

# **SECRETARY TO SLUT**

## **MARIA'S DOWNWARD SPIRAL CONTINUES**

**CHARLES RYDER & VELVETGLOVE**

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(moderate to strong, non-consensual content)

(£4.13, 21,000 words)

## Chapter 1 - Maria and Troy

“Don’t worry.” He said, patting the chair next to his. “Sit.”

Maria perched on the edge of the chair, looking sideways at him.

“Please ...” she whispered, “... what happens next?”

She watched him place his dark hand on her black stockings.

“You’ll just have to wait and see.”

She allowed his hand to rest there. His fingers were long and elegant. He had a gold band on his wedding finger.

“Yes ....” he said, his eyes reading hers. “I am married. My name is Troy. My wife’s at home with our kid.” He showed Maria the screensaver on his phone.

She saw a pretty black girl and a tiny baby swaddled in a blanket.

“My wife’s too tired and preoccupied with our baby. She doesn’t want to make love much right now.” He shrugged. “But I’m only 23yrs old. I need a lot of sex. More than I’m getting at home.”

Maria heard her own dry throat click. Her mouth was parched. She stared down at Troy’s hand while he continued speaking.

“Jack says you give blowjobs?”

She glanced up at him. “N ... not really, Sir. He made me. Once.”

Troy chuckled. His laugh was like honey, treacly and golden.

“How much do you need this job, Maria?”

She blinked. Troy was undeniably handsome. She’d never really studied a black man before. His suit was well cut and expensive. He had a nice smile. It was confident and somehow ... reassuring.

“You know that I’m d ... desperate.” She whispered.

“Jack said it’s totally up to me. He couldn’t give a toss either way. I can hire you. Or I can fire you.”

She looked at him. Images floated in her mind; of a workhouse, of being called a vagrant, of Francesca dressed in rags. And of being down on her knees, with a black penis in her face, and of having food in their fridge.

“Please ... hire m ... me. I accept your t ... terms.” She stammered.

He chuckled again, eyeing her up and down. She was wearing her stained jacket and skirt, her frayed blouse, laddered stockings and scuffed heels. They were the best clothes that remained in her wardrobe. She shivered as his hand slid confidently up her skirt.

“It’s not THAT easy. You don’t know my terms.”

*Troy was right. She didn’t. She’d just assumed ...*

“Wh ... what are they ... Sir?”

She felt him slide her underwear aside. His finger brushed her labia. He cocked an eyebrow at her meek acquiescence.

“Blowjobs.” He said. “On tap. Whenever I need to relieve some tension.”

She nodded. Her mouth almost too dry to speak. “O ... kay ...”

His fingertip teased the rim of her bottom. He was studying her face.

“Hold your horses, Maria. I haven’t finished. I want Anal too. You see I don’t get that at home. I used to have a girlfriend who was down for lots of it but my wife says nice girls don’t take it up the arse!”

He probed her anus, still staring in to her eyes.

“But that’s what somebody like you’s for, right? Unmarried and past her best. I want your mouth and shitter on tap or no deal. But, hey, don’t worry. I’m not some crazy guy. I just want to fuck your ass a couple of times a week. Over my desk.”

He grinned apologetically. His thumb was opening her sphincter muscle, pushing its way in.

“But I won’t need your pussy. You can keep that. That way I stay faithful to my missus. She and I make love. You? You’re just a company facility, like the coffee machine or a washroom. That way you and I keep things nice and professional. You get my terms so far?”

She swallowed. “Yes S ... sir.” A tear pricked her eye.

“Look, there’s no need to feel bad Maria. It’s every guy’s dream deep down, even if not all of us admit it. To have a female assistant, a P.A., secretary, intern, whatever she is, ready to blow him when he

needs a bit of stress relief. Don't listen to any woke dude who tells you otherwise. That's what this Government's given us. The chance to live the dream."

*And the nightmare*, Maria thought, but she didn't say it.

"I ... I understand, Sir."

He was still exploring under her skirt, stroking her mound now.

"And in return you get a proper, paid internship. Money in your account every month, merely for giving your boss a bit of oral and anal relief. Okay, so I know it's only minimum wage but I'll let you keep every penny of it. The whole lot."

He smiled at her confused frown.

"Yep. Most of my colleagues here take a slice of the action, you know. Jerry down the corridor charges his P.A. fifty percent of her wage to prevent him firing her. But I won't charge you a cent!"

She blinked with relief.

"Thank you Sir ... is that ... all?"

He snorted, smiling, and pressed his fingertip into her vagina. She was totally dry.

"All? Oh no darling, 'course not."

He winked.

"The best bit is you get to do all of my workload too. I know that you were some hot-shit director here. So you can do fucking everything. I'm gonna sit in my office playing FIFA and watching porn. Forget your mouth and asshole. The main reason I'm taking YOU on, and not some young hottie, is so that I get to go home early to my wife and kid."

He pulled his finger out and patted her mound condescendingly.

"You arrive early, snack-lunch at your desk, stay late, do all my work as well as yours, and the next morning you brief me. I'm going to present all your work as my own. I want a promotion in 6 months or you're fired. Make me look good and, hey lady, you and I will get along fine. Okay? Deal?"

*Did she have any choice?*

He took his hand out from under her skirt and raised it to his chin. He sniffed his fingers and inhaled.

"Yes Sir ... Deal."

*Incredibly, she actually felt relieved. I mean, almost grateful. Troy wasn't exactly a nice guy but during the past few weeks she'd met worse than him. She was being offered a job she knew she could do with her eyes shut. She'd be paid enough to live on. And she'd just have to learn to cope with the sex side. Troy wasn't even ugly compared with the other men in her life.*

He looked at her, studying her eyes, reading her mind.

She waited for what came next.

"And finally you have to sign a confession." He said.

"A c ... confession?"

"Yep. All the guys are doing it. It's Jack's idea. You sign a confession that you stole money from my wallet. That way, if you give me any trouble, we can have you whisked off to prison."

"B ... but ...?"

Her heart was thumping. *Admit to something she'd never do?*

"Take it or leave it, Maria. There are plenty of others who'll take my deal instead."

"How do I know I can tr ... trust you, Sir?"

He shrugged. "You don't Maria. But you keep me happy with your mouth and asshole and hard work and, hey, why would I fuck you over?"

"But Jack might." She murmured under her breath.

Troy nodded. "Sure, Jack might. I know that you two have history. But you'll just have to trust him too. What choice have you got?"

She grimaced, shutting her eyes.

"None ... Sir."

## Chapter 2 - Katherine and Alex

Katherine eyed her phone anxiously. She'd joined Minder recently and was hoping for someone, anyone really, to help her out of the situation she now found herself in. Abandoned by her long-term partner due to her recent demotion at work and her subsequent loss of salary, she now had to find someone, a man, very soon to prevent the unthinkable, the loss of her little house and then her inevitable re-classification as a vagrant.

The phone beeped and she grabbed at it, but it was only a reminder that the curfew for women her age had been changed from 10pm to 9.30pm 'unless accompanied by a responsible adult'. A responsible adult in the jargon of the government meant a man who was at least 18 years old. Katherine was 36, had she been a year younger and fallen into the 30-35 age group, her curfew time, the time she had to be indoors and off the streets for, would have been 9.00pm. She sighed as she put the phone back down on her bed. How could she be expected to meet a suitable man if she had a 9.30pm curfew time?

She grimaced as she remembered Harry, her former partner. They'd met in the early hours of a beautiful summer's day 15 years ago, both happily drunk, and then had stayed together ever since then. They'd had two children, a boy and an older girl, but that hadn't stopped that bastard just suddenly packing his bags and leaving her one night. Apparently, he didn't fancy contributing more money to their relationship now that she was being paid roughly half what she earned a couple of years ago.

Before he left, he told her that he was moving in with his female head of department. Partly because she had a large house that was fully paid for, and also because Kylie had a much nicer arse than Katherine did, and a better pair of tits. When she asked him what he intended to do about the kids, he just looked at her and shrugged before closing the door behind him.

She'd wept for a couple of days before realising that she'd have to pull herself together if only for Gavin and Kelly's sake. She accessed the information on her mobile phone, and discovered that without a mentor, she'd be a vagrant. She'd be transported to a workhouse, and the kids would be taken to separate State Orphanages.

She'd submitted her details to Minder as soon as possible. She was 5' 6", a natural red-head and, even if she thought so herself, quite pleasing to the eye. She had had curves in all the right places, as her former husband once described her, the bastard. It took her a while to understand how it worked and her profile had to be edited and re-edited. But, eventually, it was done.

The replies were disappointing to say the least. She hadn't known what to expect, but abuse and derision hadn't featured high on her list.

"Ur to old bitch!"

"Ur ugly. no wunder hubby left u."

"I want too Fuck!"

Not only that but the level of ignorance was quite depressing. She was a teacher, for God's sake! With nearly 15 years of teaching English Literature, and these were the cretins she was trying to connect with? So it came as quite a surprise to find a well written little note hidden within all the trash.

"Dear Mrs Barnet.

Would you like to join me for afternoon tea tomorrow at 4.30pm? I'll be in Ronaldo's until 4.35pm

Kind regards

A friend."

A friend was exactly what she needed! She dressed in her favourite, grey silk blouse, her best pants suit and a good pair of shoes and went to the cafe he'd mentioned, straight after work. She was slightly early and so she sat waiting. The drinks were quite expensive, so she told the waitress she was waiting for a friend. As she said the words she realised she had no idea who her 'friend' was. He presumably knew who she was, he had some quite...revealing photographs that she'd been required to send.

At exactly 4.30 the bell over the door jingled to let in a young, fresh-faced young man, who immediately made a beeline for her table. Oh God, no. It couldn't be! The young man grinning shyly at her was Alex Tyler, one of her 6th form students!

"A...Alex, what are you doing here?" She asked, looking around guiltily. "I'm waiting for someone, I'm afraid, if it could wait until tomorrow..."

Undeterred, the boy pulled out a chair and joined her. Within seconds the waitress had reappeared and asked what sir required. he ordered himself a flat white and then looked at her enquiringly. Oh Lord, he was her date!"

"A c...cappuccino, please, Alex."

The young blonde scurried away leaving the two of them together. He stared at her with a little smirk on his acne-covered face.

"So, Miss Barnett, how are you this fine afternoon?"

She swallowed nervously and glanced around again. Hopefully nobody had noticed that she was having a coffee with a student from her own school.

"Fine thank, Alex. How are you?" She replied automatically.

He stared back at her with his cold, blue eyes.

"I think it's time to cut the crap, Katherine. I'm looking for a girl to mentor, and you're desperate to find a man. Agreed?"

She looked at him aghast. her mind recalling those bloody photos, the full-frontal nude ones, the ones with her back to the camera, bending at the waist with her legs apart. Oh God!

"Agreed!?" He demanded, slightly more aggressively.

She nodded hesitantly.

"Yes, I s...suppose so."

He glared at her.

"You don't sound too enthusiastic. Do you want me just to go away?"

Did she want him to just go away? In a way she did, just to go away and let her run back screaming to her own house. But an image of her children having to attend a State Reformatory swum into her head. And, after all, how bad could it be? He was only a boy, she even knew his family vaguely. She'd met his parents half a dozen times maybe in his school career. Surely he'd be a better option than some of those apparently insane people who'd messaged her earlier?

She looked up and nodded, uncertainly. But before she could ask the question that was at the forefront of her mind, he answered it for her.

"I was 18 a couple of days ago, Katherine."

She nodded again, but with a certain sense of relief this time. he looked at the clock on the wall.

"4.35, Katherine, time we were going."

He held out his hand for her to take, which he then squeezed hard.

"And from now on, young lady, it's 'sir' rather than 'Alex' as far as you're concerned."

## Chapter 3 - Jody

Jody Stevens kissed her husband and children goodnight although it was only 5.30 p.m. She was wearing a long dress and carrying an overnight bag.

“Sorry darling, Mummy’s got to go out to a business dinner. Lots of TV bigwigs.” She turned to her husband. “Don’t wait up, my love.”

“Another dinner?” he said, his expression sad and uncertain, eyeing her packed bag. But she knew he wouldn’t challenge her. *He never did.*

She forced a smile. “Don’t wait up. I’ll probably be late.”

He nodded. *It broke her heart.*

Half an hour later, she knocked on Jack Blenkinsop’s door.

Colleen, the girl who’d caned her, opened it. She was chewing gum and filing her nails.

“Jack! It’s your new girl. The TV one.” She shouted into the room.

Jack appeared in a dressing gown. His spent penis was lolling out of the gap in the front. He smirked when he saw her.

“Hi there Janet.”

“J ... Jody, Sir.”

“Whatever.” He jerked his chin at her overnight bag. “What’s in there?”

“Clothes, Sir; miniskirt, tank top, biker jacket, strappy heels.”

He nodded. “Wearing a dress so that hubby doesn’t know, right?”

“Yes Sir.” She blushed.

“Excellent.” He laughed. “Okay, take the dress off.”

She unzipped herself and stepped out of it. She was wearing underwear and sensible heels.

“Stavros!” Jack called out.

Jody shivered. Moments later a gorilla appeared.

*Not literally.* But a man who might as well have been an ape ambled into the room. He was huge, in a black T-shirt and trousers, with dark curly hair. His knuckles seemed to drag along the ground when he walked.

“Jane. Meet Stavros. He’ll look after you.”

She stared at the man. He didn’t even speak. He just looked at her nakedness like she was lunch.

“H ... hi.”

Jack laughed. “Stavros is a man of few words, ain’t you Stav? But you pay him fifty quid a night for protection and you’ll be fine. No punter will give you any trouble. Got his cash?”

“Er ... no. I don’t have any. I have to earn it first.”

Jack sighed. “It’s fifty upfront or a hundred in arrears. If you can only pay him at the end of the night it’s double.”

Jody ground her teeth. “Okay.”

“Turn around and bend over.”

She controlled her anger, faced the door, and bent over.

“Pull your knickers down.”

She reached round and lowered her underwear to her knees, revealing her buttocks.

“Colleen!” she heard him chuckle. “Come see the damage you did! Touch your toes, Jolene.”

Jody stretched her fingers down to the toes of her shoes. She heard them all laughing. She felt different hands examining her welted cheeks.

“You fancy banging her Stav? Sample the goods? A freebie.”

She heard her bodyguard speak for the first time. His voice was heavily accented and like gravel.

“No zanks boss. Maybe ozzier time.”

“Okay. But remember she owes you one. Right, best get her down to work. The deal is she pays me the first five hundred every night. Above that she can keep half of whatever else she makes.”

“Sure, boss.”

“So best look out for gangbangs. Time’s money, right? Don’t let her say no to groups of guys. No condoms necessary but charge punters more for bareback. I want at least a grand every night. And that’s my share, not the total. Okay?”

“Sure, boss.”

Jody felt Jack's fingers parting her anal crevice.

"You clean back here?"

She blinked at the floor in humiliation. "Yes Sir."

"First guy wants her shitter, he pays a hundred. After that it's half price, only fifty. With me, Stav?"

"All understood, boss."

Jody winced as her bottom was slapped.

"Right you two, on your way."

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Jody counted 17 of them.

Lads on a pub crawl. It was 11 p.m.

She was already aching, tired and filthy. She'd wiped between her legs numerous times but slime was still oozing out of both orifices. Her makeup and lipstick were a mess despite her touching them up in the Ladies public toilets.

"Hey guys, look at this one. A hooker waiting under a lamppost!"

"How much doll? Fuck, you've seen better days ain't you?"

"It's that bird from the TV."

"Nah!"

"It is, I tell you. That chubby bloke who can barely string two words together has replaced her."

They surrounded her. For once she was grateful to see Stavros lurking in the shadows not far away. Somebody grabbed her arms and pulled her for a dance.

"Voulez-vous coucher avec moi, ce soir?" he sang.

"How much? All of us? Or rather those of us who can still get it up?"

She saw one of them stagger and vomit onto the pavement.

"Three hundred and forty?" she said, trying to sound confident. "That's only twenty each?"

"Twenty quid? Each? Nah, love, you're taking the piss."

"You really the bird from the telly? Jody something?"

"Just a blowjob? How much for a blowie?" An acne-scarred lout pushed his tongue to and fro inside his own cheek.

"I need a piss, doll." Another said, fiddling with his zip. "You offer that? How much for a bit of urinal fun?"

She focused on the one who was facing her. He appeared to be their leader. He was the most sober too.

"Two hundred and fifty quid. That's my best offer." She jerked her head pointedly towards the shadows. "He's got my back."

The leader glanced across at Stavros, then smiled and looked around at his mates. He pulled out his wallet and extracted five crisp fifties.

"Here you are, love. Two fifty." But he didn't let go of them.

She made to take them from him.

"Let's get this clear before I hand over the cash. All seventeen of us. Any and all ways. Pussy, mouth or your shitter. Condoms or not. Our choice. We can do you individually, spit-roast, or triple-play. Again, our choice. All agreed?"

She bit her lip. This ordeal would be worth a hundred and twenty five pounds to her. *Enough to do a fortnight's supermarket shop.*

"Agreed."

## Chapter 4 - Intern war

Gabriel Franklyn was confident enough in his own authority to admit that he'd been wrong. As the CEO of Regional First Bank, he'd been unsure about the government's new rules and regulations regarding women in the workplace. He'd been wrong, but he'd acted quickly enough to rectify the situation. For instance, had he gone with his instinct rather than the cold, rational logic that RFB had hired him for, he wouldn't have been able to enjoy the view currently on offer

Three attractive young women whose nervous apprehension was quite unable to mask their obvious physical attributes, were stood at attention in front of his desk. Each had a badge pinned to the front of their white blouses giving details of their name, the company they worked for, their age, and their position within the company.

Gabe had been their boss for the last six months and didn't need a badge to identify them. He knew them all, very well indeed. The oldest, on the left was Sally Watkins, she was a rather plain-faced brunette with a disappointing pair of tits. She did however have a nice, long pair of legs and an acceptably cute, pert little arse. Best of all, as far as Gabe was concerned anyway, she was clearly intelligent, behind her horn-rimmed spectacles, and fairly posh as well. She was 22

Next to her in the middle of the group was the best looking of the three, 19 year old blonde, blue-eyed Flatsy, or Lorna Honeywell-Brown as she was more formally known. She was Jack Blenkinsop's favourite, he'd personally chosen her out of nearly fifty applicants for the job. On the right was olive-skinned, dark-haired beauty, Fifi. Fiona Andrews as she was formerly known around the office, had been recently demoted by Jack Blenkinsop from junior secretary to intern on account of her general empty-headedness. She was just 21.

And now here they all were, arrayed in front of him like three nervous schoolgirls. The uniforms helped of course. Gabe did like his interns to be dressed as if they were still at school. He felt that it imbued them with a certain sense of discipline and made them easier to teach. It reinforced the idea that, although they were old enough to leave school, they were still subject to any rules and regulations that their employer thought fit to impose on them.

So, all of them were attired in what was now the standard RFB intern uniform. From his many chats with and visits to other senior management teams in other businesses, most companies now had dress regulations for their female staff. Nobody he knew allowed their women to wear slacks, trousers, or flat shoes to work, for example. Gabe was old enough to remember the furore when a Japanese company had insisted that their employees still had to wear high heels to work! The twittering uproar from the now outlawed social media, had been deafening.

Nowadays that was pretty much a given, considering that it was men who set the standards that women had to conform to. Even the young ladies in front of him in their short white socks, short, sky blue, pleated skirts, white shirts and sky blue RFB ties, still had shiny black court shoes with a 3" heel. That was the sort of thing men working in corporate offices liked, and indeed expected to see.

All three had been required to grow their hair to a minimum length as well, before it was gathered into two pigtailed and tied with lengths of sky blue ribbons. They were, as Gabe was only too fond of telling all three of them, as pretty as a picture and a credit to themselves and to Regional First Bank. Occasionally, at moments like this, Gabe's mind would flash back to those dark days of 'equality'. Thank goodness the country now had a sensible government in charge.

He leaned back in his comfortable chair and steepled his fingers before beginning his little speech.

"As you girls know, you're coming to the end of your first 6 months with us here at RFB. This milestone is celebrated by a mandatory assessment of your work, appearance, behaviour, and ability. I have written my own assessment of the three of you, and over the next week I'll be going through them with each of you individually and in some detail."

All three young women stared straight ahead, not daring to catch each other's eye, never mind the CEO's. That last line was usually a euphemism for some sort of unwelcome personal attention bestowed upon them, some sort of sex act if they were lucky, some sort of punishment if they weren't. Mr Franklyn had become a very central figure in their young lives and for the foreseeable future, would exert enormous influence on their fledgling careers.

Just a word from him would see the end of their tenure at RFB. All three knew in their hearts that any of them could be replaced at the drop of a hat, and being sacked by a major employee like the Bank meant no money, no reference, and in all likelihood, no more work in that particular field. Sally, the oldest and probably the least naive, licked her lips nervously. But carefully enough not to make a mess of her immaculate make-up. This didn't sound good.

"One of my fellow directors has asked me to create a new intern position for him. I have of course acquiesced to that request. Unfortunately, as a matter of policy, First Regional only employs three new interns every 6 months. Clearly the new girl will be one of those three; therefore I'm afraid that one of you three will be fired next Friday."

There was a communal intake of breath. One of them was going to be sacked next Friday. No ifs or buts, no second chances. One of them was about to lose her job and perhaps take her first steps on the downward spiral that could lead to destitution and, in their case, re-classification as a vagrant and their consequential incarceration in a workhouse!

Gabe tried not to laugh at the looks of shock, horror and confusion crossed their faces simultaneously. Bob Merryman, the Sales Director had taken a shine to a pretty young thing, one of his daughter's friends apparently and had asked if she might be included in the intern programme. Old Bob was on a bit of a roll at the present moment, and Gabe didn't want to lose him right now. Also he'd seen a picture of the girl, and she was a hot little number.

"I know one of you will be very disappointed, it's not great for your CV to be fired from a company like Regional First, I understand that. But you should also know that my hands are tied on this one."

They weren't tied of course. Gabe was the CEO of Regional First Bank. But he always liked to suggest that any slightly controversial issue was 'out of his hands'. Offloading and deflecting any sort of blame or recrimination came as second nature to him nowadays. That's partly why he was so well paid, he thought with a little smile. He looked meaningfully at his extraordinarily expensive watch.

"Shouldn't you girls be getting along by the way? You only have, by my reckoning, seven working days to save your jobs and your careers. Now is the time to go and use your skills to gather support from the rest of the staff. I'll certainly be taking everyone's opinion into account before I make my decision."

## Chapter 5 - Francesca

Trevor was just about to log out for the night when he came across Francesca's profile. Fuck yeah, he really did literally come, dick in his right hand and his phone in his left, gobs of jizz splattering the screen.

He recognised her immediately. He could identify that fuckin' arse anywhere. He'd watched it wiggle down the school corridors and up the stairs hundreds of times. He'd literally studied it, majored in it in fact.

He wiped the screen with a tissue and set to work, reading her 'Minder' profile. It had everything he needed; her full name and address, unemployed status, a link to her divorced mum's profile, the names of her deceased father and the stepfather who'd fucked off. It gave her doctor's name, her medical past, measurements and stats and distinguishing marks. And it confirmed that she was a virgin.

Well fuck me sideways, Trevor whistled. Francesca Sinclair still a virgin. Who'd have thought? He clicked to her photos; a cute face-pic and another body shot of her in a bikini. Damn but she was hot.

And there it was, her status:

*'Available.'*

He'd been waiting for a moment like this. Mostly he logged onto Minder to jerk off to the pics. He fantasised too. Having one of these women under his control. Him *minding* their business.

But now he was going to do more than fantasise and wank.

He started typing.

\*\*\*

Francesca's phone pinged with a notification.

Her fingers trembled as she looked at the message. It was from the account of somebody titled '*BetterLateThanTrevor*'. It was short and to the point:

*'You're mine, bitch. Click this link.'*

She stared at it. Then a counter appeared at the top of her screen. It was counting down from 30. One second at a time.

27

26

25

She gasped, biting her knuckles. She wanted to ask somebody what she should do but her mum was out.

12

11

10

*'BetterLateThanTrevor'*? She had no idea who, or what, he was.

5

4

3

She screamed inside her head and clicked the link.

Her screen flickered and she saw her profile-photo appear. Suddenly a word appeared across her forehead. Then her phone auto-scrolled to her bikini pic. The same word was emblazoned diagonally across her body. Her new status:

*'Taken'*

The text of Rule 3.5 of the Minder Site was pasted below her new status.

*"Subscriber, under the terms of your membership, you are no longer available. One of our Minders has reserved you pending further discussion of your attributes. You must comply fully with all of his questions and requests or your account will be terminated and the Government will instigate proceedings against you."*

Francesca couldn't breathe. She realised her mouth was hanging open, her jaw slack. '*One of our Minders has reserved you*'. Just like that. '*Taken*'.

Her fingers were still shaking and she could feel damp sweat inside the palms of her hands. Slowly, she clicked on the link to the account of *BetterLateThanTrevor*.

There was no profile photo. Instead there was just a silhouette of a male head and shoulders with a question mark imposed onto it. It was the standard anonymous avatar. She scanned the text.

Gender: Male

Age: No Answer

Orientation: Straight

Interests: Ownership

Weight: No Answer

Height: No Answer

Status: No Answer

Smoke: Yes

Drink: Hell yeah

User Ref Number: 666-1869

And that was it. It told her nothing except he was a smoker and drinker who wanted to own a woman. Suddenly her inbox pinged and a 6 digit code arrived.

*"Subscriber, your new Minder has sent you a code so that you can access private photos, information and questions. You must enter the code now and comply fully with any instructions."*

Feeling sick, Francesca typed in the code.

Almost immediately she was confronted by a photo. She saw a blur of pink and purple and white. She gasped and her phone slipped out of her hand.

*It was a penis.* An erection. A veined penis with what she assumed was semen oozing down the side of the upstanding shaft.

Whimpering, she stared down at her phone, then slowly picked it up again and gazed at the screen. Tears blurred her vision.

Peering at it more closely, she wiped her eye. She could see more detail now. There was a hand gripping the base of the penis, holding it up. It was a man's hand. There was some brown pubic hair and bits of pink thigh visible. Creamy off-white semen was trickling from the slit of the penis down the side and into the pubic hair.

There was a forward arrow. She clicked to the next photo.

She'd never seen one in real life but she realised it was a scrotum; a hairy sack of flesh with brown hairs, wrinkles and two testicles clearly visible inside the sack. It looked disgusting.

So she hurriedly moved onto the third photo.

She almost vomited. It was a man's bottom. Right in the centre of the photo was an anus peeking out between pale, hairy buttocks. She could tell it was a male by the quantity of hairs and zits and the shiny sweat lining in the anal crevice. Surely no woman would upload an image like that.

She realised there were 4 photos in all. There was a number in the bottom right corner of the screen. She was looking at 3 out of 4.

Nervously, she clicked forward to the final photo.

It was a penis again. The same penis. The same man's hand was holding it. There was same shade of pubic hair. A jet of orange liquid was squirting from the slit of the penis into a dirty toilet. The man was urinating. *BetterLateThanTrevor* was urinating!

Then she saw the text.

*'You're mine, bitch. Taken! Hope you enjoyed the dick-pics coz you're gonna be seeing a lotta that dicky over the next few days, weeks and months. And I included a bonus botty pic too! You can guess why, right? Now, you don't know me so I should introduce myself with a little personal info. I'm a lot older than you, a fair bit taller, heavier and bigger too. Yeah, I smoke, drink and eat too much, but that's no biz of yours, right? I'm gonna control your fuckin life from now on until I'm bored of you. I had a look at that slut mum of yours and she can't be trusted to mind you can she? So here's the deal. Be outside the entrance to Emmeline Pankhurst House at 7 p.m. tomorrow with your phone fully charged, your Minder App open, and await my instructions. Be wearing a clingy top and short skirt under your coat, and no bra or knickers, but put on your highest heels. Oh yeah, and come with a clean cunt and arsehole and your teeth brushed. Luv, BLTT'*

## Chapter 6 - Roger

Roger Clapham shuffled a little to try and relieve the pressure on his knees. The tiled bathroom floor was unyielding, especially to a man of his mature years. He half-turned and dipped the end of his decidedly well-used toothbrush into the bucket of lukewarm, scummy water by his side. For the hundredth time that day he asked himself what the hell he was doing, cleaning out the toilets on his hands and knees? And for the hundredth time he got the same answer. It was because he had no other option. He couldn't even tender his resignation and just walk away. Those bastards on the 16th floor had seen to that.

Nowadays, failure wasn't merely punished by dismissal or even a payoff if you were lucky. Nowadays your career prospects could still rest with your employer, even if, as in Roger's case, you'd been sacked from your actual position in Regional bloody First Bank. As he vigorously scoured the discoloured grouting between the plain white tiles, he wished to God he'd never heard of the fucking place. He had an MBA for Christ's sake, and here he was doing the janitor's job for him.

Roger scrubbed savagely at a particularly resistant brown mark. He could have done the job twice as quickly if they'd supplied him with the proper tools. But that, he knew from bitter experience, was hardly the point. He'd been sacked from his well-paid executive job without the hint of a warning, called into that bastard Franklyn's office and told his post was no longer necessary. They were going to get a boy fresh out of school to replace him, he learned. In the meantime he was fired, without pay or references as of now, this minute.

If that hadn't been bad enough, it was done in front of his tearful wife and daughter! That was a new low as far as he was concerned, having to stand squirming in front of Gabe Franklyn's imposing desk as the news was being delivered, while just to his left, his family sat watching his shame and crying. He felt like crying himself, if he was honest. All that hard academic work he'd done, all the time and effort he'd given to RFB, seemed to count for nothing. He was out.

But not exactly, Gabriel had smiled at him over his steepled fingers. There was apparently some sort of problem with Roger's account with RFB. There were certain anomalies that had to be investigated which, if they proved an issue, could see Roger sent for trial. He'd remembered opening and shutting his mouth like some sort of large, stupid goldfish. He wasn't even sure what Franklyn was referring to. Anomalies? What anomalies? And why was his wife and daughter here, what was going on?

As if reading his mind, Gabriel Franklyn explained how Chloe and Sandrine had come unexpectedly to his office that morning and asked to see him. Chloe had told him that she was worried about Roger's state of mind and suspected that something was amiss. And then, explained Franklyn, she'd offered herself and her daughter if necessary to him on the understanding that Roger could keep his job. Of course, being a gentleman, Franklyn had refused.

Roger remembered the painful feeling in his stomach. He'd whipped round accusingly to face his wife, hoping that she'd deny those ridiculous accusations, but she stared at her feet and refused to meet his eye. While poor Sandrine blushed to the roots of her hair.

Oh God, oh God! Even now, the very thought of that meeting was enough to bring a tear to his eye. Franklyn had offered him another job to help him out while the RFB investigation team went back through all his meetings and deals that he'd made on behalf of the Bank over the years. Something low-profile, 'just until the storm blew over', was the phrase used. And like the dumb idiot that he was, he'd accepted. Before he even had time to think, a contract was produced for him to sign and as a result, here he was Roger Clapham, assistant to the janitor.

The fall in his status was catastrophic. From company high-flyer to janitor in one afternoon. An 80% cut in his salary, his forfeiture of his company pension and his company car. He'd had to relinquish his pinstripe suit and shiny brogues for a pair of plimsolls, fawn ankle socks, a pair of small white shorts, and a fawn t-shirt that stretched alarmingly over his middle-aged belly. Franklyn had also insisted that he had his hair cut in a sort of military short back and sides. Good for the company image, was how his boss had described it.

Although in truth he seldom saw Franklyn anymore. The 16th floor was pretty much out of bounds for someone as low in the company hierarchy as him. He also started much earlier than Gabe, and finished much later. In fact a part of his new job was to open the doors in the morning and to make sure

they were locked in the evening, which meant that he was the first to arrive and always the last to leave the building.

His new boss, Fred Evans, was if anything more of a tyrant than Gabriel Franklyn. He was an old, avuncular chap, in his mid-sixties or so. He'd been with RFB since the first day it opened, apparently. In Roger's experience, he'd always been the sort of guy who was just sort of... there, in the background, doing what he was paid to do. But working alongside the fellow had revealed the often painful truth. The grey-haired old man was, quite simply, a sadist.

A misogynist, a homophobe, a bully. You could call old Fred all of those things, because all were true. His usual occupation was preying on the women that still worked at RFB, especially the ones that used to be executives or indeed anyone that used to hold any sort of power over him. He had a long memory, and as Roger was only too aware, never forgot a slight, no matter how small or unintended. He seemed to make it his mission to make Roger's existence as miserable as possible.

He was, as far as Roger was concerned, to be addressed as Mr Evans, or sir. He was never to be contradicted, or talked back to, or cheeked. He quickly found out that giving Mr Evans 'cheek', and that could be construed in any way that Mr Evans wanted, would quickly result in Roger being hoisted off his feet and bent over Mr Evans' powerful thighs before being simply spanked like a small boy.

The first time it had happened, Roger had reacted furiously, kicking and struggling for all he was worth. It was precisely then that he discovered that Fred Evans was still, despite his years, very, very strong. A lifetime of manual work had left him with brawny muscular arms and legs, and a barrel of a chest. In complete contrast to Roger whose years sat behind a desk had left him woefully unprepared for physical confrontation.

It was no competition, the man just carried on swatting Roger's bottom through his suit pants until he howled and begged for mercy. When he was through, Mr Evans hauled Roger to his feet and then lectured the weeping man regarding how things were going to be from now on. The following week he was presented with his new company janitorial uniform. The week after that he was given his first caning, shorts and underwear pulled down and Mr Evans thrashing his wobbling, naked backside as Roger knelt on a chair

## Chapter 7 - Maria and Victor

Maria let herself into her bedsit at 10.05 p.m.

She was exhausted. *Drained*. Troy had left the office at 4 o'clock leaving her with a mountain of work to do by the morning. But at least she'd managed to finish it all. She'd done a good job too. She needed to impress him. Maybe Troy could get her promoted too ... eventually?

"Darling?"

She called out to her daughter, hoping there was some supper ready. But there was no answer. Francesca had to be out. That was unusual. Maria dialled her daughter's number on her phone. There was no answer.

She opened the fridge door and gulped orange juice from the carton. The taste of Troy's semen lingered in her mouth and on her breath. He'd made her suck him twice; mid-morning and just before he left the office. Those two jobs alone had cost her over an hour of her workday.

But at least he was a nice boy. Handsome, clean and surprisingly gentle. He'd even thanked her after she'd finished. She blushed remembering it now. His penis was actually rather magnificent; smooth like a chocolate cone, thick but not too thick, long but not ridiculously so. His semen wasn't exactly pleasant but it was bearable; like drinking salted porridge out of a straw.

She'd never admit it but in fact fellatio was rather an efficient form of sex during the day; much less complicated and messy than other types of sex. She just had to unzip his trousers, suck and lick, and eventually swallow. Zip him up again. *All done*.

At lunchtime, Jack Blenkinsop had summoned her to her office – she corrected herself, *his* office – and congratulated her on her new job. He had a smirk on his face but surprisingly he didn't ridicule her. He said he felt she and Troy were a '*good fit*'. She wasn't sure if he was making a rude joke or not.

Troy's wife had phoned up at lunchtime. Maria had picked up the line. She was very discreet and professional. She knew that if her boss's wife got wind of anything, Maria would be sacked, or worse. The confession she'd signed merited years in prison.

Now, at a quarter past ten, she opened her PC and logged onto 'Minder'. She just had to find a sponsor. Troy couldn't be her sponsor as well. He said it was up to her to get one herself.

But being able to adjust her profile to state that she was now "Employed", made her feel so much better. Somehow it seemed to elevate her a rung or two on the humiliating site.

Her inbox had 8 new messages: EMPTYWALLET666 had sent her another, as had BIGDICKYDONG3. The last one was a short message from a profile she didn't recognise.

The sender's name was SHININGKNIGHT. He was a silver-haired gentleman in his 70s. He said he already sponsored 3 'deserving' women and he would consider Maria too. But she had to meet him at 11 p.m. that very night.

She stared at the screen. It was already 10.25. The venue was half an hour away. She had no time to eat, wash or change.

*She ran out of the door.*

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The venue was a Gentleman's Club in an exclusive area of the City. Maria saw a doorman and several uniformed doorwomen standing by the steps to the entrance. A large awning spelt out the name of the Club.

"Can I help you missy?"

The doorman glanced at her rumpled jacket, skirt and frayed blouse. He clearly wasn't impressed.

"I'm here to meet Sir Victor Gifford." She said, with as much confidence as she could muster.

"Are you indeed?"

He spoke into an intercom clipped to his lapel.

"Slapper here for Sir Victor."

But his expression visibly changed when he heard the reply.

"Oh, I see ... Sure. Okay young lady, you can go on in."

Maria felt just a little ripple of triumph as she walked up the steps. But at the same time she was even more daunted. *Who was this Sir Victor?*

At the top of the steps another doorwoman in uniform opened the glass double doors for her. Her red uniform was like a cheerleader's with epaulettes and braid, a very short skirt and stockings. The top was cut so low that the girl's areolae were actually visible along with the top half of her creamy breasts. She looked no more than Francesca's age.

"Take the lift to the third floor, Ma'am."

The entrance hall was impressive even by the standards of Maria's old life as a Director who went to business lunches and sat in airport lounges. But compared with the existence she lived now, it was mind blowing; she gasped at the white marble and red carpet, oil paintings and stone statues, everything plush and hushed.

She travelled alone up to the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor.

On coming out of the lift, she found herself in what looked like a giant library; book-lined shelves, leather armchairs and small groups of men, smoking cigars, drinking brandies, chatting quietly.

A uniformed waitress came up to her.

"Maria Sinclair?"

"Y ... yes."

"Sir Victor's waiting for you. Over in that far corner."

Her legs felt like jelly. She could hardly walk. Slowly she made it towards the corner. Various old men glanced at her as she walked past but said nothing.

In the corner, sitting alone, was Sir Victor Gifford. She recognised his face from his profile photo. He had long silver hair, grey stubble on his jaw and piercing blue eyes. He smiled and beckoned to her.

"Maria." He said, rising to his feet. "Welcome."

He kissed the back of her hand. Her fingers were trembling. She curtsied.

"S ... sir V ... ictor."

He chuckled at her nerves. But it was a nice chuckle.

"Sit, please."

She took the leather chair opposite him.

"Drink?"

The same uniformed waitress miraculously appeared next to Maria. Her pleated skirt was so short that the lips of her vagina were actually visible. She wasn't wearing underwear.

"Er ... just some water, please."

"Oh come on." He interrupted amiably. "The lady will have a glass of the Sauvignon Blanc. The Loire not the Kiwi. And bring her a bottle of sparkling water with a glass."

Before Maria could speak, the waitress disappeared.

He sat down and beamed at her.

"You're as pretty as your photos." He said. "All your photos. Not just the current ... um, rather explicit ones."

She blushed. The man's blue eyes were hypnotizing.

"Th ... thank you S ... sir." She managed to reply.

"Don't worry, my dear. We don't need to make lots of small talk. I know everything about you. And I mean ... *everything*."

There was a twinkle in his eyes. She blushed again.

"As I said in my message, I already sponsor three women. Broadly speaking, ladies like you; women whose lives have suffered a rather precipitous downward spiral through little fault of their own."

She couldn't speak. Fortunately the waitress reappeared. She served Maria first, a chilled glass of wine, an empty glass and a bottle of expensive mineral water. Then she put a balloon glass of brandy in front of Sir Gifford.

"Thank you my dear." He said to the waitress. *Maria wondered how long it was since she'd heard a man actually thank somebody.*

"How do you find Troy?"

She couldn't help gasping. *He even knew about Troy.*

He smiled. "'As I said ... I mean *everything*."

"He's not as bad as I feared, Sir. But it's early days."

The old man smiled and nodded in agreement. "I don't normally approve of infidelity but it seems Troy's wife has really pulled up the drawbridge. So I can't actually blame him. These young fellows have needs after all."

Maria didn't know what to say. So she took a sip of her wine. It was crisp, chilled and delicious. She nodded.

"Don't worry. If I sponsor you, I won't interfere with your arrangements at RFB. You're contracted to Troy and that's fine by me. A blowjob or two a day isn't much to ask nowadays. You could be in a much worse pickle. Agreed, my dear?"

"Yes ... Sir."

*It was actually the truth. Things could be a lot worse.*

He nodded in approval of her agreeing with him.

"No, it's your home life I'm interested in. Tell me, how do you find Emmeline Pankhurst House?"

Maria was gaining confidence. "The truth Sir? It's a hovel."

He laughed. "Yes, it is isn't it? How would you like to move out?"

She almost knocked over her wine glass.

"M ... out?"

"Yes. I have a large house. Well, a castle actually. Come and live with me. Bring Francesca too, obviously."

*Maria could smell a big rat. Men just didn't do this.*

"What would the ... deal be, Sir? What would I have to do?"

He smiled, sniffed his glass, and took a leisurely sip. He contemplated the cognac for several seconds.

"No deal, Maria. I would be your sponsor, that's all. I have three other ladies who live with me too. But you'd have your own room. A suite, in fact. Francesca would have her own room within your suite. You'd go to work every day at RFB, just as you did today."

"But ... I don't understand. How would I afford the rent?"

He held up his palms. They looked wrinkled but strong. He wore an expensive looking watch but no rings.

"No rent, Maria. You wouldn't have to pay anything and you wouldn't have to provide ... *services* in lieu of payment either."

His blue eyes twinkled. He was evidently enjoying this.

"But ..."

"But why?" he interrupted her. "You're wondering why would I do this? To own you perhaps? To possess your daughter?"

He was staring into her eyes. He seemed to know what she was thinking before she did. It was like playing chess with a grandmaster.

"... maybe?"

He smiled kindly at her cracked voice and her hushed question.

"Maria, I am 74 years old. I have never married and have no children. I am one of those rich people who don't even know how much money they have. Let's just say plenty. I am ready to sponsor another woman. Now, I don't want to be unkind but, if I ... er ... only wanted a sex slave, then I'm not sure a 37yr old single mother already giving blowjobs to her boss would be an obvious first choice for me, would she?"

She blushed. *It was true. But why her? Out of so many?*

"That's what I don't understand Sir." She shrugged. "I'm just Maria Sinclair. Why me?"

He raised his glass in a toast and smiled at her.

"Well ... that's for me to know, Maria, and you to find out."

## Chapter 8 - Katherine and Alex

And it all went rapidly downhill from that first, rather innocuous meeting. Alex Tyler was bad enough, but his family was even worse. His mother and father were clearly very unhappy with their son's choice, mainly due to the fact that she was 18 years older than him. Old enough to be the boy's mother as they often told her. She should be ashamed of herself. The fact that the relationship, if it could be called that, was entirely his doing seemed to pass them by.

The family was quite wealthy and they lived in a large house on the nice side of town. The family business seemed to be thriving and Alex was the Tyler's only child. Consequently, Katherine spent a large percentage of her non-working time at the Tyler's palatial home. After a long day at school doing her actual assistant teacher job, she had to hurry to the bus stop with the rest of the students and catch a bus to the Tyler's'.

Alex had a car of course, but he never offered to give her a lift, so he was invariably home thirty minutes before her. Her first job every afternoon was to give him a blow job almost as soon as she was through the front door. Often it was done in the hall as she knelt uncomfortably on the wooden floor in her stockings and heels. Sometimes Alex could restrain his teenage hormones long enough to chivy her upstairs by slapping her bottom hard through her cotton skirt.

And it was always skirts now, he'd made her cut up her pants suits with a pair of scissors and put them all in the trash. He'd made her replace them with skirts and blouses that met his approval, Stockings and silky little panties were a given and pairs of glossy high heels replaced her comfortable flats. She'd turned a few heads at work and received some whistles as she walked in the street, but she didn't really like her new look.

Not that her opinion mattered of course, it was only Alex's opinion that counted now. If he wanted in her in a low-cut top and a skirt that barely covered her knickers, then that's what she was required to wear. No matter that his mother totted, and slapped her and called her a whore to her face, what Alex wanted, he invariably got.

Once Alex had used her as receptacle for his spunk, she was put to work in the house. Cleaning, polishing, scrubbing the floor on her stocking-clad knees while her owner did his homework was a common occurrence. When he'd finished, she was required to make him a snack and then shuffle beneath his desk and suck him again as he played on his games console or chatted to his friends on his phone. He was, she realised, at that age when he was almost always aroused.

By 6pm his parents were usually home. Some days his father, Richard was home first. Katherine dreaded those days. When she heard his voice at the bottom of the stairs, her blood froze. As soon as Alex replied, she'd hear Richard's heavy tread on the stairs. The humiliating thing was that Alex never even paused what he was doing. The door opened and the two men would chat about school or football as if she wasn't there.

Then, with Alex's permission, Richard would simply lean under the desk and drag her out by the collar of her blouse or jacket before leading her down to his own bedroom as she struggled in his muscular grip. There, depending on his mood he'd spank her, or demand a blow job, or simply lazily fuck her as she lay on the bed. Usually there was an element of all three things before he was satisfied and allow her to leave.

Occasionally there was the sound of car tyres on the gravel drive which was the immediate signal for the two of them to pause and for Katherine to run back to the relative sanctuary of her master's room. Both Richard and herself, she realised, were scared of his wife, Madeleine. And with good reason. She was a tall, strapping woman with an intimidating presence. She was probably five or so years older than Katherine and had the first streaks of grey in her dark, lustrous hair. She clearly ran the house, but doted on Alex.

Although she personally disapproved of Katherine, that wasn't enough to deprive her only son of what he wanted. So, reluctantly, she had accepted another woman into her house. She had made it very clear from the start that though, Katherine was only there out of sufferance. That first night he'd brought her home, Katherine had been bent over the arm of a sofa and absolutely thrashed by the furious woman, who had first spanked her with a muscular hand before using one of her husband's broad leather belt on Katherine's scorched backside.

Both Alex and his father had laughed uproariously as she wept and begged Madeleine to stop beating her. Both had taken out their phones and filmed the entertainment from different angles, one from behind which captured the slow discolouration of her bottom cheeks from white to red and then purple, and the second concentrated on her tear-filled face and her shrieking voice which was becoming increasingly hoarse by the minute.

Finally the thrashing ground to a halt. Madeleine Tyler, it seemed, had simply run out of steam. She allowed Katherine to her feet and then spun her around so that she faced the stern looking woman.

"That, you little cradle-robbing bitch, was just a taste of what you'll get if you ever step out of line in my house!"

She leaned forward and slapped Katherine full in the face.

"Is that understood, you silly old cow?"

"Yes, Mrs Tyler. I u...understand," sobbed the mature teacher.

Katherine rubbed her face where the horrible woman had slapped her. The look in Madeleine Tyler's eyes was enough. There was no sympathy there, and by the sounds of it, there never would be.

\*\*\*

At work, their relationship was still teacher and pupil. Although, like the rest of female staff at Grange High School, she could feel her authority being eroded almost every day. The school didn't employ any females as teaching staff now, most of them were ancillary helpers. Miss Harmon, the senior IT teacher was now the assistant to the spotty youth who maintained the school's computers. Miss Atkins and Miss Smyth, Geography and History respectively, were now under the control of the miserable old groundskeeper who kept them busy looking after the school's extensive sports pitches.

Katherine's new job was described as an assistant administrator, but in effect she did the typing and paperwork for Mr Hamilton, the new headmaster. It was, he told her with a smirk, the most useful thing she could do with her Master's degree in English. Mr Hamilton was very hands on. A teacher of the old school. He particularly liked to have his hands on Katherine, she discovered. Whenever she came anywhere near him, his hands would rove over her backside or have a sly squeeze of one of her breasts.

She hated him with a passion, but her options were extremely limited. She couldn't just walk away from her job because penury and then incarceration in a workhouse beckoned. She wouldn't be able to find herself a new job without Mr Hamilton's explicit permission, and that was hardly likely to be forthcoming. She clearly couldn't report his behaviour to anyone. What would be the point? No, for the time being at least she was stuck with him. But at least she had a roof over her head for herself and her children.

Even when he cornered her in his room and locked the door she couldn't do anything. She knew some sort of shameful degradation was about to take place, but what exactly, she could never predict. Sometimes he made her strip and then walk up and down his office in the nude. Other times he might take her over his knee and then either spank her bare bottom or slide his fingers into one of her orifices while whispering into her ear that she was such a naughty girl.

Almost always he would thrust her to her knees and demand a blow job and then, time permitting he usually sodomised her. Katherine absolutely hated that particular sexual act, but perversely her obvious distaste only seemed to excite him even more. It was humiliating to hear him panting and groaning behind her, pulling on her hair or brusquely squeezing her breasts, but that was nothing compared to the pain as he forced himself into her rectum.

When he was done, and they were both red-faced and flushed, Katherine made her way to the bathroom to freshen up. It wasn't the sort of thing that she wanted to broadcast. At least her new owner was a little more subtle. And that's what he was now, she realised, the plaything of a teenager boy.

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Later that week she was called into a family conference and told that her presence was required on a more permanent basis at the Tyler establishment. They were willing to put aside a room in their nice house for her, at a reasonable rent, and they expected her to move her belongings from that 'shabby little hovel' as Mrs Tyler described her current flat, by the weekend. Katherine felt her blood run cold.

"E...excuse me, madam. I have two children. will they both share my room?"

Madeleine smiled and shook her head.

"Children? No, I'm afraid not. I won't have children in the house, can't abide the creatures."

"B..but..." The cold chill of fear was slowly enveloping Katherine's heart. Surely the horrible woman didn't mean...

"Oh I see, you're worried about those two nasty brats of yours? Don't worry, it's all in hand. Richard, if you could explain to the dimwit, please?"

"Certainly, dear. I've decided at great personal expense I might add, to enrol your children into a decent boarding school, Katie."

"Please...no...I'm begging you..."

Katherine could feel the tears welling in her eyes. They weren't serious, were they?

"It's that dear, or you'll have to find yourself a new mentor. My Alex doesn't feel as if he's getting value for money at the current time. Do you darling?"

Alex looked up at her from his position lounging on the sofa.

"No, mum. No offence, Katherine, but other mentor's that I know have their girls around for much longer than I do. I mean you're at school five days a week and then you're in your house with the bloody kids on weekends. You can see my point can't you?"

She looked at him aghast. He wasn't joking! he really did want her to be separated from her children in order to spend more time serving him and his family.

"Please...I..."

"Too late for that now, girl. Richard will be taking the pair of them to school tomorrow night after work. You can say goodbye of course, we don't mind that. But do try to keep your emotions in check, they're only going to boarding school, not leaving the country. You'll be able to see them during the holidays. probably."

Katherine started to cry, she was trapped and she knew it.

"And then, when they're gone, you can bring what little you have from your mangy flat to this house. Won't that be nice? All of us together under the same roof?" Said Madeleine Tyler, with a smile.

Katherine looked up at her through tear-filled eyes, and realised the woman was waiting for an answer.

"Y...yes, madam," she sniffed.

"And what do you say to my husband for arranging all this for you?"

"Thank you, sir," she managed to blurt out before dissolving into tears again.

Alex wandered off back to his game console. Christ, what a racket the silly bitch was making!

## Chapter 9 - Francesca and Trevor

Francesca hid round the side of the dilapidated entrance to her building. She didn't want anybody to see her. She hadn't told her mum or anybody else. She was too ashamed.

Emmeline Pankhurst House was the only place that would accept single mums and their offspring. It was a grim tower block full of tiny one-bed apartments just like theirs. The entrance passage smelt of urine. Cigarette butts covered the peeling, linoleum floor.

7 o'clock came and went. She kept looking at her phone. Five past went, ten past, nothing. She checked her Minder App. Nothing.

Finally, at 7.18 p.m., her phone rang.

"... yes?" she answered. The caller's number was withheld.

"I've been watching you. Get a shift on and be waiting outside the Circle tube station in 12 minutes. Run!"

Francesca couldn't do more than jog in her stilettos. They were her mum's anyway; scuffed and worn out but with 4 inch heels and polished as best she could. Her calves and ankles hurt within a minute or two. The station was over a mile away.

She made it, hurting and sweating, at 7.29.

"Well done, bitch. You did it. Now walk down the staircase on your right and you'll see a sign for the public toilets. Ladies and Mens. You go into the Mens and you'll see four urinals and three cubicles. Go into the furthest cubicle and wait there. Now Run!"

Francesca grimaced. This was so dangerous. This man might be anything; a mugger, a murderer, a rapist? *But she had no choice.*

There were still people about. They were mostly commuters striding towards the trains, eyes fixed ahead, on their phones, ignoring her. She found the staircase. It was deserted. Nobody turned down it. Everybody walked straight ahead.

*Now she was alone.*

Her own footsteps echoed. The click-clack of her mother's heels as she walked down the steps. The sound of commuters above had faded into silence. She saw a sign; the word 'Toilets' and those standard triangular outlines of a man and a woman.

Heart thumping, she pushed open the door with a man's shape on it.

It was sordid. There was water on the dirty, smeared floor and she heard the drip-drip of a tap. Apart from the dripping it was eerily silent. To her right, there was a counter of three basins with a mirror above it. Cards with prostitute's names and numbers were tucked into the side of the mirror. A condom machine on the wall was empty, marked 'sold out'.

She turned a corner on her left and saw four urinals against the wall. They were squalid too, full of cigarette butts floating in amber liquid. There was even what looked like a used condom lying in the middle of the floor.

Finally, she saw three cubicles. They were flimsy and the partitions were so low that Francesca could almost see over the tops. Two doors were ajar but the middle one was locked.

She saw a pair of shoes under the door.

Now shaking with fear, unable to breathe, she pushed open the door of the furthest cubicle, the one nearest the wall. She locked the bolt and exhaled.

Her phone buzzed. It was a text message this time.

*'Put this on.'*

A piece of black fabric appeared on the tiled floor at her feet. It had been pushed under the partition by the person in the middle cubicle.

"But ..." she whispered.

There was silence. No voice replied.

Slowly she picked up the fabric. It was a hood.

Suddenly she heard a grunt from the other side of the panel. It was immediately followed by a splash.

"Please ..."

Still there was no reply. With a sob, she lifted up the hood and tugged it over her head. The opening was elastic and it fitted tightly round her neck.

She stood in silence, unable to see and barely able to hear, but she made out the sound of a toilet paper roll being pulled. She waited. The same sound was repeated twice more. Then 30 seconds of quiet before she heard a toilet flush.

Next came the clunk of a bolt being slid open and three footsteps. The sound of heavy shoes and a rap on her door.

“Open.”

The voice was overly deep, masculine and throaty, almost like somebody who was trying to sound different, perhaps to sound older. She fumbled for the bolt and slid it across.

“Turn round.”

She rotated like an automaton, her legs like rubber, now facing the rear wall.

Hands gripped her shoulders. She realised what this person wanted and allowed her coat to be removed. She felt it drop onto the tiled floor. Her top and skirt were revealed.

“Bend over. Head in the crapper.”

A strong hand pushed her neck down while another reached round to cup her cleavage. When she was bending over, fingers slid under her top, exploring her flat tummy and round breasts.

“Stay still.”

His voice hissed a warning when she tried to budge into a more comfortable pose. A hand pushed up the hem of her skirt. She heard him exhale.

“Wiggle it.”

She couldn't believe what he'd just said. Expecting her to jiggle her bottom like she was some lap-dancer?

*Crackkkk!*

She howled into the hood as his hand slapped her buttock.

*Crackkkk!*

*Crackkkk!*

*Crackkkk!*

She began shaking her hips and waggling her bottom for him.

“Oh yeah!” she heard him chuckle.

Then his rough fingers began investigating between her legs. She bit her lip to stop herself resisting. Hands stroked her tiny landing strip of pubic hair. She felt fingertips nuzzling her labia.

“Hold still again now.”

And then she felt it. A hard lump of flesh against her behind. An erection. An image of the same penis as the photo invaded her mind; pink, purple and white. She could feel his hair and thighs between her legs. His fingertips peeled her open.

“Okay bitch, say bye-bye.”

*Whoomph.*

He thumped his erection into her in one fierce thrust. It literally tore her asunder. One second she was a virgin. The next she wasn't. She screeched in pain. She was dry and tight. At least, she had been. Now she was merely dry.

“Now push back.”

He began pounding to and fro, with no finesse or care. She had a sudden thought. Maybe he was younger than he said? Maybe he wasn't very experienced either?

His hand slapped her hip, like he was a jockey galloping her down the home straight. She began pressing back against his thrusts. Gradually the pain eased.

“You on the pill, bitch?”

She heard his words. Pill? *Of course not, bastard.*

“N ... n ... no.”

She expected him to pull out of her. But he didn't. He laughed instead, in between grunts.

“Hah ... mmm ... hah ... in that case I'm gonna breed you, bitch.”

Moments later, he roared and his hands clutched her hips tight. He pulled her back against his hips. Then she felt it. His semen. Surprisingly hot and slimy inside her. Jet after jet, pulsing in time with his throbbing erection.

“Oh man, yeah.” She heard him gasp.

He rested across her buttocks for a minute or so. She'd never felt so humiliated or disgusted in her life. Her hooded face was down in a public toilet bowl and her virginity had been discarded like trash. She felt his erection slowly softening until it slid out of her.

"You'll do." She heard him snigger. His voice sounded different again, younger.

Then she heard a muted clacking sound. Photos! He was taking photos.

"Wait here like this for five minutes." He said, as she sensed him zipping up his trousers and adjusting his clothes.

"Then you can go home ... Francesca."

\*\*\*

Trevor woke Francesca at 2.30 a.m.

He sent her an urgent message with a loud notification to answer her phone when it rang.

"Yes?" he heard her answer, half-asleep.

"Yes ... Sir." He corrected.

"Yes, Sir."

"What's the password to your account?"

He listened to her hesitation. He heard the quaver in her voice.

"B ... but ... we're meant to keep ..."

"Tell me. Now!"

"SinclairF2003 ..." she said "... upper case S and F, Sir."

"Good." He told her. "I'm taking your account over. You can still access it but on a read-only basis."

"Please."

"Shut up. Go back to sleep and set an alarm for 7 a.m."

Trevor tapped the red phone on his screen and ended the call, enjoying imagining her state of mind now. She probably wouldn't get another wink of sleep.

Stumbling across her profile was the best thing that had ever happened to him. Francesca fucking Sinclair! One of those hotties who never even looked at the likes of him and his mates at school. A cock-tease who never put out for the sports jocks or pretty boy musicians either.

*And yet now she was his. He fucking owned her.*

He flicked through the pics on his phone. Six of them; each one was of her engorged labia oozing his jizz. They were just about all the same but he uploaded the one that made her cunt look a bit more ravaged. Now her updated profile was more honest.

He altered the text too. He changed her work status to 'Employed' and inserted the contact details of her new employer. He added a few new interests for her like 'fucking in toilets', 'blowbangs' and 'taking it up the arse'. He inserted his own phone number as the contact for anybody who was interested.

*And finally he confirmed that Francesca Sinclair wasn't a virgin.*

## Chapter 10 - Chloe and Sandrine

Chloe Clapham was also paying the price for her husband's failure. She was now, in effect, Gabriel Franklyn's mistress, available to him whenever he required her services. She'd seen the film of herself being fucked in Gabriel's office, indeed he'd made her watch it as he fucked her from behind and criticised her technique. The film had been skilfully edited to suggest she was his willing partner and that she'd offered herself to him in his office to save her husband's career.

She had no doubt at all that he would carry out his threat to distribute the film to her friends and family, and she just couldn't risk that. Things were bad enough as they were. She'd had to go out and find herself a job for the first time in twenty years in an attempt to shore up their finances, now that Roger made so little money. She knew that alone was causing her husband enormous grief. He'd always been a proud man, insisting for example that there was no need for her to work when he was the breadwinner.

Now he had to stand by as watch as she had to go out to work. And what a miserable, menial job it was. There were hardly any demand nowadays for women as old and as unqualified as her. There were, as she discovered, a huge amount of younger, more attractive women willing to work for very little money. That was how she'd ended up litter-picking in her local neighbourhood, dressed in her luminous yellow clothing and wellington boots. Whatever the weather she'd be out picking up refuse and bagging it under the watchful eye of her loutish supervisor, Lee.

Lee was a dimwit, a spotty 18 year old youth who wasn't clever enough to further his education and had found his natural level, being in charge of a group of people desperate enough to want to work for minimum wage and for an idiot like him. There wasn't much to do, apart from bully and belittle those weaker than himself. A role he'd almost perfected in his short, unhappy time at school. He liked old Mrs Clapham as he thought of her, not because he fancied her or anything gross like that, but because she was clearly quite posh and reminded him of a former teacher. Bullying someone like her was quite a thrill.

He was also amazed to discover that she had an admirer, some old guy had turned up one time to watch his group work backwards and forwards across the village green. It wasn't uncommon for his groups to attract the attention of interested observers, especially in summer when all of them were skimpily dressed and down on their hands and knees for example. But this guy was different, he stood and watched for a while before coming over to speak to Lee. He was tall and grey-haired but clearly a wealthy man. He took Lee to one side and explained that he had an arrangement with Mrs Clapham.

Lee was astonished when the man, he never gave his name, explained that he liked to fuck her on a regular basis, as if it was the most normal thing in the world. In exchange for making her available he was willing to make it worth Lee's while to release her for an hour or so. Whenever he wanted to fuck her in other words. It took a while for Lee to process the information until a handful of notes produced from the man's wallet made it all clear to him. He nodded and accepted the money, wishing he could think of some sort of joke for the occasion.

The first time it happened, the old woman called him over and asked him shamefacedly if she might be excused. He was confused at first, excused from what? it took him a couple of minutes to realise what she meant. He grinned at her embarrassment before patting her condescendingly on her backside and telling her not to be long. When she returned an hour or so later she was red-faced and her hair was slightly matted on her forehead.

She approached him again and drew out her phone explaining that sir had told her to show him some pictures. On the screen there were images and even a short video of her kneeling looking up at the camera and then taking a fairly impressive penis into her mouth before sucking and licking it. The man's face was never revealed, but Lee assumed it was the grey-haired man from earlier. He watched the video again and felt his own cock begin to stiffen.

As he watched her head bobbing up and down she whispered to him that sir had told her that she would send a copy to Lee's phone, if that's what he wanted. That was certainly what Lee wanted! Then, with her face a fetching beetroot-red, she shyly handed another banknote over to Lee and told him that sir had said there was plenty more of that, if that's what Lee wanted. That was another thing that Lee wanted! As he pocketed the money, Lee had a quick look at his group toiling away with their black bin bags and wondered if any of them could make him a bit more money.

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Sandrine wasn't enjoying university very much. Once again she was questioning its value to her. She'd worked really, really hard at school and achieved excellent exam results. The educational world should have opened up for her. However that wasn't the case. Recently introduced regulations had prevented her from attending the university of her dreams. Nowadays, girls were required to attend the university most 'appropriate to their needs'.

That was if they were allowed to attend university in the first place. Only the very best performing 10% of girls were permitted to apply. Their details were sent to central clearing and then they were allocated a place, and a course, irrespective of their own preferences. It had been argued, successfully, that young girls barely out of school were ill-equipped both mentally and socially to deal with such potentially important decisions. That sort of thing was best left to experts, poring over pictures and details of their prospective Fresher's in the privacy of their university rooms.

That was how Sandrine had found herself in the new intake of students at a rather down at heel university in a decidedly unfashionable town. And to make matters worse, the course she'd been enrolled on was that of a nursing assistant, as opposed to the medical degree and extra years training to be a doctor that she'd set her heart on those many years ago as a young girl. At least she'd be still working in medicine, she supposed. Helping people was always her primary aim in life, so in a sense she was going to achieve that?

That was the theory at least, the reality turned out to be quite different. Her course was 90% practical and just 10% theory. How, she wondered was she ever going to qualify, even as a nurse, with so little classroom time? Some of her fellow students, they were all female which was another disappointment, didn't seem too concerned. But others, from good schools like herself, muttered about the lack of coursework. All they seemed to do was go into the local hospital and do basic fetching and carrying for the doctors and nurses there.

Sandrine rapidly became an expert at making beds, emptying bedpans and wiping bottoms. She knew that she shouldn't turn up her nose at this sort of work, it was essential after all. But surely her knowledge and skills were hardly being tested? There seemed little point in studying hard for all those years just to be glorified skivvy? She was so concerned that she arranged a meeting with her course supervisor, Miss Clarke.

*Which was her first mistake.* The tough-looking older woman explained, quite brusquely, that central clearing had placed Sandrine where they felt her skills and character would be most useful, and that was that. And just who did she think she was anyway? Miss Clarke had started her career as a nursing assistant and if it was good enough for her it was good enough for an arrogant chit of a girl like Sandrine Clapham.

That should have been enough for someone as perceptive as Sandrine, she should have realised how things stood and acted accordingly, but she didn't. She was disappointed with her course, with the university, with her so-called lecturers, with the hospital, even with the dreary town she found herself now, and she wasn't shy in letting Miss Clarke know exactly how she felt. As she paused for breath to deliver another tirade, she found her wrist gripped and she was pulled over Miss Clarke's knee.

From somewhere deep in her pockets the grim-looking woman produced a short, leather paddle and began to assault Sandrine's writhing backside with it.

Whaack

Whaack

Whaack.

God, how it hurt. Sandrine fought but was easily subdued. It wasn't as bad as her thrashing at the hands of Mr Franklyn in his office, but it was very, very humiliating. Here she was, an undergraduate, a 19 year old woman being spanked like a small girl.

Whaack

Whaack

Whaack.

Even as she lay exhausted and sobbing across the aggressive woman's lap she was being lectured as to her future behaviour and attitude. The following day she submitted her resignation and delivered it by hand to Miss Clarke's office. That was her second mistake.

Sandrine was propelled along the corridors by her ear despite the presence of several surprised patients and visitors and a few amused doctors. She was deposited in Dr Campbell's office by a furious Miss Clarke who urged her boss, the head of student welfare, to make an example of her. Needing no further bidding, the distinguished looking middle-aged gentleman unhooked his crook-handled vane from its peg and delivered a series of cutting strokes to the young girl's very attractive backside.

As Sandrine stood in the corner of his office clutching at her red, corrugated behind, Campbell congratulated himself on his choice. She was just one of the 40 that he'd chosen to be on his assistant nurse course. He'd selected on his usual criteria, physical attractiveness, and then cross-referenced that with their exam results. That's how he ensured himself a constant supply of fuckable, smart girls. And if some of the entitled, arrogant little madams had expressed a preference for medicine, then so much the better.

As the little girl currently sobbing her heart out in the corner was about to find out, the course lasted for three years and was legally binding. He always took great pleasure in pointing out that fact to the unwary who'd signed up to it. There was no way any of them was going to leave the course before that time was up, and all of them would soon be qualified as assistant nurses. Dr Campbell couldn't think of a better career for a young woman than that.

## Chapter 11 - Trevor and Francesca

The following morning Francesca discovered what he'd done to her profile. She tried to log in but he'd changed the password. She clicked on the *'forgotten password'* icon but to no avail. Nothing happened. All she got was a communication asking if she wished to enter on a 'read-only' basis.

It was horrendous. Her in-box was full of disgusting one-liners. Men saying that, although she was now 'taken', they'd still give her a good 'seeing to'. And then she found several messages *BLTT had obviously written* in her sent-box, purportedly from her. Just over an hour ago she'd apparently responded encouragingly to an Asian guy her stepdad's age.

*And finally she saw the photo.*

She stared in shock at her own vagina, puffy and leaking. Now the whole world could see how her virginity had been taken.

*"Morning slut. Hope you slept well. I've found you a job. So now you have a Minder AND an Employer! Report at 9.00 a.m. prompt, to the same public lavatory we met in last night. Hugs, BLTT."*

*OMG. Could things get any worse?*

Francesca showered vigorously, did her hair and makeup, and dressed in the same outfit she'd worn the previous evening. She had no idea if that was the right or wrong thing to do but she had no choice. She walked as briskly as she could to the Circle tube station and descended the same echoing staircase at 08.59 hrs.

A middle-aged commuter emerged from the Mens toilets still doing up his fly buttons. He looked her up and down in her coat and heels and winked. He was at least 50 but that seemed to make no difference nowadays.

She waited outside, glancing left and right.

Eventually she spotted somebody descending the stairs. She saw he was a young guy; a large, lumbering janitor. He was dressed in blue overalls and rubber boots, carrying a steel bucket and mop, with a cigarette wedged into the corner of his mouth.

"Hi." He called out to her. "Miss Sinclair?"

Her legs turned to rubber. She recognised him before he'd even spotted her.

He'd been at school with her. Toby something? No, *Trevor*. That was it. He was in the same year as her but he'd been a bit of a loser.

"Hey!" he said, walking up to her with a pleasant grin. "I know you. It's Francesca, right?"

How embarrassing. *She felt sick with shame.*

"Er ... yeah ... hi ... Trevor, isn't it?"

"Yep. One and the same." He smiled warmly, then suddenly seemed to realise the coincidence. He looked at the bucket and mop.

"Oh? You're here about the job?"

She shrugged. "Um ... yes ... I am. It's tough nowadays. For us."

He nodded sympathetically. "Yeah, Personally I hate the whole Patriarchal Power agenda. But a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do, right?"

"... right." She reluctantly agreed.

"Sooo ..." he stretched out the word suggestively and she saw that he was blushing slightly. He exhaled grey tobacco smoke.

"My Minder told me to come here." She explained. "He said he'd found me a job."

"Hmm, that's not quite true. He found you a job *interview* ..."

She blinked. *I mean, how much interviewing could be required for a job cleaning lavatories?*

"Oh, well ..." she looked around ... "where shall we sit? Do you want to ask me some questions?"

He smiled. "No. I'm going to need to watch you work." He held out the bucket and mop for her to take.

"... okay."

"Come into my office." He winked, pushing open the door to the Ladies.

It was similar to the Mens. There was damp on the smeared floor and she saw three stained basins with a cracked mirror above it. There was a sanitary products machine on the wall. The roller hand-drier was empty and somebody had written a phone number in red lipstick on the wall.

They turned left and she saw a row of six cubicles. Again, they were flimsy and Francesca could almost see over the top of the partitions. All six doors were ajar.

He dropped his cigarette and stamped on the butt, crushing it into the tiles. Then he smiled at her before looking round.

“It’s actually in a pretty good state this morning. The rush hour can be a lot worse than this.”

She held the bucket and mop and her nostrils twitched.

He pushed open the first of six doors.

The toilet was blocked. Water was spilling over the rim and seeping into mounds of soggy tissue on the tiled floor.

She looked at him in horror.

“Okay, let’s see how quickly you can turn this one round.”

She froze, gawping at him.

“Francesca ... this is your interview.” He said, kindly but firmly. “If I don’t see you cleaning this up in ten seconds, then you’ve failed it.”

*She had no choice.*

She stepped forward into the cubicle. Human waste floated like brown submarines in the toilet pan. She could see what looked like a tampon clogging up the bottom of the bowl.

“Oh my g ...” she gasped, turning round to look Trevor.

He laughed. “I should take your coat off Francesca.”

She propped the mop in the bucket and carefully tugged her coat off, hanging it over the partition.

“Phew.” He said. “Nice outfit.”

“My Minder told me to wear it.”

“Did he now? I should like to meet your Minder. He sounds like my type of guy.”

She looked at him and shrugged.

“H ... How do I do this?”

He smirked. “It’s *your* interview not mine. Use your initiative.”

Trying not to retch, she got down onto her knees and scooped out the logs in her fingers. She dropped them into the bucket one by one. Finally, only the bloated tampon remained. She leaned down and managed to dislodge it.

It was almost as if it had been stuck there on purpose. She tugged it out and heard a gurgle as the water started to drain away. She threw the disgusting rayon rag into the bucket and pulled the flush.

“Nice work.” She heard Trevor chuckle condescendingly. “You always were a bright kid, Francesca. Brighter than a thicky like me. But look, here we are. I’m your Supervisor.”

“Does ... that mean I get the job?”

“It means you can DO the job.” He replied. “Now we just have to agree the Ts and Cs.”

“ ... okay?”

“It’s minimum hourly wage obviously. But you get sixty hours’ work a week so that’s not a bad weekly wedge in all. I take my 50 percent cut of it and you keep the rest.”

“You’ve got to ...” she jabbed her finger at him. “You’ve got to be kidding Trevor! You want fifty percent of my hard-earned pay?”

He shrugged. “Take it or leave it, darling. That’s how it works nowadays. Money floats upwards. I give my manager 20 percent of whatever I earn. He gives his director 10 percent of his pay. And so on, all the way to the big cheese himself.”

She stared in horror as he continued speaking.

“I’ll take 50 percent of your pay but hey, maybe ... if you do well and get promoted ... you’ll get a team working under you and you can skim off some of their pay. Join the uphill gravy train.”

“Please ...” she whispered. “Not fifty. Have mercy, Trevor. My mum and I need every penny we earn.”

She looked at him. Her pride had dissolved now. Instead, she was humbly begging him.

He jerked his chin. “Show us those tits then. I always did fancy you Francesca. That could be a benefit for you.”

His eyes looked at her and he licked his fleshy lips. He was big, with a rather oafish face and already the beginnings of a beer belly. She felt nauseous.

*But money was more important than looks.*

“I can’t.” She said. “I would. But I can’t betray my Minder. I’m his now ... my breasts are ... his.”

“Ask him. Next time he contacts you, ask his permission. Most Minders don’t mind. If you get his permission, I’ll let you keep 60 percent and I’ll only take 40. That’s my final offer.”

“O ... kay.”

## Chapter 12 - Intern war

Sally, even in her own mind, knew that she was going to be the favoured choice to lose her job. She was the oldest, for one. And if she was being realistic, the least attractive of the three of them. Although she was glad of the job, it just about paid her bills and kept her head above water. But she couldn't think for the life of her why that bastard Jack Blenkinsop had installed her as an intern. Surely someone pretty and blonde like Lorna was more his sort of style? He could, as he never tired of telling her, have recruited anyone.

The comedy, of course, was that Jack was hardly an oil-painting himself, and he wasn't even slightly witty or charming. If he hadn't managed to worm his way into such a position of power as he now occupied, no girl would have looked at him twice. but now he held their futures in his sweaty hands. Him and his fat, stupid mates had fucked and humiliated her when she'd originally tried to get a job with RFB. When he'd given it to Maria instead, she thought her chance had gone, but now here she was in a stupid uniform occupying the lowest rung on the hierarchical ladder.

She straightened her tie in the bathroom mirror and made sure her glasses were square on her nose before venturing out back into the office. She had a plan, it wasn't a great plan, but it was better than nothing. For the next few days, she was going to try and make herself as useful as possible to the Admin department and the secretarial team in particular. After all, the Admin department would have a major say regarding which of the interns would stay and which would go.

Her best option was to canvass the entire building as if her life depended on it, which in a sense it did. She considered her possible strategies, work harder and longer, smile as much as possible, be very nice to everyone. In the end though she knew that sexual and physical favours would be the key, as they always were, she thought bitterly. Hoping to get an early advantage, she made her way as quickly as possible down to the secretaries' station on the fifth floor and knocked on Sandra Worthington's door.

When the invitation came, Sally then entered before curtseyed neatly. Although curtseying to a hatchet-faced old secretary was not exactly what she had in mind when she was slaving through her years at university.

"Please, Miss Worthington, do you have any jobs that need doing?"

How demeaning it was to have to call a secretary by her title. Unfortunately the unpleasant, aggressive woman held sway over the secretarial pool and therefore she was a potential ally.

"I don't at the moment, Watkins. I suggest that you go and stand in the corner for a little while until someone calls you."

"Yes ma'am, thank you ma'am."

Standing in the corner of the secretaries' office hands on head like a naughty little schoolgirl was one of the most humiliating things that Sally was required to do. The idea was that any secretary could see that she was available to carry out work. The reality was that it was extraordinarily demeaning to have to stand with her nose literally pressed against the wall while all around her the young secretaries chattered and gossiped.

"Watkins! Stop dreaming girl and get over here. "

Sally immediately left her corner and made her way to where one of the youngest secretaries was sat.

"This needs signing by Mr Howell, chop , chop now young lady and no dawdling."

All around her there were sniggers of derision as she hurried to obey the teenager.

"Yes miss, thank you miss."

She scurried away, her cheeks scarlet with embarrassment. But if this was what it took to avoid going being classified as a vagrant, then she'd simply have to do it. She even allowed herself to flirt with perverted old Bill Howell, although she was probably two or three years too old for his tastes. As she leaned across his desk with the letter she arched her back and tried to wiggle her bottom, almost immediately she was rewarded with a firm pinch and thirty seconds of groping.

The day and indeed the rest of the week progressed in much the same way. The difference was that by now the entire office knew about the battle between the three interns. The secretaries took great pleasure in tormenting the three contenders. They were sent on pointless, non-existent errands. They were subject to random knicker inspections, and on one memorable occasion the three of them were spanked one after the other by an enthusiastic Miss Worthington in the main office. To complete their humiliation

the young secretaries were encouraged to rate the interns by their tearful reaction to the painful punishment.

She was also called into Gabriel's office and subject to a harrowing two hour personal assessment. The CEO seemed happy to list her apparently numerous faults in some detail. In his opinion she was arrogant, lazy, and quite dim. He'd received numerous complaints from management. Mr Howell had described as frigid, for instance. How could she explain that even her own manager, Mr Blenkinsop, had described her as obstinate and rather conceited. He'd also described her tits as 'pathetic' recommended a boob job for her. And how did she feel about that? Actually she felt bad, very bad. Not necessarily because of the insults, but because she could feel herself being squeezed out of RFB and into a workhouse.

Taylor also let it be known that with two days to go before he announced the result she was way behind her two fellow interns in terms of popularity. When asked to describe the words from a list that most suited her, the secretaries had variously described her as 'flat', 'stuck-up', and 'too plain'. At the end of the meeting she was advised most strongly by Mr Taylor to pull her socks up.

She left the meeting in tears, crumpled in her hand were two copies of her Mandatory Assessment Report. One for herself, and the other to be pinned on the notice board by the water cooler. She read the report again,

Work: Barely acceptable, Watkins appears to think that the bare minimum is enough.

Appearance: Slovenly at best, Watkins needs to smarten up and make the best of the few advantages she has.

Behaviour: Despite the best attempts of her supervisors, Watkins still has a supercilious, arrogant manner about her that will need to be tamed.

Ability: Minimal, her apparent belief in her own abilities is not matched by any particular evidence.

CEO Notes: Most emphatically this is not a good MAR for any intern let alone an allegedly well-educated young woman. There is very little in it that encourages me to think that Watkins may develop into a useful intern, let alone a junior office girl. I recommend that a firmer hand is taken with her and that she should be subjected to more stringent observation by both her supervisors and the general staff.

Sally was mortified, never in her life had she ever received such a negative report. Quite the opposite in fact, she had always been the best performing, teacher's favourite throughout her school days, even in university she had been marked out as someone special. But all that had merely led to this, pinning a terrible assessment to a public notice board for all the world to see.

Not only that but if, or rather when she supposed after this, she lost the contest she'd be out of work and heading towards penury. There was nothing to be done as far as she could see. Even running away wasn't an option, where would she run to? The police would find her and then her sentence would no doubt be increased. As she turned away in shame from the notice board she noticed a little group of secretaries making their way towards the water cooler. Quickly she walked away and tried desperately to plot her next move.

## Chapter 13 - Trevor and Francesca

Francesca finally finished her shift at 7 p.m. Her 60 hours contract meant she had to do 10 hours a day, six days a week, if she was to get even Sundays off.

She was responsible for six public lavatories in three different stations. And each one was scheduled for four cleaning visits per day; early morning, mid-morning, afternoon and end of day.

She ended up where she'd started, in the basement of Circle Station. But she hadn't gone home yet. Instead, half an hour ago, she'd received a text.

*'Hi bitch. Hope you're having a good first day, LOL! I'll see you in the same Mens cubicle at 7, head in the toilet, door unlocked. Don't be late. BLTT x.'*

When she pushed open the toilet door, she saw a puddle of black fabric waiting for her on the cistern. A hood. She pulled it over her head and assumed the position.

A minute later she heard heavy footsteps and her cubicle door creaked open.

"Fuck I'm horny." A voice murmured. "Lift up your skirt and spread your legs wide."

She adjusted her feet and reached round to raise the hem of her skirt.

*Whoomph.*

An erection instantly pierced her dry vagina. She grimaced into the darkness of the hood. His hands reached round and lifted her top, exposing her dangling breasts and nipples. His fingers began mauling them.

It took him less than half a minute.

"Oh man, I'm gonna cuuuuuuuuuuummmmm."

She heard him laugh as he slapped her thigh.

"Sorry, slut. I guess you didn't get much pleasure from that one. Oh well, don't worry. I won't always cum so quick."

She felt him pull out and sensed him zipping up.

*It was now or never.*

"S ... Sir?" she asked him, through the fabric of the hood.

"Yeah?"

"Can I ask a question please, Sir?"

"Hurry up. I'm meeting some mates in the pub in 5 minutes."

"M ... my Supervisor is taking 50 percent of my pay."

"Sounds about right. So what?"

"My mum and I need every penny, Sir. He said he'll let me keep an extra 10 percent if I ... if I let him see my breasts, Sir."

There was silence. She knew her Minder was standing still. She could feel his eyes burning any angry hole in her back.

"I ... I'm sorry, Sir. I shouldn't have asked."

Then she heard him chuckle indulgently.

"Who's this guy, this ... Supervisor?"

"By chance he was at school with me Sir. His name's Trevor."

"Hah, small world, heh? And do you like this ... Trevor?"

She felt him casually fingering her labia, inspecting the mess he'd made.

"N ... not really, Sir. But he's my boss. I need to please him."

He began toying with her anus, sliding his wet thumb in.

"Do you now? Tell you what, offer him a counter-proposal. He can do whatever the fuck he likes with you but he can't have any of your pay."

She grimaced into the hood. That would mean two men would be using her, not just one.

"I ... I'll ask him ..."

"Look, you're a hot little number. I'm sure he'll say yes. Then you and I will split your pay instead."

She waited, ignoring his thumb and fingers exploring her bottom. She heard him chuckle.

"You said you want 60 percent right? Well, as I'm a super nice guy, okay then. I'll accept only 40 percent. Happy?"

"O ... kay." She answered.

He slapped her buttock to seal their deal.

“Oh, but tell him he can’t fuck this asshole yet. I’m gonna break down your backdoor myself first.”

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The next morning, Francesca was slopping the Ladies toilets clean with her mop. Three of the cubicles were occupied. She was getting used to the constant tinkle and splash background to her working day.

Of course, all the women using it were barely a rung or two higher up the ladder than she was. Yet they still looked at her with barely disguised contempt. One office worker in her 20s walked out of the cubicle without even bothering to flush the toilet.

The woman was a pale redhead wearing bright lipstick. She stared defiantly at Francesca as she washed her hands.

“The flush works you know.”

“So?” the redhead replied. “Flush it yourself.”

“Look, it would just be helpful if you did it when you’ve finished.”

The woman shook her head and sighed.

“Listen kid. It’s dog eat dog for us. Until you get to be a secretary like me, you can flush my shit away yourself.”

At that moment, the main door swung open and Trevor loomed round the corner. He was wearing his blue overalls and boots, clutching a clipboard, puffing on a cigarette.

The redheaded secretary’s attitude changed immediately.

“I’m s ... sorry, sir.” She straightened her charcoal-coloured dress.

“Not so fast.” He snapped. He gestured up at the CCTV camera in the corner of the ceiling, monitoring the Ladies.

“I’ll flush it, Sir.” She volunteered.

“No you won’t. He looked at Francesca. “Give her your bucket.”

She held the metal bucket for the woman to take.

Trevor pointed at the cubicle and snarled at the redhead.

“Now YOU can clean it with your bare hands.”

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Trevor smiled inwardly as the secretary cleaned up. That had been a stroke of luck. The expression on Francesca’s cute face was so grateful. He’d stuck up for her. So now she owed him even more.

After the browbeaten redhead had finished and scuttled gratefully off to her office job, and all the other cubicles were empty, Trevor hung the ‘Do Not Enter’ sign on the outer door of the Ladies.

“So?” he said. “Did you ask your Minder?”

He saw his possession straighten proudly.

“Yes Sir. I did. He asked me to put a counter-proposal to you.”

“He did? Yeah? What?”

She seemed to falter. Trevor hid his amusement.

“He said ... y ... you can do what you like with me. But you can’t have a ... any of my pay. Instead, he wants a share.”

Trevor frowned. “What? I get nothing. Not a fucking penny?”

“But y ... you get m ... me instead Sir. Any ... anything you like?”

“Francesca, you’re a nice girl and all. I mean I fancy you, I always did, even when we were at school. But I can have my pick of any of the cleaners who work at our company. Are you saying you’re really worth more than actual wonga?”

She looked at him. Her expression suddenly seemed to be saying she saw him as a male model with a huge brain, fantastic charm, and lots of sporting talent as well.

“I ... I will really try ... er ... Trevor.”

She even used his name to try and convince him. He sucked on his cigarette and made her sweat; ten, twenty seconds while he pondered his decision.

“Please ...” she whispered.

“How much is he getting and how much do you keep?”

“He’s taking 40 percent and I still only get 60.”

Trevor shook his head.

*He was enjoying this game of poker immensely.*

“Nope.” He shrugged. “I can’t accept fuck all. It wouldn’t be right. So here’s my final offer. Your Minder can obviously have his 40 percent. You can keep 40 percent too, and I get 20percent. That way everybody gets a slice of the action. And I get you, anything I like, as well.”

She stared at him, open-mouthed.

“Final Offer.” He continued. He held all the aces and she was nine high. “Take it or fuck off. I’ve already got a dozen girls lining up to interview for your job.”

He watched her shoulders slump as she folded.

“Alright ... Sir.”

He smiled. “But don’t worry. I’ve just had an idea. I’ll rota you for seventy hours a week instead of sixty. That way you don’t get any days off but we all earn more!

She started to object.

“B ... but ...”

Then her eyes saw his face.

“... Yes Sir.”

He smiled at her acceptance of his decision.

“And now you can show me your tits.”

Slowly she raised the hem of her top. He watched her lovely, pale boobs emerge from under the material.

“And your cunt.”

She blushed and lifted up her skirt. She was bare underneath.

“Not bad.” Trevor nodded, as if seeing it for the first time.

He saw that she was crying. Her eyes were moist.

“Okay, don’t cry now. Get back to work cleaning this place up.”

She blinked back tears.

“You ... mean ...?”

“What? Fuck you now? Here? No, Francesca, I’m not going to have sex with you in a public toilet. You’re worth way more than that.”

He loved the expression on her cute, tear-stained face. It was that same grateful look she’d worn earlier when he stuck up for her against the secretary.

*Now his school crush owed him even more!*

“Thank you, Sir.”

“Look, call me Trevor. No need for this ‘Sir’ stuff” He said, walking to the main door and removing the ‘Do Not Enter’ sign. A couple of women were hopping from foot to foot outside. They rushed into the cubicles.

“I’ll be in touch later.” He added, giving her a wink.

## Chapter 14 - Intern war

Sally was out of ideas. She'd tried flirting with senior management but the whole idea was unnatural to her. Until recently men always made the first move on her. She'd never chased anyone in her life and therefore was out of practise. Her clumsy moves merely seemed to amuse the men. And what was more galling was that most of them were completely ordinary and unexceptional. In her previous existence she wouldn't have given any one of them the time of day.

But now, in this parallel universe, she was desperately seeking their attention. She's given numerous blowjobs, again something she'd never previously done for a partner let alone lascivious workmates. She'd been spanked in numerous, humiliating ways. Jack Blenkinsop had even acquired her own personal paddle for her which was hung ostentatiously in his office

She truly hated her demeaning 'job', but the alternative was far worse. She'd tried smiling and trying to help out the secretaries as much as she could but had met mainly derision and personal abuse. Even her fellow inters seemed to have turned against her due to the pressures of the contest, which was what that bastard Gabriel Franklyn probably wanted she thought, bitterly.

The day she had been dreading finally arrived. She'd tidied her tiny dormitory room for what she imagined would be the last time and made her way reluctantly to work. As the office filled up she couldn't help but notice the sly glances and occasional smirks that came her way. The decision was going to be announced in the lunch-break she had discovered, which meant that she was on tenterhooks for half the day.

She had sneaked a look at the other two assessments that were still pinned to the notice board. Neither was exactly glowing but they were both immeasurably better than hers. In fact she noticed that some unkind soul had scrawled the single word 'loser' across the bottom of her own assessment. That on its own was enough to upset her. She'd never felt quite so low.

Eventually the three of them were called to the centre of the dining-room. Gabriel had assumed control of the floor and all the staff were gathered in front of them. Nobody it seemed wanted to miss what they assumed was going to be an entertaining thirty minutes or so. Franklyn introduced the three to the crowd and then like a magician, produced a white envelope. The crowd oohed their appreciation.

"In time honoured fashion, ladies and gentlemen I shall read the result in reverse order. In first position, voted by you as intern most likely to succeed and therefore retained by the Company is ...Flatsy!!!"

Lorna Honeywell-Brown squealed with delight and clapped her hands, she was safe! The crowd applauded and waited expectantly for the next announcement. Taylor ordered the two remaining interns to stand together and to hold hands.

"In second place, and also guaranteed a job at RFB is,..."

Sally glanced to her left. Fiona was near to tears.

"Fifi!!!"

Fiona held her hand to her face in shock.

"So that of course means our third placed loser is Sally."

The crowd laughed and applauded in equal measure. Sally hardly noticed, she felt an icy coldness in her stomach. It was all over, she was going to be sacked. Not only was she going to be sacked but she was going in the knowledge that she was the least valued, most disliked person in the building. It was all too much and for the first time she simply broke down and cried. But Gabe hadn't quite finished.

"Normally at this juncture I would require Sally to be removed from the premises with immediate effect. Sacked without references, placed on the government blacklist and left to begin her new life, wherever that may be. However in this case I'm not going to do that."

Sally realised that he was going to shame her further, if that were possible, by having her arrested on the premises. But she was wrong.

"This morning I learned that Mr Blenkinsop has decided, as an act of kindness, to adopt Flatsy as his own personal ward. As we speak the Court papers are being registered and by this evening, Flatsy will be

accompanying Mr Blenkinsop to become acquainted with her new home. Can we all please show our appreciation for this magnanimous act?"

The crowd dutifully applauded until Gabriel held his hand up for silence. Lorna looked absolutely shocked. Clearly this was news to her as well.

"So as a consequence," continued Gabriel, "the result stands but Sally will be allowed to remain here at Regional First Bank for the foreseeable future at least. I hope that you realise, young lady, how close you came to losing your job today?"

For some inexplicable reason, Sally felt an extraordinary amount of gratitude towards Gabriel Franklyn as a boss, and to Regional First Bank as an employer.

"Y...yes sir, I do sir, thank you sir," she managed to stutter.

Ignoring the fact that he must have known about Blenkinsop's plans some time ago and that the contest was, therefore, a sham. Just a game to him where she and the other two interns could be toyed with and humiliated for the benefit of their so-called colleagues. or maybe their ordeal was just to show the rest of the female staff just how thoroughly they were under the thumb of management?

"That's all, thank you for attending our little show, everyone. But I'm afraid it's back to work now. As a gesture of goodwill towards management, I'm sure the junior office staff won't begrudge working an hour's unpaid overtime tonight."

There was, unsurprisingly, little dissent at that unwelcome piece of news. Even working for an extra hour on a Friday evening was infinitely preferable to not actually working at all.

## Chapter 15 - Troy and Maria

Maria knelt on the carpet of Troy's office.

One of his hands was on her head, gently guiding her, as she sucked his erection. It was smooth but veined, large but not too thick to fit between her stretched lips. She bobbed her face up and down, trying to make him orgasm as quickly as she could.

His other hand was holding his phone, watching pornography. She could hear the soundtrack above her. It was a video of two men and one woman. Lots of moans and grunts and rude words.

She heard a click. The office door opened. Footsteps on the carpet. Troy paused the video but didn't move. She kept sucking.

"Hey man, fancy a beer at lunchtime?"

It was Jack.

Jack Blenkinsop was in Troy's office, standing above her.

"Sure." She heard Troy reply. "Twelve-thirty-ish?"

"Why not twelve? We have to be back for the meeting at two thirty."

"Yeah, okay. Twelve's cool."

"You got everything prepared?"

"Not yet."

"Shit man. We need that stuff. Gabe's coming to the meeting."

Maria felt Troy's grip tighten and he pulled her mouth off his penis. She looked up and saw Jack Blenkinsop grinning.

Troy asked her. "Is everything going to be ready by two thirty?"

Her mouth hung open. "Er ... yes Sir."

Jack chuckled. "Of course. I wondered why that email you sent yesterday was so well worded. Maria wrote it."

She gazed up at both young men. *Her bosses.*

"She's a great secretary, this one, Jack. You need a quick BJ?"

Jack's eyes met hers. She saw him considering the offer.

"Not now. I've cum twice this morning already."

Troy pushed her mouth back down onto his glistening shaft.

"Okay, finish me off. You heard what the man said. I've got lunch in fifteen minutes and you need to get my work done."

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"Good work." Troy said, chucking his file towards her small desk.

It was 3.40 p.m. Maria caught the folder of slides she'd prepared for their meeting; Gabriel Franklyn the CEO, Jack and Troy and a handful of other men all discussing future 'People Strategies'. All of them her ideas.

"Thank you Sir."

Troy looked at his expensive watch and passed gas loudly.

"Whoops. We had a big lunch."

She smiled politely, straightening the folder's contents, ignoring his blatant rudeness.

"Well, I've gotta go. No time for my afternoon blowie today!"

He winked apologetically, as if he was denying her a treat. He pulled a slip of paper out of his trouser pocket and placed it on her desk. She saw a long list of handwritten notes.

"Here are this afternoon's tasks. I know it looks a lot but the way you work, Maria, it shouldn't take you that long."

She stared at the list. There were 32 items on it.

He smiled at her expression and patted the top of her head patronizingly.

"We're just catching up." He shrugged. "I was getting a bit behind before you joined me. Look, I don't mind if you leave at nine and take the rest home with you. So long as everything's done by the morning. Another chance to impress me!"

She felt tears pricking her eyes as he walked towards the door to leave for home. Then he turned and gave her a wink.

“Oh, and by the way, I know all about your meeting with Sir Vic Gifford!”

**THE END**