

STATE PUNISHMENT

By

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PROLOGUE

It was the outrage over asylum seekers milking the legal aid system that finally did it.

It was one of many political situations for which every man on the street had a simple solution and yet no government seemed able to carry that solution out. Normally, everybody moans and says what should be done but then tolerates it when nothing is done: all very British, but change only needs a catalyst. The catalyst was a fresh new opposition MP, Simon Neill. A superb orator with enormous personal magnitude and iron determination, he became the fourth leader of the opposition party in as many years. Political opponents likened him to Hitler, but that was quite unfair: there were similarities, in that his proposals were radical and populist and his speeches were so powerful that each meeting he spoke at ended up something akin to a Nuremberg rally, but there was no dark side to Simon Neill. He was a democrat, a man of the people and if his manifesto was severe, it was nevertheless for the ultimate good of the people - all the people. In later years, the comparisons became more with Churchill, although Franklin Roosevelt was a better parallel.

He won a marginal general election and, despite a small majority, somehow managed to carry out much of his manifesto, sufficient that two years later he was re-elected by a massive landslide. Now he was really able to change things. Those preaching racial hatred were deported, but at the same time a massive effort was put into making everybody feel British; the death penalty returned for the most heinous of crimes and prison became a much less pleasant place. The root causes of much crime, such as poverty and disaffection, were also tackled. A strong drive towards establishing in everybody a real feeling of civic responsibility was also a key factor. The legal system was cleaned up; a massive job creation scheme found everybody work, with those with nothing else to do being put to work for the community in all sorts of innovative and rewarding ways. The savings in government spending on these two items alone helped to fuel a sustainable economic upturn which enormously benefited the less well off without taking anything away from the middle and upper classes.

The overall result was a much happier and more prosperous country. Bodies such as the European Union and the Court of Human Rights, both of which had stood in the way of much of Neill's program and had been faced down, won over or simply ignored, were grudgingly starting to look at the new British model. In this country, Simon Neill was regarded almost as a saint. He had won two more landslide victories and had now been in power for fourteen years. Opposition parties crumbled hopelessly to dust, but he was not a man who wished to become a dictator: as the party system fell apart, independent MPs became the norm, fewer career politicians and more servants of the people. Neill not only tolerated but actively encouraged debate of his policies and sometimes he lost the argument, always with good grace. Parliament became a body of wise and respected men and women and it became fashionable to be a law-abiding, conscientious citizen.

CHAPTER ONE

"How could you let this happen?" There was anger in Kim's mother's voice, but also much concern.

Kim wiped away tears, but they were pouring out faster than she could remove them. "I just didn't think," she sobbed. "Everything just got so out of control. It was an accident."

"You're in big trouble," her father said.

"I know," she replied, before bursting into tears once more.

Patrick Goddard opened his mouth to say something more, but the sight of his seventeen year-old daughter convulsed in crying shut him up. She was a good girl, a really good girl, and he loved her dearly. She had been brought up properly and her behaviour had always been impeccable. She was a true child of the Simon Neill era and the strict structures his administration had put in place, together with her parents' firm guidelines, had produced a wonderful, admirable girl. That was what had made last night all the more of a shock. She and some friends had gone to a birthday party, from which they had planned to walk home. In this day and age, law and order being what it was, that was quite safe. The party - an innocent one, as more were these days - finished at around ten, the walk home would take no more than half an hour. The curfew for teenagers was eleven, so they had plenty of time; but they had gone for a walk, admiring the stars and enjoying the beautiful summer night and simply hadn't realised the time. One of them had a tennis ball and they had been throwing it to each other as they walked. Unfortunately, Kim had misjudged her throw and the ball went through a shop window. Chaos and confusion! A police patrolman had appeared and caught Kim; the other girls had run off. She had been brought home, white faced, in a police car, to her shocked parents.

With so little crime and a streamlined legal system, the wheels of justice moved very fast these days. First thing in the morning (Saturday), an email arrived, requiring Kim to attend Juvenile Court on Monday at ten.

"I'll have to telephone the school on Monday to let them know you won't be there," her mother said in an empty voice.

More tears flowed from Kim. The school would have to know the reason. And if ... Kim didn't want to think what would happen after Monday.

"Now, what about the other girls who were with you?" her father pressed.

For a moment, Kim's pretty face firmed up. "Don't ask," she said simply.

Her father knew she had been on her mobile phone to her friends after she had been brought home, but she had put the shutters firmly up on anything about them. When Kim clammed up about something, he knew there was nothing he could do about it. Indeed, there was nothing he could do about any of this: for all that he wanted to protect his lovely little girl, he was helpless.

Kim lived in a semi-rural area in Shropshire. The court was in the big town of Shrewsbury some twelve miles away. Kim had been there once before on a school trip as part of a civic responsibilities course. She had never expected in her darkest nightmares that she might have to be there as an offender.

The court only needed to meet twice a month, even though it covered the whole county, such was the low level of juvenile crime. It was perhaps fortunate that the next session was so soon after Kim's arrest, in that it wouldn't be hanging over her for ages, but right now she couldn't think straight enough to work that out. Her father parked their car and walked with her to the court. It had not been an easy weekend: shock had been followed by recriminations and then embarrassing gushings of love. Kim had also spent much time alone, unable to bear the outpourings of intense emotion. She was very frightened. Her family, herself very much included, believed fully in the

system; and Kim knew she was guilty. But juvenile punishments were harsh and she was very afraid.

Kim and her father walked into the court reception area. Remembering the layout from her civic responsibilities tour, Kim went over to a desk. The woman behind the desk looked at her. "Name?" the woman asked flatly.

"Kim Goddard," she replied in a small voice.

"Identity documents?"

Kim handed over the standard wallet that everybody was required to carry. The debate on identity cards had been won by Simon Neill and they were a part of everyday life. "Civil liberties" was a phrase less often invoked than in the past, but Neill himself argued that they were important and stringent checks ensured that they were not infringed. In fact, the electronic card had many convenience uses.

The woman fed Kim's identity card into a reader. "The first case starts at nine, you are third on, should be at eleven," she informed Kim, noting the embarrassed hang of the girl's head at the mention that she was here to be tried.

"Thank you," managed Kim politely.

"Do you have your virginity certificate with you?"

"Yes ... of course. It's in the wallet."

One of the most controversial of Simon Neill's programs, which he could only tackle after his second landslide win, was the one dealing with teenage pregnancy. The law on sex under sixteen years was rigidly enforced. All girls below that age were medically checked regularly and would find themselves in this court if the hymen was found to be broken; and DNA testing was now sufficiently advanced that, with the aid of the national database, the male participant would also quickly be identified and dealt with. Between the ages of sixteen and nineteen inclusive, parental consent had to be given. This sounds draconian, but a national campaign led by Neill himself argued that parents should not usually withhold that consent and there was even an avenue of appeal to the court for the teenager if they did. The aim was to ensure that proper precautions were taken as well as allowing some motherly advice which, it was argued, should not always be for abstention. It had been awkward at first but now worked well. Pregnancies and also sexually transmitted diseases were very much under control. Attitudes had also changed: not be a virgin was not looked down on, but some girls made a point of flashing their certificates, with the space for parental signature of consent still blank. Kim's card was blank, save for the three-monthly confirmation signatures of her doctor, but she didn't make an issue of it.

The woman studied her console for a moment. "There are two witnesses scheduled against you: the policeman who arrested you and the owner of the shop. Do you have any witnesses on your behalf?"

"No," said Kim quietly.

The receptionist typed in a couple of notes and pressed a button which transferred them and the data from Kim's card to the judge's console. She handed back the wallet. "Go to the viewing gallery. We'll send an usher to collect you when we are ready for you."

Kim and her father climbed the narrow stairs to the gallery above the small, almost intimate court. At the other end of the gallery were a dozen or so spectators. Below them in the court itself were around the same number of officials, plus a couple of reporters for local papers. Kim felt a particular dismay at the presence of the press, but she knew the proceedings were always reported.

In the dock stood a handsome, if currently somewhat pale, young man. Kim hadn't had anything much to do with boys, but she wasn't disinterested and this lad was very good looking indeed. She listened to the case. The lad, Scott Parker, had been reported by two witnesses as being drunk and disorderly in the town centre on Saturday night. A police doctor confirmed that when taken to the station, he was well over the limit. There was no prosecuting or defending counsel: the police stated the alleged crime and presented a brief outline, the judge interviewed

each witness and the defendant and then came to a decision. Parker admitted the crime - the evidence made any denial pointless - and his only mitigation was that he had just broken up with his girlfriend and was feeling very depressed. He hadn't realised how much he had been drinking.

"That is not," said Judge Ward sternly, "an acceptable excuse. I find you guilty as charged."

Parker hung his head. The court usher stepped forward. "You will disrobe for sentence," he ordered formally.

Parker removed his clothes - all of them. For a second, Kim could not suppress a quiet giggle as he lowered his shorts to reveal his manhood. Then she realised the gravity of her own situation and shut up very quickly. It was standard procedure for a convicted person to strip naked for sentence: it considerably increased the humiliation as well as enhancing the immediate part of the punishment. Scott Parker was very attractive with a superb body, but he still looked discomfited to be standing there with his tackle hanging out.

"You have a minor previous caution on your record," the judge read from his computer screen. "It does not seem to have made sufficient impression on you." He considered carefully. "You will receive four strokes of the cane and two months' penal servitude."

The usher stepped forwards and opened the gate in the front of the dock. Scott Parker stepped forward on his now bare feet. Kim's eyes noted the hairy, well toned legs and the flat six-pack stomach and felt flushed as, in switching her gaze from his legs to his stomach, she could not help but note the bits in-between.

At the centre of the court, beneath the judge's chair, was a large oak table, part of which was full of reference books and other documents. A section, however, was kept clear. Parker was told to bend over the table and reach his arms forward. There were two metal cuffs worked into the centre of the table and his wrists were placed in these. They were shut and locked by a bewigged female official. As the young man stared forwards, the court photographer took up position facing him, whilst behind him the usher picked up the cane from the table and tapped it against his muscular posterior.

Thwapp!

"Uhh!"

There was the faintest of grunts from Parker as the first cut bit into his firm cheeks. Kim went hot and cold. It was usual practice for a sentence to include an immediate, brief but extremely painful corporal punishment, with a possible custodial follow-up. The martinet was the normal instrument for the girls, the cane for the boys.

Thwapp!

Parker gritted his teeth and made no response. Kim could see two vivid red lines appearing on his shapely rump.

Thwapp!

Another grunt, louder this time.

THWAPP!

"Arggh!"

The last stroke was the most vicious of the four. Parker gasped loudly and as he did a flash went off as the photographer got his picture. The usher, behind Parker, had evidently signalled to him that this would be the one to take.

The woman unlocked the table manacles. Kim noted that Parker straightened up rather stiffly, but she was impressed by his bravery. Still fully undressed, he was led to a side of the room and made to sit down on a bench. His clothes had been gathered up and removed during the caning. There was a chain running along the floor with circular ankle cuffs at regular intervals and his ankle was locked into the first of these.

Judge Ward looked at his watch. "We will hear the next case, and then have a brief recess," he announced. "Bring in the next defendant."

A young girl of Kim's age was led into the dock. She was very pretty, but unlike Kim's simple, natural appearance, this girl was more made up. She was blonde, her carefully arranged hair splaying onto her shoulders and, although not too tall, she was well proportioned, voluptuous as opposed to Kim's lithe, athletic figure.

The clerk came over to her and led her through the oath, which the girl repeated rather carelessly. "Your name, please," the clerk asked for the record.

"Annie Harrison." The girl looked defiant and stubborn, although far from free of nerves.

"Age?"

"Seventeen." Annie was trying to look bored with the proceedings. It didn't entirely work, but it did have an irritant effect on the clerk.

Judge Ward, too, looked nettled. "You are charged with improper sexual practice," he read from his screen.

"Yeah," drawled Annie, as if to say, so what?

"Call the police witness," the judge ordered.

The police witness was a rather fussy, elderly male doctor. "You will see from her record, Your Honour," he addressed the judge, "that Miss Harrison first came to the attention of the court a little over eighteen months ago. She was then aged fifteen and was convicted of under-age sex. Following completion of her sentence, she was placed on probation, with a six month ban on sexual congress irrespective of parental consent. During that time, I suspected that she was flouting the ban and gave her a vaginal examination to check this theory."

"Bet you enjoyed that, you old lecher," Annie sneered.

Judge Ward glared at her over his spectacles. "Miss Harrison," he said sharply, "freedom of speech is an important right and you will have the opportunity in due course to make accusations of impropriety, should you wish, and to examine this witness. However, that time is not yet. Until then, you will remain silent." As Annie opened her mouth to say something else, he added firmly, "if you cannot keep quiet, I will have you gagged." Annie shrugged her shoulders and closed her mouth.

"In the course of that examination," the doctor went on, "she assaulted me. This led to her second appearance before this bench. On completion of that sentence and whilst still on probation with the sex ban in force, she was discovered in bed with two men."

A second witness, a lady who ran a bed and breakfast hotel, explained how she rented a room to the two men, whose ages were twenty and twenty-one respectively (confirmed by their identity cards) and so were free to do whatever they wanted. However, they did not seem the gay type and later she went to the room and discovered Annie in bed with them.

The third witness was the police officer who was called to the scene and detained Annie. He explained that the men, who were above juvenile age, were to be placed before the adult court tomorrow, charged with knowingly flouting the ban on Miss Harrison's sexual activity.

After that, the judge turned to Annie.

"Do you deny that you were in bed with the two men?" he asked her.

"No," she replied listlessly.

"Do you deny that intercourse took place at a time when you were clearly prohibited from such activity?"

"No."

"Do you wish to cross-examine any of the witnesses?"

"Nah. No point."

"Do you wish to pursue your comment on the doctor?"

Annie hesitated for a moment. "Let's just say that it'd be better if a woman doctor did those exams."

"Women doctors are in short supply. You forfeit the right to a female doctor when you break the law."

Annie raised an eyebrow. "I'd served my sentence for my first offence and I hadn't been convicted of a second; so all this talk about wiping the slate clean and innocent until proved guilty, is all crap, isn't it?"

The judge considered this. "I find your argument not without merit," he admitted evenly. "I will make recommendations." Annie shrugged. "Returning to the current matter, do you have any defence or mitigation to make?"

Annie shrugged again. "No," she said.

"Very well. I find you guilty as charged."

Kim, watching intently, thought she detected just the slightest flinch from Annie as the dread word 'guilty' was announced, but she wasn't sure. The male usher stepped forwards. "You will disrobe for sentence," he ordered, exactly the same words he had used for Scott Parker. Annie stripped, seemingly unbothered by the audience. Naked, she looked sensational as she stepped into the centre of the court and faced the judge.

"I am very concerned that this is your third appearance before this court," the judge told her. "There appears to be a cavalier disregard for rules in you that we have not yet been able to cure. To encourage you to conform, at the end of your custodial sentence you will be fitted with a chastity belt for six months. If you wish during that time to engage in sexual activity, you will have to obtain consent from my office. If that consent is given, you will be unlocked for a period of three hours, at the end of which you must report for re-locking. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes," said Annie, somewhat through gritted teeth.

"In the meantime you will receive eight strokes of the martinet and two months' penal servitude."

Annie was led over to the desk and secured as Scott Parker had been. The photographer took up position by her head, waiting for the right moment for his shot and she glared at him. She was side on to the court and the viewing gallery above it extended around three sides. Kim noticed with distaste that a number of men in the viewing gallery had discretely edged around to the side behind Annie, so they would have a clear view of her bottom. The whipper took up position, holding a rod which had four leather fronds, each around two feet long, on the end of it. He stepped forwards.

Thwipp!

The sound was lighter than the cane, but the fronds wrapped around that superb bottom with considerable force. Annie flinched, but made no sound.

Thwipp!

Thwipp!

Thwipp!

Still Annie made no sound, although her flinches were growing more pronounced. Kim, on the side of the gallery nearer the girl's head, could see drops of perspiration on the girl's forehead.

Thwipp!

Thwipp!

Still no sound from Annie, though her even white teeth were bared now, clenched together.

THWIPP!

The seventh stroke was particularly hard. Caught slightly unawares, Annie gasped and the photographer had his picture. Kim realised that they gave each offender one exceptionally heavy shot to get the reaction for the camera.

Thwipp!

Annie had recovered enough to take the eighth stroke impassively. Kim disapproved of the girl's behaviour, but she admired her courage. Annie was released and stood up slightly gingerly and, as she turned round, Kim saw that her curvaceous bottom was covered with fiery red lines. She was led to the bench to sit next to Scott Parker, as nude as he was. The chain cuff was locked around her ankle.

"There will be a ten minute recess," the judge announced and rose. Everybody in the court rose and remained standing until he had departed through a door at the rear of the court, then sat once more. As Kim sat down, she saw a female official moving towards her and her heart went cold.

"Miss Kim Goddard?" the woman asked.

"Y-yes," she confirmed in a very small voice.

"Come with me, please."

She stood up shakily and looked at her father's worried face. So many things she wanted to say ... no time. "Dad ... I'm sorry for the shame of all of this on the family," she managed.

He looked into her blue eyes. "I'll always be proud of you," he said simply. "Even ... well, always."

The woman made a slightly impatient gesture. With a last despairing glance at her helpless father, Kim followed her down the stairs into the lobby, then through a side-door into a small, featureless, windowless waiting room. A single light bulb struggled to dispense the gloom. "Wait here until summoned," the woman said, indicating another door at the other end of the room, and then departed by the door they had entered by. Kim was left alone with her growing anxiety: wishing that stupid night hadn't happened, wishing she was somewhere else and trying to hold back her tears.

CHAPTER TWO

Judge John Ward re-entered the court and took his seat. As he waited for everybody else to settle, he checked the time: eleven o'clock. There were five more cases to hear: he should get through two before lunch, then three more after it, but they would take as long as they took. It was important to see justice done: Judge Ward, a very well educated, intelligent and honourable man, believed passionately and sincerely in justice. He took his duty, to be strict but fair, very seriously.

"Bring in the next defendant," he said.

The clerk opened the door behind the dock and beckoned the girl out. As the girl was led through the oath, Judge Ward, as was his habit, studied the accused. She was very pretty: not as overtly beautiful as the previous girl had been, but just as lovely in a more innocent, 'girl next door' type of way. Her brown hair was tied back neatly, the remaining strands at the front forming a fringe. Her figure was not quite as sensational as Annie Harrison, but nevertheless lithe, athletic and trim: she looked very fit and healthy. Her clothes were smart, not chosen for effect, just smart. She was very nervous, but there was sincerity there that Ward, although he was careful not to pre-judge her, liked.

"Your name, please?" the clerk asked.

"Kim Goddard." Her voice was polite but very quiet: she was clearly extremely embarrassed at being there.

"Speak louder, please. How old are you?"

"Seventeen." The voice firmed up just slightly.

The judge consulted his computer. "You are charged with violating teenage curfew and vandalism," he informed her. He was slightly surprised: she didn't seem the type.

The girl hung her head. "Yes, Your Honour," she said shamefully.

"Bring on the first witness."

A policeman described how he had been alerted about a group of girls breaking windows at eleven thirty in the evening. He saw three girls running from the scene and apprehended one, being the girl in the dock. The others escaped.

The judge looked at Kim. "Do you admit that you were that girl?" he asked.

"Yes, Your Honour," she said in a tiny voice.

"Do you agree with the time stated?"

"I ... suppose so. I hadn't realised it was so late." Kim then drew her shoulders back, lifted her head slightly. "It was well after eleven," she admitted.

The judge noted the confession with approval: the girl was in the wrong and knew it. "Do you wish to take issue with any of the officer's statement?"

"It was only one window." Her statement was pleading, not defiant.

The judge looked enquiringly at the constable, who nodded. "It was just one window, yes," he conceded.

"You said 'windows'. Kindly be more precise in future," Ward admonished him sharply. After ascertaining other minor details, the policeman was dismissed and the shop owner was called. He described the damage and produced an estimate for repair, which the court staff had already checked as reasonable. Kim having explained how the broken window came about, he confirmed that the ball had been found in the wreckage. He too was then dismissed. The judge then turned to the almost visibly shaking girl in the dock.

"Do we have common ground that you were out well after curfew and that you caused the broken window?"

"Yes, Your Honour." Her voice was little more than a whisper.

"Is this your first such offence?"

"Oh, yes! I've never been in any trouble before! My school and social reports ..."

He waved her to silence. "I was about to look at them." He spent several minutes while Kim (he was aware) fidgeted nervously in the dock. The girl had a superb academic record, praised by all her teachers. School athletics team, major honours there: that explained her figure. Social reports (all teenagers now had these, part of their c.v. and record of achievement) were also fulsome with good remarks. "Your reports are very good. No," he corrected himself, "your reports are excellent. Nonetheless, you have broken the law. You must be aware that we take the curfew rules very seriously: if we did not, there would be no point having them."

Kim hung her head. "Yes, Your Honour."

"I am inclined to wonder if you were led astray by your co-offenders. We need to question them on this, as well of course as proffering charges on them as well. What are their names?"

Kim's head lifted slightly, although she was trembling. "Your Honour, it was my fault. I suggested we go by a different, longer route and I was the one who started playing with the tennis ball."

Ward regarded her sternly. "Am I to understand, young lady, that you are declining to furnish us with their names?"

Kim wilted under his gaze, but fought to meet his eyes: not defiantly, but almost apologetically, and certainly bravely. "Please, Your Honour ... just me."

Judge Ward sat back in his chair and regarded her. My God, he thought, this girl is a fine specimen. She is prepared to take the rap to protect her friends. This is most difficult: she deserves, with her school record as well, more than anybody I've dealt with this year, to be let off. But suspended sentences and conditional discharges were abolished long ago, for the most part quite rightly: she doesn't qualify under the few stringent conditions that remain and she is withholding information on other offenders; and unfortunately that is in the public domain.

He leaned forwards. "Miss Goddard - Kim - I must press you on this point. I cannot help you unless you help me."

The girl's blue eyes were watery but steady. "I'm sorry, Your Honour."

He sat back. He would have been almost disappointed in her if she had given in, but his duty was now a sorrowful one. "Very well. I have no alternative but to conclude on the evidence we have to hand. I find you guilty as charged." The girl hung her head in shame, but resolution remained etched on her tearful face.

Now the law would have to take its course. The clerk moved forwards and said the inevitable words. "You will disrobe for sentence."

The die was cast now and she knew it. Ward watched the look of horror on the girl's face as her plight was fully brought home to her; then the maelstrom of emotions on her pretty face as she struggled to make herself obey the order. Finally she reached down behind the dock wall and he knew she was removing her shoes and socks. Then she slipped off the smart jacket and put it on the chair behind her. She paused for a moment and he thought she might burst into tears; but then she grasped the hem of her blouse in both hands and began to raise it. A trim, flat stomach came into view, then a sensible bra. Momentarily, her face disappeared from view as she pulled the top over her head; when it re-appeared once more, her face was very red. Her hands went to her belt, undoing it and lowering the long skirt. It dropped to the floor behind the dock wall and she stood dressed in only bra and panties. Her hands went shakily behind her back and she fumbled with the catch. It came apart and she lowered the cups. Judge Ward noted impersonally that she was not quite as well endowed as Annie Harrison, but her breasts were firm and shapely. Her fingers pushed into the waistband of her panties and, with a look of abject misery, she pushed them down to reveal a fairly sparse brown covering of pubic hair that matched the hair on her head.

The clerk opened the front of the dock and the now stark naked girl stepped forwards to face the judge. One of her hands protected her lightly furred delta and the other covered what she could of her breasts. Judge Ward was not having that. Disrobing had been introduced (amid much

controversy) to shame guilty persons and, for all the unfortunate circumstances, Kim Goddard was guilty. "Stand up straight in front of the bench, young lady!" he snapped.

Kim's arms went smartly to her sides. Her cheeks went even redder. She would be aware, too, that everyone else in the court had a clear view of her bare bottom.

Judge Ward firmly told himself not to be influenced by the sight of the undressed female charms before him. He cleared his throat.

"I note from your file that your ambition is to become a doctor," he said to the trembling naked girl before him. "This conviction will remain on your record but does not bar you from that career. It is important, however, that your schoolwork is not interrupted. You are about to begin the summer holiday and I therefore consider that a sentence of six weeks' penal servitude will suffice and allow you to return to school in the autumn without missing the start of term." The recommended sentence for curfew violation was two months, but he felt sure that he could justify this if it was queried from on high.

The girl swayed for a moment before him. She must have known that a custodial sentence was inevitable, but he appreciated that actually hearing it would be a shock nevertheless. The same would apply for the second part of the sentence.

"You will also receive four strokes of the martinet." An immediate corporal punishment was mandatory for all guilty persons. Four or five strokes were the standard for curfew violation and he felt it unwise to go below that as well as reducing the custody part. The vandalism penalty, he would argue, could be served concurrently.

He watched the usher lead Kim over to the table. She leaned over it, exposing her trim, shapely bottom. He noted that she kept her thighs pressed tightly together, poor kid; Annie Harrison hadn't bothered so much. This would almost certainly be the first time in her life that her bottom had been whacked, but if her courage here matched her showing in the dock, she would get by. Nevertheless ... he wished he could tell the whipper to go easy. But he could not.

THWAPP!

"Aieeow!"

The camera flashed. Damn the man who was whipping her, Judge Ward thought: making the first one the hard one to get a reaction for the press was cruel.

Thwapp!

"Uhh." She had recovered well.

Thwapp!

"Uhh."

Thwapp!

"Uhh."

The manacles were opened. Kim Goddard straightened up, her hands shielding her nudity. She was marched past the judge, her head down. Four fresh red marks decorated her bottom. She was taken to the convicts' bench and sat down.

Judge Ward pushed the image of that superb body out of his mind. "Bring in the next defendant," he commanded.

CHAPTER THREE

Kim sat hunched forwards on the hard bench, her hands covering her front as best she could. Her bottom hurt and the bench was (no doubt deliberately) rough and hard on her bare skin, but it was the feeling of vulnerability from her nudity, coupled with the shock of now being a convict and unable to leave the court of her own free will, that was really hitting her.

Her identity wallet had been left with her clothes, which had now been removed from the dock, where another young man was being tried. Kim felt the absence of her documents, not as much as the absence of her clothes, but she felt it nevertheless.

They were made to sit very close on the bench. Her right thigh was pressed tightly into the equally bare left thigh of Annie Harrison. There was no talking while the court was in session, but Harrison had not in any way acknowledged Kim's presence and just stared moodily at the floor.

Her mind in a whirl, Kim paid no attention to the latest case. She became only aware of the result when the now naked young man was brought to the bench and sat beside her. His bare thigh pressed into hers and she cringed. Even now, Kim still believed in the system of government they lived under, but perhaps segregation of the sexes on this bench might have been appropriate? But it was not for her to make that decision and certainly a protest was out of the question.

The next offender, another male, was found not guilty. Again Kim could not focus enough to follow the case, but she felt a pang of envy as he was allowed to leave the dock, fully dressed and free.

During the brief recess before the next case, the lady receptionist who Kim had first met on arrival at the court came round, handing their identity wallets back to the three convicts, along with a printed handout. As expected, her plastic identity card had been removed and replaced with a new one, colour coded brown instead of the old light blue. Kim took the card out and looked at it sadly. The words 'state convict' were embossed clearly on it, along with an expiry date six weeks from today's date. Her summer holiday plans, including a holiday with her parents and younger brother, were all gone now. She put the card back in the wallet and turned her attention to the handout, reading it with growing fear and apprehension.

'You have received a custodial sentence, the expiry date of which is shown on your new identity card. Until that time, you do not have any of the usual rights and privileges of citizenship. You will shortly be transported to the place chosen for you to carry out your penal servitude. In line with government policy on privatisation, this centre will be a privately owned commercial or residential operation registered with the Prison And Probation Board. It will have been regularly and carefully inspected to ensure that it provides an appropriate level of correction in a manner that will cause no permanent injury to your person. Please be clear that you are required to fully co-operate at all times with all accredited staff at this centre; you may not refuse any order, requirement or imposition and any failure on your part will incur additional penalties and, if continued, may result in your being referred back to the court for an extension of sentence.

'It is important that you understand that staff at the centre will not be exhibit harshness to you out of any personal cruelty or dislike: they will be harsh because it is a condition of their registration as a centre that they be so. They are simply doing their job. It is also important that you understand clearly that penal servitude involves two aspects: servitude, to pay your debt to society and the penal element, to ensure that you will not wish to re-offend. Wish these aspects in mind, the centre is required to adhere to the following criteria:

'Between Monday and Saturday inclusive, offenders will work a 70 hour week. For female offenders, ten of those hours may be designated as 'special duties'. You will be expected to work hard and any slackness will be dealt with. On three of those six days, you will be subjected to a corrective therapy session designed to make you regret offending. All centres have fully equipped

rooms and well trained operators for this purpose. On the other three days you will be subjected, at a time suitable to the centre, to a briefer reminder.

'In line with government educational policy, you will be required to take a distance learning study course. You may choose from a wide variety of subjects. Same sex offenders sharing a cell at the same centre may opt to study together. The course will require an hour of study during the six days and six hours on Sundays. Courses will be tailored to the length of your sentence and grades will be given after examination by coursework. We recommend that you avail yourself fully of this chance to gain extra qualifications and failure to apply yourself well to this work may be dealt with by the centre.

'You may write a brief letter to your parents, not more than one hundred words, each Sunday. These letters will be censored. You will also be allowed to receive a similar letter. No other contact with persons outside the centre, except through your prescribed duties, is allowed.'

Kim read all this with an increasingly sinking heart. Something in the phraseology chilled her and she fished in the wallet for her virginity certificate and opened it out. The consent space was stamped with the court seal and signed by an official. Taken with the requirement for full co-operation in the first paragraph, the picture was clear: she was not at liberty to decline ... anything. Kim's face went a little redder. Normal people knew little of what went on at these workhouses, save that it was very unpleasant, which was exactly what the public wanted. And after all, the convicted were stripped naked and thrashed in court - Kim shifted uncomfortably on her bare, beaten bottom - so they could scarcely imagine that what happened afterwards was any less outrageous. Convicts having completed their sentence were usually understandably reticent to say too much. It was a time best forgotten, except for the lessons it taught. Kim shivered. Despite the very warm summer's day outside, the old courtroom had few windows and was quite cool, and there were goose pimples on her skin, though they were not solely caused by the temperature.

Time dragged on. The seventh case was quite lengthy and involved and eventually resulted in the most severe punishment yet: the boy concerned drew eight months and twelve strokes of the cane. He was weeping when they had finished with him and moments later the bench was even more crowded as he was placed there. Kim felt very uncomfortable with the other naked boy sat right next to her, his side, thigh and leg touching hers. At least he didn't dare try anything on. On her other side, the softer form of Annie pressed equally but slightly less disconcertingly into her.

The eighth and final case resulted in the second not guilty verdict of the day, to the very evident relief of the young girl in the dock and her family above. The judge rose to leave and everybody in the court rose, Kim still trying to cover herself. She could not work up the courage to look up to the viewing gallery to see if her father was still there. She hoped he wasn't. Shortly after the judge's departure, an official came to the convicts' bench and led them away, having removed the symbolic chain from their ankles. They walked silently in single file, Kim acutely aware of the boy behind her who had a very good view of her rear, just as she could clearly see Annie's red-marked cheeks.

They were taken out to the back of the court where an open transport truck was waiting. "Males to the right, females to the left," the official ordered. They climbed into the back of the truck. Kim found herself facing the three nude young men; she huddled herself into an even tighter ball, trying to cover herself up as much as possible. Annie seemed not the least bothered: she didn't even close her legs. The truck started up and Kim realised that they were to be driven undressed through the streets; but at least, as they faced inwards, only her bare back and her bum were on show and her identity was concealed.

There was no guard in the truck and the driver's cabin was sealed, so they were not supervised. Annie was actually posing and the three boys were all very clearly affected, their manhoods swelling visibly. Kim shot Annie a sharp look of disapproval.

"What's the matter, Miss Prissy, a bit shy?" Annie said. "Relax and enjoy the ride and the view. We won't be getting much to enjoy for the next few months." Kim said nothing. "Come on, unwind," added Annie.

"No thank you," Kim said frostily. She felt acutely self-conscious and huddled herself even tighter.

"Yep, Prissy Missy, that's what we'll have to call you."

"Well, your name should be the Shropshire Slut," Kim retorted hotly. "You could at least close your legs, though by the sound of what was said in court you keep them open most of the time."

"Miaow, miaow," Annie replied easily, unoffended. "Anybody got a saucer of milk for this little kitten?"

The lightness of her tone made Kim feel ashamed of her sharpness. "I'm sorry," she said quietly. "This is all a bit hard for me."

"It's not going to get any easier," Annie cautioned her soberly. "Try and ease up a bit. Talking of things getting hard, what say we come up with some names for the three little soldiers between these guys' legs which are obviously pretty pleased to see us?"

Just for a fleeting moment Kim nearly laughed at that, but she was too aware of her nudity. Annie hadn't missed it, though. "Was that a flicker of a smile we saw there? Come on, think of some names. How about Flopsy, Dropsy and Tiny?"

"How about, 'oh guys, you're tearing me apart' as we fuck you?" asked Scott Parker.

Annie's reply made it clear that she wouldn't mind being had in the least, although they all knew that neither of them dared. My God, thought Kim, how have I ended up with these disgusting people? She huddled herself up even tighter and tried to ignore them all. Focusing on the outside of the truck wasn't any better, especially when it slowed down and some male passer-by took a closer look. Kim turned her head back so she was facing into the truck: she prayed that nobody she knew would see and recognise her.

It was a relief when the truck got out of the town and headed into the countryside. After some time it stopped at a farm and the three naked boys were ordered off. Then it started off again. Kim relaxed just slightly. Annie noted that with amusement.

"What's so funny?" Kim asked, riled.

"Nothing," said Annie lightly.

"At least I'm not on my third conviction."

"But you've had your bum whacked just like me and you're as starkers as I am."

"I made a stupid mistake, that's all. I'm going to have to pay for it."

"And pay heavily," Annie said, not unsympathetically.

Kim shrugged. "I'm not complaining. I had a fair trial."

"You gotta be joking. All this just for having been out after eleven at night and having an accident with a window? This is a bloody police state."

Kim bristled. "I don't agree. Look how bad things used to be before they sorted it all out."

Annie looked at her. "And how do you know just how it was? Were you there?"

"No, but I've read books and my parents told me lots of things."

"History books are written by the winners and parents, well, they always want to re-write history to suit themselves."

"I'm glad I'm not as cynical as you," Kim said archly.

"And I'm glad I'm not as naïve as you," Annie retorted.

"Maybe your education course should be a history one."

"Like I said, history books are written by the winners."

Kim shook her head. "We can use the Internet to get at all sorts of data and texts the government has no control over."

Annie looked at her. "You gonna lecture me on it?"

"No; but we can do it together. I'll do the same course."

"With an open mind?"

"If you will too."

"All right. I've got to do some course, it sounds no more boring than anything else." Annie looked at Kim. "Are we going to be mates?"

Kim nodded. "I'm sorry about the things I said about you before. I'm just very scared."

Annie grinned. "Nah, you still think I'm the Shropshire Slut, and I think you're a prissy missy and we're probably both right. But we can still be mates."

They were delivered to a factory unit on an industrial estate. The arrival of two naked girls elicited some leering stares from male workers in neighbouring units, but no surprise. A hatchet-faced woman led them inside; Kim noted with fear the short, wicked-looking leather strap hooked on her belt and dangling from her hip. She led them to a cell, gestured for them to go inside, and then spoke sternly to them.

"I'm Miss Horsewood. You will address me and every other female overseer as 'Madam' and every male overseer as 'Sir'. Outside of this room you speak only when spoken to or to ask essential questions to an overseer; you do not communicate with other prisoners. Your uniforms are over there" - she pointed at two short and simple sackcloth dresses hanging from hooks on the wall, with sandals on the floor below - "and you only get fresh ones once a week, so keep them clean. Your timetable is on the wall over there." She looked at her watch; Kim, whose watch had been left with her clothes, estimated it was around four in the afternoon. "It's more trouble than it's worth to put you on a shift now, but that means you haven't earned supper either, so you can start with your first corrective therapy session tonight. You'll be collected."

Abruptly, she turned and left the room. The heavy metal door clanged shut behind her and Kim heard the rattle of a key. They were locked in! She wasn't claustrophobic, but it was an awful feeling to no longer have your freedom. For a few moments, everything rushed in on her; she covered her face and wept. Eventually she became aware that Annie was speaking to her.

"I said, do you want the top bunk or the bottom one?"

"What? Oh, I don't mind; whichever you want."

Annie shrugged and hopped onto the top bunk. Kim looked around the room. The four walls were brick, painted featureless white, the only decoration being a plain clock. A single, small window, too high to see through, was permanently open. There was a bunk bed, with a single rough sheet, blanket and pillow on each of the two bunks. A white wooden door in the corner led to a small alcove with a toilet, shower and hand-basin with some basic toiletries; it was all rough and ready, but very clean.

The only other items of furniture were two small desks, on each of which was a small computer for their education programme, and an upright, simple wooden chair in front of each.

On two hangers were brown sackcloth dresses. Kim put one on; there were no buttons, so she simply had to put it over her head. The material was coarse and itchy, but at least she was dressed again, even if there was no underwear. The top was cut much lower than she would have liked and the skirt was rather short, but it did cover everything up. Then she went over and studied the timetable on the wall.

Monday to Saturday started at six in the morning with 'drill'. Breakfast was at seven, with work starting at seven thirty and going on, with a half hour lunch break at one, to six in the evening, followed by supper. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday, corrective therapy was scheduled from seven to eight thirty, whereas on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday 'special duties' filled the same slot. Study time was from nine to ten and lights would go off at ten thirty. Kim noted that there were no light switches in the room: they were clearly controlled from outside. Sunday was mostly allocated to study, but with 'special duties' between twelve and three and again in the evening.

Annie came and looked over her shoulder at the chart. "The usual hard labour," she observed.

Kim bristled slightly. "You know, in the old days it used to cost thousands of pounds each week to keep a prisoner in jail. Now, we earn our keep and more. Did you know that convict money pays for extra nurses and doctors? I'm not looking forward to it, but it's a lot more sensible."

"Uh-huh," said Annie noncommittally.

"What does the corrective therapy involve?" Kim asked, rather more apprehensively.

"Getting your ass whacked," replied Annie flatly.

"Oh." Kim knew that regular corporal punishment was part of all juvenile sentences; she had been pretty certain what 'therapy' meant, but she had to find out for sure. "I suppose they have people trained in it," she said.

Annie shrugged. "Sometimes. Other times, they just make a packet hiring out the opportunities. There are plenty of people keen to pay to do that job. It helps to earn our keep," she added cruelly.

Kim ignored the jibe. "And the 'special duties'?"

Annie sighed in exasperation. "How naive are you, girl? Didn't you see that your consent form has been signed by the court? Didn't you read that handout and see between the lines? 'Special duties' is when us girls really pay our way by getting screwed by whoever pays for the privilege."

A cold shiver went through Kim as her worst fears were confirmed. "I ... just didn't know what they called it, that's all."

Annie shook her head in awe at Kim's stubborn refusal to condemn the state system. "Looking forward to paying your debt to society by being fucked silly, are you, Prissy Missy?"

"N-no ... of course not." Kim counter-attacked: "I bet you are, though, Shropshire Slut!"

Annie was unfazed. "Depends on what the guys are like. Don't forget I'm going to be fitted with a bloody chastity belt for six months when I eventually get out of here."

"The judge said you'd be able to get it unlocked for court-approved ... liaisons. I heard him say so."

"Sure: that means his people get to pick my partners for me. Want to bet they'll pick themselves first?"

"There are safeguard against abuse of the system ..."

"Oh, whatever!" Annie said irritably and went back to her bunk.

Kim lay down on her own bunk. She was hungry: her stomach rumbled from time to time. She'd had nothing since breakfast, when she'd been too nervous to eat much and now she'd have nothing until tomorrow morning. This morning, in the comfort of her family home, seemed a long time ago.

Hours passed very slowly. Kim stared at the underside of Annie's bunk above her, trying to reconcile her feelings. This evening, she would be getting the first of many, many state-arranged beatings. The four strokes of the martinet she had received in court were, she knew, just a taster. Yet she still believed passionately in the system. She knew she had been getting a bit lax recently in a number of ways: she had to view all this as a way of putting her back on the right path. Of course it was extremely severe; but ... well, it was not her place to judge.

On their way in, Kim had seen that their cell was along a corridor that led to around a dozen other presumably identical cells. All were on the same electrical circuit and, since everybody else was at work, the lights were off. The little window provided quite a bit of light, but the gloominess increased as evening came. The hands of the clock crawled slowly towards seven o'clock.

At five to seven there was a rattle of the key in their door. Kim and Annie, who had donned her own uniform, jumped up. Miss Horsewood appeared in the doorway. "Correction room four,"

she said tersely. "Left out of here, turn right at the end of the corridor, then third door on the left. Knock and enter. Move it!"

The two girls hurried out, Kim feeling extremely nervous. They passed a few other convicts in the corridor; there was silence and Kim could not meet their eyes. They found the room and Annie knocked on the door. A pleasant voice called "come in!" and they went inside.

The well-lit room looked like a doctor's surgery, except for the array of whips and canes hung on one wall and a number of devices for securing somebody; there was a couch with straps and a stocks where the scales and height measuring implements might have been. A smart and not unhandsome man in his mid-twenties, wearing the sort of white top osteopaths wear, sat behind a desk, studying files. Following Annie's lead, Kim stood in front of the desk.

He looked up and actually smiled. "I'm Darren Everton: sir, of course, to you. You two must be Annie Harrison and Kim Goddard. Which one's which?"

"I'm Kim Goddard, sir," Kim managed through a dry throat.

"Annie Harrison, sir." Gone was Annie's flippant, cynical tone, and that worried Kim.

Everton sat back in his chair. "Remove your outfits." His voice was gentle and modulated, almost polite: but there was no 'please'.

Kim took a breath, told herself not to be silly and grasped the hem of her dress, pulling the whole thing up and over her head in one go. Annie did the same and both girls stepped out of their sandals. Kim made herself keep her arms at her sides, her face red. Everton's brown eyes looked them up and down, not with overt lust, but with a man's eyes nevertheless. After a while, he made some notes in their files; Kim wondered what they might be, but there was no way to find out. Then he leaned back in his chair and addressed them.

"I am in charge of the corrective therapy programme here," he said. "We have ten male and six female juvenile convicts. The females and two of the males get dealt with on alternate days starting Mondays, the other eight starting Tuesdays. For economy, convicts are usually treated in pairs, although there are facilities for individual work. We have six operational rooms." He smiled thinly. "All of them are fully soundproofed, so you needn't worry about keeping quiet." Kim shuddered. "Government regulations are there to ensure no permanent marking or damage and all implements and procedures are chosen in line with that policy." Kim shuddered again: whether he meant to or not, he was frightening her. "We have three qualified therapists, plus a number of enthusiastic local amateurs who have been examined and certified as competent. You will get a different person most nights and a variety of techniques. If nothing else, it will not be boring. Any questions?"

"No, sir," said Annie and Kim repeated that in a quavering voice.

"All right. I will deal with you myself for your first session. Let's get started." The butterflies in Kim's stomach became even more frenzied. "You'll find handcuffs hanging up over there; each of you put a pair on. They're self-locking."

Annie went over to the wall and unhooked two pairs of cuffs, passing one pair wordlessly to Kim. The teenager turned them over in her hands for a moment, then wrapped the one thinly padded cuff around her left wrist. It clicked shut. She wrapped the other one around her other wrist and hesitated for a moment. She was putting herself at the mercy of this man, whose self-confessed purpose was to hurt her; and yet she had no choice. She clicked the cuffs shut, her hands now held forcibly together in front of her.

Everton got up and brought them into the centre of the room, facing each other. He pressed a button and a thick rope descended from an arrangement in the ceiling. "For your first night," he said conversationally, "I'm going to give you a toasting. Do you know what a toasting is, Annie?"

"Yes sir," the blonde said unenthusiastically.

"Kim?"

"N-no, sir."

He secured both pairs of cuffs to the rope and pressed another button. The rope rose once more, making Kim's and Annie's arms rise with it. "It's like grilling a piece of toast: we heat up first the one side, then the other. We'll do your backs first. They'll go red rather than brown, I'm afraid, but otherwise the principle is very similar."

He kept the rope rising until both girls were fully stretched and on their toes. Then he took a length of cord and wrapped it around their slim waists, pulling them much closer together. Kim was a couple of inches taller than Annie and her face was almost thrust into her fellow sufferer's lightly perfumed yellow hair. Everton pulled the cord until it was very tight, the girls' tummies now pressed together and knotted it off. Then he repeated the operation with another cord at chest height. Kim's and Annie's chests were pushed close together; Kim could feel Annie's firm, bare young breasts pressing into her own and could smell her scent. She could also feel that Annie was trembling slightly, much less than she herself was, but it was strangely comforting.

Darren Everton had selected a long, snaking whip from the substantial array on the wall. Kim eyed it with dread. With practiced ease, he flicked it through the air. It landed on Annie's back and Kim felt the girl slump forwards a little into her and heard the quiet grunt. They both staggered, their toes scrambling for a grip on the carpet.

Then Kim felt a line of fire on her back.

She squealed and thrashed involuntarily about. The two girls lost their footing and for a moment Kim's arms and shoulders bore her full weight before Annie somehow got them back onto an even keel.

"Oh God, oh God!" Kim gasped.

The whip flicked through the air again and Annie grunted a second time. A moment or two later, a second line of fire seemed to erupt in Kim's back and again the two of them would have tumbled to the floor if it had not been for their secured arms. She fought for breath, even as Annie took a third blow. How many, how many to come?

Slash!

Kim closed her eyes as a third stroke increased the pain in her back. This time she managed to stay on her feet, although she shrieked with the stroke. Annie's fourth stroke drew a very audible gasp from her, Kim's fourth another shriek. Her arms were aching from the number of times she had caused them both to lose balance, but her back was much worse, as if she was lying on a griddle.

Annie's fifth caused her to moan; Kim's fifth elicited another shriek. Tears were escaping from between her tightly shut eyelids. She also caused them both to lose their footing again and for long, painful moments they hung by their arms.

No more strokes came. For a moment, Kim, sobbing, dared to wonder if that was it. Darren Everton was untying the ropes around their chests and waists; but he didn't lower the rope which held them high. Instead, he produced two lengths of string, each only about six inches long, each with an electrical style clip on the end. He clipped the end of one to one of Annie's nipples and Kim saw the blonde wince as the serrated teeth bit in. Then he turned to Kim. "Hold still," he said casually and grasped her left boob in his hand. Kim shuddered: she'd never had her breasts touched by a man before. Then she too winced as the gripper's jaws closed on her tender nipple. A moment later and she winced again as her right nub was also clamped. Two short lengths of string now immutably connected her tits to Annie's.

Everton exchanged his whip for a flat-bladed paddle. "Now then, girl," he said to Kim, "I know you're a novice, but you're going to have to learn not to flail around so much. If you dance about this time, I think you might get a little reminder to stay still." As he spoke, he brought the paddle into sharp contact with Kim's bare bottom.

"Ow!" exclaimed Kim and arched her back. As her shoulders moved back, the two strings connecting her boobs to Annie's snapped taut. "Yeow!" she protested as her nipples felt a sharp, painful tug. Annie winced, but said nothing.

Thwapp!

"Uhh."

Annie took her turn more stoically; she caused no additional pain in Katie's nipples.

Kim steeled herself. It hurt, but she managed to keep herself more or less still. The twin strings went taut for only a moment.

Everton paused and smiled at her. "That's better," he said encouragingly.

Thwapp! Annie moved ever so slightly. Kim hastily leaned forwards as far as she could to stop the strings going taut again. There was very little slack in them.

Thwapp! She jerked again: she'd been too busy preventing tautness from Annie's stroke to prepare for her own. Once again a momentary pain shot through her mammaries.

Thwapp!

Thwapp!

Thwapp! Thwapp!

Thwapp! Thwapp! Thwapp! Thwapp! Thwapp! Thwapp!

At long last, the barrage ceased. Kim hung in her bonds, breathless, her bottom sizzling. Everton released the clips from their nipples, causing a brief moment of intolerable anguish as the metal pulled itself free of their flesh, and was lowering the rope. Oh, the relief as her aching arms were allowed to come down.

But she knew it was not over yet. 'Toasting' he had said: 'both sides'. He unlocked one of the cuffs on Kim's wrists and one on Annie's, and then reconnected them, each girl's wrist being locked to the other girl, with the two back to back. Annie's fingers sought Kim's and they interlocked. It was a gesture of support, of pain shared.

Their tormentor was standing in front of Annie, behind Kim. He had swapped the paddle for a multi-bladed martinet. "Right, girls," he said cheerfully. "To save me running around, I'll get you to rotate on the spot, if you will. Just keep turning."

He lashed Annie. She gasped and began to shuffle around. He lashed her again and again, as Kim rotated until she became the target. She yelped as the martinet whipped against her breasts. Again and again it landed on her chest as she shuffled madly around, trying to get out of the firing line, even though she knew it was bringing Annie into target range instead. When she was turned to face him once more, he scythed the straps between her legs, time and again, as she mewled in pain. Annie, too, was openly crying now. As Kim turned to face him once more and got another harsh stroke across her tummy, she called out, "oh, mercy, please!"

He stopped abruptly and then put a hand on her shoulder to stop the girls' shuffling. He looked into Kim's tear-stained face. "Which of us is the experienced professional in corrective work?" he asked her politely. Kim could only sob. "So I'll decide when you've had enough, thank you." He stepped back and landed another shot on Kim's reddened chest. Weeping, the girls started turning again.

After another minute or so, he stopped. "I think that will do for tonight," he said as if they had been playing backgammon. He began to undo their cuffs. "You two need to spend time sorting out your education projects. Off you go. One of the guards will see you back into your cell."

Sobbing uncontrollably, Kim picked up her dress, but did not put it on. Her body, front and back, hurt too much to bear anything against it right now and her nudity before this man was a lot less important than the pain she was feeling. Slipping on her sandals, she stumbled out of the room. Annie, a little more composed, held her shoulders and helped her back to their cell. One of the guards followed them and they heard the door clang shut and lock behind them.

Kim collapsed onto her bunk, crying, and then mewled again as the rough material of the blanket aggravated her soreness. Annie pulled her back to her feet. "Come on," the blonde said. "A hot shower will soothe it all just a bit and then we've got to sort out those courses, otherwise we'll really be for it tomorrow."

She let Kim go first and by the time she emerged, Kim had calmed down. Kim looked at Annie: the blonde's bare front was bright red, her bottom a deeper red with purple blotches and several thin lines on her back. Doubtless she herself looked much the same.

Kim sat very gingerly down on the hard wooden seat in front of her console, Annie beside her at the other machine. Like all of their generation, handling a computer was second nature to them and the machines were set up specifically for their purposes. Kim, much calmer now, experimented with the Internet and found their access limited to educational material only. They soon logged onto the course they needed. Kim tried to focus on it, but her throbbing body made it difficult. However, they made some initial progress before a warning message came up that lights would be out in ten minutes. They finished off and had just climbed into bed when the lights went out. The bunk bed was not very comfortable and Kim, who usually slept in prim pyjamas, had no choice but to sleep naked: the only clothes in the cell were the coarse sackcloth uniforms. It was a miserable, depressed and hurting Kim who eventually drifted off to sleep.

CHAPTER FOUR

A piercing alarm went off at five forty. Kim tumbled out of her bunk. She felt stiff and sore, but her front was a little less red and her bottom a good deal less so. She barely had time to splash some cold water on her face to wake herself up - it was very early and her anguished tossing and turning last night had led to her getting very little sleep - and pull on her rough prison dress before their cell door was unlocked and opened. There was no preliminary knock: privacy, it seemed, was not for them.

They joined the other convicts in the corridor, marshalled by two hard-faced warders. The other girls were dressed just like themselves and the males were in singlets and shorts of similar material. In silence, they were marched outside into the goods yard and lined up in front of a sharp middle-aged man with obvious military rank. Then, for what must have been close on an hour, they were given drill training, marched up and down, stood to attention and marched once more. Each of the prisoners stood ramrod straight and marched briskly. Kim was too frightened not to put plenty of effort into it and she soon found good justification. Both the warders and the sergeant, or whatever he was, carried quirts and were not slow to use it. Annie took two shots from the wicked instruments and several others were also bitten. Kim put in enough effort and was maybe just lucky enough to avoid the leather.

At seven o'clock they were led, still in silence, to the canteen. This was Spartan and the food plain but reasonably plentiful. Kim and Annie were both starving and ate hungrily. There was an eerie quiet about the place. A male overseer sat in the corner, reading a newspaper, paying no attention to them, but his presence was felt.

They went back to their cell and showered and were then collected to go to work. It was still barely the crack of dawn. Their workplace was a factory unit making some sort of mechanical tools. They were shown what to do, simple repetitive tasks, and set to it. Kim worked hard. She had every intention of being a model prisoner: if this was all going on her record, then the best she could do was to get a good report. But she noted that the others all worked hard too: Miss Horsewood and another male overseer watched closely. After a while, Kim heard a whacking sound and a male cry of anguish. She looked around to see that Miss Horsewood had brought her quirt down sharply on a bare male back. The young man, who looked no pushover, did not try to defend himself. Kim shuddered and started working even harder.

Long hours drifted by. The only sounds were the low noise of the machines and the occasional sound of a quirt striking flesh. Some music would have lightened the atmosphere and probably improved production, Kim thought, but clearly that was out of the question. Each time a convict was struck, the others stiffened and increased their already substantial efforts. By one o'clock, after five hours' solid work, Kim was very tired. A whistle sounded and they all trudged off to a silent lunch. Half an hour later they were back at their posts and Kim resigned herself to another five hours of labour. Miss Horsewood and the male overseer had been replaced by two more male overseers; clearly they only worked half a shift. How nice for them, Kim thought with a trace of bitterness. The fresh overseers were no less harsh than the morning ones and Annie was amongst those getting a taste of the quirt. The girls got it on the backs of their thighs - which perhaps explained the shortness of the dresses. Kim was aware that she was being watched closely and she worked like mad to avoid the quirt.

She had little time to dwell on what horrors awaited her. Her next full corrective therapy session would be tomorrow night. Her six week sentence meant another seventeen sessions like last night's. Could she cope? She had to: there was no other choice. Tonight, at the end of her shift, there would be a "small reminder". More worrying, tonight was 'special duties' night. Was she really going to have her virginity taken from her?

The whistle for the end of the shift blasted through her thoughts. "All right," one of the male overseers called out; "the girls, plus Carter and Benbow, assume the position over the bench."

There was a long work-bench at the end of the room. The two named boys, who were closest to it, leaned over it and lowered their shorts to their knees to reveal muscular male buttocks still carrying a bit of redness from last night. Both wore jockstraps beneath the shorts and Kim, who only saw them briefly from behind, thought she saw a glint of something metallic at the front of them. She didn't look closely: she had no desire to see their genitals. The girls were moving across the room to the bench as well, Kim and Annie holding back as much as they dared - which wasn't much - to see what they had to do. The first girls to reach the bench leaned over it next to the boys and lifted their dresses to reveal their knickerless bottoms, also still showing a little red from last night. Kim and Annie reached the bench and did the same, Kim not without some trepidation as the other male workers were watching; but at least she was only one bare female bottom out of the six.

The two overseers, she saw out of the corner of her eye, were now holding multi flat-tailed martinets like the one which had been used on her front last night. At least it wouldn't be the quirts. She steeled herself.

It hurt, but compared to last night it was bearable. The overseers moved up and down the line of bared behinds, apparently striking at random and yet Kim was sure by the end each convict had received the same number. When it was over, she straightened up and pressed her fingers to her now throbbing behind, her dress falling back into place to cover herself once more. The other boys who had been watching had a rather odd, strained look on their faces.

"Showtime's over, boys, back to work. Girls, it's audition night tonight because of the new girls, so after evening meal hurry back to your rooms and pretty yourselves up. Off you go."

Leaving the boys, who had another hour's work each night and five on Sunday in lieu of the 'special duties' - Kim would gladly have swapped with them, even though the long shift had been monotonous and tiring - the girls hurried in silence to the canteen, then back to their cells. As soon as the door closed behind them, Kim asked the question she had been burning up with. "What's audition night?"

Annie was already in the small bathroom. "Well, look at that," she said cynically. "A load of nice cosmetics. Bet they'll be gone when we get back in after tonight." She began to sort through the beauty products, selecting some, discarding others.

"Annie, what's audition night?" Kim repeated insistently.

The blonde sighed and turned to face her cellmate. "You know what 'special duties' involves. Audition night is where they invite the local hoi polloi along so they can look the goods over and make their selections; most places like this usually do a couple a month, or as girls change and new ones come in. By the end of tonight, you'll be booked up for the next couple of weeks at least. Paying your debt to society and earning your keep, I think you called it."

Kim fought down her revulsion, determined not to lose the argument with Annie over the penal system. "Oh, I see," she said, trying to keep her voice neutral.

"After you in the shower, little virgin," invited Annie.

Kim couldn't hide a wince at the reference to her virginity. She stepped into the shower and pulled the curtain. She noticed as she turned the water on that there were scented soaps in the dish instead of the cheap stuff available yesterday and this morning. "Do we get some nice dresses and things to wear?" she asked, trying to out-cool Annie.

"You gotta be joking. This ain't a fashion parade. It's our bodies they're interested in, so we'll be starkers."

Kim was glad the shower curtain hid her flinch this time. "How many men will be there?" she asked, cursing the slight quiver in her voice.

"Well, there's six girls here, a couple of plain ones but four decent lookers, five sessions each a week, so there's sixty appointments to fill per fortnight," Annie said. "Some punters might book two or three in that time, but others might only be window shopping. I'd guess maybe fifty guys."

A fresh wave of terror swept over Kim.

One of the earlier acts of Simon Neill's first administration, Kim recalled, had been the legalisation and regulation of brothels.

The arguments were compelling. The only real opposition came from religious groups and conservative types, both of which Neill was superb at charming, disarming and, when need be, just brushing aside. Prostitution remained considered by some a career of shame, but adverts for 'massage parlour assistants willing to offer full services' were now not uncommon. However, as prostitution had often been forced on unwilling girls through drug dependency, immigration rackets and blackmail, regulation actually led to a great many leaving the trade, more than came in and so scarcity resulted. The government was keen to address this to avoid a return to illicit underground brothels. Controversially, a group of young girls convicted of juvenile crimes were offered the choice of working in brothels as community service instead of jail. Some of them accepted. Although opposition was again substantial, the pilot scheme was a success and became commonplace. Then, when juvenile penalties were drastically increased, the choice factor was removed and brothel service became an obligatory part of many sentences. By this time, Simon Neill had the public eating out of his hand, and the draconian changes already made in juvenile law had led to a massive reduction in offences, so he got his way once again. And by now, it was one of these things that everybody knew, but nobody mentioned.

Annie stood over Kim's bare shoulder as the auburn-haired teenager finished the last touches of her light make-up. "They shouldn't be doing this to you," she said.

Butterflies were rampaging in Kim's stomach, but she didn't miss the surprisingly protective note in the blonde's voice. "How about you?" she countered, not keen to talk about herself. "Do you, um ..."

Annie's smile was brief and bittersweet. "Do I enjoy it, being as I was done for having illicit sex? Well, sometimes: it depends on the guy. Some of them are all right. But you ..."

Kim stood up abruptly. "I forfeited my rights when I was convicted," she repeated the official line, not wanting to even think about it. "Let's go," she said dejectedly.

Of course, they couldn't go; they had to wait to be released from their cell. The guard who did that instructed them to put their sandals on and led them away, collecting the other four equally undressed girls on the way. Kim felt incongruous and very vulnerable wearing just her sandals.

In an assembly area, they were chained together in line by a linked set of cuffs on their left wrists. Then they were marched out of the building and down the road. The pleasant summer evening air felt refreshing on Kim's bare body, but she was glad there was nobody around. Ahead of her, she admired Annie's lissom form, the blonde's flawless back, curvy posterior and shapely legs; behind her, the next girl might well be evaluating her own figure.

They were led out of the industrial area and into a residential one. The further they went from the factory, the more afraid Kim felt, although it had been barely a five minute walk. They came to a large pub and were led round to a side door. Inside was a small, crowded antechamber. Miss Horsewood was waiting for them. With the six girls close together, the mixture of their perfumes, although subtle and normally very pleasant, made Kim feel sick because of what it implied.

"Right, girls," Miss Horsewood announced, "we can't have you going out there undressed like this in front of all those men, can we? So, we've got something for each of you to wear."

Kim felt a wave of relief and then stopped short, her elation wrenched from her. The woman was holding six garter rosettes, each with a number on. That was to be the sum total of their clothing.

One by one, the girls were called forwards to get their rosettes, which they were made to wear high up their left thighs. One girl was rather plain and rather flat-chested, another more than a little overweight with large, pendulous breasts (and without clothes, both girls' physical weaknesses were cruelly exposed) and the other two as pretty as Annie and Kim; not that Kim really thought of herself as pretty, but she knew she had a better figure than the first two.

She was fourth to be called out. Miss Horsewood handed her a rosette with the number 4 on it and waited while Kim put it on and pulled it up her smooth left leg until it clung tightly to her thigh around half way from her knee to her hip. But unlike the other girls, she was not waved away again. Instead, Miss Horsewood fixed her with a basilisk stare.

"According to your copulation record, Goddard, you are a virgin. Is that correct?" A copulation record was the formal name for what was colloquially known as a virginity certificate.

"Y-yes," said Kim, suddenly hopeful.

"Are you sure? You will be in almighty trouble if you are lying."

"No ... it's true," Kim said, fearful even though her intact hymen was clear proof. Could it be? Would they excuse her from this because she was unsullied?

But Miss Horsewood now brandished a thick black marker pen. She bent down and wrote some letters on Kim's stomach. Looking down, Kim was mortified to see the word 'virgin' printed in neat, large letters. Miss Horsewood turned her round and wrote the same word in larger letters on the widest part of her back. Then she was waved back to the others. Annie, wearing her own rosette with the number 3 on it, gave her a look of sympathy. Kim couldn't meet her eyes.

One the remaining rosettes had been given out, Miss Horsewood spoke to them. "In the next room are some low tables. Find the one with your number on it and stand on it. You can pose if you like, but don't you dare cover anything up! Let the dog see the rabbit. All right, sandals off and get out there!"

The girls slipped their sandals off and reluctantly filed through the door into the next room. A number of men, perhaps twenty or so, looked around with interest and Kim felt her face go red. She tried to huddle in the centre of the group of girls, but as they spread out looking for their tables her protection rapidly dissipated. The she saw a low table, the top some three feet off the ground, with the number four on it. She moved over to it and scrambled - there was no dignified way to do it - up onto it. Only when she stood up did she realise how much it put her on display. For a moment she put one arm defensively across her breasts and the other hand covered her pussy, then forced herself, with growing shame, to take them away, keeping them stiffly by her sides, hands clenched into small fists.

More men were streaming into the room, rapidly bringing the numbers closer to Annie's earlier estimate. They leered at the unfortunate, bare girls on display. Kim's humiliation and shame were almost unbearable. She was acutely aware of the word 'virgin' marked clearly on her tummy and back; it was humiliating not because she was a virgin, but because she had lost the right to choose the time, place and man to change that state.

With a shock, Kim felt a male hand on her calf. She looked down to see a middle-aged lecher enjoying the smoothness of her skin under his rough fingers. Several other girls, she could clearly see, were suffering men's hands on their legs. Each girl made a point of standing in the middle of her table so that the grasping hands couldn't reach higher than her thighs. Kim emulated them, cringing.

"Gentlemen, if I can have your attention please!"

Miss Horsewood now held centre stage. She was in her early thirties, quite attractive apart from the hardness of her face and was wearing a fairly short skirt and dark stockings which emphasised her own good figure.

"As you can see," she announced, "we've got six lovely girls for you, including two new ones, numbers three and four. Price codes for sessions are on the leaflets you were given at the door. As usual, mark down who you want and what dates are convenient and we'll do our best to

accommodate you. Don't forget to write down your own account number and if you don't have one please see the man on the door."

"When are we going to see you on one of these tables, Horsey?" a wag called and there were several shouts of support.

Miss Horsewood smiled, unruffled by the left-handed compliment. "One of these days, maybe! Now, as you can see, our number four is a complete first timer." Kim went beetroot red as all eyes went on her. "Obviously only one of you can be first. As usual, it'll be double the usual rate for that session and, to be fair, we'll hold the usual raffle amongst those who want that option. Tickets will be on sale at the door for the next fifteen minutes. Meanwhile, have a good look at the merchandise!"

The men began to shuffle around the room, inspecting each girl in turn. Kim felt massive attention focused on her. Unable to bear meeting their looks, she closed her eyes and brought her hands up, grasping her hair in both hands and just hanging on grimly. She felt male hands on her feet, her calves, her knees and just slightly above, but thankfully no higher. Minutes dragged by; it was awful and yet when it was over, something just as bad would soon take its place.

"Attention again, please, gentlemen!" Miss Horsewood was on the table once more. "Thank you for your custom. It looks like all the girls are fully booked up now for the next two weeks. As usual, you can't all be accommodated tonight, so for those of you who haven't, shall we say, scored, girl number five will be available afterwards for quickies at the usual rate." The overweight girl wearing the rosette with the number five on it went very pale. Kim, her eyes now open once more, looked anxiously around.

"As for the raffle," Miss Horsewood continued, "the winner is ticket number 38!"

There was a shout of delight from a far corner of the room. Kim tried to see who it was, who had won her, but she couldn't make out a face.

"Well, gentlemen," concluded Miss Horsewood, "thank you again for your custom. Those who have a date upstairs are as follows." She read out a series of three digit account numbers, each with a room number, and added at the end, "and of course, raffle ticket 38 holder, in room 4! Meanwhile, those of the rest of you who would like a quickie, please form an orderly queue!"

A space was being cleared and a mattress put down. The unfortunate chubby girl stepped down from her table and lay down on the mattress, but Kim saw no more because she and the other girls were being ushered out. They were taken upstairs and she was pushed into room 4. The door closed behind her.

The room was small but smart, with nice carpet and fittings. It looked like any normal small hotel room, with a bed as the central feature. As she ran her hand speculatively over the bed, she heard the rustle of a plastic cover beneath the sheet. A precaution for a virgin, she realised grimly and fought back tears.

The door opened and a man sauntered in. Kim took a step back in fright. He was quite young, perhaps ten years older than her, so around 27. He wasn't wonderfully handsome, but she had seen much worse. His eyes drank in her undressed charms as she strove to cover herself up.

He closed the door behind him and showed her the dreaded raffle ticket. "What a brilliant bit of luck for me!" he exclaimed.

Kim backed away, her upbringing and years of accepting the system vying with her desperate wish not to have this thing done to her. He sat on the bed, eyeing her. "I'm not in the mood to play catch," he said sharply. "If you want to be skittish, I'll call Horsey and have you caned and we'll see if that makes you more co-operative."

Kim shuddered with fear. "Please ... just give me a few moments. It's ... my first time."

"We all know that," he grinned. He held a hand out. "Come here."

Kim inched reluctantly towards him until he was able to grab her wrist. He pulled her onto the bed and rolled on top of her. His lips crushed themselves to hers and his hands roved. Kim tried to push him off, but then jumped as he slapped her sharply on her bottom.

His lips moved away from hers. "I'm not supposed to smack you," he confessed, "but maybe a sharp slap like that is better than a call to Horsey. Or do you want to report me?"

Kim had no choice. "No ... that's all right ... I don't mind ..."

The words were barely out of her mouth before he was on her again. Anything she might have wanted to say was made impossible by his tongue pushing into her mouth. The hands were roving again. She writhed and winced, but didn't push him away.

"Undress me," he said thickly, before his mouth went to work once more, kissing her shoulder, then biting it playfully.

Gradually, as he shifted his weight, Kim was able to pull his clothes off him. His body was hairy but firm. Last to go were his shorts; Kim shuddered with the symbolism as she pulled them down. He was lying on top of her, but now he gently parted her legs and slipped between them. Kim didn't resist now, because of the threat of punishment coupled with the fact that she knew her situation was hopeless and, well, the event was so close now that she might as well get it over with. She glanced down; she didn't really want to look, but it was the modern woman's responsibility to make sure that the man was wearing a condom. He was. His manhood was swollen: it looked painfully big.

He played for a long time, touching her, stroking her, his cock running through her pubic hairs, nudging her entrance, pushing past her labia and gently nudging her seal. Some of the things he did were not unpleasant; under other circumstances, Kim might have enjoyed it. Other things she did not like. Gradually he became more forceful; he began to push in, banging on the stretched drum skin of her hymen until he was putting her under real pressure.

"Hyahh!"

Kim gasped in pain as her barrier broke; and then he was deep inside her, spearing her, seeming to penetrate to the very core of her being, impaling her, thrust after thrust until he came. Kim came too, driven by the tension and the shame and the sensations.

Kim was dozing fitfully when there was a knock on the door. The man, lying sleepily beside her, called for the person to come in. The door opened and Miss Horseywood entered.

"Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Harris," she said suavely, "but I have to get the girls back."

"No problem," the man addressed as Mr. Harris mumbled as he got up and moved slowly towards the shower.

Miss Horseywood looked down at the naked Kim. "Was she satisfactory?" she asked Harris. Kim went red.

"Fine, yes."

"She was co-operative?"

"Yeah, no problem."

"Good. Get up, you." Kim rose to her feet. Miss Horseywood had the marker pen out again. Cruelly, she drew a neat straight line through the word 'virgin' on Kim's tummy. Turning Kim round, she did the same thing on Kim's back. Kim would have to walk back to the factory not only nude, but with what had happened to her made clear to all. As Miss Horseywood led her from the room, Mr. Harris was cheerfully humming in the shower, oblivious to her departure. Kim realised that she had lost her virginity to a man whose first name she did not even know.

The girls were marched back to the factory, with Kim red-faced with her shame, in the usual silence. Only when they were back in their cell were she and Annie able to speak once more, but Annie didn't speak; instead, she put an arm around Kim's shoulder. Kim pulled away: she wanted to act as if nothing had happened.

"We've got to get started on our studying," she said defensively. "I just ... need a shower first."

"We both do," Annie agreed. "Come one, we'll squeeze in together. I'll see if I can scrub that writing off you."

The clock showed just a minute to six thirty.

Kim was finding it a relief to be coming to the end of her second day's shift. The work was very monotonous and the hours long and hard, the day having started with another drill session almost at dawn. She had already been at it for over twelve hours with barely a break.

The whistle went. The six boys hurried over to the long bench, lowered their shorts and leaned over it. Kim and the girls, plus the two extra boys, watched. Kim had to admit that one or two of the lads were quite good looking with well shaped, muscular bums, bums that were soon twitching under the application of the straps. All of them wore those jockstraps and were all curiously coy about their fronts, keeping themselves covered up. Kim didn't know why but didn't give it any thought, thinking more that when it was over and they were allowed to pull their shorts up once more, the boys had another hour's work to do yet, whilst the girls were allowed off to get a meal. Trouble was, it being Wednesday, it was corrective therapy night.

Kim was back in her cell with Annie when the guard unlocked the door. "You two, correction room one!" he barked. "Naked!"

Wordlessly, Kim removed her dress and the two of them hurried from the room. Outside the correction room, they knocked reluctantly on the door.

A man appeared. He was stripped to the waist and wearing a bizarre mask that covered his entire head, with slits for eyes and breathing. "Goddard! Inside! Harrison, wait there until I call for you!" he ordered. Hesitantly, Kim went inside and he followed her in.

"Kneel; hands behind your back."

Kim nervously adopted the required position. A quick glance around the room showed it to be well stocked with implements. The central feature was a black bench with stocks so that a victim could lie on the bench and be secured in the stocks. There was also a wooden cross against a wall.

The man picked up a riding crop and studied her, stroking her idly with the crop. Kim was becoming used to - though far from comfortable with - having men looking at her naked body. He put the riding crop under her chin, raising her head so her eyes met his, then put it behind her head, forcing her to look down. With absolutely no regard for her personal privacy, he cupped one of her breasts in his hand, kneading it, then tweaking the nipple sharply. Kim gritted her teeth. The hand went lower, the fingers running through her sparse pubic hair.

"Newly opened, aren't you?" he asked from behind the mask.

Kim coloured. "Yes, sir ... last night ..." She and Annie had worked hard to get all the marker pen off her, but her record here, including sexual encounters, would be open to him.

"About time too," the man mused, whilst his fingers continued to massage her clit. There was none of Mr. Everton's professional detachment here; but Kim was in no position to complain. Abruptly, the man grabbed her hair and pulled her head forwards and down so that her bottom was in the air.

"Wrap your hands around my ankles."

Kim obeyed, looking very much like a suppliant and knowing only too well how vulnerable her bottom now was. She winced as the riding crop came down on her bottom. It was only a tap, but it still came sharp. Again and again the crop landed, sometimes interspersed with the odd hand slap. Kim had no choice but to kneel there and take it. Her bottom quickly became red and sore. The man sat down on the bench and made her adopt a similar position, bottom high in the air. More slaps and taps with the crop added to the now substantial heat in her behind. It was worse when he made her spread her legs, still in the same kneeling position. His hands went in, stroking and fondling her very intimately.

"Yeow!"

He'd brought the tab of the riding crop right between her legs, impacting on her partially opened sex lips. Again it was only a sharp tap, but it was in a very sensitive place. He did it again,

this time actually hitting her clit. Kim winced and gritted her teeth as he gave her a dozen or so raps with the crop on her clit. Once or twice he pulled her open with the fingers of one hand so that the crop hit her right inside. Then he transferred his attentions to the upturned soles of her feet, giving them six stinging swipes each. Then it was back to between her legs again. She stiffened and clenched as she felt the knob-like handle of the crop pushed against her entrance; but, to her immense relief, he changed his mind and gave her another couple of taps with the other end of the crop instead and then went back to targeting her feet.

Eventually he made her stand up. It was now unpleasant for her to stand on her feet, her soles sore from the bastinado. "Open your mouth," he said shortly and when she did so he thrust the crop sideways into it. She held it in her mouth as he lowered a bar on a pulley and chain from the ceiling. The bar had a wrist cuff at either end and Kim, still with the crop in her mouth, had to stand passively whilst she was secured. The helpless feeling of being in bondage, her hands held high and so unable to protect her bare body, was something she well remembered from two nights ago.

When she was locked into the cuffs, he took the crop from her mouth and started flicking the tips of her breasts with it. Kim could only watch and wince. Then he sawed the crop backwards and forwards between her defenceless legs before moving behind her. She tensed, anxiously.

She felt the crop tap the insides of her thighs. "Spread your legs!" he ordered. Kim widened her stance. "More!" She parted further, but he was still unsatisfied and pushed her insteps out with his foot until her feet were nearly a yard apart, which lowered her torso and so stretched her arms further. "Stay there!" he barked, and unhooked a multi-bladed short whip from the wall.

Thwap!

The multitude of thin leather straps impacted against her bare flesh, stinging.

"This is for your benefit," the muffled voice came to her ears, "so you can count each stroke and thank me for it. How many is that?"

"One, thank you sir." Kim fought to keep her voice even: it was extremely evident that he was doing this for his own enjoyment, not for her.

Thwap!

"Two, thank you sir."

The light whipping went on and on. Kim's bottom cheeks were starting to really burn. Then he began to swing the short whip up between her legs, catching the insides of her thighs or sometimes her clit. She had counted up to twenty before he changed targets again, this time laying into her back. He often interrupted the lashing to paw at her, which, unpleasant though it was, at least gave her a few moments' respite. By the time he finished - after thirty-five strokes - she was smarting all over.

Then he went and opened the door. "Harrison! Get in here! On your knees!"

Kim watched as Annie crawled into the room on her knees. For the proud and determined blonde, that must be very galling. The man led her into the centre, just in front of Kim and made her lower her head to the floor. He proceeded to give Annie a dozen sharp swipes from the riding crop before releasing Kim from her bonds. Kim felt blessed relief surging through her muscles as her arms were lowered. Once the cuffs had been unlocked, she was made to kneel alongside Annie. The man wandered around them, alternately giving each a sharp tap on their bottoms with the crop. Annie said nothing when she was whacked, her bottom just rising slightly with each stroke. Well, thought Kim, if she can take it, I can take it and she too managed to keep silent, just flinching with the blows. But oh, that crop came sharp!

"Kneel up facing each other!"

Kim scrambled onto her knees, facing her naked companion. Now what? She wondered.

"Goddard! Suck Harrison's nipples!"

Kim's jaw dropped open in shock. There was no way she should be made to do that! She paused, confused, and then felt the crop bite into her bottom again. She flinched and even as she

did so it stung again. She realised that she had no choice. Hesitantly, reluctantly, she leaned forwards and pushed out her tongue, as Annie, stone-faced, presented her boob. Kim felt Annie's firm bud graze her tongue. The world didn't end, but another little tap on her bottom from the crop made her lean further forward and take more of Annie's nipple into her mouth. Kim had never done anything like this before, nor dreamed of it, but it wasn't really unpleasant. Annie's soft fragrance filled her nostrils.

She felt the man's hand in her hair, pulling her off Annie. Your turn, Harrison," came the muffled male voice behind the mask, and Kim watched Annie's blonde head dip and felt the girl's tongue on her tense nipple. It sort of tickled.

"Do you like that, Goddard?" the muffled voice asked.

"I... don't mind it too much, sir," Kim said.

"Well, you're not here to have anything enjoyable," he retorted and pulled Annie sharply off Kim by the hair. Then he pulled Kim to her feet, pushed her violently over to a wall where a wooden cross with manacles stood and locked her into it, her arms once more above her head. Kim accepted the bondage compliantly: she was becoming sadly used to accepting things. For a few moments, he indulged himself by running his hands down her body, dwelling particularly on her breasts and between her legs. Kim accepted that too, although she hated it. Then he turned his attentions back to Annie.

As Kim watched, Annie was ordered to lie face down on the bench and put her neck and wrists into the now opened stocks, which then closed again, securing her. Kim wondered for a moment why the girl had so meekly allowed herself to be bound, but then, she had submitted herself too. They had no choice, either of them. As Kim watched, the man began to hit Annie with the crop, occasional sharp strokes that left angry red marks on the girl's lovely skin. Kim saw Annie's body twitch with each stroke and could just see the girl's small fists clenching with pain, anger and helplessness. Gradually, her lightly tanned skin turned blotchy around her bottom and the tops of her legs, mute evidence of the torment being inflicted on her. After a while, he turned to the soles of her feet and gave her some bastinado. Occasional faint "ow"s could be heard from the other side of the stocks, but overall Annie was taking it very well. There was no protest, either, at the hands which frequently roamed over her nubile teenage flesh. Kim marvelled that the spirited, rebellious teenager could hold herself in check as she was so abused; surely it was a credit to the system that Annie had that willpower and that she had sufficient fear of authority.

Then she watched as the man put the crop away and lit a candle. For a few moments Kim was puzzled by this; then there was an anguished "ah!" from Annie as the first drops of hot red wax landed on her skin. For long minutes Kim watched as the blonde twitched and gasped as the wax dripped slowly onto her body. For the most part he held the candle over her already reddened bottom and her smooth thighs, but occasionally he ventured lower down to her calves or up to her back. Annie lay there, gasping in anguish as each drop landed. Eventually he blew the candle out and on a whim gave her another half dozen sharp raps with the tab of the riding crop before unlocking and lifting the top half of the stocks.

Kim was also released from the wall cross. Then, to her dismay, he ordered her onto the bench, face up, her neck and wrists in the stocks. She lay there and watched the top half of the stocks descend. It was sufficiently loose that it didn't touch her throat or wrists, but as she heard him lock it she knew it was tight enough that she could not get out. She felt his hand run idly down her side and knew she could not escape it. Then, to her even deeper dismay, she heard him order Annie to pick up the candle and re-light it.

He pushed her legs off the bench, one each side, so that her crotch was wide open. Kim tried not to think of the view she was giving him. Then he took the candle off Annie and made the blonde kneel and kiss Kim's pudenda. As the girl complied, he dripped hot wax onto Annie's bare back. Kim felt Annie twitch through the lips of the girl as they brushed her groin. Annie carried on

with her light kissing. Kim didn't like the sensation, but it was deeply erotic. Candle wax continued to dip onto Annie's back, but Kim knew that she would soon be experiencing it herself.

Then the cruel man gave the candle to Annie. "Don't waste any of it," he cautioned. With an apologetic glance at Kim, Annie held the candle over Kim's tummy. The youngster braced herself, then felt the searing heat as the first drop landed just above her navel. Within a moment or two it had cooled and she could feel the wax hardening on her skin. Then another hot drop landed. And another ...

"Make sure she gets plenty on her twat and tits," came the muffled command from behind the mask. Annie obeyed, although still going for Kim's stomach as much as she dared. Kim gritted her teeth and endured it. Eventually, the man took the candle off Annie and extinguished it. He then made Annie lie diagonally across Kim and gave her another half dozen strokes with the crop. By now, dozens of red spots adorned Kim's bare front. The ones that had landed between her spread legs had been particularly unpleasant to take. She thought for a moment that this part of her torment was almost over, but he re-lit the candle and made Annie drip it over Kim once more whilst he repeatedly lashed her with a light but stinging multi-bladed whip. Her breasts, her stomach and crotch all felt the continual sting of the leather, even her sex lips getting caught by it. Kim writhed and gasped in anguish.

At long last he stopped and Kim was released from the stocks. Hundreds of red spots now decorated her front. She and Annie were made to stand side by side, facing opposite ways, their right arms linked. Once more he set to work with the multi-bladed whip. Sometimes it landed on Annie's back, sometimes on Kim's front. They never knew where it would go next. Each one could only be grateful when it was the other who got it.

"I think that will do for tonight," he announced abruptly. "That is, if you can convince me you're learning your lesson."

Both Kim and Annie were hurting too much to let their pride get in the way. "Thank you for torturing me, sir," Annie said, her light blue eyes lowered.

"I ... appreciate you taking the trouble to help me reform, sir," Kim chimed in contritely. "I know how important it is to learn my lessons; we both do."

Annie nodded in agreement, trying to look humble. The man regarded them through the slits in his mask for a moment, then gestured for them to go. Hugely relieved, the two naked girls hastily left the room. A guard appeared and escorted them back to their cell and locked them in. Kim and Annie looked forlornly at each other; the former's front and the latter's back were liberally covered with congealed wax and both bodies bore copious red marks from the leather. "Another night over," Kim observed dejectedly.

"And a lot more nights like it to come," replied Annie bitterly. "Come on," she sighed, "a really hot shower will get a lot of this crap off us."

It did, as well as soothing other sores, but it didn't remove it all. An hour later, Kim lay on her bed, naked and face up, as Annie, as gently as she could, prised globules of wax off her pubic hair. "I'm sorry about ... what we had to do to each other in the torture room," Kim said. She didn't want to talk about it but felt the need to make it clear that she hadn't enjoyed it.

Annie shrugged. "We have to do lots of pretty vile things around here," she said. "Don't worry about it. Still think our prison system is so clever?"

"We're here because we deserve to be," said Kim flatly.

"I give up," sighed Annie in exasperation.

CHAPTER FIVE

Kim and Annie stepped wearily into their cell and heard the guard lock the door behind them. Kim glanced at the clock on the wall. It was six forty-five on Thursday evening. They had finished their work shift and hurriedly eaten their supper. Beneath their coarse dresses, their bare bottoms still throbbed a little from their end of shift spanking. Tonight being Thursday, it was "special duties" night. It would be the first "normal" such night for Kim, who had lost her virginity two evenings ago.

For speed, they both showered wordlessly together, then came out to look at the two outfits that had been laid on their bunks. Kim eyed hers with distaste, but didn't dare hesitate long in putting it on. The lacy white knickers and figure-hugging black trousers were all right, but her midriff was left bare and the very flimsy matching black top showed plenty of her cleavage and the material was thin enough to make it very plain she was not wearing a bra. High-heeled shoes completed a rather distasteful picture: Kim felt like a tart. She looked at Annie, who had struggled into a very tight mini dress which bulged in all the most suggestive places.

"I look like a slag," Kim said miserably.

"Better than when we were nude two nights ago."

In one way, Kim actually wasn't entirely convinced of that: she hated the thought of being taken for a slut, although of course being nude had made it obvious she was a convict, which was just as bad. There was nothing she could do about it and at least her modesty was much more - though far from entirely - preserved. A few minutes later six girls, all dressed provocatively, were chained into a line and being marched to the pub once more. Once there, they were left, to Kim's distaste, in public view. On a table in front of where she was standing, she noticed that Miss Horsewood had put some forms. Curious, she read one.

"To all customers using the girls", it was titled and went on: "Please take a moment to fill out this form. Please fill it out honestly: the girls will be punished for any shortcomings, but they are learning the lessons of their crimes and we do not wish them to be punished without reason, so please be fair and truthful. You may be reassured that their corrective programme already includes substantial corrective measures." Substantial corrective measures, Kim reflected: they were certainly getting that. They were in the torment rooms three nights a week and even on the 'nights off' from that, like tonight, she had still received a solid spanking at the end of her work shift. She read on. "Please rate the girls as poor, acceptable, good or excellent in the following areas: obedience, co-operation, effort in giving you a good time, sexual skill, apparent enthusiasm and quality of looks and body (relative to price). Please then add any extra comments below."

Kim put the sheet down with a feeling of utter despair. She hadn't just got to allow her body to be used tonight, she had to actively participate or find herself getting even more punishment. How it was possible for the warders to be even more cruel to her than they already were she did not know, but she was sure they would find a way.

She shifted uncomfortably. It was the first time she had worn knickers since her traumatic stripping in the courtroom three days ago and they felt a little strange. So much had happened so quickly since then; she was still trying to adjust to the nightmare her life had suddenly become. A small group of young men, clearly not in the know, were eyeing her and Annie up. The other four girls had already been moved off to their duties, so she and her friend were now the only centre of attention. Annie was bursting out of her extremely tight dress all over and Kim's outfit was strongly directing attention towards her boobs; both girls unquestionably looked as if they were on the pull, something Annie probably had a good bit of experience in but which Kim had absolutely none. Worse, she was already 'spoken for' tonight and she knew she would be required to go 'all the way'.

Two of the boys detached themselves from their group and moved towards Kim and Annie. Were these the ones who they had to ... entertain tonight? Kim didn't think so: they were only about her own age and she certainly hadn't seen them two nights ago. Her intuition was confirmed as Miss Horsewood moved to intercept just as the lads were about to greet the girls. "Can I help you?" Miss Horsewood asked them bluntly.

"We just came over for a chat," one of the boys said.

"I'm sorry, but these girls are off limits."

"Are you their mother?" the other lad asked, irritated.

"Most certainly not. They are young offenders and they are here to repay part of their debt to society."

Kim blushed with shame at being termed a young offender and her blush deepened when the 'debt' was mentioned. From the smirks which quickly covered both boys' faces, they knew what form that repayment was taking.

"We're society," one of the lads said. "Can't they repay a bit to us?"

"I'm afraid they are fully booked for the next two weeks," Miss Horsewood replied. "However, the next session to inspect and book is a week next Tuesday. There is an entry fee to the display, as well as booking fees, but if you have sufficient funds, you would be welcome to attend." She clearly believed that they did not and the looks on their faces confirmed this. They drifted away.

Shortly afterwards, two older men appeared and came over. They nodded to Miss Horsewood, who was standing discreetly nearby. She nodded back and made no attempt to intercept them, so that confirmed that they were the ones. Both looked successful businessmen in their mid-forties.

"That's a nice dress yours is almost wearing," the one said to the other. "Think we can talk her out of it?"

"With just a snap of the fingers," the other replied airily. Neither of them deigned to speak directly to the girls themselves. He snapped his fingers and Annie didn't hesitate. She quickly struggled out of the dress, leaving herself now in just white bra and panties that were, like the dress, at least a size too small for her curvaceous form.

The other man had slipped behind Kim and she felt his hands on her flimsy top. He pulled it up and, feeling sick, she co-operatively raised her hands so that he could slip it over her head and take it fully off her. The she felt his arms going almost protectively around her bare shoulders and heard him invite his friend to 'peel my grape'. The other man grinned, knelt down in front of Kim and pulled both her trousers and knickers down in one go. Red-faced, Kim struggled clumsily out of them; she was made to leave the high heels on, but apart from them she was now naked. The youths who had been eyeing the girls earlier were now eagerly watching them; they had realised that as the girls were convicts on duty their chances of scoring had gone, but they were getting a free show as consolation. Kim hung her head miserably.

"Well, now that the introductions are out of the way," one of the men said easily, "shall we go upstairs? Would you like to lead the way, er, Kim, isn't it?"

Feeling totally wretched, Kim nodded and, tottering on her high heels, began to walk towards the stairs. She had to go right past the group of youths who made no effort to hide their ogling of her totally exposed charms. To make it worse, they and everybody else would know exactly what Kim was going upstairs for. To round it all off, she hadn't been allowed to take her discarded clothes with her - Miss Horsewood was already moving in to pick them up - which probably meant she would have to return downstairs equally naked later on to retrieve them. She strongly doubted that the sour-faced warden would be kind enough to bring them up to the first floor.

It was a relief to be out of the lounge bar and away from all those eyes, but on the other hand she was about to have to go into room four again with another man and surrender herself to him; in fact, to pander and entertain him. She watched Annie, still wearing her minuscule undies,

disappear expressionlessly into room three with her man; she felt suddenly very alone without her friend. But this was something she had to do alone. Come on, she told herself as they entered the room and the door closed ominously shut, you did this two nights ago, you can do it again. But somehow this was almost worse: another night, another man; the acceptance that this was to be a regular thing. Also, in a strange way, Tuesday had in her mind been about losing her virginity, or more accurately having it taken from her, whereas tonight she was simply serving a man: a man who was already pulling her onto the bed and licking her breasts as his hands began to explore her nubile, shuddering body. Kim kicked off her shoes and tried to make herself relax. She knew she would be in trouble if she got a bad report. Trying not to think about where his hands were already going, she ran through the categories of her assessment form in her mind. Obedience and co-operation: come on, she told herself, you can do it, you **MUST** do it, and she forced herself to unclench, to allow him access. Effort, oh God, apparent enthusiasm: she made herself put her arms around him, feeling his muscular shoulders as she tentatively began to try to undress him. Looks and body she could do nothing about and anyway he had picked her from the awful audition the other day. Sexual skill? But she had no sexual skill! No experience at all, except for the deflowering she had endured two nights ago; she knew the mechanics, but not any tricks or moves or how to do things well. Well, she was going to have to learn fast! In the meantime, when she got a chance to talk to him, she was going to have to emphasise her newness to all this, ask him to be understanding, to flatter his ego by pointing out how much more worldly and experienced he was. It was already obvious that he was going to take his time and enjoy her body before moving on to actually taking her, unlike the younger man two nights ago who had rushed in. Whichever, it was all going to be a very, very unpleasant evening.

But then, every evening was unpleasant and the days not much better either. The six o'clock drill each morning was just cruel, followed by the daytime hours of long, hard, grinding and monotonous work; but the evenings were considerably worse. On Friday evening, Kim found herself naked once more, straddled over a vaulting horse, her legs secured to the back supports and her arms reaching down the front, her wrists similarly strapped to the legs, so that her bottom, with her legs spread, jutted out awfully. In front of her, she saw Annie's voluptuous form similarly tied down, the blonde's breasts heaving beneath her. Kim knew that she herself looked equally obscene; the way her legs were held, she could have no secrets. But much worse was the cruel leather strap which bit into her bottom again and again and again, until her cheeks throbbed unbearably with anguish. There was no variety to this night's torment: the two girls had been strapped to the horses over an hour ago and the strap had been falling on their defenceless backsides intermittently ever since. The only breaks were when the odious middle-aged man put the strap aside to give Kim or Annie a lengthy groping. With her legs so wide apart, Kim went hot and cold at times with where his hands were going. Surely this was not appropriate? She had to have the beating, yes, she understood that, and the 'special duties' was also a well known, if nowadays tacitly unspoken, part of custodial sentences; but this mauling was surely just for her tormentor's personal sexual gratification!

And yet ... at least when he was fondling her, he wasn't whipping her!

On the following evening - Saturday - she found herself thinking something very similar. As she trudged, exhausted from another day's hard labour, towards the pub, dressed in a halter top and a pair of extremely short hot pants that were so tight she could barely breathe, Kim found herself feeling relieved that at least it wasn't a correction therapy night tonight. Even the repulsive lecher she had to allow - in fact encourage - to have sex with her wasn't as bad as the terrors of the correction rooms.

The next day brought at last a welcome relief from the hardship of work. It had been made clear to them that they were expected to be up early and studying from eight; however, whilst Kim

was at the computer pretty much at the stroke of eight, Annie was still lying in her bunk nearly half an hour later.

"I thought we were supposed to be both working on this study course," Kim called back to the sleepy blonde. She was feeling very irritable. The last few days had been a mad whirlwind, with never a moment to really sit back and think; early rising, long hours of monotonous but still intensive work under the cruel eyes and brutal quirts of the overseers, rushed meals and evenings of either atrocious pain or revolting submission, returning exhausted and distraught to her cell with barely enough energy left to cry herself to sleep. Now at last the pace had slackened and Kim felt herself hit by the full impact of the things that had been done to her over the past six days and found it very difficult to deal with.

Annie idly pulled herself out of bed and wandered over to peer over Kim's shoulder at the screen. The blonde was stark naked - Kim had her sackcloth uniform dress on, the only clothing she had - and Kim saw the evidence of a bite mark on Annie's full, firm breast. It increased her irritation, reminding her that they had both been made to submit to disgusting perverts last night.

"Yeah, that all looks fine," said Annie, glancing uncaringly at the screen. "Keep up the good work."

"You're supposed to be working too," Kim snapped. "Sit down at your computer and get logged in. And for God's sake put some clothes on."

Annie sighed, pulled her uniform on and sat down beside Kim. Although every schoolchild learnt how to use a computer, she needed help from Kim to get going. She accessed the course study file and began, with very little interest or urgency, to answer the opening questions. Kim was working twice as fast and several times the brunette suggested testily that Annie could put a lot more effort in.

"I bet you've had A grades right through school," Annie sneered in response to Kim's latest admonition.

"Yes I have and I'm proud of it," Kim said defiantly.

"And you still ended up in jail like me."

Kim flinched; tears welled in her eyes. "I made a stupid mistake and I'm paying for it. I'm not complaining."

"All you did was stay out late and accidentally break a window."

"The only way to enforce the curfew is to be very strict with anybody who breaks it."

"More to the point, you wouldn't shop your friends. I admire you for that."

Kim felt a bit better. "I've no regrets," she stated, trying to keep pride out of her voice.

Annie sighed. "You really think this vindictive police state system works, don't you?"

Kim didn't answer for a minute. Instead she moved her mouse around, clicking feverishly. Eventually she found what she wanted. "Look at that," she said, pointing to her screen. "That's the percentage of convicts re-offending for each year over the last two decades. See the sharp drop after the prison reforms? Only an idiot would want to go through all this again, having experienced it once."

"You mean someone like me," Annie said mildly.

Kim recovered quickly. "You're not an idiot," she said more gently. "You're kind and intelligent and a good person. You just don't like authority and you're, well, sorry, but you're pigheaded." She said it as gently as she could.

"I'll accept that," said Annie soberly. "But don't you think, even just a little, that what they've done to you - and me - is too harsh for what we did?"

Kim thought for quite a while. At one point Annie could clearly see the tears starting to fall again. She waited patiently. Eventually, Kim spoke haltingly. "I can't argue with that. But before I came here I would have said the tougher the better. So now I'm up a gum tree: if I claim it's too tough, you could say it's only because I've got to endure it myself. So I'm not going to complain, even between the two of us. I'm going to serve my time, I'm going to take my beatings, I'm going

to" - here her voice faltered - "do my special duties and serve whichever men they put me with. When they release me I'm going to contact the judge who sentenced me and thank him for giving me a fair trial and tell him he was right to find me guilty. But I'm also going to tell him exactly what's happened to me. I just want him to bear it in mind when he's sentencing someone else."

"You think it'll make a difference? Bear in mind that he watched you having to strip and get caned in court."

Kim didn't want to be reminded of her first, terrible public humiliation; but she knew that Annie had a good point. She wavered and her friend pressed home her attack in another way. "Anyway," Annie said, "they need the juvenile system to train girls up for the brothels."

"Huh?"

"Look, one night we get our asses whacked bloody hard, the next night we get fucked, right?"

Kim flinched at the language and the statement itself. "So?" she asked shortly.

"So which nights are the least bad?" Kim didn't answer. "The nights we have to go with the men, right?"

"What's your point?" Kim asked evasively.

"So it's psychologically telling us that being screwed by some middle-aged lecher isn't as bad as some things. Once us poor convicts have assimilated that lesson, a job offer to work in one of the state brothels when we get released is a bit less likely to be turned down flat."

Kim turned round to stare at Annie. "Have you been offered a brothel job?" she asked directly.

"Yes."

After a pause: "what was your reply?"

"I said I'd think about it. But I can't see me saying yes, really."

"Why not? I'd have thought it would suit you."

"Oh, miaow, miaow. Yeah, I'm the Shropshire Slut, I like sex, but with guys my own age, thank you very much. And what will you say? They'll probably leave it much longer before asking you, but I bet they will sooner or later."

Kim shuddered. "You've got to be joking. I mean, no way. I'll do my time, I'll take my punishment, sexual punishment included, but then I go back to school and work towards becoming a doctor. All this," she said with a grimace, "will be behind me."

She returned to her work and involved Annie. The blonde was reluctant at first, but Kim challenged and cajoled her and Annie eventually got to work. They had some heated debates on some questions, but when the time came to get ready for whatever they were due for today, they had got a long way. They showered and put on their sackcloth dresses once more. Before they were collected, Kim had time to pen her first email home.

"Dear Mum and Dad: hope you are well. How strange not to know! I wish I was home. It's hard here and they treat us very badly, but I'm OK. Please don't worry, I'm getting by. My cellmate is daft but I like her and she helps me get through things. She's really nice. I know it's meant to be tough and I have to learn my lesson. I'm so sorry for the shame on the family but I promise, never again! Please forgive me. Have to go now, they only allow me 100 words. I love you lots. Kim."

Her thoughts were still with the blissful idyll of home as she was marched off towards the town, along with Annie and the four other girls. They were brought to a large pub/hotel, much more upmarket than the place they had been foully used in three times this week.

They were taken to the reception area where the manager looked them up and down. First he selected the two plain girls. "Right, you two can work in the kitchens, washing up. Work hard and fast or you'll know about it." A female assistant led the two girls off. He was left with the four pretty girls. "Any of you got any experience working behind a bar?" One girl raised her hand. "Right, you and this one" - he chose the other, big-breasted girl - "go with Bill here. That leaves you two as waitresses in the lounge. Take the orders, make nice to the customers, the kitchen gets

the food together, you serve it and discreetly give them the bill at the end. It's an easy job, so don't screw it up. There are uniforms for you in the back room. Get to it."

Keen to get out of the presence of this intimidating and irritable man, Kim hurried off with the two other girls to the room directed. Inside it, they found elegant open shoes and smart but extremely small grey skirts, little more than pelmets, neatly monogrammed with the hotel's crest, but nothing else. Kim looked around. "Where are the tops?"

Annie sighed. "Don't be naïve, Kim."

Kim's heart lurched. "You mean we have to go topless?"

Annie and Jemma were already pulling off their rough-hewn prison dresses. "For somebody who's spent a fair bit of time in the last week starkers in front of men, you're a bit shy all of a sudden, aren't you?" Annie observed.

She was right, of course; and yet ... stripping in the courtroom had been a nightmare, but somehow ethereal, as if it had been someone else. The onrush of events after that had been so overwhelming as to slightly, just slightly, numb her; in the prison factory itself, the torture rooms and that horrible pub, it was all such a foreign world to Kim that the unreality had just about helped her get by. But now, in the extremely elegant surroundings of this plush hotel, it was almost as bad as the first time in court. Miserably, Kim pulled her dress off. The skirts were all the same length, just varying in waist size. She put one on. It was extremely short and she had no underwear. She would only have to bend over a short way to expose herself. She strapped on the elegant shoes and looked helplessly at Annie.

The blonde put a bare arm around Kim's equally bare shoulders. "Come on, Kim, come and show your tits to the customers." The three girls filed out of the room, Kim's face already red.

In the restaurant, a hassled senior waitress - fully clothed, Kim noted jealously, although the woman was plain and in her forties anyway, so Kim found herself rather bitchily thinking that the customers would probably prefer it that way - split the room into three areas, one for each girl. In Kim's area, a family of four looked ready to order. She approached their table unhappily, acutely aware of her bare breasts.

The husband and wife, both in their late thirties, seemed unfazed by her semi-nudity, although she noted that the husband had a good look at her exposed charms. Leisurely, they began to order. Kim found it difficult to concentrate and yet she knew she had to get it right. The two children, a boy of maybe thirteen and a girl a year or two older, stared at her. She found it acutely embarrassing to be so much on show. Just as his father was completing the order, Kim saw the boy's wide-open eyes move from her chest to her mini-skirt.

"Are you wearing any knickers?" the boy suddenly asked in a disconcertingly loud voice.

Kim blushed in confusion and waited for his parents to tell him off for not minding his own business, but instead they just went quiet, indulgently. Kim realised that they expected her to answer.

"I ... er ... no," she managed. "That is ... they haven't given me any."

"Wow," said the boy. "Show me."

Again Kim looked helplessly at his parents for rescue, but none came. Trying to defuse the situation, she lifted the hip of her skirt, without showing anything important. The boy looked disappointed. "That don't prove anything," he argued. "You could be wearing a thong."

Kim was on the verge of telling him that he shouldn't know about thongs at his age and adding a few home truths about his manners. She stopped herself just in time. Then the brat's mother - his mother, for goodness sake! - said, "I think you can offer him a bit more conclusive evidence."

Yes, of course I can, Kim thought bitterly. She stood facing the table and lifted the front of her skirt fully, showing her lightly haired young delta. There was a long, horrible moment of silence.

"Cool," said the boy.

Kim took that as permission to drop her skirt. Red-faced, she was about to hurry off to get their order when the father spoke. "You're a convict, I take it?"

"I ... yes," said Kim, her voice husky and her head low.

"Juvenile offender?"

"Yes." Shame filled her voice.

"What was your crime?"

"Breaking curfew. And vandalism, but that was an accident."

"Hmm. First offence?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I hope you're learning your lesson?" It was the mother who spoke this time, her manner arch and aloof.

"Oh, yes!" Kim assured her fervently.

"You should reflect on your wrongdoings and where they've led you," the woman lectured her.

Kim tried to keep her face from crumbling into weeping. "I do, believe me I do," she whispered huskily.

"Take note, Chloe," the woman said to her daughter, who like all four of them was staring at Kim. "Do the wrong thing and it could be you there one day."

As Chloe nodded thoughtfully, studying Kim thoughtfully and no doubt wondering how it would feel to be made to wait on tables stripped to the waist, Kim fought back the tears. A couple of weeks ago, it could have been her and her brother getting the same warning from her parents, except that her mum and dad would never have brought her and her brother to a place where half-naked girls waited on the tables. Through mist-filled eyes, she looked at Chloe. The girl was quite pretty in a cute way and with a clearly developing figure. Young people became subject to full juvenile law and penalties at the age of sixteen, so in a year or so Chloe could indeed be standing where she, Kim, was now. Kim hoped that it wouldn't happen.

The exchange seemed to be at an end, so Kim was able to escape and take the order to the kitchen. The conversation buzzed around her mind. Her own mother, whose wisdom and opinion she valued highly, would have said the same sort of things as that woman. Indeed, she herself would have agreed fully just over a week ago. Now she was seeing things from the other side of the fence, but did that make it wrong? Annie's cynical view of a wicked, brutal state picking on them was comforting but dubious and Kim knew that she could have no complaints about the fairness of her trial and conviction.

As she prepared to leave the kitchen and return to the public area, Kim took a deep breath. Her breasts had been bared not just to titillate the customers, but also to humiliate and so punish her. It was certainly effective.

Her next customer, a distinguished-looking man of around sixty, ordered a soufflé without hardly looking at her, to her relief. The next table was occupied by two younger men who had a good ogle of her, but gave their order without comment.

The soup for the family was ready. Kim brought the first two bowls. She knew that she had absolutely no option but to bend over to place the first two on the table and did so unhappily, knowing that she was displaying herself lewdly to anybody behind her, as well as bringing her breasts even closer to the father and son's eyes. But it had to be done. Then, as she was placing the second two bowls on the table, she jerked upright, only narrowly avoiding spilling them.

The boy had friggered her!

She glared furiously at the boy, who leered back at her. Defeated there, she turned her stare to his parents. The boy's father simply admonished in the mildest of tones: "not while she's serving the soup, Billy, we don't want it in our laps."

"Sorry, Dad." There was no apology to Kim, naturally. Billy's eyes, too, continued to rove unashamedly over Kim's nubile, largely exposed form.

She hurried away as soon as she had delivered the soup, knowing that she would have to return to collect the plates, then again to serve the main course, again to clear that away, again to serve the dessert ...

Clicking fingers from another table attracted her. Two young men, only a year or so older than herself, were already eyeing her up. She went over to them, her face red.

"What d'you think, Ben, B cup or C cup?" the one aid to the other.

"Hmm. C cup, I'd guess, Carl."

Kim could do nothing but stand there in utter humiliation whilst they discussed her bra size. Then one of them spoke to her directly. "Which is it?"

"C cup, sir," she said, almost spitting out the last word in her anger.

"I was right, then," boasted Ben. "How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"Very nice. Hey, you fancy coming out with us tonight, after you've finished here? We could go out to a nightclub in town."

Kim coloured. She was being asked out on a date! And just because her boobs were on show. "No thank you," she replied politely.

"Aw, come on, it'll be fun!"

For all their boorishness, it would probably be less unpleasant than where she would be this evening. "I can't," she said curtly.

"Why not? You already got a date?"

"No," she said rather more evasively.

"So why not?"

"Because when I'm finished here they'll take me back to the prison workhouse," Kim blurted out.

Their faces registered mild surprise. "You're a jailbird?" Carl asked. "You don't look the type."

Kim shrugged. It occurred to her to wonder if she looked any more the type to voluntarily take a job as a topless waitress; but then, these lads were immature types. "I didn't think I was the type either," she said with a touch of bitterness.

"Ah well, if you can't, you can't," said Ben, as if the only thing that mattered was his chance of a date. They ordered a coffee - she suspected they couldn't afford a lot more and it was an excuse to come in and leer at the girls - and she hurried off once more.

The restaurant was busy and she had plenty to do. Kim became aware how hard waitresses work. She was so busy for a while that she could almost - but not quite - forget that her breasts were bared.

"Excuse me, young lady!"

It was the older man who had ordered, and received, the soufflé. Up to now he had taken almost no notice of her. She hurried over to his table. Fixing her with a basilisk stare, he snapped, "My food was only lukewarm!"

Kim glanced at his plate. Luke warm or not, the soufflé had been fully eaten. She wasn't sure how to handle this. "Shall I ask the chef to do you another one?" she suggested timidly.

"Certainly not. If I had wanted a cold one followed by a hot one, then that is what I would have ordered."

"Well ... I could ask my supervisor about a refund," she suggested.

"I am not that short of money," he retorted. "It is the principle of the matter. You young people these days, you give sloppy service and then hide behind refunds and supervisors and corporate responsibility. Nobody is prepared to take personal responsibility for shortcomings, let alone apologise."

A week of being downtrodden and treated like dirt got to Kim just for a moment. She stopped the embarrassed shuffling and hunched shoulders and stood up straight in front of him, for

once almost uncaring of the fact that her breasts were bare. "I've only been working here for an hour or so and that as conscripted labour," she told him, "but I will take full responsibility and I apologise on behalf of the hotel." She was quite proud of her flowery, precise speech.

"That's better," he said, still sharply. "I think a hand spanking will be enough."

"A WHAT?"

"A hand spanking. I believe you heard me perfectly well the first time."

"But ... but ..."

He sighed. "Evidently your fine words were just talk. You weren't really prepared to atone for the hotel's shortcomings. In that case, you had best fetch the manager and I will discuss the situation with him."

Alarm bells rang in Kim's head. Much as she would have liked to believe that this odious man would be thrown out for making improper suggestions on the back of quite obviously trumped up complaints, she had a nasty feeling that the bad-tempered Basil Fawlty type manager would somehow blame her instead. If he sent a bad report back to the prison ... Kim went hot and cold. It would be better to take a hand spanking off this man, no matter how undeserved.

"No, please," she pleaded. "There's no need for that. I'll take the hand spanking, on behalf of the hotel."

"I shan't be gentle and there will be extra for your hesitation," he warned.

"I know; I don't mind," she lied desperately. "Perhaps there's somewhere we can go for this ..."

"Absolutely not. I have no intention of being further inconvenienced. I am quite happy to deal with you right here and now."

"Here? In public?" Kim was aghast.

"Here, in public," the man replied firmly. He pulled his chair out from the table and sat on it, tapping his thighs meaningfully.

Miserably, Kim shuffled forwards until she was at his right side and then leaned over. His hands took hold of her with a firm grip and helped her lower herself across his bony legs until Kim's palms were on the plush carpet. She felt her miniature skirt being lifted clear of her bottom and shuddered with shame. Plenty of people in the dining room could see her quite clearly.

Slappp!

His hard hand came down with stinging force on her unprotected bottom. Kim bit back a gasp. She had endured worse in the correction rooms but it still stung. Much worse, though, was the public nature of it.

Slappp!

It actually was stinging quite a bit.

Slappp!

Kim tried to control her breathing, to focus on just staying still and pretending she was somewhere else.

Slappp! Slappp! Slappp! Slappp!

The blows rained steadily down on her now reddened ass, which was beginning to throb mightily.

Slappp! Slappp! Slappp!

Of course, neither the hotel nor she had done anything even remotely wrong. He was simply taking advantage of her. The knowledge didn't make the spanking any easier to take.

Slappp! Slappp! Slappp!

"I am blessed," his fruity tones drifted down to her ears, "with the ability of being ambidextrous, at least as far as correcting young ladies is concerned. As my right hand is becoming a trifle warm, I think it is time to change over." As she struggled to her feet, was led around to his other side and pulled over his lap once more, Kim reflected that his hand would be less tender than her bottom, which would get no respite. As her head momentarily rose, she was

reminded once more about just how public her chastisement was. Several diners, including the brat Billy and his quiet sister, were watching avidly. Kim's face went as red as her bottom.

Slappp!

The first slap with a fresh hand brought her mind sharply back to the sting of the spanking.

Slappp! Slappp! Slappp!

Out of the corner of her eye she saw Annie hurrying to serve someone. The blonde's eyes were firmly ahead of her, although her body language showed that she was fully aware of what was happening to Kim. Annie's firm, unencumbered young breasts undulated slightly as she moved quickly to her customer.

Slappp! Slappp! Slappp! Slappp! Slappp! Slappp!

At long last Kim was allowed to straighten up. Her tiny skirt fell back into place, covering a boiling bottom.

"I hope you've learned your lesson, young lady," he said piously.

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir," mumbled Kim in acute discomfort.

"Off you go then."

Kim hurried away, her whirling mind trying to remember what she had been about to do before he had caught her. Oh yes, the desserts for the family of four. As she passed Jemma on her way into the kitchen, the sultry brunette whispered to her, "that old goat comes in every Sunday and always makes an excuse to spank one of us. He sits in a different place each week so he always gets a different girl."

"Why doesn't the management do something about him?" Kim asked bitterly.

"Why should they?" Jemma replied with equal despondency before hurrying away.

Kim brought the desserts over to the table. She had to lean over Chloe and Billy's side to serve their mother and she could feel her micro-skirt rising.

"Nice hot buns," observed Billy. "Good an' red."

"Now Billy," reproved his mother gently, "I think the poor girl's embarrassed enough already."

"Well, that's what she's here for, isn't it?" Billy asked.

"Yes, dear, but even so ..."

Extremely red-faced as well as red-bottomed, Kim managed to finish serving and escape. However, it wasn't much easier on any of the other tables. Her bared breasts, the incredibly short skirt under which everybody knew she wore no knickers, the knowledge that pretty much everybody had just seen her get rigorously spanked: it was hard to say which was the worst. Even the fact that her bottom was still stinging could not be dismissed as minor.

Kim and the other two girls had started waitressing at noon. By two thirty, the new customers had dwindled to a trickle. Almost last to arrive before the lunch window closed were three overweight, very smartly dressed but greasy-looking men who the supervisor pushed past the girls to greet and lead to a private function room. Kim noticed Annie looking with a frown as the men disappeared and she was becoming used to relying on the blonde's experience and instincts. "Trouble?" she asked.

"Maybe," said Annie thoughtfully. Kim went back to her work. She was getting just slightly acclimatised to having her boobs on show, but it wasn't growing any less unpleasant. A minute or two later, Jemma hurried over, gathering both her and Annie. "They want the three of us in the function room," she said. "The supervisor says she'll cover what's left here."

Kim followed the other two girls into the private room. The three men lounged in their chairs, grinning. "While we're waiting for our meal," one of them told the three girls, "you lot can provide some entertainment." All three of them began to unbutton their trousers, dropping them and their shorts to reveal three grotesque, semi-flaccid cocks. "For starters, you can suck us."

Kim's jaw dropped. "No ... not that!" she cried, aghast.

"Don't be a little fool!" hissed Annie in her ear. "You know the rules: we have to do whatever we're told, whether we like it or not. Just get on your knees and get on with it!"

Kim shook her head vehemently, unconscious of the rippling effect it produced in her unencumbered breasts. "I can't!" she wailed. Then to the men: "please! I'll do anything else, but not that! You can even ... have me if you like!" Her face was scarlet with revulsion and humiliation.

"Is there a problem, sirs?"

The manager's voice made Kim jump. How he had been alerted to the situation and got here so quickly she had no idea, nor had she heard him enter. This was her last chance: Annie and Jemma were already kneeling up before the men, clearly ready to use their mouths; but Kim just couldn't. From the day, only a couple of years ago, that she had discovered that oral sex existed, it had always seemed disgusting, degrading, unhygienic and perverted to her. It was the ultimate in female submission: the man got all the pleasure, while the woman got nothing except a mouthful that she didn't want to think about at the end of it. Despite her fear, Kim remained rooted to the spot.

"This silly little slip of a girl wants to choose what she does and doesn't do," one of the men explained to the manager.

"I'm extremely sorry, gentlemen," he said unctuously. "If you will let me take her away for a few minutes I'm sure we can correct her attitude."

"It'll be more fun to do it ourselves," one of the men said, and another nodded. "Do you have somewhere we can secure her?"

The manager thought for a minute. "There are some pretty solid wooden girders in the walk-in freezer. Would you care to follow me?"

Before Kim knew what was happening, two of the men had taken a firm grip on her, one on each arm, and she was being escorted bodily from the room. The third man didn't follow, cheerfully telling his friends that he would "hold the fort" while they were gone. Already he was drawing both Jemma and Annie to him.

"I'm dreadfully sorry about this," the manager was apologising as he led them through the dining area, where the few remaining customers watched with amusement and curiosity, and through the back corridors. Kim half walked, was half carried; she could not get away. They reached the heavy door to the freezer and he opened it. A blast of cold air seemed to go right through Kim. She was carried in and the manager, finding some rope from somewhere, tied her wrists to a thick wooden upright beam at a junction with a horizontal beam so that she was left with her hands secured at shoulder level and her back to the men. Her tiny skirt had been pulled off and lay on the floor by her feet. She was shivering, both with fear and with the cold of the freezer room. Goose pimples were appearing on her bare flesh. The men all had their jackets on now; she was naked.

"Gag her," said the customer who was emerging as their leader. "If she's not using her mouth for its proper purpose, she shouldn't have any other need for it."

An oily rag was thrust into Kim's mouth and secured by a big handkerchief supplied by one of the men. The leader now began to unthread his belt from his trousers. Kim watched with wide, terrified eyes.

Slash!

"Mmmppfff!"

The leather belt whipped across her bare, unprotected back. Behind her gag, Kim screamed. Her skin felt on fire from where the belt had hit and an angry red line instantly appeared there.

Slash!

The pain seemed to double.

Slash! Slash!

Waves of burning, searing agony washed over Kim. Tears escaped her eyes and were running down her cheeks.

"Remove her gag," the leader ordered.

"Please," Kim sobbed as the filthy rag was pulled from her mouth, "no more ... mercy, please ..."

"Gag her again."

"No! Nnnmmmmppffff!" The last word became unintelligible as the grease-stained rag was forced back into her mouth and secured once more.

Slash!

"Mmmmmmmffff!"

This time he scythed it across her bottom, still red from her earlier spanking, but the spanking was nothing compared to this.

Slash!

Another one across her burning nates!

Slash!

"MMMMMMFFFFF!"

That one was across the backs of her thighs! Oh cruel, cruel world!

Slash!

"MMMMMMMMMMFFF!"

As Kim did a little dance, hopping from one sandaled foot to the other as she tried to assimilate the enormous hurt, the man spoke to her in measured, forceful tones. "Now, wench, in a few moments I'm going to remove your gag again. You shouldn't waste the precious gift of speech on irrelevancies: you should get straight to the point of expressing your fondest desire, the thing you most want in all the world, which is to suck my cock. Understand?"

Kim nodded frantically. She couldn't take any more of this; and in any case clearly he would just carry on beating her until she gave in. She would have to suck his penis. In fact, she would have to do whatever he demanded of her.

The gag was removed. "Please," she gasped the moment she could speak, "let me suck you. I want to suck you ... if only you'll let me ..."

He grinned. "See how easy it is? All right, let's untie her and get back to the lounge."

Kim's bonds were loosened, leaving clear red rope marks on her wrists. "Put your uniform on," hissed the manager angrily as they prepared to return. Kim, her flesh white with the cold of the freezer, stooped to pick up and put on her phenomenally skimpy outfit. "When I report this to the prison, you'll be in real trouble."

A fresh wave of terror rushed over poor Kim. The wider consequences of her balking hadn't occurred to her. "Please," she begged piteously.

The leader of the men grinned again. "When we get back to the function room, you can make a little speech about how it was all a misunderstanding and how keen you are to suck my dick," he said. "If it's really convincing and, of course, if you do a very good job, there shouldn't be a report."

Kim bit back another sob. As if this wasn't going to be hard enough already! But she didn't dare get reported. Even then, she knew there was a risk that word would get back. They went through the main dining room where a few faces amongst the dwindling customers turned towards her, noted the evidence of weeping on her face and the fresh red marks on her back and thighs - they were high up her thighs, but the hem of the miniskirt was even higher - and no doubt wondered what she had been chastised for.

They returned to the dining suite. The third man was lounging in a chair, Annie on his lap, idly stroking her breasts while Jemma leaned over him, kissing him and lightly chewing his ear. Both girls' faces wore strained, fixed smiles. The two men who had taken Kim away dropped their trousers and shorts again. Everybody looked at Kim; for the first time during her topless waitress

stint, she saw the eyes of the men on her face instead of her bare boobs. It was not, right now, an improvement. She cleared her throat.

"I'd just like to explain," she said hoarsely, "that it was all a misunderstanding before. When I said I couldn't do it, I meant, er, that I wasn't worthy enough." She paused, summoning her courage. "Actually, I've always wanted to do this. I'd like to thank you men for giving me the opportunity." Bitterness welled up in her heart, but she had to go on: she knew she wasn't out of the woods yet. "I've never done this before, so I hope you'll forgive my lack of experience, but I'm really keen to get started."

"Started on doing what?" the leader prompted.

For a brief moment Kim managed to meet his gaze, then her hazel eyes dropped once more in abject defeat. "Sucking your cock, sir," she whispered.

"A little louder, please."

"Sucking your cock, sir," she said slightly louder.

"I still can't hear you."

"SUCKING YOUR COCK, SIR!"

He smiled and stepped forwards. His revolting manhood, hanging out from between two very hairy, fat legs, swayed sickeningly as he moved. "Well," he invited, "here it is."

In total defeat, Kim sunk to her knees in front of him. Her face was now at the same level as his organ. In a gesture of solidarity, Annie knelt down behind Kim, her back to Kim's back, looking suggestively at one of the other men. Annie's fingers just momentarily reached back and brushed Kim's bottom cheek, narrowly missing one of the fresh welts, in a gesture of support; it registered, but Kim's attention was focused almost entirely on the thing approaching her pretty but very red face. Knowing she couldn't afford a delay, she reached out and ran her fingers up his tool, feeling it stiffen under her feminine touch, and then, fighting down nausea, slid her lips over it.

It tasted of salt and talcum powder. Kim willed the bile rising in her stomach to subside as she ran her tongue underneath his rod whilst her fingers caressed the base of it. She had no real idea how to do this, so she just rolled her tongue around it, sliding it in and out of her mouth as if her mouth was a vagina, never quite letting it out altogether for fear of chickening out of taking it back in. Her tiny skirt having ridden up, her nude bottom collided with Annie's as her friend also sucked, doubtlessly with much more experience. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Jemma also Hoovering away.

"Ahh ... keep at it, you little beauty!"

The throaty words escaping her man did nothing to help her, just turning her face beetroot red with shame. His voice drifted down to her again. "When it comes, girl, you swallow every last drop. It's good protein and besides, we don't want to stain the carpet, do we?"

That moment was coming closer: she could feel him growing, stiffening, filling her mouth. Suddenly he erupted, great thick globs of come spurting into the back of her throat. She forced herself not to retch and sucked frantically, drawing it all into the back of her mouth, head bobbing up and down as she swallowed the foul, salty goo. He was shrinking, fading. Thinking her job was done, her lips released his manhood.

"Don't forget to clean me off, bitch," he growled from above her, interrupting his sighs of satisfaction. Steeling herself one last time, Kim ran her tongue over the tip of his rod, cleaning the last droplets away. She felt sick, but knew that was a luxury she couldn't afford. As he put his dick away, she glanced around: Jemma was still sucking, her man plainly nearing his climax, but Annie had finished. A small fleck of come decorated the cheek of the lovely blonde.

Some more animal grunts from the third man indicated that Jemma had finished her task. As the three men pulled up their trousers, the food arrived with impeccable timing. Probably, Kim thought, the room was monitored electronically; clearly these men were important customers. Hastily readjusting her miniskirt, she, Annie and Jemma had the extra humiliation of having to

serve lunch to the men. She blushed an even redder hue when one of them observed, "we've fed you, now it's your turn to feed us!"

As the men settled to their meal, the girls were dismissed back to the main dining room. With no respite, they had to finish off the rest of the customers. Kim longed for a drink to take away the salty taste of come in her mouth, but she didn't have a chance. At least she was able to alert Annie to the drop of come still on her cheek. Annie wiped it off with a finger and, having nowhere to wipe her finger - she didn't dare wipe it on her skirt - had to lick it off with her tongue. She shrugged at Kim's grimace of disgust.

They had to return to the men and serve their dessert, whilst in the dining room proper they were now just cleaning and taking coffee to the last stragglers. Then they were summoned to the function room again. The men had finished their dessert. Kim had a nasty feeling their job was not just to clear the plates away. She was right.

"All right, girls, skirts and shoes off and let's be having you doggie style."

How many times was it that she had lifted up or removed her tiny skirt today, Kim vague wondered as she followed Annie's lead and went down on hands and knees, her bottom in the air, facing her friend. For a moment she feared she might be about to get whipped, but then she felt male hands pulling her legs apart and felt a thick male member entering her vagina from the rear. This was awful, but a beating on her already welted ass would have been even worse. She felt him begin to thrust. For long minutes the thrusting went on. Clearly this time they were in no hurry. Annie, her face only inches from Kim's own, was beginning to gasp and groan and Kim realised that, whether Annie was enjoying it or not, the blonde tramp was becoming aroused. But the long, drawn-out pumping was having an unwanted but inexorable effect on her too. Her breathing began to get deeper, more laboured.

"Ahhh, ahhhh," she gasped.

"Oooohhhh," chimed in Annie. Kim could see the beads of sweat on the blonde's forehead and knew her own brow was perspiring.

The two men were evidently going to demonstrate their mastery over the girls by making both of them come; and they were going to succeed.

"Aahhhhh, aaahhhhhhhh," Kim moaned.

"Wwoooooohhhhhhhh," Annie breathed. Kim saw her friend shaking uncontrollably and realised that Annie was coming right at that moment. The realisation pushed her over her own brink.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" she groaned, as she experienced the embarrassment of climaxing in front of the girl who had nicknamed her "Prissy Missy".

Behind her, the middle-aged businessman looked down at the shapely, weal-marked back and taut, reddened bottom of the beautiful seventeen year-old brunette, grinned and carried on pumping, his orgasm only moments away.

Their waitressing jobs at an end, the three girls were allowed to eat the unused food in the kitchens. Kim, her large dose of semen sitting uncomfortably in her stomach (at least she felt that way) welcomed the meal, which was very tasty. They were returned to the prison and their cell around five and were told they were not required again before nine that evening. She and Annie showered and put on their fresh, though equally coarse, uniforms. Annie went to lie on the bed, but Kim grabbed her wrist.

"Oh no you don't," she said firmly. "We've got four hours, so we can get a lot of studying done in that time."

Annie sighed. "We've done enough today to get by."

"I don't want to just get by and you're not going to either. We're both going to get 'A' grades off this course."

Resignedly, Annie sat down in front of her computer and switched it on. "I've never had a grade A in my life," she said with a touch of pride.

"Well you're going to get one now," insisted Kim. "You're capable of achieving a lot more in life than just being the Shropshire Slut."

"Yes, Prissy Missy," Annie replied in mock meekness, "though I noticed you weren't quite so prissy when you were being fucked yourself right in front of me. Maybe you're after my title?" Immediately she silently cursed her big mouth as she saw Kim fighting back the tears. Hurriedly she changed subject. "So, we were looking at the Education Acts this morning. Where to next?"

CHAPTER SIX

Kim was very frightened. Sweat poured from her naked body.

It was Monday evening. On Sunday at nine, they had been taken to the pub to each "serve" another man who had paid for them. Monday returned to the now routine pattern of long hours of work, plain meals and then correction therapy on Monday evening. They had been brought into this room, made to strip and tied face up on these benches, their hands and arms down the legs, their breasts jutting up. They were tied very securely, the most tightly and thoroughly that Kim had yet experienced and this made her feel particularly nervous. That and the fact that Annie also looked very worried. Then they had been left to ponder their fate.

"Annie?" Kim's voice was small and nervous.

"Right here, P.M., I'm not going anywhere," came the blonde's grim voice. 'P.M.' was her nickname for Kim, an abbreviation of Prissy Missy. Although they were becoming closer friends, Annie often seemed very quick to goad Kim, especially about her sexual reticence. Of course, she could just be trying to take Kim's mind off their current predicament. If so, it wasn't working.

"What do you think they'll do to us tonight?" Kim asked.

"Wait and see," the blonde said with troubling evasiveness.

"Do you know?" Kim persisted.

"I've got a fair idea."

"Tell me."

"You'd rather not know."

"Yes I would. I can't stand the uncertainty. Tell me, Annie, please."

The blonde sighed. "I can't be certain, but ... what's the most obvious target on our bodies, when we're tied this way?"

"I don't know."

Annie sighed and craned her blonde head. "I can see you, you can see me, just about. We've both got our tits sticking invitingly into the air."

"Oh no! They can't! They wouldn't! Not there, surely!"

Annie sighed. "I might be wrong. And if I'm right, then it might just be the strap. But ..."

"Go on," urged Kim in a strained voice.

"Then I think you're about to find out what it's like to have your tits caned."

The walk back to their cell was the first time that Kim had been absolutely one hundred per cent oblivious to her nudity. The pain was indescribable. Four horizontal welts ran across her lovely young chest, matching those across Annie's slightly more voluptuous assets. The whole area of her boobs was red and blotchy from the strapping they had received before the cane. Both girls had been gagged but had still screamed themselves hoarse.

The next day, working in their coarse sackcloth uniforms was terrible. The rough material rubbed atrociously against their welted boobs. Both of them got a couple of swipes from the quirt for slacking, a highly unusual thing for Kim. She was repeatedly stopping to brush the tears out of her eyes. She was by now sadly used to working whilst still suffering from the previous evening's 'therapy', but never yet as bad as this.

"What is the matter with you two today?" asked their overseer. Usually the least cruel of their work foremen, he had already laid the quirt twice over each of their backsides.

"Our therapy last night left some bad welts," Annie said.

Casually, the overseer lifted Kim's dress, exposing her unclad bottom. "Can't see anything out of the ordinary," he said mildly. There were only the still-red marks from the belt on Sunday.

"Higher up, at the front," Kim said, embarrassed, trying to ignore the view he was getting from her lifted shift.

"Your melons, you mean? Why don't you just say so?"

Annie intervened. "We got our titties whipped for us last night, pretty heavily, all right? Kim's a bit shy than me, so I'll say it for her. Anyway, today the welts are rubbing badly."

The overseer nodded in understanding. "Just whipped?"

Annie shook her head. "Caned as well."

He shrugged. "Well, that's a bit brutal, but I can't help that. I've got quotas to meet. I tell you what: if it's easier, you can roll your dresses down to the waist. It's up to you."

To Kim, that seemed like jumping out of the frying pan straight into the fire, but she saw that Annie was already slipping her dress off her shoulders and rolling it down to her slim waist. Kim hesitated only a second before following her lead, despite the presence of the ten male juvenile prisoners and the two male overseers. The rubbing of the coarse sackcloth dress against the weals on her boobs was too dreadful.

She was expecting, and dreading, having the boys gaping at her for ages, but to her surprise it didn't happen. Most of them had a quick glance and then turned away. This puzzled Kim. They didn't seem to be the types to be gentlemen and avert their eyes, nor did any of them strike her as being gay. They seemed to be forcing themselves not to look. She had noticed this from time to time before, that the boys tended not to look too often in the direction of the girls, especially when the girls were most exposed. Unfortunately, the overseers had no such inhibitions. Still, even that was better than the terrible rubbing of her welts. Kim tried to put it all out of her mind and got back to her work.

Tuesday evening - what little of it there was after their shift finished at six with the obligatory spanking and they had eaten - was spent in their 'duty rooms' at the pub, where Kim writhed under the repulsive mauling hands of another middle-aged man, but it was definitely better than Wednesday evening, where they endured another substantial bottom warming in one of the correction rooms.

It was now just after two p.m. on Thursday afternoon. Kim was exhausted. With each day starting with parade ground drill at six in the morning, and then their work shift starting at seven thirty, by this time of day she had already worked more than a full day, and yet she still had four hours to go; and then there would be this evening's unpleasantries. At least her breast weals had healed enough that she could wear her uniform without any problems.

Two middle-aged people in smart suits, a man and a woman, were being shown around the factory floor. Kim raised an eyebrow and Annie whispered "inspectors" in her ear. They looked just like school inspectors, one making notes on a clipboard, the other carrying a laptop. They took one of the boys away with them, then returned him a little later, took Annie and on their return beckoned to Kim.

The supervisor with them spoke to her. "Goddard, this is Mr. Muir and Mrs. Fenton. Go with them and behave yourself."

Nervously, Kim followed the pair into an office. Mrs. Fenton opened her laptop whilst Mr. Muir sat at a desk, in front of which Kim stood smartly to attention.

"What is your full name?" the woman asked, briskly but not harshly.

"Kim Samantha Goddard."

"Address?" Kim gave it. The woman manipulated the computer mouse. "Ah yes, found you. Convicted of breaking curfew and vandalism, sentenced to six weeks, served ten days so far. Is that correct?"

"Yes," said Kim tersely, embarrassed by the mention of her crimes.

The man spoke. "Goddard, it's our job to check that this centre is dealing with you in the proper manner, as laid down by statute." Kim's spirits flickered up momentarily: surely the treatment she had been given was more extreme than it was supposed to be! The man handed her a schedule. "This is the weekly timetable you are supposed to undergo. Please look down it and tell

us if it is correct. Please note that you are expected to be entirely truthful and you may bring up other issues if you think they are relevant."

Kim looked down the list. The times were pretty accurate. Still, the euphemisms 'special duties' and 'corrective therapy' were not explained. She decided to play it by ear. "The times are accurate, sir," she said guardedly.

"Good. How many men have taken their pleasure of you so far?"

The question, even if delicately phrased, hit her like a splash of cold water. So much for them supposedly not realising what 'special duties' involved. "Five men have had sex with me," she said coldly. "I was previously a virgin."

Mrs. Fenton looked up from her laptop and fixed her with a cold stare. "Is there a point to your second statement, young woman?"

Kim quailed for a moment, then resolved to be firm. "It just seems to me to be an odd way to treat an offender, by removing her innocence."

The woman frowned. "Parliament's view is that your previous abstinence from sex was neither a good nor a bad thing, merely your choice. The main issues with sex, as far as they are concerned, is the prevention of underage sex and of young unmarried girls becoming pregnant, and of sexually transmitted diseases. Did every man who has used you wear a condom?"

"Yes," admitted Kim quietly.

"Then I fail to see your point."

Kim felt herself losing the battle. "My cellmate, the last girl you interviewed, was done for underage sex. Now she has to have sex here and yet when she gets released she gets fitted with a chastity belt. It's a confused message."

"Not really. The message is that you have to conform to the law. Once you stay within that, you can do as you please. Harrison is a rebel by nature. She'll learn, sooner or later." The woman eyed Kim. "Curiously, you know, she spent her time arguing your case."

Kim felt a warm glow. "She's a friend," she said simply.

"Hmm," Mrs. Fenton replied, and then abruptly: "remove your uniform."

Did they know that she had nothing on underneath? But of course they did. Kim pulled off her sackcloth dress and stood miserably, naked, to attention. The man came over and looked at her more closely, causing her to go even redder. Then he gestured at the still vivid cane marks across her chest. "When did you get these?"

"Monday night, sir."

She had to steel herself as he touched one with a finger. "Looks like well within regulation limits for breast work," he reported to the woman. "They should heal fully in a few more days, with no long-term marks. Turn around, Goddard!" After Kim had turned her back to him, he examined her bottom, which bore fresher weals. "And these?"

"My therapy session last night, sir," said Kim, just hinting ever so slightly, as much as she dared, that it didn't seem much like a reasonable concept of therapy.

"They're fine too," Mr. Muir said. "You can turn around again." Kim longed to be able to put on her uniform, but that order did not come. Instead: "during your sexual liaisons since you arrived here, have you orgasmed at all?"

Kim went bright red. As if this was already not embarrassing enough ... and she had to answer truthfully. If she were caught lying ...

"Y-yes, sir." She didn't want to elaborate, but he waited, so she had to add in a quiet voice, "twice, sir."

"Would you say that any of the men you have been with made any attempt to pleasure you?"

Her face went even redder. "N-no, sir. They've all been ... perfectly beastly."

"That's as it should be: you're not here to enjoy yourself."

The woman smiled. "An unwanted orgasm during forced sex isn't always as much fun as you might think, Michael," she told her colleague. "Would you agree, Goddard?"

"Yes, madam," Kim said, still hugely embarrassed and humiliated.

"I'll offer you a little piece of advice, girl," Mrs. Fenton went on. "As soon as you get out of here, have sex with someone. You need to find out what consenting, normal sex is like, especially as you were a virgin on arrival. You'll find it quite different."

"Yes, madam," said Kim dubiously.

"You'll find your consent form will be signed up to a date a month after your release to facilitate that."

"Yes, madam."

"Well, I think that's everything we need to see," said Mr. Muir. "You can get dressed now."

Gratefully, Kim replaced her single piece uniform dress. She was aware that Mrs Fenton was regarding her thoughtfully. "You regard your punishment as unfair, Goddard, don't you?" she said.

Kim nodded. "Yes, madam. Partly just the harshness of it, but I'm also wondering what the boys get as equivalence of our 'special duties'."

"For a start, they get longer hours of work, a hundred to your seventy each week. But moreover, the principle of the girls' punishment is worthlessness: behave like a worthless member of society and you'll be treated like a mere sex object. When your sentence is over, you have the choice: behave well and be treated with dignity and respect once more, behave badly and be treated as a piece of meat again. With the boys, we take a different approach. Have you seen any of them without their shorts?"

"No madam," said Kim. She would have added 'of course not', but several of the boys had seen her naked, on her way to or from the correction therapy rooms, or stripped to the waist the other day at work.

"Well, the principle for them is frustration. Each of them wears a device under his shorts, one they cannot remove. It's a small cylindrical device, fitted around their penis, which keeps it bent. It prevents them from becoming aroused and in fact can be quite painful if they don't keep their thoughts in rigid check. Then we incarcerate them with a load of teenage girls whose evident helplessness appeals either to their dominant tendencies or their protective instincts, both of which have strong sexual overtones. The benders, as we call them, are fixed to every boy on his arrival and not removed at any time until the day he leaves. Several months of total sexual abstinence, with plenty of girls for temptation, ensures that they don't want a repeat stretch. My colleague here thinks the boys' punishment harsher than the girls, don't you, Mr Muir?"

"Well, I suppose they are even, really," the man replied. "It's just that I can empathise a bit more with the boys' plight. It wouldn't be nice at any age, but for a teenage male with raging hormones, it must be pretty tough. Haven't you seen one of these devices, girl?"

"Er, no, sir."

"Then perhaps you should."

She went to the door and called for a male prisoner to be brought in. A minute later, a wary young man was brought in and introduced as Peter Denslow.

"Remove your uniform," he was ordered by Mrs. Fenton. He took his sandals and singlet off without hesitation, but seemed rather more coy about dropping his shorts. When they had come off, Kim could see why.

"Take a good look," Mrs. Fenton ordered her wryly.

The jockstrap included a thin metal waistband with a tiny lock at the front. It could clearly not be removed without a key. Attached to the front of the jockstrap, and therefore equally impossible to remove without the key, was a tube which fitted fairly tightly over the young man's penis, covering it from the stem down to just above the tip. The tube had a bend of around seventy degrees in the middle, ensuring that Denslow's manhood remained bent.

"There are some quite sharp nodules on the inside of that tube," Mrs Fenton told Kim. "If he gets excited, he'll be calmed down quite unpleasantly."

"Painfully, I should say," ventured Mr Muir with a male insight.

Mrs Fenton smiled. "Well, they have to learn to control themselves. Let's see how good this one is. Remove your uniform again, Goddard." Unhappily, Kim grasped the hem of her short dress and pulled the whole thing over her head, leaving herself naked once more. "Go and stand in front of him." She obeyed, red-faced. Denslow, who was about her own age, kept his eyes averted. "Look at her, Denslow!" barked Mrs. Fenton. "In fact, put your hands on her tits! Feel them!" Reluctantly, the youth reached out and Kim felt his hands close over her firm young mounds. Kim saw the sweat forming on his forehead as he struggled to maintain his composure.

"Stroke his balls, Goddard!"

Kim hesitantly reached out and her hands brushed his sacs. It was the first time she had touched a male there, in fact the first time she had intimately touched a boy of her own age. Denslow grunted.

"Now his prick!"

She moved her hands slightly upwards, felt the metal encased rod and then went down to the base, just past the end of the cylinder. Kim felt him swell for a moment and then there was a gasp of pain and the swelling immediately began to subside. Denslow bent over in pain.

"Ah, the bender still works as well as ever," Mrs Fenton observed. "All right, you can get dressed, both of you. Still think the boys get it easier than the girls, Goddard?"

"N-no, madam," Kim said as she replaced her prison dress. The brief incident had been humiliating for her, but for the young man it had clearly been extremely painful. Now she understood why the boys generally avoided even looking at the girls.

This place was truly a Hell on earth for both female and male convicts!

CHAPTER SEVEN

My name is Eric Willis. I'm sixty years old, a crusty (so my friends tell me!) bachelor and every Sunday I treat myself to lunch out at my favourite restaurant. The food's good, but the service is out of this world!

Each week they get the waitresses - all teenage juvenile offenders - into different outfits which conceal practically nothing and whet the appetite beautifully. Last week, they had them decked out in tiny miniskirts and no tops. This week, I arrived to find them running around in almost totally transparent fishnet tops which end just below their navels and nothing else except the tiniest knickers you could ever imagine. Delightful!

There is a high turnover of girls, since custodial sentences are short and sharp, so there's always fresh talent around. Last week two new girls appeared and I had an exceptionally cute, shy brunette serving me. This week I was in the zone of the other one, a lovely young blonde. I took my time ordering, admiring her legs, every inch of which was on full display. Teenagers have such lovely legs, the skin taut and vibrant, the curves just right. This one had, anyway.

The meal was very nice, but I wasn't letting on. When the blonde came to clear away the main course and asked politely if everything was all right, I was ready.

"It was not," I lied. "The meat was underdone and the vegetables boiled to mush."

A resigned look came into her eye. I preferred the panic of the brunette last week, but this girl was evidently more experienced, plus she would have seen her friend's fate last week and probably compared notes. "I suppose you want to spank me," she said flatly.

I was slightly disappointed: I like the verbal foreplay and watching a girl's fate dawning on her. Still, the spanking itself is the best bit. "That would be acceptable," I said. "Get yourself over my lap."

She didn't quibble about getting it in public, either. She came round to the side of me and leaned over my legs until her hands were on the floor. I adjusted her position for my optimum comfort. A really nice bottom stared up at me, beautifully shaped, submissively awaiting its fate. I ran my hand over it. The skin was supple and smooth, just the faintest trace of little hairs at the tops of her legs, the cheeks themselves like a baby's. The tiny triangle of her panties shielded absolutely nothing, but I lowered them anyway, easing the straps over her hips, just to make a statement of having her in my power. She didn't seem to bother about that, either. Ah well, you can't have the perfect reaction each week and I do like to keep variety. I raised my hand.

Smack!

The sound echoed nicely round the room. One or two other diners were watching, most taking no notice. This was a weekly sight for the regulars amongst them, of course, and several knew of my little arrangement with the management. Ignoring my audience, I ran my hand over those teen peaches once more. Her bum felt firm under my hand.

Smack!

Oh, how I love that sound!

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

I ran my hand over her. There was just a little more warmth in her skin now, and just a slight deepening of the colour. As a blonde, she had quite fair skin, but it was now just looking marginally more rosy.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

And I ran my hand over her again. Now there was a definite heat there and her skin was blushing red.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

It must be stinging her a bit now, but she was taking it well. I could feel her steeling herself, breathing evenly, working on keeping herself under control.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

The brunette who I'd had last week hurried by, looking at her friend with sympathy, but also I think relief that she herself wasn't the subject of my attentions this time. I can soon change that, I thought to myself. I might need to put a bit extra on my tip for the senior waitress this week, but it would be worth it. I snapped my fingers and beckoned the other girl over. She approached warily, reluctantly.

"As you can see," I said to her, my hands stroking the delightful teenage female flanks of the blonde, "the service here hasn't improved since I had cause to take you to task last week."

The brunette shifted her weight uncomfortably from one foot to the other, unsure what to say. She was also acutely aware of my eyes on her body. Last week she had been topless, her nice young breasts fully on view, but she was aware that the mesh top she now wore didn't really hide them at all. It was actually better than her being topless, because the mesh top was supposed to shield them but didn't, giving a conspiratorial feel to it, in that I could clearly see what I supposedly shouldn't be able to. Her nipples were poking involuntarily through the mesh. The blonde draped over my lap had bigger breasts, but although they were well shaped, I preferred the brunette's, which I suspected had seen the light of day less often before her conviction.

"Because things haven't improved," I lied, "I am going to have to give your friend here a much more severe chastisement; unless you would like to spare her some of it by taking your share of the blame?"

The dark-haired lovely licked dry lips. The desire to rescue her friend clearly battled against a reluctance to get more humiliation herself. Beneath me, the blonde was trying to signal no to her friend, knowing that she was being conned. I gave her a warning tap on her upraised bum and she desisted.

"I suppose I could, if I must," the brunette conceded reluctantly.

"Not if you don't want to; I'm sure I can vent the whole of my spleen on your friend here."

Her determination firmed up. "No ... I'll do it ... I suppose it's only fair."

"Then I'll finish your friend's portion" - Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! - "and now you can take her place."

The blonde straightened up, exposing a delta that was devoid of all but the slightest, neatly trimmed vee of straw-coloured hair. A sharp order from me prevented her pulling her knickers up. She shuffled back out of the way and her friend reluctantly took her place. "Knickers at half mast and then over you go," I instructed. She pushed her tiny thing down with a sigh, shame-facedly exposing a less trimmed but still only lightly haired delta, and leaned over. I ran my hand over her bare bottom. It was trembling a little. Clearly she was much less experienced than her friend, which made her courage in taking her friend's place even better.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

Oh, bliss! Is there anything quite as nice as smacking a bare teenage female bum?

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

She wriggled, oh so delightfully, but held herself in place.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

"Ooh," she said softly.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

Her breathing was coming in little gasps now. I could have gone on all day, but I don't want to push my luck with the management, especially as I was occupying two of their waitresses. Must be fair to the other customers!

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

She was allowed to regain her feet, red-faced and red-bottomed. I allowed the two girls to replace their tiny thongs and they hurried off. Other customers would give them a hard time for delays in serving whilst they had been with me. Life's not fair!

CHAPTER EIGHT

Kim sat at her computer console in her cell, putting the finishing touches to her final course essay.

She sat gingerly, because as usual her bottom was red and sore. Half a dozen fresh red lines decorated it and her chair was deliberately a hard, wooden job without any such luxury as a cushion.

Beside her, Annie, her own bottom similarly marked, sat reading through her own work, checking it. Kim had read Annie's work. For all her early lack of enthusiasm, Annie had in the end put a lot of effort in, thanks in large part to Kim's encouragement. Although she remained something of a sceptic, the blonde had shown her real intelligence and Annie's final work was almost as good as Kim's own.

"This will be your first ever grade A," Kim smiled at her friend.

"Urrr! I'll be ruining my record! But it'll be my last, too."

"No it won't. Remember what you promised me."

The blonde eyed her. "Yeah? How about what you promised me?"

"I haven't forgotten," said Kim evenly.

"Maybe, but as soon as you're back with your nice safe family you'll forget all about a girl from the wrong side of the tracks."

"No I won't. You know I won't."

"Your family won't be keen on me."

Kim shrugged. When she got out of here in six days' time, she knew she would be more independent and determined than in the past. Prison had, inevitably, changed her, but perhaps not for the worse. She had grown up a lot, had learnt some painful lessons, including submission and obedience but also a discovery of her own courage and self-reliance. The seventeen tiny soap smears on the bunk bed post that you could hardly see unless you looked closely signified the seventeen different men who had violated her. She would not be talking about any of this to her family when she got out, of course: the subject would always be off limits. But she would remember.

"I can't see Prissy Missy wanting to associate with the Shropshire Slut," Annie pursued.

"I'm into reforming hopeless cases," Kim said lightly.

"But I'm better at dragging little angels off their pedestals," Annie rejoined.

"I think I fell off there a while ago," Kim said soberly, glancing at the seventeen notches and knowing that there were at least three more to be added before her release.

"Purity's over-rated," Annie comforted her.

"Education isn't," rejoined Kim, "so get back to work!"

"Yes ma'am," said Annie.

EPILOGUE

"I'm off now," called Kim at the doorway of her house.

Her mother's head appeared around the kitchen door. "You will be back before curfew, won't you?" she said anxiously.

"Absolutely," replied Kim firmly. She did no need to add that she had learnt that lesson very thoroughly.

"So where are you going?"

"Just out," Kim said, with the clear implication that it was her business and hers alone.

"And you're going with that new friend of yours?" Disapproval tinged her mother's voice.

"Yep," Kim replied in tones which ended any possible chance of discussion of the subject.

Her mother sighed. "Have a nice time," she surrendered.

Annie was waiting at the end of the street. The two friends greeted each other and began walking, Annie leading.

"I got accepted onto that college course," the blonde said.

"Great!"

"Humpf! Can't see me lasting, though."

"Liar," Kim said gently. "You got an A on you last course, remember? Anyway, where are we going?"

"The park. It's quiet enough there at this time of evening."

"How many boys are coming?" Kim's voice betrayed her nerves.

"Three. Always have more boys than girls: keeps them on their toes to know they might not get a go."

"You're the expert. I suppose I'm over-dressed." Kim looked down at her trouser suit.

"You're fine," Annie said, smoothing her own short but slightly baggy skirt. "And you'll be fine."

"Are they nice boys?"

"Nice boys are boring. Wait and see."

Nothing else was said until they reached the park. It was a warm autumn evening and a few people milled around the main areas, but Annie led them to an alcove in the bushes where nobody went except the three lads waiting for them.

"Hi guys," said Annie cheerfully. "This is my friend Kim."

Kim responded to the chorus of "hi's with a nervous greeting. The three boys were all handsome and muscular. They seemed pleasant enough.

"We gather you've been neutered, Annie," one of the lads said.

"Yeah, 'fraid so," replied Annie. "Kim here's going to stand in for me, though I can still give a good mouthing."

"Can we see the thing?" one of them asked.

Annie sighed and unzipped her skirt, letting it fall to the ground. Above her stockings, she wore a solid metal waistband with a crotch plate secured to it both front and back. Although it wasn't that big, the chastity belt was the obvious reason for the baggy dress rather than her more usual figure hugging mini-skirts.

"That's really naff," another boy said. "Anybody any good at picking locks?"

"Uh-uh," said Annie. "I don't want to end up back inside again. Besides, it's a foolproof lock." As she spoke, one of the lads was easing off her top. She wore no bra, so apart from the chastity belt and stockings and shoes she was now nude. Attention turned to Kim, who was now conscious of the contrast of being fully dressed whilst Annie was far from that.

"Talking about not wanting to get in trouble," one of the lads said soberly, "how old are you, Kim?"

"Seventeen," Kim replied quietly.

"Well, sorry to ask, but do you have a consent form?"

Kim nodded, fished the form out of her pocket and handed it over. As the prison inspector, Mrs Fenton, had told her, it had been stamped and dated for up to four weeks after her release, which had been three weeks ago. Annie had been released just last week. The lad studied her form, then handed it back. "Sorry to have to ask," he said apologetically.

"It's all right," Kim said, folding the document away neatly in her jacket pocket. "You'd be silly not to." She went quiet. She was aware of two of the lads closing in on her, the third being busy French-kissing Annie. She wasn't sure what to do: in prison, on each occasion she had either been ordered to strip naked or was already naked and the men then just pushed themselves on her.

Fortunately these boys, although only her own age or so, were far more experienced than her. They began innocuously with some gentle touching, leading steadily to cuddling and then kissing. She wasn't fully aware that her clothes were off until she lay down with them in the cool grass. By then she was quite preoccupied. The two lads worked as a team, whilst out of the corner of her eye she could see Annie well entwined with the third, the chastity belt glinting in the moonlight, restricting but not fully preventing the blonde from either giving or receiving fun. For herself, she was beginning to relax. In her previous experience, the man would already be well up her by now, but these lads were taking time, bringing her on gently. By the time the first one did enter her, her body was crying out for him.

Annie Harrison lay back in the grass and watched, not without a slight pang of envy, as the second boy entered Kim. This chastity belt was a pain in the neck, not to mention other regions and she'd only had it on for a week. Six bloody months! But she had made up her mind, much egged on by Kim, to stop fighting the system. You couldn't win and some of the punishments in prison were pretty bad, not to mention this vindictive belt. She had to report once a week to the juvenile centre where the belt could be removed so that she could wash properly, under the eyes of a male supervisor of course. They never missed opportunities like that. The rest of the time, she washed around it as best she could and when in the mood she could just about get a finger far enough inside it to touch her clitoris and stimulate herself. It was a poor substitute; tonight was better, with a nice lad like Darren giving her plenty of stimulus in her other erogenous zones as only a boy can, in return for her sucking him off, which she never minded going. It was really frustrating, but she was determined to see it through. Just like college, despite her claims to Kim; and that was thanks to Kim.

In return ... well, she watched Kim in the throes of orgasm, the now naked girl writhing in the grass, her fingers digging into the dirt as her ecstasy peaked. Such nights would become a regular occurrence and by the time Annie's chastity belt was removed, Kim would be very experienced and the two of them would be a formidable partnership in a campaign to screw every eligible local boy silly.

Watch out, guys!