

MINORITY RULES

CHARLES RYDER

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

ALSO BY CHARLES RYDER

“The New Government 1”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
(34,887 words, rated 5-stars)

“The New Government 2”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
(35,082 words, rated 5-stars)

“The Director's Downfall”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
(35,062 words)

“The Humiliation of Catherine Hunter”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
(35,300 words, rated 5-star)

“The New Government 3”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
(35,300 words)

“Return to Mainland 1”
(Written jointly with Velvetglove)
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(18,800 words)

“Freya and the Amesbury's”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
(35,062 words)

“State Orphanage 17”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
(15,500 words, rated 5-stars)

“Stolen, Book 1”
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(16,900 words)

“Return to Mainland 2”
(Written jointly with Velvetglove)
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content, rated 5-stars)
(19,000 words)

“Return to Mainland 3”
(Written jointly with Velvetglove)
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(21,000 words)

“Owner to Office Girl”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(22,000 words)

“Ascendancy”
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(104,000 words)
The 3 books of the New Government Trilogy

“Victoriana”
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(22,688 words)

“Repurposing Laura”
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(25,040 words)

“Prey For Him”
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(25,900 words)

“Society of Sadists”
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(25,000 words)

“Spanked and Disciplined”
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(20,500 words)

“Spanked and Disciplined Again”
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(21,000 words)

“Spanking Saves Souls”
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(20,000 words)

Feedback welcome at charlesryder033@proton.me

Chapter 1

Kirsten hurriedly checked her make-up and then quickly left her little flat. Work started at 8am at Ibrahim's, not 8.05 or even 8.01. She'd already been spoken to once by Miss Mirza and she simply daren't draw any more attention to herself. Her heels echoed down the street as she hurried to the bus stop. As she turned the corner she almost bumped into a couple coming the other way. Before she could apologise she realised with a sudden stab of fear that they were State Security officials. A man and a woman in the distinctive black, leather uniforms. The man looked her up and down; he was a big, dark-haired, intimidating person. Maybe ten years older than her twenty-two. He licked his lips appreciatively and held out a hand.

"Card."

Kirsten fumbled in her handbag for her State ID. She knew it was in there, everyone was extremely careful with their ID cards these days. It was a criminal offence not to carry one at all times. No excuses, no exceptions, no let offs. To be found out of the house without one meant a mandatory year in prison. That had happened to a friend of hers, Marcus; nobody had seen him for ages. Both the State officials were people of colour. She had a natural deference to them; they seemed to run every aspect of social and political life now. But that was only fair, she quickly corrected herself. Why would it be a problem if people of colour actually did control everything?

She handed over her ID card and although she tried to keep her eyes respectfully downcast she swallowed nervously as he ran it over his arm-scanner. Sometimes a bored State official might give a card a cursory glance and hand it back. For others it may be just an opportunity to strike up a conversation with her. This didn't look like it was going to be one of those times.

"Name?"

"Kirsten Jane McKenzie, sir." Kirsten had discovered, painfully, that when an officer from State Security demanded your name, they meant your full name.

"Age?"

"Twenty two, sir."

"Address?"

"Apartment A, 14 Millard Crescent, sir."

Kirsten fought the urge to look at her watch; the bus was due at any minute. The officer was apparently in no hurry. He looked more carefully at his screen. Kirsten wasn't absolutely sure what information could be accessed via the scanners the officials carried with them. None of her friends knew either. But it certainly wasn't going to be good news as far as they were concerned.

"Where you going, girl?" Asked his colleague, an Asian girl of about her own age.

"I...I'm going to work, miss."

"Where do you work?" The girl strolled around and stood behind her.

"Ibrahim's, miss. In the town centre, miss."

"I know where it is, you silly bitch. Do you think I'm stupid or something?"

"N...no, miss. Sorry, miss." She was beginning to panic a little now. She half turned to speak to the girl as she circled around her.

"Eyes front, McKenzie!" Barked the man. Making her turn immediately back.

He reached forward and casually squeezed her breast through her suit jacket.

"Bit small, aren't you girl? Bit undeveloped for a girl your age? Not very popular with the gentlemen at work, I'd guess?"

Kirsten flushed a little; she was quite sensitive about her under-sized breasts. Nevertheless, the official was correct and, as required, she told him so.

"Yes, sir. I am a bit small, sir. Sorry, sir."

Mentally she cursed herself. Why had she apologised to him? It wasn't her fault after all? Apologising for things that weren't her fault seemed to be almost her default position at the moment. As if encouraged by her timidity the man took a handful of her other tit and squeezed hard.

"Nice and firm though. What do you think, Nellie? Nice pair of tits or what?"

Kirsten felt the back of her skirt being raised and the inside of her leg brushed by the cane that the woman was carrying.

"Ha ha, nice arse as well. I know you're an arse man, Phil." replied the young girl.

"What are her pants like?"

"What do you think?"

"Are they posh? You know I like posh, don't you?"

"Oh, they're posh all right. Blue and silky with lace trimming.

"Nice."

He rolled her nipples in his large fingers.

"Perhaps I'll pay you a visit, Miss Poshpanties? Where was it you lived again?"

He squeezed them painfully and sniggered as she squealed

"A...apartment A, 14 M...Millard Crescent, sir," she managed to gasp.

Between her legs she felt the cane rub against her panties.

Chapter 2

Malana yawned and scratched herself, basking in the sun. It wasn't 10am yet but it was already quite warm. Her little group of five were already wilting, she glanced at her expensive watch, and they weren't due a drinks break for at least thirty minutes. She picked up her bottle of water and took a long, satisfying drag at it. She wriggled her bottom on her chair and watched them work. There were three women and two men. She wasn't very good at guessing the ages of white people, but she did have a list of their names and personal information to refer to. Lazily she scrolled through it. Michael Leonard, aged 35, married, two children, a dentist. Moira Jackson, single, 28, school teacher. Luke Pollard, 38, married, one child, university lecturer. Sheila Lawrence, 32, married with two children, an accountant. And Marjorie Mathews, single, 18, a secretary. All five of them were on their hands and knees, busily cutting down grass and weeds on a school playing field.

They were dressed as if for work. The dentist in a white smock and slacks, the school teacher in a smart suit. The lecturer in jeans and a tweed jacket, the accountant also in a suit but wearing trousers rather than a skirt, and the secretary in a summery, short-sleeved dress. The council deemed it appropriate for both them, and anyone watching them work, to wear their 'professional' clothes while they were volunteering their labour for the day. That made it clear to all parties that this sort of work wasn't beneath them. That description 'volunteering their labour for the day' always made Malana smile. As if they had the choice! All the middle-classes were now required to give up one day a week of their time to work on any project that the local council considered to be appropriate. If they were chosen on a week day they automatically forfeited a day's wages, which the council used to pay their supervisors.

In the summer months, they were required to 'volunteer' from 8am to 8pm. Malana clearly couldn't be expected to supervise them for that amount of time. She started at 8am and finished at 2pm. her replacement worked the second six hours. She was paid for the entire 12 hours though, and so was her replacement. The council had agreed unanimously that such a decision seemed reasonable, considering that the overseers were always from a minority. Reparations and all that. Malana knew about reparations, everyone did to be fair. Although she hadn't paid a huge amount of attention in class, she was fairly sure that white people had stolen money or something from black people and needed to repay it? Which seemed reasonable? Everyone knew that white people were thieves. Their own history proved it.

Malana glanced at her watch again. She loved her watch; she'd taken it from some snooty woman they'd seen on the Tube. Followed her half way across London before Malana and her girl-gang had cornered the white cow in a public toilet and proceeded to kick the fuck out of her. How the girls had enjoyed beating the bitch, stripping her, dragging her across the piss-covered floor by her blonde hair, punching her. It had been great, so exciting. Some of the girls wanted her cash, others took her credit cards. Malana kept her watch as a keepsake, and also her driver's license. Just in case Elaine Somersby of Fulham SW6 warranted a home visit sometime in the future. It was just gone 10am and she couldn't wait any longer.

"Jackson!"

The teacher immediately placed her pair of scissors on the grass, got to her feet, and hurried to where Malana was sprawled in her canvas chair.

"Foot rub, girl."

Malana pointed down at her scruffy pair of trainers. The woman pursed her lips together but nevertheless sunk to her knees. Moira Jackson had 'volunteered' her labour several times so she was under no illusion as to what the ugly bitch wanted. Gingerly she undid the girl's grubby shoelaces. The irony was that it really should be her sat in the chair. Like many of her colleagues she was devoutly left-wing and was fully supportive of the government. She had naturally assumed that her and people like her would reap the benefits when they came to power. The reality didn't quite pan out as she expected. She hadn't foreseen just how vengeful the PUNISH Party would be. Rather than political solidarity, the new government was much more interested in class solidarity. Just by her profession, Moira was classified as

'middle-class' and therefore an enemy of the ruling elite. Plus, of course, she was white. Not black, not Asian, not even mixed-race she thought bitterly. She had no cards left to play.

"Smile."

Moira looked up and did as she was told. The camera clicked and captured forever her humiliation as she massaged the stinking feet of the young girl. It could be worse, she thought as she looked over at the man currently lapping at her pussy.

"Look up, Lukey."

The man paused in his efforts and looked up at the girl. She was a disgusting bitch, had she washed at all in the last week? Her hairy cunt absolutely stunk. He tried not to look too disgusted as she focussed her camera.

"Smile, boy."

Luke Pollard attempted a rather grim smile. What option did he have? A work colleague had argued with a State official and had simply disappeared. A month or so later his wife had received a letter telling her he'd been sent to a penal colony for an unspecified period of time. Luke was fairly sure he was still there, wherever there was. But it wasn't the sort of thing that could be followed up or even discussed nowadays. The camera flashed and he was added to her collection.

"Back to work, boy."

He did as he was told despite her scornful description of him. Boy? He was probably 20 years older than her. He was an experienced, respected lecturer. She was...well, what was she? This was her job presumably. He forced himself to keep licking at her with long, even strokes, trying to quell any mutinous thoughts. They were the sort of thing that got a man sent away. How would his wife cope without him? Just the thought of it made his blood run cold. She slapped him on the head, interrupting his thoughts.

"Faster, you prick!"

He increased the pace of his ministrations. She began to squirm and pant, pushing her reeking, sweaty sex into his face. He worked feverishly, anything to get the ordeal over with. Christ! It wouldn't be quite so bad if she was even half-decent looking. He felt her sudden grip on his hair as she bucked and kicked. Behind him he heard a squeal as the woman tending to the girl's feet received a kick. He grimaced as he tasted her discharge. She even tasted sour. He tried to pull away but she hung on to him grimly. She began to gush into his face, rubbing her sex into his face and nose. Eventually she was done, he actually felt violated by the aggressive little slut. She pulled him back up, leaned forward and slapped him across the face.

"I don't like your attitude you old bastard. I felt your lack of enthusiasm just then. What's the problem, don't you like superior black girls or something? We'll talk about that later this afternoon. Now fuck off back to work!"

Moira cowered away, shocked by the unexpected outburst.

"You can fuck off as well, goldilocks. I've had enough of you!"

She hurried away clutching at her jaw where the girl had kicked her.

Malana lay back in her chair. She'd quite enjoyed that, not that she'd ever admit it. She looked at her pad again, who was next? She fancied a change this time. Perhaps that dentist twat licking her feet while the posh bitch licked her out? On the other hand it was warm, she was quite tired, and she did have the rest of the day to fill in. They'd keep. She thought about pulling her knickers and her tracksuit back up but soon dismissed the idea. Nahh, fuck it, who was going to complain anyway? Five metres from her the little group worked assiduously away under the hot sun.

Chapter 3

Annabelle scurried down the glum corridor. She wasn't going anywhere in particular, she just wanted to be on her own. This horrible place simply terrified her. She shouldn't be here at all, she knew that. It was simply a misunderstanding but the result was that she was now here in St Bride's which she had been informed was a State Re-education Centre. But why she was in St Bride's, she wasn't quite sure. Presumably she'd said something or done something that someone somewhere didn't approve of. Many of the other young women who were in St Brides were here for the same reason. Annabelle wasn't quite sure what she'd done. But she'd been sent to St Bride's anyway.

Without warning a hand reached out and took a hank of her dark hair. The shock as much as the pain made her squeal. The unknown hand pulled her hair sharply, her hands flew to the hand in her hair but she realised to her horror that it was a large, unmovable masculine hand. At the same time another hand had grabbed her tie and was hauling her back down the way she'd come, like a dog on a lead. She was led down one decrepit corridor after another squealing and struggling although she knew by now that both of those actions were fruitless.

She was in a State Re-education Centre She was all alone. Nobody was going to ride over the hill on a white horse and rescue her like one of the heroines in the novels she used to read. For a young woman of her sensibilities St Bride's had proven to be a huge culture shock. Her comfortable middle-class background had prepared her for nothing at all like this. Her books had suggested that the world was in general a kindly place where young well to do; blameless young women such as her never came to any actual real harm.

St Bride's was not like that. St Bride's was a holding pen, a prison in effect for people who opposed the New Party or even suspected of opposing it. The government liked to use the term "traitors" or "insurgents" or "undesirable elements", depending on the mood of the article. However the Re-education centres or at least the one Annabelle was in appeared to be run by mad people, members of the thuggish underclass whose behaviour suggested that they themselves might benefit from a spell of incarceration. But instead, in this Alice Through The Looking Glass world that she now lived in it was the law-abiding, tax-paying middle-classes who made up the large majority of its population.

Eventually, breathless and terrified she was thrust into what was euphemistically known as a training room and bundled over to a low stool in the centre of the room before being pushed down on it. One of the men stood in front of her, the other behind her. The one facing her bent forward and thrust his jaw out aggressively.

"What's your name darling?" He demanded in some sort of rough dialect entirely unknown to Annabelle

"A...Annabelle Pembridge, sir." She managed to stutter. It was always advisable to call even unshaven, smelly louts like this one "sir" nowadays. Especially ones in uniforms with even a modicum of authority. These sorts of people liked to be shown respect, she'd come to realise.

Slaaaap!

Which was why the heavy handed blow to her left cheek took her completely by surprise. Her hand flew up to rub it automatically but was caught and halted by the man stood behind her.

Slaaaap!

The second blow to her other cheek was less of a surprise but still just as painful.

"I don't need to know your life story, Pembridge, just your fucking name!" He bellowed into her face.

Annabelle cowered a little as she was showered in his angry spittle. Two more slaps followed. The man behind her had now grabbed both her hands and was holding them above her head.

"Now then bitch, name?"

"Pembridge, sir."

Annabelle was nothing if not a fast learner.

"Were you being cheeky there, Pembridge? Because if there's one thing I can't stand it's cheeky stuck up little bitches."

“No, sir. Sorry, sir.”

Being cheeky to a uniformed officer within the walls of St Bride’s would have been the height of foolishness and clearly not the thing any sensible young woman would undertake. The man took a hank of her short, dark hair in his large fist and gave it a good shake.

“I hope not, you stuck up cow.”

He stared at her aggressively, pushing his plump, ugly face up against hers so that she could smell his rancid breath.

“Because if there’s one thing we hate in here it’s snooty bitches. Ain’t that true, Charlie?” He enquired of his friend.

“It is, Mick. Posh, snooty bitches, we don’t like em.”

He gave her hair one last good shake and then let her go.

“Now then,” the man carried on as if nothing untoward had happened. My colleague and I are here to prepare you for your first interview with our officer here at St Bride’s. In a just a few minutes he will want to ask you a few questions. We’re here to make sure that your answers to the questions are honest, polite and respectful. Is that understood?”

Annabelle swallowed nervously and nodded.

“HE ASKED YOU IF THAT WAS UNDERSTOOD!” Bellowed the man behind her into her ear.

“Yes, sir,” Annabelle managed to squeak. “That’s understood, sir.”

“Good. When the officer enters you will stand to attention, arse in and tits out.”

“And you do have nice tits, girly, so I’d suggest that you make the most of them,” suggested his colleague taking a firm grip of Annabelle’s right breast through her white, cotton blouse.

“Yes sir,” she gasped.

“Our officer likes snooty girls with big, fat udders so it looks as if the two of you will get along like a house on fire.”

Annabelle winced a little and tried not to cry as she felt his hand squeeze her other breast as well.

“Our office will expect answers from you, girl, honest answers to his questions delivered with courtesy and respect. So see that you give them.”

“Because if you don’t,” said the second man casually unhooking a short leather strap from his belt and running it through his hands, “let’s just say that the consequences will be painful.”

Annabelle sniffed self-pityingly. She knew very well what the consequences would be. All the inmates at St Brides knew the consequences of falling foul of any of the wardens, a short, sharp strapping if they were lucky, or an intense long application of the dreaded leather belt which would cause them a great deal of pain. Either way it wasn’t good. Annabelle had been in the horrible place less than three days and had already had the strap on four separate occasions.

Every time it had been for something quite innocuous. On her first morning for example she’d been stopped in an otherwise empty corridor by an officer and told that she was walking on the wrong side of it. Inmates always walked on the left, and didn’t she know that by now? When she replied that she didn’t because no one had informed her of that fact the officer had told her to put her hands on her knees and “stick her arse out” before delivering four stinging stokes of his strap across her knickers.

The pain was quite astonishing. Annabelle cried and howled as she was being punished, her backside weaving in an attempt to alleviate the pain that was radiating through her backside. Above her she could hear the man laugh as he watched her writhe

“New girl, hey? They’re my favourites. You’ll be getting a lot worse than this in future my little poppet if you don’t mind your manners. Talking back to an officer is an offence at St Bride’s, something I’m sure you’ll soon learn.”

She had remembered his words and tried desperately to mind her manners. Although the last time she was strapped was yesterday and that was for having wearing her striped St Bride’s tie too loose around her neck. Although in her opinion it was already chokingly tight, her opinion she was rapidly coming to realise counted for nothing here in the Re-education Centre. She was ordered to remove it, then have both her hands strapped and then to tie it again but this time exactly to the specifications of the officer who’d stopped her.

Chapter 4

Sheila Lawrence eyed the brown envelope on her desk with a certain amount of suspicion. The sinking feeling in her stomach as she turned it over to reveal that it was an official letter only served to confirm her worries. Nobody wanted to receive an 'official' in the mail. The local government department that sent it always made sure their correspondence was signed for at the receiver's place of work, in that way there could be no confusion regarding who had received what.

Sheila slowly opened the envelope and gingerly removed its contents.

"Dear Mrs Lawrence.

It has come to our attention that you received a negative assessment from your overseer, Ms Okojie, following your Volunteering Labour Day as a part of the agreed Reparations Act (Paragraph 4, subsection 1.), on the 10th of this month.

As a consequence, you are directed to attend a disciplinary hearing at the address on the top of this letter. You will report to reception no later than 8am on the morning of the 13th and ask for Mr Makinde, a senior official."

Her fears were justified. A meeting, no, a disciplinary hearing at her local government office at the behest of that ignorant, dirty bitch that had bullied and beaten her on Tuesday morning. Tomorrow was the 13th, Friday the 13th, she realised, glumly. She hoped that wasn't going to be some sort of omen as far as she was concerned.

She dressed nicely, as all white people who entered the government building were required to do so. It was all a part of 'showing respect', apparently. She was wearing heels and dark stockings, a knee length skirt, a blue silk blouse and a smart blazer. Her hair and make-up were perfect, despite the early hour. There was already a queue when she got there at 7.30.

She'd had to get her husband to drop the kids off at school and then get a very early bus into town. She was fairly sure, if past history was anything to go by, that her scheduled meeting would be late. But that was a chance that she just daren't take. If by some miracle all the parties arrived at the correct time and the meeting actually started when it was meant to, she would face serious sanctions for being late.

So that's why she was sat with her handbag on her knee in a crowded, smelly, hot little room waiting for her scheduled meeting with Mr Makinde. She wasn't looking forward to it. When she mentioned the name of the official to the bored looking guard on the door, the man looked her up and down with renewed interest, smiled, and made a peculiar clucking nose with his tongue. As he let her pass he gave her bottom a good, firm squeeze and winked lasciviously at her.

That was another thing she found hard to accept. She remembered very well her own life before the huge reset, as it was termed. Before the reset, she was a typical, middle-class woman. She had a nice job and a nice house and a lovely family. Her life was pretty good, really. She wasn't opposed to the government that took over. She didn't necessarily agree with their politics, but the outgoing party really needed a firm kick up the backside. A spell in opposition would do them good.

Unfortunately it didn't quite turn out like that. The new government had used the unexpected opportunity to really consolidate their hold on power. It felt as if the British state had simply been torn down. Everything that harked back to the past had been removed, destroyed or simply re-written to fit the new, government-friendly narrative.

The 'elite' as the new ruling party liked to refer to the former governing classes, had been simply swept away. Prisons, re-education centres, reformatories, secure psychiatric prisons; all had sprung up to provide a new home for those that were considered to be 'anti-democratic'. A sad joke that Sheila often wondered was cynical play on words. The term had now simply come to mean, as far as she could see, 'any one opposed to the new government or any of their ideas or members.'

The reset meant that, for example, where her nice house used to be the preserve of her husband, herself and her two daughters, it was now home to not only them, but two other families as well. Two Pakistani families, recent immigrants from the same village apparently, had simply been allocated to their smart suburban house.

At first, the two Pakistani families had occupied the upstairs part of the house but eventually, as they got more confident, one of the families had moved downstairs and reclaimed that for themselves. To avoid the inevitable confrontation, the four Lawrence's had moved everything they owned into the garage and the two rooms above it.

Well, not quite everything. Several of their more valuable pieces of furniture had simply disappeared from the house, sold presumably by their unwelcome guests. It was unfortunate, but there wasn't a lot that could be done about it. Local government had decided that too many middle-class people owned houses that were too big for their needs, and in the spirit of tolerance and diversity they were now required to share them 'fairly and equitably' as the mandate instructed.

Sheila looked at her watch. It was already 10.20. She'd been kept waiting in the miserable little room for nearly two and half hours. And it was still slowly filling up with people. Well dressed, white people on the whole. People like her, the former 'elite', she thought bitterly. The actual elite had fled a couple of years ago, taking their money and their businesses and their bank accounts. And an awful lot of tax revenue.

Sheila and all her friends had realised just how much tax had gone missing by the simple expedient of keeping an eye on their own personal wage slips. By her own estimation, she now earned about half of what she used to; her husband was in the same situation. Their own tax burdens had risen exponentially and there wasn't a thing they could do about it.

The new rulers of the country liked to flaunt their working class credentials and as such, working class wages and working conditions were barely affected. But people like Sheila and Don, her husband, people who'd played the game and worked hard and got good jobs and always paid their way were required to make up the shortfall. And there wasn't a damn thing they, or indeed anyone else, could do about it.

"Lawrence!"

Her name rang out, loud in the confines of the room. She gathered her coat and her handbag and set off after the woman who had called her name. She almost had to jog to keep up with the long-striding black woman. But she didn't slow down, and she certainly didn't apologise. Just marched down a long corridor and up a flight of stairs. Only when she was outside a door marked 'Dr Theodore Makinde', did she stop and pause before tapping on it.

When told to enter, the woman opened the door and ushered Sheila in.

"The Lawrence woman," she pronounced by way of an introduction, before leaving and closing the door behind her.

Chapter 5

Kirsten had missed the bus of course, and now she was sitting nervously on her plastic stool typing up reports on her computer. She worked hard, she had to, she had a certain amount of files to work through per day. Although she found it quite difficult to concentrate. The incident with the two State Security people had unnerved her a little. Not only that, but she'd been late again. Miss Mirza hadn't actually said anything to her as she sidled over to her stool, but the look on her face was enough.

There would be no point in appealing to the woman's better nature. She didn't have one, she was a harsh, austere Pakistani woman, probably in her forties and habitually dressed in a sombre shalwar kameez, her dark hair covered with a similarly dark headscarf. Her official title was chief overseer and she ran what was commonly known as the discipline department. The discipline department had replaced human resources around ten years ago, apparently. When an older employee explained what a human resource department used to do in the old days, Kirsten didn't know whether to believe her or not.

The idea that Miss Mirza's group of bullies had replaced something like that was simply too far-fetched as far as she was concerned. The overseers were all younger clones of their leader, aggressive, mean women quick with a curse or a slap. They patrolled the factory floor at Ibrahim's just looking for the opportunity to inflict their own brand of discipline on the unfortunate employees. The business was quite a big concern and employed about a hundred women of all ages.

All the natives, as they were officially known were white women. Like many Asian concerns, Ibrahim's liked to employ women because they could pay them even less than the pittance they paid to their few native, male employees. It had become an unwritten rule that no woman employed in an Asian business could earn more than the lowest paid male staff member. So for example the assistant janitor at Ibrahim's earned more than the best-paid, most qualified native woman in the business.

Kirsten earned just enough to live in a tiny bedsit, pay her bills, buy basic food, and to go out with her friends once a week. The alternative was to live in one of the dire factory dormitories and be subject to the stringent rules and regulations that were applied there. She had been lucky, she'd scraped on to a secretarial course and although she made very little, it was more than the girls on the factory floor earned.

A couple of her friends from school hadn't been quite so lucky and slaved away over one of the machines for almost nothing. They were forced to live in the dormitory and from what they said, it sounded like a grim existence. Compulsory Urdu three nights a week, readings from the Koran twice a week and almost no time to call their own. Kirsten was desperate to avoid such a fate. Her musings were suddenly interrupted. Miss Farida, the youngest of the overseers was tugging at her sleeve.

"Miss Mirza wants to see you."

Those words alone were enough to send a cold chill of terror into her stomach. She stumbled to her feet as the young Pakistani grasped her by the elbow and led her through the massed ranks of typists. There were maybe thirty of them, sat in six rows of five all facing in the same direction as if they were back at school. All pretending not to notice as Kirsten was led away to her fate, all of them thankful that it wasn't them being led away to Miss Mirza's office.

When she arrived there, Miss Mirza was sat calmly at her desk and leafing through documents on her meticulously tidy desk. Kirsten could feel herself trembling. Eventually the woman looked up at her, her brown eyes boring into Kirsten's.

"So, McKenzie, late again despite my explicit instructions?"

Kirsten swallowed nervously and tried to ignore the tears that were already beginning to form.

"Do you have an excuse for deliberately ignoring me? Or are you, as I suspect, a stupid, ignorant child?"

Kirsten swallowed nervously, she was on very dangerous ground and she knew it.

"I...I was stopped this morning for an ID check, Miss Mirza. By State Security, Miss Mirza."

"And?"

"Erm...that's why I was a little bit late this morning, Miss Mirza."

"Are you claiming that the State Security officers were the reason why you were late for work, girl?"

Kirsten blinked rapidly to keep the tears at bay. This wasn't going well.

"N...no, Miss Mirza. It wasn't their fault at all. It was just that...I...erm, missed my bus because...because."

"Because what? You silly little fool!"

She debated telling Miss Mirza that it was largely because the male officer had rubbed his stick against her pussy while both the officers had mocked her and called her a wanton slut, but decided against it.

"Because I didn't have time to catch my bus due to the officers questioning me, Miss Mirza."

The woman raised her eyebrows speculatively.

"Correct me if I'm wrong, McKenzie, but isn't that their job? To help keep us all safe by weeding out subversive elements? By questioning people in the street?"

"Y...yes, Miss Mirza," she sniffed.

"So you're saying that it was the two officers going about their lawful business that made you late? Am I correct in that?"

"N...no, Miss Mirza. Sorry, Miss Mirza."

"So now you're saying that you don't have an excuse as to why you were late this morning, despite my instructions to the contrary?"

"Yes, Miss Mirza."

"In that case, that makes you...a what?"

Kirsten looked at the horrible woman helplessly, desperately trying to work out what she meant.

"A stupid child, Miss Mirza?" She asked, hopefully.

Behind her she could hear a slight snigger from the young overseer.

Miss Mirza got to her feet, shaking her head and sighing a little.

"A stupid *ignorant* child, McKenzie. Come now, let me hear you say it."

"A stupid, ignorant child, Miss Mirza."

"That's correct, you are a stupid, ignorant child. And such, that's just how you will be treated. You're going to get an extra six strokes of my cane. So that's six strokes for having the cheek to be late, and six strokes for having the temerity to try and lie your way out of a situation of your own making."

"Yes, Miss Mirza."

"How many strokes is that in total?"

"That's t...twelve strokes in total, Miss Mirza."

The woman nodded appreciatively, as if Kirsten had somehow managed to solve a complex mathematical problem all by herself.

"Good, Miss Farida will take you to the stool. Prepare yourself. I'll be along shortly."

Although, like all the native women who worked in Miss Mirza's department, Kirsten knew very well where the stool was, she allowed herself to be led there by the diminutive Pakistani girl. It was placed at the front and centre of the rows of typists. An ordinary looking, three-legged wooden stool. As Kirsten reached it she slowly unzipped her pleated, dark blue skirt and wriggled out of it, before handing it to the smirking girl in front of her.

"Up you get, girl," ordered Miss Farida, ignoring the fact that Kirsten was clearly older than her.

Kirsten's face was already blushing as she stepped onto the flat surface of the stool. It wasn't very high, maybe 12 inches in total. But it had the desired effect of drawing attention to her as she stood at the front of the room in just her white blouse her pink knickers, and her low-heeled black shoes. Submissively she laced her fingers onto her jet-black hair and waited. All around her she could hear the low hum of work. The clatter of keyboards, the hurried, whispered conversations, the rattle and squeak as the women behind her carefully shifted position on their unyielding plastic chairs.

How she wished she was down there with them, doing her menial, repetitive work. As opposed to be standing on the stool of shame and waiting for Miss Mirza to cane her bottom and, if she was unlucky, the backs of her thighs. She had no real idea how long she'd been standing there. She daredn't move her arm to look at her watch, and there were no clocks in the large office she worked in. In one sense she wanted Miss Mirza to get it over and done with, but another part of her wished that the horrible woman might be detained in her office for ever.

But, of course, that didn't happen. Instead, behind her she could hear the rustle of Miss Mirza's ankle-length skirt as she made her way towards her. A sudden clapping alerted those who were so busy that they

didn't take their noses out of their work. Miss Farida's clapping was the signal that the secretaries should cease what they were doing immediately and pay attention to what was happening at the front of the room.

As the intimidating Asian woman got nearer, Kirsten could hear the swish of her cane. The noise alone made her stomach sink.

"Up!" Called Miss Farida.

As one, the 29 secretaries all got to their feet and stood to attention. Miss Mirza turned to address them.

"This ignorant child was late yet again this morning. To compound that error, she attempted to lie her way out of her well-earned punishment. As a result I shall be giving her 12 strokes of the cane."

There was a very low mumble from the assembled young women.

"Silence! I want you all to watch and learn. This could very easily be any one of you if you decide to wilfully break my rules."

She took a step towards Kirsten.

"Count them and then thank me, McKenzie."

Whhaaack!

The first stroke caught Kirsten by surprise. There was no real preliminary, the woman just drew her arm back and whipped it forward so that it bit into the meat of Kirsten's plump rear.

"Owwwwwow!" She shrieked, unable to prevent herself.

There was a sudden silence. Kirsten realised just in time that the austere woman was waiting for her to count.

"O...one, thank you Miss Mirza."

Whhaaack!

Almost before she had time to process the pain, the stick caught her an inch or two lower.

"Ooooh, two, thank you, Miss M...Mirza."

Whhaaack!

Whhaaack!

Whhaaack!

Whhaaack!

"Owowowowooww!" Shrieked Kirsten, "s...six...Miss...Mirza," she managed to sob through her tears.

She squirmed and squatted a little, but managed somehow to keep her hands glued to her head. She knew very well the penalty for removing them without permission. She could feel the six weals that decorated her bottom and the tops of her thighs, each individual one throbbed and burned. She was only halfway through her ordeal. Could she really stay down after another six painful strokes of Miss Mirza's cane?

"Down, girl!"

Had she heard right? Had Miss Mirza taken pity on her?

"The sign please, Miss Farida."

As she stumbled from the stool with her hands on her head, a sign on a piece of string was held up in front of her.

"Read it, girl."

'Ignorant', "Miss Mirza," replied Kirsten, quickly.

The sign was hung around her neck.

"Back to work now, McKenzie. You're still owed six strokes. Remind me before we go home this evening, we'll settle up then."

With a sniff of self pity, Kirsten glanced hopelessly at her skirt still in the young overseers hands before making her way stiffly back to her own desk on the third row.

"Sit!" Called out Miss Farida.

They all did so, and Kirsten had to bite her lip to avoid making any sort of noise. She could clearly feel the ridges the bitch had inflicted on her through her thin, pink underwear. She glanced across to where Miss Farida was carefully hanging up her navy-coloured skirt on the pegs provided at the front of the room. It would stay there so everyone could see it until Miss Mirza gave her permission to put it back on.

Chapter 6

Malana Okojie lounged against the wall, her eyes squinting into the sun. It was a beautiful day, but the unusually balmy weather wasn't uppermost in her mind. She lay back with her hands in her pockets watching the world as it passed her by. She was people watching, as she liked to think of it. Not watching just for the pleasure of it. That wasn't the sort of pleasure that Malana particularly enjoyed. Her pleasure took different forms.

She was a big girl, quite plump and not particularly attractive. But casual attraction wasn't her pleasure either. Malana was strong and aggressive as well as being big. Her particular pleasure was to dominate. She liked to bully and to pick fights which she invariably won. She liked to subjugate girls who were weaker than her and bend them to her will. She'd always been like that she supposed, she was the youngest of five children and the only girl so she'd learned from a young age how to use her fists.

She'd been like that at school as well, always in trouble, always on the verge of being expelled. But the threats of discipline never seemed to deter her because usually that's all they were, threats. Her largely white teachers seem to lack either the will or the ability to discipline her like her mother or her aunts had disciplined her in the house and therefore she became a law unto herself. She could tell when she eventually did leave school how relieved her teachers were which only made her despise them all the more for their weakness.

Almost at the same time the New Party had seized power, something that Malana cared little or nothing about. She'd never read a political article in her life, largely due to the fact that she couldn't read particular well despite being in the educational system for 14 years. It was only that her father, Marcus was very much a supporter of the New Party that she actually knew anything at all about it. But then as her father's and therefore her own living standards rose dramatically she realised that being linked positively to the New Party was very much a "Good Thing".

It was good in that it "levelled the playing field", a phrase that had mystified her when she first heard it. What field? How was it levelled? But she quickly found out that what it meant in effect was that it meant that black people like her and her friends and family had been treated so badly by the indigenous population in the past that new rules had to be brought in to make sure that everyone was treated fairly from now on.

Malana understood that bit, who could possibly be opposed to that? Surely only fools and racists wouldn't want the wrongs of yesterday to be righted today? For instance she received a complete set of exam results all at A grade from her former school through the post. Clearly she deserved something for having to go to school for 14 years? And they were something that she could probably use some time in the future for something or other?

But a more tangible result of the rise of the New Party and the promotion of her father and other people of colour like him was that Malana didn't really have to do anything if she didn't want to. She had her job with her Uncle Theodore, but she also got a stipend which she understood to be some sort of award from the local council for her suffering over the years. So did many of her relatives and her friends which was what enabled Malana and two of her closest associates, Latitia and Bernice, to be lounging around the train station on a Monday, people watching.

But it wasn't just people watching, it was specific people watching. They were on the lookout for white people, white women to be more precise, wealthy white women who looked as if they needed a lesson regarding their white privilege. That was another phrase her father had taught her, white privilege. It meant that white people has stolen all the ideas and wealth in the world and had done nothing to justify either. They had stolen from people of colour throughout the centuries and now it was only right that they should give some of that wealth back.

Malana felt a nudge to her arm and turned to look at her friend. The girl nodded and looked over at a well-dressed white woman who looked to be in her thirties at a guess. Malana and her friends always struggled with the ages of white people; they had a very "samey" look about them. She was tall, and like

so many white people, quite arrogant looking. She wore a smart suit and carried a briefcase so almost certainly she worked in an office.

Malana in turn nudged the girl on her other side and nodded in the woman's direction. She was leaving the station now and setting off down the street. As one, the three young black women roused themselves and ambled after her so as not to draw attention to themselves. Oblivious to them and more interested in the music thumping through her ear buds, the woman marched down the street without so much as a backward glance. Eventually she turned down a side-street until she came to a secluded cottage and the end of a lane, opened her handbag and fumbled inside for the key.

In the old days, perhaps when she was younger and not so experienced, Malana might have snatched the woman's bag and run off with it perhaps cursing the woman a little as she fled. But the newer, more confident Malana was an altogether different proposition. From her hiding place she waited until the woman had actually opened the door to the cottage and then sprang forward with surprising speed before barging the woman into her own house.

As the woman sprawled on her kitchen floor, Malana took a firm hold of her and waited a few seconds until her friends burst through the door and closed it behind them. The three black girls giggled at each other before her friends made a quick inspection of the house. The woman eventually recovered her breath and then opened her mouth to say something, but Malana grabbed her aggressively by the throat and gave her a warning look.

The house was more than likely empty; why else would the woman need to unlock it otherwise? However there might be other occupants in the other rooms asleep or working on something. That would probably be their cue to leave. But not this time, unfortunately for their captive the girls soon confirmed that the smart cottage was indeed empty. Malana smiled, she could already feel that delightful fluttering in her stomach.

Between them they manhandled the terrified woman into a kitchen chair and held her there. Malana took the woman's handbag and rifled through it taking what she wanted before hurling it to one side. She took out a driver's license and read it aloud

"Miss Anastasia Cooper. Haha, that's a posh name you stuck-up bitch. How old are you, Annie?" She demanded.

"I..I...please. I...Owwwww!"

She shrieked as Malana landed a heavy slap on her cheek. One of the girls restraining her took a firm hold of her hair and held her head steady so that Malana could slap her again.

"How old are you, bitch?"

"I...I'm 34," stuttered the attractive blonde haired woman.

Malana could feel herself starting to moisten. The woman had just the right combination of looks, middle-class, white snootiness and fear that she enjoyed. This was going to be good.

Chapter 7

Annabelle still wasn't exactly sure why she'd been condemned to re-education. All that she knew for certain was that she had been arrested at her place of work, shackled, and then marched out humiliatingly through the main office in full view of everyone else by two aggressive female officers in the distinctive black and white uniforms worn by the police. And it wasn't as if she received any sort of support from her fellow employs. Most of the men stood and watched with amused expressions on their faces, while the women seemed to be busying themselves with some very important paperwork at their desks.

Not that Annabelle could blame them exactly she'd done exactly the same thing herself. Less than a month ago one of the senior female managers had been marched out in a similar fashion to a chorus of boos and catcalls from her younger male employees. Like the rest of the few remaining female managers on the team Annabelle had done nothing at the time. What was the point of poking one's head above the parapet unnecessarily? Why bring unwanted attention to herself? Her job was probably hanging by a thread as it was.

Instead she and some of her female colleagues had drowned their sorrows after work that evening by drinking too much and telling each other what they really thought of the company they all worked for, how much it had changed for the worst in the last couple of years of New Party rule How the New Party were fascist and patriarchal bastards and so on and so on. Bolstered by the alcohol, Annabelle had been quite outspoken and now she couldn't help but feel that perhaps that was the reason she was here now, sat behind a wooden school desk that reminded her of her childhood.

The Re-education Centre, she discovered, was quite literally that. A place where women of a certain age and of a certain background were sent to be taught a lesson. The lesson being that women were wrong in virtually everything that they were doing, both currently and had done in the past. Sat in neat rows in the ridiculous uniforms, their hair short or in braids the women in this particular class certainly looked the part, despite the fact that most of them were several years too old to be wearing a school uniform,

It was, realised Annabelle despairingly, all a part of the determined attempt to control them. Dress them as schoolgirls, treat them as schoolgirls and in time they'll think and act like obedient schoolgirls seemed to be the plan. And worst of all than crude plan seemed to be working. Annabelle found herself making sure that both her sandals were planted firmly on the ground that she sat up neatly and attentively and that her tie was straight and properly knotted.

All these things seemed vitally important to the succession of men that ran and controlled the classrooms in the Re-education Centre. Annabelle herself had attended a very expensive, fairly strict boarding school but the level of discipline there was absolutely nothing compared to the regime in St Bride's. Here corporal punishment was used in every classroom every single day. Annabelle couldn't remember one day that she hadn't witnessed a caning or a strapping or a weeping woman stood in some corner holding her short grey skirt up to display a scorched backside.

She herself had been punished at least once every single day of her incarceration in this terrible place, and usually in the classroom where she was currently sat. As a relatively new girl she occupied a seat on the front row and would continue to do so until at least two new "girls" were introduced into her class and she would be moved onto the second row. They weren't necessarily girls of course, in fact most of them were a good few years older than Annabelle's 27 years. But "girls" was how they were routinely referred to by the staff at St Bride's and so "girls" they were.

"So as you can see girls, one of the root causes of the abject failure of feminism was the absolute arrogance of most of the women involved in this ill-fated political choice."

"Lancing, give one example of the form this arrogance typically took."

To Annabelle's right, a pretty, red haired young woman almost leapt to her feet and folded her arms behind her back.

"The arrogance of refusing to listen to any other point of view but their own, sir."

"Good, Lancing, you may sit."

“Watkins?”

From behind her, Annabelle heard the sound of a chair being pushed back and then her friend Phillipa’s voice.

“The arrogance of believing that they were always right, sir.”

“Good girl Watkins, sit.”

The problem with this form of questioning, going around the entire class was that there were only a finite number of answers, and although Annabelle would have preferred not to have been called at all it was certainly better to be called sooner than later. So she sat more erect, pushed her breasts out against the flimsy white cotton blouse and tried to catch the teacher’s eye. He was an unpleasant, lecherous old man named Soames. He was the sort of man whom she wouldn’t have given a second glance to in any other situation.

Here at St Bride’s though he was like a small, omnipotent god. Like all the teachers at the Re-education Centre he had absolute authority over his charges. He could spank and paddle and strap the bare bottoms of his “pupils” just for as long and as hard as he liked. He was personally unprepossessing, small and weedy with a face like a weasel and unflattering, round spectacles. He was at least 25 years older than her and wore tweed suits and immaculately polished black brogues. But nevertheless, his word was law as far as the women unlucky enough to be in his classroom were concerned.

And here she was trying desperately to attract his attention. Annabelle wasn’t a model exactly but she’d never had any complaints from her many boyfriends. She was quite short but she was undeniably cute and the term “cuddly” could have been designed for her. At least that was what her last boyfriend, Matt had told her on their last date. That particular occasion seemed like a hundred years ago, but was probably less than two weeks. That was the effect...

“Pembridge! I won’t tell you again, girl!”

Annabelle was jolted out of her dreaming by the high-pitched nasal whine of her classroom teacher. Hastily she got to her feet and tried to clear her memory. Shit! She hadn’t been paying attention.

“Erm, the arrogance of...the arrogance of...”

“Oh dear, Pembridge, your lack of focus seems to have caught you out again doesn’t it? Never mind I have a remedy for rude little girls who can’t concentrate in my lesson. Out you come.”

With a despairing sigh and a slight sniff of self-pity, Annabelle Pembridge made her way out to stand forlornly by Mr Soames’ desk.

“There’s no use in sulking, girl. You had your opportunity to show off your knowledge but, as per usual, you’ve failed.

Annabelle bit her lip nervously and looked up at the austere balding old man.

“Hands out, I don’t have any more time to waste on an idiot like you.”

With a last despairing mute appeal for mercy. Annabelle held both her hands out with the palms facing upwards and almost immediately received two horrible stinging strokes, one on each of her soft hands with the evil leather strap in return. God how they hurt! She cried out but not too much. Mr Soames didn’t like “his girls” to bring attention to themselves by over-emotional responses to his “little taps” as he liked to describe his full-blooded strokes.

For a second all that could be heard in the classroom was the low, suppressed sobbing from Annabelle as she tucked both her hands under her armpits in a desperate attempt to alleviate the pain Mr Soames had caused. As she looked up in anguish she saw his weasely eyes gleam behind his spectacles in amusement and realised that he didn’t care how much stress he’d caused her. In fact he seemed to be enjoying her discomfort.

“Hands up again, girl. I haven’t finished with you yet Pembridge, not by a long chalk.”

Chapter 8

"Stand in front of my desk, girl," ordered Theodore Makinde, brusquely.

Sheila shuffled across to him and stood awkwardly in front of the large desk as ordered,

He looked her up and down over the tops of his steel-rimmed spectacles before returning to the documents on his desk. The tension in the room was palpable; Sheila could feel herself beginning to sweat beneath her woollen blazer.

"Stop fidgeting, girl. Stand up straight!" He said without looking up from his notes.

Sheila immediately stiffened her posture, ignoring the fact he had already called her "girl" twice despite the fact they were probably around the same age. Women...well Western women were routinely referred to as girl nowadays no matter what their actual age was. The minutes ticked by with agonising slowness. Sheila could feel a cool bead of sweat sliding down the centre of her back beneath her sweat-stained blouse. Eventually he seemed to be done. He laid down his pen and then pushed his chair away from his desk before regarding her balefully over his spectacles.

"What are we to do with you, Mrs Lawrence?"

Sheila licked her lips anxiously but didn't answer what was clearly a rhetorical question.

"I have here a note on my desk from Ms Okojie, one of most promising young people referencing your behaviour in a negative way."

Sheila wondered that horrible, spoilt little bitch had said.

"Apparently you have a poor work ethic, even for a white person. Ms Okojie says that you were the least active of the volunteers and had to be asked more than once to work at the same pace as the rest of them."

Despite the seriousness of the situation, Sheila had to take care not to smile at that ridiculous pronouncement. That lazy black cow had been asleep for at least half the 8 hours that they had worked and probably had no idea what was actually going on. But that she realised was immaterial. An overseer had reported her to head office and there was absolutely no doubt whose word the large intimidating black man glaring down at her was going to take as the truth. She squirmed slightly.

"Erm...I thought I worked really hard, sir. All the work was done and..."

"Are you questioning the word of a State Official, Mrs Lawrence?"

That simple question was enough to stop Sheila in her tracks.

"No, sir. Of course not, sir. I'd never to anything like that." Sheila tried to make her voice sound indignant, but she was already quaking inside.

The black gentleman eyed her for a few long seconds which hardly bolstered Sheila's frail confidence.

"So you're admitting then that your overseer was correct and that you didn't pull your weight when asked politely to do so by Miss Okojie?"

This man, thought Sheila, simply must know that overseers, especially foul-mouthed skanks like Miss bloody Okojie never asked anything and certainly didn't do anything politely, so that in itself was a lie. But what were her options, to call out the overseer as a liar? To suggest the system itself was corrupt? Everyone, well every white middle-class person knew that the system was horribly corrupt and skewed against them, but what actually could they do about it? She could try doing that right now, maybe? Shout out that Miss Okojie was a liar and demand justice or she could just...

"Yes, sir. Sorry, sir."

Sheila decided that discretion was the better part of valour.

"A wise choice, Mrs Lawrence. Any more of your disrespectful back talk and I would have had to seriously consider sending you to Re-education."

Law-abiding, professionally qualified, church-going mother of two, Sheila Lawrence felt her stomach churn at the merest hint that she might be sent for Re-education. God! What would her employers think, what about her friends and neighbours? What about her family!?

"As it is I'm going to have to increase your original punishment, you can see why can't you?"

"Yes, sir. Sorry, sir."

Sheila realised that she was doing an awful lot of apologising for something that she had in fact not done. But better safe than sorry.

"And why is that, Mrs Lawrence?"

He looked over his glasses at her like a schoolmaster addressing a particularly dim-witted student.

"Be...because I should have accepted the word of an overseer straight away sir."

Sheila tried that grovelling approach in the hope that it was the right one.

"That's a good girl. Mrs Lawrence. One should always admit responsibility for one's actions and accept responsibility for them, don't you agree?"

He was such a condescending bastard, thought Sheila. She was old enough to remember when such patronising garbage would have been laughed at. But that was then, and the atmosphere nowadays was very different.

"Yes, sir. Of course."

Deep down she was ashamed of herself, her own compliance, her readiness to agree with his nonsense. But who in their right mind would welcome being sentenced to Re-education? Sheila watched in horror as the tall black man stood up and went to the cabinet in the corner of his office. He fumbled inside it for a few seconds before taking out a stick and swishing it through the air a couple of times.

"There, that should do the job I think, Mrs. Lawrence. Let's have that blazer off and then get yourself over my desk with your nose touching the surface."

She looked up at him her mind a blank for a second.

"Hurry up now, Mrs. Lawrence. I don't have all day you know. Blazer off and bend over my desk."

"B...but you can't...I mean I'm a grown woman. S...surely you can't just cane me?"

"Oh but I can, Mrs. Lawrence. That's how it works here. I can give you a brisk unofficial punishment that won't appear on your records anywhere. Or I can remand you to a court hearing within the next seven days which I promise you will return a much more serious punishment than the few strokes I'm about to give you."

Sheila opened her mouth to say something.

"And please don't say that you haven't done anything. We've just established that you have. If you want me to double the punishment all you have to do is to go along that route."

He loved situations like this, to see entitled middle-class white women in this sort of predicament. He'd had to put up with all sorts of their bullshit over the years when he was employed as a janitor but now the boot was well and truly on the other foot. He'd often dreamed at night as he lay in his bed of taking his revenge on the condescending, arrogant bitches that had made his life a misery.

He'd spent nearly ten years being ordered around by them, wash this, fix that, ordered to get a move on and being criticised for his lack of application and ability. He'd been threatened with the sack numerous times but had somehow always managed to survive. In the end it was the rise of the New Party that had saved him. His brother in law, Marcus, was a long term member and had used his influence to get him a job working for the local council.

It had been quite an eye-opener. Almost overnight he'd gone from a disregarded figure of fun to a man of some standing. His job was to organise and co-ordinate the system of reparations that every council throughout the land was instigating. And although he personally wasn't very good at organising and co-ordinating, it didn't take him very long to find a couple of white indigenous assistants who were good at that sort of boring shit.

Within months he'd become the authority on reparations. But in reality all he did was to interview the people who had rebelled against the situation or, more likely, had done nothing wrong at all, apart from fall foul of their overseer for some undefined reason. He was quite sure that in this case that the smartly dressed woman sat in his office was one of the latter. In fact he was certain of it.

Largely due to the fact that the overseer in question although undoubtedly lazy, hopeless and quite ineffectual was also his niece. In return for her well paid but laughably easy "job" all she had to do was to report one of her group for something or other. The woman who she reported, and it was always a respectable, middle or upper-class white woman, had already been chosen by him when he looked at the composition of each group made for him the previous week by an underling.

There wasn't a victim every week, he was cunning enough to realise that. But every so often the right sort of woman was included in the group. He read the government records of those chosen avidly, often gently masturbating to the images in his head as he imagined what he'd like to do to them. And this week's chosen sacrificial victim was Mrs. Sheila Lawrence.

He smiled as he flexed the cane between his hands. He was going to enjoy himself with this one, and why shouldn't he?

Chapter 9

Phillip Mason rapped purposefully on the door to Apartment A, 14 Millard Crescent. He looked around appreciatively. It was a nice area, a leafy suburb of the sprawling city that was clearly well looked after. He smiled to himself as he contrasted it to his own area when he was growing up in the tough end of town a couple of miles away on the East side. There was no comparison really, no burnt out cars or boarded up shops, no dealers on every corner, no gang members to avoid.

Although when he looked back on it, it was that background that had helped to define who he was and to help secure him a job with State Security. He was a big, intimidating man handy with his fists and most other weapons that came to hand. He was running rackets before he left school, using his bulk and violent nature to secure his own turf. He'd been in and out of prison a few times and his life, even by his own admission was heading into a terminal downward spiral.

That was until the New Party was established and began its rise to power. It was as if the scales had been lifted from Phillip's eyes. Thanks to his numerous underworld connections it wasn't long before he washed up as an enforcer for the party who attended meetings, shouting and intimidating members of the opposition, beating up a few troublemakers and the like. Suddenly he was getting paid on a regular basis for a job he'd have happily done for nothing.

But when the New Party won its astonishing victory at the polls was when Philip's career really took off. He was fast-tracked into State Security on a very nice salary, his first ever, and what seemed like unlimited perks. And best of all he was, for once, on the right side of the law which brought not only a veneer of respectability but also opened up a whole new world of opportunity for him. For instance he seldom paid for anything nowadays. Drinks and recreational drugs for example were invariably on the house.

His State Security badge brought him instant respect from everyone he ever met, especially in the line of duty. Criminals and low-lives now knew that State policemen like Phillip had almost unlimited powers to deal with offenders which often resulted in broken bones rather than long-drawn out court cases and then a slap on the wrist. State Security may have morphed from political agitators and enforcers into the quasi legitimate security service of the New Party, but they hadn't forgotten their past.

In fact they revelled in their own violent history and now that they were legitimate, at least in the eyes of the government, their intimidatory aggression really had no boundaries. Phillip himself had his thick, pudgy fingers in numerous illegal pies which his masters no doubt knew about but turned a blind eye to. He was, after all, still their attack dog to be called on whenever a political opponent or an inconvenient journalist needed reminding of their place.

The door to the apartment opened and a familiar face peered out. Before she could check herself Kirsten's face crumpled into a look of dismay. Phillip had seen that particular look many, many times throughout his long and varied career. It was almost as if people weren't pleased to see him for some reason?

"Hello Kirsten, remember me?"

Kirsten McKenzie could feel the panic rising in her chest like a physical thing. It was that horrible man from State Security again but this time at her house, the only safe space that she actually had. She could feel herself trembling just at the sight of him. He was a big man and he almost filled the doorframe of her small apartment. He wasn't in his work uniform, but he hardly needed that to intimidate people with. What did he want? She hadn't done anything wrong had she? He didn't say anything else, merely started at her with his intense, dark eyes. He was waiting for a reply, she realised.

"Y...yes, sir."

Kirsten couldn't keep the fear out of her voice, a reaction she was sure that he was quite used to.

"Do I need to show you my badge?"

"No, sir."

"So are you going to invite me in?"

With a panic-stricken flapping of her hands she ushered him inside and into her personal space, glancing around as she did so to see if any of her neighbours had noticed a very large black man going inside. Even that thought was quite stressful, everyone knew that the colour of a person's skin didn't matter anymore. Even for her to consciously realise that he was black was racist. Kirsten knew that well enough from school, as did all her friends.

Inside the house he was standing in the centre of the small living-room, managing to make it look even smaller just by his presence. He looked at her inquiringly.

"Won't you sit down?" She inquired tremulously.

He did so, slowly levering his bulk into her one armchair which creaked ominously.

"Can I get you something, tea or coffee or..."

"You can show me your posh panties."

Kirsten swallowed the lump in her throat.

"I...erm..."

"Don't fuck me about, girl. Lift your skirt and show me your panties."

His voice hadn't risen above its normal tone but it was a voice that carried menace, a voice that was used to being heard and obeyed. Kirsten glanced around hurriedly as if she was going to find a miraculous way out of the situation. But of course, there wasn't one. Instead she bit her lip anxiously and slowly edged her short, blue pleated skirt higher up her thighs until it still just about covered her knickers.

"Higher, stupid," grunted the black man.

Kirsten sniffed miserably blinking away the tears that had already started to gather. There was no way out of it. She raised the hem of her skirt to her waist displaying her black and white polka dot panties to the man sat in her armchair. He smiled, showing his nicotine-stained teeth.

"There, that wasn't too difficult was it? Even for a dumb-ass whore like you?"

Kirsten sobbed; she could feel the tears sliding down her cheeks.

"Turn around, keep your skirt up, turn around and show me your arse."

Kirsten did as she was told, her options were distinctly limited. Behind her she could hear the faint noise of a zip being opened. She could feel her heart beat faster and stronger. After a minute or so he ordered her to turn around and face her. She'd half expected him to be doing what he was doing yet it still came as a shock. He had his cock in his right hand, his thick, veiny penis jutting out proudly from his pants.

"P...please...nooo," she begged.

He smiled back up at her as he slid his hand up and down the shaft, completely unperturbed at what he was doing or her reaction to it.

"Hold that skirt up higher...no, higher than that."

Shamefaced, Kirsten did as she was told, watching in horrified fascination as the man who had just walked into her house played with his outsize cock in her living room.

"Keep your skirt up and with the other hand pull your knickers to one side and show me your cunt. Do it now while I'm in a good mood."

"No...No!...I can't, I can't," said Kirsten dropping her skirt and covering her eyes with her hands.

"Do it now, girl. Before you make me angry," he said. His voice didn't rise at all as if he was asking for a cup of tea rather than demanding that she show him her sex.

Slowly, very slowly Kirsten did as she was told. Her face almost painfully red as she stood in her own living room exposing herself to him.

"Now what shall we do, Kirsten, now that we've seen so much of each other?"

"Please...please, my boyfriend will be home soon and..."

"And what? What is he going to do? Beat me up? Throw me out? I doubt it little girl. I might have him beaten up, or jailed...depends on how I'm feeling. In fact it depends on how you behave yourself if I'm being honest."

The girl nodded nervously.

"And you are going to be a good girl for your daddy, aren't you?"

Kirsten nodded again, her cheeks flushing with humiliation

"Tell me what a good little girl you're going to be," he demanded still playing with the swell of his cock that reared up obscenely in front of her.

"I...I'm going to be a good little girl, sir...for daddy, sir," she added hurriedly as his expression changed.

"Mmmm, that's good. Let your skirt down."

Kirsten did so hoping that her ordeal was over.

"Now unbutton your blouse and show me those little titties that you're so ashamed of."

Kirsten looked at him with what she hoped was an appealing expression, something that might make him take pity on her. But it only took a few seconds of that dark, intense, intimidating stare of his for her to realise that the State Security man didn't seem to possess any pity. Slowly her hands went to the buttons at the collar of her pale blue blouse. At the same time the big man was unbuckling his belt.

Chapter 10

“What do you do for money?”

“I...I work in an o...office.”

“What do you do in that o...office, Annie? Asked Malana in a mocking tone.

“I’m one of the managers.”

Malana’s face took on an angry look. She seized the woman by the hair and shook it.

“A manager? Do you think you’re better than me, bitch?”

“No, I don’t. I’m sorry...I would never say that.”

“Do you think you’re better than us because you’re white?” Demanded one of the girls.

“Yeah, don’t you like black people? Asked the other.

“N..no. I m..mean yes!”

Malana smiled and resisted the urge to rub at herself. White people were so easy to manipulate, it was like they were in a constant state of guilt, always terrified of saying or doing something that might offend. Malana herself had no qualms about that sort of thing.

“Put her over the back of the sofa, let’s give her arse a good tanning for lying to us.”

Anastasia squealed and then fought and struggled against the two black teenagers who easily controlled her, physically dragging her from the kitchen into the living room, pulling and tearing at her suit jacket until they tore it off her and the making her bend over the arm of the stylish sofa. Malana meanwhile searched through the kitchen drawers to find herself a suitable implement. She really wanted this bitch to feel what was coming to her.

In the living room the two black girls were pulling up Anastasia’s skirt up and over her slim hips so that her delicate, blue silk panties were exposed.

“Look at the old whore!” Giggled Latitia planting a heavy slap on the crown of Anastasia’s plump, squirming buttocks.

“You’re going to get a good ass-whipping, baby girl,” taunted Bernice. “We’re gonna show you what happens when you disrespect superior black ladies.”

Malana appeared in the doorway brandishing a large wooden spoon

“This is all I could fine, girls. Hold her tight while I see if I can make her arse sting.”

“Pleesase....pleeease! No! I’m sorry, I’m soreeee!”

The three girls were very amused by the woman’s tone. They liked nothing better than to hear entitled old white bitches like this one squeal and beg. Malan wasted no time in bringing down the wooden spoon sharply down onto the white woman’s shiny blue panties.

“Owwwwwowowow!”

All three girls sniggered at the reaction.

“Show her Malana!”

“That’s good, honey. She felt that alright!”

The long spoon rose and fell covering the entire surface of Anastasia’s writhing bottom cheeks and the tops of her white thighs. She fought and bucked for all she was worth but it was to no avail. The two muscular back girls held her over the arm of her own sofa with the greatest of ease. The spoon rose and fell with terrifying regularity until her backside was just one throbbing mass of pain. Eventually though, the barrage ceased.

Anastasia was simply hauled off the sofa and left on the carpet her hands clutching frantically at her scorched buttock cheeks trying desperately to massage some life back into them. Above her she could hear laughter and the click of cameras but she just didn’t care anymore. When she’d quietened down a little she was made to kneel up facing the three black teenagers who lounged casually on her sofa staring down at her with amused expressions. Malana leaned forward a little and casually slapped her face.

“Do you believe in reparations, Annie? For all the bad things that your kind has done?”

Anastasia Cooper, solicitor, feminist and devout liberal nodded her head enthusiastically. She actually did support reparations, and so did all her like-minded friends.

“Well that’s a good start isn’t it girls?”

Malana turned to her friends who both nodded and made appropriate noises.

“So what have you got for us, Annie? What do you have that you can start to repay us with?”

Anastasia sniffed and thought for a little while before a heavy, open-handed slap to her other cheek interrupted her.

“Come on bitch, it’s not a difficult question is it? What do you have in this house that might interest us, something to honour us with?”

“I have some money upstairs and my...my jewellery I suppose.”

Malana grabbed her by her blonde ponytail.

“Now you’re talking you old cow, Come on...show us.”

As she made to stand, Anastasia was kicked over so that she rolled onto her back.

“On your hands and knees, stupid!” Instructed Bernice.

Anastasia began to sob but nevertheless stayed obediently on her knees and crawled across her expensive white carpet to the foot of the stairs where she paused until Malana took another firm grip of her long pony tail and led her upstairs using it as a leash. Anastasia struggled upstairs with her scalp burning but dared not protest.

In her bedroom she hurriedly made her way to her bedside table and opened it. Inside in an envelope was a roll of notes, her emergency money as she liked to think of it. She handed it over to Malana who took it from her and put it into the pocket of her jeans without looking at it.

“The jewellery?”

Anastasia went over to her dressing table and slid open the drawer.

“Please,” she said. “They’re family heirlooms, things I can’t replace. Please don’t take them. I can get you more money if you’d rather I did that?”

Malana pulled her to her feet by her pony-tail and then casually slapped her across the face again, backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards.

“Don’t ever try to tell us what we can and can’t do, bitch! Do you understand me, bitch?”

Anastasia’s head rang with the force of the slaps that accompanied the word “bitch”.

“Yes, I understand, I’m sorry...I’m sorry.”

She watched in horror as the three uncouth black women gleefully emptied her valuable personal effects into their grimy hooded tops, laughing as they showed each other the pieces and argued over them. Then they were in the rest of her cupboards and drawers pulling out her stuff and flinging it around the room and shrieking. She watched them approach the walk-in closet where she kept her clothes and her....

“What the fuck is this?” Asked one of them brandishing one of her judicial wigs.

“Yeah look, here’s another one.”

Both looked fairly bewildered until their apparent leader, the biggest and most intimidating of the three turned to her and smiled.

“She’s a fuckin solicitor, a legal bitch!”

Anastasia could feel the colour draining from her face. Although it was wrong to leap to conclusions where people from other cultures were concerned, it was a fairly sure bet that her guests weren’t exactly unfamiliar with the inside of a courtroom.

“The sneaky old whore!” Exclaimed the tall thin one with the unfortunate appearance. “She’s a fuckin pig and didn’t tell us!”

Anastasia realised that the teenage girl simply lumped together anyone who worked in law enforcement and regarded them as pigs. She could probably explain to someone rational and intelligent that she was a defence solicitor and had probably worked on behalf of hundreds of minorities who had been falsely accused of various heinous crimes and were now walking the streets as free men and women, but she knew in her heart that tactic wasn’t going to work with these three.

Their faces took on the angry, aggressive looks that she knew so well from dealing with people like them. They advanced on her as a group. It was a very thorough beating, she had what remained of her clothes torn off and she was kicked and punched and had clumps of her pulled out by the aggressive black girls. Even when they paused she could feel one of her eyes rapidly closing.

The three left her sprawled on her bed while they rampaged through the house. They had her phone and her driver’s license so even if she could get out of the house she still couldn’t call for help. Instead

she just laid trembling and fearing the worst. Which soon arrived heralded by a crashing on the stairs as they pounded back up to her bedroom.

“Look what we got bitch! Not only are you a fuckin chief copper or something, but you also hunt little defenceless animals!”

In the girls hands were Anastasia’s bright red hacking jacket and her leather plaited riding crop.

“Put this on,” she threw the jacket at Anastasia. “Bring her down girls, we have things to talk about with miss high and mighty here.”

Anastasia grunted with the pain as the heavy-set girl, the leader of the trio of aggressive young black women who had invaded her house sat on her back and tugged at her hair. Dressed just in her hunting jacket she was giving the three of them rides around her living room, the three were taking it in turns to sit astride her and be carried up and down the large room while the other two hooted with laughter and took pictures and videos on their phones.

Her backside absolutely throbbed with pain. They’d already laid 20 or so slashing strokes of the crop across her bare bottom as the girls had experimented on her practising, as far as they were concerned with a new instrument of torture.

Chapter 11

Annabelle settled herself gingerly in her office chair. She could hardly believe that she was back; it all seemed so surreal somehow. Yesterday she'd been stood in the head's office, tears streaming down her face, her nose pressed to the wall and her hands pressed urgently to her inflamed buttocks. She'd just been caned, a "regulation six" the man had told her with a smile on his fat, ugly, self-satisfied face. "A regulation sixer for a silly little girl."

She hadn't replied apart from a muffled, tearful, "yes, sir". What else could she say after all? She wasn't even sure at the time what she'd been caned for. She hadn't been punished for a week, for seven whole days! She had just been reflecting on that and how it was quite an achievement in a terrible place like St Bride's when a "girl" in reality a thirty year old woman in a ridiculously brief, demeaning school uniform had knocked on her classroom door and then delivered a note to her classroom teacher, weasely Mr Soames. He dismissed the woman and then read the note out loud with a slight snigger of amusement.

"Pembroke! The headmaster wishes to see you in his office, girl. Hurry along now, you don't want to keep him waiting do you?"

Annabelle had almost jumped to her feet. No, she certainly didn't want to keep a man like Dr Aziz waiting. Nobody in their right mind would want to do that. Certainly none of the inmates of the St Bride's Re-education Centre would ever dream of such a reckless course of action. When she'd arrived slightly out of breath from hurrying as fast as she could without actually breaking into a trot she'd been sent straight in by the sour faced old harridan who guarded his office. That was never a good sign, and so it had turned out.

With barely any preamble she'd been ordered to remove her blazer and then place her hands and on her nose on the headmaster's special caning stool which he'd already placed in the centre of the room for her convenience. There was no discussion, that wasn't necessary; both of them knew their respective roles. Annabelle made sure her nose was glued to the surface of the wooden stool and that her bottom was as high as it could be.

Dr Aziz for his part lowered Annabelle's blue knickers to her knees turning them inside out as he did so and then picked his long, slim rattan from his desk. Annabelle heard the familiar rattle as he picked it up from his desk and then the blood-curdling sound of the evil thing swishing through the air just by her ear. She clenched her buttocks together in anticipation until being told to relax them, which was much easier said than done. Dr Aziz though was evidently a patient man and was quite prepared to wait for her to compose herself.

Swiish!

The cane whistled through the air and caught her dead centre of her well-presented buttocks.

"Owwwwwowow!"

No matter what anyone said, you didn't get used to the terrible pain a three foot length of Malacca cane could produce when wielded by an expert like Dr Aziz. Annabelle cried and stamped her foot but it was to no avail.

Swiish!

Swiish!

A second followed and then a third, producing a very similar reaction each time. There was a pause, Annabelle couldn't help but tense her backside again, feeling the weals left by the cane against the tightness of her skin. She flinched slightly as she felt his hand cup the bruised bottom flesh of her right buttock cheek, but sensibly said nothing.

"You're being a good girl, Annabelle. Just a couple more and then we're done," he breathed into her ear.

She barely had the time to register the fact that he'd used her first name rather than her surname before the next two strokes bit angrily into her corrugated backside.

"Owwwwwowow!"

“Owwwwwowow!...Please...pleeease”

She howled and screamed and even begged but somehow managed to keep her nose on the stool. She bent her knees slightly and wriggled but the tip of her pert nose stayed glued to the stool as instructed. Dr Aziz's hands gave each of her buttocks a good, firm squeeze which hurt, but hurt a great deal less than the cane. She bit her lip, remained silent, and managed to stop squirming and present her bottom squarely for his attention. Just in time to receive a slashing diagonal cut from the top right of her backside to the bottom left.

Annabelle screamed loudly, that diabolical last stroke had relit all the other weals and started the fire of Hades in her bottom.

“There, there. It's over now. There's a good girl. Let's have you standing in the corner and you can cry there.”

The pain didn't mask the oddness of the headmaster's reaction. Dr Aziz was a noted disciplinarian and yet here he was being solicitous and almost kind. What had changed? Annabelle was going to be released. That's what had changed. She could still remember the joy she'd felt, even in her state as Dr Aziz had told her that she was to be released at lunch time. There was no discussion as to why she was being released, but what did she care? She was going to be released and that was enough as far as Annabelle was concerned.

She even was as far as thanking him! Which was a telling reaction to just how far she'd fallen in just a few weeks as a guest of the Re-education Centre. She should have been resentful but her overriding feeling was one of gratitude. Gratitude that she'd served her time, gratitude that her backside wasn't going to be beaten on a regular basis, gratitude that she wouldn't have to wear her schoolgirl uniform anymore and gratitude to be going home.

Once she'd been stood in the corner of the room long enough to stop weeping and to get her emotions under control she was ushered across to his desk and invited to take a chair! To take a chair in the headmaster's office! Dr Aziz explained to her that she'd be home that evening and she was expected in work the following morning. Yes, she was still employed and she hadn't lost any privileges as a citizen following her short period of Re-education.

Her incarceration wouldn't even be noted as a criminal act in her personal files. Although he did advise her very strongly to think on not only why she'd been sent to St Brides, but why she'd been released as well. The last thing he did before she was allowed to go to Matron's office and change back into her work clothes before being delivered to her own house was to hand her a folder.

She'd enjoyed her freedom tremendously. She'd phoned her family and her close friends to tell them she was okay and to tell them she'd been on an intense course without revealing any of the more humiliating details and now, when she was actually in work she repeated the same anodyne story. Although opening the folder in the privacy of her own office did bring her experience flooding back to her. It contained a pictorial record of the first day of her arrest and her subsequent days at St Bride's

There were lots of pictures of her in her uniform, in the classroom, being punished, stood in the corner. Even close ups of her ravaged backside. The accompanying note was brief and to the point.

“You have seen the consequences of your action. You have felt the cut of the rod for your misdemeanours. You have served your punishment. However, do not assume that your punishment is finished. You could be recalled to the Re-education Centre at any time, that entirely depends on you and your behaviour. If you offend a second time you will not find us quite so accommodating.”

Annabelle could feel the cold, icy feeling of fear in her stomach as she read the words.

“We shall be in touch with you on a regular basis. Until then we suggest that you dress and act respectfully at your place of work. Please be aware that others are watching you all of the time.”

It was unsigned but then there was no real need for that. Annabelle knew without doubt that whoever wrote this was acting on behalf of the New Party. She also had the same feeling of certainty that the authorities would act if they thought for one minute that she wasn't toeing the line and that she would be sent back to St Bride's. Just the thought of which started to induce a slight panic in Annabelle's breast. Even as she sat in her nice office surrounded by nice people doing a job she loved, she felt a sliver of terror in her soul and promised herself that she would become the most dedicated New Party girl that she could possibly be.

Chapter 12

Kirsten scurried around her small apartment tidying as she went along. Everything had to be just so. Her daddy, Mr Mason, had impressed that on her in no uncertain terms with the aid of his thick leather belt. She glanced at her watch, it was almost 7.00pm, and the first customer of the night was due round about now. Friday night was one of her busiest nights of course ever since her daddy had made it clear to her that she should make herself available to entertain his friends.

That wasn't too much to ask was it? All he wanted her to do was to be nice to his friends, to do what they asked of her that was all. And in return he'd give her some money to help with the rent. That was fair... wasn't it? When she hadn't answered immediately that it was fair, daddy had held her over the arm of her sofa and leathered her bare bottom until she shrieked and begged him to stop. The blisters he'd raised on her backside were a reminder to her to mind her manners, he told her.

His friends would drop into see her on a fairly regular basis, but generally not during the working week. She was to be as nice to them as she was to him. She was to obey them as she obeyed him, but if for some reason that instruction was too difficult for her to comprehend, he was certainly prepared to teach her to mind her manners every single day of the week if that was necessary and did she understand? Even Kirsten's friends wouldn't claim that she was the sharpest knife in the drawer, but her throbbing bottom cheeks helped her to remember to reply politely that yes, she did understand,

And that was that, since then she'd entertained several of daddy's friends. All of daddy's friends were black or Asian she realised and almost all of them had a particular interest. For some it was for her to dress as a schoolgirl or a maid or a "girlboss" and then to spank her or fuck her. With others it was to spank her or to tie her up in some painfully awkward way and then fuck her. And others just liked to fuck her no matter what she was wearing or the colour of her backside. Tonight's guest was Toby a large black man who liked her to suck him until he was almost painfully erect before fucking her...which wasn't too bad in the scheme of things.

Malana sat watching her latest batch of volunteers doing their bit for the State. It was raining steadily but Malana hadn't let the weather interrupt her volunteers carrying out their good work for the day. When did a little rain hurt anyone anyway? She hadn't allowed them to wear their coats to work in, that wouldn't have been fair in Malana's opinion. Instead the three women and two men were wearing their normal working attire, suits for the men and two of the ladies and a white coat over a roll-neck jumper and skirt for the fifth who, as it turned out was a real, live doctor.

All five were sodden and wet through; all were wearing smart but entirely unsuitable leather footwear to carry out their allotted task as well. Their allotted task in this case was to carry stones from a pile at the bottom of the farmer's field to deposit them further up the hill where, Malana guessed, they were going to be made into a wall or something? Not that she cared, obviously. It just made her smile to see five posh twats like these slaving away for no real reason.

Even Malana knew that some sort of machinery could have done the job in a tenth of the time, but that was hardly the point was it? As her uncle Theo had explained to her, it was the symbolism of making their former oppressors work at humble labouring jobs that was more important. Malana wasn't exactly sure what "symbolism" meant but she got the drift, white people had to try and make up for all the harm they'd done in the world. Everybody knew that didn't they? Her teachers at school had never stopped banging on about it for example, so it must be true.

She settled back in her padded, canvas chair nice and dry in her specially constructed tent. She didn't fancy having her customary foot massage just yet but to amuse herself and to help while away the hours she took out her phone and played back a little of the video she'd taken the previous day. They'd made the entitled blonde bitch, Annie something or other, carry them around her own house on her back like a horse until she collapsed from exhaustion. Then when she did, they revived her by tying her over her coffee table with scarves and then using the crop on her until her backside was scarred and bloody.

Malana particularly liked the close up shots of the bitches red face covered in snot and tears as she begged them to stop and promising to do whatever they demanded. Malana already knew that she'd do anything they told her to, but at the same time it was nice to be asked. She looked out of the tent at the threatening grey sky becoming darker and more threatening and wrapped her thick, warm coat around herself.

Annabelle read and re-read the text message she'd received. It wasn't signed but there was no need for that. She knew for certain who it was from because it asked her for her opinion about a colleague, a fellow worker at the company. A happy, apparently blameless young woman who had been overheard by someone criticising the New Party in a public place. Consequently she was to start a folder on Zoe Mathews that same afternoon before reporting her findings to the accompanying email address.

Just the phrasing of the message and what it represented was enough to make Annabelle's heart beat a little faster. She was being asked, well told in fact to spy on one of her workmates. The idea of it revolted her if she was honest. But on the other hand refusal would guarantee her a return to St Brides...and she couldn't, she just couldn't allow that to happen. Perhaps this was a test and perhaps nothing would happen to Zoe?

Yes, that was probably it, this was a test to measure the extent of Annabelle's new-found compliance. And she didn't want to fall at the first hurdle, did she? She would have to report something, perhaps she could tell a white lie or two? But the thought struck her almost immediately, what if someone else was required to report on Zoe at the same time and what if their two reports didn't match? No, far better to tell the truth. Surely no more harm could befall her as long as she told the truth?

Dimly at the back of Annabelle's mind was the nagging thought that this was how she herself had been trapped in a slight indiscretion and that's what had consigned her to St Bride's? Which at the same time led her to the same inescapable conclusion that someone at work had been spying on her on behalf of the authorities. Who the hell could it have been? Desperately she started to sort through her past conversations and discussions with her workmates and what she used to believe were her friends.

"Up you get, Lawrence. Last chance before I remand you to appear before a magistrate. Imagine the penalty you'll get for racially abusing an overseer? You'll probably get your picture in the local newspaper I imagine, I wonder what your posh friends will think of that?"

Makinde watched as Sheila Lawrence hesitantly got to her feet and slowly removed her smart grey blazer before hanging it neatly on the back of her chair. Mmm, she was so like the many, many entitled white bitches who'd disrespected him over the years. She even wore the standard office uniform of crisp blouse, skirt stockings and heels as he'd hoped she would. She really was a delicious morsel. And she was just the way he liked them, slightly plump around her tits and her arse and that first flush of fear clouding her pretty face. She didn't look quite so arrogant now, did she?

He watched amused as she leaned over his desk, holding on to the far end so that she could balance the tip of her nose against the dark wooden surface. He took out his phone and took a photograph. What did he care if she heard the click or not? What was she going to do about it anyway? Report him? Report him to who? He was wily enough to realise that so long as he played by the very flexible rules that applied to him that he was virtually untouchable.

He paced out to take his position by her left hip and swished the cane through the air again. He liked the sound it made; in fact he liked it so much that he did it again. Although judging by the woman's twitching backside and her slight involuntary gasps, Mrs. Lawrence wasn't enjoying the experience quite as much as he was. He lifted the cane and placed it as near the centre of her protuberant buttocks as he could. She was still wearing her tight office skirt which he didn't mind in the slightest.

In his experience the tightness of it gathered the flesh of her buttocks into a nicely presented target. Slowly he sawed the thin stick backwards and forwards across the grey, pinstriped surface so he could see the track lines. Theo was so entranced by the scene that he spent a good number of minutes sawing his cane backwards and forwards leaving deeper and deeper imprints on her skirt. Eventually and without warning, he drew his arm back and delivered a nice crisp, full-blooded stroke across the meat of her plump buttocks.

The scream that one stroke produce from the woman was like music to his ears. He went back to sawing at her skirt enjoying her begging and sobbing before,

Thwwaacck!

Another stroke just a little higher than the first made her shriek and howl again. This was certainly the way to deal with insolent white people, thought Dr Makinde with a certain sense of self-righteousness. How different his life would have been had he been allowed to administer this sort of richly deserved punishment to all those snooty women from his past. He raised his stick to shoulder level before suddenly pausing there.

“All those snooty women from his past”? An idea suddenly struck him that had been brewing in the back of his mind for quite some time. He was so shocked at the audacity of it that just for a second he forgot where he was. He ruminated for a little while. It would involve work and detailed investigation, two things that Dr Theodore Makinde wasn’t particularly interested in. But he had his pale skinned minions for that didn’t he? Perhaps it was time for them to earn their corn?

Beneath him he could hear the Lawrence woman’s pathetic thanks. Why was she doing that? Did she really think her punishment was over? Dr Makinde smiled and brought the cane whipping down with all the power of his muscular, black arm.

Thwwaacck!

“Aaaarrggghh!”

He slowly unzipped his pants before raising the cane again. The idea he just had was making him very excited, very excited indeed.

The End