

SPANKED AND DISCIPLINED AGAIN

Women in a world where men rule

CHARLES RYDER

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

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

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

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

“The New Government 3”
(moderate, non-consensual content)
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“Return to Mainland 1”
(written jointly with Velvetglove)
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“Freya and the Amesbury's”
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“Return to Mainland 2”
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“Owner to Office Girl”

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“Ascendancy”
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(104,000 words)
The 3 books of the New Government Trilogy

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

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

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

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

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

Feedback welcome at charlesryder033@proton.me

Chapter1

The new trend was Exercise Club, a new idea that was spreading like wildfire up and down the country. In essence it was organised activity for young and middle-aged women as part of a nationwide drive to increase fitness, health and therefore longevity among women in general. The New Government was very proud of its new scheme. After all, what was the downside? Exercise Club gave women from all backgrounds an opportunity to get fit, make friends and occupy their time healthily, and all for free as far as the Exercise Club members were concerned.

Phillip Baron scrolled through his laptop taking in the images of attractive, fit-looking young women in their snug, yellow vests and tight, white shorts laughing as they jogged through a pleasant looking park. There was no downside as far as he could see, especially when corporate membership was positively encouraged by making the fees entirely tax deductible. Plus of course, businesses that supported NG schemes like these were looked upon very favourably.

Never one to let the grass grow under his feet, Phillip turned on his laptop and booked Nicola into the next available fitness session. By sheer good fortune it was scheduled for the following evening at their local park. The following morning he waited until midday and then told her that she needed to report to Kenworth Park at 7.00pm. Nicola was already pretty tired from an afternoon spent carrying out her ever increasing rota of daily chores at work and therefore didn't have time to go home.

Part of her wondered why Phillip had not booked a later time slot, but he'd already gone home presumably. She decided to save time by going directly to the park, after all it would only be a dull induction and meeting, she assumed. Unfortunately for her, it wasn't. She was checked in by an obvious dyke who told her she had five minutes to get changed and join the others outside. When she explained that she was sorry but she hadn't brought any kit, the young woman looked up at her and smiled,

"That's no problem, Miss Pringle just take of your suit and blouse, and those heels of course, and you're ready to go."

Nicola looked at her open-mouthed. Was she insane? This wasn't junior school; did she really expect a grown woman to do PE in just her knickers and bra? Evidently she did,

"Hurry up, chop-chop! You haven't got all day," she shouted at the harassed older woman with a certain amount of evident pleasure.

Nicola just didn't have the willpower to resist. Reluctantly she unfastened her suit jacket and unzipped her pencil skirt. She hung them tidily and then unbuttoned her blue silk blouse. The young woman looked at her pointedly and tapped her watch. Quickly Nicola hung her blouse up and headed for the exit. There must have been fifty women stood around in yellow T-shirts and extremely tight, white shorts. On their feet they wore tiny white ankle socks and white gym shoes to complete the look.

Some of the young women looked great in their sports kit; it flattered their shapes and accentuated their long, alabaster limbs. Others were not so lucky; some of the more generously endowed women looked quite ridiculous. Nicola was under no illusion as to which category she fell into. Already she was doubting the wisdom of this. As if to confirm her suspicion she was approached by two fit-looking young women wearing smart, blue tracksuits and carrying clipboards. One looked her up and down,

"Another new recruit for the Hippo Club, I see Moira. Take her over to the remedial class if you don't mind."

Nicola felt herself blush to the roots of her hair, did that bitch just describe her as a hippo? It seemed as if she did. Nicola knew very well that she wasn't in perfect physical condition, too many corporate lunches, bottles of wine and late nights working on projects rather than joining the gym as she'd so often promised herself that she would. But was she really as out of condition as the two supercilious bitches were clearly suggesting?

The younger of the two women told her to follow 'at the double'. Gillian soon realised that meant she was to jog rather than walk to the large group at the bottom of the field. The woman left her there and jogged smartly away. The male instructor with a clipboard in his large hand looked Nicola up and down without attempting to disguise his lack of interest, even though she was wearing black, hold-up stockings as well as her bra and panties. Obviously he'd seen lots of women dressed like she was.

"Name?"

"Nicola."

"Surname, and it's sir, to you."

"Erm...Pringle, sir."

"I'll watch you carefully, Pringle. Afterwards I'll draw up a personal plan for you, understood? Report to me before you go home this evening"

"Yes, sir." Nicola thought it prudent to speak respectfully to the young, muscle-bound oaf. He was after all carrying a thin, lithe-looking cane in the belt of his shorts.

Nicola could feel herself blush despite the cool night air. She felt such a fool, discussing her fitness regime with some random stranger while dressed in just her underwear. All those thoughts soon disappeared when the group of women were led on a run around the perimeter of the park. Nicola, like many of her friends and colleagues of a similar age was very much out of condition. She was panting and blowing after less than half a mile. She could feel the painful start of a stitch developing in her side. Suddenly she felt a slap across her thin knickers,

"Come on, fatty, put a little bit of effort into it!"

The muscular, young instructor was jogging effortlessly by her side. He leaned across and gave her another hefty whack with the full meat of his palm.

"Come on, tubby. This isn't a very good start is it?"

She was too tired to answer, so he smacked her again.

"I asked you a question, Pringle!?" He shouted loudly.

"N...no, sir. It's not a good start, sir."

He jogged alongside her for a few metres as she dropped further and further off the pace. Finally she came to a grinding halt and stood trying to get some air back into her lungs. She no longer cared how she looked to the young staff in just her underwear; she just wanted an end to it so that she could go home. As she leaned over she felt a terrific crack across her backside. She howled and leapt upwards, what on earth was going on. She glanced around just in time to see the instructor draw his arm back. Unfortunately she only realised at the last moment that he was about to use his cane rather than his hand. Before she could take avoiding action it whacked into her other bottom cheek, generating waves of pain.

"RUN!!" bellowed the young man into her ear. And miraculously, despite her terminal fatigue and her unfit and out of condition office worker body, Nicola Pringle somehow dredged up the energy to jog after her group. When she eventually reached them, she flopped inelegantly onto the damp grass too exhausted to even sit; she was rewarded with another cut across a tender, exposed thigh from the expertly wielded cane.

"GET UP!" screamed the young man right into her ear. Once again she managed to lever herself back to her feet and clumsily join in the group callisthenics. Her heart was pounding; she half expected the top of her head to burst open such was the pressure of the blood coursing around her body, her breath came in great rasping gasps. This was absolute torture! There wasn't any pleasure in it whatsoever. Why had Phillip signed her up for this, surely he'd been mistaken?

Over in the nearby trees her boss watched in fascination as his secretary was put through a demanding set of exercises which would have been tough for a woman twice as fit as she was. How enjoyable it all was, the twenty or so mainly elderly men in the same bunch of trees were obviously fellow fitness enthusiasts clearly seemed to think so. They were clearly, to judge by their lustful expressions, aficionados of the female form. He glanced at his watch, only thirty five minutes to go, best get back to the house and to his dinner.

When she finally got back home, she'd had to travel by bus of course, Nicola was close to exhaustion. That unbelievably strenuous session had gone on for what seemed like hours. Her limbs felt as if they were made of jelly. She stumbled into the house and collapsed onto a handy settee. The pain in her bottom from the regular doses of the cane she'd received barely registered. She just about had the energy to prepare herself a quick meal before taking a hot shower and going to bed early.

Chapter 2

Peter Sharpe liked his job very, very much. Like all public sector workers he was relatively well remunerated but unlike them he suspected he would quite happily have done his job for free. Where else could he get to develop his own personal peccadilloes with regard to the discipline of attractive young college women? But it hadn't always been like it was at the present moment. Oh no, quite the opposite in fact.

There was a time, just a few years ago now when the Women's Equality party was in the ascendancy and middle-aged white men like Peter were regarded as antiquated and unnecessary. Peter had come very close to leaving the profession, simply resigning and finding another way to pay the bills. However he'd hung on in the hope that things would improve, and my how he'd been proved right!

His NG membership, taken out more in hope than anything else, had proved to be the single most important thing that kick-started his new career. When the WEP collapsed into chaos he'd been perfectly placed to accept a couple of important promotions that whisked him almost overnight to the top of the greasy academic pole that he'd previously struggled to make any sort of headway up. He'd been passed over more times than he cared to remember and eventually sidelined.

But now he was the head of department and an academic mentor to scores of impressionable young ladies desperate gain his attention and to please him for the sake of their careers at his prestigious old university. In other words it was pervert heaven. And Peter Sharpe was honest enough to identify himself as one of those people. There wasn't a day that went by that he didn't make someone's life a misery usually for his own amusement.

He was disliked of course and he knew that very well, but so what? All he was doing as far as he was concerned was making up for lost time. He'd spent the first ten blameless years of his career lusting after the largely unobtainable young women that were university students in those more innocent days. He'd had a couple of entertaining encounters with some of the more brazen, uninhibited ones but he'd been very circumspect. That sort of thing was frowned upon even in the good old days.

But the five years under feminist control had been absolute purgatory. It seemed that even glancing at an attractive young woman as she passed in the corridors was seen as some sort of offence where a man could lose his job and even his pension over some misunderstanding. Peter often felt as if he was treading on eggshells and behaved accordingly. The increasingly aggressive, shrill young women he taught were never questioned or checked and virtually all of them received full marks on any piece of work that he set.

And obviously, they couldn't be chastised in any way despite the fact, in Peter's opinion, that some of them would have benefited enormously from a good smacked bottom. His palm positively itched with the idea of applying it as firmly as possible to some weeping miscreants bared bottom cheeks. But like so many dreams, that idea had long been placed into the folder marked reality. Peter had to merely download just as much pornography as he possibly could in order to satisfy his spanking fetish.

But now, with the WEP safely consigned to the dustbin of history the situation had well and truly changed for the better. Firstly the number of female undergraduates had been greatly reduced which was a good idea as far as Peter was concerned. He wasn't particular impressed by the intellect of the average young woman. They were far better off getting a more suitable job behind a shop counter serving their betters to the best of their limited ability before finding a man who'd take them on and then settling down to have children, the actual reason they were put on the earth after all.

Granted there were some bright young women but they were few and far between. His university allowed a small percentage of them to attend based on their (very high) test scores and their ability to behave themselves like proper young ladies once allowed onto the campus. They wore a particular uniform to denote the fact that they were students, one which the local population could immediately recognise and therefore report to the authorities should that be necessary.

They looked like 20 year old schoolgirls in their blazers, short skirts and navy blue and red striped ties which was hardly a bad thing in Peter's opinion and it certainly helped to keep the little darlings in their place. Uniforms, the myriad of rules and regulations and the fact that corporal punishment had been

introduced for all female students resulted in a compliant, obedient and respectful female student body. Indeed as a group they were hardly recognisable as the sharp-tongued, entitled little bitches that he'd had the misfortune to have to try and educate over the years.

His own particular course was very demanding; the turnover of students was high. Peter had the right to simply turn students away from his course if he felt that they weren't intellectually up to the standard that he required. Well. That was the theory, in practise he whittled away at the plain and the ordinary and the common-sounding ones until he was left with the more attractive well-spoken, compliant sorts of girls. The sort of young women that he actually enjoyed teaching.

Not that he was particularly worried about teaching them at all if he was honest. The results from the female undergraduates weren't published and had no bearing on the university's overall ranking when compared to its peers. He could if he wanted fail all the women on his course, simply declare that they'd all failed to meet the required standard and send them home. But where would be the fun in that?

No, far better was to tantalise them with the possibility of graduating from his university with a newly-minted, shiny, well-regarded degree which promised to transport them into the world of well-paid, secure employment. Something that was in increasingly short supply as the little darlings were beginning to discover for themselves. The result was absolute commitment from his female undergraduates.

After all, they'd spent a great deal of money enrolling onto the course, 25% more than their male colleagues in most cases. An eye-watering sum that had to be repaid with interest within 5 years of graduation. And that figure had to be repaid even if the student didn't finish the course, hence the desperation to remain enrolled. Nobody wanted to be sent home in disgrace as a failure. Most of the young women selected by the university were hard working high-flyers, their lives until this point a constant stream of academic success.

They were used to being the top of their respective classes all the way through school and therefore failure just wasn't an option. What would their options be if they were removed from a prestigious university? Almost certainly no institution of a similar standing would take a risk on them. Peter for example had never offered a place on his course to a young woman who'd been removed from another university. Sometimes a single phone call to a colleague at another famous college was enough to reveal that the candidate was unsuited to university life, be it for academic, social or disciplinary reasons.

The result was total control of his students, and if there was one thing that excited Peter Sharpe more than spanking the bare bottoms of his attractive female undergraduates it was having a certain degree of control over their everyday lives as well.

Chapter 3

Arthur Graham smiled and stretched out luxuriously. His first class railway journey had been a pleasure rather than a chore. He'd eaten well and even had a couple of cans of beer, all free and paid for by his new employees the New Government. The boys certainly did things properly; there was no doubt about that. A ticket waiting for him at the station, a respectful, uniformed young woman escorting him personally to his seat and saluting before she left.

A succession of attractive young women in their smart royal blue and white National Railway uniforms politely asking how he was and did he need another blanket or a coffee or a tea or something stronger perhaps. And then a taxi to the rather swish offices inside which he now sat. His new employment had come as quite a surprise. It wasn't something he particularly wanted at his age in life plus he was an unapologetically lazy sort of a chap.

But when his new role was explained for him he had a sudden change of heart. His job such as it was, was to attend particular situations as an observer on behalf of the New Government to make sure that policy was being strictly adhered to. And his particular situation in this case was to watch a professional woman being sacked and then ejected from the premises of a large multi-national corporation.

He remembered his reaction at the time. They wanted him to observe a professional woman's humiliation? The sudden end of her career played out in front of an audience of strangers? Well, of course he was interested in that sort of thing; in Arthur's opinion there should be absolutely no women in senior roles anywhere at all. They'd been given the chance to rule the country and then had comprehensively cocked that up.

But why did the New Government want him to observe women being sacked from their prestigious management jobs? The answer was that the government was interested in discovering the easiest way to sack women from jobs they were no longer fit to hold or which had become too stressful for them. The official government line was that the new policy was first and foremost to protect their mental health apparently, although Arthur smiled to himself as he read that part.

The bottom line as far as he was concerned was that not only would he get to witness their humiliation first hand but that also he'd get paid handsomely for the privilege. And not only that but he'd get to keep his current salary from the business as well. Even for a man as lethargic as Arthur Graham it was an offer that was too good to refuse. So here he was, in the reception at Sinclair Industries waiting for his first job to begin.

He didn't have even the slightest worry about what was going to happen, he was looking forward to it in fact. The petty young red haired girl in the nice suit behind the counter had tried hard not to catch his eye once she realised who he was representing and had scurried around the area keeping herself busy and to avoid talking to him. He was thirty minutes early but he was quite happy to sit with his coffee and Danish waiting for his appointment, imaging the red-head stretched across his tweed clad knee.

According to his notes which he read on the train, Andrea Foster was the Chief Financial Officer of the organisation. It wasn't clear from the notes but presumably she'd upset someone in the organisation and was about to be summarily dismissed on that particular Friday afternoon. Arthur smiled to himself, this sounded as if it was about to be a very entertaining interlude. Just then a gentle coughing roused Arthur from his reverie.

"Excuse me, sir. They're ready for you in suite seven on the fifth floor. The lift is just over there, sir."

He ambled towards her and blatantly looked the delightful young woman up and down before licking his lips.

"Thank you erm...Kylie," he said reading the name badge pinned to the lapel of her well cut jacket.

She flushed prettily as any good receptionist should and then tried desperately to avoid meeting his gaze. He ignored her and entered the lift. Suite seven was a nice, expensively equipped office with an extensive view over city the skyline. The two company officials, James Ogilvie and Barry Gibson rose to greet him and ushered him to his chair. Five minutes later the three of them were joined by a clearly indignant middle-aged woman.

“What is the meaning of this, Ogilvie? I’m very busy as you know and I resent being dragged into yet another one of your pointless meetings!”

Arthur looked over at her. She was a handsome older woman, in her forties at least, well dressed and immaculately presented, her dark hair just going grey at the temples. But despite her age she carried herself tall and erect and looked as if she worked out regularly. In fact she looked exactly as Arthur imagined a corporate executive in a company like this one would look, proud, self-confident and if he was being honest, somewhat arrogant.

“This isn’t a meeting as such, Andrea. Barry and I are here to help you prepare your resignation for the board this evening.”

She looked incredulously at the two men sat comfortably in front of her.

“Are you two idiots fucking insane?”

Arthur sat to one side on his own smiled to himself. Although he disapproved of the language emanating from Andrea Foster’s mouth, he did so like a woman with a bit of spirit. They were so much more enjoyable in the long run.

“On the contrary,” replied Barry the thin-faced young man with the already receding blonde hair. “We’re perfectly compos mentis thank you. And although we have a difficult job to do, we’re going to do it to the best of our ability.”

“What difficult job?” Asked the woman aggressively. “What the hell would you two middle-management nerds know what a hard job was?”

“We’re here to ask for your resignation, Andrea. With the full backing of the board I might add.” Added James, the urbane gentleman with the slick backed red hair, carefully ignoring her abusive language.

“But you can’t! I mean I have a contract. And I won’t resign. You’ll have to fire me first if you want me out of the business!”

The first cracks of her ice-cool facade were beginning to appear. She was becoming flustered.

“Nevertheless we require your immediate resignation, Andrea.”

“But why...I mean what’s happened to make you want to sack me? The financials have been good haven’t they? What’s the problem?”

“The problem I’m afraid Andrea is you.”

“People just don’t like you personally, Andrea.”

“You’re perceived as arrogant and out of touch.”

“You’re management style, if you can call it that is considered to be aggressive and abrasive.”

Arthur nodded his head in mute appreciation as the two gentlemen took it in turns to castigate the middle-aged woman, making her turn backwards and forwards between the two of them, keeping her on the back foot.

“I have a letter for you to sign, Andrea.” James brandished a piece of paper. “It says that you’re going to take extended leave in order to work out some personal problems.”

“The truth is that you’re going to take a very extended period of leave. In fact you’re not coming back to Sinclair Industries as an executive, ever.” Added Barry with a slight smirk.

“No, I won’t sign that nonsense. You can’t make me!”

Now it was James’s turn to smile.

“We can’t physically make you sign, Andrea, but here’s the alternative. If your signature is not on this piece of paper within one minute I’m going to call security and have you frog-marched out of here. Do you understand?”

Andrea Foster, until very recently a senior executive at Sinclair Industries swallowed nervously and looked at the paper.

“But if I sign it, what benefit package will I accrue from the company? How much will my pay-off be?”

Now it was the turn of both men to snigger.

“Benefits package? Asked Barry, incredulously. “Since when has Sinclair Industries rewarded failure?”

“You’re lucky that we don’t sue you for incompetence, Andrea. You do know that, right?”

“You’ve got thirty seconds, bitch, and then we whistle up the security boys. I’d imagine they’d enjoy manhandling you out of the building you sad old whore.”

Andrea recoiled as if she'd been slapped.

"I'm not signing that and I'm not being carried out. I'm going to leave and then call my lawyer. Let's see what she has to say about all this."

James took out his phone dialled a number and spoke to someone. Minutes later a tramp of boots on the stairs heralded the arrival of three burly men in security guard uniforms.

"Stay back!" Demanded the woman, reaching for her phone. "Stay back or I'll call the police."

But before she could say or do anything else the first security guy simply removed the phone from her hand and then slapped her across the face. Once again, Arthur nodded appreciatively. That was the way to deal with uppity women in his opinion. The other two guards took a wrist each and twisted both her arms up behind her back so that she squealed and tried to stand on her toes.

"Take her downstairs please gentlemen, and use the stairs rather than the lift if you don't mind."

"I'm going to sue the lot of you, all of you bastards, every single fucking one of you!" Screamed Andrea Foster hysterically.

She lashed out with one foot catching a guard painfully on the shin with one of her high heels. Angrily he slapped her again and then loosened her skirt at the waist and dragged it to her ankles, effectively hobbling her.

"Leave me alone you bastards!" She screamed. "Hey, you there, the old guy! Yes you, call the police. Please call the police and have them arrest these thugs!"

Arthur looked up at her from his comfortable seat and smiled benignly.

"Call them! Call them you old fool or I'll sue you too!"

"For God's sake can't you shut her up, Jackson? She's giving me a headache." Demanded James.

The guard produced a grimy piece of cloth from his pocket and proceeded to push it into the struggling woman's mouth. Andrea shook her head and tried desperately to eject the foul-smelling material but he was relentless. Eventually her cheeks were bulging with the volume of cloth in her mouth.

James spoke into his phone again and very shortly afterward Kylie the receptionist appeared with a roll of packing tape in her well manicured hand. She paused at the door and raised her other hand to her mouth in astonishment. Wasn't that Ms Foster with her mouth full of wadding and her skirt around her ankles? Barry took the tape from her unresisting hand and proceeded to wrap it tightly around Andrea's head trapping the cloth. Eventually it was done.

The woman led out of the room had changed her appearance considerably. Once immaculately dressed and presented she was now a mess. Her skirt around her ankles, one black stocking laddered and torn, the buttons of her jacket had come adrift, her hair was a mess and she had what looked like the first colouring of a bruise under her right eye. Holding her roughly by a hank of her hair, Jackson steered her out of the room, her arms still twisted painfully behind her by his colleagues.

The commotion in the corridor had already caused a number of doors to open to witness what was going on. Men and women stood and watched open mouthed as the former high-flying executive was bundled along in her blue silk panties almost tripping and falling over her skirt as she did so. Arthur had joined the merry band in order to gauge the reaction of the ever increasing number of staff members who were witnessing the procession as it made its way downstairs.

The reaction, he was pleased to say, was largely positive. All the men without exception were enjoying their former executive's fall from grace. Some of the women did look shocked and a little sympathetic, but even they were in a minority. It seemed as if the method of dealing with unruly senior female employees was a success. Arthur made a mental note to inform his employers of the good news.

Chapter 4

Nicola had the entire weekend to recover and apart from a few aches and pains didn't feel too bad on Monday morning. That was until Phillip called her into his office, and it wasn't for his customary morning blowjob either. This was for something quite different. With a grim expression he pushed over a manila envelope that contained an official-looking form. It was addressed to Phillip of course in his role as sponsor for her place on the exercise programme, but it concerned her,

"Miss Pringle,

It has come to our attention that you have avoided signing up for further voluntary evening exercise sessions despite being specifically told to do so by PTI 2435 Garton last Friday evening

As a consequence you are hereby instructed to attend compulsory PT sessions from 6.30 until 8.30 at Kenworth Park on the evenings of Sunday, Tuesday, and Friday until further notice.

Yours,

The Management Team. Kenworth Park Activity Centre."

Nicola had begun to cry before he'd even finished reading it. She was to be returned to those young sadists in the park!?

"Mr Baron, there must be something you can do...please. Three times a week! I don't think I could stand it...honestly. Can't you do something? I...I'm begging you."

"I don't know, Nicky. It seems a very formal sort of thing..."

She began to cry in earnest, big, wet tears of self-pity rolled down her cheeks.

"But I'll try. I might have an idea."

"Thank you, sir."

Nicola dabbed at her eyes and thanked him profusely. He was a horrible bully and obviously a complete pervert but he just might be able to rescue her from the horror that was Exercise Club and as such she knew that she had to be extra nice to Mr Baron.

"So I've made an appointment to see Doctor Moon. We use him here at the company to do our insurance medicals. If he finds anything even vaguely wrong with you, he'll pull you from those PE sessions before you can blink. He's a bit old-fashioned but completely scrupulous. You'll be in good hands there. I know it's a bit short notice, but he can squeeze you in this afternoon if you can manage it."

Nicola was so relieved that she was tempted to kiss him. There was no way she wouldn't be in that surgery. Fortunately she was already dressed in one of her best suits, black stockings, matching black silk underwear and her favourite blouse. She really needed to make an impression and make it clear that she was a professional businesswoman and a valued member of the team rather than some sporting floozy.

Dr Moon turned out to be a tall, rather imperious looking older gentleman with a shock of silver-grey hair. He looked her up and down slowly and seemed satisfied with what he saw.

"Before we begin, Miss...erm, Pringle? I do hope you're not one of these impertinent young women who is hoping to avoid the new government directive regarding physical exercise are you? Because, personally, I take a very dim view of that sort of thing. Undress yourself, there's a good girl."

Nicola opened and shut her mouth, and blushed furiously. Why had Phillip sent her to this man? She shrugged off her suit jacket and then unbuttoned her dark blue silk blouse as instructed. The man took a firm grip on each of her boobs and squeezed them painfully. He ignored her little squeals of distress and repeated the manoeuvre. Then he took one of her plump nipples in each hand and twisted them, eliciting a higher pitched wail. He lifted her breasts up so that she was pulled onto her toes.

"Do be quiet, young lady. I have to check these sorts of things." He ordered, gruffly. "It's for your own good."

Releasing her painful nipples he pulled and squeezed each of her nicely sized breasts in turn before going over to his desk and writing on his pad.

"Right, let's have a little running on the spot. Knees well up, Miss Pringle there's a good girl."

Still in her stockings, heels and skirt, with her blouse billowing open she attempted to comply until a sharp slap across one thigh made her stop.

"No, no, Miss Pringle, that won't do at all. Let's have that skirt off shall we and give it a proper go this time?"

Shame-faced, she obeyed and placed her pin-striped skirt on his desk.

"Now, same again but with considerably more effort. I want to see those pretty knees really high!"

He kept her at it for a good five minutes until she was panting and then told her to stop. He produced a stethoscope and held it to her chest before going off to write some more.

"Now, girl. Legs apart. No further than that, much further. Now bend over and hold your ankles."

She felt his hand grab and then massage her backside. Suddenly his hand smacked her quite vigorously.

"Do stop fidgeting, young lady, I shan't tell you again."

He smacked her again for no apparent reason and then inserted his hand between her shamefully spread thighs and stroked her labial lips.

"There, how does that feel, Miss Pringle?"

It felt very much like sexual assault, she wanted to shout at the old fool, but wisely she just murmured in an uncommitted sort of way. She could feel herself start to respond to his ministrations and fought to suppress any pleasure she might feel. His knowledgeable hand soon found her tender little clitoris and began to manipulate it, rolling and stroking until she began to gasp and squirm. Abruptly he stopped and went back to his pad.

"You appear to be sexually overheated, Miss Pringle. It's something I should attend to at a later date perhaps. In the meantime it's something that your employee should know about; I'll make a note in your records."

Nicola blushed again, even more deeply if that was possible. She bit her lip nervously; surely this terrible ordeal was over now?

"Dress yourself, young lady," he ordered her in absent-minded sort of way.

Hardly able to meet his amused gaze, she slowly buttoned her blouse back up, replaced her jacket and skirt and played with her hair a little to try and return some sort of order to it.

"There's good news, Miss Pringle. You'll no doubt be delighted to know that you're in tip-top condition! A point I will make clear in my report which you can give to the officials at Kenworth Park. Good day to you, young lady."

And with one last paternal pat to her bottom through her tight skirt she was sent on her way. Hopefully his CCTV system had captured all the details of that particular encounter with its usual efficiency, something he was certainly intending to review later that evening.

As she lay on her back on the wet grass the following evening, gasping for air like a stranded fish, the words 'tip-top condition' swirled around her head mocking her. She was clearly anything but that. She'd been harried and bullied around the large expanse of park for the last hour by frighteningly fit young people armed with long, thin, pliable canes which they were only too willing to use. Her backside underneath her extraordinarily tight shorts were corrugated with weals due to her perceived lack of effort. Not only that, her thighs and even her calves had been stung by the horrible, whippy sticks.

"Up, up, UP!!" Bellowed an over-enthusiastic young man into her ear.

When she was too fatigued to obey him instantly he simply seized her by her sodden hair and dragged her to her feet.

"Name!!" He shrieked into her face.

"P...Pringle, sir." She replied.

"I don't like you, Pringle! You're a lazy, fat hippo!" He shouted, shaking her by her soaking wet hair. "What are you?"

"A lazy, fat hippo, sir," she managed to gasp out.

He pulled her along by her hair to her little group that was running on the spot, waiting for his instruction

"Twenty star jumps, girls. And then ten push ups. I was going to call it a night, but thanks to the newest, laziest member of the Hippo Club here we're all going to do at least one more lap of the park as well. Right, begin!!"

Wearily, Nicola forced herself to assume the correct starting position. Her super tight, bright yellow t-shirt had been made virtually translucent by the cold rain that had been falling for the past couple of hours and her nipples, and even her areola were clearly visible. Her plump thighs chafed horribly against the rough fabric of her muddy shorts. Phillip Baron had bought the bloody things for her; well he'd ordered them for her on her behalf and taken the cost out of her wages.

She didn't actually have much money to begin with, she'd recently suffered a 50% pay cut for no apparent reason, and the thin vest and humiliating shorts were ridiculously expensive. But that was one of the many rules of Exercise Club, the members had to be "properly attired" and that meant official Exercise Club gear available only from officially approved Exercise Club outlets. The young, blonde boy with the cane had already told her with a gleaming smile that she was to be caned later that night for attending her first session dressed "inappropriately" in just her underwear.

"And this time, Pringle, I want to see you really pump those chubby hips of yours, young lady!"

"Owwwww!"

Nicola squealed as yet another well aimed stroke of the cane caught her in the dead centre of her bottom. The super-tight shorts offered absolutely no protection in fact as wet as they were they only seemed to exacerbate the pain. As she set off reluctantly with the half dozen or so other women in her group over the wet grass to the bottom of the hill she could see a couple of hundred metres away Nicola's heart sank even more.

The hill meant endless climbs and descents of the steep, wet, slippery mound harried along by the male and female instructors almost to the point of collapse. She wasn't sure how long of the session was left, but even a minute would be too long. But on the other hand the sooner the exercise ended the sooner she'd receive her punishment caning and PTI Garton had promised her a caning to remember.

As she moved off the sign hung around her neck was a constant reminder that her own doctor had inspected her and found her to be in perfect physical health. Just a reminder to the instructors that she was in "tip-top condition" and could be treated as such. It was sodden now and creased and was threatening at any moment simply to detach itself from the board it was taped to, but it had served its purpose. To identify her to her teenage tormentors that she was relatively fit and thus available to be bullied as they saw fit.

Chapter 5

Whaaap!

“Owwwwwow”

Whaaap!

“Owwwww!”

Peter smiled as he watched the pair of bright red buttocks roll and gyrate in front of him. This was always one of his favourite times of the academic year. The final exams for the end of the first semester were fast approaching and now was not the time to be thrown off the course. His female students were on their absolute best behaviour. None of them wanted to attract his attention in a negative way. All of them were working long into the night in order to cram as much information into their heads as possible.

Whaaap!

“Owww...p...please...”

He flexed the leather paddle between his hands again. It was probably his favourite implement of retribution. The wooden paddle, the one he used to discipline his young ladies in the classroom made a loud, satisfying crack when it came into contact with a naughty girl’s posterior but it was a rather crude instrument. It was more for the theatre of the thing, so that the assembled multitude could hear and appreciate the punishment taking place in front of them, whereas the leather paddle was smaller but more flexible and it could reach those more...intimate parts.

Whaaap!

“Aaaaargh...Owwww!”

As the continued howling and bleating of the young lady sprawled over the desk in his office seemed to confirm.

Whaaap!

“Oooooowww...please....I...”

“Do be quiet, girl! Or else I’ll give you something to really complain about.”

Peter tried to keep his voice level and calm, bored even as if he was reluctantly carrying out his duty but in reality he was bubbling inside. He watched as she wriggled her glowing, red bottom and involuntarily parted her thighs for him in a vain attempt to alleviate the sting he was imparting. Punishing a girl like this was intensely exciting, especially when the recipient was one of his favourites lovely blue-eyed, dark haired Sally Ann Baxter.

He’d had his eye on her from day one. She was just the right mix of good looks, middle class innocence and earnest, hard working endeavour. And, for a woman at least, she was adequately intelligent. Five years ago she would have been one of the undoubted academic stars of the department. But that was then and this was now. He leaned forward and casually cupped one of her pert bottom cheeks, smiling as he felt how warm they were.

Now, rather than being feted for her various attributes she was clinging on to the course by her pretty little fingertips. At least that’s what he’d told her. It wasn’t true of course but that didn’t matter. She was easily clever enough to pass these end of term exams and earn the right to start the second semester next autumn, but she didn’t know that. He’d told her so often that she was failing the course that she now truly believed she was, and why wouldn’t she? He was after all her esteemed professor.

He’d had her in his office bent over his desk or touching her toes like the naughty schoolgirl that she appeared to be in her smart but ridiculous little uniform several times. But she wasn’t at school any more, she was a 20 year old university student which meant that she was thoroughly under his control and subject to any orders or instructions that he cared to give her. Every stroke of the cane or every time she received a blistering spanking over his knee with her panties pulled to her knees was for “her own good”.

He was as desperate as she was for her to pass but sometimes she needed her ideas bucking up and did she understand that? She always did of course, bless her naive little heart. She was always so apologetic and determined to do better after each and every unwarranted punishment she received that it made his cock pleurably hard just to think about it. And every time her sweet, innocent face made his cock hard she was willing to help deal with that by taking it in her velveteen mouth and blowing him off.

He wasn't sure if she'd ever done it before she met him. Her efforts at first were quite amateurish but that in itself was quite a turn on if he was honest. Although he pretended to be disappointed with her and spanked her accordingly, her fumbblings made him smile. The idea that his cock was the first to squeeze between her rosebud lips was exciting enough in itself. And of course, practise makes perfect in all things and it wasn't long at all before Miss Sally Ann Baxter's technique improved immeasurably.

Whaaap!

"Owwwww!"

But that didn't mean that he was about to go easy on her, quite the opposite in fact. The time was right in his opinion to ratchet up the pressure on Miss Baxter. There were only two weeks until the end of term exams and now was the perfect time to act. He knew that from experience. Sally Ann wasn't his first favourite, far from it. Almost every new intake brought in at least two or three young ladies that admirably suited his criteria. The skill however lay in developing them in the correct way. Peter had refined and honed his skills over the last few years to the point where he prided himself that he could almost pick a favourite girl within the first few weeks of term and then spend the rest of the semester working on them.

Whaaap!

Whaaap!

Two more rather spiteful strokes both aimed at the unmarked white skin on the insides of her thighs made her squeal out loudly despite his instructions for her to keep her wailing to a minimum.

"Up you get," he ordered.

Sally Ann scrambled hurriedly to her feet, her hands pressed urgently to her bare bottom. Peter didn't try to prevent such behaviour, indeed the look of distress on her privileged, aristocratic face and the tears shining in her beautiful blue eyes were wonderfully invigorating as she showed him her neat, dark little pussy. She was dressed in just her pristine white shirt and her carefully knotted red and blue college tie. Her smart, blue blazer was hung on the back of a chair and her pleated grey skirt had been discarded untidily on to the floor. Her regulation knickers were balled up safely in Peter's jacket pocket for future reference.

Peter did like to see his girls like this. Sally Ann and the many girls like her had each represented the dark days of the Women's Equality Party when men such as him had been sidelined and marginalised by rampant feminism. It had taken men quite some time to rectify that particular situation, but now they were well and truly back on top where they belonged. Now snooty, privileged young women like Miss Sally Ann Baxter were being taught their true worth and their place in today's dominant patriarchal society.

Peter took his chair and sat himself down comfortably, Sally Ann turned herself to watch him warily, the tears still coursing down her cheeks. He hadn't invited her to sit so she stood obediently, massaging her backside and waiting.

"It isn't good news I'm afraid, Baxter."

Peter smiled to himself as her pretty face crumpled in front of him. She was so easy to manipulate that it should no longer be a thrill...but it was.

"I've notified the examiners that you won't be sitting these end of term exams."

He smiled as the tears really started to flow.

"B...but sir...I've w...worked so hard and I'm sure that I'll pass and..."

He held up his hand and she stopped talking.

"You may well have worked as hard as you can, Baxter, I'm just not convinced that you're ready to take on such a complex set of examinations yet."

"Please sir...please...can't you give me a chance...please?"

Peter could feel his cock stiffening in his pants as he listened to her begging.

"Please don't send me home sir...I'll do anything you want, sir."

He looked at her quizzically.

"Who said anything about sending you home, you silly little girl?"

She wiped her eyes on the sodden sleeve of her white blouse and looked up at him hopefully. She looked so cute and vulnerable that a weaker man might have given into temptation there and then. Peter Sharpe however was made of sterner stuff.

“I said that you weren’t ready to sit a challenging examination yet, Baxter. Not that you wouldn’t ever be ready to take it. “

“Oh thank you, sir. Thank you.”

Wait a second you silly little fool and listen to my proposition.”

Sally Ann wiped her eyes with her sleeve again and stood without her knickers or skirt and slightly pigeon toed as Peter outlined his plan. First she was going to take some intensive one to one coaching with him over the summer vacation. And then, and only then, if he considered her work was up to scratch, he’d enter her for a last minute resit before the second semester. And then, assuming she passed of course, she could begin the second semester as normal.

Her sad face immediately broke into a broad, attractive smile which made his turgid penis swell just that little bit more.

“It will mean more work for me of course, a certain inconvenience which I’m prepared to put up with but only if you work really hard and do everything that I tell you. Is that understood?”

“Oh yes sir, of course, sir,”

She was positively beaming now, her sore bottom and the shock of being taken out of the examination quite forgotten.

“I’ll need you around all the time, so you can stay at my house for the duration of the holiday. I’m sure your parents will approve of that considering the money saved in such an arrangement?”

“Erm...yes, sir.”

Peter could tell that the little poppet hadn’t given the reality of the situation much thought.

“I mean you can’t stay at Miss Parson’s house over the next fifteen weeks can you? That delightful old lady doubtless has her own plans for the holiday, and do you have the money for alternative accommodation at such short notice?”

Peter already knew that she didn’t and anyway the system of accommodation didn’t operate during university recess. The choice therefore was simple; either stay with him in his house over summer or pack her bags and leave for home that afternoon. He was quite sure the option that she’d choose.

Chapter 6

The Sinclair Experiment as it came to be known was a resounding success. Not only was another high flying female DEI hire removed from the business, but it was done in such a public, humiliating manner that the details of it were bound to be repeated and talked about a hundred thousand times on social media. The idea being of course that it would send out a message to the other senior businesswoman that if it could happen to Andrea Foster, CFO of a major multi-national, then it could happen to any of them.

Arthur's report was full of complimentary things, although he did have a few of his own suggestions. For example why should senior level executives waste their time firing a female employee, any female employee? Surely that simple task could be delegated to a pair of low-level new hires, or even a couple of interns? The fact of the matter was that the highest ranked woman in the business should be made aware if she wasn't already that the lowest paid male employee outranked her.

Also, shouldn't security guards be equipped with the necessary hardware to quickly suppress the more hysterical females that they were bound to encounter in their line of work? To Arthur's mind that meant manacles, shackles and some sort of a ball-gag to silence the bad language and downright impertinence that they routinely had to endure. Security officers should receive training in the best way to subdue and transport recalcitrant females.

Arthur was also in favour of dealing with failing, "hot-shot" businesswomen in a more robust way. Perhaps they could be punished as a part of their severance package? Bent over her own desk maybe or somewhere more public like reception or the staff canteen. Being caned or strapped or paddled in front of a crowd of amused, mocking spectators should be enough to remind the former executive just how much respect she really had from her workforce.

Essentially though, the New Government's aim was to spread the idea among their friends in the super compliant media that women were being removed wholesale from high-profile front line roles for their own good. The tag line that had to be mentioned at every news report on the situation was that the mental health of women was far more important than any sort of career or role that they were struggling to hold down. In other words, the New Government was the friend of people everywhere, even high-ranking women from the previous WEP regime.

All nonsense of course, even a 20 year veteran like Arthur knew that the whole thing was so much smoke and mirrors. There was something delicious however about not only persecuting high-achievement women and hounding them out of work, but justifying that behavior on pseudo medical grounds. It made him smile just to think of how a truly malevolent, misogynistic organization like the New Government was presenting itself as the caring, sharing friend of all of the people. And not just the men.

But then that was the essential difference between the highly educated and yet tone-deaf leaders of the Women's Equality Party and the more rough and ready but far more cunning and streetwise people who ran the New Government. There was no comparison really in the political ability of the two. The WEP had tried to force their unpopular doctrines on the people whereas the New Government did exactly as it wanted and yet sugar-coated the pill to sweeten the response from the electorate.

As the weeks passed, Arthur's own political skills improved. It really only was a matter of listening to what people wanted, the majority of right-thinking people wanted anyway, and then carrying out their wishes in the least disruptive, most palatable way. And generally being a manipulative, cunning man, Arthur was very good in that particular environment. His contribution did not go unnoticed. He was prompted a couple of times and was now making more money than he ever dreamed of when he was slaving away in the council offices.

But that wasn't all, he was also accumulating power. And when you had enough money to live a comfortable, stress-free existence, the next thing on the list was power. It was a sort of aphrodisiac, once you'd tasted it you simply wanted more of it. It had started off with his gold, twenty year service badge. He enjoyed the attention he received from shop girls for example. It didn't seem much, but when you were a low-achieving, lazy fat lump of a man (Arthur was honest with himself if nobody else) then that sort of thing was flattering to a chap's ego.

And as his work for the New Government progressed he was getting more and more used to the sensation. He now had a large house in the middle of the city for example. It used to belong to a wealthy couple who were well-known financial supporters of the Women's Equality Party. Arthur knew that for a fact because he now employed the wife and their daughters in his new house. The woman, Francesca was now the cook's assistant down in the kitchen and their two daughters Matilda and Elizabeth were employed as maids.

Although clearly they weren't called by their real names anymore and neither did they have the run of their former house. Fanny, Tilly and Lizzie all worked 14 hour shifts and the two daughters lived in one small, shared miserable little room up in the attic. Arthur took a certain amount of pleasure in disciplining them all on a fairly regular basis. To hear their formerly smug, self-satisfied voices crying and begging as he caned them for some minor infringement or sometimes for no reason at all was really very satisfying.

The problem, if one could actually call it that, was that once having tasted the delight that pretty much unchecked power could bring, Arthur being merely a man constructed of flesh and blood simply wanted more of it. His gold badge, still worn proudly on his lapel, was now supplemented by his official New Government paperwork which identified him as a figure of some importance within the New Government hierarchy. He still very much enjoyed producing his card for people. The look of mingled horror and respect on their faces was really quite intoxicating.

Chapter 7

Sports day? Bloody sports day! Were these people losing their minds, seriously? Nicola hadn't competed in a sport's day for about eighteen years and she'd hated every minute of that one as well. She's spent most of her older teen years consciously ignoring the gym and the sports field with the assistance of her mother's spurious letters regarding her health and well-being, or rather the lack of it. So to be invited (ordered) to a sport's day at bloody Kenworth Park was terrible news for her.

The letter had waffled on about the physical health benefits and the open air and the mental health benefits from putting her recently gained hard work into action in a competitive sport's environment etcetera, etcetera. But in reality Nicola had very serious misgivings about how the whole dreadful affair was going to play out. She was naturally unathletic and she hated all forms of team exercise.

Phillip Baron was unsurprisingly very enthusiastic about the whole thing. So enthusiastic in fact that he promised to attend and bring some of her colleagues along as well. After all, she wasn't the only employee who was enrolled in Exercise Club and it was all good material for the monthly Company newsletter. Nicola's heart had sunk a little at that unwelcome piece of news. The Company newsletter, distributed throughout the business empire was always full of photographs. Was she really comfortable about having pictures of herself in her ludicrously brief Exercise Club kit plastered all over a newsletter?

Flashh!

Nicola blinked as the photographer took a picture of her between the two other girls from the company. The difference was that they were tall, fit looking and obviously athletic. They seemed to show off their tight yellow t-shirt and skin-tight white shorts quite beautifully, whereas she felt and probably looked as if she's tried to squeeze too much into too little that morning. It was cold as well and she was self-conscious about the feel of her firm nipples brushing against the tight cotton material.

She didn't feel comfortable about this at all. The group of 60 or so women that constituted her particular Exercise Club were split into four groups with four different bib colours and the games began. And unfortunately as far as Nicola was concerned the games were very reminiscent of her much-hated school sports day. There were running races and irrespective of the distance she invariably came towards the rear of the field. There was an egg and spoon race, an obstacle race, a sack race, all the sorts of things that she'd hated with a passion when she was a child.

But here, in their modern day equivalent, Nicola couldn't just skulk at the back or purposefully come last in half her events. One reason was the constant harrying and chivvying of the young coaches who still used their whippy little canes despite the proximity of a largely male, appreciative public audience. The second, and much more pressing reason, was that their results were being compiled and at the end of the day there was going to be a prize-giving where the winners, and the losers would be receiving their just rewards.

However, try as she might, Nicola was so poorly uncoordinated and unathletic that she just couldn't seem to accumulate points. The last race of the day, the complete circuit of the park and an ascent of the hill at one end was her last chance to redeem herself. She tried very, very hard; she almost sprinted to the front of the pack and actually managed to get to the foot of the first climb in first place. With her heart beating wildly and her vest sticking to her as the rain began to fall again she actually struggled to the top of the steep ascent still in first place.

That, however, was the limit of her achievement. She caught a tired, clumsy foot on a tussock of grass and fell headfirst down the muddy embankment, slipping and sliding down it in a comically inelegant fashion before coming to a stop in a pool of filthy, muddy water that had already accumulated at the bottom of it. The nearest spectators who seemed to have gathered in that particular spot for that particular purpose were greatly amused as she coughed and spluttered.

By the time Nicola had struggled to her feet and shaken as much water as she could from herself, the rest of the Exercise Club had caught and passed her leaving a very wet, very muddy, discomfited young woman behind them. She trailed in last of course much to further general hilarity. Her reward for being easily the least impressive, most useless Exercise Club member was to have her shorts removed and then

to crawl on her hands and knees through the mud between two lines of cane-wielding, enthusiastic young physical training instructors who whipped her backside for her lack of ability and enthusiasm.

The contingent from her workplace, led by Phillip Baron, seemed to enjoy her humiliation very much. Most of them could remember her when she was an arrogant young manager who needed taking down a peg or two and here, right in front of their eyes that was definitely happening. Cameras flashed, videos rolled, Nicola Pringle former rising young executive was now officially a laughing stock she realized miserably.

Chapter 8

Upstairs in the miserable, dismal attic that was now her schoolroom, Sally Ann heard the creak on the wooden stairs that indicated that her Peter Sharpe was slowly ascending them. She hurriedly checked around to make sure that the room was neat and tidy; there was no need to give him any spurious reason to complain. She checked the page she was writing on to make sure there weren't any crossings out or smudges. When the door opened she got to her feet, Mr Sharpe had insisted on it and it had become a habit to stand respectfully whenever he or anyone else entered her schoolroom.

She felt his eyes bore into her and shivered slightly. He was quite a creepy man she realised and the more time she'd spent with him in the privacy of his own home, over a month now, the more she realised how horrible he really was. Sally Ann knew that she really she shouldn't think of him like that, after all he'd been very good to her. He could quite easily have sent her home and all her dreams and ambitions would have ended.

"Good evening, poppet. How's your work coming along? I do hope that you're working just as hard as you possibly can?"

"Yes, sir," she replied automatically. There wasn't any point in discussing the matter or trying to explain herself in any way.

"Sit down, poppet, and get on with your work. You can't really afford to waste any time you know." He admonished her gently.

She sat back down on her uncomfortable little chair behind her uncomfortably low little desk and blinked back her tears of frustration. She hated, absolutely hated, being spoken to in such a derogatory way. She was twenty years old, not twelve! Even three months ago she would have rebelled against the name 'poppet', but now she simply daren't. He was such a constant figure in her life at the moment that he had complete control over her.

Now that she was living at his house he had almost complete control over her. He decided what she did and what she wore and even what she ate and what time she went to bed. Miss Parsons had been fairly strict with her but Mr Sharpe was something else. She had virtually no free time to herself, if she wasn't studying or writing out long essays by hand she was "helping out" or paying her way as Mr Sharpe liked to describe it.

That might mean cleaning or polishing or making food for the two of them, whatever Mr Sharpe decided in fact. Her day from the moment she got up at 7am to the time she was put to bed at 10pm, was fully organised and regimented. She was allowed to phone home twice a week to speak to her mother on Mr Sharpe's telephone but that was the only contact that she was permitted. Mr Sharpe said that he didn't want her to become distracted from her studies.

He came to stand just behind her shoulder and peered at her exercise book.

"Is that your absolute best hand-writing, poppet?" He enquired mildly.

"Y...yes, sir."

She shivered as he placed a hand on her shoulder in a paternal sort of way. She hated it when he did that, in the past she would definitely have shrugged off the unwelcome intrusion into her personal space. She might even have asked him not to do that. But now...now it was different. Although she hated it when he stood so close she just didn't have the nerve to do anything about it, much less confront him.

She tried to ignore his hand as it slowly crept up her shoulder and stroked her neck. She felt a finger gently run along the collar of her starched, white college blouse. It was, as usual, almost chokingly tight but nevertheless Mr Sharpe attempted to insert a finger between her collar and her neck. He was most insistent that she wear her uniform properly, even when she was alone in her schoolroom and studying. Her blue and red striped tie was still knotted just as tightly as it was possible to be, despite the fact that she had was completely on her own in the attic. The hand slid upward and stroked her neck again before playfully taking her ear and gently squeezing it.

"Are you really working hard, poppet?"

"Yes, s...sir." She shivered again as she felt his breath on her ear.

"Because if you're not I'm going to have to punish you again, aren't I?"

"Yes, sir," she whispered.

This was a new side to Mr Sharpe. He'd always been a figure of authority ever since they'd first met a year ago. He was her college professor after all and he did have the right to punish her whenever he thought it appropriate. But actually living him, under his own roof was quite a different experience. He was much more hands-on here, much more likely to stroke her or squeeze or slide his fingers into her personal places which made her very uncomfortable

"And you know I don't want to punish you, don't you poppet?"

She nodded, trying to hide the blush in her shame-filled cheeks. Being spoken to like this, like a foolish, misbehaving child was so shameful.

"But you do appreciate that it's for your own good, don't you?"

She nodded again.

"Don't you, poppet?" He took a tendril of her hair and pulled it sharply.

"Owww, yes sir. I know it's for my own good."

His hand slid downwards and brushed against her left breast before taking a firm grip of it through the thin material of her crisp, white blouse.

"I believe that part of your problem, young lady, is that you're easily distracted. That's why I have you up here to study where there's nothing to divert your attention or for you to show off to. Do you understand me? Nobody to flaunt yourself, nobody to try and show off with these little things" he squeezed her tightly again. "You just don't have the time to flirt with boys in your situation, do you poppet?"

"No sir, I don't sir." She hated herself for agreeing so easily. She'd never actually flirted with any university boy, she hadn't had very much chance to socialise if she was honest, but she really didn't want to provoke Mr Sharpe by saying the wrong thing. And right now he seemed to be provoked very easily, as her bruised bottom bore mute testimony.

His hand released her left breast but only to grasp the right one just as firmly.

"Because, should you pass my course and somehow make it back onto the second semester I'm going to keep a very close eye on you and if I hear that you're wriggling and jiggling and flaunting yourself in front of boys I'll be forced to deal with you quite severely. You do understand don't you, poppet?"

"Y...yes, sir." she managed to squeak out as he squeezed a tender nipple between his thumb and forefinger.

"And are you quite sure that you're behaving yourself, young lady? When was the last time I had cause to spank you?"

Sally Ann could feel the tears on her eyelashes, "Y...yesterday, sir."

"And why was that, poppet?"

"F...for failing a t...test, sir." She admitted shamefacedly.

"This is exactly the problem," he said rubbing his thumb over her erect nipple; you simply cannot afford to fail tests at this late stage, can you?"

He tweaked the nipple between his thumb and forefinger painfully causing her to squeal.

"I asked you a question, young lady. You can't be failing tests this near to your exams. Imagine the look on your poor mother's face should I have to send you home at this late stage?"

"Yes, sir," Sally Ann could indeed quite clearly imagine the look of sorrow on her mum's face.

"And it won't be my fault that you've been sent home in disgrace, will it?"

"No, sir."

"Because I'm trying to help you aren't I? I'm trying to stimulate what little grey matter that you have aren't I?"

Sally Ann nodded her head and squealed again as he cupped her breast.

"Yes, sir."

"So whose fault will it be if you fail?"

"Mine sir, my fault."

Sally Ann began to sob because everything Mr Sharpe said was true. She had worked so hard, or she thought she had. Clearly university was more difficult and more demanding than school and she'd simply underestimated the issue and not worked hard enough. She used to be regularly top of her class, even in front of most of the boys but here in college she seemed to be nearer the bottom than the top.

"In that case I think you need another reminder, don't you poppet. Stand up and bend over your desk please, it's just a spanking this time."

Sally Ann obeyed without even trying to beg. She knew that once Mr Sharpe's mind was made up there wasn't any point in trying to discuss it. Miserably she bent over her little desk and hitched up her short, pleated skirt. Mr Sharpe placed his left hand on the small of her back.

"I'd advise you to take your punishment like a big girl, princess. There's no point in upsetting me any further, is there?"

His hand crashed down onto the surface of her tight, juvenile, nylon knickers causing her to squeal, a noise she covered by putting her hand to her mouth. Mr Sharpe's hand continued to slap soundly against the young woman's rapidly glowing backside. Somehow the way she tried to minimise her reaction so as not to upset him was even more exciting. He lowered his aim and began to slap the backs of her thighs at the point where they joined the overhang of her plump buttocks. She writhed and squealed but tried desperately not to let the sounds of her distress penetrate the walls of her miserable room.

He pulled her panties to her knees to unveil her delightful, pert little buttocks. Peter Sharpe stroked them appreciatively. Mmm, they were ever so warm and tender. He gave them another firm slap, enjoying the feel of his skin against that of hers. Her soft, pliable buttocks compressing and then springing back and displaying the red imprint of his hand on them. He did so enjoy bullying his female students like this. Sally Ann Baxter certainly wasn't his first or even his tenth conquest, but she was definitely one of his favourites.

Separating her from her family and her friends for the summer had been almost laughably easy. Although he'd offered her a choice, the reality of it was that there was no real choice. She either did what he told her to do or she could leave the university, simple really and in Peter Sharpe's opinion exactly as entitled young women like Sally Ann should be dealt with. And now here she was bent over her own desk in her cramped little schoolroom, how he loved that word and its juvenile connotations, having her backside spanked purely on a whim.

He handed out another firm flurry of blows, enjoying her tears and the gyrations of her rosy-red bottom cheeks before pausing and then slowly sliding her uniform knickers to her ankles and the over her shiny black Mary-Janes. There was hardly any attempt to stop him and certainly no outright protests. She knew better than that now. He cupped a hot bottom cheek simply for the pleasure it gave him. She mumbled something which may have been a plea, but he ignored her. Her needs were hardly likely to going to coincide with his were they?

He pushed her head further down before unzipping himself. Sometimes he liked her to do that for him, but today he was too impatient. He pulled out his turgid cock, strolled it a few times and then kicked her legs apart a little before stepping in between them and stroking the tip of his cock up and down her pussy lips. Beneath him she squealed and struggled a little as she realised what was about to happen which only had the effect of making Peter Sharpe more solid and erect.

His hand slipped between her legs and stroked and squeezed, she was juicing up nicely. A little more digital manipulation and she was ready. He stepped nearer and thrust himself deeply inside her with a loud groan. Sally Ann squealed slightly but made no attempt to reject him. She knew better than that by now. He'd applied a cane to her backside every time she was "silly" or "petulant" or "misbehaving" and she'd eventually learned her lesson. What he wanted or what any man wanted in fact always, always overruled what she wanted.

As he increased his pounding in and out of Miss Sally Ann Baxter he reflected on the fact that he was in effect carrying out an educational service as far as the naive twenty year old was concerned. This was going to be her life going forward and she may as well get used to it now.

Chapter 9

“Lizzie!”

The voice echoed down the long corridor in which the girl was working. Immediately she leapt to her feet dropping her duster and can of polish on the wooden floor as she did so. Her heart gave a nervous thud in her chest as she hurried towards the owner of the shrill voice that was demanding her attention. Elizabeth Goldman was the youngest of the three Goldman women who worked in their former house. She was 19 and had been summarily removed from her university and been set to work at the behest of the new owner of her family’s former property.

Arthur Graham was his name; a fat old pervert of a man who now ruled her life and that of her sister and her mother like some sort of medieval baron. She increased her pace a little without actually breaking into a run, her heels clicking on the waxed wooden floor that she’d spent half the morning slaving away on. Running, like so many things in her old home was forbidden. Apparently the new owner was averse to noise and wouldn’t allow anything to disturb his peace, which is why she wasn’t allowed to run anywhere and why cleaning machinery wasn’t allowed either and every task had to be carried out by hand.

Her 22 year old sister, Matilda was carrying out the chore of hand washing a mountain of clothing in the laundry at that very moment. She was allowed to use hot water and washing liquid and a scrubbing brush, but that was all. And every piece of clothing had to be immaculately clean before being wrung out by hand using an old-fashioned mangle before being pegged out on the line to dry. It was backbreaking, tedious work. Matilda and her took it in turns to do it, but both hated it equally.

“Lizzie! Where are you girl?”

The housekeeper’s sharp voice made Lizzie walk as fast as she humanly could without breaking out into a jog. Ms Bingham was not one to be crossed as all the Goldman women had found out very much to their personal cost. Just around the corner where it turned for the stairs she found the woman idly tapping her cane against her leg. She was dressed all in black including high heels, hose and a tight-fitting calf-length dress. She was quite an intimidating figure, especially when she was in the sort of mood that she appeared to be in now.

“Where have you been, you lazy slut? Master will be here any minute and he’s particularly asked for you.”

“I...I’m sorry mistress, I was at the far end of the corridor. I’ve almost finished the waxing,” she added as a proud afterthought.

The slap to her face took her by surprise.

“Almost finished is not finished you stupid girl. We’ll talk about that later in my office. Right now you’re to put your best uniform and wait for the master in the small living room.”

Elizabeth managed to ignore the desire to rub her smarting cheek.

“Yes, mistress.”

Elizabeth curtsied and then turned and scurried up the stairs to the tiny room she shared with her sister. It was so small that there was barely enough room for the two of them to be in there at the same time. There were two small single beds, a dressing table with drawers and a mirror and a cheap, badly-made cupboard to hang their clothes in. In the cupboard she found her best uniform. The uniform she was currently wearing was basically a short black nylon sack edged in white with a white apron tied around her waist, white socks and black, low-heeled shoes.

That was her work uniform; she quickly stripped out of it and reached for her best uniform. Gleaming, black, highly polished heels, high quality black hose, black silk panties, a very short but stylish black dress with lace trimmings, a crisp, gleaming white apron, her black push-up bra and a small white cap perched on her head. It was quite sexy she had to admit although being made to wear her best uniform during the middle of the day could only mean one thing; master was in one of his moods.

She checked and then re-applied her make-up and then descended the two flights of stairs to go and stand in the small living room as instructed. As she pushed her pert nose into “her” corner she couldn’t help but reflect on the good times that she’d enjoyed in this room, the Christmas parties, the movies she’d

watched with her sister and her parents, all gone now, history. She didn't even know where her dad was. Some men had come to the house a few months ago and simply bundled him outside and into a waiting car.

They'd spent a week looking for him but apparently he was still under investigation by Homeland Security. It was around that time that the family bank accounts were frozen, Matilda dismissed from her job in the city, and she sent home from university. And the appearance of Arthur Graham into their lives. He was a fat, coarse, ugly man. The sort of peasant that they might have once employed to maintain the pool or to weed their extensive gardens.

But unfortunately the tables had been turned; almost unbelievably the fat man was something important in the New Government. To their collective astonishment their lovely house and everything in it was simply removed from them and given to him. And to rub salt into the wound, the three of them, her mother, her sister and herself were all employed to work in their own former home.

It quickly became apparent that beneath his comfortable, plump exterior beat the cold heart of a true sadist. Elizabeth had soon lost count of the number of beatings and fuckings that she'd suffered at his fat hands. He seemed to revel in his control over the three of them and he was such a cruel, imaginative bastard as well. Fortunately his work, or whatever it was he actually did for the New Government kept him away for two or three days a week.

But even when he was absent, the three of them were still under the control of the housekeeper, Ms Bingham, and the cook, Mrs. Bishop. Ms Bingham had apparently some sort of connection to Graham whereas the cook was their actual former employee. Graham had kept Mrs. Bishop on and then thought it would be amusing for her mother to have to work for her as a sort of skivvy. Whereas she and Matilda had their work uniforms and their "best" uniforms like the one she was wearing now, her poor mother only had one cheap, thin, white nylon blouse and a terribly short, tight black skirt.

Whereas Matilda and her shared a tiny bedroom with two small beds, their mother got to sleep under the large table in the kitchen with just a blanket and a couple of pieces of sacking to keep her warm. Her job involved her getting up very early to thoroughly prepare the kitchen for Mrs. Bishop to work in which in her case meant cleaning, polishing and dusting in every nook and cranny of the large kitchen and then individually hand-washing and then drying every single piece of cutlery and crockery.

And not only was the work hard and monotonous, but Mrs. Bishop was a hard task mistress. She was an elderly, vindictive sort of a woman. She'd hated working for the Goldman family by all accounts, although she seemed happy enough to take daddy's money at the time and she'd somehow got it into her head that she'd been badly treated. Now she seemed happy to take her spite out on poor mummy all the time. She had a large wooden spoon in the kitchen that seemed reserved for mummy and there wasn't a day that went by that it seemed she wasn't having the horrible thing applied to her backside.

The door suddenly clicked behind Elizabeth driving all thoughts of sympathy for the way her mother was treated out of her head. The door being opened without being knocked upon first was always a sure sign that her master, Arthur Graham, was about to enter. She stiffened herself so that she wasn't slouching and made sure that the tip of her nose was touching the plaster of the wall as was required.

Surely enough it was him, the fat mean old man, she'd come to recognize that heavy, ponderous step of his anywhere. Just the sound of him advancing over the wooden floor brought a knot of fear to her stomach. But worse, she could hear other voices behind. Oh dear, he had guests! Elizabeth hated guests on principle; her master didn't seem to have any normal friends or acquaintances. All of them seemed to be nasty and horrible as a breed.

Elizabeth knew that was well-bred and intelligent and fairly attractive. She was very used to being the centre of attraction and having men, and some women, swoon over her. She'd had many suitors in her time and attended many parties and had sex whenever she felt like it. However those days were now long gone. Now she realized, she was a servant, a toy, a sexual plaything for her master's amusement and her choices weren't hers to make any more.

She could feel at least two people in the room and she knew that they'd be drinking in her appearance. Her "best" uniform was a parody of a maid's outfit. She liked the material and the quality of the clothing and the little black dress did flatter her tall, well-developed figure rather well. It was, however, very short, the skirt was short enough in fact to see the tops of her black stockings and when she bent over it was

very clear that the colour of her silk panties matched that of her dress. It was also very tight, particularly around her plump breasts.

In the past she'd teased and tormented many a man with her twin assets as someone once described her breasts to her. She knew how some men were fascinated by them and could hardly keep their eyes off the two mounds even when they were speaking to her, so she dressed to impress. Low, scanty tops were a favourite, and blouses that she deliberately left open one button too many simply to watch the reaction it caused, or dresses that left little to the imagination.

The point was that she was the one in charge. She could flaunt and flirt and no one could do a damn thing about it. So what if men were titillated by her appearance? That was their problem, not hers. She wasn't dressing to please men; she was dressing to taunt them. But my how that had changed. Now she dressed either to work under Ms Bingham's control or to please her master. He could have made her work nude if he'd wanted to. In fact some days her mother was naked in the kitchen as her one and only uniform was being washed.

But he didn't. He clearly liked her and her sister to wear uniforms. Usually their "best" maid uniforms, but also cheerleader uniforms, police women's uniforms or worse still, formal schoolgirl outfits especially when he made them wear when accompanying him on the rare occasions they were allowed out of the house. In that case he'd make them walk either side of him and hold their hands as if they were 9 and 12 rather than 19 and 22. Once again the Goldman girls, their hair tied in pigtails were the centre of male attention, but most definitely not in the way they wanted or enjoyed.

"Turn around, Lizzie. Come and meet our guests."

Elizabeth's heart sank even deeper, guests plural; there were more than one of them? Slowly she turned from the corner, biting her upper lip nervously. Who was it going to be this time she wondered. The answer shook her to her core. Not five paces away from her stood Anthony Braithwaite, her former boyfriend! And with him, by his side was that horrible little bitch Courtney Wilson.

Elizabeth felt her breath catch in her throat at the sight of the pair of them together. What on earth was going on? What were those two doing here? At the same time she caught the look in Arthur Graham's eye and quickly performed as elegant a curtsy as she could muster under the circumstances. It was rewarded by a snigger from the well-dressed young woman opposite her and as she stood back up she could see the smirk on Tony's handsome face.

"I believe you young people know each other?" Asked her toad-like master.

"Y...yes, sir," answered Elizabeth giving the only answer that she possibly could.

"And how is that?" He asked innocently.

Elizabeth realised immediately that her master already knew exactly how they the three of them were related. It was merely another excuse to humiliate her in front of an audience. And what an audience he'd chosen.

"The gentleman and I used to erm...friends, sir. The lady and I went to the same school."

"Friends you say, girl? Like girlfriend and boyfriend do you mean?"

Elizabeth flushed; she could feel her cheeks going bright red.

"Yes, sir. I suppose so, sir."

She tried to ignore Tony's grinning face.

"Only my information is that you weren't much of a girlfriend were you?"

Elizabeth could feel that awful hollow feeling in her gut again.

"I'm not s...sure sir."

Tony Braithwaite gave an indignant snort and Courtney rolled her eyes like the vapid teenager she recently was.

"I'm told that you abandoned your boyfriend here, Mr. Braithwaite and took up with in Henry Kelly. Another young gentleman who at the time was engaged to be married to Miss Wilson?" He nodded towards the angry-looking young woman.

Elizabeth felt the tears gathering on her eyelashes. She had gone out with Henry for a short while that was true, but only because she'd had enough of Tony's bullying ways and Henry had assured her that he and Courtney were no longer together.

"Too late for tears my girl, it's time to pay the piper. Your cane's in its usual place go and fetch it for me."

Arthur graham casually shrugged off his suit jacket, unbuttoned the cuff of his startlingly white shirt and started to roll up his sleeve. He didn't even bother watching if Lizzie would go and fetch the cane or not. He knew she would, instead he watched the boy's slutty girlfriend as she preened herself and waited for someone to pay her some attention. He knew Tony Braithwaite through work, and a lazier, more thoroughly dissolute posh boy it would be hard to find. He reminded Arthur of a more handsome, confident, privileged version of himself when he was in his twenties.

"You're really going to cane her, Mr. Graham?"

"I think that's appropriate don't you Tony?"

"Yes of course. Under the new Morality Laws she'd be spending a couple of nights in the cells for harlotry wouldn't she? That and a public beating of course. Serve her right if you ask me."

Arthur nodded and held out his hand for the cane as Elizabeth reappeared with it in her hand.

"I think we'll have you touching your toes, Lizzie."

Elizabeth hated that order when she was wearing high heels. It made holding the correct position that much more difficult and demeaning. Nevertheless she complied and bent over, making sure her fingertips were pressed to the gleaming black leather of her shoes. She knew from experience that her entire backside covered only by her thin, black silk panties was now entirely on display.

Whaaack!

The first stroke hit her in the dead centre of her bottom making her squeal and stumble slightly. Behind her she could hear the two young guests sniggering at her.

Whaaack!

She gasped slightly; master wasn't using the full strength of his arm. The strokes hurt of course, that familiar burring, stinging sensation was there but the pain weren't absolutely diabolic as it sometimes was. The idea she realized was to humiliate her rather than to punish her. To humiliate her in front of a former boyfriend and a slightly older girl who was jealous of her and hated her. She sniffed in self-pity.

Whaaack!

"Owwwow!"

She squealed again and rolled her buttocks which brought another guffaw from the hateful, snooty posh boy standing directly behind her. A sudden movement out of the corner of her eye indicated that Courtenay had moved around to stare at her from the front.

Whaaack!

"Oww!" That hurt, Elizabeth had to fight the urge to stop touching her toes and try and massage away the hurt that was building in her scorched backside.

Whaaack!

Whaaack!

Whaaack!

The three rapid strokes were all harder than any of the previous ones and their unexpected speed and weight caught Elizabeth out. She stumbled forwards slightly and used her hands to steady herself.

"She moved, Mr. Graham," called out Courtney gleefully.

"Up you get girl!" Ordered Arthur Graham, gruffly.

Elizabeth did as she was told feeling the skin of her scalded buttocks contract as she did so. The first thing she saw was Courtney's mean little face grinning at her.

"You don't look so snooty now do you... Lizzie?"

Through a haze of her own tears, Elizabeth caught Mr. Graham's eye and knew what was expected of her.

"No Miss Wilson, I don't Miss Wilson."

The girl giggled and clapped her hands excitedly. She took the phone out of her pocket and took a couple of pictures.

"The girls are going to love these, Lizzie. Just wait until everyone sees them!"

More tears rolled down Elizabeth's flushed cheeks. She had no doubt that the nasty little bitch wouldn't think twice about humiliating her by posting all her videos and films to social media. There appeared to be no end to the indignities she was being forced to endure.

"Apologise to Miss Wilson, Lizzie and then we can get on with the remainder of your richly deserved punishment."

Chapter 10

Andrea Foster was suffering, and that was probably an understatement. Since her precipitous fall from grace six months ago her gilded life seemed to have fallen apart. Her well-paid, fulfilling job had been taken from her based solely on the fact that she was a woman. Her former employers, Sinclair Industries had applied for a warrant to freeze her various assets which meant that she couldn't even access any of her own bank accounts.

She'd only survived for so long due to the kindness and generosity of the few friends that she still had, but she could tell that even their patience was starting to wear thin. She'd tried getting another job. She'd tried very hard in fact. At first she'd been shocked in the way that she'd been dismissed from her post but not particularly concerned. She was after all a highly educated, experienced operative in her particular, in-demand area of expertise. Surely it wouldn't be too long before something interesting and lucrative turned up?

Unfortunately that part of the plan hadn't come to fruition. In fact it hadn't even looked like working out. She had applied for a number of similar roles without even getting the almost obligatory 'thanks but no thanks' reply. Refusing to accept defeat she'd put on her best suit and highest heels and gone in person to some of Sinclair's biggest competitors to make it clear to them that she was ready and very able to take on a suitable management role. When nothing was immediately forthcoming she even lowered her salary demands and offered to take a lower management role in their hierarchy.

Even then nobody seemed interested. At first, Andrea was confused. Why on earth was no one interested in the experience and her knowledge regarding Sinclair's business methods? Both of which she could bring to the table. After all, it wasn't as if she owed those bastards at Sinclair anything was it? They'd sacked her on a pretext. It was as clear a case of white, male privilege as it was possible to be. Any employment court in the land would have been happy to take on her case a year or so ago, certain in the fact that it was a sure-fire win.

But now the nation's mood had changed. Now that those scum masquerading as politicians, the New Government had got into power things like the employment laws didn't seem to matter anymore. Her case was under investigation, apparently and she had only found that out due to constantly ringing the relevant authorities to ask what the hell was going on. She still hadn't been allocated a lawyer yet, and she certainly couldn't afford to personally hire one, not in her current reduced circumstances. She literally had no idea when she'd get to meet someone from the government's legal division.

So therefore she had to get a job, and soon. She lowered her ambition somewhat and enquired about administrative jobs but nothing was immediately forthcoming. Next it was clerical work. Andrea hated clerical work, that's why she'd employed staff to do that sort of mundane, menial nonsense for her. But to her shock and her slowly mounting unease, that didn't have the expected flood of enquiries regarding her services. It wasn't until she received an anonymous email linking her to a government site that identified every female 'trouble-maker' and feminist in the country with a Do Not Employ label by her face.

Now she was worried, she was an unwilling member of the official government black list. The list that made sure certain outspoken, independent women such as her couldn't get work. There was a rumour that such a list existed, but Andrea had shrugged it off with a smile. What sort of people would try and ban half the working population for being too forthright? It didn't make economic or political sense.

But here it was in black and white. There was a list, and she was most definitely on it. In fact there was a link under her name. She clicked on that as well only to discover that one of her former colleagues had up-loaded a shaky camera phone video of her in just knickers being frog-marched out of her own office. She closed the screen just as quickly as she could. Oh God! Was that dreadful recording of here going to follow around forever like an albatross around her neck, like a permanent, semi-official bad smell?

What was she going to do? On the table by the door was the latest letter from her mortgage company demanding she do something regarding her arrears. There was also a small mound of letters that she daren't open just in case they were bills or demands for money that she didn't have. Andrea forced herself to think. She was a resourceful, intelligent, professional woman after all and that was what she was paid to do, think.

She really *had* to get some form of paid employment that much was clear. But how low down the ladder was she going to have to go? Did every employer have access to the government site? Surely small enterprises wouldn't? But small enterprises usually meant small wages. Anyone willing to pay the sort of salary that she was used to was going to do their due diligence and check her name against that damned government list.

In desperation she fired up her laptop intending to search for something, anything that would pay her a reasonable wage without asking too many questions. As she did so her inbox pinged with a message. She was in two minds whether to check it or not. It was probably a circular or worse, a mocking comment regarding her humiliating sacking. But not this time! This time it was an invitation to an interview at a surprisingly main-stream corporation in the city. Perhaps, just perhaps this was the solution to all her problems.

Andrea had certainly dressed the part, her best suit, crispest white blouse, her last pair of expensive, black silk stockings, the glossy, blue, high heeled Balenciaga's. She'd blown almost all of her meager savings on a proper hair style and a make-up artist. She was ready for action, it felt quite like old times. She sashayed into the impressive building; one that she devoutly hoped was going to be her new place of work. She felt as if her actual lack of choice regarding her future had sharpened her mind quite wonderfully.

Everyone who knew Andrea, even her enemies in the world of business, would have to admit that she liked a challenge and would never back down from one. She'd made her way in a male-dominated environment and then really progressed her career under the Women's Equality Party. She realized that she'd been held back by the patriarchy but she'd won in the end. Now she had to rediscover that fighting spirit and damned well earn the right to put her career back on track!

It only took a few days for Andrea to realize the gigantic error she'd made. She was interviewed by a supercilious youth named Anthony Braithwaite who looked as if he'd left university that very morning. He was well dressed and extremely self-confident but it sounded as if he was as new to the business as she was. That didn't stop him from talking down to her, far from it. She had to grind her teeth together at the idiocy of some of his questions.

He was the sort of wet behind the ears, untalented sort of youth who she'd have laughed at had he arrived unprepared for an interview with her at Sinclair. Clearly he was somebody influential's son because despite his snooty manner he was absolutely unsuited to the role he was attempting to fulfill. Andrea began to wonder just why he'd been delegated to interview her for a job. Surely he wasn't senior in a company as big as this one?

Slowly the truth dawned, he wasn't interviewing her for the executive position that she'd applied for. He was interviewing her for the post of junior data assistant! She was 47 years old for goodness sake! She was at the peak of her earning career. Until recently she ran a department of 40 people! She was qualified, skilled and experienced in her field. Was the callow youth in front of her serious? Did he think he was interviewing someone else?

As it transpired, he didn't think that at all. He knew exactly who she was; he even had her resume in his hands. But that still didn't stop him running through her duties in a voice mixed with boredom and amused contempt. Andrea had to dig her expensively manicured nails into her palms to prevent herself from shouting at the ignorant young fool and ask him what the hell he thought he was playing at.

The truth was that she simply daren't. As far as she could tell he was actually offering her the job. So it was long hours, overtime was mandatory and unpaid, the work was dull and repetitive and there was a dress code, but it was a job. It would help her pay off her immediate debts and give her a little financial breathing space. It was a start, a foothold on the path back to safety. Even the news that her minimum wage salary was going to be almost exactly one eighth of her salary at Sinclair Industries couldn't quite dampen her relief at actually landing the position.

Her first day at her new job also reintroduced her to that dreadful, smirking fat man who'd sat in on her humiliating sacking from Sinclair. She knew who he was as soon as she was shown into his office. And by the look on his unshaven, ugly face he knew just who she was as well. And to make matters worse it seemed as if the fat man, Mr. Graham, was actually a director of the company! Andrea could hardly believe it!

With a grin he'd shown her into her new workspace. It wasn't even big enough to be called an office. Andrea had a feeling that it was formerly a broom cupboard. There wasn't a window or any sort of natural light, only one single low-wattage bulb. There was a tiny workspace, a tiny desk and a correspondingly tiny chair. On the desk was what looked like a Stone Age computer and a great big stack of papers and that was it. Her job, if one could call it that was to input certain data from the sheets onto her ancient computer.

She stayed in the same spot for 3 hours, methodically working through the reams of paperwork until her bottom was numb from sitting on her uncomfortable, non-adjustable little chair. She hadn't been given any instructions regarding break times or even where the staff canteen was, but she really needed to use the bathroom. She made her way carefully out of her tiny little room and into the corridor. She didn't have much of an idea where she was even, she hadn't been given any sort of introductory tour just shown to her desk and told to get on with it in effect.

Andrea didn't feel particularly out of place, she was wearing her usual pant-suit, hose and high heels and she'd taken care with her hair and make-up considering it was her first day in a new business. To her dismay however, the few people she passed seemed amused by her appearance. The first pair of women she'd encountered smiled at her and then giggled at some private joke. The next man looked at her in a slightly disapproving manner and didn't even pause when she tried to ask him where the restroom was.

She was quite bewildered by their lack of interaction with her, what sort of enterprise was this anyhow? To her relief she spotted the bathroom and entered. It was very smart and well appointed, at least that was something. As she left to try and find her way back to her own office she literally bumped into her new boss, Arthur Graham. Even before she could say anything his hand shot out and take a firm hold of her left ear.

Andrea squealed in sudden shock. What the hell did the horrible fat man think he was doing? This was the most blatant case of assault! She struggled a little and tried to remove his hand but he was far too strong for her. Instead of letting her go as she was loudly demanding he simply increased the pressure on her earlobe and dragged her along behind him. There was nothing she could, instead she tried to concentrate on not getting her heels caught in the carpet and stumbled along behind him towards the lift.

Even as they waited for the door to open he still didn't release her. Indeed he lowered his hand to his hip so that she was forced to crouch by his side in a deeply humiliating, submissive position.

"You may not use the lift on your own, Foster. Either you're accompanying a male member of staff as you are at the moment, or you take the stairs. Is that understood?"

He twisted her ear to accompany his instructions.

"Yes...yes....," she understood that she was going to say whatever was necessary to alleviate the pain in her earlobe.

The lift pinged and the two of them exited. To Andrea's horror there were far more people on this floor than the previous one and she could hear muffled laughter all around her as she was herded along the corridor and into another bathroom.

"This, Foster, is where you and your level of staff do your ablutions. Upstairs where you work is for management only and that includes the bathrooms. In future you may politely knock on my door and ask me if you may use the bathroom. If I give you permission you will use this bathroom and no other one. Once again, are we understood?"

"Ohhh..ooh...yes, understood." What sort of a madhouse was this?

He released her and she rubbed her ear to restore the circulation. This new bathroom was run down and decrepit and smelled vaguely of urine, hardly the place to spend any time in if it could be helped.

"Well?"

She realized that he was going to wait for her to actually use the toilet!

"Hurry up, girl, you don't have all day. Your computer will add how long you are away from your desk and adjust your leaving time this evening accordingly."

Andrea couldn't help but stare at his plump, smug face uncomprehendingly. Was he quite serious? Surely not?

He was she later realized, deadly serious. In fact Arthur Graham seldom joked and was fairly averse to smiling. She was forbidden to use the bathroom that was a little way down the sixth floor that she actually worked on. Instead she, and the majority of low-level female employees were required to use the small

dingy bathroom in the basement. And she did have to knock on his door and politely ask if she could use the bathroom, And sometimes he did refuse! And her computer did time her when she wasn't using her keyboard, and the time she was allowed to leave for home was adjusted upwards!

But the bathroom situation was almost the least of her problems. Mr. Graham was a horrible, horrible man. He was a bully and a sadist and a slave driver. He was seldom satisfied with her, something was always wrong. Her work, her appearance, her attitude, there was always something he could pull her up over and when that happened she was invariably punished. The first time was immediately following the first bathroom incident. He'd waited for her to finish up in the bathroom and then led her back upstairs to his own palatial corner-office with the great view of the city.

There he'd taken her over his knee as if she was a child and spanked her! Simply spanked her over her tight trousers while the toes of her elegant shoes drummed into the thick carpet and she cried and begged him to stop. But of course he didn't stop. If anything the tempo of his hand against her backside increased. At the time it felt so painful and ever so humiliating. Andrea Foster couldn't even remember the last time that she'd been scolded, let alone spanked.

And then when he'd finished he stood her back on her shaking legs and led her unresisting to a corner of the room with her back to the window that was destined to be ever so familiar to her and instructed her to think on what she'd done wrong and to be ready with an apology in thirty minutes time. Andrea's immediate thought was to turn and march out of the office, down the stairs and to keep on marching until she reached the safety of her own home.

But as both her head and her bottom cooled down she quickly realized that if she did that then her lovely little house would then shortly be no longer hers and that she would be unemployed, homeless and destitute. No, for the time being at least she was going to have to put up with the dreadful fat man and her terrible job until she found something else that would rescue her from her current predicament.

And that had been three months ago and of course nothing else was forthcoming. There was no white knight galloping to her rescue in the shape of a well-paid fulfilling job. She had simply had to put up with whatever came her way and just grin and bear it. And lots of things had come her way. For example, like the majority of female employees she was required to wear the mandatory dress code.

For several of her young, attractive colleagues the starched diaphanous white blouse, lurid orange and green striped company necktie, short, black skirt, black stockings and black heels actually looked good. But on her it looked quite ridiculous. She knew that, her colleagues knew that and most certainly her long list of exclusively male managers from the posh, stupid Anthony Braithwaite right up to Mr. Baron the Chief Executive Officer knew it as well.

All of them had taken advantage of her lack of status by mocking, berating and punishing her in various inventive ways. The cruelest and the most inventive, however, was Arthur Graham. At first Andrea wondered what she might have done to upset the old man, but over time the more prosaic truth emerged. He was just a horrible, miserable, misogynistic old bastard and it wasn't her that he hated per se, it seemed to be all women, young and old.

Although the company didn't have many old or unattractive staff working for it. Most of the more menial positions in the company were occupied by women in the 20-30 year old age bracket. And almost without exception they were attractive and well-developed, as if the hiring staff had some sort of bimbo airhead template to work from. Andrea was probably the oldest woman in the building, and she realized the most junior and the lowest paid hourly rate.

Her salary was low to start off with, but she also worked longer hours than she ever had done in her entire professional career. Her computer really did add her "non-productive hours" ie when she was away from her keyboard, maybe using the bathroom or even running an errand for one of the managers back onto her daily target of a 9 hour working day so that she often found herself working until 8 or 9pm, slaving over her data inputting and willing her computer to send her a screen message permitting her to leave the office and go home.

By the time she left the dark, empty offices and got back she had just enough time to have a small meal and maybe a glass of wine while she watched something mindless on TV and tried to forget her latest dreadful work experience. Then it was time for a shower and a glance in the mirror to inspect her latest additions to her wealed, bruised buttocks before falling asleep in order to try and regain the strength to relive the whole miserable experience again the following day.

Chapter 11

Despite the fact that it was normal work day and a normal dull, grey Monday morning, Nicola Pringle wasn't wearing business apparel. Rather than a smart suit and heels she was dressed in her tiny, white shorts and black, rubber gym shoes and her two sizes too small yellow vest as if prepared for Exercise Club, which also meant no bra and no knickers. The sports day debacle hadn't gone unnoticed or unremarked upon. She'd received a text on Sunday night informing her that she'd let the company down and would be punished on Monday. In the mean time she was to dress in her Exercise Club uniform.

Nicola tried to ignore the looks from her more lascivious work colleagues and the mockery especially from the younger managers. She knew that she looked quite ridiculous and that her clothes emphasized her slightly overweight figure. She was hardly grotesque of course but being made to wear such skin-tight clothes meant that there was absolutely no hiding place as far as her appearance was concerned. She may well have been carrying a few extra pounds on her buttocks and thighs but that was hardly a crime...was it?

If it wasn't a crime, her appearance at work in her tiny vest and shorts was certainly a cause of some amusement. Her boss, Phillip Baron, was clearly smitten with her appearance and had waited barely five minutes before ordering her into his room, taking her over his knee and spanking her bottom through the thin cotton fabric of her Exercise Club shorts. Then, having squeezed and fondled her buttock cheeks, he dismissed her to go and stand in the corner, hands on head and slightly bent at the waist so that her backside was thrust out invitingly towards him as he busied himself at his desk.

Peter Sharpe had decided that it was such a beautiful day that he was going to take his pupil out for a morning stroll, to clear her "wooly little mind" as he liked to describe it. As a special treat he'd even allowed her to remove her university uniform, which was a relief for Sally Ann until she saw that he'd replaced it with one of the red and blue check Gingham pinafores that he'd recently bought for her from a school supplier paired with a pair of the smallest pair of snow-white ankle socks that she'd ever worn.

First he'd vigorously scrubbed her face clean for her. Then he took her dark hair out of its customary single plait and tied it instead with red hair ribbons into two short pigtails and then took her to a mirror so that the two of them could better inspect her new appearance. Sally Ann was dismayed to see how young she looked, younger even than when she was in her college blouse and tie. Although the dress she was wearing fit her perfectly it was short, very short. Short enough to show off her tiny pair of virginal white knickers if she was unwise enough to bend forward too far. It also had a Peter Pan style white collar and the short sleeves had matching white cuffs.

The only thing that was missing he declared as he made her pose in front of his dressing-room mirror was the appropriate footwear. All she had was her plain, black low-heeled college shoes which she was wearing. Taking a firm grip on her unwilling hand he led her out of the house and into the street. There was no point in driving he told her, instead as it was such a beautiful day they'd walk the mile or so into the main shopping centre and seek out something more suitable for Sally Ann to wear.

The walk alone was excruciatingly embarrassing for her. Heads turned to watch her being paraded along in her junior school Gingham dress. Mr. Sharpe even stopped to have a lengthy chat with an elderly couple while Sally Ann stood nervously, silently praying that nobody she knew would see her like this. The old man eyed her up lasciviously throughout the ordeal while his wife pursed her thin lips disapprovingly. As they parted the last thing Mr. Sharpe said was that yes, he'd love to visit them sometime and of course he'd bring Sally Ann with him.

Sally Ann blushed enormously and tried to avoid the old woman's eye as she was led away and into a street full of shops. Eventually Mr. Sharpe found what he was looking for, a shoe shop. And not just any shoe shop, nothing cool or even remotely stylish, an actual shop that specialized in shoes for children. Sally Ann felt herself maneuvered through the door and into the old-fashioned shop. There the two of them were met by an unctuous older man who ignored her completely while he listened to Mr. Sharpe's request.

Brown sandals were what he wanted. Not even brown shoes, but shiny brown strap over sandals to go with her lovely school dress. The shop assistant smiled for the first time and ushered her to a low chair in order to measure her feet. The chair was so low, obviously designed for customers who were much smaller than her that she could feel her brief skirt sliding back up her thighs. As she made to pull it down again, Mr. Sharpe ordered her to stop fidgeting, or else.

Sally Ann had no doubt what that 'or else' would be and the last thing she wanted was a public spanking in a shoe shop so she left the skirt where it was, displaying her brief panties to any interested parties. The shop assistant it seemed was most interested; he could hardly keep his eyes off the white v between her legs. He was so distracted in fact that he had to measure her feet several times until he was satisfied.

Then the older shopkeeper produced pairs of similar but horribly juvenile school shoes for her to try on and walk up and down the store in before Mr. Sharpe made his choice. By that time the store had started to fill up with its usual clientele and their mothers, most of whom seemed interested in watching Sally Ann parade in her new sandals. Sally Ann was blushing horribly while she stood waiting for the transaction to be finalized.

Eventually she was allowed to leave wearing her smart new shoes and carrying her black ones in a plastic bag. Mr. Sharpe took a firm hold of her hand and declared loudly enough for heads to turn that he hadn't been pleased with her general behavior and that when they got home he would be applying a reminder to her "sulky, disobedient little backside". Sally Ann swallowed and hoped nobody had heard. Tears started to slide down her face again. Mr. Sharpe never made threats that he wasn't prepared to carry out.

Elizabeth Goldman tried very hard to not close her eyes. She'd been instructed not to close her eyes by her master, Arthur Graham, who was stood at the other side of the table directly behind her sister, Matilda, and therefore she knew that order needed to be obeyed. Matilda and she were bent across the large scrubbed wooden table in what used to be their kitchen, naked and holding hands so that both of them were on the tips of their toes.

Behind Elizabeth stood the housekeeper Ms. Bingham. Mss. Bingham was tapping the end of a long, thin cane against her bare bottom. A bottom that was already marked with four agonizingly painful weals. Elizabeth bit her lip and forced herself to look at Mr. Graham. She didn't waver even when he smirked down at her and nodded his head slightly. Almost immediately she felt a sudden flash of electricity as the cane bit into her naked backside for the fifth time. She howled into the tear-streaked face of her sister which was just a few inches from her own.

"Did you close your eyes there, Lizzie?"

"Mmmph, no sir, I don't think so, sir." Elizabeth managed to reply.

"Hmmm, I'm not so sure young lady. I'm tempted to repeat that stroke just to make sure."

There was a silence while Arthur Graham pondered the situation.

"But on the other hand we don't want Tilly getting cold do we? Let's make sure that darling Tilly isn't forgotten about, Mrs. Bingham."

Caroline Bingham moved to her right to go around the table while at the same time that bastard Graham moved to his right to take up a position behind poor Lizzie whose bottom was gyrating and squirming in pain. Caroline absolutely hated having to play Graham's perverse games like this as if she was some sort of a willing helper as opposed to little more than a slave like all the Goldman family.

Even the girls' aristocratic mother couldn't avoid her fate. Right at that moment she was upstairs in the cook's room while that malevolent old woman was violating her with a long plastic cock prior to leathering her backside for her as she loved to do. Caroline meanwhile was tapping the horrible cane against Matilda's bottom horribly aware that she was shortly about to cause the young woman some excruciating pain.

She watched in disgust as Arthur Graham slipped out his own cock and played with it. He really was an astonishingly repulsive man, vile, corrupt and sadistic. He didn't even pretend to hide the pleasure he derived from watching grown women suffer. She made herself catch his eye and wait for the signal. Matilda had started to beg now, stuttering and stammering as she pleaded with him to be merciful.

Caroline knew from personal experience that tactic was doomed to failure. In fact it probably had the opposite effect, making him even more cruel and more excited if that was possible. She carried on tapping the girl's striped bottom with the stick.

"Eyes open, Tilly. Look at your sister, there's a good girl."

Arthur Graham smiled, looked at Caroline and nodded slightly.

James Ogilvie nodded appreciatively as he looked the woman up and down. The last time he'd seen her she'd been dressed in her bedraggled business suit being hauled out of the meeting room by Security, her hair a mess and her make-up ruined. Now as she stood almost at attention in front of his desk she seemed smaller somehow. Her heels weren't as high as they used to be and her hair was shorter and neater and almost flat against her skull as opposed to being piled on the top of her head.

But that wasn't the only thing; she was no longer dressed in one of her dreadful pant-suits. Instead she was dressed in her humiliating intern uniform, her breasts straining against the thin material of her cheap white blouse and the orange and green company necktie tied neatly around her throat. Added to the short black skirt and black hose made her look insignificant, a humble employee rather than a ball-breaking executive.

The intern exchange idea had been a great success. The scheme had originated with Arthur Graham apparently, he seemed to be behind several of the New Government initiatives and once again this one was a winner. Ostensibly it was in order for female employees to gain experience in other, diverse businesses but like all the best New Government that hid its real purpose, as far as James could see, which was to share nubile young, and not so young, interns around the city's many enterprises. A proposition that James certainly wasn't going to argue with.

He reached for his phone.

"Yes, she's here Barry; she's not looking quite so snooty now. Give us thirty minutes and then why not join us? Yes, bring a cane if you must, why not?"

He placed the phone on his desk and swung his chair away from his desk, her desk as was he realized with a smile.

"Now then, Foster. Time for you to show your appreciation for being allowed back into Sinclair Industries don't you think?"

He slowly unzipped himself and looked up at his former boss expectantly.

The End