

STATE ORPHANAGE 17

CHARLES RYDER

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

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Chapter 1

Annabelle sat at her desk almost at attention. The heels of her sensible black shoes were firmly planted on the floor, side by side. Her hands were folded neatly on her lap. Her back was as straight as she could make it. Her head was fixed firmly at the blackboard at the front of the classroom. She forced herself to concentrate as the man standing at the front of the room droned on in his flat, toneless voice. There would probably be a brief test at the end, there usually was. Failing those sorts of tests was classed as 'not paying attention', and punished accordingly. Before, in her old life, punishments as far as she was concerned consisted mainly of being grounded or at a push, having her mobile phone confiscated for the evening. Her mummy and daddy, in fact most of the adults she encountered, were kind, loving people and would never have dreamed of punishing her in the manner to which she'd become accustomed at State Orphanage 17.

She blinked rapidly to avoid tears forming, she simply daren't raise her hand to do so. That would be described as 'inattention' and be punished accordingly. Nowadays, in her new life, she tried to think of her devoted mummy and daddy as little as possible. Doing so usually ended in tears and a reprimand, or worse, from one of the uniformed overseers. She even missed her old sister, Clara. The two of them used to bicker and argue terribly, but now she would have given almost anything to see her again. The man at the board, Mr Herbert turned to face the class. He was a short, plump little fellow who was prematurely losing his hair. The sort of teacher Annabelle and her chums would have mocked relentlessly at her former school.

The idea of mocking Mr Herbert, or indeed any of the teachers at State Orphanage 17, was so absurd as to be almost amusing. In fact, to take her mind off her family, she imagined standing up and telling the rest of her form mates that Mr Herbert was a silly, ugly little man and the worst teacher she'd ever had in her life. The sheer unlikeliness of that happening almost made her smile. But with Mr Herbert now scanning his pupils, smiling and catching his attention wouldn't be good. She hadn't been at State College 17 very long, but even she knew that. She tried to sidle her eyes downwards without moving her head. It didn't work.

"Spencer!"

She leapt to her feet, bum in tits out, head up, arms folded behind her back as she'd been taught.

"Kindly tell us what the first paragraph of Amendment 4a to the 2022 Payback Act says?"

She felt her stomach sink like a stone. She couldn't remember, she muttered something unconvincing and stood there red-faced while the man retrieved his long cane from his drawer. She was called out to the front and endured a finger-wagging scolding before receiving one of Mr Herbert's 'special sixers'. A stroke of his swishy cane to each of her soft palms and then four strokes across the meat of her backside over her too-tight school knickers. Until she'd been enrolled into the State Orphanage system she'd never known what the term 'sadist' meant. But she knew now. Just one look at the pleasure in Mr Herbert's podgy little face as he raised his stick to shoulder height confirmed the fact. Once he'd finished, she was allowed to cry. As she stood sore and ashamed in the corner with her hands on her head she heard him call the next victim to her feet.

Normally, Ray Prentice sat and masturbated to the personal records of the new arrivals who would shortly be entrusted to his care. Today though, it was been done for him. A golden-haired girl was on her knees sucking away enthusiastically at his engorged cock. She wasn't particularly good at it, well not yet anyway. But Ray was determined that practise, and his paddle, would ultimately make perfect. He leaned down and pulled the teenager's mouth off him and gently slapped her rosy-red cheek.

"It's the underside of it that's more sensitive, you silly little girl! How many more times?"

He slapped her other cheek just a little more firmly to emphasise his point before sliding back between her lips.

"Yeth, thir. Thorry, thir," she mumbled.

"Just get on with it!"

Really, the youth of today had no idea!

Although, he thought ruefully, who would have imagined a couple of years ago that he'd be in this position, complaining that a pretty, entitled 18 year olds blow job wasn't quite good enough? His rise from paper-shuffling Council worker to his present position, head of State Orphanage 17 had been meteoric. Until the Revolution he'd led a quiet, unassuming life. He was married, the kids had grown up and left home and he was merely seeing out his dull, unrewarding job until his pension appeared. But, in one of those weird twists of fate, his boss at the Council had married the local area representative of the People's Government. He'd always got on with Annette, they were both fierce believers in Socialism and racial equality. Despite his mild exterior he'd often been on marches and protests, waving placards and demanding social justice.

The two of them would often engage in long discussions about how the present system was wrong and how the rich should be made to pay, and indeed to suffer, for all their previous sins. Their inherited wealth, their assets, made no doubt at the expense of ordinary working people should be appropriated by the State and re-distributed. At the time those strongly-held ideas and beliefs seemed nothing but a pipe-dream. A pleasantly diverting pipe-dream, but nevertheless still an unobtainable fantasy despite, in Ray's case his utter conviction that he was right and the rich, the hated 1%, should be made to pay. The chaos that the country seemed to be falling into only served to support his beliefs. A long National pandemic had exacerbated the growing gap between the rich and the poor, the undeserving elite and the proletariat. The newspapers had even started printing articles and pictures of the wealthy sunning themselves on tropical beaches while the rest of the population suffered in the cold, lock downed Mainland.

It was during this time that Annette married John Tanner, a local black politician who specialised in racial equality. He had a devoted following who supported his every pronouncement. He was a big supporter of the Payback proposition, where the elite would be required to make financial restitution to the rest of the population. Ray soon became involved in his organisation, spreading the word with almost religious fervour. Suddenly he had a point to his life. He distributed leaflets and knocked on doors almost every evening and weekend. The reception he got when he spoke to people was becoming more anti-government and more receptive to a People's Government. Change was in the air, Ray could smell it.

When the Revolution came it was quite bloodless. As if the population just wanted a change from all that had gone on before. The financial struggles that so many had endured had worn them down. They wanted change, but they also wanted a scapegoat. Suddenly, a People's Government made absolute sense. The current, exhausted government offered no alternative and they were replaced by those who had loudly demanded that the elite should be punished for their mistakes. John Tanner was elected as area representative, his wife Annette became the local Council leader, and their good friend and loyal supporter, Ray Prentice, was elevated to the leadership of State Orphanage 17. At first he was a little reluctant. He'd never managed or run anything in his life. He had no experience of business or management. Annette smiled when he told her this.

"Who cares?" was her blunt response. "We can easily employ bean counters and orphanage staff. What John and I really want is a man we can trust in charge. A life-long party member, a man who's devoted his life to the cause. Does that ring any bells?"

And that's all it had taken. Now he had his own office, a nice company car and five times his previous salary. And, while that was most acceptable, his real perk was his undisputable position as head of State Orphanage 17. He didn't have a boss as such, he wasn't answerable to any board of directors. He ultimately reported to Annette, and she'd given him a completely free hand. In return for certain favours, but wasn't that how things were done everywhere nowadays? He was limited solely by his budget. He was given a fixed sum of money, reparations from the grateful parents of his pupils in most cases. A lump sum taken from their bank accounts when their daughters were admitted to one of the State Orphanages.

He didn't have to pay his staff of course, they were State Employees on good salaries and gold-plated pensions. The budget was for food, uniforms, classroom equipment and the like. Ray soon realised that every penny saved meant a penny more in the kitty and acted accordingly. A good portion of his working

day was spent on spreadsheets carefully minimising his expenditure. Uniforms for example were washed and shared among the girls until they were literally beyond repair. Food had to be carefully monitored as it was his greatest expense, the heating system had to be turned right down to the lowest level possible in the classrooms and the public areas, not in his office or the staff rooms, obviously. That wouldn't make any sense.

He twitched a little as the desperate girl kneeling between his legs managed to stimulate a particularly sensitive spot. The problem now, if you could call it a problem, was that he was coming a little blasé. At first the mere idea of putting his cock in the mouth of an over-privileged daughter of the hated elite was almost enough to make him ejaculate. It was, if he was being honest, an image that he'd kept in his head when he was fucking his wife in their increasingly fewer periods of intimacy. The first time he'd been sucked off by some posh girl he'd come very, very quickly. While in the past during his previous sexual endeavours that may have been cause for a certain amount of embarrassment, he soon realised however that the girl was terrified. A sharp word, a good slapped bottom, and a time spent standing in the corner of his office worked wonders. Ten minutes later he was back, invading every nook and cranny of her mouth and throat. This time it took considerably longer to spurt his seed into her.

He glanced at the Rolex on his wrist, another gift from a grateful parent. He had a meeting in thirty minutes. He reached down again and took the girl by her hair. He pulled her off his cock and was rewarded with a little squeal. He looked into her baby-blue, tear-filled eyes, Miranda Carrington was one of his new favourites. Not only snooty and entitled, but quite delicious as well. He wiped away a plump tear with one finger.

"You've got five minutes to make me cum, girl. For every minute that you take longer than that, I'm going to paddle your bare bottom for a minute."

He guided her back onto his erection, and she rapidly set to work. Let no one say he wasn't a reasonable man. He was giving her fair warning. He picked up his sheaf of personal records and flicked through them again. Every girl had a picture from the side and a frontal one. Under that was a potted history of her life to date. In effect it was a history of her family, their wealth and their connections. The majority of the girls, and they were all girls, came from within a thirty mile radius of State Orphanage 17. In the next town there was a similar State Orphanage for boys which served a similar purpose. he'd been offered his choice, but it was an easy decision. He picked out one record that caught his eye and looked at it more closely. That was another name that looked familiar. He smiled and reached for his phone.

Phoebe McDonald shivered as the minibus passed through the arch, leaving the crisp winter sun behind her. The other girls on the bus looked as apprehensive as she felt. All five of them had come straight from juvenile court. It had only taken a matter of minutes to process all of them. There was no legal mechanism as such, to be honest there didn't need to be. All of them had been consigned to State Orphanage because, in the eyes of the law at least, they were orphans. Not in the acknowledged sense of not having parents. All the 18 to 20 year old girls in State Orphanage 17 had parents and the majority had older siblings. However, all of them, all those '1 percenter's' who were over the age of 21, were currently serving periods of time in penal colonies. Thus, the girls were technically orphans and therefore the responsibility of the State.

The State took this sort of thing quite seriously. The propaganda department had shot reels of film extolling the joys of State Orphanages and emphasising the caring, nurturing side of the People's Government. Their parents might well be enemies of the State and therefore the enemies of the people, was the message. But look how we take care of their children for them? Cue films of happy, smiling teenagers in nice airy buildings being entertained by attentive orphanage staff. Phoebe had seen films, they all had. It was required viewing nowadays and those sorts of films were often shown on prime time TV slots. Despite this, the dark forbidding exterior of State Orphanage 17 didn't exactly fill the five girls with joy. This apparently was to be their home until their various family members were reformed, whatever that meant.

The van doors were flung open.

"Out, out"

Uniformed men and women were banging on the side of the van with sticks. Hurriedly the girls got to their feet and filed out. The girls had been instructed to dress 'respectfully' for their court appearance and had on smart dresses or skirts and blouses. Trousers or jeans were a thing of the past for them. Almost immediately, Phoebe felt a hand go under her skirt and cup her bottom cheek through her knickers.

"Hmmm, nice," whispered a male voice in her ear.

She tried to pull away but received a sharp rap across her backside with his cane.

"Girls here at Number 17 should never try to resist an officer," he barked at her in a rough voice.

He took her by the backside again and steered her up the steps and into the austere building almost at a trot. Around her she could see that the other girls were being similarly manhandled. One large girl, dressed in what looked like a school blazer, was being led by the ear by a grim-faced young woman. They were herded through corridors and eventually stood looking up at a large desk. Each had to confirm their name, address and age before being logged on to the computer system. Then, almost at a trot again, they were led to large empty room manned by one man. On his long table he had five boxes with five names on them.

"Strip!" He said, "and put your rags in the boxes provided."

The girls hesitated for a second. Had they heard correctly? Take their clothes off in front of a man? At 18, Phoebe would never dream of voluntarily removing her clothes in front of a man.

"NOW!" Bellowed the aggressive, shaven-headed man.

Hurriedly, the girls obeyed. Unbuttoning and unzipping and kicking off their shoes until they stood in their knickers and little bras in front of an crowd of amused overseers.

"What don't you ladies understand by the term 'strip'?"

"Strip in Number 17 means EVERYTHING!"

A couple of the girls had already started to weep. As she turned to them she heard a whistle and then a terrific crack as a cane was applied to her bottom. She shrieked but nevertheless hurried to unfasten her training bra. The others immediately followed her lead and soon the room was full of the sound of weeping girls. Once again they were pushed and prodded out of the room and into a large, open shower. The ever-growing audience of overseers simply stood and watched as they struggled to produce a lather from the cheap bits of carbolic soap. The water, lukewarm at best, quickly ran out leaving the girls to gasp and shiver under cold water until they were ordered out. Each was given a threadbare little towel and then, when they were dry, a paper gown that tied at their necks and waist but clearly displayed their bottoms.

They were then taken to a corridor and made to stand, in alphabetical order outside a door marked 'Doctor'. Phoebe was second last to go in, leaving one tall, dark-haired girl behind her. The others hadn't reappeared and she assumed they'd been taking somewhere else. The doctor, a large, elderly man looked her up and down and licked his lips. What followed was perhaps the most humiliating minutes of her young life. Phoebe had never been seen by a male doctor, but he made no allowance for her age or inexperience. He ran a battery of tests, most of which involved him holding a part of her naked body while he did so. Her heart, lungs, pulse, tongue, eyes, and ears were all thoroughly checked and measured as necessary. Then she had to remove her gown and stand legs apart while he simply stared at her. He ordered her to turn her back to him and then bend over and clasp her ankles. She cried, bitter tears of humiliation that ran down her nose and deposited themselves on the tiled floor.

She heard the snap of a latex glove and then felt a large finger run down the length of her labia.

"Any trouble here, miss? Because I know what you young girls are like."

"No," she shook her head numbly.

He slapped her naked bottom.

"That's, no, doctor. As far as you're concerned. Let's try again shall we, but politely this time?"

She gasped a little as his hand relit the cane weal on her backside.

"No, doctor."

His hand returned and the finger slid backwards and forward down her little furrow.

"Are you, sure?"

The wandering digit inserted itself a little.

"Yes, d...doctor."

"Are you a virgin?"

She was quite shocked. Of course she was!

"Yes, doctor."

"Do you masturbate?"

She felt herself blush quite violently and wondered if he could tell from where he stood.

"N...no, doctor," she whispered.

She knew some of her friends did, and she knew what it was. They'd all had excited discussions about it.

"Hmmm, just let me make a note. Stay as you are please."

A couple of minutes later she heard the click of a camera lens as she was photographed in all her exposed, humiliated glory.

"Take a buttock cheek in each hand and pull them apart. I need further pictures for my records."

Weeping silently, she obeyed. She'd already experienced the pain of insubordination. She was then turned around to face him and then had to hold her sex apart while he photographed her doing so. Eventually it was over. He ushered her out by another door and she was led, snivelling to her next appointment. A row of strict looking women handed out various items of clothing which she gathered in her arms. At the end was another little room where a man in a suit, rather than a uniform, sat in a comfortable chair holding a video camera.

"Come and stand in front of me, girl, and introduce yourself. When I say so, give me your full name, your age, and where you were born. And then answer any questions that I might ask you, understood? Put your new uniform on the floor for a second."

She nodded shyly, holding her paper robe around her as if it was some sort of life-preserver, and carefully placed her new clothes on the floor.

"And I'd advise you to answer when an official speaks to you, girl. And don't forget to call me, or any other gentleman, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"Good, and did you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

He held up the camera so that it was pointing at her, "carry on please."

She blinked a little as she was illuminated by a bright light from the camera.

"Erm...my name is Phoebe McDonald, I'm 18, and I was born in Middleton...sir."

"What were your mother and father's names?"

She looked at him blankly for a second, her parents were still alive...weren't they?

"Err...Michaela and Robin, sir."

"Do you know where they are now?"

She sniffed slightly. "I th...think they've gone to a Penal Colony, sir."

"You are a clever girl, your former school said you were. Do you know why they've been sent there?"

Annabelle felt a single tear slide down her cheek.

"I'm not really sure, sir," she whispered.

"It's because they're bad people, Phoebe. They've acquired a great deal of money in various illegal ways, at the expense of the genuine working classes. That wasn't very nice, was it?"

"N...no, sir."

She wasn't aware that her parents had a great deal of money, or even if they'd acquired it illegally or not. They didn't appear to have more money than any of her friends. She thought about asking the man how much a great deal of money actually was, but then decided against it.

The man looked at her through the lens for a little while.

"You've been a good girl, .You may get dressed."

She looked around for the room to get changed in, but the man said nothing. With a sinking feeling she realised that she was to change in front of the camera. Slowly she unfastened her medical gown and let it slide to the floor. She hunted through the pile on the floor until she found a pair of knickers. The only pair available were some ancient looking, old-fashioned ones that looked more like navy blue shorts than what she was used to. She pulled them up her legs, they were stiff and scratchy and felt like they'd been washed a hundred times, but nevertheless they were better than nothing. She searched for a bra, but soon realised there wasn't one. Nonplussed she picked up a white blouse. It was nylon and felt as if it had been laundered half to death. It was short-sleeved and thin, almost see-through. It did have however a very stiff collar and cuffs which she could only button with some difficulty. Next she picked up a grey, sack-like item which she worked out went over her head and buttoned at the shoulders. The skirt went almost down to her knees, on the yoke across her chest was a badge and some writing she couldn't read. Quickly she put on some short white-ish socks and some scuffed, plain, black ballet flats.

She looked down, there was still one item. Some sort of school tie, she assumed, bright red and a little bit frayed at the edges. She looped it and tied it around her neck with the assurance of someone who'd attended a good private school. The man turned off the camera and got to his feet. He stretched and then pointed at a door that was behind her.

"Go back in there and wait. Don't speak to anyone, just wait until I'm ready."

Fifteen minutes later the door opened and in came the fifth girl, ushered in by the man. Phoebe could see that she'd been crying.

"Stand in a line opposite me please, girls. Shortest on the left, tallest on the right. That's right. First things first. My name is Mr Dawson, I'm your Housemaster. We'll be getting to know each other very well over the coming days"

He smiled at them showing his slightly discoloured teeth. Phoebe wasn't sure why he was smiling. Had he said something funny?.

"Now, you're first lesson. Standing at attention. Whenever someone in authority addresses you, this is how you stand. Feet together, bottom in, tits out and head up looking straight ahead. Good, now put your hands by your sides, do you feel that seam in your gymslips? Your middle fingers must run down that seam."

They practised that several times. One of the smaller girls received a stroke of the cane which the man carried. She squealed a little but stiffened her back noticeably.

"We'll practise that some more and progress onto marching very soon. However for now you can accompany me on a brief tour. Stay close together girls. I wouldn't like any of you to get lost."

He smiled at his own little joke again.

Annabelle Spencer had been allowed out of her corner and was busily writing down her homework in an exercise book. Once that had been done she was allowed to leave with the rest of her form. A bell told them it was lunch time and they hurried down a gloomy corridor. As they got nearer the double swing-doors the usual smell assaulted their nostrils, a pungent mixture of cheap food, grease and disinfectant. Inside it was worse, a large, grim room furnished with tables and bench seats each long enough to accommodate one entire form. The girls had to queue alongside one small serving hatch while their meal was slowly doled out by a couple of surly-looking women more interested in last night's TV than working quickly. Annabelle held out her tray and a small plastic plate of food was dropped onto it. She thanked the woman politely and went back to her table where she lowered herself gently onto the unyielding wooden surface of the bench. her lunch consisted of a small portion of semi-mashed potato, maybe a single spoon of some sort of stew, and something green and unidentifiable. It smelled absolutely terrible. She picked up her small plastic spoon and brought the first mouthful of stew to her lips. God! What was it? Hesitantly she ate it, and gagged slightly. A quick glance around showed that none of the dinner ladies or monitors had noticed her reaction. She took a mouthful of the mashed potato, it was lumpy and gray and stone cold, as if it had been made a couple of hours ago and just left. The green substance was some sort of vegetable and had been cooked for so long that it just crumbled tastelessly in her mouth.

A couple of tables away she could see that one of the new girls was being pulled from her wooden bench and hauled to her feet by an irate monitor. She knew what was coming next, that had been her not long ago the new girl who couldn't face the awful food placed in front of her. The new girl who'd made a fuss. Sure enough, the hard-faced young monitor held the girls steady with one hand and with the other poured her lunch over her head so that the thin stew ran down her uniform and for a second the potato balanced comically on her head before falling to the floor with a soft splat. The tearful girl was then propelled to a corner and left. Annabelle knew from bitter experience that wasn't the end of the matter. After everyone else had eaten, the unfortunate girl would be ordered to clean up her mess and then report to her housemaster or mistress. Almost certainly that would mean some sort of a punishment, a caning perhaps or if she was lucky, just a strapping. And then at dinner time this evening another congealed portion of stew and mash would be placed before her.

Trying to ignore the smell of her gruel, Annabelle spooned the mush into her mouth and attempted to swallow without tasting. She drunk almost an entire glass of water, her ration for that meal, in her haste to flush it down. it didn't take long, the portion was tiny. Despite its foulness she scraped up every scrap. That was the rule, all food must be gratefully received and then finished completely. To leave even a tiny bit of food was to show that somehow a girl was too 'grand' to eat similar food to that of a poor or even a homeless person. And if there was one crime that the orphanage hated, it was that a girl thought too much of herself. She carried on chewing. Unfortunately her final mouthful had included a piece of disgusting gristle. She couldn't chew it anymore and yet she clearly couldn't spit it out, imagine the trouble she'd be in! Instead she had to force it down, semi-retching and heaving a she did so. Even when it was done she had to almost physically force herself to not vomit it all back up again. The clanging bell told them lunch was over, hurriedly they scrambled to deposit their tray and plates and spoons in their proper places. And then made their way silently to the domestic department at the other side of the orphanage.

Chapter 2

Ray Prentice strolled out of the staff dining-room , well-fed and satisfied. He was in a very good mood, he'd ending up ejaculating over the girl's upturned face and then wiping his cock in her golden hair. Then he'd ordered her over his desk, pulled up her gymslip, hauled down her knickers and paddled her bare bottom for five, long minutes. Well, to be fair, he had warned her what would happen if she didn't achieve her target. And like any good parent he always carried out his threats and honoured his promises. He'd watched, fascinated as her little peach of a bottom changed colour from alabaster white , to pink, to a deep vivid red. If he was honest he did prefer punishing fair-skinned girls. The blonde young lady hadn't disappointed him, indeed her shrieking and begging was like music to his ears. The offspring of the wealthy were learning that their life was no longer one of indolent pleasure.

Following that exertion he felt as if he'd earned his lunch. As he devoured his perfectly cooked pasta and a couple of glasses of excellent wine, he reread the particular record he'd brought with him from his office. Well. well. Phoebe McDonald, what a coincidence. He'd been at school with her father thirty or so years ago. Robin McDonald was a blustering bully even in those days, a loud-mouth, nasty kid who had gone on to somehow had inherit a great deal of money, although nobody really knew the details. His shrewish wife, Michaela, had used some of that wealth to achieve her ambition of being Middleton's right-wing MP in the old parliament. They were both, in Ray's opinion, an example of everything that was wrong with British society. He'd gone on to use his dirty money, stolen from the proletariat no doubt, to set up a little business empire which largely relied on screwing his own staff. Long hours and minimum wages seemed to be the McDonald motto. Ray could recall the ball of anger in his stomach whenever he thought about the McDonald's and their seemingly charmed existence. It was people like them who had set Ray on his political trajectory and convinced him, if he ever needed convincing, that his ideology was correct. The infuriating thing was that the McDonalds and their ilk seemed utterly untouchable.

But then came the Revolution which had seen Robin bloody McDonald and his bimbo wife rightly consigned to a penal colony. Even then, that seemed like letting the two of them off lightly. If the films were to be believed, some of the penal colonies were more like holiday camps than actual places of punishment. Even that annoyed him, and that's why he was determined that his own particular fiefdom, State Orphanage 17, would be a place to be feared by his teenage guests. And here, delivered to him on a plate, was the 18 year old daughter of his nemesis. He flicked through her file again. A nanny, a private prep school, a pony club membership, private tuition, violin lessons a very expensive public school, three holidays a year, even her own maid. The list of gilded privilege seemed endless. He looked at the picture of her smiling confidently at the camera lens, her school uniform, casual but clearly expensive , her immaculate hair, her perfect complexion. He looked at his watch, not long to wait now.

Caroline stood trembling in front of the angry woman. Just being in front of her was normally enough to set Caroline's tears flowing. But this time, she realised, she really had been naughty. Her white blouse and her hair still bore the stains of that awful food that had been dumped on her head so humiliatingly.

"You arrogant little bitch!" screamed Miss Abassi. "How dare you refuse any food that the orphanage sees fit to put in front of you?"

To emphasise he point the intimidating woman leaned down and slapped her roughly across the face. Caroline howled and rubbed her glowing cheek.

"Who do you think you are? Some little aristocrat being waited on hand and foot by servants?"

Another resounding slap followed the question.

"Well?"

"N...no, M..Miss Abassi. I'm sorry, Miss A...Abassi," stuttered the young woman.

The Asian woman grabbed her by her yellow tie and dragged her nearer so that their faces were inches apart.

"You're just a brat. A tiny, insignificant little brat!"

She slapped Caroline's other cheek.

"You need to get it out of your stupid little head that you are in any sense important."

Abassi enjoyed slapping the girls in her care. It was a very humiliating as well as painful punishment. In her opinion it helped bring home to the entitled little bitches their new place in the world. She transferred her grip from Caroline's hair and shook her angrily.

"I'm going to strap you, girl. You've let me down and you've let your House down, behaving like a spoiled child in the dining room!"

She shook Caroline by the hair again before dragging her across to an armchair in the corner of the room.

"Knickers down and kneel up, you know the drill."

Caroline did indeed know the drill, she'd been in this room and in this position several times already in her brief orphanage career. Miss Abassi was her House mistress and one of the strictest teachers in the orphanage. Clumsily she slipped her knickers down and over her shoes. She knelt with one knee on each arm of the chair and put her head into the seat cushion. She felt the woman turn her dress over her back and tried to brace herself

Whhhacck!

The thick leather belt wrapped itself around her bottom, she shrieked in pain.

Whhhacck!

Ohhhh, it hurt, it really hurt.

Whhhacck!

She shrieked again and her bottom bucked and gyrated, but she dared not put a hand back or show any sort of defiance. Miss Abassi watched as the girl's frantic squirming and lack of underwear exposed her sex.

Whhhacck!

She shook her head angrily, some of these Western girls had absolutely no shame! To make sure the girl wasn't enjoying her punishment in any way, she slipped her hand between the girl's thighs and ran a finger down her vaginal lips. Luckily for the little miscreant, she was bone dry.

Whhhacck!

The girl threw her head back and absolutely screamed. Ignoring her howling and begging, Miss Abassi used all her strength to deliver the final stroke which painted another red swathe across the teenager's bottom. There, that would teach her! She slowly walked around to the weeping teen, her heels clicking on the wooden floor. She pulled up the girl's head by her hair, enjoying her tears and the fearful look on her face.

"Should your excellent lunch go uneaten this evening, I shall bring you back up here and give you another six strokes of my strap, and then six with the senior cane. Do you understand me, Linwood-Davies?"

She lightly slapped the girl's head with every syllable and then, without waiting for a reply, leaned down and licked all the way down the side of Caroline's tearful face.

"And by the way, you may not change that blouse or wash that mess out of your hair until bedtime tonight. You need to learn your lesson, young lady."

Annabelle sat at her desk as she was required, silently and respectfully. Mrs Fitzgibbon, who sadly did have a certain simian look about her, was carefully explaining which detergents should best be used for which job. She had to fight hard not to yawn. Yawning would certainly not be considered 'respectful' and as such she would be punished. The thought made her shuffle her bottom slightly on her uncomfortable chair to try and relieve some of the pain caused by Mr Herbert's cane earlier that morning. Not too much of course, not enough to catch Mrs Fitzgibbon's eye. Domestic studies was Annabelle's least favourite subject, mainly because of her own background. Annabelle's full title was Lady Annabelle Spencer, not that she'd ever dream of using it nowadays. Even at her former school it wasn't a big deal, but at a State Orphanage it was like a red rag to a bull. Everyone, it seemed, was intent on making her suffer for having

the audacity to be born the daughter of a Lord. And nobody was more vindictive than the ladies who ran domestic studies.

Annabelle was always given the dirtiest, most degrading jobs to do and had her backside tanned at almost every opportunity. The grease trays from the fat fryers needed emptying? Call for Annabelle Spencer. Plug holes blocked with detritus, hair and God knows what? Annabelle would be simply told to get on with it and left to carry out the instruction on her own. For that reason she tried to be as well-behaved as possible during the lessons. She paid particular attention to the teachers and worked as hard as she could on her homework. So when she heard the words, 'the most important part of the course', she naturally sat up straight and listened.

"And now we come to the most important part of the course, the practical application of all you've learned here at the State Orphanage. Starting this afternoon you will be assigned to local houses in the vicinity. There you will be put to work on whatever job the mistress of the house decided is appropriate. You will work for two hours and then return back here. Each of you will be assessed and graded on your work, your appearance, and your attitude. A fail on any one of these will result in a visit to Mr Prentice and a very thorough punishment indeed. Am I making myself clear?

"Yes, miss," replied all the girls automatically.

So it was true, they'd heard rumours that they were farmed out to private homes to work in them.

"Should you be late for your appointment with the mistress of the house, or worse still, late back here from your place of work. I can promise you that you'll be severely thrashed. "

"Yes, miss," muttered the girls in unison.

All the details you need are on the relevant notice boards. Make sure you have all the relevant paperwork allowing you to be in the town. Make sure you have your permission slips signed. Class dismissed."

Phoebe was watching a PE lesson in open-mouthed astonishment. The girls were wearing a tiny, crop-topped T-shirts in their particular house colours, white plimsolls and a pair of the tightest, briefest white shorts she'd ever seen. Some of the more unfortunate, plumper girls looked as if their shorts had been painted on. She stood in the corner with her little group and stared as they were put through their paces, running, stretching, sit-ups, star-jumps, all sorts of physical exertion. Above them was a balcony in which a group of male teachers, she assumed, were closely following what was happening below. Judging by their laughter and crude comments they were very much enjoying what they saw.

"Ha-ha, look at the fat bitch waddling along at the back. She can hardly breathe!"

"How about the ugly ginger one? Yes, her with the glasses and the spots. Give her a bit of encouragement Jonno, for Christ's sake. Nobody else is going to!"

Phoebe cringed at the cruel name-calling. What sort of teachers were these anyway? She looked on horrified as the muscular gym teacher casually landed his gym-shoe on the bottom of the ginger-haired girl. Her howl of pain as it cracked resoundingly against the thin material of her shorts echoed around the gymnasium and was greeted with much amusement. The gym itself was quite small and airless. It was absolutely boiling in there, the girls were sweltering and sweating profusely. Their T-shirts were wet with perspiration, it was very clear that they weren't wearing bras or any sort of support. Their hair was flat and seemed plastered to their heads, their faces red with exertion.

While the new girls watched the PE lesson, Greg Dawson watched them. They weren't a bad-looking little bunch. He'd had better and he'd had worse. The one that did stand out was unfortunately out of bounds to him. She was tall and very good-looking, gleaming chestnut hair and large brown eyes, nice tits, just his type in fact. But he'd had a call from Ray that morning telling him about the McDonald girl, warning him off in effect. He couldn't really hold that against the man though. He'd known Ray for ages, he was a good bloke and a good boss. He gave all his staff plenty of leeway and always backed them to the hilt. Ray could pull his boss routine, it wasn't a problem. It was hardly as if he was hard done by. He was senior enough now to have almost his pick of the entitled little bitches after all. He'd just have to make someone else's life a misery instead.

Greg liked the gym, he liked to see the 1% girls sweat and suffer. After all, that's why they were here wasn't it? Their parents and their older siblings had been rightly consigned to various Penal Colonies. Why should their younger offspring get away scot-free? They'd had all the benefits of their parents' indiscretions after all? He himself on the other hand came from a very poor background. His father had been black and his mother was white. His father had abandoned them when Greg was born and his mother had been left to bring him up on his own. She'd tried her best, but various addictions and kids from other fathers had left the family forever teetering on the edge of disaster. He'd been in and out of foster homes and lived on the bread line for years. It wasn't until he was old enough to turn his own life around that he prospered. His background had pushed him towards socialism just as the People's Government was making great strides. That's where he'd met Ray Prentice and the rest, as they say, was history. He often smiled when he remembered he was the housemaster in a large State Orphanage despite having absolutely no qualifications. Power to the People, indeed.

They on the other hand, the arrogant, self-confident daughters of the ruling classes. The parasites, the blood-suckers, they merely skated through life. They'd never gone hungry or without anything in their pampered little lives. They'd never worked or even lifted a finger probably. And yet they had the audacity to look down on him and his kind. He was under no illusions, he was quite a good looking guy and in quite good shape, but bitches like these would never have given him the time of day in the past, in the olden days. They'd have expected him to run around after them, emptying their bins, and tidying their gardens. They might have flirted with him and patronised him, but he knew a guy like him was always just dirt on the bottom of their shoes.

Well now it was all change. The Revolution had been an outstanding success and for the people, the real people like him and Ray and their mates, well now it was their turn. With Phoebe out of bounds, his next choice was the fat blonde bint in the school blazer. He quite liked a chubby girl. It was part of the reason he enjoyed the gym, it was always funny watching a posh bird struggling and sweating. But a fat, posh bird struggling and sweating? Now that was something else. Also having a nice plump ass simply meant more of an expanse to paddle, more wobbling blancmange to redden. And, the clincher as far as he was concerned, it was a great opportunity to undermine the self-confidence of a vulnerable late-teenage girl. He'd watched as she blushed when the boys up in the gallery mocked the chubby girl in the PE lesson and that had made his mind up for him. These spoiled posh girls always had an insufferable air of arrogance about them. It was, he considered, his duty to relieve them of that.

"Time to go, girls. You've seen the lessons and a gym class. Time for something a little less entertaining I'm afraid."

He led them out of the gym and into the playing fields. On the pitch nearest to them a line of ten or so girls were on their hands and knees cutting the grass with small pairs of shears. Others were painting the white lines with short brushes, another group were busily collecting paper and debris and putting it in bin bags.

"These are known as chores, young ladies. Here at the State Orphanage you do your lessons in the morning, and your chores or manual work in the afternoon. It has been decided that it will do you all good to learn all about manual labour and to those ends the State Orphanage does not encourage the use of any labour-saving devices. All your work, theoretical and practical will be evaluated and scored. Any lapses in performance will be punished, any perceived lack of effort will be punished. You've led largely pointless, spoiled lives so far. All that ends today. The only way to avoid painful corporal punishment is to work very hard and give 100% whenever required to do so. The objective is to teach you all how to be useful, respectful wives for whichever gentleman does you the honour of marrying you."

And even that 100% won't be enough, he thought happily as he watched their frightened little faces.

"Follow me, girls."

He led them back into the school and passed by the kitchens. He waited for the inevitable reaction to the lingering smell of rotting meat and burned food before leading them into the dining room where girls in aprons were scrubbing the floor by hand and wiping down the wooden tables and chairs. The less lucky were in the massive kitchen manually scrubbing the ancient machinery in there and disposing of the

waste material in the stinking bins just outside the back door. He heard one of the girls near him heave a little as another dreadful smell wafted by.

"And this is where you'll get your three nutritional meals a day,. That's unless you've been sent to bed early or, in certain cases like fatty here, have particular...issues that need to be dealt with. We at State Orphanage 17 care very much about the health of the girls placed in our care. After all, we are in effect your new parents. Now that yours are indisposed at the present time. So all of you will be examined and tested and then put on a personal exercise regime which will ensure you reach and maintain your ideal weights. The amount of food you consume, or don't consume will therefore become important factors on your road to fitness."

Dawson smiled at the looks of consternation that passed between the little brats. The chubby girl's pleasant face was puce with shame. Talking about their personal appearance, and in particular their weight, was always a sure-fire way to upset and intimidate vulnerable teenage girls. A fact he knew from his own enjoyable experiences. There was no sense in holding back now, these new girls had to learn quickly that they were now subject to the strict discipline of a State Orphanage and it wasn't going to be a picnic. Greg always thought that his little talks about how their lives were going to be from now was doing them a favour.

The next stop were the bathrooms, or rather the bathroom, singular. it was a large, draughty barn of a place the centre of which was dominated by twenty porcelain toilets. They were set on a pedestal and were arranged in two rows of ten facing each other. That was it. They were twenty toilets, low and without even the benefit of any sort of seat. The user would have to rest her delicate buttock cheeks against cold, white porcelain. All around him he could hear mutterings of disbelief. It was time to establish his authority. He took out his cane which he'd been carried tucked under his left arm like a swagger stick. He tapped the nearest toilet to him.

"Time for a practise run, girls. Let's have three of you on that side and two of you on this. Hurry now!"

He raised his voice slightly and they scurried to obey. He was half-hoping for some display of reluctance from at least one of them in order to exercise his caning arm. he was sure he wouldn't have to wait too long in any case. The five girls stood opposite each other looking apprehensive.

"Now, stand by tour toilet, and on the command 'knickers' reach under your skirt and slide your pants down to your knees. Let's practise that now shall we?"

He waited for a second, enjoying their evident humiliation.

"Knickers!"

Slowly but surely the girls fumbled under their threadbare, archaic gymslips and hauled down their blue gym-knickers.

"You, girl. What's your name?"

He pointed to a tall, well-endowed, red haired girl with his stick.

"Rhiannon...sir."

"Your surname, Rhiannon," he smiled at her as if she was a bit simple.

"Davies, sir."

Well, Davies, let me tell me tell you this. It never pays to be last in any group activity. It suggests to me that you are reluctant to carry out my orders. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," she sniffed slightly.

"If you're last again when I give any instruction to the group. I'll tan your backside for you. Clear?"

He watched her pretty face crumple and a single tear slide down her cheek. Mmm, another one to keep an eye on perhaps?

"Y...yes, sir."

"And that goes for all of you girls, a master or mistress always notices the girl who's last to perform a particular task. . We describe it as 'truculence', a childish sort of sulking. We won't have truculence here at State Orphanage 17. Any display of truculence will be beaten out of you."

He gazed around at his horrified audience, a sight made more enjoyable by their navy blue knickers banded at their knees.

"Now, when I say 'skirt', you'll reach down and pull the hem of your skirt up to your tummy buttons." There were distinctly more tears now. He flexed his cane between his hands.

"Skirt!"

Four skirts were lifted almost simultaneously. The fifth simply held her head in her hands and wept, Greg stifled a grin. He always enjoyed this stage of operations. He simply strolled over and turned the girl around. Her shoulders were heaving as she sobbed, but she didn't resist him. He made her but both her hands on the rim of the toilet and then flipped her skirt up so that her naked backside was clear to everyone. Before she could squirm away he took her around the waist with his left hand and then simply slapped her very hard across her bottom cheeks with his right. She bucked and fought, but she was quite a small girl and easily controlled. The sharp retort of the slaps echoed around the large room. He watched the four remaining girls as he continued to beat her bare behind. They were quite clearly shocked, he doubted most of them had ever witnessed any sort of corporal punishment before, much less the merciless thrashing he was delivering to the girl. He paused and drew his breath.

"Stand by your toilets girls and hold up your skirts. When I give the order, 'sit', you may do so.

But not until."

The girls scurried back to their designated toilet.

"Sit!"

All obeyed with alacrity. he turned his attention to the wailing girl under his arm.

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Her voice reached an even more frantic pitch and she kicked out wildly. He paused and lifted her to her feet where she proceeded to do an amusing although involuntary dance, and then vigorously rub her bottom. he pointed at her.

"Sit!"

She sat, trying not to catch anyone's eye as she did so.

"When you're brought here in the mornings, girls, you're allowed three minutes to do your business. You may not use the bathroom outside certain set hours unless given special dispensation by matron. I would advise you very strongly to use the opportunity you are given to relieve yourselves. For example, now would be a good time to go if you have to. Who knows when you'll be able to use the toilets again?"

He looked at them with a grin and the slowly brought his watch up to his face.

"You have three minutes from now."

As he looked at them, their heads drooped to their chests.

"Girls, girls, that won't do. You are required to make and keep eye contact with a teacher or a warden whenever you use the bathroom. Please remember that."

They made quite the picture as they squatted looking up at him. They didn't quite look like the entitled daughters of the ruling classes any more, and that was entirely the point.

"Just two minutes, young ladies. Could be your last chance to take a shit today. You may have to do it in your school knickers otherwise. That would be uncomfortable, don't you think, walking around with a pile of poo falling out of your pants? What do you think your new classmates would think?"

Immediately he could see the renewed effort on their straining faces.

"Smile, girls."

He pointed his phone at the five of them and took a few shots. He'd show them around later. he could hear the splashes as some of the girls managed to squeeze out a little urine.

"One minute, ladies."

As he said that, a 'plop' and a larger splash told him one of them had done a shit. It didn't take him long to identify the culprit. The girl's tears were coursing down her bright red cheeks.

"Was that you, fatty?"

"Yes, s...sir."

"What's your name?"

"Jessica Redmond, sir"

"It's always the chubby ones who smell the worst, have you noticed that, Redmond?"

"Y...yes, sir," she whispered biting her lip.

He shook his head as if disgusted.

"Time's up. Now we do it all again but in reverse. You sit on your little thrones until I say 'stand' and then you do so, but not until I give the command. Ready?"

The girls reluctant hand caught his attention.

"What is it, fat cheeks? I hope for your sake it's something important?"

"May I have some t...toilet paper, please sir?" She stuttered.

"Oh, of course. How forgetful of me."

He picked up a roll of the thinnest, cheapest paper imaginable and careful tore off two little sheets.

"There you are, chubby. Don't take all day about it. Girls, let's all watch Redmond and makes sure she wipes her arse properly."

Greg smiled as he watched his new favourite's humiliation. Introducing his well-bred, well-mannered charges to the crude language and behaviour they were bound to encounter at State Orphanage 17 was always such a turn on.

"Stand!"

They all managed to rise at the same time.

"Knickers!"

Five pairs of navy blue knickers were quickly pulled up and adjusted.

He tucked his cane back under his arm and slowly walked between the two little rows. Two girls had taken a piss, two had done nothing at all, and Redmond had done a neat little shit. He peered in and grimaced.

"The toilets are flushed automatically at regular intervals. They're cleaned at regular intervals as well, by you girls of course, as a part of your chores. Ready? Let's go and inspect the washing facilities."

All around the toilets were arranged a number of stalls without doors. Inside was a single shower head and one single soap holder.

"In the morning, ladies, you will strip off your nightdresses and hang them and your towels on the hooks by the entrance. You will queue with all the others until you are called to shit, you will shit, as we have discussed, and then you will shower. You have two minutes to use the showering facilities. Five of you will share one shower. There is one bar of carbolic soap which is to be shared and used to wash your hair as well. The water comes on automatically and lasts for exactly two minutes before it turns itself off again. If, for any reason you miss your allocated slot, you will not be allowed to use the washing facilities until bedtime. When the shower finishes you will dry yourselves with minimum delay, put on your nightdresses and make your way back to your dormitory. That will be our next port of call. Follow me, girls."

The dormitory was no improvement over the toilet block. A large, Spartan room painted in the sort of miserable shade of green that seems reserved for institutions. The only decorations were lists of rules and notice boards with photographs pinned to them. Dawson took them to the nearest one.

"Welcome to Red dorm, girls. This will be your home for the foreseeable future. As you can see from the colour of your ties, you're all in Red House. There are of course four houses, red, blue, yellow and green. In this dorm there's a hundred girls, same in the other three."

Almost unbelievably the room had a hundred beds in it. A fact that always impressed Greg. Well, strictly it had fifty bunk beds split into two sets of twenty-five by a block of small metal lockers. Each bed

was identical to the next, a steel frame, a thin mattress, a single pillow and a grey blanket. Small, cute stuffed animals were conspicuous by their absence.

"Nice, isn't it? And here," he tapped the notice board with his cane, "is a list of what you may do and not do, what you may say and not say, and what you may and what you may not wear. It's an offence not to be able to memorise and repeat the rules when requested to do so by a teacher or a warden."

Some of the girls visibly blanched at the thought of learning all the regulations.

"And over here is an honours board. It's not the sort of honours board that you may remember from whatever trumped-up, snobbish educational establishment you previously attended. And indeed it's not an honours board that you'd want to appear on to regularly, take a look and see."

The girls looked unhappily at the many pictures pinned to the walls. Some were of girls being punished in various humiliating positions. Others were close-ups of tearful faces. Some had pictures of girls holding up signs. One was of a picture of a crying girl, stripped to the waist and holding a sign that said 'smallest tits in the form'. Another had a girl with her bottom to the lens but half twisting to show the words 'fattest arse in the House'.

"That lovely picture of you all shitting in public for the first time would go very neatly on there, girls, don't you think? I'll put it up here tomorrow, meanwhile I'll upload it to our website later this afternoon."

A couple of sniffs and the delightful sound of teenage tears told him just what they thought of that idea.

Chapter 3

Annabelle walked down the grimy backstreet as quickly as she could without drawing undue attention to herself. She was dressed in her uniform which clearly identified her as an inmate of State Orphanage 17. Everyone in the local area recognised the humiliating uniform that the girls were required to wear, but to help the particularly stupid it was embroidered across the yoke of her childish gymslip. There could be no doubt that the wearer of such a uniform was the daughter of an enemy of the people, an aristocrat, one of the 1% that were bleeding the country dry. As such she was a legitimate target. men could, and often did call her over and ask to see her ID or her necessary travel permits. She had to treat even the saddest, dirtiest most miserable old man with the utmost respect. her ID which hung on a lanyard around her neck clearly displayed her name, age, and offence. Anyone could take a look at it at any time.

And that included girls and women. Some were obviously sympathetic, most simply ignored her, but some were particularly vindictive. Young girls, immaculately dressed and perfectly coiffured would giggle and point in the street.

"Nice hair. orphanage girl. Did you cut that yourself, it looks great!"

Annabelle used to spend a fortune on her hair. She didn't think she did at the time, but now she realised how frivolous she'd been. But now she was restricted to using foul-smelling carbolic soap on it every day and she knew it looked terrible and lifeless. Plus it was cut by young girls, apprentice hairdressers who were allowed to cut and style it in whatever way they wished. And of course, nobody ever complained. Although Annabelle had seen a couple of girls with their heads shaved completely bald, so perhaps that was the reason?

She turned the corner into Railway Street and looked for number 44. There it was, as dirty and run down as the adjoining houses on both sides. She understood they were referred to as terraced houses, although she'd never actually been in one in her life. Screwing up her courage she knocked on the blue door as firmly as she dared. Eventually it opened to reveal a familiar face.

"Ha ha, look who it isn't, Lady Muck herself!"

Annabelle, despite her training stood in open-jawed astonishment. Nothing had prepared her for this.

"Get inside you silly tart, I don't have all day!"

She stumbled inside, helped on her way by a slap to the side of her head. Of all the people to choose from, she'd ended up in her former maid's house. She looked up at the tall, thin woman apprehensively.

"My, my, don't you look ridiculous in your little schoolgirl uniform? You were always such a smart, well-dressed girl weren't you? WEREN'T YOU?"

The woman's hand shot out and slapped her cheek.

"I asked you a question, girl. Do you want me to call the orphanage and complain? That's what they told me to do if I wasn't happy with you. Call us, they said, and we'll deal with it, they said."

Annabelle was shaken out of her state of shock, she managed a slightly clumsy curtsy.

"No, miss. I'm sorry, miss, There's no need to call them...really."

The woman folded her arms across her non-existent breasts and smiled maliciously.

"This is a turn-up, isn't it *Miss Annabelle*?" She asked.

"Yes, Miss Jane."

"Ha, I like that! Let's stick with 'Miss Jane' for now," she sniggered. "Right then, let's see if you've got any work in you. Get your arse into my kitchen, there's quite a lot that needs doing."

Jane wasn't joking, the kitchen must like the rest of the house was an absolute tip.

"Get to work, girl. I want to see this place perfect before I let you go."

With a slight sigh, Annabelle unfolded her apron that she'd brought with her and slipped it over her head. It was probably white once upon a time but now it was grey and tired looking. She tied it around her waist and got on with her chores. Jane made herself a cup of coffee and settled down to spectate.

Before she attended the State Orphanage, Annabelle hadn't done a stroke of domestic work in her life and neither had any of her friends as far as she could tell. Why would they, that's what they had servants

and maids for? If she gave the serving staff any thought at all, it was to wonder why they hadn't cleaned her room thoroughly enough or wonder where the hell the loo roll was kept. But since her incarceration she'd certainly had a crash course in all matters domestic. Quickly she filled a bowl with water and found some washing-up liquid under the sink. The pile of food-encrusted plates and dishes was quite mountainous. Before she started washing she had to bleach the foul-looking draining board and wash the grubby, plastic rack the dishes were to be drained on, two things that would never have remotely crossed her mind a few short months ago.

Once the dishes were done, she scoured a couple of truly horrible pans and then moved onto to the rest of the work surfaces and the oven which was so dirty it was hard to discern its original colour. Plenty of bleach and elbow grease later it started to show a distinct improvement.

"So how are you enjoying life at the orphanage?" Asked Jane, her former maid.

"It's very good thank you, Miss Jane. I'm very grateful to the State for supporting me through this difficult period in my life."

Annabelle parroted back the mantra that had been drummed into her without a second thought.

"Hmm, I hear you're treated very well in those places, is that true?"

Annabelle had to almost bite her tongue. Treated very well? Did it look as if she'd been treated very well, the stupid woman?

"Y...yes, Miss Jane, very well indeed. Despite the fact that my parents and my sister have been proven to be both parasites and enemies of the State, I've been fortunate enough to be treated mercifully by the People's Government."

The woman smirked at her.

"Yes they were. Stuck-up pricks the lot of them. At least they're getting what they deserve now. I bet you've no idea how much I hated all of you do you? How much all the servants hated you? They interviewed us all you know, before they took them away. We had a chance to spare you, to say that you were good people at heart. But we didn't. We told them the truth, that you were parasites and scum and that you treated us like dirt. By the end of the week they were in a Penal Colony and you were in an orphanage. How we all laughed, especially us girls, imaging your la-di-da mummy and your snooty sister in a Penal Colony. Wonder what they're doing right this minute?"

She laughed. Trying desperately to ignore her, Annabelle hid her tears by filling a bucket of water and hunting out a scrubbing brush. The specimen she found was well worn and had about half its bristles missing. Nevertheless she got down on her knees and began to scrub the greasy kitchen floor. Above her she could hear Jane opening the fridge and taking something out before setting off the microwave. The smell of food, actual decent-smelling food, filled her nostrils. She'd almost forgotten the experience. She felt her mouth water at the thought. The oven pinged, Jane brought her lunch back to the little table and began to eat.

"What's the food like at the orphanage?" She asked through a mouthful of food. "Much better than any Penal Colony, I imagine?"

Annabelle had no idea what Penal Colony food was like, but she could hardly imagine it was worse than the dreadful swill that she had to put up with every day.

"Oh yes, miss. Food in the orphanage is really very good. Some might say it's much better than we deserve," she tried very hard to sound as if she agreed with what she was saying.

"Oh, that's okay then. I was going to offer you some of mine, but I can see there's really no need. I've only got lasagne anyway."

The old Annabelle would have mocked anyone gauche enough to eat lasagne prepared in a microwave oven. The new Annabelle was not so choosy, however.

"P...please, miss?"

"Please what, Annie?"

"Please may I h...have a little of your food, miss. Please, miss...I Haven't eaten since breakfast."

"Erm...I'm not really sure. Am I allowed to give you food anyway?"

Still on her knees, Annabelle looked up beseechingly at her ex-maid.

"Kiss my shoes, girl. Kiss my shoes to show me how grateful you would be."

Annabelle barely gave it a second thought. She turned and bent forward so that she could press her lips to Jane's grubby shoes.

"Kneel up."

Annabelle raised her head and watched as Jane put a piece of food into her mouth, chewed it, and then spit it back into her palm.

"Here you are, it's not too hot for you."

For no more than a second, Lady Annabelle Spencer toyed with the idea of refusing to be hand fed with regurgitated food by a former family servant. But no more than that, the smell alone was enough to convince her. Eagerly she leaned forward and licked up the beef and pasta mixture. She could hear Jane laughing but paid it no attention. The lasagne tasted fantastic, easily enough to debase herself for.

"Lick my hand clean, there's a good girl."

Annabelle obeyed, hoping against hope that there'd be more to eat. She felt Jane leaned forward and wipe her hands in her hair.

"One more piece and then it's back to work, okay?"

Annabelle's heart leapt. It was the nicest thing anyone had said to her for months!

"Oh yes please, Miss Jane. Thank you very much, Miss Jane."

She watched as Jane scooped up a little lasagne with her hand and then carefully spat on it before rolling it into a ball and offering it to her. The worst thing was, she realised afterwards, was that she just didn't care.

"You've got a nice pair of titties, McDonald. Stick them out girl, stick them out!"

Ray Prentice enjoyed the look on the girl's well-bred young face at his crude language. A man old enough to be her father describing her well-formed breasts as 'titties' must be quite humiliating for her. Still, he was doing her a favour. He was giving up some of his own valuable time to teach her how to stand to attention properly.

"Has anyone else said that to you, McDonald, that you've got a nice pair of titties?"

Her face flushed prettily.

"N...no, sir," she whispered.

"Speak up girl, I can't quite hear?"

"No, sir?"

"You're going to have to speak in full sentences, young lady, if you want me to understand you. I asked if anyone had ever commented on your nice titties. How should you reply?"

"No, sir. No one has ever commentated on my t...titties, sir," she stuttered in her shy voice.

Her pretty little face was suffused with a pink glow.

"There's a good girl. Although that's a bit of a mystery to me as your titties are very, very nice. In fact, bring them over to my desk and let me have a closer look."

Reluctantly she shuffled forwards and stood by the side of his desk. He turned his swivel chair slightly so that he was facing her.

"Lean down my dear, let me see."

Tentatively she leaned her head towards him.

"Further."

She squealed slightly as she felt his hands take one of her breasts in each hand and squeeze them appreciatively.

"Hmmm, quite nice."

He hefted them as if he was trying to guess their weight. He noticed that she was starting to cry and felt his cock stiffen in his pants.

"Stand up, girl."

She stood up and quickly rubbed the back of her hand across her eyes.

"I'm not really getting the full picture. Take off your gymslip and put it on that chair."

She looked at him askance.

"P...please, sir...I..."

"Hurry up girl, I haven't got all day."

Her hands slowly went to her shoulders and fumbled with the unfamiliar buttons. he slapped the top of his desk with the flat of his hand.

"NOW, GIRL!"

She jumped like a startled rabbit and promptly burst into heartfelt tears. Without a pause he pulled her over his knee and hauled up the skirt of her gymslip.

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Ray so enjoyed this part of his job. The introduction of new girls into his system might appear tedious to some. The tears, the objections, the shame, the inevitable spankings were a regular part of the routine but he could never get enough of it. He had to regularly remind himself that he was being very well-paid to do a job he would have gladly paid to do. His early feelings of vague guilt when he discovered that his ideological, political tendencies chimed nicely with his sadistic impulses was now a memory consigned to the bin. He, Reg Prentice was personally advancing the cause of Socialism and at the same time making the world a better place. He'd convinced himself fairly easily of that.

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

The howling and kicking beneath him merely served as a spur. He did so love the sound of a punished, entitled daughter of the aristocracy. He only wished that mummy and daddy could see their little girl right now. How would he organise the two of them?

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Maybe he'd have Michaela kneeling in that corner, and Robin in that one? Facing him so they could see what was going on? Or both facing the wall with their hands on their head so that they had to imagine what was going on? Decisions, decisions.

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Maybe it would be best to have them kneeling side by side with their snobbish, well-bred noses a foot from their daughter's rapidly reddening backside?

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Naked or both in their smart Sunday best?

Slaaap!

With one last hefty slap he allowed her to slide off his lap onto the floor. Partly because he was tired, partly because his hand ached, and partly if she stayed squirming on his cock much longer it would certainly go off, and he had other plans.

"Owwwwwowowowo!"

He watched the girl with an amused expression on his face as she frantically tried to rub away the sting in her backside. The tears were coursing down her face and she was howling. He gave her a couple of minutes and then levered her to her feet by means of a firm grip on her hair which, he couldn't help but notice, still smelled of honey rather than whatever it was the girls were required to use at the moment.

"So, McDonald, let's have your gymslip off like a good girl. That is unless you'd like me to spank you a little more firmly perhaps?"

This time there was no reticence, her hands flew to the buttons and she slipped the grey, shapeless affair over her head and then put it on a chair. He looked her up and down, even standing as she was, slightly pigeon toed as she tried to cover her knickers with one hand was quite sexy, he'd made a damned good choice. He indicated that she should come and stand before him again.

"Lean down."

She did as she was told. This time he could see her breasts quite clearly within her well-worn nylon blouse. He took a good grip of them and squeezed them enthusiastically. He ignored her slightly higher-pitched squealing and ran a thumb over each little nipple.

"These are nice too, aren't they?" He asked, conversationally.

"AREN'T THEY?" He almost bellowed into her ear, slapping the top of one long leg.

"Owwwww," Yes, sir...yes, sir.

He raised his hand warningly again.

"Go on?"

"Yes, sir. My n...nipples are nice, sir."

He slapped both thighs, slowly but forcefully, mainly because he enjoyed doing so.

"They are nice. Let's have a closer look shall we?"

His hand reached up to her red tie and started to work at the knot.

"Please, sir. I...I please..."

Ray slowly shook his head as if he couldn't quite believe his own ears. Keeping a firm grip on her tie he led her to a cupboard on the wall. He opened it to let her see what was inside. Her little gasp told him she recognised the four canes hanging up by their crooked handles, and knew what their immediate use was going to be.

"Please don't cane me sir, please."

The look in her clear green eyes plus the little crop of endearing freckles she had would have melted many a heart, but not it would seem that of Ray Prentice. This was a job, someone had to do it. Someone had to take the daughter's of the 1% in hand and explain to them that the world was now a very different place as far as they were concerned. He took his time before he made his choice.

"Just the junior cane this time, McDonald. Next time I may not be quite so lenient."

Ignoring her whimpering protestations he led her back to the desk by her tie and lay her over one end of it. This time he pulled her threadbare blue knickers upwards and into the cleft of her arse. He pulled them up and down a little, backwards and forwards as if deciding upon just the right place. He pulled them well clear of her bottom cheeks and let them snap back again. Then he went through the whole routine again, and then once more, just for the fun of it. The third time he left them well pulled up and took one pace backwards.

"Please, sir. Please..."

Whhaaack!

The cane descended in a swift arc, cutting off the beginning of her plea for mercy. She howled in pain and struggled, but a firm hand on the nape of her neck kept her easily in check. While she was still he took the opportunity to slide her cotton panties to her knees

Whhaaack!

Another stroke followed

Whhhaack!

And another. He was pleased to the even spacing between all three weals. He was becoming quite the expert now. But then, like most things, all it took was a little practise. And he'd had plenty of that.

Whhhaack!

That one hurt all right! She fought him briefly and even held her hands to her burning backside for a couple of seconds, but she was easily subdued.

Whhhaack!

She shrieked and babbled incoherently. At first this sort of behaviour troubled him a little but over time he'd come to realise that it was his duty to discipline these girls. They had to be properly punished and then re-educated in the correct way. The cane and the paddle were ideal for the job of breaking a girl's will and to make her more malleable. The first step on the way towards proper, permanent, Thought Reform.

Whhhaack!

He gave her the sixth one and added a little bit of extra wrist. The result was quite gratifying. She screamed and kicked her legs most energetically allowing him an uninterrupted view of her sex. That was a little treat that he'd keep for later on. He waited until she'd calmed down a little before allowing her to her feet. Her angelic face was now covered in snot and tears and her dark fringe was plastered to her forehead. She squirmed as she applied both hands to her steaming red backside. He cleared his throat to gain her attention.

"Girls at the orphanage must stand to attention in the presence of a teacher unless told otherwise, young lady," he said in his best pompous tone.

He watched her attempt with barely hidden amusement. That poor bottom must really sting! he flicked at the end of her tie idly with the tip of his cane.

"When you're told to do something at this establishment by anyone superior to you, you do it. Is that clear, girl?"

"Y...yes, s...sir," she managed to blubber.

"In that case, bend over the desk again."

She looked at him in shock, as if he couldn't be serious. He smiled back at her, flexing his slim cane lovingly. She looked so cute in just her short-sleeve blouse and crimson red tie.

"A girl being punished may not touch her bottom until allowed to do so. That's rule 21a, which I'm sure you will shortly learn for yourself."

The girl's tears began to flow again in earnest.

"I'm tempted to start the punishment again from scratch, to give you another six strokes, that's well within my remit."

"Please...no more, It hurts so m...much, sir, I'm so sore," she pleaded.

In his other life, that of a humble local government employee, Ray Prentice would have almost certainly succumbed. He was a well-known pushover, never particularly concerned if one of his staff was late in to work. Never judgemental if one of them took an extra sick day or two. Now, in his new role, he was a newly-born strict disciplinarian. He simply had to do his duty, a weaker man may have let the trembling girl off with a stern admonishment. But not Ray.

"However, considering your new girl status I'm going to give you just one more stroke as compensation for the one time you touched your backside. That's fair isn't it, young lady?"

She looked at him open-mouthed, almost as if this concept of 'fair' was a new thing to her.

He slapped the cane impatiently against his own leg

"Bend yourself over my desk right now McDonald, or I'll have someone hold you over it while I give you another six. And believe me, those will really hurt!"

Shivering and shaking, the girl slowly obeyed.

"Legs wider than that, girl."

She edged her feet apart. he stepped forward and took a hold of one of her wealed bottom cheeks. She twitched as she felt his hand, but didn't physically recoil. Good, at least she was learning something. He bent a little to examine the corrugated surface of her backside, running a finger over the creases he'd just made. The thought that this was one of Robin McDonald's daughters only added to his pleasure. He pulled out his phone and took some pictures, perhaps one day Robin and Michaela would get to see them? he stepped nearer and eased her legs further apart before sliding his hand between her thighs and teasing her pussy lips. She wriggled a little ,

"Please...sir...please."

He smiled at her clear discomfort and stood even nearer. Near enough for her to feel his obvious erection.

"Not this time, McDonald. Maybe soon, if you're a good little girl," he whispered into her ear.

He took a couple of steps back before whipping the cane into the top of her thighs where they met her buttock with a resounding

Whhaaack!

He stood back to admire his work as the girl screamed and squirmed almost down to her knees. She didn't however place her hands anywhere near her backside he noticed, with a certain amount of pride. As if a favourite pupil had finally got to grips with a particularly difficult problem.

Miranda was one of the older girls so naturally she'd progressed to older girl subjects. This morning's subject was Masturbation: Techniques and Tips. Once a week she join the rest of her form to practise her technique and have it critiqued. This was done in two ways. First, the girl in question would sit on a stool in front of four of her classmates. They would watch and make notes as she sat with her skirt hiked up and her legs parted so that they got a clear uninterrupted view of proceedings. Clearly this was a 'no knickers day' and marked off as such on each girl's personal diary. Miranda had quite got over her initial shyness, she'd been an inmate at State Orphanage 17 for several months now after all. She could hardly remember her initial reticence, her lack of confidence in her own body. Those things seemed quite ridiculous nowadays. As their instructors constantly explained to them, who wouldn't want to be better at preparing themselves to give a partner sexual pleasure? After all, that was going to be a major part of their roles, just as soon as they earned the right to actually have a partner.

There second way was even worse. A group of teachers, sometimes three or four of them would sit in a little semi-circle behind a video camera. She would have to remove her gymslip and then place a leg over the each arm of a specially chosen chair. Then, when all the teachers were ready the camera was turned on and she was allowed to begin.

"Hi everyone, my name is Miranda Carrington, I'm 18 and I'm from Middleton I'm currently in State Orphanage 17, being looked after by the teachers and management team. My father, Andrew Carrington, and my mother Amy Carrington are currently in a Penal Colony as a result of their greed and arrogance."

This was the standard format by which the girls had to introduce themselves. She often wondered who was on the other side of the camera, who might be sat watching it.

Two hundred miles away, Jack sat with his engorged cock in his hand. He was a People's Government Party member and thus entitled to subscribe to this particular channel. It was quite expensive, but a recent promotion at work had freed up some funds. Some of his more senior colleagues had talked about SOS, State Orphanage Sluts, when they'd had a few drinks after work. He'd managed to get his line-manager to introduce him as a new member and ever since then it had consumed most of his non-working day. It was a truly amazing site. Once he was in the system he had the option to select one of the very many orphanages available. He'd chosen SO17 completely at random and hadn't regretted that decision in the slightest.

For a man like him, it was an absolute feast. A constant supply of girls being punished and humiliated. At first he justified his decision by reminding himself that he was only watching it in order to see the daughters of the parasite class getting their deserved come-uppance. But even after a couple of weeks he'd given up on that self-delusion. He was paying his money because the whole thing excited him

enormously. Now he could watch canings and anal sex and assorted humiliations from the comfort and safety of his own nice little flat. Take this evening's entertainment for example. Right in front of him, in full 24k definition. in his 80" plasma screen a young red-head had just introduced politely introduced herself to him and was currently licking her own fingers in the most lascivious way possible.

This was what he wanted to see, a posh girl from a posh family with a posh voice getting ready to finger herself while he watched. The upper classes being made to work for a living for once. She stared straight at him and then slowly withdrew two fingers from her mouth. She slid them slowly down her stomach and the camera followed her hand. She was hairless, like so many of the girls on SOS. He liked her bare mound, but there again he liked most things about Miranda. She was definitely one of his favourites. he'd even researched her a little, amazed at first to discover that Miranda Carrington was her real name and that her parents were real people. Her father was some sort of big-shot business man, her mother was apparently a woman who considered lunching with her friends to be a worthwhile occupation, the very epitome of a pointless existence. They were a combination of old privilege and new money and, judging by the looks on their faces, arrogant and complacent as well. Idly he wondered where the two of them were right now? In a Penal Colony being re-educated if there was any justice in the world.

On his computer he had several pictures of Miranda, amongst others, taking part in their former lives. Miranda riding a horse with her long, blonde pony tail streaming out behind her. Miranda sipping on a long drink by an expensive-looking pool wearing a one-piece swim suit. Miranda and a group of similar looking girls watching rich boys shooting birds. But they were nothing in comparison to his private 'MC' folder which already had a vast collection of more...intimate pictures and videos. Miranda being caned, both front and the rear shots. Miranda being hounded through a punishing gym session. Miranda scrubbing a stone courtyard on her hands and knees. Miranda being fucked by an ugly little man with a big penis. Several of Miranda giving a blow job or her pretty, freckled face covered in someone's sperm.

The site made it so easy. All he did was enter the name of the girl he wanted to follow and bang, the choice was his. Entering the term spanked in the search bar brought up loads of spanking images which could be narrowed down by filters like 'bare-bottom or 'in-uniform'. This evening he'd entered 'Miranda', 'masturbating' and 'latest'. Although he could just as easily substituted 'first' for 'latest' and laughed along with her instructor as his she clumsily attempted to hide her cunt and then amateurishly play with it. How she'd progressed from those days! Now she was a confident expert, sliding her fingers the length of her lips while staring brazenly at the camera, toying with her little clitoris and gasping for him. Explaining how excited she was and how wet she was becoming, inserting a finger into herself, inserting two fingers. her tongue lolling out of her mouth, her eyes starting to glaze. He smiled as he watched and listened to her well-modulated, upper-class tones. He would have dearly loved to know just what Andrew and Amy thought of it.

And then, just as if it looked as if she was about to be allowed to cum for him, for her legion of fans, the sudden barked instruction to stop. He could see the stress on her flushed face as she obeyed and sat back, panting. As he did so a scorecard popped up on the screen.

1. How do you rate your experience so far this evening?
2. How do you rate your girl, Miranda?
3. Should Miranda be allowed to masturbate some more? yes/no

His experience so far was a solid 7. His Miranda rating was, as usual, the maximum 10. Should she be allowed to continue? Yes ,of course!

One minute later and Miranda had begun the whole exercise again. Jack, in a show of solidarity had also ceased to masturbate when Miranda did. But now he was back with some gusto. Once again, as she displayed the tell-tale signs, a strict male voice ordered her to desist. This happened a third time and a fourth time. Jack's cock was absolutely throbbing

1. How do you rate your experience so far this evening?
2. How do you rate your girl, Miranda?
3. Should Miranda be allowed to orgasm? yes/no
4. Should Miranda's orgasm be ruined? yes/no

Jack sorted out his tissue and feverishly pressed 9/10/yes/yes. Within a couple of minutes it was evident that the majority of viewers agreed, and the scene was played out for him. Miranda worked at herself feverishly. This time, as he hips started to buck, a strong hand grasped her wrist and held her immobile. The look of disappointment on her upper-class face was easily enough to send Jack over the edge and experience a huge orgasm of his own. 'State Orphanage Sluts. What The Internet Was Invented For', flashed up on the screen in front of him. He smiled at the caption and clicked on 'Menu'.

THE END