

Spanking Saves Souls

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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“The New Government 1”
(moderate, non-consensual content)
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“The Director's Downfall”
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“The Humiliation of Catherine Hunter”
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“The New Government 3”
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“Return to Mainland 1”
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“Return to Mainland 3”
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The 3 books of the New Government Trilogy

“Victoriana”
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“Repurposing Laura”
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(25,040 words)

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

“Society of Sadists”
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(25,000 words)

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

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

Feedback welcome at charlesryder033@proton.me

Chapter 1

"To be a pilgrim."

The last notes of the hymn, enthusiastically sung by the assembled congregation, boomed out inside the confines of the church. The Reverend Thompson smiled down at his flock. My how it had grown in the last five years! When he first came to Moreton-In-The-Wold, he was quite used to preaching to a few, mainly elderly, parishioners. Admittedly, they hadn't been great days. Nevertheless he had persevered and the Lord had provided.

The Lord, in fact, had been bountiful. His church, like all the others in the local area was now full to bursting point. The Reverend Robin Thompson had a suspicion that this may have been down to the latest government edicts, but on the other hand he liked to think that the new found popularity of the church may be also down to the fact that his parishioners had rediscovered the word of the Lord through his own sterling efforts as the leader of the Parish. He'd always had that title of course but it now it actually meant something, namely prestige, money and power.

He opened the Good Book that was placed on the lectern in front of him and began his sermon.

"Deuteronomy 10:12. And now, O Israel, what does the Lord your God ask of you but to fear the Lord your God, to walk in all his ways, to love him, to serve the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul."

Four rows in front of him, Mark Storey's eyes began to glaze over. Bloody hell! What a waste of a morning! The sun was shining outside, and that's where he should be, outside and enjoying it. That's where they all should be in fact, but instead they were sat on hard wooden benches, dressed uncomfortably in their Sunday best listening to the pompous old fool at the front.

How had it come to this, he thought. Sundays used to be days of relaxation, lazy days in the pub, or maybe watching the kids play their various sports. A day out in the park, or maybe a trip to the beach. But now, Sundays were reserved for God and the church. Sport was banned on a Sunday, pubs and even shops were forbidden to open on the Lord's Day.

The last change in government had brought about a sea change in the way the country was run. Permissiveness had run its course. The population was sick of the escalating crime and unrest. The time had come to stamp down very hard on all of that sort of thing. The reaction, fanned by the populist media, was 'a return to old values'. Old values that weren't specifically described but seemed to encompass things that the majority of older voters were in favour of.

Mark himself had been supportive of a slightly more authoritarian regime. In fact he'd persuaded his wife, Anna and their daughter into joining him in voting for the New Government Party. When it was returned to government with a slim majority, the results were almost instantaneous. Thoughts and opinions that didn't chime with the prevailing orthodoxy were simply silenced. The media outlets that didn't wholeheartedly support the New Government were banned.

All of a sudden, newspapers and social media were full of good news. Political opposition was minimal, and even that was largely ignored by the government friendly media. Rather than talk the country down, newspapers were strongly encouraged to support it. Positive stories regarding the economy were given prominent position on the evening news. The old-fashioned broadcast media had been purged and replaced by StateMedia which was a wholly government run organisation. Good news regarding the nation's health and well-being were a staple diet of the new media.

There was a feeling of optimism in the air that couldn't be denied. The economy appeared to be booming. The government spent a large amount of money on infrastructure, which created jobs and confidence especially in areas where its vote was weak. At the peak of its popularity the New Government Party called a snap election and won a huge, landslide majority.

And that's where it had all changed as far as Mark was concerned. The government had taken its mandate regarding authority very seriously. More prisons were built, and more criminals incarcerated. Sentences were longer and there was no longer any chance of parole. Opposition to the government was conspicuous by its absence. In fact many opposition politicians seemed to have just disappeared into thin air.

And yet the government's approval rating continued to soar. Buoyed by this, the government introduced yet more Draconian methods. An evening curfew for young people, those under the age of 21 was introduced. This proved to be wildly popular among the over 21 electorate and was yet another vote winner as far as the government was concerned. As a result of its positive reception, the voting age was increased to 21, a motion that was easily carried in parliament.

It was about that time that the government became religious. The new Prime Minister, Reginald Mourné, had recently married his long term partner who was known to be extremely pious. Suddenly attendance at church became obligatory for schoolchildren, Sunday school was mandatory as well. Shortly after that there was a huge push in the media to persuade people to go to church. Then larger businesses, with the support of the government, made it clear to their staff that they expected them to attend church.

That was mainly why Mark and Anna were sat, bored to death, in their parish church. She worked for a large, national insurance company. Earlier that year they'd sent around a memo telling their employees that they, and their partners and where appropriate their children, would in future be attending church and or Sunday school.

Although Mark had cursed the initiative and told Anna that he wouldn't be going, in truth he had no option. That is if he wanted Anna to keep her job. And at the moment the new raft of legislation made it very difficult for people to chop and change their jobs like they did in the old days. In fact the internet sites that Mark often frequented were buzzing with the rumour that the larger businesses had colluded with the government on mandatory church attendance in exchange for a relaxation of the employment laws.

At that moment everyone around him started to get to their feet. Oh dear, another song was about to begin. Mark fumbled for the hymn book and the appropriate page. For a second his eyes caught those of his wife and he raised his eyebrows in mute resignation. Just how long was this seemingly endless charade going to go on for anyway? He would have given anything to be sat out in the sun somewhere and enjoying a nice refreshing beer. He licked his and lips and then started to sing along with everyone else.

Chapter 2

At that precise moment, Helen Arnold was having very similar thoughts. She wanted to be anywhere but where she was now. She was in church, but rather than singing along with the rest of her local congregation she was in the parish meeting room at the back of the building. Dimly she was aware of the noise of the hymn being sung. She wouldn't have minded being with them, but instead she was stretched over the ample knee of Mrs Thompson, the vicar's wife.

She'd been late for this week's service and as a result had found herself locked out of the building. Instead she'd reported to Mrs Thompson and was now receiving her punishment. There had been ten of them altogether. Ten latecomers, seven of which had already been punished and were stood with their toes and noses touching the skirting board and the wall respectively.

All of them had rosy red backsides following the vigorous application of Mrs Thompson's wooden paddle. They'd then been displayed with their skirts pulled up or their trousers pulled down and their underwear around their ankles. The seven of them, four women and three men also had their hands on their head.

From her undignified position over Mrs Thompson's knee, she could just make out the shoes of the two people waiting behind her in line to be punished.

"So, Miss Arnold. What do you have to say for yourself?" Asked the middle-aged woman as she slowly pulled Helen's skirt up above her waist.

"I'm sorry, Mrs Thompson, and it won't happen again," Helen hated the sound of her own pitifully apologetic voice but she knew that was the only acceptable response.

"That's as maybe, dear. But being late for church is a sin. You know that don't you?"

Helen felt the woman's hand gently pat and stroke her backside through her thin knickers. She blushed profusely as she felt the unwelcome invasion. Was being a few minutes late for a church service actually a sin, she wondered.

"Yes, of course. And I'm sorry," she replied erring on the side of safety.

She felt hands on the waistband of her bright blue knickers and then them being slipped over her thighs and banded at her knees.

"Sorry isn't good enough, young lady. You deserve a paddling, and that's just what you're going to get."

Helen felt a pressure on the backs of her thighs which she knew was the hefty, middle-aged woman reaching over her to retrieve the paddle from a nearby desk. She held her breath, she'd never been paddled before, and from the noise it made and the reaction it produced she had a definite feeling that it hurt very much.

Whaaap!

Oh God! She was right, it certainly did hurt. It hurt so much in fact that the breath was driven from her lungs. Even before she could draw another one,

Whaaap!

The paddle struck her for a second time in exactly the same place, on the crown of her right buttock. This time however, she had a chance to scream.

"Owwwwwwow!"

Whaaap!

Whaaap!

Then two more strokes in quick succession,

"Aaaaargh...please!"

Whaaap!

Whaaap!

Then two more.

"I want you to remember this when you're tempted to be late again, Miss Arnold. You will remember this won't you? "Asked Mrs Thomson, stroking Helen's glowing backside with her paddle.

"I'd hate to have to do this all over again next week."

I'd bet you'd love to do it again, you old bitch, thought Helen, mutinously. She felt the tap of the wood against her inflamed buttocks. She knew her punishment was only half over, and she knew what the next question was going to be.

"I'll be on time next week, Mrs Thompson, really I will."

Helen hated begging like this, but she understood that was what was required. The intensity of the insistent tapping on her bottom increased.

"And if you're late again, dear. What will happen then?"

"I'll get fifteen strokes."

"Yes you will, dear. Fifteen strokes with your pretty dress pulled up and your knickers pulled down to your knees."

Helen sobbed a little, the combination of the pain in her backside and Mrs Thompson's humiliating words were starting to have an effect.

"Five more, dear. Do try and take them like a big girl. Do you think you can do that?"

Helen sniffed before replying.

"Yes, Mrs Thompson."

Whaaap!

Whaaap!

Whaaap!

Whaaap!

Whaaap!

All five were delivered at lightning speed with the vicar's wife using all the considerable strength of her right arm. Helen threw her head back and howled. Her feet kicked as she struggled, but Mrs Thomson was far too strong and experienced for her. She simply took a firm grip on Helen's waist until she calmed down, and then despatched her to her position of shame facing the wall.

"Ah, Mrs Andrews, I believe you're next," she said, patting her thighs expectantly.

Chapter 3

The journey home in the car was a welcome relief as far as the Storey family was concerned. Mark and Anna had been joined by their daughter, Caitlin, who sat glumly in the back seat looking out of the window. Mark glanced at her in the rear view mirror. She was tall and dark and pretty like her mother and was dressed, rather incongruously for a Sunday, in her full school uniform.

Even though she was 18, the government had insisted that all children attending school must also attend Sunday school as well. The poor thing had been in lessons for two hours, and had sat through the vicar's interminable sermon for a further two hours. No wonder she looked so miserable. It wasn't even as if she had anything to look forward to either.

There wasn't anything open for her to visit. Everything was closed on a Sunday. She didn't even have a mobile phone to while away the hours. Children still in full time education were forbidden to own a phone, a ruling that also included university and further education students. The church had decided that they were a bad influence on the nation's youth. The only diversion she had was one of the state-controlled TV stations or her homework for next week.

In fact, if last Sunday was anything to go by, she'd even been given homework to do by her Sunday school teachers. As if she didn't already have enough to do. Education was another area in which the government had flexed its muscles. Schools were far stricter nowadays than they were even a few years ago. Discipline had been stepped up, a great many teachers who were perceived as weak or 'not on message' had been summarily dismissed.

Mark was self employed and worked in IT, so he wasn't under that sort of pressure. But, despite the fact that he wasn't particularly religious, he'd taken to wearing a cross around his neck when he dealt with his customers. He certainly didn't have enough of them to lose any due to his religious belief or his lack of it at any rate. It seemed safer to him just to put up with the situation rather than stand up and do something about it.

And anyway, what did he really want done about the situation? Crime was down, employment was up, the economy was booming. He himself had never been busier at work. Even taxation was down. The problems the previous government had with things like immigration were practically unheard of nowadays. Social cohesion was also much stronger as well he'd noticed. There was just so much less conflict now that everyone seemed to want and to believe in the same thing.

Sure there were some losers. The political opposition had been well and truly decimated, but was that such a bad thing? His slightly illicit news websites had told him that perhaps the apparent disappearance of the opposition politicians wasn't unconnected with the rise in the opening of new prisons. But that was just a rumour... And who really cared if there was a temporary ban on the building of new mosques, temples and synagogues?

When the time was right, Mark had no doubt that rule would be lifted. But for the present it just seemed eminently sensible to him and the majority of his friends. It was good to hear positive things on the news. After all who wanted to hear a constant liturgy of misery? The government sponsored TV stations like StateMedia were so much more...wholesome somehow. Almost every story had some sort of positive twist to it as opposed to how it used to be where every news item seemed to be about something miserable.

In fact the only time the only time the reports seemed angry was when yet another supporter of the previous government was being put on trial for something or other. There seemed to be an awful lot of people who had committed some sort of crime under that traitorous regime. The list of politicians and their supporters who'd transgressed seemed almost endless. Mark and his friends agreed that they felt safer somehow, knowing the government was on their side for a change.

He was old enough to remember the sheer amount of pernicious dross that had been churned out by the various competing TV channels as they fought to scrape the barrel just that little bit more. Now the new channel had proper, decent shows. Entertaining stuff that people actually liked and could watch without that feeling of being constantly lectured and talked down to by self-appointed 'experts'. Old shows that had disappeared from the airwaves, actual funny comedy shows for example suddenly re-appeared on StateMedia again.

No, while he had to admit that there were some downsides. The time wasted in his opinion this morning, for example. He was fairly sure that the future, his own as well as the country's, was certainly looking more rosy. Above his head, sat at the desk in her own room, his daughter wasn't quite so sure. Even as little as a year ago she'd have just about been getting out of bed now. Instead she'd already been up for five hours and was sat currently sat wading through a mountain of homework.

She'd flung her school blazer and tie onto her bed angrily, and then loosened the top button of her blouse before sitting at her desk. What a way to spend a Sunday morning! Normally she'd still be lying nice and snug in her bed,

with her hand between her legs dreaming about boys. But now the increase in her schoolwork and the difficulty in getting into the university of her choice coupled with the other demands on her time meant that she really had to work pretty much at every opportunity.

The sudden explosion in after-school clubs and the requirements that 18 year olds such as her and her friends should start “giving-back” to their local communities meant that her non-school free time was largely organised for her. Even her bed-times were subject to a nationwide “advised ideal” mandate which meant that she had to be in bed before 10pm on a school night. That was bad enough but her younger friends were subject to even earlier bed times. The justification, as if the New Government actually needed to justify itself she thought bitterly, was that the government was female-friendly and only had the best interests of its female population at heart.

But It had such a huge majority that political opposition to this sort of blatant nonsense was almost negligible. It hadn't always been that way of course, she could remember with a certain fondness the Women's Equality Party. Sure it had made some mistakes and yes, it wasn't the most economically wise, but unlike the current regime it really did have the rights and privileges of women at heart. Now it was a proscribed terrorist organisation!

The sheer madness of that particular decision had appalled Caitlin. How could a political party that overtly supported the rights of women be condemned as some sort danger to the country? She knew of course, it was to silence the WEP and its supporters, she wasn't stupid not like some people she knew. Really she and her like-minded friends should be doing something about the situation. She didn't know what exactly, but doing nothing seemed wrong somehow, a betrayal of her sex.

She couldn't even contact her friends anymore to discuss things at times like this. She, along with all of them, had lost the use of their mobile phones a couple of years ago. The only computer she could access was the family one downstairs in the living room. The one that automatically sent a list of all the sites she'd visited to her father's laptop and the school. Anything that wasn't homework related was immediately flagged up.

There was nothing for it other than to open her library books (library books!), take out her pen and write up the essay that had been set for her, 'People are generally happier now than they were five years ago. Discuss with examples'. Caitlin knew exactly what that question meant. Praise the New Government and highlight all the great things it had achieved, and then compare and contrast that with the dismal showing of its predecessor. That sort of question came up at least once a week in some format or other. With a sigh, she started to write the formulaic answer that was required.

Chapter 4

The attractive blonde woman picked up the envelope with a feeling of trepidation. She could see that it was franked with the address of her local church. She opened it up and read the note

"Dear Mrs Lawrence,

The elders of the Church Council cordially invite you to a voluntary Spring Cleaning event in the Parish Rooms on Thursday the 24th. Please wear appropriate clothing. All cleaning equipment and supplies will be provided free of charge by the Church Council.

Coffee and cakes may be purchased at a very reasonable rate.

The event starts at 8am. Please don't be late!

Moreton in the Wold Church Council."

Carol Lawrence shook her head and sighed. Another 'voluntary' event'? They had a nerve. But she knew very well what would happen if she didn't attend the voluntary event. She'd have to arrange a day off work on Thursday as well, which would mean a day's less pay that week.

Two days later Carol found herself in the church along with a dozen other wet, miserable looking women. She smiled at a few of them that she recognised although the downpour she'd endured to get there had dampened her spirits. A large, buxom, grey-haired older woman appeared and clapped her hands together,

"Ladies, ladies, your attention please." she demanded in a school mistress sort of a voice. "My name is Mrs Watson and I'm one of the church elders."

The woman stopped what they were doing and turned to listen. The woman unfolded a sheet of paper.

"Could you please get yourselves into groups of three? I'll read out your names, Mrs Harris, Miss Adams, and Mrs Lawrence, you're to scrub the kitchen floor."

Carol gave a barely suppressed sigh. She was a thirty year old fashion buyer for a large supermarket chain but was expected to get down on her hands and knees to scrub the floor. She didn't even scrub her own kitchen floor, for God's sake! She was half tempted to ask if she could avoid the imposition by paying someone else to do it, but she had a feeling that wouldn't go down too well.

Instead, like her two new friends, she meekly acquiesced and made her way into the kitchen. It was a large, grim looking room full of industrial kitchen appliances and tiled surfaces.

"I suppose we'd better get on with it," said the older one who seemed about the same age as herself, "my name's Jane Harris by the way."

"Leanne Adams," said the youngish girl.

"I'm Carol Lawrence, I just wish we were meeting for a coffee or something," said Carol.

Jane Harris smiled back at her, "if only."

The young girl said nothing.

The three sorted out their equipment, basically three buckets, three scrubbing brushes, some hot water and some bleach, before rolling up their sleeves and getting to work.

"You'd think the church could afford some sort of labour-saving device wouldn't you?" Asked Jane. I mean, they're not short of money are they?"

"They certainly get my ten per cent every month," replied Carol.

Both women laughed but in reality like most people they resented the onerous new charge. The ten per cent tithe was a fairly recent innovation. Everyone in employment was taxed a ten per cent gross from their monthly salary, which was paid directly to their local Parish Council. There had been some discussion about it, but the media had decided it to be 'a fair and equitable' tax and thus no more was said, at least not in public.

"What do you think, Leanne?" Asked Jane, trying to draw the youngster into their discussion.

"I think we should save our breath for work. After all, what we're doing is important."

Carol and Jane looked at each other and simultaneously raised their eyebrows. Oh dear, it sounded as if Leanne was one of 'them'. Although there was a general, grudging acceptance of the revival of the church by the majority. A very vocal minority were zealots, especially younger people who had spent the last five years being indoctrinated in schools and universities.

"Do you volunteer regularly, Leanne?" Carol managed to keep the irony out of her voice.

"Oh yes, she replied, brightly. I'm here at least three times a week. There's so much that needs doing. When the Lord calls, I'll always answer."

Over to her left, Carol heard a stifled snort of derision from Jane. She herself had to struggle not to laugh at Leanne's naive innocence.

"Oh, that's great," she replied unenthusiastically. "May I ask how do you get the time?"

"I'm a student, so I can structure my day around God and my church," she replied.

Carol nodded and smiled, not trusting herself to reply.

"Anyway, we should press on. There's lots to do after this."

The girl wasn't joking. Once the floor was washed, the big refuse bins had to be emptied and then scrubbed. Each of the heavy kitchen appliances had to be taken to pieces and washed. Before they knew it, it was midday. A whistle sounded somewhere.

"That's lunchtime, ladies," called out Mrs Watson to the general relief of everyone present.

Carol and Jane were both quite relieved. They weren't exactly unfit, both of them were a nice shape and looked in decent physical condition, but this sort of manual labour was new to them. They were glad to queue in the dining room for a limp-looking sandwich and a cup of weak tea. Leanne didn't join them at the table, which wasn't a bad thing, thought Carol. There was only so much religious enthusiasm that a person could put up with.

As they sat and chatted, Carol discovered that Jane was a pharmacist. And as she'd thought, they were indeed both the same age. At that minute they were interrupted by the large, middle-aged woman who'd read out their names earlier.

"Good morning, ladies. Mrs Harris and Mrs Lawrence isn't it? Could I see you both in my office when you've finished your lunch? Thank you."

She turned and left without waiting for a reply. Jane looked at Carol in confusion.

"What was that about, I wonder?"

"Who knows? Perhaps she wants to congratulate us on our scrubbing abilities?"

The two laughed and returned to their mugs of tea.

Ten minutes later they weren't quite so amused. Quite the opposite, in fact. Both of them were bent over Mrs Watson's large desk with their trousers and knickers pooled around their feet. The stern woman had applied a number of stokes to their bare backsides with her paddle. Now she walked around them as they held hands across the table and sobbed.

"I will not have my volunteers mocked by two women who should know better. Neither will I have the actions of the church council questioned by two worthless sluts like you two."

She delivered another stinger to Jane's already smouldering buttocks, and then ten seconds later a matching one to Carol's blazing rear. And then waited for the urgent writhing and tears to subside.

"Do we understand one another?"

"Yes, we do."

"Y...yes, sorry."

Answered the two of them. The pain was excruciating.

"Before I send you back to work, you'll remove your trousers and work in just your underwear. That way everyone can see the shame you've brought upon yourselves. When you return I'm putting Miss Adams in charge of the pair of you. She's far more mature and sensible, despite her age. You'll both humbly apologise to her, of course. Understood?"

Both women sobbed that yes, they certainly did understand.

"And, to prevent you from falling into temptation again I'm going to provide you with a ball-gag each so that you can't embarrass yourselves further with your brainless wittering. Come and report back to me before you leave this evening, we may well have a little unfinished business to catch up on."

Chapter 5

Clara was getting wet, very wet. Standing in a field in the middle of nowhere in the pouring rain would have that effect but moving under the temporary shelter of some nearby trees wasn't really an option either. Clara was on work detail. She and her fellow group of nineteen other women were dressed in their work detail uniform, tight shorts and a tight t-shirt covered only by a thin "waterproof" as it was officially called but in reality allowed the rain in but at a slightly slower rate.

There was no sense in complaining of course. Just a few years ago her working conditions would have been simply unthinkable. Any court in the land would have laughed them out and heavily fined the employer concerned, but of course times were very different now. Clara's "employer" was the New Government. The fascist organisation that she'd been fighting against for the last few years. The irony wasn't lost on her. Until recently she'd been a very well remunerated solicitor working for the Women's Equality Party.

Now in a display of political spite she was employed building a new prison in this God-forsaken part of the country. A prison no doubt to hold opponents of the New Government, people like her in fact. She wasn't even sure where she was to be honest. Somewhere north, a long way north if the temperature and the unintelligible accents of the locals were anything to go by. She lifted her heavy shovel and thrust it angrily into the wet earth as if she was digging a grave for the New Government.

The whole idea of her being placed in somewhere like this and manually working was a truly ludicrous one. She'd never done any sort of manual labour in her life apart from change a light bulb. Manual labour was what men were for wasn't it? How else were the more stupid ones going to earn a living anyway? She on the other hand was paid handsomely for her brains. A good private education, a prestigious university, a top-class degree and a job in Law. These steps were really that simple, anyone could do it, well anyone intelligent, obviously.

Her work had been recognised. Friends in the WEP had invited her into the Party and she'd risen rapidly within the legal department until she was fairly senior. She'd enjoyed the ride enormously; being at the centre of power was quite invigorating. Being handed the power to put men, especially fascist men in their place was even better. For a couple of years Clara had particularly enjoyed herself.

But then came the fall. The cataclysmic arrival of the New Government and the ensuing destruction of her Party. Clara still wasn't sure what had gone wrong if she was honest. The laws which she'd helped draft were meant to explicitly benefit women in all walks of life but somehow men wouldn't accept that. It was hardly the fault of the Women's Equality Party if society was breaking down and the economy tanking after all? She and people like her simply made the rules that were the best for the electorate, all people had to do was to simply abide by them.

Her own demise had been almost as precipitous as her Party's. She'd been arrested on some trumped-up charge and incarcerated. She wasn't particularly concerned because she was pretty sure she had the legal knowledge to be released. However to her shock, the legal landscape had changed almost beyond recognition. The New Government had awarded itself "emergency legal powers" which in effect meant suspending pretty much every law that they disagreed with.

Clara found herself in front of some sort of kangaroo court and sentenced to "prison with hard labour",

And now here she was, digging ditches in the cold rain on behalf of a political system that she absolutely despised. It was hard even for an intelligent woman like herself to...

Whiiip!

The cane wielded by one of the guards caught her flush across the centre of her buttocks. Her thin shorts gave her almost no protection and she squealed loudly.

"Get on with it, Sheldon! We don't have all day you lazy, day-dreaming bitch. Those ditches won't dig themselves!"

Whiiip!

Clara Sheldon wriggled her backside in an attempt to alleviate the pain lancing through it. That pervert guard might be enjoying her involuntary display but in the wind and rain of a cold Monday morning in a northern field, she just didn't care about her dignity anymore. She raised her shovel again and drove it back into the glutinous black earth.

Chapter 6

Two hundred miles further south sat Caitlin Storey. She was sat on the floor of the dusty wooden gymnasium along with the rest of the school singing the last chords of the school hymn. It was a new thing which had been introduced and was used to begin every morning's assembly. Assembly was another thing that had been re-introduced. Caitlin could dimly remember assembly when she was very young. That had happened every Monday morning and it was as she remembered quite an exciting event in her young life.

Now it had the opposite effect. She was bored witless by the stupid thing. Every single school morning she and the rest of her friends had to sit through the bottom-numbing boredom. Once again it was a government mandated thing, every single pupil in full-time education had to attend an Assembly every day in order to praise God properly. The format was always the same, the school song, announcements, hymns and prayers.

And what was also the same was the fact that she, at 18 years of age, was sat cross-legged on the floor as she had been ten years ago. And she was also wearing a ridiculous, juvenile uniform, horribly similar to the one she'd worn all those years ago as well. A starched white blouse and striped school tie, a grey pleated gymslip, short white socks and well-polished shiny black shoes. It really was quite mortifying, being dressed in exactly the same way as even the youngest students were.

There was no room for individuality or self-expression. Even her dark hair was tied up in two neat, tight braids; Girls at her school had a choice, either braids like her or pigtails, or short pixie-style cuts. Long, loose hair was simply not allowed. In fact nothing much was allowed at all. Her school used to be a lovely place that she actually looked forward to attending every day. But how it had changed. Now, like all schools, it had come under the auspices of the local Parish church and was administered by its officials. Strict uniform for everyone, no matter their age, was mandatory. The curriculum had been changed enormously and corporal punishment had been introduced.

Yes, corporal punishment, usually a spanking but occasionally the cane was employed by the more enthusiastic teachers. Even the teaching staff had changed radically. Most of Caitlin's favourites had gone, gone where exactly she wasn't sure but the place wasn't the same without them. They had largely been replaced by what the school called "lay teachers" but were as far as Caitlin could tell local female, unqualified busybodies from the church.

The Religious Education classes which had quadrupled in number were now led by elderly members of the Parish council and were quite astonishingly boring. One of them in particular, Miss Turner, or Miss Turnip as Caitlin had re-christened her much to the amusement of her friends was particularly terrible and who, to make matters worse, was also a neighbour of hers and lived in the same street. She was a large, dour unsmiling woman, often scruffily dressed and with straggly, grey hair that she seldom seemed to bother with or wash even.

Miss Turner had always been a fixture in her life for as long as Caitlin could remember, she was a neighbour after all. Although she was treated rather as a figure of fun than a friend. Or rather she had been regarded in that way. Once her devoutly religious attitude would have marked her out as a bit of a weirdo, a harmless old weirdo but a weirdo, nonetheless. But now she was a leading light on the new Parish council which was how she'd become a teacher at Caitlin's school, St Cecilia's. Although until a couple of years ago it was still known by its original name, Belleview High.

She had always been a "Miss" for as long as Caitlin could remember as well. She didn't know much about the woman but as far as she was aware there wasn't a Mr Turner and there never had been. Her mum and dad had never mentioned it so presumably she had always lived on her own. That was sad in a way, but listening to hear her miserable, dull voice droning on at school it was hardly a surprise either. In fact her voice had the sort of dull quality that brought on a certain sort of drowsiness and the crowded assembly was quite warm behind the glass...

"Storey!"

Her name was hissed angrily at her. Caitlin woke with a start. Just a metre away stood Miss Patterson, towering over her with an angry look on her grim face.

"How dare you, girl!? See me in my room after assembly!" She demanded in a low, furious voice.

Caitlin could feel her stomach clench in apprehension. The new headmistress was hardly a figure to be trifled with. She was a very strict older woman, but there the comparison with Miss Turner ended. Miss Patterson was quite a glamorous-looking middle-aged woman. She was dark-haired, tall, well-dressed and imperious with grey-blue eyes and the sort of aura that suggested that messing with her was distinctly inadvisable.

In fact messing with Miss Patterson was certainly not an option as far as Caitlin was concerned. She couldn't imagine anyone in their right mind disrespecting her austere headmistress. Caitlin had been lucky in that their paths had seldom crossed. She was, despite her suppressed hatred for the New Government, very much a "good girl". She knew she had been a favourite of the former headmistress and therefore pretty much left to her own devices. But

that appeared to be no longer the case. She swallowed nervously and nodded, aware of the amused glances shot in her direction.

Caitlin was mortified as she stood nervously in front of Miss Patterson's large intimidating desk. Not only was the headmistress herself there but also Miss Turner wearing an indignant look on her miserable old face.

"I...I'm very sorry, Miss, but I erm...didn't sleep very well last night and it was warm in the hall and I, and I..."

"Decided to sleep through Miss Turner's vital instruction?"

Caitlin couldn't help but hear a distinctly unhappy bout of throat-clearing away to her left as Miss Turner made her annoyance more clear.

"Erm...I'm very sorry, miss. I didn't mean to..."

"Be quiet child, I've had enough of your nonsense!" Ordered the headmistress angrily.

Caitlin did as she was told, quibbling about being addressed as a "child" at 18 years of age didn't seem wise at that particular moment. Instead she stood with her hands clasped behind her staring at her own shoes.

"I think with your approval, Miss Turner, that I should cane this rude little girl. After all you are the injured party in this regrettable incident."

Caitlin raised her eyes to look imploringly at her neighbour. Please, please, ple...

"Yes, caning the girl would be a good start, Miss Patterson. But only a start I'm afraid, she has been inexcusably rude in my opinion."

"Oh don't worry Miss Turner, I completely agree with your assessment of the situation. Although a good sound caning will soon teach her a little respect."

Dianne Patterson removed her blazer and strode over to the cupboard where she kept her array of canes, selected one and flexed it between her long, slim hands. Part of the reason she was a successful head teacher was that she had very sensitive political antennae which had served her very well even in the current unhelpful political climate. Although she was the titular head of the school she appreciated that the Parish Council had appointed her to that post and could just as easily remove her from it.

She was under no illusion regarding Barbara Turner's ability or even suitability as a teacher, but she did know that the woman had the ear of the Parish chairman for some reason and therefore in Dianne's world at least she was a Very Important Person.

"Blazer off and touch your toes, Storey. This is going to hurt I'm afraid young lady."

She watched dispassionately as the young woman removed her own striped blazer and submissively placed the tips of her fingers to her shoes. She was a cute little thing and had never caused any trouble before. But sometimes even cute little things had to be sacrificed for the greater good. She glanced at Miss Turner's flushed face gazing intently at the girl's regulation navy blue knickers. She smiled to herself, she'd guessed correctly, she'd recognise that hungry look anywhere.

Concealing her amusement, Dianne raised the stick high above her head and then brought it down sharply with a flick of her wrist so that it produced an angry swishing sound before it struck the girl directly across her panties on the jutting crest of her outthrust buttock. She liked to cane her girls in the touching toes position; it did produce a quite delightful target, especially when the target was a pretty, inoffensive cherub like Miss Caitlin Storey.

The girl squealed in a mixture of shock and pain like they almost always did. Dianne was quite a connoisseur when it came to the corporal punishment of young women and the cane was her specialty. And although she'd only been the new head of St Cecelia's for a matter of months, she was far from a novice at handing out corporal punishment. She had a natural predilection for causing pain and suffering, something that had been allowed full reign now that she worked for the New Government's Educational Service as it was now known.

A few years ago, her enthusiasm for the cane would certainly not have been tolerated and as such she kept her head down and merely advanced her career, albeit slowly. Realising early which way the political situation was blowing, she'd joined her local church and become an active and enthusiastic member of the congregation. She even served on her local church moral welfare group and it was there that her willingness to punish some of the more unruly, un-Godly young women that the moral welfare group had to deal with had brought her to the attention of the authorities.

Her teaching experience and adherence to the new Church Laws made her the ideal candidate to be fast-tracked through the ranks and into more senior roles until the St Celia's Parish Council had made their interest known and now here she was being well-paid to punish naughty girls, or even as in this particular case relatively blameless girls, to her heart's content. She smiled again and raised the cane above her head. Caitlin stumbled a little trying to keep her balance. Dianne was probably going to have to add a couple more strokes on for that. Life was good.

Chapter 7

By his own estimation, Robin Thompson was a very patient man. He was the vicar of the Parish of Moreton-In-The Wold, and therefore a man of great importance in the local community. He did, therefore, appreciate that having great importance, also meant that he had a certain amount of responsibility and duties to perform. His time was really quite a valuable commodity. Therefore, whenever he gave his time away for free, he did expect a certain amount of gratitude on behalf of the recipient.

However, the woman coughing and spluttering between his thin, hairy legs didn't seem aware of that. He'd spent the best part of an hour teaching her, or at least attempting to teach her, the finer points of fellatio. A subject that he wasn't entirely unfamiliar with, despite his vocation. The woman, currently attempting to swallow his freely contributed seed without spilling the contents all over his rather expensive rug had come to him for advice that morning.

Well, that wasn't strictly true, she'd been sent to the vicarage at the behest of her concerned husband. Apparently he was disappointed by her lack of skill in the bedroom department which, to his surprise, was not an uncommon problem within his little community. When the red-faced woman had finished explaining the situation at home, the Reverend Thompson began his questioning.

Why did she think that her husband was unhappy? She did realise that it was her wifely duty to keep her husband satisfied in the marital bed? When she had stuttered and stammered her answers in the affirmative, the conversation moved onto the practicalities. What sort of techniques was she employing? Did she know, for example what her husband required of her? Did he have any particular interests that she was aware of?

The Reverend Thompson loved these sorts of conversations. As the spiritual leader of the parish, he was largely free to act in any manner of his choosing. It could be a chore sometimes, having to listen to some whining yokel banging on about her sex life, or usually the lack of it. But every so often a situation arose where good looking young woman like the one kneeling between his legs made a pleasant diversion to his day.

Her name was Alice, Alice Baines. She was 23 and a buxom, red-haired, green-eyed beauty. She'd recently married John Baines, who was a good ten years older than her and moved into the parish to live with him. God only knew what she saw in a dullard like Baines, but truly the Lord sometimes worked in mysterious ways.

"Do you regularly fellate John, Mrs Baines?"

He always liked to gauge the answer to that question. Many of his regular parishioners would laugh and tell him one way or the other, a few wouldn't say. But some, like delightful Alice, would go a pretty shade of pink and look blankly at him.

"Do you fellate him, Mrs Barnes? Do you take your husband's erect penis between your lovely lips and stimulate him that way?"

Her pretty pink flush turned immediately into a full, shameful red glow. A reaction that the Reverend Thompson loved, especially when the subject was a young, fair-skinned woman like Alice Baines. There was just something about a red-head he mused; they blushed so often and so easily. It was never difficult to judge their state of sexual arousal.

"N...no, vicar," she'd answered in a shy, half-scared way. As if the very idea was shocking.

Although, to be fair to her the last five years had been fairly tumultuous. There was very little chance for young women of her age to engage in casual sexual relations nowadays. Which was obviously a good thing. The fall in teenage pregnancies had been enormous. Which was self-evidently, a very good thing.

The obverse, however, was a similar rise in the number of young men and women with very little sexual knowledge. Which was where the Reverend Thompson came into his own, so to speak. His knowledge, accumulated over the years, now placed him in the position of knowing a great deal about sex and particularly its various perversions. The result was that he had a large number of satisfied customers within the community and hence the arrival of his latest young protégé.

"Well then, my child, it would indeed be remiss of me if I didn't pass my knowledge onto you, wouldn't it? Don't worry; your husband has given me permission to help equip you with the necessary physical skills to help your relationship."

He could see her visibly relax a little at that piece of information. In the current climate, adultery was a crime and a major sin that usually resulted in a spell in prison for the man and a longer period in one of the many religious reformatories that were springing up around the country, for the woman. They weren't called reformatories, of course. In public and in the media, they were referred to as 'places of spiritual retreat.' The Reverend Thompson had visited a number of them, however, and knew the reality of what went on within their walls.

He then explained how fellatio was usually performed by the woman on her knees in order to make her head correspond to the height of the man's penis. He was gratified to see her blush again at the word 'penis', but on the other hand what was the point of using another word? She was an adult after all and it was the sort of thing she should be exposed to at her age.

He watched as she hitched her skirt up a little and sunk in front of him.

"The first thing, my dear, is to release the man's penis. If you're in bed together or he's otherwise naked there's no need of course. However if he's wearing pants like I am right now, there's a certain protocol."

He smiled down at her nervous, green eyes and stroked her hair.

"There's no need to be nervous, Alice. You're in good hands."

She nodded uncertainly, but didn't resist him in any way.

"First things first. Unless the man specifically requests a blow-job, or to be sucked off, or whatever phrase he likes to employ, then a woman should ask if that's what he wants rather than simply presume."

He smiled at her discomfort with his choice of words.

"So let's make a start?" He looked at her enquiringly.

"M...may I s...suck you?" She asked tentatively.

"Yes, Alice, you may," he replied, magnanimously.

She looked up at him helplessly.

"You may unzip my pants and take out my penis."

Tentatively she leaned forward and took a hold of the zip of his slacks. He shuffled forward slightly on his chair and then watched as she opened them. She looked up at him again for guidance and he simply nodded at her. She reached in but then recoiled almost immediately as she touched his stiffening penis. He took her hand and carefully guided it back onto his throbbing member through his white underpants.

"Stroke it, my dear. There's no hurry. The main consideration should be my pleasure."

He could see the reluctance in her face, but due to her inexperience he didn't make an issue of it. He could feel the enjoyable pressure of her hand, but it was time to move on.

"Now you must remove my underwear and take me out."

He could see her struggling with the experience, which of course just made the whole thing that little bit more enjoyable as far as he was concerned. He squirmed a little in pleasurable anticipation as he felt her hand expose his cock.

"Now take it out so that you can see it," he said in what he considered to be, in the circumstances, a remarkably controlled way.

She gave an involuntary gasp as his bulbous prick was revealed. The Reverend Thompson was rather proud of his cock. He'd been made aware by a surprisingly diverse number of women that he was definitely above averagely endowed. Even at his advanced years, he was in his late fifties, he could put on quite a display when called upon.

"At first, you should take it in your hand, just to feel what you're dealing with. Although I'm sure that you've taken your husband's erect cock in your hand plenty of times before?"

She didn't reply but the blush suffusing her pretty face told him everything he needed to know about her lack of experience in that particular direction. He groaned a little as he felt her small, cool hand encircle his prick.

"That's right," he gasped. "Take a nice firm hold and then just slide your hand backwards and forwards," he raised his hips just a little as she got to work.

For a couple of minutes he was content to let her wank him, the sensation never failed to please him. For a moment he contemplated just allowing her to make him come and spurt over her innocent, red face, spurting into her glorious red hair as well. But then, before it was too late, he remembered he was a professional, a dutiful man of God, with all that implied. He reached down and carefully loosened her grip on him.

"Once your husband is in this state, he needs to be sucked. He needs to feel your tongue and your lips around his manhood."

His cock gave an involuntary little twitch at the sound of his own words. She looked up at him with a vague sense of alarm in her beautiful eyes, but he reached down and slowly inserted a finger between her cute, rosebud lips. She allowed him in and gently sucked his finger as if experiencing the sensation for the first time. He smiled again,

"Good girl."

Credit where credit was due after all. As she sucked at his finger he idly let his turgid cock slap gently against her cheek, just to see the reaction in her eyes. Clearly she knew what was required from her next. He pulled his finger out of her mouth with a slight but audible pop, and then tapped his cock against her lips. Slowly she opened up and allowed the inevitable to happen. The Reverend Thompson sighed with pleasure. He was so glad she had accepted her instruction with the minimum of fuss.

It was a sensation that he'd never grown tired of. That feeling of a woman's mouth encircling his straining penis. It was quite wonderful, he could feel himself hardening even further, but was careful not to thrust inside her. Instead he told her to lick him. To use her tongue to bathe him. She was altogether most acceptable, most acceptable for a first effort. She wasn't good of course, but she wasn't terrible either. She'd need more lessons, obviously, but not too many more.

He began to thrust a little more energetically, but even that was a bit much for Alice and she began to choke and cough. This was where the Reverend Thompson's experience came into play. Rather than think of his own pleasure, he managed to withdraw and let her recover. As he looked down he could see his saliva covered penis literally throbbing beneath him and starting to ooze with his pre cum. He slapped her gently on the bridge of her freckled nose, just to attract her attention.

"Just lick it," he told her. "Lick it nice and slowly from the root to the very tip. Nice and slowly, there's a good girl."

He squirmed again; he could feel himself start to get to the point of no return.

"Take a hold of my balls," he whispered. "Cup them slightly....aaaagh....yes...yes.yeeeeees!"

He quickly pointed his cock at her upturned face before stiffening slightly and then ejaculating in a sudden unstoppable ruuush. When he finally came down he looked to see half of her face dripping with his cum.

"Do be careful of the rug, there's a good girl," he managed to gasp.

The tasks he was sometimes required to undertake on behalf of his less worldly wise parishioners was onerous sometimes, but he was getting to grips with demands placed on him.

Chapter 8

Barbara Turner didn't like the Storey family. She'd been their neighbour for the last 20 years but she still didn't like them. She didn't hate them by any means, that would be un-Christian; perhaps it would be more accurate to say that she disapproved of them. The man and the woman weren't even married for example. They weren't married and yet they still had a daughter. Barbara could still remember the sense of shock when the woman informed her, without an ounce of shame, that she was pregnant.

In those days of course it was deemed acceptable for a couple to have a child out of wedlock. In fact not only acceptable but celebrated as if it was a good thing, as if producing a bastard was some sort of achievement. She hadn't said anything at the time of course, the church was at a very low ebb at the time and her views were distinctly unfashionable. Instead she had managed to compose her features and congratulate the excited woman.

The man was no better either. There was no such thing in his world as the Lord's Day. Several times he'd watched from behind her curtain as he returned from playing some sort of football she assumed on a Sunday afternoon when he should have been in Church. Or whistling some awful racket while he laboured away in the garden when he should have been using his time to reflect on the Lord or to read his Bible.

And of course the girl herself was no better. Barbara had watched her grow into a teenage strumpet over the years. Too much make-up, too many short skirts and tight tops, too many boys hanging around the house. Really, it was quite disgraceful! And to make matters worse it seemed that her parents didn't seem to care that she was in deep moral danger. Once or twice she'd tried to broach the subject with the mother but had been told that it was none of her business.

But now it was her business. Now that the country had returned to some sort of sanity, the moral welfare of the Parish that she lived in certainly came under her jurisdiction. She was a senior member of the Moral Welfare Council and as such held quite a lot of influence as to what went on in her own neighbourhood. There were meetings on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, Church of course on Sunday. And disciplinary hearings on a Saturday afternoon.

All in all it was quite an exhilarating time for her. Now that the Church had been restored to its rightful place in society by the New Government Barbara seldom had time to call her own. Church business was at the top of her agenda. Her seniority had seen her elevated to the role of School Development Officer and it involved visiting the schools in the Parish on a rotational basis to make sure that the Word of the Lord was being and the teaching methods within the schools as laid down by the MWC were being strictly adhered to.

All the schools had invited her to deliver her own sermon and she had been pleased to take up their kind offers. She gave what she considered to be stirring speeches to the pupils gathered beneath her and as far as she was aware they were an inspiration to all the pupils and the teachers who heard them. But after all, who couldn't fail to be enthused by the Word?

But that was where she'd bumped into Caitlin Storey again. She knew that the girl attended St Cecelia's she saw her on her way to school every morning in her smart new uniform. There used to be a time when the girl seemed to be wearing something she'd found at the back of her wardrobe, but now she wore a proper grey gymslip and a collar and tie and her smart, distinctive striped blazer. Who on earth could argue that their appearance and that of her friends hadn't improved enormously? Now they were dressed for learning as opposed to attending some sort of discotheque.

She knew all about Caitlin's rather lazy attitude and asked Dianne Patterson to keep a particular eye on her. And believe it or not, her fears had been realised. The little baggage had even had the audacity to pretend to be sleeping during her uplifting lecture regarding the Glory of The Lord. It really was quite disrespectful. No doubt she was showing off in front of her little friends. The headmistress had agreed with her and given her six strokes of the cane as she bent over touching her toes. Although in the end the girl's refusal to stand still had resulted in another couple of strokes being added to the tariff.

On the one hand Barbara was most pleased to see that the disciplinary edicts laid down by her and her colleagues on the MWC were being adhered to, on the other she was most annoyed at Miss Storey's behaviour and resolved to take it further. Neither she nor anyone involved with the Church should accept having their views and opinions publically mocked by silly little girls like Caitlin Storey. That sort of couldn't care less attitude needed to be nipped in the bud. She needed to be made an example of so that her silly little friends didn't start to get the wrong ideas. The richly deserved caning that she had received from Miss Patterson was only the start.

Chapter 9

Anna Storey pursed her lips and fought the urge to slap the nasty old woman's face. It was bad enough that her daughter had been caned at school and she'd seen Caitlin's wealed and bruised backside with her own eyes. But apparently according to the miserable old cow in front of her, that wasn't going to be the end of the matter. No, apparently her darling daughter was still under penance, whatever that bloody well meant.

She got the distinct impression that Barbara Turner was enjoying all of this, flexing her newly found religious muscle. She'd known the sad old cow and her mad ways for at least 20 years and until very recently, until the rise of those New Government bastards at least, she was pretty much a figure of fun for Anna and her like-minded friends in the street. That had all changed however, now the daft old biddy was on the local Moral Welfare Council and was a figure of authority in the Parish.

And that was another thing that had changed. Each church in the town had its own Parish, that was a certain number of people who lived in the area served by that particular church. In the olden days, Parishes were how each area was governed according to the strictures of the local church. Almost unbelievably those long-forgotten days had returned. Thanks to the New Government and its alliance with the current Church establishment.

Now, far from being inoffensive gatherings of local busybodies with too much time on their hands, Parish Councils had power, real political and administrative power. Which, people were quickly discovering, they weren't afraid to use. And although their authority was yet another irksome level of bureaucracy imposed on the people, dealing with the local Parish council was far less onerous than having to deal with the thugs employed by Homeland Security.

Nevertheless what the silly bitch in front of her was saying was still difficult to take in. Apparently as she was under penance Caitlin should consider herself on probation for the time being. When Anna queried what this actually meant, her blood ran cold. Being under penance meant that Caitlin's "attitude and behaviour" would be under far more severe scrutiny and, should it be deemed necessary, Caitlin would be removed from St Cecilia's and sent to a religious retreat run by the Moral Welfare Council for a few days at least.

Anna Storey opened and closed her mouth in shock. Had she not known that Mrs Turner was a humourless, rigid; fanatic she might have laughed at the absurdity of it. As it was she knew that her neighbour meant every word of what she'd just said and there was no need to ask who would be scrutinising Caitlin's behaviour.

"And as I'm sure you're aware, Mrs Storey, should your daughter be required to attend one of our retreats then she'd be automatically classed as a delinquent. And the parents of delinquent girls are always thoroughly investigated by the Moral Welfare Council."

Their eyes met across the living room. Anna could have sworn that the old woman smirked at her.

"And if you're still unsure of what the consequences of that might be, young woman, then I suggest that you read this pamphlet at your leisure sometime. Please don't hesitate to contact me if there are any issues that you don't understand. You know where I live."

And with that she simply stood up and left Anna alone with her fears. Her husband was out with his friends; Caitlin was out at someone's house. Anna realised with a half stifled sob that the foul woman across the road had probably watched and waited until they'd both gone out before hurrying over to bring the bad news. What was she going to do, what on earth was she going to do?

The bloody pamphlet had hardly set her mind at rest either, quite the opposite in fact. It advertised the spiritual retreat was a place for "quiet, self-reflection" and showed women of all ages attending lectures and digging in a garden. And despite the fact that some of the women involved were smiling they were all wearing the same combination of white blouse and short grey skirt. Anna was fairly sure that she already knew what those lectures and discussions were about. It was just yet another way for the Church to indoctrinate the younger members of society and those that were reluctant to or simply refused to accept the Church's authoritarian message.

Anna ground her teeth angrily and hurled the pamphlet into the far corner of her living room. This was absolutely ludicrous! Some miserable shrivelled-up prune of a woman had the audacity to threaten her in her own house! But the way she'd done it was the most effective method she could have chosen. Caitlin was the absolute apple of Anna's eye. She was a good girl, well hardly a girl in fact, a mature, hard-working, responsible young woman would be a more accurate description of her darling daughter. She was very popular at school and until recently nobody had a bad word to say about her.

But now, but now the rise of the fascists led by that scumbag Mourne had enabled previously benign, almost anonymous institutions like the Church to reveal their real authoritarian streak. And although Anna could see what was happening she just didn't know what to do about it. Why were people such sheep nowadays, why couldn't they see what an unholy alliance the New Government and the Church were forming?

Chapter 10

Clara Sheldon was on her narrow bed in her dormitory. She wasn't under the threadbare covers yet and it was cold in the unheated room in the temporary wooden hut. She was dressed in just her scratchy, blue cotton panties but otherwise naked. There were nineteen other women in the dormitory lying semi-naked on their respective bunks with her but the silence was profound. Nobody wanted to be the one caught out by a surprise inspection and wasn't the room bugged with listening devices and cameras anyway?

Clara shivered slightly and not just with the cold that was slowly percolating through her supine body. It was Friday and although she didn't have a watch and there weren't any clocks or calendars anywhere, she knew it was a Friday because for lunch that morning her and the rest of her work detail had been given some cold, lumpy, barely edible mashed potato, some sort of limp, unidentifiable green vegetable and a tiny slice of boiled fish.

After her ditch digging exertions in the rain, Clara was confident that she could have eaten ten times the portion she was given, even though it wasn't cooked properly and was largely slop. She had come to realise that when you were very tired everything tasted good, even the lukewarm water tasted okay as far as she was concerned. But it hardly replaced the energy that she'd expended that morning.

Her stomach gave a low rumble. She looked up at the wooden ceiling and tried to imagine what her friends might say if they could see her now, virtually naked on her tiny bed, half-starved and waiting to be inspected before being allowed to go to sleep. Because that's what happened on a Friday night, that's what happened every Friday night. The guards made their rounds slowly, checking on each of the five wooden cabins that housed the one hundred women that made up the construction gang building the prison in the miserable, northern wilderness.

Before she and the rest of them were allowed to try and get some warmth from their two thin blankets there was an inspection. Nobody quite knew when it was scheduled to happen, or even why. But all five huts were visited in turn, and the order they were visited was entirely random. Clara assumed that it was organised that way entirely for the amusement of the sadistic bunch of half-wits that were in control of them.

She didn't have to assume how cold she was getting. She could feel the relative warmth of the blankets by her side but she simply daren't edge beneath them. What if one of the guards decided to enter at that same moment? The consequences didn't bear thinking about; she squirmed a little in memory of the strapping that she'd received at an earlier inspection for something entirely inconsequential. No far better to lay there shivering in just her panties and patiently wait her turn.

Her hut, number 5, didn't have to wait much longer. All of a sudden there was the click of heeled boots in the corridor and then the door was opened vigorously with a loud crash as it bounced back and hit the wall.

"Up, up, up...get your fat arses over the ends of your beds!! In absolute silence!!" Demanded a booming voice that echoed off the walls of the shed.

Clara scurried to obey along with all the others, her waist over the wooden end of her bed, her backside thrust upwards towards the ceiling, her knickers rapidly pulled to her knees, feet spread as wide as the legs of her bed and her head buried in her pillow. My God! Imagine what she looked like to the guards in that position? Her bottom and her sex blatantly on show for the amusement of a group of low-IQ shopgirls. She was exhibiting herself to a bunch of low-class people that she wouldn't normally give the time of day to.

Behind her she could hear the slow, precise steps of the guards. Usually there were three or four of them in their smart black uniforms and crisp white blouses. Normally they strolled down the aisles of the dormitory ostensibly checking for something or other. Nobody was ever quite sure what they were checking for, but of course nobody was going to be stupid enough to ask. Somewhere over to her left she could hear a one-sided conversation, then a barked order, then the thwaackk! Of a spitefully wielded leather strap across a pair of bare, fleshy female buttocks.

Clara could clearly hear the muffled cry of pain. Worryingly it didn't sound as if it was too far from her. She tried to keep herself stock still, as stiff and rigid as she possibly could in the hope of passing muster or better still, not catching anyone's eye. If she could have made herself invisible or maybe just hidden herself under her narrow, uncomfortable bed, she may well have done just that. As it was she held her breath, was that the click of heels? Were they stopping by her side? Oh please, no.

She twitched slightly as she felt a hand take a firm grip on one of her bottom cheeks.

"Who's this?" She heard an unfamiliar female voice ask.

Clara didn't like unfamiliar voices. They could belong to absolutely anyone, a new guard perhaps or even a person of greater authority. One of the new young officers fresh out of training school maybe or even worse, some official from the New Government coming to check how their very popular new policy was working out.

"That's Sheldon, ma'am. Some sort of Women's Equality busy-body apparently, worked for the policy making unit, a lawyer I believe, ma'am."

“Hmmm, was she now?” Commented the unknown woman taking a firmer hold of the spare flesh on Clara’s bottom and twisting it just enough for her to squeal slightly. “She doesn’t seem to be very obedient does she?”

“No, ma’am she doesn’t.”

“Wasn’t the order absolute silence?”

“Yes, ma’am it was.”

“Then I think a few strokes might make her a little more obedient. If you could do the honours sergeant?”

Almost immediately Clara felt a strong hand on the back of her neck, forcing her face deeper into her thin pillow.

Thwaackk!

“Mmmmmphhff”

Clara howled into her pillow. That hurt so much! She tensed herself for another blow but the voice above her took another hold of her roasted backside flesh and twisted it even more painfully.

“Do keep your knickers banded around your knees, girl. If they fall then your punishment will start again from the beginning.”

Thwaackk!

Clara gave another muffled shriek and wriggled frenziedly, although even in that painful state she tried to make sure and keep her legs apart and her panties at knee-level as she’d been instructed. A hand slipped between her legs and slid down the length of her lips.

“There’s a good girl, Sheldon. See, you can do as you’re told when you want to, can’t you?”

Clara’s respectful reply in the affirmative was lost in the depths of her pillow.

Thwaackk!

Although as some part of her mind told her, her tormentor probably wasn’t expecting a reply right at that moment anyway. Clara squirmed as much as the firm pressure on the back of her head allowed and tried desperately not to kick and let her knickers slide any further down her thighs.

Thwaackk!

Thwaackk!

Thwaackk!

The leather did its work, slashing backwards and forwards across her bottom and her upper thighs and it hurt like hell. Suddenly Clara realised that her beating had paused and the hand was cupping her left buttock cheek in a firm, possessive sort of a manner. The ridiculous thought that this was now clearly sexual as well as physical assault swept through Clara’s mind. Who the hell was she going to complain to anyway? At least the painful tattoo being beaten into her bottom had ceased which was a good thing.

The possessive hand then slipped in between her thighs and stroked her pussy lips, running a finger down the length of them backwards and forward a couple of times, slowly as if the woman was enjoying herself. Clara wriggled but hopefully not enough to warrant another strapping. The owner of the finger was undeterred however and simply poked the tip of it inside Clara, wiggling it around a little in order to demonstrate to Clara who was master or indeed mistress of the situation. Clara just lay still and accepted the situation. Humiliating as it undoubtedly was it was far better than having her backside beaten relentlessly.

At last it was over; the hands were removed from her pussy and the back of her neck although Clara remained in position until she was told that she could move. At least she could climb back into bed now, the lights would go out and she could get some much needed sleep.

“When you’ve finished your rounds, sergeant, send her to my room please. Little Miss WEP girl and I have still have certain things that we need to erm...discuss.”

Chapter 11

Helen Arnold stood stiff and straight, feet together, hands behind her back and her chin up. She blinked rapidly to try and keep her tears at bay. In front of her, her boss Mr Buchan was slowly reading through a report. Helen knew that the report was about her, which was bad enough. But what was worse, much worse was the fact that the Reverend Thompson's wife, Bernice was sat in a comfortable chair just away to Mr Buchan's right. Helen could feel the woman's angry glare boring into the side of her head.

Helen hadn't known Bernice Thompson for very long, but angry seemed to be the woman's default setting. She was large and buxom and perpetually unhappy. Despite her position in the community, she made no attempt to get on with anyone. The fact was that she didn't need to, she was the Reverend's second in command and the leader of the parish Council and as such she was a very powerful woman in their area.

That was why Bernice Thompson was at Helen's place of work at the moment. She'd brought Helen's monthly performance review here to discuss it with Mr Buchan. Many businesses, and Helen's was no exception, were tied in some way to their local churches. She knew, for instance that the land Mr Buchan's business was built on was owned by the Church. And if the church decided that a particular business wasn't conforming with church rules for whatever reason, it could simply withdraw the business's permission to carry on working.

Rather than being a passive organisation that simply collected its rents and said nothing, the church was quickly morphing into an aggressive landlord that strictly enforced its rules and obligations. As a result, Parish officials felt it within their right to check on people like Helen even when she was at work, hence her performance review. It wasn't a performance review regarding her work, but it was a review of her behaviour during the month regarding the Parish.

And from the grim look on her boss's face it didn't look as if her report was a very good one. The public spanking over Mrs Thompson's knee had been particularly unhelpful. Not only had it been absolutely mortifying to have been upended and had her skirt pulled up in front of all those other people but the actual paddling had hurt like hell. And for what? For being like literally five minutes late for Church at 8am on a Sunday morning!

"Not a very good start to the morning is it, Miss Arnold?"

Her boss's dour Scottish tone interrupted Helen's angry internal musings.

"Erm, no sir. Sorry, sir."

Mr Buchan wasn't a horrible man by any means, just a serious, formal one. And an absolute stickler for the rules.

"You realise that this sort of a report," he waved the sheet of paper at her. "This sort of report is not only bad for you, but bad for the business as well?"

Helen blinked rapidly; she could feel her eyes begin to fill with tears.

"I...I'm so sorry sir...I didn't mean to..."

"But this is always the problem my girl. You never mean to but somehow you always do. It's not as if you have a perfect time-keeping record here at work is it? But being late for church is another matter altogether, it's entirely disrespectful. As Mrs. Thompson has pointed out in her report, it's a sin."

Helen sniffed unhappily, she was a middle-manager, experienced and respected but here she was snivelling like a schoolgirl.

"Too late for tears now, Miss Arnold."

Helen wiped her eyes with the back of her hand.

"I understand that Mrs Thompson here took the time to teach you a valuable lesson regarding time-keeping?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did that entail?"

Helen sniffed again, this was just so humiliating!

"Erm... having my bottom paddled in front of everyone, sir."

"So, do you think you deserved it? Having your bottom spanked by Mrs Thompson?"

"Yes, sir. And I apologised to her, sir."

The man slowly looked her up and down.

"Hmmm, you see the problem that I have is that Mrs Thompson has rightly you punished you for letting her and your family down. However you've also let me and your work colleagues down. You do understand that don't you?"

Helen nodded glumly she'd been scared that this would happen.

"So to try and make amends for that I'm going to tan your backside for you now, just to make it clear to Mrs Thompson that we here at Brown Brothers take church matters very seriously."

Helen wiped her eyes again. This was all so unfair!

"Do you understand?"

"Yes sir."

"Good girl, let's have your skirt off then and bend yourself over my desk."

Helen obeyed, unzipping her skirt and stepping out of it before pushing her nose against the dark wood of Mr Buchan's desk.

"I do hope this meets with your approval, Mrs Thompson and that we can draw a line under his unfortunate occurrence?"

The middle-aged woman nodded.

"It does, Mr Buchan and thank you for dealing with this in such a timely manner. You can be sure that I'll let my husband know how cooperative you've been."

And that, thought Tom Buchan, was the only thing that mattered as far as he was concerned. Robin Thompson was a ridiculous little man when all was said and done but he was also a very powerful man with very good connections. He was a far better friend than he was an enemy. Unfortunately for the girl it was going to be her bottom that paid the price of his friendship with the Reverend Thompson.

He considered pulling down her knickers but calculated that if he didn't that Helen would be more likely to be grateful to him for protecting her modesty. Instead he just raised the leather strap attached to a wooden handle that was his correctional implement of choice. Admittedly he did enjoy punishing some of the lazy, hopeless women that worked for him, but Helen Arnold wasn't either of those things. She was a good employee, a little lax with her time-keeping but overall a good worker. He decided to give her just six, full-strength strokes and then call it a day.

His pleasurable duty done, the honour of the company satisfied, the miserable old bitch in the corner mollified somewhat, and Helen's bottom turned into an attractive shade off pink rather than a collection of ugly yellow and purple weals. What was not to like?

Chapter 12

Caitlin Storey knocked on the green door and waited, unconsciously she checked her horrible red and yellow striped tie for neatness and glanced down at her white socks just to make sure that they were pulled up to the same level. Having to report to Miss Turnip's house straight after school was all a part of her probation apparently. Hopefully the old bitch wouldn't be in and she could just go home and...The door opened and there stood horrible Miss Turner glaring down at her. The woman slowly looked at her watch and pursed her lips disapprovingly.

"You're late girl, why?"

Caitlin swallowed nervously.

"Mr Stevens wanted to see me, miss. I'm sorry, miss."

"I do hope you haven't been naughty because you know what that would mean?"

"No, miss. He wanted to talk about the exams, miss."

The woman looked down at her as if not quite believing her tale. Which would have been accurate because Caitlin's tale was only partly true. Slimy old Mr Stevens had wanted to talk to her about her forthcoming final examinations, but at the same time he wanted to put his hand inside her navy blue school knickers as he did so. She'd squirmed a little because he was a horrible old perv, but she daredn't actually stop him doing what he wanted which in this case was stroking her bottom cheeks with his gnarly old hands.

It seemed to Caitlin that certain teachers had somehow discovered that she was on probation and were determined to take advantage of the fact, secure in the knowledge that she wasn't going to kick up too much of a fuss. She'd been spanked and groped and even fingered by a succession of both male and female teachers who seemed pleased to be happy to take advantage of her unfortunate position. Once he'd finished enjoying himself with her she'd packed her school bag just as quickly as she could and hurried over to Miss Turner's house. She'd even run the last few hundred metres and even then she was still five minutes late.

"I see, but you're still not on time although I gave you a very generous leeway didn't I? Very well go and prepare yourself."

Caitlin sidled past the woman's imposing bulk and scurried inside the house. It was very much like her own but older and darker somehow and decorated in an old-fashioned sort of a manner. She hung up her school blazer and her bag and then went to kneel on a padded bench in the sitting room facing a window that looked out onto the main road. She pulled her skirt up around her waist so that her panties were on display and waited.

Barbara Turner potted around her kitchen making herself a cup of tea and a slice of her home-made cake. It would do the spoiled little madam good to have to wait. And that's all she was in Barbara's book, a spoiled little madam that had been allowed to do pretty much as she wanted for far too long. Her parents were a couple of those ridiculous permissive types that had almost brought the country to its knees, and in her opinion Caitlin Storey was a prime example of what poor parenting and lack of discipline could produce.

The turning of the tide led by the New Government and the Church had largely put an end to that sort of thing of course. But there were still pockets of resistance that had to be stamped on, for the good of the country as a whole. Barbara had given the problem some considerable thought and had come to the conclusion that examples had to be made. Talking about reforming the national character was all very well and good and something that Barbara whole-heartedly agreed with.

But there was nothing like making examples of people who were perhaps struggling with the church and its methods. People had to be taught that obedience and acceptance were two important factors in the return to old, respectful values. Values that Barbara could still remember from when she was Caitlin's age and the rod was certainly not spared, which was why she'd grown up into a God-fearing, respectable member of the community.

Now she had decided that the Storey family was going to be made an example of. They were going to be taught how to accept the church's authority and how to behave. And more importantly perhaps their lesson was going to be made public knowledge so that others tempted to stray could be brought back more easily into the fold. Barbara had discussed the situation with her best friend, Bernice Thompson and both had agreed that the Storey's, for so long a thong in Barbara's side would make excellent examples.

She finished of her tea and cake and returned the empty cup, saucer and plate to the sink. On her way back to the little alcove where Caitlin was waiting obediently for her she picked up the rubber soled slipper she liked to use for situations like this. It made quite a racket when applied enthusiastically to the girl's fulsome teenage buttocks, and apparently it stung quite a lot, but it left no real visible damage and could be used regularly and often.

Caitlin heard the old woman's heels on her wooden flooring and tried to stay still. Sometimes the woman let her get down off the bench without applying the hateful leather slipper to the seat of her pants. Sometimes she was placed there as a warning and nothing else. The worst thing about the position in the alcove was that it overlooked a

bust street and she wasn't far away from it. Already while she'd been waiting, several people had already walked by the window. Some had even looked in and seen her there. An older couple had even smiled as they saw her face peering out.

It was so shameful! Although she was very occasionally allowed out of the alcove with just a fierce, finger wagging scolding, usually she was slipped painfully as she knelt up on the cushion. Not only did it hurt but she was very well aware that anyone passing could see her in her dreadfully humiliating position. Sometimes Miss Turner even opened the window so that the sound of the leather striking her bottom carried down the few metres to the footpath by the side of the road.

That's when heads did turn to watch her having her buttocks flayed by the spiteful old woman and she had to fight not to cry out for fear of attracting yet more unwanted attention from the passersby. Although she had started to recognise the bystanders, usually old men from her local neighbourhood who it appeared were her "regulars". People with nothing better to do with their afternoons than watch her getting spanked.

So hopefully today was going to be one of the days where she was going to be let off with a warning. The thing was she never actually knew until it happened. Although she knew Miss Turner was standing behind her, she didn't know if she had the slipper in her hand or not. Please, please...

"Prepare yourself, girl. If there's one thing that I can't stand it's lateness. There's no excuse for it, it's simply bad manners as far as I'm concerned, a defect that I intend to eradicate from your behaviour before I'm done with you young lady."

Caitlin sobbed a little and thrust her bottom out slightly in anticipation of the slipper. She knew that Miss Turner liked her to do that. It showed acceptance or something or other and she considered that a good thing. As she did so she noticed that one of her regulars had sidled into view outside the window and was taking an awfully long time to tie his shoelace or whatever it was he was doing.

Thwwaack!

"Owowwww!"

Caitlin howled at the shock of the stroke which had the unwanted effect of causing the old man's head to jerk up and just for a second their eyes met before Caitlin blushed horribly and hurriedly dropped hers while she waited for the next stroke. She had no idea of how many Miss Turner had in mind for her. The woman never told her in advance, she just seemed to belabour her bottom until she considered that Caitlin had "learned her lesson"

Thwwaack!

"Owowwww!"

Chapter 13

Leanne Adams took two pegs out of the pocket of her smart blazer and used them to pin the hem of the woman's yellow, pleated skirt to the back of her pale pink blouse. She resisted the temptation to place her hand on the woman's naked, scorched bottom cheeks. They must really hurt, thought Leanne. The Reverend Thompson had spent the best part of an hour thoroughly castigating the woman and then spanking her over his knee and finally taking a leather strap to her bright red backside until Leanne never thought she'd stop howling and begging for mercy.

The finished item so to speak was a very painful looking combination of weals and blisters raised by the vigorous application of the strap. The Reverend Thompson was evidently very skilled with that particular instrument of correction. There didn't seem to be a square inch of skin that had escaped the scourge of the leather. The woman's bottom looked as if had been painted a particularly vivid shade of red. Leanne couldn't help but smile, the Reverend Thompson really was a very super chap. One just couldn't help admire him and his passion for the Church.

There was no doubt that the woman currently weeping in the corner with her shoes touching the skirting boards and her nose pressed against the plaster of the wall deserved everything that she'd received from the Reverend Thompson. In fact, as far as Leanne was concerned the older gentleman had been too lenient if anything. He was a strict man that was for sure, but entirely fair as well. Had she been in the Reverend Thomson's shoes for example, Leanne would have dealt with the woman far more severely.

Indeed, the woman's failure to pay her 10% tithe on time should not only be dealt with more firmly in Leanne's opinion, but her punishment should also have been made public in order to discourage others from being tempted to take that same shameful path. Not paying one's tithe at the appropriate time was not only deeply disrespectful, but also tantamount to rejecting the Church and everything that it stood for. Leanne simply couldn't understand that sort of mindset.

Her life had been one of relentless dedication to the Church. She'd been lucky enough to have grown up the last few years in a very strong moral climate. The Good Lord alone must have known what the situation was like twenty or even ten years ago before the New Government and the Church had combined to rescue so many people from the very gates of Hell. She herself had attended a very strict, very traditional Church school. Following that her marks were high enough for her to earn a full scholarship at a top class Church Seminary.

Her ambition was to have her own Parish and run it much like the way the Reverend Thompson ran his, firmly but fairly. If one could still have heroes at the age of 21 then the Reverend Thompson would certainly be Leanne's. He had led the Parish through thick and then, from virtual extinction to where it was now, the guiding light of the lives of most people in the country. He was a true hero and deserved all the support and the appreciation that the New Government leadership had lavished on him.

Leanne smiled as she realised that the man himself had called her. She trotted over eagerly to the desk where he sat cool and composed after handing out a very thorough thrashing to the unfortunate woman stood sobbing in the corner with her nose pressed obediently into it and her bright red buttocks on display for anyone to see.

"Thank you for your help, Leanne. It was very much appreciated. It's always nice to help mentor the next generation of Parish leaders."

Leanne blushed happily; he was such a good man she decided.

"In a way I'm sorry you had to see that, a young lady of your obvious breeding. It's the worst part of my job I'm afraid and now I have to write up the whole unfortunate episode for my records. It's not something I enjoy doing, I hope you realise that?"

Leanne nodded but at the same time wondering what it would actually be like to take a leather strap to a sinner in that way, to make her or indeed him cry and to blister their bottoms for them. She had a sudden guilty realisation that she was already looking forward to her first opportunity of saving someone in the way that her hero just had. Because that's really what the Reverend Thompson was doing, saving souls by spanking them.

The mantra was of course famous throughout the land. Every school child knew it and repeated it at least once a day.

Spanking Saves Souls

It was posted on every wall at the Church school that she'd attended, and similarly on every wall of the Seminary. She'd attended numerous lectures and written very many essays on that particular subject. Her theoretical knowledge was second to none she guessed, but thus far it had only been theoretical. The opportunity to spend a part of her summer holiday working for the Reverend Thompson in his own Parish, to see him at work every day was an opportunity far too good to say no to.

"Yes, sir."

Leanne had been invited to call the great man by his first name, which she was oddly excited to learn was Robin, but she just couldn't bring herself to do it. It seemed oddly sacrilegious somehow. He would always be the Reverend Thompson or better still, sir as far as she was concerned. Although just wait until the other girls at the Seminary heard about the time she and he had spent together, they'd be ever so jealous!

"Shall we meet up again tomorrow my dear? My wife has something planned which apparently involves the two of us. I do hope that you'll be able to join us?"

"Oh yes, sir. Of course, sir."

There was a brief, awkward silence until Leanne realised that she'd been dismissed.

"Oh I see. Yes, sir. Tomorrow, sir. That would be great, sir."

She flushed a little as she realised she was gabbling. Like an overawed schoolgirl she thought, as opposed to a grown-up woman of 21. She excused herself and left the room, closing the door behind her.

Chapter 14

Robin flopped into his chair with something like relief. She was a wonderful young woman and was no doubt destined for great things in the Church, but at the same time she was rather tiring. For a very brief second the Reverend Thompson experienced a slightly disconcerting, odd sensation which he realised was a vague sense of guilt. It wasn't an emotion he suffered from generally and he scolded himself accordingly. He would have to make it up to her in the morning.

However, her disappearance did leave the way open for him to indulge himself in his usual way. He carefully unzipped his pants and took out his semi-erect member. It was almost always semi-erect nowadays he thought with a certain amount of pride. His natural high level of testosterone helped by just a little of a certain chemical seem to keep him permanently horny, a situation that pleased him greatly. He stroked himself slowly and carefully while keeping a close eye on the woman still sobbing and sniffing in the corner.

He'd enjoyed strapping her, he couldn't deny that. And the fact that she was almost certainly innocent of the crime for which she'd been punished made it all the more exciting somehow. But a simple request to his dear wife had led to the finance department in the Church offices somehow mislaying the woman's monthly cheque to pay her mandatory 10% of her salary (gross) to her favourite charity, the Church.

As such the attractive redhead, and unfortunately the Reverend Thompson did really like attractive young redheads, had been ordered to report to his office that afternoon in order that he could deal with the situation personally. She was as shocked and bewildered as only a well brought up innocent young woman could possibly be. She swore on the Holy Bible that she'd mailed the cheque in good time, which was true of course. The self-same cheque was currently between the pages of his wife's diary, just waiting to be "found".

While she was struggling and gasping over his desk like a large, red-bottomed fish he'd then taken the opportunity to further castigate her for lying. He was so happy with the result that he re-applied several more strokes to her squirming backside for "lying on the Good Book." She really was in quite a state by the time he called a halt to proceedings. She'd calmed down a little now but replaying the incident in his mind only seemed to inflame the Man of God even further.

He was harder now, much harder. His fist was pumping up and down as he took in the woman's delightfully chastised buttocks and upper thighs and it was only by a supreme effort of will that he managed to desist before the inevitable. Instead he turned back to the report and forced himself to concentrate on that instead. Miss Janice Yvette Marshall, refusal to pay the tithe in a timely manner, six strokes of the strap, carried on this the sixth day of July of the Lord's year etc, etc, signed by himself. He did so with a flourish. The reports were largely for his own titillation and to reflect upon at a later date but also served as a justification for punishing his Parishioners.

He took out his phone and went to photograph the woman's glowing backside, strictly for record keeping purposes before returning to his chair which he pulled away from the desk before settling himself down in it comfortably. He unzipped himself again and again took his cock out before calling over to the sobbing young woman still obediently stood in the corner of the room.

"Time for you to start paying the price for your crime, Miss Marshall. I'd like you to join me over here please and start displaying your personal contrition in a suitable manner."

The Reverend Thompson smiled as she stumbled over towards him, her make-up ruined and her red hair plastered to her tearful cheeks. The look on her face as she saw his not inconsiderable manhood displayed for the first time was also most stimulating. He lifted it slightly so that she was under no illusion about what he required from her. Would she refuse, would her natural revulsion and modesty prevail?

He watched fascinated as the situation played out. Robin Thompson did so enjoy situations like this. On the one hand he would very much like to have his thick cock sucked by the pretty, young woman. But almost equally he was not averse to placing over his knee and reigniting the smouldering fires that he'd lit earlier in her backside. Which would she choose? Slowly she edged nearer to him and then slumped obediently to her knees; defeat etched all over her pretty little face. Happily he took a hold of her silken hair and pulled her even closer.

If he wasn't very much mistaken it wouldn't be long before her face was covered in something else other than shame and humiliation.

Chapter 15

Anna Storey licked her lips and looked at the five women sat on their chairs on the slightly raised dais above her. Like her they were all dressed in their Sunday Best clothes, leather shoes, hose, skirts and blouses or long modest dresses with prim, buttoned up, plain cardigans for the woman and suits and ties for the two men. They women were even wearing hats. Anna had drawn the line at a hat and instead was wearing one of her more formal work suits although she'd taken care to wear a skirt suit rather than one of her pant suits.

In fact, when she thought about it she couldn't remember the last time she'd even worn a pant suit to work or anywhere else for that matter. They weren't banned exactly like the hijab had been, but women wearing trousers to traditional employment was certainly frowned upon. Nobody nowadays for example would have considered wearing a pair of trousers, even very expensive, designer trousers to Church. So that was why Anna sat nervous and apprehensive in her smart skirt and blazer while five unsmiling, middle-aged face glared down at her.

"You know why you're here, Mrs Storey," said Mrs Thompson sat in the centre of the five as befitted her role as leader of the Parish council.

"Yes I do,"

Anna managed to keep her voice as moderate as possible. There was no sense in antagonising anyone at the present moment, although inside she was fuming. These horrible people, these New Government-supporting goons had in effect taken her daughter from her. Anna hated the New Government with a passion, although she tried very hard to hide it that still didn't alter the reality of the situation. She'd been a staunch but silent supporter of the Women's Equality Party almost to the very end and their demise had saddened her.

Crucially though her name had never appeared on any membership list, unlike some of her less circumspect friends and therefore she'd never been sent away to be "re-educated" in order to be assimilated back into the community like a large percentage of them had. But that narrow escape still hadn't diminished her hatred for the new patriarchal ruling Party. If anything it had intensified it. She kept it quiet at work though and even her husband wasn't really aware of her depth of hatred for the New Government.

Mark, she was sad to say was one of those guys who wasn't particularly interested in politics just as long as he was left alone to have a drink with his friends after work and watch the football on a Saturday he seemed to be quite happy. But then she could also see why, his life had improved thanks to the male-dominated New Government whereas hers hadn't. So she couldn't resent him particularly. But she could resent the members of the Moral Welfare Council, especially the female ones, who were sat in judgement of her right now.

She knew them all of course, wealthy, middle-aged. Middle-class busybodies with nothing better to do on a Wednesday morning than interrogate her in that pompous, self-righteous way that they had. She particularly knew the large woman sat on that old witch, Mrs Thompson's right side. Barbara bloody Turner was the reason that Anna was here, while they were all here in fact. It was five against one; Mark hadn't even been invited to attend. Some nonsense about it being more her responsibility than his apparently.

The "it" of course being the fact that her darling daughter, Caitlin had been removed from school and sent to a spiritual retreat in order to re-think her role in society. This sort of foolish thing would never, ever have been allowed under the old ruling regime. The sheer wanton stupidity of it wouldn't have even been contemplated thought Anna, mutinously trying valiantly not to let her emotions show. "Re-think" her role? She was 18 years old, what had she done so wrong in that short number of years that it had to be re-thought?

Anna tried to calm herself; she had to be cool and composed if only for the sake of her daughter. She looked up at the row of impassive, unsympathetic faces ranged above her. This was like being in a court of law apart from the fact that she had no legal aid or indeed support of any kind. It was just her against them. She took a deep breath and tried to organise her thoughts.

"I see that you paid no attention to the Council's earlier warning regarding your daughter's behaviour, Mrs Storey. What do you have to say for yourself?"

Anna swallowed, fighting down the angry retort that was in her mind.

"I'm afraid that I don't agree with you, Caitlin's behaviour has been exemplary."

There was a slight intake of breath from someone on the panel.

"Exemplary you say? Pretending to be asleep during an important lecture from a respected Council member is hardly respectful behaviour is it? Or do you think that sort of thing is acceptable? Is that lack of respect for authority commonplace in your home young woman?"

Anna flushed a little; there was no denying that charge.

"I don't believe she was pretending, maybe she was just genuinely tired and it was warm in the hall?"

"Or maybe you had allowed her to stay up past her recommended bed time? Isn't that nearer the mark?"

“No, no it isn’t!” Anna flushed angrily again. Although in reality she often allowed Caitlin to stay up longer than the mandated 10pm. She was an 18 year old woman for goodness sake, not a child!

“And her more recent misbehaviour, attending school improperly dressed, not completing homework that was set for her?”

Anna bit her lip angrily. Caitlin wearing her school tie slightly loose was not exactly the crime of the century was it? And she hadn’t forgotten her homework, she’d taken it to school but somehow it had gone missing there and the teacher hadn’t marked it.

“I don’t believe that justifies sending Caitlin to a spiritual retreat without my permission,” Anna heard herself say.

This time there were more than a few voices muttering their disapproval.

“So you think that the Church shouldn’t have the authority to discipline a member of its own flock, Mrs Storey? Especially when that member has strayed so obviously?”

Anna swallowed nervously again, she was on dangerous ground now. In fact her husband had warned her about this very situation and suggested that she apologise and say no more than was absolutely necessary. But she just couldn’t help herself; Caitlin had been treated abominably by these people, the very people sitting in judgement on her right now. Natural emotion was one thing but she knew that challenging the authority of the Church was quite another thing altogether.

Barbara Turner gloated inwardly. The stupid, arrogant young woman had stepped right into the trap. Rather than tears of remorse and heartfelt apologies and appeals for clemency, the arrogant slut had challenged the authority of the Moral Welfare Council in the presence of witnesses. She had hoped for this sort of reaction, but this had exceeding her expectations. She leaned forward expectantly waiting for Anna Storey’s reply.

“Erm...no, I mean y...yes. The Church should have the authority, but it should use that authority wisely. I mean her tie wasn’t quite fastened up to the top button of her blouse but...”

“Are you now claiming that the Church abuses its authority, Mrs Storey? Because that’s a very serious accusation that has to be addressed.”

It was all Barbara could do to prevent herself from laughing out loud at the naive foolishness of the young woman. In fact it was the opportunity that she had been waiting for, but that she’d never believed for a moment that it was going to turn out like this.

Chapter 16

Caitlin Storey sobbed quietly to herself hoping fervently that her distress wouldn't be construed as some sort of defiance or, God-forbid, resistance. She'd heard those words so regularly and heard them applied to herself so many times that her head was spinning. Each and every time that she was accused of either of those two ill-defined crimes, her bottom had paid the price. She'd only been at St Mungo's for two weeks but they were by far the most miserable weeks of her life.

When she was taken out of school and away from her family and sent the thirty or so miles to St Mungo's it had been described to her as a "spiritual retreat", somewhere safe where she could get her thoughts and her attitude back into some sort of order, almost like a spa break where she could relax and meditate. That had been her first thought anyway. Somewhere quiet and calm, she'd miss her mum of course but maybe that's what she needed for a few days, a little bit of "me time"?

However the truth had been horribly, radically different to what she had expected. St Mungo's was more like a prison than a retreat, a prison for those that local Parish councils had decided to send anyone they considered to be a troublemaker. And Caitlin, despite her blemish-free school record seemed to have mysteriously fallen into that category. Her day now consisted of endless talks and lectures by religious lay people and nuns and long hours of physical labour around the large collection of buildings and land that constituted the retreat.

And all that was interspersed by regular bouts of discipline, intense bouts of physical discipline that almost always led to her bottom being striped or reddened by a variety of implements. In her first week, Caitlin was beaten at least twice a day every day, and that wasn't including her introductory caning at the hands of the harsh Irish nun that meted out official discipline at the retreat. She was a large, buxom woman who actually looked like a farmer's jolly, red-cheeked wife but who was in reality was a cold hearted sadist who clearly enjoyed her work.

Caitlin had been strapped over what was described to her as a birching hurdle and simply thrashed by the muscular, enthusiastic woman until her voice had cracked from the volume of shrieks emanating from her throat. And that, as the Irish woman had taken pleasure in pointing out to Caitlin was for nothing that she'd done wrong but merely an indication of what would happen to her if she was tempted to step out of line during her time at the retreat.

Later in that same day she had the palms of her hands strapped with a thick black belt for "not paying attention" and the backs of her bare legs slapped for reasons that weren't made clear to her at the time by a tall, thin angry looking man in the starched white collar of a vicar. And ever since that first terrible day she'd been walking on eggshells, trying desperately to please her instructors and show that she was learning her lesson.

But no matter how hard she tried it seemed that, for the moment at least, her best just wasn't good enough. She sat to attention, hands on her lap, head up chest out, her hands on her lap and her feet flat on the ground watching whoever was lecturing her as intently as she could. She nodded her head at the right times to demonstrate that she was taking it all in. But even then she was regularly called to the front to have the ruler applied to her bottom or her face slapped for something or other.

And that was how her mornings, from 8am to 1pm were taken up. In the afternoon from 2pm until 6pm she was put to work polishing and cleaning on her hands and knees as if her life depended on just how efficiently she could scrub a particular piece of tiling or put a shine on some already spotless artefact. Although to be fair it wasn't her actual life that was at stake, just the state of her bruised, wealed, corrugated buttocks and thoroughly reddened thighs.

All the "Retreaters" as they were euphemistically known wore a very short, pleated grey skirt, blue panties and short white ankle socks which left their legs bare and very easy to smack, Caitlin soon realised. Their uniform such as it was, was completed by a long-sleeved white blouse buttoned and collar and cuffs and a pair of scruffy black canvas shoes with rubber soles. Which could and very often did impart a tremendous volume of noise and a dreadful sting when applied to the bottom of their wearers.

The outfit looked fairly juvenile even on Caitlin who was among the youngest in the Retreat, but on the older more mature women it looked absolutely stupid, helping to render them immature and foolish even before they were bent over, touching their toes and waiting to be punished. And that was Caitlin's life now, an unrelenting cycle of lectures, drudgery and corporal punishment. She didn't even know how long she would be staying at the Retreat. A time had never been specified; apparently she would be staying until the Retreat considered her to have repented.

Chapter 17

Swiiish!

“Owwwwowow.”

Robin Thompson nodded appreciatively as the cane struck its intended target. The girl was learning, no doubt about that. He leaned forward to make a slight adjustment, brushing against her small breasts as he did so, but she was too excited to notice.

“It’s all in the hips, Leanne, all in the hips.”

He put both hands on that particular part of the young woman’s anatomy to make his point.

“See, swivel as you strike. The power is in your hips, not your arm. Can you feel it, hey?”

The Reverend Thompson purposefully didn’t squeeze himself into her as he continued his demonstration. He would have liked to of course, but had he done so even that naive young woman would have been able to “feel it,” his engorged penis that was. He could just imagine settling in between that delightful little cleft in her buttocks and...

“Ohh yes, sir. That does feel better.”

Leanne Adams was a delightful student he realised, polite, enthusiastic and willing to learn. And, if he wasn’t mistaken, the possessor of a certain streak of malice.

Swiiish!

“Ahhh...ahh, please.”

“Hmm, that’s very good for a beginner, Leanne. The cane is quite a difficult implement to master. Let’s move back to the strap shall we?”

He replied, studiously ignoring the weeping woman bent over the back of the sofa in his office. Her name was Harris, Jane Harris and she was as plain as her name would suggest. She was one of his parishioners apparently, not that he remembered her. But according to his dear wife the woman and her friend currently standing by his desk had been rude to Leanne in the course of her duty and as they both agreed, a humble parishioner couldn’t be allowed to get away with that blatant piece of disrespect to the Church.

Now, this was more like it. The woman stood oppressively by his desk in just her blouse and knickers was blonde, blue-eyed Carol Lawrence. He’d had his eye on her for some time; she was a damned attractive older filly, just his type in fact. And now here she was blubbering most attractively and promising to mend her ways. She would of course, under his expert tutelage but at the moment young Leanne was going to be taught how to strap he hands of a miscreant in the most painful ways possible.

“Hold out your hands please, Mrs Lawrence. That’s right, palms upwards facing the ceiling, that’s good.”

The blonde woman gave a barely audible but nevertheless amusing little sniff of self pity. At one time the Man of God may have responded to that with a certain amount of his own mercy, but nowadays he was wise to all their tricks. Instead he picked up his 18” long brown leather strap and ran it lovingly through his fingers. If only this strip of malevolent leather could speak, he often thought. The stories it could tell! He draped he strap over his own right shoulder and went to stand in front of the weeping woman.

He looked her in the face, drinking in her obvious shame and fear. How amusing it was to strap a miscreant’s hands for her while looking her full in the face. He paused for a second to make sure that his young pupil was watching. He needn’t have worried; Leanne was staring in rapt attention as he took a firm grip on the handle. Carol Lawrence’s hands had begun to tremble; he gave it five more seconds and then brought the strap slashing down across both of them.

It was a very firm, very accurate shot and it evidently caused the elegant woman a great deal of pain. Three facts that he was quite willing to acknowledge and take credit for. He was after all a self-acknowledged master of his trade, and he’d certainly had plenty of practise. In fact he realised, he really was the ideal mentor for people like young Miss Adams who seemed to be enjoying herself well enough. Perhaps he could advertise his services in the Church Times?

He caught the eye of his wife sat sewing in the corner of the room and they both smiled. Did any man have a more understanding wife than he did? Having Leanne punish Harris and Lawrence was Bernice’s idea, and it had been beautifully planned and executed, he didn’t mind admitting. The ostensible reason was the further education of Leanne Adams, but in reality both of them knew that it was as much about reminding the two thirty-something parishioners of their places anything else. That and stimulating him of course, which was the most important thing, a favour that he intended to repay her with interest that same evening.

The van arrived on the dot at 6pm. Blinking back the tears; Anna Storey pulled the curtain closed and went put into the hall. Her husband was already there looking grim and unhappy. By the door was her suitcase and her jacket. She was dressed in her smart office attire as instructed in the letter.

“Dear Mrs Storey

This is to inform you that due to your intransigence, your lack of parental guidance and your refusal to respect the authority of your local Moral Welfare Council you are to be confined to His Majesty’s Prison Shipton for a period of no less than six months. Please dress respectfully and wait in your house until you are picked up at 6pm by uniformed officers from HMP Shipton. You are allowed one small case of personal effects.

Mrs B Thompson

Chair: Shipton Moral Welfare Council.”

Silently the two of them hugged until they were interrupted by an impatient rapping at their door.

“Look after yourself darling. It’s only six months. I’ll be here waiting for you when you get out, don’t worry.”

Anna hugged Mark harder and started to cry. Oh God! What was going to happen to her?

Over on the other side of the street from behind a twitching net curtain, Barbara Turner watched with a certain amount of pleasure as the prison warders handcuffed Anna Storey’s hands behind her back before bundling her into their waiting van. The first part of her plan had worked out quite beautifully, the brat sent to a spiritual retreat for a period and the rude, arrogant mother sent to prison where she belonged.

She had such plans for the pair of them! Now it only remained...

The gentle touch of the hand on her bare bottom made her jump a little, although she was half expecting it if she was honest.

“Are you coming back to bed Barby?” Asked the voice. “I’m missing you; it’s boring on my own.”

The slightly whiny, petulant tone made Barbara smile. She was such a tease!

“We can go and see the brat at St Mungo’s if you like? I can arrange that easily enough if that’s what you want? Now, please come back to bed.”

Barbara half turned as the prison van drove away and kissed her lover full on the lips. Bernice reciprocated by squeezing her tongue into Barbara’s mouth. The two hugged tightly before stumbling and falling onto the bed giggling like two lovesick teenagers.

The End