

SPANKED AND DISCIPLINED

Women in a world where men rule

CHARLES RYDER

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

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Chapter 1

Arthur Graham examined the pretty little thing in front of him in more detail. She was quite young looking, but on the other hand most women looked young to him these days. Her crisp, white blouse, smart navy blue and red tie and the matching badge on her distinctive red blazer meant that she was a student at the local university. He smiled to himself at the idea. Imagine going back in time ten years and telling one of the scruffy, unwashed loud-mouthed harpies that used to pass as students that one day they'd be going to lectures wearing uniforms!

Not that he could, if he was honest, even imagine approaching a young woman like this one ten years ago. Not unless he wanted a foul-mouthed tirade of abuse. Nowadays things were so different, and so much better. Although she hadn't noticed him at first, as soon as she did so she sprung to her feet in a slightly panicked fashion. Denying a Senior a seat on any form of public transport for whatever reason, was an offence. There were cameras everywhere recording every offence or every potential offence.

As Arthur settled himself comfortably in the seat on the bus she'd recently vacated for him, he contemplated reporting her slightly delayed reaction. All he needed to do was to photograph her in the official State Discipline app that he carried in his phone and then upload it. Within a couple of minutes the bus footage would have been checked and then the girl would have received a message on her own phone.

'Dear Miss (name).

We regret to inform you that you have been found guilty of an offence involving (whatever). You are hereby required to attend your local corrections centre (location) at (time) on the (date) where you will be suitably disciplined.'

Arthur had no real knowledge of what the official punishment for denying a Senior a seat on a bus might be. But he had no doubt that it wouldn't be a pleasant experience. No meeting with the Department of State Discipline ever ended well for the recipient. Recently he had witnessed hundreds of such incidents via the official State Discipline website. His smart TV automatically recorded any such punishments for him. Plus by entering any girl's name and number he could choose from an archive of any of her punishments to date.

It was a marvellous system, which Arthur could, and did, make very good use of. It wasn't open to just anyone of course. One had to have served one's time. Arthur had very recently become a Senior Party Member and as such, a whole new world had opened up for him. He could for example, as he was about to do in this case, photograph any person who wasn't a Party member via his app which would immediately bring up every detail about them.

The girl had half turned from him and seemed about to move towards the exit. He leaned forward slightly and took a hold of the sleeve of her blazer.

"Name?"

She lifted her pretty little face up to his. He couldn't help but notice that her attractive, blue eyes were already shining slightly.

"B...Baxter, sir. Sally Ann Baxter, sir. Number 543710, sir."

He guided her gently back towards him so that she was positioned between his knees. he took out his camera and focussed it on her before taking a couple of shots. She was indeed who she claimed to be, Miss Sally Ann Baxter, aged 19, a first year student at the local university. She was born a good hundred miles away in one of those leafy, Southern, suburban towns. She had a mother and father who were both in good standing with their local NG office. She was studying accountancy and she had a younger sister named Alison. And, according to her medical reports which he was skimming through, she was still a virgin.

This fact also made him smile; in the current climate girls such as Sally Ann Baxter were subjected to fairly regular 'purity' tests. All female students for example had to pass a purity test before being allowed onto their course. The New Government's rise had been mirrored by the similar expansion of the Church into everyday life. He scrolled further down Miss Baxter's records to find the letter of permission from her own local parish church to attend the university of her choice.

He heard her sniff and looked up from his screen. Her face had crumpled and he saw her dart an imploring glance at the exit. This must be her stop; however he hadn't quite finished yet. He took his time searching for things that interested him, where she'd gone to school, what sports she played and so on. The doors closed and the bus started up again. She bit her lip anxiously which, in his opinion, made her look even cuter than ever,

He slipped his hand under her short, pleated skirt and took a hold of one of her milky thighs.

"Where do you live, girl?"

"Manning Street, sir. Number 13, sir."

"With an appointed landlord presumably?"

"Yes, sir. Miss Parsons, sir."

All this information was readily available on his app, of course. But he did so enjoy watching her squirm as his hand stroked her long limbs. Like most young ladies of her age, her dark hair was shoulder length, and in her case had been tied into a single plait with a red ribbon

"I won't be reporting you this time, Baxter. But I will be keeping an eye on you for your own good. Is that understood?"

Her pretty face broke into a nervous smile. She had beautiful, white, even teeth

"Oh yes, sir. Thank you very much, sir"

He ran his finger down the length of her pussy lips but maintained eye contact just to gauge her reaction. He watched her squirm and then dart a nervous glance to her side to see if anyone else was witnessing her shame.

"Hurry along now. You don't want to be late for lectures, do you young lady?"

"No, sir. Thank you, sir."

She half curtsied to him as she scurried away. In her hurry to get out off the bus her large, leather satchel bumped and barged a couple of people for which she apologised profusely. Idly he looked out of the window of the electric bus and wondered what the punishment for being late to lectures was at the moment. He watched as she scurried along the pavement, head down trying to avert unwanted attention. Hmm, such a pretty little thing. And, although he had a packed social schedule, Arthur promised himself that he was going to spend a little of his valuable time with Miss Sally Ann Baxter.

Chapter 2

"Owwwowow."

Sally Ann was finding out firsthand what the current penalty for being late to lectures was.

Craack.

"Owwwoww!"

The wooden paddle bit into her backside again as she sprawled inelegantly over Mr Sharpe's desk. The man himself wasn't actually carrying out her punishment. He'd left that task to one of her fellow students. In this case, it was a strapping athlete called Matt, who she used to think was cute but was now walloping her bottom with undisguised enthusiasm. Mr Sharpe was hardly paying any attention the scene going on behind him; he simply carried on with his lecture. It wasn't if the dark-haired girl was the first student he'd seen being paddled in his lecture theatre

When she'd received her stipulated half dozen strokes, Matt lay down the paddle on the desk, and when nobody was looking, gave her bottom a little playful squeeze through her thin, white knickers. If Mr Sharpe noticed her muffled squeal, he didn't say anything about it. Matt resumed his seat and bathed in the plaudits from his male colleagues, but she was left to lay across the wooden desk in full view of all the other students who filled the lecture theatre. It was really quite shameful, but not entirely unusual.

Female undergraduates were punished on a fairly regular basis. And almost always that punishment took the form of something humiliating like a spanking or corner time, or even a detention. In fact university life, as she was discovering was merely an extension of her life at school. Not for the male undergraduates, she mentally corrected herself, they were seldom if ever castigated, and if they were it was usually an instruction to repeat a particular essay or piece of work.

The girls on the other hand were very thoroughly controlled. Unlike the boys, they wore a university uniform that was very strictly enforced. Uniform checks were common, even panty checks weren't unusual. The girls, as they were routinely referred to as despite their relative maturity, had to be inside the walls of the college every week day before 8.30 irrespective of their own timetables. If they had no immediate lecture to attend, they had to study in the library.

Although Sally Ann found these sorts of regulations quite irksome, she was well aware that they were carried out with her best interests at heart. The theory was that young women like her were much safer within the walls of the university rather than being allowed to roam the streets of a strange city unchaperoned. Similarly the 10pm curfew for all female university students made complete sense when viewed from a safety perspective

She felt another hand grip one of the sore cheeks of her bottom.

"I expect better behaviour from you, Baxter. If you're late to another of my lectures it will be 12 strokes. Are we understood?"

"Yes, sir. Sorry, sir."

Sally Ann couldn't agree quickly enough with her austere lecturer. He was very strict with all the female students, like most of the teachers in the university. He also had the power to request that she be removed from his lecturers or from his course altogether. Two of the girls who had started the course at the same time as she did had simply disappeared from it. Nothing had been said, but the inference was that they'd both been sent home.

That, in Sally Ann's opinion was the worst thing that could possibly happen. She'd worked ever so hard to get onto this particular course in this particular, famous old university. The ratio of male to female students was about 4:1 which as everyone had told her was really quite good for such a prestigious place of education. She'd heard somewhere that in the bad old days before the New Government, there were actually more females than males in university but that seemed unlikely even for those dissolute times.

So to achieve one of the coveted spots in university she'd had to work extra hard. It was made easier for her, and most of her friends, by the fact that she had to have completed all extra-curricular school activities and be back in her own home by 6.30 on every school night. That gave her extra time to study

before bedtime. Nevertheless, with 85% of university places reserved for boys she had to push herself. She'd been so happy when she learned she'd made the grade.

The majority of her friends didn't do as well as her, and everyone knew that the best they could hope for was a job in an office somewhere or maybe some kind of shop work. Something until they were lucky enough to catch the eye of nice man anyway. After all that effort and hard work, Sally Ann just couldn't fail the course or, even worse, be thrown off it. She'd never get another opportunity to get a degree and a decent, respectable job.

Peter Sharpe gave her delectable bottom another gratuitous squeeze. Mmmm, she was one of his favourites there was no doubt about that. He didn't often get the opportunity to legitimately punish one of his favourite girls like this. The female students nowadays were all so well behaved and compliant. He didn't know why she was late that morning, and cared even less. The rules stated that she had to be in college before 8.30, and she'd failed that simple task. Therefore his job was to have her punished so that she didn't repeat that error, Simple really.

He'd even delegated it to some muscular young oaf partly because he knew how much the girls disliked being punished by male students of a similar age. That sort of thing amused him. He was very much a New Government supporter and had been one of the first to be recruited once the huge clearout of 'liberal' professors had begun. It had taken a good six months to remove the deadwood, but the whole culture of the university had changed. And changed very much for the better in Professor Sharpe's opinion.

"Get up and go and find yourself a seat, Baxter. We'll all wait until you're ready."

He tried not to smile as she hastily pulled her skirt down and collected her bulky, childish, leather satchel. As he had intended, all eyes were drawn to her as she stumbled along the aisle towards an empty seat in the front, centre of the auditorium in the small, uncomfortable wooden seats reserved for the female students.

"Ready now, Baxter. Can we resume the lecture do you think?"

"Yes, sir. Sorry, sir."

He smiled at her red-faced discomfiture as she took out her pen and pad. She had a nice figure as well, he couldn't help but notice. Quite slim, but with a slightly plump posterior, just as he liked his girls. He made a mental note to pay more attention to Miss Sally Ann Baxter in the future.

Chapter 3

The Senior Party Member award had come as something of a surprise to Arthur Graham. Where had those 20 years gone? The funny thing was that he wasn't particularly political. He'd joined the fledgling New Government Party all those years ago mainly on a whim. He'd been sacked from his marketing job and been replaced by a younger woman who in his opinion was completely incompetent. And then, in a rage, he'd gone out drinking and that same evening he'd drunkenly paid the first subscription and joined New Government as a fully paid up member.

And then he'd promptly forgotten about it. The years rolled by and his annual direct debit continued to be paid. He kept meaning to cancel it, but never got around to actually doing so. But then, as the Woman's Equality Party's excesses began to be known, he found himself more and more supportive of the New Government Party. Not enough to actually go and do anything like go on a march or involve himself in any sort of activism. But enough to shake his head and worry at the mess the country seemed to have found itself in.

Then came the infamous data breach where the names and addresses of all New Government members were 'accidentally' made public knowledge. Arthur was vilified and sacked from his new job once again by another shrieking 'feminist'. That, as far as he was concerned, was the final straw. Mild mannered accountant Arthur Graham had taken just about as much as he could take. From then on he was an ardent New Government supporter and there was no way he was going to rescind his membership, simply on principle.

And now, after all that time, his reward for that dogged determination had materialised. He was the prouder bearer of a 20 year gold badge, displayed for all to see on the left lapel of his tweed jacket. Despite its relatively small size, it conferred great power on its wearer. The look on that young student's face on the bus for instance. She knew very well what it signified, all young women did. They were taught all about the 20 year badge from their masters at school. He'd already noticed increased deference from the various people he met during the day, not least from his own workmates.

Everyone knew of course that he was a Party member of long standing. Almost everyone was a Party member nowadays, but very few of them had been in the organisation longer than Arthur. He'd been called into the boss's office on the Monday morning he'd received the badge. The man had smiled and shook his hand, but Arthur could sense a slight sense of unease. He was ushered to a comfortable chair and offered a promotion almost immediately. Apparently he'd been an 'exemplary employee' and he deserved his new office and his new job description.

Arthur remembered the sensation as he comfortably crossed his legs in the chair.

"That's very kind of you, Phil. Been a long time coming, don't you think?" He asked in the complacent way of a man that was now entirely unsackable.

The man, his boss Phillip Baron the president of the company, smiled thinly. "Well...maybe Arthur. But you know how it is sometimes..."

His voice trailed off. To be fair to the pompous fool, Arthur would have been the first to admit that he wasn't the ideal employee. Age had made him cynical, and that allied with his natural laziness and lack of any sort of corporate ambition had all conspired to keep him at the same sort of level for the past 8 years. He could just imagine the panic when Baron got the email from NG headquarters explaining how Arthur had achieved his Senior status and all the perks that went with it.

He, meanwhile, was well aware of the sort of privilege that was now available to him. An early State pension, free utilities for life, free travel on any public vehicle for life. Those sorts of things and others like them were most welcome. What was really attractive though was the power that 20 loyal years now brought him. The State Discipline app on his new, free phone for example. The ability to access the website and all of its delights with his Senior password. These were great but even better; he also had the authority to contact his local NG branch in order to complain about anything or anybody that didn't meet with his approval.

Earlier that Monday morning the woman who served behind the counter at his local corner shop had called him 'Arthur' in a rather familiar manner, rather than 'sir', which he felt he now warranted. As an

experiment he'd used the link on his phone to make a formal complaint. Within minutes, two uniformed members of State security had appeared and apprehended the startled woman. Having explained to her the offence she'd committed, namely insolence to a Senior Party Member, the voluptuous 40 year old was simply bent over her own shop counter and flogged with a leather strap by the two burly policemen.

Arthur was both surprised and delighted at the outcome. Although he'd attended his 'Welcome to Seniorship' course at local Party HQ and he'd heard the rumours regarding the benefits of Senior party membership, Arthur wasn't entirely convinced at the time. He already knew through years of bitter experience that when things seemed too good to be true, they invariably turned out that way. He'd so hoped they were true rather than the product of an overexcited imagination. And here, right in front of his eyes, he'd witnessed the reality. The shocked woman was required to apologise to him before being allowed to go and wipe the tears from her eyes and redo her make-up. The two policemen both then saluted him and wished him a good morning.

For once in his unremarkable life, Arthur Graham had almost bounced into work. And now he carefully appraised the man in front of him. Phil wasn't such a bad guy, he decided, a bit full of himself, a bit of a bullshitter like the majority of senior management, but basically he was okay. He'd taken Arthur on when he when nobody else would for instance. But at the same time, Arthur knew that with one simple phone call he could have State Security knocking on the door to the office, and for a moment flirted with the idea of Phil Baron being hauled away in front of his own staff leaving him in charge of the shop.

But on the other hand, that already sounded like too much hard work and a not insignificant amount of trouble that he didn't want or need if he was being honest. No, that wouldn't do at all. Instead he rested his hands on his own rather portly stomach and sighed, quite content with his newly discovered role in life. What would be the point of making an enemy out of a man like Phil anyway? Perhaps he might come in useful someday, who knew?

"I'll tell you what I want, Phil. A nice corner office near the top floor and the title and salary of deputy manager. Deputy to you, of course. I don't want to tread on your toes and I don't want any new responsibilities. In fact I don't want any responsibility at all to be perfectly honest. What I want is to come and go as I want, to use the office like a nice little private club in effect. Is that okay with you? Feel free to tell me if it isn't."

Phillip Baron knew he was getting away quite lightly. He'd heard some bad stories about disgruntled employees taking advantage of their new found Senior status. So, in reality, what was the problem about moving the old bastard up into management? Nobody was going to miss his miserable face and it wasn't like his work input would be missed in any way, was it? All he had to do was to acquire some good-looking female intern to do Graham's work on a quarter of his salary, which was hardly an onerous task.

"Of course, Arthur. If that's what you want?"

"It is, Phil. Thanks for your understanding. And perhaps you and I could work together on a couple of the more interesting projects that are bound to come our way now?"

Arthur looked Phillip straight in the eye but kept his expression determinedly neutral. His boss nodded and the two shook hands, both satisfied with the deal.

"Oh, I'd also want Nicky as my new secretary. Could you arrange that please?"

Chapter 4

From that day on, Arthur's life really changed. Phil Baron, as good as his word, organised an impressive corner office for him. He was appointed deputy manager, and his salary nearly trebled. The best part of the deal though, in his opinion, was the acquisition of his former line manager, Nicola Pringle, as his new secretary. He hadn't bothered with the detail, he wasn't really a detail man. He left all that sort of thing with Phil. After all, that's what Phil got paid the big bucks for, wasn't it?

All he knew was that one morning when he arrived at his new office on a grey, wet Monday morning Nicola Pringle was sat awkwardly on one of his chairs, and apparently waiting for his arrival. He was about an hour late, not that he cared in the slightest. He'd taken longer over his coffee break that morning in his local cafe where one or two interesting-looking young women had caught his eye.

"On your feet please, Nicky. In future you'll always stand when I enter the room."

Red-faced and indignant looking, she obeyed. He was half hoping that she'd refuse and he'd have to establish his authority using more... traditional methods. But either she'd researched the situation or someone had explained to her what Senior status now conferred on him. She stood looking at him, apparently uncertain what to do with her hands.

"Things have changed now, dear, as you can see. This is my new office, something you aspired to no doubt, but something that you'll never have either."

He ignored the ill-disguised look of annoyance that briefly flitted across her haughty face.

"Amusingly, I don't deserve it of course whereas you possibly do. But that's the way of the world nowadays, I guess?"

Nicola bit her lip to avoid giving some sort of angry retort. She was smart enough to know when she was beaten. The fat, stupid, scruffily-dressed old bastard sat complacently in front of her held all the cards and both of them knew it. And why was he calling her Nicky? Nobody called her Nicky. She was a Nicola and always had been, although she did like the idea of Miss Pringle as well. It suggested a certain amount of respect to which she believed she was perfectly entitled.

"So, what I want now, Nicky, is a coffee, a straightforward white coffee. None of this cappuccino nonsense, with three spoonfuls of sugar."

She stared at him in astonishment for just a fraction too long. It was a challenge that Arthur couldn't resist. With two quick strides he was alongside her. He took her by the wrist and sat on the corner of his new desk. Hauling her over his knee he simply slapped her bottom through her thin, blue material of her slacks. She wriggled a lot and fought, but she was quite petite and Arthur was a large and determined man despite his advanced years. It only took a couple of minutes of good, firm, solid smacks to her wildly gyrating backside as he held her hands out of the way, until she dissolved into helpless tears and sobs. He stroked her backside through her thin trousers, giving her a little nip now and then just because he enjoyed the feeling.

"Here's the deal, Nicky. You work for me now. I don't care if that upsets you, I don't care if you don't want to, those sorts of decisions are out of your hands as of this moment. What I do want from you is obedience, total unquestioning obedience. When I tell you in future to jump, your first thought will always be how high. Are we understood?"

She panted and sniffed and was probably about to say something, but Arthur was disinclined to wait on her.

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Smaaack!

Smaaack!

A barrage of heavy, open-handed slaps began to bounce off her chubby bottom.

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"I said, are,"

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"We,"

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"Understood?"

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Smaaack!

Smaaack!

She howled and kicked but still managed to indicate that, yes. They were quite understood. He stroked her bottom for a little while through her slacks. His previous suspicion that her pert little backside would make a marvellous, enticing target for a good, firm spanking having proved to have been self-evidently correct.

"And one more thing, Nicky. Tomorrow morning I want you to bring every single pair of trousers that you own into work with you."

"O...okay."

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Smaaack!

Smaaack!

"The answer is yes, sir. It's always sir or Mr Graham as far as you're concerned from now on."

Nicola Pringle, Arthur's former line-manager and ambitious young executive squealed but remembered her lines.

"Yes, sir. Of course, sir. Trousers tomorrow morning, sir."

"And I'd advise you very strongly to bring every single pair, because..."

Nicola tensed herself for another shockingly painful barrage. But rather than that he resumed stroking her burning backside. Which although horrible, was much better than being spanked again by the dreadful misogynist bully.

"If you don't and I find out that you hadn't..."

He left the unspoken threat hanging in the air and resumed stroking and pinching her bottom.

"And another thing you are not, from this moment forward, permitted to wear trousers of any description while you're working for me. Understood?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir!!"

Nicola could hardly get the words out quickly enough.

"That's a good girl,"

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Smaaack!

Arthur had fought the urge to begin spanking his new assistant's plump cheeks again just as hard as he possibly could. But unfortunately he'd succumbed to the temptation. He was, when all said and done, just an average red-blooded, heterosexual Alpha male.

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Smaaack!

Chapter 5

Arthur Graham glanced out of the window as the train barrelled along. He checked his watch, shouldn't be long now. The nondescript, provincial town grew steadily nearer by the minute. He smiled contentedly to himself; things couldn't have gone much better if he'd planned them himself. He'd ridden out the years of criticism he'd received from the many people opposed to his political views and now he was reaping the benefits. The treasured pin in his lapel marked him out as a 20 year Senior Member of the NG. Senior Member status in the NG meant that there were many perks for a man like him to enjoy.

He was, as well as all his other more tangible perks, treated with the utmost respect wherever he went. The badge ensured that now he seldom paid for his beers or his coffees. Train journeys like this one were at a 90% discount. Assistants in shops hurried to assist him, queuing was now something that other people did. The smartly uniformed young woman in her neat cap and properly knotted necktie who checked his rail ticket had respectfully saluted him as she handed it back.

Another perk that Arthur enjoyed was use of his app. He'd quickly got the hang of apps once he realised the various doors they could unlock as far as a man of his particular...appetites was concerned. Statesearch was the UK's version of what Arthur dimly remembered as Social media. The difference was the only certain, validated people were entitled to use it.

A friend of Arthur's, with similar predilections, had pointed out how useful it was to identify and search for old friends. Intrigued, Arthur had typed in the name of a former colleague of his at one of the several offices in which he'd worked. Almost immediately he'd been informed, to his great astonishment and pleasure, that Caroline Bingham had been re-classified as a shop worker rather than as the Head of Marketing as she was when he knew her.

She was the bitch who'd he'd been sacked for all those years ago. He'd driven over to the next town and found her. Rather than the immaculately dressed and coiffured young woman that he remembered she was now a harassed and tired-looking, middle-aged shop assistant in her forties dressed in a cheap nylon blouse with a name badge pinned to her breast and a short, pleated skirt. Happily he had sauntered over to her and demanded assistance. He could tell immediately that she recognised him, even after all those years.

"I'm looking for a new pair of underpants, young lady, and I need some personal assistance."

Caroline Bingham looked askance at the horrible old man that she remembered all too well. He was a misogynist old bastard at the best of times, and here and now wasn't the best of times by a long, long way. At the office that they'd both worked in, he had been her former boss. He was lazy and incompetent and had inevitably been sacked. She herself had contacted his female boss at head office and explained just hopeless he was.

When he was escorted out of his office by security she wasn't shy in telling him what she'd done either, and that she was the new head of department. The fact that telling him these things made him extremely angry was just a bonus as far as she was concerned. He was after all merely a sad and deluded old man, a hopeless fossil from the bad old days. Now it seemed as if the boot was well and truly on the other foot. However, despite her many misgivings, she smiled brightly, as she had been taught. She wasn't about to give management the slightest excuse to apply the leather strap to her backside if she could help it.

"Good morning, sir. How may I help you?"

"You may go and select a half dozen pairs of underpants and bring them to the changing rooms for me. My size is extra large."

"I...I'm not sure if I'm allowed to..."

"I think you are allowed to, Mrs Bingham. In fact I insist."

Silently he pointed to the gold coloured badge in his right hand lapel.

Without a word she headed out to the clothing racks while he sauntered over to the changing room. She didn't see many of the fabled gold badges, but like everyone else she knew only too well what they represented. It didn't take a genius to predict that the situation wasn't going to end well. She grabbed a

few pairs at random and returned to find that in the privacy of his own room, Arthur had removed his shoes and trousers and was idly rubbing himself through a pair of grubby, stained white Y-fronts.

"Hello Mrs Bingham, what I want is for you to slide my pants down and put a new pair on me, I'm not as mobile as I was once as I'm sure you'll appreciate?"

She just stood and stared at his red, bloated, ugly old face. He couldn't be serious, could he?

"Is there an issue, Mrs Bingham? I couldn't help but notice your employers advertise themselves as 'happy to help'. If I'm being honest, you don't look very happy. Although if you want me to call your supervisor over, I'd be happy to do that."

Caroline reluctantly shuffled over to him. Only a couple of days ago she and the other former office employees working in the large department store had endured a long lecture regarding their 'attitude' towards customers. They were not, they were constantly reminded, professional women any more. Their views and opinions were no longer relevant. The local New Government council, in its wisdom, had realised that they had too many women masquerading as professionally employed office-based workers, and not enough retail or factory workers.

The simple answer was to sack the university educated women and to re-employ them as and where they were really needed. Caroline, for example, had been reclassified as a shop worker. There was no shame in that, as she and her colleagues were regularly informed. However, if their duties were not carried out in the spirit of happiness and servility that was intended, then some of them may have to be sent away for a period of re-education. Was that clear enough to everyone? The dozen or so identically dressed women had unanimously agreed that, yes sir it certainly was.

Caroline hadn't even been employed in the same town that she lived in. No reason had been given. She was simply told where and under what conditions she was to be employed. Her wishes or preferences were simply not taken into consideration. Every morning she had to get up very early and make the twenty mile trip by bus to the next town before she even started work in the large department store that now employed her.

She carefully bent over him and slowly pulled down his pants, good lord they smelled horribly! Didn't the disgusting old bastard ever wash?

"Careful there, Mrs Bingham, you don't want to damage the goods before you've paid for them do you?"

"No sir." She replied with the only possible option.

His ugly, veined, and surprisingly large old penis sprung into view. Completely unembarrassed he stroked it a couple of times before lifting his bottom very slightly to enable the unwilling woman to pull his pants over his feet.

"I think I'll try the blue ones, Mrs Bingham if you don't mind? Oh, and put mine on your head at the same time, could you? That will help you keep your mind on the job. I always thought that you lacked concentration when we worked together."

She was beginning to cry already. Her comfortable middle-class upbringing, her private school education, her university degree, all her succession of well-paid, fulfilling jobs had, in the end, all counted for nothing. Here she was on her knees, in a public changing room, with a pair of piss-stained underpants on her head helping a misogynist try on underwear! The Patriarchy really had won hadn't they? Fighting her natural instincts she carried out the revolting task.

"What do you think girl, do they suit me?"

"They're very nice sir."

"Let's try the red pair on, although this time though why not give my cock a little kiss to show your obedience, how about that?"

There was absolutely no way out of this she realised. That speech by management had left Caroline under no illusion. She leaned forward and did just as ordered. The smell of him was most off-putting. It was as if he hadn't washed for a week. Inevitably she felt the pressure on the back of her head as he forced her to take more and more of his revolting cock between her unwilling lips.

Thirty seconds of aggressive thrusting was all it took for him to explode into her mouth, the taste was horrible but she knew she had to swallow. Unless ordered otherwise it was usually the de facto option. At least she hadn't got any of his filth on her uniform, which she knew by now was another punishable offence.

Thirty minutes later Arthur sat comfortably in Steven Ball's office. Both laughed as they watched the security film of Caroline Bingham put the disgusting pair of pants onto her head.

"Look at the arrogant, posh bitch she doesn't look quite so up herself now does she?" chortled the tall, weasel featured store manager. "You must visit us more often Mr Graham that was most instructive and entertaining."

"It was my pleasure Steven; perhaps I'll take you up on that offer?"

It had taken a little time and effort to organise that scenario, but with Ball's ever willing assistance, it had been well worth it.

"Oh, and by the way Steven what do you intend to do with Mrs Bingham after that flagrant display? I don't want to try and tell you your job but I'm fairly sure that sucking off a customer in public, however inexpertly, comes under the heading of 'lewd and lascivious behaviour' aren't you?"

"Indeed it does, Mr Graham, disgraceful behaviour. What do you recommend sir?"

"Hmm...I would say at least a month's re-education? Somewhere like Southfields Re-education Centre perhaps, I hear that it's very good?"

"I hear that as well, Mr Graham. I also hear that visiting rights can be obtained for certain, qualified members of the public?"

Steven Ball realised that he was taking a little bit of a risk with that question, especially to a Senior member. But he had heard so much about the regime at the various RC's that he was fairly desperate to check on their provenance. He needn't have worried; Arthur Graham nodded in a conspiratorial sort of way and leaned closer.

"You've been very helpful, Steven I can't foresee any problems in that area. I'm sure we can reach a mutually agreeable agreement."

Steven Ball felt his heart beat that little bit faster. Like many people he'd heard a lot of rumours regarding the Re-education Centres and now, finally, he would be able to find out the truth for himself. Arthur Graham had shaken him by the hand and left, almost before the door closed behind him, Ball was trawling his computer for official complaint forms. There was no advantage after all in letting the grass grow under his feet. He soon found the 'lewd and lascivious' section, and once he'd checked the definition of the second word, he got to work.

Chapter 6

Miss Olive Parsons was in a bit of a state, bless her. She'd received an odd text from a gentleman that morning regarding her lodger, Miss Baxter. Apparent the gentleman, and he must be a gentleman if he was a Senior Party member, had been cheeked by her young guest. Cheeking any sort of gentleman at her age was bad enough, but a Senior party member! What did the girl think she was playing at? And then, to top it all, she'd received another text automatically generated from the university, that Miss Baxter had been publically punished in one of the lecture theatres.

Miss Parsons was really quite shocked by these developments. As far as she knew Miss Baxter was a well-behaved sort of young lady, respectful and considerate. She had broken one or two of Miss Parsons' rules, but that was in the early days of their relationship and a couple of smacked bottoms had resolved those situations. But these were a little more serious. Was the girl going off the rails perhaps? She'd heard of that sort of thing before. A friend of hers had a female lodger who simply couldn't keep up with the workload and had been asked to leave her course.

The obvious problem as far as Miss Parsons was concerned that the money she received for allowing the young lady to board with her was very welcome. Especially since her dear, departed husband had passed away. She certainly didn't want to lose that source of income. And the girl wasn't too much trouble either, now that she'd accepted and understood Miss Parsons' little list of rules and regulations.

They weren't particularly onerous; she knew that several of her fellow landladies were far stricter than she was. Her rules were very run of the mill, no after college activities without her express permission for example, no guests in her room, no visitors to the house without permission, no use of the telephone or television without permission. All fairly straightforward stuff as far as Miss Parsons and her friends were concerned.

Her role, like all the other landladies was to provide a safe environment for their young charges to flourish within. So, obviously, no late nights, no parties, no social functions without Miss Parsons' permission. Having to be back in the house before 6pm etc. Some might say that these sorts of restrictions rather defeated the idea of going away to university. But in Miss Parsons' opinion and those of her friends, they were essential in ensuring that the female students were safe and well looked after which after all was their collective primary aim.

The male undergraduates were still perfectly at liberty to live together in halls of residence and to go out drinking and partying. They were men, after all, and well used to looking after themselves. But the university girls were a different matter. Virtually all of them were from a civilised, middle-class background and had led very sheltered upbringings which naturally didn't equip them very well for life. Miss Parsons saw it as her duty to help and to educate young women like Sally Ann and to keep them safe and on the straight and narrow.

Her methods, like the majority of her fellow landladies, were rules and firm discipline. And of course, The Church. Olive Parsons was a very religious woman, pious in fact. The main reason why she was a supporter of New Government was that it had placed religion and the family front and centre in its various manifestoes. She attended her local church in some capacity virtually every day, either to attend a service, or to volunteer her time for free on one of the many church committees.

Much to her own personal pleasure, the country had finally come to its senses. Traditional ideas and morals had returned and The Church had once again been restored to its true place as the rightful arbiter of moral welfare within its own Parish. That's how young Sally Ann had been placed with Miss Parsons, a friend of a friend in Sally Ann's own particular Parish had recommended her to the girl's family. Almost before she knew it, the girl had been placed with her and she'd been awarded a surprisingly decent stipend from the government.

And that was something she didn't want to lose. Anxiously she reread the text on her mobile phone. It appeared that the gentleman, a Mr Graham a Senior party member no less, wished to discuss the situation with her before pursuing any sort of formal complaint, and would like to visit her that evening. She was

all of a flutter, but perhaps everything was going to be okay. She clumsily typed out a reply in the affirmative and wondered just exactly what that meeting would bring about.

“So as you can see, Miss Parsons, I’m hoping to nip this issue in the bud so to speak. I have no real necessity to see the girl publicly thrashed for her unfortunately thoughtless behaviour on the bus this morning.”

Arthur’s cock gave a little twitch as he caught the expression on Sally Ann Baxter’s terrified little face.

“But I really do believe that applying a firm but fair punishment in the privacy of her own lodgings is the minimum she could hope for?”

“Oh yes, Mr Graham, I quite agree. I’m really at a loss to know what the girl was thinking. I did tell you that she was paddled in the lecture theatre this morning, didn’t?”

Arthur nodded and smiled. That was the fourth or fifth time that she’d told him. He glanced across at the girl and caught her eye. She was kneeling in the corner of the room with her hands on her head. Her smart red blazer was hanging up on a peg in the hall and her chokingly tight tie had been unfastened and removed, and the top button of her crisp white blouse had been opened. Arthur didn’t necessarily approve of such permissive behaviour.

He personally would have kept the girl in her red and blue college tie until it was time for bed, but Sally Ann wasn’t his girl. And to be fair to Miss Parsons, there wasn’t a man in the house either. Tears were running down the pretty girl’s flushed cheeks, a sight Arthur found entirely stimulating. He removed his own tweed jacket and carefully rolled up the right hand sleeve of his blue shirt. The girl had begun to sob now, at much the same rate that Arthur’s penis had started to thicken. Ignoring her distress he patted his thighs invitingly.

“Over you come, girl.”

Hesitantly she got to her feet and stumbled over to where he was sat in the middle of the sofa. Arthur was still half-expecting her to laugh in his face and to tell him where to get off. But this, he had to remind himself was now, the present time. Not like it was a few years ago. The New Government had been in control of the country for just over ten years and just over half of Sally Ann Baxter’s young life. She knew no other way. She had been brought up to respect male authority and that was what she, and millions of other young women like her did.

Sally lay herself over his knees as instructed.

“I intend to bare this young reprobate’s bottom for her before I spank her, Miss Parsons. You may stay of course, but if you do not wish to witness the girl receiving a thorough spanking then you may leave. I won’t be offended in any way.”

And to be honest, Arthur didn’t care that much either way. The girl was a choice morsel, dark-haired and according to the information on her file, blue-eyed. That was a favourite combination of his, but she was also very pretty and had a nice pair of tits filling out the front of her white cotton blouse. He squeezed the nearest one to him appreciatively, just to make sure.

If the old woman stayed, the girl would have an audience to witness her humiliation, which Arthur quite liked the sound of. If she left the room, it would just give him more time to examine Miss Baxter’s self-evident charms at his leisure. He slowly began to raise the young woman’s short, pleated blue skirt up her long white thighs. Miss Parsons cleared her throat a little, but made no attempt to leave.

Smmaack!

Smmaack!

Smmaack!

Arthur got to work, enjoying the girl’s bleats of distress and her desperate wriggling to avoid her well deserved punishment. In fact her wriggling only served to physically as well as mentally stimulate him.

Smmaack!

Smmaack!

Smmaack!

Soon he’d settled into a nice, slow, percussive rhythm. His hand bouncing up and down her soft, pink flesh beneath her white knickers. Although it the deep red hue around the edges of them and down her coltish thighs were anything to go by, the buttock cheeks themselves should be slowly becoming more

red than pink. Arthur paused for a second and kneaded one buttock through Sally Ann's underwear...marvellous. He looked over at Miss Parsons who seemed hypnotised by the event.

"I think this little girl needs her panties pulling down, Miss Parsons, what do you think?" He asked the middle-aged woman, conversationally, toying with the elastic as he did so.

Olive Parsons didn't reply, she just licked her lips nervously. This spanking was far more than she personally would administer to the girl, but she couldn't help but think that it was really having an effect. Taking her silence as a tacit agreement, Arthur slowly slid the girl's tiny, white cotton panties over the little hump of her buttocks, wriggled them off beneath her and drew them down so that they banded around her knees. Her bottom was just as red as her thighs! With a smile he settled himself back into his routine.

Smmaack!

Smmaack!

Smmaack!

Chapter 7

Arthur smiled as he read the text from Steven Ball on his phone. Apparently Caroline Bingham had been sacked from her job for gross indecency with a customer. He had supplied a handy link to the incriminating video as well. Arthur bookmarked the site for a later date and returned to the text. Mrs Bingham it seemed had been treated rather severely by the magistrates, two months in a Re-education Centre as opposed to the usual one month. He scanned down a little further, and yes the boy had taken his advice and asked for her to serve her time at Southfields which was near his house and thus very convenient. And of course it had a very strict, very humiliating uniform which Arthur could hardly wait to see the lovely Caroline wearing.

He'd actually been there just a couple of days ago. They had regular open days for the general public where local people, at least local people who were in good standing with their local NG office, were invited up to see how their hard-earned taxes were being spent and he'd been to plenty of those. However his latest experience had been the best by far. As a valued party member with Senior status, he was given a virtually private tour. Just him and a couple of similar-aged gentlemen were given the run of the place. What an eye-opener! The public viewings, he realised had been toned down somewhat.

The three of them had been guided through the dark, forbidding place by an enthusiastic warder who clearly was very happy in his work. Here was the birching room, over there were the exercise machines that inmates were required to work at. And everywhere there were immaculately uniformed women of all ages scurrying around with their eyes fixed on the ground and carrying armfuls of books. And despite the numbers, it was extraordinarily quiet. So quiet in fact that you could hear the squeak of individual, highly polished black shoes on the equally highly polished wooden floors.

This was the re-education centre. The inmates spent a great deal of time in actual lessons, five continuous hours between 8am and 1pm, learning New Government literature by rote, laboriously copying out endless speeches, writing out long essays on just why the feminist regime was such a disastrous failure and listening to improving lectures regarding the glory of the New Government and the many benefits it had brought the country.

Explaining that it was now after lunch time and that between the hours of 2pm and 6pm the inmates were occupied in a different way, the warder led the small group deeper into the heart of the building. Through another doorway that Arthur hadn't been taken through before was another large courtyard, but rather than inmates in their smart, reformatory uniforms it was full of women clad in just their knickers and vests, labouring.

From behind, Arthur heard an amused guffaw from one of the other men. It really was quite amusing. There must have been women of all ages being made to do physical work. Some were scrubbing the tarmac of the yard, others were collecting absolutely every piece of debris no matter how small it was on their hands and knees.

Over to one side, some women were using buckets of water and rags to clean the stonework of the main building. Just to their left, others were filling small bags with stones and rubble and carrying them to another growing pile of waste fifty metres away. What made the image even more strange was the fact that it was also raining heavily. Some warders were dressed in waterproof clothing and were urging some of the inmates on with their long, thin canes.

But the women, of all ages, were dressed in just their white cotton panties and their various coloured vests. They were absolutely sodden, the water streaming through their hair and down their clothes. It was immediately apparent that none of them were wearing bras.

"Why are they wearing different coloured vests?" Asked the third man without taking his eyes off the scene in front of him.

"They're in different Houses. There are four as you can see, Red, Blue, Green and Yellow. We find it instructive for the inmates to realise that they're constantly in competition with each other and constantly under observation. The House deemed to be the laziest will be punished for their shortcomings in front of the other three Houses."

“Who decides which is the laziest House?” Enquired Arthur as he watched a particularly well-endowed young woman struggle with a bag of rubble.

“Gentlemen,” said the warder turning to them with a smile. “We hoped that the three of you Senior Members would do us the honour of choosing the laziest group for us today?”

Fifteen pleasurable minutes later, after they’d watched the drenched women struggling with their allotted chores, Arthur and his two colleagues unanimously decided that Blue House wasn’t pulling its collective weight and informed the attentive warder of their choice. Joining his colleagues on the exposed square he soon had the four groups of women stood in four lines of twenty-five all stood facing each other in a square.

At a prearranged signal, the entire twenty five who were wearing blue vests pulled their wet panties to their knees and bent over touching their toes. Even from where they he was stood sheltering from the rain, Arthur could hear the whistle and crack of the thin canes carried by the wardens as they bit into the exposed bottoms of the women. On the other three sides the women who had escaped punishment stood rigidly to attention and watched their unfortunate colleagues being mercilessly caned in the pouring rain. Thankful no doubt, mused Arthur that this time it wasn’t them who’d been arbitrarily chosen by a group of random visitors to be punished in such a humiliating way.

The whipping lasted quite some time. Each inmate was given at least 6 vigorous strokes of the cane by the enthusiastic wardens. Most received a couple of extras, presumably for trying to avoid a stroke or maybe for not thanking a warder respectfully enough. Whatever the case, it was a most edifying and interesting exhibition. It was good to see that the taxpayers’ money was being wisely spent.

Chapter 8

My word! Caroline looked absolutely ridiculous in her new uniform. It looked like it was designed for someone at least 30 years younger than her actual age and was more suited to a turn of the century schoolgirl. She was sat rigidly to attention at a small desk in the centre of the front row. A very crisp, snow white shirt with a stiff collar, a charcoal grey gymslip, a very tightly knotted striped, reformatory tie, white ankle socks and shiny, flat, lace-up shoes. She was also wearing navy blue knickers that covered most of her plump backside, but no bra.

Arthur knew the details of her underwear because he'd spent a pleasant few minutes watching her get dressed under the supervision of two elderly but very strict looking matrons. He had watched, amused as Caroline was processed through Southfield Re-education Centre. His app really was a wonder. Almost everything that went on within its grim walls was recorded and preserved for the viewing pleasure of the privileged few. High ranking Party officials, the larger Party donors, significant members of society that the New Government wished to keep onside and anyone useful to their agenda.

Arthur wasn't sure of the exact number of Seniors there were in the Party, but it couldn't have been that many. Relatively few people had the access that he did. It meant that he was at liberty to track and watch anything that might interest him. So for example, the big breasted girl that he'd seen labouring in the yard was called Alexandra Pinner. It had taken him a pleasurable thirty minutes to scroll through the mug shots, taken head on and in profile before he found her.

Naturally he bookmarked other young and not so young women that interested him in order to research them at a later date. It really was a pleasant occupation. Alexandra for instance was 32 years old, married and was employed as a civil servant. Her crime had been described as 'willingly undermining the authority of the State', which in Arthur's experience usually meant that the silly bitch had said something to somebody that she shouldn't have.

Her reward had been a 30 day spell at Southfields, which might not be long enough to teach that particularly young woman her place, he thought. Arthur wondered if perhaps a 3 month term in one of His Majesty's institutions should be made a minimum term? A quick check showed him that Mrs Pinner had just a week or so remaining on her sentence. Perhaps he should pay her a visit once it was served?

Obviously he had all her personal details, even the size of her wondrous tits, so he knew exactly where she lived. Idly he wondered if she would be able to retain her old job. Sometimes women who transgressed like she had were automatically sacked. Others were allowed back to work but were demoted and had their pay cut. It all depended on the employer and the seriousness of the crime the woman had committed.

Caroline meanwhile had just started her sentence. Just by typing her Southfields CR number into his app Arthur was presented with a number of stills and videos of his new favourite. Caroline being fitted for her new uniform, Caroline having her hair cut in a suitable manner, Caroline being introduced to the rather grim looking dormitory that she shared with 11 other reprobates. And, as the days passed, Caroline being slapped, spanked, paddled and caned at the hands of the stern-looking warders.

At the moment he was watching a live video feed of Caroline in a real classroom attending an actual lesson. Admittedly it had taken him a little while to master the concept of a 'live video feed', but now he was an old hand. The effort involved had been well worthwhile. Now it felt as if he was sat in the classroom itself. The state of the art technology was really very impressive. The multiple camera-angles, all of which he could control meant that he had an unrivalled view of proceedings.

He'd already slipped his pants to his knees and was lazily playing with himself as he watched things unfold. Caroline was forty three years old and the shame of what she was being made to do was etched clearly on her face. Not that Arthur cared about her feelings in the slightest. She'd always been an arrogant bitch for as long as the two of them had worked together.

That was right up to the moment that she'd had him sacked him for 'gross misconduct' when in fact all that had happened was that he'd leaned mentioned to a friend of his in a nearby cafe when they were having lunch that the new girl in accounts, Cheryl something or other had a really nice arse.

Unfortunately Caroline Bingham got to hear about their private conversation and reported it to Human Resources.

Human Resources informed Head Office who in turn informed his boss that he had to be sacked by the end of the day for his 'insensitivity' and his 'lack of empathy'. He remembered the look of pleasure on Ms (Ms!) Bingham's face when she informed him that he had exhausted the number of times that he could be sent on diversity and inclusion courses and therefore he was sacked, as of now. As he was escorted from the premises she even had the nerve to inform him that it was her who had got him sacked and that she would be taking over from him in the future. In the mean time he should clear out, that would be best for everyone.

Everyone but him of course, the nasty man who'd indirectly hurt someone's feelings. That incident, the embarrassment, the look of pleasure on the vindictive cow's face. The general amusement within the office as he slowly collected his five years worth of personal possessions from around his former office was still quite painful to this day. But fortunately he'd backed the long-term favourite horse and my, how the positions had been reversed!

For a second one of the cameras that were sweeping slowly from face to face paused on that of Caroline Bingham. Arthur smiled to himself and gave his cock an extra tug, was that a tear he could see leaking from the corner of one brown eye? He so hoped that it was, Arthur simply enjoyed seeing women cry, especially middle-class snooty ones like Bingham. He settled comfortably back in his chair and reached for his phone.

"Pringle, bring me a coffee, girl."

"Right away, Mr Graham sir."

Arthur put his phone down and returned his back attention to his cock which was beginning to swell pleurably in anticipation.

Chapter 9

It was hard to tell which was the worst, thought Nicola to herself as she knelt between Arthur Graham's podgy thighs, the taste or the smell. His cock in her mouth wasn't exactly pleasant but once she was over the first disgusting lick or two it wasn't so bad. It was if she was washing it for him and once the accumulated sweat and grime had been removed she didn't feel quite as sick. The smell of him though was all-pervading.

His sweat-stained, piss-stained and God only knew what else stained underpants smelled as if they weren't fresh on that that month never mind that morning. She wondered if he ever truthfully washed himself in the morning? Perhaps he just rolled out of bed and put yesterday's pants on? Or perhaps more likely he just wore them to bed and never took them off? She shuddered involuntarily at the thought but tried to keep her mind on what she was doing.

What she was doing was giving her bastard of a boss his first blowjob of the morning. And he was, she'd come to realise, very, very particular about his blow jobs. They had to be carried out in a specific way that pleased him, kneeling with her hands behind her back but keeping eye contact with him at all times. She had to suck and lick enthusiastically at his cock and balls as if it was a privilege to be allowed to do so.

And when she could tell that he was near to finishing she had to wait for instructions. Sometimes he wanted her to slow off or even stop before he came in order to prolong the pleasure. Other times he thrust himself deeper into her to enjoy the moment. The golden rule was that he decided how it was going to end. Sometimes he held her by her hair and ejaculated into her mouth. And sometimes he withdrew and spurted over her upturned face.

It all depended on what sort of mood he was in. And Nicola had learned to fear all those moods. As her head bobbed up and down on his rigid shaft she couldn't help but recall her first few days under his control. He'd actually made her bring all her trousers into work on the second day and then given her a pair of scissors. Then she had to sit cross-legged in the main office in front of all the secretaries and cut her clothes into small squares of cloth.

That was her introduction to the man and his ways. And once that was completed to his satisfaction he'd taken her across his knee in full view of everyone, pulled her skirt up and spanked her until she had cried. And there was absolutely nothing that either she or any of the women working for the company could do about it. There was simply nobody they could appeal to. Either they toed the line as laid out by their male bosses or they were free to leave, it was their choice.

Although in reality it was no choice at all. Any woman resigning from a job, especially a corporate job would simply be placed on a black-list which almost guaranteed that she wouldn't be able to find a similar job in a similar field and certainly not at the salary she was used to. That simple piece of New Government legislation coupled with the huge reduction in social security payments to the absolute minimum meant that almost no single woman could afford to even think about leaving their secure employment.

And that was how, at 28, Nicola Pringle formerly an ambitious young professional and once fast-tracked for promotion found herself looking up expectantly at her repulsive boss while he ejaculated all over her freshly made-up face. She could feel the disgusting mess slide down her forehead and onto the bridge of his nose while he shook the last droplets of his jism out and then put himself away and then zipped up his pants.

"Go and get yourself sorted out, Pringle. We have work to do this morning."

That was the signal for Nicola to quickly get to her feet and scurry off, head down, to the bathroom. There she scraped off as much as the excess as she could and washed it away. A little bit was in her hair which she had to scrub at as best she could, and some of it had fallen onto her white blouse. The problem was that she had to leave any of the horrible fluid on her blouse and not wipe it off. Apparently Mr

Graham liked to leave it as a reminder, so Nicola had to smell his vile excretions on her for the rest of the day.

Then it was back to 'work', scuttling back to his office and trying to ignore the looks and the comments from the young women, most of whom she used to manage back in the day. Her chores were now more of the mundane variety. Whereas she used to feel as if her responsibilities were helping to drive the company forward, she now knew for certain that they weren't. For example, as well as doing the photocopying for Mr Graham and answering the phone for Mr Graham and getting Mr Graham's coffee from the cafe and running errands for Mr Graham, she was also required to do Mr Graham's 'admin' as he liked to refer to it.

Her administration that morning involved cataloguing his vast collection of pictures harvested from that terrible site at Southfields Re-education Centre. Those poor girls! Nicola could scarcely believe some of the images that she was required to view in order to catalogue them correctly. She could hardly believe that such a place as Southfields RC actually existed either. She'd heard the rumours of course, everyone had, but she and her friends sort of assumed that the stories about 'Re-education Centres' were largely a myth to keep people in line.

Just another form of prison for criminals to be sent to in order to help back into civilised society. At least that's how the New Government had sold it in their manifesto. At the time Nicola was slightly ashamed to recall she was all in favour of that sort of thing. After all, the criminal classes did need keeping an eye on, everyone said so. All of her friends agreed with her. Never in their wildest dreams however did they consider that they themselves might one day become inmates of such terrible places.

Nicola, nevertheless, could now categorically confirm that the stories were true. And even worse than that, they were downplayed if anything. The Re-education Centres not only existed but they were prisons rather than places of education. Reform centres where any rebellious women who refused to accept their new roles in society could be deposited and have their behaviour adjusted. And the method of adjustment seemed to be constant bullying and corporal punishment.

The huge folders of assorted pictures and videos that Nicola had been made to prepare for Arthur Graham's amusement were proof of that. There were thousands and thousands of them split into titles such as 'spanking', 'caning', 'tawsing (buttocks)', 'tawsing (hands)' and so on. Those that involved spanking and caning had to be cross-referenced under both titles and so on. Individual women were categorised under their names and Centre numbers and their personal appearance. There were folders for blondes, for redheads, for blue-eyed women, for busty women for flat-chested women. The list went on and on, and it was just one of the things that encompassed Nicola Pringle's new duties.

The door to the office opened and closed which meant only one thing, her nemesis had returned from wherever it was that had occupied him for the last two hours. She heard his heavy tread and then felt a podgy finger scrape the nape of her neck.

"Did you miss me, Pringle?" He asked, conversationally.

"Yes, sir," Nicola nodded as she replied, as if she had any sort of opinion on the matter.

She still hadn't seen him. She was sat in her little plastic chair at her too-small wooden desk facing the wall and dared not turn around unless given permission to do so. He said it was to increase her productivity. Making her face the white wall in the office meant that she had no distractions and that she could get on with her work without interruption whereas in reality it was just to humiliate her and to cause her distress.

His heavy hand slid down the front of her blouse, squeezing and mauling her breast as it did so. She struggled to avoid her natural inclination to recoil.

"You haven't been getting up to anything that you shouldn't have you?"

He squeezed her other breast painfully and flicked her nipple with his thick middle finger.

"N...no, sir." What the hell did he suppose she was going to "getting up to?"

"That's good because I don't like naughty little girls who work for me getting all hot and bothered and sticky-fingered when I'm not around, not without my permission anyway."

He toyed with her nipple through the nylon of her cheap, corporate nylon blouse.

"You do understand that don't you?"

"Yes, s...sir," she gasped.

He opened the top button of her blouse, and then the second button and then the third

“That’s the problem with hiring needy little whores like this one you see, Phil. They’re constantly searching for attention”

Nicola grasped her own breasts and hugged her blouse to them. She spun around. The bastard had brought Philip Baron into the office with him! And rather than look appalled and disgusted by her treatment, her senior boss appeared to be anything but that. He was a tall, attractive man and Nicola once had a bit of a ‘thing’ about him. But now he was staring at her with an undisguised, lascivious leer.

“Don’t pretend to be shy, Pringle. Undo the rest of those buttons and show Mr Baron what you’ve got. I’ve told him all about you and now he wants to see for himself.”

With her hands shaking, Nicola made herself comply. This was a new low for her. That bastard Graham liked to treat her like this, the perverse old asshole. But this was the first time that he’d introduced other men into his nasty little games,

“That’s a good girl, now open that blouse fully and show Mr Baron those chubby little melons that you seem to be so proud of.”

Nicola fixed her eyes on the beige carpet of the office and did as she was told. She could feel the blazing flush of shame in her cheeks as she did so.

“Go give them a squeeze if you want to, Phil. She does like to be played with you know. She doesn’t get much of that nowadays, now that her boyfriend’s finished with her. He couldn’t stand her slutty behaviour any more apparently. They were going to be married as well, so I hear.”

Nicola could feel the tears sliding down her flushed cheeks. Harry had left her because that bastard Graham instructed her to write a letter telling her boyfriend of four years that it was all over between them. So it was either write the letter or she could discover the joys of Southgate RC for herself. She gasped as her boss, who had seemed such a smart, urbane gentleman when they’d first met took a firm hold of her breasts, one in each hand.

“Always thought you were a bit of a slut, Nicola,” he said as if informing her about a work project. “Flaunting these things at management can only get you so far you know? Mr Graham was right in advising me that you needed to be demoted. It’s something I should have done a couple of years ago.”

Chapter 10

Eloise Green surreptitiously checked her appearance while she waited for her train. Her seamed stockings were straight as far as she could tell. Her short, green pinafore was neat and tidy, her brand new, crisp white blouse was properly buttoned at collar and cuffs, and her green and yellow tie was knotted almost chokingly tight to her throat. She glanced down at her glossy, black high heels and noticed a slight smudge on one of them. Almost without thinking she rubbed it against the back of her stockinged calf. That was just the sort of thing they'd notice!

There was a click further down the line and in the distance she could see her train arriving as it always did at 18.05. She swallowed nervously; this was the worst part of the day. After a long, humiliating day at the office she had to prepare herself to be humble and respectful to some stupid, nasty fat men that she'd had the misfortune to meet on her journey home three months ago. She was 24, nearly 25 for God's sake and here she was dressed ridiculously and waiting obediently for her train.

And nor could she just sit anywhere she wanted on the train. She had to wait at a particular point on the platform where Carriage 3 usually stopped and then make her way to a particular seat. Always she hoped and prayed that he wouldn't be there but so far she'd been unlucky. And there they were again, like two, smug corpulent toads sat in two of the three seats available. The empty one in the middle was reserved for her of course. A spare seat for her to wriggle into between the two plump, elderly perverse men.

They smiled at her as she squeezed awkwardly between the two of them. The one nearest to the aisle made no attempt to move for her or even make her job easier; she had to virtually climb over his large thigh while he pawed at her. This time he had one of his podgy hands up her skirt where it slipped down the front of her tightly stretched panties. Eloise tried not to squirm too much at his unwanted incursion but she had to be careful. Outright refusal or even the suggestion of it could, and often was, construed as 'wilful disobedience'.

Eloise had listened in horror to stories from her female friends and relatives regarding such occurrences. Where men had simply taken a hold of a breast or a bottom cheek and given it a good feel or a squeeze. Uninvited, often degenerate men had assault her friends in broad daylight and had got away with it. Resistance was pointless and often counterproductive. Women of various ages had been arrested and charged with spurious, hardly believable crimes such as 'lack of cooperation' when they'd reported their attacker.

Eloise had expressed her sympathy of course when she heard these and similar stories, but a part of her still thought it unlikely. That was until she'd run into Mr Carver and his friend, Mr Graham. Mr Graham, the fat man she'd had to climb over and who had slid his hand around so she was now sitting uncomfortably on it, was a foul person. And his accomplice, Mr Carver, was even more repulsive if that were possible.

While Mr Graham was a distinctly ordinary man who'd clearly gone to seed somewhat, Mr Carver was just as fat and out of shape coupled with the unfortunate physical characteristics of being also ugly, balding, spotty and the possessor of terribly bad breath. In fact, taken together they were a tag-team of terribleness. And here she was, squeezed together between them on a busy train full of commuters looking forward to the weekend. Mr Carver made the first move. That was if you didn't count Mr Graham's hand still mauling her right bottom cheek.

Mr Carver let his hand slide between her thighs and then gently pushed them apart with his calloused, podgy thumb. He leaned over and whispered into her right ear,

"Miss us, you stuck up bitch?" He asked, conversationally? "What have you been up to since you last had the pleasure of our company?"

Eloise tried to ignore the stink of his breath emanating from his crooked mouth but he was only inches from her face.

She'd last had "the pleasure" of their company just three days ago on Tuesday. She was instructed to meet the two old men every Tuesday and every Friday at 18.05 at the same spot and join Carriage 3 at the same seat. The whole dreadful affair had started maybe three months previously. Mr Carver, he'd been

alone at the time had squeezed her bottom through her suit pants while she was waiting for her train. Without pausing, she'd stepped back on purpose and ground her heel into the top of his foot.

She could remember his squeal of anguish to this day, but she'd paid a heavy price for her bravado. He'd turned out to be a Senior Party member and had the gold badge to prove it. She'd felt a chill run through her when she first saw it. Shit! The ugly old bastard was a Senior! It was too late to do anything about it now. He had a firm grasp of her arm and was demanding her details. Eloise even thought briefly of making a run for it, but she knew that every inch of the station was covered with cameras recording everyone's movements.

Instead she meekly answered his intrusive personal questions, trying to stay calm and respectful towards the foul old creep. He was easily old enough to be her father and yet he was almost salivating over her as he took pictures of her with his mobile phone. She made herself suppress a shudder as she took in his stained trousers and un-ironed shirt. She'd be hearing from him in due course he said as he hobbled away. Even watching him massage his painful foot was only fleetingly pleasurable.

It hadn't taken long for her to receive a message from him on her mobile. She was to meet him back in the station at the same time the following evening. The first time he'd been on his own. He'd made her get aboard the train and sit by the window before sliding in next to her. He'd then slobbered over her and handled her like he was testing fruit in a market. Almost every piece of her that he could reach was squeezed and weighed and assessed.

Around her she could see other women in particular averting their eyes from the scene in front of them. Other, particularly men of Mr Carver's age and appearance watched on with an amused expression. It was a horrible experience. He made her apologise for stepping on his foot. He demanded a lot of personal information. He made her place one of her small hands on his groin to 'feel the beast stir' as he delicately put it.

Eloise managed to hold on to most of her dignity until the end of the line where he allowed her to leave. Her actual stop was two stations ago so she'd either have to take the train back or maybe just get a cab back to her house. But at least her ordeal was over...or so she thought. The fat old man said that he'd want to see her again on the Friday this time. There was nothing she could do about it, she had to comply.

Chapter 11

Arthur Graham smiled benignly as he watched his new friend, Frank Carver extend his tongue and lick the ear of the startled young woman by his side. She was a cute little piece, no doubt about it. His favoured combination of blonde hair, good looks and a sort of unworldly innocence made her undeniably attractive. He took a nice firm grip on her left breast and toyed with it a little, rolling the nipple between his thick finger and thumb.

She was telling Frank about work and other such mundane nonsense, but part of the attraction of tormenting her, as far as Arthur was concerned was the constant knowledge that she sat on a normal train, after a normal day's work at a normal business in a normal town. There was nothing outlandish about her everyday life and yet...

"Are you wearing your knickers, young lady," whispered Arthur into her left ear.

He enjoyed her immediate flush as she answered him.

"Yes, sir," she whispered back breathily evidently scared that one of the other men or women in their smart business attire might overhear her shameful conversation.

"Which ones?"

"My...erm...my schoolgirl knickers, sir."

"Are you indeed? Could you describe them for us?"

Arthur smirked a little as he watched her face, was that a little tear he could see in the corner of her eye? At the same time she squirmed and gasped, Frank's experienced fingers were clearly doing their job.

"I erm...they're g...green sir."

"Go on."

"Erm...green cotton panties, sir."

"What shade of green are they, Lulu?"

Eloise winced at the horrible diminutive of her name. It made her sound ridiculous. She was a 24 year old woman for God's sake! She could feel herself blush as she formulated the answer, although she knew very well what the required answer was.

"The same shade as my t...tie, sir." She managed to squeeze out. "B...bottle green, sir."

From the other side of the humiliated young women came the sound of a repressed snigger.

"That sounds nice, Miss Green, green panties seem very appropriate?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who bought those lovely panties for you, Miss Green?"

"Ooooh," gasped Eloise as a tubby finger slid down the length of her labia.

"Miss Green?"

"M...M...Mr Carver, s...sir," she managed to gasp.

"That was very nice of him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you thanked him for his thoughtful gift?"

"Ooooooh...yes, sir."

"Hmm. Perhaps you could thank him again. A nice long kiss to show him how truly grateful you are?"

It was of course an order rather than a request. Eloise turned her head slightly towards the man on her right side and opened her mouth. Immediately the man thrust his fat, disgusting tongue inside it and wriggled it around. Eloise tried to imagine it was someone, anyone else but nevertheless reciprocated as best she could.

Arthur squeezed her breast firmly again to attract her attention. All around them, he couldn't help but notice, the rest of the passengers strove manfully to avoid bringing themselves to his notice. He caught the eye of one rather plain-faced young woman who immediately found whatever it was on her lap to be unduly fascinating.

"I'm not sure if I believe you regarding the colour of your knickers, Lulu. Take them off for me, there's a dear and let me check."

Arthur felt her stiffen momentarily beneath his hand.

“Hurry up, girl. It’s a simple enough request.”

He smiled to himself as her hands reached underneath her short, pleated grey pinafore skirt. She was well and truly under their thumb. She hadn’t even tried to break off her kiss with Frank, just carried on having her tonsils inspected by that fine upstanding citizen. He’s first met Frank on the State Discipline app in a chat room where many of similar interests gathered to discuss the events of the day, football or, more commonly, to discuss their favourite fantasies

Although to men like Frank and himself, they weren’t fantasies. They were distinctly real. Take pretty Miss Green here. Frank had described the games he liked to play with her and uploaded her pictures into their chat. Arthur had immediately approved and suggested that he had an idea for another little game. The next time Elise met Frank, he was accompanied by Arthur who had a good feel and a squeeze of her before giving her a bag of clothes to wear for her next appointment with them.

And that’s what she was wearing now, a cute little school uniform, which looked marvellous, but faintly ridiculous on her 24 year old physique. That’s what she had to wear every Tuesday and Friday to work, whatever the weather and no matter what she was doing. So, while Arthur knew exactly what the colour, cut and texture of her panties were. He wanted his fellow travellers on the crowded train to know as well.

With a sob of despair, Eloise wriggled out of her knickers and presented them to the man on her left. He was such a bastard, she thought. He was just as physically repulsive as Frank Carver but far more cunning and cruel. She could feel the tears streaming down her face unchecked as he held her still warm panties to her cheek.

“Look here, Frank, she wasn’t lying. Her knickers *do* match the green in her tie.”

Frank Carver grinned back showing a mouthful of brown teeth.

“Does that mean I don’t get to spank the snooty bitch?”

“Now, who said anything about not spanking her, Frank?” Asked Arthur, stretching the elastic of Eloise’s green panties between his large hands as he did so. “Has she passed all her tests yet? Has she done the homework we set her?”

Frank leaned over slightly and pinched a nipple through the girl’s thin white blouse.

“You heard the gentleman, Lulu. Did you shave this morning?”

“Ohhh...ow....please. Y...yes, sir.” Answered Eloise in a voice barely above a whisper.

“Well?”

“W...would you gentlemen like to i...inspect me?” She managed to stutter.

“Inspect you for what, Lulu darling? And do speak up, girl. We can barely hear you.”

Eloise Green blushed an even deeper shade of red. This was just so terrible! Over in the corner she could see an older man sit up and begin to take notice.

“To check if I shaved this morning, sir,” she replied, as loudly as she dared.

“Shaved where, Miss Green?”

“My erm...my... fanny, sir”

Arthur smiled benignly at her evident shame.

“I’m going to inspect the whore!” Announced Frank to Eloise’s evident embarrassment.

He slipped one calloused hand over her silky thigh and under her skirt.

“Open those legs, darling. Let the dog see the rabbit!”

Eloise squealed as quietly as she could, but that was the limit of her resistance.

Arthur smiled. Frank Carver was quite a crude individual but he was an entertaining character. No doubt about that. He smiled again, this time more broadly as he realised the elderly chap he’d seen earlier was fumbling with his camera in order to record Eloise’s humiliation for posterity. Nothing wrong with that, why shouldn’t an old man have some fun at his time of life?

Chapter 12

Sally Ann Baxter's buttocks were troubling her. They'd suffered a dose of Miss Parsons' large, oval, wooden-backed hairbrush earlier that morning and now she'd been sat on them for what seemed like a week but was probably only a couple of hours. The church service was interminably dull, but it was a Sunday morning and that was what she and thousands of young women up and down the country like her were required to do every Sunday.

Attendance at church was virtually mandatory for large swathes of the population nowadays. Every public employee, for example, was contractually obliged to attend church accompanied by his or her family. Most large, private companies also adhered to that rule as did every single place of education in the country. There were, for example, lots of bright red blazers in the congregation signifying that, like her, they were female students at the local university.

Sally Ann would have been obliged to attend the Service even if she hadn't been lodging with Miss Parsons. But to her dismay she'd discovered that not only was her landlady a member of St Benedict's, but she was among the most devout members of the congregation as well. She regularly volunteered her time and her services to the church, which of course meant that Sally Ann also found herself 'volunteering' to help out on a very regular basis.

There always seemed to be something to do at St Benedict's. When Sally Ann first arrived at Miss Parsons' house her introduction to church life was slow and serene. She may be asked to help out with stacking the chairs after the service, or organising hymn sheets for everyone before it. However, as time passed she found herself roped into more onerous, more demanding tasks. Miss Parsons regularly volunteered Sally Ann's services to mop the Vestry or to scrub the wooden floor of the Sunday school on her hands and knees.

In fact, Mrs Parsons had become much more assertive and Sally Ann could trace the old woman's change in attitude back to that humiliating over the knee spanking that she'd received from that old pig, Arthur Graham. Miss Parsons had stayed and watched her shameful punishment without saying a word in Sally Ann's defence. Her only comment was to make her thank the horrible man for taking the time to correct her personally rather than informing the police.

That incident seemed to have encouraged Miss Parsons. Now she seemed far more assertive and dictatorial. Not a tyrant exactly, certainly not as bad as the other landladies that some of her friends had, but definitely stricter than she had been before the horrible pig had taken notice of her on the bus. And what had she done anyway? Nothing at all as far as she could tell. She hardly had time to notice him before he'd called her over and then he'd started...fiddling with her. Sally Ann couldn't help but squirm at the thought of that unpleasant old man with his hands on her knickers.

Her reward was a sharp slap to the top of her thigh from the sharp-featured, disapproving older woman by her side.

"Sit still Sally Ann and stop fidgeting!" Miss Parsons whispered sharply clearly worried that Sally Ann's momentary lack of attention might somehow be construed as some sort of a reflection of her own lack of control over the girl.

"I'm going to take the skin off your backside when I get you home this evening, young lady, unless you pull your socks up and start behaving yourself!" Miss Parsons accompanied her angry, whispered rant with a firm pinch of the inside of Sally Ann's thigh that was nearest to her.

Sally Ann winced but said nothing. Her very short, pale pink pinafore dress had been pulled up almost as far as her pale pink panties so that her white thighs were clearly exposed to not only Miss Parsons and her own brand of instant justice, but to the whole of the congregation as well. In truth the slap hadn't hurt much, it was admonitory rather than punishing, but the whole thing was deeply, horribly humiliating.

It was around midday on a crisp, sunny Sunday morning and rather doing something interesting or even just lounging in bed, she was here in this draughty, cool church in a ludicrously short, juvenile dress and her college blazer. Even her short white ankle socks and her heavily polished brown leather sandals

were stupid, she had decided. She was 19, not 9 after all! Even when the dull, interminable service was over she'd be made to stay behind and serve tea and cakes to Miss Parsons and her friends.

The two of them wouldn't get back to the house much before 3pm and she had a ton of essays and homework that had to be completed before college started on Monday morning. And it really did have to be completed and to a very high standard as well. Often the boys on the course asked for extensions when there was a lot of work or they simply hadn't done it. And almost always their requests were granted. For the female students however, it was a different arrangement. Any work not turned in on time no matter what the excuse was treated in the same way, a bare bottom paddling and then corner-time for the entire lecture.

The problem for Sally Ann was that because it was a college day tomorrow she'd be put to bed at 9pm that evening. Yes, 9pm! She needed her sleep, Miss Parsons had decided. She needed to be tucked up in bed by 9pm at the latest with all lights turned off and her curtains drawn, no matter what. On Friday and Saturday night, if she behaved herself in the week, there was the possibility that she may be allowed to stay up until as late as 10pm. But no matter what she said or how hard she pleaded with her landlady, 9pm was her weekday bedtime.

So maybe, just maybe, she might be able to get squeeze four and a half hours of college work out of the rest of the day. Back at 3pm, two hours of solid work until 5pm. Dinner and then washing up and her chores until 6pm and then two and a half more hours of work until 8.30pm. And then perhaps the most shameful 30 minutes of every evening, her bath time supervised by her landlady. Washed and soaped in "all the important places" and then stood up in the shallow bath while Miss Parsons rinsed her and then sat back down so that the older woman could pour a jug of lukewarm water over her head and then wash her hair for her.

Sally Ann never knew where to look when she was being washed and scrubbed. She hated every second of it whereas Miss Parsons reaction was exactly the opposite. Sally Ann stood and shivered and tried not to recoil from the woman's bird-like hands which seemed to be everywhere at once. Flinching or fidgeting almost always led to Sally Ann's naked, wet thighs being slapped for her. Something, she couldn't help but notice, seemed to be occurring more frequently.

When Sally Ann realised that the dreadful droning of the minister at the front of the church had ceased, her heart gave a little skip. Was that it; were they free to go now? Even serving snacks to wizened, miserable old ladies would be better than this purgatory she was having to endure. But, sadly not. Besides her Mrs Parsons had risen to her feet, lifted her chin and was loudly singing the opening verse to the hymn. Sally Ann had no other option but to join in on the second line, "all creatures great and small."

Chapter 13

Phillip Baron pushed himself in and out of her forcefully, accompanied by a little grunting like a happy pig rooting for truffles he thought to himself. What the young woman pinned to the desk beneath him thought, he neither knew nor cared. Nicola Pringle had always been a stuck up bitch and this was exactly what she deserved, to be fucked over her own desk by a masterful, dominant man. Someone like him in fact, her boss. He tugged on her sleek, dark ponytail for no other reason than the pleasure it gave him to hear her panicky little squeals.

And this was how assertive bosses were allowed to treat their female staff nowadays. He'd always had a bit of a thing about fucking Nicola like this. Not champagne and roses and an expensive hotel room somewhere. No, like this. Roughly and forcefully, thoroughly fucking her while she was bent over her desk, establishing his mastery. Explaining to her just why he was an alpha male. And until fairly recently his fantasy had remained just that. But now, thanks to his friend...no, that wasn't the right word. His relationship? No that wasn't it either. His...association, yes his association with a low-life old pervert like Arthur had made it come true.

He could feel himself beginning to tighten so he fought to withstand the inevitable explosion for as long as possible, but Nicola's increment squealing and frantic squirming beneath helped drive him into a huge, shuddering climax. He lay there for a few seconds, savouring the moment until he withdrew, her juices sliding off his protective sheath. As he peeled it off he made a mental note to instruct her go on some sort of contraception for him. Why should he have to go through this sort of inconvenience every time he wanted to fuck an underling?

As he tidied himself up, he wandered over to where she'd hung her coat in the corner of the room and casually deposited the used condom in one of the pockets. Why not? What was she going to do about it anyway? Go to HR? Haha, doubt it. There wasn't such a thing nowadays. Many HR women had suffered the most when it was realised that their services had almost exclusively benefited women at the expense of men. A common sentence was to send them to one of the many community farms in the area where their labour would, for once, be actually useful.

Would she go to the police, not very likely when almost every senior position from sergeant upwards was occupied by a man? The reorganised police force had very little time for hopeless female officers and most of them had been driven from the organisation entirely or reduced in rank just as far as they were able to be reduced. Someone did still have to do the secretarial work, make coffee and run errands after all. Baron smiled to himself, the wave of militant feminism that had threatened to swamp the country had well and truly run its course.

"Hurry up and get dressed, Pringle. There's work to be done. You can't lay there all day hoping for sympathy, get dressed and get out. And don't think you're getting away with your lack of productivity either. You'll work until 7pm this evening to make up for the time you've wasted this afternoon, understood?"

He barely paused to wait for an answer as he strolled casually out of Nicola Pringle's cramped little office and up to his own rather more palatial arrangement on the top floor. There was no need to check if his instructions were carried out or not. He had lovely, long-legged Nicola just where he wanted her, and they both knew it. She'd work until at least 7pm, longer probably in order not to run the risk of disobeying him.

On the way Phillip noticed how the female employees hastily averted their eyes or suddenly changed their routes in order to avoid him. And that was how things should be! How he'd succumbed to all the feminist claptrap for so long was still a source of shame as far as was concerned. One slight consolation was the fact that he wasn't alone. It seemed as if a form of collective madness had taken over the huge majority of the male population. Hundreds of years of natural male dominance had been abandoned.

At first even the more traditional sorts of men had come to accept that women could make a useful contribution in the workplace and the ratio of women to managerial positions had begun to increase. Women however didn't seem to understand that the change from a male-dominated work environment to

a shared one might take some time. Rather than wait for the organic switch to happen, women used legislation to demand that the change happen almost overnight.

Huge swathes of intelligent, experienced male managers were sacked or moved to one side to make way for the new breed of aggressive, university educated female harpies. However, promoting huge numbers of inexperienced women into important roles due to their sex rather than their ability was always going to be a recipe for disaster. Phillip Baron and his like-minded friends often talked about the dire situation the economy was in, but never actually summoned the courage to do anything about it.

It actually took the slow but sure rise of the New Government Party and its supporters, people like Arthur Graham it had to be said, to really bring about the change that was absolutely necessary as far as the health of the country was concerned. Arthur, slightly disreputable, miserable Arthur had succeeded where Phillip and his intellectually superior kind had failed. And despite his rather obvious personal drawbacks, Arthur was now actually living the life that Philip so wanted for himself.

The obvious conclusion was that fortune favoured the brave. Without knowing all the details it was hard to see how brave Arthur had actually been, but the proof was self-evident. Arthur Graham was living his best life. There couldn't be any doubt about that could there?

Chapter 14

Arthur knocked on Phillip Baron's door and pushed the door open without being invited to enter. Baron looked angry for a very short time before he realised who it was.

"Arthur old chap, what can I do for you?"

Arthur smiled and strolled over to the comfiest chair before settling himself into it. In order to chat to his guest, Phillip had to leave his own desk and join the old man in the small conference room.

"Good morning, Phillip. I've come to ask a favour of you."

Baron smiled warily. A favour from a man with Graham's clout was usually an order rather than a request.

"Of course, what will it be?"

"I hear that you and Nicky have been getting along very well together?"

He smiled in what he probably imagined was an ingratiating way and looked quizzically at Phillip.

"Erm...yes I do find her an interesting proposition, I have to admit," replied Phillip.

"That's good. How would you like her to work for you as your PA rather than mine?"

Phillip could feel his cock harden just at the thought of having Nicola even more firmly under his thumb, but of course there was going to be a price. There always was with devious buggers like Arthur Graham.

"That would be nice, Arthur. And that favour you mentioned, would that be a part of your generosity?"

Arthur managed a small grin. He quite liked Phillip Baron. He knew what was what, he was an old hand and he knew how to play the game. For a boss he wasn't too bad.

"I have an erm...friend I suppose, a former colleague who rather unfortunately finds herself out of work at the present time. I feel as if somehow she blames me for her lack of work opportunity. Clearly that isn't true but you know how women are sometimes, irrational and hysterical at the best of times? To show her there's no hard feelings I'd like her to come and work for the company in the role as my new PA. Will that be a problem?"

"Not that I know of, although my budget is a little stretched at the moment, you know how it is?"

"Don't worry, I have a plan. Let's take Nicky's salary. What does she make by the way? Let's take Nicky's current salary, halve it and gave one half to my new girl and allow Nicky to keep the other half, what do you say? That way the budget doesn't suffer and we both get what we want, is it a deal?"

Phillip had to physically prevent himself from applauding. Arthur was a horrible unsavoury chap who Phillip would have preferred not to be seen in public with, but by God he was a clever, unscrupulous bastard! He stood and extended his hand,

"It's a deal, Arthur. Let me know the details and I'll get my new PA to draw up a contract."

Caroline Bingham felt as if a great weight had been removed from her shoulders. At last she'd secured herself a job interview! One of the many agencies that she was registered with had contacted her with the good news. She'd been very relieved, she felt as if there was something wrong with her. Several weeks had gone by since she'd been sacked from her last job thanks to that bastard Arthur Graham, and now she had virtually spent all her savings and she was already behind with her mortgage.

In fact if she didn't get this job she was probably going to lose her house, there was no sense in pretending otherwise. She could feel her heart-rate increase and took a few deep breaths to calm herself. She'd been waiting quite a long time, she'd been ten minutes early for her 9am and it was already 9.40. A couple of years ago she would already have left and not without giving someone a piece of her mind, But obviously, things were different now. She just had to get this job. Apparently they were 'very impressed' by her resume and were looking to start her 'as soon as possible', but Caroline had been disappointed too many times in the last couple of years to rely on that.

But at least it sounded positive, a nice business in a nice part of the city which was interested in what she had to offer and who must have read her resume to be interested in her. Clearly her sacking hadn't deterred them which was a huge relief. Caroline had no doubt that she could convince the interviewer of

her innocence in that particular episode. She could feel her cheeks flush just at the memory of that unfortunate incident.

She looked at her watch again, 9.50 perhaps something had happened to her interviewer? She rehearsed her lines in her head again. Why did she want the job, in what way were her qualifications relevant to the job, what specific experience did she have, etc, etc. She took another deep breath; she was ready for whatever the interviewer threw at her. So it wasn't a prestigious job, she wasn't the manager of anything yet, but just give it time and...

"Mrs Bingham? He's ready for you now, room 14 just along the corridor to your left."

Caroline almost jumped to her feet before carefully smoothing down her skirt and tugging at the sleeves of her grey jacket, the one serviceable one that she had left. She knocked on number 14 before being called in. She fixed a smile onto her nervous face and then stepped into the small office. As she did so and saw who was behind the desk waiting for her, her heart lurched.

"Don't stand there like a fool, Bingham, come in and close the door behind you."

Almost shell-shocked, Caroline made herself do as she was told.

"Sit down you silly little woman before you fall down."

Caroline half-stumbled and half-fell into the single chair placed opposite his desk. She stared in disbelief at the fat old pig. His mind struggled with the fact that he was here as large and life and twice as horrible as when she'd last met him. The result of that humiliation was that she'd been sacked from her place of work. What on earth was he doing sat behind this particular desk? Was she dreaming or something? She watched as he sat back complacently in his chair, putting his bulky arms behind his head to reveal the swear stains on his grubby-looking shirt.

"So, Bingham, we meet again. How did your richly deserved incarceration go in...where was it again now? Remind me?"

Caroline stared aghast at him. She was quite sure that he knew where she'd been jailed but nevertheless he clearly wanted her to tell him in order to wring out the last drops of humiliation from her ordeal,

"Southfields RC," she replied.

"And how was it for you, Carrie? Was it like a holiday camp as everyone says?" He asked with mock solicitude.

Caroline blinked to keep the tears at bay. Just saying the words, "Southfields RC" had brought the memories tumbling back. No matter how hard she tried to ignore them, she couldn't forget the bullying and the punishments and the all-pervading sense of cruelty that hung around the re-education centre like a physical thing. Surely that old bastard knew what went on in those places. Hadn't slimy Steven Ball told him?

Caroline mentally shuddered as she recalled her former manager's inspection visit to see her at Southfields, something he was legally entitled to carry out it transpired. He, as the man who had sacked her for "gross misconduct, was allowed to visit her in order to check to his satisfaction that she was paying a suitable price for her indiscretion. His little piggy eyes had taken it all in and he was clearly excited at what he saw.

Caroline in her juvenile uniform, the strict regulations she was forced to adhere to the punishments that he witnessed all served to excite him to such a degree that she was required to get down on her knees and provide a "premium blowjob" to the little weasel in her own miserable little dormitory. Luckily it didn't take too long to bring the bespectacled nerd to a climax although she was required to thank him for the pleasure, after she'd swallowed his revolting, glutinous seed of course.

"It wasn't a great experience, no."

Caroline managed to hold his mocking gaze. He nodded his head and smiled.

"So what brings you here, Carrie, to my office? A job I suppose? I've seen your financial records...don't look so surprised that sort of thing is allowed now, and I know how much you need work so there's no point in denying it is there? The bottom line appears to be that unless I give you a job the chances are that you'll be bankrupt and living in a government dormitory by the end of next month?"

Caroline nodded, he was right and he knew it, why argue at this stage?

"So, I am willing to employ you, strange as that may seem. But I do want to see some sort of willingness to do as I say before I take you on. Does that seem fair to you?"

It didn't seem fair of course, quite the opposite in fact but she was out of options. She nodded again.

"Okay, let's see your tits then. Take off that cheap jacket and jiggle them around for me. That's right, brainiac, stand up first and then take your jacket off. Now, jiggle for me, bounce up and down, and dance a little. Come on! Put some effort into it you lazy bitch! Imagine it's an audition to come and work for me, a last chance to rescue your miserable little life maybe?"

Shamefaced and already embarrassed beyond belief Caroline did as she was told. The foul old man held all the cards and both of them knew it. She hopped up and down and felt her breasts encased in her pink nylon bra beneath her white blouse bounce around while he sat and watched, greatly amused. And then inevitably she had to remove the blouse and do the same thing, and then her bra so that she was topless in a man's office making her breasts jiggle to amuse an old pervert.

Eventually he called a halt to the proceedings and made her bend over and touch her toes before slapping her bottom through her matching pink nylon panties. The shame was incredible. Even though the room was private, the sheer indignity was dreadful. Eventually her knickers went the same way as her bra, joining it in an untidy pile on the floor. Once again she bent over legs apart before removing his thick leather belt and applying it forcefully to her glowing red backside.

Her shame ended as she had feared it would, spread-eagled over his desk and being fucked for his amusement and pleasure. Just before he ejaculated he leaned forward and panted into her ear that she'd been a good girl and he did have a job for her. And although Caroline felt sick and degraded, she also felt oddly relieved.

Chapter 15

Caroline slobbered over the feet of her master. That's what Mr Graham was now as far as she was concerned, her master. He'd been true to his word and given her a job. Not as he explained with a certain amount of laughter at her expense, in the actual business. No, she was far too stupid and incompetent to be allowed to work in an office. He thought he'd made that clear to her? No, she would have a job where she could actually be useful for once in her pampered, spoiled life. Caroline was to become his maidservant.

Or his housegirl, he wasn't sure what her official title was, but her duties were the same. To serve him as well as she could and to the fullest extent of her meagre ability. That, at least was her mantra. Whenever she had free time, which admittedly wasn't very often, she had to take a pen and her pad and write it down. "My duty is to serve master as well as I can and to the fullest extent of my meagre ability," as many times as he told her to do it.

And now here she was on her knees with her hands behind her back and his horrible, yellowing big toe in her mouth, sucking and slurping for all she was worth. She was dressed in her black and white maid uniform as she was more often than not these days. Although the word "uniform" was generous as it consisted mainly of an astonishingly brief black skirt, black stockings and glossy, black heels and a thin white blouse with buttons down the front that could be fastened or unfastened depending on the mood.

Not her mood obviously, but that of her lord and master, Mr Graham. Right now for example the top three buttons were undone so that her breasts almost flopped out as she attended to his veiny old cock. They were quite bare, all her bras having been thrown into the trash and his other stinking, calloused foot was rubbing at one engorged nipple. It was humiliating and disgusting yes, but far preferable to having her own backside attended to by the horrible old man.

Phillip Baron was taking his recently acquired new PA shopping. He was a fairly fastidious man and one thing he did insist on was his underlings dressing appropriately for the office. Some managers he knew had rather...particular tastes regarding their female staff. One of his associates insisted that all his young ladies wore gingham pinafores to work for example, no matter that age or job description. Another liked sky-blue and white flouncy Alice in Wonderland dresses even for his more mature women.

Phillip knew and well understood the attraction. He on the other hand enjoyed elegant formality. Business was very good at the moment and his associated allowance to clothe his staff was similarly generous. Thus Nicola was dressed in expensive, stylish silk blouses and wool skirts, or smart, elegant suits or his particular favourite at the moment delicate sheath dresses. She had a wonderful figure and his dietary and exercise regime specially designed for her made sure that she kept it.

The result was that she looked good around his office and conferred a little sophistication on it. Also she made his cock hard dressed like that but more importantly it was a useful tool to keep her in her place. Dressed as she was, it was a constant reminder of her past when she was actually an important part of the business, when she was a well-paid, productive, well thought of employee. As opposed to a poorly-paid ornament.

Every time she passed a mirror she was shown her past, but every dull mundane job she was required to do reinforced what her current and future roles within the business were. Phillip loved to slowly strip her out of her stylish clothes down to her expensive silk underwear. He found it both amusing and erotic and it invariably led to an over the knee spanking and then sex or, more usually, both.

Eloise looked around surreptitiously. All around her were red-faced boisterous men enjoying themselves, laughing uproariously at something and drinking beer. And despite the fact that women, well unaccompanied women weren't allowed into the bar she felt small and inconspicuous tucked away in a corner booth with one of her two least favourite men, Frank Carver. This time she was sat on her own facing him which was a relief in itself.

However this time, unlike her experiences on the train, the horrible man didn't seem particularly interested in groping and manhandling her. He had something else in mind for her that evening. She'd

been instructed to lay out every single piece of clothing that she owned and then photograph them one at a time and to send the pictures over to him. Then he'd sent her back his favourite pictures which she was then required to blow up and then print.

The result lay on the top of the wooden bar table that separated them. Some were of her shorter skirts and her bras but most, maybe 75% of them were her panties. Large glossy pictures of her most intimate apparel placed on her white bedspread and then photographed on her camera. He was currently poring over the pictures and if that wasn't bad enough he was leaving each picture face up for anyone to see.

Eloise could feel herself blushing already. She squirmed a little in embarrassment as two older, disreputable-looking characters edged towards them, their pints of beer in hand their hands. She was immediately told to stop fidgeting and behave herself...or else. And why didn't she take off her coat, wasn't she planning on staying or something. Slowly, shamefacedly she slipped her jacket off to reveal her stupid, ridiculously inappropriate school uniform.

Her heart sank as she realised that the grinning pair were friends of Mr Carver. So friendly in fact that they squeezed their way onto the small table so that Eloise found herself once more within easy reach of the repulsive man sat jammed against her. And then she was required to answer the most inane questions regarding her underwear to the three grinning imbeciles sat by her as the hand of her newest "friend" edged up underneath her short skirt.

Was this nightmare she was currently trapped in ever going to end?

Splaaat!

The hateful leather paddle bit once again into Sally Ann's already smouldering buttocks. She writhed and kicked and screamed, but not too loudly. Mr Sharpe had warned her about that, about bringing unnecessary attention to herself. She was in her first year at university for goodness sake; she was a grown-up now and should act like one. She didn't want to be sent home for being too immature for college did she?

Splaaat!

Because if she did, Mr Sharpe would be willing and very able to do that for her. She didn't really deserve to be on his course and did she know that? She was a spoiled, very average, mollycoddled little girl and if she wanted to give up now and go home to her life of mediocrity then he wasn't about to stand in her way and did she understand that?

Splaaat!

Splaaat!

Splaaat!

The paddle beat a relentless tattoo on her bare bottom as Sally Ann squirmed almost to her knees to try and avoid the cruel punishment that was being meted out to her. The one good thing was that she wasn't in the public lecture theatre. She wasn't even in the university. She was in a room in Mr Sharpe's house, just the two of them. He'd invited her over to discuss yet another low-scoring essay that she'd handed in.

Splaaat!

Splaaat!

Splaaat!

Then he'd given her the option of either failing her or submitting to some sort of remedial punishment in order to "wake her ideas up." She'd chosen the latter of course, as he must have known she would, and how she'd suffered because of that decision! Her bottom felt as if it was on fire and still the paddle smacked her bar backside. It seemed that all the tears and begging in the world couldn't persuade him to stop

Until...Mr Sharpe hauled her to her feet and proposed a solution. He'd reduce her bottom-tanning time on the understanding that she in turn would provide him with a service. She'd blushed and cried even more when he'd told her what that service was. She was still a virgin she protested; Peter Sharpe slowly unzipped his pants. And she still would be for now anyway he explained with a smile, but first he felt it was his duty as a college lecturer to introduce her to the concept of the blow job. A skill she was bound to need as her career progressed.

The End