

# **REPURPOSING LAURA**

**CHARLES RYDER**

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## **ALSO BY CHARLES RYDER**

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Freya and the Amesbury's”  
(moderate, non-consensual content)  
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“State Orphanage 17”  
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(15,500 words, rated 5-stars)

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

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

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

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

“Ascendancy”

(moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(104,000 words)

The 3 books of the New Government Trilogy

“Victoriana”

(moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(22,688 words)

## Chapter1

Laura squared her shoulders and marched up the steps through to reception. She was just a little bit apprehensive. Normally these sort of interviews were meat and drink to her, a quick chat, an application of her particular spin and voila, another well-paid article. This wasn't a normal interview however, and these certainly weren't normal times. Her beloved Women's Equality Party had recently been crushed at the polls and, to her mind at least, a devoutly Fascist party had taken control of the country. Within the year there had been the most enormous social upheaval. Things she'd taken for granted, such as a fawning press and a supportive National broadcaster had simply disappeared. Her portfolio of similar-minded connections had shrunk enormously and to be honest she was fairly desperate to make some money.

That's why she'd taken this particular commission. Normally she wouldn't have come within a mile of a place like St Benedict's. She'd done her research and discovered that it used to be a very minor public school, unlike her own grand and expensive alma mater. But now, for some reason, it was the New Government's favourite educational institution for young ladies over the age of 18. Her brief was to find out what went on behind the forbidding walls of St Benedict's and more importantly, why. She wasn't particularly happy at coming into such close proximity to a place like St Benedict's. She knew it would be packed with her least favourite demographic, white, right-wing men.

There were however two compensations, the representative of the very well-known American magazine had made it clear that she was a fellow-traveller, stridently left-wing and feminist. The idea was that the piece would be an expose of St Benedict's and therefore of its only client, the New Government. Plus the money from the commission was eye-wateringly large with the suggestion that there would be more commissions with correspondingly large rewards.

She paused for a second to compose herself and then strode determinedly to the desk in front of her. A tall middle-aged woman with a very well developed bust looked down at her with an amused expression,

"Can I help you, dear?"

Laura immediately bridled at the term 'dear'. Who the hell did the fat old woman think she was?

"Are you lost?" Asked the older woman, solicitously.

Laura swallowed an angry retort while promising herself that this rude woman would appear in her piece.

"I'm here to interview Marcus Thompson."

The woman smiled again, "oh, the journalist! I'm so sorry I thought you were on a visit. I'll just check on Mr Thompson's availability."

Laura smiled back without any humour. Surely her appearance made it obvious that she wasn't 'on a visit'. She was always irritated by the casual dismissiveness that people attempted to treat her with. Laura was really quite small, about five feet tall in her stockinged feet. She also had very little female development to speak of, hardly any breasts and a tight, compact pair of buttocks. Not only that but she also had a very young-looking face, the boyfriends she'd had always insisted that they loved her 'cute' appearance. How she'd grown to hate that word!

Newspapers had described her as 'gamine', which wasn't too bad and partly referred to her determinedly short, boyish haircut. The general consensus though, was that she was attractive and young-looking. Neither of which she particularly liked. She was a serious journalist and committed feminist. She didn't need her looks or her appearance to open doors for her.

Partly for that reason she dressed in a fairly aggressive way. Her hair was coloured a startling bright red. She wore an expensive, beautifully cut black silk blouse and a pair of extraordinarily tight, black, wet-look leggings that appeared to have been painted on to her slight frame. On her feet were a pair of bright red five inch Manolo Bhlanik's that had cost her a weeks' salary back when times had been good. She'd practised walking in them assiduously until despite their height, they felt like second nature to her.

Despite her slight misgivings about dressing to please men, she also wore a bra with a little bit of padding if only to make her stylish blouse fit a little better, she told herself. She wore very little make-up, why should she after all? Apart from a bright red slash of lipstick which she felt that not only matched her

shoes, but made a little bit of a statement. She told herself that she didn't really care if this Marcus Thompson found her attractive or not, but truth be told, it was always felt good to put repulsive, entitled, middle-class males like him on the back foot.

She glanced at her Cartier watch, a gift from an admirer. The meeting was already five minutes late. She had been known to storm out of interviews in the past due to that sort of thing. This was different however, she really needed the commission from this one. It was half a year's salary to her after all. Unfortunately she no longer had a steady stream of interviews lined up and waiting for her. Just at that moment, the fat woman looked up from her desk

"Take a seat, dear. He won't be long. He's just dealing with a rather unfortunate situation."

Laura looked around; the only visible seat was a long wooden bench outside an office that she presumed belonged to this Thompson chap. She'd done her research on him and he was exactly the sort of pale, stale man that she harboured a particular hatred for. He was rich, of course, largely thanks to money inherited from his wealthy, recently deceased father. No doubt he'd used the money to start the school, and at the same time made himself the headmaster of it. Typical fascist behaviour she thought as she sighed and sat down on the bench's unyielding surface and wondered idly why it appeared to be so worn. She could hear voices from within the room. A man's deeper tones and the rather higher pitched soprano of what she imagined was a student. The man appeared to be quite angry and the girl more apologetic. There was a brief silence and then a sort of whistling noise accompanied by a squeal of pain.

Laura raised her head sharply, surely not? A second similar swishing noise followed and produced a similar, louder exclamation. Laura got to her feet, it sounded horribly like someone was being punished. Not that Laura had any sort of personal experience in that department. Despite being very expensive and posh, her private school wouldn't have even dreamed of disciplining its students in that way. Clearly it would have been illegal for one, and simply not the done thing.

As if to confirm her suspicion the whistling noise happened again. This time there was no mistake. A half shriek was emitted from behind the closed door. Laura looked around wildly for assistance. The large woman looked back at her expectantly.

"Excuse me, you have to help! I think a student is being assaulted in that room. Maybe we should call the police?"

The woman looked at her in a bewildered fashion and furrowed her brow before breaking into a little smile.

"What...Oh, I see, dear. You just sit down and don't worry yourself. That's just Mr Thompson dealing with the situation. In fact it sounds like he's finished to me."

Right on cue the door opened and a flustered looking young woman hurriedly exited. Her hands were pressed urgently to her backside and her face was screwed up and covered in tears. Laura watched open-mouthed as she went by.

"Miss Barnett, I presume?"

Laura half turned to see a large, portly, ruddy-faced man framed in the doorway.

"Erm...er...er, yes...yes I am."

Laura was absolutely dumbfounded. Was she seeing things, had that fat, beast of a man just caned that student? Surely that hadn't just happened? It certainly sounded that way though.

"I'm sorry you had to witness that, Miss Barnett, most regrettable."

"D...did you just cane that girl?"

"Why yes, yes of course." He sounded genuinely surprised by the question. "Why do you ask?"

B...but how old was she, nineteen?"

"Eighteen, I believe. But how is her age relevant?"

"Well, she's a young woman for one. You can't beat a young woman, surely?"

Marcus Thomson smiled and indicated a chair.

"You're a journalist I believe, Miss Barnett?"

"I think you know I am? Also I prefer Ms Barnett, if that's not too much trouble?"

Laura had rediscovered her equilibrium somewhat after recovering from her initial shock.

Thompson gave her a rather tight little smile.

"If you had researched the area, Ms Barnett, you would know that reasonable corporal punishment is now mandatory in all colleges of further education."

She looked at him angrily, no she hadn't realised that. But on the other hand it was completely what a fascist government would do.

"But what terrible thing did she do that she had to be caned for?" Laura's mind ran to all sorts of wild misbehaviour.

"I believe her shoes hadn't been polished well enough this morning. Her form teacher sent her to me to explain herself. And as I think you heard, her explanation didn't satisfy me at all."

This time Laura didn't attempt to hide her shock and bewilderment.

"Y...you caned a girl because her shoes weren't shiny enough? But that's terrible...it shouldn't be allowed. It's crazy! What do you think you're playing at?"

Laura could feel herself starting to get carried away. Her mood wasn't helped by Thompson's smirking condescension. She could feel her heart beating wildly.

"What I'm playing at, *Ms Barnett*, is the reasonable punishment of a pupil here in my school as per College Regulation 13(a). St Benedict's has zero tolerance for misbehaviour. Unfortunately many of our pupils are rather spoiled young ladies who have come to expect that the world owes them a living. I am here simply to remind them that it most certainly does not."

Laura composed herself and swallowed hard. She removed her notebook and took out her voice-recorder.

"Can we just get on with the interview please?"

"Of course, *Ms Barnett*, can I offer you a tea or a coffee, a glass of milk maybe?"

Laura's head shot up, she noticed a slight, amused smirk on his ugly face. How she hated this supercilious bastard already!

"No, thank you. I'm fine."

For the next thirty minutes she probed him about the college, how he had inherited it and now ran it day to day, how many students he had, what the college facilities were, how much the fees were, and that sort of thing. Eventually she homed in on her real interest, why had the college expanded so much recently and why were so many of the students from left-wing families? According to her research, a very high percentage of the girls were from families that had at least one prominent left wing person in it? Could he explain that?

Marcus Thompson smiled and settled in his chair. She was a cute little thing, no doubt about it. Once her hair had been sorted out and clothes organised properly she could almost pass as respectable. Well, once she'd had some respect beaten into her, obviously. He could just imagine what he was going to do to her. He shifted again a little uncomfortably, his erect cock was jutting painfully in his pants.

"I imagine that the reason we are very popular and over-subscribed, *Ms Barnett*, is because we run a tight ship. We provide a traditional college experience for children, as simple as that. A great many of our parents were brought up in that sort of environment. The disaster that was the Woman's so-called Equality Party merely brought home to many of them how lackadaisical and feeble educational standards had become."

Laura couldn't help herself. She hated any sort of criticism of her beloved WEP, especially from a person as contemptuous as Marcus bloody Thompson

"I don't think that's true, even for a minute. And even if it was, how do you explain the number of left-wing families in the school? Clearly you're not personally respectful of left-wing values and yet your school is full of young women from that sort of background!"

Thompson looked at her for a few seconds and managed to control his immediate anger. He was very unused to anyone, let alone a socialist chit of a girl, insulting him or his college. And in his own office as well, the absolute cheek of the girl!

"The long list of families of all political hues just waiting for an opportunity to enrol their children in my college is surely evidence enough that our methods are attractive to parents, wouldn't you say? I can hardly force parents to bring their daughters here, can I *Miss Barnett*?"

She stared back angrily. Something was definitely wrong here; the journalist in her could smell it.

"Do you think we're kidnapping girls and forcing them to study at St Benedict's, *Miss Barnett*? Perhaps I could offer you a tour of our humble premises and you can make your own mind up?"

Although she'd come to hate his superior attitude, she did in fact recognise it as a natural Private School thing, especially among the more arrogant, wealthy male bastards that she regularly came into contact with. But on the other hand, as a journalist, it was hardly an offer she could turn down.

"I can take photographs, presumably?"

Please do, Ms Barnett. It's not as if we have anything to hide after all."

His eyes flickered down to the cane that still lay prominently on his desk and her own automatically followed. When their eyes met again he left her in no doubt that he'd seen her looking at the wicked instrument and he smiled, the fat, slimy bastard. Just wait until her piece was published, he'd soon be smiling on the other side of his repulsive face!

## Chapter 2

“Follow me if you will, Miss Barnett.”

It was an order, she realised, rather than an invitation. As he brushed by her to the door, she sensed just how much bigger he was than her. Even with her heels on, he simply towered over her. She comforted herself that most of his imposing bulk was fat rather than the sort of attractive musculature that she preferred. Nevertheless she had to scurry just to keep up with his long strides. He didn't even make an attempt to modify the speed of his march to accommodate her petite size, he simply swept along the corridor as if he owned it. Which in effect he actually did, she thought enviously.

Her first impressions were of order and calm. The long corridor was immaculately decorated and maintained. The passed imposing doors which she guessed were classrooms until eventually he paused by one door, knocked and entered. Immediately all the pupils leapt to their feet as if worked with the same single piece of string. Without paying any of the girls the least attention he marched to the front of the classroom and spoke to the master in charge.

“Mr Piggott, good morning sir. I'm sorry to disturb you but we have another journalist in our midst. Would you object if we sat in on your class?”

“It's no problem at all, headmaster. If you and your guest would like to take a seat, I'll carry on with the lesson.”

The classroom was fairly stark, but well-appointed. The girls sat at small, traditional wooden desks facing the old-fashioned black board. All of them, she noticed sat almost to attention. The soles of the brown leather sandals together and flat on the floor, backs straight and their hands resting on their laps. The only sound was the voice of the teacher explaining a mathematical problem on the board. It was almost eerily quiet, no whispering or chattering, no tapping pens, and no rustling papers. In the ten minutes she'd been sat there, not one head moved to look sideways, never mind risk a glance back at where she and Marcus Thompson sat. She was both impressed and repelled. Impressed that a lesson in a subject as dull as maths could be carried out in near silence, but also repelled by the vague sense of menace in the air almost as if the girls felt threatened and were only sat so stiffly due to fear.

She took out her spiral-bound notebook and scribbled some words to that effect. The teacher turned from the board and asked a question, almost immediately half the girls thrust their arm skywards to attract his attention. He pointed to one who quickly got to her feet and folded her arms behind her back.

“Please sir, the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides, sir.”

“Very good, McDonald. You may sit.”

The girl sat down with a relieved look on her face.

The lesson carried on in much this vein for another 20 minutes or so. Fifteen perfectly behaved, knowledgeable young women answering their teacher's questions in an intelligent and respectful manner. Laura struggled to stifle a yawn.

“We're not boring you are we, Miss Barnett?”

“N...no, headmaster. Although, would it be possible for me to speak to some of the girls myself?”

He looked at her for a fraction.

“I don't think that would be a problem, Miss Bennett. Let me speak to Mr Piggott, I'm sure he'll be amenable.”

And so it transpired, Laura replaced Nigel Piggott at the front of the room and asked her questions. Was the food nice, were their rooms nice, and so on. Almost unnervingly each girl who stood and answered her was unstinting in their praise. St Benedict's was a great school! They were so lucky to be pupils here! Laura was a little bewildered, she could well imagine the answers to some of her questions had they been asked at her own school by a journalist.

By coincidence, Nigel Piggott was also thinking about Laura's old school. He knew she was coming of course, they all did. The lesson he'd just delivered had practised over and over until the girls were word perfect. He knew of her and hated her politics. He'd researched her on the internet, which was one of the first things he did when he met any woman for the first time. His first port of call was her school days. He knew she'd attended a smart, prestigious private school which must have cost mummy and

daddy a pretty penny. He found pictures of girls from the school in their uniforms. They weren't really his taste, too informal.

A skirt and blouse, a blazer, tights and any sort of shoes, typical posh-girls uniform in fact, lax, dishevelled, not even 'uniform' in reality. He let his mind wander to imagine Laura Barnett in a neat St Benedict's outfit. Now that would certainly be more appropriate. Although to be fair her current attire, and especially her drum-tight, wet-look leggings were having a particular...effect on him. He was only flesh and blood after all.

Eventually her wittering came to an end, and he could see that despite herself, she was impressed. Not that anyone at St Benedict's cared either way for her opinion. From what he knew, Marcus Thompson was untouchable. His New Government connections were evidently very good. Therefore St Benedict's was untouchable, and by extension so was he and the rest of the staff. Nigel Piggott smiled to himself, it felt good. He knew from his research and the TV appearances that he watched on social media that Laura Barnett had a very high opinion of herself. He'd watched her wiggle her little backside and flutter her eyelashes at the many interviewers who vied for her attention.

It was also clear now that her politics were unfashionable. Despite her self-professed intelligence, she was one of the last few Lefties who still felt safe enough to bring attention to herself. Well, soon she'd find out what a mistake that was. He glanced across at the girls and waited until he caught the eye of his current favourite, Clare Ferguson-Clarke. She blushed beautifully under his lecherous gaze. He adjusted his cock in his pants and planned his excuse to paddle her little bare bottom just as soon as the interfering bitch of a journalist had left the room.

"Satisfied, Miss Barnett?" Asked the headmaster with a self-satisfied little smirk. "Or would you like to see inside the cupboards before we go?"

Laura flushed slightly. She was very unused to being mocked in any way and wasn't quite sure how to deal with it. Instead she simply shook her head angrily. Thompson guided her out of the room with a casual hand in the small of her back. Angrily she wriggled herself to remove it, which served only to emphasise the delightful shape of her pert little backside in its skin-tight covering. She half turned in the corridor.

"Well, that was all rather super, Marcus. But now can you let me see an area of the school that hasn't been pre-warned about my arrival, perhaps? Those young people were certainly impressive; they did seem a little...coached."

"I'm not sure what you're implying, Miss Barnett?"

"Oh, Marcus you're quite a tiresome little man at times, aren't you?"

Marcus Thompson forced the grimmest of grim smiles onto his face, and managed to avoid saying what he truly wanted to say. At least for the present time.

"Lead on, Miss Barnett, Where would you like to investigate next?" You impertinent little bitch he thought.

They poked their heads into the kitchen and then into the gym where a group of attractive young women in tiny green knickers and chafing white nylon blouses were being put through their paces by a large officious-looking woman dressed in a black track suit.

"Please don't disturb yourself, Miss Boyle. This is Miss Barnett, a guest of the school."

The intimidating-looking woman said nothing but did sniff dismissively. She blew her whistle. The girls paused obediently and looked up at her.

"Five laps, girls. Ready? Go!"

She blew a short blast, and as one the girls set off at the run. Marcus paused to appreciate the sight. If there was one thing guaranteed to raise his spirits it was watching his charges in their gym-kits.

"Can we go now, Marcus? If you've seen enough that is?" The woman smirked as she brushed by him.

Once again he was forced to bite his lip. He'd had quite enough of this nonsense, how dare this little chit of a thing mock him in his own school?

"Of course, Miss Barnett, this way if you please."

He led the way out of the gym and around the corner of the building. He pushed against the next door he came to which didn't open. He pushed a little harder.

"Damn!"

“Problems, Marcus? You haven’t locked yourself out have you?”

“I...I don’t understand, this door’s usually open,” he muttered angrily.

“And you don’t have keys?” Laura smirked and gave a little giggle.

“Of course I have keys, Miss Barnett. I just don’t have them on me, that’s all.”

“That’s quite okay, Marcus. No need to apologise.”

Marcus Thomson flushed a bright red, which made Laura’s smile even wider. It was so amusing to torment a man like this, especially a dim-witted bully like Thompson. Without a word he stalked off, this time she enjoyed scurrying after him.

“Where next, Marcus? I’m beginning to enjoy this guided tour.”

“I’m sorry, Miss Barnett. It’s a bit of a trek going this way round. We can take in the new wing though, so that’s a bonus for you.”

“Ooooh, a bonus. I can hardly wait!”

Laura was rapidly losing her initial trepidation. Marcus Thompson was a just a man after all, and she’d never met a man yet that she couldn’t manipulate and wrap around her little finger. He stepped to one side and ushered her into what she presumed was the new wing. The steps went down rather than up as she had expected and led to a rather gloomy corridor. They passed a couple of locked doors before they came to an open one.

“And what to you keep in here, Marcus?” She asked, before a sudden forceful thrust ushered her into the room. Behind her the steel door clanged shut with a note of awful certainty.

“This is where we keep our irritating little bitches, Miss Barnett.”

“What on earth do you think you’re doing, you idiot? Let me out of here this instant!”

Laura pounded her little fists on the door which only revealed how solid it was. She had a sudden fear in the pit of her stomach; she hated little rooms like this, especially locked ones. She looked around, but there wasn’t much to see. A steel bed-frame bolted to the floor, a thin mattress, some sort of drain in the far corner, and that was it. There wasn’t even a window, that flight of stairs had taken her underground. She battered on the door with renewed vigour.

“Help! Help! I demand you let me out right now! Thompson! Open this door!”

She kicked against it but only succeeded in hurting her toe. On the other side Marcus Thomson smiled, he could hardly hear her and she was less than a metre away. These sound-proofed cells had been a wise investment, a useful place to store a non-compliant, hysterical woman. He whistled a jaunty little tune as he walked back along the corridor.

“Someone help me! You’ve had your fun, Mr Thomson. Now let me out!!”

Her voice echoed in the little room. She managed to keep it up for a good five minutes before she accepted the fact that he’d gone and she was alone...in a tiny little locked room. She forced herself to sit on the bed and think. She was incarcerated in a prison cell, not some random little room in a normal school, an actual cell. A cell specifically designed to keep its occupant quiet and out of the way. She fought to keep the feeling of panic from overwhelming her. What sort of girl’s school had a professionally designed prison cell on its grounds? She managed to keep her breathing normal and reached for her mobile phone. There was no signal whatsoever, and the battery was almost flat.

Quick, think. Who knew she was here? With a sudden feeling of relief she remembered the woman from the magazine. Meghan something, she’d actually commissioned the piece. She knew exactly where Laura was. If she was kept here against her will, questions would be asked and Meghan would surely be able to alert the authorities. She was a well-known TV personality for Christ’s sake, she couldn’t just disappear. All she had to do was keep calm and wait.

Time dragged horribly. Her watch told her that she’d been down here for four hours, but it felt like forty. There was no natural light and no stimulation in the room. She was hungry and thirsty, and she desperately needed to pee. She considered banging on the cell door again, but why bother? Instead she curled up on the mattress and tried to get some sleep. She woke with a start and glanced at her watch, six o’clock. The pressure on her bladder had grown intolerable. Quickly she stood and peeled her trousers down her legs so they pooled around her ankles, her silky blue knickers followed suit and she was able to squat inelegantly over the recessed drain in the corner.

She felt her face flush as she noticed for the first time the unblinking gaze of a camera in the far wall which was pointed directly at her. Trying to ignore it, she urinated as quickly as she could before pulling

her knickers back on and then with difficulty easing the super-tight trousers up and over her backside. She sat on the bed miserably and considered her options. She didn't have any, she quickly realised. She was a prisoner. She was being held captive against her will and spied upon. The one mitigating factor was that her solicitors would have a field day with this. Her public profile would also be sky-high. Plus St Benedict's and its fascist owner would be history.

## Chapter 3

Another two hours passed what if they intended to leave her here, on her own? What if they'd forgotten about her? She could die down here and nobody would ever know. She began to cry salty tears of self-pity. Suddenly she heard a rattle at the door; someone had inserted a key in it! The door swung open to reveal a woman, a short, stout, austere-looking woman dressed in a nurse's uniform.

"Please, please help me! I've been locked in here all day. I'm a prisoner!"

The woman smiled back at her.

"I know, dear. Calm down, everything's going to be okay."

Laura could have cried with relief. Thank God! Obviously some dreadful mistake had happened.

"W...who are you? Why am I a prisoner here? Can you call the police please and inform them where I am? People will wonder where..."

"Hush now dear, you'll become over-excited. Sit back down on your bed please."

Laura obeyed; she was too hungry and thirsty to argue.

"Would you like a drink, dear? I could get you a glass of water if you want?"

"Yes...please, that would be marvellous."

The woman walked towards her and sniffed. She smiled again and wrinkled her nose. She wafted her hand in front of her face.

"I think before anything else, you need a shower. You smell a little..." she let the word hang.

Laura blushed, she had a bit of a phobia about personal hygiene, she always showered at least twice a day and often more. She nodded her head in agreement. The woman gestured for her to follow, and for the first time in several hours she was allowed to leave the cell. Almost without thinking she made a break for the door at the end of the corridor. Even as she did so she knew with a sinking feeling in her heart that it would be locked, and of course it was. Guiltily she turned and looked at the large woman in her nursing uniform. She hadn't moved at all, she merely beckoned Laura back to her with an imperious finger. Feeling like a child, Laura walked slowly back to the woman.

"Follow me, dear."

At the other end of the corridor was another door which the woman unlocked with a key that she carried on a chain by her waist.

"In you go."

Inside was another stark, functional room. More stainless steel, a table, a shower in the corner, and a collection of medical-looking equipment.

"Can't we just go? I...I have a shower in my apartment. Can't I..."

Her voice sounded pathetic even to her. The woman didn't even bother to reply.

"Strip please, dear."

For half a second she considered refusing the request, but just one look at the woman's implacable face persuaded her otherwise. She sat on the table and undid her Bhlanik's before slipping them off. The table was slightly too high for her and she had to drop back onto the tiled floor. She undid her leggings and worked them slowly down her legs. She could smell the drops of urine on her legs from when she'd wet herself earlier.

She unbuttoned her silky, black blouse and placed it on the table with the leggings. She stood awkwardly in her bra and knickers. Despite her outward show of confidence, she was never comfortable in her underwear. All throughout her schooldays she'd never been happy in the changing-rooms. Somehow she was always the youngest looking, least physically developed of all her classmates, no matter what age she was.

"Do you normally shower in your underwear, dear?" Asked the woman with just the hint of an amused smile.

Blushing again, Laura's hands went to her bra and undid it. She tried to simultaneously cover herself and slip it off. This time the large woman did smile at her.

"Don't worry, dear. I'm the Matron of a girl's school and I've seen it all before. Plus it's not as if you have much to hide, is it? Knickers as well, please."

Laura blushed even more violently. This just couldn't be happening! She was having to strip against her will in front of some sort of nurse she'd never met before in her life. It was some sort of surreal nightmare!

"Knickers!"

The sudden raise in the woman's voice made her jump. Her pleasant persona was no more. Her voice was one that was used to be obeyed. Quickly Laura pulled her silk knickers down her legs and stepped out of them. To her horror she saw the woman hold her hand out.

"I'll take those, dear."

Laura was too shocked and disorientated to argue. Meekly she took two steps forward and placed the little bundle into the woman's palm. The uniformed woman put them to her nose. She recoiled immediately.

"Phew, good grief, girl. Have you wet yourself?"

Laura was simply mortified. Her face absolutely burned with shame. She could feel the first tears sliding down her cheeks.

"In the shower with you, chop-chop."

As Laura turned she felt a sharp pain in her backside. The bitch had slapped her bottom! The nerve of the woman! Even twenty four hours ago, she'd have slapped her back and enjoyed doing so. But now...it was all so weird. Submissively she scurried to the shower in the corner.

"Wash everywhere dear, but pay attention to those private parts won't you?"

Laura could hardly believe her ears. Was the woman quite mad? Had she stumbled across an entire group of mad people? Before she could consider that idea, the water suddenly spurted out of the shower-head. The controls she realised were on the outside of the stall. Oh my God, It was cold! She tried to step out of the shower but her path was blocked by the large, intimidating woman.

"P...please, excuse me... the water... it's bloody freezing."

The woman was unmoved.

"Get yourself back in that shower at once, young lady!"

Scared and confused, Laura obeyed and suffered the torrent of cold water. She stood and shivered miserably. Suddenly the water stopped and she wrapped her arms around herself.

"Look at me, young lady. I said look at me!"

Her teeth chattering with cold, Laura turned so that she could see the mad woman. Her hand slipped down to cover her mousy, pubic hair.

"The shower, young lady, can be either nice or nasty. Your behaviour regulates the temperature. Trying to run away is naughty, not answering my questions is naughty, not referring to me as 'Matron' is naughty, trying to leave the shower stall without my permission is naughty, pissing your panties is naughty. Do you understand?"

Laura was dumfounded, it wasn't often that she was lost for words but this was certainly one of them. By way of reply, Matron turned the shower back on at full power. The shock of the powerful freezing jet took her breath away, she had to gasp and then almost shout.

"Y...yes...I...I understand...Matron." She added just in time.

The pressure of the water reduced and the temperature rose, but only slightly. It was now merely cool rather than freezing.

"Carry on please, dear." The Matron's 'nice' voice had returned. She appeared to be the very epitome of reason.

"Don't forget; make sure you're clean all over. And I do mean all over."

Laura gave an involuntary shiver but did as she was told. As she lathered herself with the carbolic soap the temperature rose a little more and became almost pleasant.

"Rinse now dear, and don't forget your hair please."

Eventually it was done and Laura felt appreciatively better. The water stopped and the woman appeared with a large towel. Laura held out her hands, but the woman held on to it and signalled that she should step out of the shower. Laura did so and found herself enveloped in the large towel and the woman's muscular arms. She was rubbed and towelled like a small child; she gasped as Matron took a hold of her rather untidy bush and gave it a little tug.

"Remind me tomorrow dear, we must do something about this unsightly mess."

Tomorrow, thought Laura. What did she mean? And what 'unsightly mess'? She was showering, changing and then going home...wasn't she? Soon, thanks to the shower and the rough towelling down she was warm and her skin had a pink glow. Matron searched one of the cupboards and produced a complex piece of material for her.

"Put this on, young lady and then we get some food and drink inside you, you must be starving."

Laura picked up the dress, although it wasn't a dress, it was a piece of white canvas with too much length and too many buckles. She realised with a sudden stab of horror that it was a straight-jacket. Surely the woman wasn't serious? She shook her head and dropped the horrible thing on the floor. Matron looked at her quizzically.

"Surely you want to eat, dear? It's been quite a long time you know?"

"I...I do want to eat, yes...Matron." Laura's stomach took the opportunity to rumble.

"Then dear it's time to put the jacket on. No jacket means no dinner young lady, the choice is yours."

"B...but please, Matron, do I have to? I don't see..."

"The jacket and food, dear. Or no jacket and no food, and no water for that matter. You have five seconds to choose and then I'm going to go, and turn off the light as I leave. One, two, three..."

"Okay Matron, I'll put it on."

"Four."

"Please...please Matron. Look, I'm putting it on now. Look!" She could hear the desperation in her own voice as she fumbled with the canvas thing.

"You don't sound that happy about it, young lady. Perhaps you need to convince me? Get on your knees and beg."

Laura looked at her incredulously. The bitch actually meant it! But she was so hungry! She hadn't eaten or drunk anything since eight o'clock that morning.

"It's a requirement of inmates on the Medical Wing I'm afraid, dear. Some girls become hysterical and can be a danger to themselves and more importantly a danger to the staff here. You understand don't you?"

All that Laura understood was the hollowness in her stomach. She nodded sullenly.

"Well then?"

Slowly Laura Barnett, Left-wing heroine and media darling slumped reluctantly to her knees.

"Please Matron, may I be allowed to wear the jacket please?"

Matron Featherstone reached forward and took her cheek gently between her thumb and forefinger.

"Of course you may, my pretty little chick. Come and stand between Matron's legs and she'll help you."

Quickly and efficiently the jacket was put on, arms first and then tied behind her back, her arms were bound around her body and tied behind her as well, finally a strap was passed between her legs and attached to a buckle that she could never reach halfway up her back Matron stepped back to admire her work. My word, didn't she look gorgeous? Washed and scrubbed, her silly make-up removed and her hair still wet and plastered to her head. Taking her by the elbow, Matron Featherstone guided her back to her cell. While they'd been away someone had left a tray with a large glass of water and a bowl of something that smelled nice on her bed.

"Sit down dear and open your mouth please."

Laura realised of course that the woman was going to feed her like a baby. But to be honest, she just didn't care and she opened her mouth expectantly. First the glass was held to her lips and she was allowed a brief gulp of the beautiful, cool, crystal clear water. The woman looked at, "what do you say, dear?"

"Th...thank you, Matron."

That's okay, young lady. Good manners cost nothing, you'd do well to remember that.

"Yes, Matron."

The wonderful draught of water was followed by the most divine spoonful of soup she'd ever tasted.

"Thank you very much, Matron."

The woman nodded graciously. "That's okay, dear. You're a very good little girl aren't you?"

"Yes, Matron."

The woman raised the glass of water to Laura's lips.

"What are you, dear?"

“I’m a g...good little girl, Matron.”

The woman poured some more delicious water into her. That was followed by more soup, leek and potato unless Laura was mistaken. Despite the fact that she was in what was effectively a prison cell, in a straight-jacket and being fed by an obvious mad woman, Laura felt much better. Eventually the bowl had been scraped clean and the glass was empty. The woman stroked her hair.

“Bed time now, young lady. Matron will tuck you in.”

“B...but I don’t want to sleep, Matron. I want to go home now. Please, Matron.”

The woman smiled down at her but didn’t reply.

She could feel tears on her face, but of course she couldn’t wipe them away, Surely Matron didn’t intend to leave her helpless and bound like this? But she did, she was placed on her back and the bed sheets tucked tightly around her. Matron kissed her tenderly on the forehead and left the room without another word. The door clicked shut and then almost immediately the lights went off and she was all alone. This was insane! She was Laura Barnett this morning, but who was she now? Some sort of submissive, meek little girl that she hardly recognised, wrapped in a straight-jacket and locked in a little cell. The tears of self-pity rolled down her cheeks and pooled on her chest before soaking the sheet she was laying on.

In the room next door, two pairs of eyes stared at the large monitor in front of them. The infra-red light picked out the girl bound in her bed, the microphones picked up her indistinct muttering and sobs. Marcus Thomson slid his hand under Matron Featherstone’s blue, nylon uniform skirt and ran a finger the length of her pussy lips through her knickers.. He kissed her on the back of her neck.

“Another good job, Jane.”

“An easy job, Marcus. She’s very easily controlled and manipulated. Despite her own misplaced self-image.”

“Easy because you’re an expert my love.” He exerted a little more pressure with his fingers and she gave an involuntary little groan.

“How much of it did you put in her water by the way?”

Jane Featherstone ground herself on Thompson’s knee before replying.

“Just the right amount, Marcus. Just the right amount.”

As she said it she reached down and took hold of her lover’s erect cock through his tweed trousers. He really could still get a good erection even at his age. She smiled and turned towards him.

## Chapter 4

Laura tossed and turned, she was so hot in the bed. The covers had been pulled right up to her chin and she was strapped and buckled into the canvas monstrosity. The majority of the heat though seemed to be emanating from her pussy. What was wrong with her? She felt as if she was on fire down there! She squirmed and tried to scratch the ferocious itch between her legs, it was agony! Not painful, but extraordinarily irritating. She bit her lip and bucked her hips to no avail. She twisted and scissored her legs as best she could, but the itch only intensified. Oh my God! How could she go on like this!?

She was sweating profusely, she realised. Her bedclothes were sodden, the straight-jacket felt like a swimsuit, wet and clinging. If she could only free some part of her body to scratch the savage itch before it overwhelmed her! She kicked off her bedclothes wildly and lay on her stomach, maybe that would relieve it? She thrust her hips into the thin mattress and achieved a vague sense of contact. She fought and wrestled while above her the infra-red camera silently recorded her struggle.

The cell door opened with a clang, Laura woke with a start, her heart racing. Where? What...? Legs appeared in her vision.

"You seem disturbed, dear? We just came to check on you, you don't mind do you?"

"M...mind...what?"

"Is everything okay; is there anything we can do for you?"

Laura was so hot and sweaty she felt exhausted, her throat was too dry for her to swallow, but primarily and most distressingly her pussy was on fire. She rolled onto her back and looked up beseechingly. Matron Featherstone appeared, cool and collected in her starched uniform. By her side stood an amused-looking Marcus Thompson.

"What is it dear, a cool glass of water?"

"Oh yes, yes please."

The woman looked enquiringly at her.

"Yes please, Matron. Pleecease, Matron!"

"That's better, child. "

She turned and left, presumably to go to the kitchen. Marcus Thompson gazed down at Laura and sniggered.

"Not quite so arrogant now, Miss Barnett?"

She closed her eyes and tried to ignore his hateful face. He leaned forward slightly and placed his hand on the mattress between her legs. He sniffed loudly.

"And what is that smell? We could smell you as we came through the door... it's overwhelming. It smells like...like sex, Miss Barnett. It smells like your little pussy is running like a tap. Why would that be, young lady? Does being restrained excite you, hey?"

He slid his hand nearer so that his arm was virtually touching her inner thighs, and then flicked at the canvas strap running between her thighs. She felt as if a bolt of electricity had been shot through her. She gasped loudly, somewhere above her Thomson giggled.

"It does excite you doesn't it, slut?"

He ran a finger down the length of the strap and her legs scissored.

"Mmmmm," she panted.

He ran his podgy finger up and down, but just a little more forcefully. Her back arched to meet his hand, to desperately try and get some release.

"Would you like me to unbuckle this nasty strap, Miss Barnett? It must be awfully uncomfortable for you, it's absolutely soaking wet. Here, smell."

He removed his hand and ran a finger under her nose, leaving a sweaty, cum-soaked smear like a transparent moustache. If Laura could have fainted away with shame at that minute, she would have done so. Oh my God, her own secretions absolutely stunk of sex! He laughed at her reaction.

"Last chance, Laura-slut. If you want me to unbuckle you, you'd better ask politely."

"Oh please...please..."

"Please what, Laura. You're beginning to try my patience now. I'm tempted just to leave you to your own devices, you know."

"Please no, please no?"

"What do you want me to do?"

His hand had returned back to its position by her pussy.

"Please, unfasten me...please."

She tried to rub herself against his hand, but frustratingly he removed it.

"I'm not so sure, Laura-slut. What's in it for me?"

"Please, please. I'm begging you!"

"I know you're begging me, Miss Barnett. But I repeat, what's in it for me. And before you reply I want your answer to be polite and respectful, so?"

"Oh, please sir. I'll...I'll suck you. You can fuck me if you want...please, I'm begging you!"

She almost shouted the last word.

"You're a slut aren't you, Miss Barnett? Beneath that pretend exterior you're nothing better than a gutter-whore aren't you?"

"Yes sir, yes sir...a gutter-whore."

He leaned forward and began to unbuckle the strap. She began to writhe, trying to rub herself against him, what had happened to her, why was she acting like this? She didn't know, or even care at that point. The central itch in her cunt was driving her absolutely crazy! The cool air against her engorged pussy lips felt marvellous, she raised her hips off the bed as high as she could. Sniggering, the man placed the palm of his hand against her Mons and squeezed it gently. The effect was extraordinary; she ground herself against it with as much force as she could muster.

"Please, sir. Please, sir. Please, sir." She begged desperately, almost incoherently.

In reply squeezed ran his middle finger against her lips so it half entered her. She squealed and tried to impale herself on it. He slid it in and out, she was so wet and slippery that he felt as if he could have put his entire hand in her, but he contented himself with just two fingers. He worked them in and out while the volume of her evident pleasure increased. He found her engorged clitoris and played with it a little. She was bucking and writhing like a wild thing. He removed his hand and watched in amusement as she humped fresh air for a few seconds.

"What's going on here? Oh, Miss Barnett, whatever are you doing?"

Matron Featherstone had returned with her glass of water and stood looking down at the woman. Laura blushed as scarlet as she ever had in her life. It was bad enough being tormented by a bastard like Thompson, but now her degradation was being witnessed by another woman!

"I'm not sure what to say, young lady. I thought your prostitute clothes were just some sort of statement, but now I realise you really are a whore."

"Please...please?"

"Please what, Laura dear? Would you like Mr Thompson to allow you to cum? In front of the two of us, it's hardly ladylike behaviour is it? Imagine what your TV viewers might think if they saw you now, what would they say, I wonder?"

Laura had a sudden vision of herself writhing and begging on national TV, and perversely it made her feel even more excited. Above her she was aware of the mocking laughter and amusement of her two tormentors.

"Please...please let me cum. I'm begging you...please."

"I really don't think she's earned that privilege yet, do you Mr Thompson?"

The tears flowed for Laura's eyes; she looked up at Thompson, begging him for release.

"Hmm, I think you're right, Matron. She's still an arrogant, entitled, insolent little bitch. She was extremely rude to me this morning. Let's leave her; perhaps she'll be more amenable in the morning?"

"Noooo!" Laura literally howled the word. She couldn't wait until morning, she just couldn't!

She was pushed back down on her soaking-wet bed. She struggled and fought but couldn't prevent the broad canvas strap being refastened between her legs. She was pulled up into a sitting position and the glass of water pressed to her lips. She drank greedily and drained the precious liquid. She was so tired that she fell back exhausted. The light went out and she was alone once again. Almost immediately she could feel the incredible fire between her legs begin to reignite. In the viewing-room, Jane Featherstone had already rucked up her skirt, pulled her knickers to one side and was sliding Marcus' erect cock into herself.

## Chapter 5

The following morning, Marcus Thompson awoke refreshed and relaxed after a good night's sleep and an intense, sweaty session with Jane Featherstone. He enjoyed his usual large breakfast, dressed carefully, and made his way over to the new wing. He stopped a couple of girls who were evidently late for their first lesson from running rather than walking, but he was in such a good mood he merely reprimanded them rather than order them to report to his office, much to their evident astonishment and relief. He let himself into the little cell and was gratified to find Matron feeding their charge with some sort of mush for her breakfast. He settled himself on the edge of the bed and watched with interest as the pap smeared all around her mouth had begun to mix with the tears that coursed down her cheeks. She didn't look quite so proud now, he noted with some satisfaction.

"Did you sleep well, Miss Barnett?" He asked solicitously.

Matron held the spoon of porridge just out of her reach and waited expectantly for her reply.

"N...no, not really."

Matron Featherstone leaned forward a little and tapped Laura on her head with the spoon leaving an amount of porridge in her hair.

"I think it's time young lady that you addressed Mr Thompson here as 'sir', don't you? He is after all, your superior"

"Yes, Matron" sniffed the girl miserably?

"Well?" She tapped Laura on her head again, but just a little more firmly.

"I didn't sleep very well, sir." She blushed profusely, having to address a man so clearly disgusting and corrupt as Marcus Thompson in such a servile way after everything he'd done to her was so demeaning.

"Really, even in such a lovely room and with your own comfy bed? I am surprised."

Matron Featherstone sniggered which only added to her shame.

"Open wide, dear. Here's another one."

Shamefaced, Laura opened her mouth while the Matron made aeroplane noises as she delivered a spoonful of mush. Now it was Thompson's turn to mock her with a little snort of amusement. He watched for a while as Jane fed her little spoonfuls of food, each one followed by a whispered 'thank you Matron' from the humiliated young woman. The spoon scraped against the bowl as it gathered up the last remnants of porridge.

"Now, what are we going to do with you, Miss Barnett?" asked Marcus Thomson.

The woman couldn't reply even if she did know the answer. Matron Featherstone had taken a white flannel and was busily scrubbing her face clean with it. When it was done, Laura couldn't help but blurt out.

"You can't just keep me here, I'll be missed. I'm well-known, I can't just disappear!"

Her voice carried a certain amount of defiance, but mainly it just sounded scared. Thompson laughed in his overbearing confident, private-school way.

"Oh, Miss Barnett, you're still a child in so many ways. Once Matron has prepared you I'm going to give you a very thorough, bare-bottom spanking, as I would give to any insolent little girl in my school."

Laura managed to hold back her obvious retort because, quite clearly the odious scumbag was capable of delivering such a threat.

"Do you want me to take your jacket off, dear? Or are you happy to wear it for another day?"

"P...please take it off M...Matron."

"Could you perhaps a little more nicely, dear, a little more humbly, perhaps?"

"Sorry, Matron. Please, could you remove my Jacket, Matron. Please, I'm begging you?"

Laura was quite desperate to have the tightly strapped, humiliating bondage unwrapped from her body. She could smell the stench of her own sweat and her...secretions. She was happy to let herself be helped to her feet and be led to the nearby bathroom. She was required to clamber onto the steel table and rest on her knees and forearms.

“Spread your knees a little please, dear. No, a little wider than that please. I need to see that state you’ve allowed yourself to get into.”

Laura sniffed back her tears but complied. This whole thing was dreadfully humiliating but she just had to have her restraints removed.

“Wider than that, Miss Barnett. It’s not as if you haven’t displayed yourself like this before, is it?”

A single tear slid down Laura’s nose and plopped onto the table. As she did as instructed she felt the slight touch of the Matron’s finger on the canvas strap between her legs. Just a slight exertion of pressure was all that was required to set off the terrible itch there. What on earth was happening? She couldn’t help but squirm her backside to try gain some purchase against the Matron’s knowledgeable fingers. She felt herself panting as the woman unbuckled the belt and let it fall. The slight ripple of air she felt between her legs was enough to make her shiver. It took an enormous amount of willpower to prevent her from reaching back and simply sliding her fingers into herself.

“Oooohh.”

She couldn’t help but gasp as Matron let her hand wander down and take a hold of her engorged pussy. The woman let it linger there a little time before removing it completely. Laura heard the click of her heels on the concrete floor as she walked around the table. Suddenly she thrust her hand under Laura’s nose.

“Here, you little tramp, smell yourself. You should be ashamed, you naughty little girl.”

The smell was almost overpowering. Although she managed not to recoil, the stench was humiliatingly strong. Laura had never smelled herself quite so...distinctly. She felt hyper-sexual and she knew that she desperately need some sort of release. She thrust her Mons forward in an attempt to rub it against something, anything. Oh God! The itch was so strong! The woman left her and returned to stand behind her.

“Knees wider, you shameless little bitch.”

Laura obeyed immediately, she’d have done anything at that moment to achieve what she wanted. The woman slid a finger along her labial lips, Laura twisted and turned in anticipation, the uniformed woman laughed at her.

“Marcus, you have to come over here and see this. The slutty little bitch is literally dripping!”

Marcus Thomson left his position near Laura’s head from where he’d been enjoying watching the various stages of need, lust and anguish that she’d been experiencing. He went to stand next to the Matron.

“Good grief, Matron. You weren’t joking were you? Is that a little puddle I can see, a little stream of wantonness?”

He slid a chubby finger down the length of her lips and then inside her. Despite her acute humiliation, Laura groaned with pleasure and dipped her back in order to meet his hand. Both her tormentors sniggered at her predicament.

“You wouldn’t know it from her TV appearances, Matron, but it’s clear that Miss Laura Barnett is a hopeless, shameless, slut. Dressing provocatively isn’t an act after all. I always assumed that dressing like an aggressive bitch was a little girl’s way of being taken seriously. Now I see that she really is a cock-hungry whore.”

He pushed two fingers inside her and aggressively thrust them in and out.

“That is true isn’t it Laura, you really are a cock-hungry whore aren’t you?”

It took Laura a couple of seconds to realise that he’d withdrawn his hand and was waiting for a reply. She bucked and writhed lewdly, desperately looking for any available stimulus. He appeared in front of her.

“Well, Laura?”

“Yes...Yes, I am a whore...I am.”

He slid the same two fingers into her unresisting mouth.

“What sort of whore, Laura?”

“A dock-hunry whore.” She managed to mumble as he gripped her tongue.”

He unzipped himself and then took a hank of her hair. His erect cock sprung to attention and he forced it between her lips. Behind her, Matron climbed onto the table and pulled Laura’s buttock cheeks apart before inserting her surprisingly delicate tongue into the girls blatantly exposed sex. Laura sucked

and gobbled at the turgid pole of flesh as it roughly explored her mouth. She would have done anything right then to keep the older woman's skilful tongue lapping at her. Matron though was a wily old woman who'd done this sort of thing many times before. Her job was to keep Laura at a point of extreme stimulation without actually letting her come.

Marcus Thompson, meanwhile, was in his element. She wasn't even very good at what she was doing, most of his pupils were better for example, but the sheer idea of abusing this entitled snooty bitch's mouth was extremely exciting. Even for a man as sexually perverse and experienced as he, he came quite quickly, flooding her mouth and then pulling out and ejaculating all over her red, flustered face. Casually he wiped himself on her short hair before zipping himself back up.

"Our guest needs a shower I believe, Matron."

## Chapter 6

Laura Barnett sat exhausted in a chair. She had been sexually assaulted and then showered and fiercely rubbed dry. While she was still pink and glowing from the hot water she'd been deposited over Marcus Thomson's knee and spanked like a small child. Like a small, helpless little girl, and without her shoes, her make-up, and her expensive clothes, that's exactly how she felt. It wasn't just an admonitory spanking, it went on and on, her poor bottom was spanked very hard and for a very long time by a master of his trade.

No matter how much she screamed or how hard she struggled, the unrelenting punishment never faltered. Did she regret her rudeness towards him now? Whaack, whaack, whaack, whaack. Did she wish she'd referred to him as 'sir'? Whaack, whaack, whaack, whaack. Was she sorry for her arrogance? Whaack, whaack, whaack, whaack! And so on, and so on until all she could do was hang limply over his tweed-clad knees and just pray that the barrage of meaty, open-handed slaps would cease.

Once that debilitating, painful session was over she was perched on Jane Featherstone's ample knees and spoon-fed another unappetising bowl of something or other, washed down with lots of water. This time it didn't occur to her to struggle or to try and avoid the spoon. 'Thank you. Matron' after each spoonful fell unbidden from her lips. Once her face had been scrubbed again she was dressed again. She couldn't be sure when she'd last worn clothes, a day, two days, more?

She was so relieved that she didn't really care that they were school clothes, exactly the same uniform that she'd seen the young women wearing at St Benedict's. Ankle socks and sandals, blue knickers of the kind that she remembered wearing in her own school days, a crisp white shirt, a chokingly tight red and white striped tie, and a short grey gymslip.

Now she was sat in front of Marcus Thompson in the too small chair that he habitually offered to visitors. He was smiling and her in his irritating, self-confident way.

"Sit up straight, Barnett. Don't slouch, girl!"

Humiliatingly, for her at least, she obeyed him immediately. The old Laura would have told him to piss off; the new Laura wasn't quite so brave.

"For the time being, Barnett, you're to be a guest of the school. Clearly you'll want to remain incognito, what with your appearance and all my videos and photos?"

"Yes, sir."

That was the only possible answer, she dread to think what those 'videos and photos' suitably edited might produce. Even now she had to fight to stop herself dropping her hand down to her own sex and simply playing with it. The only thing that stopped her in fact was his threat to strap her hands if he caught her down there. She had absolutely no doubt that he would carry out his threat. Her bottom still throbbed horribly following her earlier spanking.

Perversely the burning sensation in her backside also seemed to be renewing the frantic itch between her legs. Had the supercilious bastard not been sat in front of her she would have had no qualms about pulling the gusset of her knickers to one side and simply pleasuring herself with her own fingers. She blushed as she remembered begging the Matron to lap at her clitoris, to allow her the release of the huge climax that had been brewing inside her.

"Luckily for you, Barnett, you're a tiny, underdeveloped chit of a thing. Having no tits and no arse to speak of can occasionally come in useful it seems."

"Y...yes, sir." Laura hated being reminded of her petite stature, it was so demeaning. But what alternative did she have?

"B...but sir...I mean, I...I can't stay here. I...I'll be missed. People know I'm here."

Thompson leaned forward with a smile on his podgy, infuriating face and rested his chin on his hands.

"Who knows you're here, Barnett?"

Laura fought to clear her mind; she knew the answer to this one. She tried to put aside the ache in her sex just for a minute.

"Well, the m...magazine that commissioned me for one. They paid me to come to St Benedict's and write a story."

"A story, surely you mean a scurrilous left-wing expose?"

“N...no, that’s not true! It’s a very well-known, respectable magazine.”

“The Democrat is a Hard Left scandal sheet.”

Laura felt a sudden stab of fear, how did the bastard know that The Democrat had commissioned her?

“And a couple of thousand dollars up front is a small price to sell your soul for.”

She stared at him, open-mouthed. Oh God, he knew! The pompous, arrogant bully knew! He laughed out loud at her obvious discomfort.

“And the only good thing about ‘Meghan Donohue’ is that she’s an actress, a decent actress admittedly.”

Laura felt the cold chill of fear in her stomach. Meghan had been a plant to lure her to this awful place. There was no \$35000 on completion. There was no commission at all in fact, but worse, infinitely worse was the fact that nobody knew she was here. Marcus Thompson smiled across at her like a cat with a small bird.

“And if you’ll take a little advice, Barnett, fingering your own cunt while dressed in school uniform isn’t a good look.”

With a little yelp Laura removed her fingers from where they had unaccountably dropped. What the hell was she doing!? Oh God, oh God what was she going to do? As if reading her mind, Marcus Thompson steepled his fingers.

“What are we going to do with you, Barnett? What use are you really?”

Laura tried to ignore the raging fire in her loins and think.

“You could just let me go and I promise I won’t tell anyone.” She looked at him hopefully.

He laughed out loud. “Really? Is that the best you can come up with? You’re a Cambridge graduate aren’t you? I really expected better you know.”

Laura could feel the beginning of tears in her eyes. He was right, that was a pretty pathetic answer.

“I’ll tell you what, Barnett. I’ll do a deal with you. Since your clearly struggling for ideas I’ll give you the opportunity to have a think. I’m going to put you in Mr Piggott’s classroom until you have something sensible to say. Mr Piggott was the gentleman whose lesson you interrupted if you recall? You’ll enjoy yourself in his class, I’m sure. He particularly loves entitled little left-wing rebels as you’ll discover. That’s why you’re wearing a red tie by the way, so that your masters and mistresses can easily identify you.”

“No...no...y...you can’t. I...I...”

“I can’t, Miss Barnett? That sounds awfully like a challenge. Would you like me to cane your naughty little bottom before I deposit you with your new classmates?”

Tears slid down her pretty, scrubbed, pink face. “P...please, no. You...you shouldn’t.”

Marcus, being made of flesh and blood, could no longer contain himself. He leaped to his feet and, hauled the startled woman to her feet, and then pulled her across his knees.

“It seems, Barnett, that you simply won’t learn your lesson.”

He flipped up her short skirt and once again simply belaboured her backside until she howled. This time he slapped her creamy, white thighs and was rewarded with an unearthly shrieking. She kicked her little legs furiously but to no avail. He paused but only to pull her knickers inside out and down to her knees. He slapped her buttocks just as hard as he could, happily ignoring their already swollen, bruised appearance. She cried and begged him to stop but that merely served to encourage him further.

Eventually he released her and lifted her to her feet. She grabbed her backside and squeezed and massaged them in a vain attempt to dispel the savage sting. Weirdly the friction between her Mons and his tweed trousers had caused her to leak horribly from her swollen pussy. She could actually smell her own arousal; the sting in her backside just seemed to make her hornier, was she losing her mind or something?

Once she’d calmed down, he straightened her uniform for her and then led her by the shoulder through the school. Despite her shame and her sobbing, she passed almost unnoticed. A tearful little woman under the control of Marcus Thompson was hardly news at St Benedict’s. When he arrived at a particular door, he knocked and entered. As if one, the class of girls stood to attention.

“Good morning, Mr Piggott. This is the new girl we discussed, her name’s Barnett. I’d advise you to keep an eye on her; she’s a bit of a trouble-maker as I understand.”

The teacher smiled showing his horribly discoloured teeth. He took Laura by one of her delicate little ears and led her to an empty desk that was right opposite his own and deposited her in the small chair.

"Have no fear, headmaster. She's in good hands now, I intend to keep a very close...personal eye on her"

Then to Laura's horror she was treated to a ninety minute lecture on the demise of the Women's Equality Party and why that was undeniably a good thing a good thing for the country. As a finale each girl was called upon give a one word description of the WEP. Laura watched in shock as each of her fifteen or so class mates leapt to their feet in turn and stood hands behind their back.

"Arrogant, sir."

"Inept, sir."

"Corrupt, sir."

Laura could hardly believe her ears, these young girls were the future and they were being indoctrinated and brainwashed right in front of her.

"Barnett?"

Laura took a little while to realise that she had been invited to join in the charade. Slowly she climbed to her feet, wracking her brain for a suitable answer.

"Erm...solidarity?"

Piggott's smirk fell abruptly from his face. "What on earth are you talking about, girl? Think again, and this time be careful!"

Laura could feel her stomach churn; she was so unused to being spoken to like this. She couldn't ever remember being referred to as 'girl'. The man's ugly, aggressive face wasn't helping her thought process either.

"Em..."

Piggott slid open his drawer, removed a large gym shoe and placed it ostentatiously on his desk. Her mind when blank, she opened and closed her mouth like a landed fish. With a practised movement, Piggott seized her by the collar of her blouse and simply hauled her to the front of the class. He pushed her over the desk; her skirt was so short that it immediately rode up exposing her knickers. Without a pause the man brought the heavy-soled slipper crashing down on her backside.

"Owwww." Only then did Laura begin to struggle, as if the pain of the first stroke had somehow kick-started her brain. A second stroke followed and then a third, Laura fought with all her might but it was hopeless. Fat and out of condition though Nigel Piggott was, he was still far too strong for her. He belaboured her backside with obvious relish. Stroke after heavy stroke crashed into its target. She shrieked and begged, promising to be a good girl if only he'd stop. Piggott was unmoved; he'd beaten hundreds of girls and was impervious to their distress. If anything the tears and humiliation was a distinct turn-on for him.

A posh, entitled woman like Laura Barnett normally wouldn't give a man like him a second glance, now she was completely in his power. He smiled and gave the bitch a final extremely heavy few slaps before leading her by the ear to the corner of the room.

"Nose right into the wall, Barnett. Toes touching the skirting board, and no rubbing"

She hurriedly obeyed despite the agonising pain in her bottom cheeks. She heard him leave and then return. She felt him jam something onto her head.

"A dunce's cap for a stupid answer, Barnett. Stay there and don't move until the end of the lesson."

Before he left he pulled her knickers to her knees. Stood humiliatingly in the corner of the room, nose pressed to the bare wall, arms behind her back showing her roasted backside to a classroom of women dressed as schoolgirls. She wasn't sure what Marcus Thomson wanted from her, but anything was better than this, surely?

## Chapter 7

That evening she was again stood to attention in front of Thompson's imposing desk. With him was another man, greying hair, smaller and thinner with a suit that didn't quite fit him. The headmaster introduced him as Mr Franklyn, from the Ministry. She noticed a little smile of derision when she was introduced and she flushed as a result. She was still dressed in her humiliatingly childish uniform and she could only imagine what she looked like.

"Did you enjoy your day in school, Miss Barnett? Mr Piggott told me how much he enjoyed it." Asked the Headmaster with a mocking attempt at fake sincerity.

Laura managed not to blurt out the first retort she thought of and instead replied, "yes, sir."

"Good, good...same again tomorrow then? That is unless you have some sort of idea as to how you can be of assistance?"

This was what Laura had been dreading, what on earth did the vile man want? She'd spent the afternoon thinking it over during double physics. And what was the Fascist weasel in the cheap suit doing here? Laura knew enough to know that 'the Ministry' was a euphemism for a senior member of the ruling New Government.

"I...I'm not sure what you want from me, sir. But I'm very willing to help if I can."

Thompson smiled and nodded in a paternal sort of way.

"How willing, Miss Barnett?" For some bizarre reason, Laura had a sudden image of the fat bastard fucking her over his desk, his big cock thrusting in and..."

"Miss Barnett?"

Laura blushed to the roots of her hair. What the fuck was she doing? In what universe would she be daydreaming about having sex with a man as unappealing as Marcus Thompson? Was she going crazy, this whole St Benedict's thing was like a surreal nightmare? To her shame she heard the Weasel snigger. Now she was being mocked by some chinless little bureaucrat!

"I...I'm not s...sure, sir." And now she'd developed a stutter, for Christ's sake!

"Fortunately, Miss Barnett, Mr Franklyn does have an idea. His job is to have ideas and then bring those ideas to fruition. Perhaps it's best if he explains?"

"Thank you, Mr Thompson. One of my jobs at the Ministry, Miss Barnett, is Information. I help to make sure that the books, magazines, pamphlets and films that we release are appropriate. It has come to our attention, naturally, that you still a supporter of the WEP. Is that true?"

Laura nodded cautiously; she could see where this was heading.

"I didn't quite catch that, Miss Barnett?"

"Erm, yes...sir." She added hurriedly, best not to antagonise the little creep.

He nodded in that infuriatingly pompous manner that all NG officials seemed to possess.

"My colleagues and I would like you to make a film, Miss Barnett. A film in which you happily renounce the WEP for what they really were, a rag-bag collection of shrill, misandrist scum."

Laura had expected some sort of denunciation, but the sheer cold venom of the man still surprised her. She looked at the two men, they certainly weren't joking. The whole picture was clear now. She was, she realised, probably the most high-profile supporter of the WEP who still appeared regularly in the media. Having her appear in their propaganda films would be a huge coup for the New Government. But what would be the result as far as she personally was concerned? The end of her career as a left-wing feminist pundit, that was for sure. The loss of numerous left-wing friends, undoubtedly. The confusion must have been written in her face.

"I can see that you're not as willing as you claimed, Miss Barnett."

"B...but I..."

"It's no problem. You'll be attending Mr Piggott's class tomorrow, he'll be so pleased when I tell him. It's PE tomorrow for his form I believe, perhaps I'll attend that lesson? I always find it so...invigorating."

“Thank you so much for your time, Miss Barnett. Perhaps we can resume this chat some other time?”  
Said the man from the Ministry.

“No...please...I”

Thomson picked up his phone and spoke into it. “Matron? Barnett’s ready to go back to her room now. Yes...yes, I’ll be along later to tuck her in.”

Laura could feel the tears already rolling down her cheeks. The door opened to admit the stout woman in her crisp, blue nursing uniform. She took a firm grip on Laura’s unresisting arm and steered her out of the room. As they left she applied a firm slap to the back of Laura’s thighs, much to the evident delight of the two men. She was led in tears back to her miserable cell. She briefly contemplated shouting for help, but to whom? The staff were clearly a part of the whole St Benedict’s conspiracy. They were hardly likely to want to help her in any way.

The women were clearly too terrified to say or do anything. She didn’t have her phone or her computer or even access to either two items. It was so infuriating, she was trapped in this horrible establishment, and under observation twenty-four hours a day. Back in the cell she was stripped of her uniform. Matron took her blue knickers and held them to her nose. She sniffed and pulled a face.

“Are you always like this, dear? You’re such a slut aren’t you. No wonder you can’t make a decision is there? Seems to me that all you can think about is your cunt. Here, smell!”

She pushed Laura’s pants into her face. To her shame Laura realised she was correct, she smelled very strongly of her own juices. She had a sudden overwhelming urge to thrust her hands between her thighs and just rub and rub and rub until...

Before she could act on her instinct she was put back in her straight jacket and then fed and watered by the amused woman. I don’t want to do this dear, but If I don’t I can see you playing with yourself all night. You do want to get some sleep I suppose?

“P...please, Matron.”

“Please what, dear? Please finger me until I come, Matron? Is that what you’re trying to say, you horny little slut? You really are incorrigible, aren’t you?”

The woman patted her on the bottom and made towards the lights.

“Please, Matron! Please don’t leave me. I...I need...”

“I know just what you need, dear. Nighty night.”

The switch clicked, plunging the little room into darkness. Laura kicked and squirmed and rolled, all to no avail. She cried herself into a fitful sleep despite the fact it was still light outside and the burning itch between her slippery, wet thighs was driving her absolutely insane.

The bang of the cell door woke her with a start. The sudden light disorientated her. She could dimly hear two jocular, male voices.

“Oh my goodness, Marcus, you weren’t joking were you? The whole room simply reeks of her doesn’t it?”

Marcus Thompson guffawed in his self-entitled way. “It certainly does, Andrew. She’s a slut, a horny, depraved little slut. She might pretend to be some sort of intellectual, but underneath she’s just another needy whore who’s ruled by her cunt.”

The little room was stiflingly hot and, restrained as she was by her canvas prison, she was absolutely bathed in her own sweat and secretions. The two men stood over her, one on either side of her uncomfortable bed.

“My, my, Miss Laura Barnett, the famous left-wing mouthpiece. If only your supporters could see you now!” Franklyn said with a little laugh.

“If only they could smell you now.” Added a guffawing Marcus Thomson, a man always pleased with his own wit.

Both laughed unpleasantly. Thompson allowed his hand to rest on her bare thigh before sliding it upwards.

“Mr Franklyn has taken pity on you Laura. He thinks that your lack of sexual release is clouding your judgement, making you behave irrationally. What do you think?”

His fat, clammy hand slid just a little higher and he flicked at the canvas strap between her legs. Laura moaned and slid a little further down her bed to try and rub herself against him.

“I see what you mean by needy, Marcus. She really is shameless isn’t she?”

"I asked you what you think about sexual release, Laura, about coming in a great overwhelming surge. What are your thoughts, dear?"

Laura groaned again, "oh please, yes sir...please." She squirmed lewdly, completely unconcerned at the spectacle she was making of herself.

Marcus undid the strap that was fastened between her legs, and then placed the palm of his hand against her Mons. He was rewarded with a little squelching noise which made both men giggle.

"She's so wet, Andrew! Here, have a feel."

He withdrew his hand and let Andrew Franklyn insert a long, bony finger into her. She writhed and lifted her hips. Franklyn inserted another finger and she bucked slightly. He slid them in and out, using his thumb to stimulate her super-engorged clitoris. She pushed herself frantically against him, desperate for release. The man withdrew his hand and wiped his fingers in her hair. She moaned loudly,

"Please sir, please sir...I'm begging you, please..."

There was suddenly a buzzing noise by her ear. From the corner of her eye she could see that Thompson had produced a pink vibrator. He placed it on the inside of her thigh and then slid it slowly towards her.

"If we allow you to have your little cummy, Laura, and it's a big if. What's in it for us, we're not unreasonable men as you know, but we do require some sort of incentive. Isn't that true, Mr Franklyn?"

He slid the Vibrator right up to her groin and let it buzz away. She twisted and turned in a vain attempt to rub herself against it.

"Very true, Mr Thompson. All we at the Ministry require is a little give and a little take. Surely you can understand that, Laura?"

Laura gasped and strained and writhed in desperation. Her dark hair was soaked and plastered to her scalp, her eyes were wide and beseeching.

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir...I understand, sir. I'll do anything, sir. Anything."

She was sobbing now, deep, heartfelt sobs.

"Can we expect a more respectful, reasonable attitude from you tomorrow, young lady?" asked Thompson.

"Yes, sir. You can, sir." Laura would have said absolutely anything at that moment.

"Very well then, it's time for your reward. Jump off that bed." Hurriedly she obeyed, struggled herself upright and then swung her legs sideways.

Thomson sat himself down on the floor with his legs apart. He held the pink Vibrator at eye level and turned it back on.

"Come on, Laura. Now's your chance."

She paused for just a fraction, did he really expect her to do that? To her right, the Weasel had taken out his mobile phone. The itch between her thighs was becoming unbearable. She stumbled over to her tormentor and started to squat.

"No, you silly little girl. You should be facing our guest. Don't you have any manners?"

Hardly caring now, Laura Barnett quickly spun to face the man from the Ministry. She adjusted her stance and greedily lowered herself over the buzzing, pink thing. She groaned with pleasure as she felt the tip of it push between her engorged lips. In front of her, Andrew Franklyn was busily making a debasing record of her humiliation with one hand while busily wanking himself off with the other.

Just as she felt the pleasure of the vibrating, pink plastic, Thomson cruelly lowered it just a fraction, her moan of disappointment was enough to make both men laugh out loud. She squatted to impale herself on the device but a few seconds later, just as she could feel herself beginning to come, the process was repeated. Laura was now crying with the desperate need for relief. Franklyn's unforgiving lens was recording it all for posterity.

Thompson, with the practised skill of the true sexual sadist kept on lowering the Vibrator until the base of it touched the floor. Now Laura was forced to squat just about as far as she could, she bounced up and down as the two men watched in fascination. Suddenly she paused and tensed and then climaxed enormously. She felt herself explode, all the pent up sexual tension of the last few days was released in a few glorious seconds. She screamed ecstatically and enjoyed the outpouring from her poor, tortured cunt. She writhed and pulsated and squeezed her thighs until she felt herself drained.

"Hey, Laura!"

As she looked up she was just in time to see Franklyn have his own enormous climax which covered her red, exhausted face in rope after rope of semen.

## Chapter 8

Laura sat as still as she could, the woman had lathered her dark bush and was just about to use the razor. Laura had thought about pleading for her pubic hair to be left alone but she knew it would not only prolong the inevitable but also her amuse her tormentors. So she remained still and silent with her knees parted shamefully. Marcus Thompson was staring at her with undisguised enjoyment. Clearly Matron Featherstone was skilled and experienced at this particular chore as it was merely the work of a couple of minutes until she was a bare and smooth as a child.

Although the procedure was done quickly and clinically, the merest brush against the lips of her sex was quite enough to excite her. She could have cried with frustration, even the image of herself with her legs open being ogled by an evil tub of lard like Thompson was making her leak.

Marcus Thompson was, if nothing else, a man true to his word. Despite her begging and entreaties she was prepared as she was before in her humiliating little-girl uniform and deposited in Mr Piggott's classroom once again. His fat, ugly face broke into some sort of dreadful rictus which he fondly imagined was a smile.

"So glad you could join us, Barnett. The rest of the girls so enjoyed your company yesterday. You can rest assured that I'll be keeping a very...personal eye on you today."

Laura felt her insides turn to water. He was a foul and disgusting man, but what could she do about it? She couldn't simply turn and run from the room, much though she wished she could. If she showed any sort of disobedience he'd probably just drag her across his desk again and beat her. She glanced across at her fellow, mature classmates and tried to adopt their sat at attention posture.

Another long day began. The first hour was taken up with a 'discussion' led by Piggott which explored the 'most appropriate' jobs for young ladies under the New Government. Laura had to keep her lips clamped together as the words 'secretary', 'shop-girl' and 'waitress' were bandied around. This was just so terrible!

"Ferguson-Clarke."

To her left a very pretty young woman, no more than 20 or so leapt to her feet and stood with her hands behind her back, her pert little breasts thrusting against her crisp white blouse. She looked familiar somehow, but Laura couldn't quite place her.

"What career do you have in mind, young lady? I can only assume it's nothing like mummy or daddy?"

Laura looked more closely at her, good Lord it was Annabel Ferguson's daughter! She been to the Ferguson-Clarke house several times, Annabel was a junior minister in the WEP government. Well, Annabel Ferguson-Clarke *had* been a junior minister; God knows where she was now.

"P...please, sir. N...no, sir." The girl blushed beautifully to the roots of her blonde hair.

"Well then?"

"Please, sir. Erm...em, maybe a teacher, sir?"

There was a rattle as Piggott opened his drawer and took out a thin cane. He tapped it on the edge of his desk.

"Get yourself to the front, Ferguson-Clarke and put your snooty little nose just here." He tapped his desk again with the tip of the long, slim stick.

Laura looked at the man in open-mouthed astonishment. Surely he didn't mean to cane a woman for wanting to become a teacher? The tears were already rolling down her cheeks as Clare made her way to Piggott's desk.

"My word, Ferguson-Clarke, such arrogance! Haven't we already discussed the unsuitability of women for certain roles, weren't you listening young lady?"

Laura knew, she just knew that she should leap to the girl's defence. She should make some sort of brave stand and denounce Piggott for the disgusting bully that he was. She could well imagine the tirade she would have directed at the bastard if he'd appeared on a TV show with her, or the Twitter-storm she would have unleashed on him.

But here, literally within touching distance of a man as obviously depraved as Piggott, her nerve failed her. She sat and watched with plump tears rolling down her face as the poor, innocent girl received six very meaty, well spaced-out strokes of the cane that left her squirming and howling over the pervert's

desk. She was sat so close to the girl's naked backside that she could clearly see the weals being added one at a time.

Eventually it was over, Clare Ferguson-Clarke was despatched to the corner with her knickers around her ankles and her hands on her head. The lesson progressed as if nothing had happened, as if caning a defenceless young woman was a common occurrence which Laura realised to her horror, was clearly true. She couldn't stay in this madhouse for another minute, she just couldn't! As she looked around desperately she caught Piggott's eye. He flexed the cane ostentatiously.

"Barnett, perhaps you could furnish us with an occupation suitable for a young lady in today's modern Britain?"

Laura forced herself to think, to ignore the mounting terror growing in her breast and think of something to say that would make the bastard happy. She rose slowly to her feet, arms clasped behind her.

"A...a n...nurse, sir?" She whispered.

"Speak up, young lady! We can hardly hear you," he boomed with fake bonhomie.

"A nurse, s...sir."

"A nurse you say, Barnett? Not a doctor, a nurse?"

"Yes, sir."

"A doctor would be an unsuitable profession for a woman, is that what you're trying to say?"

"Yes, sir."

He glared at her for twenty seconds, she felt faint. There was no way she could face a half dozen strokes with that horrible cane.

"Sit down, Barnett. See, you can use the few brains you have when necessary can't you."

"Yes, sir," she whispered before sliding back defeated into her seat.

"Oh, and Barnett? The correct way to address a master at this school is 'please, sir', understood?"

Automatically Laura got to her feet again.

"Please, sir, yes, sir."

The morning passed slowly until the classroom clock showed 11am. The bell rang and the girls quickly gathered their things together and stood waiting to be dismissed.

"What's your next lesson, Ferguson-Clarke?"

The pretty blonde had recovered and was now fully dressed.

"Please, sir. It's PE, sir."

The man smiled showing his uneven, discoloured teeth. "That's excellent. I may wander over to the gym and observe that lesson. Dismissed"

Laura couldn't quite repress a shudder of revulsion. What sort of school allowed its male teachers to ogle a gym session full of young girls? Nevertheless she joined her classmates and walked as quickly as she could without actually running. As she did so she realised that all of them carried brown leather, traditional school satchels slung over their shoulders in which they doubtless carried their PE kit.

Once in the changing rooms this was confirmed, as they hurriedly stripped off their uniforms and put on a pair of tight green shorts-like knickers and a tight, white open necked, short sleeved white blouse. That was it as far as Laura could see no skirts or bras or even socks. Her growing feeling of apprehension grew as she waited for the lesson to begin. She wasn't sure what to do, she didn't have anything to change into.

The changing-room door banged open and in marched the large, overbearing woman that she'd watched take a PE lesson on her first day.

"You, girl. Why aren't you changed and ready?"

Laura realised that all eyes were on her. "I...erm, I'm sorry, miss. I don't have any gym kit, miss." She was irresistibly reminded of her own school days at the College where this sort of admission would have been met with a rueful smile by her gym teacher and an invitation to go and read a book in the school library. Here at St Benedict's the reaction was slightly different.

"Strip down to your knickers, girl. I'll see if I can find a gym blouse for you."

Laura blushed horribly and opened her mouth to say something, but slowly closed it again. She unbuttoned her blazer and hung it up.

“Hurry up, girl! We don’t have all day. And the rest of you, get yourselves into the gym and keep running laps until I get there.” She slapped the nearest pair of bare legs to her to emphasise the point.

Laura wiped her eyes angrily with sleeve of her blouse. She wouldn’t cry, she wouldn’t give the old hag the pleasure. She unlaced her shoes and removed her socks, she pulled the gymslip over her head until she stood in just shirt, tie and knickers. Her hands went slowly to her tie while she looked at the teacher. Sylvia Boyle didn’t take the message, she just settled herself comfortably and watched. Angrily Laura pulled the tie through her collar and hung it up, she unbuttoned her blouse and did the same. As she turned she was met with a snigger from the woman.

“Haha, I don’t think I’ll have any trouble finding you a big enough blouse, dear, just give me a minute.”

The mean woman wandered off laughing to herself. Laura stood in just her knickers with her spindly arms crossed over her pert little breasts trying to not cry at the situation she found herself in. Two minutes later the large woman returned with a grubby looking blouse which as she fastened it around her Laura realised had been worn before and not washed. Wrinkling her nose she squeezed herself into the horrible white nylon thing, struggling to fasten the buttons even over her little breasts.

“Hurry up, girl. Get yourself into the gym and start running. We only have ninety minutes left.”

Ninety minutes! Laura was appalled. She hadn’t done ninety minutes of exercise in total in the last month. And her lack of fitness soon showed. Within a few minutes she was out of breath. The gym was small and airless, despite the heat of the summer day there wasn’t a single window open. After ten minutes of running in circles the girls were led through a strenuous stretching routine. Laura soon noticed a group of what she assumed were teachers in the upper balcony staring down in rapt attention. Horrible Piggott, the Weasel from the New Government and the Headmaster appeared to be sharing a joke and it didn’t take a genius to work out who the butt of their humour might be.

The girls were then ordered into sets of sit-ups, press-ups and jumping exercises. Laura felt her too-tight blouse chafe against her sweating chest, to her horror she realised that her nipples were erect and being constantly stimulated. Her legs felt empty and she was becoming light-headed. She was considering taking a rest when a sudden crack across her blue knickers as she bent over indicated that Miss Boyle had used her large gym-shoe as an incentive for her to carry on. A buzz of laughter from the balcony suggested that Miss Boyle’s methods had met with general approval. After another ten minutes the girls were allowed a break. During that time Laura was called out to the front and ordered to touch her toes before being given another dozen strokes for ‘lack of effort’.

“On your feet, girls. Only one hour to go.”

Rubbing her scorched bottom through her knickers, Laura would have cried desperate tears of self-pity if only she’d have had the energy.

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That evening she once again she found herself back in front of Marcus Thompson’s desk stood at attention. The two faces smiling up at her belonged to men who knew they had won the argument.

“Have you re-thought your attitude, Barnett? Mr Piggott and Miss Boyle would be happy to accommodate you in their respective lessons tomorrow, double maths and cross-country running are on the agenda, I believe.”

“Please, sir. Yes, sir. I have thought about it. I’d be happy to do anything you want me to do, sir.”

“Happy? Asked the man from the Ministry. “I don’t want you to be happy, Miss Barnett. I want you to be honoured. You’ve been chosen from hundreds, you should be grateful.”

“I...I am grateful, sir. It is an honour, sir.” Laura knew she was babbling but she just didn’t care. She would have done and said virtually anything to avoid being sent back to lessons.

Graham Franklyn looked her up and down slowly, as if he was evaluating her response. He wasn’t of course. He’d decided weeks ago to use the annoying little, loud-mouthed liberal in his plans. But being something of a sexual sadist he did so enjoy this aspect of his work.

“I am tempted to allow you to serve your country, as opposed to criticising it, Miss Barnett. However in return I’d like to see some proof of your new attitude. For example I’d like to see you on your arrogant knees begging for the opportunity.”

She realised immediately that he wasn’t using his invitation as a figure of speech. Slowly she slid to her knees.

“Please, sir. It would be an honour to help you, sir.” She looked up at him beseechingly.

“Come around here.” He clicked his fingers and pointed to his feet. “No, stay on your knees, the position suits you.”

She obeyed and watched as he unzipped his fly and produced his veiny, white cock.

“Open wide, Miss Barnett.” He grinned as he thrust his penis into her unresisting velvet mouth. This was one of the better perks of his job.

“Don’t look so haughty now, do you Princess?” Asked Marcus Thomson in an amused voice. “Not quite so aggressive and rude as when we first met?”

Laura was in no position to reply as she tried to avoid gagging on Franklyn’s swollen member.

“Are you happy with her performance, Mr Franklyn? Or is it back to lessons tomorrow morning. I know Mr Piggott will be very disappointed if Barnett doesn’t attend.”

Franklyn writhed with pleasure as beneath him Laura Barnett tried extra-hard to please

“I may allow her to help us, Mr Thompson, subject to your approval of course.”

## Chapter 9

The following morning was different for Laura. She was woken at a reasonable hour by Matron Featherstone. She was given a dressing gown and led to a kitchen where she enjoyed her first breakfast where she was allowed to feed herself. She drank a lot of water, she could still taste and smell Franklyn and Thompson on her tongue, she'd been put to bed with their sperm in her mouth. She'd had to prove her new found devotion to the New Government several times before they were both satisfied.

Thompson had ended by aggressively sodomising her, much to Franklyn's obvious amusement and pleasure. After eating she was allowed to shower and then dress in the clothes laid out for her. They were surprisingly stylish, black glossy heels, black, seamed stockings; blue silk knickers, a dark, knee-length pencil skirt, a rather nice white, silk blouse, and even a blue push-up bra to match her panties. She actually felt like a woman again, rather than a small, irrelevant child.

Thomson and Franklyn then led her to an empty classroom where her role was explained to her. While she was at the school she would be employed ostensibly as the Headmaster's PA. In reality she would be at the beck and call of all the staff. She would be a glorified intern with absolutely no authority. The most important part of her new job was to learn and understand her role in Franklyn's new 'Information' films.

The first time she refused to play her role or question any of his orders she would immediately find herself returned to her classroom environment where the staff would be encouraged to make sure that she understood that she'd made a mistake. If that didn't work and she was still obstructive she'd be arrested on some trumped up charge and imprisoned, as would the rest of her family, and did she understand all that?

Laura certainly did 'understand all that'. In a political sense she was half-glad to understand it. She'd been proved right, her political opponents were Fascist after all, and demonstrably so. Unfortunately the realisation didn't help her in the slightest. Here she was at the back and call of her sadistic enemies and there was nothing she could do about it. Perhaps the only way out was cooperation?

She'd do her distasteful duty and then once she had escaped their clutches she'd go straight to the Authorities. She's certainly have the last laugh, in her mind's eye she could visualise Thompson, Piggott and all their fellow perverts safely under lock and key. How sweet that day would be.

"Miss Barnett! Miss Barnett!" Franklyn rapped on his desk with a ruler. "You really must pay attention. The key to your performance must be that it is natural. We will be supplying you with whatever make-up and clothes that you require to make a convincing appearance in front of the cameras. All that remains for you is to read an autocue, you don't have to think too hard, we'll do all that sort of thing for you." He added, condescendingly.

Laura toyed with the idea of telling him to go and fuck himself, but decided against it. She was quite willing to go along with their plans, just so long as she emerged victorious at the end of them. It was decided that as far as today was concerned she'd be given a script to learn, and the recordings would begin the following day. She wasn't allowed to go and learn her lines in private of course; she had to go with Thompson back to his office where she was installed behind a small desk set at ninety degrees to his. To her fury she was also given a word processor and told to 'make herself useful' by having to actually type things up for him!

The absolute fucking cheek of the man, she could hardly believe it. He wasn't joking however, as she soon found to her cost. A spelling error led to a figure-wagging lecture, a second error led to her struggling over his knee while he belaboured her buttocks through her tight skirt, his large hand slapping her bottom until she was crying real tears and begging him to stop.

As she lay there exhausted and red-faced he calmly inserted his hand under her skirt and ran a portly finger along the length of her pussy lips. To her everlasting shame she realised that she was already quite damp, once again her own feminine secretions had betrayed her. Thompson didn't actually say anything, but his ostentatious sniffing at his own hand was enough. Her cheeks felt as if they were on fire, she was happy to remain face-down over his knee while the blush subsided, a situation that suited them both as the Headmaster absent-mindedly stroked her twin mounds while she lay there submissively.

She sat there for the rest of the morning, alternately typing clumsily and trying to learn her lines.

‘Having given my own situation a great deal of thought, I’m slowly coming around to the idea that I may have been wrong. My preference for a Left-wing solution to this country’s problems stems mainly from my upbringing. I was still very young when my parents were both influential members of the Socialist Party, and I imagine their enthusiasm naturally rubbed off little on me. Although, young as I was, I must admit to being a little confused by their decision to send me to a very expensive, fee-paying College rather than the local High School. That was my first indication that for many on the Left side of politics there is strictly do as I say, not what I do policy.’

And that nonsense was just the first paragraph. It went on and on explaining how both she and the Women’s (so-called) Equality Party weren’t just mistaken, but emphatically wrong. And the proof that they were wrong was the dismal state of the country and the subsequent destruction of the WEP at the hands of the Nation’s voters. Even as she read it and tried to learn it, Laura knew she was reading out her own obituary, no more nice little pay days from the Guardian or the Observer.

No more lucrative invitations to speak to Feminist Conventions on either side of the Atlantic. No more interesting titbits of gossip from her political friends, and no more invitations to Annabel Ferguson-Clarke’s house for drunken catch-ups. By reading this out on National TV she was cutting all ties with her political past and she knew it, but what were the alternatives?

Underneath her spiky, manufactured exterior Laura wasn’t that tough. She liked to drink and swear and indulge in social drugs like one of the boys, it was good for her image. But beneath it she was still a well brought-up, middle-class, private schoolgirl. And right now she was terrified. She had no doubt that Thompson and his New Government minders would keep her here safely under lock and key for just as long as it took.

Her time ‘in class’ had been both dispiriting and deeply humiliating. She was scared of people like Piggott and Boyle, they were so horrible and so unlike anyone she’d had to deal with in her previous existence. She just couldn’t contemplate being returned to their tender mercies. There was no alternative, she just had to grin and bear it, do whatever it took to convince the Weasel that she was a willing protagonist in his plans.

Despite her determination to please him, her first role play with Franklyn wasn’t entirely successful. The room she found herself in was decked out like a TV studio complete with surprisingly comprehensive, top of the range facilities. In her naivety she assumed that they’d been constructed entirely for her benefit. She wasn’t to know that the studio was a central part of the New Government’s strategy, well not yet anyway.

There were two other people already there, a director and a cameraman. She was positioned at a table and then checked for position and sound. Franklyn took the part of the interviewer and asked his questions from a clipboard. Laura was taken a little by surprise; she’d spent so long learning and re-learning her script she hadn’t given enough thought to answering particular questions. She blustered a little and guessed some of the answers. The ‘interview’ drew to an uncomfortable close.

“Could you two gentleman give us a little time together?” Asked Franklyn. Laura swallowed nervously.

“That was a very poor performance, Miss Barnett. I can see that I have quite a job on my hands. Place yourself over my desk please, it’s time I offered you little incentive.”

Reluctantly, yet submissively, Laura positioned herself over the desk. She felt her skirt being wrestled up her thighs and over her backside. The man didn’t even bother removing her blue panties.

Craackk

Craackk

Craackk

Three extremely painful strokes of something far more unyielding than his hand exploded across both her bottom cheeks. She screamed in pain, ohhh that hurt sooo much.

Craackk

Craackk

Craackk

Three more strokes cannoned into her backside which was protected by the skimpiest of blue silk. She howled and kicked her legs but made no attempt to get to her feet

“Sit back down, Miss Barnett, and let’s go over what I require once again.”

What Mr Franklyn wanted was erudite, intelligent answers which criticized the WEP and all their works. The two men returned to the room and if they noticed her red-faced, flustered state, they didn't mention it. The interview was begun again from the beginning and this time Franklyn considered her attempt was better, not good or even acceptable, just better. Eventually they broke for lunch.

Laura tidied herself up and adjusted her make-up before accompanying Franklyn to the dining-room. There she joined the top table and watched in amazement as the girls sat beneath her completed their lunch in absolute silence apart from the scraping of utensils on plates. It didn't escape her attention that, if things didn't work out, she could well be sat among them eating her unappetizing food and not daring to say a word.

That helped concentrate her mind wonderfully for the afternoon session; she slowly got the hang of how the questions were phrased and the necessary answers that had to accompany them. The following morning a set of clothes were presented to her, they looked brand new and expensive. She showered and tried not to obviously play with herself. Despite her predicament she still felt quite indescribably horny.

Only the very distinct threat of her poor buttocks being scalded yet again prevented her from plunging her fingers into her sopping cunt and working feverishly at herself until she came in a glorious explosion. She had guessed correctly that she was filmed for virtually twenty four hours a day, she had absolutely no privacy any more. Any sexual misdemeanour on her part would undoubtedly be punished.

She noticed that even her favourite branded hair-dye had been supplied and realised that her selection as a mouthpiece for the New Government had been a long time in preparation. She dressed carefully, working the skin-tight wet-look black latex trousers over her calves and her thighs so that they looked like they'd been spray-painted on. They were even tighter and more revealing than her normal choice; surely they were at least one size too small? Even without knickers on they seemed to suck into and stick into her labia, her camel toe was clearly evident.

She'd been supplied with a stiff, whale-bone corset that squeezed even her little breast development into some sort of display despite the fact that she didn't have a bra. The sheer white blouse she had been supplied with was tight and the material constantly irritated and stimulated her nipples until they felt raw. Her heels were Louboutin's, black with red soles. However they were brand new and stiff and too small for her, forcing her to almost balance on her toes. She grimaced at her reflection in the mirror.

Despite her discomfort she looked exactly like she normally did. Nobody would ever guess that she'd been kidnapped, held against her will and tortured for the last few days. Tortured certainly wasn't too strong a word either. But looking at herself she realised that the psychological mistreatment didn't show at all. She looked like a well-rested version of herself. Indeed when she was finished preparing herself she was thoroughly examined both by Matron Featherstone and then by the Weasel himself.

Apparently passing muster she was installed behind a desk and left to wait. After a lengthy period she heard a slight commotion behind her, she turned her head and saw a familiar blonde head. Good Lord, it was Karen Hopkinson! Her arch-nemesis and most virulent critic. Karen approached her with a broad smile.

"So good of you to agree to this interview, Laura. I'm really looking forward to it, you bitch."

Karen's fake smile disappeared to be replaced by a look of malign aggression. Laura felt her spirits sink even further if that was possible. Karen Hopkinson! She hated the woman, indeed she was a figure of hate for everyone on the political Left. Karen's little entourage of yes-men and women all stared at her with expressions ranging from contempt to outright anger. Laura had never felt quite so alone or vulnerable. No one had ever suggested that her interview would be conducted by an outsider, let alone one of her biggest enemies. She felt herself trembling even before the interview had begun. From her right she heard footsteps.

"I do hope you're going to be a good little girl, Laura. If you are, and I certainly recommend that course of action, then you'll get your reward. If you deviate from the script by one iota I promise you that you'll receive a suitable punishment. I do hope that is understood, my dear?"

She looked up into the benign gaze of the Weasel and nodded automatically. What she'd learnt in this terrible place was that threats were, without exception, carried out. Fifteen minutes later Karen Hopkinson swept back into the studio.

“I’m ready to go now, you skinny little bitch. Let’s hope your memory is even half the size of your ego.”

Laura glowered back but said nothing. She heard the director call out his instructions and tried desperately to remember everything that the Weasel had taught her and at the same time ignore the throbbing, pulsating messages she was receiving from her pussy. She needn’t have worried; she was an intelligent woman after all and had taken part in many debates over the years. She played her part to perfection, nodding and smiling where necessary, calm and serious when required. She was acting out her own professional obituary and she knew it. No one would ever take her seriously again as a political pundit, she thought bitterly.

“So in conclusion, Laura, what would you like to say to the great British public regarding your close association with the Women’s Equality Party?”

Laura smiled and looked at the camera nearest to her. The urge to simply drop her right hand to the crotch of her wet-look panties was almost overwhelming.

“Thank you, Karen. First of all I’d like to offer my heartfelt apologies to the nation. I realise now that the WEP was a well-meaning but naive organisation that was infiltrated and overrun by shrieking Left-wing harpies. Their message of abuse and hate centred on the hard-working men of this country was sadly misplaced. Their bile blinded them to the actual work of governing Britain, a task that proved to be way beyond their actual capabilities. Now that I’ve seen the light and realised that the women at the top of the organisation are indeed a criminal element. I think it only right and proper that arrests should be made and the perpetrators of the recent horrors that we’ve all had to endure be put on trial before sent for their inevitable re-education.”

“Well, I am surprised, but at the same time thank you for your honesty, Laura Barnett. It’s most refreshing to hear a former poster-girl for Socialism repent on national TV. And as far as punishment is concerned, where do you stand on cheerleading celebrities like yourself? Shouldn’t you and people like you be put on trial as well? After all weren’t you instrumental in ushering the WEP into power?”

Laura squirmed awkwardly in her seat; this hadn’t been discussed at all. She wasn’t sure what to say, to be honest she’d have much rather rubbed herself to orgasm. It wouldn’t have taken her long either, she could actually feel her pussy lips pulsating against the thin latex of her pants.

“Well, Miss Barnett? Don’t you feel any personal guilt for the excesses of the WEP? An organisation that you were an enthusiastic, if not the most enthusiastic proponent of?”

Laura blinked and looked owlishly at the camera. For once her sharp wit had deserted her.

“Thank you, Laura Barnett, I think your response to the question says everything that needs to be said. We’ll have to leave it there I’m afraid, viewers. Perhaps you have your own opinions regarding Miss Barnett’s behaviour? We’d be delighted to hear them at the usual website. That’s all we have time for tonight, thank you and good evening.”

Laura watched the assistant countdown the seconds and then indicate that the cameras were off before slumping miserably in her seat. What an absolute disaster! Her opinion was only confirmed by Karen Hopkinson’s broad smile which this time was genuine.

“Oh Laura! That’s the end of that I’m afraid. Your credibility shot to pieces in thirty minutes.” She laughed gaily as she collected her notes.

Graham Franklyn wandered over, he was smiling as well. It could hardly have gone any better as far as he was concerned. The WEP vilified and condemned by one of its own, and the famous Laura Barnett reduced to a tongue-tied little girl.

“Thank you so much, Miss Barnett, most informative. And now for that little treat I promised you I’d like you to bring your chair to the front of the stage and to sit on. That’s right, so you’re facing the camera and the technicians. I imagine Miss Hopkinson and her retinue may be interested as well. Now Miss Barnett, can you guess what your treat is going to involve? That’s right, young lady, legs nice and well apart.”

## Chapter 10

Laura's feet ached terribly, she could hardly breath, her thighs chafed and she was bathed in sweat. Her hair felt slick and plastered against her head.

"Laura, go and get me a coffee, will you?"

Laura plastered a smile to her face.

"Of course, Miss Hopkinson. Right away Miss Hopkinson."

Laura answered in a bright, chirpy way because that's how Miss Hopkinson required her to speak. 'I don't want any of my staff giving off negative vibes, Laura. Right now you're the centre of negative vibration. I want an immediate improvement in your attitude young lady or else I'm going to pack you off back to school, would you like that?' She still remembered the conversation with Karen Hopkinson, Karen, or Miss Hopkinson as she now insisted on was her new boss. When they'd told her that she'd be a lowly-paid member of Karen Hopkinson's entourage she was outraged. She simply couldn't keep the fury from her voice. Once she'd finished shouting and screaming, Graham Franklyn shook his head resignedly and picked up the phone on his desk

"Hello Marcus, yes you were right. She refused, I owe you a beer you old bastard. Yes...yes I'll drop her off to you within the hour. Bye...bye, yes. She is, see you soon."

Laura felt her guts churn. He couldn't be serious, could he? He was of course. The weasel was as good as his promise. She was bundled into his care and driven back to St Benedict's. The nearer they got to that dreadful place the more she regretted her outburst.

"I...I'm sorry, Mr Franklyn. I really am, can we go back to the Ministry please. Look, I've learned my lesson, I have, I promise!"

It was to no avail, he simply ignored her increasingly shrill protestations until they drove up the long, imposing drive to the school.

"Please, Mr Franklyn, don't make me go back to St Benedict's, please...I'm begging you."

"Do be quiet, Laura, there's a good girl. You're giving me quite a headache. You simply refuse to learn your lesson don't you? When you're told to jump, your answer is always 'how high'. You've simply forfeited whatever rights you had, you belong to us now. Out you get, you silly little girl. I may be back in a couple of days or so, it all depends on you I guess."

Franklyn watched as she grew smaller in his mirrors and smiled to himself as he imagined her being led to the Matron's office and kitted out in the humiliating uniform that he knew she hated so much. She'd learn alright, the little Commie bitch would soon realise what she'd let herself in for. He felt his cock grow pleasantly firm at the thought of her impending new career.

It didn't take long; a call from Marcus Thompson a couple of days later brought him back to the school. He was treated to Laura being give a very brisk twelve strokes of the senior girls' cane over her bared little buttocks as she writhed and fought against the Velcro straps that bound her to the caning bench. She hadn't been gagged on purpose and the volume of sound she managed to produce was quite ear-splitting.

In the end she was reduced to a quivering, shrieking wreck, promising anything, anything just so long as they stopped beating her. Thompson and he took in turns to use her mouth before he ejaculated over her lustrous dark hair. He enjoyed the journey back to the Ministry as she sat squirming beside him with his sperm still evident in her hair and dripping down over her gymslip and blouse.

Consequently she was happy to work for Miss Hopkinson, she was so desperate that she went down on her knees and begged her erstwhile colleague if she might have the honour of working for her 'in whatever capacity she deemed appropriate'. It happened that Miss Hopkinson did have a position for her; she was to be Miss Hopkinson's own personal assistant and gofer.

She was so grateful for her new role that she didn't even question the derisory amount of pay that she was offered. Miss Hopkinson was quite a demanding employer, she dictated Laura's working day, the hours she worked and the jobs that she did. She even organised what her subordinate wore. It amused her

to dress Laura as if she was going to appear in front of the cameras herself, rather than fetch and carry for all and sundry.

So Laura was always wearing a pair of very high-heeled shoes that were always just a size or so too small for her. She quickly realised that doing a long day's work in them was quite different to lounging on a settee in front of a camera. She always wore seamed stockings and garters, the colour dependent on the whim of her mistress. She either wore silky knickers and a short skirt, or a pair of incredibly tight, wet look trousers without any sort of underwear. She always wore a corset now as well, a strict, unyielding one that reduced her already tiny stomach and ribcage to almost invisibility.

She hated the claustrophobic feel and her poor nipples ached and chafed constantly. The worst thing though was that, despite her dislike of the thing, it did for some reason make her feel incredibly horny! Her pussy was almost constantly moist. It was a problem when she was wearing a skirt and knickers but at least her underwear absorbed a little of her leaking. When she was wearing just her trousers, not only did they amplify and exaggerate every nook and crevice and private fold, but she could feel her excretions dribbling down her legs.

It was so absolutely, mind-numbingly humiliating. She became acutely self-conscious of the exhibition she was making of herself, the sly glances and smirks from the people she worked with on a daily basis. She was at a loss to explain her sexual excitement, she had begun to hate her heels and her shiny, wet-look pants. All they did was objectify her, originally she'd worn them out of choice to tell people that she was strong and independent, that she'd wear what she like when she wanted to and if they didn't like that they could go and fuck themselves.

But now, when she was forced to wear whatever clothes her mistress specified for her, they didn't seem quite so cool or liberating. Laura wasn't even in control of her own hair now, she wasn't allowed to dye it for example and now it was reduced to its original rather mousy colour. She had to ask Miss Hopkinson permission to have it cut in the aggressive, short-hair style favoured. The last time she'd done so, Miss Hopkinson had mused aloud as to the appropriateness of her haircut now that she was an employee. Wouldn't it be better to let it grow and perhaps tie it up in ribbons?

How she hated Karen Hopkinson! She'd hated her in the old days of course, when their personal political beliefs clashed so awkwardly. The woman was a fascist as far as Laura was concerned, a loud-mouthed bully to be confronted and shouted down whenever the opportunity arose. Laura remembered with a certain amount of pride how she'd hounded Karen out of a lucrative contract with a national radio station. However when the New Government tide had begun to change the political landscape, Karen Hopkinson had become very much in demand in the national media. She had become the darling of the Right, as Laura's various assignments had begun to dry up, Karen's had expanded. Now she was seldom out of the news, her confident, brash opinions constantly in demand. How it hurt to watch her former rival take all the kudos, and money, that Laura herself knew she deserved.

But now, when her relationship with Karen was so much more personal, Laura realised what an evil woman she really was. Although she was famed for her Right-wing public persona, in private she was far worse. She had no respect for anyone who wasn't white and Right-wing. The woman really was a fascist and a very dangerous one too, and emblematic of the New Government that Laura totally despised. And that was what was really humiliating as far as Laura was concerned. Not only had her fall from Left-wing grace been precipitous, hardly anyone would return her phone calls now for example following her fake interview on The Karen Hopkinson Show, but worse still, Karen and her publicists had let it be known that Laura was now working closely with her.

There was no indication that Laura was working for Karen very much against her will, just the bald statement that Miss Hopkinson and Miss Barnett were 'continuing to work together' now that Laura had seen the light and turned against militant feminism. Even the very few Left-wing publications that were still allowed to exist were outraged. 'Laura Barnett is a traitor to her Party and her Sex' was the headline that made her cry the most, written as it was by a former colleague.

Although the most humiliating outcome was the interview that she gave to a Right-wing magazine journalist while simultaneously massaging Karen Hopkinson's feet! That was a particular low point, she didn't like feet at the best of time but it was much, much worse when Karen took hers out of the leather shoes all day and requested that Laura 'be a dear' and take them on her lap as she knelt subserviently in

front of her. The stink was almost overwhelming but the warning that Karen had given her prior to the interview was enough to quell any potential mutiny.

When the article was published, complete with pictures, it was written in an artless style that hinted without actually saying that Karen and Laura were 'an item'. The suggestion was greedily seized on by the media. Clearly it was true, why else would Laura Barnett reject everything she believed in if it wasn't for love? Rather than a figure of hate, Laura became a national figure of fun, mocked and ridiculed in the popular right-wing comedy shows that were now so prevalent on the newly-reformed BBC. Karen made Laura sit at her feet while they watched the show together, her hand stroking Laura's hair as she roared with laughter.

Laura could give and take abuse with the best of them; she'd been practising for the last ten years or so and was a skilled operative in the art of undermining her political enemies. Being made fun of however was something completely new, she had just never really developed a sense of humour. She hadn't really had to, she was Laura Barnett Queen of all she surveyed and always had been throughout school and university and work. The more she was mocked, the more it upset her.

She didn't really have the tools to defend herself any more. Karen, of course, loved all the banter and innuendo. She made a distinct point of never actually denying her attraction to Laura. She would shrug and smile, or not give a straightforward answer. The public absolutely lapped it up and put two and two together to make five. It was all so obvious when you realised that Laura Barnett, attack dog for the illiberal Left, was in reality a secret dyke.

The fact that she'd fallen for her diametric political opposite was used as stick to beat Laura with. Clearly her political convictions were largely imaginary and were simply an attitude she adopted, if she could be jettison her Left-wing views so easily for the sake of another woman. Karen simply lapped up all the attention. In the sort of career that thrived upon being in the public eye; she was very seldom out of it. Where once she'd been a hate figure to so many groups, the belief that she was a lesbian put a sudden brake on the vitriol she received, particularly from other women. She started to be referred to as 'brave' and 'principled', even by commentators she'd previously fought with. Karen, whose social antennae were very, very acute, sensed an opportunity.

Within weeks the two of them were seen out at a restaurant together sat across the table from each other. Social media went into meltdown, pictures of them looking into each other's eyes and holding hands went immediately viral. From then on they were seldom out of each other's company during the day or night. At work they maintained a semi-professional relationship, as far as they could among the knowing winks and leers anyway, but in the evening they were often spotted in bars and restaurants together. An industry seemed to spring up around them; acute observers remarked upon how they were sending out subliminal messages, Karen wore smarter and smarter clothes, elegant gowns, and beautifully cut dresses for instance.

She'd even taken to wearing suits with crisp blouses and even ties on occasion. Her heels seemed to have grown an inch and her hair was cut in ever more sophisticated styles and designs. Laura on the other hand seemed to have discovered a penchant for simple clothes, they were always beautiful and expensive but they tended to be simple pinafore dresses, or blouses and conservative skirts. She still wore stockings and suspenders but they were usually teamed with flat, ballet-styled shoes. Her hair had been allowed to grow a little and now it was gathered in a little pony tail. While Karen looked to have made-up by a professional, which was usually the case, Laura wore very little in the way of cosmetics and consequently looked that much younger than her companion.

The inference was clear, Karen Hopkinson was the adult in the room, the dominant partner, the one who was in control. Laura Barnett was her submissive, her junior. As a skilled media operative, Karen played the game for all it was worth. Were she and Laura lovers? A smile, a giggle perhaps, but no outright denial. Was it true they lived together now? A flirtatious flicker of her eyelashes and a little smirk.

Television couldn't get enough of her; she appeared to be permanently on the medium. Such was its infatuation with her that she was allowed to spread the Right-wing word with barely any opposition. Once the Laura story had been dealt with, Karen had virtually a free hand to vilify and mock her political opponents. Being a lesbian, she, discovered, was tantamount to being beyond criticism. If ever she felt a discussion or argument was going against her, she didn't hesitate to play the gay card.

Laura, on the other hand, was mortified by all the attention, where once she'd have loved to have been bathed in the semi-permanent spotlight she realised that when she didn't have control of the situation it wasn't quite so much fun. Rather than setting the news agenda, Laura realised she *was* the news agenda. The fact that none of it was true only added to her sense of being manipulated by the system.

She loathed and despised Karen Hopkinson and everything she stood for. The nationwide assumption that they were lesbian lovers was absolutely way off the mark and so shameful. She noticed that even her conservative parents had started, despite her protestations, to believe the rumours; some of their comments regarding lesbian love were quite hurtful.

The truth, however, was worse. Karen Hopkinson was a truly rapacious, bi-sexual predator. She had indeed taken a shine to Laura; there was no actual love involved. Karen didn't really do love, she did lust, Aggressive, perverse desire. Once Laura had lost her various streams of income she began to lose her possessions as well. First her smart German car was re-posessed and then the bank foreclosed on the mortgage of her swanky, riverside apartment.

Once she was facing the stark reality of having no money and nowhere to leave, installing Laura in Karen's palatial home had been relatively easy. Once behind closed doors, Karen's true nature had been revealed. The room she was given was probably the smallest in the house, Karen's own en-suite bathroom alone was far larger, for example. Inside was a single bed, one cupboard and a dressing table and rickety chair. There was no carpet on the floor, just linoleum. There wasn't even a lightshade, merely a bare light bulb hanging from the ceiling.

## Chapter 11

To depress Laura's spirits even further, all her clothes were stored in one of Karen's capacious wardrobes in her dressing-room. It was Karen who chose everything she was to wear during the day and laid it out for her. At first, Laura had tried to laugh it off as a joke, what on Earth did Karen think she was playing it, how dare she, etc? But that was when Karen first made Laura very aware of the discrepancy in their physical sizes. With a smile she'd simply grabbed Laura by the hair and half-lifted, half-carried her to a kitchen chair.

There she'd hauled the smaller woman over her ample knees and, ignoring Laura's screaming and kicking, slapped her backside through her skin tight, latex trousers. Laura didn't know if it was her lack of knickers, but the spanking was horribly painful. She squirmed and struggled with all her might but she could hardly move an inch, Karen's iron-hard hand just continued slapping into her backside, slowly but surely lighting a fire within it.

Before too long she was reduced to a pitiful, blubbing wreck. The little make-up she was wearing was beginning to slide down her red, snot-covered face. She was begging now, imploring Karen to stop spanking her. She felt as if her buttocks were literally swelling within the tight confines of her pants. And what was worse, far, far worse was that once again she was feeling so wet down there. She tried very hard to convince herself that it was the build up of heat in her skin tight trousers, but in her heart she knew it was because she was being turned-on.

What the hell was wrong with her? She was being aroused by being spanked over the lap of another woman! And not just aroused, she could feel herself edging nearer and nearer a climax as the heat built in her loins. This was crazy, absolutely crazy! She'd never had any thoughts or desires for another woman, even the cute sexy ones she regularly used to meet at parties. So why was she wet, not damp, wet with desire for the horrible fascist bitch who was currently mistreating her?

She couldn't logically explain it. All that she knew was that her treacherous body was betraying her again. As the spansks rained down she felt herself lift her bottom to meet them. She wriggled and squirmed on Karen's lap, not to try and escape, but to try and grind her sex against somewhere, anywhere on the woman's firm thighs. In the middle of it she dimly registered Karen's hand slide between her scissoring thighs and rub a knowing finger down the length of her labia. To her red-faced humiliation she heard the woman ostentatiously sniffing at her fingers and laughing.

"Oh, Laura! Who knew you were such a slut hey? Who knew that a little spanking would be such a massive turn-on for you?"

She laughed delightedly again and held her forefinger under Laura's pert little nose. Laura knew that smell only too well, her 'accommodation' in St Benedict's had smelled constantly of her own sweet musk. Karen replaced her hand between Laura's legs and used it to stimulate her sex just a little more. Laura bit her lip and worked herself against Karen's hand, she was beginning to lose control and she just didn't care what she looked like. Even Karen's mocking laughter couldn't dissuade her from lewdly thrusting her hips up and down. She was so near...so near...to.

Suddenly the casual manipulation ceased, Laura lay gasping breathlessly over Karen's lap like a newly landed fish. She squirmed desperately trying to find some purchase for her sopping cunt to work against.

"Do you want me to carry on, Laura dear? You seem to be awfully...excitable?"

"Yes...yes, carry on...please carry on." Laura managed to pant.

"I'm not so sure, Laura. Are you really sure you want me to carry on spanking you; it's all a bit weird isn't it? Imagine if your friends could see you now, or mummy and daddy? They'd be a bit shocked wouldn't they?"

Laura gritted her teeth and forced herself to reply. "P...please carry on, Karen. Please, I need it...please!"

Karen Hopkinson smiled to herself. She wasn't surprised in the least that Laura 'needed it'. In fact, considering the amount of sexual stimulant she'd been feeding the girl on a regular basis, she was amazed that the little Communist bitch hadn't succumbed earlier.

"I think that you're going to have to be a bit more sincere than that, Laura. What is it exactly you want me to do, young lady? Could you be a bit more specific? Oh, and I think you need to change your tone a little, something a bit more deferential perhaps?"

Laura groaned with need. "I need, I mean I'd like, you to c...carry on, r...rubbing me... playing with me."

She grimaced as she said it, on the one hand she was deeply humiliated, but on the other, she just didn't care. The itch deep in the core of her sex was just too great to ignore.

"Let me get this right, you want me to play with you, to make you come while you're lying over my knee. Isn't that a little bit... unusual?"

She accompanied her words by searching for and finding Laura's swollen, erect little clit. She rolled her forefinger around it and enjoyed the girl's squirming desire.

"It's so hot down here, Laura. So hot and sweaty and squishy. Who would have guessed that you were a fully-fledged little lezzie?"

"Mmmmm." Was all Laura could reply.

"I could make you come Laura, I could give you a great big cummy wummy right now in fact. Do you want me to do that?"

"Yes...oh yes please."

"What is it you want again? A great big..."

"Ooooh...Ooh. A g...great big c...cummy wummy."

If it was possible to die of shame, Laura's heart would simply have stopped there and then. The cruel woman's mocking laughter was just so terrible. Karen slapped Laura's gyrating bottom quite firmly.

"I think what would be best for you dear would be to have that plump little backside roasted again Laura, don't you? Let's get you all warm and sexy again shall we?"

"Mmmm." Repeated Laura who would have agreed to any demand right at that moment.

"Up you get then, go and get me the wooden spoon, the big one, and bring it back here. I'm going to have to tan your backside first I think. Go on, girl. Hurry up, you don't want me to change my mind do you?"

As she quickly obeyed Karen's imperious demand she became aware of how wet she actually was. Her super-tight pants felt as if she'd been swimming in them, her secretions would have been apparent to a blind man, she absolutely stunk of sex. Hurriedly she fumbled in the drawer and scampered back with a big spoon. She was directed back over Karen's knees, even the slight brush of her sensitive Mons over the woman's knee was enough to give her a pleasurable ripple of excitement.

Whaack!

For a second all thoughts of pleasure were driven from her head and she squealed loudly. The spoon really, really hurt!

Whaack!

Whaack!

Whaack!

Whaack!

Whaack!

Five more agonising strokes followed, each seemed to be harder than the last. Laura screamed and begged and kicked her little legs, it felt as if her delicate backside was being skinned. The firm wooden back of the spoon was replaced by Karen's experienced, cunning hand. Once again she was stroked and manipulated and rubbed back into a state of extreme sexual arousal. Her hips bucked and writhed and her eyes rolled in her head. All of a sudden the feeling of near ecstasy was replaced by one of pain as the evil wooden spoon was put back to work.

Whaack!

Whaack!

Whaack!

Whaack!

Whaack!

Whaack!

Six more unhurried, heavy slaps were applied to her burning buttocks. Laura screamed and shouted so much that her voice began to crack. Just when she truly believed she could take no more, the spoon was once again put down and Karen resumed her expert ministrations. This time Laura was sure she'd have the big, explosive orgasm that she desperately, desperately wanted. But once again she was wrong, Karen withdrew her hand and rested it on one cheek of Laura's bottom. Laura literally cried out in disappointment and tried to complete the job by rubbing herself furiously against her tormentor. Karen laughed and lifted her by the belt of her trousers so that she appeared to be humping mid-air.

"Oh Laura! Just look at you, you're like a bitch on heat! If only the few supporters you have left could see you now?"

Laura didn't care, all she wanted was release from the itch that was driving her absolutely crazy.

"Remind what it was you wanted, Laura. And don't forget to ask nicely or else I'm going to put your mittens and your belt back on and put you to bed. I know it's still light but you've brought it on yourself you know?"

The sheer illogical stupidity of Karen's demand didn't even register. All Laura knew for certain was that she'd have some sort of breakdown unless she could relieve the enormous sexual tension she was suffering.

"P...please, Miss Hopkinson...please, I'm begging you ...please let me come. Please, please...let me have a big cummy wummy."

Karen Hopkinson giggled delightedly and hoped that the various state of the art microphones placed strategically around her house had managed to pick up those words. She allowed Laura back down onto her thighs and then picked up the spoon again. This time she didn't bother counting the strokes, she just gave Laura as many as she could until her right arm ached. The woman was bawling uncontrollably and bucking to try and avoid the spoon crashing into her backside.

This time Karen managed to almost insert her fingers into Laura's sopping wet cunt, even through her wet-look pants. She found Laura's swollen, engorged clitoris and pulled at it and rolled it between her fingers until Laura finally orgasmed in a huge shivering climax that made her shriek, but in pleasure rather than pain this time. Laura felt every muscle in her body contract and then relax again. She felt herself go light-headed and then she just lay across Karen's lap, spent and exhausted.

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In the following weeks, Laura's life became a whirlwind of activity. Through a mixture of blackmail, the film of her over Karen's knee turned out surprisingly well, and coercion Laura was rehabilitated back into society via her new persona, that of Karen Hopkinson's eager little puppy. Now it was the two of them appearing on chat shows and interviews. The format was always the same, Karen would power-dress, Laura would be dressed like her daughter. Karen would project her confident, strong persona, Laura would act as her lapdog often caught on camera looking adoringly at her mistress. The combined techniques of the promise of more massive 'cummy wummies' and the threat of exposing Laura's new life via the internet or even worse, returning Laura to the tender mercies of St Benedict's were quite enough to cow the previously feisty young woman. She became more and more resigned to her new life.

Through her various media connections, Karen was able to organise various 'photo opportunities', Laura attending a New Government rally at which she was seen vigorously applauding a speech by the Leader. Laura apparently out shopping dressed in skin-tight leather pants, impossibly high, glossy heels, an almost diaphanous white, silk blouse, and with a New Government badge pinned ostentatiously to her left breast. A letter to the most right-wing newspaper in the country purportedly from Laura expressing support for a particularly contentious new law aimed at reducing injury to female motorists by forbidding them to drive, unless they could prove their work was 'essential'.

And perhaps most humiliatingly being accompanied to New Government headquarters by a film crew in order to have her application for membership to the party to be approved and recorded for posterity. That particular incident even made the evening news, Laura squirmed in her seat as Karen forced her to watch the news reporter reading the item out with a little smirk on his face.

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Laura felt as if her life had no further to descend, she'd lost her job, her car, her house, and perhaps most importantly her reputation. Everything she'd fought and agitated for was lost. The rise of the New Government was almost complete and part of its success seemed directly attributable to her. She could

hardly look at herself in the mirror any more. A sharp slap to her backside soon brought her back to reality.

"Laura, really! How many times to I have to tell you? Head up when you're being fucked, it's only polite after all."

Shamefacedly, Laura forced herself to look at her reflection. She was on her hands and knees with her legs spread wide. She was dressed in pretty, pink panties and white, seamed stockings. On her feet she wore a pair of gleaming white four inch heels. Her only other piece of clothing was a pink, corset that kept her rigidly in position and rubbed incessantly and thrillingly against her engorged, sensitive nipples.

Behind her stood her nemesis, the vile woman had thrust her strap-on deep inside Laura and was clearly enjoying her reaction. Slowly she withdrew the dildo and paused for a second before driving it back in again. Laura panted and thrust backwards to meet it. She could hardly believe her own reflection, flushed, excited even. her hair plastered to her forehead. She was so wet, so needy! The thick dildo slid in and out of her easily, once again she could feel herself coming to a climax. But once again that pleasure was denied and accompanied by a slap to her other buttock cheek.

"Eyes open, Laura! You know I do so enjoy seeing the look on your face when you come."

A few more aggressive thrusts and Laura was right on the brink again.

"Do you know what I've been thinking, Laura?"

"N...no, Miss Hopkinson."

"I've been thinking that some people, particularly people opposed to the New Government, will soon start speculating about your conversion. She's been forced, they'll say. She's not really gay, they'll say. Don't you agree, Laura dear?"

A few more deep thrusts, her hips slapping against Laura's pink bottom accompanied her words.

"I don't... know, Miss Hopkinson." Nor did she care, she was right on the very brink.

"So do you know what I've decided we should do?"

Laura's gasping and squirming suggested that her mind wasn't really on the question.

"I've decided we're going to get married, sometime next month would be ideal. I want you to take me over to meet your parents tomorrow and we can share the good news. Your father will be happy to give you away won't he? And your little sister and your cousin will make excellent flower girls won't they? What do you think, dear?"

Karen increased the speed and depth of her thrusts.

"Yes...yes, oh yesssss!!" was all Laura could reply, caught up in the bliss of the moment, as she bucked and spasmed like a wild thing.

Above her Karen Hopkinson smiled showing her teeth. The deed was done, Graham Franklyn *would* be pleased.

**The End**