

LUCY 'S PRISON NIGHTMARE

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CHAPTER ONE

Her endless legs disappeared under a short black dress which clung to a perfect figure. Clacking on high heels down her corridors of power, Lucy was the essence of unobtainable beauty and poise, until.....

“It - it’s not what you think. Look, I’ll put the money back,” the words tumbled out of her dry, frightened mouth in an attempt to drown any opposition. “I don’t know why I did it. I only borrowed it for a stupid dress, I’d have repaid it next week.”

She really didn’t know why she had been tempted to take some of the manager’s expenses. It had been so ridiculously easy. Mr Hassay, Tora Pharmaceutical’s manager, was on holiday for two weeks and she was running his office with her normal cool efficiency as his executive secretary.

He’d recently said he had no idea how much was in the float, maybe a couple of thousand? Leaving her the key he suggested she tidy up the accounting for him. Finding over ten thousand had been a genuine shock and she’d been tempted by an expensive dress, reduced in a sale ending today - her brain phased with shopaholic madness. Its price was dwarfed by the petty cash staring her in the face but, being an honest person, she would have repaid it on pay-day.

Knowing that many areas of the building were covered by discreet cctv coverage, she should have guessed this included Mr Hassay’s office during his absence. Indeed, focused by fear, she now recalled reading it in one of his boring personnel instructions.

The small, glinting eyes of Jung, from Tora security, widened with pleasure at making a ‘catch.’ Now self-preservation made her regret the sly contempt and disdain which she, in common with many other employees, always treated the pompous Oriental slug. At sixty he should in any case be retired, she thought. He’d already had one career in the police ... but it was company policy to employ such predatory creatures.

“I should call the state police immediately - turn you over,” he announced ponderously.

Lucy knew her job and status would automatically be lost with a commensurate increase in shame. Everything should be ahead of her. At twenty three, with a high powered job built on qualifications, experience and trust, together with her beauty and infectious charm, she was the dream of many. However, she adored her loving husband, Jack - a surveyor, but now could she ever look him, or her family and friends in the eye again? She would be branded a criminal, maybe fined, or worse? There would be the shame of a menial job which is all someone with a record nowadays could expect.

“Alternatively, as you seem like a good kid, I could stick my neck out - try to work something out.” Jung deliberated.

A ray of sunlight pierced the gloom enveloping her. Even being called a ‘good kid’ by the creature she normally treated with utter contempt had little impact on her. She had now entered an unknown sub-world. Instead of a free spirit controlling her own destiny she was now at the whim of another - unfortunately someone who deserved the loathing heaped upon him. From being an observer of an underworld which she occasionally sensed brushing against hers, she was now becoming a part of it. Nevertheless, she looked up into his piggy eyes with desperate hope.

“It won’t be easy,” he continued, “everything is recorded on film, you see. It will be difficult ...” He fell silent, his ugly face creasing, seemingly in deep thought.

“Please, if you can - I’d be ...” she couldn’t bring herself to say any more, weighing up what he might expect of her.

“Let me think. Meanwhile we must go through the motions, I must get a female to check your belongings,” he declared officiously.

The ray of hope returned to Lucy’s darkness. By summoning someone else he obviously had nothing too bad in mind. “Come to my office,” he ordered, striding ahead.

Scurrying after him, she was no longer in charge, the manager’s personification. Now the files she carried, symbols of the manager’s authority and thus hers, were clutched to her chest as a shield against Jung’s penetrating, gloating gaze.

“Wait here Lucy,” he purred, locking her in his office. “I’ll get someone to check you over, do this bit by the book. Then we’ll decide what to do.” He laughed, an unpleasant sound, as his fishy eyes washed over her trembling body.

Alone, her bravado ebbed and flowed, indignant at being locked in - treated like a criminal. She could brazen it out, accuse Jung of lying. Then she remembered her foolish actions had been recorded on camera. She was trapped in the creep's power. Various foolhardy schemes flashed through her mind before she accepted her predicament, wiping her brow.

She jumped up when he returned with an Oriental girl in her twenties. With the new 'Sunrise' industries really having a foothold (many would say stranglehold) in mid 21st century Britain, there were many Oriental Asians around, mainly from China, Korea and Japan, in positions of power. They even ran some privatised prisons - like one recently built near to her home. The girl's doll-like face and petite figure were offset by glittering black eyes which bored into her.

"Kaycan se, manao ohie sang."

"Yocatte la meno."

The two briefly conversed in the new common language, nicknamed 'Sunny,' which many Orientals had adopted to reflect their pooling of economic unity. Sunny's sing-song tones always caused a frisson of inexplicable annoyance to Lucy - and many other British nationals - but it was now often heard around Europe and America. Within a few generations, she suspected, everyone would be obliged to learn it. For the moment she found it incomprehensible mumbo jumbo which grated on the nerves. Yet another indication of how the Western world was slowly being taken over.

"This is Miss Tanga, a fellow security officer visiting on business," he reverted to English. "She will search you, please co-operate."

Jung only made a half-hearted attempt to pretend he was occupied on the other side of the door to his outer office whilst Miss Tanga had Lucy spread-eagled against a wall like a common criminal. The hands travelled horribly, intimately over every curve, smoothing her dress, patting and probing, intruding like two cold slugs. Lucy felt unclean when Jung announced that he would check her bag. She was defiled, imagining him exploring her personal items, organiser, diary, sundry 'women's' things.

"Take off shoes, stockings and dress, please," Miss Tanga smiled politely but coldly.

"Look, this is ridiculous it's a misunderstanding nothing else you don't need to ..." Lucy glared with anger and shame at the waiting girl. She looked at the half closed door, imagining Jung listening, maybe peeking.

"If there's a problem I get Mr Jung to call police, they deal, yes?"

Tanga reached for a phone. “They search at police station.”

“No!” Lucy tried to keep the desperation from her voice, grasping the slim hand. “OK, I’ll do it,” she caved in, shutting the door with her foot as she kicked off her high heels.

Perspiration trickled down her back. Tanga had again made her spread-eagle against the wall, now shamefully wearing just her tiny pink bra and pants, whilst she meticulously felt every discarded garment.

“Face me, please, mouth open wide.” Lucy shivered as she complied, the girl peering and fingering inside her mouth, exploring under a tongue which she had to extend fully. Stupidly she hoped her breath was fresh.

“Hands out to side, legs apart.” She jumped as the cool fingers patted around her bra, checking the edges, brushing her gooseflesh. Flushing deeper crimson, her fright-hardened nipples protruded through the material like two buttons. The hands briefly slid around the waistband of her panties, tracing between thighs which she longed to snap shut. Closing her eyes, she shuddered wretchedly as the fingers curled upwards, pressing the silk against the softness of her sex.

“Ok, all clear, you dress now,” Tanga pronounced like a nurse, leaving Lucy to hastily regain a modicum of decency as she thankfully pulled on her clothes.

CHAPTER TWO

Lucy bit her lip, knowing she had to undress, knowing she had to carry out this ritual to avoid the creep, Jung, blowing her life away. He said it would be only once then he would probably consider her 'debt' wiped off. Could things ever return to normal? she wondered. He was now privy to, controlling, intimate acts of her life. Things normally kept to herself, or shared with a husband, a lover, were at the creep's discretion. Again she felt defiled, screaming at the bastard, using every vile word she knew to describe him, her voice bouncing mockingly back from her bedroom walls. If she resisted him what would then be left of her life? A criminal record, disgrace and a ruined marriage as a minimum. Maybe even a spell in one of the horrible State Correction Centres about which everyone had heard horrid rumours. However, talking too openly about such matters wasn't encouraged and in any case, most good middle class people secretly thought severe treatment was deserved by the criminal elements. She had never thought she could ever be one herself!

Resisting the urge to clutch it to her, she dropped the final wispy garment to a careless heap before the mocking empty face of her bedroom window. Jung had given explicit, obscene instructions as to the rituals she must perform, keeping the curtains open, hinting that he might be watching, checking, from a distance. He was maybe in Mote Park across the road? Shuddering, she resisted the urge to draw the curtains, instead turning full circle, a beautiful moth enticing any depraved eyes which might be regarding her from the murk outside. Storm clouds had introduced a premature darkness to the spring evening, accurately reflecting her own predicament, she thought wryly. Padding seductively up and down before the window she hoped Jack wouldn't be long bringing back the Korean take-away - then she could get this business over with.

This morning she thought she'd been so clever. When Jung insisted on her reporting sick from work and him visiting her she reckoned he had over-stretched himself. Her tiny video camera would record his blackmail and presumably his attempted seduction and she had warned her friends, Rowena and Ellen, to rush in from Rowena's house next door if she banged

on the wall.

The cunning swine, maybe sensing a trap, had merely wandered round her home whilst she made him the drink he demanded. Then, whilst sipping coffee like old friends, he had given her his requirements. It was an anonymous typed list of crude, disgusting things she had to do that night with her husband, previously unthinkable things. She knew though that if she summoned Rowena he would deny the list was his.

He said he would know if she didn't perform to his specification. Her husband was due his bi-annual medical under her insurance scheme and the doctor, apparently a friend of Jung, would ask him under hypnosis about 'events' the previous night. For once she hated the all-embracing cradle-to-grave hold the Oriental companies had over their workers, sliding into utter dependency on them. One big happy family!

Perversely though, she wondered whether she was not experiencing a previously hidden and now unrestrained excitement at the things she must do. Following his directions she left notes around the house immediately her husband left. On his return, following them, he would find her sitting on the table in their bedroom, stark naked. Glancing once more at the list to remind herself what he required, she tightly gagged herself with a knotted tie. Mouth bulging around, it she slid up onto the table, the wood cold against her bare bottom. She bound her ankles akimbo to the top of each table leg, feeling opened and exposed, hanging a sign around her neck and also a rope leash. Finally, she secured her wrists behind her back with the cuffs he had bought, snapping them to with a click.

Having left the key to the cuffs on the bed as requested, she was now helpless, committed. Regarding herself in their mirror, looking like a whore, she saw above the velvet pout of her intimacies the sign she had written:

"I am your slave for the night. Keep me bound and gagged while you spank and cane me hard - then please f—k the arse off me."

"Come in, my dear," Jung purred, continuing to watch one of his flat monitoring screens hanging on the office wall. "Close the door."

Lucy, stomach knotted with fear and loathing, only pushed the door partially to. Although it was evening, some people were working overtime and she wanted plenty of witnesses if he tried anything else. If the bastard

turned the screw any more that would be it, she'd - she'd

Her train of thought became instantly derailed by the images flicking across Jung's screen - her! She was naked but for the leash around her neck, her wrists cuffed behind her. Instinctively she shut the door fully. Resisting the urge to be sick, she watched her husband tie her leash to the wardrobe door, proceeding to spank her bottom whilst his huge erection brushed her thigh.

Unthinking she lurched at the computer-video, switching it off, heart hammering through her ribs, staring wildly, desperately at Jung.

"Oh there's plenty more isn't there, Lucy?" he simply turned it back on again. "You seemed to enjoy touching your toes for Jack's hand. Is your little botty sore this morning?" he laughed, patting her pert backside. "It's made for the rod."

"You..."

"And you f—k really well, don't you?" he interrupted casually as she hadn't spoken. "Plenty of things I hadn't specified too, eh?"

Lucy's overloaded brain took refuge in memory. She would never admit to anyone her deeply hidden excitement when Jack first saw her bound and exposed yesterday. It felt so ... different, wonderful, to be completely at the mercy of the man she loved. Her eyes had glared at him in sweet frustration when he kept her helpless whilst running his hands all over her exposed body, dipping into her liquid honey-pot which practically dripped onto the desk. When he later spanked her, the feelings of pleasure far exceeded the pain. Still bound, he made her rub herself all over his body like a dog on heat, his now bare thighs, clenched between hers, stimulating her swollen bud. Only when he was ready did he position her bent forwards over the table to take her from behind, eventually just a few long awaited rubs of his fingers against her clitoris making her come simultaneously with his own pumping climax. When he finally untied her she took him twice more that night, once astride and once undulating and wriggling full length to trap his tired penis within her.

Those images still flashed obscenely on his screen when, at the timid knock, a blonde secretary entered at Jung's growled command. Lucy tried to recall the teenager's name, wondering what the beautiful doe-eyed creature would make of her crimson face and the images on screen which she again managed to turn off. Did it matter now? she wondered, head throbbing, trying to think clearly.

“Jane, strip.”

Lucy was momentarily confused by Jung’s curt order. About to say something, her mouth merely gaped as, without dissent or query, ignoring her presence, the blonde immediately undressed. Then, following Jung’s further commands, knelt on the floor at his feet. Her legs were wide to reveal a delicate mauve slash and her pointed breasts bounced softly when she had to clasp her hands to her neck; a delicate butterfly before a greasy toad.

“You see, there are several people in this company who are in my debt, company slaves, my slaves as it were. Open the cupboard, Lucy.” Jung pointed to a corner.

Like an automation trying to assimilate data beyond its comprehension, whilst also trying to ignore the despair in the eyes of the pale-faced kneeling girl, Lucy obeyed.

A wave of heat hit her as she opened the door, revealing a nightmare. Within the confined space of the tall, thin metal cupboard, hanging by her wrists on tip-toe, was a rubber-clad figure whose only ventilation was a tiny grille set in the door at face level. The woman’s shining face was dissected by a broad gag, her raven-black hair plastered to her head. She blinked, pathetically grateful for the relatively cool air of the office, every curve of her beautiful, straining figure from her neck down protruding explicitly through the thin skin-tight latex covering her.

Vaguely Lucy recognised her as an administrator, an elegant woman in her forties. Automatically she reached towards the wrists hand-cuffed to the top of the cabinet.

“Leave her, please,” purred Jung, “Sally has another hour of overtime punishment to go yet. Several employees who have broken the company rules chose to accept my own brand of discipline as atonement - you’re not alone.” He smiled as Lucy’s hands fell helplessly back to her sides.

“ I enjoy watching and making you proud Western cows, who think they are so perfect, grovel to me as slaves. I took the liberty of planting a few micro cameras around your house whilst you made my drink the other day; you said some pretty horrible and disgusting things about me. It’s a flaw in your character we must eradicate. And when we have, I will return the film of your theft, and your lustful night - as your souvenirs. I am always fair, your servitude will last a month. Then, if you are obedient and we have eradicated your rudeness, you will be in the clear. Jane and Sally can vouch for that, can’t you, girls? You first both sought reassurance by speaking to other

employees who had trod a similar path, didn't you?"

"Yes Sir," Jane whispered whilst the dark haired woman could only nod pitifully.

"You know there is no other realistic course other than accept your punishments, don't you?"

As the women affirmed the truth Lucy felt desolate, beaten. Jung's monstrous regime would account for the occasional employee who didn't outwardly share the common contempt for the fiend. Must she now join them?

"Over the months I've watched you on the screens doing your morning exercises in the office. I'd like you to do them here, now, just for me Lucy."

"Look, you creep..."

"Western woman must learn to control temper," Jung interrupted. "For that outburst, you'll take off your outer clothes and do the exercises wearing just the tiny bra and panties I watched you put on this morning in your bedroom." Lucy's hand flew to her mouth in shock. "If you refuse, we'll have to close the cupboard door on Sally and extend her punishment by another hour; I'll also cane Jane. It's your decision, your responsibility if they suffer in your place. Well?"

"You, you ..." she spluttered to a halt.

Controlling her natural instinct to slap the bastard, acknowledging the grateful looks of the two women, Lucy gave ground again to the hideous swine. Unbuttoning her blouse with suddenly clumsy fingers, she was unable to think of any realistic alternative. She couldn't bear the thought of the two creatures, who had been made Jung's virtual slaves, suffering any more because of her pride. With as much dignity as she could muster she stepped out of her skirt and, folding it neatly over a chair, stood glaring at the casually seated figure, her fists clenched in frustrated anger. She longed to cover her virtually naked breasts but refused to give him that pleasure.

When the horribly familiar music started, it felt to unnatural to perform the exercises half naked and in the small office. Yet Jung snapped at her when he considered she was putting in insufficient effort. Normally employees exercised for 15 minutes together every morning wearing tracksuits emblazoned with the company logo. Now she wore just minuscule bra and pants as she bent and stretched, aware of the slit-eyes devouring her exposed flesh. It was worse for young Jane though, Jung decided she also should perform - naked.

Up down; twist, on tip-toe, touching their toes, swinging from side to side, Jung followed their every movement. When the programme was complete their bodies shone as they panted for breath. Jane's delicate breasts heaved as Jung ordered her to again kneel at his feet.

"Now you'll remove your underwear, come here and suck my cock."

"No, you bastard, that's it! You rot in f___king hell!" Lucy snapped, clutching her discarded skirt and blouse to her. "I'll show the police your bugs in my house, they'll believe me and ..." she was halted by Jung's amused laugh.

"Oh my poor naive little Lucy. Don't you think I anticipated that and have already removed the bugs whilst you were at work this morning - it was so easy to make a copy of your house keys whilst Miss Tanga searched you the other day. No proof at all now, I'm afraid. Naturally our friends here also have too much to lose to say anything. They'll confirm your confession to the theft, how you tried to bribe me with a film you took of your sexual antics. That film will reside in the office safe with the film of your original indiscretion. You've no choice but back me up, eh girls?"

Lucy saw the truth in their eyes.

"Also," he continued into the silence, "I have relatives in the local police and justice departments. Believe me, you will be prosecuted for theft, sacked and sent to prison if I suggest it to the right ears; imagine what the papers will make of your ... antics. Alternatively, play my little games for a short while and then resume your life. Think about it for a while, my dear. I accept that your new status has come rather suddenly for you." He chuckled as Lucy struggled back into her clothes with undignified hopping. "I'm busy tomorrow evening. However, you'll report to me the following evening at this time wearing no underclothes, knowing what to expect. If you don't, you can expect the police to call on you the following morning."

Lucy knew she couldn't even try to expose his blackmail. For the moment she just wanted to be out of Jung's terrible office - as far away from him as possible. Even before she had left, she saw young Jane crawl towards the seated figure, breasts trembling delicately, reaching for his trousers as ordered.

She knew the bastard would be able to convince people that she had agreed to this for her own kinky voyeuristic reasons, or bribery, to get the original film back. She could imagine the newspaper headlines, her whole life and reputation in ruins. Tears of self-pity rolled down her beautiful face as

she desperately ran from the building

The next day, having taken an unusual interest in office security, Lucy established the route taken by the office auto-guards - and how to avoid them. Her break-in to the office seemed simple and her friends, Rowena and Ellen, were there more for moral support. When she had removed and destroyed the films and replaced the money in the safe - withdrawn from her savings - she would be free. Then Jung would really get his!

It was nevertheless daunting to be creeping around the building in the dark, the previously familiar bustling corridors and rooms given a frightening aspect by their silence. However, Lucy felt confident. Evading the auto-guards had been easy with her inside knowledge and she could see the main safe now. It hadn't been too difficult to discover the combination from another 'key-holder.'

Whether from knowledge or desperation, it had been virtually instinctive for her to lash out viciously when a hooded figure jumped at her from the shadows. Thankful for karate lessons, her elbows and fists jabbed into the crotch and face of her assailant, hearing the teeth smash. Feeling very proud of herself and excited, Lucy thought it had worked. With a male grunt the figure fell heavily and she guessed he would carry the damage to remind him of the encounter for some time to come. However, too much was at stake, she needed to ensure the intruder was properly immobilised until they could complete their task and escape.

She raised her heavy torch above his head, noting abstractly that her groaning victim's clutching hands inadvertently pulled down his tracksuit slightly to reveal a red dragon tattooed above his crotch. He wouldn't be using that for a while, she thought with amusement. Then the tables were suddenly turned. She squealed with surprise and fear as two other figures gripped her tightly from the darkness, a gun pushing into her ribs.

"Hands up, remove your masks and cat-suits!" The voices were unrecognisable, metallic through voice distorters.

The three trembling young women stood in a row, their hands obediently laced behind their heads. Rather than avenging conquerors on an exciting mission, they now felt terrified and ridiculous in the tight-fitting leather. Now they had to divest themselves of even that covering to be crudely frisked.

Kneeling, hands on head, in underwear, they shivered with vulnerable dread. Lucy gulped as the figure she had attacked limped across to her.

“Aaaaghhhh!” she collapsed in an undignified heap, clutching her belly, gasping for breath when he punched her. Thankfully the other figures restrained him, preventing the intended kick to her head.

Making her keep her hands raised high, a masked figure prodded her with a gun into the manager’s private suite.

“Time for a little bath,” the voice chuckled mechanically. Lucy had no time to be surprised at the extent of their knowledge of the private quarters before she was pushed into the plush bathroom. She recalled the luxury of using it occasionally when the manager was out.

He made her lean against a wall on widely spaced arms whilst he filled the bath with cold water.

“Undies off, we don’t want wet clothes.”

“Please,” she implored, but the man merely opened the door, revealing Rowena and Ellen still kneeling, shivering in their frilly underwear, hands on head, eyes wide with fear, a gun in each mouth.

The implied threat was sufficient, she hesitatingly peeled off her flimsy coverings.

She was trussed like a turkey at Christmas, wrists to ankles like a bowstring.

“Aaagh!” Gasping with shock, he unceremoniously dumped her face down into the cold water. Helplessly bound, her face plunged under the water. Desperately she twisted and turned, to no avail. With one hand he casually held her legs up - thus forcing her face down - submerged. Distorted through the water, she saw him sitting on the edge of the bath smiling. She thrashed uselessly, lungs bursting; the bastard was going to drown her. Finally, a red veil obscuring her vision, he released her legs, allowing her to crane her head back to thankfully gasp in air.

“We do that over and again until you all agree to confess on computer to breaking into the office attempting to steal drugs,” he calmly announced “You three will take the rap for our aborted raid, only a small fine, I expect.

If you don't...."

Again, Lucy was submerged, making frantic bubbling noises. She attempted to plead, tell the brute she agreed - anything was better than drowning like this. However, he kept her lungs straining for a full minute before allowing her to splutter to the surface. Even when he wasn't holding her down, she had a struggle to keep her mouth, chattering with cold, above water. She could only do so by arching her back painfully.

He casually fondled the breasts she was forced to thrust forward. They were covered in gooseflesh, the nipples tight with cold and fear.

"We can keep this up. And if you drown, so what? We'll untie you, people will assume you burgled the office, decided to freshen up and met with a tragic accident. So, you agree to make the confession?"

"Yes!"

Dryers restored her hair and when again dressed in her cat-suit she felt a semblance of normality.

To reduce court time, those caught committing crimes could automatically elect for instant sentencing by computer. Now Lucy and Ellen stood humbly before the console in the main office, knowing that if they stepped out of line, Rowena would drown in the bath next door. Then she would be brought in whilst Ellen took her place.

However, Lucy knew that, as a safeguard, the computer system automatically checked back at an offender's house to verify the plea and confirm the sentence. Then they would all have the opportunity of straightening things out, explaining the duress. OK, she had committed a minor misdemeanour, but only to correct an even smaller one - they hadn't actually taken anything. A lapse of judgement. These terrible people they discovered already breaking into the office, who had done this to her, were far worse offenders. She might lose her job and there would be the shame, but it might be mitigated if the real burglars were apprehended - Lucy remembered the red dragon tattoo. For the moment, for their immediate safety, they must appear guilty and contrite.

An auto-guard activated the confession programme in the computer. The real burglars had somehow programmed it to ignore themselves. They were hidden in the background, covering them with their weapons as the computer verified her identity with eye matching and she made her confession.

Entering the garage attached to her house was an everyday event for Lucy, but today was not every day. In a couple of hours, unless she could convince the system of her innocence, she would be sentenced via the modem on her home computer.

Worse, once inside, the door slammed shut and a smelly hood was pulled over her head, stifling the scream springing to her throat.

“You won’t be hurt if you do as you’re told,” a man’s voice instructed through a distorter. “We want to remind you of your obligations,” he purred before a bitter-sweet odour rendered her senseless.

She regained consciousness to an insistent voice calling her name, someone kicking her legs. Cold concrete was against her face and a dank odour permeated her nostrils. When she moved a jarring pain exploded through her head, only slowly subsiding.

“The knock-out effects will wear off shortly and you’ll feel fine,” a voice droned.

She opened her eyes, only to squeeze them shut as they were seared by a bright light which sent mystic patters dancing across her retina.

“Do exactly as you’re told or I am afraid life will be very unpleasant and short for you, Mrs West,” the voice continued unpleasantly. “If you follow our instructions to the letter you will be completely unharmed. If not ... “

Lucy thought her heart would pound through her ribs, it must surely be audible to the man.

“You have been brought here to play obligations and consequences,” he continued from behind the blinding glare. “Stand facing the light.”

Unsteadily, Lucy got to her feet, automatically brushing dirt from her tee-shirt and jeans. She shivered in the cold atmosphere, unable to see anything besides a huge white halo.

“Remove your clothes, please.”

“Why? Look ... aaaghhh!” She shrieked as something lashed burning across her legs.

“Your first and last warning. I assure you, you’ll be unharmed if you obey but your worst nightmare will come true if you don’t. Everything please, drop them on the floor. Now!” the voice shouted, making her flinch as the echoes bombarded the dusty silence.

“Please ...” she gasped as she hurriedly tugged off her things till her bare feet shifted awkwardly on the cold floor, hands covering her breasts and pubis.

“Pick up the pieces of wood by your feet. One in each hand, high above your head. If your arms lower you’ll regret it.”

Her small breasts rose and fell with anguish as she lifted the heavy wood above her, conscious of her body now exposed to the man’s gaze.

“Very pretty.”

Lucy jumped as another man commented from behind her.

“Oh, I’ve seen much better. Resume your position, Mrs West.” Lucy jerked in the other direction as woman’s derisive voice joined in.

Head questing blindly into the searing light like a trapped bird, Lucy again stood erect, silent and still apart from her rapid shuddering breaths. Somehow the utter silence was worse. Time dragged, her muscles quivered with the strain, unable to prevent her arms slowing lowering slightly. What did they want?

Hands grabbed her from the darkness. Expertly her wrists were bound behind her and she was lifted onto a rickety stool. With the rough embrace of the rope tied around a rafter and tugged over her neck she guessed that it would be the last thing she would ever see.

“Haaghh,” she yelped as the noose pulled tight, her bare feet tottering desperately on the stool to keep her balance. She was choking, straining on tiptoe to ease the pull whilst trying to keep her balance, unable to speak through the tight band around her throat.

“If we decide to spare you to face sentence, you will accept it without question. Remember, you intended to steal drugs. If not, we put you through this again whenever we want - except that you will not survive. Agreed?”

“Yes please,” she somehow croaked as the stool wobbled dangerously, increasing the constriction, she could barely breathe now. They were killing her. All thoughts of her nudity and modesty were forgotten as she splayed her legs in a desperate attempt to stay on her terrible perch.

“You will contact no-one,” the voice droned as she fought for her very survival. “One of your friends is with us now,” he lied. “If you change your story in any way, she will be the first one to disappear - after we’ve had a little fun with her. Remember, be a good girl - we can get you whenever we want.”

Relief that she wasn’t to be hurt or killed in this horrid place

competed with fear that these people could invade her life at will. Her previously secure and ordered existence had gone. Then she jumped as a rag closed over her mouth and the bitter-sweet smell turned her legs to jelly. She sucked in one more shuddering breath before feeling herself falling from the stool.

Groaning, she regained her senses to her face on the cold concrete floor, her throat sore, mouth slack, dribbling spittle. Shivering, she realised she was still naked.

She waited for the grogginess to recede and the next mocking command. Instead there was silence. At least she was unbound and free from the noose. The blinding lights were out and she could see in the gloom when her head cleared. With a start she recognised her own garage! The bastards had done all this to her in her own home! Tugging on her discarded clothes she realised that she would never be safe from them. She had no choice but go through with this charade, compounding her minor guilt.

In the house she heard the computer summoning her. She wiped her eyes, regretting ever straying from the straight and narrow. Terrified for herself and her friends she daren't now tell the truth. She would have to go along with their story.

“Your guilty plea is accepted.” The computer generated voice was serious, dry. Lucy sat stiffly upright before the screen, the image of a wigged judge's stern face could indeed actually see her through the screen camera. “Breaking in with intent, or actual theft, is a serious offence,” the deep voice slowly continued. “However in recognition, firstly of your guilty plea, second that this is your first offence and lastly your previous good character, the sentence will be reduced.” Relaxing slightly, thinking in terms of a fine, relief swept through her as the computer continued: “The sentence for attempted theft of drugs is thus provisionally set at only 18 months. This period is however subject to adjustment between a minimum of 12 months and a maximum of 8 years dependant upon your progress, or lack of it, towards rehabilitation to rejoin society.”

Such was her shock at the harsh sentence, hearing only 8 years, Lucy didn't acknowledge the computer's now mechanical sing-song female voice, giving her instructions. It repeated the demand.

“You will report to the Rising Sun Maidstone Correctional Establishment for Women at 10 am on Wednesday 26 May to commence sentence. Confirm understanding and receipt of the instructions please.”

“Confirmed,” she repeated in a dry whisper, trying to accept the total life change thrust upon her, then bursting into bitter tears at the sheer injustice of her position.

CHAPTER THREE

Lucy had difficulty grasping the fact that she, a basically law-abiding, woman, had been consigned to hell. She was bending over in unaccustomed public nudity, having to thrust out her taut, trembling buttocks to be caned by a vicious Korean wardress. The fearful humiliation was made worse by a man, a leering obese Japanese lecher, regarding her shivering body, Rowena and Ellen bent over in similar trepidation alongside her. Whilst absorbing the agonising, throbbing pain enclosing her buttocks in a tight hot band, she thought back, seeking normality.

Only that morning, she and Jack determined to snatch one last moment of pleasure before their lives were put on hold. Lucy made an early cooked breakfast, bringing it to bed wearing only one of his shirts - his favourite turn-on. She made him finish the meal, expectation building, before he stood before her, kissing her tenderly as he slowly unbuttoned the shirt, sliding it from her body.

Soon they were pressed tightly, urgently together. Laying on her side, legs wide, Lucy encircled Jack's thighs, his loins thrusting deep into her liquid depths, hands urgently gripping the clenching cheeks of her beautifully sleek bottom. Her brown hair cascaded over his sticky body as she covered his powerful neck and shoulders with urgent kisses. In another of his little 'games' her hands had been tied behind her with her silken bra as she too undulated and thrust in rhythm.

The recent wonderful intimacy with her husband contrasted only too vividly with the current clinical nudity amongst vicious strangers and her thoughts wandered yet further back towards sanctuary.

She, and her fellow conspirators, Rowena and Ellen had all received identical 'warnings' from the burglars before sentencing - making her feel terribly guilty. However, one saving grace was that another neighbour was the Governess of the new correction centre. Whilst Michelle wasn't a friend, they socialised a little - mainly out of neighbourly duty.

In her early thirties, Michelle had a cold beauty and a serious personality, but she didn't seem to have the strength of character Lucy imagined necessary to run a prison. Surely though, with a friend in court this

ordeal might not be too bad, they decided.

Although she dare show them no favours, Michelle said she'd try to keep an eye out for them. Thus no real harm should come to them in the establishment which, although grim, was reassuringly only a mile from their homes.

As Lucy had joined her friends at the end of the road the curtains of another neighbour, Mrs Smythe, twitched open. Lucy guessed the nosey old gossip - with whom she shared a mutual distaste - knew about their fate and would relish every second of her incarceration. However, with forced cheerfulness, despite stomach-churning apprehension, Lucy, Rowena and Ellen, with their husbands, passed through massive black electronic gates which would stop a hover-tank. They were accompanied by an obligatory policeman; he was a young lad, their local officer whom they knew vaguely and who kept a discreet distance and silence. Bitterness gnawed deep within them at the sight of other people going about their leisure activities, deciding where to go that Saturday to catch the sun, what to wear? By contrast, they walked within the high, drab walls which would now contain them.

They passed stony-faced male and female guards, mostly Oriental; like walking into a foreign prison camp Lucy thought apprehensively. To one side was a construction site where the prison was being extended. Indeed, some of Jack's colleagues occasionally worked there and Lucy hoped that none would see her. Leaving behind the carefree shouts and curses of the builders, the clang of metal on metal, brick on brick, they proceeded into the prison's inner sanctum where the policeman left them, to attend to some paperwork. The smell of the place, antiseptic like a hospital, mixed with fear and despair, hit them like a physical barrier.

They sat in a tiled corridor, holding hands with their husbands, all wanting to look their best, create the right impression dressed in smart clothes and with perma-make-up - which wouldn't fade for at least 6 months. Jack, Dean and Michael couldn't help but think, even at a time like this, how pretty their wives were. With gorgeous legs disappearing under short dresses they had looks which could grace film sets, always attracting admiring glances. Here however, their radiance only served to contrast with their grim surroundings.

At the end of the corridor a door crashed open. They looked up, startled, as a nude lad, hair cropped to a thin stubble, marched through, arms swinging. Although it was a female prison, Lucy knew that, due to

overcrowding, some of these places had small intakes of the opposite sex. She gasped at the youth's harsh treatment, guessing him to be vicious lout who had probably soiled his uniform.

A butch female guard in her late twenties with cropped blonde spiky hair followed him. Her hard face was momentarily startled at the sight of the newcomers but she quickly recovered.

"Knees up, you lazy bastard, swing those arms, march!" she screamed, spraying spittle.

The youth, aged around twenty, had a tense face and was virtually oblivious, had to be, of the six seated figures - apart from his blush. He marched off, limp penis swinging as the wardress casually pinched his small buttocks. Her eyes regarded the seated couples.

"Apologies, I'd no idea we had visitors, this prisoner is undergoing special discipline for crimes against the state - the only treatment these young thugs understand, I'm afraid," she shrugged before following her victim through the door.

Rowena, Ellen and Lucy simultaneously gulped in apprehensive silence when another door opened. A petite young Japanese girl, almost the stereotype of a geisha, scurried across.

"Pennant, Harris and West?" she enquired, checking her computer wrist monitor.

"Yes," they managed to whisper.

"Sorry I'm not here to greet," she apologised like a poor hostess, pointing to her 'Reception' lapel badge. "You now get changed so husbands take things home. Through door into changing area and undress please, everything; underclothes, shoes, watches, jewellery, handbags, and put on gowns you'll find. Then bring all back here in sack, ladies," she smiled, pointing with a tiny white hand.

Their unease was growing, but maybe this would be no worse than a hospital. Perhaps, they thought, when the formalities were out of the way, things wouldn't be too bad. Obviously the poor lad they had just seen must have been a special case, a hardened criminal.

By mutual understanding the three undressed, each facing a different wall of the small room. There was silence apart from the swish of zips and buckles, material sliding over flesh.

The gowns, basically just coarse towelling, barely covered their breasts and buttocks. Open at the front like short dressing gowns, the cords to

tie them were missing and consequently they clutched them to prevent them gaping.

The difference for the women was now tangible as they rejoined their husbands. Previously observers, now they were part of the regime, vulnerably near naked, all trappings of their lives were heaped before them in the sacks.

Jack was partly frustrated at what was happening to his lovely wife - what was being imposed on them both. He also couldn't help casting furtive glances at the lovely display of bare limbs. A thousand fantasies were answered for him as he glimpsed Rowena's sleek thighs disappearing under the tiny gown. Ellen's nipples bounced into view on her largish breasts as her gown occasionally slipped, her long dark hair cascading to her shoulders.

Lucy gasped when, adding to their shame, a beefy young male guard consulting a computerised wrist monitor walked up to them. He was younger than she and, even more disconcerting under the present circumstances, looked vaguely familiar - handsome with an arrogant confident air about his half-caste Oriental and European features.

"Right, ladies, we'll account for your belongings, then your husbands can take them away. Harris first, tip the sack on the floor."

Poor Ellen scarcely knew what to hold or where to look. Blushing furiously, she struggled to comply whilst clutching the gown around her. Finally she succeeded, aware of the bare flesh she was revealing. Then came the added shame of the young guard itemising every intimate article. Her black skimpy underwear, still warm from so recently covering her most secret parts, trawled through his fingers. He glanced at her in amusement as he read into his wrist computer a humiliatingly exact description of each tiny garment.

"One pair black lacy pants, size 14," he almost sneered before dropping them into the sack and holding up her bra. "One black bra size 36C. One handbag, containing..." and so on. Each woman in turn had to perform the same ritual and their husband sign for the sacks.

"Right, you'll now be processed into the system, showered, body-searched and medically examined etc. Say your goodbyes and we'll escort your husbands out."

The reality suddenly hit them of what lay in store! They barely had time for a kiss before the geisha returned and, with horrible familiarity, draped a hand around Lucy and Rowena's waists over the thin robes.

"Into examination room," she pointed to a door opposite. "Wardress

in there and doctor see you shortly; I see your husbands out. Save trouble when you get in there, drop robes and stand legs wide and arms high in the shape of a cross - demonstrate you have nothing concealed. And no talking please. Go, now," she lightly, possessively, patted their bottoms.

The husbands exchanged final lingering glances with their wives as they were ushered away. Their hands were fists of impotent tension as other hands took control of their wives. Imaginations in overload, they envisaged the gowns dropping to the floor behind the door of the examination room, knowing the three would be naked and on display before others.

CHAPTER FOUR

It was like a doctor's surgery but far larger and more impersonal, clinical - with a tiled shower area along one wall. Hesitantly they padded into the room, initially thinking they were alone until they saw the seated figure of a short, thickset, Korean wardress reading at a table. When she made no move to acknowledge them they hesitated, looking around fearfully. Just visible around a corner, they saw a pretty dark-haired woman in her forties. Their first naive thoughts were that they had intruded into a private or intimate moment between a doctor and patient, or even consenting adults, before accepting the terrible reality. The woman stood stiffly to attention facing a tiled wall beside a small curtained cubicle. Several thin, painful-looking red lines crossed her bottom and the stem of a thermometer jutted obscenely from between her rounded cheeks. She half turned at the entrance of the newcomers then, obviously thinking better of it, turned back to the wall.

Lucy and her companions suddenly jumped when the Korean's stool scraped back.

"You have f—ing problem with orders? I know you been instructed how to proceed here." She looked at them before sauntering over to the other woman. "You know better now eh ... Kathy?" she softly patted the line of pain crossing the curvaceous buttocks.

"Yes Miss." The voice was soft, broken.

"Keep nose touching wall - right?"

"Yes Miss." Breasts squashed against it, Kathy, stood even closer to the wall, like a naughty schoolgirl - except she was an attractive mature woman, and she was naked.

The wardress must have been below 5 feet in height but made up for it in girth. Fat, grotesque, a buck-ugly pitted face mopped with short black greasy hair and horn-rimmed glasses ensured she would never enter a beauty contest. The eyes, thin slits of cruelty, pierced her yellow skin like a volcano's vents when she stood before Lucy.

"You told - strip!" she bellowed. Lucy gulped, then the tableau was interrupted by the arrival of the young policeman who asked the wardress to

sign prisoner hand-over papers.

Totally ignoring him, the bitch continued to look at the three pretty young women.

“Well?”

“Now?” Lucy implored. By being responsible for the whole mess and a year older than her friends, she found herself representing them all. Shamefacedly she glanced at the young policeman who was obviously embarrassed at intruding in their humiliation.

“Silence, Western whore, you dig deeper hole for yourselves!” she spat, making all three flinch backwards. “I give one more chance then all for it.”

Glancing at one another, and at the policeman - suddenly occupied in looking down at his feet - Lucy led the others in slipping out of her smock to hold her arms above her head as the geisha had directed. Nothing could have prepared her for the shame and vulnerability of being publicly naked especially before this parody of a woman and the red-faced policeman - who she would never be able to look in the eye again.

“That better, here you don’t cover, you display wares,” the woman smiled, picking her nose before turning to the policeman. “Sorry you no like naked women and to subject you to disgusting sight of these slags,” the Korean bitch smiled coldly as she finally signed his papers, allowing him to leave with a shy backward glance.

The smirking woman regarded her tense victims, their lush bodies totally exposed. Their perfect breasts rose and fell delicately, the delicious globes of their bottoms flexing apprehensively. Three pretty, anguished, red faces framed by shoulder length hair, Lucy’s brown, Rowena’s tousled blonde and Ellen’s brunette, implored her silently - little knowing her total disdain for Western sluts such as them. She’d make them crawl back to their cosy suburbia, tails between their legs.

Lucy sensed that the wardress hated their good looks and youth in comparison to her own lack of such attributes and would delight in making them suffer.

“Ah, you no shave,” she remarked, noting their curly thatches. “I maybe deal later,” she tutted to herself.

“Hah, please, do you mind,” Lucy gasped when yellow fingers tweaked her pubic bush.

Crack!

“Aaghh!” the stinging slap from the wardress’s rough hand made her eyes flash. The last time she recalled being slapped, by a fellow schoolgirl, she had leapt at the offender. Now, tears of disbelieving rage and shame sprang to her eyes. Sensibly, however, and with enormous fear-induced self-control, she did nothing other than press a shaking hand against her throbbing face.

“Prisoners, especially whites, never speak back to superiors. You better learn fast.”

Lucy felt so demeaned that someone, especially a coarse foreigner, in her home town, could actually do or say such things to her! Somehow though she knew she would have little choice in the matter, even with things previously totally intimate. Her life was no longer her own!

The cubicle curtain swished and instinctively they covered their breasts and dainty pubic thatches as an obese buck-toothed oriental toad-like creature in a stained white coat emerged.

“Stand there, Gail,” he pointed.

With a further shock they saw a weeping young girl, slim with long blonde hair, leave the cubicle to stand ashamed in identical pose beside Kathy. She seemed vaguely familiar - possibly from television. The fiend crudely patted her tight bottom which also carried thin lines of torment!

“Three more lovely Western ladies for me, eh? Hmm, there no secrets between us here, I have look at you, please.” He removed small glinting glasses, reminding her of a caricature of a World War 2 Japanese prison camp commander, as they hesitantly resumed their exposed positions under the Korean’s glare.

They longed to retrieve their robes, to cover their shivering bodies from the beast’s hot eyes. He appraised them for an eternity before nodding at the wardress, who stalked to the showers, snapping her fingers.

“Come, wash off Western decadence, whilst doctor examine Kathy.”

Thankful to avoid the doctor’s eyes Lucy scurried to the gushing water, but not quickly enough to avoid his podgy hand familiarly slapping her bottom.

She knew her temper was her worst enemy, yet found herself instinctively pushing him away with a snarl. However, the Korean, with unexpected agility and venom, was suddenly at her side. A blazing line of agony erupted across her buttocks and Lucy saw the vicious-looking three foot bamboo cane which had been hanging concealed beneath the woman’s

uniform! Eyes momentarily screwed shut, mouth wide in agony, she pressed her hand to the burning flesh. Ellen and Rowena stood transfixed, splayed hands covering their bodies.

“Ignore her. I said showers. Now you get some too.” Before they could react, the cane lashed indiscriminately across their soft shoulders and thighs so that they all jumped and screeched with previously unknown and unexpected, burning pain. “There plenty more if anyone disobey further orders. One minute to wash, thoroughly, and get asses back here for inspection.”

Still gasping from the cuts, they hastily showered, oblivious to the shame at doing so in public. Unlike the reception staff, behind closed doors there were horrid tyrants here.

“Properly and thoroughly, white cows, wash all over right in there, get rid of decadent stink.” Extracting more shame, the Korean humiliatingly supervised their showering, directing them to rub the soap with greater vigour and to wash thoroughly their intimacies - treating them like children. “More, you want me help?” Lucy squirmed away as a coarse hand rubbed soap between her buttocks.

Allowed only a brief towelling, they stood in a line, naked, neatly spaced a metre apart, hands by their sides to attention, backs straight, exactly as directed by the wardress. Smiling at them she touched a button on her wrist computer. Making them jump at the movement, three pairs of restraint cuffs, previously concealed by ceiling flanges, descended on steel wires to hang above their heads.

“You need taste of prison discipline - so know what to expect, prevent future stupidity. Hands up into cuffs - now!” she snapped at their hesitation.

Stomach churning with dread, restraining an urge to beg, Lucy gingerly lifted her hands up into the soft leather clamps which automatically closed tightly around them, using auto-sensors. Automatically, the cable withdrew into the ceiling making Lucy gasp with shock and fear as she and her friends were pulled helplessly upwards, scrabbling. Straining, they took their weight on the very tips of their toes to prevent their arms being torn from their sockets. Never had she felt more helpless.

“Now you properly meet my little bamboo friend - he like smooth white arse meat!” The smirking bitch first stood behind Ellen.

“Please,” she whimpered, unable to prevent her buttocks clenching in dread as the beast stared intently at the nates quivering helplessly before her.

Instinctively she raised a foot in a useless attempt to protect her vulnerability until the pull in her arms forced it back to the tiled floor.

“Haaagghh!” Fiery pain bit deep into her sensitive, exposed flesh and there was absolutely nothing she could do to prevent a second such stroke - or any subsequent ones the woman chose to inflict. Please ...” Ellen’s face dissolved into tears as she, a mother with young children at home, blubbered like a baby before the Oriental fiend.

Finally, each of the three were hanging, elongated before their tormentor, eyes red-rimmed with tears, sniffing, absorbing the pain, fearfully regarding the woman who had caned them so unmercifully and unjustifiably. Yet there was more to come.

“That show what happen here if you disobey. Now you learn self discipline. You have choice. Ten more each, hanging where you are, or just four more if you present yourselves voluntarily. Well?”

There was no realistic alternative. Within thirty seconds of being released from the clamps and rubbing their aching limbs and sore bottoms, they were ready.

“Hands straight out before you,” the wardress ordered. Under her direction their trembling hands were extended palms upwards, feeling like naughty schoolgirls as she swished her cane menacingly through the air, delighting in their flinching. “No moving or you get more,” admonished the grinning fiend as Lucy’s hands instinctively curled away from a sadistic practice stroke.

“Aaghh!” The yelp was torn from Lucy as the cane left a throbbing band of fire across her hand. Breath hissed between her clenched teeth as the cane raised above her other palm. She fought the urge to withdraw it to safety. Instead she left it vulnerably extended, closing her eyes as the bamboo descended in a second vicious arc. Within a minute the three sniffed back tears, throbbing hands thankfully back by their sides.

Having finished her first lesson in discipline the wardress now stood to one side as the bulky Japanese beast advanced on the shivering line of pink flesh, reading from his wrist monitor.

“I examine Lucy first, I think,” purred the doctor, “but we save time by also taking your friends’ temperatures. Against wall with others, please.” Rowena and Ellen gasped, squirming as the cold bulb of a rectal thermometer was pushed into them. With a snarl, the wardress made them hold their positions, the glass tubes wobbling obscenely from clenching buttocks. They

shivered, stretched horribly, wondering if the torments would ever end.

“Come my dear,” the doctor’s clammy hand slid familiarly around Lucy’s waist, guiding her into a tiny cubicle, containing a desk, chair and bed, to stand right before him. “Stand still.” Her nipples brushed his coat, forcing a shiver, making her feel sick as the fingers crawled over her scalp “Hmm hair in good condition, open mouth; wider, tongue right out.” He pulled it till her eyes watered, pushed up her lips and gums. “Nice white teeth.”

Lucy jumped at the cold stethoscope between her breasts, his foul breath engulfing her face as he listened to her breathe. Then hot, shaking hands fondled and manipulated her small breasts. She longed for the return of her vanished courage, to bring her knee up and wipe the smile off his leering face. Her stomach fluttered as he prodded over silken skin.

When she had to turn her back she felt the hard lump of the beast’s loins pressing obscenely against her buttocks as he tapped her shoulders and spine.

“Lie on the bed please.”

Awkwardly in the confined space she sat on the bed.

“Right back, legs wide, hands on head.”

Blushing profusely again, brow shining, she spread her legs before the obese monster, closing her eyes.

“Wider, arch hips up.”

Totally exposed, her innermost secrets on display, hot, trembling fingers probed her. She wriggled as a digit filled her rectum, pushing deep, turning exploring. A thermometer followed. Her other orifice was then opened and explored, like petals on a flower being pollinated, stretched and filled. He made her hold that exposed position whilst he sat on the bed between her thighs asking numerous questions. Age, last period, general health etc, etc? Then personal intimate questions about her sex life.

“What? Why do you need to know that?” Lucy said between clenched teeth.

Immediately the Japanese swished back the curtain,

“Refusal to co-operate, Miss Catar,” he said.

The Korean wardress appeared.

“What’s the problem?” Then she laughed at Lucy’s spread posture, the glass stem jutting obscenely from her dark puckered orifice below fury mauve petals, “in your element I reckon.”

The doctor explained that Lucy had refused to give her favourite position and how often she had sex. Miss Catar lunged, a powerful hand around her throat. Against the superior strength Lucy's hands fluttered ineffectually as steel fingers encircling her.

"Look slut, c__t," she snarled, "you no question. You give answers. We need know everything about you if we to train and correct you to rejoin society. I recommend extra week, on sentence and a flogging. Now, doctor will ask again. Do not hold back, answer truthfully. I sure she co-operate now, doctor."

In a low voice Lucy sobbed out intimate answers, fantasising Jack to materialise and punch the sickly smile off the doctor's face. Eventually, her ordeal over, she was allowed to stand back in line against the wall and it was Ellen's turn. She heard the same questions and Lucy imagined her friend's horror and shame - which Rowena still had to contemplate.

After half an hour it was over and the three naked women, stood to attention before the squat Korean wardress.

"Now you receive second part of self-discipline lesson," she announced to her victims who had hoped the worst was over. "My bamboo again meet your fat white arses voluntarily or you hang again." She smiled at their resigned expressions. "All bend over holding knees. Keep legs straight, stick bottoms out, without moving. If refuse, all have another week added to sentences - like West. And there no limit to time added."

Under the amused eye of the doctor, Miss Catar strolled casually down the line of tautly presented white bottoms.

"Arghhh!"

Lucy's mouth opened wide, neck thrown back exposing rigid tendons, her brown eyes screwed tight shut as she tried to absorb the burning line of fire arcing across her already tender flesh. Every ounce of control was necessary now to prevent her jerking upright or attacking the gloating Oriental toads. Flesh more used to being stroked by the tender sensitive hands of her husband abhorred the painful bite of a cane. Her manicured nails left deep indentations in her thighs, then she shuddered, head falling forward, breath hissing between clenched teeth. That stroke seemed far worse than those previously.

As Miss Catar stood behind the bottom of her next victim she was amused to see the larger cheeks of Ellen's nates contract in dread anticipation. They juddered delightfully after her cane left a thin line of

torment across them, a hissing scream emerging from bared teeth.

“Yaarghhh!”

When it was her turn, Rowena couldn't help but stand straight pressing her hands urgently into the red heat of her bottom in an attempt to absorb the pain.

“I give no order to move, cow. Back to position, back!” screamed the wardress, tapping Rowena's hanging, swinging breasts painfully with the cane until she once again assumed the required bent over position.

“Legs wider apart, spread. I want see hairy c__s winking.” The cane tapped lightly but insistently until the three pairs of legs were immodestly wide, tufts of hair protruding around three pairs of dark silken love lips.

Lucy groaned, when Miss Catar was standing behind her preparing to administer the second stroke. The burning pain was even harsher this time as it left a throbbing line of torment on the delicate flesh on the underside of her buttocks. It was the same for each as the Korean, remorselessly, made her way down the line of curving flesh. Although each girl screamed, blinking back tears of pain, they all held their rigid positions.

“Good, second lesson in obedience and self-control over,” announced the wardress, picking her nose as she made them, also Kathy and young Gail, line up again to attention. They stiffened as she waddled purposefully, swinging a wicked pair of scissors from the grimy finger which had recently excavated her nostrils. They felt incredibly vulnerable being naked before such a creature; so utterly in her power and subject to her whims.

Gail flinched back as the beast held up her hair.

“You no keep this here - it breed lice.” She crudely cut the wondrous locks to shoulder-length, leaving the sobbing youngster standing in a pool of silken strands.

Lucy bit her lips at the indignity as the witch trailed dirty fingers over her pubic mound, making her shiver with loathing and dread. She held her temper on a thread as slim as the pubic curls which fell to her feet under the scissors. The fingers brushed and delved crudely over her ripe intimacies, making her fight to stop retching.

“That better,” Miss Catar smiled when she had unnecessarily trimmed each pubis; an expert at using humiliation and pain to reduce anyone good looking and carefree to her own level in the gutter. “Now I remind prisoners address all staff as ‘Miss’ or ‘Sir,’ except Governess and Deputy who are ‘Madam.’ Prisoners also bow in presence of all staff in this centre especially

before glorious Sunrise workers. We practice now so you know what do when Deputy Governess inspect you. Hands by side you bow to me, eyes looking down. Go. That no good, lower, lower, bend deep from waist now hold position until spoken to.”

Rage and shame coursed through Lucy as they all had to adopt the demeaning position before their small tormentor, their stooped posture and bowed heads bringing them down to her height. For nearly a minute of silence she kept them in position whilst strolling around their curving nudity.

“Good. Do every time unless you want sore bottoms,” she familiarly and painfully patted Lucy’s nates, making her gasp from the thin, stripes of pain as she thankfully stood straight again. “Now I hear Deputy coming, remember what you do.”

As the door opened they had a fleeting picture of tall imperious Oriental woman before once again assuming their humiliating postures.

Although the scene and emotions were always so similar, the thrill of raw power never lost its appeal for Deputy Ming whenever she met a new intake such as this. However, she never allowed her feelings to reach her chiselled, impassive face. These English bitches fresh from a life of capitalist ease had just had their first rude awakening to discipline, order and pain courtesy of Maidstone Correctional and Rehabilitation Institute (Female). Politically the institute needed the British Governor but she Ming, was the real figure of authority in this slice of the Oriental Republic in Britain .

The exquisite creatures continued to bow deeply before her, hair hanging either side of red faces, below which their breasts hung, quivering deliciously, nipples erect with fear. She strolled around the tense figures, feeling their downcast eyes follow her, taking in their feminine curves, covered in a sheen of anxiety. The delicate nodules of their spines led to the perfect swellings of their hindquarters, now crossed with thin, fading lines of torment. She knew that even just a couple of hours ago the women could never have imagined themselves receiving such brutality and behaving with such servility.

“Thank you Miss Catar,” she nodded to the Korean. “Stand,” she ordered the prisoners in a high pitched cultured voice, clapping her hands. “I am Deputy Governor Ming. I see you have already experienced discipline; this is essential in this establishment - otherwise chaos rules. I like to see my charges naked at the beginning of their sentence. We are a close-knit community and just as your bodies are totally open and bare before me now,

so I also expect your souls to be open to me. No secrets between us - or at least none of your secrets.”

She again appraised their sensuous femininity, made for a bedroom rather their present surroundings.

“You will forget any thoughts of sex, love and tenderness, kisses and cuddles, a protective arm, comforting words in bed at night with those you love. You gave up those when you became criminals. Any contact of a physical nature will be of necessity and strictly between prisoners and supervising staff. Lesbian activity between prisoners or any contact with the few male prisoners is prohibited. For your duration here you simply obey all orders, instantly and show the proper respect. We tell you when you eat, shit or fart. Any questions so far?”

“No,” they shook their heads to emphasise the joint whisper.

Slap! Crack! Slap!

“Haah!” they all gasped as, instantly, the Korean slapped each face to leave a stinging imprints of pain to which they pressed their trembling hands.

“I’m afraid forgetfulness and lack of respect only results in pain,” Ming admonished. “You could normally expect a harsher punishment for such gross disrespect but I’ll let it pass this time with the addition of five days each on your sentences.”

“I already recommend West one week extra for earlier insolence,” Miss Catar announced gleefully.

“You may then be here some time unless you learn and habilitate,” the Chinese spat icily, glaring into Lucy’s blinking eyes, before speaking briefly into her wrist monitor.

The same wardress they’d seen earlier with the naked youth noisily entered. Now she had a blonde-haired woman marching before her with the same swinging arms and uplifted legs movement. The prisoner continued marching on the spot.

“Karen’s due for her medical check so I brought her with me. I can take these others away Miss Ming,” she announced deferentially. “You can stop marching now, Karen, I’m sure everyone’s impressed. Undress for the doctor, we’ve just seen how well your tits bounce. I’ve seen them before but I’m sure the newcomers would like to see how big they are,” the wardress snapped.

In her thirties, Karen’s blonde tresses brushed her smooth shoulders as, her face beetroot, she pulled off her prison uniform. Stamped with the

prison name in large red letters, the uniform was short, just covering her bottom, whilst revealing much of her large cleavage. When it was removed her lack of any underwear was apparent, just a leather collar round her neck with a number stamped on it again in red. Lucy cringed at what would be in store for them.

The wardress had not exaggerated the size of Karen's breasts and this was emphasised by her short stature, probably little more than 5 foot. Obediently she stood to attention, looking straight ahead, her magnificent orbs bouncing slightly before her.

"Are you cold, Karen? I see goose-bumps, put them in my hands, I'll warm them." The cropped haired bitch smiled as the small blonde, her face now a deeper hue, stepped forward, raising herself to drop her large breasts into her tormentor's out-stretched palms. "Hmm, I'm always amazed at the size of your nipples," the wardress laughed as the two huge buds blossomed between her fingers to the blonde's further shame.

"Let's get this show on the road, Miss Bates," Miss Ming clapped her hands, calling a halt to the impromptu entertainment.

"Yes Madam," the blonde wardress affirmed. "Report to the doctor," she pinched Karen's large jiggling bottom. "I'll get these new ones ready, she nodded as Miss Ming left the room.

Miss Bates had bought with her sets of collars of various sizes. At an order from the Korean, who seemed to be the senior, she silently worked on the new charges. The sore, immobile, women were pulled this way and that till they each had collars locked round their necks, wrists and ankles. All were of leather, with steel ringlets allowing them to be fastened to each other to secure the prisoners in a variety of ways. Each neck collar had a unique number emblazoned in red letters. They were now animals belonging to the state.

"Now we'll take some pictures for the 'family album' showing your prison identification numbers."

Shamefully collared, each girl stood nude hands clasped to her head, turning on command to face different directions, a wall camera taking their 'mug' shots.

"Very pretty, these pictures are much in demand if the newspapers report an inmate's story," Miss Bates smirked as the beauties undulated before her, "normally they show much more than the face and number."

"Wrists to neck collars," Miss Catar then ordered when they had

again donned the robes. She and Miss Bates secured them so each had their wrists crossed behind their necks and fastened to the collars, lifting their elbows and breasts high, the deliberately inadequate garments gaping.

“Like pink teapots,” Miss Bates laughed, crudely grabbing Lucy’s delightful bottom. Sadistically she pinched with her long nails the soft underhang of cheeks still throbbing from the cane, smiling cruelly as Lucy jumped with pain and disgust. She recalled seeing the beautiful, sophisticated woman on arrival, fully clothed. Often she had to restrain the urge, maybe out shopping, to pinch such a woman’s tantalisingly swaying bottom under a short tight skirt. No such restraint was, however, necessary here!

“Prisoners no talk within establishment, except to answer staff,” Miss Catar cut in, “no walk, march, knees high like Karen. Follow yellow lines, stay between.” The five women jiggled off with a high-stepping movement, sandwiched between the harsh black uniforms of the wardresses on their journey into shame.

Cruelly, deliberately, the husbands had been detained in the centre for an hour on an administrative pretext. Then, from an office block, they saw their wives marching. Jack’s gut wrenched at the sight of Lucy but he couldn’t prevent a stirring in his loins as the blonde wardress casually slapped a cheek of Ellen’s bottom - revealed when her high-stepping gait flicked the robe to one side.

He recalled how, last month, the three couples had been clowning around in a swimming pool. Slapping Ellen’s buttocks over her bikini, he had ‘accidentally’ slid against her, his erection pushing through his trunks against the soft globes as his hands reached around, pretending to squeeze her large breasts - the hard buttons of her red nipples visible through the tiny yellow top. Laughing she had slapped his bottom and he clasped each cheek of hers. Now he thought, with guilty excitement, her body and Lucy’s was on show to all appreciative eyes. The helpless fragility of their loved ones, surrounded by a Korean cow and a blonde dyke - probably both lesbians who would relish such feasts - made his fists clench in impotent rage.

Leaving the draconian buildings he wondered bleakly what was happening inside, how their wives would cope.

“English cows march not slouch,” Miss Catar shouted as the convoy of misery continued. This was, for Lucy and her friends, so terribly unreal, frightening. They were bound, totally helpless, practically nude, in this terrible place, trying to ignore the appraising looks of those they passed, not knowing what lay ahead.

A group of male prisoners marched past ahead of a male guard, their eyes darting appreciatively at the jiggling female flesh. One whistled, making the women blush a deeper crimson.

CHAPTER FIVE

Lucy sat upright on the cold floor of the cramped cell. It wasn't high enough to stand without stooping. She was isolated in back-breaking confinement without any sound penetrating the pitch darkness. Gathering the short robe more tightly around her, keeping the chill from her bare legs, she sniffed back tears, wondering where her friends were and if she had been forgotten.

After the awful shame of the medical they had been marched down endless, dank, corridors and steep winding stairs, over cold rough stone, following the yellow brick lines. Helpless, with hands tightly manacled behind her, she had been terrified of slipping and falling. Occasionally the iron hand of a wardress would guide her by the elbow but they remained indifferent to her pitiful gasps.

Finally, wordlessly, restraints removed, she was shoved into this tiny hole, the door clanging shut behind her, isolated. Remaining silent for what seemed like hours, cold, hunger and thirst began to gnaw and she tentatively called out, her voice echoing around the walls to bounce back mockingly.

What did she want? she wondered. On the one hand, to crawl into herself after the degradation of the induction. On the other hand, she couldn't bear this isolation. Had they forgotten her? Her imagination went into overtime, hidden fears stealing from the dark recesses of her mind. Perhaps there had been an administrative slip-up and her wasted body would be discovered years later when someone bothered to explore the cellars. Maybe it was a conspiracy to kill her, make it look as if she had died on hunger strike or of cold. She was dying for a drink. Right now she would have willingly grovelled for just a cup of water. Almost reluctantly she squatted over the pot left in a corner. Would she be forced later to drink that?

Time dragged endlessly, it could be a day, a week. It lost meaning. She slept fitfully, shivering awake, sleeping again, throat raw, head pounding.

"Uggh."

Lucy's parched mouth would allow only a croak to signify her shock as, without warning, her cell was bathed in a beam of harsh light. Her eyes slowly acclimatised to the wondrous sight of another person. Miss Bates

drew back the soundproof cover from the door bars, letting her rejoin the world of sound and sight.

“You either remain here longer in isolation, or accompany me to the Governess for registration, feeding and allocation to a cell, “ the wardress growled from beyond the door. “If you choose registration everyone signs this standard paperwork,” she waved a form before her. “It confirms what this institution is responsible for etc, boring stuff. Then you report to the office of the Governess. For the safety of the Governor, new prisoners are naked and restrained for their first meeting with her. Well?” she demanded.

Lucy drew the thin robe tighter about her. The thought of more nudity, being tied, turned her stomach. However, the same stomach growled for food and drink, and she couldn’t take this isolation any longer.

“I ...I,” she croaked barely able to speak.

“Hurry,” demanded Miss Bates , “I can always come back when the Governess is next scheduled to see newcomers - in a few days.”

“I’ll come now,” Lucy rasped, desperate.

“Sign.”

The form and a pen were thrust through the bars. Lucy began to read the close type about the institution being responsible for her. Endless words, merging into blocks before her tired eyes. What did it matter anyway? she thought despondently, she was institutionalised now, theirs.

“Hurry girl, if you want to read it all, I’ll come back when the Governess is again free. Right, that’s that,” she took the completed form after Lucy had hurriedly signed. “Now strip and place your hands on your head,” the woman demanded.

Rowena, Ellen, Lucy, Kathy and Gail were all taken from isolation cells, wrists manacled to their necks, broad black straps gagging their mouths like hardened criminals. They were marched upwards, once again ridiculously high-stepping along yellow-lined corridors. Now fully exposed to their tormentors there were even more sniggers and gloats from passers by.

The wardress ordered them to halt outside an imposing oak and then knocked.

“Come,” eventually responded Michelle’s voice from within.

“March in up to the white line on the floor in front of the Governor’s desk. DO NOT CROSS IT!” bellowed Miss Bates. “Continue marching on the spot until ordered to stop. I’ll be right behind. Go!” she opened the door.

The carpet under their bare feet in the palatial office felt deep and

warm. Michelle sat behind a large teak desk watching television. The supercilious Ming sat alongside, studying records. Both sipped wine from goblets whilst they ate. The delicious odour of a Chinese meal reminded them of their hunger, making them lick their lips. Once Michelle half turned to the newcomers but Miss Ming seemed to dominate, pointing out something on the screen. They seemed quite content to continue ignoring totally the presence of the five naked figures marching on the spot by the desk, breasts wildly bouncing. Finally, however, Michelle acknowledged them.

“Welcome to the Correctional and Rehabilitation Institute; for the record, I am the Governor. You may stop marching, ladies,” she instructed, “remove their gags - stand to attention.”

Gratefully, they relaxed slightly, panting with effort, pinioned wrists still thrusting their breasts provocatively forward.

“You were familiar with some of them outside but you’ll no doubt wish to interview and inspect them properly,” Miss Ming suggested, encouraging Michelle with a thin sneer.

“Yes indeed,” Michelle cleared her throat, almost reluctantly adopting a more businesslike approach. “Let me see you properly.” She was suddenly at their side. Goose-bumps formed on Lucy’s flesh as the Governor’s cold hands touched her body.

“Stand straighter for the Governess,” Miss Ming joined in, hovering like a vindictive angel, pushing into the seductive curve of Lucy’s back, patting her bottom. “Push these out more,” she purred, her manicured fingers delicately stroking Lucy’s small breasts. “Their backsides are healing - see,” she confirmed, encouraging Michelle to trace her hand over the fading lines left by the cane.

Lucy shuddered, flushing in shame as Michelle stroked her. Surely she could not really be standing here like this before her? She sensed that their neighbour had no real wish to add the extra shame - but that she felt obliged to before her spiteful deputy.

“Please could I have a drink, Michelle?” Lucy croaked in hope, her throat constricted with thirst, making her momentarily forget her position. Her two companions nodded, laughing nervously alongside to alleviate the stunned silence which Lucy’s words had shattered. Kathy and Gail gasped in shock.

Crack!

“Harghh!” Lucy yelped wishing she could press her hands to the

burning pain on her backside where Miss Ming had lashed her cane.

“Silence girl!” Ming spat, “how dare you speak without being spoken to, especially to the Governor- and let alone disrespectfully! And you cackling whores think it is funny?”

“Oh please nooo, haaahhh!”

The Chinese vixen was impervious to pleas as, despite their squirming, she slashed a line of fire across the very tips of Ellen’s large breasts and also Rowena’s smaller ones.

All three sobbed helplessly, absorbing the fiery agony, looking imploringly at Michelle. Although her eyes initially opened wider in what may have been subconscious compassion, she collected herself, regarding the three with cold impassive eyes for several seconds before speaking in clipped tones.

“I’m sorry you think that you can take advantage of knowing me on the outside. That would be a grave mistake. Here you are just prisoners to be taught the error of your ways. I encourage no favouritism.”

“There has already been trouble from West, Governor,” advised Miss Ming, “we have extended the sentences of all three trouble-makers. I suggest a further week for each now.”

“I see,” Michelle pondered, consulting her wrist computer as her neighbours quavered before her. “I endorse an additional three weeks in total for them all,” she glanced at Ming almost as if seeking approval.

“Perhaps also something more immediate, Governess?” Ming whined like a child. “Make them think about obedience and talking out of turn in future - the rat hole? ...” she let the words hang.

“I suppose so, Ming, “ Michelle was swept along, not wanting to be seen reluctant. “The hole instead of their meal tonight. I’ll just check their paperwork, finish the introduction, then you can take them away.”

Lucy felt deep bitterness at their harsh treatment. They had been here probably a day and already had three more weeks to serve. Somehow she knew this would be her home for the next 8 years unless they learnt fast! They’d done nothing really wrong yet the woman who they thought would befriend them only added to their suffering! She pondered what the rat-hole was.

Before looking at their files, Michelle turned back to the television; it was showing the normal mid-day soap opera. It was so incongruous, Lucy was listening to her favourite programme whilst standing unfamiliarly, stark

naked alongside her friends in her neighbour's plush office!

Crack!

"Argghh! Please," implored Lucy, her nates throbbing where Miss Bates' cane had left a thin line across the white flesh.

"You slags aren't here to watch television. Eyes front! You were not ordered to move from position," the wardress screamed as the frightened women stood stiffly upright looking straight ahead whilst Michelle took her time.

When they heard the door open and the voice of the young Anglo-Oriental guard who had taken their clothing, they dearly wished to cover their shivering nudity. He stood smirking, openly appraising them, before discussing some administrative chore with Michelle - ignoring them. "I'll complete the introduction, Governor." Ming took it upon herself, standing before them, speaking with tired sarcasm.

"It's easy to be brave in the world outside but different when you are standing naked in this place. I normally see tarts such as yourselves dressed to the 'nines' flaunting yourselves but now I just see sagging tits, fat bellies and wobbling arses," she lied cruelly, looking at Kathy. Although older than the others she still had an attractive body, but her pretty face crumpled into tears. "Shut it, cow, or you'll get what's coming to them," snapped Ming, deliberately fanning the natural shame and vulnerability any woman would feel standing thus before fully clothed tormentors, especially the male guard.

"Yours are a disgusting sight, Harris," she weighed the large breasts in her hand. Ellen too dissolved in tears, her nipples firming up under the touch. "I'd better stop - seems you enjoy that too much, whore. These are better," she pronounced, cupping Rowena's 36A breasts. "You'll all lose flab here," she continued her pompous speech, "this is designed to be a short, sharp shock to ensure you never commit crime again."

Gail flinched back as Ming ran her brittle fingers through her shorter hair.

"Very butch," she lied, "You'll maybe now think twice before making subversive comments against the State and the Oriental nation on stupid TV shows."

"Please, it wasn't ..." the youngster sobbed pitifully, no longer someone influential - just a frightened girl wishing her hands were free to cover her face.

"An additional week for you too Pinter," Ming interrupted, "talking

without permission is forbidden.” She stepped back, addressing them all. “The rules of this correction facility will teach you to play your part in society, obey its laws. They are displayed in your cells, harsh but fair and you will learn them by heart today ready to be tested. I warn you that they, and the orders given here, will be obeyed instantly. Failure to do so will result in corporal punishment and unlimited extensions to your sentences. However, any recognised voluntary duties will earn you credits towards release. The disclaimers you’ve just signed make clear that this institution is totally responsible for you now, you’ve relinquished all rights, throwing yourselves on the State’s mercy.”

Somehow, Lucy guessed that commodity would be in pitifully short supply here.

“This is not just whilst you are within these walls,” Ming continued with a smirk. “The disclaimers include the Official Secrets Act 2030, under which you can be returned here after your sentence if you later disclose to anyone anything which takes places here. Your prisoner numbers are on your collars. Memorise and answer to them: Pinter - 8834, Ferris - 8835, Harris - 8836, Pennant - 8837, West - 8838. Simple really,” she nodded to Miss Bates after their low-voiced affirmations.

“Thank the Governess, slags, and remember the correct form of address if you wish to avoid further punishment,” demanded the blonde.

“Th-thank you Madam,” came five low voices.

“Take them away, please,” Michelle returned her attention to the scene, then dismissing the prisoners as she swivelled her chair back to the television.

When the little convoy of despair reached the first cells Miss Ming had them all line up against the corridor wall.

“A final thing,” she emphasised, tapping the chests of the five women standing obediently before her, “the common language amongst your Oriental superiors here is Sunny. Your treatment will of course be in accordance with basic levels the state is required to provide. However, to request and earn any additional levels of treatment, visits etc you must learn sufficient Sunny,” she smiled cruelly into their aghast, despondent faces. “Miss Solon here is your immediate warder for this corridor,” she pointed to a stern yet pretty young Chinese girl with short black hair who had joined them. “You’ll now clean your cells and begin learning rules and language.” Ming released their cuffs, pushing Lucy Rowena and Ellen into a cell.

“Hesco priso slam, Miss Solon,” she spoke incomprehensibly to the Chinese wardress who, immediately took Kathy and Gail to another cell.

Lucy could feel the tears and despair welling up, seeing similar emotions surfacing on the crumpling faces of her two companions. Although they knew they were within a mile or so of their homes they felt as if they had been incarcerated and forgotten, virtually forever, in a foreign land!

Ming slammed the cell door with a nerve jangling crash, the awful grating of a large key confirming their arrival in hell. Her spiteful oriental eyes glared once through the peephole as the three Western women dissolved in tears. Then she closed it with a metallic grate of finality, striding up the corridor a cruel smile twitching her mouth.

CHAPTER SIX

“You eat all up, no leaving - or else.” An obese Korean guard, who reminded Lucy of Objob in the historic Bond film, Goldfinger, sat next to her. She was on a hard wooden bench at a table with ten others, trying to eat a frugal midday meal of disgusting boiled rice in obligatory silence with probably two hundred or so other male and female prisoners in a large canteen.

Lucy shivered as one of his large hands rested familiarly, disgustingly, on her upper thigh; she knew she daren't complain. His other hand forked some cold left-over rice into her mouth. “Eat up like good girl,” his hand squeezed her thigh, fingers brushing her down-covered ripe softness, “Western women no proud and fussy now eh?”

Thankfully, he moved on to sit between Gail and a red-headed teenager. “You good?” he enquired, hands now creeping round their shoulders, idly fondling their breasts.

“Yes Sir,” they whimpered, grateful when he moved on to another table.

Lucy too was grateful when she Rowena and Ellen were back in the relative security of the cell the three occupied. They lay on their hard bunks, the sole contents of their sparse cell apart from a toilet and washbasin.

The only sound came from the turning of pages in the rule books as the three strove to learn by heart the regulations in readiness for the test later that afternoon. Concentration was etched on their faces as they tried desperately to master a smattering of essential words in the hideous Sunny - which they had always previously sworn to ignore. Now it was their only lifeline to obtain even minute comforts and privileges, receive any visitors for instance! Any requests had to be made, in Sunny, to their corridor wardress, Miss Solon, in the first instance.

They would dearly loved to have talked openly together, rather than snatched whispers, exchange fears and confidences - but knew it was forbidden. The ever present video surveillance, even in their cells, would give them away. The indignity of using the toilet before each other, especially as the rules required this to be done naked, was even harder to bear!

Their prison uniform, identical for female and male, consisted only of a grey smock of the type Karen had been wearing. It was low cut, ending just below the buttocks. With no underwear permitted, much of the prisoner's body was on display, especially when bending. Side buttons from top to bottom, including sleeves, allowed it to be removed, peeled off, with or without the wearer's co-operation.

The rules were harsh and punishments draconian. The reason for the yellow 'tram' lines on the floor now became apparent, prisoners had to stay within them at all times. They were no longer free to walk wherever they wished, simply cattle to be herded.

After several hours the cell door was unlocked and crashed open. The male guard from Michelle's office strode in and immediately all three women stood smartly to attention.

"Harris, 8836 Sir."

"Pennant, 8837 Sir."

"West, 8838 Sir," they shouted in accordance with the regulations having memorised their collar numbers.

"Correct," he smirked, "except that as a slight rule modification, whenever, I enter your cell I require you to strip, please, ladies, hands on head legs wide apart. Until I know you better I have to be sure you have no concealed weapons," he smirked. "Do it now and remember in future."

They shivered, cringing with shame as they obeyed the humiliating command. He tapped his cane against their thighs until satisfied their legs were sufficiently wide, then slowly eyed the blushing women up and down. Their trembling femininity was almost enhanced in contrast with his hard physical masculinity bulging through his tight-fitting tracksuit. He felt himself grow harder at the sight of the lush curves they were forced to display.

"I used to fantasise about being able to do this in the supermarket," he breathed, moulding his hands around Lucy's shapely breasts, squeezing them, the nipples like two berries, "and this." His hands now cupped the rounded firmness of her smooth nates.

With an almost physical jolt Lucy recalled him as a bag-packer - Paul. Although she was at first polite, she had to eventually give him the brush off when he tried to become too friendly during her weekly shopping expeditions a couple of years ago - finally changing shops.

"Remember, eh?" he smirked. "You cannot now say that you're a

married woman and your husband wouldn't like me talking to you. I may not be totally English, but you must give me the proper respect and neither he nor you can do sod all about it. Maybe though, you're just liking it a bit."

Lucy shuddered under his touch, knowing the danger of answering him, but also knowing inwardly there to be some truth to the statement. He was very physical and she had no alternative to his attentions - but this did not dispel her shame.

"Kiss me like you kissed hubby goodbye," he demanded, sighing as her wine-sweet mouth opened under his intruding tongue, loving such moments with beautiful new prisoners. A day earlier, in the world outside, they would have slapped him away if he simply brushed against them, now they stood fully revealed able to deny him no exploration of their bodies. He trailed a finger over her pubic bush, curling into the oyster-like lips below. She gasped, squirming, as two fingers pumped several times up into her velvet softness. "Hmm, juicy," he winked before turning to Rowena.

He cupped her heaving breasts, flicking the nipples painfully, making her gasp, before moving between her thighs to rub hard up against the bud of her clitoris. He ordered her trembling, fluttering fingers to stroke his huge bulge through his tracksuit, to slide a hand under his top and stroke the broad plain of his chest. When he felt her breath quicken involuntarily he moved to Ellen who received a similar mauling.

Their relief was maybe tinged with a little disappointment when he sat on a bunk and began testing them on the rules. Mostly they had correctly memorised them. However, for minor faults they each received an agonising lash of his cane across their jutting breasts, making them gasp with the fiery pain, nearly tearing their hands from their necks. The session was at last interrupted by the appearance of a huge Oriental guard, Objob.

"Time for rat hole," he announced with a smile.

Now they would discover the nature of the torment promised by Miss Ming. Naked, their hands were cuffed behind their shoulders to the neck collars before marching behind the Korean's broad back. Paul was behind, idly tapping Rowena's bouncing, swaying buttocks with his hand.

Leaving the clinical brightness they descended a dark stairway, ever down, bare feet on cold stone, as if they had entered the primeval bowels of the earth - foreboding, gloomy and dank. The women shivered in dread vulnerability, a chill draft wafting from the semi-darkness. A creaking iron door was unlocked and they were ushered into a large stone cellar. Its central

feature was several dome-like cages about 3 feet high suspended from pulleys over a table.

In numb trepidation they were each stood on the table and manhandled into a cage. Their bodies were contorted into the confined spaces, crouching on the balls of their feet, thighs splayed wide for balance, breasts squashed against knees. Although their shackled wrists prevented them steadying themselves, they were in any case wedged in the cramped cages, unable to move. The bars were too closely set to allow a leg through and their muscles soon screamed for release from the burning pain of folded confinement. However, when the cages had been lowered to the floor and secured with clamps, the last thing the women wanted to do was extend any limb through the bars. The grinning Korean told them about the rats in whose domain they were now caged. Their burning muscles faded in importance.

“How long you stay down here up to you,” smiled Objob sadistically. “We require 30 minutes complete silence on monitor. Women scream when lights go out - hear scurrying in darkness. No punishment for that but you no leave until we have 30 minutes’ continuous silence.”

Paul and the Korean smirked at the expressions on the strained faces of the women, looking up imploringly from their tiny cages. Such was their indoctrination that they managed to resist the urge to beg. However, the first screams began as the light snapped off and the door locked with a metallic clang on the darkness within.

Lucy could feel her heart pounding. The burning agony from the cruel curved posture of her back faded as her senses concentrated on the tiny scurrying noises from the darkness. The moving pinpricks of a few red eyes were just visible in the gloom. Ellen screamed, prompting Lucy to follow suit. She tried to visualise how large the rats would be, whether they could get through the bars of her cage. If they did, her intimacies were vulnerably splayed with her posture, about a foot above the floor. The thought of something sensing the moist heat and burrowing up there, sniffing, touching, biting, made her break into a cold sweat, screaming again until she was horse.

In the monitoring room, Objob adjusted switches, ensuring the scurrying sounds of a multitude of voracious beasts was at a realistic level. In reality there was a mere handful of neutered, tame rats, no wild ones in such a new building. However, that wouldn’t be the impression gained by the women. Helplessly confined in near darkness they would be running on imagination only! The infra-red monitors showed the crouching beauties,

furry nests gaping as wide as their screaming mouths. He wondered how long it would take them to control their deepest, darkest fears to provide the required silence, the average was about three hours.

“Haaah!” Lucy could have bitten her tongue after managing 15 minutes of straining silence. Something had scurried close by, whiskers brushing her foot. “Pleeease!” she screamed with nothing to lose.

“Shut up!” Rowena pleaded, sobbing.

Lucy longed to kick out at the beasts waiting in the darkness to bore into her splayed, unprotected flesh, wondering what that first bite would feel like. Sniffing, screwing up the mainspring of her willpower again, she lapsed into the silence maintained by the others

The three shivered on their bunks that night, crying themselves to sleep, trying to forget the nightmare of imagined red eyes and sharp teeth eating into them. Never, they resolved, would they do anything which might risk them again being caged in that dark hell-hole for two hours!

CHAPTER SEVEN

The next day they attempted to obtain more toothpaste and toilet paper for their cell. Standing obediently to attention before Miss Solon, having bowed deeply and shouted their prisoner numbers, Lucy plucked up the courage to ask the pretty young wardress.

“Please, Miss Solon, may we have ...”

Crack! Lucy’s head swum from the slap around her face, making her ears buzz. Fists clenched she resist the urge to strike back.

“Sorry Miss,” she bowed, gradually learning.

“Sunny lan solo,” the tiny young Chinese girl pointed to the Sunny language book, scowling, slamming the cell door behind her.

“Let’s try and find the right words,” Lucy whispered over the sound of the running water dabbing her burning face, “or we’ll have to make two sheets of loo paper each last the whole sentence.”

An hour of head-aching study later they used the almost incomprehensible language to obtain their needs. Whilst bowing, Rowena haltingly managed the request, feeling almost tears of gratitude when the Chinese youngster smiled approvingly.

“You have nice hair,” she stroked the blonde’s tousled tresses, smiling, making Rowena want to simultaneously cringe away whilst also warming to the first kindness she had been shown in this hell.

Later, they had to attend a regular ‘deportment’ class. Forty inmates, the majority women, sweated and strained for two hours doing aerobics and various exercises. They were naked in the large gym, to save on clothes washing the rules stated, under the eyes of a cameraman recording their shame for posterity. Although several guards reclined in the background their immediate instructors were Paul and a Japanese teenage girl who, like the others, must have been picked for her sadism.

Press-ups, knee-bends, toe-touching. Everything had to be in unison between them all - and repeated if any prisoner failed.

“Kiss my f—ing shoes on each downer, tits touching the floor,” Paul demanded as they did press-ups. He made Lucy kiss his smelly trainers whilst lowering herself on quivering arms, his cane tapping her bottom.

The fiends demanded, and eventually got, perfection, applying thin whippy canes liberally against bare flesh. The Japanese bitch, grinning savagely, lashed Lucy’s buttocks with every other bend when she didn’t keep her legs straight enough for toe touching.

She was even more sore after they had to march up and down wearing heavy packs like a drill team, straps chafing. But instead of tough soldiers they were weary women and girls.

“You stupid? I want see tits bounce, no slouch,” the girl spat her venom into Kathy’s blinking, tear stained eyes, before lashing the older woman’s shining, jiggling orbs.

It didn’t matter what parts of their anatomy were exposed, or how blatantly, all had to perform to their tormentor’s satisfaction. Then if, after an exercise, the Orientals smiled, came the incredible, childlike relief of having satisfied them - avoiding more pain.

A minute’s break, then another line of sweating, aching flesh, listening intently for instructions, groaning as they tried to comply - not outwardly though. Once, Gail sighed. Paul made her stand before them all, hands on head, legs blatantly wide. His small yet painful cane turned her breasts red, then flicked up several times between her legs into the tenderest flesh, the hall echoing to her cries.

Next, piggy-back relay races where each pair of girls had to run the length of the gym ten times, changing places between ‘horse and rider’ at each length. Lucy felt ridiculous, teeth bared with effort, bouncing along with Rowena’s slippery breasts pressed hard against her back. It was obligatory for the ‘rider’ to grip the breasts of her mount and when the wardress lashed Rowena’s jutting buttocks the resultant tightening of her hands on Lucy’s breasts made her screech as she strove to run faster. Then she stumbled.

Both had to touch their toes like naughty schoolgirls before Paul to receive ‘six of the best’ with an old slipper. Bottoms red and throbbing, they rejoined the exercises, sniffing back tears.

That afternoon was spent tending a huge vegetable plot which made the

prison self-sufficient, and even a profit from sales. It was dirty, back-breaking work under the supervision of cane-wielding sadists and they had to toil naked to avoid getting their uniforms dirty. Like most newcomers they soon had a warder's foot push them face down into the mud for 'lack of effort,' canes lashing their writhing bodies. Hair matted, fingernails black, they were sore, aching and exhausted, welcoming the cold showers.

Having been in the rat hole, missing yesterday's meal, they almost relished the frugal evening repast, looking longingly yet fruitlessly at the huge piles of appetising food on the guard's table.

They longed to return to their cells to sleep. However, that luxury was denied them. All prisoners were called to the gym to witness the thrice weekly punishment parade where any rule infringements or disobedience were dealt with. Lucy's heart pounded when her number was called out to receive six lashes for various small, but accumulated errors during the day. Ellen was 'awarded' four and Rowena three. Twenty women were on report, including Kathy and Gail; also two men.

There was the stomach churning formality of standing arms raised for ceiling cuffs to pull them helplessly straining up onto tip-toe. Then, Objob and Paul roughly unbuttoned the women's smocks peeling them away. They wasted no opportunity to maul her breasts and bottom until Lucy's uniform dropped to her feet, together with a stray button - which she knew from the rules she would have to sow back on before tomorrow. At the mercy of the whip, her body shivered in dread anticipation. Also was the humiliation that this took place before countless eyes - and cameras.

Worse, she hung exposed before a young tattooed, crop-haired thug hanging facing her just a metre away. It hardly seemed to concern him outwardly when Miss Bates removed his uniform, slyly pinching his buttocks. He winked at Lucy, openly leering as his erection grew, pointing obscenely at her. She shrunk away the limit allowed by her bonds, longing to cover herself - looking away, blushing.

The whip had several long oiled thongs and was flexed menacingly in the large Korean's strong arm. His barrel chest shone with effort from having lashed Kathy, leaving the older women sobbing, her back and buttocks covered in stripes of raw agony.

“Please no,” Gail and a pretty brunette teenager hanging beside her sobbed pitifully as Paul stood behind them with a whip, but Lucy had her own perils in mind.

“Western woman now learn meaning of pain,” Objob sneered.

Swish!

Her shoulders flexed, buttocks clenching at the dread sound.

“Aaaagrrhhh!” She screamed pitifully as a blast of agony scored across her back. Shuddering, she hung her head, trying somehow to absorb the fiery heat, knowing five more strokes were to come. She couldn’t possibly stand it - surely she would die? How could she, a law abiding woman, be bound nude, being whipped by a Korean monster in this torture chamber just a mile from home - and all initially because of Jung!

A shrieking beside her was louder than the other terrible screams and wails echoing round the hall. Lucy looked up to the thug’s shining straining body, his face now a mask of pain, his penis practically shrunk out of sight as the blonde wardress prepared to administer her next lash.

“Graaaggghhhhh!” Lucy’s thoughts were totally obscured by another blinding, all-consuming wave of unbelievable pain, this time across her buttocks. Tugging uselessly at unyielding bonds she howled like an animal, begging and pleading to no avail. How could they do this? Tough sailors in the 18th century, even the thug, yes, but not her - a respectable 21st century woman!

Head thrown back, teeth clenched, throat sinews taut after the next stroke she imagined she saw Jung behind the dark tinted glass of the rooftop gallery from where she understood the Governor and guests could witness these punishments. Blinking stinging sweat from her eyes she could almost make out his smiling face next to Miss Ming. The pain must, she guessed, be making her hallucinate!

“Pleeeeeease,” her whimper counted for nothing.

Crack!

Objob’s grunt as he put his weight behind the next inevitable blast of nerve-shredding agony scorching across her bottom removed the luxury of further thought.

Finally she hung almost lifeless after six such strokes of ‘justice,’ delivered with inhuman ferocity. Her tears joined those of the thug opposite. Shuddering, her shining flesh was, like his, covered in vivid red lines. Crying like a baby, the burning pain across her shoulders, back and buttocks ate into

her very core, salty sweat trickling on raw flesh adding to her torment. Sobbing and blubbing Lucy resolved to try harder to avoid any further rule infringements.

“Two extra strokes for Harris,” came Ming’s voice over the gallery microphone. Finding the energy to look she saw Ellen standing in a spreading puddle of shame.

It was then almost as difficult for her to witness the pain and shame of her friends. The horrible cracking of leather against flesh, wet and slippery with fear, echoed in the hall, the watching prisoners having to applaud the whip-masters after each punishment! The experience was etched forever into her mind. However, the soothing, high-tech, balm applied obscenely but wonderfully by Paul as they lay gasping on their bunks would ensure that by morning they would hardly have a mark left on their bodies!

CHAPTER EIGHT

Remembering the rules, walking obediently within the yellow lines three paces ahead of the wardress, Lucy kept her hands behind her back, palms outwards. Hands always had to be in full view. When she reached a door she stood to one side facing the wall whilst Miss Bates activated the electronic lock by retina and thumb print recognition, then waited whilst the door was locked after her.

She could now hardly recall what freedom was. To walk where she wished and with whom, run in the open, talk - all were distant dreams. At once she was treated like a dangerous criminal and a naughty schoolgirl by this crop-haired dyke. The reality was she had to accept the frustration of having no vestige of control over her own destiny.

“Ouch!” Lucy wound in her temper as Miss Bates gave her bottom one of her obligatory, demeaning pinches.

Even worse was her destination. Prisoners were required to meet their victims and express remorse for their heinous crimes. The victim could then decide whether to recommend any reduction or extension to the sentence depending upon any degree of remorse shown. Lucy was on her way to meet her old boss, Mr Hassay.

Although outwardly calm, Mr Hassay was eager to see Mrs West again. He patiently sipped tea and whisky, his face expressionless as the door opened. However, his breath caught in his throat as Lucy marched in. Instead of her usual smart, sexy dress, her long shapely legs now emerged from a minuscule prison uniform which also exposed much of her cleavage. Her shame before him was obvious but he knew there was nothing she could do about it. It multiplied when, following a curt command from the wardress, Lucy bowed deeply before him, remaining bent over. His eyes lit up as the posture totally revealed her small breasts under the smock.

“Bow lower to Mr Hassay, this is the gentleman whose trust you abused,” the spiky blonde kept a straight face. “Now a full cavity search, West,” she smirked, patting the taut roundness of the exposed bottom.

Mr Hassay felt a further stirring in his loins as Lucy flushed a deeper crimson at the order. Biting her lips, she proceeded the hard-faced wardress

into a side room.

“Strip. Mouth wide, bend, legs apart.” Loins tightening further, he clearly heard the gruff orders through the partially open door, the sound of flesh being probed. Then a slap. “Ok dress, march back out.”

Hassay sipped whisky as Lucy returned, her high-stepping movement showing off her sleek thighs, breasts bouncing delightfully.

“West is now yours to demonstrate her contrition in any way you choose, Mr Hassay,” smiled the wardress, a glint in her eye. “There must be no intercourse or permanent damage - I’m sure you know the rules,” she smiled. “If there’s any resistance from her, I’m outside - and she’ll be on a charge,” her eyes flashed dangerously at her victim, still marching on the spot. “We allow an hour for these interviews and you may record any sentence recommendations on your way out.

“West,” she glared at Lucy. “Stop marching and bow until Mr Hassay says otherwise.” Miss Bates closed the door behind her.

Cringing with shame, Lucy wanted the floor to open as she bowed deeply before the man who she respected as a good boss, never dreaming she would be before him thus.

“Stand, please. Miss efficient prim and proper I once called you, how different things are now,” Hassay spoke slowly with his familiar Oriental twang as Lucy stood at attention. “The first step towards true contrition is openness and, in that spirit, I’ll remove that stupid prison smock Mrs West - it really isn’t you - remain quite still, please.”

He sensed her tension like a coiled spring. Her fists balled, his hands unbuttoned the side of her uniform, fingers brushing soft warm flesh as he peeled away her covering exposing her glory. Pride, modesty or choice were luxuries she no longer possessed. His eyes travelled up her long legs.

“I always wondered what you would look like in the flesh, now I see. I remember the last Christmas party, you were the worse for drink when you kissed me - but what a kiss.”

Lucy was unable to prevent a blush of shame at the memory of opening her mouth under his snake-like tongue, giggling, her body pressed against his.

“Now I think I deserve more, much more, “ he continued. “You abused your position and committed a dishonest act, you understand that, Mrs West?”

“Yes Sir, I’m s-sorry Sir,” she grovelled, not wanting to, but knowing

it was expected and could possibly lessen her days in this living hell.

“Now I must punish you myself to judge your real contrition, maybe also providing me with some small recompense. Obey willingly and I may recommend a sentence reduction. Turn round slowly, hands above your head, don’t cover yourself, I want to see you. I remember you saying, that Christmas that you didn’t ‘do’ nudity when I suggested it. Now you do.”

He managed to contain his smirk, and control his lust as she obeyed. She had a sensual, yet animal-like beauty as she was forced to twirl before him revealing the charms he had previously only fantasised about. He saw a fading red hand-print on her bottom and recalled the slap he had heard earlier.

“Very nice, you are in good shape. Now please bend over my lap so that I might administer a minor chastisement.” He kept things deliberately formal.

He was unable to prevent his pulse racing or the sweat beading on his palms as the delicious creature folded herself over him. His erection, so little used these days, strained unusually hard against his pin-stripe trousers as the softness of her belly pressed against him. The tips of her breasts delicately brushed his legs as she positioned herself to his requirements, her hair falling to screen her anguished face.

Idly stroking the enticing dip of her spine it was difficult for him to relate the compliant nudity with the primness and glass-fragility of her ‘look but no touch,’ attitude in the office. She had slapped an office junior for playfully slapping her bottom. Now he had complete possession of her.

“Legs wider, Mrs West.”

His hand shaking, he stroked the firmness, feeling her involuntarily tense then shudder as his fingers strayed between the perfect globes, over the furry softness to delve slightly into the warm entrances within the dark cleft.

“Haah,” she strained wonderfully against him, head thrusting back, white teeth biting her lips when he slapped her bouncing nates. Soon she was squirming against him, her bottom pink and undoubtedly more sore than his own stinging palms. He dribbled onto her back, brushing it into the deliciously feminine swelling of her hindquarters.

“And after the pain, pleasure. Get up,” he pulled her hair, making her yelp until she stood before him, breasts bouncing delightfully. “Sit on my lap, facing me, legs astride.” He sighed as she sat gingerly positioned herself, feeling the heat as she awkwardly shifted her warm bottom. “Get me out, use your hands. Kiss me and press yourself against me; pretend you love me.

Make me come in within two minutes and I'll recommend a sentence reduction. If not ..." he let the threat hang.

"Hmmmmmm," he reclined, in heaven, as her hands fluttered over him, their coolness extracting his now rigid length, stroking urgently up and down with slim fingers. She pressed her soft breasts against him, her wine-sweet mouth opening over his, pink tongue darting. Casually he reached out stroking her belly to slide into the tangle of neat curly hair.

"Hah," she wriggled as his fingers sought out the ripe, velvet softness, her vulva opened by her posture. Persistently he found her bud, rubbing as he pushed two fingers into her tight, silken heat. "Ugh."~ the grunt was torn from her, the disgust on her face simply adding to the hot wine in his veins.

"Time's running out," he reminded, delighting in her even more frantic hand movements. Desperately she wriggled her hips on his fingers, her sex gripping him. Maybe he even felt a slight dampness there?

As his sap rose he gripped with his free hand a cheek of her juddering bottom overhanging his small lap. Squeezing tightly his fingers became talons whilst he slobbered against a hard quivering nipple.

"Over you, over you," he gasped making her direct his spurting lust against her belly, relishing the look of sick despair on her face before she crumpled in tears. Like an obscene uncle he now cradled her shuddering body, stroking down the points of her spine, patting her bottom, then dismissing her so that he could wipe himself.

"I shouldn't say this but you may have been slightly used to cover someone's tracks," he whispered. Possibly some guilt was showing, certainly some whisky as he finished his third whilst she again perched naked on his lap, hands now obediently on head. "Occasionally, minor amounts of Tora's stock seem to be removed or moved. It was probably quite useful if someone in the company, such as yourself, was foolish enough to be tempted into a break-in and could thus be used as a fall-guy as it were if a discrepancy in the records was ever found."

Lucy stiffened, gritting her teeth, knowing she had been set up.

"Nevertheless, you are convicted felon and the real crime is, as always, getting caught. Needless to say though, I shall give you as good references as I can if you seek future employment after your release. I'm not condoning your attempted theft, mind, rather I'm making some amends for any excess zealotry amongst my employees. Indeed, I shall also recommend a reduction of ... say a week to your sentence."

Hassay briefly wondered if the alcohol had tempted him to say too much, but what the hell? It gave him a delicious sense of power to hold her softness against him, feeling her tenseness as she realised that she had somehow been tricked, knowing there was nothing she could do about it. She didn't know what had gone on and had no proof. No one would listen to a prisoner convicted for the same crime and she would be punished for making any allegations. Anyway, soon he would be retired and back in his homeland a richer man. Who cared what anyone thought in this backwater country?

"I now have a last surprise for you, Mrs West - stand."

Lucy looked up with red-rimmed eyes.

"Mr Jung also visits you as part of my hour," he announced as the door opened. "I leave you with him now to also express your contrition," he smiled as he left.

The despair in Lucy's eyes was replaced by loathing as the creep, Jung, casually looked her up and down like a farmer at market.

"Now you'll show me what I missed when you were a free lady, you're very pretty," he smiled. "Hands on head - shake them."

"Wh-what ... S-Sir?"

"Shake your tits, I want to see them bounce. Or you go on report, spend an extra few weeks here?" he smiled coldly.

Somehow controlling her rage, Lucy obeyed, glaring at his leering amusement as her boobs jiggled humiliatingly and painfully, simply for his pleasure.

"Eeeh," she squealed, instinctively grabbing the arm which encircled and patted her sore bottom, then jerking away from the lips pressing against hers. Quizzically, his eyebrows raised, emphasising his control. Resignation flickered over her red face as she thus allowed herself to be pulled against him.

"That's better, such a nice tight arse and tits," one hand splayed possessively across her clenching cheeks, the other groping her breasts. Then his fingers crawled obscenely over her curly thatch, thrusting crudely between her thighs. "Hmm, a bit warm, you like Mr Hassay then? Hope you like me too. Hands on head, legs wide - wider. Now!" he snapped. "Face the chair, look straight ahead, no moving." A cruel glint was in his eyes and a bamboo walking cane in his hands.

Fearfully, she obeyed, ceasing to follow his movements with her wide eyes as he casually flexed his cane somewhere behind her. Her breath

quickened, shoulder blades flexing in dread as the squeak from his shoes stopped, her buttocks involuntarily clenching.

“Graaaaaghhhh!” Nothing could have prepared her for the excruciating agony of the bamboo’s cruel arc slashing upwards into her tender sex lips. Pain ate her innards whilst she writhed, screaming, on the floor, hands clutched between her legs. Sobbing, panting she finally recovered sufficiently to look up through tearful eyes. The fat toad now sat before her.

“That’s something I owe you,” his eyes glowed hot with cruelty, “also this.”

Slap! Crack!

Like a striking snake he slapped her breasts and face to leave a stinging imprint of pain on each.

“Stop snivelling, woman, and kneel right here,” he patted the front of his chair as he lowered his trousers and underpants. “If those teeth come anywhere near me it will be grievous bodily harm which attracts a life sentence here for a serving prisoner,” he smirked into her crumpling face. “Hurry,” he pointed between his thighs, “and keep your hands on your head. I imagine you wish you could replay that opportunity to be my office slave, rather than do so here,” he smirked as she crawled into position. “As a member of the Board of Governors I often visit these places. Your punishment parade, which I witnessed the other night, looked quite painful. Such things are boring after a while though, seen one, seen them all,” he casually announced into Lucy’s shocked features. “No, I suppose not so routine for you. Imagine if you bit me though, and were here for life, how many parades you might go on - routine then perhaps eh?” he laughed. “Now I’ll see how full of contrition you really are.”

His straining erection pointed at her face. However, her glazed eyes widened at something beyond the obscene pulsing flesh. Tattooed just above his groin was a red dragon! Suddenly taking an interest in the loathsome creature, Lucy noted his gleaming new false teeth!

Many things dropped into place. Jung was one of the thieves. Hassay probably just turned a blind eye and pocketed a percentage. There was no way though she could prove any of this - and no-one would listen to her. She didn’t know exactly what he had been stealing or where it was. And if anything was ever found missing they would indeed probably blame her!

Lucy knew real hate while her mouth stretched achingly wide around Jung’s revolting penis, the architect of her downfall. One hand bunched in

her hair, the other mauled her boobs - she felt sick. Fantasies of using her sharp white teeth flashed tantalisingly through her mind but they were only fantasies. She couldn't face spending the rest of her life in hell. Hand tightening, his filthy manhood jerked, spitting its hateful seed in her bulging mouth. Her eyes were vacant, despairing but - somehow - she vowed revenge.

CHAPTER NINE

The following day saw their first lessons in good citizenship. The chairs in the 'schoolroom' were deliberately small causing an intolerable ache in the back and buttocks of the prisoners. They were required to sit rigidly arms folded legs outstretched whilst being lectured by their 'teacher. She was a brittle, peroxide blonde in her 50s, merciless in her methods when any pupil failed to give correct answers or pay attention. Often her tirade was accompanied by a prodding of shoulders, bellies or breasts with her fingers; or trembling hands were held out to be smacked with a huge ruler.

"Stupid slag, are you deliberately thick?" Kathy sobbed after the woman had tweaked her ear, cuffing her head. "Uniform off, front of the class, facing the wall hands on head," she snapped, slapping Kathy's bottom when she was slow to obey. Lucy winced at how the older woman must feel being treated like a schoolgirl. Her shoulders shook with sobs when she bent over the teacher's desk for her bottom to be smacked.

Most pupils received such scathing remarks and many ended it as nude as Kathy, the teacher spitting venom inches from their crimson faces. Today, all of the new prisoners eventually stood naked against that blackboard, together with half a dozen others. Their buttocks were all adorned with stinging lines from that hateful ruler. All determined to learn better next time. There was additionally the knowledge that the smirking guards reclining at the rear would note all important lapses for punishment parades. The 'students' also knew that they would have to do 'homework' in their cells before the 10pm 'lights-out' - any errors being punished in the next session.

That afternoon there were netball matches for the female prisoners. Observers from outside the institution could watch and enjoy the spectacle. Officially, visitors from other establishments - it was suspected that many were simply paying guests.

The teams started in numbered leotards but, with any rule

infringements, had to remove them. Naturally, without any particular experience of the game, errors were common. Guards serving as team coaches inflicted instant punishments with canes for lack of effort.

How Lucy hated performing before those jeering brutes in the galleries especially when she was soon jumping and running around naked, breasts and buttocks jiggling, or bending over in their full view for the cane. Her body glistened with shame and effort. Like the others though, she soon learnt. Pushing, cheating - she did anything to avoid the pain, despising herself and her desperation - which was also reflected in the equally strained faces of her companions. When she saw Jung's toad-like form, leering, amongst the spectators she wanted to be anywhere but here, and giving the brute such pleasure.

Some of the observers could only be described as old lechers. This became apparent at the end of match when the women had to parade smartly to attention. Lucy, Rowena and Ellen were completely naked, to be 'inspected' by the guests.

Rowena, in common with Lucy, felt physically sick as hot hands crawled familiarly over her shrinking flesh. How one adapts, she thought! Previously she would have slapped away anyone who even dared to brush against her bottom or breasts whilst fully dressed. Now she had to simply endure, replying politely to the token interest about the game whilst she was pawed at will. Worse, was her having to actually sit on the lap of one chairbound spectator, a slob who must have been nearing his centenary.

The visit to this detention centre was the aged creep's regular monthly treat, and he paid well for it. Attracted by Rowena's blonde charms and sensuous doll-like face, he sensed the rebellious outrage she was controlling to keep herself in check.

"You're a pretty young thing," he wheezed, nuzzling the soft nape of her neck, some spittle falling to the curve of her soft shoulder, "you benefit from the discipline here?"

"Y-yes Sir."

He knew it was the only answer she could give, albeit between clenched teeth, as a hand slid down the delightful curve of her back to stroke a cheek of her bottom, her body still hot and sticky from her exertions. He also cupped one of the breasts so warm, trembling deliciously. He knew she would by now feel, with even greater disgust, the soft sticky bulge of his excitement pressing through his trousers against the curves of her bare

bottom. Her stomach sucked in as his shaking hand trailed through the curly thatch and briefly probed the ripe lips of her sex.

Lucy was suffering her own torment, standing to attention before Jung, trying to politely answer the slug's enquiries about whether she felt the training was improving her outlook. He felt her tired, quivering muscles on the pretext of assessing the benefits of the sport.

"You'd better run along now," he said reluctantly, condescendingly patting her undulating backside as Miss Bates arrived to take them to showers, "I cannot tell you how nice it is to see you here - whenever I want."

Lucy's fists were balls of tension as when they made the obligatory bow to the 'observers,' She saw Paul operating the ever present camera. In addition to serving the lust of the guests, the films would, she knew, account for the videos of some detention centres which apparently sold well in state sex shops, raising money and discouraging crime. She had previously imagined such films had been taken in inner-city prisons reserved for violent cases - never dreaming that such catalogues of shame existed in her own rustic backwater!

With a start, she noticed next to Paul, Miss Tanga, Jung's friend who had searched her those weeks ago. Some inner sense told her they were all linked! She pondered before Miss Bates, disgustingly pinching her bottom, tore her mind from daydreaming and she marched off.

CHAPTER TEN

“My room needs regular tidying. It’s normal for inmates to assist the staff, smoothing the prison wheels, maybe make life easier - the difference between gaining and losing credits for release. You’ll volunteer?”

Lucy didn’t know what to say, instinctively guessing more than just cleaning would be required. Controlling the spark of her temper she simply began shaking her head.

“I-I don’t really know I ...”

“Needless to say, refusal to help staff has the opposite effect and can make life very grim indeed both for that person - and her friends.” He smiled at the gamut of emotions flicking across her face. “You are obviously thinking purely in crude terms, West. Why? I’ve seen you naked and can do so whenever I wish - you have no secrets from me. I simply want a skivvy. I’ve never forced myself on a prisoner against their will. Think of the alternatives to being helpful, frequent inspections, and searches - what might be found, ever longer sentencing ...” He let the words hang, seeing her finally flick the hair back from her beautiful face.

“OK, I’ll help ... Sir, if it will help me and my friends,” she whispered. Lucy knew she was beaten and could only go with the flow.

In the world outside which she had forfeited, she employed a part-time lady to do most of her household chores. It was thus worse now to scrub on hands and knees for another - especially this arrogant brute who had once stalked her. However, standing to relieve her aching back, she knew there was no choice. The several weeks she had now spent here had taught her much. Scurrying after arrogant guards to avoid punishment, bending to their will, maybe gain sentence credits, having to bow and scrape at their beck and call - any remaining pride forgotten. The unlocking door announced Paul’s return and Lucy obediently bowed - hating herself but again knowing there to be no choice.

He regarded the tiled floor of his hall.

“Hmm, it’s a bit better but you’re either out of practice, or a slut. You can do it again later in the week. If you put in proper effort I’ll award a day’s credit off your sentence.”

Lucy gritted her teeth, inwardly groaning. She had slaved for over two hours, clearing up the pig's mess for nothing and would have to do even more just to get a lousy day. She jumped as he suddenly stood before her, now frightened of being alone with him.

"It's all right, you did quite well, I won't report you for tardiness," he explained as if she should be grateful. "Hurry along now and I'll see you on Wednesday at 18.00 hours." She jumped again as he demeaningly patted her bottom before returning her to her cell between the yellow lines. She breathed a sigh of relief that indeed he at least appeared to want no more from her than cleaning duties.

"You whores today assist workmen who add to your domain. They fall behind schedule and we lend them your hands," Miss Catar gave a cracked-tooth grin at her little joke.

Thirty prisoners stood to attention in their short uniforms. Amongst the women, Lucy cringed more than the others at having outsiders witness their shame, especially any workmates of Jack, their joint friends. She kept her head down as they marched high-stepping through temporary gates into the building site stockade.

"Yoh darlings," shouted a muscle-bound workman in a vest, sitting astride a girder, his hard-hat set at a jaunty angle.

Lucy glanced up, giving thanks he was a stranger. Like the others she was forced to give him a flashing view of her thighs each time the marching gait brought her legs to the horizontal.

"Put some f—king sweat into it, sluts!" Paul shouted.

Lucy and nine others bent over, gripping a large iron girder, heaving. It barely budged, the earth reluctant to release the metal from its embedded clutches.

"Lift bitches - now," he shouted brutally, "or your arses get caned."

Opposite Lucy, Rowena's shining face was a picture of strain, gaping mouth, eyes screwed shut and she knew her own sweating features told a similar story. She grimaced, knowing her bottom was exposed under her uniform as she stooped lower to take a tighter grip, grunting as the girder slowly lifted. Then on quivering arms they held it aloft, trotting to the designated place. Blinking sweat from her eyes she ground her teeth in

frustration. Girls more used to computer terminals and household machines had to heave heavy iron and steel in their soft hands whilst nearby cranes stood idle - all part of the wearing down process.

“Who, right on.”

Now Lucy cringed in shame as the passing workman, one of Jack’s friends, recognised her, managing to tear his eyes from the taut curve of her exposed buttocks.

“Oh,” he looked away in embarrassment.

“Haah!” she shrieked in pain and shame as Paul flicked his cane across her bottom.

“No talking, slags. Forget the gentleman - lift,” he roared.

“I’m - I’m sorry,” muttered Jack’s friend, walking on.

“Gruuuuh, haaah .!” Ignoring the man she used to socialise with at parties, someone she always secretly regarded as being slightly working class and beneath her, Lucy joined her companions, groaning with superhuman effort, sinews straining - but still unable to free the next girder from its bed of clinging earth.

“Right, ladies, kit off, try again with less weight to carry. Otherwise, you’re all on report tonight,” Miss Bates joined in.

Lucy wanted the ground to swallow her as they pulled their damp uniforms off, bodies curving again over the reluctant iron.

“Graggghh,” they gasped in unison, finally able to hold the heavy girder above their heads on quivering arms shaking hair from their eyes.

“Well done, girls. At the double, carry it over there,” Miss Bates pointed her cane.

Aware of the grinning workmen drinking in their charms, they trotted to the growing pile of girders by the steel erectors, one of whom laughingly decided to put them at ease by lowering his own jeans.

“See what you can do if you really try.” Miss Bates smugly flirted with the workmen, sadistically pinching Kathy’s bouncing bottom and jiggling breasts as she ran. The older woman flushed a deeper hue as did Lucy - uncomfortably aware of the equally embarrassed look from Jack’s friend.

“Scoop em - mouths open.” shouted Miss Bates after five hours of

relentless, muscle-quivering work .

The dozen or so women who still wore their uniforms blushed as, standing in a neat line before the laughing workmen, they followed the procedure demanded. Reaching into their necklines they extracted their bare breasts. Thus exposed they had to open their mouths ridiculously wide, tongues protruding, legs apart, hands on heads to be thoroughly frisked. Even those reduced to nudity had to join the line before the butch blonde - in identical pose.

Miss Bates delighted in thoroughly searching Lucy and later exercising her limitless power, and lust. Minutes after she had made Lucy carry her boots to her quarters the two women lay facing each other in bed. Bates drank in the helpless disgust in Lucy's large brown eyes as her hands slid down the curved sheen of her spine, claspings, then spitefully pinching, each firm cheek of the deliciously cool, flexing buttocks.

“Ughh.”

Lucy grunted as Miss Bates took her like a man, pumping the dildo strapped to her loins into the succulent heat of her warm sex.

“Work with it, bitch, remember the deal” Bates panted. The reluctant undulations of her victim's loins, the return of her kisses and caresses were reminders of the promised one week sentence reduction for ‘co-operation.’

Life was so sweet, thought Bates as she rode the impaled Lucy, knowing the beautiful creature had to writhe in unison, grip the finger embedded in the tight elasticated rosebud of her anus, pretend she enjoyed it - or face a sentence addition. Also knowing that another prisoner, a sweet teenage blonde, was due to report to her later that evening.

“Please Miss Solon,” Rowena, bowing, hated herself for instinctively grovelling, hands clasped before her as if in prayer to her young Chinese wardress, but she somehow needed to supplement her lack of speech in the hideous Sunny language.

“Well?” The girl regarded the trembling woman with hint of amusement, “and where is your uniform?” Her eyes flicked over the delicious curves, the heaving bosoms covered in an enticing sheen.

“Please Miss, Guard, Mr ... Paul, he - he made me take off for cleaning duties,” she stumbled in the Sunny equivalent of ‘pigeon-English.’ “Now ... now,” she whimpered like a child, ~I must clean men's showers -

like this,” a tear squeezed from a large green eye.

She could never put into words - wouldn't dare, how Paul had come up behind her whilst she was bending over sweeping a corridor. He made her squeal, pressing his hardness against her bottom, squeezing her breasts through the thin uniform, undulating his loins. When he adopted his apparently usual tack of having her remove it to prevent it getting dirty his hands were everywhere, feeling, mauling. The bastard had made her stand astride, taking her broom and running the handle to and fro between her legs, laughing as her hips began to undulate, promising her more - from himself and a few other guards.

“And that's a problem for you is it?” Miss Solon jerked her back to the present, her face impassive.

“Yes, I-I frightened, if me like this, Miss, all men ...” Rowena struggled to express herself, the words hanging silently between the two women. One was relaxed, totally calm in control. The other trembled in dread, both at her imagined fate in the shower block, and for questioning one guard's orders with another. The sheer injustice of the fiendish system ate into Rowena's sole, never imagining she could ever be put in such an impossible position!

“So you are questioning my colleague's orders?” the eyebrows raised in query.

“Oh no Miss,” Rowena's belly flipped in deeper dread, “it just he-he maybe forget I undressed and ... and all men there ...”

“You'd like me to remind him, perhaps come with you?” There was a hint of a smile now in the sharp glinting eyes.

“Oh please, Miss,” hope blossomed.

“Come, give me a hug, still your fear, little one.”

Such was her relief that the strangeness of the situation hardly crossed her mind as Rowena was enfolded in the girl's arms, her body squashed against the rough uniform. When the lips descended on hers it felt natural and comforting to open her quivering mouth, pressing herself against her saviour in thanks.

The wardress drank in the delicious feeling of the trembling, straining body against her, the breasts against her own, her hands holding the blonde's firm bottom. A hand draped casually around her waist, moulded to a cheek of her flexing nates, Miss Solon strolled with Rowena to the shower block.

“She's with me this afternoon, Paul, a bit nervous about cleaning the

showers in her birthday suit,” she smiled sarcastically.

“Your loss, popcorn, looks like you’ve made your choice,” Paul smirked flippantly as the Chinese girl pulled the wide-eyed blonde protectively closer, “~I’ll find someone who enjoys male company,” he leered.

Rowena shook with relief as Miss Solon patted her bottom, escorting her back to her quarters. She didn’t look forward to what would probably be now expected of her, but it was probably less violent than a virtual gangbang.

“You prefer the attentions of Miss Solon to mine?” Paul purred to Rowena when he had next cornered her. “Well, I’m afraid I’ll have to break up your little liaison - I don’t like being thwarted.”

She stood silently to attention before Paul’s desk, knowing he held her fate in his hands, that she was powerless to influence it. He toyed with her, opening and shutting the red-backed punishment book into which he would make an annotation if he deemed she deserved it. Maybe he would let her off, she desperately hoped, knowing in her heart that pigs might also fly! She would offer her body if he asked, unable to take any more - yet knowing she had no choice. He had all the cards, but there was always a modicum of hope that he was in a good mood. At least things hadn’t been too bad with Miss Solon, she thought, just kissing and petting, then the Chinese girl had been called away. Rowena thought she had been let off lightly - but obviously not.

“Do you know what I’m doing this weekend?” Paul finally asked.

“No Sir,” she tried unsuccessfully to hold his amused eyes before hers fluttered away to stare at her feet. Her stomach was knotted in fear, wanting to know the outcome of his deliberations, but having to play his game.

“I’m going to a dinner dance with my girlfriend and, after a pleasant evening, I shall probably end up in someone’s bed, then probably the coast afterwards. Do you know what you are doing?”

“N-no Sir,” she whispered, knowing it would be bad.

“You’ll spend the weekend blindfolded and crouched in a cage in the rat hole - but I’ll think of you,” he smirked whilst initialling the entry in the dreaded punishment book. “You’re going to the hole for refusing my orders and lack of effort.” He grinned at her shocked face.

In addition to the indignity of nakedness, Rowena also had the vulnerable sightless terror of being hooded and with wrists bound behind her. Helpless, she was pulled stumbling down the cold steps to the rat hole; it felt like a journey to the pits of hell. Paul grinned, patting her swaying bottom.

Indeed he did think of his victim. During Saturday evening, dancing and talking with friends in an exquisite ballroom he thought of her crouched nude, hooded and bound in the darkness on her tiny cage - simply because he decreed it.

For Rowena each hour of her lonely torment was like a day, cramped muscles screaming for release, terrified of the scurrying noises. Sweating under the hood - the imposed sightlessness worse than gloomy darkness, thinking only of Paul. Why she hadn't she just let him have his way? When would he release her? If she hadn't already endured the hole, knowing she could survive, she would have been driven insane. As it was, exhausted, dirty, aching and thirsty she obediently sobbed never to disobey again when Paul finally carried her out.

That same weekend was lovely on the coast, clear blue skies and a hot sun. Lucy felt fine sand between her toes, a cool breeze lifting her hair, the sound of waves breaking on the beach. Normally she would revel in such moments, however this would be a day she would sooner forget. Seeing the carefree bathers in skimpy swimming costumes brought painful reminders of a life which she had left behind.

She almost irrationally hated a group of them lounging contentedly nearest her, beautiful young things basking in the sun. One girl, around Lucy's age but Italian looking, wearing a wispy green bikini, had a particularly loud voice and a certain arrogance to her beauty - as if she owned the beach. When she occasionally looked in Lucy's direction there was almost a sniggering amusement in her oval eyes, as if the reclining figure taunted the toiling convicts as she sipped her drink. Her husband rubbed sun-oil into her back whilst she relaxed.

Wiping matted hair from her brow, Lucy would almost have given her

right arm to cease her back-breaking work, relax with them and take a long cool gulp of the lager from the iced bottle. She and two dozen other female prisoners had been brought to Margate and had been slaving for two hours since 8 am, shifting large rocks to enhance a sea defence. The rough serge of the short uniform clung uncomfortably, sweat trickling down her back as she heaved another heavy rock into her arms and staggered with it the hundred yards to the embryonic sea wall. Groaning she placed it with the others and scurried back for another, slowness, complaining or slouching was not permitted.

A pretty young brunette teenager in front of her grunted with effort, teeth clenched as she picked up a large stone. She could imagine how she and several other teenage girls in the work party must feel having to toil so, rather than play ball, swim or sunbathe.

The vile Miss Catar relaxed in the shade of an awning sipping iced beer until she decided to strut out to inspect the work - and then stumble flat on her face in a hole dug by a young child. Although laughing inwardly Lucy and the other prisoners dared show nothing on their sweating faces as the woman spat sand from her enraged face. Talking of any kind was forbidden.

However, the bikini-clad girl who Lucy had previously envied so much, seemingly the child's proud mother, had no such inhibitions. The prisoners cringed at her arrogant laugh, then at the expression of hate on the Korean's ugly face, white knuckles tightly gripping her faithful bamboo cane.

"You think funny, heh?" Miss Catar spat, glaring at the laughing child and mother.

"Should have looked where you were going, I'd say." The beautiful, carefree girl ignored the flashed looks of warning from her friends and the prisoners.

"So! Such rash behaviour and actions towards state official lead me to believe you may take illegal substances - maybe have them concealed on person. Under state powers vested in me I check. Legs astride hands above head please, I search," the Korean demanded.

"What? You cannot be serious?" the girl replied disbelieving, her hands instinctively covering her proud body at the mere thought.

Lucy grimaced. She had heard about the encroaching state powers to do just about anything. The shocked yet resigned look on the face of the girl's husband, as he cradled the crying child - which had sensed the adult's emotions - told the truth of the situation.

“Look, my wife’s sorry ...” he began, his own previous brashness gone, “it was just a joke, too much drink and sun.”

“No I’m not, the cow should have watched her step,” interrupted the indignant girl, now standing hands on hips before the squat wardress.

“Right, I have witnesses that you resist Oriental state official, you already look at week in prison,” Miss Catar cruelly smiled.

“Don’t argue Carla, just do what they say, we’ll sort it out later,” the husband and his friends begged his wife, ware of the developing danger. “They can lock you away nowadays.”

“He sensible, he know,” spat Miss Catar into the look of sudden insecurity and fear in the girl’s flushed face, “you learn obey Oriental superiors like these Western women have,” she gestured to the silently toiling prisoners.

“Look OK, please I’m sorry, is that OK? Can we just forget ...,” she tried, hands now extended face up towards her tormentor in surrender as two other guards closed in menacingly.

“Too late, no forget. Assume position, now,” spat the Korean, crudely indulging her favourite, nose gardening activity, wiping her finger down her uniform.

Lucy grimaced in sympathy at the girl, Carla’s, sobering shame and crumbling pride before her husband and onlookers as the scene unfolded. A carefree day on the beach with family and friends had turned, for her, into a nightmare.

Possibly the woman had brought some of it on herself, but Lucy had heard about similar, probably contrived ‘incidents’ during work parties. Indeed, that had been the road taken by some of her fellow prisoners, sentences gradually lengthening until initial anger and frustration was replaced by acceptance and obedience towards the state. Lucy resolved somehow to fight against such inhuman Oriental repression if and when she ever could.

Carla, obeying the humiliating order, now stood shamed, arms and legs wide in the shape of a cross, like a cheer-leader frozen in time. Her nipples protruded with fear through the bikini’s thin material. With a malevolent smile, the Korean bitch walked slowly to her victim. Licking her lips, she lovingly cupped and squeezed the girl’s jutting breasts. Patting slowly down the slightly wriggling waist, she drunk in her victim’s discomfort, shame and disgust.

The hands slowly trailed down to pat the tight cheeks of the bottom.

“What’s this?” Miss Catar beamed up into the girl’s widening eyes, now at once both sickened and fearful, as she at the saw the thin polythene package protruding between the Korean’s stubby fingers.

“What! I - I don’t know it’s - it’s not mine. I’m only wearing this bloody costume and I’ve been in the sea ... I’d have nowhere to put it ... or anything... . You cannot think ... You must have put it there - a joke, right?” the girl tried.

“You accuse Oriental superior of planting evidence, you dig yourself deeper hole.”

“No-no, she didn’t mean ...” intervened the husband desperately.

“Your wife heading for serious trouble. I seen plenty concealed in tiny, dark, little places,” she cut across the man’s plea. “Woman’s body can conceal much,” she interrupted, patting the magnificent globes, snapping the thin strip of bikini elastic, winking at the husband, before turning back to the now frightened and bewildered girl.

“You obey totally now, or face automatic prison sentence. You come with me, undress completely for proper look I think.” She again patted her victim’s tightly rounded bottom with horrible familiarity, propelling her towards a tent erected on the beach. “Or maybe we think about taking you both into custody and child into state care eh?” Miss Catar’s face creased into a broader grin of triumph at the panic-stricken look of her frightened victim.

Throwing the tiny package to another warder, Objob, with a sly wink, she asked him to check its contents. Then she pointed towards the tent which Lucy and the others had earlier pitched on the beach to afford shade and privacy for their captors.

“Don’t!” The girl jerked away indignantly as the Miss Catar lightly tapped her undulating bottom, guiding her towards an area by the tent enclosed by wind-shields. She gasped, hand to her mouth at the sight of two other women in the enclosure, faces shining, lined with pain, but the Korean jerked her back toward her.

“Ignore them, worry about yourself. You in no position to resist, you make yourself mine now. You talk no more - total silence from prisoner.”

Biting her trembling lip, the girl cast a fearful glance at her husband and child. He nodded his reluctant agreement, encouraging her compliance with the hideous wardress. Flushing crimson the girl was conscious of her fellow bathers watching the scene with a mixture of curiosity, fear and lust.

She had been aware of their sly glances at her body, still magnificent after childbearing, scarcely covered by the thin strips of her thong costume.

“All off, Western cow, hands on head legs apart,” the woman’s loud voice spared no shame; the long windbreaks only afforded privacy from her knees to shoulders. “Lift hair. Open mouth - wider, tongue right out. Bend over, legs wide apart, wider than that. I see you shave bikini line, maybe if you become my prison girl I shave it all off, so pretty that way I think.” The spectators experienced second-hand her shame as she was forced to totally expose herself just metres away from them. They imagined the lushness being revealed, the older woman’s hands moving over and into the body they had recently fantasised about.

“It a sugar sachet, but maybe also some dope - difficult be sure. Perhaps some stored there previously,” Objob, pulling aside one of the canvas walls, reported back, leaving sufficient doubt.

Those on the beach were afforded a view of the naked girl’s large red nipples erect with fear, standing hands on head, legs astride before the squat woman. Her face was flushed scarlet, her body shivering despite the heat. A glare, and her tormentor’s restraining hand, halted her movement when she attempted to cover herself.

“We have to decide what to do with you before work party leave beach,” Miss Catar pretended to ponder.

“Look please I’ve done nothing ...” wailed the now panic-stricken girl.

“I no tell again about talking. Any more, you go straight to prison. Stay silent. Now ... possible use of forbidden drugs and insulting state official. We could throw book at you, damn hard,” the wardress announced triumphantly as a glaring Objob agreed. “Your fate depend on how much contrition you show for stupid behaviour. Meanwhile we put you in restraint till we decide. Your husband and friends come back in ... six hours, we then decide what happen to you.” The woman shouted the last part to the anxious group outside. “Now you sunbathe on our little ease and consider your stupidity,” Miss Catar smiled malevolently.

Lucy had herself experienced the ‘little ease’ and currently both Gail and Kathy were each sitting on one in the cordoned area, for deemed lack of effort in moving the boulders. However, the fiends, leaving part of the wind-shield open, allowed those on the beach to also witness for themselves the unfortunate Carla’s torment.

The 'little ease' was used mainly on hot sunny days such as this. It consisted of a thick, metre-square slab of horizontal concrete with ringbolts, into the centre of which slotted a very thin vertical square of concrete rising about half a metre. Firstly though Objob gleefully twisted the girl's wrists up behind her back, cuffing them, forcing her to stoop a little, the painful posture thrusting forward her magnificent bare breasts. A heavy frightening head cage of lattice ironwork was then slid in place, enclosing her head and resting on her smooth shoulders. He attached her cuffed wrists to the base of the cage and hinged down a cruel, metal, pear-shaped gag, from the collar, thrusting it into her wide mouth. It locked in place around bulging cheeks below her wide despairing eyes.

Next, he made the girl squat astride the vertical slab of concrete, her feet constantly shifting on the hot concrete like a cat on a hot tin roof. He pulled her fully down to sit, a leg either side of the thin upright concrete, attaching the ringbolts on the slab to her slim ankles, forcing her to adopt a painful crouch. The girl squealed in pain as her full weight rested on the thin concrete perch forced up into the soft folds of her womanhood and between the cleft of her buttocks like a hot knife. Scrabbling desperately she tried to ease her pain by taking some of her weight on her feet. However, such was the sun-heated temperature of the base on her bare toes that she could only do so momentarily before sagging back, the vertical concrete eating into her agonised sex.

The grinning guards eventually pulled the windbreak back in place so that those on the beach could no longer see contorted features of the girl, her straining body covered in a sheen of pain.

Lucy knew to her own cost, the agony the girl suffered on the 'little ease'. She also could imagine her mental state as her captors toyed with her. Carla would soon be willing to grant any favour to be allowed off the little ease and to avoid later incarceration. If, as quite usual, this was a spur-of-the-moment sideline by the guards, also appeasing Miss Catar's anger, they probably had no intention of arresting the girl - with all of the official complications and paperwork that involved.

A couple of hours later, when Lucy was allowed a few minutes' break and a welcome bottle of water, Objob entered the enclosure. She heard his harsh tones followed by the girl's low-voiced response; a total contrast to her previous attitude. Next came the sounds of flesh on flesh, animal grunting. Carla was discovering for herself the folly of arrogance towards the state. Yet

maybe some of the prisoners felt just a twinge of satisfaction that the brash girl was getting a minor sample of the medicine they had to take routinely at the correction centre.

“Scoop, assume the position!” the guards’ hideous and expected order heralded the end of their back-breaking session.

Cringing with shame, they soon stood publicly humiliated, breasts hanging from their cleavages, mouths gaping and hands on head to be frisked, all in full view of the bathers on the beach. In the background, a white faced girl, again wearing her bikini was allowed out of the tent to embrace her husband, weeping with gratitude and relief at her release.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Lucy cringed. She was on hands and knees with a dustpan in Paul's room. He had said that he had no vacuum cleaner and insisted a dustpan was needed to lift the dirt before she shampooed the carpet. Meanwhile, he reclined in a chair. She knew that his position afforded him a full view of her bottom as the short smock rode up under her posture. However, having tugged it down again for the umpteenth time, she had simply drawn attention to her predicament. He laughed and now ordered her to stand up, facing him.

"It's obviously a problem for you, West," he pointed to her attire. "Like I said before, I don't know why, I've seen you and every other inmate naked, you're nothing special. I suggest you take it off to avoid getting it sweaty and dirty."

"Please, no, I'll - I'll be OK, I'd prefer to keep it on, Sir," she stammered, heart pounding with fear.

"I hope you're not disobeying an order West," his smile faded. "I'm trying to prevent prison property, your uniform, getting dirty. I say again, take it off. Think carefully before replying."

"Sir," she nodded, gulping, as she reluctantly pulled the smock off, longing to claw the narrow eyes from his smirking face. Alone with him, his attentions would somehow be worse than Miss Bates. Perhaps that was because she knew him outside - or maybe his animal presence?

"Continue," he ordered abstractly, resuming reading a journal, his casual indifference to her nudity somehow niggling her pride too.

After an hour now, scrubbing and shampooing the carpet, Lucy's aching body was hot and shining. She tried to ignore his gaze, knowing he was now ogling her swinging breasts and jiggling bottom.

"The rules forbid me to properly 'mix' with the prisoners but what you do to yourself is another matter. Relax, lay on the floor, legs wide. Begin by stroking yourself down there. And if you feel like stopping, just remember the punishment book is here and I can so easily spill dirt on the carpet to show your lack of effort," he smirked.

Loathing and disgust flowed from Lucy's indignant eyes as she resigned herself to performing his perverted demands - there was no choice.

Then, an unexpected knock on the door and a woman's voice saved her day.

"Into the cupboard - quick!" He kicked her smock under the bed. "Not a peep or you'll be on f___king report," he snarled, closing the door, confining her with his coats. A key hanging from a hook in the corner kept annoyingly brushing her face in the darkness.

The voices of Paul and the woman were blurred, indistinct, but it sounded like Miss Tanga. They became clearer when they entered the lounge. "I've brought the stuff, keep it safe. Are you sure you're alone, darling? I could stay." Tanga's voice held a note of promise. Did she have no taste, Lucy wondered, feeling that she was taking part in a stage play or farce!

"No I've some work to catch up on," Paul sounded a trifle flustered, "I'll see you tomorrow." She heard his filing cabinet being opened and something put inside.

"Well, I'll need the money for them tomorrow ..." The voices again dulled as they left the room until they faded presumably into a kiss in the hall. Lucy realised that she hadn't heard the drawer being closed. Screwing up courage to satisfy her curiosity she inched open her cupboard door. Heart pounding, she peeked outside her refuge. Sure enough a package had been casually tossed into the open drawer also containing piles of familiar-looking paperwork. Her belly flipped when she saw beneath the torn outer covering a drug box from Tora Pharmaceutical Company!

Then Paul's returning footsteps prompted her to scurry back to her cupboard, closing the door on her curiosity. She heard the drawer being slammed shut, quaking as he padded about - she was still naked. However, when he opened the door, dragging her out, he threw her uniform at her.

"I've got work to do now, I'll see you again next week," he sounded distracted, condescendingly patting her bottom.

It seemed that every muscle in Lucy's body throbbed with fire such was the tension of maintaining her posture. A rivulet of perspiration trickled between her agonised, throbbing breasts at the thought of the lance of pain which would knife up into her womanhood if she failed to kneel upright at full stretch, thighs quivering. She knew also that she must kneel on the rough bamboo pressing painfully into her knees, and continue sucking the obscene phallus choking her mouth. The clock before her wide eyes told her she had

another three hours of this to endure! Why had she, Rowena and Ellen, this time, whispered too long in their cell? Luckily though, the wardress who caught them breaking the rule of silence during a random check of the monitors hadn't picked up their actual words, their ideas about the possibilities for smuggling from the prison!

An hour previously Miss Catar, Miss Bates and Objob had marched them, also a man and woman in their thirties, and a teenage blonde into the gym. The prisoners were customarily, naked for such discipline and Lucy blushed profusely when Miss Bates caught her looking at the man - his arousal at the sight of their bodies was obvious.

"The tart's noticed he's got the biggest around here," she smirked as Lucy's discomfort. "These two are married, just arrived, but wifey won't mind you having a feel - he wouldn't be here anyway if she hadn't tried to talk to him in the canteen. Right, Lynne?"

"Yes Miss," the woman replied softly.

"Go ahead then, Lucy, cop a feel," Miss Bates sneered.

Unable to meet anyone's eyes, Lucy had, under direction, stroked the huge erection throbbing in her hand. The man's pretty brunette wife looked daggers at her behind her large glasses until Objob decreed that the punishment should commence.

He wheeled six contraptions, resembling huge old fashioned weighing machines, into the gym. Instead of weight calibrations, the dial was a clock from the centre of which protruded a large, hollow black rubber phallus. A wicked metallic spike stuck vertically up from the platform on which one normally stood, which was covered in a rough bamboo mat.

Wordlessly, Objob harshly twisted the wrists of each prisoner behind their backs, clipping them to their neck collars. Relishing their softness under his hands he roughly pushed them down to kneel on the rough mat, positioning their ankles wide apart and fastening them to ringbolts on the platform. Then he telescopically adjusted the spikes upwards to intrude into the sex of each woman, enjoying the gasps and squirms as they strained stiffly upright with straight backs to the extent allowed by the ringbolts, not daring to relax. Miss Bates giggled when she similarly adjusted the spike into the man's anus.

Objob's piggy eyes devoured the women's breasts thrusting forward with their enforced postures.

"Western women must learn they not so proud," he sneered. He drank

in their squirming, to the limited extent allowed by their bondage when, as an added cruelty, he lovingly bound each pair of breasts so that their orbs were painfully distended over thin twine. "Nice," he painfully flicked Lynne's large swollen boobs, winking at her husband's impotent rage. Playfully he patted Lucy's head as she gritted her teeth, straining to maintain her stiff posture, awkwardly shifting her knees on the bamboo mat.

Then each machine was switched on.

"Spikes become electric when prisoner no suck hard enough hard on phallus," Objob explained. He chuckled into their wide despairing eyes of the kneeling women as the first bolt of pain into their vaginas made them instantly stretch up even further to clasp the rubber between their teeth. Their back and neck muscles corded to hold their positions, pushing out their bound breasts even further. "This remind Western women not disobey Oriental superiors, no use mouths for talk,~ he emphasised, demeaningly patting Lucy's bottom before painfully flicking her bulging breasts.

"Haah." Her cry caused the phallus to slip from between her aching jaws thus jolting her with a bolt of agony within until she again craned her neck up, clamping her lips to the rubber, sucking avidly. Alongside, he saw Rowena's breasts quiver, buttocks clenching and cheeks hollowing as she too became distracted and received the burning reminder within her stretched body.

Whilst the two wardresses took a break, Objob reclined in a chair. He was content to read a book whilst drinking in the suffering of the kneeling prisoners, taking a parasitic delight in their suffering. There was silence apart from the gasps, sucking noises and the occasional yelp of pain. He smiled, delighting in what he could inflict on these Western bitches. Each pair of wide eyes bulged desperately over the obscene phallus, the strain etched in each pretty face and evident from the sheen on their stretched, quivering bodies. The pretty blonde teenager openly wept, imploring him with her eyes - to no avail. Returning to his history book of the Second World War he knew why he enjoyed his job and how he was making amends for the suffering of his Oriental ancestors.

Lucy's breasts and vagina ached intolerably. She also longed to ease her quivering thigh and back muscles from their muscle-burning posture, shift her knees from the rough bamboo mat gouging into them. However, the clock indicated she must somehow endure and continue sucking for another two hours with Objob gloating at their agony from his chair. She just hoped

their illicit conversation had been worth it.

For her several errors in a recent citizenship class, Ellen had to scrub the cell on hands and knees using only her toothbrush. When Miss Bates entered she thankfully eased her aching back, standing to attention and shouting her number. Closing the door, the wardress quietly ordered her to strip, advancing menacingly. Suddenly the cell felt unnaturally small as her tormentor's uniform brushed the fear-erect tips of her large breasts.

"You now belong to the State for your crimes, yes?" the butch blonde asked.

"Yes Miss," Ellen managed through a fear-dry mouth.

"Then these belong to the state?" she gently cupped her victim's breasts.

"Y-yes Miss," Ellen shivered under the unwelcome touch, goose-bumps forming on her orbs.

"Then they are mine as the State's representative . They're big tits. Size?"

"Th-thirty six C, Miss."

"This arse too belongs to me?" she stroked the soft flesh, before cruelly pinching.

"Aaghh ... yes Miss." Ellen would dearly have loved to tear away the obscene hands from her bottom.

"You're pretty, a shame though that you are too f__ing stupid to understand good citizenship isn't it?" the wardress suddenly snapped, bouncing Ellen's breasts.

"Uh, uh y-yes M-Miss," she sniffed.

Reclining onto a bunk, Miss Bates pulled her down to sit on her lap, her skirt rough against Ellen's bare bottom. She squirmed uneasily as the wardress stroked her long dark hair, sliding over her smooth shoulders to cup her pendulous breasts.

"Don't be shy," she purred lifting the reluctant lips to hers and kissing urgently, a hand stroking down the arched dip of Ellen's spine. "I bet you like hubby doing this. You don't have to worry here about waking the kids eh?" she smirked as desolation and memories competed for the beautiful face. "Now open up for me," a finger delved between the ripe lips of the shivering

woman's sex. "You will not see them for a long, long time, so relax from your chores."

Forcing Ellen to her knees she pushed her head under her skirt. That Miss Bates wore no pants was horribly evident when Ellen found her mouth pressed against a wet hairy crotch and was ordered to lick. One hand gripped her hair, the other pinching the clenching cheeks of her buttocks before probing the puckered heat of her anus, the only sound now, a frantic lapping.

Meanwhile, Lucy had, unusually, been looking forward to her next cleaning chores in Paul's room, excitement mixing with her loathing. As usual, he locked her in alone for the first half hour - then she went to work.

As she suspected, the cabinet was locked, but its key was the same one which had brushed her when she was hiding in the cupboard. Heart hammering, expecting alarms to go off, she eased open the drawer. The package was understandably gone but the drawer still contained numerous plastic-coated signed invoice receipts with bar-code details - just as she had hoped. Carefully she folded one into a tiny gap in the hem of her uniform before locking everything up. Within two minutes she was again furiously and innocently cleaning the room, now however, with a song in her heart.

Luck was again on her side when Paul returned, and accompanied by Miss Ming to check some reports. He took her back to her cell, to secrete her prize, without making any demands.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Now committed, Lucy decided to initiate her desperate plan using the only currency she possessed in this hell-hole.

Paul was only mildly surprised when, on her next duty, West looked up him with wide eyes after scrubbing his toilet. He had been playing a waiting game with her. Many female prisoners gave themselves to him for small favours and for some he supplied other relaxants; but it was too risky actually raping them. Some male, and female, guards occasionally took the risk, but Paul, was basically a coward. Although the system was barbarous towards prisoners, it was still a system. He was too frightened to live any further beyond it than he already was. However, the women soon came to realise that by giving themselves to him they could make their lives easier.

Lucy slowly unbuttoned her smock in the privacy of his quarters, tongue circling her full lips, coming alive in his strong arms. Although she told herself it was necessary she couldn't now deny some pleasure - no matter how much based on crude lust. It was a break from the grinding sadism of this place, but most importantly she had an objective.

"You've been working hard - earned a little drink." The lager was her first alcohol for several weeks.

His hands were all over her, holding their bodies together as they danced. She felt light-headed, the drink almost made it feel good to have his leg pressing up between her thighs, and his kisses were not too unpleasant. However, it then felt so unnatural to follow his curt demands, laying on her back holding her legs high and wide apart. His glinting eyes devoured her splayed, oyster-like intimacies before he descended on her.

"Ughh," the grunt was torn from her as his manhood pushed deep inside her. Roughly he pumped up and down for less than a minute, giving her no thought or consideration. Stiffening, gasping, he, burst inside her before heaving his sweating body off to light a cigarette.

Things hadn't gone to plan. Lucy had to keep him interested whilst making her request.

"Hmm, you're so big, I've never had so much before," she sighed, stroking her breasts. "May I have another drink please Sir, I'll show you

again how grateful I can be,” she smiled with promise.

Kneeling astride him, lowering her haunches, his throbbing erection slid into the silken liquid heat of her sex. Impaled, she squeezed him, grip - slide - squeeze, breasts bobbing delightfully as she began urgently jerking her haunches, licking her lips, eyes closed. His hands squeezed the clenching cheeks of her bottom and also her bouncing boobs, the erect buds of her nipples hard against his palm. Lowering her head she kissed him urgently tongue darting, before they both shuddered to another orgasm.

“Please Sir, I may be allowed my first visit from my husband soon and it’ll be his birthday. Could - could you allow us just a minute alone together, please,” she whispered, sighing laying atop him wriggling seductively, a sensuous pink eel, stroking his hair, covering his body with light kisses now like a timid butterfly. The heat from her pincer thighs clamped his.

Paul drunk pleasure and power in equal measure as the gorgeous creature did everything to please him, her white teeth and tongue creating electric circles of desire around his nipples. He cupped her clenching buttocks, seeking her furry heat as her fingers stroked his rigidity. She emphasised just how so grateful she would be after the visit, her lips sliding down his belly to reawaken his slumbering manhood.

The next morning was an interruption from the normal routine. Rather than communal showers with rows of pink bodies gasping, jiggling under the icy jets, Miss Solon had Lucy, Rowena and Ellen lying face down naked on their bunks. Had something gone wrong with their plan? They felt sick. More immediately though, Lucy looked longingly at the toilet; the cover of which they had found locked that morning.

“Ughh.” Lucy grunted as Miss Solon lovingly inserted the cold metal stem of an artificial flower into her anus. She held herself in even tighter to prevent an accident.

“Oh so pretty.”

When Miss Ming entered she ordered them to remain on their bellies. The smiling bitch intimately patted the globes of their clenching buttocks making the protruding rose stems wobble in each puckered holder as if in a breeze. Warning them to remain motionless she flicked a switch on her wrist

monitor.

A brief shaft of fire jolted into Lucy's bowels nearly making her lose control of them too whilst she, and her friends screamed into the sheets. Fists slowly unclenching, sweat beaded on their shuddering bodies as the buzzing pain from the electrodes within the flowers subsided to Ming's droning voice.

"The rules oblige each prisoner to write home confirming their well being, before any visits are considered," she smiled coldly, gently stroking the quivering roses. "I'll dictate a standard message for you to write," she tossed a postcard to each. "And if I don't like what you put, the roses will again blossom."

Bitterness clawed Lucy's heart that her first communication with her husband since her ordeal began had to be under such circumstances, her planned words of love now redundant.

Ming smiled at the wobbling of the pretty flowers whilst the three obediently scribbled their reassuring messages.

Demeaned, shamed, Lucy cringed as she walked into the tented area of the detention centre's restaurant area to perform waitressing duties for guests. It was the centre's open day. She tottered in high black high heels which matched her black stockings and suspenders. Worse, her only clothing was a deliberately saucy and demeaning thin black French-maid's outfit leaving most of her cleavage on view and her bottom when she bent over. She heard the catcalls and whistles as she undulated into the crowded room alongside Rowena and Ellen similarly dressed.

"More tea, Mrs Smythe, Madam?" Lucy asked politely, gritting her teeth in frustration and controlled anger as she curtsied to the biggest snob and hate figure in her neighbourhood. The woman, in her sixties, and Lucy regarded each other with the utmost rivalry in the world outside - but here, Mrs Smythe knew she held all of the cards.

"That would be nice, but in the cup, mind, no spilling, you can rather stupid and clumsy at times," the crone smiled icily.

"No Ma'am, Sorry, Ma'am," Lucy grovelled through clenched teeth, seeing the bastard, Jung, grinning from his seat at the table.

"No, it just will not do," smirked Mrs Smythe, shaking her short, permed hair when Lucy's hand shook as she poured. "Guard, one of your

girls has spilt tea on my dress,” she lied, “please do something about her or I shall write to the Governor.”

“I am so sorry, Mrs Smythe,” Miss Bates looked concerned, “I’ll have her sent away for punishment right away,” she glared at Lucy, grabbing her arm. Lucy’s mouth dropped open about to exclaim her innocence when, probably luckily for her, Mrs Smythe interjected.

“I’ve seen from my visit here some of your, er, ‘methods.’ Maybe if I took the cow into that tent and applied the cane myself I’d feel less unhappy. We can then forget the whole matter?”

“Of course,” beamed the wardress, who scowled at Lucy, dragging her into the tent. “Step out of line once with this lady and it’s another month on your sentence. Strip,” she spat softly, slyly pinching her bottom.

Injustice, shame and anger burned equally as Lucy peeled off her skimpy dress before her smirking rival.

“Oh you’re nothing special then, quite fat really, small breasts, and wobbly bottom “ Mrs Smythe lied cruelly as she peered jealously at the lushness presented to her in the privacy of the small, hot, tent. “Well, touch your toes, you deserve six for just being the cow that you are,” she spoke softly, vehemently as Lucy assumed the degrading position, buttocks clenching uncontrollably.

She had experienced far worse pain since arriving in this hell, but never so humiliatingly personal and the brittle hands seemed to linger unnaturally on her red cheeks after each slap. Finally she pulled her tiny dress down over a sore bottom, eyes wet with tears of pain, shame and rage. Obediently, she curtsied to both Mrs Smythe - whose face was moist with excitement, and Miss Bates - before scurrying off about her duties.

“They’ve got nothing on under them dresses,” two obnoxious lads in their middle or late teens announced loudly and proudly as Rowena curtsied and gave them more cake and Shandy. Face burning, she was very conscious of the sun behind her tiny waitress costume presenting a perfect outline of her figure.

“Hurry girl, no time to chat,” urged Miss Catar, giving the roundness of Rowena’s bottom a demeaning, public slap.

“Do you shag?” The lads egged each other on when they later cornered Rowena in a quiet corner of a tented area washing up.

“N-no,” she snapped, flustered.

“No, what?” the elder lad insisted. “We can get you in trouble for not showing respect to guests.”

“No, Sir,” she managed through clenched teeth, continuing with the dishes, hoping they would go away.

“Name?”

“Rowena Pennant ... Sir.”

“But you got shagged a lot before you came here,” he insisted. “I’ll check my computer, it has access to everything, all records - they ask things like that when you come here. If you lie you’ll get a longer sentence. So, are you married?”

“Yes Sir.”

“How often did you shag?”

“I-I don’t ...” she managed through gritted teeth until the cup she was washing broke, wishing it was the boy’s neck.

“Oops, naughty,” he smirked. “I could get you in trouble just for breaking that. Now, how often?”

“Maybe twice a week,” she whispered bitterly.

“What position you use most?” The boys nudged each other, enthralled.

“Er, f-face to face - standing,” she somehow formed the words, wishing the ground would swallow her up, drowning in bitter-sweet memories evoked.

“Show us.”

“What?”

“Take off your outfit, show us your tits and arse,” they giggled. “Now,” he insisted, “or I’ll get you another month in here.”

Hastily looking round with frightened eyes to ensure they were out of sight, Rowena pulled the dress off, clutching it before her, blushing crimson.

“Drop it and turn around, hands to one side, we want to see everything,” they demanded. Sobbing, she complied, the air cool against her burning body as the two pairs of eyes drunk in her womanly charms. When she briefly looked up they were pressing grubby hands into their swollen crotches.

“Oooh, please!” she shrieked as their sticky hands then began to grope her boobs and bottom. Never had she been so glad to hear Miss Catar’s brittle voice in the distance as the lads scampered away to allow her to hastily

dress and continue her duties.

Winking at the DJs from Nostalgia Disco, who were playing in the gym, Miss Ming moved with the slow music, relishing the feel of Gail's trembling body moving against her, her knee hot from being clamped between the youngster's thighs. She slid her hands down the curved sheen of the nude girl's spine, holding her buttocks. Pulling her closer she slid a finger into the tight elastic sheath of her anus, feeling the undulations of her bottom as they danced. The hot sweet mouth immediately opened under hers, their tongues entwining as she guided the girl's hands under her skirt urging her to rub against her damp pants. Normally, she guessed, the beautiful sophisticated television personality would bop and grind at a disco before admiring men, never allowing them to touch or guess what she concealed beneath some clinging outfit. Now nothing was concealed and she dare hold nothing back.

Surveying the other dancing couples, a delicious ripple of raw sexual power rippled through Ming as Gail pressed her hard-tipped breasts against her. The two dozen or so female prisoners who had been waitresses during the day were now attending the regular disco which finished each open day. Now, for this 'happy-hour,' they had to discard their skimpy waitress uniforms. Although dancing, naked, with people they hated and feared, the prisoners were alive in their tormentor's arms, giving the outward impression of being with lovers.

She smiled, remembering how her customary pre-dance lecture always did the trick:

"You will respond to the guests on the dance floor as if you love them, seduce them give them everything, except that sex is of course forbidden," she lied, adding the torment of being caught at it. "If I note any reluctance, or receive any complaint, the culprit will be on punishment parade tomorrow and also a mandatory two month sentence extension."

None of the prisoners were allowed to avoid the fast solo dancing at the beginning of the evening. The guests were thus treated to the girls' bodies bouncing and jiggling wildly and freely under their tiny costumes, their enticing dips and hollows shining under the flashing lights. Now it was slow one-to-one dancing - and they were nude.

Beside her, Ellen cringed in shame as Jung, splayed his hands across

the cheeks of her flexing bottom, pulling her against him. Rudely she ground her hips against him winding her arms lovingly around his neck. His hand tightened in warning on her shoulder.

In panic Ellen realised she had momentarily forgotten herself and immediately sought his mouth, kissing him deeply, sliding licentiously against him. At least she thought it was better than the butch Miss Bates, who had spitefully, repeatedly pinched her bare buttocks on the last dance.

Beside her, the bleak despair in Rowena's green eyes matched her own. She writhed seemingly wantonly in Objob's bear-like, slobbering embrace, her friend looking so small and defenceless against the brute, his broad fingers between the cheeks of her clenching bottom. Lucy was similarly draped around Paul, her hands gripping his hard buttocks as kissed her. Kathy was gyrating tightly and miserably in Miss Solon's arms, her chin resting on the shoulder of the young Chinese girl who was stroking her back whilst caressing her pendulous boobs.

Jung crushed Ellen's softness tighter against him, his obscene hardness against her sex jerking her back to her own problems. As the track drew to a close he gave her breasts a final mauling before playfully slapping her bottom and selecting a new partner.

Soon, the DJs announced the last dance of the evening.

"Ugh," the grunt was torn from Rowena as Paul grabbed her bottom, backing her into a dark corner whilst lifting and splaying her to impale her on the large manhood now protruding from his flies. She stifled another cry as the bastard pushed deep into her. Her wide green eyes flitted nervously between him and Miss Ming, knowing that sex was forbidden, knowing that she would be the one to suffer if they were discovered. As he filled and stretched her, bouncing her in tune to the music, she realised it was a double torment; she had to conceal from one tormentor that she was having unwanted sex with another! Unconsciously, though, she found her breath quickening, jerking her hips in unison with his, her bottom clenching under his hands as they delved towards her throbbing bud. She tightly gripped his buttocks - he was so big and experienced.

Desperately wrenching her mind from those channels she saw Lucy, trying to imagine her friend's feelings as she had to dance with Mrs Smythe. She held herself stiffly against her arch-enemy. However, the sheen of perspiration on Smythe's upper lip showed the pleasure she was receiving from the encounter. Her brittle hands slid down the enticing dip of Lucy's

back to squeeze her bottom, making the cheeks flinch as she sadistically rubbed the thin marks left by her caning.

After Mrs Smythe whispered something in Lucy's ear, her friend parted her thighs slightly to allow the crone's leg to push between them, rubbing herself against the woman so unnaturally like a dog on heat. Rowena could see the tension in Lucy's white knuckles as she held Mrs Smythe close to her, keeping the parody of a smile on her face as they kissed .

Across the room Ellen was now lost, squirming in Objob's vast embrace, a yellow finger disappearing between her buttocks. She sensed from their hip movements that they too were doing more than just dancing. Rowena guessed this was the true nature of the last dance for many couples. Not so for Miss Ming, however, who was dancing with a naked youth and deliberately bringing her knee up into his swinging manhood. Rowena cringed, trying to control her jerking haunches when Ming briefly glanced in her direction.

Kathy had maybe different problems. She danced sensuously with the long black arms of a Negress wound around her like an obscene pair of black braces down the curve of her back where the hugs paws clasped each cheek of her bottom. Her head was thrown back under the kisses of the large woman whilst the black thighs rubbed hard up against the apex of her thighs, making Kathy's haunches also now move rhythmically. Jung had found Gail, and the blonde was sliding up and down against him whilst he sucked her breasts.

Rowena was near to coming, whilst Paul played her like an instrument in time with the music. He guessed that she hated the thumb embedded deeply, hotly, in her anus, and he thrived at the unwarranted trepidation in her eyes as she stole anxious glances at Ming. However, she obviously relished the finger flicking her swollen clitoris, wriggling under his touch. The hot succulence of her sex gripped him tight as a glove, her mouth wide as his pulsing manhood exploded inside her. She shuddered, coming in time to the dying notes of the song.

Eventually, the lights came on and the grateful women were allowed to gather their discarded clothes and march back to the relative sanctuary of their cells.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

“You clean my rooms good,” Miss Solon thanked Rowena in English to avoid the struggle with Sunny. “I get things in such a mess,” she lightly stroked the blonde’s arm, “stuff everywhere, if I not careful I forget my knickers,” she laughingly lifted her short skirt to check, looking for any reaction in Rowena’s face.

The blonde controlled her mounting feelings of disgust, also frustration when putting away the silken undergarments that were now denied her.

“Everything you have is so pretty compared to my uniform, it-it would almost make me feel better wearing nothing,” Rowena cast her net in accordance with the plan.

“Why not take it off, then? I don’t mind. If you’d feel better I’ll take my things off too after I’ve made us a little drink,” Miss Solon said huskily. Ten minutes later she stroked down the curve of Rowena’s back to caresses her bottom, making her shiver uncomfortably. Inevitably, the Chinese youngster guided one of the blonde’s hands to press against her wet sex. Soon both women writhed naked on the bed full length on top of one another, a large rubber vibrator whirring vertically between their clamping thighs. They climaxed simultaneously.

Rowena’s initial disgust had so some extent been overtaken by her feminine pleasure - no matter how unnaturally conceived. Her mouth opened under Miss Solon’s flickering tongue, feeling the manicured fingers tracing around her erect nipples.

“Please Miss, may I - may I ask you something?”

“Well?” the sharpness contrasted with her whispered words of lust, making Rowena flinch. The hand ceased stroking her tousled blonde hair. She guessed that the Chinese suspected some unreasonable demand.

“It - it’s not for me, it’s for Mrs West. Lucy’s husband makes his first visit tomorrow and it’s his birthday. She wants to give him a little card. If you search him, please - please let him keep it. She ... I would be so very grateful,” she kissed her tormentor’s thin mouth, pressing the hard tips of her breasts against her, easing her thigh between Miss Solon’s.

“Are you blackmailing me?” Miss Solon was more amused than angry, as she patted the cool, firm globes of the blonde’s delightful bottom.

Rowena knew she must play the game, must leave nothing to chance.

“No, no Miss, I’d love to v-visit you again anyway, but I’d be so happy if you ...”

“I’ll think about it,” interrupted Miss Solon, “but for now you’ll use your mouth - below,” she pushed down the blonde head.

On the long awaited day of Jack’s visit, Lucy heart pounded as Paul escorted her to meet Jack. Obediently, she stood stiffly to attention looking straight ahead. Paul stood relaxed between husband and wife. He casually held a cheek of Lucy’s pert bottom where her uniform moulded to it, patting, cupping with utter possession, relishing Jack’s impotent glare.

“I have to take a piss for a moment, behave yourselves you two and no talking till I return, especially you, hot pants,” Paul winked. Remembered shame from her sexual encounter flushed Lucy’s face when the man to whom she had sold her body gave her another familiar pat on her bottom. Jack stiffened but sensibly remained silent.

They knew they were under constant video surveillance but it was so wonderful just to be able to hold hands and kiss tenderly. Luckily, Jack managed to control the beginning of an instinctive choke as Lucy, with a warning look in her eye, flicked the tiny, plastic sliver into his mouth with her tongue. Although initially confused he relaxed as Lucy squeezed his hand.

When Paul returned he took them to the main visitor area where they talked inconsequential in chairs either side of a glass screen, inset with speaking panels, dividing the room. After half an hour she had difficulty blinking back tears, knowing she would be returning to hell. This would be her only shared warmth for another month.

Jack gave a theatrical cough, his hand retrieving the plastic, placing it in his wallet as he extracted his ID card for a verification match with his iris prints. Bitterness mixed with her sorrow when Paul gave her the normal body search in a small cubicle before Jack was allowed to leave the room.

“Strip. Must ensure nothing has been passed to you,” he smirked, winking at Jack.

She now loathed the hands roaming over her spread-eagled nudity, unable to meet her husband's eyes above the curtain as the crude hands roamed at will over, and into, her body. The comments he made whilst ordering into different positions were deliberately crude, designed to demonstrate to Jack that his wife's body presently belonged to him! She knew also that she would have to visit Paul's room again on a regular basis.

On the other side of the panel, Lucy, heart pounding, saw Jack standing with his hands laced on his neck as Miss Solon patted his clothing. Desperately she hoped that the wardress too would keep her side of the bargain with Rowena.

"It important to be very thorough," Miss Solon declared, a mischievous smile playing around her otherwise stern face as she searched his pockets. Guessing the birthday card would be within the thin wallet, she looked up at Jack's shining face for two long seconds before replacing it unopened. Experience told her there could be nothing else substantial within. However, she decided that she deserved something out of this. Feeling his crotch, she squeezed gently.

"Hmm, a bulge. We better look. All clothes off please," she demanded.

Now, husband and wife stood naked, feet apart divided by the screen as their respective tormentors had full charge over their bodies. Miss Solon's cool hands fluttered over Jack's scrotum until he stood stiffly erect.

"Well... I see now why bulge so big," she smiled impishly. "OK you dress," she cheekily slapped his rock-hard buttocks.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Having given an obligatory bow to Miss Ming, Jack stood stiffly to attention in the plush office of the Governess where the two male Korean guards had brought him. She stood directly before him. He longed to cover his nudity as the eyes flicked over him, jumping when a slim cold hand curled around his penis. Unwillingly it grew in her hand.

“You try to impress me?”

“No Madam.” He knew the procedure after only two days after having been brought without warning or explanation to this terrible place. He cringed for whatever Lucy and the others must have gone through over the weeks.

“Well, I not impressed,” Ming snapped, painfully slapping his member, bringing him back to a painful reality. “Not much there,” she remarked sarcastically.

“Haaaghh,” he bent double, clutching himself in agony after she brutally squeezed his manhood.

“If I see it again, I’ll have it cut off. Understood?”

“Yes Madam,” he sweated in fear and pain.

Why was he here? Lucy’s receipt had backfired he guessed bleakly.

Then, thankfully Michelle entered, looking agitated. She regarded him coldly, making him tremble, before holding his eyes. He could only conclude that something had rattled them and that gave him some hope.

“I cannot imagine this pathetic morsel keeping Lucy happy, eh?” Ming continued the mental torture.

“Let’s ask her, shall we?” Michelle pressed a button on her desk.

Jack cringed as his wife was brought in between two wardresses. She marched past him, eyes widening briefly then ignoring him, as he knew she must, stamping to attention directly before Michelle.

“Undress, hands on head.”

Immediately Lucy obeyed to stand as directed before her tormentor.

“Look at this,” Ming curled an arm familiarly around Lucy’s waist leading her to stand before him. One hand brushed the wispy hairs on her thatch, the other, stroked his penis.

“It’s small, isn’t it? Did you ever enjoy this worm?” Miss Ming enquired, holding his limpness in her manicured hand.

“I-I ... Miss,” Lucy faltered, taken aback her face strained, wide-eyed.

“Seems that your husband may have been involved in smuggling from the prison. Know anything about that, West?” Michelle interjected.

“Madam?” Lucy tried to give a neutral reply as her heart sunk, plans and aspirations shattered, but she had to keep up a pretence until she knew what they knew. Desperately she registered only surprise rather than despair. Miss Ming showed the same surprise. Encouragingly, maybe only Michelle had been informed?

“Hmm, something’s going on. Somebody is responsible and as Governor I need to know what is happening in my own prison. Lock him up, I’ll deal with him later,” Michelle snapped as Jack hastily pulled on his uniform before being dragged out. “Remember her this way, so vulnerable,” she emphasised, “and when I question you I expect full answers.”

Jack was marched out to the memory of his wife standing naked hands on head now before the obese Korean, Objob.

“She f—k good,” he smiled lewdly, nodding, yellow hands toying gently with Lucy’s breasts, patting her bottom with complete and utter possession.

Her eyes looked despairingly into his before the door closed.

Terror surged through them, washing their sleepiness away. Lucy, Rowena and Ellen stood sharply to attention shouting out their numbers, pictures of obedience and servility, as several English guards entered their cell. In total, a year had been added so far, for various lapses, to each of their original sentences, offsetting hard-earned credits, giving them a minimum two more years to serve. They guessed they would remain here for the full eight years - unless they grovelled to earn sufficient credits. A treadmill of hopeless despair.

It had been a week of gut wrenching tension since Jack’s arrest. Nothing had been said but they constantly expected some terrible additional punishment for their attempt to get justice. Was this midnight knock merely another sadistic game - or their worst fears realised?

“Here’s some people you might wish to meet again,” Michelle spoke softly, with unaccustomed friendliness when Lucy had been summoned, quaking, to the Governor’s office. “It’s Ok,” she tried to soothe the look of a startled rabbit from Lucy’s eyes at the unfamiliar tone of address.

Heart racing, gradually Lucy’s tense belly relaxed after the people in question had entered and she appreciated their circumstances.

Jung, Paul and Miss Tanga snapped to attention before her. Now their faces were tense with fear, their nude, shining bodies covered in a lattice of thin red lines.

“These three eventually shopped each other after the police followed up the evidence Jack supplied. They revealed themselves as the real thieves and Hassay was stopped as he boarded a supersonic shuttle to Tokyo ,” Michelle announced with glee. “Your minor crime fades into relative insignificance and I persuaded the authorities to terminate your sentence, and that of your friends, with effect forthwith.

“Anything to say?” Michelle now glared at the three culprits.

“Just - just that we are sorry, Mrs West,” they repeated through clenched teeth the response obviously drilled into them.

Relaxing somewhat from her obligatory stance to attention, Lucy stood before Jung. He flinched back as she casually reached out to hold his shrunken manhood.

“It’s a wonder I managed to hit this tiny thing,” her laugh echoed in the room as Miss Bates marched the three out - giving Lucy the look of a cat watching a mouse escape a trap.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

“I’m sorry about your treatment Lucy, “ Michelle unbelievably sat with Lucy, woman to woman. “You see, the real power here was with the Orient, I was more a political figurehead to square things for the British public. That’s why I had to apply a firm regime as strict as theirs, ignore some excesses - no matter how distasteful. I’d been aware that things weren’t quite right but couldn’t put my finger on it. The police thought Jack had fabricated your drugs receipt and had him quietly brought here, but our friendly local bobby approached me and I took things up. It turns out Paul’s been supplying drugs to some guards and those prisoners whose friends on the outside could pay.” She smiled, “it’s about time some of these Orientals got theirs, now I can run things properly here. And there will be a few staff changes and er ‘resignations’ I assure you.”

Their fear finally abated when their husbands awaited them with their clothes. Conversation was at first difficult after enforced virtual silence for so long but, as they enjoyed the bliss of coffee and biscuits at Lucy’s house, Jack told his story more fully.

“I wondered what the hell was going on at first when Lucy and I were allowed to meet face to face and she squeezed that drug receipt into my mouth. It was lucky she managed to let me know - it’s not really my birthday for months. You see, when courting, Lucy and I used Morse Code, squeezing each other’s hands, to pass on rude comments when visiting boring relations etc. That’s how we communicated under the videos.” He broke off, taking delight in the simple pleasure of being able to cuddle his wife when she laughed at the memory of the code.

“At Lucy’s suggestion,” he continued, “I took the receipt to the police, passing on what Lucy had told me by code about Jung, Paul and Tanga. I heard nothing more till I was arrested for smuggling from the prison. The police wouldn’t tell me or the prison at first what was going on - they just wanted to soften me up I suppose. Then Michelle heard what had happened, this apparently confirmed her own suspicions. They still kept me

sweating for a few days whilst they checked but ... here we all are. I just wondered if you and Rowena would show me how you persuaded the guards to let us meet and not to search me properly,” he smiled wickedly into their blushes as Lucy protectively tightened her grip around him.

The three women relaxed in blissful baths that night, knowing they had evolved. In addition to being housewives, they now had a duty to fight state repression and injustice. Undressing in private was an almost unknown luxury for them now. However, Lucy doubted whether she was alone amongst them in wishing her husband would burst through the bathroom door, demand she adopt the now almost familiar pose with her hands on her head, legs astride, run his hands over her soapy body then take her roughly on the floor?

Yes, she'd changed and would delight in visiting Jung in prison. She wondered when the next punishment parade was ...

End