

RETURN TO MAINLAND BOOK 2

CHARLES RYDER & VELVETGLOVE

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

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Chapter 1 - Nigel and Emily

Saturday morning brought the inevitable bowl of cold porridge. Mrs Hardcastle made a huge pan of it every Sunday night carefully measured out to produce one small bowlful for each of her lodgers every morning. Only this morning she'd thoughtfully garnished it with a little of the cold offal left over from the previous evening's supper, just as a treat.

While they forced that down, Mavis laid out their clothes on their respective beds. Brown sandals, grey shorts and a white T-shirt for Nigel, and a pink, gingham dress with white ankle socks and matching sandals for Emily. There was no shower for them on a morning, hot water wasn't free after all. She fussed with their hair a little, a nice, sharp parting for her little man. And two cute bunches tied with pink ribbons for his wife.

Then, holding each of them by the hand, she led them on the short trek into town. Pausing only to allow Mrs Hardcastle to chat with friends and acquaintances. It was a truly mortifying experience for the Clarke's. Not only did they draw unwanted attention to themselves by the juvenile way in which they were dressed, but their landlady was only too ready to explain their situation to anyone who showed the remotest interest.

"Who are these two? The boy is Mr Nigel Clarke, and his wife is Mrs Emily Clarke. He's 40 and she's 38, yes they're skivvies. Newly returned from PC9 as it happens. Yes, both parasites, so-called executives. Yes, I agree, they're very lucky to have been paroled. They are grateful to the State though, I can tell you that. Tell the gentleman who grateful you are, darlings."

And then the Clarke's would have to explain that yes, they did deserve to be sent to PC9, and yes it had taught them a lesson, and yes, they were very grateful indeed to the State for allowing them the opportunity to rebuild their lives.

This sort of shameful situation happened without fail at least once on every single trip that the Clarke's made in Mrs Hardcastle's company. They had soon come to realise that she revelled in their misfortune, she never seemed to tire of showing them off in public and wringing every last drop of humiliation out of them.

But she was apparently by no means the only person that considered that parolees from Penal Colonies should keep on suffering once they'd been allowed to return to Mainland. A simple observation on any busy street would show men and women wearing ridiculous, demeaning clothes, or sometimes the very minimum of clothing that they could decently be allowed to wear in public.

On the other side of the road for example was a tall, thin, attractive girl wearing an extremely revealing, fetish maid's uniform, tottering along on her high heels and weighed down by her master's shopping. Further behind them was a figure of indeterminate sex, completely encased in black rubber, hobbled at the knees and being led along by arrogant looking woman on the end of a lead held in one of her elegantly manicured hands, accompanied by a little dog on the end of a similar length lead in the other.

Once they'd window-shopped a little, Mrs Hardcastle led the Clarke's into her favourite cafe. Two of her friends were already waiting for them and there was one spare chair. By the wall nearest the table stood a young woman with her nose pressed against it and her hands on her head. As the little group approached her it was evident that she was wearing a long-sleeved white blouse to go with her short, pleated, brown skirt and white knee-socks.

While the three middle-aged women greeted each other, Nigel and Emily positioned themselves alongside the girl, careful to make sure that the tips of their shoes were touching the wall as well as the tips of their noses. Their landlady was most particular about things like that.

"My, my, and who is this delightful young lady?" Asked Mavis Hardcastle as she settled her bulk carefully into her chair and stared at the uniformed woman. "I don't believe I've had the pleasure?"

Her friend, Miss Carlton, smiled self-importantly.

"Oh that, that's just Franny, she lives with me now. She's only been back a week. Turn round and say hello to the ladies, Franny."

Mavis watched, amused as the girl turned to greet them. My, she was a lovely looking little thing and no mistake. Mid-twenties at a guess, but she looked even younger wearing a properly knotted brown and yellow striped school tie and matching hair ribbons for her pigtails. Her pretty face had turned a quite blistering shade of red as she stood in front of the three women, which of course only added to her cuteness in Mavis's opinion.

"H...Hello, ladies," she managed to stutter. Awkwardly taking her hands from her head and giving a dainty little curtsy.

"Franny was married to some posh bloke or other, weren't you, girl?" Asked Miss Carlton.

"Yes, miss," replied the girl, keeping her eyes down.

"And what did that get you, Franny dear? Tell the ladies, don't be shy they won't eat you."

Mavis caught the eye of her other friend sat opposite her, Mrs Wharton, and they simultaneously smirked at each other.

"I...it got me a stay in Penal Colony 9, miss," the timid girl almost whispered.

"So, would it be fair to say that you're off men for now?"

"Oh yes, miss. I think so, miss."

"That's not too late to discover something like that, how old are you anyway, 16, 17 maybe?" Asked Mrs Wharton, disingenuously.

The girl blushed even more.

"Please, madam. I'm 24."

"Oh, do excuse me. I just thought that with the uniform and all...", replied the totally unapologetic woman.

Miss Carlton sniggered.

"Tell them what else you've discovered, Franny."

Francesca Wallace, former wife of the Honourable Harry Wallace, looked askance at the dreadful woman who now dictated her life. Did she really want her to tell her creepy old friends about their sordid life together? Just one look at Miriam Carlton's face made it clear that she did.

"I...I've discovered that I'm a l...lesbian, madam. I tried to pretend by marrying a man I never loved, but in reality I was just waiting for the right woman."

Miriam nodded self-righteously at the words. Luckily for Franny, she'd remembered them almost exactly as instructed.

"And the right woman is presumably Miss Carlton?" Asked Mavis, studying the girl's shame-filled faced intently.

"Oh yes, madam! Miss Carlton has been so good to me since I was paroled from the island."

"It's only been a week, ladies, but I've managed to teach Franny lots of new things. She's such a willing student."

"I'll bet she is," replied Ann Wharton with a snort of laughter.

Francesca blinked rapidly to try and keep the tears from her eyes. The vile woman had been unable to keep her hands off her. She' stripped her and spanked her and inserted at least one finger into all of her orifices. She'd wrapped her fat, hairy legs around Francesca's head and made her lick her out for hours.

"Why is she in the uniform, Miriam? It's cute of course, but is there a particular reason?"

"I suppose you could call me an old softie, but Franny does love to play her games. She literally begged me this morning to dress up in her old school uniform and play teachers and students. What else could I do?"

As the three old women sniggered at this, Francesca's eyes dropped to her well-polished, black leather flats. it went without saying that the horrible woman had twisted the truth out of all recognition. They certainly had played 'teachers' that morning, but entirely at her instigation. A tear of self-pity slowly made its way down her cheek.

"You'll have to excuse her, she's a little sulky. I had to take a cane to her backside earlier, didn't I, Franny?"

"Y...yes you did, miss."

"Could you tell my friends why that was please?"

Francesca glanced quickly around the crowded cafe, hoping that nobody was listening.

"It was because...because I w...wouldn't..."

"Franny, dear. I have my hairbrush in my handbag. The wooden-backed one that makes you cry."

The girl swallowed.

"It was because I wouldn't...rim you, miss," she whispered.

"Rim her!" said Ann Wharton in such a loud voice that half the cafe turned to see what was going on.

"What a darling little girl you are!"

Being of a slightly more conservative nature than her two friends, Mavis had to ask what the verb 'rim' meant in that sense. Francesca, of course, was required to supply the answer.

"It means to put my tongue into Miss Carlton's b...bottom, madam. And stimulate her, madam," she added helpfully.

Despite her shock, Mavis suddenly had an image in her head that involved both her lodgers. She had a good idea already how she would be spending her evening.

Needless to say the Clarke's weren't offered any refreshment. The one thing in their favour in the cafe was that the poor new girl seemed to be the centre of attention leaving the two of them to stand ramrod-straight against the wall for an hour or so. Only towards the end did Nigel feel his buttocks being squeezed and mauled through his thin shorts by Mrs Wharton.

And then it was time to go. Nigel managed to get a good look at the red-faced girl, Franny wasn't it? She was very cute in her uniform, he could feel his cock hardening despite him willing it not too. He wasn't sure if his wife noticed, but his landlady certainly did. She wasn't happy, and he knew his backside would suffer once she had them back in the house.

She still had a particular 'thing' for him he realised, and one thing she particularly hated was other women, even her friends, taking any sort of interest in him or his appearance. Now he dreaded catching another woman's eye and tried very hard to become a part of the background. The horrible old woman certainly wouldn't forgive that particular lapse.

Mrs Hardcastle led them two of them back around the shops. Now that she had their incomes as well as her own, it was one of her favourite leisure activities. Originally she had intended to just by the two Clarke's some extra underwear, but the meeting with her friends had given her some more ideas.

Her first stop was the junior section of a large department store where she wandered the aisles looking for suitable underpants and knickers. Nigel's choice was easy, plain, gleaming white, y-fronts that were two sizes too small. She did so like the way his pert buttocks looked in those.

Emily was altogether more difficult, mainly because there was so much choice. Mavis looked at a multitude of different underwear before settling on a pack of days of the week knickers decorated with farm animals, and a pack of navy blue schoolgirl-type ones, just for the sake of variation. She had them wrapped and gave each of her lodgers their own bag to carry. They both looked so cute like that, especially Nigel.

Before they left, her eyes were drawn to the 'School Outfitters' sign. She'd very much enjoyed Franny's humiliatingly juvenile appearance. That was an excellent way of reminding the young woman that she was nothing more than skivvy, released back into the company of law-abiding people on sufferance.

She had a sudden image of Nigel and Emily Clarke in matching short-sleeved white shirts, and striped ties. Grey shorts for her little man, and a tiny, pleated grey skirt for her little girl. Mmm, yes. That would be a good choice wouldn't it?

"Come on darlings, come with mummy."

As she led them towards the stairs, she debated with herself the colour of the ties. Blue, almost certainly, a lovely bright blue to go with her little man's eyes. The two of them would look ever so cute together, like a brother and sister heading towards their first day of school.

Whack!

Whaack!

Whaaack!

Nigel tried really, really hard not to cry out, but the pain of the large slipper crashing against his backside was starting to overwhelm him. His paper-thin grey schoolboy shorts offered no protection, and the old bitch was really laying into him.

Whack!

Whaack!

Whaaack!

Just over to his left stood his wife. She had her back to him, all he could see was her white blouse and her bare, pink bottom. She was holding up her tiny, grey, pleated skirt up with both hands and her navy-blue knickers were tightly banded around her knees

Whack!

Whaack!

Whaaack!

Although he couldn't see Emily's face, he could tell that she was crying. He'd had to watch while his darling wife was upended over their landlady's knee and spanked like a child. Although she clearly didn't need an excuse, Mrs Hardcastle had decided that Emily had been rude to an unspecified shopkeeper. Now she'd been placed weeping in the corner with the threat of more punishment to come.

Whack!

Whaack!

Whaaack!

He , on the other hand was being punished for something specific. He'd apparently 'flaunted himself' in front of her friends in the cafe and then had the audacity to flagrantly sport an erection in front of them as well!

Whack!

Whaack!

Whaaack!

Which was clearly quite unacceptable behaviour. as she insisted on telling him over and over again.

"Aaargh"

"Owww."

"Ooooh."

He gasped in unison with the strokes . He was beginning to lose control. He hated this sort of situation, where his wife was a witness to his humiliation. But his sadistic landlady really didn't care what he felt, he knew that for sure. To his disgust, he could actually smell her arousal from the shameful over the knee position he was in.

The first tears were starting to gather in his eyes.

"P...please, m...mummy, please."

He knew she liked being called mummy, but really he would have called her anything she wanted, if only she'd stop doing what she was doing with so much sadistic relish.

"You do know why you're getting this little spanking, don't you young man?" She asked, breathing a little heavily with exertion.

"Y...yes, mummy. I think so, mummy."

Whack!

Whaack!

Whaaack!

"There's no 'think so' about it. Tell mummy why she's angry with you."

Whack!

Whaack!

Whaaack!

"Is it because I...I was rude in the cafe, mummy?"

Whack!

Whaack!

Whaaack!

"You. Know. Very. Well. It. Was. Exactly. That. You. Naughty. Little. Boy."

Mavis Hardcastle interspersed every word with a heavy slap of her dead husband's size 12 slipper. Nigel was howling and begging her to stop, all thoughts of preserving what little dignity he had, gone. Over in the corner, Emily had started to weep again as well. He could see why, little rivulets of urine were running down her plump thighs and soaking her cute little ankle socks.

Their landlady paused in her labours and sniffed ostentatiously.

"Is that stink you, Emily Louise Clarke?"

Emily nodded mournfully.

"Y...yes, mummy. I'm ever so sorry, mummy," cried the 38 year old woman.

Emily hated it when Mrs Hardcastle used her full name like that. It made her feel so...helpless, so juvenile.

"Knickers and socks off, dear. And then put your little nose back in the corner."

Nigel was panting and squirming on her lap. He really wanted to try and rub away the sting from his bruised buttocks, but he knew better than to try that. He felt her hands go to the small buttons of his shorts and despite himself began to cry again. He knew what was coming next.

Sure enough his short, grey trousers were pulled to his knees revealing his smooth, crimson buttock cheeks. Mavis rested the sole of the slipper on the crown of the cheeks.

"Now then, I think an apology is in order, don't you?"

"Yes, mummy. I'm really , really sorry, mummy. It won't happen again, I promise."

He heard his voice crack pathetically at the end of his shameful little speech.

"Hmmm, I know one little man who will be going round to visit Mrs Wharton and Miss Carlton tomorrow and apologising again for his shameful behaviour."

"Yes, mummy. I will, mummy. Of course mummy." He was gabbling now, but he just didn't care.

Whack!

Whaack!

Whaaack!

"Owwwwoowww!"

"Up you get, dear. Stop blubbing and put your nose in the corner."

He obeyed hurriedly, trying not to stare at his wife dressed in just her white blouse and her blue, elasticated tie. He heard the creak of their landlady slowly getting to her feet. There were footsteps behind him. He saw her hand pick up Emily's sodden navy blue knickers and then carefully place them over his wife's head so that the shiny wet gusset covered her mouth and nose.

"You'll stay in that position until I've finished my tea, Emily. You need to think on what a naughty little girl you've been, fancy wetting yourself at your age! But don't worry, I have a remedy for that, as you'll discover when I get back. "

She gently patted Emily's bare bottom before wandering off to make herself something to eat. While she did so, Nigel stared at his corner of the wall, and Emily did the same with hers. Talking, or even whispering to each other was completely out of the question when their landlady was in this sort of mood. The only noise he could hear was his wife's gentle sobbing as she contemplated her fate.

Chapter 2 - Bob, Jessie, Lavinia & Lucy

“What do you reckon about that pair?”

Bob Wells stubbed his muddy finger against the screen of their ancient computer. He and his wife were sat side by side, browsing the State’s online register showing photos of paroled prisoners.

Jessie Wells rolled her eyes at her husband.

Bob was 57 next birthday and the cleavage his finger was pointing at belonged to a girl of 21. Her hubby might have a paunch, be balding and missing half his teeth, but there was life in her wicked old dog yet!

“What about the mother?” Jessie retorted.

Bob made a face and they both laughed at each other. Their banter had been going on for half an hour as they scrolled through the site. It was like a livestock auction. They’d already ogled singles, fiancés, spouses, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, lesbians and gays, and just about every other possible combination.

Jessie had made the argument for two strong males because of their physical usefulness on the farm. Her tongue was only half in her cheek because she also liked the idea of a young man’s tongue between her ample thighs.

But Bob countered with the case for two young females because they could help in the kitchen and they’d brighten up the place. In truth he wanted some green fields to plough with his old tractor.

In the end, they’d both compromised on looking for one parolee of each gender; probably a married couple.

But then they came across this pretty pair; a daughter aged 21 and her mum aged 47.

“Isn’t there a husband?” Jessie asked, pouting.

“He’s already been allocated.” Bob replied with a nonchalant shrug. “According to this, the husband and son are part of a group of a dozen males who’ve already been assigned to Northern Mines Limited. So these two useful women are going begging.”

“Northern Mines? But that’s a hundred miles away from here!”

“So what?” Bob wiped his blue-veined nose on the back of his hand.

He was a ruddy-faced man wearing a pair of blue dungarees that were spattered in mud and dung. He was bald except for a ring of silver-grey hair above his protruding ears. Nobody would ever have called Bob a gift to women. Nevertheless, Jessie still loved him just as much as when they first married.

Together they ran a subsistence farm in the far north of the mainland. It was a tough living and they had no time for city folks and their genteel ways. Neither Bob nor Jessie was political but they certainly approved of the Payback Act.

“Well,” Jessie said, “it seems unkind separating two women so far from their menfolk like that.”

“Pah.” Bob snorted. “A hundred miles is the same as ten miles. They’ll all be kept too busy to waste time visiting each other. They should have thought of that before they hogged all the people’s money for themselves.”

And so it was that. Just two days later, Lucy and Lavinia Marvell-Jones were transported north to Whites Farm. The train journey from the capital took 30 hours on ancient rolling stock inside a crowded wagon.

There were 36 of them when they set off, all standing, holding onto loops that dangled from the ceiling, like on old subway trains. Their half-naked bodies were wedged against each other. Each wore a diaper as there were no facilities aboard the wagon. Talking was forbidden. They travelled in silence.

Gradually their companions exited at various stations on the slow route northwards. Lucy and Lavinia were the very last. When they finally arrived at the tiny station, they were hungry, thirsty, exhausted and stinking.

“Here we are, Bob.” The local policeman said, handing over the two women with a lewd wink. “Got yourself a fine pair there.”

Bob winked back, appraising the duo like they were prize heifers. Lucy was 21, round-faced, full-lipped, with a splendid rack of tits. She was topless, dressed only in a pair of black stockings and a suspender belt that framed her bulging diaper. Bob gave her tits a seductive leer. They were indeed a fine pair.

Her mum, Lavinia, was in fine fettle for a 47yr old. Her tits were bigger, droopier, but still shapely. You could see both mares were related. The mum’s hair was greying slightly and it looked in need of a good wash. Her nose was aquiline and it made her appear a bit horse-faced. But her generous mouth looked like it could still do a good job.

“Welcome, ladies.”

He grinned at Lavinia. Unlike her daughter’s ridiculous stockings, the mum was dressed in a waistcoat and skirt made of hessian. The skirt barely covered her swollen diaper. Her waistcoat hung open and exposed her pierced nipples. She’d had 2 rings inserted.

They looked at him in fear and awe and shame. Both had grimy faces from hours spent crying.

“I’m Bob.” He said, still staring at their nakedness. “But you can call me, Sir. I like that.”

“... yes, Sir.” They both mumbled.

“You both stink. Let’s get those diapers off you. You can dump them in the bin there.”

He didn’t give them any privacy. He chuckled as they slowly tugged the sodden and soiled fabric down their legs. Both had filled them impressively.

“Let me see.” He said to Lavinia, who was moving towards the bin.

“Fuck me!” he laughed. “I’ve seen horses produce less than that!”

She held out the contents of 30 hours in a train and blushed. Bob smiled at her. Farm life was different to city life. Mrs Marvell-Jones would soon learn that.

“And you?”

He appraised young Lucy’s manure with the same thoroughness then winked at her. She’d produced slightly less than her mum.

“Okay ladies, pop them in the bin.”

He fetched a box of tissues from his wooden cart.

“You can wipe your asses with these.”

Again, he gave them no privacy. He watched closely as they slowly cleaned up their orifices and thighs. Lucy had these long eyelashes that fluttered when she blushed. She tried to be demure but her tits jiggled as she wiped.

Her mum had obviously been hardened by life in a Penal Camp. She met his gaze as she dragged tissues to and fro to clean up. He stared into her brown eyes. He could see there was still a haughty bitch deep inside her, despite everything.

“Okay.” He said, when they’d finished and washed their hands under a hose used for washing the platform down. “Get in the back.”

He helped them both clamber into the rear of his wooden cart, sizing their buttocks up as he did so. They were clean now, but red, with sore rashes between their thighs.

The journey back to his farm took about half an hour by horse and cart. He heard them both sobbing quietly, trying to console each other.

“Now, now ladies.” He said. “No tears. You’ll have a good life here. Much better than on some harsh Penal island. You struck lucky. Me and Jessie, we’re fine people. We’ll look after you. Tell me about yourselves.”

“Wh ... what do you want to know?” Lavinia replied. She had one of those educated southern voices that immediately grated with Bob.

“You ever done any work on a farm?”

“Er, no. When I was growing up my family owned a small estate that had a farm on it. But I never actually did any labour. We had people for that. I did ride though. And we did some fishing in our lake.”

Bob smiled inwardly. Lavinia would no doubt be doing a bit more 'riding' in future. He asked them more questions so as to pass the time and chuckled at their answers. Meanwhile Lucy didn't say much.

"What about you?" he asked the daughter. "Got a boyfriend?"

"I ... h ... had one." She stammered. "But he was arrested the same time as we were. And I haven't seen him since."

"That were half year ago, right?" Bob said, scratching his right ear. "You been on that Penal island six months?"

"Yes." She whispered.

"Any boyfriend there?"

Both women were suddenly silent. The only sound was the clip-clop of old Ned's hooves on the track. Bob heard a snuffle.

"Come on, I asked a question." He said, finally.

"Not a boyfriend, as such." Lucy whispered. "But a young guard ... he ... sort of adopted me. He ... he had sex with me."

"Just one guy?"

"No. Several did. But mostly the one."

Bob chuckled, turning round to look at them. The sun was starting to go down behind the trees and it cast an orange glow on their sad faces.

"What about you?" he asked the mother.

"Yes. Me too. I was used by eleven different men in all."

"Eleven?" he grinned at her. "That's a very exact number. Well, that don't surprise me. You're both fine fillies and I'm glad I chose you."

Lavinia Marvell-Jones was secured in a stall inside the old stables.

Three days had passed since she and Lucy had arrived in this dreadful place. Three days of exhausting farm labour from dawn until dusk. Now she was having to eat without the use of her hands. Her 'food' had been poured into a piece of guttering that ran the full length of the barn.

The stables were empty apart from Old Ned, the carthorse, a stallion named Long John, and two ponies with shaggy manes that didn't seem to have names. Her own stall was half way down on the left hand side, next to smelly Old Ned.

"Come on in, gents."

Lavinia heard the barn doors sliding and the farmer's voice. But she couldn't do anything. Her ankles were tethered to the partitions either side of her stall and her cuffed hands were fastened behind her back. She slurped up another mouthful of the bland fodder.

"Here we are."

She heard their footsteps stop behind her. Three men by the sound of it.

"Name's Lavinia." The farmer said. "Not bad for 47, heh?"

"Forty seven?" Calloused fingers and hands prodded her bare buttocks, patting her legs open wider. She was down on her knees. She spread her legs and felt a thumb and finger pinching her labia open. "Her cunt's loose."

"No, my friend." She recognised Bob's chuckle. "It's just damp. I let a couple of the local lads use her at the end of today's picking. I keep the daughter for myself but her mum here's readily available."

A wet thumb slid into her sphincter, burrowing into her anus.

Lavinia did her best to ignore them. She simply sucked up the maize cereal and raisins that constituted her 'supper'. It was all true. An hour earlier, she'd had to let two young boys fuck her without even trying to resist them. The terrible truth was, anything was better than going back to PC9.

"Her asshole's nice and tight anyway."

"Yep." Bob's voice agreed. "Who needs pussy when you've got a shithole tight as a gnat's wallet."

Laughter, then more footsteps. She heard the men walking round the barn, patting the ponies' flanks, murmuring in conversation. Eventually, three sets of rubber boots appeared in front of her. She could see the men were all wearing dirty blue overalls.

"So you feed her the same as your horses then?"

"Sure. No point spoiling cattle like her with human food."

Suddenly Lavinia saw a hand, heard a zip, and a penis appeared. Thankfully it wasn't erect. But then she realised. Dirty fingers draped its length over the rim of the guttering.

She heard chuckles, then a wet hissing sound.

"So, what's the deal then Bob?"

"Okay. She works on the land all the day. But ain't no reason she can't be farmed out at night, right? For a very small fee."

Lavinia drank in the bitter humiliation of being whored out to locals.

"Not sure what my missus would say, Bob?"

"Same as mine probably. You know what? Women soon come round to the idea." He chuckled. "Jessie's actually relieved she don't have to put out for me. I mean, sure, our other halves drone on about wanting us to be faithful and all that but, truth is, at our age they're happy to enjoy a rest. Besides, Jess has tried having her pussy licked by this one's daughter and quite enjoyed it!"

"Are these two lezzies then?"

"Nah. Course not. They're both straight. But you find these ex-convicts have been well trained in all kinds of shit. They can't choose their sexuality no more. They put out for men and women, old and young, whatever. Any fussiness is soon stamped out. I tell you, this one's brat has been taught to munch rug like a pro."

They all laughed again. Lavinia carried on slurping the soggy maize and raisins from the trough. She watched a hand shaking the spent penis to her right, before tucking it back inside his overalls.

"What sort of fee you thinking about then, Bob?"

"Mother only, right? So we're clear, I'm not loaning her daughter out yet. But I could lend you the mum here overnight for say, I don't know, three pints of bitter?"

With no warning, fingers tugged Lavinia's hair, pulling her face out of the warm slop. She found herself staring up at a red-faced, ginger-haired man with a huge belly.

"Three pints! Fuck me, Bob, that's steep. What would I get for that?"

"Whatever you fancy? Mouth, cunt, asshole ... or all three."

She blushed. The man had watery blue eyes and no eyelashes. He was seemingly evaluating her like he would some old ewe. He smirked down at her.

"Definitely all three."

Lucy lay on the floor of her new Owners' bedroom.

It was the middle of the night. An owl hooted outside. She knew that her mum was out in the stables but that was probably a relief. At least her mum could get some rest and didn't have to do anything sexual like Lucy did.

The noise of her Owners' snoring was terrible. She pressed her fingers into her ears and screwed her eyes shut, trying to sleep. Mrs Wells had put a hairnet and curlers in her hair before turning out the lights. Now the woman was lying flat on her back, mouth open, wheezing loudly.

Lucy could still taste the fishy tang in her mouth. She'd asked if she could brush her teeth afterwards but they'd both just laughed. They said she could clean her teeth in the morning. Lucy had never had any lesbian inclinations or experience, not at her girls' boarding school, and not even on Penal Colony Nine.

But Mrs Wells wasn't interested. She'd obviously reached some agreement with Mr Wells. If he was going to get to enjoy her, then she was too. The fact that they were both at least 30 years older than Lucy was neither here nor there to them.

They'd already paddled her several times. Every day so far. But it wasn't her sore bottom that had made Lucy surrender so easily. It was what they'd threatened to do to her poor mum. So she quickly agreed to obey whatever disgusting orders they gave.

Hence she'd found herself on their marital bed, with her face between Mrs Wells' dimpled thighs, and Mr Wells kneeling behind her. She was literally the fresh salad filling in their chewy beef sandwich. And the ancient couple had talked, and laughed, and blown each other kisses throughout.

"Your pussy feels tight tonight, my love." Mr Wells had murmured.

"Well at last you're finally licking it after all these years." His wife chortled.

To them, Lucy was obviously just a joke. *Invisible. A sex aid.* Mr Wells slammed her hips forwards and backwards as he thrust into her, gripping her waist. His wife tugged on Lucy's hair, guiding her lips and tongue exactly where she wanted them. The fact that Mrs Wells was fat, with thighs like a chicken's and three fleshy tyres rippling round her waist and ribs, didn't seem to embarrass her at all. Nor did her straggly grey pubic hair and unwashed odour. She wanted cunnilingus and that's what she was going to get, regardless of Lucy's nausea.

After Mr. Wells had ejaculated his foulness inside her, he lay on the bed next to his wife and studied Lucy's efforts. His leering, ruddy-face was just inches away from her eyes.

"How's she doing, darling? You gonna cum soon?"

"Not long n ... now, dear. Practise will make p ... perfect over the next few months."

Lucy saw him wink at her out of the corner of her eye. His face was sweaty and he ran his coarse fingers over the silvery wisps of hair on his bald head.

"Tomorrow we start on blowjobs!" He whispered into her ear. "I managed to track down that young guard who befriended you over on the island. We had a nice chat. He sends his love. He said he taught you to give great head."

Lucy's reminiscences were disturbed by the baritone sound of a loud fart. The bedroom seemed to reverberate. But her Owners just carried on sleeping and snoring.

They'd given her an old dog-bed to lie in. They said it had belonged to their long deceased German Shepherd. Apparently he was the only farm dog that they'd allowed inside the house. The oval cushion itched and it still had a canine smell. Lucy was naked and her skin prickled. Most of the damp wetness between her thighs had at last leaked out.

But their final words before switching out the bedside lamps were ominous.

"Round Two in the morning."

Bob sat on his porch watching his 'farm-skivvy' using a pitchfork to clean the old cowshed. It hadn't been mucked out in years. Layers of fossilised straw and rotted manure were buried under more recent dung and rubbish. The doors had fallen off so chickens and goats wandered in and out at will.

Mrs Marvell-Jones was working topless despite the stiff, northern breeze. He smiled as her pierced boobs swung with every heft of the long fork. He'd purchased new rings for her online. They were heavy hoops with discs; one disc had 'B' for Bob on it, and the other 'J' for his wife.

The chill factor kept her moving fast. She was wearing a waist apron and rubber boots up to her knees. But he could see the goose-bumps on her bare upper legs and her butt. The insides of her thighs glistened. Her pre-breakfast 'visitors' had taken longer than booked and there hadn't been time to hose her down afterwards.

"Stop slackin'." He called out, as she paused to straighten her spine, rolling her shoulders.

She glanced across at him and gasped. "Sorry, Mr Wells, sir."

Bob hid his smile, parting his knees a little wider. He was wearing a woollen sweater and thick coat against the cold. But his coat was unbuttoned and his denim jeans were down round his ankles.

Mrs Marvell-Jones couldn't see that her darling daughter was bobbing her head in his lap. His wooden porch had a solid, waist-high fence that he was sitting behind. It added a nice little shudder of excitement to have his old balls secretly drained while he watched his old cowshed being cleaned out at last.

Bob had to admit, the young slut was bloody good. Only 21 but she'd been taught well. Those island guards were obviously demanding teachers. She knew just what to do with her lips and tongue and even her tonsils.

Jessie had used to suck him in the old days. After all, his wife was a good lass. But she did it like a normal woman. She only licked the head, used her fingers, didn't allow him in too deep. Oral was only ever a starter. Fucking was the main course. She'd almost never finished him in her mouth and had never swallowed. Above all, she never complimented him afterwards. Bob was the one who was expected to be grateful.

Whereas there was nothing 'normal' about Lucy's blowjobs. She licked the whole kitbag, balls and all. She got him into her throat. She didn't need to use her hands. She kept them behind her back and her eyes looked up at him reverentially while she suckled. She seemed intuitively to know his old cock's most sensitive spots. Sure, he could fuck her if he wanted, but a BJ was an event in its own right; 10, 20, 30 even 40 minutes, whatever he wanted. And when he finally shot his wad she'd guzzle it down like nectar.

Of course, Bob could see within her eyes she was faking it. She couldn't quite hide the wrinkled forehead, the flared nostrils, the disgust. He loved the conflict between her polite, trained expression, and what was really going on inside her 21yr old mind. She chewed his goo down like breakfast porridge with a forced smile on her pretty face. Then would come the best bit of all.

"Thank you so much for that, Mr Wells, sir."

Her dulcet tones would convey *real* gratitude. She'd appear grateful for the opportunity. Her good fortune to be his skivvy. Her chance to drink his cum.

"Coffee, love?"

His wife Jessie appeared with two mugs. She sat down beside him on the bench and handed him one of the coffees.

"Penny for your thoughts?"

Bob didn't fancy telling Jessie what he'd been thinking about. So he simply jerked his double chin towards Lavinia and remained silent.

"Brmm, it's chilly." His missus said, tugging her housecoat tighter round her. "I never thought you'd get that disgusting cowshed job done."

He blew on his coffee and grinned. "Well, I never thought I'd have anyone to do it."

His wife looked down into Lucy's gazing eyes.

"And I never thought we'd have anyone to do that." She said, watching the girl's lips sliding up and down Bob's swollen cock.

He spread his knees even wider so that his bum slid forward and he could match her head-bobs with a few thrusts into her gullet. Lucy gagged.

"Don't fucking vomit!" Jessie snapped at the girl.

He chuckled and leaned sideways to kiss his wife. She'd wanted two males but they'd ended up with two females! Nevertheless, Jessie was really getting into it now, more than he'd even dared hope. He could make this arrangement last years, so long as she got her oats as well.

His wife's breath stank of cigarettes. Jessie always had her first smoke at breakfast-time. She was wearing a shapeless housecoat over her woollen cardigan, her thick nightdress and grey, furry slippers. He marvelled at his wife's thick pubic bush the colour of the hair on her head.

Did all pubic hair go grey? His hadn't. But Jessie's was the same shade as her slippers. Bob hadn't put his mouth near her pussy in decades. No wonder his missus had been so horny for some tongue action.

Eventually Lucy got him off. Hands-free, eyes utterly focused on him. He had to grit his teeth and was careful not to grunt too loud. It amused him no end that her mother was forking cowshit and still had no idea that the 21yr old was guzzling his cum only a few yards away.

"Oi! St ... stop slackin' I s ... said." He stammered.

"S ... sorry, Mr Wells, sir."

He looked down and watched Lucy's polite encore. She carefully suckled his helmet as she released it, careful to extract every last drop of goodness, then slid her lips up and down his length to clean it. Her nostrils flared slightly but she kept smiling while she swallowed everything.

Then she spoke. "Thank you so much for that, Mr Wells, sir."

He nodded dismissively and turned to his wife without acknowledging his skivvy's appreciation.

Jessie was staring down at Lucy. Her expression was as chilly as the stiff breeze. Bob knew his wife felt pangs of jealousy, even if they were ridiculous. He watched her blow on her coffee and part her knees, hitching up her nightdress.

"Time for dessert." Jessie said, before tugging Lucy across by her hair. "Then you can run me a nice bath. I bloody need one."

Chapter 3 - Melissa

When Melissa first heard about repatriation to the Mainland, she realised at once that the programme wouldn't include people like her. She was, after all, famous for being hated by the Collectivist hierarchy. She once had her own TV show on which she regularly mocked and derided the idea of a People's Parliament. At one time she was one of the most famous women in the country and she made herself a small fortune.

She was also one of the first people picked up by the new government when they swept into power on the back of a landslide. There was some talk about how she was one of the elite, how much money she'd squirreled away, how much tax she'd avoided etc. But in reality she was a hate figure as far as the Collective's were concerned, it was rumoured that the boss herself had taken a particular offence at something Melissa had allegedly said.

No, the writing was already on the wall. As soon as was decently possible, Melissa Worthington had been shipped to Penal Colony 9 and then apparently forgotten about. Five long years had passed and Melissa had been subjected to countless indignities. That was why the call to the deputy's office had come as such a shock. Nobody ever wanted to be called to Mr Greene's officer, ever. But this time she was informed that she had been paroled and that she should make her way to the ferry.

She remembered her feelings only too well, shock mixed with elation mixed with a feeling that she was being duped somehow, that it was all a horrible joke. That when she got down to the ferry that they'd laugh at her and send her back. That was a common rumour in PC9, that they'd pretend to let you go and then call you back at the last minute.

But she' been wrong. She was allowed to leave. There were about a hundred of them altogether getting more and more excited as they watched the nightmare of Penal Colony 9 recede into a tiny dot. Even the knowledge that they were parolees, or skivvies as they were known, couldn't dampen the enthusiasm. Anything was surely better than what they'd just experienced?

Melissa shook her head and carried on with her preparation for that evening's show. Who'd have thought that she'd be back on prime-time TV? Who'd have thought that when she was digging out cess-pits with her bare hands or being fucked by half a dozen different men in the same afternoon, or being caned over a whipping bench, that she'd not only be back in Mainland, but back on TV?

She applied the make-up liberally to her face, there was no real need for subtlety. She was dressed in just her bra and matching white knickers. Hung up behind her was her costume for the evening. Long green and white striped socks, an electric blue, flared party dress decorated with brightly coloured stars that just about reached mid-thigh, a yellow bow-tie and a little, green pill-box hat to perch on her lustrous, dark hair.

She put the finishing touches to her bright-red lipstick and rouged her cheeks before quickly dressing herself. God! She looked absolutely ridiculous! like a thirty year-old clown.

"Five minutes, Melissa!"

She grimaced at her reflection. But that was the point of the show, to make her look ridiculous.

"And here she is ladies and gentlemen, the star of our show, Worthless Melissa Worthington!"

The live audience guffawed with laughter as it did every time she made an appearance. Her clothing, and sometimes the lack of it, had become famous in its own right. People sat in pubs and at the hairdressers discussing what she'd been wearing the previous night. She could just imagine the comments.

"Did you see her last night, dressed in just that see-through baby-doll nightdress and her nappy? Really, she ought to be ashamed of herself...at her age."

"That pacifier around her neck was funny though?"

She was required to dress in all sorts of things. She'd been a naughty traffic warden, a naughty secretary, and all sorts of naughty schoolgirls, to name just a few. The aim was always to humiliate her. And the theme was always to show what an idiot she was. The pattern of the show was always roughly the same.

"That's a very nice clown suit, Melissa, most appropriate for someone like you."

The Compere, Mike Starr grinned at the crowd and was rewarded with a howl of laughter as if he was the funniest man alive. He took her by the hand and twirled her around to give the viewers the full benefit of her humiliating outfit. He then led her to a little raised circular dais where she had to stand with her hands behind her back, facing the evening's four 'celebrities'.

"Good evening, Melissa," said the first.

"Good evening, sir," she replied politely.

"Are you well this evening?"

"Yes, sir. I am, sir. Thank you for asking, sir."

Melissa was always as humble and polite as possible.

"Good girl. Let's get started. Here's the first question sent in by a Mr Langley from Lynton. The people's Government recently introduced a new law regarding female propriety. What was the name of that law?"

Behind her she could hear the big clock ticking down from sixty seconds. Her mind had gone blank. She was allowed to research before each show but she never had any idea what was coming up. She looked at the four gloating faces in front of her. She could feel the anticipation of the motley collection of cretins in the audience.

Beep!

The buzzer sounded loudly, which was a relief in a sense because if she's stood on her little plinth until Christmas, the answer still wouldn't have come to her.

"Naughty little Melissa!" Admonished the shiny-suited Compere. "We know what comes next everyone!?"

The crowd started to clap rhythmically and chant

"Pun ish ment"

"Pun ish ment"

"Pun ish ment"

The Compere read from a card.

Punishment number one, Melissa gets a smacked bottom.

"Oooooohh," replied the crowd, as if they were at a Pantomime.

"Punishment number two, Melissa gets a hair-brushed bottom."

"Oooooohh,"

"Punishment number three, Melissa gets her hair pulled."

"Oooooohh,"

Punishment number four, Melissa gets her ears twisted."

"Oooooohh,"

"If you would be so kind as to vote, we can put our clown out of her misery."

More guffaws of amusement.

Each member of the audience had a little box under their chair and they could press one, two, three or four, so as to decide which punishment they wanted Melissa to receive. Not that it mattered which button they pressed of course. They'd already decided in rehearsal that Melissa was going to get her bare bottom tanned for sixty seconds.

The giant clock behind her showed the result, and indeed, it was a bare-bottom spanking. The crowd laughed and cheered.

"Who has the bare-bottom spanking card?" Enquired Mike Starr.

The four celebrities looked at each other as if nobody knew. Suddenly a vacuous, peroxide blonde thrust her hand in the air, much to the appreciation of the audience. The Compere made a big show of leading her to a high stool placed right at the front of the stage and making sure she was settled comfortably.

Then, to the crowds considerable pleasure, Melissa was led in her clown outfit to stand by the woman. She was bent over her lap and her skirt was short enough to simply flip up. Slowly the blonde

slipped Melissa's knickers down to her ankles. Behind them the clock buzzed again and started counting downwards from sixty seconds.

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Immediately the woman began a fierce assault on Melissa's milky-white buttocks. Within thirty seconds Melissa was howling and kicking and begging her to stop. Not that anyone could actually hear her beyond the first couple of rows. The audience was going absolutely wild.

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Upstairs in a sound-proofed room, Zadie Woods, watched the action with a big grin on her face. The Worthless Worthington Show had been a brilliant idea. It was now the most popular thing on StateChannel 2. The show's creator, Jerry Smith, had worked for Melissa on Worthington's World and he took great delight in telling her that her new show had nearly twice as many viewers as the original one.

The camera zoomed in on Melissa's tear-stained face as she bawled, it really was quite amusing thought Zadie as she watched as the clock beeped signalling that sixty seconds was up, Melissa was helped back to her plinth by an over-solicitous Mike Starr who mimed squeezing her backside to his adoring audience.

The next question was unusual, Melissa actually got it right. Did she approve of the plan to remove the voting rights from some women, and if so why?

"Yes I do. Too much is asked of our young women at the moment. It's only right and proper that they should be allowed the time and space to grow up in their own time without the added pressure of confusing things like politics."

There was murmur of disapproval until the applause cards were raised by the studio staff and a sort of begrudging clapping broke out among the audience. She was correct after a fashion. It was a well-established fact that certain sections of the female population actively wanted to relinquish their voting obligations.

Zadie looked across at Jerry Smith with a certain amount of confusion. He smiled back at her, confidently. Clearly there was more to this than met the eye. She watched her monitor dispassionately as Melissa Worthington enjoyed her brief moment of victory. One could almost see her thinking that perhaps tonight was going to be different.

Question three soon wiped the smile from her face. Something obscure and technical that only a complete obsessive would know. Sensing her confusion, the crowd had rediscovered its collective voice. Melissa took a wild guess and was completely wrong, much to their pleasure. Mike Starr took out his cue cards again.

"Punishment number one, Melissa gets her lovely bottom paddled."

"Oooooohh," replied the crowd, falling quickly back into their role.

"Punishment number two, Melissa gets a bare-bottom caning."

"Oooooohh,"

"Punishment number three, Melissa gets stripped naked."

"Oooooohh,"

"Punishment number four, Melissa gets to sit in the gunge chair."

"Oooooohh,"

There was more laughter. Each punishment had its supporters, and eager hands made their decisions. Melissa was quite confused, she hadn't got any questions right in rehearsal and there hadn't been mention of a gunge chair. She had a good idea what was coming next though.

Sure enough a huge cheer went up when the gunge chair was the winner. Mike Starr was accompanied by the celebrity with the winning ticket and between them he sat her on a throne-like

device and buckled her wrists and ankles to it. She looked up anxiously trying to make out what was in the tank above her.

She didn't have long to wait, Rashid Chakraborty, an Asian comedian pressed the big red button and cascade of ice-cold water was deposited on the top of her head, absolutely drenching her from head to foot. The reaction was tremendous, the audience roared its approval as the cameras caught Melissa's shocked expression for the big screen.

When she was release and was being led back to her plinth, it was evident that her clown outfit was made of thin nylon which became see-through when it was wet. The cheering and applause was deafening. Mike Starr milked it for a while and then put his hand to his ear before calling for quiet.

"Ladies and gentlemen, there has been a development. We have a VIP guest tonight, Ms Zadie Woods herself has made the trip to the studios to watch Mainland's favourite show, and she's here tonight!"

Almost as one, the audience leapt to its feet and applauded wildly, a sensible precaution considering that they were on prime-time TV.

"Ms Woods has reviewed Worthington's answer to question two for us, and has declared her a traitor to her sex! "

The crowd bellowed in agreement.

"And consequently has asked that the panel may consider giving her a second punishment."

The panel agreed with the most powerful woman in the country, and the audience was given a second, unprecedented vote. This time the winner was option number one, a paddling. Melissa was taken to the whipping bench and secured over it so that her soaking wet backside faced the audience.

The celebrity was a well-muscled black footballer who applied the wooden paddle to her behind with quite considerable force. The crowd yelled with delight and led by Mike Starr started to count off the numbers of the slow but powerful blows which made a tremendous racket against her wet skin.

Up in the gantry, the boss gave a thumbs up to Jerry Smith whose planning had worked out perfectly and then resumed watching a close up of Melissa Worthington's pretty face screwed up in agony. This, she thought to herself, should make it clear to any possible dissenters to her regime what would happen if they dared to challenge her. Twenty five, twenty six, twenty seven, it was hard not to join in with the baying mob down beneath her.

The lights in the auditorium were extinguished, the audience had all dispersed, the guests were being entertained in the hospitality suite. In Jerry Smith's office Mellissa was on her knees lapping at Zadie's coffee-coloured cunt. The woman, naked from the waist down had her legs wrapped around Melissa's head, squeezing and half-crushing her between her powerful thighs.

She was still dressed in her humiliating, blue party dress. She'd lost her stupid hat when she'd been half-drowned by the ice-cold water cascading onto her head, but otherwise she was still dressed in the same embarrassing way that she had been at the start of the show. The main difference was now she was bedraggled and wet, her make-up and her tears all mixed up with Zadie's secretions.

This, thought Zadie, was what it was all about. Not long ago she'd been a nobody herself. Just another 9-5 drone working her tits off for a pittance and hanging on for the weekend. She'd been in customer relations as a teenager, which basically meant being nice to aggrieved posh people regarding their non-working but very expensive kitchen appliances.

She had been so sick of that particular job, although that's what had politicised her and made her such an easy target to manipulate. She smiled a little at her own naivety in those days. Christ, she must have been a pain! Always sounding off about the 'privileged class', going on marches, gradually becoming more and more radicalised.

Somebody smart in the hierarchy had seen the potential in her, a young woman, a woman of colour, a good-looking woman of colour. Well, there was no use pretending, her striking looks and her size hadn't been very useful in helping to propel her up the greasy pole of political ambition.

But now she'd served her time, she'd fought many a political battle and won all the ones that mattered. Now she had what she really wanted, and that was power. She paused in her thoughts. Where was the bitch's tongue? She released Melissa who gasped and slumped to the floor.

Zadie smiled at her obvious distress. Perhaps she'd been a little over-enthusiastic ? She prodded the prone girl with the toe of her shiny boot.

"Up, you lazy bitch. Up! Or tomorrow you'll wake up back in your favourite Penal Colony. You know it would only take me one phone call."

Melissa groaned and stirred. She made herself get back up on her knees and face the dreadful woman who quite literally could decide on a whim, whether she lived or died. She flinched as the woman's hand shot out and grabbed her by the front of her hair, but didn't try to evade her. She brought her brown face within inches of Melissa's own.

"You will not fall asleep on the job, skivvy. Especially on this job. I want to be licked until I cum, and then licked until I'm too exhausted to cum any more. If you don't think you can do that, then let me know now. I can get another pathetic girl to take your place and then have you shipped out. Just say the word, bitch."

"I...I can do the job, mistress. It...it's an honour and a p...privilege to serve you."

"Then WAKE UP, you stupid whore!"

Sadie slapped the woman several times in the face, forehand and backhand. This was power, this was the sort of thing she secretly dreamed about as a proto-revolutionary. The opportunity to bully and to terrorise someone as famous and reactionary as Melissa Worthington was like a masturbatory dream come true as far as Sadie was concerned.

When they watched her show in those smoke-filled bar rooms, her and her friends used to joke about taking down people like Melissa Worthington a peg or two, and now here she was, years later, living the dream. She maintained her grip on the terrified woman's hair and dragged her back to her position of worship between her thighs. She squeezed Melissa's ears together painfully with her knees, and smiled as she heard her squeal

"Suck, bitch. Lick me like you've never licked anyone in your life before. That's if you want to stay here on Mainland of course."

Melissa had certainly taken the message on board, within minutes Zadie was on the edge of yet another orgasm. She sighed contentedly, the posh old bitch was pretty good at this. Not that Zadie would ever admit it, nor would she ever consider sending Melissa back to Penal Colony 9. Her propaganda value easily outweighed any other consideration.

In fact, as she approached the point of no return, why weren't other wealthy, famous people returned to Mainland and paraded in front of the cameras? It made great TV and the people could see how their hard-earned money was being spent. She raised her hips and her eyes rolled back in her. Just at that point she had a sudden inspirational thought about two very particular people that she'd just remembered. Zadie Woods threw back her head and shrieked with pleasure.

Chapter 4 - Brittany, Dan & Joy

Dinner was a jolly affair.

There were five of them sat round her kitchen table; three guys, her mum, and Brittany herself. They were all drinking and having a good laugh about how well things had worked out. Brittany winked at each man in turn; there was Mr. Snarlton who was Dan's boss at the factory, Kevin, the conscription officer who'd fucked Dan and Joy over, and her own husband Darren.

Meanwhile, Joy was rushing around wearing just an apron. Having cooked their lasagne, she was now serving it and bringing new bottles of beer when anybody was empty. Brittany had ordered her to remove her skirt so her buttocks were accessible to the guests. Everybody admired the horizontal welts striping her pale skin and the butt-plug that was sticking half out of her anus.

It was a corker of a plug. Trust Darren to have found the monster on some seedy online site! It wasn't the length so much as the thickness that made it so daunting. Brittany couldn't even get the bloody thing into her own pussy and she'd had three kids! It was like a rolling pin. Joy's puckered little anus had taken three entire evenings to stretch sufficiently to absorb the whole plug.

But it had been worth it. Brittany had wanted to impress her mum and Mr. Snarlton but most of all Kevin from the Ministry. Rumour had it that if you treated these paroled convicts too well, the scum were allocated to someone else. Fortunately Kevin seemed nicely drunk and pleased with what he was seeing. He made Joy bend over the table so he could examine her layers of welts close up; the faded yellow ones from last week, the more recent purple-orange ones, mingled with this morning's bright scarlet weals. He'd winked in approval and rammed the plug in deeper.

While they ate the lasagne, Joy got under the table and serviced Kevin and Mr. Snarlton simultaneously. It was hysterical, the poor girl's head bobbing up and down and from side to side, sucking two cocks at once. Brittany had never heard two fellas be so damn rude about a girl's efforts. Not even in some sexist porn movie. Joy was trying so hard but they just told her how shit she was, how she needed practice, how fucking awful at blowjobs she was.

Meanwhile, her mum and Darren had rigged up the TV screen to mum's phone. Moments later, they all had a view of Dan on the screen. Joy's poor hubby was sat at the table in his dingy bedroom writing with pen and paper. He obviously had no idea that he was being watched. Mum had set the camera running and left him sat there an hour and a half earlier. He was writing 500 lines before he was even allowed go to sleep.

They all jeered at him and the screen. But he just carried on writing, oblivious to the catcalls and laughter and what was happening not very far away. Kevin grunted and obviously spurted in Joy's mouth while everybody mocked her husband onscreen. However, Darren was filming it all on his phone; the scene under the table and the heckling audience and the screen on the kitchen wall.

And tomorrow Mr Snarlton was going to show the video-clip to Dan.

It was Pay Day.

Dan watched the other men opening their payslips. He kept quiet, awaiting his own. Finally, at last, he was going to have some money in his pocket.

"Snarlton's got your envelope." Somebody said to him. "Pop and see him."

Dan knocked on the manager's door.

"Enter."

"Good afternoon, sir, and thank you for taking an interest in Joy."

It was a requirement. Every morning, every evening, and every time in between that he saw Mr. Snarlton, he had to show gratitude for his boss showing interest in his wife.

Mr. Snarlton didn't acknowledge the comment. He simply pushed a brown envelope across the desk.

"Oh, thank you sir."

"Open it."

Dan fingered open the envelope and stared at the slip of paper. It was confusing. But the first thing he noticed were the figures 0.01 in the bottom right corner. His heart missed several beats and he blushed.

"B ... but ..."

His panicked eyes managed to locate the top line number that was his gross pay. But then there were 6 deductions; (i) a State Compensation Tax that was payable by all the guilty ex-elite, (ii) a Board & Lodging Tax payable to Mrs Hurst, (iii) a Board & Lodging Tax payable on Joy's position at Mrs Hurst's daughter's, and – largest of all – (iv – vi) three different 'Surveillance Fees' payable to Mr. Snarlton himself.

"But ... please ..."

The man smiled at him, gesturing at a pile of shopping bags in the corner behind his desk. He'd obviously spent his ill-gotten gains already.

"Thanks."

"I've worked for literally nothing." Dan gasped, struggling to breathe.

"Not quite *nothing*." His boss arched an eyebrow, pointing at the 0.01 in the bottom corner. "And, if you'd rather go back to your Penal Colony that can easily be arranged?"

"No ... sir."

Anything, even this, would be better than being on Penal Colony Nine. His shoulders slumped. Having a little cash would have made life feel more normal again.

Mr Snarlton had a triumphant smirk on his face. Finally, he spoke.

"I had a most enjoyable evening round at Darren and Brittany's last night. Joy was there, of course, serving at table ... and under the table too! I came in her mouth ..." he paused.

"Thank you, sir, that's most kind of you."

"Indeed, isn't it?"

Mr. Snarlton reached into his drawer and pulled out a tablet. He opened it up and angled the screen towards Dan.

"I was very pleased to see that you wrote 500 lines last night. Mrs Hurst told me this morning you were still up doing them until 2.30 a.m. Excellent."

"Thank you, sir."

"You must be getting rather horny and frustrated, Daniel?"

"Er ... well ... not at first sir, but ... yes, now I am a bit, yes."

"I see ... well, next Pay Day, in a month's time, we'll see about letting you have a wank in front of the factory staff then. That's if you'd like that?"

Dan swallowed. His throat clicked. *In front of the entire factory?*

"That would be very kind, sir."

Mr. Snarlton smiled and pressed play on the tablet.

The screen came alive. People were jeering. It was a kitchen. Three ... no four people were sat at the table. He recognised several of them; his landlady for one. Mr Snarlton as well. And Kevin the conscription guy. The young woman onscreen had to be Brittany, his landlady's daughter.

Behind them Dan could see a TV screen on the wall. He peered at it and saw himself, sat there, at his desk, writing away. Their insults and laughter got louder. People were looking at the screen and glancing under the table.

Suddenly he realised what was happening. The awful conscription guy's face crumpled in orgasmic bliss and people cheered. It was obvious that Joy was under the table. Dan was hypnotised by the image of himself, writing lines, while his own wife dined on another man's semen.

He looked up from the screen at Mr. Snarlton. Tears pricked his eyes.

"Th ... thank you f ... for showing me that, s ... sir."

His boss nodded in approval.

"You're a good lad, Daniel. I like to see humility in an employee, a guy who knows his place. At this rate, after your first five years here, I shall give you a favourable report. Who knows ..." he winked, "... you may even get a pay rise!"

Chapter 5 - Tracey, Colin & Rachel

Tracey smiled as her new boyfriend entered the room.

Her girlfriends all burst into laughter and hoots of approval. He was wearing a smart suit with a white shirt and silk tie. However, the front of his trousers was cut open and his steel cock-cage dangled through the opening. He blushed bright red. He was carrying a tray with shots of vodka.

“So this is him, Trace? Hmm, yeah, he’s kinda hot!”

“This one sure ain’t going to betray you!”

Tracey had a bad record with guys. She was 25 yrs old and her past three boyfriends had fucked her over, one way or the other. The last had been fucking her cousin behind her back. So this was her new idea.

Her solution.

Colin had just been released from Penal Colony Nine. Well, paroled anyway. She’d seen his photo and details online and decided she had just the job for him back on the Mainland. He was everything she liked in a guy; he was well spoken, educated, physically attractive, tall, a little older ... *and white*.

She’d had enough of black dudes. They disrespected her. They were chauvinistic and mostly only interested in one thing. The ones she’d dated anyway. She’d never been out with a white boy. *Until now*.

“Cheers. In one!”

The girls all downed their shots. There were five of them. All her gang sat round the living room of her high-rise apartment, admiring her acquisition.

Colin held the tray for the empty glasses while they all helped themselves to second shots. For sure, everybody was getting drunk this evening.

Gabby reached out and cupped Colin’s balls and steel cage.

“He’s not a disappointment down below?” she asked.

Tracey punched her friend’s arm good-naturedly. “White boys *can* be a surprise, you know. Besides who needs a huge dick *all the time*?”

“All the time? You mean ...”

“Sure, sister. It’s time to switch the game. *I’m the one’s* going to have a piece on the side occasionally. My boyfriend’s gonna be the one to wear the horns.”

They were all listening again now. Everybody looked at Colin.

“So he’s yo’ boyfriend but a very ... *understanding* ... one.”

“Exactly.”

Tracey smiled at Colin’s sweet blushes. She’d tried him out for size that very afternoon, within an hour of the delivery. His wife joined in. Yep, that’s right. Colin was everything she liked in a guy. *And as a bonus he was married*.

Tracey had managed to persuade the guy from the Conscription Office that she needed two skivvies in her nail bar. She would work them hard during the day and put them up in her apartment at night. It took a bit of flirting and persuasion but in the end he signed them both Colin and Rachel over.

And at that moment, Rachel was spread-eagled on the bed in Tracey’s room. Wrists and ankles tied to the four corners. After a few more vodkas, her besties would be ready for the surprise!

An hour later, fuelled by endless vodka shots and cans of beer, the gaggle of six raucous girls was ready for some serious entertainment.

Tracey unlocked Colin’s chastity-cage and released his cock for inspection. The girls were all of Afro-Caribbean heritage and they’d mostly dated black guys, so an uncut, pink penis caused a lot of mirth. It took a while. His shame and fear kept it soft but eventually, their skilled hands, with bright fingernails all varnished and extended at Tracey’s nail bar, managed to get him upstanding to attention. They peeled back his foreskin and cupped his testicles.

“You know, he’s not bad. Better than I expected.”

“I like the contrast between the purple crown and the pale shaft.”

"It's kinda thin but the length's okay."

Tracey grinned up at Colin's red face and blew her boyfriend a kiss. He was stood in the middle of the room, still wearing his suit, with his erection jutting out.

"Look, as I said," she announced over the hubbub, "he might be my boyfriend but only one of us is gonna be faithful. That right, darling?"

He nodded. "Yes, Tracey."

"You won't mind me getting some bigger meat occasionally, will you?"

"No, Tracey. Not at all."

The girls hooted with laughter and approval.

"I've gotta get me one of these white boys too!"

Tracey winked at them all.

"In fact, you gonna lick my pussy clean afterwards, aren't you darling, yeah?"

"I ... y ... yes, Tracey."

"Poor boy don't sound too sure 'bout that, sister!"

"Sure he is. He's got a skilled tongue. Show 'em, darling."

Colin blushed and stuck his tongue out for everybody to see.

"Mmm, it's bigger than his dick!"

"You already tried him, Trace? He's sucked that damned puss of yours?"

"Sure has. Within an hour of walking in this door. I tried his dick for size first. Even let him cum inside me. Then I tried his tongue there. He got me off real goooood, didn't you darling?"

"I ... hope so, Tracey, yes."

Yet more riotous laughter ensued, beer cans tapped together in a toast.

Tracey decided they were ready for her to play her trump card.

"And his *wife* watched him doing it?"

There was stunned silence. All eyes stared at her in shock.

"*Wife!*"

"He's *married?*"

She smiled at their expressions. Damn but this was fun.

"Yep, Rachel, 25 years old. They've been married 3 years. Still are technically, despite being sent to the Penal Colonies. She's a cute little white girl."

"Where is she now?"

"She's waiting for us on my bed. She can't wait to meet y'all."

"So let me get this straight." Gabby said. "Your boyfriend's married? And you don't mind that?"

"Not at all. Married guys hit on us. Why shouldn't we hit on them?"

"Does his wife mind?"

"Of course she does. But these ex-cons are well trained. They feel jealousy but suppress it. Colin has watched guys fuck Rachel before, haven't you?"

"Yes, Tracey, sometimes."

"So now it's *her* turn to watch Colin. I had her stood by the bed the whole time we did it. And she even joined in at the end, cleaning my juices off his dick with her mouth, didn't she?"

"Yes, Tracey."

"Can we see her?"

"Of course. Colin you stay here and tidy up."

The girls all trooped off down the hall to Tracey's bedroom. She opened the door.

"Ta-dah!"

Rachel was lying there, gagged, naked and spread-eagled. Her cheeks were puffed out and her blue eyes bulged. She was slim, pretty, with milky-white breasts and a triangle of pubic stubble between her thighs.

"Oh wow!"

The gang descended on the bed like vultures, sitting around Rachel, prodding and mauling her. Hands squeezed her tits and slipped between her legs, exploring everywhere, evaluating.

"She's pretty decent."

"Well naturally my handsome boyfriend has an attractive wife!"

"What are you going to do with her? I mean work-wise."

Tracey smiled. "I have an idea. Mine shall be the first nail salon on the Mainland with one."

"What?"

"Tell us."

She fished a photo out of her pocket and showed it round. It looked just like a dentist's chair, covered in black leather, with tip-up legs.

"What is it? Is she a dentist?"

Tracey smirked and pointed at the centre of the chair. *An oval hole.*

"It's a head-massage rimming chair!"

"A what?"

"You lie on the chair and get covered up under a sheet. Then you can have a head massage, a face treatment, your hair braided, whatever. Meanwhile you're getting your ass rimmed at the same time."

They looked at her in amazement. Then their expressions slowly melted into amused grins.

"You mean, she licks the customer's asshole?"

"Fuckin' hell, Trace!"

She smiled at their wide-eyes.

"Imagine it. A salon for your nails, face, hair ... and now for your asshole too!"

They all stared down at Rachel's gagged face.

"I can't wait to try. Will it be expensive?"

"That's the best bit. These skivvies cost fuck all. So I'm gonna throw it in as a freebie. Imagine the poster in the window. Get your nails done and have your butt polished by a cute white girl at no extra charge!"

"They'll be a queue round the friggin' block!"

Everybody laughed.

"What will her husband say?"

"He's all for it. I gave him a choice. I could either rent her out to People's Brothel #5 a few streets away and let her pay her dues sweating under a thousand nasty men. Or ... I could let a select number of my nice ladies enjoy her pretty face and tongue in my nail bar. Well, needless to say, her husband preferred the latter option."

There wasn't quite a queue round the block.

Nevertheless, business was brisk and her reservations book was full.

Tracey sat at the reception desk of "Trace's Salon" and greeted each customer in turn, while her four therapists manicured, varnished and extended nails, braided tresses, plucked eyebrows, waxed body hair, and performed myriad treatments for the ladies, including vajazzling.

Meanwhile, Colin, Trace's white boyfriend, bustled between the customers' chairs, sweeping and cleaning, serving them coffees and teas, making himself useful, listening politely to their banter and amusement.

Back at the rear of the salon there was a Ladies cloakroom, where their coats were hung, and there were two toilet cubicles plus a basin. Just outside the cloakroom entrance, in the rear corner of the salon, the new reclining chair had been installed.

Dorothy, a very large and smiley local woman of colour, was tilted back on the chair having her nails varnished by a young therapist. Dorothy's substantial frame was discreetly covered in a white sheet but her dark round face and white teeth were visible. She occasionally laughed and wriggled.

"Try and keep your hand still please, Ms. Alleyne." The therapist giggled.

"Sorry dear. But this new treatment's just too darned enjoyable."

Hearing the loud laughter, Tracey wandered over to stand and watch.

“Do you want to see her Dorothy?”

“Mmm ... sure.”

Tracey pulled a folded A4 photo from her pocket. She opened up the picture of Rachel’s pale face and newly shaved head, blue eyes and sticking out tongue.

Dorothy guffawed and squirmed with pleasure on the chair.

“She looks a bit like a white supervisor I once had at work. Her tongue’s very pink.”

“Probably not so pink now, Ms Alleyne,” the witty therapist joked.

Everybody laughed. At that moment, an even larger lady in a floral dress who’d just arrived in the salon sidled past them and into the cloakroom.

“Everything okay, Bertha?”

“Sure.” The customer smiled, bolting a cubicle door.

Tracey refolded the photo and put on her arm on Dorothy’s shoulder.

“And how’s her tongue doing?”

“Ain’t never had one down there before, but seems pretty good to me.”

“So you’ll tell all your friends?”

“Sure. Gonna book myself in here once a week and tell others to do the same. Nails and ... this chair.”

Their chat was interrupted by loud noises trumpeting over and under the cubicle door.

“Everything alright in there Bertha?” Tracey called out. She winked at Dorothy and the young therapist.

There was no reply from the cubicle. Just more of the same cacophony.

Meanwhile, reclining on the chair, Dorothy let her head fall back and shut her eyes, with a blissful, contented smile on her lips.

“Mmm, how much longer have I got?” she murmured.

The therapist was perched on a stool with castors. She slid round and started working on Dorothy’s other hand.

“Halfway through, Ms. Alleyne.”

Tracey nodded and checked the reservations sheet that was stuck to the mirrored wall. Everything was on schedule. She heard the toilet being flushed.

Bertha was scheduled to be the next customer in the reclining chair.

Chapter 6 - Olivia and Robert

Olivia Sinclair lay across one end of Mr Singh's desk being dragged backwards and forwards across it by the force of the man thrusting his cock deep inside her from behind. She gasped and panted in a rhythmic combination while just to the left her employer slowly read through a financial report. Every so often Jaswinder would look up and catch her eye before pretending to study his paperwork.

He particularly enjoyed situations like this. The man fucking his chauffeur was some insignificant machinist from downstairs who had topped this week's production chart and was now claiming his prize. Olivia was the prize most Thursday afternoons and by now she knew well the role she was required to play.

He watched her aristocratic face getting more and more red and enjoyed the way her blonde hair was starting to stick to her forehead. She'd started with her cute cap perched on her head, but that had long since gone. Now she was just in her blouse, her bright blue tie, her stockings and her shoes., being comprehensively fucked by a semi-literate peasant.

When the Pakistani man had ejaculated deep within her bowels she slipped off the table and on to her knees. She took his deflating penis in her mouth and licked and sucked it clean before putting it back into his pants for him, zipped him up, and thanked him for taking some of his valuable time out to educate her.

Even when the machinist had, in turn, thanked his employer effusively and left the room, Olivia stayed on her knees and waited for Mr Singh to come around and take the last couple of photographs of her shame. She knew that the notice board would carry the news of her latest defloration, complete with pictures of her in various demeaning positions.

"Smile for me, Olivia, let's not pretend that you don't enjoy rutting. You even squeal like a little sow."

The camera clicked away as she knelt and tried to comply with his instructions. As soon as she was allowed, she got to her feet and went to Mr Singh's private bathroom in order to smarten herself up, as he called it. She looked at herself in the mirror, the little make-up she was allowed was already ruined, her hair was wet with perspiration and the knot of her tie was somewhere under her ear.

It didn't take her long to sort herself out, after all she'd had lots of practise. A deft reapplication of her make-up, her hair thoroughly brushed and her uniform tidied up soon had her ready to face the world again. Being used as a whore, as some sort of reward for Mr Singh's low-life employees was far better than being back in Penal Colony 9.

"Miss Umrani has some work for you, slut," said her employer without bothering to look up.

Miss Umrani was Mr Singh's personal assistant. She was a tall, attractive young woman with a certain arrogance about her. The way she dressed and the way she carried herself suggested a wealthy, private school upbringing. She appeared to treat Mr Singh more as an equal than as her boss, Olivia was certain that there wasn't a sexual relationship between the pair of them.

She was also certain that Miss Umrani despised her and looked down her long, aquiline nose at her. As far as she was concerned, Olivia was a criminal and, worse still, Mr Singh's personal whore and as such she deserved to be treated with disdain.

"Go and make yourself useful, Sinclair. These documents need photocopying."

She pointed a well-manicured finger at a pile of paperwork on her desk.

"Yes, Miss Umrani, right away, Miss Umrani."

Olivia hurried to carry out the task, the young Asian woman didn't like to be kept waiting and wouldn't hesitate to report her to Mr Singh if she thought for one moment that Olivia wasn't working to the required standard.

"Then you will file everything and present them to me before I leave this evening."

"Yes, Miss Umrani."

Olivia glanced anxiously at her watch. That didn't give her an awful lot of time, she'd have to get a move on. With a sigh she carried over the large pile of paper over to the photocopying machine and tried not to remember her previous life as a well-paid executive where she would have had a small army of anxious interns vying with each other to do this sort of mundane work for her.

Robert was trying to sit comfortably on his little plastic chair at his little, plastic desk. Rather than being in an office he was sat in the corridor outside Tanya Burton's. Both desk and chair were far too low, making him adopt an uncomfortable, half-crouching position whenever he sat there. On his right was a sheaf of paper and a pencil, and on his left was his sole piece of technology, a large calculator with great big buttons to press.

He was trying to read a technical journal that had been originally delivered to his boss, but she'd soon got bored with it and passed it on to him so that he could 'précis' it for her. In other words she wanted him to explain it to her while she did something useful like look at shoes on the internet. He actually found it quite interesting.

The problem was that the corridor he was huddled in was not only draughty, but it was quite poorly lit as well. When he'd mentioned it to Miss Burton, she'd told him to shut up and try thinking about other people who used the corridor and not just himself as usual. Just at that minute two of the younger, more attractive women came around the corner and stood nattering to each other, completely ignoring him.

He was quite used to that of course, as far as almost everyone in the building was concerned, he was a sort of 'unperson'. He was physically present but wasn't to be spoken to, he was in their peripheral vision and yet they chose not to see him. It was as if he still carried the stench of failure, the smell of Penal Colony 9, with him at all times. Who wanted to be seen in the company of a parasite, an enemy of the people anyway?

The two giggling women were joined by a third and their news, most of it regarding the previous night's TV, was happily shared between them. The last woman to join the group was Miss Sorya Hales. She was a big black woman, a feminist and proud of it. She'd taken an immediate dislike to Robert, not necessarily because he was a skivvy, but mainly because he was a middle-aged white man and clearly much better educated than she was.

He didn't like her much either, she was large and bovine and wore large, thick spectacles. She strongly believed she should be respected by everyone in the building simply for being alive rather than for anything she'd actually achieved. Much like his own boss, Robert considered that she didn't have much of a clue what she was meant to be doing in the business.

He tried to ignore their constant chatter until a large hand grasped him by the collar of his jacket and hauled him to his feet.

"Miss Burton has requested the pleasure of your company, little man," sniggered Miss Hales.

The four of them trooped into Tanya's spacious office. Teas and coffees were ordered and Robert was sent scurrying to the kitchen to prepare them. Once he'd served the four ladies, Tanya clicked her fingers and pointed to her feet. Robert swallowed, he was afraid something like this was going to happen.

Slowly he sunk to his knees in front of her and carefully unbuckled one glossy, high-heeled shoe. He placed it to one side and then took her stocking-clad foot in both hands. Using his thumbs he proceeded to give her foot a good massage, kneading and pressing the full length of it. His remarkably humiliating chore was made worse somehow by the incessant, mindless chat that went on over his head.

As if he wasn't in the room, or he was as unremarkable as the small fridge in the far corner. This, he realised was what true serfdom actual was. His appearance wasn't mentioned or commented on because nobody actually cared. His thoughts were interrupted by Miss Burton putting the smelly sole of her foot against his forehead and then simply pushing him away.

"Other foot, stupid."

He repeated the process while she rested the calf of her other leg arrogantly on his shoulder.

"Careful he doesn't look up your skirt, Tanya, he looks like a real dirty old man to me," giggled one of the good-looking young girls.

Sorya looked at him with an aggressive expression on her face as if she was daring him to do such a thing.

"Do you cane him often, Tanya? He has that look about him that I just don't like. I wouldn't be surprised if he had some sort of police record, he looks the type."

"He does have a police record, Sorya. He's been in Penal Colony 9," the two girls he didn't know giggled sycophantically at Tanya's unexpected display of wit.

"I don't mean that," said Sorya, angrily. I meant crimes against women. He looks like a pervert to me."

Tanya wriggled her foot free and then, before he could take evasive action, used it slap him in the face.

"Oww!"

He couldn't help himself, that had really hurt. He rubbed the side of his jaw where she'd struck him.

"That's not true is it, boy?" She demanded.

"N...no, Miss Burton," he could taste blood in his mouth.

"I know it's hard to believe, ladies, but this piece of ignorant filth used to be a boss. He once had a whole harem of women to bully, someone told me."

Despite her ridiculous lies, he could still hear a murmur of disgust from behind him. Suddenly Tanya Burton leapt from her chair seized him by the hair. She pulled him to his side and then kicked him in the ribs.

"I hope you're not lying to me, boy. Because if I ever found out you were..."

She delivered another barefooted kick which he squirmed to try and avoid. All at once another much more painful kick caught him full in the meat of his bottom cheeks. The force of it tipped him over onto his face which was the cue for much laughter from the assembled ladies.

"Haha, nice one Sorya, that showed the posh bastard!" Panted Tanya.

"Boy, go and kiss Miss Hales' shoes and apologise for being a nuisance."

Robert did so, and then was required to take off the black woman's shoes and massage her feet much to her obvious pleasure. But that wasn't the end of it. Miss Hales told him to open his mouth wide and then pushed the toes of her brown nylons into his unwilling mouth. God! The taste was dreadful.

The three younger women, on the other hand, thought it most amusing and he had to pose for several pictures and even a selfie of them all with Miss Hales' stinking foot wedged firmly between his aching jaws.

It was 6pm by the time Olivia finished her soul-destroyingly dull chore. Everything copied and filed for Miss Umrani. The elegant Pakistani woman wasn't there of course, her working day finished at exactly 4pm. She clucked her tongue in annoyance when it was clear that Olivia had no chance of finishing her work on time.

Instead she called the older woman over to her and made her stand at attention while she slapped Olivia's face for over a minute. The noise soon attracted Mr Singh into Miss Umrani's office and he laid casually against the doorpost without saying a word, evidently enjoying Olivia's debasement. Calmly, and without a hair out of place, Miss Umrani paused and resumed putting on her expensive woollen coat. With a simple,

"Goodnight, Mr Singh."

She was gone.

"Back to work, slut. Luckily for you I'm working late tonight," grunted Mr Singh.

With tears streaming down her bright red face, Olivia Sinclair had resumed her task.

"And when you're finished I want to see you in my room."

State Orphanage 17 looked even more grim in the evening's half-light and pouring rain. However, as far as the pretty, blonde girl sat in the back of the official van was concerned, it could have been a beautiful Spring day. She was finally leaving the horrible prison that had been her home for the last three years. And, even better, she'd been informed that her parents had also been released from their Penal Colony.

She was so excited that she barely paid any more attention to Mr Prentice's words. She vaguely understood the term 'released on parole' but that didn't really matter, soon all three of them would be re-

united. Plus, due to her good behaviour apparently, she herself had been recruited by a large business and offered a job! For now at least she'd been spared a forced marriage to some man she'd never met.

Not that there was anything wrong with the principle of marrying a lower-class man, she mentally corrected herself. That sort of thinking was a sure-fire way of being sent back to the Orphanage. She had to accept that she was no longer a member of the privileged elite. In fact she wasn't even a valued member of society any more, she was a member of the Parasite Class and she would have to work to overcome that hurdle.

But, for the moment at least, she could hardly keep the smile from her face. No more State Orphanage, no more demeaning school uniform, no more terrible food, no more beatings. No matter what her new job was, it could hardly be any worse than the nightmare institution that she could see slowly receding in the darkness behind her. She looked down at the card in her hand, Singh Industries, and wondered what her role in that business concern might be.

Robert Sinclair sat cross-legged in the dark, confined space and tried to apply his tongue as quietly as possible to the length of Tanya Burton's foul-smelling foot. Not three feet away sat the departmental head, Maxwell Lewis. The only thing that separated the two men was the thin piece of wood that fronted Tanya's desk.

He'd never spoken to Max Lewis, he was way too senior in the hierarchy at Sterco to even notice a skivvy like him. However, to his surprise, the conversation was about him.

"Firstly, Tanya, I just thought I'd drop in and congratulate you on that excellent report that you sent me. It was really very good for someone with your limited experience, I was extremely impressed. I've forwarded it to head office with a recommendation that you be considered for promotion."

Tanya removed her bare foot from Robert's hand and replaced it with her other one as she replied.

"Thank you, sir. That's very kind of you. I put quite a lot of thought into that report, and it's very nice to be appreciated like this."

She pushed her foot towards Robert's mouth so that he could recommence his worship of it. The sheer audacity of the young woman was quite amazing, thought Robert. He had written virtually every word of that report, her only input had been writing her name on the front of it. He doubted if she'd even read it all the way through.

"No problem, Tanya. My only other issue is that you're still lumbered with that pompous old fool, Sinclair. Why the Company took him on, I'll never know. He certainly wasn't my choice, once a criminal always a criminal, in my opinion. I'm thinking of replacing him with a more...acceptable candidate. What do you think? You only have to give the word and he's out on his ear."

Tanya slipped her foot from his hands and then pushed a toe against his lips.

Well, I can certainly see your point, Mr Lewis. He does like to try and throw his weight around, always going on about what it was like 'in his day', and so on."

"Aha, I thought as much. Would you like me to terminate him right now? And please, my name's Max. 'Mr Lewis' makes me sound like your father."

Tanya pushed her big toe into Robert's unwilling mouth and waggled it a little. He in turn hardly noticed the humiliating invasion, what on earth would he do if he was kicked out of Sterco? It wasn't as if he had a whole load of choices. Where would he sleep, for instance, if not in the Company dormitory? ? What if he was sent miles away from Olivia, would he ever see her again?

Tanya knew she would have to play this very carefully. The last thing she wanted was to lose Robert Sinclair. At the moment the situation was perfect for her. He did all the work, and she took all the credit. And there was no doubt he was very good at what he did. To be fair, she didn't even like her job. But on the other hand she really enjoyed shopping and partying.

"It's a tempting offer, Mr L... Sorry, Max. The thing is, I'm a very big believer in the aims and ethos of the People's Parliament. If the State has decided that Sinclair has paid his dues and deserves another chance, then I'm all for that."

She carefully wriggled all her toes into Robert's mouth.

"Well, I have to say that your attitude does you credit, young lady. I'll leave him in your charge for now but, rest assured, should he fail in any way to meet your expectations then I'll remove him."

Robert could feel his heart beating wildly. The sheer cold-bloodedness of his employer was quite terrifying. He was obviously willing to send Robert from the business without a moment's thought. His only option was to make himself absolutely indispensable to the sadistic, unpredictable teenager that now ruled his life.

Jaswinder casually adjusted his erection through his pants. The tall blonde girl looked so much like her mother.

"So, girl. Tell me all about yourself. You were personally recommended to me by the Orphanage."

She swallowed nervously. This was Mr Singh, of Singh Industries. He held her future in his hands. She stood as straight as she could in the bottom in, tits out fashion drilled into inmates of the State Orphanage system.

"Well, sir. My name's Michaela Sinclair. I'm twenty years old. "

"Okay, do you have any work experience, Michaela?"

"I've been looked after by State Orphanage 17 for the last three years, sir"

Jaswinder nodded .

"Looked after?" He said raising his eyebrows.

Michaela blushed, prettily. Was it possible that Mr Singh was unfamiliar with State Orphanages?

Fair haired, light-skinned, Mainland beauties were definitely his favourites, thought Jaswinder as he watched her face flush even more. He sat with his cock straining against the material of his pants as the girl haltingly explained how she'd spent her last three years. Obviously he knew exactly how the system worked and how easy it was for the well-connected, like him, to circumvent it.

He watched with an amused expression while she stuttered and stammered through an abridged version of her life at State Orphanage 17. Opened on the desk in front of him was her personal record from the place. It detailed every official punishment she'd ever had and why she'd received it. There were pictures in the file as well, and if he opened his computer he'd be able to witness hours of her shame and degradation via the live feeds from her own State Orphanage Sluts channel.

When he could bear the pressure on his cock no longer, he unzipped himself and took a hank of the fair hair that belonged to the head between his knees. He fed himself into the waiting woman's mouth and looked back up at the girl, sweating and nervous in front of his desk.

"It says here that you were birched earlier this month. Could you explain why that was please? You must have been awfully badly behaved because that's quite a serious punishment isn't it?"

Beneath him he felt a slight pause . He thrust his engorged penis forward a little hard and the skilful blow-job resumed. For a second he mused about the difficulty of maintaining a good standard of fellatio while listening to one's daughter describing her birching, but soon dismissed it. After all, Olivia Sinclair was a criminal, an enemy of the State, and deserved everything she got. he looked up again impatiently,

"Well, girl?"

Chapter 7 – Bambang

Bambang owned and ran a chain of laundry businesses. Four decades earlier, he'd arrived on the mainland as a 7 year old, with his illiterate and widowed mother. Life had been tough and he was an entirely self-made man. Bambang translated as '*knight*' or '*soldier*' in English but he preferred to think of himself as a 'warrior'.

His arrangement with the local Conscription Officer was highly satisfactory; yes, it was expensive but it was also highly profitable. The officer was female, greedy and corrupt. Which meant that she was exactly the kind of person Bambang could do business with. Laundries were cash businesses. His customers mostly paid with old fashioned notes and coins. Bambang often assembled a brown envelope of cash for her.

In return, she assembled another selection of parolees from the Colonies for him. He now owned many more skivvies than an ordinary citizen was allowed. The bribes were expensive. But once paid, the running costs were minimal. He paid his skivvies nothing, fed them little, and housed them in basement dormitories.

Currently, he owned 24, each one sweating 16 hours a day in his washrooms, leaving only 8 hours for eating, showering, sleeping and breeding, 7 days a week.

"Hold on." He snapped, taking a sip of his ginseng tea.

He was watching a couple have sex. The white man was on top of the white woman, thrusting into her. His body froze at Bambang's command.

Bambang wagged his finger towards the next in line.

This one was taller and younger. He climbed onto the dirty couch and replaced the first man who obediently dismounted and returned to the back of the queue.

"Okay, fuck."

He smiled as the tall, young man began energetically humping the woman.

Bambang's two dozen skivvies split 50:50 gender-wise. He had 12 male breeders and 12 female carriers. He'd begun rearing them as soon as he owned his first two pairs. That was 6 months ago. Already two females were 5 months pregnant.

He lit a cigarette, sipped more tea, and studied the mating pair on the couch. They were all down in the basement. It was nine-thirty in the evening and their working day was finally over. They began at 05.00 and finished at 21.00.

"Stop." He said, glancing at the male now at the front of the queue.

All 12 of his breeders stood randomly in line, awaiting their turn. Amongst them was the carrier's husband. Every guy had his chance. Bambang was an equal opps exploiter. *Well, most of the time.*

He wagged his finger at the woman's spouse.

The man stepped forward. He was in his early 30s. Bambang had named him '7' (simply because he was his seventh skivvy). Seven climbed onto the dirty couch and replaced the tall young man between the woman's legs.

"Okay, fuck."

Bambang chuckled. He'd never watched people fuck before. He'd had no TV or computer growing up. Besides, he had no time for porn. Life was always work, work, work, not wank, wank, wank. Sex had never been a priority for him.

Now the woman was kissing her husband passionately. This was her third month in his possession and Bambang wanted her pregnant ASAP. The first two breeding sessions had been a waste of time. This time she was on fertility tablets.

She was cute, late-20s, with a typical western body, all curves and tits. Bambang preferred petite women with slim figures and tiny breasts.

"No kiss!" he hissed.

They broke off and both glanced sideways at him. She looked sad.

"No need kiss, just fuck."

To him, this was the same as breeding animals, such as horses. You had the mare covered by studs and you hoped that a nice healthy foal was the result. In fact, it was sex's true purpose; breeding, procreation, continuation of the species. *And profit.*

He studied the couple, frantically fucking and moaning. The line of men against the wall behind them were also watching, holding their penises, keeping them erect, ready.

“Slower.”

Bambang smiled. The couple groaned in frustration. Seven looked sideways with insolence in his frenzied eyes yet still forced himself to obey, slowing his hips and thrusts.

Their eyes met. Once upon a time Seven might have been Bambang's customer, boss or banker. He'd have held all the power. But now everything was different. Bambang considered himself a tolerant man. There were only two things he couldn't abide; *laziness and insolence*.

“You want make baby yours?”

"Y ... yes ... sir."

Bambang nodded, exhaling smoke rings. Several breeders would spurt their seed into this woman tonight. So there was no guarantee which man would inseminate her. But you couldn't win a lottery if you didn't have a ticket, right?

“Stop.”

The next male in line was older, in his 40s, with a shaved head and big muscles. His file said he'd been a commodity trader before the Glorious First Revolution. He had brain *and* brawn. *So, good genes.*

Bambang jerked his chin at him.

"Your turn."

He watched Seven grimace with annoyance. He completed one final token push and pulled out. His slick penis bobbed in front of him as he clambered off the couch and vacated the slot for his brawny successor.

“Back of line.” Bambang dismissed him curtly.

He stared at the sweaty face of the woman. Her head had lolled sideways.

"Look at me." He told her.

Her eyes moistened as the next breeder slid between her spread thighs and began frenetic thrusting. Up, down, in, out, biting his lower lip with effort.

Bambang smiled and waited, gazing into the woman's blue eyes, watching her tears slip down her temple. The man's hands were mauling her tits and he lowered his face to hers.

“Kiss.” Bambang gave an order.

The man darted his tongue into her mouth, increasing the depth of his thrusts. Suddenly he broke off the kiss, reared up, and took all his weight on his outstretched arms.

"Ngh ... ngh ... mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm."

Bambang watched the moment dispassionately. He lit a fresh cigarette off the glowing stub of his old one and took a drag. The woman's husband at the end of the line was looking at him. Bambang winked. The husband didn't look so insolent now. *He looked crushed.*

Without being ordered, the shaved-headed breeder pulled out. His erection was slimy and dripping. He arched a questioning eyebrow at Bambang.

“Back of line.” Bambang dismissed him. Then he looked at the next in line.

“Your turn.” He beckoned the eager man forward.

Chapter 8 - Max, Nico, Abigail & Jake

Max Rosen smiled at the couple as he watched them eat.

They looked half-starved, with buzz cut hair, gaunt faces and scrawny bodies. Abigail, the wife, must have been a very attractive woman once upon a time. She had big round eyes, high cheekbones and a nice mouth, albeit her lips were cracked and one cheek was bruised.

Max had been allocated them both due to his disability. Some goody-goody bureaucrat had decided he needed a couple of skivvies to help him around the house. Max hadn't asked for them but he hadn't said no either.

He knew Nico and Abigail were both 28 yrs old. They'd served 20 months on Penal Colony Nine. That was pretty much all he'd been told about them so far. They'd obviously had a very rough time and were suffering some kind of post-traumatic stress syndrome. They couldn't seem to believe that he wasn't going to hurt them.

He was sat opposite them both at his kitchen table, watching them wolf down meat stew like they'd never eaten in their lives. He'd given them bread and butter too, and a bowl of steamed broccoli. In the end, everything went. They ate their own shares, his share, and what would have been leftovers.

"Was that alright?" he asked, gently.

They stared as if he was mad.

"Alright?" Nico shook his head. "Sir, that was the nicest, best, most incredible meal of our lives. Wasn't it Abi?"

His wife's dark eyes glanced up at Max but she couldn't meet his gaze.

"Y ... yes, Sir. If there's *any way* I can th ... thank you, just say."

Max frowned. "Please, my name's Max. Not Sir. And what do you mean? *Any way*?"

She blinked nervously and eyed her husband. She seemed petrified that she'd overstepped the mark and said something wrong.

"She means ... anything sexual, Sir." Nico whispered. "You know, sex, oral sex, or just a foot massage? Anything."

Max shook his head at both of them. "Look, that might have been what was expected in the ... Penal System ... but not here. Not with me."

Their eyes filled with tears. They looked happy, amazed, confused, disbelieving, all at once. They glanced at each other and then back at him.

Suddenly he saw something in Abigail's eyes. She lowered her gaze to his wheelchair.

"Sir, is ... it ... because ...?"

He shook his head. "No, Abigail. It's only my legs. My other bits all work fine." He gave a slight chuckle, to minimise any embarrassment.

"So ... you don't ... like me, Sir?"

Max pushed back and wheeled himself round to their side of the table. He cautiously reached out a hand and patted her bony fingers.

"Abigail, I like you very much. You're most welcome here. I'm hopeful that with a few good meals, plenty of rest and a hot shower or two, you'll feel a bit better. You're an attractive woman."

He leaned across and patted Nico's shoulder.

"But you're also a married woman. You're Nico's wife. It would be completely wrong for me to make sexual demands, just for feeding you."

They were both crying properly now, with tears running down their cheeks. Slowly the disbelief and confusion were replaced by even more amazement and happiness.

"This ... isn't ..." Abigail's voice broke when she tried to speak.

"This isn't meant to happen, Sir." Nico said. "We heard rumours. People said that life back on the mainland could be almost as bad as the Colonies."

Max reached out and started picking up their empty bowls.

“No, Sir, please!” Abigail shot upwards off her chair and took over clearing the table. For a moment she seemed concerned that she’d done something wrong but soon stiffened her back and raised her shoulders.

“Sir,” she said, her voice no longer breaking but surprisingly strong, “if you will allow us, Nico and I will look after you and your house to the *utmost* of our ability.”

She looked at her husband. Nico met Max’s gaze with similarly fierce determination.

“Sir, whatever you want, just say. Your wish is my command.”

Max shook his head at them. This wasn’t what he’d expected.

“Okay then, Abigail, Nico.” He laughed. “My first wish is you stop fucking calling me ‘Sir’!

Max lay in bed, reading his book.

His house was a one-storey bungalow, adapted for wheelchair use, with wide doorways, two bedrooms, and thin walls.

The second bedroom was small, designed for one resident care worker. There was an unused single bed, a bedside cupboard and a tiny wardrobe. The walls were white and blank. The inspector from the Conscription Office had declared the room “*fucking luxurious*” and removed the plug-in heater and lampshade. He warned Max not to “*go soft on these leeches.*”

Abigail and Nico had sobbed with joy when he showed them their accommodation. Max said he’d look for a small double they might squeeze into the room. But in the meantime they’d have to make do with the single bed and a mattress on the floor.

Now, he could hear them through the walls. At first it had been the murmur of hushed tones, the rhythmic pattern of chat; Nico’s deeper rumble and Abi’s higher pitched voice. He’d even picked up occasional laughter, which made him smile.

And now Max could detect the sounds of their lovemaking. The walls really were thin. He could even hear kisses and gentle moans and an occasional squeak of the single bed.

He tried to focus on his new book. It was a thriller titled “Best Served Cold.” He’d already read the opening paragraph 3 times due to the distracting noises.

“*mmm.*”

He heard that unmistakable sound of penetration. The collision of moan and gasp as a man enters a woman. He smiled and laid down his book, listening to his young lovebirds beginning to repair their relationship.

Somebody else was listening as well.

Sat at his computer in his home office 6 miles away, Jake Mitchell was wearing just cordless headphones and a pair of tight underpants. Nothing else. He was surrounded by detritus; empty coffee mugs and crushed beer cans, food delivery boxes and full ashtrays.

He was playing Call of Duty on his PC whilst listening to live action from various residences where he’d just delivered new skivvies. Jake took his job seriously. For him it wasn’t just work. It was his passion. He’d been a member of the Revolutionary Party since long before it became fashionable.

He hadn’t trusted that Rosen bloke from the moment he met him. On the surface he had all the right credentials; unemployed, state housing, a wheelchair. But there was something in his manner that tweaked Jake’s antenna. So when he was inspecting the *fucking luxurious* bedroom the skivvies would be sleeping in, he’d slipped one of his listening devices under the single bed.

He’d warned Rosen not to go soft on the cunts. Nico and Abigail Dempster were the worst sort of vermin. They’d served just 20 months on Colony Nine, which was fine as far as it went. But how the fuck was a mere year and a half sentence meant to atone for a whole lifetime of privilege?

Now here he was, having to listen to their lovey-dovey murmurings, even fucking laughter, kissing and moans and eventually that distinctive sound of penetration. It wasn’t at all what Jake liked to hear. He preferred the sobs and squeals as some female skivvy was taken by her new Owner, and the crack of cane on flesh as a male skivvy bent over for a thrashing.

He sighed and focused on Captain John Price again, blasting a couple of bad guys dead on his screen.
Tomorrow, he'd have to pay Mr. Rosen a visit.

THE END