

RETURN TO MAINLAND BOOK 1

CHARLES RYDER & VELVETGLOVE

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Chapter 1 - Greg and Allison

Greg held his breath as the hovercraft pulled away from the boarding pier and the buildings began to recede into the distance. He watched in cautious silence as the island steadily became smaller and smaller, until it was barely more than a speck on the horizon.

Alison was standing with her back against his chest. He could feel his cock pressing into her buttocks, both of them wordlessly praying that nothing would go wrong this time. He'd never forget the dreadful memory of that afternoon back in 2025 when Damian Parks had pretended to arrange their release, only to reveal that he'd been mocking them; *hope you guys appreciate the joke. Have fun!*

Almost four more years had passed since then. Four years of exploitation as unpaid bellhops at South Beach Resort; 1,409 days to be exact. Greg had counted every single bloody one of them, grinding his teeth at the memory of Major Damian Parks and Deputy Warden Sadie Shark.

But now he and Alison were really free! The hovercraft was racing toward the mainland. It wasn't going to turn back. They, and another 22 prisoners, were all saying goodbye at last to Penal Colony Nine. He was still only 30 and Alison was 29. They'd lost 5 years but had gained 5 decades! They could live again.

Well, they weren't quite free ... they were on parole. Since the Quota had been raised to 8 percent, all the Colonies had become increasingly overcrowded and Number Nine was one of the worst, with over 90,000 convicts crammed onto its nine square miles.

So, a select few were being repatriated to continue their rehabilitation on the mainland. He and Alison had been chosen out of literally thousands. Yes, they were probably going to have to work in low paid jobs and live under restrictions but – compared with Penal Colony life – it was going to be a doddle. He pulled Alison against him and kissed her ear, feeling the swell of her lovely butt against his erection.

“Oi. None of that!”

A small contingent of PC9 guards was escorting them back to the mainland. Ruthless up to the last minute, a fat 50 yr old officer surveyed Greg and Alison, with his baton dangling from his wrist.

“Who's this?” he asked Greg, staring down at Alison's chest.

“She's my fiancée ... Sir.”

“Is she indeed? And you think that gives you the right to kiss her?”

“I ... I'm sorry, sir ... it was just a peck on the ear.”

He smirked unkindly, pouting his rubbery, saliva-flecked lips at Alison. “Come on, give us a kiss, love.”

Greg bit his tongue. *What was a kiss?* Nothing worth jeopardizing their release for. He removed his arms from around Alison.

He watched his fiancée tilt her head to receive the guard's kiss. As the years had passed, she'd had to suffer much less sexual usage. The Colony guards and guests had a lot of choice and they preferred the new arrivals. In a way, it felt like Alison was 'his' again.

At last, the guard pulled away and wiped his mouth. He stared at them both with conquest and cruelty on his jowly, unshaven face.

“I hope you lucky fuckers have a wonderful future.”

Sybil grinned as the Militia van pulled up outside.

Three months ago, she'd put in an application for a pair of paroled-convicts and at last they'd arrived. She ran a cheap 2-star hotel for traveling salesmen and there was a limit to how much she could charge. However, provided she could keep costs down, she could still make a decent profit. Having a couple of unpaid staff would help a lot.

The van driver dragged a man and woman out of the back and nodded at Sybil.

"Ms. Foxton, I presume ... here are Alison and Greg, convicts from PC9 ... 29 and 30 yrs old, still engaged, sentenced to State's Pleasure and repatriated on parole. Sign here, please."

She glanced at the couple. They were much better looking than she'd imagined. They were dressed in latex shorts and T-shirts despite the chilly weather. They had no luggage or possessions at all.

"Is there any paperwork about them at all?"

The driver was wearing a brown uniform with yellow trim. He reached into his pocket and handed her a beige envelope. She signed his tablet digitally. That was it. Transfer complete.

"The State still owns them." He clarified for good order. "And will take them back any time if you're not satisfied. They can easily be sent back to the Penal Colonies if they give you any trouble. But otherwise they're yours for as long as you need them."

Sybil smiled at him and then at the young couple. Their eyes betrayed slight shock at the bluntness of the driver's words.

She watched him clamber back into his van and speed off down the road to make his next delivery.

There was silence. She stared at her two new members of staff. The girl's nipples were visibly hard due to the cold.

"Get inside."

The reception of her grandiosely named Foxton Towers was dark and foreboding. It was an old Victorian-style building comprising 19 guest rooms with ensuite facilities. Downstairs there was an unwelcoming restaurant, a small bar and guest cloakroom.

The whole place smelled of cooking; of cabbage and curry.

She smiled at their expressions.

"As you can imagine, this place requires a lot of work. But then ... you're both used to hard work, I assume?"

"Yes ... Ma'am." They both replied nervously.

"You will be allowed six hours sleep a night. In separate rooms, in case you're getting any ideas. You'll work 18 hour days, 7 days a week. But in the off-season, you may get an occasional half-day."

She awaited their reply.

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Sep ... separate rooms, Ma'am?"

She stared at the male; Greg. Hmm, he was a handsome, sturdy fellow, with buzz-cut hair and a firm jaw. She lowered her gaze to the outline of his genitals in his latex shorts.

"Indeed. Separate rooms. The briefing document from the Justice Department gave very clear instructions. Why, were you told something different?"

"Er ... no, Ma'am. I ... we ... just imagined ... now that we're on parole ..."

Sybil tut-tutted. In her mid-fifties, she'd long since lost any interest in sex. Well, except as a revenue earner. Her guest bedrooms had TVs with pay-per-view channels. She knew from their bills that most traveling salesmen seemed to spend their evenings watching porn and masturbating.

"Look," she offered, opening her palms magnanimously, "I understand. I'm not completely without feeling. You are both young and engaged and you'd like ... a little time together. That isn't out of the question. But it will be as a reward for hard work. Exceptionally hard work. Do we have a deal?"

She gave them her best, benevolent smile. When she was young, all girls at school used a sign that excused them when telling a little lie.

Behind her back she had crossed her fingers.

Chapter 2 - Nigel and Emily

Nigel Pankhurst pushed his squeaking janitorial trolley slowly down the overly lit corridor. People in smart suits walked by him without a word, as if he was invisible. He certainly didn't want to draw attention to himself, not if he could help it anyway, but a few words might have been nice.

He and his wife Emily had been so relieved, so grateful to be returned to Mainland that they hadn't given any thought to what the reality of it would be like. They'd been away for five long years. Five years spent in the hell that was Penal Colony 9. Not that either of them would want to mention that to anybody.

When they were first sent to work for the Allenby Corporation, a few people had shown interest in them. Their photographs and a brief synopsis of their crimes and their sentences were posted on the notice boards on every floor of the twenty story block. People asked them the obvious questions, what was Penal Colony 9 really like? Was it all nature rambles and orchestra practise like the TV shows said? Did they learn anything when they were there? That sort of thing.

Nigel and Emily dreaded any sorts of questions regarding their time on the Island. Firstly, it was dreadfully humiliating having to admit to people that they were a part of the parasite class. Part of the 1% of the population that had caused most of the economic turmoil that currently blighted Mainland. The looks in their eyes, contempt mixed with a certain amount of pity, was enough to upset them.

But what really worried the two of them was that one day they might accidentally let slip about the true nature of PC9 and their dreadful experiences there. It had been drilled into them, usually with the aid of some sort of horrible punishment that any meaningful discussion whatsoever regarding their former prison would be grounds enough to have them returned there immediately. Nigel particularly remembered his blood running cold when a senior officer informed him personally that if they ever returned to the Island for whatever reason, he personally would make their lives a living nightmare.

Nigel had vowed to himself there and then that the two of them would do absolutely anything to avoid going back. As a result they'd become model employees. His role in the large company was a sort of jack of all trades, from delivering the mail in the morning to sorting out a broken toilet in the afternoon.

Emily had been put to work in an office. Despite her former life as an incredibly well-remunerated hedge-fund manager she was assigned as a typist/gofer to a small office that housed four male managers. Her main duty, however, seemed to be entertaining the four men on an almost continual basis. All four were younger than her and were, in Nigel's eyes, typical of the sort of hearty, boorish bully-boys that seemed to proliferate within the Allenby Corporation.

As he turned the corner into the area of her office, he could already hear the sounds of the 'boys' at play. Some high pitched giggling, the slap of a hand against a bare backside, a few entreaties. He stopped outside the office and knocked. There was no answer, apart from a long squealing sound which he recognised as belonging to his dear wife.

He knocked again, and the door opened. Inside, the first thing he saw was Emily, kneeling on a desk and facing away from him with her knees spread obscenely wide. In front of her, a man was pushed up against her face and looking straight at Nigel.

"What is it, boy?"

The man asking the question, Nick Sykes, was at least ten years younger than him. As he spoke he rammed his hips forward and he heard his wife's muffled scream again.

"Hello, sir. I'm here to replace a light bulb, sir," he answered in a respectful voice.

"Get on with it then, you old fucker," said a voice to his right.

Nigel turned to the speaker, the youngest of the trio, Lance Greig.

"Yes, sir. Sorry, sir."

Nigel unhitched the step-ladders from his cart and put them up in the centre of the room. On his left, reclining in an armchair sat the team leader, Ahmed Rahman. The tall Pakistani man was grinning at him, showing his beautiful, white, even teeth.

"How's it going, boy?"

"Fine thank you, sir. Thank you for asking, sir."

To his right he could hear a mix of Nick Sykes' grunting and his wife gasping as she wrapped her lips around his straining cock.

"Thanks again for lending us your wife. You wouldn't think from looking at her, but she's quite the whore isn't she?"

"Yes, sir. I suppose so, sir."

Behind him he heard a snort of derision from Lance Greig.

"There's no 'suppose' about it, boy. She's a born cock sucker. She might be shit at typing and generally useless around our office, but the old baggage can still suck a mean cock, can't she Nicky?"

"Oh...oh...oh, yeah," gasped Nick as he thrust backwards and forwards more eagerly. "Born cocksucker, Clarke. You should be proud of her."

"Well, Clarke, what do you say when a senior colleague gives you a compliment?"

"Oh, yes Mr Rahman sir, sorry, sir. Yes, my wife is a natural cock-sucker, sir."

"Doesn't sound to me like he means it, Ahmed. Sounds as if he's dissing you," said Greig.

"He does, doesn't he? get yourself over my knee, boy. Let's see if I can't leather some respect into your hide."

Wearily, reluctantly, Nigel Clarke, forty year old professional, husband and father of two lowered himself over the young Pakistani's pin-striped knees. From his humiliating position he could just about see Emily's face, her cheeks half filled with Nick Sykes' rampant cock.

The first blow, when it came, was just a slap to the arse. Humiliating in itself, but hardly painful considering what he'd suffered in the recent past. But as the blows intensified across his tight, thin shorts he could feel the build up of heat. He tried to ignore the pain for the sake of his wife who was being roughly face-fucked just at his side by a man young enough to be her son.

"Lance. Bring the strap over would you? I don't seem to be getting through to this old bastard."

Nigel swallowed nervously. The strap was a long leather belt that split into two tails at its end. It was a nasty implement, and one that he and Emily were regularly subject to in this office.

"Hold his arms up behind his back, Ahmed, and I'll give him a couple of stingers," said the young blond-haired man, excitedly.

Lance was a natural bully, as the younger boys at the school he he'd recently left knew to their cost. He ran the thick strap through his hands a couple of times before bringing it down with a terrific

Crraackk!

Nigel threw his head back and grimaced.

Crraackk!

He gritted his teeth and tried not to cry out.

Ahmed laughed.

"Keep leathering him, Lance, at least until the old bitch makes Nicky come."

Chapter 3 - Joy and Dan

They couldn't believe their luck.

Joy and Dan had only been on Penal Colony Nine for 48 hours when their sentence was reviewed. Apparently a young and not very numerate clerk had miscalculated. He'd multiplied two numbers instead of dividing them.

But somebody higher up in the Ministry had decided it would undermine confidence in the bureaucracy if Dan and Joy were found completely innocent. So their verdict was amended to 'Unproven' and their sentence was reduced from State's Pleasure in a Penal Colony, to a mere 10 years of 'Mainland Service' a skivvies.

That was the clerk's face was saved, the Ministry retained the population's confidence, and the young couple avoided Colony life. Now they huddled together on the hovercraft as the island receded.

Once back on the mainland, they were transferred to an 'Unemployment Pen' awaiting postings to their new jobs. Only a few days earlier, Dan had been a successful young engineer and his wife Joy was a recruitment executive. Both were graduates with 5 years of work experience. Dan was 27 and Joy was 26.

"Hmm ..." the Conscription Officer said, perusing their files on the screen. He had their full history, including details of the tax clerk's mistake. But unfortunately for the couple, he also liked the look of Joy.

"Take your top off, young lady."

They stared at him in disbelief. They were back on the mainland, not in a bloody Penal Colony. Joy hadn't even been forced to have sex once with a guard in the short time they'd been there. Since their return, they'd been given relatively normal clothes again; a shirt and shorts for Dan and a T-shirt and skirt for Joy.

"Please ..." they replied in unison.

"Look," the man said, steepling his fingers and leaning forwards. "I'll make this simple for you. My task is to decide *where* you two spend the next ten years: together or apart; a nice place or a shitty one; an okay job or a horrible one. Nobody else has any say in my decision. Nobody's even interested. Am I making myself clear?"

Kev smiled at them. Coldly. He was 27, the same age as Dan. But this couple had enjoyed all the advantages growing up that he'd been denied. Dan had scored himself a hot little number like Joy. Meanwhile Kev was lumbered with two kids and a fat girlfriend he neither loved nor fancied any longer.

"O ... Okay." Joy replied cautiously, slowly lifting her T-shirt over her head and revealing her tits. She hadn't been given a bra.

Kev stared at her jugs. They were nice. His girlfriend had massive, shapeless ones now, hanging down to her fucking ribs. Joy's were a good size but shapely and the rest of her body was super-fit.

"Seventy two hours." He said, in his best non-negotiable tone. "Take it or leave it. For 72 hours you'll do whatever I want ..."

He held up his hand to stop Dan interrupting.

"In return, I'll find you both a nice, cushy job together, working side by side, in a place where Joy here won't be molested. That's 72 hours versus 10 years. Because otherwise I will choose you horrible jobs in different parts of the country. And I'll make sure Joy is allocated to some pervert who never gives her, or her cunt, a moment's peace throughout the next decade."

"Oh my g" she gasped.

"You b ..." Dan clenched his fists.

Kev shrugged, silently thinking back to a week ago when another cute couple had the same initial reaction to his proposal. But they'd dealt. They all did. Damn he loved his job.

"You've got 30 seconds." He said, glancing at the screen again. "Or I've got two different jobs for you, right here on my screen, right now, and you won't see each other for a long, long time, if ever."

She was crying, her husband was seething, Kev was grinning.

"What would ... she have to do?" Dan asked.

Kev waggled his finger. "No negotiation, kiddo. WHATEVER I want."

The couple looked at each other. They were panicking. There was a clock on the wall. 15 seconds had already passed. Time was running out. Dan made one last attempt.

"Please ... sir ... don't ... you can't imagine how much I love my wife ..."

Kev laughed. "Oh yes I can. It's in your eyes and in hers. It's beautiful. It will only add to my enjoyment ... Five seconds ... four ... three ..."

"Okay!" they both shouted. "We agree."

Twenty four hours had passed since Kev had sealed his deal with Joy and her hubby.

He was drawing out their torment deliciously. Most of the time they sat waiting in separate cells in the 'Unemployment Pen' building. The cells were divided into male and female wings but he'd managed to wangle a cell for Dan in the female section, next to his wife.

Each individual cell was made of steel bars and wire netting. Dan and Joy could see, hear and even smell each other, but they couldn't touch except for brushing fingertips.

The cells were only 5ft x 5ft square with just a thin, stained mattress and a bucket. There was nothing to do but sit and wait, trying to zone out the sounds and smells from adjacent cells; other women squatting, weeping, occasionally shouting and shrieking.

"What did he do?"

Kev smiled in his 2nd floor office. He had their CCTV feed on his screen and could listen through his speakers. He could see Dan and Joy and hear their hushed whispers.

"Nothing." She lied. "Please Dan. Don't torture yourself. It means nothing. We'll be out of here in two more days."

"I ... just have to know. Please. I can ... actually smell him on you."

Kev gave a little snort of amusement. Joy had asked him if she could bathe but he'd said no.

"Okay. Look, yes, he fucked me. Again. That's twice now. But each time's lasted less than a couple of minutes. It means nothing."

"Did he cum inside you this time?"

That morning, Kev had pulled out and hosed those luscious tits. It felt like messily autographing his name on her. But after lunch he'd cum deep in her cunt instead.

"Yes, he did." She replied, sounding slightly impatient with her husband.

"Did you blow him again?" His questions were insistent.

"No, darling. I did NOT blow him. I sucked his cock a little beforehand. He ordered me to. He called it foreplay."

"Is his cock big? Bigger than mine?"

There was a pause. "Darling, I don't know. I wasn't exactly comparing ... About the same, I guess."

"The same? Or slightly bigger?"

"I don't ... okay, yes, maybe a bit bigger. Thicker and slightly longer. But who cares? Why are you obsessing about this?"

Kev was in heaven. He adored prying into their conversation. But it was even better when they were so obviously distressed.

"I'm not obsessing. I just need to know. What's next?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you've sucked him and fucked him. What's next on the fuckin' menu?"

"How would I ..."

"Blowjob? Anal? Tit-fuck? Anal-fucking-lingus? Go on, tell me."

"I don't know. We both agreed, remember. He said 72 hours. Whatever he wants."

Dan stared upwards.

He was pinioned inside a wooden coffin-type box, with his wrists cuffed underneath his back. His entire body – feet to neck – was encased in Saran wrap and he couldn't move a muscle. Finally, his wrapped body was secured tight within the coffin box. The only part of him that was uncovered was his face.

The box formed part of some kind of wooden bench structure on which Joy was already tied face down above him, with her arms and legs outstretched. His face was directly underneath her thighs. He could see her skin only inches away. Her tiny hairs and goose bumps were visible.

In sum, their two bodies were secured in a '69 position' except that he was locked inside a wooden coffin and she was on top of it.

"Hey Danny boy. Welcome to the show."

Their so-called Conscript Officer, who Dan had found out was named Kevin, peered down at him, with a huge smirk on his face.

"Oh man, you look funny down there. So fuckin' angry. You need to calm down mate. Let me cool you down."

Dan blinked helplessly as huge gobs of saliva slithered from the bastard's mouth. They landed on his forehead, nostrils and closed lips.

"Here, let me change your angle."

Dan felt pressure under the back of his head. Some kind of wooden pillow tilted his face so he couldn't avoid looking between Joy's parted buttocks, straight at her vagina and bottom.

Her anus was visibly distended and damp. It was obvious she'd been sodomised recently. It looked really stretched and gaping.

"Man, I really tapped her shitter didn't I? And look how sad her tight cunt looks below it? All dry and neglected."

"You b ..." Dan began, before managing to stop himself. Swearing would only make things worse.

The young Officer just chuckled. Then he pulled something from behind his back and brandished it. Dan stared in horror. It was a cane. A yellowed, crook-handled bamboo.

"How about a nice ringside seat at your missus's thrashing, hey?"

"No ... S ... Sir ... please don't hurt her."

"Her ass is going to pay for your ongoing insolence and attitude. I won't stop until I'm 100 percent convinced that you have learned your lesson and your mind-set has changed forever. Not her, YOU!"

Dan whimpered, struggling futilely against the plastic wrap encasing his body.

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

"Aaaagghhhh!!" Joy screamed. The Officer winked down at him.

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

The blows continued to rain down. Dan's ears rang with his wife's squealing and sobbing and begging, the swish of displaced air and the loud crack of bamboo on flesh. He watched Joy's lovely skin turn pink, red, purple and burgundy.

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

Eventually, after he'd lost count, the Officer stopped for a rest and wiped his brow. He stared down enquiringly into Dan's eyes.

“Please ... Sir ... no more. I’ve learned my lesson. Please spare her.”

“Please ... Sir ... no more. I’ve learned my lesson. Please spare her.”

Kev smiled and shook his head.

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

Her buttocks were a vivid mess of tramlines. Her husband’s face was an apoplectic canvas of tears and apology. But Kev knew deep down he was doing this pair a favour. Ten years might not sound much compared with a life sentence. But it would still feel like a lifetime.

Especially what he had planned for this couple.

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

Whoooosh Whhhaaack !

He reckoned he’d given her well over 50 now. Poor bitch had stopped screaming and was merely moaning and mumbling. It was the sort of flogging she’d never forget. That neither of them would ever forget.

“Please Sir ... I beg you. Beat me instead. It’s all my fault.”

Kev nodded and laid down the cane, reaching for a bag of sea salt.

“I’ve arranged your job.” He informed Dan. “You start tomorrow.”

He scooped up a handful of the coarse salt in his hand and scattered it all over Joy’s welted buttocks. She screamed. He ignored her cries and Dan’s pleading, rubbing the grains of salt into her skin, pressing his thumb into her clammy anus.

“M ... my job?” Dan stammered over his wife’s blubbing. “And Joy’s too, yes?”

Kev loved this bit. He’d spent hours choosing the right places. So near but so far. Dan would be living only 200 metres from Joy. They’d definitely catch sight of each other occasionally.

“There was nothing available together after all.” He shrugged. “But I managed to find you employment quite near to each other.”

He stared down at Dan, daring him to protest. The look in his eyes as he computed the news was delicious. Kev had done what he liked with his wife for a couple of days and then reneged on his side of the deal with a mere shrug. Yet Dan had to accept it politely, or it could be much worse.

“Th ... thank you, Sir. We’re m ... most grateful.”

Chapter 4 - Olivia and Robert

Olivia checked herself in the mirror for what seemed like the tenth time. She wasn't autistic in any sense, she just knew that her new employers were absolute sticklers about her appearance. After all, she was representing the Singh family and as such her behaviour and demeanour especially in public, had to be beyond reproach.

She tilted her dark blue cap just a little to make sure it was centred correctly on her head. That was the sort of thing they'd notice straight away. Her white shirt was absolutely pristine, fresh out of the wrapper that morning in fact. And the knot of her dark blue tie was just perfect.

Her well-cut, blue jacket fitted her beautifully and accentuated the slight swell of her breasts. Her matching A-line skirt may have been a little on the short side but it did show off her long legs encased in black stockings. Her moderate-heeled, glossy, blue leather shoes completed the look. She was almost tempted to salute herself.

Instead she picked up a pair of blue gloves and hurried out of the door of her plain little room. Breakfast as far as she was concerned commenced at 6.30 and ceased at 6.50. In the staff kitchen she joined a couple of housemaids, skivvies like her, who were being fed at the same time as her. They all wished each other good morning and then got on with their food.

Cook didn't really allow much chatter at her table, especially this early in the morning. There wasn't much to eat, some toast and jam and a piece of fruit, but compared to what she'd become used to on the island, it was completely adequate. Plus she got to drink coffee again. She still remembered how good that first cup had tasted when she was first consigned to the staff roster at the Singh mansion.

Although the smell and the taste had somehow signalled her arrival back into civilisation, she wasn't naive enough to think that she'd be accepted with open arms. It was made most clear to her that she was still very much subject to the rule of the People's Party. Her sentence certainly hadn't finished, it had merely changed venue.

But rather than live a semi-feral existence in Penal Colony 9, she was being rewarded with a room, food, and a respectable job. She was undoubtedly grateful, but her employers never let her forget it. There was always that constant, nagging voice reminding her that she needed to behave herself, and to be always respectful and obedient where her employers and their friends and family were concerned. Did she really want to be sent back to PC9? All it would take would be a word from Mr or Mrs Singh and that's where she'd find herself, along with her husband.

That's because Mr and Mrs Singh were the new elite. She was a senior member of the People's Party, and her husband, Jaswinder, was a wealthy business entrepreneur. Olivia didn't know much about the Singh's background, but she could tell at least by their accents and manners that they weren't exactly top drawer. They were what her friends might have termed rather 'common', not particularly well-educated or cultured.

Nevertheless it was them and their kind that ran Mainland now and, as she was regularly reminded, she was lucky to have a job at all never mind her 'prestigious posting' as Mr Singh liked to call it. And he was quite correct in that. She and Robert hadn't really known what to expect when they were repatriated from the Island, but the reality had come as quite a shock.

All their former friends and most of their family seemed to have disappeared. They no longer had contacts or knew the 'right' people. Their new position in society was right at the very bottom of it. She remembered with a shudder the huge, impersonal hall they'd first been herded into. It was like a massive job-fair, but their 'interview' with a very young, black man took all of thirty seconds before they were directed into separate wings of the building, split male and female, in order to share accommodation for the night with fifty other people.

Although they'd begged, literally on their knees, to be kept together, they were each given a slip of paper with their future employees' name and address on. Olivia was to be the Singh's new chauffeur, while Robert was to start work at Sterco, the nationalised State energy company, the very next day. They

were given five minutes together the following morning before being sent on their separate ways, their only link being the name and address of Robert's employers.

She looked at her cheap wristwatch before quickly brushing the crumbs from her mouth, putting her leather gloves on, and hurrying out to stand beside the rear door of the Singh's big, grey Mercedes. The main door opened and out came the Singh twins, James and Jacinda, resplendent in their immaculate school uniforms.

The brother and sister were bickering as usual and didn't acknowledge Olivia as she opened the door for the two of them to enter the car. She walked quickly to the driver's door and got in. Her passengers slumped into a corner each and took out their phones. Olivia concentrated on the job in hand.

As she drove the two eighteen year old brats to their school, she couldn't help but notice the new social upheaval going on all around her. Gangs of semi-naked street-sweepers of both sexes were a common sight. Herded from street to street by their overseers, armed with just a brush and out in all weathers.

Women, skivvies like her she presumed, dressed in rubber or leather fetish wear, or sexily abbreviated uniforms were walking down the street as if what they were wearing was completely normal. As she passed a middle-aged blonde woman on her knees on the nearby pavement scooping up dried dog faeces into a plastic bucket, she had to admit that, despite the arrogance of the Singh's, she had it relatively easy.

"Hi, darling. Just a quick note to see how things are going. I managed to get your address from the job interview people. I'm missing you terribly, my love."

Olivia's thoughts were rudely shattered by Jacinda's voice behind her. She looked in her mirror to see that the teenager was reading from a letter.

"The job at Sterco is okay. It's not quite what I'm used to, but never mind. It's still better than you know where."

Jacinda and James started to giggle. Olivia could feel the tears already sliding down her cheeks as she realised that the two little brats had opened a private letter to her from Robert.

"My accommodation is fine as well, it's a little bit cramped but I've made lots of new friends."

"Oh I'll bet he's made lots of new friends, don't you Jaci?" Laughed the boy. "Lots of big hairy, shower friends." Both shrieked with laughter.

"Anyway, how are things with you? Are you being treated okay? I miss you so much, I think about you every night."

Olivia couldn't quite stifle a sob at the thought of her wonderful husband all alone in his State Dormitory, thinking about her.

"Awww. Listen to the silly bitch," giggled James.

"It's not finished yet, listen to this," said Jacinda.

"I do have a little piece of good news though, you can write to me at the address on this letter. I'm allowed to receive one letter a month. I'm so looking forward to hear..."

There was a tearing noise. Olivia looked at her mirror. The little cow was holding up the precious letter and tearing it into pieces!

"Oops, silly me. I've accidentally torn it up. Good job it was nothing special, hey Sinclair?"

The rear window slipped down with a hum.

"And look at me, I've accidentally lost those bits of paper out of the window," sniggered James.

Olivia had a hollow feeling in the pit of her stomach. The two of them were evil, just pure evil. She wiped her eyes with the back of her hand and carried on driving. Shortly afterwards she pulled up outside the grand-looking school. She jumped out smartly and opened the door for the teenagers.

"Thank you, Master Singh. Thank you, Miss Singh. Have a nice day," she said brightly. Trying her best to ignore the horrible way they'd just treated her.

Neither of the two replied, although James did squeeze her breast through her jacket, which was more a sign of ownership rather than affection. She looked at her watch again. She'd have to step on it to get

back to the house on time. She had just twenty minutes to pick up Mr Singh junior, Marcus worked for the local council.

Her last strapping had been due to him. He'd told his mother she'd been disrespectful and Mr Singh senior had leathered her that same evening in front of all the children. After which she'd had to kiss Marcus's shoes and apologise to him. She dabbed at her eyes again with her handkerchief and then put the car into gear.

Chapter 5 - Greg and Allison

“Phwoar!”

The man pinched her bottom as Alison walked past him carrying a tray of beers. She grimaced and did her best to ignore him.

She was wearing the shortest skirt imaginable. It was a strip of black PVC that was, literally, 3 inches wide. Carefully arranged, it hid her pussy and anus and not much else.

‘Got to give our guests a thrill, my dear. They’re just lonely’.

That’s what Ms. Foxton had said when Alison had worn her barmaid’s outfit for the first time; stiletto heels, seamed stockings, the ridiculous PVC miniskirt, bare midriff, black ¼ cup bra and a collar round her neck.

‘You be nice to them or you’ll be straight back on that hovercraft to the Colony’. Ms. Foxton warned.

Alison reached the table at the back and began placing the full pints down on the table. The small bar was crowded. Since she and Greg had started, demand had increased and all the bedrooms were full. The ghastly salesmen clearly liked the extra discounts and special offers.

Fingers pinched her unprotected labia as she bent over.

“Ouch ... sss.” She hissed.

“Don’t get uppity with me, slapper.” The man said, gesturing at the menu on the table. There it was in black and white.

Peanuts ... 2

Beer ... 3

Spirits ... 3

Cop a feel ... 1

Tongue-kiss ... 2

Facial ... 6

He threw a coin onto the table.

She curtseyed and picked it up. “Thank you sir.”

All such payments had to be given to Ms. Foxton.

Her eye was drawn to the dreaded private booth in the corner. A man in a raincoat was sat there, leering at her. She could see his right arm moving frantically below the booth’s wooden partition.

Alison nodded to him. “Coming sir.” She finished serving the beers and took her tray over to the booth. The man had a glazed look on his face. He’d already placed 6 coins on the shelf.

“Ooh, thank you very much, sir.”

She knelt down humbly on the stone floor of the bar, between his knees, and turned her face up towards him. The crown of her head and his chest were level with the top of the partition wall. His head and shoulders were visible above it.

The booth provided very little privacy. Anybody walking past could peer in. Customers in the bar could see the man’s face. It was customary to cheer the moment a customer’s expression turned orgasmic.

He flipped his raincoat open wider and she saw his fist moving and the crown of his penis hovered just above her chin. He had a large paunch and lots of silvery-grey body hair.

“A tip f... for ... y ... your ... m ... mouth open.” He grunted.

She gazed up at him and nodded.

His fingers were a blur now. She heard him groan and parted her jaws as wide as she could. Cheers and jeers echoed round the bar. Wads of semen landed on her face and in her mouth. She swallowed it and prayed that none would hit her in the eyes. That sting was the worst.

The noise in the bar faded as quickly as it had risen. She heard the murmur of normal conversation returning.

“Thank you, Sir, that was great.” She enthused politely, when he’d obviously finished. He sat slumped in the chair, a smirk on his face.

“Lick my tip clean ... if you want your tip.” He smiled at his own joke.

The official menu prices went to Ms. Foxton. However, Alison was allowed to keep half of any tips she earned. She smiled gratefully, keeping her face tilted upwards so that none of his load dripped onto the floor.

Tips meant money. Not that there was much they could spend it on. Ms. Foxton didn’t let them out to go shopping. But they’d splashed out on a packet of crisps and were saving up for a rainy day.

“You horny bitch.” He chuckled, as she slurped his cockhead clean.

“Thank you, sir.” She said, as she tilted her head forward from almost flat to 45 degrees. She could feel his warm slime sliding down her face.

He held out a single, tiny coin and then she saw him look upwards.

“All okay?”

It was a woman’s voice. Ms. Foxton. Alison peered upwards at her boss’s wrinkled face.

The man shrugged and his double chin rippled.

“Better than porn in the room, I guess.”

“And cheaper too.” She pointed out, with a laugh.

It was true. A ‘Facial’ cost the price of two beers, three small bags of peanuts, but only half a pay-per-view XXX movie.

The man glanced down at her.

“Hmm ... I wouldn’t exactly call it a bargain. I think an open mouth and a clean-up should be included in the basic price. They’re not really worth a tip on top.”

Alison watched as he placed the small coin in Ms. Foxton’s outstretched palm. The grim-faced woman peered down at her.

“Yes, I think you’re right. So, I’ll keep this.”

Greg pulled another pint and did his best to ignore the cheer that erupted in the bar for the fourth time that evening.

Four facials.

The customers were getting more and more addicted to the game. Over the past few days, Alison seemed to be spending more time in the corner booth than waiting tables.

“That tart of yours is a mess tonight.”

A man sat on a stool at the bar was grinning at him. Greg smiled weakly. It wouldn’t do to be rude. Every customer knew who he was. He wore a T-shirt with “Alison’s fiancé” on his chest, above her abbreviated pricelist: Cop a feel ... 1, Tongue-kiss ... 2, Facial ... 6.

“So when did you last fuck her?” the man asked, making small talk.

“About four years ago, sir.”

“Fuckin’ hell.” The man guffawed. “So when did you last give her a facial?”

“Never, sir.”

“Oh man. Hey guys. Listen up.”

Two other customers sat along from him leaned in to pay attention.

“The barmaid’s fiancé here has never given his slut a face-full.”

They all laughed.

“Why the hell not, kid?”

“I ... I respected her. We just made love ... in the normal way.”

“I spattered her cheeks yesterday.” The one furthest away admitted. “Blew a wad in her nostrils. She was snorting for ten minutes.”

They all laughed, as the man on the stool continued.

“And he hasn’t fucked her cunt in like four years.”

All three of them stared at the front of his tight shorts.

“Is that bulge an erection, kid, or something else?”

“It’s a ch ... chastity tube, sir.”

More uproarious laughter followed.

“Show us. Drop the shorts.”

Blushing, Greg reached for the elastic waist and pulled it down. He’d worn a cage most of his time on Penal Colony Nine but somehow it was much more embarrassing here on the mainland.

“Look, he’s not got any pubes.”

“I’ve heard of these chastity thingies but never seen one.”

“A tight fit by the looks of it!”

“How often does Foxy let you jerk off mate?”

“N ... not yet sir. Hopefully soon.”

At that moment, Ms. Foxton sidled up to the counter. She smiled at the three customers and then sneered at him.

“Stop showing off, Greg. Pull up your shorts.”

Alison arrived just behind her. She was holding an empty tray down by her side. Her face was coated in creamy ejaculate. There were globules in her hair. Some was dripping off her jaw onto the floor.

Everybody cheered and made space for her at the counter.

“Barman here was moaning you don’t let him jerk off, Ms. Foxton.”

“Really?”

“Yep. He said fat old Foxy is a mean bitch who never lets me fiddle with my dick. Didn’t he guys?”

“Sure did. That’s why he’d pulled his shorts down. Wanted to show us how mean you are, Ms. F.”

“Hmm, I see. Well I’ll show him what meanness is.”

Meanwhile, the man sat on a stool who’d first started talking to Greg had reached down and very visibly and obviously stuck his fingers under Alison’s miniskirt. She bit her lip and smiled at him politely.

“She’s got a tight asshole your missus, hasn’t she?”

“I’ve been told so, yes Sir.”

“How much to bang her back door, Ms. F.?”

The proprietor smiled at the chance to make money.

“Right now? Would it be just you? Or all three of you?”

Greg listened to the woman bargaining with Alison’s anus as if it was a round of drinks. She made them an offer with a volume discount.

“10 for one of you but only 15 for all three.”

The trio exchanged glances and then smirked.

“You’ve got yourself a deal, Ms. F.”

Chapter 6 - Nigel and Emily

Nigel and Emily Clarke hurried along the pavement after another day of humiliation and punishment. Both were tired after their usual ten hour day of being at the beck and call of their dreadful 'colleagues'.

Now they were on their way home, by foot as they weren't allowed to use the bus. They glanced anxiously up at the town hall clock as they passed by. They weren't allowed to wear a watch of course, and a mobile phone was completely out of the question. They had seventeen minutes to get back to their lodgings. And no doubt their landlady would be keeping a very close eye on the time.

Mrs Hardcastle was a stickler for good timekeeping. She was a large, florid woman. Loud and opinionated, she was never afraid of letting people know what was on her mind. As the Clarke's knew only too well.

Mavis Hardcastle wasn't only their current landlady, she was also their former cook. They'd been assigned to her semi-detached house by someone in Human Resources at Allenby's. Somehow, it didn't seem entirely coincidental.

They made it with a minute or so to spare. Emily knocked tentatively on the front door, as they weren't trusted with a door key of their own. A couple more minutes later the door opened to reveal their statuesque landlady.

"What time do you call this?" She asked in her rather gruff voice.

"W...we were on time, madam," stuttered Emily.

It never really made sense to contradict Mrs Hardcastle.

"We've been knocking for a while, madam," added Nigel.

"Oh, so now you're saying it's my fault are you!? Get yourselves inside this minute!"

Red-faced, the couple scurried past her large frame, hoping nobody in the street had heard their exchange.

"Go to your rooms and get me your paddles. I've had just about enough of your nonsense!"

Nigel and Emily hurried off to their separate rooms to retrieve the wooden instrument that hung on a hook behind their respective doors. Emily's cold, barren little room was on the ground floor at the back of the house.

It never received any sunlight and had one small radiator which she couldn't adjust. Inside it had one child-sized single bed, a wardrobe, and a small dressing table with a wobbly stool. The walls and ceiling were a sort of brown colour, which possibly was a result of the previous tenant's smoking.

Quickly she removed her smart blazer and hung it up carefully in the wardrobe, then she snatched up the wicked looking paddle and hurried back along the corridor to the sitting-room and knocked before entering. She went and stood in the centre of the room. Minutes later, Nigel arrived slightly out of breath as his room was at the top of the house, up two flights of stairs. In his right hand he carried his own paddle, identical to his wife's.

He stood by her side in front of the sofa on which Mrs Hardcastle reclined.

"Let's take a look at you two then."

She checked their appearance carefully. Mrs Hardcastle was most particular about their appearance. She liked to think that the two of them were representing her while they were outside the house.

The husband was dressed as normal in his smart corporate collar and tie, which she approved of. He'd taken his jacket off and presumably that had been correctly tidied away, she'd be checking that later of course. His tight shorts and short socks still looked ridiculous, as did his silly, schoolboy sandals. Nevertheless he looked smart and presentable after a day at work, so that was acceptable.

The wife was wearing stockings and heels which she grudgingly accepted as work-appropriate. Like her husband she wore her corporate clothing, in her case a blue skirt and a white blouse. Although as she got to her feet, Mavis noticed that the blouse was quite creased and there was some sort of white staining on her otherwise pristine skirt. That would have to be dealt with, obviously.

She walked around them, Emily looked...untidy somehow. As if she'd been exercising rather than working at her desk. She recalled the woman of course, from her days of skivvying for her. Those times were long gone though. Entitled, snooty women like Emily Clarke had been rounded up and sent off to Penal Colonies, and not before time in her opinion.

The woman had been some sort of big-shot in the business world, not that Mavis actually knew or cared what she did. What she didn't like was how Emily Clarke had looked down on her, and the rest of their staff for that matter.

"Give!"

She held out her hands and the husband and wife handed over their respective wooden paddles.

"Bend!"

The two of them bent forward with a pleasing synchronicity and placed their hands on their knees. Mavis didn't bother raising the woman's tight skirt or lowering the man's shorts. This wasn't a formal punishment, merely a maintenance spanking.

Taking aim she gave the man three very firm strokes with his paddle. The noise of the blows echoed around the small room. She noticed that he made a little bit more fuss than as normal. Almost certainly he'd been punished earlier at work for some misdemeanour, not that she cared in the slightest. He wasn't going to weasel his way out of any punishment in her house. She swapped paddles and gave Emily three similarly firm strokes. She squealed slightly after each one, but Mavis certainly wasn't going to treat her any differently.

"Stand nearer together."

Mavis waited until the Clarkes were literally shoulder to shoulder before giving Nigel another three strokes, this time just a little harder. He gasped a little at the last one. Mavis smiled - good. She was getting through to him. She turned her attention back to Emily and gave her three more. This time her backside gyrated and squirmed but her hands never left her knees, which was acceptable.

"Stand up!"

Although Nigel was bright-eyed, that was the only indication that he'd been paddled. Emily however was crying and obviously having to force herself not to rub some circulation into her backside.

""That's three for lateness, and three for impertinence."

"Thank you, madam," they replied in unison.

"Normally that would be an end to the matter, but I can't help noticing that you're even more scruffy than normal, Emily. Bend again, please."

With a little sob of self-pity the attractive red-head put her hands back on her knees. She knew that her blue skirt was stained with semen, but it had happened in the late afternoon and she hadn't had time to wash it out. Nigel watched his wife get three more very hard strokes.

He was powerless to intercede, but on the other hand this was a relatively mild affair compared to what he and his wife had suffered in Penal Colony 9. He just hoped that his former cook and low-life trash that now ruled their world never discovered what really went on in that terrible place.

Mavis lectured them for a minute or so regarding her requirements of the two of them before dismissing them both.

"Up to your rooms now, please. Strip off and put your clothes in your washing baskets. Stand in your positions and wait for me to come upstairs."

She watched them scurry off like two chastened schoolchildren. She wandered into the kitchen to make herself a cup of tea. There was no need to rush. She had no doubt that her lodgers would be stripping off and that she'd find them stood naked in their respective corners, noses glued to the wall.

She so enjoyed her power over her former employees. They'd treated her and the rest of their staff with aloof condescension, paying them minimum wage and expecting them to be grateful for the opportunity to work their fingers to the bone. Well, thanks to the People's Party, the boot was well and truly on the other foot.

She'd been very lucky to get the Clarkes. They were one of the earliest repatriations, and she'd almost missed the announcement in the local newspaper. She already had her house, and she was a loyal Party

member so when the chance came to act as a landlady for returnees, she jumped at the chance. It was her civic duty as a citizen, after all.

Well, that and the money was good. She had no idea why they'd been returned to the Mainland, she didn't really care either. All that she knew was that her two officious, supercilious, stuck-up bosses had come back as two very different people. Rather than self-confident bullies that were typical of their class, they were now respectful and timid. Whatever had happened to them over on that Penal Colony, she was all in favour of it.

Thirty minutes later, perhaps forty once she'd finished a favourite TV show she slowly made her way up to the top of the house. Sure enough, Nigel Clarke was stood naked in the corner furthest from the door, his hands interlaced on the top of his head. My word it was cold up here! But she couldn't afford to heat the entire house could she? Especially the bits she didn't live in, what would be the point of that?

She strolled over and took one of his red, bruised buttock cheeks in her hand. It was shaved, as was the rest of him apart from his head, Mavis couldn't abide hairy men. He had nice firm buttocks, but why shouldn't he have? He was still only forty, fifteen years younger than her.

He'd lost quite a bit of weight, he used to be a bit tubby when she first new him, that must be about eight years ago now. She still fancied him though, and always had done. In the old days he barely acknowledged her existence. But now that decision had been taken out of his hands.

Mavis led her former employer by his cock down the draughty, linoleum-covered corridor until she reached the bathroom. Well, she liked to describe it as the bathroom, but it was a fact just a room with a tin bath against one wall, next to a chipped sink, and a plastic potty in the corner.

She let him climb into the bath and sit on it. Then she filled a large jug with lukewarm water and poured it over his dark hair. Then another and then a third. She poured a very small amount of cheap shampoo onto her hand and then rubbed onto his head. She enjoyed this bit a lot as it had always been a fantasy of hers. When he was suitably lathered she put more jugs of water over him before handing him a small piece of carbolic soap. She watched him wash for a couple of minutes and then left without a word.

Emily heard her landlady's heels clumping downstairs and automatically straightened her posture. Sometimes she left her waiting in her room for another thirty minutes or so, and sometimes she came straight in. All a part of the old harrikan's psychological games which she so enjoyed playing with her and Nigel.

Emily heard footsteps on the bare boards outside her miserable little room and pushed her nose further into the corner. The sound of the bitch's footsteps had that effect on her. She was in effect the ruler of their lives. A word from her could see them returned to the Island. Emily's blood ran cold at the mere idea, but it was written on their contracts as plain as day. The State still owned them, and they would be returned to Penal Colony 9 at the first sign of trouble.

"Are you cold, dear?"

Emily was cold. Her pokey little room was no bigger than a cupboard. It didn't even have a window. And it was always cold, she wasn't even sure if the tiny radiator even worked. The only corner available to her was the one behind the door. All the other space was taken up by a single bed and two rickety pieces of furniture.

"No, madam. Thank you for asking, madam."

Once, when she admitted to Mavis Hardcastle that yes, she was cold, the woman had simply sat on the edge of the bed, taken Emily over her knee and spanked her until she agreed that she was now thoroughly warmed up.

This time the woman took Emily by the ear and led her out of the room and into 'her' bathroom which was next door. This was another miserable little place, it had a sink and a pockmarked mirror and a tiny, ancient shower stall. In the centre of the vinyl floor was a pink, plastic potty.

Her landlady led her over to the ridiculous item, and lowered her onto it, and then stood towering over her, arms folded across her chest. Emily blushed painfully, even now she found it intensely humiliating to have to do her business in front of someone like Mavis Hardcastle. Fortunately it was only a pee this time, but just the noise of it hitting the bottom of the potty was shameful.

Then it was into the shower, which started warmish and quickly got cooler and cooler until it was quite icy. Emily had to simply stand and wash herself with whatever was available until Mrs Hardcastle turned the water off and allowed her out. She was then rubbed down briskly by the older woman with a rough towel until her skin was quite pink.

Then she was led back to her room by the ear and had to kneel on her bed knees apart, head on the pillow and her bottom facing the doorway. She inwardly cringed at the spectacle she was making of herself, a thirty-eight mother waiting obediently to have her pussy inspected by her landlady.

As usual she felt the woman run her calloused fingers the length of her labial lips, pushing and prodding. And then the sound of a tin being opened and feeling the woman's hand back between her legs applying copious amounts of talcum powder.

And then she was gone again, heels echoing on the floor. Upstairs she returned to Nigel, still sat in a couple of inches of cold water in his tin bath. His teeth were chattering with the cold, although she wasn't particularly bothered. He was a skivvy.

There was absolutely no need to waste any money on him with regard to heating or anything fancy like that. She ordered him down and took a towel to him. She liked drying Nigel, at least she enjoyed doing a certain well-endowed part of him. She took her time, sliding the towel up and down his cock until he had a swelling erection.

"When was the last time you were permitted to come, Nigel?"

She watched his face, screwed up in pleasure.

S...Sunday evening, m...madam," he gasped.

It was now Friday evening.

"Would you like to come now?" She ran a finger down from behind his balls to the tip of his cock.

"Ahhh...yes please, madam," he groaned.

She played with him a little more, but then withdrew her hand.

"I don't think so dear, not tonight."

She led him back to his room in the usual manner. In a drawer she found one of his cock restrainers and quickly buckled him into it.

"Pyjamas on please, pumpkin, wash your bath out, clean the bathroom and then come downstairs. Chop-chop, dear."

Chapter 7 - Dan and Joy

His landlady opened the door and showed him his new bedroom.

It was tiny, windowless and stinking. There was a kids-size single bed against the wall and a broken wooden chair and table in the corner. The walls were covered in very faded, child's wallpaper, featuring old Disney characters. A lot of it had peeled off.

The bed looked flea-ridden and the foam pillow had no pillowcase. He saw a single peg on the wall with one empty metal coat-hanger hanging on it. A bare light bulb dangled from the centre of the ceiling.

Dan nodded gratefully, absorbing the room. It wasn't what he'd imagined.

She pointed to the switches outside the room. They looked sophisticated with a digital display below them.

"Everything is controlled from here. Lights off at night, lights on in the morning, temperature, CCTV and sound-recording, the door's lock, the lot."

Dan nodded meekly. He didn't dare cause the nasty woman to complain to Kevin, his Parole Officer.

"Yes, Mrs. Hurst, thank you. It looks perfect."

She gestured at a tap behind the door. It was lowdown in the wall, near the floor, above a plastic bucket.

"Your ensuite facilities."

She smirked. Her teeth were yellow and nicotine stained. Her breath and housecoat stank of tobacco. She was wearing curlers in her grey hair.

"Thank you again, Mrs. Hurst. I wasn't expecting ... ensuite."

"Your bedroom door will be auto-locked from after supper until when you rise at dawn. I do not approve of ablutions during the night but, if you have to, use the bucket. I will supervise slopping out each morning. Understood?"

"Er ... yes, Mrs. Hurst."

She pointed at the chair and table in the corner. The table was small and rectangular, set up as a desk. On it was a mound of white A4 paper and a pot of pens and pencils and a candle.

"There is where you will write your lines."

Dan frowned. "Lines, Mrs. Hurst?"

She sneered at him. "Yes indeed. Instead of wasting your evenings listening to music, watching television or reading, you will write what I call Maintenance Lines. I find it keeps lodgers in line, nice and quiet and busy. Bad behaviour will be disciplined with extra Punishment Lines. Lots of them. Is that understood, Daniel?"

"Y ... yes, Mrs. Hurst."

"However, once a month, I will allow you to use the pens and paper to write a short letter to your wife. I will deliver it to my daughter myself."

Daniel gasped. *What? He stared at the woman's round face, trying to understand what she was talking about.*

"Oh yes, I forgot. Your Parole Officer told me just before you arrived. Your wife's called Joy, correct?"

He nodded.

"My daughter's called Brittany. She lives just down the road with her no-good fella Darren and their three kids. Your wife Joy is moving in as their live-in lackey."

"I ... I didn't know ... domestic service?"

"Yeah, but nothing fancy. Just the usual; washing, scrubbing, cleaning, cooking, looking after the kids, bathing them, homework, bedtime, you know. Brittany can't cope with it all but I'm sure your missus will be able to."

"She ... lives down the road, you said?"

"About 10 houses away, yes, why?"

“But that’s so near.”

Mrs. Hurst snorted a laugh. “Yeah, Brittany and I enjoy a cuppa together most mornings. But why is that relevant?”

“Bec ... because I could, you know, see Joy too ... occasionally.”

“Hmm, I see what you’re getting at. But you’ll be at work all day, every day. And you’ll be in your room here every evening. So I doubt there’ll be many opportunities for you and ... er, Joy to meet up. That’s why I thought a monthly letter would be a generous offer.”

Dan found himself on his knees. He kissed his landlady’s furry slippers.

“Please ... Mrs. Hurst. Look, we’re not even guilty. Joy and I are victims of a miscarriage of justice. We weren’t even in the top 20 percent of earners, I promise.”

She looked down at him. Her breasts looked huge in her pink housecoat and her chins wobbled when she spoke.

“I know. Your Parole Officer told me there was a mistake. But there’s no smoke without fire. You talk nice and I’ve seen photos of Joy. You’re clearly a posh couple and we’re just plebs. As far as we’re concerned you’re both going to get your just desserts anyway.”

“Please ...”

“Stop slobbering on my feet. Now, either I call your Parole Officer or you stand up and do as you’re told.”

Slowly, Dan staggered to his feet.

Without warning, Mrs. Hurst slapped his face.

“Sit down at the table and write the following 300 times: ‘My wife and I are guilty fuckers and we deserve everything we fucking get.’”

Chapter 8 - Olivia and Robert

Tanya slowly drew her arm back and then slapped Robert full in the face. He recoiled in shock but remembered not to rub his cheek.

"Bobby, I've told you several times. Eyes here," she indicated her face. "Not here," she pointed at her wobbly breasts.

"Yes, Miss Burton. Sorry, Miss Burton."

The ludicrous thing was that Tanya Burton was particularly unattractive. She was short and fat and moon-faced and didn't have the slightest idea about what to wear. Her long, straggly hair was greasy and she had a bad case of acne.

Altogether she was one of the most unappealing women Robert had ever met, but despite her obvious drawbacks she was convinced that men found her irresistible. She seemed to think that Robert had a thing for her as well, which was completely untrue.

Despite his forty four years, Robert Sinclair was still an attractive man. The privations of PC9 had merely toned his body so that he looked ten years younger. His hair had grown back dark and luxurious, and although it could do with a good cut, he still cut an impressive figure. Women were still interested in him, and he was still interested in women. But not unattractive harpies like Tanya Burton.

"Anyway, I need to take the figures to Clive this afternoon. I assume they're all ready?"

"They are ready, Miss Burton. Would you like a look at them before the meeting?"

He answered respectfully, ignoring her rudeness. She was a complete airhead and really didn't know what was going on in the office. Despite his intern status, it was him that used his experience and his intelligence to prepare every piece of work that left her office.

If she'd been employed in his office two or three years ago, she'd have been making the tea or doing the photocopying, or more than likely, sacked. As it was, she was management and his boss. It seemed to Robert that the entire world as he knew it had been turned entirely on its head.

"I suppose so, leave them on my desk. And then go and get me a coffee from my favourite place. You know how I like it."

She leaned forward and gave him the exact change.

"And don't forget the receipt, Bobby. There's a good boy."

The first time he'd been sent out for her coffee, he hadn't asked for a receipt and she'd dragged him back by his ear to the shop to retrieve it. He hadn't forgotten again.

"Yes, Miss Burton."

As he turned and left the office, the microchip he wore on the lanyard around his neck registered him leaving. He knew from experience that he had no more than ten minutes to hurry downstairs, go to the coffee shop, queue, and return with a steaming hot drink for his young boss.

He knew that if he ran he could just about make it. As he jogged along the High Street he was conscious of people apparently enjoying his situation. It was quite clear from the details of his ID that he was a skivvy. Only those newly released into captivity on Mainland had to wear their personal details, name, age, address, job title etc around their neck.

Anyone who wasn't a skivvy was quite at liberty to stop him at any time and examine his laminated ID. The first few times he'd been stopped he'd suffered toe-curling embarrassment as people laughed at the combination of his age and his 'junior intern' job description, but now it was just an annoying intrusion on the little time he had to complete his various tasks,

Everything was working in his favour until he was stopped by two woman just yards from the office.

"You, boy! Over here, now."

One of the women called out to him, clicking her fingers. Robert looked around. He could hardly ignore her, as he was so near to his own office. Reluctantly he paused and turned back.

"Yes, madam?" He asked with a fake smile. Robert had learned the hard way that everyone he ever came into contact with had to be politely deferred to.

"Why did you ignore us, boy? That's a very rude thing to do....Robert Sinclair." Asked the older one, holding his lanyard so she could read his ID.

"I'm sorry, madam. I didn't see you, madam. I do apologise."

The younger one who he assumed, from her similarly horse-faced appearance, was the older woman's daughter stepped near to him and looked him up and down. Before he could react she took a firm grip of his testicles through the pants of his cheap, nylon suit. She squeezed them hard, causing him to stagger backwards a little.

"Don't fidget, boy!" She admonished him, with another none too gentle squeeze.

"No, madam, sorry madam," he managed to gasp.

"Where are you going, boy?" Asked the older woman

"Back to work, madam. I work at Sterco. Just over there, madam."

She squinted at his ID again and glanced at the Styrofoam cup in his hand.

"It says here you're a junior intern there. But I imagine that tea boy is nearer the mark. Am I right?"

Both mother and daughter brayed with delighted laughter.

"Well, boy?" His testicles were squeezed and then twisted.

"Yes, madam. You're right, madam," he squeaked in a slightly higher register.

The deep, deep irony was that he, a former CEO, wrongfully imprisoned for the 'crime' of being wealthier than average, was being assaulted in plain sight just outside his own office by two aggressive, ignorant women.

Nobody of course was interesting in helping him, nobody was on the phone to the police. A couple of people had stopped, but that was only to smile at the situation, or to video him on their phones.. His own country seemed to have gone crazy.

Slaap!

The older woman slapped his face, while her daughter laughed. The younger released her grip and pushed him away. He struggled to maintain his balance before hurriedly making his way up the stairs into the relative sanctuary of his place of work.

"That's it, run away you old wanker!" One of them shouted.

He ignored their coarse laughter as he pushed open the door. All he could think about was the fact that he was undoubtedly late with Miss Burton's order. Already his stomach was beginning to tense up just at the thought of what she was going to do to him.

Chapter 9 - Deborah and Rupert

Diane Clarke-Williams marched the new orderly down the corridor by his ear. His name was Jones. He had a first name but she didn't bother with it. He was a skivvy and he didn't deserve familiarity.

Diane was the Manager of State Care Home # 27. It was a recently constructed facility in a northern suburb of the capital. The redbrick building housed 60 residents unable to look after themselves any longer. Their ages ranged from early 60s to over 100.

She had hit upon the idea of applying for a skivvy couple when yet another member of her normal janitorial staff resigned. The work was unbelievably tedious, unrewarding, long hours, low pay and few thanks. Unlike the nurses, carers and administrators who were admired and clapped for their compassionate service, those who scrubbed the bathrooms and emptied the bedpans were barely noticed.

Jones was trailing a cleaning trolley behind him. It contained the usual mop, bucket, scrubbing equipment and supplies. She led him by the ear into Room 1. A silver-haired man was lying in bed staring out of the window. He barely registered when they walked in.

"Good morning, Ronnie." Diane said. "This is Jones, a new orderly. Thankfully we don't have to worry about *him* leaving us."

The man nodded absent-mindedly but didn't speak.

"Now, let's see. Any accidents last night?"

She pointed under the hospital-style bed. There was a white plastic bedpan on the linoleum floor that was, thankfully, empty.

"Well done. You made it to the bathroom, I see!"

Diane smiled at Ronnie and winked at Jones, jerking her chin towards the ensuite WC. She pushed him and his trolley through the door.

The room was bright white, with white tiles, white paint and bright chrome taps and fittings. There was a shower area, a basin and a toilet, with an emergency bell-pull and spotlights.

The shower was clean but the basin was smeared with toothpaste and a rim of soap suds. Every speck was visible under the harsh lighting. The roll of toilet tissue had unravelled over the damp floor. There was no toilet cover but the horseshoe seat had been left up.

The pan was full. It hadn't been flushed. Diane peered into it and shrugged at Jones. It was jam-packed with soggy tissue, filthy water and brown lumps.

"Well done, Ronnie. Nice and regular." She called into the bedroom.

Then she pointed her finger at the pan and spoke to Jones.

"This isn't the best but it's not the worst either. Many of our residents require assistance. But your *main* job is to ensure that all 60 bathrooms are immaculate all the time. We provide the highest standards of hygiene. Naturally you'll have other tasks but THIS is number one. Is that clear?"

Rupert Jones was 42 years old. Before his arrest and time on PC9, he and his wife had founded a cosmetics business, eventually employing over 800 staff. He stared at bossy, black Ms. Clarke-Williams and then down into the disgusting toilet pan.

"Yes, Ma'am."

He reached out to press the lever.

"No!" she shouted. "Don't be fucking stupid! You can't flush all that paper down. It clogs up the plumbing. Get it out with your hands and put it in your bucket."

"My b ... bare hands?"

"Of course your bare hands. Who else's do you think? Mine? Ronnie's?"

"N ... no Ma'am. Of course not."

Diane smirked. Secretly she was enjoying taking this pompous shit down a peg or two. She'd written the job specs for Jones and his wife herself; 17 hour days, 7 days a week, relentless shit-shovelling and gruelling drudgery. For no pay. Just bed and board.

"Get to it then!"

Hands folded, she stood over the pale, shaven-headed cosmetics magnate and watched him delicately place his fingers in the mush.

“Stop pansying around. Time is money. You’ll have 5 minutes per bathroom.” She hissed, cuffing his head. “Get your hand right in there and round the bend. That’s it. Show me.”

Jones gagged as he held up his cupped palms.

“That’s better. Now put that in your bucket and scoop up some more.”

Meanwhile, at the other end of the corridor in Room 59, Deborah Jones was helping Nurse Anand change the sheets of the room’s occupant. His name was Mr. Randall Coates, a 61 yr old widower.

“I can manage on my own.” Anand said, grinning. “You give the old guy a hand job.”

“What?!”

“Look, Ms. Clarke-Williams told us you skivvies would do everything we say. And I want to see you jerk off this nice gentleman.”

The ‘nice gentleman’ was sitting in the room’s armchair watching the two women with a gap-toothed grin on his face. His pink gums were showing as he’d lost most of his teeth. He was wearing a nightshirt and casually rubbing his groin.

The Care Home staff had all nicknamed him Mr. Randy Goat.

“Nobody’s touched this poor fella since his lady died. He keeps pestering us nurses for a handy. And now we’ve got you.”

“Pl ... please.” Deborah pleaded. “I thought we’d escaped that when we left the Penal Colony. Don’t m ... make me, please.”

Nurse Anand was a 23yr old Indian nurse. She stared at the pale, 39yr old skivvy. She eyed the emergency cord hanging by the bed.

“Do I need to call for assistance?”

Deborah grimaced and shook her head. Slowly she raised the old man’s white gown and revealed his skinny legs, wrinkled body and half-mast penis. His rubbery lips smirked in a gummy grin.

She had done this before, of course, but never on the mainland. She hoped she’d left this aspect of Penal Colony life behind with every fibre of her being.

Slowly, skilfully, she began stroking Mr. Coates’s penis, manipulating him hard, drooling her own saliva onto his shaft as lubrication.

“Turn sideways. I want to see.” Nurse Anand instructed.

Deborah shifted so that the nurse could watch her masturbating him. Without warning the young Indian produced her phone and began filming video.

“Smile. Both of you. Oh, that’s nice.”

It took over ten long minutes of accomplished and dedicated pumping but, eventually, the old man grunted, sighed, and spurted jets of watery semen over his craggy stomach and chest.

“Aah, did you enjoy that Randy?” Nurse Anand cooed, still filming.

“Mmmm ... hhhhh ...” he tittered, sounding like that cartoon dog Muttley.

“Clean up the mess now.”

Deborah pushed herself up to fetch some tissue from the bathroom.

“No! With your lips and tongue.”

Resignedly, she lowered her head and sent to work, lapping up the copious strands of semi-translucent, bitter semen. She felt the old man’s hand settle on her head.

“Smile. Both of you. Oh, that’s even better!”

After she’d finished the awful task, Nurse Anand beckoned her over. She showed Deborah the screen of her phone. It was poised to upload 3 long video clips to a mainstream, mainland site.

“Remind me of your full name.”

“Deborah Faith Jones.”

“Age?”

“Thirty eight.”

“ID?”

“SK2407XPC9.”

The nurse smiled, typing. “It wouldn’t do to get those details wrong. People like to be able to look up who they’re watching.”

Deborah gasped as she saw the nurse’s finger start the upload.

“Now,” Nurse Anand said, “let’s go see who’s in Room 58!”

Chapter 10 - Nigel and Emily

Emily had an idea of what was going on upstairs.

In the short spells of time they had together, she and Nigel had discussed their living arrangements. The fact that Mavis Hardcastle liked to wash them herself and that both were required to use a plastic potty rather than a normal toilet, that sort of thing.

She'd also come to the conclusion that her rather plain, hefty former cook also had a thing for her husband. It wasn't a subject that Nigel was comfortable discussing, even with her. But nevertheless, the amount of time the woman spent alone with him was quite disconcerting.

Then, quite suddenly the horrible woman was back in the room with her, sat on the bed, stroking her sex.

"You haven't been up to anything while I've been away have you, Emily?"

"N...no, madam."

"Not had your naughty little fingers somewhere that you shouldn't have?"

"No, madam. I promise I haven't."

And although she'd been sorely tempted sometimes, she didn't dare.

"What would I do if I found you down there, interfering with yourself hmm?"

Her hand had found Emily's little nub and was playing with it.

"S...spank me, madam?"

"I most certainly would, young lady. This is out of bounds to you now, as you know"

She circled Emily's clit with her forefinger and smiled as the woman pushed back a little.

"But for now ..."

Slaaap!

Emily squealed as the woman's hand slapped her sore buttock cheek hard.

"Let's get your belt on shall we?"

She then had the ignominy of having to stand, legs apart and her hands on her head, while her former cook fastened on her chastity belt and locked it with a metallic little 'click'.

"Tidy the bathroom, pyjamas on, and then into the kitchen with you. I have something special for the pair of you for supper."

Emily's heart sank at the news. *'Something special'* sounded horribly ominous. Despite her training and the fact that her cooking never used to give cause for complaint when she worked for them, Mavis seemed to take a perverse delight in feeding them with terrible food.

One thing that Emily had been looking forwards to when she left the island was the opportunity to get back to eating decent, proper food again. Unfortunately it hadn't quite panned out that way. The woman seemed to be able to produce an amazing amount of garbage for their meals.

She was their only source of food. She prepared breakfast for them, usually some form of porridge, cold and stodgy and tasteless. The sort of lumpy texture that made them want to gag. Either that, or their landlady's leftovers from the night before shared between them. Bits of bacon rind, or bread that had gone hard for example.

Or, if she was in a particularly bad mood, the two things mixed together. Emily often found bits of gristle or partial-chewed meat nestling in the depths of her porridge. Not that she or Nigel ever dared complain, they hadn't as yet had to force down bits of human toe nail as they had in the Penal Colony on a fairly regular basis. So they weren't doing too badly.

Mavis was a shrewd woman. The State paid the wages of her two lodgers straight into her account. The two of them were no longer allowed access to any sort of banking facilities of course. The theory was that she'd take her expenses out of their funds and then reimburse them the difference. But it was only a theory, in effect Mavis kept as much as she possibly could and, if she was in the mood, gave them a little pocket money.

But why shouldn't see? She was providing a roof over their heads, food in their bellies, and even the clothes on their backs. What did they need money for? She even provided lunch for them, two slices of the cheapest white bread, nutritious filling such as fish paste or lard, some wizened, elderly piece of fruit and a beaker of weak orange squash. That was all they needed during the day, it wasn't as if they were working in construction, after all.

As the two of them sat opposite each other over the kitchen table, the sheer smell of their '*something special*' was enough to turn their stomachs. Mavis ladled some of it out of a big saucepan onto a plate for each of them, and then added a large ladleful of some sort of vegetable to accompany it. Meanwhile, Mavis had some sort of ready meal, chicken by the look of it.

"For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful, amen."

The three of them intoned before making a start. Mavis looked at her two lodgers as they quietly recited the required prayer. They both looked ever so cute in their pyjamas, their faces red and shiny and their hair meticulously brushed. Emily's bright yellow hair ribbon perfectly matching the colour of her tight pyjamas.

Emily tried not to catch her husband's eye as she slowly lifted the first forkful to her mouth. What the hell was this? It smelled absolutely foul.

"It's offal, my dears. Eat it all up, it's good for you. My butcher says it has all the vitamins a healthy young couple need to thrive," said Mavis, as if reading their thoughts.

To be honest, Mavis had no real idea what it was. She'd just caught the butcher as he was about to dispose of the collection of gizzards and tripe and other various, unpopular internal organs. And, despite her culinary background, she didn't have much of an idea of how to prepare them either, so she'd just boiled them all together in a pan.

The vegetables were something leftover and mashed together from the nice Sunday roast she'd made at the start of the week. She watched, amused as her tenants struggled to keep down the small amounts of 'meat' that they managed to extract from the steaming mess. By contrast, her chicken was really quite nice, especially when it was washed down with one of her favourite Chardonnay's.

Meals in the Hardcastle house were eaten in silence, unless she had something to tell them of course. She made it a point not to encourage too much 'fraternisation' as she called it between the married couple. They spent as little time together as possible, and she certainly didn't allow them to have sex. Well, not yet anyway.

Giving them that permission would be the ultimate treat. Maybe she'd let them do it on their wedding anniversary or something? But on the other hand, maybe she wouldn't. That was just one of the many joys of ownership as far as Mavis was concerned.

And that was just how she thought about herself in their relationship. She was their 'Owner', she now owned a formerly wealthy, middle-aged couple who, just a few short years ago, believed that that the world was their oyster. She smiled to herself as she watched them struggle to digest their supper and squeezed her plump thighs together in anticipation.

The evening ended as it normally did for the Clarke's. Once they'd tidied up the kitchen and made it spotless, they had to sit cross-legged on the floor of the living-room with their hands on their heads. Mavis occupied her usual armchair placed bang in front of the large television.

Nigel sat on her right, and Emily on her left, both within easy reach. She flicked through the channels using the remote, pausing on her favourite soaps and game-shows, until she found something she enjoyed even more. State Channel 2 was a Party member only channel which produced all sorts of interesting stories regarding Penal Colonies, State Orphanages and the like. It did her heart good to learn that her taxes were being spent on something useful, something worthwhile.

The clock on the mantelpiece chimed the hour, it was 8pm.

"Come on, Emily it's time for your bed."

Obediently the 38 year old former Hedge Fund manager scrambled to her feet. It didn't do to suggest any sort of reluctance when their landlady had been drinking. Emily had been sent backwards and

forwards to the kitchen enough times with her wine glass to know that she'd consumed an entire bottle by herself.

"Come and give me a kiss and I'll be along to tuck you in shortly."

Emily had to steel herself as she bent over her landlady and received her thick tongue pushed between her lips, and then slobbered all over her.

"Don't forget your teeth, dear. I've already soaped your brush for you. Five minutes of cleaning please, and don't worry, I will be checking."

Mavis watched as Emily scurried towards the door, her pert little bottom beautifully exhibited by her extremely tight pyjamas, suitable for ages 10-12 apparently. Mavis had found them in a second hand shop, almost transparent with wear, but they were very cheap and so size didn't really come into it. She'd found Nigel's sky blue pyjamas in the same shop and she thought he looked just delightful in his. She clicked her fingers.

With a sinking feeling in his stomach, Nigel shuffled forward and got to his knees. Mavis spread her legs wide and pulled her skirt upwards. Gingerly he leaned forwards her pussy, she smelled quite strongly. A combination of stale sweat and arousal. There was no need for words, both of them knew what was required.

As she pulled aside the gusset of her knickers he extended his tongue and licked the length of her labial lips. Her groaning suggested he'd caught just the right spot, so he repeated the action. She took a firm hold of his ears and began to work him more into her.

At the other end of the long corridor, Emily looked at herself in the mirror as she worked at her teeth with the well-worn toothbrush. She assumed it was one of Mrs Hardcastle's cast offs, but quite honestly it could have been from anywhere. She grimaced as she worked the cheap soap into her gums and the back of her tongue.

Why she had to use soap rather than toothpaste was a mystery to her, but a subject that she wasn't about to bring up with her landlady. The taste of the soap was foul, but even when her five minutes were up she'd have to wait for permission to rinse her mouth out with a small glass of water.

She couldn't help but cry a couple of tears of self-pity. As if today hadn't been bad enough, it was also Friday night. Rather than preparing to go out for a self-indulgent night of eating, drinking, and dancing as they used to, she and her husband were being put to bed at 8pm by their bitch of a landlady. And, being a Friday, it would mean that tomorrow they'd be under her thumb for the entire day. And invariably that also meant that she'd have planned some 'treat' or other for them.

She shivered at the thought while she brushed her teeth. Although Mrs Hardcastle had no apparent way of telling if she had or hadn't done so for five minutes, Emily just knew that she daren't put that theory to the test. She grimaced again and wondered when her landlady would give her permission to rinse her mouth out. But with the sounds of her pleasure audible even from this far away, she feared it wouldn't be any time soon.

Chapter 11 - Dan and Joy

It was almost 11 p.m.

"Is there anything else, your ladyship?"

Brittany and Darren were lying on the sofa watching some dreadful TV programme. The room was a haze of tobacco smoke and whisky fumes. Darren had undone Brittany's top and was idly stroking her exposed breasts.

"Bring us the bucket." Darren said.

Joy grimaced and went into the downstairs toilet where the new 'TV-bucket' was kept. Since she started, the Master of the House had decided that he didn't need to interrupt his viewing during a tense movie or risk missing a goal in a football match.

"Here, your Lordship."

She unzipped his fly and eased his jeans down. Then she extracted his penis from his underpants and held the bucket in place. He carried on watching television but she could feel Brittany's eyes studying her.

"Are you admiring my bloke's dick?"

"N ... no, your Ladyship."

Joy's fingers trembled as she aimed the beer-and-whisky fuelled froth into the tilted bucket.

"So you're *not* admiring it? You think it's not impressive?"

"No! Your Ladyship it's ... lovely ... but I wasn't admiring it for myself. I'm not worthy."

Darren sighed and looked at her to signal he'd finished.

"Thank you, Sir."

She laid the sloshing bucket down on the floor and began to tug his jeans back up. Both of them were staring at her.

"Are all the kids asleep?"

"Yes, your Ladyship."

They had three children; twin boys aged 7 and a girl aged 5. They were a real handful; raucous and almost feral. Joy's new job was to tame and educate them. She'd spent the past six hours, feeding, bathing, reading, disciplining, putting them to bed, several times.

Meanwhile Brittany and Darren had gone out to the pub.

"Is there anything else, your Lordship?"

She zipped up his fly and buckled his belt, then curtsied, before picking up the bucket to empty it down the discoloured toilet pan.

"Nope, that's it. Wake us at 10."

Joy spent the night in her 'room'. It was the garden shed, at the end of the small garden. She had a rubber camping mattress, a moth-eaten sleeping bag, a kerosene lamp and an alarm clock.

She woke at 5.00 a.m., did chores until the kids woke, kept them as quiet as she could, washed, dressed and fed them, and walked them to the nearby school.

At 09.59 hrs and 59 seconds, she knocked on the main bedroom door.

It was dark, curtains drawn, and the air was fuggy with stale cigarettes, booze and farts.

"Your tea, your Ladyship ... your coffee, your Lordship."

She laid down their mugs by their bedsides and carefully opened the mismatched curtains. She put her hand on the window catch.

"Don't open the fuckin' window, cunt. It's cold."

She began picking up clothes jettisoned on the floor.

Brittany was splayed out on the bed with her forearm over her face.

"Help me out of bed. I need a piss fast."

Joy rushed to the bedside and helped her out of the bed. It was a small Queen, barely a double, with squeaky springs. Brittany was only 24, despite having 3 kids, and she was younger than Joy.

Joy helped her to the bathroom. It was undecorated and stained, but beautifully clean. It was Joy's job to keep the whole, sordid house in immaculate condition.

Brittany had slept in a cheap, black-nylon top and nothing else. Her face wasn't unattractive but her puffy skin was bloated by booze and takeaway meals. Her round body was slightly overweight, with stretch marks and cellulite.

Joy helped her onto the toilet seat then made to give her privacy.

"No, don't go. Wait there."

Joy listened to the gushing sound as her Ladyship noisily relieved her bladder, moaning and sighing with relief.

"Have you ever been fucked in the ass?" Brittany suddenly asked, out of the blue.

Joy swallowed. "Er ... yes, your Ladyship. But only a few times. By our Parole Officer."

Brittany nodded, reaching for the toilet tissue.

"So never by your husband, what's he called, Dan?"

"No, your Ladyship. Never."

"Darren tried to do me back there last night. I said no way. Then we had an argument about it. I don't think nice girls do anal, do they?"

"N ... no, your Ladyship."

Brittany suddenly chuckled, drying between her thighs.

"You and I, we're like that bloody 'Fucktown Abbey' series on TV when I was a kid. You remember it, right? The posh bitch talking all her personal stuff with her housemaid. Well, that's like the two of us now."

"Yes, your Ladyship. I suppose it is."

"How was it? The anal?"

Joy grimaced. "It was horrible, your Ladyship. Not so much the act itself, but because of the man doing it, you know, against my will."

"But it wasn't like ... that bad."

"Well, it was pretty awful, your Ladyship."

"Maybe I'll get Darren to do YOU there. If he's so bloody keen. I'll watch and see if it looks really painful or not."

Joy couldn't prevent a little snivel. "Yes, your Ladyship."

Brittany held out her hand so Joy could help her up off the seat.

"Why are you crying? What's the matter?"

"It's j ... just ... the way you think so little of me, your Ladyship."

Brittany looked at her open-mouthed, as if Joy had said something truly weird.

"Nonsense. I think a lot of you, Joy. You've really helped around the place and made my life much nicer. But at the end of the day you're just a skivvy; one of the ex-elite paying her dues. We can't think of you two as normal people. The Owner's Manual made that very clear to us."

It was true. There were online lectures and a digital manual for citizens who'd been entrusted with paroled prisoners. There were inspection visits too. Anybody suspected of treating a parolee too leniently was likely to lose the use of them.

"Yes ... I understand your Ladyship. I don't mind hard work. But ..."

"But you don't want my Darren fucking your ass right!"

Joy found herself on her knees. He kissed the girl's cheesy feet.

"Please ... your Ladyship. I didn't mean to offend you, or his Lordship. But Dan and I aren't even guilty. We're victims of a miscarriage of justice. In fact we were hardly any more privileged than you are."

Brittany looked down. The girl's dark pubic hair was a thick, bushy triangle under her ripples of belly. Her navel was pierced too.

“I know. Mum told me. Some bloke at the ministry made a mistake, right? Shit happens, I’m afraid. Mum said there’s no smoke without fire though. You’re nice but at the end of the day you’re posh too. So as far as we’re concerned you’re both going to get what’s fuckin’ coming to you.”

Dan punched in his card.

It was 6.27 a.m. He had to clock in by six thirty every morning. The rest of the workforce arrived an hour later and the production line started up at eight.

It was a small factory; 36 guys on the line plus a couple of supervisors and the manager. The big boss only visited once a week. He’d interviewed Dan briefly the first time they met but otherwise he ignored him.

Dan’s nemesis was Mr. Snarlton, the onsite manager. He sat in his little corner office all day, smoking and playing on his phone. Dan was the first parolee to be sent to this factory and Mr. Snarlton made his feelings about ‘privileged folk’ perfectly clear. Although Dan had actually been a successful engineer himself, his qualifications were ignored.

Dan’s first job in the morning was to clean the Canteen, the communal room where the workforce micro-waved their lunches and boiled the kettle to make tea. There were plastic tables, the day’s tabloid newspapers and old porn magazines. It was a male-only environment. The company didn’t employ a single female.

Next were the lavatories. A sordid collection of three cubicles, three urinals and three basins. Graffiti and photos and smears covered the partition walls inside the cubicles. Soggy cigarette butts and bits of chewing gum clogged the urinals. It was Dan’s job to make the whole place sparkle each morning before the men arrived.

One day, without any warning, a photo of Joy appeared on a wall in the middle cubicle. It was like an old tabloid ‘glamour shot’. His wife was smiling, topless, cupping her tits in her forearms.

As the production line got going, the men were all teasing him.

“So that’s yer missus, Danny?”

“Nice hooters.”

“Guy named Darren dropped the photo into Mr. Snarlton. Says yer good lady is now a skivvy round at his place. That true?”

Dan blushed. “I ... I think so, yes.”

They all laughed, nudged each other, winked at him. Most of them weren’t that unkind. They treated him okay. But they obviously thought it was funny, what had happened to him.

“You reckon this Darren bloke’s bangin’ her?”

“I would if I was him! Make a nice change from my old lady.”

“Hey, Danny, look. Old Snarly’s waving at you. You’d better go see what the bastard wants.”

Dan knocked on Mr. Snarlton’s office door. The red-faced man was sat at his desk, poring over an array of printed photos.

“Ah, come in. You found the pic of your bitch in the toilets?”

“Yes sir.”

“Come look at these. I took ‘em yesterday.”

Dan stared at the photos and then at his boss. *Had he misheard?*

“Y ... you took them, sir?”

Mr. Snarlton grinned. He was in his mid-40s, Dan guessed, with a side-parting and gingery hair combed over his bald pate.

“Yep. I’ve known Brittany since she was so-high. Let me tell you, this is a community where everybody knows everybody. I know Kevin your Parole Officer and Mrs. Hurst your landlady. It was me who suggested the whole arrangement to Kev.”

Dan stared at him, unable to speak.

“And now I ‘know’ Joy too. I’ve been fucking her most days since you began working here. Darren and Brittany are very accommodating. While you’re there churning out lines for Mrs. Hurst in the evenings, I’m banging your missus.”

He leered and held up a close-up of a vagina leaking semen.

“Oh my ... G ...”

Mr. Snarlton stared at him coldly.

“It’s been fun doing it while you didn’t have a clue. But now I want you to know. And I want the entire workforce to know. So you will take all these photos and this glue-stick and plaster the walls of the toilet cubicles with them.”

Dan felt his knees going weak. He staggered, grabbing the edge of Mr. Snarlton’s desk.

“From now on, each evening, when you leave for the night, you will knock on my door and wish me Good Fuck.” He smiled at his joke. “While you write lines, you will imagine Joy on her knees blowing my cock. And every morning you will come and see me and thank me for keeping your missus out of the clutches of the workforce here. Or I’ll have her brought in here once a week. Is that understood?”

Dan screwed his eyes shut. The threat was clear. He understood.

“Yes.” He muttered. “Sir.”

Mr. Snarlton smiled and gestured at the dozen photos on his desk. He pointed at one showing his naked body on top of Joy’s.

“She’s a fine filly, you know. You should be very proud of her.”

Dan gritted his teeth. “Thank you sir.”

“Don’t worry. She hates it too. You needn’t think she’s enjoying being unfaithful to you. She does everything I say in order to help you.”

“Help me?”

“Yes. Last night she tongued my asshole just to prevent me sacking you and sending you back to the Colonies. Boy she did a good job too. A real clean up. Look!”

He reached into a drawer and pulled out a handful more photos. On the top was a naked male body astride an invisible face. Dan knew who they both were. He bunched his fists.

“Don’t do anything stupid, boy!” Mr. Snarlton warned.

Dan inhaled. It was true. This man held all the power.

Mr. Snarlton smirked triumphantly.

“Thank me.” He said. “For taking an interest in Joy.”

It took several seconds but he forced the words out.

“Thank you sir. For taking an interest in Joy.”

Chapter 12 - Olivia and Robert

Olivia squirmed a little uncomfortably on the leather of her seat, trying not to attract the attention of her two employers in the back. Due to traffic she'd been no more than two minutes late in picking Marcus up. Nevertheless the bastard had bent her over the bonnet of the car outside the front of the house and spanked her bottom in full view of the rest of the staff and anyone who might be passing in the street.

"Don't think this is over", he'd whispered into her ear as he wrenched her skirt back down after slapping her. "I'll be coming to visit you later this evening for another chat."

That, as she well knew, was a euphemism for coming to her room to fuck her. The difference in their ages never seemed to bother him, he just liked to have sex with her. That in itself was quite flattering, but his idea of sex was quite rough and often included anal. Plus he seemed to like taking pictures of her in all sorts of humiliating positions. He'd told her that if she complained, he'd make sure both she and Robert were sacked.

Once she'd dropped Marcus off, she hurried back to the house to pick up Mr and Mrs Singh. That was why, despite the soreness of her backside, she dared not bring herself to the attention of the two senior Singh's. Not that they would have cared about her plight of course, their kids were the apples of their eyes, which accounted for their terrible, spoiled, entitled attitudes.

She tried not to think about her own two daughters in situations like this, although she often gave silent thanks for the fact that they were both safe and sound in a State Orphanage. Did the Singh's know that their favourite son was fucking her every other night in her miserable room over the garage? And had they known, would they have cared? It was clearly better for all concerned if the topic was never mentioned.

"Don't fling the car around so much, Sinclair! You really are a very poor driver you know," said Mrs Singh.

"Yes, madam. Sorry, madam."

She was fiddling around with her laptop as Olivia drove. Not five minutes ago Mrs Singh had urged her driver to go faster as she had an important meeting to attend. Without sounding snobbish, Olivia was baffled as to why Mrs Singh held such a high post within the People's Parliament.

She didn't appear to be especially intelligent or well-informed. Her spoken English wasn't particularly good either. She had quite a pronounced Pakistani accent and was sometimes difficult to understand, but none of these things seemed to hold her back. Indeed, she'd been promoted twice in the last few months, Olivia wasn't even sure what Mrs Singh's job was now.

Mr Singh's job on the other hand was quite unequivocal. It was to make money, lots and lots of money. He had his fingers in all sorts of pies, retail, wholesale, office blocks, farming, building companies, almost everything in fact. Olivia got to see lots of his 'interests' as she drove him from meeting to meeting. Often she wondered just how much money he actually did make.

And of course was it enough to place him in the hated 1% or 5% or even 8% which was now rumoured to be the cut-off point between enjoyable wealth, and criminal wealth. How was it, she thought mutinously, that her selfless, hard-working husband was now an intern in a nationalised company, while Mr Singh was slowly but surely amassing what appeared to be a huge fortune?

She often thought about Robert and his fate. He must be terribly humiliated having to start again from the bottom. He hadn't been born into any sort of wealth, but he'd made a comfortable living for them both by taking chances and working really, really hard. The next time she was allowed an afternoon off, she was planning to make her way to his office and attempt to see him. She missed him dreadfully, they'd been promised when they left the island that they be able to spend more time together, maybe as man and wife.

But it hadn't turned out that way, as she had so very little free time to herself. He was living in a worker's dormitory somewhere, while she was living in a single room belonging to her employers. Hastily she wiped away a tear before pulling over to let Mrs Singh out.

"Singh Towers, Sinclair. I have a meeting in thirty minutes. I'd advise you very strongly not to make me miss it. Not unless you want your bottom thoroughly blistered that is?"

"Yes, sir. Of course, sir."

Jaswinder Singh settled himself comfortably back in his seat. He did so love having an entitled, white woman as his chauffeur. Just the look on her snooty face every time she was instructed to do something she didn't like was marvellous. She was a symbol of course, a clear message to the world as to just how far he'd come in it.

His parents had arrived from Pakistan with barely a word of English between them, and now here he was, in a car the cost of which could have fed their entire old village for a year, being driven by a former member of the elite dressed in a demeaning uniform of his choosing. How proud they would have been to see their eldest son establish himself a member of the new elite.

They were approaching Singh Towers. Jaswinder loved that name. He'd got the impressive-looking building for a song off some snotty-nosed bastard who was desperate to raise some cash to try and flee the country. He smiled to himself as he recalled that particular deal, especially the bit about informing the relevant authorities which resulted in the snotty bastard and his family being split between a Penal Colony and a State Orphanage.

The irony, of course, was that he was by now far wealthier than the man he had condemned. Not that he was worried in the slightest. A creative accountant, lots of cash deals, a massive underpayment of tax. All those factors conspired to suggest that he was making nothing more than a modest living. Plus, his wife was highly placed in the new establishment. Plus he was a racial minority and as such he benefitted from the government's latitude regarding 'entrepreneurship' rules for that under-privileged group. He glanced at his diamond-encrusted wristwatch. His girl had just twenty-one minutes left, by his reckoning.

She didn't make it of course. He could see the back of her neck flush against the crisp, pristine whiteness of her shirt. He so liked to see her flustered and slightly panicky like she was at the moment. He enjoyed keeping his entirely white staff on the back foot. It was good that they feared and respected him as they did. He was literally their lord and master, just a word from him could make their miserable lives even more unhappy.

Although he liked to have Olivia constantly at his beck and call, he often fantasised about making her work in other, less salubrious parts of his business empire. Olivia up to her pretty ankles in pig shit, having her help out on one of the corporate farms. Olivia slaving away on a production line for 14 hours a day in one of his miserable, Northern outposts. Both those options were entirely possible, indeed he'd recently given some thought to sending her husband to a factory somewhere.

Alternatively, wouldn't her oldest daughter soon be old enough to be brought from the State Orphanage and into the Singh business empire? That was something else he'd have to look into.

In the meantime he made no effort to help, but merely watched as she struggled with his bags as she made her way up to his office. She was still a sexy bitch, no doubt about that. Even at her age her arse still wobbled provocatively under her short skirt Those blue, silk knickers would soon be coming down, there was no doubt about that.

He rubbed himself briefly through his suit pants at the thought of tanning her bare arse with his new wooden paddle and then fucking her over his desk. And then maybe, if she wasn't up to scratch, a caning? What about caning her in front of the rest of the office? He could hardly contain himself.

"Get that skirt off, bitch, and bend over my desk," he growled.

Robert Sinclair lay on his front on his tiny, uncomfortable, upper bunk-bed. That little cow, Tanya had strapped his hands and then his backside on the main floor of the office. Then she'd made him kneel and poured the cold coffee over his head. She'd also made him remain on his knees for two hours before sending him back to work. Then she'd made him work those two extra hours.

There were no more worker buses by the time he was allowed to leave and he'd had to walk the three miles back to his State Dormitory. The kitchens were closed by then and he didn't have enough money to buy himself anything else to eat. Instead he'd gone to lie down and try to get an early night, and to ignore the hunger pangs until breakfast time. He stunk of stale coffee and sweat, his arse hurt abominably and he was hungry and miserable. Welcome back to Mainland, he thought to himself.

THE END