

# **SLAVE LABOUR**

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## **CHAPTER 1**

The persistent call of the phone dragged Karen from a clinging sleep, one in which she dreamed she was entwined in the strong arms of the man she loved, his maleness drilling and throbbing into her. In her dream her legs and arms were wide for him; her thighs crushed against his waist, her arms pulling him close, pulling their bodies together.

There was a sheen of perspiration on her brow and in the enticing valley of her cleavage as she reluctantly surfaced but the minute she heard the voice on the phone she instinctively stood erect, her 36B breasts thrusting forward and bouncing slightly with the movement. She was alert, the cobwebs of sleep and fanciful pleasure dispersed.

“This is an automatically generated reminder for which you have been charged at the standard phone rate,” the voice droned. “You will report to the Community Service centre at 08.00 hours this morning. You will report on time.” The voice, although probably pre-recorded and mechanical, had a crisp authority; it brooked absolutely no argument – and she knew that she dare not give it cause for any. She was terrified of that voice and the CS.

“Y-yes, Sir,” Karen replied, just in case it was one of the occasional ‘live’ calls; in such cases not replying in such a respectful manner could be regarded as a further offence. Her voice was, as usual, low, soft and subservient when addressing the CS people. She was grateful when the line automatically clicked into silence after it had detected and verified her acceptance and she was free, although she mused that the word ‘free’ scarcely applied to her now. She was simply able to continue her preparations of getting up as quietly as possible without disturbing her husband. Her emotions were a conflicting mixture of trepidation, anger and shame. All vied for position as she hung up.

Her gaze fell tenderly on the curled naked foetal form of her husband, Simon. He had been working hard recently and she didn’t want to disturb him, especially knowing the distress he felt at her obligatory visits to the CS. However, she couldn’t deny the shiver of delicious anticipation caused by the sight of him. Impishly her cool hands encircled his shrunken limp manhood until it grew slightly. Smiling

**mischievously and with her tongue circling her pouting lips, she impulsively bent to plant a tiny fluttering kiss on the head of his erection, making it stir and grow further. For a few seconds she stroked it with a light touch, cupping his tightening balls, seeing his face reveal the type of dream he must now be having.**

**Yet such acts made her think of other times, better times, when he might have immediately turned to her with his erection stabbing her fluttering belly in anticipation. Her big green eyes nearly moistened with tears; those days seemed to have gone. His attraction towards her now appeared to be more one of comfortable ‘slipper and pipe’ familiarity. Karen stopped her teasing and now bent to lightly kiss the side of his mouth, her erect nipples brushing his shoulder, before she turned to select some clothes and to shower. She had a deadline to meet.**

**Simon opened one eye, the pupil wide with desire at the sight of the gorgeous curvaceous form of his naked blonde wife, her breasts and bottom jiggling gently as she bent and stretched over the dressing table drawers before making her way silently to the bathroom, clutching her clothes. At thirty-six she was even more beautiful than when they had met as teenagers.**

**Yet he accepted that since then they had both changed, in outlook at least; she was almost more like a sister to him now. Maybe they had grown apart? And if so it was maybe a result of the way the state now treated her. He had heard the phone call and feigned sleep, knowing what it would be about. It had been so difficult to remain motionless as the cool hands encircled him and her warm wet mouth briefly kissed his penis. Once he might have pulled her down to him, kissing her breasts and holding her deliciously shapely and firm bottom as he plunged into her hot wet tightness, seeing the desire in her wide eyes. But now he felt strangely emasculated by events beyond his control. He felt that she might not have been so promiscuous towards him just now had she known he was awake. It was almost as if she was doing so for old times’ sake, knowing that he wouldn’t respond. A silent tear of frustration moistened the pillow at the thought of what lay ahead for his wife with the despicable CS people. He watched her write a note before leaving as he continued his sleepy pretence and thus avoided having to show his helpless impotent emotions at what likely lay in store for her; what she**

would have to endure.

Half an hour later, after blowing silent kisses to her sleeping son and daughter, Karen took a deep steadying breath as she grasped the door handle, ready to step out into their expansive drive and then onto the road beyond. She had to do so to stem the awful feeling of an imminent panic attack, something which threatened to engulf her whenever she had to leave her house and family to attend the Community Service centre a few miles down the road, near the town centre.

To make matters worse, this time she had seen half a dozen boys lounging casually outside her house in jeans and tee-shirts, chatting on the avenue outside. Most of their faces were vaguely familiar as being locals and it was a totally natural scene for suburban middle class England. However, now it was one which she wished so much that she could avoid. She would have dearly loved to delay leaving her house whilst the lads were there, but knew she couldn't without risking being late for the CS – and all the additional pain and suffering which that would entail.

After a few seconds she controlled her breathing and stepped outside; it was not as if she had any choice.

As she turned to lock the door behind her she heard the chattering of the youths stop momentarily before they continued first in giggles and then louder tones. They came from posh houses like hers, but boys would always be boys, she guessed. Normally they would be silently respectful to an adult – but not now – not to someone under CS control and discipline.

“We know where she’s going!” They smirked at the sight of the large yellow CS cross which offenders were obliged to wear when summoned by that organisation.

“It looks like someone’s got another naughty girl appointment.”

“Nice legs and arse...”

“Bet she gets a fucking good caning...”

“Please, may I get by?” she implored as they blocked her path.

“You wanna get by, you gotta show more respect – you’re just a shitty criminal, aint’ ya. Lemme’ feel your arse before it gets tanned.”

“Aah, ow, please... you know you’re not allowed to stop someone from reporting to CS,” she gasped as crude hands outrageously pinched her

bottom under her short CS uniform. “Ouch, no...” she squirmed as cruel fingers tweaked and probed like painful insect bites on her intimate flesh. It took all of her self-control not to slap their grinning faces as she tried to squirm away.

“Shouldn’t have broken the law, then you wouldn’t get felt up eh...”

“Are you late, Mrs Pennant?” another lad asked – who shamefully seemed to know her. “Oi ...I asked a question, lady – and I want the proper respect from a CS cunt!” the spiteful youngster insisted when she ignored him, ignored their probing hands and began to push past them, her eyes downcast.

“Y-yes, a little... Sir.” She finally managed to almost whisper through clenched teeth the required respect to the boy, who was just a little older than her own son. Shame coloured her pretty, tense face as she felt his filthy hand moving on her bottom.

Now they all chipped in to take advantage of her predicament, painfully pinching her boobs and bottom as she squeezed past them. Because she was on Community Service she was considered fair game – and certainly not able to fight back or even answer back apart from with utter respect. Normally she would have shouted and lashed out at anyone who treated her like that but today she was not a normal member of the public, she was a Community Slave. Indeed, if she were dressed in her usual clothes the lads wouldn’t dare have said anything; maybe just looked and admired, as she knew many males did, of all ages.

Now, unable to put up with the laughing faces and spiteful fingers or answer their mocking jibes, she forgot her pride and ran sobbing past them out of her expensive drive and up her secluded street toward the main road. Their derisive, laughing voices thankfully faded into the distance as she dried her eyes and quelled her anger and shame.

Gratefully she saw her friend Mike waiting at the end of the road. She remembered him whispering, when they had last met up with their respective partners as a foursome for drinks, that he also had a CS appointment today. It was so different when she and her husband and Mike with his partner chatted socially over a meal or in a theatre compared to when she and Mike were thrust together in the CS regime. In some ways she hated it when their appointments coincided and he of all people would witness her shame. But in other ways it at least gave her some shared courage to help withstand the ordeal, or at least some of

it – on the journey to the CS centre.

Mike's hand on her arm strengthened and reassured her. He was strong, kind and handsome and she now knew that he had deep feelings for her, which meant that he would always be there for her - and she had recently realised she felt the same. She had often tried to determine to her satisfaction whether her feelings for Mike had increased as her feelings for Simon, or at least the sexual ones, had diminished somewhat.

It reminded her of her own demeaning, yet she knew also titillating, status to see him wearing just the short blue smock, which looked like a dress and was so ridiculous with his hairy legs on view. With bare feet in open-toe sandals, it was almost as if they had reverted to Roman times in the middle of 21<sup>st</sup> Century England. Yet this was the required unisex attire of Community Service Slaves reporting to the CS HQ. Although it suited her far better than Mike, she wished her own dress wasn't so short. The smock barely covered the pert curves of her bottom and allowed almost total visibility of her long toned thighs disappearing up into it. Worse, the provocative garment was sufficiently low cut to show a more than generous portion of her enticing cleavage to all who cared to look – or indeed touch, as had the boys outside her house.

Additionally, all Community Slaves had to wear in public the huge striped fluorescent yellow cross bearing the shameful Community Slavery Service logo. It left none in doubt as to what they were, and reminded all of their lowly status when wearing it. It almost put them in the same category of someone in medieval times locked in stocks to be pelted with fruit and abuse. Karen recalled gloomily as she walked beside Mike how this state of affairs had been reached in mid 21<sup>st</sup> century England.

The Government had introduced Community Slavery a few years earlier as a natural progression, it said, to Community Service. However, under the later scheme, offenders were obliged to act as slaves to their victims for a stipulated number of hours, spread over weeks or months, to redress the effect of their crimes. The victim of the crime would obtain police approval to a proposed work plan, the nature of the duties being predictably vague; the Community Slave would have to report as required by the victim. This was often to the victim personally if so requested, until the required number of hours' slavery were

completed. But in addition to that were regular visits to the nearest CS headquarters – from where recordings of the ‘criminal’s repentance would be sent to the victim.

Part of the process of Community Slavery was the utterly respectful form of address which slaves had to adopt, and their complete obedience. Otherwise the designated number of hours of slavery would be increased or a custodial sentence would be given - everything hinged on the report of the victim of the original ‘crime’ or indeed any witnesses, such as CS officials, to an infringement of the strict rules. The victim, or whoever else served in their stead, were of course, naturally in this day and age, allowed to inflict minor corporal punishments on CS slaves for rule infringements. Karen shuddered as she recollected some of the beatings she had received during her first few ‘outings’ as a CS slave.

Community Slaves were obliged to wear the shameful logo when reporting to and from duties and additionally the smock when, as in this case, making their regular appearance before the ‘Probation Officers’ at CS Headquarters. Luckily there were stringent regulations about no one interfering with a CS going to or from their duties. However, although Karen had never been seriously attacked, the looks, snide remarks and obscene comments and groping hands she normally received from members of the public emphasised the utter shame and humiliation of her position. And that was in addition to the knowledge of the physical exertion or pain to come during most CS duties.

Middle class law-abiding citizens such as she had at first welcomed the introduction of the CS scheme to stamp out lawlessness, never appreciating how it could and would spread almost like the tyranny of the French revolution. The wanton nature of CS had certainly only become apparent to Karen since it impacted personally on her – or perhaps, she wondered, she had turned a blind eye until too late? Now it was often simply applied to grudges between neighbours; or in her case, grudges between acquaintances. It was of no consequence that she and Mike had been tricked into a minor law infringement. They had been found guilty and were both Community Slaves.

## **CHAPTER 2**

The CS building was old and imposing – it almost exuded evil. Many years before it had been a small hospital but, instead of being pulled down, it had found an altogether more sinister purpose where suffering nevertheless continued, but in a structured and sadistic way.

Making pointless small talk, ignoring the looks of those 'free' people who passed them on the street, Karen and Mike joined the entrance queue. Finally they showed their appointment and ID cards, letting the guards peer in Karen's handbag before they were allowed to walk on unsteady legs past more guards into the fear-inducing building. They passed through the security barriers, which would have detected any explosives or firearms hidden on them. These bastards took no chances with the unpopularity of CS. But even so, one guard, a po-faced sallow creep probably in his 60's, decided to enjoy his position and absolute power.

"Lift your arms up above your head, girlie, legs astride; I've gotta frisk slaves at random – and you're selected for that pleasure, sweet thing." He leered to demonstrate how few teeth he had remaining.

Karen felt her face burn with shame as with crimson cheeks she adopted the position. She was the only one singled out before many interested eyes and knew that her tiny garment had risen with her pose to allow anyone to see her undies. Then the creep's hot hands were sliding down the curves of her body, shamefully feeling up her boobs, which nearly popped out of her cleavage anyway. It was so obvious that she could have no weapons or bombs concealed on her, especially as the detectors had picked up nothing. But that didn't seemingly matter. She was now under the control of the CS and if some old pervert wanted to touch her at will that was 'fine'; there was absolutely nothing she could do about it without incurring an additional sentence and all the pain and suffering that entailed.

Feeling sick, she clenched her fists as the hands patted over the round globes of her bottom, intimately stroking her knickers, a finger sliding obscenely under the thin material. Like a slug his digits moved round to her pubis and she felt them briefly brush the lips of her sex, curling



within.

“Haah,” she gasped, feeling sick and violated as the terrible fingers moved within her.

Then the smirking swine patted her bottom with sick familiarity to indicate that he had had his fill of her intimacies and was finished with her.

She and Mike had arrived early; it didn’t pay to be late - no excuses were accepted. Now they had to sit with other apprehensive CS Slaves on hard benches smelling of polish, facing a long row of cubicles with drawn curtains. Many of the others waiting had the look of young jobs with hard unsmiling faces, but looking maybe even more ridiculous in their short blue CS smocks. In such company she and Mike stood out as thirty-something middle class types who had somehow managed to infringe the law but who felt that they had no place where they were. They tried to ignore the looks from the hard-faced thugs as they kept to themselves. They continued to exchange small talk in soft tones, desperately attempting to keep their spirits up in this terrible place.

Names were regularly called out on a loudspeaker to echo around the imposing walls. Fellow slaves would reluctantly leave the benches to head for the cubicles, only to be replaced by others in a constant stream. The shining tiles echoed to the boots of CS officers and the efficient, prim CS office workers who stomped up and down on endless errands. The workers largely ignored them, apart from occasional appraising looks. At times like this Karen wished she had never been gifted with the glamorous good looks which admirers always commented on.

“Pennant – Karen; Heath – Mike!” Karen’s heart dropped to her belly like a lead weight at the announcement on the tannoy. “Remove smocks and sandals and report to the guards for searching; then proceed to cubicles 35 & 36 respectively.” The impartial announcement allowed no response except obedience – she knew that now.

The shaming had resumed. For once Karen wished that Mike was not beside her. She also wished that the various hard-faced youths who now looked with interest in her direction were a million miles away. She stood on legs of jelly and, with trembling hands, pulled off the large yellow CS Cross. Then, taking a deep breath, she took off her smock to reveal a neat white pair of bra and pants. Now knowing that in the interests, they were told, of security, this ceremonial public stripping was

to come, she always chose neat middle-of-the-road underwear. It was so demeaning to have to choose such intimate articles of clothing in the privacy of her bedroom in the knowledge that that they would shortly be exposed to a harsh public gaze. She never now wore anything bold or too sexy for these occasions; not one of her saucy thongs, for instance, but something clean and smart. It made her blood boil that she had to even think along such lines; that she was controlled and exposed in such an intimate way.

Bending to undo her thong sandals, she was unable to meet any of the many eyes devouring her or to even look at anyone. She felt her red face radiating heat as she padded barefoot to the guards by the row of cubicles, aware of her undulating hips and of a hundred eyes on her barely concealed swaying boobs and bottom. She was also uncomfortably aware of Mike looking similarly awkward beside her, his muscled body coated in dark hair. With a shudder of distaste she handed one of the guards her smock, sandals and handbag for him to deposit in a locker. In return he gave her the small key on a wristband.

Then, as she knew she must, she placed her hands on her head and spaced her feet apart to be searched again, feeling her breasts enticingly and shamefully uplifted towards the grinning fiends. She closed her eyes, wondering yet again if she should instead wear something like an old corset to afford her more modesty - but as always rejecting the idea and the ridicule it would attract. It was so shameful to even have to consider such things.

The guard this time was a small spotty youngster probably barely out of his teens and thus around fifteen years her junior. Yet despite his lack of years, his cruelty and enjoyment at her discomfort, and his power over her, was so obvious. Her shame was enhanced as she stood in the obligatory pose before him, hating the way his small eyes swept over her scantily clad body spread helplessly just inches before him; his foul breath made her nostrils twitch in disgust. The bastard winked at her and she could imagine the sheer perverted pleasure she was giving a creep who would probably never have envisioned being able to touch a 'mature' woman such as she before the introduction of CS.

After first running his fingers through her hair, making her shiver, he then, before everyone, ran his hot obscene hands down her underwear. By no stretch of the imagination could her skimpy garments conceal any

hidden weapons. And it didn't matter that she had already been subjected to a random frisk by the guard outside.

"Nice underwear, were they a present?" He spoke softly, licking his thin lips as his fingers touched her intimate garments.

"N-No, I-I bought them... Sir," she whispered, knowing that on CS duty she was obliged to answer the boy – or indeed anyone – and respectfully.

"She got a good body – not right that she should have to buy her own knickers, eh?" The lad turned to Mike standing in an identical pose beside her, being similarly frisked by another guard.

"N-no Sir." He made the obligatory response.

"I bet you'd like to be giving her a feel-up – but not today, eh?"

"Yes, Sir." It was a whisper through clenched teeth and she knew the effort the response must have cost Mike.

"Hmm, well, they look nice on you. Not much flab for a woman your age," he smiled condescendingly as he sampled her shivering body, now flushed with utter shame.

His hands were hot on her smooth, fluttering flesh and his sweating face had slipped into a leer as his fingers moulded to the cups of her bra, feeling the indents of her fear-erect nipples. Then he patted the firm cheeks of her bottom, again with horrible intimacy. Her small white teeth bit into her full red lips as he took his awful liberties with her. His fingers ran along inside the edges of her knickers and over the soft down of her pubis, making her shudder in distaste.

"You're clear, pretty lady," he smiled cruelly, winking again at her and Mike. "That way - cubicle 35," he nodded towards one of the large curtained alcoves with the figure '35' flashing above it.

"Ow, Sir..." she gasped, wriggling away when, as happened so often with these fiends, he took hideous advantage, harshly slapping her bottom over its thin covering. It wasn't the light pat of before; her backside smarted painfully, but her main feelings were of humiliation and rage as she felt even more demeaned by these bastards and the system. "Don't worry, I'm sure that your shapely little arse will be even warmer before you leave here," he called after her – much to amusement of the many guards and prisoners in earshot.

Vaguely aware of the scrutiny of countless eyes, including Mike's as he walked in silence beside her following similar directions to cubicle 36,

she retained as much dignity as possible while walking to the cubicle. Keeping her hands clasped obediently to her head as required by the system, she pressed a small button on the floor with her bare foot to signify her arrival. Mike stood similarly beside her outside cubicle 36, both now trying to avoid looking at each other.

As usual the bastards kept her waiting, standing like a naughty schoolgirl outside the headmaster's office. She remained facing the curtain, conscious of the many eyes boring into her from behind. How she longed for permission to enter and escape the show she was forced to give. Her knuckles were white with tension and suppressed anger, wishing she could simply and naturally hold them behind her back to afford some cover for her bottom, which was practically on view. They presumably kept her waiting deliberately. It seemed endless and she wondered whether to ring again – or would that prompt some public telling off? she pondered.

“Enter!” The voice finally responding was cold and officious but at least she could escape the public scrutiny. Thankfully but timidly she pulled aside the curtain with a deep, velvet swish.

Her breath caught in her throat as a fat, obnoxious toad-like inspector whom she had encountered before for previous such interviews beamed at her scantily clad form in a sickening and familiar way. It made her face twitch nervously, perspiration breaking out on her. There were no pleasant encounters with this particular man, only shame and pain.

“Close the curtain, Mrs... er. Pennant.” As usual he pretended not to remember her name, when she guessed quite correctly that he remembered all the pretty women who passed through his clutches and who he could torment. “Stand here before me, don't be shy.” He propelled his chair sideways on its casters and out from his desk, pointing to a spot on the soiled carpet between his huge, parted thighs. He licked his lips, his smile setting his rolls of fat quivering.

After drawing the curtain to the outside world behind her, she shuffled forward to stand timidly before him again, lacing her fingers on her neck as she knew she must. She felt like a fly standing before a giant frog who was deliberating whether to flick out his tongue and eat her. Like such a fly, she was totally in the frog's power. A little trickle of sweat made its way from her tensed shoulder-blades down her spine, making her shiver as she stood immobile whilst the creep's eyes slowly

travelled up and down her body.

“You look well; not finding the CS sentence too harsh I trust ... yet?” he added ominously.

“No Sir.” She knew she dared say nothing else.

“I’ll need to examine you again on this occasion to ensure no serious punishments or injuries have been inflicted on you by the person you offended again since we last met, my dear. Please remove those garments.” He spoke so matter-of-factly, beaming. The light from the shaded bulb reflected off his steel-rimmed glasses. It was as if the obnoxious old creep had simply asked her to show him a form for completion rather than for her to strip naked before him for no good reason.

She bit her lip, restraining any natural reply a woman would normally make on receiving such a demand from an obvious pervert. The bastard, if she was unlucky enough to get this official, so often stripped her or made her strip - for his own pure perverse feeling of lust, she guessed. She supposed that on this occasion he had allowed himself the luxury of sufficient time to spend longer with her. She heard voices next door, just able to make out the words and guessed that Mike would soon be allowed on his way - they scarcely bothered with the men or the less attractive women.

Closing her eyes, flushing deeper with shame, especially knowing that that Mike would probably have heard the order for her to undress completely, she reached behind to release her bra. Such an act in public before such a gross beast would previously have been unimaginable - but these days the CS made such things not only imaginable but a horrid reality.

Deliberately she misted her eyes out of focus as she unclasped the lacy white cups to allow her enticing bare orbs to spring out suggestively at the bastard, bouncing softly. Knowing she daren’t even cover them, and not wanting to draw further attention to her shame, she stared unseeing at the various stupid CS slogans on the wall behind the toad, recalling the first time this indignity had happened and the penalty for reacting instinctively and not obeying orders.

Her first CS appointment had been only been a few short weeks ago and having the guards rummage through her handbag after the shame of

travelling to the centre in her short smock and CS logo was bad enough. She had on that occasion been the first to be seen and the order for her to remove her smock before all the eyes in the main waiting room had nearly made her run crying from the building.

“What? Please, no, why...?” Her voice, echoing round the large room full of people, had died to a pitiful whisper.

“You have been given a standard order to remove your outer clothing for a body search before entering your appointment cubicle; everyone has to do so here. Your objection has been noted but you are hereby warned that such resistance will add to your sentence and can result in force being used. I suggest you now obey the rules, Mrs Pennant.” The metallic voice boomed round the now silent room.

She was aware of many of the tough faces of the criminal jobs and the guards breaking into knowing leers as she slowly stood and began walking towards the waiting guards.

“Stop! Please obey the order and remove your outer clothing - and only then proceed to the guards’ station!” the voice from the hidden speaker had insisted.

A vague corner of her mind accepted that it was true; she had read somewhere in the rules they had given her that they would want to check for any hidden weapons in such a hated establishment as this and that they would want to do so before victims reached the guards. She also guessed that they exploited the situation to cause the maximum shame to their victim and gratification to themselves.

“Please,” she had whispered uselessly, her eyes darting round the sea of leering faces but nevertheless shrugging off her fluorescent logo. Shoulders sagging, she slipped off her short demeaning smock, her shame increasing a hundred-fold as her small black lace underwear was revealed to a chorus of horrible wolf-whistles cheers and claps. Oh why had she chosen to wear such titillating undies, she had thought miserably? She ought to have read the CS literature better and known that she would have been forced to expose them.

“Silence!” the metallic voice snapped from the PA system to the others. “Place your clothing with the guards for searching and storage and submit to a body-search, and then proceed to the designated cubicle.”

It had been the longest walk of her life. She looked down at her bare

feet; her red painted nails so out of place against the smooth lino as she shuffled the 20 metres or so out to the waiting guards. If she had known or guessed this would happen she would have certainly not have worn her customary miniscule knickers and half-cup bra.

“Give them to me; here’s your locker key for reclaiming. Hands on your head for you to be searched!” It was at least a female guard, albeit a smirking butch-looking coloured one, who so publicly, so shamefully ran her hands familiarly over her body as she stood obediently, tears trickling down her red face.

“Cubicle 13.” The girl pointed to the flashing number with her baton. “Hurry up! You’ll be in trouble anyway for questioning orders and you don’t wanna make it worse; your pretty white arse is sure gonna be sore enough anyway, I reckon,” she had smirked, tapping the flinching cheeks of Karen’s bottom with her baton as one would a child, demeaning her still further.

Karen could remember sucking in her breath, scarcely daring to enter the cubicle when summoned to do so by the same horrible fat CS examiner who now confronted her today. Her heart and breathing had nearly stopped at her first sight of the grinning, fat creep. The thought of entering that cubicle with him, clothed only in her underwear was unthinkable - yet she had not only to think it - but to do it.

She recalled her feelings of vulnerability as she covered her shivering exposure with her hands.

“I believe you were told to place your hands on your head; if not, you should have been.” The creep’s smile had faded. “It is a security precaution; do so now or you add to your rule infringements and subsequent punishments. That’s better,” he had smiled again as she hesitantly obeyed. “Compliance to the rules will be good for you; it will help you to begin your atonement for your crimes and will certainly reduce the additional punishments which otherwise result from disobedience or insolence. You are a very pretty lady,” he had purred like a Cheshire cat, “and if you want to stay that way without permanent damage you learn obedience, instant unquestioning obedience and respect. For instance, my name is Inspector Grisswold of the CS, but you call me ‘Sir’. Understand?”

“Y-yes S-sir,” she had given a meek whisper, the unaccustomed word leaving her mouth with difficulty. She hadn’t called anyone ‘Sir’ since

her first year at high school. Yet her experiences over the last few minutes had jarred her mind, leaving her like an automaton.

“Good. Well, Mrs Pennant, it will first be necessary for you to remove the remainder of your clothing so that I can ascertain your physical fitness for the CS regime which lies ahead of you and to establish that you have no injuries at the moment.” He breathed the not so reassuring words.

“Un-undress, here, but-but I’ve already had a medical...” She recalled the embarrassment of having to obtain a physical health-check from her doctor for the CS people, making her wonder if there was anyone locally who didn’t know of her ‘crime’ and shame.

“Yes, an examination here and now is standard procedure to confirm that you are physically sound. I will ensure that you have no marks or bruises, which you could later try to blame on the CS. Again you seem to have forgotten the correct term of address. That will be noted along with your other misdemeanours for a possible addition to your sentence or corrective action.” His voice rose sharply, spitefully.

“Addition to the s-sentence!” she had lamely echoed, having difficulty comprehending that this nightmare existence into which she had suddenly been plunged could extend beyond the four months she knew she had to endure.

“Oh yes,” he had smiled into her shocked face. “Your sentence, which I see from your records was increased by an outburst you made in court, is only regarded as the starting point. This can be extended by the CS, by me, for failure to obey the rules or for disrespect and so on by a further four months before it needs to be referred back to the court. And they can extend the original sentence still further, probably a custodial one, followed by an even longer period of CS. And I should add,” he leaned even closer to her shocked face, “additional corrective punishments can be administered by the CS or those you have offended against. This is especially for any failures or disobedience not considered sufficient to merit a formal extension to your sentence,” he said, smiling grimly. “This is all in the literature enclosed with your sentence notification - if you had bothered to read it; but to flesh out the gaps, as it were, I can tell you that such additional corrective punishments at CS headquarters normally take the form of the cane.”

“C-cane...!” She had an obvious difficulty in assimilating such



outrageous and hitherto unconsidered concepts into her thinking. The cane was something she associated with naughty boys in schools of the last century. But that was her thinking of a few weeks ago – before she had felt, literally, the painful reality of CS.

“Now undress immediately and completely! You can hand me your garments,” he had demanded on that first visit. “This is normally done in the privacy of this booth but if you have a problem with that I’ll have the guards outside assist you. And of course that will compound the additional corrective therapy punishment you are already due to receive. Well?” his voice had dropped to a purr. He had smiled, knowing she had no realistic choice.

She had shuddered at that shame of first undressing before the grinning toad-like creep. He was the type of loathsome creature who, if you found yourself next to him at a party you would make any excuse to drift away, even escape into a loo maybe until he had slithered onto someone else. Frantically her wide eyes had darted round the cubicle like a frightened deer caught in the unmerciful cone of harsh headlights. But there was no escape, no respite; she knew there was no way out of her awful plight.

With a sick sensation in her belly, her fumbling fingers feeling as big as cucumbers, she removed her bra to allow her boobs to bounce free. Then she bent to slide off her panties. These were such normal yet intimate acts which she could never have envisioned having to perform in such circumstances before such an obnoxious individual, someone who could force her to do so. The silence in the tiny, suddenly oppressive cubicle had only been broken by the sound of silk sliding over soft feminine flesh and the creep’s heavy breathing as she had meekly deposited her warm garments in his waiting, outstretched hand.

“Hands back on your head! Don’t cover yourself like a silly girl, you are a grown woman - in fact I can see that quite well,” he had smirked.

Her face was hot with shame, the sheen on her body a testament to it as Grisswold handled the pieces of lace and silk which had until so recently covered her intimacies, before obscenely holding them to his face and sniffing loudly, smiling like a cat with the cream. Almost retching, longing to tear her hands from her head to cover her jutting breasts, she had closed her eyes as he slowly stood up and advanced towards her.

**“Huh,” she jumped as his podgy, moist hands slid suggestively over her assets, making her nipples harden into unwanted pearls of fear.**

**“Hmm, nice and firm for your age, what size are they?” he enquired as if it was the most natural thing in the world to ask a naked, frightened woman. How dare he ask? Yet how dare he order her to reveal them anyway? She pondered briefly but knew she was lost and in the power of a sadist.**

**“Ug, ugghh, th-thirty six B,” she managed to croak as the hands weighed and cupped them then roamed down over the flat plain of her stomach. His thick fingers brushed the tight blonde curls below. “Hah,” she jerked back as they slid over the ripe lips of her sex.**

**“Hmm, quite juicy,” he winked obscenely, turning her round with greasy hands on her hips to feel her bottom. His loathsome touch continued, with fingers like slugs crawling over each smooth globe and then into the private coolness between them containing her twin oases of heat. “What a nice bottom you have Mrs... er... Pennant, yes very nice indeed.” He touched and felt where no woman should have to endure a touch from a stranger, especially one so horrible.**

**“Please,” she had practically cried, squirming away a little, her bottom contracting protectively as the fingers pushed between the magnificent spheres and towards her puckered heat. She hated any touch there and had always slapped away any such intruding hands. Now she daren’t; she had to restrain the impulse to wrench her hands from her neck; she simply had to endure. Her sickness rose as he stroked the hot tightness of her anal bud. It was awful, disgusting; she felt so awfully unclean as he pushed slightly into her, filling her so disgustingly. His touch nearly made her retch.**

**“Hmm, no obvious marks...” He was again stroking the smooth globes shrinking under his touch, “but I’m afraid I will have to create some, my dear - for your earlier disobedience out there and failure to use the correct and respectful form of address, especially towards a CS Official. Now I’d like you to bend over and touch your toes for me please.” He had smiled as he produced a long, thin wooden cane from the corner of the room.**

**“But ... but pl-please ... Sir,” she whispered weakly, eyeing him and the thin wood with wide frightened eyes as he swished it menacingly in the small space. She had tried to imagine how it would feel slashing**

across her tender skin. The thought of it made her shudder in dread.

“Too late for that, my dear, “ he had smiled brightly. “You are getting three strokes on your bare bottom; hard ones, I’m afraid. One is for your outburst outside, one for lack of respect to me, and one for your failure to place your hands on your head. “ He had so obviously enjoyed the look of shock etched on her pretty face at his pronouncement. “And if you are not touching your toes in five seconds, legs straight and apart, you get more. What is it to be?”

How could she ever forget that? She was a grown woman, with a practically grown daughter and a younger son, touching her toes before a monstrous creep from whom she would have normally have averted her eyes if she passed him in the street. Now she was totally at such a person’s mercy, naked and helpless before him. One summons to the guards outside who were almost as bad and he could seemingly do whatever he wanted to her, with the entire weight of the law behind him and the threat of worse things if she disobeyed. Her hair cascaded around her inverted, flushed face as the creep eyed her immodestly displayed charms so lewdly.

“Legs wider, wider than that! That’s better,” he breathed when her thighs were straight and wide with his cane tapping their inner plains. “I’d like you to stay in position, unmoving, and count each stroke as well please; and thank me for it, failure to do so will add to your chastisement,” he decreed loftily.

“Hah,” she had winced as his cane merely touched the taut skin of her backside; even that touch was such an unaccustomed event to make her jerk away slightly.

“Steady, my dear, I was just aiming, here it is.”

Swaaaaack!

“Graaaaaaaghhhh!” She remembered gasping and squirming across the room, jerking upright to set her breasts dancing, clutching the enraged skin of her bottom. The pain was truly awful, unbelievable, as if a red-hot poker had been pressed into her bottom. The outline of her smiling tormentor had become blurred with the tears which misted her eyes as she had tried to control the awful burning sensation, desperately pressing white-knuckled hands into her seemingly burning hindquarters.

“Oh dear, you moved; and you also forgot to count, or indeed call me ‘Sir’. I should give you three, one for each fault - and I will from now

on. However, as that was your first taste of the cane, and I believe it can sting a bit, I'm told, we'll just say that stroke doesn't count, my dear." His face was as grim as hers was unbelieving.

"Please... Sir," how could anyone, she had thought, call that blaze of agony a sting! And with such pain blasting across her how could she stay bent over and thank him for causing it? Hate broiled her heart for him, yet her fear of him, of the system, was greater. She had known that she somehow had to obey the beast.

"Or maybe I'll get the guards to give you six of the best, just as you are, before everyone outside, eh?" he challenged.

"No, please Sir," she softly complied, trying to steel herself for more unbelievably fierce pain.

Groaning, sniffing back tears, Karen recalled somehow getting back in position and bending over so vulnerably in front of him, inviting a further slash of the cane across her taut, throbbing flesh. It was, she had thought at the time, scarcely believable that her soft perfumed skin, more accustomed to admiring glances or the soft caress of a loving hand could now be curved before a hateful bastard waiting, willing and so keen to lacerate it with his awful wooden rod.

Every nerve in her body had been stretched taut in awful anticipation of the next savage blow. After a sadistic pause, keeping her flinching and trembling, her muscles in knots, it had blasted across her flesh as if she had sat on a thousand shards of sharp glass.

"Noaaaaaghhh, pleeeeeease!" she recalled screaming, sobbing, but somehow, her fingers remaining clasped tight around her ankles, she kept herself bent over and even managed a faint, 'one Sir,' seeing the tears of pain drip from her eyes to her bare feet, trying to steel herself for two more. It had been the beginning of a new life of pain, shame and misery.

"Are you listening, my dear?" His voice jerked her back to the present and a month's painful and degrading experience of CS servitude under her belt. She also had a burning desire, if that was the right word, to do nothing to disobey these fiends and give them no excuse to hurt her more. The disgusting reality was the bastard's slimy hands holding her boobs; she gave thanks that in her daydreaming she had managed somehow with her acquired experience of this place not to, so naturally,

slap him away from taking such obscene liberties with her precious breast fruit.

“Sorry Sir, I suddenly felt f-faint, I’m OK now,” she lied, panicking, hoping her self-indulgent reminiscence of her first visit and her learning of the need for total obedience hadn’t earned her a punishment now, a fate she had avoided on the last two visits here.

“Well you seem to be still wearing your pretty knickers – I require you to be quite naked please – as you know. I’ll take them off for you then.” His voice caressed her like a snake.

Her lip quivering, she stood rigid, sucking in her belly as his podgy fingers pushed into the waistband of her panties. She closed her eyes, shuddering as he slid them off, hating anyone removing her panties – let alone such an awful creep. When she finally opened her eyes, she felt sick at the sight of him handling her underwear. He sniffed and licked them whilst staring at her body, peering into her trapped eyes; then he dropped them disdainfully onto the desk. If someone had told her a month ago she’d strip off before a pervert and have him fondle her underwear she’d have thought them mad – not so now; this was reality.

She tried to ignore the fact that she was standing stiffly naked before the brute, her hands clasped to her head to thrust her breasts at him whilst his sweating hands engulfed and mauled them, thumbing her nipples to an unwanted hardness whilst her prim white underwear was neatly laid out on his desk.

“Faint, eh,” he pondered. “I was saying that you have nice firm breasts for a woman of your age and rather nice nipples too. They are nice breasts, aren’t they?”

“Y-yes I believe so, Sir.” She hated his cat and mouse probing.

“Does your husband like them, eh, my dear?” He continued to somewhat painfully roll her nipples between slug-like fingers.

“Yes Sir.” She hated his mental torture, invoking memories of her husband as she stood helpless before him, literally in his hands whilst he treated her obscenely, sadistically.

“Turn and let me see your bottom, please.”

“Ah,” she gasped, cringing as she obeyed, biting her lips as his hands touched her cheeks, stroked, probed and toyed with her so intimately.

“Hmm, well you don’t appear to have any fresh marks on you. Maybe I can give you a little something to stop you daydreaming and to make

you pay attention to me, stiffen you up. Maybe stiffen me up too, eh,” he leered suggestively. “Can’t have prisoners getting so bored when I talk to them that they drift off to sleep. Face down on the table, my dear.” She was distraught, having to accept that she was not to escape punishment on this occasion.

Grisswold felt an uncomfortable tightness in his underpants as the lovely blonde beauty’s face fell and twitched in anguish at the command. He could guess the effect it had on her and the control she had to exercise to obey - knowing she had no choice. Where else, he thought, before this wonderful CS idea was dreamed up, could he expect to have such a beautiful creature at his virtual beck and call - and there wasn’t a damn thing she could do about it. He hadn’t ‘done’ anything to her for a few visits now; he didn’t want to push it too much and thus she never knew when he would make time for one of his extended sessions with her. He kept his favourite female prisoners on their toes.

Her shoulders sagged as she moved towards his desk. Gripping the table, she pulled herself up onto it in a kneeling position, making her delightful, red tipped breasts bounce and throwing her perfect bottom into an inviting curve.

“Hah, oow,” she gasped delightfully as he was unable to resist the temptation to give it a smack, the sound like a pistol-shot in the small cubicle. He revelled in the firm satin flesh, now with a red blotch on it. He also ensured that his fingers made contact with the wispy down on her sex, the lovely oyster-like lips nestling below the perfect globes. She wriggled slightly, simply adding to his pleasure before edging forward and lying face down. Such was her deliciousness that he felt an immediate need to plunge a hand into his pocket to re-arrange himself as the constriction of his clothing was becoming too great. Still, he thought, he would soon let it see the light of day.

Almost tenderly he ran his fingers through the long golden hair fanning over her shoulders. He stroked the soft fluttering skin at the nape of her neck, smoothing it from the pretty face resting on her white knuckles to reveal the wide, staring eyes, the tense anxiety etched there that did nothing to distract from her beauty. Slowly he trailed fingers down the delightful arch of her spine, over every nodule, feeling her shiver in dread, following the curve to the enticing swelling of her

hindquarters. Patting the globes, he felt them clench under his fingers. The skin was soft, the dark cleft between them inviting.

“Open!” His voice was slightly hoarse. He flicked her bottom cheeks as she reluctantly spread her thighs a little. “No, I want it really wide please, Mrs Pennant – I want both of your little secret places winking at me,” he breathed into her face, seeing a tear trickling there.

He licked his lips as her fur-fringed delicacy of her sex was revealed along with the tiny puckered flower above it. He stroked the velvet lips and her dark, muscled sphincter, feeling her wriggle in what was undoubtedly disgust as he felt the heat there.

Carrying twenty stone of flab, a body odour problem and being the wrong side of sixty, he had no illusions about his attractiveness to women. Indeed, before the CS he had very few opportunities to be with any women, apart from those who demanded payment for their services. He could never previously have dreamt of having such a delicious creature as this at his mercy, at his total beck and call a few short times a month. She wouldn’t normally have given him the time of day, let alone allowed him to see and touch every facet of her body or showed him the servile grovelling respect that she was now compelled to.

His finger gently slid between the delicate lips of her vagina whilst his thumb pushed slightly against the rubbery resistance of her sphincter. She was so warm and tight as her orifices gripped and wriggled around his hand. The exquisite feel of her was heightened by the sure knowledge that she was disgusted by him and hated the touch. He could imagine her looking down her elegant nose and snapping at her husband if he so much as attempted to do some of the things he had done to her, things she had to now endure without question.

He wondered whether she ever told her husband what she had to do here - for him? He could imagine the wretched man’s feelings. He was probably a city high-flyer, the type of person who would look down on him, a fat ‘manual’ type worker. So what a nice thought that he could take advantage of the man’s wife in the most intimate way. It had the blessing of the state and there wasn’t a damn fucking thing either he or his lovely wife could do about it. What did he care, he thought? She was his to do with as he wanted within this cubicle. Although such unofficial treatment of CS prisoners was discreetly tolerated, he knew he couldn’t take the chance of going as far as he might otherwise wish this

close to the end of her appointment. He was aware of time running away with his potential for pleasure during this session.

Casually he flicked off the CCTV monitor which officially recorded the session and from which a copy of the interview would be sent electronically to the victim's computer in order that they could be sure their 'aggressor' was being properly punished. But he thought it best not to record every graphic detail - especially not those he indulged in for his own pleasure and which he recorded privately and continually with his own secret camera.

"Get me out!" he instructed, standing before her, staring into her twitching face, delighting as with only a gulp and minimal hesitation her soft, cool hands were trembling at the zip of his soiled straining trousers. Like anguished butterflies they fluttered at his essence, gently extracting his hot sticky length. She held him with minimal contact between two slim fingers as if it was something vile she had scraped off the pavement, her nose wrinkling.

He moved to one side, his hand now within reach of her bottom again, resting on the delicious orbs.

"Now you'll suck, and suck me good, my dear," he smiled, seeing a look of even greater horror pass over her face like a cloud crossing the sun. "But every thirty seconds I am going to give you one stroke of the cane across that pretty bottom as an incentive, so it's best if you make me come quickly, eh, and reduce the number of strokes. And you'll swallow everything. We don't want to leave any mess do we," he leered. "You understand?"

"Yug, yes ... Sir," she seemed to have difficulty speaking but finally managed the dry whisper.

He marvelled at how, following her first and subsequent painful visits here, she had now learnt the folly of anything but total obedience, no matter how repugnant to her. She now knew that the alternative would be even more pain and eventual compliance anyway. Sometimes he simply gave her a basic interview, especially if he was tired or had previously enjoyed himself with another of his favourites. Sometimes she was scheduled to see one of his colleagues instead for her twice-weekly visits. It was good that she, and the other girls he enjoyed, never quite knew what was in store for them on any particular visit.

"You may begin then," he ordered calmly after he had set his wrist



alarm for thirty second intervals, his cane lightly touching the deliciously rounded swelling of her hindquarters. “When I slap the back of your head you disengage your mouth, I’ll warm up your backside and you then have thirty seconds before the next one or until I er ... come. So it’s in your interests to make it good, yes?”

“Yes Sir,” she whispered.

“Then begin! Your first thirty seconds has just started.”

She strained up on her elbows, her breasts just touching the table, twisting her strained face towards him. As her cool hands enfolded him, followed by her hot wet mouth enclosing him, it took all of his control not to come straight away. His normally flaccid organ had sprung to attention in her mouth and contributed to the erotic bulging of her wet, chiselled cheeks as she so avidly sucked, her eyes closed in despair.

She was gorgeous, lovely, sexy and succulent; the words flowed through his mind with his lust. The look of disgust in her pretty face as her warm mouth encased him in liquid sucking lust nearly made him erupt in her. Her tongue tickled his length as her mouth hollowed. And where she leant up slightly he had a full view of her breast fruit, her nipples just touching the tabletop like the tops of two inverted cherry cakes.

Meanwhile, as Mike left the cubicle next door he heard the sounds, the disgusting sounds of slobbering male flesh and tiny gasping feminine moans and gasps. He longed to burst in, to stop the brute doing whatever disgusting thing he was doing to Karen. He already had heard through the thin wall that she had been made to strip naked before the bastard. His imagination went into a thousand torments at the thought of her helplessness – and his. The woman he had secretly adored from afar for so long was suffering and he could do nothing to help; it was a bitter pill.

He had simply received a pretty basic processing, but by the time he had returned home and then reported to the bitch whom he had offended against to earn this CS hell and returned home again from that, the whole day would have been gone. A whole day of shame and pain; just what the bastards here intended, he guessed.

With a twinge of guilt he realised that he had a small erection at the thought of the lovely Karen. She was naked just scant feet away but

beyond his sight, and she was also beyond his help as she had to do whatever for the gross slimy beast. He sometimes had to report to the same old brute so he could almost picture the scene between them; her slim loveliness and his grossness. He could imagine, almost see, the swine's slimy hands trailing over the body he himself so longed to hold and touch. His excursions so far in that direction had been the shy, almost accidental brushing of hands, their fully clothed bodies just briefly touching; secret smiles of understanding between them. Yet now, feet away, she was naked in the hands of a...

"Move along, you." Mike was suddenly panicked by the metallic voice, realising that he had lingered outside Karen's cubicle for too long and that he reluctantly had to leave her to her fate.

"Bzzz!" He heard a timer going off in the cubicle as he scurried reluctantly away, wishing again that he could do something to help his beautiful friend but knowing he couldn't. She was alone with a sadistic pervert and there was absolutely nothing that he could do.

**Slap!**

On the other side of the curtain Grisswold cuffed Karen's blonde head callously and certainly reluctantly, almost changing his mind as the warm mouth left his straining penis to glisten and stand as straight as he could remember for some time.

She groaned, her bottom clenching as his cane tapped it lightly before he brought it down hard.

**Crack!**

"Haaahhh," she gasped through clenched teeth, wriggling like an eel on the table as a thin line of pain erupted across both magnificent globes. Her eyes screwed shut with pain but he knew that she had now learnt to keep her hands away from her bottom when being punished. Her tiny fists remained balled under her chin as her head drew back, shuddering; her neck was taut columns of pain which she was trying to absorb and manage. Then her body slumped, her eyes blinking open, wet with fresh tears.

"Please ... Sir," she moaned.

"I wouldn't waste time, my dear, your next thirty seconds has already started," he breathed.

"Hmg, gug, gug!" She practically threw herself at him, sucking him

avidly, enthusiastically, a woman possessed as if he was the most desirable person on earth and she was a whore.

She sucked, he thought, as if her life depended on it, as if she as sucking oxygen or sustenance, eyes wide, her cool hands curled around him, fingers in his trousers cupping and manipulating his balls. Indeed he guessed she was still trying to absorb the burning pain of his last stroke across her tender flesh and that it would almost seem to her as if her life did depend on avoiding another such lash.

“Oh yes, my beauty, you’ve done this before; not quite the respectable married woman that whores like you pretend to be, are you?” His breathing and speech were becoming difficult. It felt as if he were encased by liquid fire which reached into his belly to draw out his very essence. His toes curled and from deep within he felt the damn burst and the geyser erupt to the surface. “Yeeees, you cow suuuck!” he gasped, pusher her bobbing head harder onto him as he spurted a second after his watch buzzer went off.

Tightly grabbing her soft hair, pulling himself deeper into her soft mouth, he jerked and pumped into her. The look of absolute revulsion on her face simply added to his pleasure as he emptied himself into her bulging mouth, seeing and hearing her gulp and swallow his pleasure. And pleasure was also like wine in his veins as he contemplated her crumpled yet still beautiful face, her groaning despair as she lay on the table before him, wiping a tear from her wide eyes and his residual lust from her chin.

“There ... not so bad, eh, Mrs Pennant? I bet your husband, or your friend next door, would have been proud of you,” he beamed down at her. “You are maybe one of those women who are a cook in the kitchen, mother in the nursery and a whore in the bedroom. You certainly act like one.” He compounded his words by casually wiping his sticky penis between the inverted v of her breasts as she lay before him, before zipping himself up. “Unfortunately,” his voice dropped and his cane lightly trailed over her wonderful bottom, “the buzzer went off before I er,... finished, so you know what comes next?”

“But ... but, please S-Sir, I did what you ...” He voice croaked and then ceased. Resignation and dejection swamped her features as she saw the beginnings of his frown, not daring to invite more trouble. “Yes Sir,” she whispered, her bottom again pinching together protectively and

most endearingly as he tapped it with his cane. Then he brought his arm right back and flashed it down savagely onto the vulnerable flesh below.

Swaaaack!

“Graaagh!” She went rigid after her initial scream, arching back to thrust her breasts at him as her mouth gaping wide, breath hissing between her teeth, eyes squeezed shut in pain. Then she shuddered, jerking and writhing on the table as the second strip of fire stood out as a bright red line under the first, crossing both inviting spheres. “Pleeeeeease,” she sobbed, broken, as tears splashed his desk under her chin when she was again able to open her large eyes imploringly at him.

“Ok, my dear, that should do you for now. I’ll give you a little something to ease the pain a bit; you see I’m not all bad eh?” His obnoxious and gloating face broke into a smile as he produced a tin of balm.

“Hah,” she gasped, wriggling delightfully as he slapped cold balm on the burning, tortured flesh of her bottom and rubbed it in.

“Hmm, must be thorough,” he breathed as his fingers spread cream into areas untouched by his cane. “Open your legs a little wider please, my dear. There we are,” he sighed as he stroked the velvet, fluttering flesh of her sex, feeling her wriggle again as they strayed into her liquid honeypot. “And here...”

“Please no, graaagh!” she gasped through clenched teeth as his fingertips delved into her dark tighter orifice above and he could sense the control she had to exercise to leave his finger to its exploration.

“You maybe don’t like or appreciate a touch there, Mrs er... Pennant?” he enquired as if he was a doctor seeing what bits hurt.

“N-haaah, no Sir.” She squirmed around his finger as it filled her.

He could feel her anal bud contracting, squeezing his finger, trying to eject his intrusion but only adding to his pleasure.

“Oh dear,” he oozed mock concern. “Well, I can assure you that it is not that abnormal, especially not in some Eastern countries, and you do have a bottom surely designed for such a touch.” He smiled as he probed. “Stop wriggling, my beauty; I’m sure your husband would appreciate it if you allowed and encouraged it. But for now I fear you must prepare to leave.” He withdrew his finger and patted her bottom with total possession as the beauty rolled off the desk, wincing as she flexed her sore bottom, but at least now able to press her hands against the tortured

flesh.

He switched back on the official CCTV camera.

“Please look into the camera, state your feelings towards the victim of your crime and sign this statement.” Standard statement every visit.

Clearing her throat, her knuckles tightening with tension, Karen was almost unable to face the eye of the camera recording the scene for relaying to the ‘victim’ of her crime as she gave the expected and uniform answer. Yet she knew that she must and stood respectfully to attention, her lush body trembling, wishing she could at least be allowed to dress again, but knowing that she was obliged to remain nude for the final indignity.

“I, Karen Pennant, do humbly and profusely apologise to my Master and Mistress, Mr & Mrs Tanner, for my crime against them. I offer myself to them in redress for my crime until the state considers my atonement completed.” She gave the obligatory bow, setting her breasts bouncing softly.

“And would you commit the same crime again, Mrs Pennant?”

“Oh no ... no Sir I’ve learnt my lesson. I wouldn’t ever do so again,” she gave the required grovelling reply truly knowing that she wouldn’t, that she would do anything to avoid this living nightmare; only wishing that she didn’t have to humble herself on film which she knew would be viewed and so enjoyed by the horrible cow she had ‘offended’ against.

“Now just turn around slowly before the camera,” he instructed her. “Mrs Pennant has just received two strokes of the cane on her bare buttocks for failure to pay the proper attention to me here at CS HQ. Did it hurt, Mrs Pennant?”

“Yes Sir,” she replied softly and truthfully, still feeling her bottom throbbing from the cane. And the awful taste in her mouth from the other part of her punishment.

“And this has helped towards your repentance?”

“Yes Sir,” her voice was so meek, covering her feelings of shame and rage..

“Good girl, sign here.” The bastard patted the curve of her bottom as she bent over the table to sign the form, making her jaw ache with the tension as she ground her teeth. How she longed to slap him away, report him. Yet those were just fanciful dreams under a regime where Community Service ruled the roost. “You will report to the home of the

victim of your crime at 2pm today; I'm sure you know where it is," he smiled cruelly. "You can wear your own clothes but you already know that you must continue to wear your CS logo strip over them."

"Yes Sir, thank you Sir." She gave the required bow, thankfully pulled on her bra and knickers, and left the hateful cubicle of pain and shame.

As usual she could never look any of the other waiting CS offenders in the eye as she scurried from the cubicle in her underwear to the locker containing her clothes. The red lines of the cane extended beyond the silk covering her bottom; everyone knew she had been caned. Hearing their knowing, whispered comments and jeers about what had gone on behind the cubicle was an additional shame.

She rightly assumed that Mike had gone; hanging around CS HQ was not wise. She caught a bus home in readiness for her afternoon ordeal.

## **CHAPTER 3**

Karen's curvaceous body was covered in a sheen of glinting sweat. This was initially from gardening under the hot sun but more latterly in anticipation of the next stroke of the thin bamboo stick wielded by the skinny woman at her side. She shivered and jumped slightly, white teeth biting her full red lips as the girl's hand touched and then stroked over the tender skin of her bottom which was stretched taut from being curved over the back of a garden chair. She clasped its front legs with tight white knuckles, nearly toe-touching, legs immodestly wide, exposing her blonde-fringed velvet intimacies. A thumb ran over the line of fire left by the last lash of the rod; then the girl lightly patted a soft cheek of her bottom. She said something about there being plenty of room there for another stroke.

Karen's beautiful large eyes, previously screwed tight shut in pain, again opened wide, despairing. She caught sight of the tight red tips of her own hanging, pointed breasts and, incongruously, the green Wellingtons encasing her feet. Her bottom squeezed up in anticipatory dread of the next stroke. Her mind flashed back over the previous hour, which had led to the indignity of being caned by this vicious creature.

After her morning appearance at CS Headquarters, the afternoon journey by bus and on foot had seemed endless and Karen once again regretted losing the use of her car. Although both she and Mike, whose appointment again matched hers this time, could drive and had cars, the temporary loss of their licences during the period of CS was a part of the awful sentence. The use of an easy way out such as taxis or bikes was forbidden when reporting for CS duty. Only public transport could be used, thus affording the authorities more control over them and also ensuring they received the full benefit of public disdain.

No matter how many times she had done it, or how many other fellow slaves she passed on route, Karen still felt the cringing humiliation of being a Community Slave. It felt to her that all of the amused eyes were looking at her alone. Nevertheless in an attempt to lift her spirits and because Mike was with her, she wore one of her customary short, sexy skirts and tee-shirts to somewhat offset the shameful fluorescent CS logo

draped over it. A few dabs of exotic perfume also made her feel better. Looking sexy might also, she hoped, smooth things a bit with Tony, her Master – he whom she had offended against in CS terms - to make the ordeal easier to bear. Feeling rather guilty at such a thought, she allowed her hand to brush Mike's, feeling the same jerk of electricity at the contact.

For the hundredth time she regretted her opportunist act a few months ago, driven by circumstances, of sneaking into the house of her casual acquaintances Tony and Marie Tanner. She was right in thinking that Tony was out and that Marie was occupied at the far end of the garden. Karen had seen the younger woman working away nearly out of sight with her teenage sister Patsy. However, what she didn't know was that Marie had recently had a CCTV monitor installed. Images from it had later depicted Karen trying and opening the kitchen side door, sneaking in and seconds later letting herself out with a bundle of post from the house. It also showed Mike holding their bicycles and keeping a worried eye out as they scurried away.

She also regretted that her spur-of the-moment break-in took place whilst she was on her regular evening cycle ride with Mike, who was thus almost an unwitting accomplice and who was now being punished with her in the CS system.

Why had she done it? Why had she crept unannounced into the home of the woman who was a vague and largely disliked casual acquaintance? As she pondered these questions she knew why. A letter wrongly addressed to Marie had had to be destroyed. And indeed, when the photographic evidence of her and Mike's 'crime' had been presented to the courts, none of the letters in that delivery still existed. She had destroyed them all as a cover to avoid any evidence but had achieved her objective of destroying that main incriminating letter.

It had been assumed that she and Mike had stolen the post because they had a vendetta against the Tanners, especially when evidence of other things like upended dustbins and graffiti at the Tanner's house had been put before the court. Karen knew nothing of those things. That could have been a figment of Marie's imagination, or a deliberate frame-up, because the two women didn't really like each other. But it was easier just to ride it out. They had been caught red-handed, but at least the offending letter, which Karen was desperate to keep secret, had been



destroyed. She thought it was best just to pay the fine which she had innocently assumed would be imposed and have her 'sins' then forgotten.

How was she to know the pressure from local politicians to ensure the Community Service measures were seen to apply to all layers of society, to the middle classes not just the yob culture?

The magistrate's voice announcing three months of community service had rung in her disbelieving ears. Previously forgotten stories of the CS measures flooded back into her jarred brain. She had exclaimed her shock and displeasure to the court, trying to change her story, explain her almost honest mistake and the actions leading from it, but that had only earned an extension to four months of her CS sentence. She had since decided the only way was to ride her punishment out. It wouldn't make any difference now if she spoke up about why she had taken the post. Indeed it might increase her punishment still further and would only hurt the feelings of those close to her if she revealed the contents of the particular letter, which she simply had to destroy.

It was worse that the court decided that as that bitch, Marie, had been in the garden at the time of her break-in that she was therefore the major victim and that she should have the primary say, rather than Tony, in the scope and direction of her punishment. By no way were they close friends and Karen had never been particularly fond of Marie. The feeling fuelled by jealousy of Karen's popularity and good looks at the tennis club was, she guessed, mutual. And now she knew that for sure. But any history of friendship, close or not, meant nothing to the CS regime. A 'crime' had been committed and the offender would serve as a part-time slave to the 'victim' – and to the CS.

\* \* \*

At thirty-six, Karen was nearly eight years older than Marie, her vixen-like CS Mistress, the plain, lank-haired librarian at whose mercy she now was. She was closer to her friend and sometimes tennis partner, Tony, than to Marie. Sometimes she wondered what he had been thinking of in marrying the spiteful creature, apart from the fact she had heard that the woman had inherited her own house from the early demise of her parents. It was this skinny, ugly woman, Marie, who had opened the door at Karen's CS ordained destination today; as required,

the apprehensive blonde performed a grovelling bow to her and remained so until ordered up.

“Slave Karen reporting for duties, Mistress,” she whispered, moving her chewing gum to the side of her mouth. Whereas she had difficulty in mentally thinking of Tony as her ‘Master,’ Marie was most definitely now her ‘Mistress’; the cow had made that abundantly clear. Karen acknowledged that she must be utterly subservient to the witch and knew that she had to forget the old days of them being acquaintances. She hated having to show such grovelling respect to the cow who had always had a malicious streak in her; but she knew that was how things were now and until her community sentence was served.

“Slave Mike reporting for duty, Mistress,” Mike repeated beside her to the woman who he too had vaguely known in their circle of friends but who now had such a terrible control over them both.

Marie as usual savoured the moment when this beautiful blonde bimbo, incongruously several years her senior and possessing all of the attributes she herself would never have, grovelled to her. Karen then became her possession, belonging jointly to her and her husband, Tony. Her weasel eyes behind pebble glasses widened at the sight of the white globes of the top half of Karen’s smooth breasts clearly visible above her low cut tee-shirt. Marie had never constrained her sexuality simply to the opposite sex and her husband Tony seemed to take little interest in her of late. The blonde slave’s bowing position also thrust out the delightfully insolent rounded curve of her taut bottom and those shapely endless legs disappearing under her short tight skirt.

Alongside her, Mike bowed deeply to her too and she deliberately kept him there, enjoying the thought of making him feel small and ridiculous beside the blonde bimbo. She knew Karen was his friend and he would no doubt have normally preferred showing off in front of her. Probably he would entertain thoughts of bedding her. Marie ground her teeth, guessing that many men probably had those thoughts about the beautiful blonde cow. And if the rumours about Karen’s husband, Bill’s, lack of interest of late in that direction were true ... well maybe there was something between her and Mike? She smiled; she would enjoy shaming them together.

“Stand up, slut!” snapped Marie, revelling in her power.

She would never have believed that she could ever say such things to such a woman - indeed she would never ordinarily have had the courage. She certainly never had when she had occasionally bumped into Karen at parties or social events. But once the blonde cow had decided - on a spontaneous whim apparently to satisfy her curiosity, or so she had told the court - to steal her post she had fallen right into Marie's lap. Now Marie could indulge herself and her fantasies.

Karen flushed as she stood eye to eye with her younger tormentor, biting back the instinctive urge to tell this gargoyle to get off her back and get herself a life. She knew, however, that Marie held the whip hand, literally.

"My husband, your Master, is out but we initially had in mind some gardening duties for you today; so being dressed like a tart is not really suitable, you'll never bend and stretch."

Karen's heart sank, wishing that Tony - her Master, she hastily corrected herself - had not left her alone with her Mistress. She tried to forget the past and accept a present in which it would be dangerous to forget her new lowly status.

"Ow," she gasped as the girl viciously slapped the rounded curve of her bottom over her short, tight skirt.

"I'll give you 'ow', you cow!" the bitch smiled cruelly. "You've plenty more to come, I assure you. Follow me to the shed and we'll sort you out. You," she jabbed Mike's chest with a garden pole, "will carry everything out of our old air raid shelter over there." She pointed to an ancient rounded concrete structure half buried at the far end of the somewhat run down garden. It had a gaping hole for a door from which steps led down into a dank interior. "I want to see what's worth keeping and what's not. Arrange it all outside for me to inspect in an hour. And it better be neat because if not... Well, I've got you by the balls, haven't I, eh?"

"Ah, yes, Mistress," Mike gasped as Marie literally grabbed his balls.

"Good, we understand each other," purred the cow, patting the curve of Karen's shapely bottom. "Get going, girl!" She pointed to the shed.

It was certainly not as big or as beautiful a garden as Karen's; it was rather unkempt in many places, but then Karen had always considered herself in a higher social and economic echelon than Marie. It was,

however, large and secluded, with the sweet scent of many flowers mingling with the droning buzz of bees. The scene was only spoilt by her having to obediently follow the skinny perpendicular frame of Marie, whose thin shapeless legs were almost covered by a pleated dress while she strode towards a large shed. The heat trapped inside the wooden structure hit her like stepping into an oven.

“Right, off with all those clothes, I think. You’ll probably get dirty and I’m certainly not going to lend you anything.”

Karen’s mouth opened and she nervously licked her lips, hesitating. Marie had disciplined her once or twice but she’d never before had to undress before her - although she knew it was perfectly acceptable under the virtually limitless CS rules. Marie, however, had little patience at Karen’s delay.

Slap!

“Ow, please,” she gasped in shock and pain, pressing a hand to her stinging cheek from Marie’s unwanted and painful blow. She ground her teeth, longing to slap her back – she knew she could make mincemeat out of the thin cow- but knew she daren’t.

“That was just a taster of what happens if you don’t move your fat arse!” Marie spat, with amusement dancing in her eyes. “Now hurry along; it will be an hour or so at least before my husband is back to supervise the end of your session so you needn’t be shy, you can get dressed again before I leave for work.”

Karen groaned inwardly, but knew she had no choice. The powers of CS ‘victims’ held few bounds and the authorities had the ability to increase her sentence and thus her suffering at a whim. For the second time that day she began the humiliating ordeal of being forced to take her clothes off before someone she hated.

Marie felt her excitement mounting as the beautiful woman began undressing directly before her in the hot close intimacy of the shed. The two of them were alone amongst the diverse aromas of Karen’s perfume, garden seeds, earth, straw, wood, perspiration, creosote etc. She took her victim’s discarded shoes and clothes; to prevent them getting dirty, she said. However, she hoped that she had sufficiently disguised her rapid breathing, especially after she was sheepishly handed the short white skirt and red top. This revealed the woman’s true beauty. Marie’s

tongue licked over thin dry lips as Karen, her long hair brushing milky smooth shoulders, reached behind her to unclasp her small white lacy bra and release a beautiful pair of large breasts with crowning red nipples. A tiny tuft of golden hair was visible at the transparent crotch of the tiny thong knickers before they were eased and thrust down over her shapely thighs and the still warm garments, perfumed, lay cosily with the others across Marie's folded arms. She drank in the perfumed and musky charms of her victim and the gorgeous beauty exposed so totally before her in the confines of the shed.

Marie knew that ordinarily she would feel vastly inferior to this woman if she maybe came into the library, or perhaps, more likely in the case of this tart, when they met at a dinner-dance or a party. She had been jealous of her and hated her since they had met, Marie conceded; it was like a disease eating at her. Indeed, she accepted that the woman now her CS slave came from a higher-class background than she did, but that only spurred her to greater cruelty. This was a woman who exuded beauty and confidence and who would ordinarily totally ignore her - except of course when the 'tart' was talking to her husband, Tony. Yet this was the woman who now stood naked before her in the intimate diffused light of her shed, hands clasped modestly over her breasts, unable to meet her eyes. Now Marie was in control, holding the woman's discarded clothes tightly against her. They were almost, she thought, like two naughty schoolgirls about to get up to some mischief together in a secluded hut.

"Stand up straight! Arms by your side! Tummy in, tits out! I'm sure you normally enjoy flashing them around," Marie remarked acidly. How enjoyable it was having this gorgeous sexual creature at her whim. She would never herself have those attributes, but how splendid it was to humiliate someone who did.

"Stick them out further. That's better, nice big firm tits, aren't they, slave?" she purred, reaching out a bony hand to stroke the satin flesh of one large trembling orb. She squeezed and mauled them, gently holding the ripe bud of a nipple between her thin fingers. "Does your husband like feeling them?"

"Er, yes, some-sometimes, Mistress." For the second time that day Karen found herself shamefully answering questions about her boobs and her husband.

**“I wonder, or has he got tired of them because you flash them round so much to others, maybe? You blonde tart,” Marie smirked, seeing the barbs finding their mark, creating twitches on the pretty, anguished face. “Whatever, I bet he did once; I must admit they feel good. Raise your hands to your head to push them up further. There’s a girl,” she purred, still stroking the captive flesh gently, but then suddenly more cruelly.**

**“Hoow, please,” Karen moaned, eyes screwed shut with pain as the fingers turned to pincers capturing and torturing her buds.**

**“Oh, does that hurt my poor little CS slave then?” she enquired, peering intently into her victim’s pain-filled eyes.**

**“Y-yerrrr-yes Mistress,” she moaned softly as the pincer-like fingers tortured her most intimate nubs of flesh. “Haaah,” the blonde beauty gasped as, with a final spiteful twist, Marie released her captive boobs so that they throbbed with returning blood to the peaks.**

**Then the witch traced a line with her fingers down the arched dip of Karen’s spine to pat the enticing curve of her backside, seeing how each perfect globe flinched under her touch.**

**“Aah,” Karen gasped as she ran a finger along the thin fading red lines across her cheeks.**

**“Oh dear, you’ve been given the cane today, I see.”**

**“Y-yes, Miss.” The shame in her soft voice was evident at having to discuss such things and Marie marvelled at how different the woman’s life had now become from her own.**

**“Hmm, I don’t recall it on the e-mail film the CS people sent me this morning. It must have been off camera. Maybe it’s on the end bit where you confirm your contrition to me – I haven’t bothered to look at it all yet,” she lied. “Pity; I’d like to have seen you getting a good thrashing,” she smirked, “but I suppose they can’t show everything. Painful eh ... to get the cane?”**

**“Yes, Miss.” Karen bit her trembling lip, so obviously trying to control her emotions.**

**Before the CS programme, a respectable woman such as her wouldn’t even have contemplated being given the cane; it just wouldn’t have entered into her thought process. Then, Marie’s smirking eyes lazily travelling back to the shamed face and her small eyes hardened behind her glasses. Karen gulped in anticipatory dread.**

**“Are you chewing gum?” the cow who controlled her enquired sharply, watching the occasional chewing movement of Karen’s delicate jaw.**

**“I, er y-yes Mistress,” Karen replied, knowing the danger of lying.**

**Crack!**

**Karen staggered back again, holding a hand to the stinging spot of her cheek left by the vixen’s hand. Once again she controlled her natural urge to strike back at the skinny cow.**

**“Well, I think it’s a filthy habit. Take it out!”**

**Hurriedly, Karen transferred the offending gum into her hand and looked around.**

**“What ... where shall I put it, Mistress?” Karen decided she daren’t just drop it on the shed floor.**

**“I’ll tell you, girl ... you will stick it up your arse where things like that belong,” Marie instructed, oh so politely.**

**“Up my ... you mean stick it up...?”**

**“Exactly, my dear, right up your fat bum. Hurry up, or do I have to note disobedience on your CS record?”**

**Karen slowly reached round and, lifting one leg slightly, gingerly eased the gum into her back passage, feeling the ring of her sphincter involuntarily contract as her finger pushed the intruding object into her tight hole.**

**“Push it right up, we don’t want it dropping out; you can continue chewing it when you’ve finished here if you really want to.”**

**Marie could hardly contain a giggle at the sight of this beautiful sophisticated blonde standing naked on tiptoe, wincing as her elegant fingers thrust between the clenching globes of her pink bottom.**

**“Hands back on your head, now open your mouth wide, wider. Stick your tongue right out, right out, slut, I want to be sure you have no more in there,” Marie ordered curtly.**

**What a wonderful feeling, she thought. This blonde bombshell who would be life and soul of any party normally wearing a figure-hugging dress, now standing naked in her shed, mouth ridiculously wide open to display perfect white teeth with a pink tongue sticking between them. She was now putty in Marie’s hands.**

**Karen’s despairing eyes stared straight ahead, the red imprint of a hand standing out across a delicate cheekbone. Marie made a point of**

peering into the wide soft mouth, painfully pulling the tongue, moving it up and down.

“Right, don’t just stand there, lazy slut! There’s work to be done. The spade and fork are over there, Wellingtons there, the seedlings are in that tray and you’ll put them in the soil-bed over there. Firstly, though, put up my sun lounger on the grass. Then if you work well, you can have a cool drink before I go to work. Move it, you old cow!”

Karen felt humiliated and ridiculous gardening naked but for the Wellingtons, but those feelings were soon overtaken by the efforts she was required to put into her chore. It was 3.30pm and she had been working for over an hour in the hot sun, digging, bending and stretching. At least, she thought, Marie’s large garden wasn’t overlooked. A sheen of perspiration clung to her nudity, her fine hair plastered to her face. She stopped to wipe her moist brow with a slim arm, almost jumping with fright as the cow’s acid voice piped out in the distance, but thankfully to Mike and not her.

It was worse that he was a witness to her shame as he struggled to heave the heavy, dirty junk from its resting place in the old shelter. She knew that he stole occasional longing looks at her but they were too far apart to speak. And she in fact likewise glanced at him from time to time too, when she could, seeing his hard shining muscles flex with effort. Marie had made him strip naked too and he now stood to attention before his skinny tormentor, his stocky body covered in sweat and a red hand-print standing out on his face too. The bitch was shouting at Mike for not doing something or other and Karen wondered at the self-control he too had to exert not to strike back rather than meekly take it.

“Bend over, you slack bastard!”

Crack!

“Aaahh,” he quietly gasped each time as Marie brought a bamboo cane down across his hard buttocks once, twice, three times.

Karen could see his eyes bright with pain and tears as he stood before her again.

“You can forget using this pathetic thing!” She slapped his penis, making him yelp in renewed pain. “Or this ...”

“Yaaah, “ he winced as she harshly slapped his lined rear.

“It’s this I’m interested in,” she squeezed his muscled arm and



shoulder. "Now I want all that rubbish out so put more effort into it, you pathetic bastard," she hissed. Again she slapped his muscled rump as he bowed and ran off back down the shelter. Karen didn't envy him; that shelter looked old, dark and creepy.

"And what are you looking at?" Marie pointed across to her. "Get on with it, you old scrubber! You can't stop till all those seedlings are in." Karen's knuckles clenched tighter on the handle but, controlling her surging emotions, she simply leaned once again into the spade, her back aching.

Marie had then strolled back to her lounge near to where Karen was working. The bitch poured out a pitcher of lemonade for herself in the knowledge that Karen, sweating and toiling, would be able to hear the sparkling sound of the cool liquid splashing into the glass. It made Karen want to scream with pent up hate for her tormentor. She looked up to see the cow's free hand pressed tightly between her thighs as she in turn watched her. She knew the bitch, who she decided was probably a lesbian, was watching her supple nudity undulate and ripple shining under the sun. How she longed to cover herself from that gaze. Her shapely breasts and bottom jiggled with her movements. However, finally she had completed her task and, as Marie poured out a second pitcher, she called her tired slave over.

When Karen 'accidentally' kicked over Marie's glass, her emotions were initially of rebellious childish pleasure but then came cringing fear of the inevitable consequences. They contrasted so totally with the gloating power of her Mistress.

"Now I'll have to punish my clumsy slave," Marie spoke so deliberately. "Fetch my chair, then the bamboo cane and then fold yourself over the chair - legs nice and wide." She slowly strolled around her victim when she had complied. The avid expression on her thin face expressed delight in the way the cheeks of Karen's bottom pinched up, trembling as her tormentor tapped the cane lightly across them to get her aim.

Whack!

"Haaaaghhhhh!"

When the first blaze of agony cracked across her and bit into one soft globe, Karen threw her head back, the tendons in her graceful neck standing out in taut relief as her pent up breath hissed through her

bared teeth.

**Whack!**

**“Graaaghghhhh, please Miss ...”** she gasped as bands of pain seemed wrap themselves around her hindquarters, drawing ever painfully tighter. She shuddered in dread, shutting her eyes and grinding her teeth as she heard the tormentor’s arm rise again.

**Swack!**

**“Haaaah, goo, noooo, pleeeease.”** That was the hardest stroke of all, making it feel as if the bands around her backside were made of red-hot barbed wire, eating into her tender flesh, slicing deep into it. Her head hung limply as she blinked smarting tears of pain from her big eyes.

After that third painful stroke, sobs shook her beautiful body. Although it hurt like hell it was also the injustice of it all that ate into her soul. The spiteful cow was hurting her just on a sadistic whim. How easy, she thought, would it be to place her hands around that scrawny neck and squeeze?

But on a practical level Karen also realised that the anguished squeezing and releasing of her bottom cheeks had ejected the wad of chewing gum from her anus. Marie crouched before her crying victim, disdainfully kicking the offending gum away with a smirk then pulling up her head by a handful of golden hair so that they looked each other in the eye.

**“If you promise to complete a last gardening task without any more fuss we’ll forget the other strokes I was going to give you and you can have your drink, OK?”**

**“Y-yes Miss, thank you.”** The pain had temporarily broken her and she gratefully nodded her head, wiping her eyes as she stood upright looking at where her Mistress was pointing.

**“That little wooden handle there is for making holes to plant seeds. You will make a dozen holes spaced out in a straight line in the seed bed before me here. However, you will not hold the handle in your hand, you will put it into what is I imagine the favourite part of your anatomy. You will not touch it but hold it there with what I expect are well practised muscles and crouch over each spot I direct you to, working up and down until I have each of my little holes.”** Marie was amused at Karen’s shocked expression. She continued. **“Of course we could instead carry on with the punishment and I might have to make a note of your**

disobedience in your CS record.”

Karen wondered momentarily whether she should rebel, say enough is enough, but she knew the system was on Marie’s side and also that her Master would be home soon; this surely couldn’t go on forever. Therefore she just had to continue, play the cow’s game; the alternative did not bear contemplating. Although Mike was occasionally looking, maybe this wouldn’t be that unpleasant and, although somewhat unusual, she was only obeying orders.

Marie’s hand was pressed even harder between her thighs, which had become hot and a little moist as she watched the naked blonde. Karen had to adopt a splayed leg loping walk, bottom cheeks pinching up to hold the wooden handle in place as if she had a dildo up there, until she reached each spot directed by Marie’s free finger. Then she would crouch, legs splayed wide to expose the full velvet intimacy of her blonde fringed womanhood, bottom tightening even harder to hold the little handle in place and not give it up to the soft earth. She would then undulate her bare haunches gracefully and erotically up and down over each spot. It was indeed almost as if she was making love to the ground.

Karen’s sensuous and shining face looked almost disappointed when the last indentation had been made. Marie herself was now a little moist. However, she told her crouching victim to leave the handle in place and squat before her where she reclined to receive her reward of a drink. One of Karen’s warm hands closed over the cool chill of the glass, her other hand supporting her crouching posture on the balls of her feet.

“Aaah, oooh,” the beauty gasped, wriggling a little when the handle within her began to move. Gently it thrust up and down, in and out, the tips of the previously spiteful fingers now flicking and brushing the moist lips of her womanhood.

Marie guessed that Karen would find it disgusting, that she presumably hated another woman’s touch, but she had to accept that she was a passionate, sensual creature. Her body had almost gone into automatic pilot as the thrusting movement of the handle had, no matter how unwillingly, enlarged the throbbing bud of her clitoris.

“Work with me, girl, let’s make our little stud over there think you’re a lessy,” Marie hissed when Karen tried to wriggle away from the

unnatural touch, pointing to where Mike was looking in their direction whenever he could. "If you don't, I'll give you and the stud a sound thrashing before I go."

She instructed the crouching blonde to splay her thighs even wider and support herself on both hands as Marie's hands played between her lovely creature's trembling thighs. The blonde was just like a magnificent animal, a thoroughbred, she thought, as she removed the handle and replaced it with her fingers. They delved into the woman's hot clinging intimacy.

The beautiful haunches undulated a little, jerking up and down in time to her manipulations; her pink sex lips practically sucking her fingers, first two, then three into her, her body's movements only betrayed by the look of sick disgust on her pretty face as Marie's thumb rubbed hard over her love bud. Then she stopped, making the blonde almost gasp in frustration as another wicked thought entered Marie's head.

"You are like an animal, aren't you?" she breathed into the soft, shining face, "so maybe I should put you out with a stud." She pushed the beauty to her feet, removing her wet fingers from her vagina and again sitting back on her recliner.

"Boy, here!" Marie snapped to Mike. "Quick, run or I'll tan your arse! I haven't long before I have to leave."

Karen groaned silently as Mike ran over them, his penis swinging, so obviously indicating his arousal and that he had seen the display she had been forced to give. Her face took on a deeper hue of shame as Marie's hand stroked down her spine to pat her bottom intimately. Mike, panting, stood to attention and bowed before the spiteful bitch who controlled them both.

"Showing off, are we?" Marie's foot idly flicked Mike's now jutting erection.

"Sorry, Miss." He spoke through gritted teeth, bowing slightly again, covering himself with his hands. He obviously knew that he must grovel to survive this.

"Oh, no need to cover up. I've decided to give you both a reward for your efforts and let you mate with this lesbian bitch in heat here." Marie again slapped Karen's pert bottom, her glinting eyes looking keenly at the apprehensive faces. "She's a fine filly, as I'm sure you often wondered; or maybe you've tried her out already?" She spoke in such an

amused but demeaning manner, looking knowingly at Mike whilst still stroking the curve of Karen's cheeks. "Well, whether you've had her yet or not, I'll let you know." She smiled through thin lips. "But we'll do it like the two thoroughbred horses that you are, right in front of me, now. Blondie will get on all fours and you'll come up from behind her, boy; but you'll keep your hands on your head, not touch her with your hands. I'll guide you in and you'll stop when I tell you. As I said, I haven't got all day!" She smiled again at the look of horror on both twitching faces. "Down, girl!" She savagely smacked Karen again.

Karen wanted the ground to swallow her up. The thought of being with Mike had crossed her mind before and had done so more frequently of late. She had wondered what he would be like as more than just a friend but never could she have imagined finding out in such a degrading and shameful manner. But she obediently sank to her knees.

"On all fours, girl, bottom up, legs apart ready! You all people should know how," the spiteful voice snapped from behind as Karen so reluctantly obeyed to display herself. The girl's hands patted the curve of her flank with familiarity as she was positioned to her satisfaction. She felt Mike close behind her, imagining his feelings too. Then Marie's fingers brushed her sex, making her wriggle away in disgust. "Hold still, girl! You liked my fingers up you just now. Here he comes."

She gasped as she felt the hot, rigid pole of Mike's lust, held by her tormentor's hand, brush the waiting lips of her sex. She braced herself, truly like an animal, licking her lips, pondering Mike's feelings.

It was bitter-sweet for Mike. He had lost count of how long he wanted to make love to the lovely Karen but never like this, like an animal on display. He had always imagined it happening in the darkened privacy of a bedroom. He wanted to tell her how much he loved her, her lips opening under his, his hands gently stroking her hair, her face, watching her eyes open wide as he gently thrust deep into her. Her lovely face would defuse with soft passion as he slowly penetrated her, taking her to an orgasm, watching it in her face as he explored her enticing curves, exploding together.

Now she was laid out before him like a previously forbidden feast, one he was forbidden to touch and enjoy properly. How he longed to hold her, kiss her, pull her against him, kiss her neck and back as he held her

swinging breasts, crushing the berry-like nipples into his hands as he sought out the moist opening in her oyster-like sex. Then he would thrust in to fold their bodies together.

Instead he had to endure the hateful Marie's hands holding his erection. Possibly, he thought, it was something she had wanted to do for the several years he had known her in his circle of acquaintances. It nearly made him shrink but recalling the sight of Karen writhing with Marie, two women together, no matter that she hated it, spurred him on.

It was a torture not to be able to touch the delicious curve of his love's bottom or caress her mauve, down-covered lips, peeking below, to probe the velvet depths. But when the glistening tip of his manhood first brushed her moist warmth he was lost in a frenzied sea of passion, especially as Marie had told them to be quick.

"Graaaaa," he gasped in pleasure as Karen's exquisite and tight wet heat enveloped his throbbing erection. It was like sinking into a hot glove filled with oil and he pushed in to the hilt, feeling her cool bottom against his belly clenching as her internal muscles gave him a reassuring squeeze, gripping him, milking him almost. He needed no second bidding. His lust building, his hips began thrusting in and out in rhythm with Karen's jerks. They were indeed just like the animals Marie had said.

"Hah, hah, hah," Karen's gasps were added to his and it was only with the greatest effort of will that he kept his hands clasped to his neck rather than pulling their hot bodies together. He could feel himself building up, his mouth going slack.

"That will do! Stop now!" Marie's voice was crisp, brooking no dissent, as she stared at them, wiping her glasses with a cloth. "One more thrust, one little squirt of lust and I'll make sure you both suffer for it with extended sentences. I'll tell them you fornicated at my house without permission – see what happens then!" she laughed sadistically

He groaned. It was like using a handbrake to stop a runaway car. He so much wanted to continue jerking and thrusting into Karen's succulent depths, to feel the heat of her womanhood enticing and sucking; but he knew Marie had not made an idle threat. Clenching his teeth and belly, he somehow managed to stop pumping. It felt as if he was hanging in midair, his toes curled with tension.

"Good boy!" her voice was triumphant.

His face was a contortion of impotent lust as he eased back to allow his throbbing length, so nearly fulfilled, to slide, glistening, from Karen's heavenly sex. His hands remained clenched impotently and obediently on his neck.

He could so easily have killed the smirking cow as he fought to regain his breathing, his erection pointing like an accusing sword ahead of him but now in isolation as Marie pulled Karen to her feet, her arm familiarly around the panting, flushed body. He knew that he wanted the beautiful blonde so much and that this near physical fulfilment had only confirmed his existing feelings for her.

"Us girls are going to the shed to finish off whilst you carry on getting the stuff from the shelter, boy." Marie flicked his jutting arousal so hard that he practically cried, watching through blurred eyes as the lovely undulating blonde, with a pitiful look at him over her shoulder, was led away to the shed with Marie's arm draped around her supple waist. If anything his erection grew stronger at the thought of what would probably be happening between the two women within that shed.

"Use your fingers quick, under my skirt! We don't have much time," Marie hissed to Karen when she had kicked the door to after them.

Soon she was in heaven. She guessed that the blonde hated any such lesbian touch but that simply added to her pleasure. The woman's long, cool fingers eased past her wet pants and slid against her dripping sex. She guided her, hissing instructions as to where and when to rub and flick before, in turn, her fingers slid towards the warm, wet valley of the blonde's own sex. Pulling their bodies together as they stood in the shed, Marie thrust two of her fingers brutally straight up into the blonde's furry nest, thumbing her awakening bud, feeling her wriggle wetly around her.

"Kiss me properly," she breathed to Karen. The fire rose further in her belly as her victim's full lips closed over hers, her mouth wine sweet under her tongue.

Soon she had Karen on the run. Despite her preferences for men, the blonde was surrendering to her probing fingers and Karen's fingers were in turn pressing all of the right buttons under her own knickers. Within a minute both women, originally aroused for different reasons, were gasping their satisfaction, shuddering onto each other's shoulders.

**Flinging her head back and mouth open, Marie gasped to an orgasm, her hands tightly gripping the magnificently smooth and curvaceous bottom of the blonde entwined with her.**

**Marie then allowed Karen to dress. The two women were still alone in the hot intimacy of the shed like two conspirators, Marie passing each article of clothing to Karen, who sheepishly avoided her tormentor's eyes.**

**When Karen heard her master's voice she gave a silent prayer of thanks as Marie returned to a more businesslike manner before announcing that she had to go to work.**

**\* \* \***

**"Good, I see your Mistress, my wife, has kept you busy," Tony announced minutes later as Marie prepared to leave. Mike had to continue to struggle, putting all of the junk still required back into the shelter. "You'll cut the lawns next," he ordered her. "I've got a motor mower, girl, but you'll use the manual one to save electricity. It's heavy, but you're a strong girl, I should think." He squeezed her shoulders. "I'm going to change while you get on with it."**

**As she struggled with the heavy mower, Karen's tongue briefly darted rudely out towards Marie's back as Tony kissed his wife goodbye and went indoors. Then she set about her task. It wasn't easy but she had been told to do it and her Master and Mistress both expected to see the fruits of her labours. She guessed that Tony was keeping up some kind of pretence for the benefit of his wife and maybe Mike too. But she was nevertheless soon perspiring freely again under the hot sun as she pushed the heavy mower.**

**Then another possible reason for Tony's attitude became apparent: they weren't left quite alone. Karen became aware of a crop-haired teenager in a school uniform staring with amusement at her toiling. The girl was just as skinny and ugly as her elder sister, Marie. Patsy had returned from school; she attended the same one as Karen's own daughter, Lee-Ann. Marie's young sister at seventeen was the same age as Lee-Ann, and Karen knew from previous meetings that she was a proper little 'madam.' That had been before CS, when she had been**



free, equal to Marie and Patsy. Now things weren't quite the same – and Patsy knew it.

“Hi Mrs Pennant, or perhaps it's OK to call you Karen now? Or perhaps I shouldn't talk to you at all, or maybe I should just call you, slave?” the youngster's sing-song voice mocked her sadistically. “Hey it's rude not to reply – slave!” the young cow persisted. “You hear me, you old cow?”

“Sorry, Pat ... Miss,” Karen managed to correct herself, the words sticking in her throat as she stopped to wipe her sticky brow with her arm.

“Is that hard work with that mower? It looks hot, you're sweating a bit. Well, are you finding it hard going?”

“Yes Miss.” Karen tried to keep her expression even as the teenage cow sipped a glass of cool water in the shade.

“Would the slave like a drink?”

“Well, just a glass of water maybe, Miss.”

Perhaps the girl had changed and matured Karen pondered, realising just how much she would like a glass of water to quench her thirst. It was hot work especially coming after her previous ordeal with Marie.

“Well you can't, you're here to work!” Patsy pulled a face, carefully tipping a whole beaker of cool water onto the lawn. “Get on with it, you lazy bitch, or I'll make sure you're in trouble for slacking.” She smirked into Karen's shining, crestfallen face, knowing she held all of the aces.

Tony emerged from his shower and before dressing he watched the toiling blonde figure below through the bedroom window.

“Girl!” he called out.

“Yes Sir,” Karen stopped immediately looking up at her Master, his large bare torso partially concealed by the fluttering curtain.

“You look a bit hot, remove your skirt and tee-shirt; continue just in your underwear.”

“Yes Sir.” With a hesitant glance at Mike and the gloating Patsy she pulled off her outer clothing and folded them on the lounge before returning to pushing the mower.

“I now know, slave,” said Patsy, ill-concealed jealousy etched on her spiteful young face, “why women of your age should keep their clothes on!” She practically snarled the last words of the obvious lie.

Karen's initial instinct had been to fly at the youngster, slap her silly,

knock away the smirk which had returned to her face as she surveyed Karen's exposed body. However, she somehow restrained herself. She was vulnerably half naked and helpless within the young cow's control. If she did anything, applied the discipline which the girl so sorely needed, Marie would have a field day with her and Tony could do nothing to protect her, even if he took pity on her and wanted to. Also the barbs about her body had struck home. No matter how many times a woman is complimented, she always needs reassurance and standing as she did now, in her underwear before a snooty young cow who mocked her, Karen's confidence was demolished. It took all her control not to run away crying. Instead she tried to ignore the giggling youngster, grunting with effort as she resumed pushing the heavy mower away from the girl.

She simply had to forget Patsy and Mike as well, feeling for him as he continued his tasks, with him probably guessing what might happen to her now that Tony was home. She could do nothing about it and indeed, did she want to? Her mind was still in a state of confusion.

Maybe, she thought, Mike might be grateful for getting less unwarranted attention. Tony's first command to him had been for him to dress. Her Master obviously had no desire to watch a naked man heaving old furniture in and out of his air-raid shelter. However, Karen could imagine Mike's feelings as Patsy strolled across to him, thankfully leaving her to the lawn and the possible attentions of her Master.

"You look hot, too. Take off your clothes, slave!" she heard Patsy's command to Mike in the distance. As Karen pushed the mower back towards the house she cringed for Mike as he strained with the furniture, his naked, hairy body glistening with sweat. Patsy sat relaxed, watching him. "You're more of an ape than a man - and I always thought apes had big ones ..." Karen heard the young girl's mocking taunts as she pushed the mower away from them to complete the lawn. She just hoped that Patsy wouldn't pick on her again when she finished that task.

She saw Tony stroll out onto the patio, looking at her. She continued her task, not tempting fate. Wiping a hand over her sticky brow, she surveyed with relief the closely cut lawn, drinking in the smell of freshly cut grass and trying to ignore the shouted comments from Patsy as she tormented Mike. Karen's panties had ridden high into her cleft and were practically moulded to her with perspiration. They had to be

virtually transparent. She stole a glance at Tony's muscled body, which was covered only by a pair of shorts.

Tony sighed at the delicious power he could exercise over the blonde beauty as she strained behind the mower. The skimpy white underwear concealed practically nothing of her shining, rounded curves. It was hard for him to believe the utter control he could exercise over her thanks to the state and CS system. He could make a beautiful woman strip and carry out backbreaking tasks - on his whim. Yet he had feelings for her, which he daren't always show - at least not in public.

"Come, girl!"

Shaking her long hair loose from plastering her brow, Karen walked gracefully, undulating, to him, following him inside.

"Get them off," he demanded brusquely, still keeping in the character of a CS 'Master' when they were alone in his study.

With subtle feminine wriggles and tugs, Karen's bra and panties were soon in a silken puddle at her bare feet. She gave a delicious rippling shudder when his hand gently lifted her chin until her darting eyes were captured by his piercing stare. Then his strong hands ran down the moist arching curve of her spine to clasp each cheek of her bottom, crushing her soft willing nudity against the male hardness, which she would clearly be able to feel through the shorts. The hard tips of her breasts were crushed like ripe berries against his torso. Such had been her ordeals, her relief to be safe for the moment from Marie and Patsy, that she relished the touch - remembering it from past experiences with him. And anything was better than to be in the garden within Patsy's firing line of torments.

With seemingly urgent, eager hands, she tugged his shorts down to allow his long thick rod to spring upwards in release. As if it were a precious injured bird, Karen took his throbbing length between her hands, gently stroking her fingertips over the pulsing skin. Then impatiently she raised herself onto tiptoe and guided him deep into her moist velvet silken depths, gripping him, undulating up and down over him

Tony's hands mauled and squeezed the ripe fruit of her breasts, sucking her large red nipples into his mouth, his tongue circling and tickling as Karen's haunches rippled over his spear of desire embedded

in her moist velvet depths. Sliding into her was like pulling on a warm honey-soaked silken glove, he had once told her. His hands returned to the firm roundness of her bottom cheeks and began pumping her urgently up and down. Then his fingers delved into the sweaty cleft between, seeking out her other hot, hidden entrance and probing it slightly. With some wriggling reluctance her anus gripped his finger. But she was lost in other feelings as she gasped to a shuddering climax in his arms.

“I thought you’d never get back,” Karen moaned softly to him, pressing harder against him, relishing his touch, albeit with some guilt.

“Sorry, sweetheart,” Tony whispered in Karen’s ear, gently nibbling the lobe. “I was called away, I don’t like leaving you with Marie, let alone my awful sister-in-law! We seem to be stuck with her for a while! It couldn’t be helped. The trouble is, the courts made Marie the main victim against whom the redress is due.”

Karen’s tongue darting into his mouth, exploring, silencing, was seemingly all the answer he needed.

Half an hour later, after Karen and Mike had their worksheets signed by their Master, their journey home was by mutual agreement a silent one, neither wishing to discuss the day’s events, good or bad.

## **CHAPTER 4**

**“Oh my ... how could you, sweetheart ... oh my...” Karen was at a loss for words when her somewhat wild child daughter, Lee-Ann, sheepishly filled in the details after an unexpected visit by the CS people to their house. The lovely dark haired beauty told her Mother how she had started a fight with Patsy at school when the girl had continued to jibe her about her Mother being in servitude. Worse, she explained how the fight had developed and Lee-Ann had ended up whacking her bitching opponent with a stick.**

**Now Lee-Ann had to report along with Karen to the next CS session that day, with house visits to Patsy - as Lee-Ann’s victim - to follow. Apparently because the terrible playground ‘crime’ was ‘linked’ to her Mother’s there was no need for Lee-Ann to be tried in court. Instead her CS sentence would be ‘bolted on’ to her Mother’s. This was a never-ending and ever deepening nightmare for Karen.**

**After trying to prepare her daughter and to explain what would likely happen, Karen left her house with Lee-Ann, both of them wearing the shaming CS uniforms.**

**\* \* \***

**Lee-Ann chewed her customary gum, trying to be brave, trying to ignore the swelling pit of fear in her stomach. She wished that her strong, tough boyfriend, Rob, was with her for support but she knew that he couldn’t be. In truth, though, she wouldn’t want him to see her in the short blue smock and demeaning CS fluorescent straps. Having been told by her Mother of the kind of servile obedience that she would be required to give, she had even considered running away with Rob, away from these coming ordeals. Yet she knew, and had been cautioned by her Mother, of the folly of even thinking along those lines. She would then be classed as a criminal and the university she had been aiming for and the subsequent well-heeled career would be dreams of dust. She had to see this through but was determined not to show any fear before her Mother. She would show her that she could take it; she was wearing her**

**‘lucky’ red thong and bra. They were a present from Rob and only good things happened when she wore them - she’d be OK.**

**The CS place was grim, foreboding, as were the creased and stern faces of the guards who peeked in her small designer bag and told her to spit out her gum. Several eyes swivelled to her as she strode in beside her Mother. The straps of the high-heeled sandals came nearly to her knees, and above, her shapely legs disappeared under the short smock. She tried to exude confidence; determined that she would not be cowed by these swine into being a different person than she was.**

**Yet within ten minutes of sitting casually cross-legged on the hard bench, her bravado was deflating fast. After witnessing several of those around her struggling out of their clothes before amused and lecherous eyes, the impact of just what was to come was sinking in. She knew, she had been told a million times in the latter of her seventeen years, that she was a stunningly good looking girl. Her Mother was too was a beauty; she had seen men looking, her blonde hair complementing and contrasting with Lee-Ann’s dark hair, which matched her Father’s. Now both of them would have to... have to... her mind faltered at the shock of what she would have to do.**

**“Pennant Karen and Pennant, Lee-Ann, outer clothes off for searching, then cubicle 13!” The metallic voice sent an ice-cold bolt of fear from her belly into her bottom. Her mouth gaped, her limbs had frozen; this was it, the sickening moment which she had been trying to put from her mind. The last of her courage was dissipating fast. Then her Mother’s hand was on her arm, squeezing reassurance.**

**“Come, Lee-Ann, sweetheart, we must do it, you’ll be OK. Just blank your eyes, don’t look at any of them.” Her mother whispered advice as she stood up, pulling her up with her.**

**Like a robot she copied Karen in easing off the stupid CS marker. Then, teeth compressing her lip, she too pulled off her smock. The appreciative murmurs at the sight of the small red undergarments clinging to her youthful body hit her. She wished she were alone in her bedroom or in Rob’s, curling her softness around him, teasing. Tears prickled the back of her eyes but she was determined not to shed them. In fact, she tore her eyes from the floor to try and meet those of the grubby-faced thug sitting near to her. It was impossible; the sight of him licking his lips as he appraised her practically exposed charms was too**

much. Brazenly he gazed at her boobs and around to the cheeks of her bottom. Normally she would have been teasingly proud to flash her enticing assets, but only in a controlled environment. Now all the control rested with the horrid system. Stifling her sobs, she scurried after her mother, clutching her clothes to her swaying, exposed body.

“Hand them in, honey, then hands on head.” Lee-Ann was confronted by a Negress guard, the girl probably not being many years older than she was.

Lee-Ann was no longer a confident, brash teenager; she was a timid frightened girl. But when she saw the look of deep parental concern on her mother’s face as she stood so obediently with her hands on her head whilst a male guard ran his paws over her body, she somehow found sufficient courage not to cry, beg or cower. If her mother could do it, so could she. Staring straight ahead, blankly as her mother had suggested, she raised her arms conscious of the movement pulling her small breasts upwards to strain against the tiny covering of her bra.

“Wow, you sure as hell all tarted up in some finery for someone, honey, not me, eh?” the girl laughed as her dark hands ran sickeningly over her boobs, momentarily moulding to them on the journey downwards. “Nice neat little arse too, but we can see most of it anyway!” the girl laughed again, patting the exposed curve of her bottom where the spheres were divided and emphasised by her tiny thong.

It made Lee-Ann almost as angry to see the other guard, an older man, touching her mother, seeing his dirty hands on her flesh. She had a sick and disgusted expression on her pained face as he playfully bounced her boobs.

Lee-Ann’s face was contorted in a grimace of anxiety as she stood obediently outside cubicle 13, her hands aching on her neck where she was squeezing them together so tensely. The gaze of numerous eyes penetrated her bare back almost like a physical force, it felt like tiny daggers stripping away her minuscule clothing. She was practically sobbing before a voice oozed from within that cubicle, allowing them entry. Her mother swished aside the curtain. Lee-Ann felt the sickness rising in her belly at the sight of the man sitting within who she knew had virtually limitless control over both her and her mother.

“Nice to see you again.... Mrs er ... Pennant and this must be your lovely daughter ... Lee-Ann.” His greasy entreaty indicated to her that

this was the obnoxious creature, Grisswold, who her mother had sometimes spoken of when pressed for details of what such visits to CS HQ were like. “Stand here, side by side, nothing to hide from me now, eh?” he beamed at her mother. “And so it will be for your daughter, eh?” he licked fleshy lips. “She looks very young.”

“Don’t ...” the exclamation dripped from Lee-Ann’s slack mouth as the little, glinting, piggy eyes roamed over her; instinctively her hands crossed over her jutting and practically exposed boobs.

“Oh dear,” his voice now had an unpleasant edge. “I had hoped that your mother would have already instructed you on what to expect here and advised against any form of disobedience.” His lips thinned in cruelty.

“Sweetheart, please, hands back on your head ... please do it,” urged her mother, desperately pulling her hands back in place to once again expose her boobs to his lecherous gaze - barely concealed in their tiny red lacy cups.

Lee-Ann stood obediently as directed, knowing from her expression what it had cost her mother to force her to expose herself in that manner. But she sensed and knew that neither of them had any choice. She was barely able to meet the creep’s eyes as his distasteful ugliness almost contaminated her spring beauty. How she longed for her boyfriend to burst in and kick the bastard’s lights out until he begged for mercy. But she knew that wouldn’t happen. She and her mother were the ones at the mercy of the fat old creep. He was the epitome of a dirty old man – and she was in his power, forced to display nearly all of her teenage charms before his lecherous and gloating features. It was her worst nightmare, indeed any girl’s worst nightmare; but she had to live it and endure it somehow.

“Nice, very nice.” The pervert’s piggy eyes roamed at will over her, making her feel unclean, sick. She shuddered but worse was to come.

“As your mother knows, I need to examine you totally before you begin your CS service in order to verify your, er, condition, my dear. So if you’d now kindly remove your pretty underwear please, I’ll have a look and...”

“What! You cannot expect me to...”

Slap!

Lee-Ann stopped, aghast, as the creep had suddenly slapped her,



leaving her ears singing, her face stinging. It was so unexpected and painful. Enraged, her muscles tensed to strike back but somehow she restrained herself, shocked. It was so far beyond any of her previous experiences that she simply didn't know what to do. No one dared hit her. But now they had ... and no-one had stopped them. No one could do so – not even her mother. In her heart she knew that she was beaten and was becoming more frightened now.

“Please dear, do it, you must, we’ve no choice, get it out the way. They’ll only hurt you otherwise; please...” her mother implored, her face a mask of frenzied concern and hurt for her.

“Wise words from your lovely mother, little girl.” The brute put an arm around her mother’s bare, trembling shoulders, looking like a bear mauling her. “In fact, your mother can undress too, make you feel at home if that helps. And shall we say that, hmm ... if you are both not completely undressed, hands on head in thirty seconds, you’ll receive six strokes of the cane each, in public, outside the cubicle. How does that sound, eh?” he smirked. “Oh and you will always address me as Sir, I’m surprised that your Mother hasn’t already explained that either. You understand now?”

“But....”

Slap!

“Haah,” Lee-Ann gasped, shrinking back in disbelief, holding the red, stinging imprint of pain her other cheek, still trying to accept that the brute had just slapped her again. She would normally have said or done something in retaliation in the outside world. It would be in a scale between leaping at her aggressor, allowing her parents or boyfriend to do so, or taking legal action. However, things weren’t normal. She was in new, strange and frightening world where she was forced to stand nearly naked before a monster and meekly undress in front of him at his command, grovel to him.

“You always address me as Sir, otherwise I assure you girl, both you and your Mother will regret it! You understand? Practice it!”

“Please Lee-Ann, just do it, we’ve no choice, they’ll do terrible things to us and we’ll end up having to do what they asked anyway,” her mother practically sobbed.

“Well?” Grisswold insisted.

“Yes... Sir,” Lee-Ann repeated in a low, soft voice, beaten, biting her

lip, eyes downcast.

“Louder, please,” he insisted.

“Yes Sir.” She tried to sound brave.

“Good. Now strip stark bollock naked please, little girlie.” His voice was sharp and loud. To her shame she knew that everyone outside the cubicle would have heard it too.

Her mother gave a weak smile and reached round to unclasp her own bra, trying to encourage her. Lee-Ann felt hot and sticky with shame, facing the wall and looking down at the floor as she slid off her bra and pushed down her small knickers, wanting the floor to swallow her up.

Alongside, encouraging her, maybe, her mother had removed her own underwear and on request had passed it to the grinning creep who pressed it to his face. She now stood stiffly before him, looking anxiously at her, nodding encouragement.

“Hand them to me, like your mother’s, please, I’m sure they are just as soft and silky and will smell nice too. They will smell of you and remind me of you.” The bastard held out his podgy paw towards her.

This was, she thought, the ultimate indignity, having to peel off her most intimate clothing and then give it to the lecher. It was horrible when his moist fingers brushed hers as they closed over the lovely things, her ‘lucky’ knickers, leaving her feeling tainted and ashamed. As she saw him push them under his nose, sniffing them, she’d decided she’d never wear those clothes again after today. She felt sick with shame, anger and fear.

Her feelings as she undressed, if she could have known it, were so similar to her Mother’s when she had first stood completely naked and helpless before the horrible lecherous pervert who controlled her. Sickness fear, shame and anger all vied within her as she stood eyes downcast, unable to meet those of her mocking tormentor as he surveyed her as his prize. Her face burnt red with shame as well as from his slaps.

“Face me, that’s it, side by side, elbows back, stick those chests out. Very nice, very pretty, I can see the similarities,” the creep murmured as he surveyed both trembling women. “I can see the mother and daughter resemblance. You must get your dark hair from your father because your mother is a natural blonde eh?” The creep lightly patted her mother’s bottom, then sickeningly stroked her pubic bush. “And such

well shaped breasts, two lovely pears.” Lee-Ann steeled herself as he peered at her.

“Hah, don’t; you can’t ...” She squirmed away slightly as his fingers disgustingly touched her boobs, making them bounce a little.

“Oh I think you’re wrong there, little girl,” his lips compressed in a vicious smile. “I can do just whatever I want with you whilst you are on CS service; here you’re mine. Is that not right, Mrs ...Pennant?”

“Yes, yes Sir, - just do as they say, sweetheart, you have to whilst you’re here, it will soon be over,” her mother continued earnestly to her daughter. Karen’s eyes fluttered closed for a moment as the creep now held her breasts as a demonstration.

“More wise words from your mother, little girl, you see, she has learnt to accept it,” he smiled. “But I’m noting these indiscretions and the rebelliousness which we must eradicate from you.” Grisswold smiled cruelly as he fondled and weighed her mother’s breasts with complete possession whilst she stood compliant, unmoving, allowing it; the only mirror to her feelings being the sick look on her tense shining face. “I’m now going to examine you,” he addressed Lee-Ann, “and for you - and your mother’s sake –” he idly bounced her mother’s breasts before moving away, “I’d suggest you learn manners, young lady; it will otherwise go badly – very badly - for you both.”

Lee-Ann closed her eyes and tried to close her mind too as the hot sweating hands moulded to her ripe young boobs, her nipples tightening involuntarily.

“Hmm, nice firm young breasts. That’s better, you’re learning to behave now,” he spoke idly as he touched and stroked her.

“Hah,” she gasped, rising up on tiptoes and wriggling as the large fingers slid like slime over the ripe, pouting lips of her sex.

“Hmm, you’re developing well, young lady,” he purred as his slug-like appendages rubbed back and forth over her soft portals.

“Uggh ...please.” she gasped when he pushed one finger into her.

“Tut, tut, not a virgin then,” he remarked with a wink at her mother. “Children of today, eh! Now round the other side ...” He curled a hand round her waist, turning her, holding her bottom, the small pert cheeks of which squeezed together desperately as a finger slid into her cleft. “No obvious marks at the start of your CS service but we must be sure ...”

“Please...” she whimpered but somehow managed to stay in position

as that awful, disgusting finger rubbed over her tight puckered heat, curling slightly inwards so its tip met her rubbery resistance. She braced herself for the expected worst intrusion in a way she knew she would find so horrible, desperately pinching up her small bottom.

Suddenly the curtain swished back to reveal two young hard-faced CS policemen in full uniform carrying guns and a stun-stick. Immediately Karen and Lee-Ann jumped back against the far wall, instinctively covering their nudity from the men and also the countless interested eyes in the waiting room.

“What?... Please, we-we are in this cubicle, you cannot...” Lee-Ann assumed that the policemen thought it was an empty cubicle for a new victim and the words were out of her mouth before she could stop them. “No, ooooofff,” she gasped doubling up under the gloved fist punching her belly winding her, making her feel sick and want to go toilet all at once. Tears stained her eyes.

“Please no, huuuuuh,” her mother had joined in to support her daughter, but both were now doubled up, clutching their bellies, gasping for breath.

Then hands knotted in their hair, dragging them both upright again, uncaring of the pain in their stomachs so that their terrified faces were inches from those of the snarling policemen, whose faces were contorted with rage.

“You cunts don’t fucking try telling us what we do!” one of them shouted loudly, his hate-filled face shoved up against Lee-Ann’s, making her wilt away in terror.

“We’re here for the council tour inspection, you were given a note about it this morning,” the other policeman snapped to Grisswold as his colleague glared into Karen and Lee-Ann’s petrified faces.

“Oh yes, I’d forgotten for the moment but please, yes do carry on,” Grisswold pontificated, trying to regain control of the situation.

“Right you fuckers ain’t got nothing we’ve not seen before or want to look at now and the dignitaries sure won’t,” the policeman’s face creased slightly out of rage, his eyes glinting down the two gorgeous, shivering bodies. “Maybe later - some of you bad cases get sent to the police barracks for special discipline eh,” he smirked, painfully grabbing Lee-Ann’s boobs, making her pretty face crumble again in pain and terror. “So... for now, face the wall, fucing face the wall!” He snarled like a

parade sergeant inches before their wide, terrified eyes and the command boomed around the small cubicle. It made Karen and Lee-Ann jump, nearly wetting themselves in stark terror. "Spread-eagle against the wall, lean against the fucking wall, arms and legs wide, like a cross, wider, wider you fucking whores! Noses against the wall, touching it, both of you, noses pressed touching the fucking wall! Keep it that way!"

The policemen grabbed them, pulling and shoving them into position at first touching them impersonally as if they were slabs of meat whilst Grisswold stood back, arms folded, silent.

"Now fucking don't move, I don't wanna see you even fucking breathe," one of them growled into Karen's gasping face. "You stay like that, not moving and not fucking talking, until the dignitaries have been and gone again, then you continue following the orders of Inspector Grisswold. They'll be here in a minute," one of the policemen remarked to Grisswold as the other regarded the two shivering beauties.

"Now you two sweet-arses look, real good, you just better behave, no moving, silent as mice or you know what you'll get, from all of us - right up both of your arses," the other policeman spoke quietly now, a voice laden with menace. The shining faces of both captive women quivered in fear as he gently patted their bottoms, which shrank under his touch, before leaving and moving onto the next cubicle where his shouted instructions boomed out again.

Lee-Ann had never felt so terrified. She was naked before brutes who could hurt her, probably rape her at will and her mother too if she gave them any opportunity. She had longed to slap away the leather-gloved hands patting her flesh, but instead remained immobile, nose pressed obediently to the wall. How she wished she could sink into it out of sight, instead just concentrating on controlling her breathing, aware of her breasts rubbing against the wall with each breath.

"I think you two now have some idea what can happen to you if you step out of line or disobey me. Just continue to obey me and you'll maybe avoid that," Grisswold breathed, arranging her and Karen's hair on their shoulders and back before resuming his seat to write at his table, ignoring the two still, silent figures. She almost breathed a sigh of relief that it was only him, despite his being a lecherous creep, rather than the vicious policemen; slime rather than crude violence.

After five minutes they heard voices coming closer, posh dignified

voices rather than crude shouting, although the policeman's voice was amongst them, making her tremble in dread.

Lee-Ann held her breath, her heart hammering as the curtains swished open and she sensed people behind her although she dare not even turn her head, keeping her nose firmly against the wall as instructed. She wished she could stop the nervous twitching of her bottom, imagining all eyes being drawn to it.

"Hmm, that one's quite young," a deep rich man's voice spoke.

"Yes, quite and they are both quite pretty," another man's voice joined in. Lee-Ann nearly jumped, squirming away as an unseen hand stroked and patted her bottom, making her feel like a zoo exhibit.

"Oh, please no," she whispered, her bottom shivering even more uncontrollably, making one of the men laugh.

"Shut it, whore!" growled the policeman. "You were told not to speak and I'm sure the inspector will have something to say about that later."

"Why are they kept like that, you know, without clothes?" a posh voice asked. "Many of them seem to be undressed in these cubicles," the unseen speaker continued.

"Yes, it's left to the inspector who sees them, but it's normally wise for the CS to have a good look at them during these visits, monitor things. It prevents any of them trying to claim afterwards that they've been hurt or scarred by their victims, you know?" the policeman explained.

"Hmm, these two look in good shape, no damage eh," one of the men laughed. "I wonder, can they turn round so I can see for myself?"

"Surely," the policemen concurred. "Right you two, keep your hands on your head, move to the middle of the room, turn slowly on the spot; keep looking down, no eye contact. Do it!" he barked.

Lee-Ann wanted the ground to open under her as she slowly shuffled round, her face burning in shame and fear. Although looking down at her bare feet, she was vaguely aware of several well dressed officious men and a woman in cubicle with the vicious policeman.

There could be nothing more shaming for a woman, a girl, she thought, than to be naked, helpless, surrounded by hostile fully dressed men and women with crude eyes peeling away the layers of her self-confidence respect and civilisation. She knew they were all looking at her small jiggling breasts and bottom as she obeyed and looking at her mother, making her long to cover her shivering body. Below her flat

belly was the wiry tangle of her pubis and she could imagine the hungry eyes dissecting the lips of her sex. In her young life few people had seen her naked and never under circumstances such as these. She had, though, undressed for her boyfriend in her darkened bedroom, before diving giggling under her sheets with him; she wished he was here now to charge bellowing in, fists flailing to smash their grinning faces in.

“Back to the wall, legs and arms wide, lean against it again, nose to it!” the policeman shouted again when they again faced the wall, making her jump but obey instantly, pressing tight against the wall, on wide quivering arms and legs. She didn’t care that her spread legs would reveal her furry pout, only wanting to shrivel away, pretend the swine weren’t there. Then a man’s hand lightly tapped the small of her back and bottom, making her flinch.

“Nice little fillies. No marks on them; they’ve been treated, well all right.”

“I know how I’d like to treat...”

“Leave the little tarts alone, we’re behind the schedule and a lunch has been arranged, hasn’t it, officer?” chirped in a female voice, interrupting the smug men.

“Yes Ma’am, that’s right. We’d better move along,” the policeman thankfully agreed.

“Hmm, keep up the good work, give ‘em hell eh? They’re criminals after all and not worthy of sympathy.” Someone patted her mother’s bottom again. The sharp sound of a slap of hands against soft skin made her close her eyes and bite her lip and then they had gone.

Lee-Ann gave a sigh of almost relief that they were once again alone with Grisswold. How her outlook had changed in the last half hour. Now she was relieved to be naked in the hands of a perverted creep. It made her realise too how she was now regarded as sub-human, just a CS criminal, as the dignitary had said. On any other day she and her mother were decent law abiding folk but on CS days they were just things to be examined, hurt and exploited for inspection; paraded as examples of a criminal underclass, their feelings totally disregarded.

\* \* \*

“You’ve been bad girls, I’m afraid, making a scene when the police

entered and I cannot ignore that. It reflects badly on me.” Grisswold lightly tapped the two pairs of delicious bottoms with his cane, watching the lovely globes shrink. “I cannot believe you actually spoke, questioned them, little Lee-Ann,” he sighed. “I shall need to punish you - it will be expected. It’s up to you whether that punishment takes place in here, in private, or alternatively in public outside. After which, if it’s a public thrashing, I’m afraid that the, er ... enthusiastic young policemen outside will undoubtedly want to vent their, er ... feelings on both of you two in their barrack block,” he smiled. “So, what’s it to be would you prefer me to punish you in here, just the three of us, or should I leave you to the policeman to deal with? Well?”

“Y-yes Sir ... please, in-in here,” the cowed mother and daughter whispered through quivering lips, a part of their minds wondering how they could be in a situation where they had actually volunteered to be punished by the bastard.

“Right, wise choice I think,” he smiled, rubbing his large red hands gleefully. “Away from the wall, stand in the middle of the room, keeping your hands on your heads, please, ladies,” he instructed briskly, watching their jiggling flesh with greed as they shuffled to obey. “It will be necessary for your punishment,” he grabbed Lee-Ann’s chin, “to be more severe than your mother’s because you were the main culprit. You’ll both wear nipple clamps for the remainder of your appointment here and Lee-Ann will also receive a personal spanking from me over my lap. If you have any problems with that I’ll get the policemen in here to take you away and provide their own style of punishment. Right, you accept my punishment instead?” he spoke briskly.

“Yes, Sir,” they replied meekly, shivering in dread, feeling as if the walls were closing in on them.

Lee-Ann felt helpless, her posture elevating her heaving breasts, watching with wide, terrified eyes as the beast advanced with some small metal and rubber clamps. She was unable to prevent a whimper of terror as his fingers trapped and enclosed one of her sensitive red buds.

“Ow ... please,” she gasped as the bastard actually flicked it, actually flicked her nipple, the pain shooting into her.

In response she felt it swell to a fearful hardness under his loathsome touch. How could this be happening to her? A fat old creep was actually touching her nipples! They were one of her most intimate and precious



feminine attributes. She recalled the last such touch on her nipples, from Rob, his lips and fingertips. But she knew this would be something quite different. Her eyes practically bulged, her fingers remaining laced to her neck by only a superhuman effort as he slid the sharp jaws of the horrible cold clamp over her sensitive knob of flesh, making her wince at the unnatural metallic touch.

“Graaaaaghhhhh,” she cried, tears of pain springing to her eyes as he tightened a tiny wheel to trap and crush her delicate flesh between the jaws.

It felt as if a tiny imp was biting her most sensitive flesh sending a hot corkscrew of pain right into her breast. Her mouth gaped slackly as he smiled cheerily at her - making her wonder how someone could treat another so. Dearly she so wanted to wrench that clamp off, wipe that sickly smile from his face, to kill him as he smiled at her intimate and excruciating pain inflicted for his own sick pleasure. She licked her lips, eyes even wider as he rubbed her second bud to an obscene hardness between eager fingers. What, she wondered, would Rob do if he were a witness to this pervert’s attack? Yet she knew that he was as cowed by the State and its new laws as anyone else. He could do absolutely nothing to help her; no one could.

“Please ... Sir, aaaahhh,” her plea turned into a gasp of pain, her eyes screwed shut as another wave of agony drilled into her as he tightened the second clamp.

When she opened them again, blinking back tears, it was as if two angry crabs clung to her tortured cones. The devices were so small but they caused an excruciating pain to eat her, a pain which she could ease by undoing them and flicking them off - but she daren’t. Her hands remained clenched tightly on her neck. Sweat beaded on her lush body. If only, she thought, this was some kind of nightmare. How could she be meekly allowing the awful pervert to clip horrid clamps onto her nipples? How could she be standing undressed before the creep? But she was – this ordeal was not one from which she would awake safe in her own bed.

“There, my dear, I’ll let you absorb the pain to wash away your rebelliousness and speed your contrition,” his smiling face was inches before hers, almost absorbing her agony, enjoying the tears tracking down her strained, pretty features. Almost like a concerned father he

brushed her hair from her tense shining face. "Now you, my dear, I haven't forgotten you, don't worry." He turned to Karen, familiarly patting the cheeks of her bottom. The smack of flesh on flesh sounded so loud in the cubicle, adding to the unreality of the whole scenario for Lee-Ann.

"Ow, aaahh," she too gasped, her pretty face crumpling into tears as he so methodically adjusted the clamps swinging from her nipples too until the pink flesh bulged painfully from between the tiny serrated teeth.

Despite her own pain, Lee-Ann's heart went out to her mother, her eyes nearly closed as the initial pain of the clamps took her. They looked so pretty adorning the peaks of her mother's boobs, almost like obscene Christmas ornaments or sex aids of some sort. But only when one had experienced them, as Lee-Ann was doing, could one appreciate and fear their burning pain. It was as if her nipples were being slowly burnt off.

"And now I shall administer the next part of your punishment, young lady," he turned back to Lee-Ann. "The sooner we are all complete then the sooner I shall release the clamps. Come here and get yourself over my lap for the spanking - which maybe if your Father had sometimes administered, you wouldn't be before me now," he pontificated again.

"Please ... Sir..." she wailed, wondering how she could cope with yet more pain and shame whilst it currently felt as if two red hot pins had been driven into her throbbing boobs. This was a cruelty on cruelty on cruelty, yet she daredn't even consider the alternative of being dealt with by the harsh young brutes outside - and her mother too.

"Come here, my dear!" He sat on a chair, almost crushing it beneath his gross weight then patted his fat thighs, smiling at her like a baboon, the sheen of anticipation glinting of his quivering jowls

Wishing she could use a toilet, wanting to be sick, wanting to be anywhere but here she padded across to him. Every movement jolted her boobs with their unwanted clinging attachments to send fiery bursts of pain into her. Gingerly she folded herself over his fat lap, wincing with fresh pain as she did so.

"Graaaagggh," she cried as her tortured breasts touched his legs, the evil clamps dancing merrily grinding against his thighs. "Pleeease, Sir," she whispered again, guessing how much obscene pleasure she was giving the old creep but unable to prevent herself wriggling as his hands

touched the taut curve of her bottom, positioning her.

“This might hurt a little bit, young lady, so I suggest you brace yourself.” His voice oozed pleasure.

Smack!

“Yaaaaaahhh,” she jerked her tearstained face back, eyes shut as a burning swathe of pain was now added to the agony already enveloping and lancing into her. It was unbelievable. She was being spanked by a pervert and, in addition to the sick shame, flames of pain now ate into her bottom.

She wiped her eyes and nose, angrily sniffing back tears, not having wanted to give him the undoubted pleasure, which he drank in, of making her cry. Yet, how could this be happening she wondered? When she got out of bed earlier that morning, albeit apprehensively, she never envisaged she would be laying naked over the lap of a fat, lecherous brute her breasts and bottom being tortured by him. Rob would blow a fuse if he could see this, if he could see the old creep’s hand stroking and smacking the bare curve of her bottom. It was hard to imagine this could happen.

Smack!

“Oooow, please... Sir, no more pleeease!” But his hand cracked down across her smarting flesh for a second time, making her skin feel that it was on fire and shrinking painfully as she reminded herself once again that it was indeed a terrible reality.

Ineffectually her legs kicked up as his disgusting finger slid into the cleft of her bottom.

“Uugghh, nooo!” She wriggled again, no doubt giving the bastard more pleasure as he probed the hot tightness of her anal rosebud in a loathsome touch, pushing further into her to fill her so unnaturally.

Smack!

“Haaaaaaah,” Pain was overlaying pain now to form one burning agony across her lower body. She couldn’t take any more, she thought.

She didn’t know what hurt most, her boobs, the cheeks of her bottom, or deep inside her anus where the pervert’s finger was embedded. It was a touch she had never experienced in her young life. Then the creep’s pleasure became all too obvious as a disgusting, warm bulge grew against her belly. She felt utterly lost and sick, knowing she could do nothing. Thoughts of her and her mother being dragged outside by all

those policemen just the other side of the protective curtain if she resisted overwhelmed and subdued her.

For his part, Grisswold was living one of his erotic fantasies of having a writhing, gasping warm young body over his lap, spanking her tight little bottom whilst the distraught and agonised mother looked on helplessly. He had deliberately booked a double slot for the two of them and he still had time to spare. The police arm of the CS had already barged in on their stupid inspection and he thus knew that he had privacy. The girl's flesh was so firm, radiating heat from each cheek, in contrast to the cool cleft between. And his fingertips had found by contrast the even deeper heat of her dark anal ring. It squeezed around his digit so delightfully, trying in vain to eject him. Then below that were the silken folds of her sex. Delicate hairs fringed the mauve oval, which no doubt many young men and boys would have given much to see, let alone touch. But right now it was his, she was his, to possess.

"Ughhh," she squirmed delightfully as he probed her vagina, feeling its tight heat close on his podgy finger whilst his thumb stroked her dark puckered ring.

He wondered where else such opportunities would present themselves and felt that he would be silly to waste this one. The tightness of his trousers straining around his crotch convinced him, yet he decided to lay the ground rules and play with his victim first. Casually he reached below his desk to switch off the official CS camera record, only keeping his private camcorder going for his own obscene library.

"I think I must stop this punishment now because I've had a closer look at the rules." He meaninglessly flicked over some pages of a CS manual on his desk whilst leaving a finger of his other hand embedded obscenely in Lee-Ann's young bottom. "For your insolence to the uniformed police I should hand you both over to those policemen outside who will apply the cane in public and then submit you to an obedience test - and I know what that means to them," he chuckled deeply. "It could even end in a full-time custodial sentence," he threw in for good measure.

"But ... please ... Sir..." both Lee-Ann and Karen sobbed, their eyes wide with fear in addition to their pain.

"But you've both disobeyed the rules, showing me up in a poor light; I

shouldn't stick my neck out for you, there's really nothing in it for me is there? I'll just ring through for those chaps who came in earlier to take you away and..."

"Please, please, no Sir, I'll-I'll do anything, but don't let them take me!" Lee-Ann turned her lovely anguished face to him, hands clasping his legs in panic. This was paradise, he thought.

"Well, I'm not sure, rules are..."

"Please Sir, don't ...we'll ... I'll do anything!" Lee-Ann's voice was high pitched with fear.

Sadistically, Grisswold let the tension build up as he pretended to consider for a full half minute.

"Well..." he eventually broke the solid silence, "I'm an old man and you're a pretty young girl. If you sit on my lap, be nice to me, ehem, er 'ride' me ... And if you make it good I'll consider letting both you and your mother off any further punishment today and take any consequences with the police. I might be able to get away with it as it's your first time here. I'll stick my neck out for you two if you let me stick it up you as it were, little girl," he smiled into the dumbstruck faces of mother and daughter. "I can see you're not willing, I'll get..."

"Wait ... please Sir," Lee-Ann begged. "Please no, don't send for them, not with them, I'll - I'll do it, in here."

"Lee-Ann, think carefully, sweetheart, are you...?"

"Yes, yes, I'm sure, Mum," Lee-Ann interrupted, wiping her eyes, "I got us into this, I'll get us out, I c-cannot, simply cannot face being taken out there w-with all of them, those thuggish brutes," she whispered earnestly.

If anybody had looked through into that cubicle, someone perhaps not accustomed to the new CS regime, they would have witnessed a strange scene indeed.

Sitting centre stage, as it were, was a balding fat slob of man squeezed into a black officious uniform several sizes too small, perched on a stout wooden chair. His face, red and sweaty, bore a look of someone who was about to enjoy a much longed for treat. So out of place juxtaposed with him in the same claustrophobic cubicle were two beautiful women, one in her thirties, one in her teens - and both were stark naked. Yet they were not quite bare; each had pretty looking clips attached to their nipples. At first glance they may have been strippers with adornments but it

would soon have become apparent that these two were not strippers. The looks of pain on their attractive faces rather than any pleasure would have confirmed that, and the blonde one stood in a subservient, hands-on-head pose, her shining face tensed and pained. And that closer inspection would have revealed the source of the pain to be those clips, which were excruciatingly painfully confining their tender red buds.

Even more out of context was the teenage beauty who one could imagine would not wish to be in the same room as the man, let alone being naked before him. Yet she had been bent over the slob's lap, the red imprint of his hands were still standing clear on the firm spheres of her small bottom. And he also had a finger pressing deeply into the cleft between her tight spheres, almost certainly into her anus.

"Sit on my lap, sit facing me, my dear, your legs nice and wide, hands on head," the fat man instructed, leering obviously expecting, nor receiving any argument.

The youngster's small boobs juggled, her expression with small white teeth biting her red lip a testament to the pain from the movement jolting into her nipples from the clamps. Her breasts jutted proudly with her posture as she repositioned herself in the most lewd way possible for a woman. It would be hard for that observer to realise that such a lovely girl, who could surely have a pick of the boys, was so abasing herself for such an obese slob.

Yet the girl, who was crying, obediently followed the slob's order to sit meekly on his lap. Wiping her eyes she sat, passively allowing him to stroke her rich dark hair and down the curve of her spine to possessively pat the swelling of her bottom perched so out of place on his greasy trousers - which seemed to contain a rather obscene bulge and obscure stains. Her small uplifted boobs bounced slightly before his eyes, the clamps still gripping painfully, jiggling like ornaments.

Like someone touching up a work of art, he leaned his head from side to side, pondering and then leaned towards her delicate breast fruit, his podgy fingers extended.

"Let's see if we can make you feel a bit better," he said, obviously relishing the 'cure'.

"Haaah," the girl squirmed on his lap as the man suddenly removed the clamps, the pain of the returning circulation on her agonised breasts was more than evident from her contorted face, yet she managed to keep

her hands on her neck. Then the tight strain on her face was replaced by revulsion as his slobbering lips kissed each of her tormented red buds.

The observer might then have turned to the delicious blonde standing so obediently to one side. The fat man did.

“Up on my desk, squat there, facing me with hands on head. Don’t move or talk!” Grisswold instructed Karen curtly.

Just as the dark-haired teenager had instantly obeyed every command, so did the older woman. The beauty scrambled up, wincing anew as the movement made her lovely breasts bounce and their painful adornments swing. Then she squatted as directed, her thighs necessarily splayed for balance to reveal the delicious mauve delicacies of the slash of her sex. It was an awkward posture to maintain as she swayed on the balls of her feet, and one which would soon cramp her thighs and calves.

But the fat brute didn’t seem to care.

“Good girl,” he smiled at the woman, patting the delicious swelling of her hindquarters and leaving the clips still hanging from her bruised nipples.

Then he turned his attention back to the teenager sitting on his lap, her oyster-like sex pouting above the obscene and stained bulge of his trousers.

“You may take your hands off your head and get me out, then ride me to heaven, little girl,” he leered.

The likelihood of the girl agreeing to perform such an act to the fat slug-like creature, even though she was already sitting on his lap, would have been pretty inconceivable to the observer; but that is what she did. Only the quivering of her lower lip and the silent tears of the older woman betrayed their true feelings.

Grisswold could scarcely contain himself. Rarely these days had he managed to achieve such a strong erection but today he had every incentive to do so. Right before him Lee-Ann’s ripe young breasts swayed as her hands fluttered like shy, gentle moths on his fly to extract his hot, slimy penis. She bit her lip in obvious disgust when it sprang into her tiny soft hands but that only added to his pleasure.

“Please Sir ...” her large brown eyes continued the plea, silently, to avoid her ultimate indignity - but which was lost on him.

“To put it bluntly, child,” he breathed, “you either do it here to me, now or you - and your mother - do it tonight in the barracks for a dozen

of the lads - and they are rough boys. And that's only after they've thrashed you in public outside. The choice is yours, but decide now so I can ring them to take you away," he demanded with seeming indifference, but the pleasure built within him when she nodded bleakly. "We don't want any later misunderstandings, child; you'll ask me to fuck you or I'll send you outside for their discipline. Which is it to be?" he demanded.

"I, er... here with you, Sir."

Slap!

He brought his hand down across her jutting breasts with deliberate cruelty, winking at Karen; the mother's eyes flashed with anger but she had sufficient experience to remain squatting silently by his face.

"Ow, please, Sir!" It made Lee-Ann's eyes widen further in shock and pain as she controlled the natural urge to lash out. Instead she pressed a trembling hand to her outraged breast fruit.

"Don't be coy, young lady, I know you've had ... experience and that you're not a virgin. Ask me properly, use the words I told you - you are the sort of girl who is probably quite used to such language - especially if you want to stay here for your atonement rather than be sent outside. Ask, in fact, beg me to fuck you and keep repeating it, girl - or else!"

"Pl-please f-fuck me Sir, please fuck me," she whispered repeatedly, softly, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"Very well, continue, and make it good," he eventually 'agreed', leaning back.

He gasped as the cool hands again enfolded his sticky erection. Biting her lip, the delicious young creature raised herself on her splayed legs, positioned herself over him and eased his length against the apex of her thighs. As her haunches sunk slowly down he felt himself encased in her hot liquid sex, so tight, gripping him. Her mouth parted slightly as her bottom touched his lap and he filled her.

"Haaah, g-go," he sighed. "Work up and down, keep kissing me, pretend I'm your boyfriend, that you love me. The quicker you finish the quicker your mother can get down and you can both leave."

She needed no second bidding and that encouraged him, too. Her sweet, trembling mouth opened over his, her pear-like breasts rubbing against his uniform as her hips jerked up and down. She was hot, ripe, exquisite and, with her boobs dancing, her mouth allowed his tongue to



probe at will as her hips jerked in frenzy.

Momentarily her rhythm broke when he reached down to push a thick finger deep into her anus, but after a shuddering gasp of disgust she managed to continue with him filling every orifice of her young body. He also didn't see why her gorgeous mother, who had similarly enjoyed on more than one occasion, should be left out either. His free hand reached out, sliding up her shin over her splayed thighs to plunge into the tightness of her sex, moving in out and out, flicking her awakening bud. She too was soon hot and bouncing slightly on her thighs. No matter how much she must hate it - and him - he knew just how a woman's automatic reflexes could take over at such times, especially if the alternative was even more pain and shame.

He loved the look of pure disgust and anguish on each of their pretty faces. That and the knowledge that he was taking the daughter and mother simultaneously served to spur him on. He could no longer control himself.

"Yeees, you beauty," he gasped, brutally crushing himself to the youngster's bouncing shining body, biting her small jiggling boobs to stifle the explosion of gasping sound as he erupted into her tight squeezing vagina. One finger was up her clenching bottom, the other embedded in her mother's sex.

Later, both mother and daughter stood naked before the camera in the little cubicle, swearing their earnest contrition to Marie and Patsy. Both of them, sniffing back tears, just wanted to be anywhere else, with anyone else, hating the pleasure they had given to the creep and would be giving to the two women they had 'offended' against.

## **CHAPTER 5**

**“Oh good, you’re coming to play again - and you’ve brought a friend,” Marie’s voice mocked her a couple of days later as the spiteful woman’s car pulled up beside Karen and Lee-Ann, who were on their half hour walk from the bus stop to her house. “I’ve been out at the builder’s merchants so I’ll allow you to ride back with me as the car’s dirty anyway. Get in the back but lay out of sight on the floor, both of you. I don’t want anyone to know I associate with CS types,” she said cruelly.**

**Karen resented the loss of time in not being able to chat freely with her daughter as they had been doing on the walk to the house of her Mistress. Although they were indeed spared the walk, it meant in effect that their CS servitude that day had started early, in fact the minute they met their tormentors on the road. The early loss of their normal rights and dignity was emphasised again by Marie’s sharp voice as they reluctantly eased into the back of her car.**

**“Get down, right down, I don’t want the shame of anyone seeing CS slaves in the back! Faces to the carpet!” she insisted almost as if she was spiriting them away somewhere.**

**Having to accept that during their CS service they were regarded as little more than cattle was difficult. Yet Karen awkwardly scrambled to lie in an undignified cramped heap on the floor of the car with her daughter wedged alongside her. Patting Lee-Ann’s back for reassurance, she obediently pressed her face to the floor. Unlike some CS slaves Karen, like her daughter, refused to dress down for CS sessions. This meant that her smart, expensive clothes were now getting dirty and crumpled. In a subconscious way, though, to dress up sexily when she was with Marie was her way of fighting back a little, a gesture showing that she wasn’t totally cowed. And presumably Tony would be there too, she thought.**

**It was uncomfortable and bumpy but at least quite quick and soon she turned her head, spitting fluff from her mouth, to see the car sliding into Marie’s integral garage and the door shutting to hide them from the world.**

**“Stand to attention, no moving, no talking! You know the drill,” Marie**

ordered them when she and Lee-Ann had been ushered out of the car and into the large kitchen before their two grinning tormentors.

“Well, well, Little Miss Prissy Perfect who is so much better than anyone else,” Marie’s sister, Patsy, mocked to Lee-Ann, “nothing to hit me with now, have you - but I have,” she swished a thin, whippy bamboo cane menacingly, making Lee-Ann gulp.

Karen felt a pit of fear open in her stomach at the evil grins of the two women who controlled them. Briefly she looked around but couldn’t see Tony, her Master, her protector, anywhere.

“Oh I’m afraid my husband is out. He didn’t even know about your session today,” Marie guessed her thoughts. “So it will just be the four of us. Nice and cosy and appropriate; you offended against me and your slut of a daughter attacked my young sister.” She stood intimidating close up against Karen. “And as it is just the four of us I think we might well dispense with those slutty clothes so that our respective status is clear. Strip! You too!” she nodded to Lee-Ann. “You’ll both be doing some mucky jobs today and I’d hate to see these pretty things get dirty.” She smiled. “I’ll make a nice cup of tea.”

Karen simply raised her eyebrows in resignation to her daughter and reached down to pull off her tight blue jumper. Lee-Ann bit her lip, glancing at Patsy as she removed her tee-shirt then unbuckled her jeans.

This was only the second time she had to remove her clothes for Marie and, although she was relieved that Mike wasn’t this time a witness to her shame, she would have given anything for her daughter not to be subjected to this.

“Fold them neatly and put them on those kitchen chairs,” Patsy’s sing-song voice demanded. The plain, skinny teenager stood with a smile on her face, arms folded as Lee-Ann and her mother undressed; the only sound being the whisper of cloth and zips until they both stood nude, covering themselves modestly.

“I really don’t think you two have anything to be proud of, or to hide. So stand back and to attention, please, ladies!” the teenager instructed, lying blatantly. This was reflected in the wicked amusement in her eyes as she regarded her flushed victims. “So this is what the girl who thinks she is the school sex kitten, so big and tough with her tough boyfriend, looks like under her tarty clothes.” Patsy walked slowly round her trembling victim.

**“Look, Patsy, honest I didn’t mean...”**

**Slap!**

**“Haah,” Lee-Ann staggered back a little, holding her red face, stinging from Patsy’s slap.**

**“How dare you speak back or address me like that! I’m recommending a few weeks on your sentence and you can also taste the cane for that...”**

**“Why you... aaah,” she gasped as the teenage cow spitefully slapped her small boobs. It was such an unexpected, painful and intimate act, which left Lee-Ann in wide-eye shock as she protectively crossed her hands over her exposed and now stinging breasts.**

**“Leave it, sweetheart, you can’t win!” Karen interjected to prevent more of Lee-Ann’s explosive retort - which she only just managed to stifle.**

**“Yes that’s right, ‘sweetheart,’ a CS slave,” Patsy pronounced the word delicately, slowly, “can never win. But I don’t believe you had permission to talk, Mrs Pennant!” She used the formal mode of address in a mocking way. “Both of you touch your toes. I’ve seen the official CS videos of you so I know how it goes, your legs are apart, you stay in position until it’s over – do it, ladies!” She smiled, swishing her bamboo cane.**

**Karen gritted her teeth, seeing Lee-Ann similarly brace herself as she obeyed. As a respectable married woman she felt completely out of place. Firstly she was standing naked in Marie’s kitchen – where she had attended the occasional party – and secondly touching her toes to be caned by a teenage vixen who she had always loathed... Anger tore at her that she and Lee-Ann had to meekly obey, yet neither of them dare do otherwise. Already her poor Lee-Ann would have her sentence increased, or so the spiteful young bitch had promised. It was a no-win situation, but at least after having had to report to the CS HQ, Lee-Ann now seemed to have largely accepted her predicament too. But this was her first time having to report to her ‘victim’, Patsy, and her outburst was a reflection of it understandably being almost too much to take, she guessed.**

**The taut curves of Karen’s bottom flexed and twitched no matter how much she tried to prevent it, especially when the youngster swished the cane a few times behind her. Her fingernails were leaving tiny**

indentations in her ankles. The tension in the room was only broken by the merry sound of the kettle.

Swack!

“Haaaahhh,” Lee-Ann’s screech drowned out the kettle but Marie continued to make tea, ignoring the spectacle as if it was the most natural thing in the world to have two naked women touching their toes and being caned in your kitchen.

Swack!

“Yaaaahhh,” Karen’s eyes screwed shut as she gasped through clenched teeth, absorbing the pain, her bottom feeling as if it had been sliced with a hot knife. Her flesh throbbed pitifully.

“Pleaaaaaa,” Lee-Ann’s cries joined hers as Patsy lashed her again.

Alternately they received three strokes each. It wasn’t as hard as some of the punishments Karen had received at the CS Centre but it was sufficient to make her cry, especially when Patsy’s last vicious application overlaid her already throbbing flesh agonised from the first ones.

“You may stand,” Patsy instructed them like a teacher. “No touching your arses, back to attention!”

Karen could see the pleasure in the youngster’s thin face as both she and Lee-Ann sniffed back tears, wiping their eyes and noses. She was a grown woman being made to cry like a child by a child and unable to do anything about it.

“I really don’t know why you fancy yourself. You’re so keen to avoid the communal showers at school – and I can see why with all that flab.” Patsy stood before Lee-Ann, purring into her red face. “You’ve a fat arse and belly,” she again lied blatantly as she jabbed the dark haired beauty’s flat belly. Slowly she walked around her quivering victim, making her gasp anew as she prodded the pert, red-stripe globes of her bottom. Lee-Ann was gorgeous with feminine curves totally outshining Patsy’s skinny perpendicular plainness, but to even hint at that comparison would cost either trembling victim dear.

“Have a nice cup of tea, dear.” Marie crossed the kitchen to her young sister with two steaming mugs, passing one to Patsy, then regarding her stiff immobile victims. “Hmm, her boobs are quite small, but she flashes them around a bit I hear.” She reached out to cup Lee-Ann’s pear-

shaped breasts, so obviously from her expression enjoying how they jiggled under her touch. The nipples firmed like two berries as the youngster pulled away a little but otherwise endured her caresses. "Her mother's are bigger and of course she's been putting it around for years," Marie snapped, making Karen's bigger breasts bounce under her obscene touch too. "I think I'd like to hear you admit that you're a tart, girl." Marie looked steadily into her victim's flinching face. "Well, or does Patsy need to knock some servility into you?" She held her hot mug of tea in her other hand, lightly touching it against one of Karen's delightfully trembling, silken orbs.

"Haaah," the blonde gasped as fresh pain erupted now on her boob and she flinched away.

"Well?" Marie repeated.

"I-I'm a - tart, Miss," Karen forced out the words, longing to press her hands to her throbbing bottom and now her scalded breast.

"That's good. I think you should confess too." Patsy moved her mug menacingly close to Lee-Ann's shrinking flesh.

"Please ...I'm a tart too, Miss," she hastily grovelled to avoid giving the sadist an opportunity to hurt her again.

"Well, just like a session at Tarts Anonymous, I'd say," laughed Marie. "I'm glad that's out in the open, but now you've work to do while we enjoy our tea."

\* \* \*

Karen strained and grunted, her back aching as she lifted two more bricks from the boot of Marie's car, marvelling that the springs had survived.

Pheeeeeek!

Patsy had found a large noisy whistle, which she continually blew like a PE instructor or army trainer, to encourage her slaves to greater efforts. Its piercing shriek grated on her nerves, making her feel like a dog running to its master's commands.

"Hurry up! Run, you lazy cows, hold them bricks high above your head like I told you!" Patsy shouted.

Karen ground her teeth in controlled fury as she managed to raise a heavy brick in each hand and run. Her breasts and bottom bounced

wildly as she ran past the two bitches who were sitting watching the toil. She had to deposit her heavy load neatly in a neat pile on the far side of the garden. She had been instructed to put them near to a small broken down wall adjoining the old air raid shelter which Mike had emptied a week or so previously. It gave her the creeps to be so near the dank old structure and she could almost imagine some horrible creature from her imagination and nightmares reaching out of the darkness of the doorway to drag her inside.

**Pheek!**

“That bloody whistle,” she muttered to herself. She had dallied too long and immediately ran back to the car, passing Lee-Ann running the other way, holding bricks aloft on quivering arms, her daughter’s dark hair plastered to her straining face. She couldn’t bring herself to look at the two smirking women sipping their tea and enjoying every minute of the spectacle they were forced to give.

“Haven’t you lazy sluts finished yet? How many more bricks have you to go?”

“S-six, Miss,” Karen panted on her way past them again with another two above her head, wishing she had the courage to throw them at Patsy.

Soon, gasping, their nude bodies shining with effort, Karen and Lee-Ann stood to attention before their grinning tormentors.

“You two don’t get enough exercise, I reckon, that’s why it took so long to move those few bricks. Drop and give me thirty press-ups!” Patsy snapped. “Keep your backs straight and tits touching the ground on each drop.”

**Pheek!**

She blew her awful whistle again, definitely like a frustrated PE teacher, Karen thought, to emphasise her command.

Already panting with the effort of running with the bricks, she and Lee-Ann now sank to the grass and began reluctantly pumping up and down on arms that were soon quivering with strain.

“Aaahhh,” each was now gasping as they struggled on the last few upward thrusts before collapsing, gasping, flat out on the ground. They saw through the pools of sweat in their eyes the two women laughing at their struggling efforts.

“You never were any fucking good at PE, were you, Lee-Ann?” Patsy

mocked. "Thought you were too feminine and above all that! Well, now you'll make up for it. Get up, both of you, toe touching thirty times too, right down each time."

Scrabbling up to obey, breasts still heaving with effort, Karen was almost tempted to throw herself at her grinning tormentors, but she knew the utter futility and danger of that.

"Legs apart, let's see it all, you've no modesty left," Patsy tormented them and shouted at them until the shining bodies of both her victims were bending up and down, revealing all of their intimacies, the bouncing breasts and delicate hair-fringed portals between each perfect bottom.

"Right, now knee bend. Squats; twenty of them, right down then up holding a brick in each hand above your ugly heads!" Patsy shouted. "Go!"

Pheek!

Down Karen went, her aching arms quivering with strain above her head, splayed thighs aching as she balanced on the balls of her feet. For the moment, such was her gasping effort she didn't care how the two vixens greedily eyed the dark mauve intimacies between her and Lee-Ann's thighs. She just counted the seconds until that whistle blew again and they could straighten their cramped muscles and stand - before then having to sink down again.

Such physical exercise had never been her forte; she preferred her exercise in bed, she thought guiltily. It was true to say that it was not Lee-Ann's strong point either, yet now they were forced to perform, naked, before these wicked women - a nightmare. For fifteen minutes Karen and Lee-Ann had to work out, finishing with running on the spot, their gleaming bodies bouncing and jerking until, thankfully, Marie called a halt.

"You come with me whilst your brat of a daughter does some honest work for a change, preparing cement for me to repair my garden wall." Marie had a malicious gleam in her eye as she grabbed Karen's hand.

"Oooh," Karen shrank back as the cow held her face and kissed her on the lips, her tongue probing horribly in her mouth as her daughter looked on in disgust. The vile hands slid down the curving sheen of her spine to pat her bottom, before leading her away.

"Hurry up, you lazy cow! Don't slack off! When you've got the cement



you'll need some buckets full of water and a large pole!" Patsy shouted to Lee-Ann. "We learnt how to do brickwork in our class whilst you were doing Latin or something, I suppose, so I'll show you how to mix it."

Karen had time to cast one last forlorn glance over her shoulder at Lee-Ann before she was led by the hand like a child into the house, seeing her daughter crouching naked, grunting with effort and struggling with a sack of cement. Then the blonde beauty was tugged fully out of sight, a sick feeling of apprehension rising in her belly.

All too soon she was standing in a spare bedroom overlooking the garden, awkwardly, modestly covering herself with her hands. It was an unreal situation as Marie closed the blinds on the sound of Patsy's whistle and Lee-Ann's gasps drifting up from the garden below.

"That's better," Marie turned to smile at her. "Why so modest? I've seen it all before, I expect half the town has," she added spitefully to Karen's flinching face. "I know I've sampled you a little, but now I'm going to see what all the fuss is about, slowly and privately." She lightly patted the blonde's sore bottom, relishing her look of revulsion at the touch. "Now, you know what we are going to do whilst the kids play as it were," she smiled. "There's no escaping that but if you don't give me the best performance of your life, make me feel that you want me, that you love me, you will get another month on your sentence – I promise," Marie said in a quiet matter-of-fact manner to Karen's distraught face. "You'll start by undressing me, slowly and keep kissing me, tell me you love me, all the time. Take my glasses off too, I can see you well enough now we're as it were ... close up."

Karen had never felt so uneasy and unnatural as she did now. This was worse than when she had to do things with Marie previously; this was slow, deliberate and intended to be sensual. Gently she was removing Marie's old-fashioned clothes, having to touch her bony white flesh whilst continually kissing her thin lips.

"I-I love you, Miss," she continually whispered, her mouth opening passionately over Marie's, kissing deeply. Her eyes were closed as she tried to pretend it was anyone but Marie.

She tried to pretend it was Mike, Tony, Simon, a man, any man, but it was no use, especially when Marie's body was revealed in all her skinny glory. The cow pressing against her, kissing her scrawny neck, the flat

un-sexy bush against hers was nothing a like a husky, muscular hunk. She gulped in further dread when the almost anorexic figure produced a dildo from a hidey-hole and strapped it round her waist.

“Now we’ll fuck, and if you don’t make it good you’ll know what to expect. Pretend I’m your latest boyfriend, or else!” The eyes flashed dangerously. “Flat on your back on the bed, legs high and wide like the whore you are,” she snapped to the wilting blonde.

Fighting the sickness welling within her, Karen obeyed, adopting the most provocative and exposed position a woman could, and this before the woman she hated most in the whole world. She nervously licked dry lips as the cow waddled towards her, the black protuberance jutting obscenely.

“Ugghhh,” she gasped, pain driving into her very womanhood as the bitch knelt between her spread thighs and without preamble thrust the large cold rubber deep into her dry sex.

In disgust she felt the cow take a tight grip on her bottom, like a man would, pulling her in deeper, forcing her to arch her back in pain. She was totally filled and stretched like a stuck pig.

“Hold me, kiss, me work with me, remember you love me – or you’ll be sorry,” Marie grinned down at her pretty victim’s gaping and shocked face

“Uggh, huh, huh,” Karen gasped and grunted, working her hips with those of Marie, coming alive in her arms, returning her disgusting kisses, “I-huh-I l-love you, uh,” she somehow managed between kisses and thrusts.

She squirmed, guessing how much pleasure she gave her ravisher as a stick-like finger was embedded into the cleft of her squeezing bottom and into the tight heat of her anus. It skewered deep into her, impaling her, making her painfully work in tune with the obscene thrusts.

“I l-love you-you, Miss,” she somehow continued to pant, remembering to hold and caress, albeit unnaturally, the thin body pounding into hers.

Yet something was bubbling in her. She recalled seeing the appendages on the dildo, which were now stimulating both of their awakening sex buds. Although the act was initially unwanted, Karen found herself responding; she held the sharp, bony bottom grinding between her spread thighs. Now she kissed with more abandon, trying to

ignore the look of knowing conquest on the shining, skinny face above her.

The afternoon sunlight played softly through the bedroom blinds and over their feminine curves as the two women, one deliciously sexy and blonde, the other harsh and skinny, writhed together on a spare bed, which creaked with every sensuous movement. Anyone later watching a video of the scene from the small CCTV which Marie had in the room would assume both were deeply passionate and in love. From the garden below, in contrast, came continual sharp blasts of a whistle, shouted orders and soft grunting gasps of obedience

The curvaceous blonde was now on top of the skinny rake, writhing, gasping; her bottom flexing as she trembled to a mouth-gaping climax, her partner's bony finger still embedded deep in her bottom. For several minutes after their joint orgasm, they lay in each other's arms, one with a look of gloating satisfaction on her thin face and the other with sick despair creasing her stunning chiselled features. Her shoulders shook with silent sobs as skinny hands played down her spine to caress her perfect bottom.

After exchanging another slow kiss, Marie patted Karen's backside.

"Time to get up, sweetheart, work to be done; your slut of a daughter probably needs help finishing off."

## **CHAPTER 6**

**“Finish mixing that cement, girls, I’ve some brickwork to do later. Harder, girl, stir harder!” Patsy shouted as now both Lee-Ann and Karen leaned into the mix, adding more water and cement to create a thick stodgy heap on the mixing board whilst Marie relaxed on her lounge, enjoying the sight of the mother and daughter toiling naked together.**

**At last they had the mix to the consistency Patsy had demanded for her bloody garden wall, whatever. Now both Karen and Lee-Ann, under supervision from Patsy, had thankfully been allowed to wash their caked hands under the garden tap whilst Marie was engaged elsewhere, laying bricks, Karen wondered? Patsy was about to blow her stupid, loud whistle again to tell them to stop washing when another idea seemed to cross her mind.**

**“Tell you what, add some fun, you’re going to stick this whistle up your fat, juicy cunt,” Patsy smirked to Karen, who trembled with shame and rage. “If it drops out you and little Lee-Ann,” she patted Lee-Ann’s tight bottom, “get a sound thrashing, nice, eh? You can have fun with it up there no doubt. I think Marie’s had enough of me using it anyway. You OK with that?”**

**“Yes, Miss,” Karen muttered through clenched teeth, resolving that she would somehow ram the stupid whistle right into Patsy’s smirking mouth one day. Hastily she dismissed that fantasy; it was dangerous. Raising herself delicately up on one leg, she gently inserted the metal whistle into her vagina, wincing as she did so, unable to meet either Patsy or Lee-Ann’s eyes. It was awful, demeaning and sick.**

**“Yeah, I bet you like that up there. I bet it gets rusty soon, you tart,” spat Patsy, jealousy evident in every word.**

**When Marie returned, carrying a bundle of implements, Patsy thankfully forgot her taunting.**

**“Into the kitchen, you two!” Marie briskly ordered her two naked victims. “You can sort them out in there, Pat.”**

**“Turn your back to me and put your hands behind you, girl!” Patsy ordered Karen when they were again indoors. She emphasised the**

derogatory form of address to someone nearly twice her age; knowing better than to argue, Karen meekly obeyed.

“Hah,” she gasped in pain as the youngster brutally twisted her arms up behind her shoulders, forcing her boobs to thrust forwards as the cow used a plastic tie to tightly bind her thumbs together, pulling it painfully tight, nearly cutting off her circulation. A tiny six-inch strip of plastic had rendered her helpless.

She had always hated being tied down and had resisted Simon’s bondage games. Now she had no choice and it made her even more apprehensive when Marie strolled towards her with an evil grin on her face. Uselessly she tugged at her wrists but they wouldn’t budge without ripping off her thumbs; she was helpless. Her bare breasts jutting almost accusingly with her posture at her skinny tormentor. She licked her lips nervously. It was one thing to be forbidden to move, to have to clasp her hands to her head or face some punishment, but it was another to be unable to move. Now she was naked and helpless before the evil pair of witches - who could conceivably do anything to her and Lee-Ann. She saw Patsy bind her daughter to the same helplessness. Yet at the same time Karen had some hope; her afternoon CS slot was nearly over and Marie hopefully hadn’t allowed enough time to do anything really nasty to them.

“I shouldn’t struggle, tart, you’ll never get free unless you want to lose your thumbs. Patsy is an expert with knots and things,” Marie smiled. “How does it feel to be helpless now - for real?” she reached out to shamelessly prod and fondle her breasts.

“Miss, I-I don’t ...”

“Not nice, I warrant,” she said. “The games are over now, my girl! In fact I don’t even want to hear your voice. Open wide, wider,” she insisted until Karen’s mouth gaped stupidly. “In we go...” Karen nearly choked as the cow pushed her own panties into her mouth, filling and stretching. “Now just a little something...” Carefully she wound a strip of broad black insulating tape around her bulging cheeks to secure the panties in place.

Her bondage was completed with Marie fastening a studded dog collar around her slim neck and attaching a chain to it. This hung down between her breasts, the cold links making her shiver. A rope was tied around her ankles, hobbling them a metre apart. In despair, she saw

**Patsy similarly binding Lee-Ann, making her lovely daughter helpless.**

**It was as if they were tough criminals in a chain gang rather than naked women. Karen began to wonder why the cow was going all this trouble to bind them with just minutes to go before they left.**

**“That’s good! Now you look like the dogs that you are,” Marie laughed and Patsy similarly went into giggles.**

**“But now to business. We can enjoy the fruits of your labours with the cement,” Marie smiled, “we are off to the air raid shelter.”**

**Her tormentor’s words sent a chill shiver into her soul. Karen had never felt so helpless, like a baby. She was terrified, fearing that the cow had something really bad in store for them. Awkwardly she hobbled outside, responding to the tugs of the lead around her neck, absolutely unable to resist in any way. Briefly she looked around but the garden was too secluded to allow anyone to see their plight. She saw Lee-Ann tottering along behind Patsy, feeling the impotent rage growing in her. Additionally she had to clench her bottom muscles up to keep the whistle within her, not wanting to give the cows an excuse to hurt her or Lee-Ann any more.**

**Slowly they made their way towards the air raid shelter and Karen’s fear grew as they neared the cold, dark opening. Somehow she knew that Marie was not going to let them go on time, that they would instead be taken down into that horrible place. Briefly she tried to pull back but the tug around her neck relentlessly drew her on.**

**“Pleeghh,” was all she could manage through the gag, tensing, but pushed forward by a hand in the small of her back.**

**She briefly struggled, fear almost immobilising her; she teetered at the top of the wooden steps leading down into the gloom lit only by a flickering candle. It was a smelly, dank place of frightful shadows and primeval fear. Her bare feet scrabbled for a purchase on the cold, rough wooden steps as rough hands on her collar and arms led her down into the dank, darkness of the air raid shelter.**

**\* \* \***

**“Hmm, it’s very dark down here and there’s a family of rats, I think; I wouldn’t fancy your chances,” Patsy mused as she led a squirming and struggling Karen down the steps of the old shelter. With wrists bound up**

behind their shoulders and gagged, the feebly struggling women could put up no meaningful resistance as their bare feet were guided down the dark steps.

It was terrible down there, really creepy, the near darkness filled with strange shapes and noises. But when her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, Karen saw there was very little left inside; Mike had done a good job clearing out. Besides a bench running around the wall, there were only two dome-like cage contraptions next to each other, bolted to the concrete floor in the centre of the shelter. They appeared to consist of various miscellaneous metal rods welded together, the gaps filled with both thick wire mesh and barbed wire. They were two 'Heath-Robinson' but sturdy contraptions to which the naked captives were led on legs of jelly.

Wearing thick gloves to protect against the barbed wire, Marie opened the door of the nearest cage and ceremoniously beckoned Karen in.

"Don't be coy! This is your new home and if you don't get yourself in there I'll just ask Patsy to kick your and Lee-Ann's fat bellies around the shelter and stuff you both in the hard way - but then the wire might tear you up a bit." Her tormentor's eyes gleamed cruelly. "No we're not untying you," she shook her head as Karen's eyes opened pleadingly above the gag, turning slightly to present her pinioned wrists. "You stay just as you are, but if you drop to your knees and crawl in you'll get in there without scratching yourself." She smiled as the blonde groaned behind her gag but nevertheless slowly dropped to her knees and inched into her small sharp confinement.

Karen winced as a barb of wire tangled in her hair when she didn't duck low enough. Somehow pulling it free, she inched into the cage until she could kneel nearly upright, her back painfully bent but her bare shivering flesh avoiding the wire. Her head was bent to avoid the barbs at the top of the cage tearing her skin but she couldn't prevent the wide wire mesh forming the bottom of the cage pressing painfully up against her knees.

"Grpghh!" She could only manage a soft whimper through her bulging gag when Marie slammed the door shut on her and secured it with a padlock.

This was a truly awful confinement. It was already becoming almost unbearable. Necessarily she had to remain kneeling in that one cramped

position to try and avoid the awful barbs. A single tear rolled down from one of her large eyes as she watched Lee-Ann being similarly confined in the cage inches from her own. Her naked daughter's lovely back was in a curve of pain, the discs in her spine standing out in stark relief as she knelt in trembling terror, the harsh wire mesh pressing into her knees.

"There we are, two pretty babes all in a row, birds in, almost, gilded cages," Marie smiled, looking down at her two caged captives. Both pairs of wide eyes above their gags were fixed pleadingly on hers. It obviously thrilled her to have that power over them. "Your new home is maybe not a 'des res' as such, not like you two ladies have been used to of course," she smiled but it was a cold, sarcastic smile. "It will be nice and cosy for you and we'll make it secure, no one will break in."

"Oh and don't worry about anyone looking for you," Marie added. "I've already phoned the CS to tell them you two didn't turn up today and, by deliberately picking you up in the car, no-one will have seen you arrive. The garden isn't overlooked so no-one knows you tarts are here, you are both mine, for always!" she said gleefully. "Tony and I had often talked about bricking up this old shelter – a danger to any wandering kids you know." Her eyes gleamed with malicious excitement.

"The concrete's starting to set, we'd better get the bricks in," Patsy spoke quite unconcernedly to Marie as if it meant nothing; presumably for the two grinning monsters it didn't.

Now, for the first time, Karen appreciated the true plight she and Lee-Ann were in.

"Plgggh," the only sound she could make above the gag was a pathetic splutter, which barely carried across the dark concrete floor to their captors who had climbed the wooden steps and now sat on the grass outside the shelter looking down at them, their evil heads framed by the square of light. "Plh aghhh," she tried again, but her cry ended in a muffled scream as a barb jagged her bound arm.

"I wouldn't cut yourself or waste your energy; there's absolutely nothing you can do, ladies," Marie's voice was mocking. "I can barely hear you. Then when the door is bricked up and you grow weaker, not even the rats in there will hear you as they nibble at your delicacies," she laughed. She drank in the sight of the two naked lovelies, confined and bound kneeling beneath her in their tiny cages, their wide eyes fixed imploringly on her. Tears were now streaming down each pretty and



desperate face.

Indeed, Karen's heart was pounding in dread, her eyes wild and terrified above her gag as she saw Marie and Patsy slowly entombing them, bricking up the last daylight around the open door of the shelter. She longed to plead for mercy for her and her daughter or to rush up the stairs into the beautiful warm daylight but the gag, the cage and her bondage prevented her doing anything but pitifully whimper. But even if she managed to release her wrists she could tell there was no way she could get out of the cage without cutting herself to shreds. She and Lee-Ann were totally trapped and helpless. She imagined the eyes of the rats on them from their nooks and crannies, the creatures licking their lips in anticipation of a feast to come.

"I'll think about you over the nights and days to come. In fact, we will probably do so tonight; we'll likely go to a restaurant. We deserve to relax, don't we, Pat?" she smirked at her sister. "Tony can find something in the fridge and eat alone, little knowing his tart and her slut daughter are just yards away, underground. Patsy and I can reflect on what you two are doing. The candle should last a few hours, maybe till we get home again from the restaurant - who knows? We can imagine your light going out just as we turn ours out to go to bed. The air in your dark little tomb might last a couple of days if you don't exert yourselves too much. Possibly before that, thirst or starvation will get you, or maybe the rats will? They will get hungry, being unable to get out and forage, and may well eat you before or after you die. Of course you might grow so weak that you can no longer kneel upright and you collapse and bleed to death against the wire; there are so many possible ways for you to go. It will be interesting to see, maybe in a year or so, when I unseal this place how the woman who cheated with my husband - and her brat daughter - actually died." Her cackling laugh was that of a maniac.

Karen's mind went momentarily numb as Marie's words sunk in. All this time ... the suffering she had maybe needlessly endured and the cow knew all about the fling she had with Tony! She had put her letter to Tony, ending their brief affair in the wrong envelope - to Marie - and she was so desperate to retrieve it that she broke in to retrieve it. And all the time the cow had known about it! Everything she had suffered had been for nothing, had been pointless. Her attempts to protect Tony, her

marriage to Simon and yes, she admitted to herself, Mike's feelings too, from Marie's vindictiveness had been wasted. All of her pain and humiliation and CS ordeals and now Lee-Ann's too, had been endured for absolutely nothing. Then Karen suddenly had other things to occupy her racing mind.

Clunk!

After a final scraping sound a brick obscured the remaining tiny square of daylight. They were alone, buried alive; left with just the flickering candle and the probable company of rats. There was silence apart from each of the beauties drawing anguished breaths and their muffled sobbing.

Terror threatened to engulf her and Karen had to make a conscious effort to control her breathing. Carefully she turned her head on a bent and already aching neck to look at her daughter. Pity and grief swelled her heart, competing with the anger at the look of sheer petrified terror on the dark-haired girl's face. Lee-Ann's eyes darted this way and that, she shifted and squirmed on her knees trying uselessly to see a way out or maybe to ease the confinement on her bound, cramped limbs.

Scrabble...

"Aghhh," Karen moaned through her gag. She had too quickly turned her bowed head towards a pattering scrabble in one dark corner and a barb jabbed her neck.

Desperately her eyes searched the gloom, but she could see nothing. She relaxed slightly, again looking at Lee-Ann, but was unable to even give a smile of reassurance - no matter how false that would have been.

How she hated the two cows who were able to walk around in the wonderful daylight now denied them. They were probably even now washing away all traces of their recent brickwork. Then a ray of hope lanced her desperate brain; Tony would know that the shelter had been bricked up. Yet that possible salvation soon faded. She had no idea how long it would be before he returned and even if he noticed and checked their handiwork, she and Lee-Ann would have no way of making him aware of their plight. He'd just assume his wife had arranged for the shelter to be bricked up - end of story. They couldn't even whimper and even if they could get rid of the gags she doubted whether their voices would carry to the outside world even if someone had their ear pressed to the wall. And since it was unlikely that anyone would bother to come

anywhere near their tomb, no one would hear them, ever. And soon they would be too weak to make any sound with or without a gag. It was an effort now just to endure the cramped pain from her folded limbs within the awful cage.

There was another sound from the pool of darkness on the other side of the shelter. Both she and Lee-Ann jerked towards it, learning now how to move slightly without jabbing against the confining barbs. But their movement made the candle flicker and for a heart-stopping moment she thought it would extinguish, yet slowly, thankfully, it flickered back to life. It was their last precious link with civilisation and light, yet she knew that it would go out to leave them in terrifying darkness sooner or later. So far there was nothing - or at least nothing she could see – outside the cone of flickering candlelight. However, she knew they were out there, watching; horrid vicious furry rodents. She could imagine if not see their eyes glaring at the humans helplessly caged for them to eat.

There was another noise.

“Hagghh,” she gasped through the gag when she turned towards her daughter and merely served this time to bounce one of her boobs and scrape it onto a barb. A tiny pinprick of blood ran smoothly down the orb.

This was a nightmare. She heard a scrabble of small feet from somewhere in the darkness outside the spluttering candle’s illumination. Sooner or later curiosity and hunger would overcome any fear the rats currently had. They would realise that the two humans couldn’t hurt them, couldn’t even move or make a sound, and they would scamper in. She wondered what it would feel like when the first tiny teeth began tearing at her from the darkness. Would it be her toes, or maybe they would burrow into the furry heat of her sex? Then, shuddering, she closed her mind to that line of thought.

Lee-Ann’s wide terrified eyes were glinting in the gloom, perhaps looking for a salvation which she couldn’t give, or maybe she had seen something with her youthful eyes - Karen couldn’t even communicate with her daughter in her final hours. Yet if it wasn’t for Lee-Ann’s presence she might have just given up. She knew she had to try and be strong - for whatever purpose.

Time passed, maybe minutes, maybe hours marked only by the pain

and cramp washing through her body. She heard the occasional sob from her daughter as she strained to stay upright in her tiny prison, unable to avoid the cramp constricting her muscles, the evil barbs waiting to tear her - or the raw fear waiting to overwhelm her. Her knees were now virtually numb with the strain of taking her weight and pressing against the wire beneath them.

Hatred grew in her heart for the two cows in the real world outside. They were no doubt laughing at their plight, gloating over it whilst they had a relaxing meal, probably wine, maybe toasting them. Meanwhile, her whole life, or what remained of it, was zeroed down to just a few basic issues. How long a candle would last? When would a rat attack her? How could she keep still, in an agony of cramp, to avoid tearing her flesh? None of these things mattered to the two cows probably now enjoying themselves in a restaurant. They were free from fear, pain and terror, just presumably enjoying inflicting and controlling it.

Karen carefully swivelled her head towards a tinkling sound. Fresh tears trickled from her eyes when she saw the shame in Lee-Ann's eyes as her daughter parted her legs a little and awkwardly released her bladder in the kneeling position to send a yellow stream splattering onto the floor. She tried to convey with her eyes that it didn't matter. Indeed what did it matter except, fleetingly, she wondered whether a full bladder could serve as a weapon to keep the rats away. Then she accepted the futility of such a single shot which might simply serve to arouse curiosity rather than fear and at best keep the rodents away for scant minutes, simply prolonging their suffering.

It made Karen decide to satisfy a similar need and maybe make her daughter feel better. Only then did that train of thought lead to the discomfort within her vagina from the whistle which Patsy had pushed into her. She had faithfully kept it within her body, as ordered, like a good CS slave girl, and the uncomfortable feelings of doing so had been entirely swamped by the other horrors facing her.

Gently she flexed and relaxed her internal muscles until, with a little wriggle the whistle dropped with a clatter onto the floor of her cage. How she hated it, it had been so piercing nearly deafening as the young cow had ordered them around.

Deafening!

Connections began tumbling into place in Karen's anguished brain,

chasing away some of the fear engulfing her.

She tried to push with her tongue at the panties wadded into her mouth - but there was no way she could eject them past the sticky tape. Her head slumped and caught on another barb, sending another spark into her brain.

Slowly, gently she rubbed her mouth over a barb, gradually feeling it tear at the tape. It cut her quivering lips a little but soon she felt with burst of pride, the tape tear free. Desperately she pushed with her tongue until with a plop, the sodden ball of her panties dropped to the cage floor.

Luxuriously she began working her dry mouth.

“L-ughh, L-Lee-Ann, sweetheart,” she managed at last,” we’re going to get out of here. I’m going to start blowing this bloody whistle - and believe me no-one is going to ignore it. Someone will know we’re in here.”

It was a tonic to see the joy and hope at last again light up her daughter’s pretty face. They both had a purpose now. Lee-Ann began copying her Mother, gently impaling her gag on a barb whilst slowly, gingerly, Karen began craning her neck down towards the whistle.

Down and down, she went painfully bending her back, managing to avoid the cruel barbs until her head was level with her navel. She couldn’t get down any further.

“Aahh,” she gasped as she pricked herself on a barb, but no matter how she contorted, or how many barbs she squashed against she knew there was no way for her mouth to reach the ground. The precious whistle, their salvation lay inches away, mocking her.

“M-Mum,” Lee-Ann was at last able to speak again after spitting out her panties.

“It-it’s all right, sweetheart, I’ll think of some way of getting it,” Karen tried to sound more confident than she felt.

“No, Mum, remember you used to call me monkey feet - well I can still pick things up with my toes. Get ready.”

Karen winced for her daughter as she leaned forward in her cage, thrusting out the taut curve of her bottom and no doubt snagging her breasts on a couple of barbs judging by her short gasps. Soon, however, she was inching back, her toes through the broad wire mesh of her own cage and into hers. It took a while but after some direction from herself

Lee-Ann had engaged the whistle between her toes, gripping it tightly. It must have been painful to then put all of her weight on her knees but she leaned further forward, pivoting, kicking her legs back and upwards until Karen could grip the precious whistle between her lips.

Within seconds the piercing blast was echoing round their tiny confinement, blasting off the walls. It half deafened them and they heard a frantic scurrying as the rats found that their previous helpless and mute prey now suddenly had a harsh voice.

Karen's ears were singing after an hour and her hope was flagging. There was silence from outside. Maybe no one could hear them? Perhaps they were indeed entombed forever and even the whistle couldn't penetrate the thick bricks?

She tried to imagine the scene outside. A dark still night - surely the sound would carry across the night air to the house. Possibly all of the family were at the restaurant? Or perhaps Tony had the television on blaring away. If Marie and Patsy returned they would probably turn up some noise of their own making and then sneak out to the garden, try to quietly remove a couple of bricks and then silence them - for good. Yet she couldn't give up.

For another half hour she gave out long shrill blasts every minute or so before her breath gave out and her head sank on her chest. It was useless; she had raised her and Lee-Ann's hopes for nothing. They would never....

Suddenly there was a dull rhythmic thump from outside, sending dust cascading into the candle flame indicated that she had attracted attention of some sort.

As a few bricks slowly fell away under the hammer to reveal a wonderful glimpse of some stars before a torch beam half blinded her, her stomach contracted in dread excitement of who might have found them.

## **CHAPTER 7**

**“You see, I’d written a note to you saying it was over, that I couldn’t run away with you after all, but somehow I’d put it in the wrong envelope,” Karen explained to Tony a few minutes later as she drank in the lovely fresh night air. “You know I used to post those catalogue things to Marie every month or so. It was only after I’d put it in the post that I knew I’d been distracted by what I was having to write to you and that I’d put it in the wrong envelope – to her instead. I was out riding on my bike the next day trying to think - trying to think what Marie would do, how many lives my letter could destroy when I saw the postman delivering here. I knew you were at work and when I saw Marie and Patsy in the garden I just ... just thought I’d take a chance on getting it back. Well, you know the rest - except perhaps that Marie already knew about us,” she added.**

**“Oh, I knew the old bat knew; I didn’t care and I didn’t think she did either, she’s got her own ‘friends’. But ... so, you-you wanted to stop seeing me...” Tony was incredulous. “I didn’t know that. I-I thought Simon was no longer up for it, no longer interested in you ... at least like that ... and...”**

**“There are other things besides sex and I decided it just couldn’t go on; I had too much to lose at home. But when everything blew up I just had to forget I’d ever written it and hope you’d still have feelings for me and maybe make my CS sentence a bit easier to bear.”**

**“But-but you tricked me then,” he spluttered, “purring up to me when you were here on CS duty.”**

**“No more than you tricked me;” she spat back. “You knew that Marie knew and yet you didn’t tell me – she tried to kill me - you probably secretly enjoyed the thought of her controlling me as a CS slave. All I did was pretend a bit that I still fancied you – self-preservation, that’s all. Even though I’d gone off you, you were far preferable to serve than Marie. But it was you who did those other things against Marie, wasn’t it? You wound her up, the graffiti etc, made her think there was a vendetta and I got the blame for it. I guessed that but couldn’t say anything whilst I was a CS slave in case you made things worse for me.”**

**“Well, yes I wanted to stir her up, make her paranoid maybe make her insist on leaving me - so I could be with you,” he replied lamely.**

**“I guessed so and that’s when I knew I could never be with you; I knew then that I’d been right to want to break it off,” Karen smiled wanly. “You drove her and Patsy over the edge,” she snapped, “and nearly got my daughter and I killed!” She stalked off, determined never to look back.**

**“But, but you need me, you need ... you’re a physical woman, you’ll come running back,” Tony’s voice followed her over and above the crackling of police radios and sirens.**

**She had insisted on calling them after Tony had released them - when they still had a chance to see the truth of her story - before Marie and Patsy returned from their night out. And to his credit, Tony backed her up. The added bonus was the police agreeing to write off the last of her and Lee-Ann’s CS Service in return for them not going public about their abuse. The scowling police simply carted Marie and Patsy off to a secure place.**

**“No, I don’t think I’ll be back, Buster,” she breathed to Tony, seeing Mike waiting for her out of Tony’s sight. He had received her plaintive phone call. She knew that he would always be there for her, remembering his kind ways, his touch, his body. Knowing he was her future now.**

**\* \* \***

**“Hi babe, got a minute?” Mike’s voice was warm and friendly.**

**Karen knew that with the remainder of their CS sentence now wiped out, whenever he wanted her, whenever she heard that wonderful voice on the phone, she would come running. Simon was wonderful and a good provider but he could no longer provide the sensual excitement in her life - but she knew someone who could. As long as she didn’t make it too obvious, Simon would be content with her occasional forays to Mike. A bit like CS, in fact, but without the shame, she thought to herself.**

**“Hi, Mike!” She slid into his arms, her mouth opening to be kissed after the door had closed behind her in his house. This time no-one would tell them what to do, except that she saw the thin cane by Mike’s desk and gave a little shiver of excitement at what that might mean now**



**in a secure environment.**

**THE END**