

RETURN TO MAINLAND BOOK 3

CHARLES RYDER & VELVETGLOVE

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Chapter 1 - Olivia and Michaela

Both Olivia and Michaela Sinclair were now thoroughly assimilated into the Singh business empire. Olivia had been relieved of her chauffeuring duties mainly at the instigation of Mrs Singh who considered her to be incompetent. Plus, as she explained to her husband, she didn't want that whore under her roof for a moment longer.

Someone, it seemed had been talking. Jaswinder took this rare defeat in his stride. He installed Olivia in a pokey little flat that wasn't too far from Singh Towers, her new place of employment. She was joined there by her daughter, Michaela, who had performed adequately during her interview with Mr Singh.

The two were now designated office assistants to Mr Singh's imperious Pakistani office manager, Miss Umrani. Miss Umrani didn't like the 'criminal elite' as she liked to describe them. She didn't really agree with colonists being returned to the company of respectable people. Nor did she much like white people either.

When the two criminals weren't required by Mr Singh, they came under her command. And she was a most demanding boss. She instigated an office dress code for her two assistants. Blue, leather high heels and black stockings, a short, tight, blue, pencil skirt, and a sheer, almost diaphanous white blouse. She also had their hair cut and coloured into two identical blonde bobs.

The overall effect was to render them both as sexual objects and at the same time to depersonalise them. Two interchangeable white *kuffars* at her beck and call. Two interchangeable white *kuffars* to cater for the personal tastes of Mr Singh and his friends and business associates. She was a high caste Muslim and she despised them for their apparent willingness to prostitute themselves for him.

At the minute they were sat opposite each other behind their small wooden desks in chairs more suited to primary school children. They were busy doing some repetitive, dull administrative work that Miss Umrani herself couldn't be bothered with. She liked them as far as possible to write out letters by hand rather than use computers, and to work out mathematical problems without resorting to calculators.

Those sorts of thing were quite demeaning, especially for the older woman who as she understood it used to be some sort of pretend businesswoman. The laborious style of working gave Miss Umrani plenty of opportunity to discipline her new charges. To correct them, as she liked to describe it, as if they were recalcitrant children rather than adults.

She quite liked to ruler them, especially across their palms as they were required to look her in the eye as she administered their punishment. But if she was in the mood she also liked to take them across her knees and spank their bare backsides with the long, flexible ruler until they cried. She watched them idly for a while as they worked. They were specifically forbidden from talking to each other while they were in the office.

There was plenty of time for that sort of thing when they were alone together in the tiny little apartment that Mr Singh had thoughtfully provided for them. Not that they were ever actually alone, each room contained state of the art video and microphones which picked up every detail of their sordid little lives.

During one of her routine inspections of Mr Singh's 'private' computer she had watched in fascination as Michaela had dressed herself in what looked like State Orphanage school uniform. According to the onscreen time and date, it was a Saturday morning. Mystified she watched as the two women embraced and then Olivia left the apartment.

She watched as Michaela tied her blonde bob into two tiny pigtails and then sat nervously on the edge of the double bed the two women shared. Within ten minutes the doorbell rang and she hurried to the door to let a large, unkempt Pakistani man in. Within a couple of minutes, he'd spanked her over his knee like the 'naughty schoolgirl' she was meant to represent.

Then he made her stand in the corner with her nose touching the wall and her skirt held up to display her blazing backside. As she stood there sobbing, he slowly divested himself of his clothing and played with his large, veined cock. He called to her and she turned obediently, her hands still on her head. Miss

Umrani could see the tears in the girl's blue eyes and the heave of her nicely-shaped breasts through her thin nylon blouse.

He pulled her by her striped tie onto the bed so she lay on her back. He mounted her and sat on her chest, crushing her down onto the bed. Taking his engorged cock in one hand he used it to slap her cheeks and her forehead before resting it in the bridge of her nose.

"Do you like my cock, missy?" he asked, sliding it down the side of one tear-sodden cheek. "It belongs to a real man. Have a taste of it, you'll like it."

He made her lick the swollen shaft. Clearly he was enjoying the effect it had on the terrified girl. He slapped her with his cock for a while until streams of pre-cum were hanging from her nose and cheeks. Eventually he grew tired of his game. He slid down the prone figure. He pulled up her pleated skirt and pulled her knickers to one side before inserting himself in her.

Michaela gasped as he penetrated her, but didn't complain. The man rode her noisily, banging in and out of her. It didn't take him long to ejaculate in her before he lay spent and exhausted. Miss Umrani smiled to herself at the humiliating spectacle, all her suspicions regarding the morality of Western sluts like the Sinclair's had been well and truly confirmed. This was what they got up to whenever they weren't closely supervised!

She fast forwarded the tape and found herself staring at an empty screen. Just as she was about to scroll forward the bedroom door opened to reveal two elderly white men who appeared to have lost something. Suddenly one of them shouted to his companion and between them they roughly manhandled a rubber-clad figure from its hiding place under the bed.

The person was dressed from head to toe in what looked like a shiny, one-piece rubber suit with a hood. The mouth was gagged and it could only breathe through its nose. Around its neck was a collar with a lead attached. The two men took it in turns to lead their captive around the little apartment on its hands and knees, while the other encouraged it with a leather riding crop.

Once they'd exhausted that avenue of pleasure, the figure was hauled roughly to its knees and the mouth covering unzipped to reveal a mouth and a pink tongue. Without any delay, one of the men thrust his surprisingly engorged cock straight into the orifice and then worked it in and out.

His accomplice tugged the lead upwards to make it even more difficult for their victim to breathe. Miss Umrani watched in fascination as the man emptied his balls into the choking, spluttering orifice. As soon as he was spent the two men reversed their roles. This time however, just before the second man ejaculated, the hood was pulled back to reveal Olivia's flushed, sweaty red face.

For a second, Miss Umrani could see the anguish in her eyes just as the man's cock exploded all over her upturned face. Before Olivia had time to react to the latest indignity, the hood was rapidly pulled back over her head and the mouth aperture sealed up again. Much to the evident amusement of her elderly tormentors.

She turned off the computer and lay back in Mr Singh's chair. She hoisted up her elegant, knee-length skirt and slipped a manicured hand under her panties. Despite her disgust at the two Sinclair women, that was a pretty intense scene. How many more like that were there in Mr Singh's collection she wondered? She didn't know, of course, but she was certainly going to have fun finding out.

She smiled to herself at the idea that Mr Singh was using the two snooty, entitled white women to pay for their own apartment in this particular way. She knew him very well and she was quite certain that he wasn't providing whores for free. She wondered idly if Jaswinder had other houses with other whores in them.

The proceeds would be quite substantial. She had a sudden image of herself taking charge of a group of former criminal elites. Disciplining them, preparing them for their new roles within the Singh business empire. She had a sudden vision of herself in a leather skirt with her dark flowing hair tied into a more intimidating style.

The thought of controlling white women like the two Sinclair's, slaving away next door on some soul-destroyingly dull project, excited her. Perhaps she could equip herself with something more substantial than a ruler? A riding crop perhaps? Just the thought of it was enough to bring herself to orgasm. She put one hand to her mouth to stifle the sounds of her pleasure. After all the *kuffars* were just on the other side of the door, and some standards did have to be maintained.

Chapter 2 - Jake

Jake rapped loudly on the door.

He was accompanied by three police cadets from the Student Militia. They were all angry and armed. The guy in the wheelchair opened the door a fraction and peered out from behind the safety chain.

“Yes?”

“Max Rosen, you are under arrest for the crime of excessive sympathy towards the Old Elite, under Section 13b of the Act of Payback. You do not have to say anything but it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned, something which you later rely on in the People’s Court. Do you understand?”

Max looked stunned. But evidently he understood.

“Yes, officer.” He closed the door, slid the chain back and reopened the door wide.

Jake and the three cadets strode into the bungalow. They confiscated the recording device from under the bed and took incriminating photos of the crime scene. Nico had been relaxing on the sofa reading a book while his wife Abigail was taking a shower.

The three policemen escorted Max Rosen away in their van while Jake gave the two skivvies his verdict.

“Abigail and Nico Dempster, I find you guilty of the crime of taking advantage of a vulnerable man in a wheelchair, under catch-all Section 9 of the Payback Act. You are not invited to speak but if you do say anything it will increase your sentence. Do you understand?”

They were both sobbing. Nico was wearing underpants and a T-shirt. His wife was naked and soaking wet. She wasn’t even holding a towel. There was a growing puddle on the floor.

“Y ... yes, sir.”

Jake slapped her cheek.

“What’s more, you both had sex last night, true?”

They looked at each other and bit their lower lips.

“Yes, sir.”

Jake punched Nico in the testicles, making him double over.

“Fortunately for you both, I have decided to take responsibility for your punishment and re-education myself. I will only place you with a suitable beneficiary again after you’ve both been properly trained. Until then, you’ll do exactly as I say. Ready? March out of the door.”

They blinked back tears and stood to attention, before marching - left-right - out of the bungalow, despite Abigail being naked. Several passersby stopped and watched.

“Hup, two, three, four.” Jake barked, smiling to himself.

Jake’s home was a snoopers’ paradise.

Despite his youth, aged only 25, he’d already risen the ranks of the Government’s Monitoring Agency and was now one of its most senior internal spies in the south-east region. His official salary was nothing special but with the job came lots of perks, including the best surveillance kit available.

His state-owned house was also furnished with a couple of cells and a dungeon in the basement, for when it was necessary to take the law into his own hands.

Nico was crawling on the floor, clearing up the detritus Jake hadn’t bothered with for over a week. His hands were cuffed behind his back and he was pushing old food delivery boxes, empty coffee cups, beer cans and overflowing ashtrays across the tiled floor using just his nose and chin.

“Again!”

Abigail was standing over her husband holding a riding crop. She lashed the black leather across his raised buttocks for the umpteenth time. Nico hissed in pain as the shrill crack of leather on flesh echoed round the room.

Jake stared at them both, sipping his coffee and smoking a cigarette. They weren’t exactly sexy. They both had buzz cut hair, scrawny bodies and faded bruises. But he wasn’t fussy. They’d look even worse before too long.

“Again.”

He watched the bitch hesitate, imploring him with a glance, and then she raised the crop again, and thrashed it down with as much force as she could muster. Her husband whimpered, inhaling a mouthful of old cigarette butts from the ashtray he was nudging towards the bin.

Jake had seen a great many cocks over the past couple of years; circumcised and uncut, wrinkled and shrivelled, small and thin, and occasionally large and chunky. It took a lot to impress him nowadays. But, truth was, Nico was most unusually well-endowed.

He could have almost pushed the debris across the room with his dick. It was a good size even though it was limp. It hung down under his body like a plough tilling the soil.

Not that Jake was jealous. Skivvies rarely got to use their dicks regardless of size. He flicked his spent cigarette across the room. The glowing ember landed by Abigail's foot.

He winked at her. Jake had been a member of the Revolutionary Party since he was a kid. He was born into it. Both his parents were revolutionaries. They weren't left wing. Bland Socialism wasn't the fucking answer. Not even full blown Communism. That just replaced one elite with another.

Nope, Jake believed in a collectivist form of Anarchy.

His hero was Mikhail Bakunin, the Russian revolutionary who preached the confirmation of '*political equality by economic equality*'. But it was only when every single man and woman like Nico and Abigail Dempster had learned the unavoidable and dire consequences of *inequality* that true fairness could be achieved.

He reached down, scratched his balls and farted. He was wearing a red tracksuit and the waistband was loose, giving his fingers easy access to his genitals. Of course, the truth was that educating people like the 28yr old Dempster couple was a lot of fun. His pay was okay, the accommodation and snooping kit were great, but the real perk of the job was fucking with the old elite.

He hadn't fucked Abigail yet. He preferred to draw things out. He'd eventually give her the full round the world trip; cunt, asshole, mouth, throat, cleavage, the works. But why rush? Besides he had work to do. He had to check all his listening devices and scan them for illicit sounds and words.

“Again!” he barked.

Jake worked the Dempster couple hard.

Nico was cutting the lawn in the rear garden of Jake's house. He measured every single blade of grass, trimmed it to exactly 1.5 cms with a pair of nail scissors, and then ensured each blade was combed pointing due south.

It was the middle of the day and the sun was at its highest. Sweat poured into Nico's eyes and from his naked body. The work was extremely arduous, blazing hot and unimaginably repetitive. Whatever workplace or household Jake placed him with next, Nico would find it to be a comparative relief.

Nico's thick cock dangled uselessly between his legs. It was semi-erect and rather impressive, hinting at the full length and girth to come. Jake wasn't jealous but he was pissed off that somebody born into the old elite had also been endowed with physical good fortune.

He wandered across his lawn with a chilled beer and urinated against a bush. Then he reached down with a tape measure and checked some random blades of grass that Nico had already tended. Each one was precisely 1.5 cms in length.

Neither man spoke. Nico was nervous that his boss would find a mistake. Jake didn't bother to reassure his gardening skivvy. He simply swigged his beer, belched, and walked back into the house.

Abigail was still in the small utility room behind the kitchen. She was surrounded by mounds of laundry. Both washing machines were chuntering away. Sheets and shirts and underwear were on lines outside, drying in the sunshine. She was perspiring at the ironing board carefully pressing a white blouse.

Abigail had posted leaflets through the letter boxes of Jake's neighbours inviting them to have their laundry done for free for a while; not only without charge but to an immaculate standard. Local housewives were mightily relieved to be able to hand over all their washing so they could enjoy some time off in the warm weather.

Jake wandered over to the basket to inspect the quality of her work. He unfolded a set of lacy underwear somebody had handed in. The black lace was clean and as crisply ironed as possible given the awkward shapes.

“Not good enough.” Jake snapped, tipping the entire basket load onto the floor. “Do it all again.”

Abigail curtseyed. She was wearing her chambermaid’s costume and standing in stilettos. The 5-inch high heels were padlocked around her ankles, accentuating her calf muscles.

Jake had fucked her first thing that morning, before the sun rose and the air got too humid. She was terrified of him, which ensured she put her back into it, mostly her riding him astride his waist, while he just lay back and relaxed. He had put his hands behind his head and smiled up at her, occasionally glancing at Nico.

Jake allowed Nico to stand and jerk himself while he watched them. Jake knew that many Owners preferred chastity devices for their male, and even female, property. But in his opinion denial was something that skivvies had to learn to impose on themselves, without the aid of cold steel. Nico had stood on one leg and stroked his oversized cock rhythmically for 20 minutes until Jake blew his wad inside Abigail. Then Nico cooled his own passion with ice cubes and began his work on the garden lawn.

That afternoon, Jake was playing Call of Duty on his PC when his phone buzzed. It was his mate Rolf at the State Recruitment Agency.

“Hey man, what’s cookin’?”

Rolf explained that the country’s top ‘gladiatorial school’ was looking for more recruits. But not just anybody. They needed to be fit, strong, in their 20s and, ideally, very well-endowed.

Jake smiled inwardly and peered through the open window. Nico was finally nearing the end of the lawn, still trimming each blade of grass. His sunburnt skin shimmered as he crawled along.

“What’s that you said, mate?”

“Fit, strong, under-30 and preferably with a big dick.”

Jake chuckled. “I’ve got one for you.”

Chapter 3 - Corinne

She remembered it as if it was yesterday, the sunny spring afternoon, that nice 'Friday afternoon' feeling. A bit of amusing office gossip with some of the twenty or so that worked in her department, their plans for the weekend. And then the sudden power cut and that unusual thumping of boots on the stairs, a sound that which she now recognised only too well.

The double doors to the office being barged open by black-uniformed policemen and women and then the chaos of shouts and screams as they pushed their way between her shocked colleagues. A heavily built man, his features obscured by a visor bellowing into her face.

"What's your name, bitch!? What's your fucking name?"

A rough hand grabbing her by the hair, thrusting her over her own desk. her hands being forced behind her back and cuffed.

"Is this your bag? Is this your bloody bag!?"

Her bag being hung around her neck by the strap once she'd confirmed that the expensive Hermes handbag did belong to her. The noise and confusion as the entire staff of the second floor of the Ministry for Economic Modelling were herded together and then herded down the stairs and then towards a fleet of waiting police vans.

Certain things stuck in her mind, the people in the street watching her and her colleagues being manhandled but barely pausing as they strode along the pavement. One of the older men from her department being kicked and punched to the ground, the hysterical shrieks of a couple of her friends. Then the awful sensation of having a cotton bag placed over her head before being helped into a van and made to sit.

Corinne dipped her decrepit old scrubbing brush into the bucket of scummy water by her elbow and then began to scour the grimy surface of the floor she was kneeling on. The room was huge, a massive industrial unit that had seen better days. All around her were a number of people doing exactly as she was, kneeling and scrubbing.

This is where she was spending her Monday morning. Rather than sitting by the window in her comfortable office, she was barefooted and shackled. She was wearing a brown, nylon one piece dress that she'd been squeezed into, 'it's that or nothing, love', the harridan dealing out the clothes had explained in a bored tone of voice.

Shackled! On Friday she was a married, 39 year old executive with a well-paid government job. Now she was scrubbing a filthy floor with chains around both her ankles. She heard a whoosh somewhere behind her and then a little scream.

"Keep working, whore."

Another similar noise just to her left and a muffled grunt of pain.

"No slacking!"

She could hear footsteps approaching. Please keep walking, please keep walking. Her prayers weren't answered. She felt a blow across her backside. She squealed in shock, although just for a second it didn't hurt, but then the heat quickly took a hold and spread rapidly. She wriggled and writhed in a vain attempt to dissipate the pain, but not for a second did she pause in her efforts.

"Keep it up, whore, only eight hours to go," said an uneducated male voice close to her ear.

She felt a hand grab her buttock through her thin dress.

"And then it's shower time."

Corinne lay on her back looking up at the ceiling high above her. She was almost too exhausted to think. All around her were the snores and half-stifled sobs of a hundred or so other people. Most of them were work colleagues and several were people she classed as friends. The entire staff of the five floors that comprised the Ministry for Economic Modelling, in fact.

Despite her twelve hour shift of scrubbing and cleaning and brushing down the massive warehouse space, sleep still wouldn't come. The shock of the last couple of days was still reverberating around her

head. She was a prisoner! A convict, an enemy of the people apparently. All one hundred of them had been tried and found guilty of 'failing in their duty of care to the people of Mainland'.

Apparently, their collective inability to predict the current, dire economic situation had been declared deliberate and a clear case of 'economic sabotage'. Some sort of court had condemned them to five years of hard labour in order for them to better understand the sort of hardship that their incompetence had inevitably caused the average working man and woman.

Not only that, but the ludicrous decision had been wildly applauded in the courtroom. Calls of 'traitors' and 'shame on you' and even, 'it should have been the noose', cascaded down on Corinne's little group. They were hustled out of the court and back into the vans. The noise from the big crowd outside was almost deafening, Corinne felt almost sick with fear. There were even ranks of TV crews recording their shame. This was absolute madness!

They were all bagged again and the van shot away as people banged on the side of it and hurled obscenities. They'd driven through the night, and God only knew where they were now. From the accents of the local guards, it was somewhere way to the North of the capital. But as soon as they arrived they were hauled from their vans and set to work on the gigantic old factory. After the first day's work, their clothes were confiscated while they showered, and replaced with what appeared to be the entire contents of a couple of particularly down-market charity shops.

They'd been worked until they dropped and then roused at 6.30 and given a little food and water. She'd started work again at 7am and then laboured until 1pm. A little more food and water, a short break and then put back to her unfamiliar, back-breaking work until 7.30pm. Then a gang shower where everyone was stripped naked and hosed down. More food and drink, and then bed. Now the place was clean enough for them to curl up on their little foam mats and try to stay warm under their single threadbare blanket.

The last thing that Corinne Pearson remembered before she drifted off was thinking about her husband, Jeff and her daughter, Ashley. She hadn't seen them since Friday morning. Did they even know where she was? They must be so worried about her. She knew they'd have seen her on TV. Corinne remembered with a certain amount of shame that she herself had witnessed news articles where mass arrests of 'economically underperforming elements' had been highlighted and that neither she or Jeff had been exactly sympathetic.

The filming had been done in such a way that the middle-aged married couple could be seen staring straight at one camera lens while a second was similarly capturing images of their deeply welted bottoms. They were naked and bound over what the commentary had described as a caning bench. various straps and buckles kept them firmly in place and ensured that their heads were held up at all times.

Although the scene was ugly and terrifying, Corinne was transfixed. She and her colleagues had been warned of the consequences of not paying attention to what was happening on the giant screen, but she found it impossible to look away. The revelation of what actually was going in one of the penal colonies was both shocking and mesmerising.

All around her she could hear women sobbing and crying. She glanced across at her friend, Julia, on her right and considered holding her hand in sympathy. However, they'd been told that physical contact between prisoners was not allowed unless specifically permitted. Instead she continued to sit cross-legged on the factory floor, as if she was back in junior school, and stare at the screen.

Yet another stroke of the cane struck the woman with much the same power as the first one, which seemed quite a while ago now. She struggled and howled, a dreadful, ear-splitting sound that echoed in the huge, almost empty space. She had been a Lady, Lady someone or other, Corinne couldn't remember now. But that hardly seemed relevant now.

Her face was screwed up in agony and tears and snot ran down her face. For a second the camera lingered on her wide staring eyes and then cut to the stick as it connected with her husband's backside leaving a white line across its bruised, swollen surface. The first camera was just in time to record his bellow of pain.

A stroke for each of them followed before the action was suddenly paused and the only sound that could be heard was the distress of several of the former staff of the Ministry for Economic Modelling. A man strolled up onto the stage and paused by a microphone. Behind him the still image on screen was of the two prisoners staring directly at the camera, the pain on their screwed up faces plain for all to see.

He tapped the microphone gently and began.

"Ladies and gentlemen. My name is Mr Ransome, I'm the manager of People's Factory N70. First let me welcome you all to this impressive facility. You can all be proud of your achievement in helping to make the old place habitable. Tomorrow morning, you'll be pleased to discover, the necessary equipment arrives to fit this place out and to make it yet another highly productive work environment. You will be taught by experts how we can make People's Factory N70 the most efficient in the area. Which is, as far as you're all concerned, of the utmost importance."

He smiled and pointed to the screen behind him.

"This that you've just witnessed is one day at Penal Colony 9."

Ignoring the gasps and the mutterings from those sat beneath him he carried on.

"Some of you here will almost certainly be visiting Penal Colony 9 as guests of the People's government."

More gasps and a louder background hum greeted his words.

"The only reason that you're not there now is because the economy is rebounding strongly and the People's Government need more workers. Shortly you'll be joined by more subversives like yourselves. Clearly we can't keep everyone here, and therefore we only want to keep the best and most productive workers. Consequently anyone not achieving their weekly quotas will be shipped off to PC9."

He held up his hand and waited until the noise stopped.

"Tomorrow your targets will be posted on the notice board, and the first machines will be installed. By the end of the week we will be in full production and your personal targets will be fully measured and analysed. Please don't pretend that you haven't all been given advanced warning of the situation. Failure here at Factory N70 is not an option as some of you will doubtless discover."

He turned to leave, but then returned to the microphone.

"You're dismissed. Apart from John Harvey, Annette Chambers, and Corinne Pearson. You three will stay behind."

Corinne felt her stomach contract with fear. The news had been bad enough, but now this chap wanted to see what had been the senior management team at her office. Annette had been in charge, while she and John had been her two deputy managers. How long ago that now seemed.

The three of them gathered around the stage beneath Mr Ransome, who was flanked by two of the security guards, one male and one female. Ransome indicated that they should resume their seated position on the floor. was a fairly average looking man, the sort you wouldn't look twice at in a crowd. He was in his thirties, clean-shaven and short-haired. He wore a dark suit with a white shirt and a black tie,

The security staff wore black uniforms as well, trousers for the man, a skirt and stockings for the woman, both wore shirts and black ties, and both had one of the short, leather straps that they always seemed to be carrying. Both gazed down at the three sat on the floor beneath them with arrogant contempt.

"You three were management in that failure of an organisation, I understand?"

"Erm, yes...yes, sir," volunteered Annette.

Ransome nodded.

"My superiors wanted the three of you to be sent to PC9 immediately as a warning to the others. It was only my personal intervention which persuaded them otherwise."

Corinne felt her heart beating wildly. God! That unfortunate couple still frozen in agony up on the screen could so easily have been her and Jeff!

"I have need of a conduit to my employees, and that's what the three of you will serve as. You will disseminate information provided by me and my staff to your colleagues. I think we all know what the penalty will be if you let me down?"

The three nodded emphatically.

"And just to make sure you do understand I'm going to have the three of you publically thrashed tomorrow. As soon as the punishment stocks arrive and have been set up, you will be the first to use them. It will send out an appropriate message to your colleagues and also confirm that neither my team nor I have any favourites."

As he said this in his perfectly reasonable, unremarkable voice, Corinne glanced up to see the female officer smiling down at her like a cat with a cornered bird.

"Here is a short explanation as to why you're here and a brief summary of the rules and regulation at N70. Rules and regulations I might add that have been specially designed to make your stay with us as safe and productive as possible. I want you to read them and be prepared to be tested on your knowledge of them tomorrow. By the end of the week all of your colleagues will be expected to know them thoroughly as well. Dismissed."

Even as they hurried away clutching their pieces of paper, the lights in the main factory had been doused and the projector turned off.

Chapter 4 - Tracey and Colin

Tracey was watching the News on TV.

She was spread out on her sofa with a packet of crisps and a diet coke, swearing at the screen.

“The bastards!”

Zadie Wood was addressing the nation. She was standing behind a lectern, with two government bigwigs to her left and right, explaining why the economy was in the shit.

Government money had run out. Taxes would have to rise but public services and state expenditure were being cut. Fucking international investors were pulling the plug on the country’s bonds and loans. The bastards!

Meanwhile Colin, her skivvy boyfriend, was doing his best to calm her down by tonguing between her splayed thighs. He was kneeling on the floor in front of the PVC sofa, facing away from the screen, lapping away like a thirsty dog.

She smiled and ruffled his hair. “There’s a good boy, Collie.”

Tracey didn’t understand much about finance. She just ran her nail salon and that was it. She knew she had to keep her customers happy, pay her staff and bills, and make a profit. It wasn’t that hard to work out, was it?

Hmm, her pussy was leaking. She’d met up with Rasta on the way home. That dude was thick as five planks of wood but boy could he handle his weapon. Half an hour was all it took for him to leave her totally satisfied. Even better, she didn’t have to hang around afterwards and make small talk or cook his dinner.

Nope, she could come straight on home to Colin, who was intelligent, educated, quite funny, and he made her dinner, not vice versa.

Of course, she knew Colin didn’t much like cleaning up after Rasta but she never even spoke to him about it. She just settled down on the sofa, hitched up her skirt, patted her hairy mound, and he did the rest.

“Fuckwits!”

She cuffed Colin’s ear.

He looked up but didn’t stop. He wasn’t listening to the TV. Skivvies weren’t allowed to watch government broadcasts.

Zadie was explaining to the nation that the real reason the finances were in such bad shape was that the old elite had run up much bigger debts than they’d admitted. Privileged *fuckwits* like Colin and his wife Rachel were the problem. For generations they’d underinvested and overspent. They were to blame. The whole bloody lot of them.

However, now it turned out the real villains worked in the Ministry for Economic Modelling. Zadie said those clowns had failed in their ‘duty of care’ to normal citizens such as Tracey. It was no less than economic sabotage. The forecasters had been ridiculously optimistic about the country’s future prospects.

Obviously, the problem was nothing to do with the current government or Zadie herself.

Watching and listening to how bad things were, naturally Tracey was angry. But boy, so was her clit! Colin was doing that little trick she’d taught him, sucking on it gently while simultaneously licking with the tip of his tongue.

“Ahh ... yes ... you greedy bastard ... yess ...”

She grabbed his ears and pulled his skivvy face into her. The TV screen suddenly appeared out of focus. Zadie Wood would have to stick her graphs up her asshole for now.

Because Tracey was going to have another climax. And at least orgasms couldn’t be taxed.

“Yessssssss” she hissed. “Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.”

Tracey was watching the News on TV.

These press conferences had turned into daily events now. Today it was Zadie Wood behind the centre-lectern, while Mohammed Demir stood to her right and Zahra Chong to her left.

Colin was in the kitchen cooking dinner. He was naked except for an apron. Tracey could admire his cute butt muscles through the open doorway.

Zadie was updating everybody with the latest figures. How the markets were reacting, the currency and commodity prices, how much taxes would need to rise and what services had to be cut.

After her speech, the conference was thrown open to questions.

Tracey clicked her finger and thumb loudly. Colin rushed to the fridge and then into the living room to refill her glass.

"Thanks, doll. And fetch the bowl."

She listened to the first couple of softball questions from government-supporting news-sites.

Colin knelt in front of her and held her plastic urinal against her thighs. The upper rim was u-shaped to fit her body and the rest tapered downwards like a funnel.

"Mmmmmmm ..."

Tracey murmured as she released several glasses of chilled sauvignon blanc into the pink receptacle.

Colin smiled up at her, sniffing appreciatively, just as she'd taught him.

"You like that, Collie?"

"Yes, Mistress. Very much."

She knew he didn't but that only made it more fun. He was such an obedient boyfriend. So much better than the dudes she just fucked.

"Chill it in the fridge."

She admired his bare butt disappearing into the kitchen.

Onscreen, Zadie Wood was chairing a Q&A session.

"Sophie Barton, MBC?"

Tracey looked at the pretty face of a girl on the screen. She seemed a bit young to have replaced Lorna Kennedy. But all the coverage said Sophie was a brilliant new talent.

"Er ... Ms. Wood. I hear that the independent enquiry has found that neither you, nor your government, is to blame for any of the economic or financial issues our country faces."

"Yes, that's correct, Miss Barton."

"May I say on behalf of all ordinary citizens how strongly we endorse that decision and how relieved we all are that no further public money will be wasted on an enquiry."

The cameraman had panned down, giving the TV audience a better view of young Miss Barton's impressive cleavage.

"Why, thank you." Zadie Wood beamed in reply.

Tracey sipped her wine. Apparently Lorna Kennedy had been fired for molesting young boys. Well, Lorna certainly wouldn't be missed. This new girl Sophie seemed pretty bright.

"That's all for today, ladies and gentlemen."

Just as the conference finished, there was a gentle knock on the door.

"May I, Mistress?" Colin asked.

Tracey nodded. Her boyfriend went to the front door and let in his wife. Rachel looked exhausted but she came straight across the room and kissed both of Tracey's bare feet.

Rachel was mid-twenties, blue-eyed, wearing lots of makeup, lipstick and eyeliner. She was dressed in thigh-high leather boots, fishnets, a micro-skirt and crop-top, with a bare midriff and exposed cleavage. Her belly button was pierced with a stud and she sported several colourful body tattoos.

She opened her purse and handed it to Tracey.

Street whores had to work hard for their money nowadays. There were so many skivvies sent back from the Penal Colonies that free sex was hardly in short supply. But there was still demand for 'alley-way fucks' and 'car-seat blowjobs' if a hooker wasn't too fussy about her clientele.

Rachel looked up hopefully as Tracey counted the cash and the knotted condoms. After a long day in the nail salon, Rachel had to do 2-3 hours on the streets, literally paying for her supper.

Tracey smiled, satisfied. There were three used condoms with bulging tips. She patted Colin's wife on the head and gestured for her to get up.

“Right, you two, let’s all eat!”

Chapter 5 - Marissa

Caitlyn could feel the sweat running down the hollow of her back. The office was quite warm, and she was wearing her best office suit, but that wasn't the main issue. She was so nervous that she felt she might faint at any minute. She was stood with her feet together and her hands by her sides, almost as if she was at attention.

In front of her, sat at a high desk, was the reason for her nerves. The young woman, not much more than a girl really, was slowly scrolling through a tablet and referring to the paperwork that Caitlyn had been required to bring with her. Every so often the girl looked up from her desk to scrutinise her.

Her grim expression and dark, slightly almond-shaped eyes couldn't hide the fact that she was a particularly attractive young woman. Even her dark hair, cut into a severe-looking bob and swept behind her ears, emphasised her beauty rather than detracted from it. The problem was, as far as Caitlyn was concerned, was what she was wearing.

A masculine-looking dark suit, crisp white shirt, as opposed to a blouse, and a smartly knotted black tie with the Mainland Security logo embossed on it in red. Mainland Security was an organisation to be avoided at all costs. It was in effect the government's own police force. A secretive, semi-military task force fanatical in its support of the People's Government.

Caitlyn knew only too well that its officers were notoriously the most loyal, the most aggressive, and the most hard-core of all the services controlled by the People's Government. And here she was, at MS headquarters, stood in front of an unsmiling young female officer. Her pale blue blouse was sticking to her now, and her mouth felt parched.

The young girl looked up at her again.

"Do you know why you're here, Mrs ...Gibson?"

The girl's voice was clear and authoritative. A voice, thought Caitlyn with a little shiver, that was used to being heard and obeyed.

"Erm...no...miss," she added hurriedly.

Who knew what sort of power this little chit of a girl wielded? Caitlyn didn't really want to find out, so there was no point in antagonising her if she could help it. The girl raised her perfectly manicured eyebrows.

"Are you sure, Mrs Gibson? Perhaps if you were to cast your mind back a little?"

Caitlyn could feel the sweat running down her forehead now. She blinked a little to keep it out of her eyes. What did the little bitch mean? How far back? Was she talking about an unpaid parking ticket or something? The girl gazed back at her with a serene look on her face.

"Well? Are you being deliberately obstructive?"

"N...no, miss."

"You do know it's offence to obstruct a Mainland Security officer, don't you?"

"Yes, miss."

The girl looked her up and down.

"So why do you think you're here?"

Caitlyn shook her head miserably.

"I don't know, miss. I'm sorry, miss," she almost whispered.

The smug little bitch was easily young enough to be her daughter by the looks of her, but even so, she terrified Caitlyn. There was just something about her, the aura of pure dominance that she exuded.

"Let me try and help you, Caitlyn. Do you mind if I call you Caitlyn, by the way?"

Caitlyn shook her head, as if she had a choice in the matter.

"My name is Diaz, Caitlyn. I'm a captain in Mainland Security. Do you think my boss would send me to talk with someone like you if it wasn't a fairly serious situation?"

Caitlyn Gibson felt her stomach turn to ice-water. She had a sudden, overwhelming urge to wet herself. Oh God! What had she done that would warrant an interview with Mainland Security. She couldn't prevent a couple of tears sliding down her flushed cheeks.

"Any ideas yet?" Asked the uniformed girl?

Caitlyn reached up and wiped her eyes.

N...no, miss."

The girl smiled showing her perfect, white teeth.

"Does the name Antiwokegirl mean anything to you?"

Caitlyn's jaw dropped open in shock. How the hell did they know about that? That was years ago! That was when she was at university. There was no way they could possibly...Who was she kidding, they knew alright, the bastards.

The girl's smiled widened, but her eyes retained their cool, impassive glare.

"Oh dear, I can see that it does."

The rest of the day passed in a blur for Caitlyn. The last thing she saw before being hooded and frog-marched down two or three flights of stairs by two intimidatingly large men was that little bitch's face smiling at her. Why had they done this to her? She was a law-abiding citizen with a good job. She was married to another law-abiding citizen with his own little business. Between them they owned a nice house. Nothing special, but they owned it outright.

Shit! What about Trevor, did he know what was going on? In the panic, she'd forgotten about him. Now that she was sat on her own in a little windowless cell, somewhere underground presumably, she had time to think. Trevor wasn't exactly a gorgeous hunk, but he was hers and he was all she had. What was he going to say when he found out about this?

They loved each other in their own way and were the best of friends, if no longer lovers. He'd be worried about her by now surely? Would he have called the police? But what could they do? She didn't know much about politics but even she was sure that Mainland Security outranked the local police force by some margin.

She was hungry, she realised, so it must be around 6pm when they usually had their evening meal. She hoped that he was taking care of himself. They were a traditional couple and she did most of the cooking. Having said that, was she going to get something to eat soon? Or even something to drink? She must have been in this horrible little cell for hours. She was hot and uncomfortable and she desperately needed to pee. Hopefully she'd be on her way home before she needed to use the galvanised bucket in the corner.

She carefully removed her jacket and lay on the narrow, lumpy mattress. Those bloody messages on social media! But they must have been 15 years ago at least. Had they just discovered them or something? Or had they been read a while ago but left on file until now? But why had they been brought out right now? She'd only done them for a laugh, to wind up the Lefties. She was probably drunk at the time. Grimly she turned onto her side and tried to get comfortable.

In the similarly soundproofed cell on the other side of the wall to which his wife faced, Trevor Gibson was howling. His naked backside had been corrugated and cut by numerous applications of a flexible length of Malacca cane. He began to shake as he heard the click of high heels alongside him.

"P...please, no more. I d...don't know....please"

His tormentor came into view, black, leather, high-heeled boots. A black a-line skirt, a white shirt, and a black tie. She slipped her skirt a little higher up her thighs revealing more of her stockings and squatted slightly so that their heads were fairly close. That would normally have been quite an erotic thing to do, but not here in a small, airless cell that smelled strongly of his own piss. Not when he was strapped over a caning bench and his arse felt as if he'd sat on a griddle.

The girl rubbed a finger up his cheek, catching a few tears as she did so.

"So tell me more about your wife, Trevor?"

He was panting now, and his heart was beating wildly. What did the little cow want? He'd told her all he knew about Cait. About her job and her family and her friends. He'd even disclosed her sexual predilections and everything he could recall regarding their entire, unexciting, vanilla sex life. She'd beaten him at first when he wouldn't tell her what she wanted to hear. But then as his backside was being thrashed with greater and greater vigour, he'd capitulated and told her everything she wanted to know

"What are her political affiliations for example, Trevor? My informants tell me she's thoroughly opposed to the New Government, is that the case?"

When he didn't answer immediately she adjusted her position and slapped his cheek hard.

"I asked you a question, Trevor."

"I...I don't know. We've never really discussed politics much, I..."

She held a finger to his lips and then, when he was silent, slipped the 3 feet of springy Malacca in between his teeth so he held the cane like a dog with a bone.

"I have an unfortunate feeling that you're not taking me seriously, Trevor. Look at me and take note."

He tried explaining that he was taking her very seriously indeed, but all that came out was an unintelligible jumble of words. Instead, he watched fearfully as she slowly and calmly unbuttoned the cuff of her starched white shirt and carefully folded up the sleeve until it was above her elbow.

He couldn't help but wonder how a young girl with such slim arms could generate the dreadful throbbing pain in his wealed buttocks. He shook his head a little and tried to speak, tried to beg in fact. She undid the other cuff without taking her cold, dark eyes from his tearful blue ones.

"I'd advise you, very strongly, not to drop my cane on the floor, Trevor. The consequences would be extremely serious for you."

He could feel himself beginning to cry. She hadn't done anything to him, but as he watched her roll the sleeve past her elbow for the second time he was sure that state of affairs wasn't going to last much longer. She stepped towards him with a click of her heels and then reached down to recover her cane. She bent it between her hands in an arc for his benefit and then swished it through the air a couple of times.

"You're getting 10 strokes, Trevor. 10 of the hardest strokes I can deliver. They're going to hurt you, I can promise you that. In fact they're going to hurt a lot."

"Please...please...I've told you I..."

"When you've had 10 strokes," she continued as if he hadn't spoken. "I'm going to come back and ask you that same question regarding your wife's politics. If you can't or won't tell me what I want to hear, I'm going to give you another 10 strokes and then ask you again."

"No, no...please, I'm begging you please..." he blubbered, tears pouring down his face.

"The most I've ever given is 90 strokes to a proper man before he told me everything I wanted to hear. Although he had to be revived twice with smelling salts and then spent a couple of days in hospital. Looking at a limp-dicked excuse for a man like you, I can't see you lasting another 10 to be honest, but who knows? You may surprise us all yet."

"Pleeease. I'll tell you now, I'll tell you NOW!"

"You had the chance, limp-dick. Perhaps you should have taken it then?"

As the heels tapped their way alongside him he howled and begged and strained at his bindings. Captain Marissa Diaz smiled as she listened, this was always her favourite part of the job.

Chapter 6 - Lorna

Lorna was courageous.

Yes, she was intelligent, educated, diligent and stubborn but, above all, she was *brave*.

She'd been a student back in 2022, when the "Glorious First" coup delivered a new Government and a new era. She'd agreed wholeheartedly with the 'Act of Payback' agenda and sending the 'One Percent' to the Penal Colonies. She'd marched and chanted and celebrated as the Militia stormed the urban mansions and country estates of the filthy rich.

But now – eight years later – Lorna was no longer so naive. As one of the country's leading journalists, the 'voice of the people' on the State-owned Mainland Broadcasting Corporation, she was calling a spade a spade.

The fact was, Zadie Wood was a liar. Sure, the old elite were partly to blame. And maybe the forecasters hadn't got everything right. But how could the People's Government protest the financial disaster was nothing at all to do with them?

"And what about you, Ms. Wood? Do you accept *any* responsibility?"

There. She'd said it. The question that had to be asked.

Lorna saw Zadie Wood's eyes flash with anger. There was an audible intake of breath from all the other correspondents. Everybody glanced at Lorna and then immediately looked away again, as if they didn't want to be associated with her. Cameras and lights swivelled and homed in on Lorna's face.

"That's an interesting question, Lorna. Thank you."

Zadie Wood beamed at the audience, her reply beamed into millions of homes around the country.

"We have set up an independent enquiry to consider whether any blame can be attached to the government and its ministers. It will report in due course. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, that's all for today."

Lorna was lying on the sofa listening to Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto. Her boyfriend was massaging her feet and she had an untouched glass of wine on the floor beside her.

"Are you sure you should have asked it?" James murmured. "So publicly? On TV like that?"

She sighed. "It's my job, James. If I don't ask difficult questions, who else is going to? We might as well have never had the Glorious First if journalists are frightened to speak up."

He was silent. They'd been living together for 18 months. James was sweet, a poet and artist, and her sexual submissive. But he still spoke his mind. She couldn't have dated a doormat.

"Come on, let's go to bed." She said.

The loud banging at the door at 02.23 hrs could only mean one thing.

The Militia always turned up unannounced in the middle of the night to make their arrests. Lorna turned on the lamp but before she could put any clothes on, their bedroom door opened and several Student Officers entered.

"Lorna Kennedy and James Whipple, you are both being arrested under Section 9 of the Payback Act. Come with us."

Lorna woke with a start.

It was pitch black. The first thing she realised was that she couldn't move an inch. Her neck was strapped down and she was lying flat on her back on some kind of hard bed. Her arms were stretched out and her wrists had been secured.

Worst of all, her legs were splayed obscenely wide in what she guessed were gynaecological stirrups. When the Militia came, she'd been sleeping in her favourite nightwear of just a pair of cotton shorts. She could still feel them on her, *thank heavens*.

She tugged hard on her forearms and thighs. But her wrists and ankles wouldn't budge. She tried to move her head sideways but any movement hurt her neck. So she lay there motionless.

Eventually a fierce blaze of light blinded her.

She couldn't see but she heard a metal door scrape open, footsteps, the click-clack of high heels, and blurred movement.

"And what about you, Ms. Kennedy? Do you accept any responsibility for your stupidity?"

Lorna blinked. Her eyes slowly became accustomed to the brightness. Then she saw the silhouette of Zadie Wood hovering above her.

"Where am I? What have I done wrong?"

"That's an interesting question, Lorna. One that we shall enjoy spending a great deal of time discussing over the next few days, weeks, even months if you're resilient and lucky."

"B ... but you can't do this? I'm a journalist, a TV celebrity."

Zadie Wood's dark face was slowly emerging from the shadows. She wore glasses and her short hair was grey. She reached down and casually put a hand on Lorna's bare breast.

"Hmm." She snorted a chuckle. "Celebrity? You've already been replaced my dear. Journos, hacks, gossips, influencers, celebs. All two a penny. What *was* your name? Lara? Lolita? Kendall? Kemp? Ooh, I forget now."

"Look ... people will come looking for me. My family, my boyfriend, my colleagues."

"Your family? Well, your mum, dad and brother are already on their way to Penal Colony Nine. So I don't think your aunts, uncles and cousins are going to risk causing much of a fuss. Your cute ex-boyfriend James? Hmm, not really. And as for your colleagues? Well we'd like to ask you some questions about them. About which ones are trouble-makers like you."

Lorna heard male laughter. There were several other people in the room.

"What are you going to do to me? Rape me?"

Zadie smiled and looked around at whoever was there with her. There was a rattling sound. Suddenly a large car-battery on a trolley appeared with several electric cables and alligator-clips hanging from it.

"Oh no, Lorna. That comes later. You'll be begging my associates for sex by then. No, they'll start with some altogether more ... interesting techniques."

Lorna screamed.

Electric current ripped through her body yet again. Her spine rose up off the bed frame and arched like a bow - hips and tits thrust out - before her buttocks and shoulder-blades slammed back down against the hard wood.

She was naked, glistening with sweat and oil, gasping for oxygen and mercy. There were alligator-clips attached to her nipples and labia and a large copper tube had been inserted deep in her anus.

The four men studied her without emotion. There were two specialist interrogators and two guards. She'd long since given up everything she knew and many more things she'd fabricated simply to stop the pain. Over the past 72 hours, she'd provided evidence against her parents, brother and other relatives, her best friends and a dozen colleagues, and James, her boyfriend.

She'd even signed a full confession that she was the ringleader of a gang of professional women who kidnapped and assaulted young males.

At one stage, Zadie Smith had popped her head in to hear Lorna's heartfelt confession and personal apology. Zadie listened, nodded, smiled and then casually told the men to continue. Corrupt hacks like Lorna obviously had to be 'persuaded' to reveal all their sources.

"Aaaagggggggggghhhhhh ..."

Her body arched again, almost forming the shape of the letter 'n', with her wrists and ankles secured at the bottom, her arms and legs as the two sides of the 'n', and her thrust-out hips forming the letter's peak.

She froze like that for several seconds before smashing downwards like a sack of broken limbs.

The two interrogators exchanged glances and shrugs.

One of them switched off the battery's juice and licked the sweat from his upper lip.

Chapter 7 - Corinne

The factory was up and running at full capacity. The noise and the heat generated even in that massive space was incredible. Corinne had seen images of Victorian mills and she couldn't help but think that the life she was living now wasn't far removed from those terrible times. The line she was working on never closed down. When her 12 hours were up, another pale-faced woman took her place on the conveyor belt.

Then Corinne would stagger away, exhausted and grimy to the kitchen where she was provided with some sort of gruel, every drop of which had to be finished no matter how revolting. She often remembered how, in the early days, one of her older colleagues had earnestly tried to explain that she was vegan before being placed over the edge of a long dining table and being leathered across her plump, gyrating backside for their entire dining experience.

She hadn't seen that woman recently, she couldn't even remember her name if she was honest. She could only assume the woman had fallen below her weekly target and been sent to a penal colony. So many of her colleagues had just disappeared without a trace. Of her original one hundred or so colleagues, less than half remained.

Annette, her boss, had never really recovered from the shame of being publically thrashed with a cane and had gone shortly afterwards. John had lasted about a month or so and then he'd disappeared from her dormitory. Now it was twice as full as it had been originally. Newcomers had been squeezed into their already limited space and now their own personal space consisted of just one mattress.

Not that it was Corinne's own mattress. She shared it with someone else, someone she'd never met but judging by the reek of it and the sticky deposits that were sometimes left for her to discover, it was a man with poor self-hygiene. Who these newcomers were, and more and more arrived each week, she couldn't really say.

Talking in the factory itself was almost impossible due to the noise, she slept exhaustedly for 7 hours, and for the rest of the time she was assigned to some sort of work detail around the camp, digging or labouring or moving rocks onto the back of trucks. Back-breaking work that left little time for any sort of discussion.

Occasionally though she got the opportunity to grab a couple of minutes to exchange information with one of the newcomers. as far as she could tell, more and more people were being recruited from the cities to work on farms or in factories. As if somehow the economy as a whole had become far more labour-intensive than it used to be.

A man named Robert, a decent guy considering he was on parole from a penal colony, told her that in his opinion the People's Government was running out of money and it was cheaper to use slave labour than to invest in new machinery. And the more she thought about it, the more that particular observation seemed to make sense. If the government wanted things made quickly, a machine would surely be more efficient than humans?

As she knelt that evening with her hands behind her back and her mouth stuffed with Mr Ransome's prick, she fantasised about pausing what she was doing and actually asking him if that was true. It would almost be worth the punishment that she'd be bound to receive for doing that. Almost, but not quite. In exchange for being Ransome's sexual plaything she was rewarded with a warm shower prior to whatever role he wanted her to act.

Sometimes he even supplied her with lingerie and revealing clothes which he usually allowed her to keep. And in the current climate a girl in a People's Factory had to take advantage of every slice of luck that came her way.

"gak"

"gak"

"gak"

She could feel him stiffening but then he tugged her hair signifying that she should pause. He groaned when she removed him from her mouth with an audible 'plop'.

"Go and put your presents on and then come back. Quickly."

She hurried into his bedroom. White heels, white stockings and a white push-up bra. He wasn't exactly Mr Innovation, but who was she to argue? She dressed herself, enjoying the feel of nylon against her bare skin. The only problem was that it reminded her of her old life and especially the married part of her old life. She'd worn something similar to this on her own wedding night.

She scurried back into the living room and was greeted by the sight of him gently stroking his own erect penis.

"I think I'll have you on your knees, Mrs Pearson. Spread them as wide as you can and squeeze those tits against the carpet."

She grimaced a little when she heard him use her married name. he only did it to upset her, the bastard. She obeyed him and felt him push her legs apart so that he place his cock against her anus. She hated this form of sex, but doubtless he knew that as well. He thrust himself into her, it used to hurt but she'd been used in that position so many times it was now merely degrading rather than painful.

He pushed himself in and out so that her breasts rubbed uncomfortably against the carpet. She could hear him panting in her ear and then suddenly he spoke.

"I've got good news and I've got bad news for you, Mrs Pearson."

She felt her heart rate increase.

"Which do you want to hear first?"

"The good news, sir?" She gasped in rhythm to the thrusting of his hips.

"I've found myself a new tart to replace you. You're starting to bore me now. She's a horny little bitch by the name of Emily."

"B..but..." Corinne could hardly gather her thoughts. Did that mean...?

"Which means that I'm shipping you out tonight."

She began to cry.

"That's not a problem is it, Mrs Pearson? You've tried your best, but your best just isn't good enough I'm afraid. "

"P...please, sir. I'm..."

"Old and tired, Mrs Pearson? Yes I know, saggy and well used, like an old pair of slippers. I wouldn't worry too much though, I'd imagine a penal colony somewhere will be able to find a new role for you. Do you remember your friend Annette? I was fucking her before you, but I soon got tired of her. She's in a penal colony now, I hear. She's not doing so well, I'm afraid."

Corinne was distraught. She hardly noticed that he pulled out of her and ejaculated copiously over her backside as a sort of leaving present. Even when she had to suck him clean her mind could only encompass the words 'penal colony'.

"Yes, she's got a new job on a farm, apparently. Up at dawn every day, milking, herding, helping to gather in the crops, digging, general fetching and carrying, helping to encourage the farm workers morale. You know the sort of thing, I imagine? Lots of healthy outdoor work, not a lot of time to rest I'm afraid. And it is the rainy season, and the winters can be cold up there. It's a lot further North than us even. But there again, beggars can't be choosers."

Corinne remained knelt on the floor, too shocked to even wipe up his sperm that was sliding down her backside.

"Up you get, whore. may as well go and get a warm shower hey? Might be your last one for quite some time?"

Chapter 8 - Sophie

Sophie was 21, a recently graduate in journalism and media studies, and currently unemployed.

“So, you have decent grades. Do you have total belief in the government?”

Completely out of the blue, Sophie had been summoned for an interview. *And not just any interview.* She’d been picked up and driven to the offices of General Mohammed Demir, the Minister for Security, Mainland, Military and Communications. He was one of the two most important people in the country.

“Yes sir.”

It was true. Sophie had spent her three undergraduate years marching, chanting, and writing in support of the Government. Her thesis had been on a ‘Future of Blissful Equality and Success’.

Mohammed Demir looked up from his screen and peered at her. He was a burly black man with grizzled hair and a barrel-shaped body.

“You’ve heard of Lorna Kennedy no doubt?”

“THE Lorna Kennedy? Of the Mainland Broadcasting Corporation? Yes, of course.”

“We need to replace her. Would you be interested?”

Sophie gulped. *This couldn’t be true. Her dream job!*

“B ... yeah, of course.”

“I need to see your tits.”

Sophie blinked. She’d been on her way to the library when they picked her up. She was wearing just a sleeveless shirt, a short skirt and trainers.

“My ... why?”

Mohammed Demir sighed and gestured for Lorna to leave.

“But ... okay ...” she stammered, “I just want to know ... why, sir.”

He didn’t reply. He just stared at her.

Slowly, Sophie unbuttoned her shirt and eased it apart. All the time she was thinking *#metoo*. This kind of disgusting behaviour was meant to have ended over a decade ago.

She knew that her breasts were her most prominent feature. E-Cup and firm. She was wearing a white under-wired bra.

“Your tits.” He said. “Not your fucking bra.”

She reached behind her and unclipped it. Blushing, she let the cups fall, exposing her pale boobs.

“How much do you want to work?” he asked.

“I ... if you’re asking how much I want to replace Lorna Kennedy ...”

He held up a hand impatiently.

“No, Sophie, I’m asking how much you want to work. Ever? In *any* job? Even pulling pints or washing dishes.”

It dawned on her what he was saying. Tears stung her eyes.

“V ... very much, sir. I want to work very much. Please.”

He peered at his screen again. “Mick Crabbe?”

“Yes sir. M ... my boyfriend.”

“You have 8 hours to get rid of him. Or he will be arrested.”

“Y ... yes, okay, sir.”

“Show me your cunt. Raise your skirt.”

With wet tears running down her cheeks, Sophie raised the hem of her skirt. Without even being asked, she pulled down her thong.

He beckoned her forward, around his desk, to his chair.

“Don’t be afraid, Sophie. I have something you want. You have something I want. It’s a simple business transaction.”

His black fingers pushed her tuft of pubic hair aside and probed her vagina. She blinked at him with moist eyes. He was older than her dad. Almost as old as her gramps.

“Y ... y ... yes sir.” She sobbed.

"I will arrange for you to attend Zadie Wood's next press conference in Lorna Kennedy's place on behalf of the MBC."

"Really?"

Her dream was back on.

"And in return, sir?"

General Demir smiled, withdrew his fingers, and sat back in his chair.

"I have three mistresses as well as my two wives." He said, sniffing his fingertips. "You will be my fourth mistress."

She shut her eyes, picturing a kind of trade; illegal drugs for illicit cash. Then she opened them and looked at him.

"Yes sir."

"Don't worry, my tastes are simple." He shrugged. "No whips, chains, anything like that. Just fucking, anal and blowjobs, and ..." he winked ... "a tit-fuck or two."

Sophie heard her own dry throat gulp. She felt like she was shaking hands with the Devil.

"That's ... a deal, sir."

Sophie pressed her face into the leather cushions.

She had her hips raised and her knees apart, so that the Minister for Security, Mainland, Military and Communications could enjoy the tightness of her 21 yr old body.

He was fucking her from behind, on the corner sofa in his office. The internal doors were shut but unlocked. She could hear endless footsteps and voices in the corridor outside as government employees went about their daily business. She could hear women in the next door office chatting and laughing. The Minister's three secretaries were only just the other side of the internal wall.

She felt his strong hands reaching underneath her to release her breasts from her bra-cups. His fingers rolled her nipples and flesh around his palms.

"Harder, Mohammed, please."

She begged, raising her head and staring at the camera lens that was only a few feet from her face. She gasped with the apparent pleasure her older boyfriend was giving her as he intensified his thrusts.

Anybody viewing the movies made in this office would conclude only three things; (i) that what was happening was consensual (ii) that Mr. Demir was a prodigious lover and (iii) that Sophie Barton was a total slut.

"Yes ... yes ... yes ... oh ... yesss aaghhhh ... mmm ..."

She faked a violent orgasm very convincingly, just as she felt her 57 yr old Master inject her pussy with his warm fluid. A flashback of sex with her boyfriend Mick invaded her mind until she suppressed the image. Sophie had tried to end their relationship but he'd refused to accept her decision.

She waited until the Minister for Security, Mainland, Military and Communications pulled out of her and then she whirled round on the sofa, chasing his glistening erection. She sucked it into her mouth hungrily and began cleaning him, making sure she was side onto the camera lens, as she'd been ordered.

Another memory assaulted her brain. She couldn't forget sucking Mick only a week earlier. They were still in that early, sex-crazed stage of their romance. But now he was locked in a Security cell somewhere, awaiting the Minister's decision about his fate.

Mohammed's brown eyes looked down at her while she cleaned him, but she could see that he'd already turned to ministerial matters. She was nothing more than a middle-of-the-day sexual diversion for him, a form of masturbation. He eased his length out of her mouth and inspected it for cleanliness.

"Dowd!"

The door opened and one of his secretaries appeared, holding a notebook and pen.

Sophie blushed. The woman was in her 50s, with a perm of grey hair and horn-rimmed spectacles. She seemingly knew all about her boss's office liaisons.

"Yes sir."

"Escort Miss Barton downstairs and through security."

"Of course, sir."

Sophie hurriedly began straightening her clothes. She pulled her breasts back into their cups and smoothed down her skirt. She was leaking all over her inner thighs. She found her stiletto heels and put them back on.

But General Demir was even quicker. He'd tucked his penis into his boxer shorts and pulled up his uniform trousers. He was already sat at his desk perusing papers.

"Er ... goodbye s ... sir." Sophie stammered, hoping he might signal something about his decision regarding Mick.

But he looked up at his secretary instead.

"Put Miss Barton in my diary for Friday at 11.15 hrs. For fifteen minutes. I'll squeeze her in between the Comms meeting and General Singh at 11.30."

"Of course, sir. And will you require the cameras again?"

He looked at Sophie. He already had three recordings of their daytime trysts. They were quite enough to prove she was his eager slut. But he shrugged.

"Yes, why not?"

Chapter 9 - Marissa

Trevor lay face down on his bunk, it was too painful to do anything else. The fucking arrogant bitch had been right of course. He'd barely lasted three more strokes of that dreadful cane. She hadn't exaggerated the pain he'd suffered either. In fact, if anything, she'd wildly underestimated it. It was as if electric fire had been applied to his already raw backside.

He'd shrieked and cried and begged her to stop, but she'd been as good as her word and had applied a stroke every minute or so. She wanted him to feel every one of them properly. Those were the words she'd used. She wanted him to grovel at the end of his punishment as well, and that's exactly what he'd done. Down on his belly slobbering over her immaculate, shiny, high-heeled boots.

Then standing naked at attention while another similarly dressed female assistant took photographs from every angle. Even her obvious smirk of derision at his shrivelled manhood didn't really register. He just wanted the whole humiliating event to end as soon as possible.

He'd told her, Captain Diaz, absolutely everything he knew about Cait. Apparently the whole thing was about her. As far as he could make out, she'd sent some sort of abusive, anti-government email to the wrong people. In one sense he was relieved that it wasn't anything he'd done. But in another he felt guilty about spilling out everything that might incriminate her.

But there again it was true that in her youth she'd been anti-Collective. A lot of people were, as he recalled. There was plenty of lively debate involving the various strands of politics both in newspapers and on the internet. Well, that was before the internet was rightly brought under control of the People's Government of course.

So then he wasn't quite sure when Cait was meant to have written this anti-government email. Was it recently, or was it years ago? He was struggling to get his head around it to be honest. What didn't help either was the volume of noise in his new cell. All around him he could hear the noise of shouting and screaming which was beginning to set his teeth on edge. Some poor woman in particular seemed to almost continually shrieking.

Just two cells down from Trevor Gibson, his wife was having the front of one of her plump thighs blistered with a broad wooden paddle. She was suspended from a beam by a rope tied to her wrists which allowed her to just about balance on a low stool. Her bottom was already a blazing red colour and felt hot to the touch.

Her office suit and her dark blue, silk knickers had been removed, but she'd been allowed to retain her blouse and her brown stockings. Although her stockings had been rolled down to her knees in order to allow Marissa Diaz to assault Caitlyn's long legs.

Slaaaap!

The paddle added another broad band of pain which made the woman howl.

"We've established that you're an anti-government agitator, Caitlyn, I think that's an actual fact, don't you?"

Slaaaap!

Another stroke, in the same place on the same thigh produced a similar reaction to the dozen or so that had preceded it.

"Y...yes, miss! Yes...yes."

The paddle was agonisingly painful. Her backside was throbbing from the earlier attention shown to it by the heartless bitch who now ruled her life. But the front of her thigh hurt dreadfully.

Slaaaap!

"Oooooowwww!"

"What are you again, Caitlyn?"

"An agitator, miss. An anti-g...government agitator, miss."

"Hmmm. Well that's settled I suppose. But now I want to know everything about Trevor. Because that would only be fair, wouldn't it?"

Caitlyn attempted to unpick that question, but she wasn't quite quick enough

Slaaaap!

"Oooooowwww! Aaaagh. Please, pleeease."

"Fair because your husband has told me everything about you. That's how we've established the fact that you're an anti-government agitator. An enemy of the people in fact."

Caitlyn struggled, not only to overcome the terrible burning sensation in her left thigh, but also to make sense of that last statement. What had Trevor said? What had he told these pigs?

"So I know everything about you, Caitlyn. I know all about your sister, Grace and her little family. I know where your nieces go to college. I know when your mum and dad's birthdays are. I know how many bank accounts you have and I know the PIN numbers. I know how much your house is worth. I also know what sort of porn Trevor wanks himself off to, and who he really used to think about when he last fucked you, all those years ago."

"Th...that's just not true. I know..."

"You know nothing, Caitlyn," interrupted the girl brusquely. "I can see why he grew tired of you, we all can. It's hardly a secret is it?"

Caitlyn sniffed and sobbed a little. The girl walked over to her desk and lay down the heavy, wooden paddle. Slowly she unbuttoned her black jacket and carefully hung it up, taking time to ensure that it was done properly so that the creases would fall out. She leaned back on the edge of her desk and sipped at a glass of water.

Caitlyn licked her lips, partly through nerves and partly because she was very thirsty. Her mind was whirling, clearly Trevor had told them everything. She wondered if they'd beaten and humiliated him as well. She watched as the little bitch drained her glass. She had hardly raised a sweat, and that was despite the fact she'd been paddling her backside for what seemed like forever.

She herself was sweating profusely and her hair was matted to her forehead. Her bottom and her thigh ached abominably, but at least it seemed to be over. Then to her horror, she saw the young Mainland Security office pick up the paddle again and advance towards her.

"So, let's get back to hubby. I need to know as much about him as I know about you."

Slaaaap!

The wood bit deeply into the front of her unmarked right thigh and elicited the usual response.

"Owwwowwow!"

Slaaaap!

"Aaargh...please. I..."

Slaaaap!

Caitlyn's world was now reduced to a haze of constant pain. All she wanted was for the pain to stop. She begged and begged the uniformed girl to stop beating her. She promised, she promised faithfully that she would tell her everything she wanted to know. Then she fainted.

She was brought too by a cup of water thrown in her face. She opened her eyes to see another, younger officer busily taking pictures of her as she hung from the rafters.

The sadist in front of her smiled.

"I'm going to give you one last chance, Caitlyn. I want you to tell me all about Trevor, more specifically his pathetic sex life. He told me you were in to all sorts of things and that, despite his obvious shortcomings, that you were still madly in love with him. Are those things true? I hope for his sake that they are, Caitlyn, because if he's been lying to me then I'm going to have all his fingers broken for him. And I'm going to make you watch."

Caitlyn swallowed. Obviously she didn't know what Trevor had said to this dreadful little bitch, but she had to try and stand up for him. There was absolutely no doubt in her mind that Captain Diaz would carry out her vile threat.

"I...yes... I do love him of course..."

"That's interesting, Caitlyn. He told me you don't have much sex at the moment because, and I quote, 'Caitlyn's a bit of a fat pig nowadays'."

Caitlyn sniffed, she was a bit chubbier than she used to be, but she was hardly fat.

"What sort of things are you in to, Caitlyn? What do you two get up to when you have those infrequent bouts of love making?"

Caitlyn had to think fast. As far as she knew Trevor was only into fishing, football and drinking with his mates. But clearly this bitch wanted to hear something a bit naughtier than that.

"Erm, we like to 69 a lot," she began hopefully.

"Oh really? How exciting!" Mocked the younger woman

She picked up a cane from her desk and was swishing it through the air. The sheer evil noise it made was enough to turn Caitlyn's guts to water.

"He likes me to give him head while I kneel in front of him and watch me in the mirror."

She felt the tip of the cane tap her naked buttocks.

"He likes to wear my clothes!" She babbled. He wears my underwear whenever I give him a blow job"

"Anything else?"

"He..he makes me wear a butt-plug to work. And s...sometimes when I've been bad I have to wear nipple clamps and then take pictures of them at work and send them to him."

Caitlyn was barely conscious of what she was saying. But as she wasn't getting caned she felt encouraged to carry on describing her and Trevor's make-believe sex life..

"And he wants other men to fuck me! Fuck me in our marital bed while he has to kneel in the corner watching!"

The young woman strolled around to stand in front of Caitlyn and looked up at her.

"My, my. I have underestimated you two haven't I? You're quite the sexual adventurers!"

Marissa Diaz glanced across at the state of the art video and sound equipment in the far corner of the room. Every word captured for posterity, the pathetic couple condemned by their own admissions. Another case brought to a successful conclusion. Not only were they anti-government agitators, but sexual deviants as well.

It didn't take long after that. Their various bank accounts were frozen, and when they came to court and found guilty, the contents of them were confiscated by the State. Their house was seized, and their pensions were put into State jurisdiction. In other words they were financially ruined and, to add insult to injury, they were both sentenced to six years imprisonment with hard labour. Three years for conspiracy and another three for 'criminal deviancy'.

As Captain Diaz scrolled through the ever-growing list of potential enemies of the State she licked her lips pleasurable . Kneeling between her splayed legs was her administrative assistant and photographer. Helen had removed her shirt and tie and was lapping at her superiors glistening pussy.

"You're such a good girl for finding all these, Helen." Purred Marissa. "That as a special treat I'm going to let you select our next 'anti-government agitators'. "

An extra-special deep lick from her assistant's willing tongue told Marissa just what she thought of that particular idea.

Chapter 10 - Nico

MATV, the Mainland Alternative TV Company was nicknamed the Mainland ‘amusement’ TV Company and one of its most popular shows was “*Sadiators*”. It featured members of the elite competing with each other in a variety of humiliating competitions that tended to make the losers very *sad* indeed.

It was broadcast prime time at 8 p.m. on Fridays and Jake was sat next to a couple of mates in front of his widescreen TV, with Abigail curled alongside him on the sofa. He’d temporarily kept her as his house-slut even though he’d already found a new placement for her husband. It was likely she’d never see Nico again.

Well, except on MATV.

Nico was one of the new ‘Sadiators’ scheduled to compete that evening. He’d appeared briefly in the opening credits, dressed as a Roman warrior with a plumed helmet, leather chest-piece and shin-protectors, but his waist, groin and thighs were all totally exposed.

The raucous sound of the live audience cheering and baying for blood blasted through Jake’s speakers.

“He looks good.” Jake laughed, with his arm round Abigail, idly caressing her tit.

“Hung like a friggin’ donkey.” Don said, tipping his head back to swig the dregs from his can of lager.

“Fetch Don another.”

Abigail got off the sofa and sashayed to the fridge. She was wearing a cliché maid’s costume; black and white lacy frills, but with her breasts, vagina and buttocks all exposed. A horse’s tail jutted out from her anus.

She returned, knelt down in front of Jake’s friend, and presented him the chilled can with her eyes downcast.

Don took it and looked over at Jake with a raised eyebrow.

Jake shrugged and smiled. There was time before Nico’s appearance.

Don pulled Abigail up by the hair. He was a big guy, with muscles and tattoos, and he could have hurled her across the room. Instead he pushed her face into his lap.

None of the guys spoke. They just watched the screen and laughed, drinking beer.

Abigail swished her tail, butt raised high, exactly as Jake had taught her. She unzipped Don’s fly and extracted his cock, skilfully slurping it to its full size. Don playfully tapped the top of her head with his beer can.

On the screen, a row of four Sadiators was standing in a line while a quartet of smiling females attached electronic cages to their erections. The close up cameras showed each cock in turn as the cage’s sharp teeth pricked the wearer’s engorged flesh.

“Ooh, man, that’s gotta hurt!”

“Yeah but these dudes are trained to withstand it.”

Then a compere in a suit announced the start and digital scoreboards appeared at the bottom of the screen. Very quickly sparks started flying.

“Aaagghhh !!!”

The facial expressions of the four Sadiators were highly amusing to the millions of people watching at home. Eyes bulged, nostrils twitched, cheeks grimaced, mouths opened, saliva flew, foreheads creased and snot dribbled.

Their problem was that the less composed their faces remained, the higher the voltage that coursed through their genitals and along their spines into their brains. A digital counter bottom right of the screen ratcheted up from 1 to 1,000 as the current increased. Another display showed the betting odds.

“Aaaagghhh !!!”

Only the undefeated champion, a 34yr old hunk named ‘Top Dog’ was able to remain composed as his cock twitched crazily. He had once been a tech entrepreneur, married to a model, and had then served two years in a penal colony. Now he was using his relentless drive and determination to dominate the Sadiator world instead.

Number 4 collapsed in a heap as his counter passed 900 and grey smoke started floating up from his groin. A smiling, busty female held up a fire extinguisher for the audience to vote.

“Booooooooooooo!!”

“Hrrraaaaahhh.”

The cheers and jeers split about 50:50 but, mercifully, she aimed the red canister and snuffed out the fumes.

Don pulled Abigail’s fringe away from her forehead so that he could watch her. Her blue eyes looked up at him gratefully.

Jake got up to fetch himself another beer. As he passed Abigail on the way back, he stopped to admire her tail. The butt plug inside her asshole was huge. Even bigger than Nico’s cock. Not that Nico had ever fucked his wife’s ass. *But Jake had.*

As usual, Top Dog made the other three competitors sad. He continued his undefeated run at odds-on of 2-7. But even at that price Jake and his friends had won a decent sum.

“I ... I’m ... com ... yessssssssss.”

Don managed to force his eyes to stay open so he could watch Abigail’s expression as he coated her flat tongue with dollops of thick porridge. Her blue eyes bulged and she gagged but she kept her cheeks beaming with apparent happiness.

“Fancy a go, Del?”

Jake’s other friend was a quiet, black guy. He was married with a couple of kids. He shook his head sadly.

“Alright.” Jake patted the sofa next to him, indicating to Abigail she could rejoin him on the sofa.

“Excited?” he asked, as she sat carefully, placing her tail between two cushions. “Your hubby’s on soon.”

Nico Dempster had never been very competitive.

He was more of a diligent plodder, a marathon runner rather than a sprinter. That he’d done well at school was due more to hard graft than raw intelligence. He made his fortune in his early-20s as a program developer who worked 18 hours a day.

The only thing that had ever distinguished him from other industrious geeks was his penis. “Nico the pricko”, “Nick-Dick” and “Horse-Cock” were just some of the nicknames given to him once he’d revealed his endowment in the school showers.

He was shy about his cock instead of boastful. When Abigail had indicated she was finally ready to give him her virginity, Nico had resisted for weeks, saying they weren’t ready yet. When he finally laid his drainpipe in her small hand, she literally screamed.

Now he was dressed as a Roman gladiator of sorts, in a red-plumed helmet, a leather breast-plate and shin-pads. His groin and legs had been freshly shaved that afternoon and his pale shaft was exposed to everybody’s gaze.

All the backstage techs, makeup women, cameramen, giggling girls with clipboards and numerous hangers on, would glance, stop, stare and then nudge each other, laughing at what dangled between his thighs.

“Ooh, what a waste,” a cute blonde said to her doppelganger.

“Imagine being a skivvy with a cock like that.”

“Like a sports car with no battery!”

A young man with a megaphone came through shouting.

“Next up in two minutes; Morgan versus Dempster.”

A young female assistant came up to Nico and fingered his penis. She was provocatively dressed in a low cut sports bra and a bare midriff. Her name badge and cleavage were directly under Nico’s gaze. She licked her red lips suggestively and tickled the underside of his scrotum.

The name on her badge was Olga.

In spite of his shame and dread, he felt himself harden in moments. She smiled at her success without even looking down. His cock rose above 90 degrees and kept on rising; six, seven, eight ... almost nine inches.

Olga winked and took her fingers away.

“Good luck, Dempster!”

His opponent was a freakishly short man, barely 5ft tall, but with a cock almost as long as his forearm. Lewis Morgan was also dressed as a gladiator but in the style of a retarius; with a fishing net and a harmless plastic trident. He appeared as reluctant and anxious as Nico.

Both men were led onto the stage. Bright lights dazzled Nico so he could barely see. The audience noise was overwhelming. Slowly he was able to make out a sea of blurred faces. A man in a dark suit and microphone came over and smiled.

“Ladies and gentlemen, meet Nico and Lewis, our two newest Sadiators!”

There was more tumultuous applause.

“Right, let’s not waste time – or these splendid erections – so we’ll get on with the show.”

On stage, there were two large sex dolls. They were made of latex and were mostly pink, but they had realistic grey hair sewn on their heads and between their legs. Nico realised the dolls were modelled on older women, in their sixties or seventies.

“Here, Nico, you take Bertha. And Lewis, you take Beryl.”

The dolls were lying on the stage, like women sunbathing. Their faces smiled inanely up at the ceiling and their legs were spread wide. They had open mouths in the shape of O’s with red lips.

Olga reappeared with a large syringe the size of a washing up bottle. She knelt down and injected a considerable quantity of white fluid into Bertha’s fake vagina. A similar female assistant did the same to Beryl’s.

“Real semen, freshly masturbated by young men at the local college within the last fifteen minutes.”

The audience cheered as a screen lit up behind Nico. About a hundred guys were crowded into the picture. They waved at the camera. Some still has their pants down round their ankles.

“So, friends.” The Compere grinned. “Bertha and Beryl are fitted with very realistic and artificially-intelligent clitorises. The first man to bring his *‘girlfriend’* to three orgasms wins round one.”

Nico glanced at Lewis. Both were equally horrified.

But there could only be one winner.

“Oh man, yeeuch!”

Jake and his two friends put their hands in front of their mouths in a gagging gesture. They all turned and looked at Abigail.

Her husband was lying prone on the stage with his face buried between the crone’s thighs. His head was bobbing up and down as his tongue slurped the semen-coated latex. The fake labial lips were coloured bright red and they were slack, so that a competitor could literally bury his nose, mouth and chin inside the imitation vagina.

Jake had explained the rules to her. A ‘score’ monitor on the top left of the screen enabled the audience and viewers to watch the arousal level of each doll rise. When 100 was finally reached the doll shook and emitted shrieks to indicate a violent orgasm.

“Your old man’s in the lead ... just!”

Her husband was at 52 and his opponent was just behind on 48. Both mens’ heads were bucking up and down like broncos.

A micro-lens inside the dolls broadcast a close up view of the Sadiators as they tongued the artificial clits and very real semen. Pink tongues, white teeth, wide eyes, creamy froth, filled the screens. She could see Nico was gulping hard and twiddling the tip of his tongue but Lewis was evidently doing even better.

Now both were neck and neck on 66 each.

“Oh man, did Nico ever suck your cunt like that?”

Jake grinned at her, flicking her bare nipple. He knew their sex life had been pretty straight and unadventurous. Whereas he made her do all kind of wild, kinky acts. He loved rubbing that fact in.

“N ... no, sir.”

Jake smiled and belched beer in her face. Then he said:

“I need a piss.”

Nico was flicking his tongue and using the tip of his nose at the same time, imagining that might be more pleasurable to the robotic clitoris. He had no real idea how to perform cunnilingus. He and Abi had been pretty straight and unadventurous in bed. But he was merely naive rather than plain stupid. Surely his tongue and nose would provide double the pleasure?

Worst of all, was the cacophony of cheering and jeering he could hear from the studio audience behind him; hundreds of strangers witnessing his humiliation, enjoying it, relishing it.

He couldn't see them or see anything as his eyes rubbed the itchy pubic hair glued onto the latex. He couldn't quite blank out his mind to the cloying taste and nauseating smell of the semen along with the rubber. He'd never forget the faces of all those young guys on the screen waving at the camera. Grinning at him. Pants round their ankles and cocks still dribbling.

He had no idea of the score or how he was doing. Maybe Lewis was an oral genius? Maybe he stood no chance and all his effort and shame were for nothing?

Suddenly he felt the doll's thighs encircle his head, cutting off his oxygen. The doll began to buck and he heard piercing shrieks.

And then a huge eruption of pungent and sour fluid blasted his face.

Lorna was standing up, strapped into a pillory, watching the TV screen.

She was providing only part of the entertainment. Around her, six guards were watching some dreadful 'amusement TV' program called Sadiators. They were drinking, laughing, cheering and jeering as they watched two men compete to bring some horrible fake dolls orally to orgasm.

Lorna had long since run out of real or even fabricated evidence to give up to her interrogators. She'd even been shown photos of various friends and colleagues being arrested on what she'd said about them. Her media career as a 'celebrity journalist' was over.

However, she'd already embarked on her new career. As a 'celebrity whore'. Her first half dozen clients were the same men who'd extracted her confession. The large copper tube had been removed from her anus and each of the six men had replaced it, one by one.

One of them had already returned for Round Two. He was stood behind Lorna, slapping against her buttocks with his hips, ramming his erection into her now, very loose, very wet, bottom. At the same time he was smoking a cigarette wedged into his mouth

"Oh guys, that was close. 100 to 98."

"I reckon the Dempster guy deserved it ... just!"

"Imagine sucking up all that cum. Fuck me."

The thug in her bottom laughed, exhaling smoke into Lorna's ear.

"Still, the little guy might win Round Two!"

Regret is the emotion of wishing one had made a different decision in the past, because the consequences of the decision later proved to be unfortunate, or even disastrous.

Chapter 11 - Nigel

Nigel Clarke hated the creaky old house. He used to just dislike it, but that was when Emily was here with him. But now she was gone and he was lonely and miserable and...and terrified. Since his wife had been taken away, he'd had to bear the brunt of the bitch's malevolence. There seemed to be no escaping her and the collection of paddles and straps and assorted canes she seemed to take a perverse pleasure in wielding.

He was so stiff! He tried to straighten his back but it was impossible. Pretty much all he could do was to study himself in the mirror that the old woman had thoughtfully arranged in front of him. He still had his own teeth and his hair, although it was starting to go grey around the temples. He still looked lean though, the old bitch saw to that by feeding him the minimum amount of slop that still enabled him to function.

He wriggled his fingers, they were slowly starting to go numb as his hands were fastened on either side of his head to a pillory sort of arrangement on one end of a bench. His head was quite low and his hips quite high. He was usually tied to the bench whenever his mistress had a particularly severe punishment session in mind.

But this time was going to be different, she'd already told him so. Plus his legs had been separated instead of being bound together. His backside was on display and his legs were about as far apart as they could be without dislocating his hips. He didn't want to think what he looked like from behind but he knew he felt horribly exposed. His arse opened up and his balls dangling between his legs.

He could hear that the TV in the living room was still on. It was always fairly loud because she was a bit deaf. She was watching some horrible, idiotic game show judging by the sounds of raucous laughter coming from the television. He knew she liked that show where some poor woman was regularly thrashed and humiliated for the pleasure of a mob of baying cretins.

But as long as that dreadful idiocy was playing he was safe. She wouldn't leave until she'd had her fill of mindless sadism, he knew that much. He could remember the time she'd drunk too much and passed out while he'd been tied over the bench. He'd spent an uncomfortable night, but at least he hadn't been beaten. Perhaps that might happen again? Perhaps she might just...

Hold on a second, the laughter had stopped and the music from the show had started. Shit! did that mean it was over? He licked his lips nervously. He couldn't hear any movement downstairs. Perhaps..

The music suddenly stopped and he heard a distinct creaking noise. He could just imagine her levering her old frame out of her favourite armchair. He pulled a little at the straps that held him in place. It was futile, he knew. What was he going to do if he managed to get free anyway? Run away? Kill the sadistic old cow?

He often dreamed of murdering her, but he knew the consequences. Emily would be executed in front of him and he'd be sent to a male brothel on PC9 for whatever remained of his miserable existence. Plus he doubted if he'd have the nerve to actually do the deed. His days of male pride were long gone now. His landlady had seen to that alright.

And yet the weird thing was that she actually had a thing for him. She still fancied him, despite his crime and his lowly status she still fancied him. He'd had to fuck her a few times, often in front of his wife. She liked to cane Emily's bottom like a recalcitrant schoolgirl and then make her watch as she allowed him to penetrate her and then ride him to a loud climax. It wasn't particularly exciting for him, but he was in his chastity cage for so long that getting and maintaining an erection wasn't difficult at all despite her obvious lack of attraction.

When he was allowed to ejaculate he always thought longingly of his wife in his head. Although when that did happen, Emily was required to get on her hands and knees and lick out their landlady's wizened old cunt. Tonight was going to be different, however. He wasn't going to fuck his landlady, she was going to fuck him.

She'd already shown him her strap-on and explained in detail how a friend of hers had used it on one of her female slaves. In fact she'd clearly enjoyed telling him how the girl had kicked and fought but had

ultimately succumbed. That, she intimated, was going to be his fate. No matter what he did or didn't do, she was going to fuck him and enjoy doing so.

Was that the stairs creaking? Was she on her way? He pulled at the straps, more as something to do rather than an actual attempt to escape. He shivered a little, the house was cold as usual and he was naked. He'd been in this same humiliating position for over an hour, waiting. Just waiting, his opinion on the matter clearly unwanted.

That was definitely her, the creaking floorboard on the turn of the stairs gave it away. She was shuffling slowly upstairs in her typically ponderous way. The door to his miserable little room opened with a squeak from one of the hinges. He couldn't see her, all he could see from the angle his head was set at was his own scared looking reflection.

She came to stand by him. He felt her hand on his head, stroking his hair.

"Miss me, lover boy?"

"Yes, madam. Very much madam."

He knew she liked this servile form of address.

"Well, no need to panic. I'm here now."

Mavis smiled drunkenly.

She felt not one jot of affection for Nigel Clarke. She merely fancied him. She'd led a hard life and at her age she found it easy to separate 'lust' from 'love' or even, frankly, 'like'. She'd disliked Emily and enjoyed imagining that spoilt snob's continued suffering wherever she was now.

Whereas she didn't actively dislike Nigel. So long as he did exactly as she instructed, she tolerated him. His appearance pleased her. And now she was going to teach him a new way of pleasing her. It had been fun while it lasted, fucking Nigel on top and then making his prissy wife clean up the sticky mess. But there was something about allowing him to orgasm inside her that didn't sit right with Mavis.

The truth was that a radio interview with a female Minister had struck a chord. The woman had three male skivvies of her own and all of them were permanently chaste. They were effectively neutered, with pierced fraenum's locked down. It was far more effective retribution than actual removal.

Because the Minister ensured that her skivvies learned what us women have had to put up with for centuries; penetration and pain without even platitudes or pleasure. Her men now endured a regime of forced bisexuality and female dominance, via almost daily use of various plugs and strap-ons.

Mavis had become aroused and damp just listening to her talk. By the end of the interview, she was already online, trawling through an array of sex toys produced in the Penal Colonies. She been tempted by the biggest but in the end had settled for something called a Mainline-20; a thick, plastic penis that was twenty centimetres in length.

She stared down at the cleft between his bruised buttocks. Her eyesight was slightly blurred but she concentrated, focusing on the tight whorl of his anus. It reminded her of something one might see on the seabed; a darker patch with wrinkles homing in on a puckered mouth in the centre.

Her pink plastic snake jiggled between her thighs and she giggled, imagining the whole damned thing buried inside him, stretching the muscle and lining of his rectum, beginning the final stage of his humbling.

She shivered with lust. Her strap-on was double-ended. The pink dildo already wedged inside her was a much more comfortable size than the one that threatened Nigel's virgin sphincter. Hers was pliable silicone and, whilst nicely filling, it was thinner and slightly shorter.

She smiled and reached her hands down, carefully parting his buttocks with her thumbs, making him grunt. Yes, Minister. There was no need to soothe this skivvy with platitudes. All Nigel Clarke was going to get now was penetration and pain.

She was slurring her words a little, she was drunk as usual. She waddled across his line of sight. Fuck! She was already wearing it. She was strapped into it and it jutted out obscenely in front of her, eight inches or so of rigid, plastic cock.

"Like the look of it, my pretty?"

She sniggered in a creepy sort of way and shuffled out of his vision. The next thing he felt was a bony, intrusive finger between his arse cheeks, searching for his puckered anus. He shuddered and wriggled but her only reaction was another drunken snigger.

"Do you know why, Nigel? Why I'm going to make love to you tonight?"

He couldn't help himself.

"Make love to me?" He asked, incredulously.

"Yes, darling, that's right. Let me get you ready."

He felt the shock of the cold gel slapped between his cheeks and her finger squeezing into his anus, pushing the lube further into him.

"P...please, Madam."

He could feel something solid nuzzling against his hole, pushing firmly but gently.

"I'm doing it because I love you, baby. And I always have. Now that bitch is out of the way we can finally be alone together."

An image of his wife's beautiful, smiling face came to him for a fraction and then... indescribable agony as his middle-aged landlady rammed her plastic cock deep into his rectum.

He howled, partly in pain, partly for his beautiful wife and partly for everything else he'd lost since the People's Government had turned his comfortable life upside down.

Chapter 12 - Tracey, Nico, Jake and Tracey

Tracey had one eye on the screen.

One of her favourite shows was on; *Sadiators*.

But she kept the other eye on Colin and Rachel. They were performing for her like a pair of trained monkeys. She gave the order and the couple obeyed.

“Okay, now press down as hard as you can.”

Colin looked up at Tracey in alarm. He was squatting astride his wife Rachel’s nose. Each of his buttocks rested on one of her cheeks, squashing her face.

Tracey simply smiled at and pointed her index finger downwards.

Colin nodded obediently with his eyes. He had his back to the TV so that Tracey could see his face and the screen at the same time. He grimaced with effort and ground down, sealing his wife’s nostrils closed, cutting off her oxygen.

Tracey nodded in approval and returned her gaze to the screen. It was very funny. Two Saddos were both giving head to female dolls. She laughed and winked at Colin.

He remained motionless, his eyes pleading with her.

“Grind.”

She twirled her index finger in a rotating gesture.

Colin blinked and began shifting his weight, buttock to buttock, rocking forwards and back. His scrotum looked like a pair of used teabags resting on his wife’s chin.

There was a clock timer in the corner of the TV screen. Tracey watched the seconds pass. Rachel’s fingers and toes had started to twitch as her husband denied her oxygen.

Tracey studied Colin’s eyes, looking for any sign of disobedience. She didn’t mind him silently pleading with her but she wouldn’t stand for insubordination. Eventually, satisfied, she arched an eyebrow and raised her hand, giving him permission to rise up on his knees.

There was an audible gulp of air as Rachel inhaled.

“Flick them.”

Colin nodded and tapped the two clothes pegs sticking up from Rachel’s nipples. They bounced to and fro. They were steel and spring-loaded, with rubber coated teeth.

“Ssssss ...”

A hiss of pain escaped Rachel’s lips.

“Tongue.”

Tracey leaned forwards for a better view. Colin lowered his hips so that his scrotum and bottom hovered just within reach. His wife’s tongue snaked out of her mouth and slithered into the rim of his anus.

“Deeper.”

Tracey watched Rachel’s neck tense as she raised her head and shoved her tongue as far as she could into her husband’s bottom.

She giggled and took a couple of photos, instantly messaging them to her group of friends.

“Smile!”

Colin forced a smile for the camera.

“Now,” she said, “you know what to do next.”

Colin had eaten beans on toast an hour earlier. He bit his lip.

He did indeed know what to do next.

Nico was facing his doll Bertha.

She was lying onstage with that inane grin on her wrinkled face, grey hair plastered to her head, with bulbous fake tits and a pudgy tummy.

Her vagina had already been examined for traces of semen. The scorers found that Lewis Morgan had removed more than Nico, so the score was 1-1. Nico had won the orgasm race but Lewis had done a better clean up job.

Olga, the scantily clad assistant appeared with a large syringe the size of a washing up bottle. She knelt down and injected a considerable quantity of white fluid into Bertha's fake vagina. A similar assistant did the same to Beryl's.

"Deep Heat!" the Compere announced, laughing with the audience and then grinning at Nico and his opponent.

Nico gasped. He'd never used Deep Heat cream on his muscles. But he knew its reputation for burning.

"Right gentlemen, start your engines."

The audience roared. A cameraman approached and began filming his genitals close up. Olga laughed and blew Nico a flirtatious kiss.

He managed to get his shaft hard and three-quarters erect by the time a buzzer sounded.

"In you go!"

Biting his lip for courage, Nico grabbed the doll and plunged his cock in between her yawning labia. With the looseness and cream he felt almost no friction.

But he began fucking like crazy.

The Compere squatted down by his ear.

"Kiss her. It's the only way to tighten the doll's cunt."

Nico frowned in shock. Bertha's grinning mouth hung open. He put his face to hers and pecked her rubbery lips.

"No!" The Compere laughed. "Proper kissing."

The cameraman hovered the other side of his face, inches away. Nico braced himself and plunged his tongue into the doll's mouth. She tasted of stale garlic and nicotine. But he ignored the stench and pushed on, tongue-kissing as passionately as he could.

Slowly he felt some grip down below. The latex vagina tightened, smearing the Deep Heat cream all over his penis shaft and the top of his scrotum.

It began to burn.

He kissed and fucked manically, thinking about Abigail in a desperate attempt to ignore the heat and shame.

Then he heard applause.

It wasn't jeering or taunting or mocking. It was an ovation.

Lewis Morgan had obviously cum.

Sophie was half asleep in bed at home when her phone buzzed.

It was her second 'private' phone. She groaned and checked the screen.

The message simply stated a place and a time. *In half an hour.*

28 minutes later, she was down on her knees under Mohammed Demir's desk. She'd unzipped him, lowered his uniform and underpants, and was now gently sucking his cock.

He'd warned her that he only had 20 minutes available when she arrived. He'd apparently squeezed her in after dinner before going home to his two wives.

Sophie knew that meant her job was to make him cum after about 17 minutes, leaving him 3 minutes to clean up before climbing into his ministerial car.

She flicked her tongue under his sweaty scrotum, just as he enjoyed. The Minister was exceptionally hirsute down there. He disliked it when she got a loose hair caught in her teeth and paused to spit it out, so she'd had to learn to swallow any strays.

He was talking on his phone. She could hear him planning something important. On previous encounters, she'd already overheard several state secrets that she could never use. It turned out she wasn't a journalist after all. The General simply instructed her which questions to ask at the media briefings.

She was nothing more than a whore.

His heavy fingers patted her head. She heard him groan and realised that his phone call had finished. She guessed she'd been under his desk for almost a quarter of an hour. *It was time.*

She took a hold of his wet shaft with her small hand and began masturbating him while licking the helmet like it was a chocolate ice cream cone. He'd slid his backside forward in the chair to get himself more comfortable. She recognised the signs that he was about to orgasm.

Thick warm gunk spattered the roof of her mouth. She didn't swallow immediately though. She allowed it to pool on her tongue, as his final dribbles oozed onto her teeth and gums. She tasted its bitter saltiness and suppressed her gag reflex. After ten seconds, she guzzled it all down loudly. The General liked to hear her gulp of appreciation.

"Mmm ... thank you sir." She murmured.

He didn't reply. She heard him on his phone again.

She carefully licked him spotlessly clean, raised his underpants and uniform and zipped him up.

He was telling somebody he'd be down in a minute. It sounded as if he had an important appointment with Zadie Wood.

As usual, Sophie was nothing more than a moment of relaxation wedged into his busy calendar.

Eventually he stood up and spoke.

"Out from under there." He said. "Go home."

"Y ... yes sir." She crawled out awkwardly. "Thank you sir."

An hour later, she was at home, brushing her teeth and gargling mouthwash, hoping she'd be able to get back to sleep.

Nico faced the audience.

He was bent over with his neck and wrists in a pillory and his naked backside raised at a right angle. It was now time for his punishment for losing 2-1 to Lewis Morgan.

The production team had changed the studio lighting so that now Nico had a good view of his audience's faces. The seating was on a raked slope and everybody had a decent view of the stage. He counted about 35 people per row and there were around 30 rows. *That was a thousand or so spectators.*

There seemed to be about half females and half males in the audience, mostly younger, say in their 20s and 30s; some couples but more groups of women together on hen nights and bunches of guys on a lads night out. All of their faces looked like they'd had a few drinks. Everyone was grinning, laughing, jeering, and every mouth was open with teeth showing, baying for blood.

Yet again, Olga appeared, licking her red lips and winding up the crowd. She stood in front of him and jiggled her cleavage against his face. She sashayed behind him and used her thumbs to spread his buttock cheeks apart.

Nico felt a warm, wet lubricant dripping into his crevice.

The audience bayed even louder. Women stood up and slapped their biceps in a 'give it to him gesture'. Men turned round and wiggled their backsides mockingly.

Olga disappeared offstage and then returned with a stool. She placed it on the floor behind him.

Finally the Compere walked on, accompanied by Lewis Morgan. After a suitable break, Nico's conqueror was ready to go again.

His monstrous shaft was fully erect.

"Your old man ever taken it up the ass?" Jake asked nonchalantly.

Abigail shook her head.

"What, not once? Not even during 20 months in the Penal Colonies?"

Again, she shook her head. She was staring at the screen, kneeling in front of it, so she had the close up view they wanted her to have.

Jake was standing alongside, looking down at her, sipping his chilled beer. She was crying. Occasional fat tears bubbled out of her eyes and slithered down her face. Abigail was still dressed in her black and white lacy frills with her tits, cunt and ass exposed. The horse's tail dangled out of her anus and fanned out on the floor.

He hunkered beside her, the side of his head touching hers, and they watched the short guy climb onto the stool. A cameraman zoomed in for a close up of Lewis's giant cock, showing its bulging veins and mushroom head.

Another cameraman focused on the lubricated whorl of Nico's defenceless anus.

"Here we go, darlin'." Jake chuckled. His friends Don and Del were sprawled on the sofas behind them, giggling drunkenly.

Jake and Sophie stared at the screen as Lewis gripped his cock and guided it in without ceremony. He pushed, jiggled, shoved and groaned in satisfaction. The lubricant was obviously highly effective.

The director cut to a close up of Nico's red, contorted face, shining under the floodlights.

Jake kissed Sophie on the cheek.

"There you are. Neither of you's an anal virgin anymore!"

The director switched to a split-screen. On the left was Nico's grimacing face and on the right was Lewis's enormous cock sliding in and out. It glistened with lube and bristled with intent.

Sophie turned her face and looked at him. Her mouth opened.

"Wh ...?"

She blinked, unable to finish the word. Her mouth closed.

Jake shrugged. He sometimes asked himself the same question.

"Why?"

He looked at her and raised his right hand to cup her wet cheek. The noise from the screen somehow sounded worse in the silence between them. *He decided to tell her the truth.*

"You know what, I don't know why."

Chapter 13 - Zadie

Zadie Wood was relaxing in a hot bath.

It had been another long, challenging day. *Lies, damned lies and statistics*. And even her stats were lies. But she could easily keep the plates spinning a while longer. *Forever if necessary*.

She stared down at her own body under the foamy bubbles. She'd been married once. A long time ago now. But she'd never marry again. Nowadays her job was like her spouse and power was the only aphrodisiac that turned her on.

She smiled when she thought about Lorna Kennedy. The silly bitch had dared to challenge her. But as Bob Smith had discovered, whenever anybody took Zadie Wood on, there could only ever be one winner.

She snaked her fingers down between her thighs and touched her clitoris. The water was soapy and warm. She began to rub herself. Images of Lorna being mounted front, back and sideways flitted through her mind. That would be the silly bitch's life from now on. Mmm, the thought made her nipples throb.

She pictured others who'd crossed her over the past few years, each one now suffering a fate worse than death somewhere in Zadie's empire.

She shut her eyes, gasped and climaxed, before allowing herself to descend gently from her high. Zadie knew that's all the people want really. *Sexual highs*. So long as they can get their rocks off one way or another - fucking the less fortunate, literally and metaphorically - nobody gives a shit about anything else. Financial markets, economic statistics and disposable income all pale into insignificance compared with shooting your load.

She eventually climbed out of the bath and wrapped herself in a towelling robe. *She was going to sleep well tonight*.

Suddenly the doorbell rang. Zadie walked to her apartment's front door and called out through the open letterbox. She could see several pairs of military boots.

"Yes? Who is it?"

"Zadie? Open up please. It's Mohammed Demir."

"Sophie Barton, Mainland Broadcasting Corporation."

"And what about you, General Demir? Who do you think is responsible for the mess the country's in?"

As was her custom, Tracey was watching the 6 o'clock news bulletin. And as usual, her boyfriend Colin was lapping between her splayed, messy thighs while she relaxed on the sofa.

The General stared directly into the camera, straight into every home in the country. He spoke to every citizen. *To Tracey*.

"Thank you, Miss Barton, that's an excellent question. There is only one answer. My predecessor Ms. Zadie Wood is to blame. In fact, she is not *only* the *MAIN* person to blame ..."

His voice rose and his eyes didn't blink.

"... She is the *ONLY* person to blame. An independent enquiry has found that Zadie Wood is solely responsible for every economic and financial difficulty our country faces today."

Then his face softened and a hint of optimism crept into his tone. Tracey felt her clit throb against Colin's tongue.

"BUT I can assure you, my Government and I have solutions. We can all be confident of a better future. We don't need things to change. They will not be that different. However, they will be much, much better ... thank you."

The assembled media all began applauding and cheering loudly.

Tracey allowed her head to fall onto the back of the sofa and her eyes rolled into the top of her head. Rasta's fat dick was a '9 out of 10' but Colin's accurate tongue was a perfect ten.

Just like governments. One left a big mess. The next one cleaned up. She shut her eyes and gasped. The news bulletin had been full of graphs and facts and stats. But the truth was that none of them mattered. Not when you were about to cum.

She opened her mouth, wailing like a banshee.

And let go.

THE END