

STOLEN

BOOK 1

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

Agatha and Ann Boothroyd were the absolute cornerstones of the prosperous village where they lived. Their parents had both been doctors and once they both passed away within months of each other the two sisters had inherited a surprisingly large amount of money and the large, detached residence on the edge of the village they now lived together in. Unlike many sisters they got on with each very well and always had done. There wasn't a lot of difference in their ages; Ann was the oldest at 53, whereas Agatha was 51. Ann was tall and thin with dark eyes and her dark hair now turning a little grey around the edges. Agatha was a little less tall, but she was also a large, buxom woman. She too was dark-haired but unlike her sister had a pair of bright blue eyes. Neither woman was particularly attractive; both were quite forbidding, serious people. They were both intelligent and well-educated. Both had, following the demise of their parents, taken early retirement from their respective well-paid professional occupations.

They were very active members of the local community. Both sat on the local village committee. Both were regular church-goers and sat on the Parish committee. Ann was a Governor at the local Church School and Agatha played a similar role in the Orphanage at the other end of the village. The two of them not only fundraised enthusiastically but were also known to have contributed a great deal of their own money to the various institutions they were involved with. They were very popular within the community, with good reason. They often took long country walks together and could be regularly seen cycling the quiet country roads around the village. They were both very private people however, apart from the obvious very little was known about the two sisters. They were both educated at boarding schools and had gone to far-flung universities. Their jobs had taken them around the country, and they'd really only been back once their parents were unwell.

Their love for their village was obvious to anybody who cared to notice. They were rich, respectable and discrete, and fitted into village life perfectly. One thing they weren't however was sociable. They had no real friends within the pretty little village, not real friends anyway. They went to other houses for afternoon tea and they played a little bridge for example, but they had no true confidants. They mainly relied on each other for company. They had no other family, no siblings or cousins, no relatives at all, in fact. Ann had never married, and it was rumoured that Agatha had once been married but that her husband had left her. Some had raised their eyebrows at this revelation, Agatha Boothroyd, married? It didn't really ring true somehow. The village gossips noted their involvement in both the School and the Orphanage suggested that they were using the children in both as some sort of surrogate because clearly now were too old to have children of their own. Which in one sense at least was quite true.

The woman's heels clicked on the concrete floor. She really hated the long hours her job entailed, but she'd just taken out a mortgage and she needed the money. She arrived back at this dismal car-park at the same time five nights a week, every week. She'd just about have enough time for a shower, a change of clothes, some sort of micro-waved meal, a couple of hours of mindless TV and then bed before she started the whole bloody cycle once again. As she walked towards her beloved old car she silently cursed the owner of a shabby black van that had parked too near to the driver's door. She just hoped the careless bastard hadn't scratched it. She was six feet from the car

when she took out her keys and pressed the fob. As the car's indicators blinked, a sudden movement to her right caught her attention, and the world swayed a little and then faded from view.

It came back into sharper focus later on, although in a way she regretted it. There were two people, one standing on either side of her. She herself was sat on a chair with her hands fastened behind her back. Leather straps around her thighs and under her armpits kept her bound to the chair which appeared to be attached to the floor of the windowless, oppressive room. Her jaw and tongue ached due to the large sponge ball that had been inserted into her mouth. The blurred outlines in the periphery of her vision slowly crystallised into two distinct people. The man on her right appeared to be huge. He had dark hairs and a dark moustache. The woman stood on her left appeared to be tall, about as tall she herself. She had jet-black shoulder length hair and noticeably dark eyes. Both stared at her dispassionately, like an exhibit in a museum. The woman unfastened the gag from the back of her head.

"Your name?"

Asked the woman in an accent she couldn't quite place. When there was no immediate answer the woman simply slapped her across the face.

"Your name?"

"What do you think you're doing, you fucking bitch!"

Claire was quite a feisty young woman, she was well used to fighting her own corner. She struggled with the bindings on her limbs.

The woman looked at her much like a buyer coolly appraising a new potential addition to her collection. She drew back her right arm and then slapped Claire full across the face. Before she could shout out anything, she slapped her again with her left hand, then her right and then her left again. Slow, deliberate strokes designed to intimidate as much as to hurt.

"Your name?"

"C...Claire H...Hartley," she managed to blurt out.

She perceived a certain self-satisfaction that passed between the man and the woman as they looked at each other. The man nodded but didn't say a word

"Why...what are you d...doing? I'm going to kill you when I get out of here!"

She squeezed her muscular legs with all her might in an attempt to break free.

The woman looked her up and down slowly and then slapped her again, but just a bit harder. Claire burst into tears. Tears of frustrated rages as much as pain. Both her abductors waited a little while for her tears to subside.

"You do not speak without permission, unless you are replying to a question. Is that understood?"

"Y...yes, I suppose so."

The woman inserted a finger under Claire's jaw and raised her head before delivering another fierce slap with the other hand.

"You will always, and without exception refer to me as 'Miss; and my colleague as 'Sir'. Is that understood?"

Claire Hartley looked shell-shocked, were these people quite insane? What was going on? She was aware enough however to realise that the woman was shaping to slap her again. Despite her fury at her situation, Claire was no fool.

"Y...yes, miss. I understand, miss."

Instead of the anticipated slap, the woman carefully stroked Claire's glowing left cheek.

"Good girl, I can see that we're all three of us going to be the best of friends."

For some reason the innocuous-sounding statement frightened Claire more than the slapping and she dissolved into tears again.

The four middle-aged women stared intently at their respective cards; the fifth was reading a newspaper.

"It rests with you dear," said Miss Sturridge to the woman on her left. She didn't want to rush her hostess necessarily, but it had been several seconds.

"Oh, oh I'm sorry," answered the usually imperturbable woman. "I was just thinking a little, I do apologise."

The woman patted her hand. "That's quite okay, Agatha, age does come to us all you know."

Agatha Boothroyd laughed gaily and tried to refocus on the hand she'd been dealt.

"Did anybody hear me? I said that missing girl from Surrey still hasn't been found. It's been three months apparently." Said Mrs Thornley, raising her head from her newspaper and repeating her earlier question.

"Poor little thing," said Ann Boothroyd. "I do hope nothing's happened to her, although one must fear the worst after all this time."

"What's that about a missing girl?" Asked Mrs Sanderson. "I haven't heard anything about that."

"Oh really, Joan! It's been in all the newspapers and on the news for weeks." Said Miss Sturridge with just a hint of impatience. "Surely you've heard about it?"

"Caroline Lassiter, age thirty, a dentist from Esher," said Miss Thornley reading from her copy of the Daily Mail. "Apparently she went to meet a friend for dinner and never arrived. What do you think of that? Look, here's a picture of her, she's a pretty little thing."

"Oh, that one," said Joan Sanderson. "I'll bet you any money there's a man at the bottom of it, there always is."

"Do you think so, dear?" Asked Ann Boothroyd, "what makes you so certain?"

"Stands to reason, Miss Boothroyd, that's why. She's probably run off with an unsuitable young chap and doesn't want anyone to know where she is for the time being. She's bound to show up sooner or later."

Agatha Boothroyd caught her sister's eye for half a second.

"Two hearts," she said, trying and succeeding in keeping any emotion from her voice.

The game eventually broke up an hour or so later. The three guests had eaten their fill and drunk copious amounts of Darjeeling. They were in no real rush to leave; the house was beautiful and full of interesting items. It was quiet and peaceful, and despite their rather forbidding image, the two sisters were very good company. And besides, their own lives consisted of nothing much more than shopping, socialising, and Good Works. All three of them were comfortably well off and had never done a day's work in their lives. The five wandered slowly to where the cars were parked and it took another thirty minutes until the last of them had been waved off with entreaties that they must come back soon. As the last car made its way down the gravel drive, the sisters followed and pressed the fob that automatically closed and locked the large double gates. Another button and responding beep informed them that the perimeter alarm had been set. A more observant guest might have wondered why two middle-aged ladies living in a wealthy, middle-class enclave like Middlebury, where crime was almost non-existent, where indeed there was no need for a police station, would need such a comprehensive anti-intruder system. Similarly, they might ask why go to the expense of installing a fifteen foot brick wall topped with discrete razor wire and a sophisticated motion sensor system that enclosed the entire estate? Fortunately perhaps, no guests appeared to notice, and even if they did they would have been far too well-bred to mention it.

The sisters turned and walked back to their house hand in hand. The sun had gone behind a cloud and the house took on a slightly less welcoming look, not necessarily imposing but certainly more substantial, more solid somehow. If a casual observer looked very carefully it was possible in this sort of light to see that all the windows were either shuttered or had very delicate-looking steel bars across them.

"I thought those old bitches would never leave," said the taller of the two as they made their steady, unhurried way back down the gravel drive towards the wooden entrance door.

"God, they are so boring," replied her buxom sister.

"How I kept my hand out of my cunt when they were talking about the girl, I'll never know," said Ann.

"Haha, did you notice I almost lost it there? How the hell am I supposed to concentrate on fucking cards for God's sake?"

Both women laughed as they approached the door. It had automatically locked behind them as they left and now it required a password to open. Ann pressed the requisite numbers and letters on the keypad and it clicked open. They entered and Agatha leaned her back against the robust steel

and wood affair to close it. As she did, she hitched up her decorous, knee-length, pleated skirt and plunged her hand down the front of her knickers.

“Ohhh, I’m so wet! I’m surprised those silly old women couldn’t smell me.”

She played with herself for a few seconds; her sister simply unzipped her own similarly discreet skirt and let it fall to her feet before stepping out of it.

“They probably did smell you, dear. They just didn’t recognise it, that’s all.”

Both women burst into delighted laughter. Agatha shrugged off her tweed jacket and left it on the floor. Her hands went to the little pearl buttons of her pink blouse and quickly unbuttoned them. Ann carefully removed her string of pearls and placed them on a nearby table before stripping of her green, cashmere sweater. Agatha unzipped her skirt and it joined the little pile of clothes on the immaculate parquet floor. Both sisters were left in their modestly-heeled court shoes, stockings, suspenders, high-cut French knickers and respectable bras. They stood next to each other in the hallway and admired themselves in the full-length mirror. The growing stain in Agatha’s blue, silk panties was quite evident. Ann held her own plump breasts and squeezed them pleausrably, her thumbs stimulating her long nipples.

They couldn’t wait any longer, they’d delayed the moment for as long as they could in order to enjoy the illicit thrill, the excitement of what they were about to do. That’s why they’d invited the women to the house, merely to delay the moment. The thought of what was quite literally below the feet of their wealthy, pampered guests was almost overwhelming. Their father had been a lovely man, but he did have some fairly unconventional ideas. One of those was that there would be certainly be some sort of nuclear war and therefore he’d prepared his own house to anticipate one. Underneath the large, imposing edifice he had excavated an area equal to the size of the ground floor of his existing house so that in effect the building was half as big again but completely hidden from view. When the sisters had taken over the house they’d inherited, one of the first things they’d done was to have a secret door installed which led downstairs. That’s where they were headed now. Silently the door opened and then closed behind them with a quiet hiss. The two ladies slowly descended the carpeted stairs and mentally prepared themselves to enter their own, alternative world.

The woman crouched shivering in her cage. It was too low for her to stand in and too short for her to stretch out. Consequently her only options were to crouch or kneel. An hour later the man had come down the stairs and turned the ice cold water from the hose on her, as he left he’d turned the lights out off and left her crouched cold, naked, and terrified in pitch blackness. She was in shock and she knew it, her mind had shut down and refused to work. How long she’d been down here she couldn’t say. She’d been kidnapped, she knew that much but by whom or why she had no idea. She wasn’t rich or well-connected; she didn’t have any close family in fact. So why had this happened to her, why her in particular? She still knew who she was, Claire Hartley from Colchester. She worked in an ordinary little office in an ordinary little town. She was twenty eight; she owned her own house and her own car. But beyond that she could recall nothing more than walking across a concrete floor to her car, after that her old life had ended. What really frightened her, what reduced her to helpless tears was the attitude of her captors. She could tell, even in her reduced state that they’d done this sort of thing before. She certainly wasn’t the first person they’d abducted and terrified.

They hadn't just threatened her and then taken her purse and her mobile. The man hadn't dragged her to a secluded corner and assaulted her. They hadn't discussed any sort of ransom for her, so clearly she hadn't been imprisoned against her will for either sex or money. But then, why had she been taken? Her two captors had beaten and slapped her, but hadn't really left any permanent marks; they'd deprived her of sleep and questioned her endlessly about her private life. They'd kept her in the dark room on her own without speaking to her for what seemed like several hours. They'd kept her awake with bright lights and loud music for a similar amount of time. They'd deprived her of food, they'd let her piss herself by not allowing her out of the cage, but then they'd give her three proper meals and ensure she used the bathroom facilities regularly.

She was no expert but she knew that a psychological war was being waged against her, but the questions still remained. Who was waging the war against her and why? She knew by now that she wouldn't kick up much of a fuss. Clearly they weren't going to kill her or they would already have done so, but then why were they spending so much time and energy on her? Really, this was already becoming way too much for her to process, whatever they wanted they could have. If only for God's sake they'd just tell her what they wanted! Realising that she'd had this same conversation with herself a hundred times and that she was by now really, really cold she managed to get herself into a kneeling position and just cried. Great big tears of self-pity tumbled out of her eyes and rolled down her shapely breasts. Upstairs, sat in the comfort of a well-appointed kitchen her two captors watched the crystal-clear CCTV feed with interest. Their new project was coming along quite nicely.

The two sisters were in their dressing room, the first room on the left at the bottom of the stairs. The large room had shelves and racks full of clothes in their respective sizes. One wall was given over entirely to floor to ceiling mirrors where the two could examine their appearance. Both had retained their underwear from upstairs, but had changed everything else. Ann wore a stylish blue suit and glossy, blue four inch heels. Her crisp, white blouse was buttoned at the cuffs and up to her throat. Over the suit she wore a black academic gown and her hair was piled high on her head. The overall effect was to make her look tall and forbidding. Agatha was dressed in a similar way, but both her suit and her heels were black, her silk blouse was blue and strained against her fulsome breasts. Unlike her sister she didn't wear a gown, but she still looked large and intimidating.

A quick glance at each other's clothes was enough to convince them that they were ready. Ann led the way out of the room and into another smaller one, in there was a selection of their favourite instruments, racks of canes, leather straps and paddles. Ann selected a couple of bamboo canes and swished them vigorously before deciding on one particularly evil-looking specimen. Agatha thoughtfully tested the weight of a few straps before settling on a medium, brown leather one. Thus armed the two left that room and went back into the corridor, a little way down on the right were two doors. When they came to the first, the sisters embraced. Ann inserted her tongue into Agatha's willing mouth and in return her sister fondled Ann's sex through her skirt. They parted and Ann opened the door and marched in, banging it behind her.

Chapter 2

On hearing the noise the sole occupant of the room leapt to her feet from behind a desk and stood ramrod stiff to attention. At first glance she appeared to be a schoolgirl. She was dressed in a very formal, strict uniform. Her neat, black, lace-up shoes were polished to a mirror shine and her knee-length, pelerine white socks were pulled to an identical height. She wore an archaic-looking box-pleated grey gymslip which was mid-thigh in length and had a badge in the middle of the yoke which proclaimed to all and sundry that the wearer was a pupil at Middlebury Junior School. Beneath the gymslip the girl was wearing a pristine, starched white cotton shirt buttoned at the collar and cuffs. Around her neck she wore the tightly knotted blue and yellow striped Junior School tie. Her blonde hair was tied in two cute little pigtails held up by two matching ribbons.

Caroline felt her heart beating wildly, she hated and feared both her captors but the taller woman absolutely terrified her. As she approached her desk, Caroline felt faint but fought the urge to sit back down on her chair. The evil witch was carrying a cane in her strong right hand. Caroline could already feel the tears welling in her eyes. She hated being punished with any implement of course, but the cane was the most painful one. For some reason the woman must be in an especially bad mood, not that she was ever in a good mood reflected Caroline bitterly. But the cane was often an indicator of Miss Jane's state of mind. The woman towered over her black eyes boring into the back of Caroline's skull; she flexed the wicked-looking cane ostentatiously between her large, mannish hands without saying a word. She didn't have to, her expression and grim demeanour was enough.

"I hear that you've been a naughty girl, Lassiter?"

Just the sound of her deep, almost masculine voice was enough to turn Caroline's innards to water. But she simply had to ignore the feeling and keep her focus. She had a role that she was required to play.

"Y...yes, miss. I'm most dreadfully sorry, miss."

The tip of the wicked cane was placed beneath her chin and she was made to look up at her tormentor's cold, implacable face.

"How do you explain yourself, masturbating in the school bathroom at your age?"

Caroline could feel the tears sliding down her cheeks. She was very close to wetting herself through the sheer shame and terror of the situation. This dreadfully humiliating cat and mouse scenario was almost as bad as the inevitable punishment she was about to receive.

"I c...can't, miss. I'm ever so sorry. You won't tell mummy will you?"

The tip of the cane slid down from her chin and played with her neatly knotted tie.

"How old are you, Lassiter?"

"I...I'm eleven, miss."

The woman shook her head in mock disgust and flicked at the tie until she pulled it from behind the yoke of the grey gymslip and let it hang down the front of the girl's dress.

"You're a disgusting little girl, Lassiter, aren't you?"

"Yes, miss. I'm so sorry, miss." She almost whispered the required response.

"What are you, speak up?"

"A disgusting little girl, miss."

"And why is that?"

"I...I've been masturbating, miss. In the school bathroom, miss."

"You're a wanker in other words, Lassiter, a naughty, dirty little wanker. Isn't that nearer the mark?"

Although she hated that word and she would never actually use it unless required to do so, thirty year old professional woman Caroline Lassiter had to stand in front of this insane sadist that had recently taken over her existence and admit that, yes she was a naughty, dirty little wanker and she was so dreadfully sorry. What had become of her life? First she had been kidnapped and beaten by that vile woman and her dreadful, ugly sidekick and then eventually delivered to this terrible house. Now, rather than a dentist with a nice little practise, a riverside apartment and a rather enviable lifestyle she was, to all intents and purposes, a slave to two crazy old women. And if that wasn't bad enough she wasn't merely a slave, but her two captors now required her to adopt the role of their daughter! She didn't know or even care what twisted part of their upbringing or development had led them along this dark path, but it was clear they had very deep psychological problems.

The tall, terrifying one was Mummy Jane, the fat frightening one was Mummy Jennifer. Her two mummies liked her to adopt various roles, sometimes like now she was their eleven year old daughter, Carrie a pupil at Middlebury Junior School. At other times she was Caroline their sixteen year old daughter a pupil at the Sacred Heart Convent School, or maybe young Amanda (her middle name), an orphan who they'd taken in and given a home to. Their imagination knew no bounds, Mummy Jennifer even liked to dress her as a baby in a tiny pink dress and a nappy and then sit her on her ample knee and feed her some sort of foul mush with a plastic teaspoon. They may well have been well-educated and wealthy, the house for example was absolutely huge, and they might have precise, upper-class accents but that didn't stop them from being quite mad, In Caroline's opinion.

And it was that madness that made the whole experience even more terrible and frightening, if indeed that was possible. Their cold, calculating cruelty was quite shocking. She was for example required to learn lines for all the various scenarios their warped imaginations managed to conceive. The women referred to them as her 'homework', a description that never failed to amuse them. So as she read the text laid out in front of her, her fate slowly unfolded. Mummy Jennifer, for example might require her to recite nursery rhymes for her amusement, and then strip her of any humiliating little dress she'd made her wear, bathe her, spank her over her knee and then put her to bed while it was still light outside. Caroline would have to know those nursery rhymes by heart; she'd have to meekly acquiesce to standing in a warm, six inches deep pool of water while Mummy Jennifer

carefully washed her with a flannel. She would know not to make a fuss when her intimate places were scrubbed just that little bit too firmly. She'd have to remember the correct answers when Mummy Jennifer asked her if she'd been a naughty girl and why she deserved a spanking. Finally she'd have to remember the correct responses while Mummy Jennifer covered her in baby powder, dressed her in a pair of shamefully tight, striped pyjamas and tucked her into bed.

"Night, night baby Mandy. Sleep well."

"Night, night, Mummy Jennifer. I love you Mummy Jennifer."

Then and only then was she allowed to cry herself to sleep and try to ignore the fact that outside her barred window the sun was still shining.

She yelped as she was suddenly yanked back into the terrifying present. The tall woman had taken her by the ear and was dragging her across the room. She was so strong, horrifyingly, intimidatingly strong. Caroline guessed the sisters were roughly the same age as each other but at least twenty years older than her. Even then, the thought of trying to physically resist either of them was completely impossible

"You really are a naughty little girl, Lassiter. Completely incorrigible, this isn't the first time you've been caught wanking on school property is it?"

"N...no...miss," she managed to mumble despite the pain in her ear.

"What are we going to do with you, girl? You never seem to learn do you?"

"No, miss. I'm awfully s...sorry though miss. Please don't tell mummy, miss."

Although the fear in Caroline's voice was genuine enough, she realised of course that her begging was futile. She knew from her 'homework' how the bizarre scene she was currently embroiled in would play out, but that didn't prevent her from attempting to stick as closely as possible to the script that she'd been required to learn. Once, early in her incarceration, she'd been so traumatised by the situation that she just sat numb and immobile despite the encouragement of the two women. As a result she'd been dragged to the Punishment Room, strapped over a caning bench and thrashed by both women as they took it in turns to flay her backside with what they termed 'prison weight' canes. That incident not only required a two day stay in the 'Sanatorium' as the two women liked to term it, but convinced that unless she took part in their perverse games they were capable of causing her some serious harm.

"Are you right-handed. Lassiter? Or left-handed?" The evil woman knew the answer very well, but of course that didn't stop Caroline stuttering that she was,

"R...right-handed please, miss."

"Stand here, Lassiter, and put out your sinful right hand. Palm uppermost please, you know my requirements."

With a sniff of self pity, Caroline extended her arm as instructed. She looked up at the woman, that was required as well. She could tell that her tormentor took a certain amount of sadistic pleasure in watching her face dissolve into torrents of tears.

With a little smile, Ann raised her cane above her head before bringing it slashing down onto the girl's soft palm. The shriek she emitted was like an aphrodisiac for her. Ever since she could remember she'd enjoyed inflicting pain on others. The only explanation she could think of was that her own mother had been a strict disciplinarian. She was emotionally detached and aloof, she never showed the slightest maternal care for either of her two daughters. She'd packed them both off to their rigid, old-fashioned boarding school just as soon as she could, but still punished them regularly and enthusiastically whenever they returned in the holidays. In retrospect, their school had been the perfect place for the sisters to hone their particular interests. St Hilda's was a very traditional, hierarchical sort of place. Certainly not the sort of institution where a girl was encouraged to blub or tell tales, no matter what the provocation. The young ladies were encouraged to stand on their own two feet and to deal with any sort of incident between themselves.

In short it was a bully's paradise, the sort of place where large, aggressive girls with sociopathic tendencies like the Boothroyd sisters tended to thrive. Even when they were quite young they made other girls' lives a misery. Ann had soon established herself as the leading bully of the lower school, even some of the older girls were terrified of her. When Agatha had joined her a couple of years later, their reign only intensified. Girls were regularly beaten and deprived of their weekly pocket money. Even the regularly thrashings the two received from the few mistresses that weren't scared of them didn't deter them. Such was their reputation that several of the teachers actually began to side with them, after all the aggressive behaviour of the two sisters meant that discipline problems among the pupils was kept to a minimum. The Boothroyds were in effect, doing their job for them. In fact, during her last year at St Hilda's, Ann was made Head Girl.

That was when she began to really exert her power. With the help of a couple of the less-intelligent but larger girls she began to actually take over the running of the entire school. She became a sort of de facto staff-member. Girls of all ages lived in terror of being called to her room. She reinstituted the idea of fagging, whereby junior girls were made to skivvy for their older schoolmates. Discipline issues within St Hilda's became almost non-existent. Any girl deemed to be 'getting out of hand', or 'forgetting her place' would simply be called to the new Prefects Court and summarily punished. Ann herself carried out numerous canings and strappings of unfortunate pupils. That was when she realised that she could do almost anything she wanted. She'd known she was a lesbian for a long time, but now she had the authority necessary to indulge herself. Girls she simply liked the look of were called to her room and punished just because she enjoyed punishing them. Her favourites became regular late-night visitors to her private room where the very least they could expect was a vicious spanking and an instruction to enthusiastically lick the Head Girl's pussy.

Her final, and most outrageous, coup took place on the day she left St Hilda's. She'd had an eye on one of the teachers for quite some time. She was an insecure, shy young woman, almost totally unsuited to the harsh environment of a tough boarding school like St Hilda's. Ann was convinced that the Headmistress had recruited Miss Felton fresh out of teacher training college on the basis of her looks alone. She was a very pretty little thing admittedly, blonde and blue-eyed, but she wasn't strong enough to be a teacher in any sort of school, certainly never one as corrupt as St Hilda's. It didn't take long, therefore, for her to be enmeshed within Ann's world. A simple instruction to one of Lucy Felton's favourite pupils to file a complaint against her was all it took. Ann had knocked on her door and explained that the pupil in question had come to her crying and telling her a story she could hardly believe. Apparently she felt that Miss Felton was being overly friendly towards her, touching her inappropriately, making her do things she was uncomfortable with.

The look of sheer horror on the naive young woman's face was simply priceless. Ann would replay it in her mind hundreds of times as she masturbated on her bed. She listened in apparent sympathy to Lucy Felton stuttering her way through excuses and hotly denying what the girl had said. Eventually she had tell Miss Felton that, as Head Girl, she was duty bound to bring the affair to the attention of the Headmistress. Rather than calling Ann's bluff the young trainee teacher had dissolved into tears and begged Ann not to report her to the notoriously difficult Head. Ann inwardly gloated, the silly little thing was hers now.

And so it turned out, Ann, with the help of her delighted sister, went on to make the innocent woman's life a misery. it was the first time Ann had ever had an adult under her thumb and the feeling of power was quite extraordinary. it started off with small things, having the Mistress give them a lift into town in her car for example rather than having to wait for the bus, then having her buy them both coffee. Later it progressed to the sisters dictating which clothes she should wear the following day in school. When it became apparent that their victim was too submissive to complain, the sisters became more and more demanding. She would be summoned to Ann's private room and submit to being spanked for being 'too arrogant' while teaching. Spankings progressed to slippings over her skirt with a gym shoe which would invariably leave the young woman red-faced and tearful. Then her skirt would be pulled up and she would be spanked over her knickers. When she was tired, Ann would hand the gym shoe to her sister who would eagerly carry on the assault.

Soon, Lucy Felton was little more than a servant to the two young tyrants. She was now expected to submit to whatever form of corporal punishment they wanted and carry out any task, no matter how demeaning. The final, ultimate humiliation came when Ann entered her room uninvited late one evening and made her teacher go down on her. it was clearly Miss Felton's first experience of Sapphic love, she cried throughout, a reaction that only excited Ann even more. She held the young woman tightly by her ears and rubbed herself aggressively against her terrified face. To finish off, she produced a strap-on and made Miss Felton kneel on her own bed before aggressively reaming her, pulling her head back by the hair so she had to watch her own degradation in a mirror. As far as Ann Boothroyd was concerned it was the absolute pinnacle of her sexual experience to date. As she listened to the pretty little teacher's grunts of distress, she realised with a fierce stab of pleasure that she could and would do that as often as she wanted. All it would take was planning and organisation. Her final act before leaving was to strip the terrified young teacher and tie her to the foot of her own iron bedstead. She'd then taken a cane she'd procured from one of the gardeners and beaten Miss Lucy Felton's backside with it until it was a corrugated, bloody mess. She'd then stood and masturbated to the screams of her victim before admiring herself in the mirror, taking her bags and leaving her room for the last time. On the way downstairs to her waiting car she'd casually informed the Headmistress that Miss Felton had asked if she might visit her in her room as a matter of some importance.

There was some fallout from that particular incident, of course. There had to be really, considering how she'd treated the young woman. Ann later learned from her sister that Miss Felton wanted to take the matter further. She wanted to involve the police, she wanted Ann to be charged with assault and sexual deviancy and God knows what! In the end though, as Ann had calculated, the school couldn't afford that sort of scandal to be made public knowledge. It was impressed upon little Lucy Felton that she'd have to stand in front of a jury and explain what allegedly went on to them. And if that wasn't bad enough, imagine what the gutter press would make of it? Her teaching career would obviously be over, and did she want that? Wouldn't it be better to accept a large 'donation' from Ann's parents and a glowing reference from the school in return for her silence? Even the severe caning that her despairing mother had inflicted on her as a result hadn't really bothered Ann too much. She'd always have that vision of fucking Lucy Felton fresh in her mind.

Impatiently she ordered her latest victim to raise her left hand. Really, she didn't need to make such a fuss! Caroline Lassiter reluctantly held up her other hand and made herself to look Miss Jane in the eye. There was no alternative, Caroline knew only too well. The cane whipped down for the second time and again she howled in pain. She thrust her injured hand under her armpit and did a little anguished dance while trying to ignore the look of amusement in the vile woman's eyes.

"Right hand again, girl," came the curt order. "I wouldn't have to do this if you weren't such a dirty little girl, now would I?"

"N...no, m...miss." Caroline managed to stutter.

"You know I don't really want to cane you, don't you Lassiter?"

"Yes, miss." Caroline made herself agree with the deranged sadist in front of her.

"But if I don't discipline you, heaven knows which grubby little path your life might take. In fact you should thank me for trying to put you back on the straight and narrow, it is for your own good after all."

"Y...yes...yes, thank you, miss. For putting my life back on the straight and narrow, miss."

Caroline hated having to beg and plead like this but her choice was stark, it was either total obedience to the two old perverts or another visit to the Punishment Room. That last time had burned into her mind the necessity of submission. Just the thought of those heavy canes biting into her naked, defenceless buttocks was quite enough to quell any rebellious ideas she might once have harboured. And that was one of the worst things about her abduction and confinement. Before any of it had taken place she would have described herself as an assertive, strong, confident young woman. But now she felt like a powerless, terrified little girl. When she was alone in her little room she tried to rationalise her situation. She was still the same person, she was still Caroline Amanda Lassiter, she was still thirty years old, she was still a dentist, she still owned a house and a car. Her parents and her friends still loved her. But it was so hard, she was dressed and treated like a little girl, whenever she caught sight of herself in a mirror she actually looked like a little girl. Her various uniforms and dresses had been chosen, she realised, to emphasise that. Her lack of make-up and her juvenile hairstyles weren't coincidental, everything about her new life was to make the point that she was now a child rather than an adult.

The only weapon she had left, if one could call it a weapon, was to not accept that mindset. She had to keep alive the reality that she was until recently a highly respected professional woman. An intelligent, articulate person with her own fulfilling life outside these four, terrible walls. She made herself to ignore her childishly decorated little room with its single bed and cartoon-character wallpaper and concentrate instead on her own achievements and many successes. Her exams, her sporting prowess on the netball court, the places she'd visited and all the things she'd done. The problem was that the reflections on her past merely brought into focus her terrible present. Why her? Why of all the potential victims in the world had she been chosen? Was it something about her personally that had attracted the kidnappers, those two stomach-churning bullies that had simply removed her from her old life so easily? Had they spotted a weakness in her character, some sort of defect that was obviously apparent? Was she really as assertive as she believed herself to be? She

shook her head angrily and tried to force those sort of ideas out of her head. It wasn't her fault that she'd been abducted, she'd been chosen at random, definitely.

Chapter 3

She blew on her striated right palm and shoved it under her armpit to try and numb the agonising pain. She made sure she watched Miss Ann at the same time. Sometimes she wasn't allowed to display this sort of emotion, other times she was tacitly encouraged to show how much her punishments hurt. This time the look of amused condescension on the woman's long, aristocratic face confirmed that the latter choice was the correct one. Even her reactions, her immediate natural responses were being carefully controlled she realised. The undeniable truth of that hurt almost as much as the very real pain she was made to endure. She knew she was being conditioned by the two old bitches, manipulated solely for their perverse pleasure. But what could she do about it? What was it they actually wanted from her?

"Do stand still, girl. You're beginning to irritate me. In fact stand up straight and put your hands on your head while I consider how to deal with you."

Caroline felt her innards freeze. Being dealt with in this mad- house didn't exactly revolve around loss of privileges, as it did when she was an actual girl. The tip of the woman's cane toyed with her striped tie which still hung down the front of her chest.

"Your poor mother will have to be informed of course. This sort of perverse behaviour simply can't be condoned. I wonder what she'll think. Lassiter? What your mother will think when she discovers that her darling daughter likes to sneak off to a public bathroom and masturbate? She'll be very disappointed with you Lassiter, won't she?"

"Yes, miss. I think she will."

It was the only possible answer, and even that was upsetting. Just the thought of her mum sat at home on her own waiting for news of her missing daughter was enough to set off the tears.

"I wonder what she'll do, Lassiter? Scold you, shout at you, beat you perhaps? Beat you for behaving like the little beast that you clearly are?"

"I...I hope not, miss." The tears were rolling down her cheeks. Big, fat tears of self-pity.

"I imagine that you've been a constant disappointment, Lassiter. All of your life, always letting down someone."

"Y...yes, miss," replied the sobbing woman.

"So, what to do with you, girl? You've certainly earned yourself a punishment, there can be no doubt of that. My immediate thought is to cane you, to bend you over your desk and then cane your bare bottom."

She tucked her stick under the woman's chin and raised it until their eyes met. Ann did like blue eyes, especially when they belonged to a blonde girl especially when they were full of tears like little Carrie's were.

"Because we both know that you don't like the cane, don't we Lassiter?"

"Yes, m...m...miss," sniffed Caroline.

"It hurts, doesn't it? It burns? It makes you cry?"

Caroline agreed unhappily that it did all those things. The thrashing she'd received in the early days with the heavy canes had taught her respect for the agonising pain they could produce. She began to tremble at the mere thought of another dose. Her right hand, buried in her hair, throbbed in sympathy.

"And it wouldn't be just a couple of gentle swats this time, Lassiter. I think we've gone beyond that stage, don't you. Your mummy and I have tried to be reasonable, but it doesn't seem to work, does it?. Perhaps what you need is a really exemplary flogging, a dozen...no, let's make that eighteen hard strokes. Would that do the trick, girl? Eighteen real stingers squeezed into that space between the top of your backside and the overhang of your cheeks. Would that encourage you to learn your lesson perhaps? "

Being required to look into the woman's dark, unblinking eyes as she calmly discussed her fate was simply terrifying. The woman didn't scream or even raise her voice above a normal conversational volume and that's what made her so frightening. Caroline didn't have the slightest doubt that she would apply that tariff if she thought it necessary, and without the slightest compunction. But the way she talked, as if they were discussing last night's TV rather than considering thrashing a young woman, was beyond belief. Caroline suddenly had a horrible vision of how easily, how seamlessly the woman would fit into everyday, normal life. Who of her friends or colleagues, if she actually had any, would believe that this well-dressed, well-spoken, middle-aged woman was in fact a sadist?

Caroline cold feel the terror in her stomach, despite the fact she had drunk hardly anything that day, she couldn't help but pee a little into her knickers. She silently prayed that miss wouldn't notice.

"P...please...miss, I..."

A swift hand slapped against her cheek.

"Quiet, girl! You're opinion is neither warranted or relevant."

Caroline blinked in shock but knew better than to take her hands from her head. She almost held her breath as she sensed the woman coming to a decision.

"I think, Lassiter, that this time I'm going to be lenient with you. Although I believe you need a salutary punishment, I'm going to leave that chore to your mother this time. I think a spanking, and then I'll take you to mummy and let her deal with you. How does that sound? Aren't you grateful that you're not going to be thrashed?"

"Y...yes, miss. Thank you, miss, for not thrashing me." Caroline knew what was expected of her by now.

In one sense, Caroline was relieved. At least the bitch wasn't going to cane her like some sort of errant Victorian schoolgirl. But on the other hand she knew from bitter experience what a spanking from her was like. And the second part didn't sound good either. What did Mummy Jennifer, the fat cow, have planned for her? Before she could dwell on it, the woman took a firm grip on her ear and led her to an armless chair. Without a word she flipped up the skirt of her shamefully short gymslip and then tucked it into her waistband. Seconds later her navy blue knickers were sliding down her bare thighs before coming to a rest by her knees. Almost before she could prepare herself, Caroline felt the woman's large hand slap right in the centre of the meat of her right buttock, and then the left and then alternately between the two of them.

"Think yourself lucky, girl, to be getting off this lightly," lectured the woman, her voice hardly affected by the effort she was putting into each blow.

Right, left, right, left, the spanking went on for what seemed to Caroline to be hours but in reality was five minutes according to the wall-clock in the oppressive little room. Ann Boothroyd really enjoyed spanking naughty little girls like Carrie. She'd enjoyed it for as long as she could remember. The sheer thrill of it, that feeling of power, of control. That's what really got her juices flowing. She'd known that she was a lesbian at a relatively young age, she'd only realised that she was an aggressive, predatory lesbian when her mother had packed her off to her boarding school. Only when she was there, locked up with five hundred other hormonal young woman did her true nature reveal itself.

Ever since those days her life, and that of her sister, had been a lifelong battle to hide that side of their lives. They indulged themselves of course, there were several encounters with submissive lesbians but the thrill of those soon wore off. What the sisters required was lesbians that weren't quite so submissive, lesbians that didn't want to be spanked or treated cruelly. For a while the hunting of such women slaked their aggressive urges. They were discrete of course, and wealthy enough to frequent the more salubrious establishments that catered for their particular...interests. Ann was a very well paid tax accountant in the City. Her private life and her public life were entirely at odds with each other. At work she had been the sensible, reliable, slightly dull, aunty sort of figure. She kept a photograph of her 'boyfriend' on her desk and regularly mentioned her numerous, but fictitious, nieces and nephews.

On a Friday evening and most weekends she prowled the various clubs and bars where she knew she would be able to hook up with the sort of prey that she was looking for. Damaged girls, vulnerable girls, adventurous girls who were looking for a bit of vanilla 'lezdom' experience. The latter soon found out to their cost that Ann didn't really do 'vanilla'. She did absolutely full-on lesbian domination strictly on her terms. The former, although at first the discovery of needy little lesbians who would do almost anything she demanded made her all hot and wet, soon bored her as well. They were too easy, too malleable. During these times her mind wandered back to her schooldays. The beatings she'd handed out when she was Head Girl! The majority of her victims certainly weren't compliant. That, she realised was what excited her so much. The domination and eventual subjugation of those that didn't enjoy the experience.

Her mind was made up purely by chance, maybe 18 months ago. As she strolled the City streets during her lunch hour she spotted a face she recognised. She started to raise her hand and call out until she realised at the last minute that the woman was Lucy Felton, her former schoolmistress at St Hilda's. She had just bought food for herself and was about to sit at a table with what were presumably a group of friends. Ann edged as near as she could, thankful for her sunglasses. Although she doubted if Miss Felton would recognise her nowadays in her designer suit and

expensive hairstyle. She hadn't changed much, a little greyer around the edges of her well-tended blonde hair, still attractive in her little doll sort of way. Ann smiled as she recalled the woman's terrified little face when she realised that Ann was blackmailing her. She took a careful bite of her sandwich and tried to listen into the conversation, but it was a mundane account of some trip somewhere. When Lucy eventually piped up, the mere sound of her voice was enough to transport Ann back through the years to that bedroom where she'd fucked the smaller woman on her own bed and then thrashed her so mercilessly.

That was one of the defining moments of her life. She had masturbated to those images so many times in the intervening years, but it still had that effect on her even now. It was only with difficulty that she prevented her own manicured hand from working away at her pussy. After all, playing with herself in a sunlit London square over lunch wouldn't sit quite so well with her manufactured, office persona. Still, by way of consolation, she managed to fiddle unobtrusively with her phone and take a couple of good pictures of Lucy for further reference. As she lay on her bed that night looking at her photographs and playing with her vibrator her minded drifted back to her time at St Hilda's. As she climaxed fiercely the idea that she'd had, that she'd always had, suddenly made perfect sense and very soon she'd be in a position to make it happen.

Beneath her, Caroline Lassiter, former dentist, squirmed over her knee in a quite arousing fashion. She stopped contemplating and stroking the girl's glowing red buttocks and resumed spanking the naughty little thing. This time however she concentrated on the backs of her thighs. She knew from experience that many girls considered the backs of their thighs, especially where the joined the buttocks, to be especially tender. Caroline it seemed was no exception. She howled and screamed and begged 'miss' to stop and promised faithfully to be a 'good girl' from now on only if she'd please...please stop spanking her! Ann glanced up at the clock, four minutes gone and only one to go. She picked up the pace a little, determined that Caroline should really feel them

Claire Hartley's shrieks had achieved an ear-splitting volume. The tall woman wielding the Lexan paddle was quite clearly an expert, there was hardly a part of Claire's plump backside that had felt its cool caress. Sometimes the woman and her huge accomplice used a ball-gag, a large sponge ball that strapped behind the wearer's head, to stifle some of the inevitable noise that was generated in the forbidding, windowless room. But sometimes they liked to listen to the wailing, and especially the begging. Her English associate had assured her that the woman's distinctive accent suggested that she was from somewhere called Essex. Even her untutored ear could tell it was a little less refined than others they'd entertained in this same grim room. Nevertheless, as far as she was concerned, just the fact that the desperate pleading sounds were in English made them both incongruous and oddly stimulating.

The hard-faced young woman wielding the paddle was a refugee from Eastern Europe. She was still in her twenties but had seen enough, and experienced enough in her relatively short life for this situation and all the ones that had preceded it to feel relatively mundane. Nobody had yet died under her expert tutelage, and to be honest there was very little blood involved. She was a renowned specialist and was paid accordingly, but of course she would have done her job for nothing. She enjoyed disciplining these soft, entitled Western women so very much. She raised her right arm and searched for just the right, least-red area.

Crraaackk!

Ah yes, there it was. Another bellowing shriek rent the cool air of the cellar. The woman allowed her left hand to slide under the waistband of her skirt as she watched the crimson buttocks writhe in front of her. The device the naked woman was strapped to was quite a work of art. It positioned her in a sort of crouching position as if she was riding a horse. Her hands and her head were quite low and constrained by Velcro straps. Around her waist was a thick leather strap to retain her in that position and behind her, her legs were drawn up and bent. The assortment of straps meant that her legs could be secured widely apart or close together meaning there was no part of her backside or upper thighs that could avoid her just punishment. Even her bare feet could be punished if that's what her disciplinarian chose. And there were, of course, a wide variety of implements to choose from, all of which could and invariably did result in the utter subjugation of every woman that was made to ride the horse, no matter how truculent her former behaviour or how spirited she was. And she did have to admit that this woman was more spirited than most.

The skill of the design though, was apparent in the way that the girls could be secured, the Velcro straps were both unbreakable and gave an infinite choice of restraint. They could be either shockingly tight and not allow the recipient even the slightest movement, or they could be relatively loose which allowed the girl riding it to twist and struggle and display her sex to any interested party. Also down the centre of the horse, where the girl's cunt generally rested there was a choice of material, from completely smooth to slightly ridged, to lumpy. The result was often to make the girl climax humiliatingly as she bucked and slid her moist sex up and down the indentations beneath her, much to the amusements of her captors. And the woman was most certainly amused, The fact that Claire wanted to fight her, at least at the start was a bonus as far as she was concerned. Who wanted to subjugate an obedient woman after all? Where was the fun in that?

At the other end of the contraption sat the large, mute presence of her fellow trainer. He was English, a Northerner perhaps, although she couldn't be sure. She knew he was, like her, from a violent, depraved background and that he'd served in the army for a while where his considerable appetite for violence would have been an asset. Like her again, he'd managed to control that temperament to an extent and now he was an invaluable source of intimidatory muscle. He looked across at her and indicated his cock, she nodded imperceptibly. He smiled and unzipped himself. The girl evidently heard the noise and began to struggle even more wildly to the amusement of both of them. The man had evidently decided that the volume of noise she was producing would have to be curtailed in his own inimitable way.

Caroline had certainly felt the slaps from the woman's large hand. She'd squirmed and struggled even though she knew she shouldn't, it hurt that much. But rather than deterring the older woman it simply seemed to encourage her. Caroline felt her knees pushed apart and then, to her horror, the insides of her thighs, those tender, alabaster-white portions of her legs that had so far remained untouched, were subjected to a ferocious barrage of punishing slaps. She threw her head back and howled, even a woman as strong and determined as Ann found her quite a handful. But really, she didn't mind. The girl's increasingly frantic squealing was like an aphrodisiac, Caroline's squirming was simply an excuse as if she needed one, to spank her that little bit longer and harder. And also the girl's frenzied movement was having a distinctly stirring, pleasurable effect on her. She opened her legs and slowly raised her hips a little while her little girl rolled and kicked, oblivious to what was going on beneath her.

The only noise in the room now was the gak,gak sound of a mouth working up and down the shaft of a large, erect penis. The woman was an interested spectator. Although she'd sampled that particular cock herself, it had been straightforward sex which both of them had enjoyed. She didn't do oral anymore, at least not with men. An added bonus was the sheer lack of noise in the room. She placed her own slim hand on the centre of Claire's scorching hot buttocks. My, that did feel hot! She stoked them a little more, oh so hot.

"gak,gak"

She let her hand wander down between the woman's heated thighs. Idly she wondered it must feel like to be fingered by another, younger, woman who'd just skinned your arse, as you were made at the same time to suck a great big cock?

"gak,gak"

Not that she actually cared much what the pathetic bitch thought of course. She was often quite amused by their tears and their begging, when they finally realised that she wasn't one of them. That she was just as sadistic and cruel as her colleague was, if not more so.

"gak,gak, gak,gak"

She smiled as the big man picked up the pace. She liked this bit, trying to guess where he was going to unload. Was he going to leave his swollen, veiny dick down her throat and half choke with his seed? Or was he going to pull out of her mouth and spray her snooty, tear-sodden face with it?

"gak,gak, gak,gak"

"gak,gak, gak,gak"

She carefully inserted her middle fingers into the woman's sweating anus, prodding and twisting, and overcoming the reluctant ring of muscle.

"gak,gak, gak,gak"

"gak,gak, gak,gak"

"gak,gak, gak,gak"

A slurping noise and a desperate pleading, jumble of words signified that this time he'd chosen the face. She smiled as the thick ropes covered the woman's face and slithered down it to deposit itself on the stone-slabbed floor.

Chapter 4

Caroline was being propelled down the familiar corridor by the scruff of her neck. She had to scuttle along just to keep up with the woman's long, imperious stride as her blue knickers were still hobbling her knees. But that was the least of her worries, her bottom and her thighs felt as if they were on fire. Once the insides of her thighs had been slapped, she was directed to sit on her desk with her legs apart and to hold her skirt up while the fronts of her milky white limbs were painted a rosy red by another vigorous five minute spanking. Eventually the two of them arrived outside a door, the woman knocked and entered. This room had a more homely feel, a settee, a couple of easy chairs, a writing desk, it was nicely decorated, it even had pictures on the wall. It did have one major drawback though, it contained Mummy Jennifer, and Mummy Jennifer looked to be in a particularly bad mood as she leapt to her feet.

"What *have* you been doing, girl?" She demanded. "I have a call at work saying that my daughter has been caught wanking in the school lavatories! How do you think that makes me feel?"

She advanced angrily upon a cringing Caroline who once again was shocked at the sheer amount of anger the heavily-built, intimidating woman could produce.

"Well? She demanded, prodding Caroline in the shoulder, "What do you have to say for yourself, missy?"

"I...I'm ever so sorry, mummy. I...I don't why I did it," she sobbed.

Once again just being in the presence of Mummy Jennifer had reduced her to tearful wreck.

"Have you been punished yet? You dirty little beast! Well? Have you?" She leaned forward and grabbed the trembling girl by her striped tie and shook her.

"Y...yes, mummy. Miss Jane caned my hands and then she spanked my bottom and my l...legs."

"Show me, you wilful little girl."

Shamefacedly, held up her hands with the palms facing Mummy Jennifer so that she could see the striations left by the cane.

"Now bend and show me your naughty bottom."

Caroline did so, well aware that the horrible woman had already seen the front of her thighs for herself.

"Cheeks apart!"

Blushing hugely Caroline had to take her own backside in her hands and pull them apart so that the two nasty old women could make sure she'd been thoroughly spanked.

"Good, have you thanked Miss Jane for dealing with you so efficiently, like a good girl?"

"N....no, mummy, I don't think I have, mummy. "

"Then do so now, please."

Caroline half-turned to see Miss Jane staring at her.

"I'm so s...sorry, Miss Jane. Thank you for teaching me a lesson by spanking me."

"I see that Miss Jane has been kind to you by not thrashing your bottom?"

"I thought that spanking such a badly behaved child should be a mother's prerogative."

"You're very kind, headmistress. Have no fear, I intend to give the little brat that sound thrashing."

"P...please, mummy...please," pleaded the terrified 30 year old. The play-acting may have been a sick, sadistic joke but as she knew to her cost, the pain was only too real.

"Too late for that now, young lady. I'm going to strap you thoroughly . Take your gymslip off and go and kneel on the arm of the sofa and put your hands on the floor."

Caroline burst into tears, she hated that position, The sofa was quite low but stretching down like that left her bottom high and exposed and prevented her from reaching back to protect herself. Plus, she knew they'd insist on her spreading her knees wide, which was even more shameful. She also knew that if she refused then not only would she be taken and tied over the punishment bench and caned like last time, but then they'd also bring her back here to see her strapped as well. Reluctantly, tearfully, she obeyed. She felt Mummy Jennifer's large, man-sized hand stroking her naked backside.

"You know I don't like to punish you like this, young lady? But really, I see no other alternative. You've really let me down, and yourself down for that matter. Heaven knows what Miss Jane thinks of the whole episode."

Swaaattt!

Even before Caroline could begin to formulate an answer that might placate Mummy Jennifer the thick leather strap bit into the meat of her still sore backside, reigniting every slap that she'd received earlier.

"Owwwww! Oww, ow," squealed the woman as a stripe of pain was painted over her bare bottom. Ten seconds passed, then twenty. The build up of heat was agonising. On thirty seconds a second stroke slightly overlaid the first forcing out another, louder, bellow of pain. Thirty seconds later a third followed with similar results.

"Aaaarrgh!...please, please...no more," she begged.

Sometimes the sisters would deliver thirty strokes in thirty seconds, sometimes one stroke for every minute that ticked by with terrible slowness. It was just a matter of how they felt at the time.

There didn't seem to be any reason, as if the two of them actually enjoyed the mental torture as much as the hurt and shame they inflicted on their defenceless victim.

Swaaattt!!! A fourth followed, applied with the same ferocious intent of the first three. Caroline shrieked in pain and her red bottom gyrated frenziedly. How many more did they intend to give her? She didn't think she'd be able to stand many more. She tensed in anticipation, the sweat and the tears sliding down from her face to be absorbed into the expensive carpet beneath her nose. Surely thirty seconds had passed? Was this some new form of torture?

"Up, girl!"

Caroline needed no second bidding and scrambled awkwardly to her feet, wincing as she felt the scorched skin of her leathered backside contract a little. She couldn't help but squeeze both cheeks with her hands and just hope that neither of her tormentors would disapprove. Both watched her in their typical dispassionate way as if what she did wasn't really worth bothering about. Eventually, Mummy Jennifer took her by the ear and led her to stand in front of the full length mirror.

"Just look at yourself, young lady. You're a disgrace! What are you!?"

"I...I'm a disgrace, m...mummy. I'm ever so sorry, mummy."

Caroline glanced at herself as briefly as possible in the mirror. Oh God! What did she look like? White knee length socks and shiny, black shoes as normal. But then no gymslip or knickers. The hem of her white shirt came down only as far as the top of her shaved, hairless Mons. She still had her blue and yellow tie tied, albeit scruffily around her neck. Without really thinking, her hands centred the knot so the striped strip of fabric hung neatly between her breasts again. Not only was she half-dressed, but her fringe was plastered to her forehead, her nose was running, her cheeks were tear-stained and her eyes were red-rimmed from crying. The sisters took up positions on either side of her so that all three were reflected in the large mirror.

"As a part of your therapy, I want you to show mummy just exactly what you were up to in the school bathroom this morning, Lassiter." said the stern-faced Miss Jane.

Caroline knew this was coming. She'd read and re-read her homework with ever-mounting disbelief. The venue hadn't been specified, but she knew that, at some stage, she was going to have to masturbate in front of the two dreadful old women. To demonstrate what she'd been 'up to' in the privacy of the school bathroom. She watched her own tears sliding gently down her face. In contrast, Mummy Jennifer, towering over her right shoulder, had a slight smirk on hers. Hesitantly her right hand slid slowly between her legs with two fingers extended. One final glance at her two tormentors assured her that neither would show her the slightest shred of sympathy. Her fingers fumbled nervously for her labial lips and what was hidden beneath them.

Caroline liked her own body, she was fairly comfortable with it. She wasn't a super-model, but neither was she terribly out of shape. She went to the gym when she remembered and she went running now and then, but to be honest her work took up most of her time. She'd had a few sexual partners, half a dozen at most. She wasn't particularly experienced, all her boyfriends had been decent sorts of chaps but not terribly adventurous. But then again, neither was she. She'd attended quite a strict Convent boarding school where as a young girl she'd attended a mystifying (at the time) lecture regarding 'self-pleasure' and learning that it was a Very Bad Thing. As time went by she realised that it was in fact Quite A Good Thing, but a thing nevertheless that wasn't mentioned and something that took place beneath the safe confines of her bedclothes in the night time.

One of her boyfriends, Barry perhaps, liked to encourage her to play with herself before they had sex, but she didn't really feel comfortable doing it in front of others. To her it had always been a solitary, slightly shameful pursuit and therefore she'd always avoided that sort of exhibitionist behaviour. But now, to her everlasting embarrassment, she was made to stimulate herself in front of a mirror and two obvious, predatory lesbians.

"Eyes up, Lassiter. I know you're ashamed of yourself, but this is all part of your treatment," demanded Miss Jane, "You do want to get better, don't you child?"

"Yes, Miss Jane. I do want to get better," she sniffed.

She was made to look at her reflection again, her knees slightly bent as she slid her hand up and down. And yes, she was ashamed of herself. That was the worst thing. The two old women had taken a perfectly natural female function, and turned it into yet another source of shame and humiliation for her. All those languid early-morning sessions as she lay in her own bed, half awake and comfortable while she played with herself and brought herself to a delight little orgasms before getting ready for work seemed like a distant dream. What she was doing now stood in front of a mirror wearing half a childish school uniform seemed obscene in comparison.

"So this is what you do all day what you're unsupervised is it, Carrie?"

"Y...yes, mummy."

She found her little nub and began to rub it just a little more urgently.

"It's disgraceful behaviour don't you think, headmistress? Such a dirty little girl."

"I'm afraid so, Mrs Lassiter. Blatantly immoral behaviour at such a young age is quite unusual I have to say. Your daughter is the youngest self-abuser I've encountered in thirty years of teaching."

Mummy Jennifer brought her hand crashing down onto Caroline's bare buttock cheek eliciting a squeal.

"Do you hear that, you wretched child? The youngest ever little wanker in Middlebury Junior School! I hope you're proud of yourself?"

She repeated the swat to the same cheek, producing a slightly higher-pitched squeal. Almost immediately Miss Jane slapped her other crimson cheek.

"I won't tell you again, Lassiter. Eyes on the mirror, girl!" She bellowed into Caroline's ear.

With tears streaming down her cheeks, Caroline Lassiter, professionally qualified career-woman returned to her degrading task. Despite the situation and the close attention of the sisters, she could feel herself becoming aroused. Ever since she'd been in this dreadful house, she was only allowed to come on demand. She was often put to bed with her hands bound in soft, white leather mittens so that she could easily be monitored regarding her nocturnal habits.

"Look at her little nipples," said Mummy Jennifer, "she's absolutely shameless."

It was true, her excitement was evident as she was becoming more and more slippery, she could feel liquid arousal starting to slide down her naked thighs. She began to pant, even having to watch herself in the mirror couldn't detract from the pleasure that was building up inside her.

"Stop right now, Lassiter!" Demanded Miss Jane, loudly.

With a little scream of frustration, Caroline made herself desist. She dared't even think what the penalties might be for disobeying a direct command like that from one of her mistresses. She stood in front of the mirror, her face flushed and her small, pert breasts heaving.

"Put your dirty little hand to your nose, girl, and tell me what it smells of."

"I...it smells of me, Miss Jane, of my arousal."

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, a little girl like you absolutely stinking of sex?"

Caroline nodded dumbly, the truth was that she was ashamed of herself. The two sadists had succeeded in turning a natural act of pleasure into some sort of crime.

"Now put your fingers into your mouth, and tell Mummy Jennifer what they taste of," demanded the headmistress.

Caroline hated the sound of that order, and for a very brief second she considered disobeying it. But it only took the tiniest of glance at Miss Jane's implacable face to deter her. Reluctantly she sucked on her fingers and then almost whispered the words.

"They taste of me mummy, they taste of sex."

"Good Lord, Carrie. You are simply incorrigible! A little girl of your age should not be saying such things. I really think it's time you were taken in hand. Put that hand out, palm up. I'll teach you to show me up like this."

She turned Caroline so that she was side-on to the mirror and then retrieved her thick leather strap from the sofa.

"Keep that hand steady, girl."

She stood with the strap in her hand and the twin tails draped over her shoulder.

Swaaattt!

With a sudden blur of movement, the leather bit into Caroline's soft, outstretched palm. She shrieked in protest. God! But it hurt so much!

"Hand up."

Swaaattt!

Her knees buckled with the sheer agony of the thing. She howled in pain and thrust her hand under her armpit in a desperate attempt to dull the terrible sting.

"This, Lassiter, is what's known as aversion therapy. I find it's worked well with my other little girls in the past," said the headmistress with a grim, self-satisfied smile.

"Hand up again, Carrie. really, I don't see what you have to complain about. You know you're in the wrong don't you? You do accept that?"

"Y...yes, mummy. S...sorry, mummy."

And the weird thing was that part of her brain did accept that she had done wrong. Not in this house, obviously. She clearly wasn't 11 years old. she didn't attend Middlebury Junior School, and she hadn't masturbated in the bathroom. But when she was an actual schoolgirl she had regularly played with herself all those times in her Convent dormitory. Perhaps...perhaps in an obscure sort of way she was being punished now for all those transgressions in the past? She saw Mummy Jennifer's hands move and tensed herself.

Swaaattt!

Another swathe of pure pain. She howled and cried and did a little jig and tried blowing on her hand but the stinging sensation was still atrocious.

"Hurts, doesn't it Lassiter?" Asked Miss Jane.

"Ohhh, yes miss, it hurts a lot, miss," blubbered Caroline.

"Is it teaching you a lesson, young lady?"

"Oh yes, miss. Yes, miss."

The tall woman took a firm grip on Caroline's chin and turned her so that they were eye to eye.
"And what lessons have you learned?"

"T...to never...erm...self-abuse anymore."

"And?" She squeezed Caroline's cheeks just a little harder, enjoying the look of confused terror in her pretty, blue eyes.

"And...and...and to be a good girl," she babbled.

"I don't believe your little girl really has learned her lesson. Do you, Mrs Lassiter?"

"No...nooo. I have...really I have!" Squealed Caroline in a hysterical voice. "Please...I can't take any more,"

"Unfortunately, headmistress. I think you're correct."

Miss Jane took a firm grip on the collar of Caroline's shirt and simply hauled the struggling woman back over the arm of the sofa, making sure her knees were spread as far as possible and her hands were just about touching the floor.

"Maybe just four more, Mrs Lassiter. And I do think we'd be failing in our responsibility if our nasty little girl didn't feel every single one of them.

Caroline howled and begged until her voice began to crack. She was sorry, she was sorry. She would do anything they wanted...anything. What was it they wanted from her? Miss Jane carefully rolled up Caroline's white shirt until it was under her armpits, which allowed her little apple breasts to hang free. Casually Miss Jane reached hold of a nipple and squeezed it sharply causing a high-pitched squeal. Behind her Mummy Jennifer gently stroked her leather strap across Caroline's tortured backside. Miss Jane squatted down so that her greying head was right by Caroline's blonde one and then slowly and deliberately licked at the tears on her cheek.

"What we want from you, Carrie, is obedience, respect, and honesty. Especially the latter. We think you're a naughty, dirty little girl, and we're sure that behaviour stems from your character. Essentially, Lassiter, you're weak. You've got some sort of deviant, regressive gene in you that has clearly hampered your development. We want to help you, Lassiter, we really do. But to help us help you, you need to be transparent and honest with us. Can you do that Lassiter, can you? Be open and honest with us about your past relationships and the many errors that you've committed?"

Miss Jane tugged playfully on one of her pigtails clearly expecting an answer.

"Yes, miss. I can, miss. I promise I can, miss," babbled Caroline as tears mixed with snot and ran down her face.

At that moment she would have admitted to and promise absolutely anything, if only the sisters would stop their barrage of abuse.

"I'll tell you what then. Mummy Jennifer is going to give you four very good strokes of the strap. No! Don't argue, you know you deserve four good stingers don't you?"

Caroline began to cry in earnest. Four more strokes! She just couldn't stand any more. Miss Jane wiped her tears away with surprising gentleness.

"Four more strokes, Carrie, and then mummy just might allow you to have a little cummy, a nice hot shower and then maybe some supper before she puts you to bed for the night. Does that sound good to you?"

Caroline nodded her head dumbly, too tired physically and mentally to argue any more.

"And then bright and early tomorrow, mummy will sit you on her knee and we can talk about all your problems and exactly how we're going to deal with them. Does that sound fair?"

"Yes, Miss Jane," whispered Caroline. "Thank you, Miss Jane."

There's a good little girl. Now, all you have to do is ask Mummy Jennifer clearly and politely if she'll be good enough to administers four strokes of her strap to your bare bottom and then you'll be tucked into bed, safe and sound, before you know it."

"Y...yes, Miss Jane."

"Good girl, whenever you're ready poppet."

Chapter 5

Claire Hartley was dressed again, although that was only a relative term. She had shiny brown, strap over sandals on. The sort of things she might have worn twenty years ago when she was taken to church on a Sunday by her parents. The white ankle socks barely made it to her ankles and her tiny white knickers, complete with a sort of bunny motif would have been appropriate for her first day in school. And taking of which, she had on a yellow, Gingham frock which was only as long as her fingertips. Not only was it a hideous yellow and white check, but it had short sleeves trimmed in white and a large white collar. Her copper-coloured hair was tied up in a single pony tail with a correspondingly bright yellow, extravagant ribbon. Nevertheless they were clothes, hideously inappropriate and ridiculous certainly but much better than nothing, And she'd had to earn them. At first it was just the miniscule socks, and then a couple of days later the shoes. She was kept like that for what seemed like several days having to scamper around at their beck and call, having her legs slapped, mainly for their amusement as far as she could tell

Then, as her behaviour improved presumably, the very idea that she could somehow resist her two captors or indeed escape from them had long been abandoned, she'd been given a tiny pair of white knickers. Both of them had laughed at her and advised her that she need to lose some weight off her 'fat arse' as they watched her trying to get into the things. Then she was photographed, stood against the back wall, sometimes with her face showing and sometimes with a bag over her head that both frightened and humiliated her. From the front, from the side, and even from behind. Eventually after what could have been a week she had graduated into the yellow Gingham dress with the white sash around her waist, which led to another lengthy bout of photographs. She realised with a certain amount of terror that she was being prepared, for who or for what, she had no idea.

Caroline Lassiter lay in her little cot on her back, looking up at the mobile that slowly rotated above her head. She hated the mobile, she absolutely hated the vile thing that silently mocked her every day. It was slowly spinning as she looked at it, There were four plump, unhappy-looking teddy bears suspended by their necks as if they were being hung. And if that wasn't bad enough there was a facsimile of a young girl dressed in a cotton shift in the centre of it, similarly unhappy and similarly hanging by her neck. The fact that it was an utter perversion of what would normally be displayed in a child's bedroom was deeply concerning. The fact that the girl figure with its corn-yellow hair arranged in two bunches on either side of her head was obviously meant to represent her, was doubly disconcerting.

It suggested that her two captors, although undoubtedly crazy, didn't just want to hurt her physically, they wanted to dominate her mentally as well. They wanted to pick and gnaw at her psyche, to unravel her very soul. But why? That was always the question that bewildered Caroline. Why go to all these lengths? The time and money expended on her must be quite significant, but what was the point of it? What was the desired final outcome, and why oh why had she in particular fallen victim to these two dreadful old psychopaths? To try and maintain her sanity she had run and rerun the situation over and over in her head. Either the two had spent an awful lot of money on

acquiring her in a random manner. Or, something her mind had refused to even contemplate until recently, she had been chosen.

If she had indeed been selected, it opened a horrible scenario where she'd been watched without her knowledge for quite a period of time. She shivered involuntarily at the thought of that, of being stalked at her home and at her place of work. Perhaps she'd been photographed or filmed? Perhaps the old women had personally followed her, judging her, assessing her suitability? A sudden thought squeezed its way into her mind. Perhaps she knew them, not personally obviously, but perhaps she'd met them before somewhere? The very thought of it made her feel sick, but she managed to make herself calm and to analyse the situation. Had she, Caroline Lassiter, ever come into contact with either of those two evil women in either a personal or a professional context before she'd been kidnapped? Wouldn't she have noticed or remembered two such large, striking women? In what possible situation could she have encountered them?

The mobile spun a little, catching her eye and breaking her concentration. She turned her head slightly to avoid it, but the damage had already been done. The memory of it was burnt into her brain. From somewhere she could hear the sound of high-heeled shoes, the two bitches were up and about. Caroline had lost all concept of time now. It could be breakfast time down here, but mid-afternoon outside in the real world. The time she had come to realise, was whatever the sisters desired it to be. She flexed herself gently against the straps that kept her fastened to her bed. There was no point in struggling, even if she could free herself, what would she do then? All the doors in the place were obviously very high quality with appropriately expensive locks. Best just accept her situation, for now at least.

Even the slight movement had irritated her backside, still so sore from the four strokes of the strap that the bitches had evidently enjoyed giving her the previous evening. They were as good as their word, she grudgingly admitted to herself. Last night, for example, after those last four searing strokes that she'd had to humiliatingly beg for, she was taken for a nice hot shower and then fingered to a little cummy by Mummy Jennifer as her sister watched with a derisive smirk on her face. Even the multitude of photographs that Miss Jane took didn't really spoil that little pleasure. She in turn was then required to lick and suck both her elderly captors to a shuddering climax in front of the other. Gross and humiliating that whole incident was, it was far preferable to being caned.

Claire was singing, or at least trying to. She couldn't even remember the last time she'd sung in public. Probably back in church somewhere, a wedding or a Christening maybe. More than likely a happy family occasion, as opposed to what she was doing now

"On the Good Ship Lollipop
It's a sweet trip to a candy shop
Where bon-bons play
On the sunny beach of Peppermint Bay."

She was stood at one end of the room while the woman and the man sat on chairs watching her. Claire had never seen them laugh ever, but the two appeared to be most amused by her antics. No wonder, she thought bitterly, it can't be very often they'd seen a grown woman singing the lyrics to a Shirley Temple song. She could well imagine what she must look like. This morning after her shower she'd been given a pair of shiny, black patent leather shoes, frilled ankle socks and a pair of

white, ruffled, rumba pants. Over that she wore a pink and white, short-sleeved dress that barely came down to mid-thigh and her hair was fastened into two pigtails held by two big shiny, satin , pink bows. Her pale cheeks had been rouged and she wore red lipstick.

The young woman watching and enjoying her humiliation held up her hand to bring a halt to the proceedings. She turned to her left and said something to the man that made them both laugh.

"Let's go through that one more time, young lady, but this time with feeling. My colleague would like to see you bob in time with the music and it's essential that you keep a smile on your face at all times. If we think, just for one minute, that you're not happy, we're going to send you to go and get your paddle. Surely that's not unreasonable, young missy?"

It seemed very unreasonable as far as Claire was concerned, very unreasonable indeed, but she certainly wasn't going to argue.

"Yes, miss. Sorry, miss."

Instead she stitched an even wider fake smile to her face and began again.

"Lemonade stands everywhere
Crackerjack bands fill the air
And there you are
Happy landing on a chocolate bar."

She kept her hands in the small of her back and bobbed along, all the time replaying the image of little Miss Temple singing her famous lines in the film, while at the same time trying to block out all the possible reasons why she, a twenty-eight year old woman, was being required to do the same thing.

Caroline Lassiter was stood in the upstairs room. Despite her age and evident maturity she was wearing just a pair of tiny, white cotton knickers with a little pink bow on the front of them and a matching , white cotton vest that just about came to her navel. On her feet she had a pair of white ankle socks trimmed in pink ribbon. She was having her long, blonde hair brushed by a very tall, intimidating-looking woman. From the look on Mummy Jane's face she could see that she was enjoying using the hairbrush for the reason it was actually designed, untangling a girl's hair and adding a lustrous sheen to it. The brush strokes were long and vigorous, Mummy Jane clearly believed that if a job was worth doing, it was worth doing well. Caroline didn't particularly want to examine herself in the full-length mirror, but she had very little choice. Her reflection was all she could see, that and mummy Jane's look of intense concentration.

She was being put on show today and therefore she was being prepared. The sisters had explained that a friend of theirs was coming over for a visit. They weren't sure if their new girl was ready to meet anyone yet, but their friend had been most persuasive, and so they'd relented. That was why they'd caned her yesterday. They'd dragged her kicking and screaming into the punishment room and dropped her across the bench with such force that it temporarily winded her. As she lay there gasping, her wrists and ankles had been tightly buckled to the splay-legged frame.

Miss Jennifer had taken a handful of her hair and pulled it upwards until their eyes met. It was hard to see her eyes, she was wearing a peaked cap. The cap was a part of the uniform that both of

them were wearing. It made them look even more terrifying if anything. Like prison warders, grey jackets and tight knee-length skirts, crisp white shirts, black ties and black boots. But that was what they were in reality, jack-booted gaolers. Heartless, vindictive old women, imprisoning her against her will. Despite the roles that she was required to play for their amusement, the role of prisoner was the only one that was actually real. That didn't make it better in any way, in fact when she was a prisoner it usually meant her punishments were more painful.

"Tomorrow we're going to introduce you to a friend of ours," said Miss Jennifer.

"A very close, personal friend of ours," said Miss Jane, whose cheek was almost touching Caroline's.

"What we want to see is a compliant, well-behaved little girl," said Miss Jennifer, conversationally.

"What we don't want to see is a naughty, selfish brat," said Miss Jane as she gently licked Caroline's cheek with the tip of her tongue. "You do understand that don't you, little Caroline?"

"Y...yes, Miss Jane. Yes, I understand that I have to be on my best behaviour."

This scene hadn't been pre-scripted for her. There hadn't been any lines for her to learn and rehearse. The sudden crash as the door to her room opened had frightened her and then she'd been dragged, wearing just a thin pair of panties, away from her little bedroom and down the corridor to her very least favourite room. She'd struggled but the two were far too big and strong. They simply pulled her arms up behind her back and her head down before depositing her over the caning bench.

"But how can we be sure that you'll be on your best behaviour, Caroline dear?" Asked Miss Jennifer as she tugged playfully at Caroline's hair.

"I promise, really and truly. I promise."

Caroline could already feel the tears forming. As usual it hadn't taken the two of them long to reduce her to a quivering, terrified wreck.

"If only we could be sure, Caroline. We worry that you might let us down in front of our friend."

"We have a reputation, Carrie. Our friends love us and respect us. What do you think our friends would say if we presented them with a surly, misbehaving little girl?"

"Miss Jane and Miss Jennifer are over-indulgent parents, is what they'll think."

"That poor girl has been spared the rod and is clearly spoiled, is what they'll tell their friends."

Caroline could feel her innards turning to iced water again, as she listened to the two of them. She felt physically sick. The two sadists weren't talking figuratively about sparing 'the rod'. She was only ever tied over this horrible caning bench for one, specific reason. She tried to struggle, but it was futile. She had been restrained by experts. The two women stepped away, but behind her and to the sides, Caroline could hear the high-pitched swwoosh as they whipped their canes through the air purely for her benefit.

"Please...Please! I'll be good, really good...I p...promise."

Miss Jane came and stood in front of Caroline and tapped her gently on the head with her stick.

"The thing is, Caroline. We'd like to believe you, we really would. The problem is that your behaviour hasn't been quite what we were expecting. We've discussed the matter and decided that the best way to deal with your truculence would be to give you a very sound thrashing."

"Noooo!...Pleeease!....No. I'm begging you. I...I'm sorry..."

She jumped a little as she felt the cold chill of something metallic pressed against her thigh. She realised that Miss Jennifer behind her was snipping through her little knickers with a pair of scissors.

"We realise that your underpants don't offer you much protection against out prison-weight canes, Caroline. But we really do want you to feel every one of these strokes."

Caroline started to pant, she could already feel the fear in her chest. The first time she'd been caned over this bench, the two sisters had used what they termed 'prison-weight' canes. Caroline wasn't sure what the term meant but she did know that the pain of her beating had stayed with her for days, the agony seared into her brain. She began to struggle frantically and to hyper-ventilate.

"Please! No!. I...I'll do anything, anything!!" She shrieked.

Miss Jane bent her head down again and stroked her hair, already damp with perspiration.

"Calm down, little Caroline. All we'd like is for you to behave yourself tomorrow in front of our friend. That's surely not too much to ask?"

"I will...I will...I promise!!" Caroline bellowed, hoarsely.

"She's saying all the right things at least," she heard Miss Jennifer laugh behind her.

"But that's just it, Jennifer. Words are cheap as we both know. Unless we chastise our little girl regularly, she may well get out of hand. And we wouldn't want that, would we?"

Even in her near-hysterical state, those words registered with Caroline. Get out of hand? She was almost too scared to breathe in this terrible house!

"I agree, Jane dearest. But do remember we have a guest tomorrow who has come a long way to see our little girl. Imagine the disappointment if Caroline had to stay in bed all day due to the state of her backside?"

"Hmm, I suppose so."

"So why not give the girl a warning now, with a promise to carry out her thrashing once our guests have gone if she misbehaves in any way?"

And that's what had happened. If Caroline turned a little she could see the edges of two purpling tramlines as they peeked out of her knickers in her reflection in the mirror. In their wisdom

the sisters had kindly given her just the one stroke each. Two strokes didn't sound much, but they'd both been given with extreme force. Miss Jennifer first and then Miss Jane. Each stroke felt as if her bottom had been cut in half. She absolute shrieked in pain as the strokes bit into her. Then they'd stood over her for a while comparing the twin weals and totally ignoring her tears. They left her for an hour or so and then returned with some sort of dressing for her, before putting her to bed without any supper

Now she'd been taken to the playroom to prepare for today's visitor. Mummy Jane had produced a green, tartan kilt which she held out for Caroline to step into.

"Now, repeat our agreement again my angel, just so that we can both be sure you understand."

"M...my original sentence was 12 strokes of the prison-weight cane in order to remind me not to m...misbehave."

The woman tugged a little at her pleated little kilt, which as usual fitted perfectly around her waist but only just covered the swell of her bottom cheeks. When it was correctly positioned, she zipped it up the side.

"That's a good girl."

"But you and m...mummy Jennifer gave me just two strokes, which was very kind of you."

She felt the old woman's finger nail as it ran down the length of one of the vivid weals on her backside.

"Did they hurt, Caroline?"

Caroline nodded her head.

"They hurt very much, M...Miss Jane."

The woman's finger ran back across the other weal.

"So, in order to avoid the balance of the punishment you were first awarded, what should you do?"

Caroline could feel her heart beat faster just thinking about being put back over that horrible caning bench.

"I...I must be a good, obedient girl when I meet your guests today."

"And if you don't meet those requirements?"

"I'll be...I'll be fastened to the w...whipping bench and I'll get t...ten strokes of the prison-weight cane across my b...bare bottom."

Already the mere thought of it was causing the tears to run down her cheeks.

"P...please, Mummy Jane...please."

The woman produced a cotton handkerchief from her pocket and dabbed at Caroline's tear-stained cheeks with it.

"There, there Caroline. No need to cry. All you have to do is be a good little girl today and please your mummies. That shouldn't be too hard, should it?"

She went away again without waiting for a reply and came back with a pristine white shirt and a green tie that matched the colour of her skirt. Caroline fumbled nervously with the buttons of her blouse, especially with the starched tightness of her cuffs and shirt collar. She watched herself in the mirror as she knotted the tie perfectly making sure it was exactly the correct length. Behind her she could see the woman nodding approvingly. She felt the hem of her skirt raised and a hand grasp a buttock cheek.

"You're growing up so fast, Caroline," she breathed into her ear. "How old are you now, anyway?"

"S...sixteen of course, Mummy Jane. I've just started in the fifth form at the Sacred Heart," replied the thirty year old dentist, remembering her 'homework' almost word for word.

A long, bony finger insinuated itself between her two, chubby bottom cheeks and insinuated itself slightly into her little wrinkled starfish.

"Of course you are, dear. Of course you are. It slipped my mind for a second."

Just then the front doorbell rang.

THE END