out that she was and then received a heavy, open handed slapped on her wealed backside complete with the instruction that all re-education staff should be referred to as 'sir, or

'miss' as appropriate. At few more slaps and a lot of begging later, she was hustled down a corridor to collect her new uniform.

"Winslow! Buck your ideas up, young lady!" Jessica absolutely shot to her feet. "Give me another reason for the failure of the Women's Equality Party."

"Please sir, intransigence, sir," replied Jessica, startled from her reverie.

Tall, austere Mr Carbury stared at her for slightly longer than necessary. "Thank you, Winslow. You may sit down."

Relieved to have been let off, Jessica swiftly obeyed. The questioning went around the room, each girl required to stand and give a reason for the failure of feminism. Jessica had soon realised that virtually all the women in the re-education centre were educated, intelligent, professional and clearly supporters of the outlawed WEP. Their 're-education' merely consisted of being bombarded with patriarchal propaganda for five hours a day, every day. It certainly wasn't very subtle, but it was highly effective. Their humiliating uniforms for example were designed to make them think and act like children, and to make them more susceptible to re-education. Their strictly-ordered new lifestyle was organised to leave them no real free time. Early bed-times were both humiliating and an excuse to rouse them at 6am. Exhausting early morning exercise for an hour in just tight tee-shirts and shorts no matter the weather was designed to break spirits, thin porridge and water for breakfast just emphasised that point. Just thirty minutes for a lukewarm shower, to dress and then to ensure her red hair was tied in two perfect pigtails. Anxious glances in the mirror to ensure that her uniform was as pristine as possible, the harsh, clanging bell that directed them to their first lesson of the day. What had seemed so unreal and bizarre now seemed almost natural.

And the lessons themselves, so boring and dull! Jessica had been educated at a very 'progressive' school where the students had been encouraged to bring their own ideas and opinions to be discussed and validated. Southfields was the complete opposite, here the 'pupils' were simply talked at for 45 minutes and then routinely tested on what they had, or hadn't, learned. A succession of dull, middle-aged men lecturing them as to why feminism was illegal, why political correctness had died a death, the criminality of the WEP, why female economists were being removed from their jobs, how the WEP's policies had caused chaos and so on and so on. The following hour might be taken up with lessons about how recent psychological discoveries had proved that women were mentally incapable of taking on demanding roles in management or industry and should be protected from having to take up senior positions. At first, Jessica had been absolutely dumfounded by what she heard. She had tried to catch the eye of some of the girls to somehow express her disbelief at what they were made to listen to. This was the first time she had ever heard this sort of opinion. At school she had listened with rapt attention as female teacher after female teacher had explained how special she and her friends were, how clever they were, and how a stellar career beckoned each and every one of them. The theme was carried on at her university, although she'd done very little work due to her political activism she had, almost miraculously, achieved very good marks in her school exams. On her prestigious campus she soon realised that 75% or so of all the students were women, a statistic she'd subconsciously put down to the fact that women were demonstrably more clever than men.

After a little while, Jessica could stand it no longer.

"I'm sorry, but that's just nonsense...there are many studies which show women are better at management roles than men. Women are more empathetic for one, they have better listening skills, they..."

That was as far as she got. The teacher glared at her as if she'd uttered a curse. Quickly he made his way to her desk, grabbed her by the ear and simply propelled her to the front of the class. Jessica was so shocked that her mind refused to accept what was happening. She didn't struggle as she was pulled across his tweed-clad knees or protest when the brief skirt of her tunic was flipped up. It wasn't until the teacher's hand cracked against the surface of her juvenile blue knickers that she began to protest. By that time however, the man had her firmly in hand. Although she kicked and screamed he simply kept on slapping her until he felt that she'd learned her lesson. He set her back on her feet and then, as the tears poured down her face, proceeded to lecture her.

"In future, girl, you will not interrupt me or any other teacher in this Centre. You will not speak without raising your hand and waiting for permission, and you most certainly will not attempt to repeat your ridiculous, unsubstantiated, half-baked theories to either me or the rest of your classmates. Do you understand me, you silly little girl?"

She nodded and wiped her eyes with the sleeve of her blouse.

"I said, do you understand me?!" he bellowed.

"Y...yes, sir," she managed to stutter.

"Take yourself to that corner," he pointed. "Put your nose against the wall and your hands on your head. You will stay there until the end of the lesson and reflect on your obvious stupidity."

Thoroughly demoralised and intimidated she hurriedly did as she was instructed. What confidence she thought she possessed had almost entirely dissipated. Her self-image of a confident young, professional woman was draining away by the minute, to be replaced by that of a meek, obedient girl. She wasn't sure what was the most wounded, her bottom or her pride.

Chapter 6

Kathryn returned to her own rather grim, windowless little office and got back to work. She glanced at her cheap wristwatch, it was 1pm and she realised there was still five more dull hours to go before she would be allowed to leave. In the good old days she used to start at around 9 O'clock and always finish before 5pm. Now she had to be sat at her desk before at 8am at the latest and she never, ever finished before 6pm. But that was when she'd been a newly qualified solicitor and the world was at her feet. Following the revocation of her degree and her demotion she now worked whatever hours she was required to. Her contract, such as it was, would have been laughed out of any employment tribunal. However, in the current climate, it was all too common. She'd signed it in desperation after losing her job and been threatened with court action if she didn't. She was still smart enough to realise that signing it was her only guarantee of employment. So many of her friends from school and university had lost their jobs and had been pushed into temporary, demeaning work. The New Government had decided that any woman who had 'faked' their qualifications wouldn't be allowed to claim any sort of State benefit until their case had been 'thoroughly investigated'. Kathryn now understood that term to mean 'whenever the State could be bothered to check the details'. Thousands of female former students with professional qualifications had been caught out in that way. Unsurprisingly though, the New Government's insistence on being seen to punish student loan defaulters had proved a big hit with those voters who hadn't been to University. Why should the children of the privileged benefit at our expense, had been the New Government's refrain, echoed ceaselessly via its tame media. There was very little pity for women executives who failed to repay the State what it was due. The sudden availability of hundreds of women in the jobs market had not only depressed wages, but also meant that women who used to own first-class degrees were fighting with the rest of the population for jobs stacking shelves or working behind fast-food counters. Kathryn had, at least, been spared that indignity.

Her working day eventually over, she travelled several miles by train and still had to trudge the last half a mile or so on foot. How she hated the journey back to the drab thirties semi that she boarded at. It was in a dull suburb miles from anyone that she knew. Every step she took from the station to the house made her heart sink a little further. Quite probably some of her fellow workmates lived in nice houses with nice people. Forty-four Laburnum Road wasn't a particularly nice house, similarly her landlady Mrs Campbell wasn't a particularly nice person. In fact she was a particularly horrible person. She was divorced and lived in the house with her teenage daughter. Kathryn calculated that she was maybe in her late thirties, forty perhaps. But it wasn't the sort of discussion she felt able to have with the woman. Mrs Campbell liked to keep herself to herself. Kathryn wasn't even sure what her Christian name was, she was certainly never invited to use it. For some reason that she couldn't really fathom the woman was really quite rude to her. She had a set of household rules which she kept attached to the fridge. They were numerous and irritating. For example she wasn't allowed to have anybody over to the house without Mrs Campbell's express permission. She wasn't allowed to use the house telephone without Mrs Campbell's express permission. She wasn't allowed to play loud music in the house, and she wasn't allowed a television in her room. In all honesty there probably wasn't enough space in her tiny room for a decent sized television. It was the smallest bedroom in the house, little more than a box room. Despite the fact

that she was in effect a paying guest her room had just enough space for a single bed, an ancient wardrobe and a tiny dressing table with a cracked mirror. The view from the grubby window was of the back of next door's shed.

Occasionally she thought of just walking away, but in reality she knew she couldn't. She really needed her job at the office because one of the few benefits was that the Company subsidised her rent. Unless she had her own place she had to live in a house designated by her employer. Jenkinsons' had designated Mrs Campbell and that was the end of that. Apart from that she probably couldn't afford any where better. It was still a ridiculous situation though. She was twenty-five years old and treated more harshly than her landlady's eighteen year old daughter! She ate her meals with the family but she was never asked what she wanted to eat. She had to ask permission to watch TV but she was never allowed to change the channel. As time had passed it seemed Mrs Campbell realised that Kathryn didn't have the authority to rebel against even the most outrageous house rules. Encouraged by this she had instituted more and more repressive strictures. Now, for instance, Kathryn had to be back in the house no later than 10.30 from Sunday to Thursday and certainly no later than midnight on Friday and Saturday. She was required to 'make herself more presentable' when she was in the house, which in effect meant that she had to wear smart, work-style clothes even when she wasn't at work. Having to wear a skirt, stockings and heels every day to work was particularly onerous as far as Kathryn was concerned. As a solicitor she invariably wore a suit with smartly tailored trousers and any pair of shoes that she felt comfortable in. Even now she could remember the humiliation of being called into her old office by her former subordinate, Gavin Leeman, and informed that from now on she was to dress in accordance with her new role as a junior secretary. She could remember the smirk as he handed her a copy of the new company rules, he'd even taken the time to highlight certain areas of it with a marker. As a newly-minted junior secretary she was required to wear 'status-appropriate' clothes, and even to have her hair cut in an acceptable manner! Her new hours were 'as and when required by her manager'. Leeman also took great pleasure in telling her that as a junior, and therefore unfledged, secretary she was in the eyes of the Company not officially an adult and therefore couldn't be treated as such. The position she now occupied was usually filled by a recent school-leaver and as in most businesses nowadays that meant she would be subject to corporal punishment 'as and when it was deemed necessary by her manager'.

Status-appropriate clothes in her case meant glossy black heels and seamed stockings, a tight, plain, above knee-length skirt and either a silky or cotton blouse. Whichever she chose had to be plain, one colour only, long-sleeved, and buttoned at the collar and cuffs. Her office look was completed by a plain suit jacket that matched her skirt. Her sleek, jet black hair had to be pinned up on her head to reveal her ears, a style she hated. Leeman had also discovered that she wore contact lenses and had banned her from wearing those even. He much preferred her black, horn-rimmed spectacles which she now had to wear. All in all her appearance was now that of a young, efficient secretary. The reality however was that she wasn't particularly good at her new job. She was unused to taking orders, the job was extremely monotonous and boring, and she couldn't type. She'd used word-processing software of course, but she couldn't touch-type. Leeman had tried to encourage her by applying his wicked little leather strap to her desperately squirming backside, but that hadn't had the desired effect. It didn't take him long however to discover a remedial typing course at the local college which she was obliged to attend for two nights per week and there, much to her shame, she and her teenage classmates were taught how to touch-type by a strict old harridan.

Chapter 7

It was as if scales had fallen from Kevin Longmuir's eyes. The meeting was largely populated by people much the same as himself, frustrated middle-class men who had simply had enough of being talked down to and patronised. The general opinion was that it was time to strike back, to regain their lost authority and in many cases their dignity. He had joined up on the spot and shortly afterwards received the conformation in the post. The internet was full of chat rooms that discussed situations just like his. He noted down many of the suggestions and ideas, he could feel a growing excitement within himself. Now was the time to make his move, he had retained the contact details of the two young police constables who had detained his wife and arranged a meeting. More ideas and information had been provided. A name had been mentioned to him, a man who worked out of the police station who carried a certain amount of influence in the town. That was how Kevin had first met Michael McKinnon. He was a big man, older than Kevin by about ten years, whose broken nose and large, broken hands spoke of a lifetime of violence. He was surprisingly softly-spoken but his grey eyes were cold and unblinking. He listened politely to what Kevin had to say and then explained to him, at some length, about the Action Group.

At first Kevin wasn't certain he'd heard correctly, the whole thing seemed complete fantasy. He decided to reserve judgement and wait and see. Meanwhile he had started to put into effect some of the ideas he'd discussed. He'd decided that he would no longer hurry home from work to prepare a meal for the three of them. That, he suggested, should be Emily's job considering that she finished school at 3.30. In future he'd be going out with friends for a couple of drinks on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. He didn't quite have the nerve to tell them he was really at his NG meetings, that would have to wait. Gillian seemed to have rediscovered her old bitchy self and seemed to resent the fact that he'd seen her being humiliated in the police cell. If anything she seemed even more determined to undermine him in front of their sneering stepdaughter. He managed to keep his cool though, but he wouldn't need to for much longer. That same week there was a huge event at work. Three burly policemen, at least one of whom he recognised from his NG meetings, barged into his office demanding to speak to Michelle Brown. The bewildered looking woman was led down to her car and asked to open it. Inside, he later discovered, hidden in the boot was a large amount of anti-Government, pro WEP literature, clearly Ms Brown was feminist sympathiser intent on distributing her seditious lies. She was immediately arrested, handcuffed and led to a waiting van.

Kevin went home that evening in a happy daze. Useless Michelle Brown, his immediate superior, had been arrested and charged with membership of an illegal organisation and libel, exactly as McKinnon had promised. His thousand pound contribution to the Action Group had paid dividends! That incident had really convinced him. Now he could see the way forward. His next call was to Faysal Zafar and was quite a lengthy one. The outcome was that on Monday evening, shortly after she returned from work, there was a knock on Kevin's front door which he purposefully didn't answer. He could hear voices and then a blushing Gillian led the two police constables into the living room.

"Ah, good evening gentlemen. How are you both?"

"We're both very well, sir. But really it's your wife we've come to see. If you recall, we said we would visit at regular intervals to check on the progress made by Mrs Longmuir."

"I see, would you like me to leave the three of you to it?" Kevin could see his wife silently pleading not to be left alone with the two young Pakistanis.

"Perhaps it would be better if you remained sir? After all what we have to say does impact on you."

Kevin settled himself down comfortably into his armchair and directed the young Officials towards the settee. His wife stayed conspicuously stood, this should be interesting, he thought.

"We arrested and caned you for Harlotry, Mrs Longmuir. Would you acknowledge that was the correct decision?"

"Y...yes", she nodded her assent.

"In that case what steps have you taken to avoid repeating that reprehensible behaviour?"

She blushed an attractive, bright red colour.

"Erm...I've started wearing longer skirts to work."

"Is that true, Mr Longmuir?"

"Well I suppose it must be, if that's what Gillian says."

It was hardly a ringing endorsement, but then it wasn't meant to be.

"Perhaps it might be a good idea if you were to present yourself to your husband before you left for work every morning, Mrs Longmuir? In that way you could be sure that what you're wearing meets with his approval. And maybe you, Mr Longmuir, could keep a record of what your wife wears. A simple photographic diary would probably be sufficient."

Constable Majid said something in his own language.

"My colleague would also like a pictorial history of her panties, bras and shoes. If that meets with your approval, Mr Longmuir?"

Kevin pretended to consider this while he watched his wife squirm with embarrassment.

"I think that could be arranged gentlemen, anything to help with my wife's rehabilitation as you can imagine."

"That's excellent, Mr Longmuir. You can be sure that my report will emphasise your most helpful attitude. After all your wife's re-education is uppermost in all our minds."

Kevin Longmuir nodded as if that were true.

"We also need to inspect your wife's bottom if we may, Mr Longmuir. We have to record that she didn't suffer unduly from her caning."

“Yes of course, I understand.”

“Place yourself over the arm of that chair please, Mrs Longmuir. And if you could pull your skirt up and show us your backside that would be marvellous.”

Gillian had learned it was best to argue with the two policemen. Glancing at her husband she realised there would be no help forthcoming from that direction. Slowly she wriggled her skirt up her legs and over her bottom. The policemen got to their feet and wandered over, Zafar produced a small camera and took a shot of her backside.

“Knickers down please, Mrs Longmuir.”

Sobbing with humiliation that middle-aged mother obeyed. The camera clicked again.

“There’s very little damage, Mrs Longmuir. How many strokes was it again? You can probably take more than that.”

She twitched nervously as his hand reached out and travelled over the surface of her silky bottom cheeks.

“P...please don’t do that.”

By way of an answer, the policeman’s hand slapped her backside firmly.

“Please don’t speak out of turn, Mrs Longmuir.”

Another resounding smack echoed around the room. Kevin felt his cock stiffening at the sight.

“Pull your cheeks apart, Mrs Longmuir. We just want to check that you haven’t any hidden damage.”

Crying, she obeyed. The camera clicked and whirred a couple of times as both men had a good long look. Finally the two men sat down.

“Keep those cheeks held open, Mrs Longmuir.” Ordered Zafar.

All three men settled back.

“I wonder if I might ask you a favour, Mr Longmuir.”

“Please, Constable Zafar, call me Kevin. All my friends do.”

“Thank you, Kevin. A part of our duty is to make sure that people in your wife’s position don’t fall back into their old habits. Your wife for example referred to my culture in a disparaging manner just before she was arrested. Clearly there must be no repeat of that sort of blatantly racist behaviour. Similarly she must treat you and any of your male acquaintances with a certain amount of respect and civility. Any deviation should be dealt with either by you, or by calling our contact number.”

Just then Corporal Majid spoke up from across the room. He held up a picture that he'd picked up from the mantelpiece. It showed a picture of his stepdaughter, Emily, dressed in her school uniform and smiling at the camera.

"My colleague would like to know who this beautiful young lady is, Kevin."

"Oh that's just Emily, my daughter; she's upstairs doing her homework. Do you want me to give her a call?"

Both policemen looked at each other and agreed that would be most helpful. As Kevin called upstairs, Gillian made to get down from her humiliating position on the arm of the sofa. A sharp slap to her buttock cheek soon put a stop to that idea. Several minutes later the teenage girl made her way reluctantly downstairs and pushed the door open.

"What?" She demanded, in a surly tone.

The first sight to greet her was that of her mother kneeling and showing everyone in the room her sex. The girl's studied cool vanished,

"Wh...what are you doing mummy? Who are these people?" She asked in a panicky voice.

Constable Zafar looked her carefully up and down, my word she was a scrumptious little piece. She wasn't as tall as her mother, she was quite small in fact, but she did have her mother's lustrous dark hair and large brown eyes. She didn't have much in the way of tits, but she had a nicely shaped bottom. She was wearing black brogues, black, opaque tights and a grey, pleated skirt. Her long hair hung down to the shoulders of her pale blue, open-necked school blouse.

"We are policemen, Miss. I am Constable Zafar and this is my colleague, Constable Majid."

She glanced across at Majid who licked his lips and stared straight back at her.

"But what are you doing to mummy? I can see her bottom and...everything."

"Mummy has been quite naughty, darling. These nice policemen are helping mummy and making sure she doesn't go to prison."

Emily turned to her stepfather. "I didn't ask you 'Kevin', why are you butting in?" she demanded, furiously.

"What's your name, young lady?" asked Zafar with a disarming smile.

"It's Emily, Emily Bradbury...sir." she added as an afterthought. It was becoming a habit for girls of Emily's age to address almost all men as 'sir'. It seemed safer that way.

"How old are you, Emily?"

"I...I'm 18, sir."

"And still at school I see, which one may I ask?"

"St Clare's, sir." She mentioned the name of nearby private girl's Academy.

“Bradbury? But isn’t your father’s name, Longmuir?”

The girl laughed scornfully. “Him? He’s not my father, thank God. He’s only my stepfather.”

Kevin’s face coloured a little bit at the obvious derision in her voice. Constable Zafar was similarly unimpressed; the little girl was certainly a brat. Her obnoxious behaviour certainly didn’t do her any favours and didn’t reflect well on her upbringing. He thought grimly of the fate that would befall a Pakistani girl of a similar age who was so disrespectful to an adult male.

“Your father is correct, Miss...Bradbury. Your mother has committed two particularly serious offences, for which she is being duly punished. In fact if you remain where you are, I’d like you to witness the final part of her chastisement.”

He spoke quickly to his colleague in their own language. Constable Majid stepped forward with a smile on his face. He removed his jacket and went to stand behind Gillian.

“Let go of your cheeks, Mrs Longmuir. We’ve all seen quite enough of you.”

Before she could even sob with embarrassment the first heavy, open-handed slap landed on her right bottom cheek. This was quickly followed by several more as the woman fought desperately to retain as much of her shattered dignity as she could. But it was just impossible, especially when the Pakistani boy started to slap her lower and lower until her plump white thighs were as red as her bottom. She squirmed and squealed and begged him to stop. Majid was implacable though, slap after slap landed on her burning bottom and thighs. By now she was crying in earnest, big fat tears were rolling down her cheeks and she was howling in pain. What made it worse was that she could hear her daughter beginning to cry as well. Her humiliation was almost complete. Eventually Zafar called a reluctant end to proceedings.

Before Zafar and his colleague left, he called both mother and daughter to him and explained that they would be back sometime next week to check on Gillian’s progress. During that time, he suggested, the two of them, Gillian and Emily, should make sure that their behaviour was impeccable. Because if he was to receive a negative report from Mr Longmuir then Gillian and her daughter would both be kneeling on the sofa, did he make himself clear? Both Emily and her mother nodded mutely, trying to ignore the thought of being punished by the two policemen. By now, Kevin’s cock was rock hard. The thrashing of his snooty wife by a barely literate Pakistani boy had been exciting enough, but the implied threat of her and her equally arrogant daughter coming under his authority was almost too much. He had to wait until both policemen had left before going immediately upstairs to the bathroom and relieving himself, the images of his wife’s shame firmly implanted in his head.

Chapter 8

Jessica made herself to eat the lukewarm, overcooked piece of liver. She particularly hated liver, but obviously, Southfields Re-education Centre wouldn't allow one of its pupils to simply refuse to eat something she didn't like. Every plate had to be virtually licked clean. After all, refusing to finish what was set in front of them was an affront not only to God but also an insult to the group of surly older women humorously described as 'cooks'. She took a gulp of water from her plastic beaker to help wash down the revolting piece of meat and tried not to grimace. Ever-vigilant dinner monitors were wandering between the wooden benches that all the pupils shared. She risked a glance at the wall clock while reaching for a piece of horrible, cheap white bread. In fifteen minutes time she would have to hurry upstairs to her dormitory, change out of her school clothes and into her working outfit. Outside the rain was battering against the window of the refectory, Jessica silently prayed that today she would get something like the laundry, or even floor scrubbing, anything indoors in fact.

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Thirty minutes later it was clear that Jessica's prayers hadn't been answered. In fact, if anything, they'd been mocked. She had been assigned to a 'repair and maintenance' team. Repair and maintenance could be a reasonable job. On a warm summers day a little gardening detail could be quite pleasant. However on a cold, wet, grey afternoon it was definitely the worst assignment. Her little work group stumbled along the muddy track. They had only been walking for ten minutes and the tools they carried were already weighing them down. They'd walked a mile and they still hadn't reached the field where the ditch apparently needed to be dug. Languishing at the back, Jessica was, as usual, finding it heavy going. She had never really envisaged herself training as a farm labourer. Despite her size, she wasn't really that sporty either and despite her three months at Southfields she hadn't toughened up yet. But having said that she was thirty years old and had never done a stroke of physical work in her life. Like many of her kind she'd gone from private school, and then straight on to university, and eventually ended up working in an agreeable office.

"Aaagh"

The casual application of a cane across her thin cotton shorts had jolted her out of her private thoughts.

"Get a move on Winslow, you lazy bugger," grunted the man wielding the stick.

"Yes sir." Jessica responded in the only way she could and increased her pace to catch up with the other five women in the group. God, how her backside stung from that one single stroke of the cane! Her 'work clothes' offered her no protection of course, as they consisted of a pair of black, second-hand plimsolls, white ankle socks, skin-tight white shorts and in her case a tight, revealing, blue T-shirt. She was already soaked to the skin and her unsupported breasts were clearly visible through the thin material of her shirt. Her red hair was plastered across her head and her demeaning pigtails hung limply to either side.

When they reached the designated field they were simply set to work. Their humourless, taciturn overseer marked out the area required for the drainage ditch and told them to get on with

it. He was completely dry beneath his galoshes and waterproofs but nevertheless he considered it prudent to shelter beneath a large tree. This was her life now, thought Jessica grimly, intense mental and physical labour for ten hours a day for six days a week. Sundays allowed off to go to church. From a life of ease she was now reduced to a strict regimen of three minimal meals a day, early bed and a very early rise. Rather than her views and opinions being respectfully listened to, she was treated as a beast of burden. Hardly a day went by without her being slapped or kicked or humiliated in some way. Rather than a wealthy consumer she now owned literally nothing other than the clothes on her back, no telephone, no TV, no computer, no newspaper, no books. She wasn't even allowed to wear a watch. She had been reduced in a matter of weeks to an unthinking, uncaring automaton. Inequality, diversity, unfairness, and left-wing politics things that used to constantly occupy her mind now hardly registered. She had become what the New Government wanted her to become. By their perverse terms she was now a resounding success, she bitterly acknowledged.

Three hours later Jessica was in a bit of a state. She was exhausted, covered in mud and her lank, unwashed hair was now plastered to her head with a mixture of rain and sweat. The overseer had just called for their first break of the afternoon. He had generously stipulated a 15 minute break and stood smoking a cigarette and watching his charges. They wouldn't run of course, there was nowhere to go for one thing. The nearest town was miles away and they had no papers or means of identification to enable them to cross the several roadblocks they were bound to encounter. Plus they were terrified of being taken by the locals. Farmers were actively looking for runaways, when caught they made excellent free labour. At least with him they were relatively safe. No farmer, however wealthy, would dare interfere in NG business. No, the only issue facing him that morning was which lucky girl was going to give him his first blow-job of the day? Two of them were too old and one was definitely too ugly. That left three, none of them were too bad, but Taylor was one of his favourites. He called the woman over and could see straight away that she knew what was expected of her.

That was the advantage, he supposed of being in charge of educated women. Once they were over the shock of their new lives, being singled out for a blow-job wasn't that big a deal. He smiled at the thought of what his charges would have said if he'd demanded one when they were immaculately dressed businesswomen, or whatever it was that they pretended to do. The image of cute, buxom Cecily Taylor kneeling in front of an office full of leering, amused men immediately made his cock hard. As she hurried over to the tree under which he stood it he noticed it had begun to rain just that little bit more heavily.

"Back to work ladies, only another two hours to go, a bit of a walk and then you'll be tucking into a nice, wholesome dinner."

Sexy Cecily Taylor slowly sank to her knees and pulled her red T-shirt up to expose her rather fabulous tits because she knew he preferred it that way. What was the point of antagonising the idiot; perhaps he'd do her a favour somewhere along the line. In At least she'd be dry and not digging while she sucked the numbskull off. Her new life had taught her to be grateful for the small mercies that came her way.

It was virtually dark when by the time they returned to the centre. Jessica could hardly put one foot in front of the other. The spade she had so inexpertly wielded now seemed to weigh ten times its original weight. She had given up on crying, she was too tired. Numbly she followed her group into the changing room and slowly stripped off, all six of them stood in the shower and shivered as a slow, lukewarm jet of water reluctantly fell out of the shower heads. The small cakes of carbolic soap they had to use stung and produced almost no lather. Jessica wearily scrubbed at her mud-covered limbs, hardly even registering the guard's fat, amused face as he stood and watched them. The first time that had happened, she'd squealed and tried to cover herself up, only to be hauled out of the shower and unmercifully slapped. He had to observe, he explained, didn't she know that showering was a slipping hazard under the new, enhanced health and safety laws?

When their five minutes were up, they wearily re-dressed in their school uniforms. Jessica hated the tightness of her shirt collar and the fact that her House tie had to be pulled as tight as possible to her throat, it felt as if she was being constantly strangled. However, as she knew to her own bitter cost, rules were rules for a reason. She tied her silly little pigtails and sighed as she saw the state of her hair. She used to be so proud of it, but now it was dull and lifeless and too short. She hadn't used shampoo or conditioner since she had been in this horrible place and my, how it showed. The staff at Southfields, she had to admit, were experts at undermining a woman's confidence. Her previous existence was now almost forgotten, her achievements and her experiences were all but a distant memory. She made a vow, and it was the same vow that she made every day, that whatever it took there was no way that she, Jessica Winslow, would ever set foot in a Re-education Centre again.

The six of them were lined up and given a perfunctory check by the guard. He was hungry for his dinner and didn't particularly care if his charges had a button undone somewhere. He wasn't the one whose arse would feel the sting of leather as a result. He marched them to the refectory and left them in the long, silent queue. By the time Jessica's little group had reached the front of it; all that was left were a few hot dogs and some buns. Jessica almost cried, she was very hungry after an afternoon of back-breaking labour, and now that they'd been almost the last back to the Centre all that was left were a few sausages and some unappetising looking vegetables. She looked up in silent appeal at the fat woman doling out the dregs as if she had a large plate of marvellous food somewhere that she was saving just for Jessica.

"Don't look at me like that, girl. It ain't my fault you're late is it?"

"N...no, I'm sorry, miss."

Jessica hardly noticed that she was calling a dinner lady who was younger than she was, miss. Her subservience to authority was becoming more and more ingrained.

"I've a good mind to call over one of your teachers right now and make a complaint to her."

Jessica could feel the tears already forming in her beautiful green eyes.

"No, please...I'm sorry. It...it's my fault if anything, sorry miss."

The course young woman smiled nastily and dropped a small hot dog, two buns and half a spoonful of over-boiled green mush onto her plate.

“You make sure you eat all that up like a good little girl,” she sniggered.

An older woman by her side looked at Jessica closely.

“What’s your name, girl?”

“P...please miss, it’s Winslow, miss.”

Jessica couldn’t help but lapse into the humiliating speech pattern that had been drilled into her in the classroom, and blushed in shame.

“Well, Winslow, I’ve got my eye on you...just you wait and see, my girl.”

Jessica felt coldness in the pit of her stomach and had to fight an overwhelming urge to pee. Quickly she fled back to her bench trying to ignore the high-pitched cackling from the two women. She wolfed down the small helpings that she’d been given and topped it up with the regulation two slices of out of date bread that she was allowed. She barely had to time reflect upon the fact that before she had been incarcerated, she’d never eaten a hot dog or indeed any processed meat in her entire life. Her single glass of water barely touched the sides of her throat. She looked around herself in the vague hope that one of the women on her table might have left some food, but that was clearly a forlorn hope. Out of the corner of her eye she saw one of the dinner monitors making her way to the serving hatch. To her horror she saw the older serving woman point in her direction and simultaneously saw the stern-looking monitor’s head turn to stare straight at her.

Chapter 9

Mrs Campbell approved of the fact that her boarder was required by her employers to attend a remedial typing course for two evenings a week. One, because it was a handy way to teach the snooty little madam her place. And two, it kept the girl occupied and prevented her from lazing around the house and making it look untidy. Agnes Campbell didn't really approve of Kathryn Upton, as far as she was concerned the girl was a spoiled brat. How she had qualified as a solicitor in the first place was anyone's guess, although Mrs Campbell did have suspicions of her own. The fact that she wouldn't pay back her student loan was the sort of thing that drove Mrs Campbell, and like-minded friends, to distraction. In their opinion, little hussies like Miss Kathryn Upton deserved everything they got. Mrs Campbell even hated Jessica's politics. The WEP were, in her opinion, just a group of shrieking middle-class, man-hating harpies. To her mind their precipitous demise was simply good riddance to bad rubbish. She had voted happily for the New Government and was a vocal supporter.

She liked the idea of her lodger struggling with a menial task such as typing. She was very aware of Kathryn's former privileged background and was quite happy to help puncture the girl's misplaced belief in her own abilities. With that in mind she regularly chatted with her acquaintances, a few of which also had decided to make some extra money by allowing young women to board with them. One in particular, Camilla Greaves, had explained to her the attraction of a new Government initiative. Her young lady, Lucy, was a little older than Kathryn and came from a similar background. Noticing that the poor girl didn't appear to have any friends, Camilla had simply taken Government advice and enrolled Lucy in a local Cadet branch. When Mrs Campbell had expressed interest in this idea, Mrs Greaves had linked her to the National Cadet Service website which had all the details

'Does Your Daughter Or Employee Have Too Much Time On Her Hands?'

The very first line was enough for Mrs Campbell. Yes, it was very true that Kathryn had too much time on her hands. Surely her own self-appointed role as Katie's de facto parent as it were, qualified her to decide how the girl should be directed to spend her excess time? Sure enough, further down the page was a paragraph that set her mind at rest

'The New Government is pleased to announce that places on the Cadets course are specifically reserved for Employers, Guardians, and similarly responsible people to enrol their employees, wards, and dependents on.'

Agnes Campbell smiled and continued to read,

'The Cadet Service is provided by the New Government at no cost and is an important part of our plan to empower our female citizens. We are pleased to provide an environment where young ladies can enjoy companionship, healthy outdoor activities and learn new skills in a safe, organised environment.'

It sounded ideal; Agnes simply scrolled down and filled in Kathryn's personal details. Under first name she put 'Katie' rather than Kathryn, it seemed more appropriate somehow. Underneath preferred service she put 'Navy', she liked their smart uniform. In the area where she was asked if

she understood that corporal punishment would be used 'as and where appropriate', she ticked 'yes'.

A week later, Katie Upton received an official-looking letter through the mail. When she opened it she realised to her horror that, without reference to her own wishes, she'd been enrolled in Cadets by her landlady! A short argument ensued before Kathryn stormed out of the house and went for a long, calming walk. She had a dreadful feeling in the pit of her stomach that no good could come from her outburst. Her fears were realised the following Monday morning,

"Katie, my office please."

Kathryn put what she was doing on hold and hurried across the sales floor before knocking on Gavin Leeman's door. When she entered she was shocked to see him in conversation with none other than Mrs Campbell! What on earth was going on? She wasn't invited to sit so she put her hands behind her, feeling for all the world like a naughty teenager up in front of the headmaster.

"Mrs Campbell has been explaining to me, Katie that you are refusing to fit into her household, is this correct?"

"I...I've no idea what she means to be honest Mr Leeman."

"What's your landlady's name Katie?" Kathryn knew that tone of voice.

"Her name's Mrs Campbell, sir."

"Then please use the lady's name Katie. Your lack of respect reflects badly on the Company and on me."

"Yes sir, sorry sir." Katie replied blushing and trying to avoid catching the eye of her smirking landlady.

"Well?"

"I...I don't know what Mrs Campbell means, sir."

"She tells me that you're insolent and demanding, and that you act as if you consider yourself to be a part of the family as opposed to being merely a lodger. She also tells me that despite her efforts to integrate you into the local community by enrolling you in the National Cadet Force, that you in return were both rude and argumentative. Are these quite serious allegations true, young lady?"

He knew she hated being referred to as 'young lady', mainly because he was in fact younger than her by a couple of months. He was such an irritating arse, and yet he held all the cards.

"I don't believe so sir. I've always tried to fit into Mrs Campbell's household."

"Are you suggesting that Mrs Campbell is mistaken, Katie?"

Gavin Leeman really loved making his attractive secretary squirm. She had been an absolute bitch when she was part of the management team. She had been snooty and arrogant and

demanding but now the boot was on the other foot. Kathryn Upton was now his secretary, a role that in his opinion suited her perfectly. In the bad old Women's Equality Party era, people like Kathryn had been promoted merely because they were women, not because they were particularly good at their job. Nowadays however, thanks to people like his father, normal service had, in Gavin's mind at least, been resumed. Kathryn had been billeted with Mrs Campbell mainly due to Gavin's influence. He had heard from a colleague that both she and her spoiled indulged daughter were quite dreadful people. Where better to place his spoiled and indulged secretary? Having invited the miserable old woman to his office he knew at once that his choice had been absolutely vindicated. It only remained for him to develop the situation further.

"Well, young lady? We're waiting."

Kathryn knew she had to tread very carefully.

"As far as I'm aware sir, Mrs Campbell and I get on fine. Perhaps I'm mistaken, if so I apologise,"

Gavin was loathe to admit it, but it was a good answer, deferential, but allowing for the possibility of a mistake. Before he could think of a reply, Mrs Campbell piped up.

"You certainly are mistaken, Kathryn. I've explained your failings to your boss at some length. Neither Jackie nor I think that you show us any real respect. After all where would you be without us? Where would you live if, for example, you were no longer welcome at our house? Mr Leeman has just explained that without lodgings you couldn't keep this job. Without the job you'd have to arrange other lodgings at very short notice or run the risk of being sacked. If you get sacked from a company like Jenkinsons who'd take you on? I dare say Mr Leeman would be in no hurry to give you a reference, and in all honesty neither could I."

Kathryn realised immediately that the two of them had conspired to plan this situation. Mrs Campbell was far too stupid to think of it herself. With a sinking feeling she knew that she would soon be even further under the thumb of the two of them. Gavin Leeman smiled up at his former boss.

"Mrs Campbell is quite correct, Katie. I'd say you owe her an apology, wouldn't you?"

Kathryn blinked the tears from her eyes,

"I...I'm sorry, Mrs Campbell. I'll try very much harder to fit into the household in future," she said, trying very hard to keep the resentment from her voice.

"And the National Cadet Service, I assume you don't think you're not too grand to give something back to the community?"

"No, sir. Of course not, sir. It would be a pleasure." A pleasure to give up two precious unpaid evenings of her own time to mess about in some sort of grown-up girl guide nonsense, she thought grimly.

"And what do you say to Mrs Campbell?"

"Thank you, Mrs Campbell for enrolling me in the Cadet Service, I'm ever so grateful."

Agnes Campbell simpered horribly and turned to Gavin,

"I hope you don't mind me being presumptuous, Mr Leeman. I just thought it was an activity that Katie might enjoy."

"Rest assured, Mrs Campbell, you have my complete support in this matter. I'm sure Katie will enjoy Cadets enormously, but if she has any issues with it, then don't hesitate to keep me informed. In fact if you have any other ideas or recommendations regarding young Katie's discipline, I'm more than willing to listen to them."

"You're too kind, Mr Leeman, as it happens I do have some ideas regarding Katie. Perhaps we could discuss them at a later date?"

"We could, Mrs Campbell, but before you go, do you have time to witness Katie having her bottom smacked? I really don't like the attitude she has shown you. In this office she is most certainly not allowed any leeway in terms of her behaviour. I hope this doesn't upset you in any way?"

Agnes Campbell struggled to keep the emotion from her voice,

"My only sense of regret, Mr Leeman, is that Katie's behaviour reflects badly on both my daughter and I. Some days I'm at my wits end with her."

"Is that true, Mrs Campbell? For that I can only apologise. Katie, go and get your ruler, the big one, and bring it back here."

Seconds later, Kathryn Upton returned and shamefacedly handed over the long plastic ruler that was routinely used to correct her behaviour. Although it stung her poor backside terribly, she was also dreadfully humiliated by the presence of her horrible old landlady who she could see smirking at her predicament.

"Over you go, Katie, you know the drill by now."

Unfortunately she did indeed know the drill. Stretched out over his desk and having to pull her skirt over her own hips. Then the short, agonising wait until the thick, flexible ruler bit into her plain, white knickers. God how it hurt! Five very firm strokes with a minute between each one so that she could 'feel the sting' as he liked to describe it. The very first one made her cry, by the time he was finished, and the little make-up that she was allowed to wear was running down her face. Then another humiliating apology to the amused, toad-like woman before she was allowed to leave the room and flee to the bathroom to try and repair her make-up as best she could.

"Where did you say Katie would be attending Cadets, Mrs Campbell?"

"At the Parade Ground in town, Mr Leeman, Tuesday and Thursday evenings, 7pm until 9pm. Don't worry sir; it won't clash with her typing lessons."

She smiled at him ingratiatingly, and he made a note on his desk pad.

"If you could get some pictures perhaps of young Katie in her new uniform, I think they would be very good for office morale."

Oh, of course Mr Leeman, that's such a good idea. Leave that in my hands sir.

Chapter 10

The change in the Longmuir house was quite palpable. Kevin was pleased to notice that the women in it had begun to treat him not with respect exactly, but with slightly less outright hostility. They were both wary now of snapping at him or ordering him to do things. Emily, for instance, had taken to asking him if he might give her a lift to her various destinations, rather than simply demanding he should do so. Once, Gillian even asked him if he was actually watching a particular TV programme before switching the channel over when he answered in the negative. He'd also made himself a little den in the spare bedroom in which he kept his computer and would spend hours reading the posts on his favourite websites. It was like a revolution was happening right in front of his eyes. There was a huge amount of pro-New Government posts. Men posting new ideas and advice to newbies like Kevin. His favourite contributor posted continually about how he had reclaimed his position as the head of his household, how he had taken charge of the household budget, how he decided the agenda, how his word had become law in his formerly female-dominated house.

Kevin's ever-growing confidence had been bolstered by events at work. His line-manager, Michelle Brown, had been arrested for membership of an illegal organisation and for possessing seditious literature, was in detention and was currently awaiting trial. The sales director, Aamina Malik, had called him into her office and discussed Ms Brown's replacement. She seemed interested to know his opinion and wanted to discuss the arrest and the charges relating to it. Kevin sensed that this was his moment; he looked his boss squarely in the eye and told her that in his opinion possession of anti-Government literature should be heavily penalised. He told her that many of his friends felt the same way. As he did so he nonchalantly scratched his shoulder just by his prominently displayed New Government membership badge. Ms Malik's eyes opened just that little bit wider as she digested that last piece of information. She was an intelligent, well-read woman who kept herself informed as to current affairs. She knew that support for the New Government was on the rise; her Left-wing newspaper of choice had told her so incessantly for the last couple of years. So now it appeared that even mild-mannered Kevin was becoming more politicised. Was he telling her that he knew more about poor Michelle's case? He was clearly a member of what was in her opinion a Fascist organisation, but Michelle's arrest and likely imprisonment had shaken her more than she cared to admit. Did she personally want to risk that sort of situation? It wasn't as if Kevin was bad at his job. A couple of days later Kevin was installed in his own little office with the legend 'Mr Kevin Longmuir. Sales Manager' attached to the door. Things were looking up.

Kevin's next muscle-flexing exercise took place the following Thursday evening. His stepdaughter had appeared in the living-room and informed her mother that she was going out and that she'd be back later.

"What time, darling? It is a school night you know."

"I don't know, whatever."

Once again, Kevin felt that the time was right.

"I'd prefer you not to talk to your mother like that, Emily. She's only worried about you, that's all."

"Shut up, Kevin. This is none of your business, you can't tell me what to do."

"I beg your pardon, young lady?"

"You heard me, Kev. You're just the lodger around here. Nobody cares what you think."

Kevin looked over at his wife and slowly shook his head,

"I really don't think that your daughter should talk to me that way, do you dear?"

"I...I don't think so Kevin, no."

Emily looked at her mother in astonishment. She'd never taken Kevin's side in an argument, ever. In fact she'd often encouraged her to question Kevin's feeble attempt to establish any sort of parental authority. She shook her head angrily, whatever.

"Where are you going, Emily, at this time of night when you know you have school tomorrow?"

"I don't think it's any of your business Kevin, do you?"

"Do you know what, Emily? I think it is my business. I also think that were I to contact Corporal Zafar right now that he'd confirm my opinion. What do you think, Gillian dear?"

He was pleased to see Gillian blush at the mere mention of the young policeman's name.

"I think that this time Kevin may be right, darling."

"Are you telling me that I can't go out to visit my friends, mum?"

"She's telling you that while you are perfectly at liberty to visit your friends, 9.30 on a school night is hardly the ideal time to do it. I'm telling you that considering that you have important exams looming, that you should take your coat off, go back up to your room, take out your school books and revise."

She stared furiously at him, but he was unmoved.

"I could always phone that other young policeman, Constable Majid was it, if you'd prefer?"

"I hate you both!" she screamed as she stomped noisily back up the stairs and slammed her door shut.

With a contented sigh, Kevin settled back into his armchair and turned his attention back to the TV. Half an hour later he called over to his wife and requested a cup of tea, when she returned with a tray laden with cups, saucers, milk and a teapot, he sent her back to bring out some biscuits. He could tell that the incident with her daughter had rattled her confidence. She was beginning to realise that her quiet husband was no longer the weak-willed pushover that she thought he was.

"I'm going to visit a client tomorrow, darling. I'd prefer to take your car if that's okay? The customer's a major player in the market and it's potentially a very big deal for me."

"Erm...of course, dear. I d...don't actually need it tomorrow anyway. Traffic's becoming a bit of a nightmare in town."

She still hadn't told him that she'd recently lost her private parking space at work, it seemed demeaning somehow to have to keep moving the car to avoid the wardens. Although she was trying to ignore the topic it appeared that it was only the female executives who had lost their privileges. When she had queried the decision, her male boss had laughed it off and told her that they were only following guidelines regarding female safety at work as laid out by the Government.

"Could I get a lift with you in the morning?"

"Afraid not, my love. I'm going in diametrically the opposite direction. You don't mind going on the bus do you, the stop's only half a mile or so away?"

"No, no, that's quite okay."

"I'll have time to photograph you for the Constables though, if that's what's worrying you?"

"Thank you, darling."

She managed to squeeze out the words without shouting at him. Having her shoes and underwear photographed every morning was terribly humiliating, but what could she do? No photo meant a visit from Constables Zafar and Majid; such visits invariably meant her bare backside being punished in the most shameful of ways. Far better just to grin and bear it until her horrible ordeal was over.

The following morning Kevin, as usual, was out of bed before her. Not so that he could bring her tea in bed that she used to enjoy, but to rifle through her underwear drawer in order to decide what she should go to work in.

"Black stockings with the white suspender belt, I think, and your higher black heels. I know the young Constable likes those. He mentions them often enough. Which knickers though, which ones do you think, dear? The cornflower blue ones are very nice. And your dark suit, that would go nicely together, you have made sure the hem's no more than an inch above your knee haven't you? There's no sense in risking upsetting anyone, is there?"

He took out his phone and photographed her as she prepared herself. It was all so utterly demeaning, but on the other hand it was far better than being summoned back to that dreadful police cell.

"Kevin, how long do you think this is going to go on for?"

"What do you mean, darling? The photographs? I imagine until the Constables are happy that you've learned your lesson, what do you think?"

“B...but it’s so horrible; can’t you see how much I hate it? Isn’t there anything we can do?”

Despite his carefully maintained expression of sympathy, Kevin was inwardly gloating at his wife’s predicament. Dressed as she was in just her underwear and high heels, she didn’t come across as an aggressive, thrusting executive. Her tears didn’t really move him either, quite the opposite in fact. He quite enjoyed her confusion and obvious unhappiness. The accumulated insults and belittling he’d suffered over the years weren’t even close to being repaid. Nevertheless he hugged her to his chest, enjoying the feeling as his manhood stirred.

“Don’t worry, darling. I’ll have a word with our two young men. I’ll see what I can do; I’ll take care of it.”

Her gentle, grateful, sobbing into his shirt front was an amusing first repayment on the debt that she was about to unwittingly incur.

Chapter 11

Jessica Winslow was occupied in peeling an absolute mountain of potatoes. She was dressed in her skimpy work clothes that were protected by a large, white, frilly apron that went over her head and was secured behind her by a large bow. From the front her apron made her look like any one of the many assistants that worked in the Centre's large kitchen. From behind, however, it was clear that Jessica had received a very thorough spanking. Her backside was naked, both her skimpy shorts and her tiny knickers had been pulled to her knees. Someone appeared to have painted the area from the top of her cute little buttocks to the back of her knees, the same uniform red colour. A closer look at the woman's face revealed that she had been crying, and crying quite heavily. Every so often she'd sniff and wipe her eyes and her nose with the back of her hand.

"Winslow!" bellowed a voice from somewhere behind her. "Are those bloody potatoes done yet, how much longer do you need, girl?"

Jessica could feel the tears in her eyes again,

"No, miss...sorry, miss. They're nearly done, miss."

Ever since she'd come under the thumb of Mrs Bridger her miserable life had become even worse. The formidable kitchen manager treated her like some sort of Victorian kitchen skivvy. Every dirty, greasy job was saved for her, cleaning out the ovens, washing up, scrubbing the grimy kitchen floor on her hands and knees. The work was never-ending. Ever since the serving-hatch incident, Mrs Bridger seemed to have taken a particular dislike to her. After she'd been pointed out and accused of insolence and disrespect, the monitor had simply ordered her to touch her toes and then leathered her backside with the short straps that they habitually carried. She'd also been reported to the Governor, Mr Maltby who had caned her over his desk in the presence of Mrs Bridger and most humiliatingly, the young dining-room assistant who she was judged to have disrespected by complaining about the size of the portions she had received. Despite protesting her innocence she was given a solid half dozen with his whippy stick which soon reduced her to hysterical tears. Following her apologies to both smirking women, Mr Maltby directed that she should spend the next month working as a kitchen under-assistant.

So now that was where she found herself, the assistant to the dining-room assistant. Her position and status at Seren Systems now seemed like a distant dream. Her high-powered meetings and expensive clothes seemed unreal somehow. Had she really been in charge of a department of thirty people? Was she the former financial director of a company that turned over millions? If that was true, why was she so worried about the size of the potato peelings that she was creating? The half-witted young dining-room assistant who was now her immediate superior had only just finished strapping Jessica's backside for leaving too much potato on the skins and thereby creating waste. Cutting them more carefully however, took that much longer and the girl had already promised her another strapping if she didn't buck her ideas up. Frantically she redoubled her efforts and scrubbed away at the horrible things. Before being sent to Southfields she'd hardly ever cooked anything for herself. She virtually lived on expense account lunches and takeaways in the evening. She was hardly a domestic goddess, she accepted that. But on the other hand she had no real intention of ever becoming one; in fact before her incarceration she had seriously considered employing a maid.

Which was ironic when she considered the fact that she was, in effect, a maid herself at the present time.

The door behind her swung open. Without turning her head she knew that it was Miss Jane. That was another shameful situation, being required to call a 19 year old yokel, miss. The smirking young girl had insisted on it, and whatever she insisted on carried the authority of Mrs Bridger. The kitchen manager had rapidly become one of the hated and most feared people in Jessica's life. She was loud and aggressive, and would not accept 'cheek' from anyone, certainly not from anyone as low in the hierarchy as Jessica. Her assistants regularly felt the slap of her calloused hand across the back of their legs whenever they displeased her. She seemed to view Jessica as a particular challenge to her authority, which was probably as a reaction to Jessica's upper class accent and manners. The woman couldn't bear to think of anyone looking down on her, and Jessica's entire demeanour seemed to suggest exactly that. When she first reported to Mrs Bridger for kitchen duty, the woman had taken a particular delight in belittling Jessica in front of half a dozen, amused assistants. That first meeting had ended with Jessica upended over the woman's plump knees having her bare bottom belaboured with a large wooden spoon. How she'd kicked and cried and struggled, and how the assistants had laughed and jeered at the amusing spectacle.

After standing hands on head with her shorts pulled to her ankles and her blazing bottom on display for 15 minutes, she was introduced to Miss Jane and informed that from now on the young girl would be in charge of her. She found out later that Jane Cowgill was the youngest assistant in the kitchen, but that nevertheless Jessica was expected to treat her with the utmost respect. Although she was fairly stupid, and her personal hygiene left a lot to be desired, Jane enjoyed total dominion over the former cool, young professional woman. She didn't like Jessica and she made it plain, the woman reminded her of all the pretty, entitled bitches at school who'd laughed at her and mocked her appearance. Well, now it was her turn to play the mean bitch, and she played it with a vengeance. Mrs Bridger had told Jane that so long as she didn't go too far, Jessica Winslow's discipline was largely down to her. Power, she now understood, was a beautiful thing. Rather than being the subject of discipline and being at everyone's beck and call, Jane was experiencing the heady pleasures of handing out orders and punishments whenever she wanted.

Setting the posh bitch to peel potatoes had been a very good idea. Clearly she was unused to domestic labour of any kind and therefore wasn't very good at it. And, as an extra benefit, there wasn't a 'right' way to peel potatoes and therefore Jane could criticise and complain to her mean little heart's content. She could tell the former executive was panicking just because she was stood right behind her, which was a delicious feeling. She reached forward and took a piece of Jessica's glowing red backside between her thumb and forefinger and nipped it cruelly. She was rewarded with a high pitched squeal of pain.

"What are you doing, Winslow? Are you completely stupid? In a couple of hours there will be a couple of hundred hungry girls here waiting for their dinner, do I have to tell them that it's not ready because you haven't worked hard enough to peel a few potatoes?"

"Please, miss. N...no, miss," she stuttered. "I'm working as hard as I can miss."

She had in fact peeled a reasonable amount, Jane reluctantly admitted to herself and she should know as it was generally one of her many chores, however she wasn't about to admit that. She drew a flabby hand back and slapped the trembling woman across her right bottom cheek.

"Owowww." Cried out Jessica, "P...please, miss."

"I'm rapidly running out of patience with you, Winslow; get a move on, girl. There's an entire storage room floor that needs scrubbing once you've finished peeling! I'll be back in twenty minutes and you had better have finished by then. I'm going to bring the strap with me just in case you haven't."

Jessica had got her wish for an indoor job, but my goodness she was regretting that wish now. She wouldn't have minded working outdoors with the snow billowing around her ankles, if only she could be free of Miss Jane and Mrs Bridger. Quickly wiping her tears away she hurried on with her seemingly never-ending task, only another two hours to go.

Chapter 12

Barbara Glover was stood ramrod stiff at attention in front of Mr Maltby's desk. Mr Maltby was the deputy governor at Southfields RC and therefore a very important man. In Barbara's eyes at the current time he was *the* most important man. Mr Maltby was the man who decided when or if a Southfields inmate was suitably penitent and therefore eligible to be released from her period of captivity. He was carefully reading her file as she stood in front of him; every so often he would glance up at her. Barbara was one of his favourites. She was plump and red-haired; he particularly liked feisty red heads. Not only did Barbara's temper earn her a larger than average amount of punishment, but her beautiful pale skin marked so beautifully. He remembered with pleasure her first few weeks at Southfields. She must have been caned at least two or three times a week, but that still didn't seem enough to tame her. According to some of her teachers she still carried a conviction that women were at least as capable as men. That had amused him, the clear inference that women could be considered superior to men. Her obvious feminist beliefs and behaviour had seen her original three month sentence increased to a six month one. Now it was his job to assess her level of contrition and either allow her release or increase her sentence by a month for the fourth time.

Barbara had been stood at attention for so long that she had started to tremble a little. She daredn't relax however. She couldn't give the man in front of her an excuse to keep her in this dreadful place for another month. She had suffered all sorts of indignities since she'd been incarcerated in this gloomy prison. At first she thought she'd just tough it out. What was three months after all? Perhaps she'd use the time to learn a new language or write letters of complaint to the relevant authorities. She almost smiled at her own naivety. Nowadays her day started at 6am with a jarring alarm bell going off. Cross country and then a meagre breakfast followed. Lessons started at 7.30am and went on until 2pm, interrupted only by a thirty minute lunch break. From 2pm until 6pm she'd be involved in some sort of physical work detail. Dinner was at 7pm, prep was from 7.30 to 9pm, and bedtime was 10.15. She had thirty minutes per day of unsupervised free time, during which she was generally too tired to do anything constructive.

Over the past few weeks she'd been on her best behaviour. She'd tried very hard with her school work, she'd learnt to parrot the New Government line until it was almost second nature. She'd written essay after essay exposing the evils of socialism and feminism. She'd gone days with only the lightest of bare-bottom spankings. Even her uniform was always immaculate nowadays; she certainly didn't want to accumulate pointless demerits. Perversely she was rather proud of her ability to reform herself and to fit in with the demands of Southfields RC. But enough was enough; she was missing her family and her boyfriend, especially her considerate, loving, well-endowed boyfriend. She was even missing her old job at Jenkinsons; perhaps they'd managed to survive without her?

Her reminiscences were interrupted by a cough from her interviewer.

"If you're quite ready, Glover?"

Barbara made herself concentrate; being inattentive right now would be foolish.

"Yes sir, of course sir," she stiffened as she spoke, trying to thrust out her breasts. Trying to remind Mr Maltby that she was still an attractive, sexy woman underneath her juvenile uniform.

"I can see from your report, young lady, that you've had your sentence increased three times. What do you think about that?"

This was a common enough question to which she had a well rehearsed answer.

"I think that the increases were entirely justified sir. They have given me time to reflect on my faults and attempt to rectify them sir."

"Very good, Glover, what about your original sentence? Was that too harsh do you think?"

Barbara recalled the sentencing very well. She'd been groped by two horrible men in a train on her daily commute. She'd shouted at them, something about perverts and scum as she recalled. As a result she'd been arrested rather than them! The outcome was that she'd been tried and found guilty on the testimony of the two men who'd assaulted her, plus the CCTV evidence which had been manipulated to show her shouting at the two middle-aged men for no apparent reason. The penalty was a six month visit to Southfields Re-education Centre.

"No sir, my sentence was entirely justified in light of the evidence the magistrates were given."

There was no trial as such; there weren't any jurors for example. The two men weren't required to appear in court and be cross-examined. Their statement and the doctored CCTV had been enough for the three male magistrates to consign her to Southfields' tender mercies. The whole process had taken about twenty minutes. Within ten further minutes she was installed in the back of a Southfields RC vehicle and on her way to prison. She knew that Mr Maltby was aware of all these facts of course. She knew that he was simply playing a game with her, toying with her and attempting to get her to say something which would enable him to extend her time.

"Good, good it's always pleasant to hear an inmate understand why she is being punished and for her to willingly accept that punishment."

"Yes sir, thank you sir."

"In that case Glover, I'm giving serious consideration to your case. Perhaps the time has come for you to leave our jolly institution and to re-take your place in society?"

Barbara smiled radiantly, it had worked! Her plan to keep her nose clean and to accept her position at Southfields had worked. Soon she'd be home.

"I'm glad that statement makes you happy, Glover, but your release is far from guaranteed."

Barbara felt as if her stomach had turned to ice.

"You see, young lady despite your attempts to appear penitent, I'm not entirely convinced. Don't forget I've seen many a manipulative girl in your position, and I know all the tricks. Here, for example is a note to me from your form master, please read it aloud,

"Glover has been at Southfields for six months now, and her behaviour has certainly improved. However the question is has it improved enough? She is less rebellious, but is she merely acting a part? Does she still harbour some of the dangerous ideas that she brought to this institution? My advice would be to err on the side of caution and increase her sentence by at least a month'

Regards,

Stephen Meadows."

Barbara could feel her previous optimism begin to ebb away. She'd tried so hard and kept out of trouble for so long! And yet here was a note from Mr Meadows suggesting that her unjust sentence should be extended yet again! What did she have to do to escape this horrible place? It was all so unfair, so unjust. All she wanted now was to go home to her parents' familiar house and be with them and all her friends again.

"Now this please, one from one of your older Masters"

"Glover was a rebellious little girl when she was sent to Southfields and remains one to this day. In my opinion her original sense was far too lenient. I suggest that she needs to have her sentence started afresh in order to give us another six months to beat her Left wing attitudes out of her.

Best Regards

F...Frank L...Lowery."

Barbara could hardly speak when she handed the note back to Maltby. Her eyes were so full of tears that the words on it had blurred into an indistinct mess. Mr Maltby leaned back in his chair and steepled his fingers. This sort of situation was what made his job so worthwhile.

"The question remains, young Miss Glover, what are we to do with you? On the one hand I have positive reviews from some of your tutors and I myself see a certain amount of penitence from you, but on the other I have some damning indictments. Mr Lowery for example clearly sees no real improvement in your behaviour. I imagine that beginning your sentence from scratch would certainly give him time to beat your left-wing attitudes out of you as he so eloquently describes them, don't you?"

Barbara was simply too shocked to reply at first. She fondly imagined that she had manipulated the system to her advantage. She'd endured six terrible months of these misogynist bastards, and she'd won out in the end. But increasingly that was looking like it wasn't the case. Was the man in front of her seriously suggesting that she had to serve an additional six months? She wouldn't, she just couldn't!

"Please sir, I have reformed really I have. I'm not the same person I was when I came here. You have to believe me sir...please sir!"

She knew her begging made her sound pathetic but she just didn't care. Just the idea that her sentence might be arbitrarily extended yet again had quite crushed her. Her last remaining bit of spirit had been broken; she could feel herself begin to cry. Slowly, humiliatingly she slid to her knees and looked up in supplication.

“I’ll do anything sir...please sir...I’m different now.”

Chapter 13

All Kevin's hard work was at last beginning to pay off, quite literally so. A couple of grand in cash pressed into Constable Zafar's grateful palm had been enough to buy off the attention of the local police force. Although it seemed a lot at the time, Kevin knew in his heart that it was relative small change in the scheme of things. In return for his generosity, he'd persuaded his wife that a part of the deal was that he, as the male of the household had to be seen to have charge of it. As a consequence, Gillian had to transfer her current account and her four savings accounts over to him. The ownership of the large, five bed roomed house, and the ownership of her silver Mercedes were also signed over to Kevin, and finally, Gillian's salary was to be paid directly into Kevin's own current account. The most amusing part as far as he was concerned was that Gillian was really grateful for his help. He'd spun her a yarn of course, suggesting that he'd taken a firm attitude with the two young policeman, even hinted that he'd threatened them with physical violence. But now, as far as she was concerned, the affair was settled. There would be no more 'routine visits' from the police to the house and almost as importantly, no more humiliating photos.

Kevin had of course insisted that there would be changes. For example he would, from now on, be taking a more personal interest in his stepdaughter's upbringing. There would certainly not be any more late nights without his express permission; similarly the whole area of discipline as far as Emily was concerned would have to be tightened up. He was concerned that the girl lacked a certain amount of respect and didn't Gillian agree? Still shell-shocked by her own rapid demotion within the household hierarchy, Gillian could only nod her head and reluctantly confirm his opinion; perhaps she had been too soft with Emily after all? Kevin had informed her that her daughter's grades at school were sliding, and that just couldn't be allowed, not with her important exams on the horizon. He wanted her to consider employing a tutor for Emily in the subjects that she was struggling with, and she'd promised to give it serious consideration. He also wanted Gillian to come home straight from school and not to hang around the street corners like 'some sort of delinquent.' Gillian wanted to tell him that Emily was eighteen now and surely that should be her decision rather than Kevin's, but the words just wouldn't come. Rather than confront him she merely nodded her head in meek acquiescence.

The reality for Emily struck home the very next time she sauntered into the living room and asked her mother for £20 so that she could go shopping with her friends. She noticed her mother's eyes flicker with confusion rather than reach for her purse, which was her normal reaction to any demand from Emily for cash.

"We've decided, Emily, that in future it would be more appropriate for you to ask me for any money that you think you need, rather than your mother."

"What!?" Emily asked in an amused tone. "Who do you think you are? Mummy has all the money in this house, why would I have to ask you for it?"

"Your mother and I have agreed that from now on, I'll be in sole charge of the household money. If you want anything, you need to ask me for it. Now, what did you want that £20 for?"

Emily looked at him opened mouthed and then turned to her mother,

“Is this true, mummy? Does little Kevin dole out the money now?”

“It is true, dear, but I do wish you wouldn’t talk like that, it’s quite disrespectful to refer to your father like that.”

“He’s not my bloody father, he’s the bloody lodger that you married for some reason!” bellowed the girl furiously. “And I’m not asking him for money, ever!”

Once again the door slammed shut as she stormed away. Kevin Longmuir tutted to his wife, shook his head sorrowfully, and hid himself behind his newspaper. He laughed to himself, things were going exactly to plan just as his favourite website had predicted.

The following morning he didn’t photograph his wife, he simply lay back in bed and sipped at the tea she’d brought him. He was watching her dress again, he wanted her to know that he could still dictate her outfits if necessary even though he wasn’t using his camera any more. He’d suggested her blue, pleated skirt teamed with a smart, red blazer, something to which she readily agreed.

“What time does the bus leave darling? You’d better get a move on, don’t want to be late for work do you? Whatever would Mr Chambers say?”

“Are you going into work today, Kevin? I’m a little pressed for time this morning; I’d appreciate a lift if you are.”

“I’m afraid not, old girl. I’m working from home this morning but I’ll need the Merc this afternoon.

“I wonder if Emily would give me a lift, I’ll go and wake her now. If we hurry...”

“I wouldn’t waste your time, darling. I cancelled her car insurance last night.”

“B...but why? How will she get to school today?”

“Afraid I won’t put up with her rudeness to us anymore. It’s staying that way until I receive an apology at least.”

She looked at him in confused astonishment.

“Do close your mouth, darling, you look quite ridiculous. And hurry up now; you don’t want to miss that bus do you? Mr Chambers wouldn’t like that.”

She pulled her coat on and hurried for the door, only to be called back and kissed by her husband before being chivvied back out of the door. Kevin watched her go before wandering back to his cup of tea and his morning newspaper. Making her walk a half mile to the bus stop in her high heels was quite amusing, he did like the way her bottom wobbled beneath her tight skirt. Absorbed in his newspaper he didn’t realise that thirty minutes had flown by. By his watch it was 8.15, Emily

was due in class by 9.00, he smiled to himself and moved to the sports section. Ten minutes later there was the sound of frantic feet on the upstairs landing. Five minutes after that, Emily came bounding down the stairs and crashed into the kitchen. She was dressed in her usual uniform but was still struggling with her navy blue tie. Once it was fastened, she pulled and twisted her dark hair into a sort of makeshift ponytail and secured it with an elastic band. Quickly she dragged out a bowl and filled it with cereal and milk. She turned to Kevin,

“Why didn’t you wake me? You must have known I’d be late for school! And where’s mummy, why didn’t she wake me?”

Kevin smiled back at her which only served to make her angrier,

“I’m afraid that waking you is not our job any more, precious. That is until you’re prepared to treat us both with some sort of respect.”

“What do you mean, what on earth are you talking about? I’m going to be late for school, don’t you even care?”

“I can’t say I do to be honest, Emmy.”

She hauled her navy blue blazer off the coat stand and grabbed at her schoolbag. She made her way to the small table in the hall and searched the surface.

“Oh God! Where the hell are my keys? Have you seen my car keys, Kevin!?”

“I have indeed my dear, both sets are in the pocket of my dressing-gown, here in fact,” he jangled the keys together to make his point.

“Wha...are you crazy? Just give them to me; can’t you see I’m in a hurry?”

“I’m afraid I can’t do that, young lady. Your mother and I cancelled the insurance on the car last night.”

She looked at him in bewilderment.

“But what do you mean? I don’t understand? You can’t just do that...”

“As I explained last night, Emmy, I decide how and why the money in this house is spent from now on. Didn’t you shout that you wouldn’t ask me for money, ever? Well, until you do ask me nicely, you won’t be getting any. I do hope that’s clear enough for you? And by the way, precious, it’s nearly 8.40, better run if you’re going to get to school on time, hey?”

Emily slammed out of the front door furiously. How dare he, how dare that bloody little creep deny her what was rightfully hers? Just wait till mummy heard about this! He should just be thrown out of the house, really he should be. It wasn’t as if he did anything around the house even, mummy earned far more than he did and all he wanted to do was spend her hard-earned money. She cursed to herself as she marched aggressively down the street and towards the bus stop, if she ran she might just catch the next bus, but even then she was probably going to be late. Damn that little prick! Somehow he’d wheedled his way around her mother, but there was no way that situation was going to last. No way at all, if she had anything to do with it!

Chapter 14

Jessica sat back on her heels and stretched her aching back. She was absolutely exhausted and covered in dirt and grime. Her tight, blue T-shirt was clinging to her and the smell of her own sweat was quite overpowering. Once she'd finished the damned potatoes she was sent to the damp, miserable store room at the back of the building. Armed with some bleach, a well-used scrubbing brush and a bucket of rapidly cooling water she was directed to scrub the stone floor 'until it gleamed'. She had been on her hands and knees for over an hour and was now hungry and tired. She daren't stop though, Miss Jane had told to carry on working until she arrived to collect her, but without a watch or a clock on the wall she had no real idea of the time. She particularly didn't want the fat little sadist to arrive unexpectedly and find her not working, although Miss Jane barely needed an excuse to thrash her.

Jane Cowgill glanced at her watch, it was important to time this correctly. That posh bitch would surely have finished scrubbing by now, but there still just enough time to check on her work before Mrs Bridger started to miss her. Making sure that nobody noticed her leave, she quickly made her way to the store room. She could feel herself starting to get excited already. She was pretty much at the bottom of the staff hierarchy at Southfields; she was under no illusion about that. Despite that, she was obviously much higher up the social pecking order than any of the inmates. It wasn't often that she got to throw her not inconsiderable weight around, and she intended to take full advantage of her opportunity. Quietly she entered the room, turned and locked the door behind her. She was gratified to see the woman following her instructions and still labouring at her menial job. She watched her work for a few seconds. Like many of the staff, she took a particular pleasure in humiliating and demeaning the more well-spoken, upper-class sort of women. Before working at Southfields she'd hardly ever come into social contact with the sort of posh, snooty women that the inmates seemed largely to be made up of. The only women she knew like that were teachers, government officials, or girls who had gone to University and now had jobs in offices.

"Winslow, over here, girl!"

She shouted across to the woman who was startled by her voice. One thing she'd learned at Southfields was that shouting in an authoritative manner always seemed to work. The inmates, she noticed, seem to respond automatically to being shouted at.

"No, girl, stay on your knees!"

She could feel herself growing damper by the second. Watching the well-educated woman crawl across to her on hands and knees was quite intoxicating. The tired looking woman eventually reached her and looked up. Jane even found the look on her face exciting. It was as if she'd accepted defeat, and her subservient role. Casually, Jane leaned forward and slapped Jessica across the cheek. She was rewarded with an exclamation of shock and pain, encouraged by the woman's compliance she slapped her other cheek just a little bit harder. Ignoring the woman's tears she grabbed Jessica by her little pigtails and dragged her towards her. With one hand she quickly pulled up her white dress and thrust Jessica underneath it.

“Start licking, bitch, I’ll show you what happens to girls who can’t follow instructions.”

Holding the woman’s hair tightly she squeezed Jessica’s face into her knickers. She pulled at the woman’s red hair even harder.

“Lick my panties you stuck-up ginger bitch, don’t pretend you don’t know what to do!”

Jessica was shocked and horrified, lick her? Surely she didn’t mean...

“Get your upper-class tongue in my fanny, you cow, and start licking, I won’t tell you again!”

Jane slapped her victim around the side of her head to emphasise the point. She wasn’t very clever, but she did know how to use her size and her mean attitude to get what she wanted. After all, she’d bullied many a smaller, younger girl in her time.

Tentatively, Jessica applied the tip of her tongue to Miss Jane’s rancid smelling underwear. Urggh, it was quite horrible, didn’t the fat girl ever wash? The force on the back of her head increased and she was made to apply more pressure to the younger girl’s lips. She could now, to her horror taste her obvious arousal. Jane pulled her head up and down impatiently, making Jessica’s tongue run up and down her slit. Jane couldn’t help groaning in pleasure, she’d done this sort of thing before of course but forcing such a snooty bitch like this was just fantastic. The vision in Jane’s head was that of beautiful Jessica Winslow in a smart suit in a nice office, ordering minions like her around. That image made the current situation even more exciting. She reached under her dress and pulled her sodden knickers to one side.

“Get your tongue inside me, right now!” she panted.

Jessica obeyed; she just wanted the whole thing to be over. She’d been beaten and worked to a state of exhaustion, and now this! She was very definitely straight and this just wasn’t any sort of pleasure. She ran her tongue the entire length of Jane’s engorged lips and then slid it inside the girl, who responded by writhing her hips and thrusting into her. Jessica was inexperienced but she tried to make up for it with enthusiasm, if she had to make this fat, sweaty bitch cum just for it to be over, so be it. She began to lap vigorously and slid her tongue around Jane’s pulsating clitoris. The effect was almost instantaneous, Jane bucked and writhed and pulled Jessica even further into her. It took just one more concentrated bout of frenzied licking and then Miss Jane climaxed all over Jessica’s sweat-sodden, grimy face. The girl threw her head back and stared sightlessly at the ceiling as she tensed and relaxed, ohhh that was sooo good.

Hastily gathering herself she glanced at her watch, shit, only a couple of minutes to go! She pulled her dress back down and thrust an exhausted Jessica to one side.

“Go and wash your face you silly bitch, do you want Mrs Bridger to find you like this?” She hissed.

Jessica didn’t want to attract Mrs Bridger’s attention under any circumstances, and certainly not like this. She hurried to the sink and quickly washed Miss Jane’s intimate juices from her flushed face. She quickly poured the contents of the filthy bucket down the sink and tidied away the brush

and the cleaning equipment. Jane meanwhile had surreptitiously unlocked the door and checked that the coast was clear, she ushered Jessica through it and back down the empty corridors to the main kitchen. Mrs Bridger looked at them both and then examined her watch.

“Just in time ladies, how did our disgraced former accountant manage, Jane? Was her work in the store room up to scratch, do you think?”

“She was okay, I guess, Mrs Bridger. No more than adequate, she could do with more practise if you ask me.”

“Take her back upstairs please, Jane. She smells like she belongs in a sty.”

As they walked away, Jane whispered ,

“Hope you enjoyed that, piggy. If you like your pretty face as it is right now, you’ll keep it a secret, understood?”

She pinched Jessica’s arm painfully, the woman squealed and rubbed her upper arm.

“Yes, Miss Jane,” she replied.

Chapter 15

Anthony Aston. Minister for Social Cohesion glanced at his watch and reached for his intercom.

“Call me when Sir Bernard is in the building please, Miss Hewitt.”

“Certainly, sir.”

Aston leaned back in his chair. He was looking forwards to his meeting with Sir Bernard Pomfrett. He didn't particularly like the man of course, who did for that matter? But when all said and done, Pomfrett was an integral part of the rise of the New Government. The Leader absolutely doted on him. Despite his obvious personal defects it was Pomfrett's scheming and planning and technical knowledge that had made his own job that much easier and more rewarding. Social Cohesion was seen as the place to work now, and as its star had risen, so had his own. Certain people within the Party were now mentioning his name as a future Senior Minister, and it was mainly down to the brains of one fairly unpleasant little man.

Sir Bernard's technical knowledge and almost religious fervour had helped change the nature of intelligence-gathering forever. Never had a country had quite so many cameras watching and reporting on its own people. Using his vast experience the old man had installed a fantastic system of surveillance linked to a specialist New Government facility that employed many hundreds of people to disseminate it. Intelligence gathering was all very well and good, but Sir Bernard wanted more and had ideas about how to achieve that. His work had come to the attention of the leader, of course. Plain Bernard Pomfrett as he was then duly became a favourite of the Leader and one of his most trusted acolytes. It was Pomfrett's idea to trial his idea by issuing free Security Bands to those that wanted them. The idea was that the bands gave out a constant signal and when fastened to the wrist could identify to within a metre where the wearer was. They couldn't be removed without a special code and therefore they were ideal in preventing abduction or simply getting lost. They were given away for free, and without a huge fanfare. Nevertheless, there was a significant uptake, particularly by parents and those with aging relatives. In a couple of high-profile cases, which were reported on endlessly by the tame Government media outlets, they were directly responsible for saving a life.

All this led to more kudos for the New Government, but the real reward was that unknown to the general public, the Bands were recording and forwarding conversations as well as issuing a constant signal. All at once the New Government had an extra pair of ears in thousands of unwitting households up and down the country. Aston rubbed his temples at the naivety of his fellow countrymen. Didn't they realise what the Bands were capable of? Nowadays they contained the entire history of its wearer. And the beauty of the system was that nobody was any the wiser. It was this level of organisation that enabled the New Government to function so efficiently. Once Sir Bernard's idea had been proven to work he was pretty much given a free hand by the Leader. He'd gone away and worked on another scheme and apparently it was bigger and more far-reaching than the Security Band idea. He could hardly contain his impatience, what did that sly old bastard have this time?

Just then his desktop buzzer sounded.

"Sir Bernard for you, sir."

"Thank you, Miss Hewitt."

Pomfrett looked the attractive young woman up and down, mentally undressing her, trying to assess her blowjob skills. It wasn't anything personal, that's what he did with every woman he met. This time though, Miss Hewitt held his gaze. After all she was PPS to the Minister and therefore untouchable even to a man as warped and determined as he was. Pomfrett smiled to himself as he turned away, if only that particularly arrogant bitch knew what plans for her.

The two men exchanged pleasantries and Aston settled down to listen to what Sir Bernard had to say. Thirty minutes later he was shaking his head in admiration, you to hand it to the old man; despite his unsavoury personality he was really quite brilliant. His determination to extend the State's reach into every corner of its own citizen's lives was very impressive. His next plan, at least as the minister understood it, was to create a public demand for healthy living. The central part of this was to be the distribution of free 'Health Bands' to the entire population. Ostensibly they were to be used to gather personal health details to create personal databases for everyone. That data would then be used to create individual training plans for everyone irrespective of age, sex, or physical condition. In reality of course they would also be used to gather information useful to the State because, in the same way as the Security Bands, they could also be used as recording devices.

"I've already discussed this with the Leadership, Minister. As you can imagine they are very interested in the development of my new device."

Aston nodded his head enthusiastically; oh he could quite imagine how interested they were!

"I asked specifically that this might be rolled out through your department, Anthony, rather than establish a new one. I was impressed with your support during the early months of the Cadet experiment, and I think we work well together."

Anthony Aston could hardly believe his ears, this was going to be absolutely huge, and thanks to Pomfrett's patronage his department and more importantly, his name would be constantly mentioned within the internal workings of the Leadership.

"Well that's very good of you, old boy. I'm sure we can work well together."

Pomfrett rose and extended his hand to seal the deal.

"Marvellous, I'm glad that's settled. There is one small item, the Leader suggested that I should choose someone with whom to liaise, someone we both know and trust within your department. I've chosen your Miss Hewitt, is that her name? The delightful young lady I just met? Hope that's not too inconvenient for you, someone from my office will be in touch regarding her transfer."

"B...but I..."

"I have the order right here from the Leader's own office, if you're confused in any way?"

"No, of course not, that's actually no problem. It was just a little...unexpected, that's all."

“Understand, Anthony old chap. onwards and upwards hey?”

They shook hands again, this time the older man’s soft, clammy hand held the Minister’s for just a fraction too long. Long enough for them both to establish just who held the real power in their relationship.

“Hewitt, HEWITT, you stupid girl, where are you?!”

Caroline Hewitt heard her name being bellowed down the hall and increased her pace a little. In her hands she carried a cup of steaming coffee and a slice of cake wrapped in a serviette. Breathlessly she knocked on the door with his name on it, Sir Bernard Pomfrett-Director of Operations.

“Come!”

Awkwardly she opened the door and hurried over to his side of the desk, carefully placing the items she held in front of him and then standing rigidly to attention by his side. Casually he reached out and helped himself to a feel of her stockinged thigh.

“Where have you been young lady?”

“T...to the cafe, sir. For your mid-morning snack, sir. It is 11 o’clock, sir.” She added by way of explanation.

The wandering hand gripped her bare, tender flesh at the top of her black stockings between thumb and forefinger.

“I do hope you’re not being cheeky, Hewitt. You know I can’t abide cheeky young girls, don’t you?”

Caroline squirmed in a hopeless attempt to dislodge his hand. “No sir, I’m sorry sir if it seemed that way.”

For a brief second she thought she’d got away with it, but then she squealed shrilly as he twisted and pulled at her thigh.

“I think you’re getting a little too big for your boots again, Hewitt. You do remember what happens to cheeky little girls in this office, don’t you?”

“Y...yes, sir. I do r...remember, sir.”

He pinched her again, more painfully this time.

“I’m busy now, Hewitt, but come and see me during your lunch break and bring a paddle with you. I’m damned if I’m going to thrash you on company time.” He dismissed her with a peremptory wave of his hand.

“Yes sir, lunch break, sir, understood sir. “ She saluted smartly and went back to her own office. What *had* become of her? Creeping and fawning over a misogynist old bastard like Bernard

Pomfrett, it was quite shameful, and that salute? If her friends and colleagues could only see her now! She had a well-deserved reputation as an ice queen, aloof and disdainful, but three months under Sir Bernard's expert 'tutelage' had soon disabused her of that notion. While she worked for Anthony Aston she had wielded a certain amount of power, she decided who he saw and who he didn't see. She was the stylish keeper of the gate. But now? Now she was dressed in a ludicrous, humiliating uniform and her duties, such as they were, were now more suited to a school leaver rather than a Parliamentary Private Secretary. Sir Bernard clearly had a thing for women in uniform. Being in daily contact with him she realised that every attractive young woman who worked for him were all similarly attired. She had heard of the Cadet Scheme, who hadn't? She and her wealthy, influential circle of friends often had a quiet giggle over the sight of women dressed up in uniforms from the armed services scurrying to and from their meetings. She remembered her first day working for Sir Bernard, she'd arrived in her usual work clothes, a stylish very expensive trouser suit worn over a silk blouse, tights, a pair of comfortable shoes, her usual knickers and bra, her make-up perfect and her lustrous black hair worn loose and shoulder length. The old man had looked at her open-mouthed, she smiled in return. It wouldn't be too long before she had him eating out of her hand like Tony Aston, men were so predictable.

"What the Hell do you think you're wearing, Miss Hewitt!?" He had thundered at her. "You're working for me now, not indulging yourself in some sort of fashion show. Don't you read your emails? Girls who are lucky enough to work for me must be smartly turned out at all times."

It was her turn to look at him incredulously. Men, especially elderly ugly little men like Sir Bernard Pomfrett, simply didn't talk to her like that. Men tended to follow her with their eyes and exhibit a certain amount of longing, the men she normally associated with were deferential and malleable. Only the very brave would even attempt to flirt with Miss Caroline Hewitt PPS.

"I think you'll agree that I'm very smartly 'turned out', Sir Bernard. And I'd thank you not to shout, if it's all the same to you"

His face turned from its customary bright red to puce in an instant.

"WHAT?! You silly little chit of a girl. How dare you speak to me in that insolent tone? I suggest you take your chubby little arse back to your desk, open your email. And read it!"

His sheer, volcanic anger was really quite impressive. For a short, unexceptional little chap, he had quite a temper. Her courage deserted her and she scampered out of his grandiose office to the little desk and schoolroom-type chair set up outside the door. She was literally shaking with anger, how dare he treat her like this? And what did he mean about her bottom? She turned on her computer and typed in her password, nothing happened. She typed in her password again, more carefully this time but yet, with the same result

The phone by her elbow rang and she answered it.

"Have you read your emails yet, Miss Hewitt?"

"Er...no, I haven't."

"And why not, may I ask?"

"I...erm...I can't seem to access my computer."

"That's because I've had your password changed, Miss Hewitt."

"Okay...what is it please?"

"chubbylittlearse, all lower case and no spaces." She heard a high-pitched giggle before he replaced the handset.

And that was her introduction to her new boss and her new workplace. Rather than her previous expensive, designer clothes, Caroline was now required to dress in the modified uniform of an army cadet. In her case that was four inch black, patent leather heels, black seamed stockings, a black garter belt, and utilitarian black knickers. She wore a fitted, starched, white shirt which she could only just fit her breasts into, a very tightly tied olive green tie, and a short, olive green skirt. Her dark hair had been cut shorter in a sort of pixie cut; she wore red lipstick, but no other make-up. That was what she wore around the office, an army-issue tunic and cap for outside use completed her appearance. But that wasn't all, unlike her previous boss; Sir Bernard was a stickler for formality. Thus he wasn't 'Sir Bernard' to her; he was always 'Sir'. She'd been sent away on a course to learn how to salute and had returned with a very sore bottom and a newly discovered skill. She'd learnt the term 'stand to attention' and now she understood it very well. She also now knew that Sir Bernard kept a detailed check on her every movement. The very first time emailed one of her friends regarding the 'funny, course, little man' who was now her employer she had been summoned to his office and presented with a print-out of her text. Her face had drained of its colour as she was ordered to read it back to him as he sat and stared at her like a malevolent toad. She felt the words turn to ash in her mouth as she spoke, ugly, old, stupid, common. The words made her blush crimson with embarrassment. When she had eventually mumbled her way through the email and ground to a halt, she watched transfixed as he opened his desk drawer and placed a long, thin, crook-handled cane on the top of it.

"Come and place yourself over my desk, Miss Hewitt and read me that letter one more time."

As she began, he whipped the cane through the air; she paused but then carried on. He rested the stick against the taut material of her green skirt. When she used the term, 'course, funny little man', he whipped the cane into the meat of her bottom. She shrieked in shock and pain, she'd never been spanked in her entire life let alone caned. The pain was just terrible, as if someone had applied a burning brand to her buttocks. Her hands shot to her backside in a futile attempt to alleviate the distress.

"You will not touch your backside without my permission, Miss Hewitt. That one doesn't count; get yourself back over my desk."

For a brief second she considering defying him, standing up and refusing to be treated like a recalcitrant schoolgirl. But he was such a bully, such an intimidating presence that she couldn't summon the necessary resolve. But she wouldn't cry she wouldn't give him the satisfaction. She'd take what he had to give with dignity and then report him to the relevant authorities, that thought

alone gave her a little bit of courage. The second stroke was agony and caused her to almost squirm to her knees.

“Carry on reading please, Miss Hewitt. We’ve quite a lot to get through.”

And so it proved, every time she uttered words that didn’t meet with his approval he simply gave her another stroke of the pliant, yellow cane. It took about an hour for him to be finally satisfied that she’d learned her lesson. By that time, all thoughts of taking her punishment with dignity and then laughing in his face had long been abandoned. Her eyes streamed with tears, her face was red and blotchy with crying. Her hair stuck to her head with sweat, her uniform was dishevelled. She’d spent the last forty minutes begging and pleading with the horrible, implacable little man just for him to stop, to let her up and stop caning her. Eventually, more due to the fact that he was looking forward to lunch than anything else, he called a halt to proceedings. He’d enjoyed her performance very much; it did his bitter old heart good to see her reduced like this. A haughty young woman like Caroline Hewitt, born into wealth and privilege and very much used to having her own way, kneeling on his office carpet, crying and rubbing frantically at her wealed buttocks. He let her carry on for a couple of minutes until he was bored. He stood over her and flexed his cane in a menacing fashion,

“I hope you’ve learned your lesson, Miss Hewitt,” he asked the sobbing girl. He used the tip of the cane to raise her head until their eyes met.

“I asked you a question, Miss Hewitt!”

“Y...yes,” she managed to gasp.

“Yes what, young lady?”

“Yes, sir. I...I have learned my lesson sir, please don’t cane me any more sir.” Her tearful blue eyes and pretty little face might have softened the heart of the average bully. Sir Bernard Pomfrett, however, wasn’t the average bully. His cane slid down her chest and flicked at the end of her olive tie.

“That remains to be seen, Hewitt. I’m sure there’ll be many more occasions for us to...er, discuss your behaviour in the future.” Ignoring her sobbing he flicked her tie back the other way. “What is clear though as that my employee you, and indeed I, are bound by the Official Secrets Act. Whatever happens within these walls, within this building, in fact wherever you work, is classified information and must not, in any case, be repeated. Are we clear on that, Miss Hewitt?”

Defeated she simply nodded her head; he raised her chin with the end of the cane again.

“I asked you a question, Hewitt, and I want an answer, an honest respectful answer.”

“Yes sir, I understand sir.”

She understood that a despicable sadist was now her Lord and master and legally there wasn’t a damn thing she could do about it. “You look a mess by the way. I suggest that you use your thirty minute lunch break to try and make yourself just a little more respectable, after all you work for me now and as you know I like my girls to be well turned out.”

From that day forward she was completely under the thumb of the horrible little toad. She soon appreciated the difference between the appearance of power and the actuality of it. Her former boss, and how long ago that seemed, Tony Aston was a Government Minister and thus to all intents and purposes a powerful man. Even a senior Government minister was bound by a certain amount of rules and regulations however. Bernard Pomfrett on the other hand had, apparently, no boundaries. She quickly discovered that he was the Leader's current favourite and was therefore at the very centre of the New Government. He was the definition of power, and what a dreadful man to give it to! He was an aggressive, rude, patronising bully who seemed to possess no redeeming features. His entire staff both hated and feared him in equal measure. Whereas Tony liked the idea of power, his was more imagined than real. He'd raised his voice a few times with the junior staff and on the odd occasion he'd summoned the nerve to flirt with her in the office. Pomfrett, on the other hand, regularly called his female staff into his office and personally punished them. Sat out in the corridor to his office in her little chair she couldn't help but hear the torrent of slaps, skin against bare skin that emanated from that room. So many times she'd heard the crack of the wicked little leather paddle that he liked, or even the whistle from his Malacca cane that he regularly used on her defenceless backside. The inevitable shrieking and crying would be followed by a tearful woman rapidly exiting the office, hands squeezed urgently to her backside or rubbing furiously through her skirt.

And he certainly didn't flirt with her, he merely fucked her. Whenever he wanted his cock sucked or his wizened old ball-sack licked, which was remarkably often, he simply clicked his fingers at her and pointed to his genital area. She in turn would hurry over to wherever he was, kneel down, and remove his knob from its tweed hiding place and get to work. The first few times he'd demanded that she service him, she'd struggled and tried to rebel. A double session of a paddled, and then ten minutes later, caned backside soon required her to rethink her objections. Her first few attempts were failures; he's simply pulled her from his cock by her hair and then roughly slapped her across the face. He'd asked her what the hell she thought she was playing at. When she tearfully admitted that she hadn't done 'that sort of thing before', he's simply laughed at her, slapped her again and told her that it was going to be a pleasure to teach her how to become a top-class cocksucker. She was appalled and frightened in equal measure; she'd never given a blow-job in her life, even to lovers. It was, she considered, far too demeaning for a modern-day, professional young woman. The cane however soon convinced her that her opinion was misguided, and her tutor was a very thorough man. Practise, as he regularly told her, makes perfect, and she was required to practise an awful lot.

Sir Bernard enjoyed using the girl's unwilling mouth. The beauty of a good blow-job was the fact that the victim's tearful, humiliated face was visible at all times. Caroline Hewitt was exactly the kind of haughty, upper-class girl that he liked to debase. The pretty, pampered princesses like her were always the worst cocksuckers. Clearly they never had to entertain or chase men, a notion that Pomfrett was only too willing and able to disabuse her of. The fact that she hadn't done it before made him laugh but weirdly was also a big turn-on. It was exciting to know that her instructor hadn't been a lover or a handsome young boyfriend or even her husband. It had been him, a lecherous, middle-aged, unattractive old goat. The look of terror and revulsion on her pretty face made his cock rock-hard, that and the copious amount of little blue pills he ingested of course. He liked to use her

roughly, to teach her real place. He pulled her hair, twisted her ears, and slapped her whenever her performance didn't meet his stringent requirements. She had to kneel there and quite literally take it. He liked to ease his straining cock out of her mouth and maybe slap her red, mucus-covered face with it. He'd impressed on her right from the beginning that she must, at all times, look at him. The look on her face was a marvellous stimulant. He'd recently taken to filming her performances, and would often play them back on the giant screen in his office. He quite liked to do it when she was in his office, fully dressed and carrying out her secretarial duties, the look on her humiliated, aristocratic face was really quite intoxicating.

He hadn't restricted himself to that of course, as exciting as it was. He was only flesh and blood after all. He'd fucked her in every conceivable position he could think of and in every orifice. He'd made her wear every permutation of her uniform while being fucked. Sometimes everything, including her tunic and even her cap, and just her knickers torn off. Other times she'd have to wear just stockings, garter-belt and heels while lying on her back on his desk. He'd recently introduced a full length mirror into his office and had enjoyed watching her face as he fucked her arse while she wore just blouse and correctly done up tie. He'd held her by the hair and made her watch herself being sodomised, he'd enjoyed himself enormously. He'd wanted to own the snooty bitch from the very first time he'd been to Aston's office and she'd looked him up and down in her typically disdainful way, as if he was dirt on the bottom of her shoe. Now watching her tearful, snot-covered little face screwed up in a heart-rending combination of shame and pain he considered it as mission accomplished. If only her rich entitled parents could see their oldest daughter right now, he mused, or even her friends. He paused for a second in his efforts, her friends? He thrust his engorged cock vigorously back into her arse and wondered idly which of her wealthy, braying, middle-class friends had been the recipient of the infamous email she'd sent those many weeks ago? He leaned back and slapped her glowing red backside again, and wondered how many similar friends Miss Caroline Hewitt had in her private mailing list. Another heavy-handed slap to her other buttock cheek followed, just for the fun of it, just to hear her privileged upper-class squeal again.

Chapter 16

Kathryn's feet were so sore; she had been marching up and down the same piece of tarmac for what seemed like hours. It was all such a waste of time, why on earth would a secretary at a firm of solicitors need to learn to keep in step with 19 other similarly dressed women. What was the point? She cursed her interfering old landlady again. What right did that nosy old bag have to send her to this bloody stupid place? She absolutely hated Cadets, the uniforms, the pointlessness, the discipline, the boredom of it all. It was dark and quite cold; her breath was condensing on the night air. She should be at the house, curled up with a good book maybe. Even watching her landlady's terrible choice of TV programme or listening to the horrible woman's daughter's witless chatter would be preferable to this. And yet here she was, being shouted at and intimidated by a large, intimidating drill sergeant with a peaked cap and a cane. Surely this sort of exercise had been designed for fit, young men in boots, rather than women in stockings and heels? Reluctantly she 'about turned' for what seemed the hundredth time.

Jessica had almost leapt out of bed on that fine spring morning, today was the last day of her six month sentence at Southfields Re-education centre. It was difficult to believe, but she'd been out of circulation for one hundred and eighty three days. At last she'd be free to return to her normal life, to see her family and all her friends again. Nobody had been allowed to visit her, but she'd been told that everyone in her confiscated phone address book had been informed of her misdemeanours and her sentence. The first few days of freedom would be a problem, she imagined. Having to explain what she'd actually done and why she had been sent to Southfields to everyone would be quite humiliating. But so what, that initial period of shame would soon be forgotten? At least she was free and away from the dreadful place. Now she had the chance to rebuild her career and her life. Dimly she remembered the Judge's instructions that she should be returned to court, but surely that was just a formality? She was so looking forward to sleeping in her own bed that evening.

Gillian Longmuir was feeling the pressure at work; it seemed that her workload was growing by the week. One of the older female managers in her department had been called into Mr Chamber's office on a Wednesday afternoon and been summarily dismissed. There had been no warning and no explanation; she'd simply been informed that there was no longer a position for her at Marston's. She'd been handed a black bin liner in which to pack her personal effects and then ushered out of the building by a senior male manager. Her sacking had sent shockwaves throughout the Company. What crime had she committed that had been serious enough to be fired without been given notice? When she met the unfortunate woman later in the week for a coffee, it turned out that she'd officially been dismissed for 'not being a team player', which in reality meant she'd refused to carry out a lengthy period of unpaid overtime. When she threatened to sue, the Company had simply pointed to the new law which specifically allowed employers to cite 'not being a team player' as legitimate grounds for dismissal, and then refused to give her a reference. She wasn't replaced; her workload was simply shared out between the remaining four female executives.

Emily Longmuir was sat upstairs in the cold little attic room which her father had designated as her school room. The old style primary school desk and chair set were apparently the only ones small enough to fit up the narrow winding staircase to the room. The result was that she was compelled to sit with her knees pressed uncomfortably up against the bottom of the desk and her backside overhanging the small chair. She was also dressed, rather humiliatingly for a Saturday morning, in her full school uniform complete with properly knotted tie and all the buttons on her blazer done up. She wasn't thinking about those things now though. In a little over 20 minutes, her tutor, Dr Walters, would be walking up those creaking stairs in order to test her knowledge of the Tudor queens. She was rapidly skimming her notes and trying to remember as much as she could about the subject.

While she worked, her mind drifted back to the last few weeks. How in God's name had she done so badly in her exams? The school had seemed quite confident that she would receive the necessary grades to go to her preferred University, but all that had gone horribly, horribly wrong. Even now she struggled to explain just why that was; the period around her various exams now just seemed to be a blank. Try as she might she struggled to recall anything that happened over that particular couple of weeks. All that she knew for certain was that she'd failed every single one of her Advanced Paper exams. Despite the disaster, her father had managed to persuade the school to accept her back to retake her entire final year. She supposed she should be grateful and in a sense she was, at least she had the chance to re-sit her exams next year and then on to University. However it also meant that at the age of 19 she was still at school, she'd begged him to allow her to re-sit in the local college but he was adamant. It was to back to St Clare's for a year, or it was nothing. And that was how it turned out; back to St Clare's and school uniform at her age! All her friends had gone on to University or were travelling the world on their gap years. Her father had also insisted that she was to have a tutor for all her subjects, and the man he'd chosen, Dr Walters, turned out to be a tall, thin-lipped, humourless man. He was clever, but also terribly demanding. He came to the house three times a week and drilled her mercilessly in all her subjects. He set her homework and tested her regularly and if she wasn't up to scratch he was quite happy to slap her delicate hands with his heavy wooden ruler. She'd refused at first of course, but her father reminded her that it was his way or no way. And his way involved her being subject to corporal punishment. He reminded her that she was still at school and as such she would be treated like a schoolgirl whenever she transgressed. Her tutor was, after all, merely interested in her success. Reluctantly, very reluctantly she'd agreed and that was how she found herself sat waiting in a cold attic while everyone her age was out shopping, or more likely still in bed.

Kevin Longmuir was in a fairly relaxed mode; his research had paid off very well. It had been quite amusing to watch the girl struggle with even the most basic schoolwork. Her mother had put her disastrous exam performance down to stress, but Kevin knew the real reason. After the shock of failure, Kevin had sympathised and agreed to take them all away on a very expensive, relaxing holiday. During that time he'd persuaded them that Emily could benefit from having a personal tutor. He also met the new headmaster of St Clare's at one of his NG meetings. A simple discussion with him had allowed Emily to also retake her final year. His wife was very impressed with his attempts to help put her daughter's life back on track and as a reward she agreed that it would be

best if Emily was to be legally adopted by Kevin and also take his name. She never actually read the legal paperwork that Kevin had drawn up via his friends at Marston's.

He learned to his pleasure that his predecessor, Michelle Brown, had escaped a long prison sentence due to her previous exemplary record, but had been sentenced to a year at Southfields Re-education Centre. In his briefcase he had some very interesting photographs regarding the woman's induction and subsequent first few days in that particular establishment. His contacts had assured him that she would be sent there rather than prison, and yet again they'd been correct. Kevin's enthusiasm and willingness to learn had not gone unnoticed at his New Government group. He'd made some very useful acquaintances and met some very interesting characters. One such character, a senior director in a business similar to Kevin's had suggested that it might be mutually beneficial if Kevin, rather than Aamina Malik, was the Sales Director at Lambert & Kline. Naturally, Kevin agreed. He could see the potential for such an agreement. The only problem was how to remove Ms Malik from her role. That was why he'd commissioned Michael McKinnon to provide a full dossier on the attractive Pakistani woman; he was looking forward very much to what that might reveal. He glanced up at his wall clock; there was just enough time to take his latest batch of photographs to the bathroom for a little executive relief before lunch.

Barbara walked as quickly as she could without actually running, as if she half expected to be called back at any minute. That dreadful place was finally behind her, and she didn't want to return. She'd debased herself in that bastard's office. She'd begged and pleaded with him until he eventually gave her permission to take his cock out of his pants. She'd licked and sucked until he achieved a fairly impressive erection. When he climaxed down her throat she fought her gag reflex and succeeded in swallowing his copious amount of sperm. He'd nodded appreciatively and patted her like a little dog. He told that perhaps she had learned her place after all, and subject to a couple of conditions he was willing to sign her release form which had been on his desk all along. She'd cried with relief, all her pent up emotions had been released. She hadn't cared what he thought or worried about the spectacle she was making of herself, she'd just slumped on his carpet and cried. When she eventually made it back up to her chair, her eyes were red and sore with her tears.

She was wearing the smart suit and heels that she'd worn at her very brief trial, but in her bag she carried her Southfields uniform. One of her the conditions of her release was that she'd have to wear the hated thing to work for at least the first month of her return to work. She was to be reminded daily, as if she needed reminding, of her humiliating stay at the Re-education Centre. More pertinently everyone else at the office and everyone who visited the office would be aware of her shame. In fact another condition was that she was required to inform each and every interested person of her crime, sentence, and experience at Southfields. Clearly she wasn't looking forward to that, but anything was preferable to being in Southfields Re-education Centre, surely?

Caroline had been typing now for three solid hours. She was making a long list of all her female connections from her various social media accounts. Alongside their name and, age, and a recent

picture was a short précis of their lives. There was a brief summation of their character, their various schools and universities, their jobs both past and present, and the achievements that they were most proud of. All of her contacts, from ages 18 to 51 were on the list; every so often Caroline would wipe a tear away as she worked. She knew very well what the list was for; it was so that her horrible boss could peruse it at his pleasure. She could imagine his ugly old face as he masturbated over some of the detail that she was being made to provide. The worst thing was that Sir Bernard had also demanded that she provided information that her friends and family would rather be kept secret, their weaknesses and past mistakes. Even her own mother had to be included, the reason the age ceiling had been set at 51 was because that was her mother's age. He was simply telling her, in his own typically charming way, that absolutely none of her acquaintances were beyond his malevolent reach. And as far as she could see there was no way around her imposition. Sir Bernard already knew the women who constituted her friends, and he'd warned her that if she left any single name out or made an error in their personal history, then he'd assemble all the staff in the building and cane her in front of them. And if she'd learned one thing during her brief stint with Sir Bernard Pomfrett it was that he never, ever made an idle threat.

In his recently discovered role as King Of The Universe, or Senior Policy Advisor to the Leader as it was officially described, Sir Bernard realised that there truly wasn't a limit to his power. Anthony Aston's burgeoning political career for example rested almost entirely on his spindly, unassuming shoulders. But more importantly he was one of the few to have met the Leader and actually spoken to him. They'd spent an hour or so together and Sir Bernard had been extremely gratified to discover that the Leader not only fully grasped the implications of his plans, but was actually effusive in his praise. He was also a man who shared Sir Bernard's particular...interests and they'd shared some amusing anecdotes. As they parted, the Leader had taken him by the hand and promised that 'the full resources of the State were at his disposal'. One look into the Leader's piercing blue eyes was enough to convince him that the man meant what he said.

Part of the beauty of his new career was that he was virtually unknown outside his own immediate circle, his name never appeared anywhere and at least to his knowledge he'd never been photographed. This enabled him to roam the streets completely unobserved and unnoticed. Truth be told he was a physically unimpressive little man, middle-aged, not particularly attractive, thinning hair, very...ordinary. He'd spent many soul-destroying days when he was younger lusting after unobtainable women. He loved women of course, but unfortunately they didn't love him. His sexual experiences had been mainly clumsy fumbles in dark rooms with reluctant, drunk girls, or unfulfilling sex with slatternly women who charged him for the pleasure. His brains had changed all that though, his ideas and inventions had helped revolutionise the entire country, and now he was finally reaping his just reward.

His latest idea, the one that had so excited both Tony Aston and the Leader was quite revolutionary. Information, as everyone knew, was power. The more information the State could acquire regarding its own citizens, the stronger and safer it would become. The technology was available, it had always been available. What was lacking was the political will to commit to such a radical scheme. The New Government had earned a certain amount of kudos by being extremely supportive of sport in general and personal health and fitness in particular. The advantages to the

individual and the State had been regularly pushed via the New Government's favourite media outlets. As a result there had been a huge boost in the number of people increasing their physical activity. As part of its paternal role, the New Government had decided to give away hundreds of thousands of Exercise Bands. The first recipients were women naturally; the New Government was at pains to point out that it was very pro-female in terms of their physical and mental well-being. The majority of the nation's newspapers and New Government dominated news outlets ran fawning, supportive articles. The pink bands became ubiquitous; women who didn't wear them rapidly became an unusual minority. Why wouldn't women wear them? Weren't they in favour of improved physical and mental health? Didn't they want to see a reduction in the medical costs to the State?

Sir Bernard had anticipated there would be resistance, the various remnants of the Women's Equality Party of course, certain Left-wing elements that were naturally opposed to the State, individuals who had taken the time to read about and research the potential threat that wearing a State-supplied wristband might actually pose. He knew for example that certain high-profile women made it a matter of principal not to wear his Exercise Band. Media personalities, actresses, even some sports women ostentatiously appeared in public minus their pink bracelets. Sir Bernard however, was unperturbed. His chat with the Leader had been most encouraging mainly because the two of them both realised that a few high-profile rebels would be extremely useful to their cause. First it would help identify the few pockets of resistance to the New Government that remained in the country. Second, the very public fame of some of the high-profile Exercise Band deniers could be used against them. What would send a clearer message to the female population than watching as their favourite stars were to re-appear wearing their pink bands? Nothing had to be said, they would be filmed and photographed going about their day to day business, but everyone one would know. There could be no resistance to Exercise Bands, to the State, to the power of the New Government.

Sir Bernard smiled to himself as he planned the next stage of his ambitious scheme. Shortly he would present himself to the Leader and outline the idea of a new government department. One that would be responsible only to the Leader, one that would operate under the radar, in effect a secret department which would be tasked with the idea of rooting out subversion in the country. Armed with the knowledge and secrets revealed via the Security Bands, the Exercise Bands, and of course Sir Bernard's extensive State snooping system, it shouldn't take too long to identify those elements ideologically opposed to the benevolent New Government. But who should run this new Department, free from the strictures and rules that hampered all other government Departments? Who would the Leader trust to run a secret Department? Who had the Leader's ear in this crucial time for the New Government? Sir Bernard Pomfrett stroked his chin thoughtfully, who indeed?

THE END