

STREET SLAVE

Martin Hughes

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CHAPTER 1

Sarah used the loo for the umpteenth time that morning, such was her nervousness and it was still before 8am as she put the finishing touches to her make-up. It was apparently important to look your best when you had to report to the neighbourhood Control Centre, something she recalled from the numerous instructions sent by the local council. How things had changed over the last twenty or so years in mid-21st century England, she considered as she regarded the pretty face staring back at her in the mirror as she applied a little light rouge.

She had chosen a fairly low cut light blue summer dress with thin straps which allowed a bit of tantalising cleavage to show. This not only suited the warm day but also, she recalled from the instructions sent her, she had to report to someone who looked like a fairly old and dodderly guy, maybe a tad uptight as she could imagine a judge might be - albeit a bit 'letchy' looking too. Thus if he liked what he saw, she could maybe sweet-talk and charm her way through this coming ordeal, she reasoned. People often told her how her big eyes and her small, ever so slightly turned up nose added innocent sweetness to her natural beauty. Should she change her hairstyle? Probably not, it was currently ash blonde, falling softly in a bob to the smoothness of her shoulders just as her boyfriend liked it. But she knew that her mind was straying, trying to seek sanctuary in such meanderings from what it knew lay ahead.

Twenty years ago people would have laughed at the idea of local Controllers to whom one had to report for any infraction of the now numerous local by-laws. Well, Sarah wasn't laughing now. Just the initials of the new justice organisation covered a multitude of possible sins: CONTROL: Community Orientated Neighbourhood Training and Rehabilitation of Offender Liability, if she correctly recalled its eye-watering full name.

Everyone had heard the stories about how you became all but a slave to the all-important neighbourhood Controller for the time of your sentence. But being a basically law abiding and timid person it had never particularly bothered her how thugs were now treated. Teaching them a lesson and keeping them off the streets sounded good to her, even if - as it appeared - the people who had gravitated to running the Control schemes were those who enjoyed that kind of power over their fellows. Her nearest Control Centre was actually just a few hundred yards further down her street in an ugly mansion and the people who worked there certainly appeared to reckon themselves. One she sometimes saw leaving the control building was certainly an imposing middle-aged Asian woman, the sort of person you crossed the road to avoid lest her sense of disdain and evil tarnished you too.

OK, so the latest hike in council tax demands was totally unfair but oh why had she gone along to that stupid demonstration with her boyfriend? She pondered yet again. Even though they had kept well to the back the surveillance cameras had been everywhere. Sarah curbed the need to use the loo again at the thought that she had to report to the Control Centre in a matter of minutes to hear the length of her sentence and the nature of her punishment. And she had heard rumours, although facts were scarce under the extension of the Official Secrets Act, that in addition to demeaning rehabilitation and drill exercises, Controllers were empowered to use old-fashioned things like corporal punishment - or worse! But surely, she told herself yet again, that was only for violent criminals. Nothing like that could be applicable to her for taking part in a peaceful demonstration and continuing the protest by withholding part of the stupid and excessive council tax bill?

"We'd better go now, darling." Sarah tried to keep her voice level as she stepped into their large lounge. Her boyfriend, with whom she had lived in their smart and expensive detached house for the last year, left his newspaper to embrace her. Obviously he was

worried too; she could tell that he was hardly reading anyway. Greg's body was lean and hard against hers and it felt good to feel his mouth over hers as she clasped him to her almost desperately. Urgently she gripped the back of his head, pressing herself against him, seeking reassurance, never wanting the embrace to end.

"Steady, darling," he stroked her back. "Don't worry, we'll be back in an hour or so, the judge guy and his cronies can't make much of it all. We're not criminals; we didn't get involved in anything bad; there was no violence. And a late bill... we can always pay it now we've made our protest," he assured her, his hand impudently squeezing the pert mound of her bottom over her short dress.

"Don't, you'll mess up my appearance," she mock scolded him, reluctantly breaking away. "But don't forget they also want to talk about reports of licentious behaviour," she remembered the wording from the summons, her eyes searching his for yet another sign of reassurance.

"Look, we talked about it," Greg held her tightly and with the firmness she needed. "That's surely just some busybody in one of the council flats opposite, jealous because they haven't got a huge house and mortgage like us. It must have been that day when you came home a bit tipsy a couple of months ago and stripped off to have your evil way with me..." he chuckled at the memory, "before you'd drawn the curtains. They must have been peeking out of their window with nothing better to do. Who cares, we're in our own house; they can get stuffed."

"Yes but..."

"But nothing, we're respectable people, law abiding, they aren't going to make a thing over stuff like this." He again held her tight, soothing her fears, kissing her tenderly, stroking her face. She just wanted to stay in his arms forever and not have to face the horrible world and the people outside. "Come now, we're ready to go. And if one of us gets home before the other they put the kettle on and we can have a laugh about it all," he smiled, patting her back.

"I guess," Sarah sighed, feeling better now. She always did feel better when bolstered by Greg's courage. He was such a handsome man and she was so lucky to be with him, she gave further thanks. True, in her twenty years she too had also often been told just how gorgeous she was, from her innocent doll-like face to her firm 36c boobs and slim yet curvy body with a wiggling bottom often attracting wolf whistles. So maybe she could, as she had been told, have her choice of men but, yes, life was good, especially with Greg. He was just a couple of years older than her, in a good and well paid city job, a bit more glamorous than hers, assistant personnel manager at a large local company. Mind you, she was in a position of authority and only a few weeks ago had tackled the sacking of one of the staff, a lazy girl who had pilfered a few things. It was good to be able to give the rather unpleasant Asian girl a piece of her mind and show her the door. The Chief Exec had been very complimentary – so not all the responsible jobs were in London, she thought proudly.

Yes, all in all, she and Greg had the world at their feet despite these petty new legal restrictions. And in a few weeks' time, when she was twenty one, her substantial inheritance of around four hundred grand would allow their life to become even better, pay off their joint mortgage, maybe get an even bigger house? But for the moment, her life temporarily looked like getting a bit worse. She wrung her hands in anguish. She had thought about telling her wealthy parents who had moved to Florida, but didn't want to burden them and she was anyway a bit ashamed about having got into this jam in the first place. No, she'd sort it herself, no matter how unpalatable.

Before, she had scarcely spared a thought about the various scare stories surrounding the virtually limitless powers now used by the local guardians of the state to stamp out petty crime by zero tolerance. Surely, though, she tried to reassure herself again, the simple

charges against them would scarcely warrant more than a ticking off from the judge guy? She'd just craftily lean forward a bit and so that he could see a bit of her creamy boobs and flutter her large blue eyes at him. He'd probably keel over with a heart attack, she cautioned herself, regaining a little of her natural humour. OK, so maybe someone had also seen her getting a bit fresh through the window the other month. Her behaviour that evening had been unusual for someone of her shy nature and the thought of it still made her blush. She suspected that someone had laced her drinks in the office leaving 'do' she had attended. But in any case, she was a grown woman and in her own house. This new so-called justice process might be a bit demeaning, maybe they'd have to eat a bit of humble pie, but then it would be over, she decided, feeling a little better.

Maybe they should then move to America too with her inheritance, she contemplated. Trying to smile for the benefit of any other nosy neighbours who might be watching, she tucked her hand under Greg's muscular arm, her blue high heels clicking up the road towards the large house at the end of her street.

"Identity cards, we can't let just anyone in here, sweetheart." The youngster drawling sarcastically, standing behind the high iron gate, clicked his fingers. It was infuriating that someone like him, probably still a teenager and looking nothing better than a common thug with his cropped hair and scarred white face, now had such authority over them – and emphasised by the sinister 'Control' logo on his black uniform contrasting with the tattoos on his smooth white arms. It sometimes seemed to her that the previously criminal types were now almost in charge of things, the lunatics running the asylum, she mused bitterly.

Wishing her hands weren't shaking, Sarah passed the ID cards everyone now had to carry through the gate for the lad to scrutinise and barcode against his handheld computer. Silently he beckoned them onto the drive after releasing the electronic lock. It felt so frightening and strange to be standing on the gravel inside the grounds of the evil house she had so often driven or walked passed, never expecting to enter. It had once been an old Victorian cottage hospital she recalled, although expanded since.

"Drop your handbag. Hands out, away from your sides, legs apart like a cross, I need to frisk you, darling, both of you, before you go in." The creep smiled crookedly as another guard sauntered up to check Greg.

Sarah's face felt hot and sticky as she complied, hoping that no-one she knew was passing. She'd not expected such a public humiliation but her fear of the new justice system prohibited any outright revolt. After first checking her bag to ensure she'd obeyed the rules about no mobile phones, computers or cameras, the lad looked at her, a grin creasing his ugly face.

"Hah," she gulped, trying to remain passive as the gloved hands slid down the side of her face, checking under her hair, mucking up its neatness, before trailing down the pulse of her throat and between the almost beckoning valley of her cleavage. It was awful that his grimy finger was stroking between the top of her milky globes. She almost stopped breathing in her tenseness. Then the hands moved to the outside of her dress to obscenely grope and hold the mounds of her boobs; it was like being searched at an airport – only ten times worse. She shrunk away slightly, aware of Greg glaring at the lad as his hands lingered, taking her breasts and lifting them slowly in their scant covering before they continued like slugs down her waist to her backside. Oh, why had she not covered herself more modestly, she now thought, blushing.

“She’s got a good pair a’ tits, and a nice arse – all nice and firm, eh,” the guard leered at Greg as he groped the cheeks of her bottom through her thin dress. Then his fingers came forwards and upwards.

“Ughh, please...” she wriggled, beginning to lower her outstretched arms as his crude hands scrunched up her pretty dress, forcing her onto her tip-toes as his fingers slid hard up against the crotch of her panties. Her tiny pink thong must be clearly visible to his greedy eyes. “Please don’t, you can’t, I’m-I’m not hiding anything, I only live down the road and it’s virtually only an administrative matter we’re here for there’s no need...”

“I wouldn’t try it, matey,” the other young guard cautioned Greg, fingering his baton to almost invite trouble as her boyfriend made to say something through bared teeth as he had to watch the hands on her. “When you’re through these gates you’re in the power of the Controller, who can make sure you never leave here until you’re broken. And you’ve no claim over the slut – your ID records show you’re not even married,” the lad smiled sadistically at him.

“She’s not a slut, she’s my girlfriend, we live together and you’ve no right... aaaghhh,” Greg’s protest ended in a wheezing grunt as the guard jabbed his solar plexus to make him fold over, gasping.

“Stay right where you are,” the brute touching her gripped her arms to stop her going to Greg’s aid, positioning her hands away from her body again. “Yeah, nice and soft down here,” the brute purred as his hateful fingers curled against the lips of her sex through the thin material of her knickers. This was ghastly for her. “You see, we’re just not interested in why you’re here – only that you are – and the need for you to be taught respect. And you don’t ever say, ‘don’t’ or ‘no’ here, girlie,” the guard’s nicotine stained hands were suddenly in her hair, shaking her head. It was so painful, as if her scalp was being torn off, forcing tears to her eyes as her hands uselessly tried to prise away his iron grip. “Bad things can happen to people here unless they behave themselves. Now what you gotta’ learn is the proper respect. You bow to your superiors here. You and your boyfriend, hands by your sides, bow from the waist, deep and respectful and hold it like that before I say you can leave us to go into the house.” He pointed to large black door behind him. “And it’s gotta be low enough so your tits nearly fall out,” he grinned.

Oh heavens it was so shameful but shaken by her experience, Sarah, red faced, managed the dutiful and demeaning bow, bending low to the two grinning thugs, her hair hanging down partially shielding her shining face. And indeed, she was aware of how nearly her boobs came to spilling from her low-cut bra. She wanted to clutch and shield them but daren’t, keeping her hands by her sides, fists bunched, aware that she was giving the brutes a real show. And to make matters even worse, two of her neighbours were walking by, pretending not to look at the humiliating spectacle she was forced to give.

“Good, and you remember to bow to everyone here from now on and call them ‘Sir’ or ‘Ma’am,’ nice and respectful, yeah?”

“Yes... yes, Sir,” she nearly spat at the thug through gritted teeth when his hand went to his baton, hearing Greg similarly debasing himself.

“Off you go then,” he demeaned her further by smacking the taut curve of her bottom whilst she was still bent over.

Sitting by the door was the old guy from the call-up papers’ office. He sat at a kiosk reading a paper, dressed in the uniform of a doorman, but he soon looked up, his face reddening as his eyes flicked over her appreciatively. Now he definitely looked more of a leech than a judge, she realised with sinking spirits.

“Names please,” the old man’s voice was croaky, his features harder than in the photograph, maybe not such a pushover. He must have been well over sixty, but Sarah knew that many people now worked until the current retirement age of seventy. “You’ll both need to report to Controller Hassan, I’ll take you to her room.” He struggled to his feet whilst still enjoying the view of her jiggling cleavage.

With a sinking heart Sarah realised that she had dressed up for the wrong person. She somehow just knew from the name that they were to be seen by the spiteful and haughty looking Asian woman who she had often seen in her road or leaving this foreboding place.

As soon as another doorman took the place of the man at the kiosk they silently followed the porter up a flight of stairs. Through the hall window they saw in the extensive gardens a group of men and women doing what looked like PT exercises. Their shining faces looked tense and strained, both sexes wearing only tiny but demeaning bright orange tee-shirts with CONTROL OFFENDER emblazoned across them, giving flashes of bare flesh beneath as they bent and stretched. And, worryingly, some wore nothing at all. The double glazed windows could not prevent the occasional shouted and crude commands of the cane-wielding instructors, who looked muscled and tough in their track suits from drifting up to them.

Crack!

“Yaah,” they heard a girl’s cry as a crop haired tormentor lashed her thigh, then they were past the window and along the hall.

Sarah gulped, her eyes darting nervously to Greg, seeing a similar shock in his face. Surely they had just witnessed the treatment of only the violent offenders, she hoped? But their trepidation was fuelled as they passed two black teenage girls wearing the same scanty orange tee-shirts. Their faces too looked strained and frightened as they marched along, lifting their legs high to expose ebony thighs under the shouted orders of a uniformed woman carrying another long cane. Briefly the eyes of the girls met theirs before they passed them, concentrating on their marching.

Respectfully, the doorman knocked on a large black imposing door.

“Enter,” the soft female reply came a few seconds later. But they were long seconds during which Sarah fought the desire to run away or to ask to use a loo in her nervousness.

Taking a deep breath she followed the old guy and Greg into a large plush office, richly carpeted apart from an area before an imposing desk, which had several black crosses etched onto the bare tiled floor. Behind the desk a figure wearing a colourful sari sat studying a large file which shielded her face. To one side, against a wall, a uniformed guard, an Asian youth, sat in respectful attendance doing paperwork on a smaller desk, on which a baton was purposefully ready.

“Stand there and there,” the doorman pointed to two of the crosses several feet apart and about a yard in front of the desk.

Dutifully Sarah and Greg shuffled into position as the woman continued to study the papers, ignoring them for nearly a minute of oppressive silence. Finally the file lowered. Sarah gulped again as she found herself being regarded by the cruel face of the Asian woman, who she now guessed was an Indian and who indeed was the same person she recalled occasionally seeing down her street.

Slowly the woman’s brown eyes flicked over the two still figures standing before her, her lips within the podgy face curling in derision.

“Did they bow to you downstairs, Mr Hudson?” the woman ignored them and addressed the doorman.

“No, Mrs Hassan, I’m afraid they didn’t,” the old man’s voice had a certain knowing smugness to it.

“I’m sorry, we didn’t...” Sarah smiled hopefully at the porter and even beginning to bow now, feeling silly.

“Silence, you stupid little girl! Was I even talking to you?” Mrs Hassan’s voice was like steel, dripping spite and a little out of contrast with her podgy face. “Were you told by the guards at the gate how to bow and to address your superiors?”

“They... we... we forgot, I’m sorry,” Greg replied for them both.

“And even now you cannot recall the correct form of address or respect to me or Mr Hudson to even mitigate your crime of disrespect even a little. Such stupidity cannot be tolerated, and it will...”

“Sorry Ma’am,” Sarah hastily whispered, bowing slightly to the glaring figure.

“Further disrespect and disobedience,” the woman suddenly shouted into Sarah’s flinching face, cracking a ruler across the big desk. “You never interrupt and only speak here when spoken to,” she glared at them both, letting the words hang. “When failures and disrespect are apparent, they must be corrected straight away before your main punishment which brought you here is considered,” the woman now pontificated in a quiet voice. “Please hold your hands out, palms upwards, and don’t move them,” her instructions were cold, precise.

Gulping, feeling the fear blossom horribly within her, Sarah hesitatingly obeyed, as did Greg. She felt like a naughty schoolgirl as the Indian woman came round to stand before them, flexing her ruler. She made to say something, to plead but changed her mind when she saw the sharp look in her tormentor’s face. Instead she braced herself, looking away – as she would for an injection - as the woman raised her ruler.

Swish, crack!

“Haaah,” Sarah gasped, tears brimming her eyes as a blazing pain scorched across her palm. Heavens, it hurt! Instinctively she moved her hand away, shaking it, soothing it with the other hand.

“Did I not tell you to remain still, your hands right out?”

“I’m s-sorry... Ma’am,” Sarah winced, her voice soft and respectful, reluctantly extending her hand again even though it still throbbed in hot pain as if she were holding a hot knife in it.

“Hands flat again, that one didn’t count.”

“Look, please, Ma’am, it was my fault don’t... aaaghhh,” Greg’s plea on her behalf was interrupted when the ruler swung down and then up again to whack up between his legs to make him double up in pain and forced Sarah to turn protectively towards him.

“You must learn here not to speak without being spoken to and to do all that you are told,” the Controller’s voice was soft again. “Both of you stand as directed hands out - unless you require assistance,” her eyes flicked to the porter and the guard. Biting her lip, Sarah again assumed the required and demeaning position and Greg likewise, his face still white with pain. “I would advise both of you to take this punishment without moving unless you want your offences, and the consequent necessary sentences, to multiply even more.”

This was so unfair, so humiliating, so barbaric, but she was beginning to realise that there was no choice. These bastards held the power of the law over them and could seemingly do what they wanted. Sarah’s fear increased with that knowledge.

Crack! Crack!

“Saaaaa,” she softly hissed between clenched teeth, but her hands remaining extended as the pain throbbed across her palms. Remaining in position, her hands feeling as if they were expanding and contracting, she had to witness Greg being caned too. This was just so far outside of her sphere of experience and understanding, a different world, a terrifying one. They had both been taken down a peg or three.

“Now we’ve established and emphasised the rule of obedience, you may lower your hands and will now show Mr Hudson the correct respect and apologise before doing the same for me.”

“Sorry Sir,” Sarah hated the excited smile creasing the old man’s face as she bowed deeply before him. Any previous thought of giving tantalising glimpses of cleavage to impress someone she thought was in charge was gone. She had to debase herself, her boobs nearly falling out anyway just to regain lost ground in this nightmare.

“Thank you,” the man’s voice sounded a bit tight, but it at least gave her the signal to turn to the seated and now smiling woman.

“Sorry Ma’am,” she and Greg now repeated the process, having to remain bowed low for nearly half a minute, feeling ridiculous as they studied their feet.

“You may stand back to attention,” the gloating voice finally allowed her to stand upright again and ease her aching back. “Now we can begin in the induction. Ladies first, confirm your names ages and addresses?”

“Sarah Williams, Ma’am. I’m twenty and live down the road... at number 13... Hawkhurst Drive, Maidstone,” she hastily added when the woman merely raised her eyebrows in anticipation of a full reply.

“Thank you. I don’t intend to guess these things; you provide full details of everything requested of you.” Sarah flushed, feeling like a silly little girl before a horrid and stern teacher. “And you, young man?”

“Greg Smith, Ma’am. Age twenty two, also living at 13 Hawkhurst Drive, Maidstone.”

“So... not married but living together... like a common tart or scrubber, which I believe are the appropriate words. That probably accounts for the charge of licentious behaviour on top of the other criminal offences of attending an unlawful demonstration and a failure to fully pay your bills,” Mrs Hassan smirked staring into Sarah’s red face almost daring her to speak and commit another infringement.

Indeed, she longed to say something, explain that she was anything but a tart but sensibly thought better of it, then hated the thought of feeling that she had to justify herself to this old cow anyway. This wasn’t going at all how she had tried to plan it and far worse than she had feared. But it was to get worse still.

“Before I go on to pronounce your sentence and punishment you will both require a complete strip search and physical check to ensure you are fit enough to endure the... re-education programme here,” the woman’s face broke briefly into a cruel smile as Sarah fought to control her crumpling face at the words. “Of course we already have access to your medical records but we have to check for ourselves. You will follow the direction of Mr Hudson to the letter or answer to me – he carries my authority. You criminals,” and she almost spat the word, “should be aware that there are many guards here to enforce the rules and they will step in immediately if necessary to correct any disobedience. You are now under my custody and you do not leave here without my permission and the surveillance CCTV around the place will spot any problems or infringements. In short, whilst here, you do all and everything you are told by your superiors, immediately and with respect,” she nodded to Mr Hudson.

“Follow me, march, don’t walk, legs and arms straight and stiff,” the porter barked, seeming to take on an added severity in the presence of his boss, the Controller.

Sarah could never have guessed half an hour ago that she would find herself having been caned on the hand like a schoolgirl and then to march along a gloomy corridor like a soldier to face a strip-search in this hideous place of evil. Yet that was going to happen and she knew that there was no way to prevent it. All thoughts of her charming or flirting her way out of trouble had completely evaporated in this ghastly nightmare of shame and evil.

“Halt!” Mr Hudson shouted just a few yards down from Mrs Hassan’s office as he opened another door into a changing room with several curtained cubicles. “A pitiful performance at marching, but you’ll be taught,” he smiled almost gleefully. “Now each of you into a cubicle and strip naked please.” He rubbed his hands together eagerly. Sarah felt herself going hot and cold with fear and shock. She stole one last look at Greg’s white face, seeing one of the guards also enter the room, before the porter swished the curtain shut on her. “You’ve one minute to remove all of your clothing, every stitch. If you’re not naked the guards will do it for you. That offence of disobedience will be added to your ‘score’ and then you will still see the doctor in your birthday suits anyway so you’ll learn that it’s always best to do as you’re told first time,” he chuckled in a lecherous way.

There was no towel or gown in the cubicle, just a coat-hook and a tiny seat. They expected her to strip and remain nude with nothing to cover her modesty. It was a vile set-up. Feeling sick, hands shaking with fright, Sarah managed to fumble her way to the zip at the back of her dress and begin to remove it, hearing the rustle of clothing and the sound of zips from Greg’s cubicle. It felt so utterly weird and frightening to have to do so in this place, her boyfriend in an adjoining cubicle with the horrid old man waiting outside probably about to burst a blood vessel in anticipation.

Flicking back her hair from her sticky face, she slipped off her pale blue dress and then hesitated. Maybe the man outside could see her lack of movement; the curtain stopped at least a foot from the floor which would leave much of her legs on view.

“Thirty seconds left to undress completely,” he reminded softly, making her jump. His voice had a tight wheeze to it now and she could sense that he was right up against the dividing curtain, waiting. That thin strip of plastic was all there was between her shivering body soon to be exposed and the world outside.

Feeling incredibly vulnerable at having to do this, she reached behind to unhook her dainty little bra, reluctantly letting her boobs swing free before taking a final deep breath and bending down to slide off her thong panties. She’d put her sexy pink underwear on this morning in her bedroom to bolster her self-confidence. Now it lay swinging from the hook of a changing cubicle in a place surrounded by nasty people and she was without clothes in their midst.

Naked, she couldn’t have felt more fearful or ashamed, shivering and covering herself with shaking hands, waiting for someone, a vile old stranger, to swish open the curtains to reveal her.

“Here I come young lady, I hope you’re ready for me,” she heard him breathe; he sounded creepy and frightening.

A wave of sickness and fear swept over her as indeed a gnarled hand gripped the curtain and quickly tugged it aside. The movement made her jump as she half crouched, trying to cover as much of her exposed charms as possible with her arms. Mr Hudson’s old eyes gleamed a little as he stood there, licking his lips, the blood vessels standing out on his blotched face. And worse, in the background she could see one of the young thug-guards, sniggering in interest, openly eyeing her.

“Out please, young miss, you’ll leave your handbag and clothes here; they’ll be safe till you need them again,” his voice wheezed again. It took every ounce of her will power to pad past him without her clothes, his body deliberately crowding her exit from the cubicle so that she couldn’t avoid brushing her bare softness against him. It was ghastly she had to squeeze past an old pervert, totally on view to him and the young guard. Could one feel more vulnerable, she wondered?

“Mmm, such nice pretty things you wear. What do they call these little things?” his laboured voice oozed perversion. Sarah went hot and cold. She stood clutching her body as she stood between her old and young tormentors outside the cubicle. Yes, she could feel even

more humiliated, she realised. The creep was actually handling her panties, stroking the tiny pink and still warm silken material. Somehow she restrained her natural womanly instincts to indignantly snatch them off him or shout at him. A woman naked as she was loses any such dignity and self-assurance to protest like that. She just had to stand, her cheeks burning with shame and anger as the old creep stroked the thin material of her underwear, sniffing them, making her shudder in distaste. “Sorry, I didn’t hear, what are these little things called?”

“Th—thongs... Sir,” she had to clear her throat before being able to answer, hating to have to discuss such things in her predicament. This was all so terrible and surreal.

“Ah, yes... thongs, I remember now... But such a little garment... doesn’t the little strap get caught up, inside your, er... bottom, a bit uncomfortable maybe?”

“Some... sometimes... Sir,” Sarah, beetroot red, managed in a whisper. This was such a disgusting conversation she was being forced to have, one that she could never have previously imagined having with creepy and perverted stranger.

“But I expect your boyfriend likes to see you in such tiny little things, likes it when you take them off even better, eh?” he was now stroking her small half-cup bra. “Well, young lady?” She cringed, but knew he wanted an answer, wanted his pound of her humiliation.

”Y-yes I-I think so, Sir,” she spoke softly, looking down, wanting the floor to open and swallow her to spare her further humiliation.

Blushing furiously, trying to cover her body from the eager young eyes of the guard and the old leech she just had to wait, eyes to the ground, her body feeling hot and sticky whilst he quickly scanned her other discarded things in the cubicle and wrote her name on a whiteboard label on the outside.

“Better put your watch and necklace in here too,” he waited whilst she took them off, now feeling even more nude and worthless without those familiar and expensive things – both with their own memories for her. Now she had lost all individuality, without such trappings she could be a queen or a pauper, totally levelled. “Hands by your side to attention; no need to cover what we’ve all seen before eh, little girl,” the horrid old bastard instructed.

“Ow... please, don’t,” she wriggled away as the creep lightly slapped her bottom for emphasis, a hand lingering on her flinching cheeks. She so longed to scream at him and run away. This was all so unbelievable, how could this be happening to her? She’d done nothing really wrong – and it was happening almost within yards of her house and with the seeming consent of the authorities, she thought miserably.

“Oh dear, I thought you’d been told and understood that the word ‘don’t’ doesn’t exist for you here. We’ll need to address that transgression later,” he smiled grimly. “Now stand to attention my dear... unless you want the guard to show you how and add that to your sentence?”

It took every effort of her will to meekly obey that order, reveal her blushing charms as she forced her arms to her side, her eyes misting and blurred with tears as she unfocused them, staring at the far wall and not at the creepy old man or the leering guard.

Then she heard the brute similarly twitching aside Greg’s curtains. “Both of you, side my side, marching, keeping legs high and straight,” he ordered, “follow me.” He took a further opportunity to ogle her boobs and bottom, now freely bouncing as she shamefully marched alongside Greg out into the corridor. She stared bleakly ahead as they passed another frightened looking red headed girl in normal clothing being escorted towards the Controller’s office. That pretty girl’s eyes widened in shock at the sight of her and Greg, marching without their clothes. They also saw two more dispirited figures in the tiny orange tee-shirts before arriving at the next door where Hudson knocked and opened it, the guard remaining going in with them.

“In, march to the doctor’s desk and stand to attention,” Hudson ordered them. “This is nearly the end of today’s intake, just one other girl behind them,” he informed the doctor, who embarrassingly was still with a ‘patient.’

The white-coated doctor was a large man with shining jowls who also looked to be of Indian origin like the Controller. There seemed to be a high proportion of foreigners and youngsters working here, she pondered, before recalling just such a question being raised in their local paper. The answer had been that such quasi-military service, as in this place - and for low pay, appealed to both foreigners and also youngsters - working as guards gave them a sense of discipline and purpose rather than being on the streets – that was the official line. She guessed that being so close to the Channel tunnel and the continent the area became rather a magnet for those arriving in the country and eager for any work.

“Fine,” the doctor scarcely looked up as he lovingly plucked a rectal thermometer from between the wobbling cheeks of a nude woman, probably in her forties. The woman, who was generously proportioned but still pretty, looked even more mortified that there were now more witnesses to her examination, her face taking on a deeper hue of shame.

Lightly the doctor patted the woman’s ample backside, making it jiggle again before idly glancing at Sarah and Greg. His eyes lingered on her boobs, making her long to cover them from him, sensing Greg’s fists bunching beside her in a similar tension to hers.

“Stand against the wall, noses to it whilst I finish, please,” the doctor commanded.

“You heard the doctor, move,” Hudson grabbed her arm and hustled her to a plain white wall, positioning her right up close, her nose squashed to it. “Keep to attention, that’s a girl; keep still, no moving or talking.” Again, in an intimacy he had no right to assume, he sickeningly patted the cheeks of her bottom, demonstrating his control over her, making Greg tense even more as the guard pushed him alongside her.

Sarah strove to ignore the sounds of the doctor mauling the woman he was examining, but it was difficult, especially guessing that she’d be in his clutches soon. And within minutes she was. After the woman had been escorted from the room, still without her clothes, Sarah assumed, and following a silence whilst the doctor typed up his notes on a keyboard, he was suddenly beside her. Her flesh crawled as he lightly gripped her arm.

“Here, before my desk, pretty lady,” he breathed.

“Keep to attention for the doctor,” Hudson ordered, removing the instinctive opportunity for her to cover herself. She took a deep breath and obeyed, trying to blank her eyes and mind as he appraised her, wishing her bare boobs weren’t jutting right at him.

“Now, full name, age, address? Have you any on-going medical issues which the database will show for you? How often do you normally have sex? Date of last period?”

Sarah felt the flush of shame deepening as she had to answer intimate and personal questions before them all, but she was now too cowed to do otherwise. But of course, as always, worse was yet to come. It was ghastly to have to stand before them all, Greg included, whilst the creep’s dark hands played over her shrinking body.

“Mmm, you a very pretty young woman, very attractive...” the bastard muttered softly half to himself. She just had to stand there, inwardly shrinking back as his dark hands cupped and weighed her boobs as he examined them far more thoroughly than was necessary. Oh how she wished she had the courage to slap him or run away, but a woman, without her clothes and who has already been caned for a minor transgression doesn’t have that spirit, all self-confidence flies. “Open mouth wide please; breathe deeply, hold; stand on one leg for balance, now the other, bend over, squat, now lay on couch,” he continued his shameful journey over her reluctant and shivering body.

As he briefly conducted all of the traditional examinations he lent them a sordid air as his hands lingered and probed, making her squirm in hot shame as they moved inside, within all of her private and sensitive orifices to leave her feeling used and soiled. It was just so

awful to have to lay back, legs spread in invitation as if for Greg, but then to see the man's dark head, a stranger, bobbing between her thighs and the old porter looking on. The doctor's fingers were up in her most intimate and private places. Her face was crimson. Then she had to stand with a rectal thermometer jutting rudely from her bottom to calibrate with the more conventional one sticking from under her tongue. Making her conduct a few bending and stretching exercises before all of the appreciative male eyes made her humiliation complete.

"You will take this pill please, standard procedure. It has no side effects whatsoever but will stop your monthly cycle for the next few months, far better all round when you have to report here for State correction," he smiled grimly, handing her a pill and a glass of water.

Almost without thinking, such was her indoctrination in this place, she obeyed, vaguely wondering how it would feel to receive such an order if they were a couple who wanted desperately to start a family. But what did the State care about that – except to want to reduce the ever growing population she guessed. It was just so beastly that these people could exercise such control, even over her body.

When she later had to again stand with her nose to the wall whilst Greg was examined she felt as if she had been turned inside out, her face sticky and hot.

Just before the doctor had finished, the next patient was brought in to share the intimacy of the examination. And as they were marched out to leave they saw the same red headed girl who they had previously seen initially on her way to the Controller's office. Now she was just as naked and frightened as them. A mutual look of sympathy passed between both women before they continued on their separate ways.

Again they found themselves outside Mrs Hassan's office. Now though they were further down the road of induction, naked, ashamed and knowing how any rule infringements were punished in this awful place. After Hudson's dutiful knock on the big black door they marched to the appropriate crosses on the floor and stood to attention. Suddenly reminded by the icy stare of the imperious Indian woman, Sarah bowed deeply. It felt so shameful and outlandish to be bent over, stark naked in this position, grovelling before the smiling Indian woman, aware of the porter and the young guard revelling in her display. The beasts ogled the curve of her bare bottom and hanging boobs which were trembling slightly with her breathing. Then she tentatively stood upright.

"Did they bow to the doctor?" the woman ignored them.

"No, Mrs Hassan, I'm afraid not." Hudson's voice again had that self-satisfied twang, making Sarah's heart sink that they seemed to continually forget such things which here were so important.

"Then before I pronounce sentence we shall first need to address that issue," she pontificated, standing up. Nervously Sarah licked her lips, her eyes wide as they focused on that long ruler. "Please bend over and touch your toes, I think you know what happens if you move before I give permission."

The breath caught in Sarah's throat at the request. This was gross. They expected her to... to bend over to be caned by that ruler....! It was ridiculous; they were being treated even more like old-time schoolchildren rather than law abiding adults. Yet what could she do? She was already standing naked before the vile cow and now the hateful woman expected her to...The Controller was insane, mad she couldn't... But on catching the steely eyes of the Indian woman and seeing the ever present guard ready to join in to assist Mr Hudson as he took the Controller's proffered ruler, Sarah's shoulders drooped with abject dejection. Seemingly even the perverted old creep was going to have his turn at hurting and shaming her. She was lost and helpless, a naked girl against the power of the State.

Inwardly groaning, all too aware of the enticing spectacle she presented, Sarah meekly bent over to assume the demeaning position. It was awful, she could feel the cheeks of her

bottom twitching in dread and she couldn't stop them. Resolutely she kept her eyes focused on her feet, somehow knowing that if she looked up she'd just see the gloating expression on the face of the Indian youth which no doubt mirrored that which she had already seen on Mr Hudson's flushed features. She tensed as she heard the old man's arm raise behind her, closing her eyes and gritting her teeth.

Swack!

"Yaaaghhhh," she yelped in breathless pain, feeling the outraged cheeks of her bottom clench up in pain. Tears sprang to her eyes, tears of shame and pain. It was just so unbelievable that someone was able to make her strip publicly naked and could cane her bottom with a stupid ruler. The pain was awful and intense nearly making her sick. Instinctively she made to stand up and press her hand to her sore backside but sensibly guessed after the last time that such a normal reaction would here simply result in a prolongation of her humiliating ordeal and more pain. She remained bent over offering up her poor backside for more.

Swack!

Haaahhh," She bit her full lip as another band of pain ate into her soft cheeks again, making tears fill her eyes. It was a personal and intimate pain which felt as if the skin of her bottom was on fire. And again she somehow remained in position. And she kept in that horrible pose whilst the creep casually laid two similar strokes across Greg's buttocks. Only then was the silence, apart from her muted sniffing, broken again.

"You may stand, and place your hands on your heads, no touching your sore backsides," the woman again flexed her ruler which had been returned to her by the smiling and red-faced old creep.

When Sarah could again look at her tormentor, the Indian woman was idly shuffling papers on her desk. Briskly she managed to wipe away her tears and blinking further ones back she assumed the required pose, which was almost as humiliating as having to bend over in the nude.

"Haah," she winced, blinking back even more tears as the pain of standing upright stretched the outraged flesh of her backside.

How could it be that in mid twenty first century England, a civilised country, she had just been made to do that and to be caned with a ruler on her poor unprepared bottom? Now with her hands clasped to her head again, quite naked, her status as a prisoner was obvious and visibly denoted; and the pose lifted and thrust out her boobs to the enjoyment of the old and young men witnessing and contributing to her shame.

"It is now first necessary to address the matter of your failure to pay your due tax," Mrs Hassan was peering at her computer monitor. "If you at least make some amends by paying now what you originally owed, plus interest and an administration fee it can have a beneficial effect on your sentence. You understand?"

"Yes Ma'am," and at last Sarah allowed herself a little hope, smiling and nodding to Greg. This had probably all been one horrible and vile scare tactic to make them pay up. Then they'd just let them go with a warning she assumed. Of course she'd... they'd pay up now; already she so regretted ever having made her token protest.

"The total sum due, including the factors of those extra fees, has been calculated at... five thousand pounds," the woman sat back, smiling at them expectantly. For a moment, Sarah's mind jolted in shock, her mouth falling open; it was so disproportionate. The council tax bill for the year was around two thousand, of which they'd already paid over fifteen hundred. "That is the sum calculated by the State to square things financially. I have the facility for you to pay now if you type in your PIN code, but of course if you would prefer to continue your protest and challenge it in the courts – after serving the Control Centre sentence here, then that of course is your right." Mrs Hassan began to close the screen down.

“No, please. Ma’am... we didn’t mean...” Sarah had instinctively lowered her hands from her head to raise them in supplication to the horrible and smiling woman – who knew she held all the aces as the bitch remorselessly nodded subtly at her, glancing upwards for her to resume her obligatory pose.

Sarah knew that she and Greg had enough in their savings, most of it hers and in any case she’d be coming into a lot of money soon when she was twenty one so that was not a factor; rather it was the injustice. But when one is naked and helpless in circumstances such as these, resistance and self-esteem flee. She would do anything to get out of this situation. She glanced at Greg, receiving his nod of affirmation – but she was the one who tended to look after their finances.

“Sorry, Ma’am – yes, we’ll pay now,” she mentally sagged a little but grateful to be able to do something to get out of here. After all she could raise the whole question of how such things could be happening to her when it was safely in the past.

“Good, wise I think,” Mrs Hassan thumbed buttons on her computer. “Of course you have already provided your bank account details when acknowledging this Control Centre call-up and I have already entered the amount so I just need you, Miss Williams, to enter your PIN on my machine. You may walk forward one metre. The rules stipulate that you may not touch my desk - I’ll turn the keyboard round. Then when you’ve done you stand right back in position your hands back on your head please where they should have remained throughout.”

Could anything be more surreal, Sarah thought. She was entering her familiar PIN to make a financial transaction; but instead of being on her computer at home, her phone or in a shop, she was standing stiffly nude in a Government office, her bare breasts delicately quivering with her movements, surrounded by hateful people ogling the curve of her bottom as she did so. But as she resumed her demeaning pose she knew at least it was done now – they’d hopefully soon be out of this hell.

She tried to hold eye contact with the now smiling woman who controlled her fate as she completed the transaction. But it was so difficult, the woman was relaxed behind her desk, wearing a pretty sari, whilst she was stark naked and the woman’s look as she casually appraised her exposed body spoke volumes about how she was enjoying this, possibly unnaturally she shuddered, her hold over her.

Indeed, it was all that Mrs Hassan could do to stop herself rubbing her hands together with excited glee as she studied the pretty girl standing so subserviently before her, a look of fear in her eyes, her face flushed in shame. How sweet and delectable she looked, a living doll. And now she had her in her power; the little cow who had everything she didn’t.

The main thing Mrs Hassan relished about this job was its position of pure power over those who she decided for her own reasons might look down on her. And although she was married, certainly in name, her secret preferences to exercise this power extended mainly to women. And this one was certainly a beauty, she thought. She had often seen this pretty blonde dolly girl out and about in the area with her long legs and pert bottom moving beneath her short skirts, or wiggling along in tight jeans with a short jumper and bare midriff, sometimes without a bra. She always seemed to attract so much eager male attention - all of the things she never had. And whilst such ostentation was frowned upon in her own country, she had made the most of observing and relishing it during her years in England. She had to be discreet, of course, but this job allowed a certain... flexibility.

“Your sentence has been adjusted to take account of you now making good your financial shortfall to the State,” she pontificated her usual speech, knowing that at least two thousand of the five thousand just paid would by now be in her own bank account – the State only needed around three thousand. “Your resultant sentence,” she stared into the blonde’s big frightened eyes, tearing her gaze from the lovely heaving bosoms, resisting an urge to

kiss those full sensuous lips or those lovely ripe nipples, “takes into account the following factors,” she spoke deliberately slowly to drag it out. “You’re taking part in an illegal gathering against a legitimate tax, initially failing to pay that tax on time and worst of all for behaving in an outrageous and licentious manner to offend the public decency. These are all serious crimes.” How she relished seeing the hope that she had deliberately planted in the girl, that all would be well if the tax was paid up, slowly vanish. Now she had put the main emphasis on, as she had the limitless flexibility so to do, the indecency charge levelled only against the girl. “Your basic and initial sentence shall be...” she deliberated, drinking in the blonde’s trembling trepidation, small white teeth chewing her lips, “to report to this Control Correction Centre for retraining for thirty one-day visits, for an average of two days a week over the next fifteen weeks. You will be given a reporting schedule to present to your employer.”

“Oh, my... I... I thought that - that, now we’ve paid everything... please... Ma’am,” the girl’s shock was evident in her dropping jaw and her wide, disbelieving eyes. Like so many others she had obviously thought she’d get away with a little fine which she of all people would have no difficulty in paying.

“Do not interrupt, you arrogant little cow,” Mrs Hassan cruelly and rudely cut across her. “As I say, that is your initial sentence which can and will be modified and extended dependent upon your success in the re-education programme. It can be extended by up to 100 days of day reporting or residential overnight care, after which your appearance in court will be necessary for a more permanent continual custodial sentence. And of course I... regret that your training here will not exactly be pleasant. It isn’t designed to be.” Oh how utterly delightful to see every word hit home on her beautiful and fragile victim like a jabbing finger, jerking the pretty face into ever deeper contortions of despair. “It will be supplemented by things such as electro-shock therapy to jolt reluctant brains into the right channels and other physical measures. Some of which you have already experienced, to ensure that you learn promptly.” And she deliberately flexed her ruler for emphasis.

The pretty girl’s face was a picture of disbelief and fear, her lips quivering. None of the victims passing through the centre could ever quite believe just how draconian these new Control provisions were – at least for those thought worthwhile recipients by the senior staff implementing them, she smiled inwardly. And this lovely creature, who thought she had it all as she strolled around her expensive posh house whilst others had to struggle in lesser accommodation, or drove around in her swish car, was going to learn who was now in charge around here and what it was like to lose control to another – to be their servant or slave.

Mrs Hassan had scarcely been able to believe her luck when a case had begun to form against the pretty blonde after she was silly enough to attend the anti-tax rally and withhold some of the payment. She had taken an interest in the delightful, fluffy girl after seeing her around walking down her road past the Control Centre. Although Mrs Hassan herself presently lived in a more modest, albeit detached, house a mile or so away, she had made it her business to look out for the girl whilst she was at work here.

Then when someone she knew, who lived opposite and above the girl’s house with a clear view of it with binoculars and a telephoto camera, had seen the girl being a little... indiscreet through the curtains late one evening... everything began to fall into place. She had previously asked, her ‘friend’ in the high rise flats to discretely keep an eye open for anything useful against the girl and the woman had come up trumps. She had been amenable to exaggerating her written report of the girl’s misbehaviour, supplementing it with the photos. In fact the ‘friend’ was someone who was still on probation after coming before her a few months ago and was anxious to do anything to keep in her good books. Her informant had e-mailed her several photos of the ‘crime’ and copies of these, together with other shots of her long legged victim flashing her endless thighs under short skirts as she climbed into her four-

by four in her drive, were stored away safely on her private computer. These Mrs Hassan would drool over at her leisure together with discreet copies of some of the CCTV films and still shots taken of her victim here.

“Stop snivelling, girl,” she interrupted her daydreaming to snap contemptuously into the blonde’s flinching face. “You acted illegally on two counts regarding the tax and, worse, compounded it with a public display of crude and gross indecency which only confirms my belief of you being a little tart and strumpet who needs to be tamed and trained to avoid such outrageous behaviour – and you will be here,” she announced regally, relishing the outrageous and largely untrue nature of her verbal attack on the sensitive girl – just because she could.

“Oh please Ma’am, I..”

“Silence, girl,” she interrupted the instinctive plea, the girl’s hands clasped before her again as if prayer. “I will not have such interruptions, your sentence is now extended by a further day to thirty one days; get your hands back on your head – you must learn,” she glared until Sarah obeyed.

“And you,” Mrs Hassan now looked into the boyfriend’s nervous eyes, “are also guilty of the tax offence, although I accept that you were possibly not guilty of the licentious and indecent behaviour – and that you were led astray by the little scrubber here,” she enjoyed the mixture of disbelief, fear and hate in both faces as she had her say. “And as such your sentence shall be four one-day sessions here at the Control Centre over the next two weeks – but of course subject to the same provisions for increase should you prove to be resistant to re-education.” She could see the mixture of disbelief on each face, albeit tempered with relief on the man’s face. Already she was beginning to sow small seeds of animosity between the couple, divide and conquer – how she loved controlling people’s lives like that.

Having now got her little bird, the one she had awaited for some time now, firmly in her power, Mrs Hassan decided to exercise it a little bit more. She knew from the message on her desk computer that the last of today’s intake, an older woman, was waiting outside her office with another porter – who would knock when she keyed in the signal saying she was free. But what was the point of attaining her present position of power if she didn’t make use of it?

“Turn round slowly on the spot, please. I wish to see the results of your first punishment. No, you always keep your hands on your heads until told to do otherwise,” she instructed as Sarah made to cover herself as she reluctantly shuffled round in a circle. “Stand up straight on your spot, no slouching, you slovenly bitch,” she suddenly growled at her lovely victim, seeing the girl tense and stiffen, thrusting out her orbs still further.

It was wonderful to be able to instruct the beauty to twirl like a captive ballerina at her command. Her senior porter, Mr Hudson, an ex-judge who had fallen foul of the old laws for getting too ‘close’ to those who he reprimanded, had lost nothing of his expertise. The shapely globes carried two red lines of torment across them to contrast with their milky-white background. Yes she liked to give Hudson, and one or two others, a fair degree of licence. His knowledge of the system was invaluable and he had only been forced to resign for doing, after all, what she now could so freely under the new laws.

Time to get closer to her target, she decided, walking slowly towards the girl standing before her. She drank in the fear on her twitching face, smelling her expensive perfume, standing close enough so that her sari just brushed the tips of her heaving breasts. They were hard and trembling, just indenting - as if by accident - the fine silk of her sari-dress. What a contrast, lovely naked flesh against her silk. Yes, it was good to breathe in that fear and feel the control flowing from victim to tormentor, one woman to another – both knowing how the land now lay.

“I hope you have learned from your lesson in discipline so far,” she looked pointedly at the red stripe across the perfect globes of the girl’s bottom, stroking the hot flesh, feeling it shudder and twitch under her hand. “Maybe now you will learn the folly of public fornication and will not be so keen to open your legs wide at the drop of a hat in future, yes?”

“Yes Ma’am, sorry Ma’am,” the girl whispered with utter shame and subservience. Oh how delicious it was to be able to say such outrageous things to such a demure youngster. Her hand gently patted her backside, holding gently, feeling the heat from the ruler. It was a gesture of complete and utter possession, her possession over the girl as she touched her almost as if they were lovers. And she saw from the grimace on the face of her boyfriend that the gesture was not lost on him – it said that this girl is no longer yours, but can be mine anytime.

“Here’s where you two part company for a while,” she stepped back, glancing at both of her victims, seeing the girl’s face shrink at the prospect of being separated from her precious boyfriend and being naked and alone. “The day is still young and you have much to do here some of it in separate classes. But assuming that you learn quickly and avoid infringing rules you may both be able to return home sometime today, or this evening, before you report here again next week. But I wouldn’t have thought you’d have much with which to satisfy Miss Williams,” she deliberately, disdainfully, looked down at Greg’s fear-shrunken penis, lightly slapping his hard buttocks with her cane. “Have someone take Mr Smith to get a uniform,” she nodded to her personal young Indian guard, a cousin; it was good to have family, those you trusted, around you. The lad immediately spoke into his handheld computer-phone and within a minute another guard, a bulky Ukrainian immigrant, marched in to take Greg away.

“You to come with me, big boy - I don’t think,” the burly guard laughed at Greg in broken English, slapping his buttocks and pushing him out. “Show pretty lady how you march for me like a little soldier – there’s a boy,” he too wasted no opportunity to humiliate.

Sarah’s eyes had darted nervously around as the new guard had arrived, openly appraising her body, before taking her boyfriend away, the door closing on him with a clunk! Now she was alone, without any moral support and licking her lips nervously.

“If you obey in all matters and show the necessary dutiful respect, you will make your sentence that much more bearable, child,” Mrs Hassan spoke almost gently. She ran her hands down the shining, chiselled face and through the tousled blonde hair which smelt of meadows and hay, stroking down the dip of the spine to briefly stroke the curve of the enticing bottom again. She felt the girl twitch away as far as she dared. “Now Hudson will take you for your uniform fitting and then to your first class,” but she decided to indulge herself one more time. “I’d say she is a... 36?” Mrs Hassan got a tape measure from her desk drawer. “Keep still, child.”

Again, it felt so good to be actually touching the girl intimately, someone who she had admired for so long. Her dark fingers deliberately brushed the delightful red cones of the nipples as she adjusted the tape around them. Gently she held and supported the smooth orbs, conscious of the sick revulsion on the shining face just before her. Just the other day when she had seen this girl in the street she could only glance at her jiggling boobs, now she was touching them – and there wasn’t a thing the girl could do about it. Then her hands slid down to the waist and shapely hips, stroking and brushing to ensure a snug fit for her measure, calling out sizes to Hudson. Maybe it was because of her fake softness towards the girl but her victim chose to speak to her again.

“Please... Ma’am, I need to use the loo and... Haaah,” the blonde yelled, jerking away and clutching herself as Mrs Hassan whipped the measure across her thighs.

“Silence, you stupid little girl! And there I was thinking you knew better than to talk without permission, or to pull away whilst I’m trying to do you a favour and measuring you

for a uniform of good fit,” she glared in mock anger at the bemused girl. “We decide when you perform your bodily functions - until then you hold them in. But you first seem to require some reminder about speaking out of turn. Back in position whilst I finish measuring you,” she snapped, pulling the delightful creature back to her subservient position as she finished sliding the tape across the lovely curves.

“Take her away, electro therapy first I think, Hudson to try and cure her loose tongue. Then she can get her uniform. And remember, girl, there is no way out for you here, if you don’t do exactly as Mr Hudson directs, the CCTV monitoring will show this and you will be dealt with by the guards. Don’t let it happen, right?” she growled even though she had exaggerated the ability of the guards to be everywhere at once to sort out trouble if poor old Hudson got set upon – he was a sadist and a pervert – not a fighter. But the threat of instant retaliation was usually enough to make the subjects compliant in whoever’s hands they were in. Mainly the CCTV films were for the benefit of afterhours viewing and relishing the suffering of their victims.

“No Ma’am,” the blonde’s voice was sufficiently low and servile to tell her that she was cowed enough by her experiences here and that they’d have no trouble with this one. She had sensed from her sightings of the girl and from reading her file that she was a bubbly blonde, a ‘nice and fluffy’ girl not a fighter; which was good.

“I’m sure we’ll meet again soon, girl,” Mrs Hassan lightly patted the curvaceous bottom as Hudson marched her out, a look of utter hopeless despair etched on her pretty face.

CHAPTER 2

Sarah felt dead and sick inside. She had fallen into a nest of sick perverts and sadists. And now she was alone with one; it was the beginning of her first day and she had a seemingly endless sentence stretching ahead of her during which these creeps held her in their power.

Trying to ignore her growing need to use a toilet, Sarah concentrated on marching, aware of her bare hindquarters swaying as she made her way ahead of the old pervert, Hudson, following his directions to this ominous electro therapy. She just hoped it wouldn't take long – or hopefully there would be a loo nearby which she could use first. But when you were as nude and vulnerable as she was in the hands of horrible creeps who could hurt you with the full force of the law, you sensibly just did as you were told. After going down some stairs and a dark narrow corridor, they reached a solid door. It gave the impression of being a rather old and Gothic area, creepy –not the place to be when naked and already scared.

“Wait there, young lady,” Hudson spoke, unlocking a metal door into a small tiled room without windows. Gingerly, Sarah stepped in. It was the size of a large bathroom but without those facilities. There was other stuff there instead, ominous stuff which made her even more nervous.

“Hands behind you,” his voice was husky again.

“Please Sir...” she pleaded her eyes wide after seeing him select a pair of steel hand cuffs from a table. This was getting ever worse. The thought of being tied up was so frightening. That loss of control at such restraint, being unable to protect herself was an awful prospect

“Do you really want the guards to do this, hold you down and heaven knows what? Then have your sentence extended indefinitely?” he spoke softly, sensibly. “Because all of that will happen, you know, young lady, if you don't do exactly as you're told here,” his voice was louder now with authority. Shoulders drooping she obeyed feeling even more incredibly vulnerable.

“Oow,” she gasped at the steely bite of the cuffs securing her wrists tightly behind her. It was so unnecessary. She had never felt so helpless, naked and now with her wrists confined harshly behind her. Uselessly she flexed her wrists and arms, confirming to herself that they were fixed immovably behind her. She was utterly helpless and unable to defend herself. That loss of all control was horrid. She was alone with the creep in a small tiled chamber and more frightened than she had ever felt before.

She had vaguely heard of people, weird and perverted people playing bondage games and had glanced with amusement and disgust at a few such magazines which had done the rounds at school. But it wasn't an area she knew anything about, nor ever wanted to. Such a loss of control when being tied up was not something she wanted to try and Greg had never suggested it. Now it was happening to her for real and there was absolutely nothing she could do about it.

Now she was even more nervous, petrified really, it was awful that she couldn't protect herself even if she had dared. Uselessly she again flexed her confined wrists behind her but there was no way she could move them to protect herself. Her bare breasts heaved in her terror before the ghastly old man and she could do nothing to shield them from his avid gaze. The old man could do anything to her in this room and she was at his absolute mercy. Anxiously she licked her lips, clenching herself in conscious of her continuing need to have a pee; she hoped that this therapy thing, whatever it was, wouldn't take long.

“Sit,” he instructed as if she were a dog, pointing to a large wooden chair-like thing bolted securely to the floor. But instead of a solid seat it consisted of a wooden rim, like a thin toilet seat, open in the centre and instead of a backrest it had only a thick wooden vertical plank, also bolted to the floor and with leather straps at head level. Worse, next to it stood a rack with electric wires and gadgets. This was getting worse and worse. What the hell was he going to do? She wanted to ask, to plead, but instinctively she knew how useless that would be, presumably just earning her more time here in this ghastly place. She must simply ‘keep her head down’ as her parents used to say and do as she was told to get bad things over with.

Nervously she inched her bare bottom down onto the cold wood, it was difficult with bound hands. It was as if she was on a loo seat with her hindquarters dropping partially down towards the floor, reminding her again of her need. Then she watched anxiously with blinking eyes as the creep crouched at her feet, using a larger style of handcuff on each slim ankle, then roughly pulling them apart to fix them spaced apart to the bottom of each front leg of the contraption.

“Please...” she whimpered. Not only was she unable to cross her legs to ease the growing pressure on her bladder but the pose was also indecent, exposing her femininity to his old bleary eyes. Oh how she longed to squeeze her legs shut, his sweating face was scant inches away from the delicate, private portals of her sex. “Hah, she gasped again as he pulled down on the cuffs behind her back and used another chain to attach them to the vertical plank behind her. To complete the picture he fastened the straps at the top end of the plank around her slim and gulping throat to hold her head, keeping her upright so she couldn’t lean forward as she had instinctively tried to shield herself a bit. Her spine rubbed painfully against the rough wood. Now she virtually squatted before him, perched on the stool, legs wide apart and unable to move to any worthwhile extent. This gave a new meaning to the word helplessness; she hated losing such control; she was so exposed.

Timidly she looked up at the old creep who was smiling down at her, feeling sick with trepidation. And to think that a couple of hours previously she had felt almost smug, choosing clothes to flatter him, get round him and make her stint here easier – never guessing that she would have to take them all off anyway before him and be tied up at his mercy. She could see now just how sleazy and perverted he was as he licked his lips and horribly repositioned a small bulge in his trousers.

“Time to start your treatment, young lady,” he spoke, his voice throaty and low.

“Please...” she whispered as the brute unhooked two ugly looking crocodile clips trailing black wire back to a metal gadget with dials.

“Yes, your little buds already look quite firm and tight, but a little stimulation eh...” he whispered.

“Haah,” she squealed, outraged as his fingers flicked and stroked the red cones of her nipples till they stood out even tighter from her heaving boobs. If she had the courage she would have shouted or spat at him; there was nothing else she could do. But she was too cowed to do anything except endure.

“No, please Sir, yaaaghhh,” she gasped between clenched teeth from a spiteful and burning pain as he opened the clips and clamped them around each of her sensitive buds. It was such an outrageous and intimate pain and she only just managed to keep her belly clenched in so she didn’t actually wet herself.

Normally her nipples would be used to the soft touch of Greg’s lips or fingers, her buds were so sensitive. They were so good for receiving pleasure, but the idea of them being hurt..... She shuddered in dread; them being clamped by the harsh serrated metal was beyond her wildest nightmares. Tears wet her eyes; the pain of the clips on her sensitive buds was hot and unbearable. Her eyes appealed mutely to the old man standing before her, hands on hips looking so satisfied with what he’d done to her, his face red and excited. Then she

looked back down at the ugly clips and wires tightly and painfully gripping her nipples, making them throb in agony. If only her hands were free she would have wrenched them off, they were just inches from her wide eyes, but as it was she just had to endure the cold metal and wires festooning her orbs like angry imps, jingling with her laboured breaths, the pain leaving her breathless. Yet she could just sense it was going to get worse, those wires looked to be attached to an electrical box.

“Now I’d like you to think about what you’ve done wrong, little girl, including how you talked out of turn to Mrs Hassan,” the old man was addressing her in a quiet tone as he fiddled with dials on the box, which was ominously now humming. She clenched her fists behind her in yet another futile attempt to wrench them free. It was useless, and in any case she would have been too frightened of the consequences, they were slowly breaking her down. “You did talk without permission, didn’t you?”

“Yes, yes... Sir but only... noooo... graaaaaaaghthhhhhhhhhhh,” any further rational thought or reflection about how she was losing her pride and will was blasted away as Hudson pushed a button on the machine and her nipples burst into a previously unimaginable red hot pain. Her teeth were at first clenched tightly and then he mouth gaped wide to stretch the taut columns of her throat. Uselessly her shining body pulled and strained against its bindings, everything driven from her except the need to somehow endure the excruciating fire eating into her breasts. She shook uncontrollably for what seemed forever, her muscles corded and straining against the unyielding bonds. But her rigid arc of pain probably lasted no more than fifteen or twenty seconds before Hudson’s hand moved again on the machine.

Immediately the red hot splinters of pain driving into her eased back into dull pulses and she could suck a shuddering gasp of breath into her starved lungs. A dribble of saliva fell from her slack mouth as she became aware of another sound, liquid. Looking down with dull, pain-filled eyes she became aware that in her extreme agony she had relaxed the iron hold on her bladder and it had thus emptied splattering onto the tiles below.

Sarah’s sobs of pain turned to abject shame that, unable to hold herself in, she had wet herself before the creep and on the tiles below.

“Sorry, sorry Sir, I couldn’t help it...” she sobbed, a part of her wondering why on earth she should be apologising for something he had caused – but it was instinctive. Wetting oneself was so basic and something you were instinctively trained to avoid. Now she had done so under the worst possible circumstances. The old man looked both excited and amused as he regarded her steaming shame. Never had she felt so low. It was just lucky that her stool was positioned over a drain in the tiles, making her guess that this sort of thing was probably not that unexpected when faced by such intense pain. She knew that she couldn’t take more of it.

“Oops, yes it looks like you’ve had a little accident, Sarah,” he spoke softly, and she hated him for the first time using her name, making it personal when she had so shamed herself before him. “I’ll get you cleaned up before we continue.”

“Haaaghthh,” she yelped, unable to squirm away as Hudson produced a hose and aimed the cold stream painfully up between her legs. It was humiliating and painful, as if she were an animal.

“Now, just to dry you,” he crouched by her splayed legs with a tissue.

“Please...” she whimpered uselessly sobbing as his horrid old hands wiped her so intimately, something no one else had ever done before. It was disgusting, awful and perverted – and she just had to wriggle and endure it, shuddering just wanting the old shaking fingers to stop pressing against and stroking her ripe softness.

“Now if you’ve done, young lady, we’ll get on with your therapy,” he stood up again, returning to sit by the machine.

“Oh, no please, please Sir... no more I beg, I... yaaarghhhhhhhhhhhh,” her plea was cut off as again the tips of her breasts again exploded into fire, a pain which consumed and ate her.

When she was finally aware that he had switched it off again, she slumped the small extent possible permitted by her bonds, blinking away pools of salty sweat from her eyes. Her body shone and gleamed with pain and fear. She trembled in uncontrollable dread.

“I wonder how much more of this you can take?” he enquired, looking curiously at her, his head inclined as if she was some scientific experiment and he a mad professor. “Here, let me,” suddenly the brute was wiping her shining face with a cloth, even holding a small glass of water to her trembling but grateful lips. Her mouth and throat were indeed so dry from her screams of agony. “Now you see, you must remember, each time you think of talking out of turn or disobeying any command, think about your therapy here and it may prevent you getting into more trouble; it may lessen your pain. You see why we must continue?”

“Pl...” Sarah managed to prevent her plea forming, her eyes imploring Hudson. Whenever she spoke without being spoken to she got hurt. Maybe she was learning bending further to their will she thought miserably?

“Well, I’m afraid there’s more of your therapy you’re due and there’s the question of you wetting yourself... Would you like or benefit from more electro-shock therapy, young lady?”

“No... no, Sir please...” Sarah was begging now. The pain was awful, all-embracing if she could avoid it in any way she would. The thought of it resuming, and for no reason except to remind her not to talk out of turn, or more likely for the pleasure of this old sadist was unthinkable. The thought of those clips bursting into life again on her sensitive nipples, half frying them, made another trickle of perspiration run down her side.

“But... I’m afraid, there must be something in it for me if I choose not to continue the therapy,” the swine continued in a soft voice. “You are due a half hour session down here – still twenty minutes of shocks to go. It’s probably easier to continue, don’t you think?”

“Please Sir, I don’t think that I can take any more... it hurts so much... please... I have learned, I promise,” she grovelled, hating to, but knowing she had to, to survive here.

“Then, what’s in it for me? Would you offer an alternative?”

“I-I don’t know... Sir,” Sarah licked her lips nervously sensing the path she was being led down but at the same time unable to contemplate more of that pain blasting into her throbbing breasts.

“Well... if you’re not willing - or sure – you’d do anything to avoid this then we must continue, don’t you think?” his old hands began to reach for the button, sending a surge of terror and panic into her.

“Please Sir, I will, I will do anything, please... I swear,” she slumped mentally if not able to do so much physically when the words were out. And deep down, as repugnant as the thought was of ‘doing anything’ for the old creep, the thought of more of that pain was even worse.

“I don’t know... you’ve got a nice mouth... but I really should give you more electro-shocks. You see, we also use this for the therapy, too,” and he fished out a metallic rod with wires attached. “I doubt I need to elaborate about where inside you this goes,” but for emphasis he lightly brushed the metal against the fur-fringed lips of her sex, making her recoil with disgust and fear. He smiled grimly down at her seeming to absorb the almost palpable waves of fear emanating from her shining face, her pleading eyes. “If you’re not sure that you want to do this little... favour for me then...?” his voice was soft again, one hand playing with that awful knob, the knob which could send her into a spasm of burning pain, and the other toying with the metallic dildo which she could imagine burning and scouring

between her delicate sex lips, deep into her womanhood. Her eyes bulged in fear, but then turned up to his, begging.

“Please Sir... I’ll-I’ll do what you want if you don’t hurt me anymore.”

She felt sick, the idea of using her mouth... on him... it was horrible; she only once or twice before briefly kissed Greg down there - after a few drinks. But she was trapped with no way out.

“OK then little girl,” he breathed, his voice horribly wheezing again as if he was making a dirty phone call, “we’ll give you an opportunity,” and she felt herself relax a little as his hands left the implements of her pain. “But of course if you change your mind, or if there are any little... mishaps, then you know what either myself or one of the guards will do to you, how much it will hurt you and how long you will stay here. You understand?”

“Oh yes Sir I do, I know, I’ll be good, Sir,” she was now just a craven thing, doing whatever she had to avoid pain. In contrast her tormentor looked down her with eyes now bright with anticipation.

For some time now Hudson had been looking forward to the arrival of this girl in the Control Centre. And Mrs Hassan, as was her wont, in return for him having used his contacts to smooth her passage through the ‘system’ to high office had given him the nod to amuse himself with her when the opportunities arose. And now was certainly such an opportunity; but he had no doubt that the Controller would later amuse herself looking through the CCTV recordings. He glanced up at the discreet lens nearly hidden in the ceiling. She’d probably make her own private copies of them as he normally did.

Whatever, where else could a man of 68, eased out of his senior position as a judge after an unfortunate incident with a call-girl he was due to sentence, now have virtually free license with such a beauty? And beauty she was from her chiselled and innocent face framed with soft blonde hair to her firm bosoms and shapely bottom. And those full lips were so sensual, neatly contrasting with her now wide and fearful eyes as she looked up at him, her knowing he could do whatever he wanted with her.

He had decided that it would have to be her mouth. At his age he couldn’t always rely on sufficient firmness to use himself down below and having already secured her in the ‘electric chair’ as they called it in the centre, he might as well use what it left available before the therapy slot was over and he impinged on the system too much to cause embarrassment to Mrs Hassan.

Slowly he unzipped his trousers, seeing the look of disgust flick over the pretty face as he stood right before her bound figure, gently stroking her shoulders and boobs. But far from worry him, it only appealed to his natural sadism.

“I’m sure you’ve done this many times before with your boyfriend, young, lady. No harm to get some practice in with me. You know what to do, yes?”

“Yes, Sir,” it was a soft whisper and music to his ears.

“You’ll stay with me as it were and take it all; we don’t want another mess on the floor, do we?”

“Yes sir, er no Sir,” the acceptance of her position was obvious and he loved her verbal grovelling, it was stiffening him up nicely. She was an otherwise fun loving and attractive youngster thrown totally out of her comfort zone into a place where you got hurt and shamed if you didn’t do someone’s bidding. He could only imagine what such a loss of control must feel like for her. But right now he wanted to feel other things.

“Open wide.” How wonderful to see the beauty meekly open her mouth, feeling her recoil slightly as the sticky head of his penis brushed her lovely lips. “There we are... all the way in,” he sighed, tightly gripping the back of her head as he pushed himself into her now bulging cheeks, her eyes squeezed shut as if to try and obliterate what was happening to her.

It was like him sinking into a hot wet vat, delicious. “If you want to avoid the therapy continuing you use your tongue to flick and you suck, you suck damn hard,” there was a hint of desperation in his voice which he hoped wasn’t too evident. These days he had to seize and catch the moment at such times – or lose it.

“Ugh, ugh, ugh,” she gulped and spluttered through her expanded and shining cheeks as he even more tightly gripped her hair and began to ram her head up and down his now tingling length. His other hand dropped down to fondle and harshly squeeze her breasts, not caring about the metal clips still clinging to them, probably quite painfully. He loved the way her eyes were now open wide, looking at him, imploring him, trying to read his face to know when he was about to come to maybe brace herself.

“That’s it my dear, my beauty, you suck well, won’t be long now, mmmm,” he sighed feeling his old sap rising to duty again as her hot, wet mouth continued to suck and her tongue to lick and flick. She was giving it her all; he had to admit, but presumably just to get it over with. And that would be any moment, he felt his toes curl.

“Hah, hah,” he gasped, gripping her head in an iron grip as he spat deep between her hollowed cheeks.

“Ugh, ughr spluug,” she choked and spluttered on his seed as he maintained his tight grip on her head and on her boobs until she settled and swallowed.

As Sarah managed to hold down the old man’s lust, feeling it trickle down her throat without throwing up, she imagined that she had hit rock bottom. She had set out that morning hoping to twist the new system around her fingers and emerge intact but she now knew that was impossible. The system had overwhelmed and beaten her. She was tied up naked in some basement, having just sucked off an old man. It was vile and disgusting, she hated such sex acts – and infinitely worse with a creepy old man with a smelly, sticky ‘willy’... Yet that had been preferable, but only just, to being tortured again with the electricity on her poor boobs.

Even now, despite her other woes, she could feel her nipples still throbbing in awful pain from the spiteful clamps still gripping her sore nips, tinkling softly with each agitated breath she took. Still in the power of this creep, of them all, she could only look up meekly, unable even to talk without permission, hoping he wouldn’t hurt her more. Thus it was with infinite relief when, after casually zipping himself up, she felt him release the crocodile clips.

“Haaaah,” she was unable to prevent her cry as the blood rushed back into her tortured nipples after the clamps had been removed. When her hands had been released and the other cuffs removed, she gratefully pressed her aching throbbing boobs, so quite unused to such barbaric treatment.

Minutes later he had let her out of the hateful den of torture. Yet her relief at getting away from that tiny room with the old torturer was tempered by her having to march, still quite naked, along public corridors - but to thankfully be given her uniform. It was as if the guards and inmates somehow knew what degradation she had suffered at the hands of the vile old man. She could almost read it in the smirking faces as they took in her flushed face, the sore marks on her jiggling boobs and bottom as she high stepped along, keeping her eyes fixed dead ahead, trying to avoid eye contact.

CHAPTER 3

“Now didn’t I say when we looked at her profile the other day, Mr Hudson, that this beauty would have a cute arse with cheeks like peaches?” The youngster in the clothing store with his cropped hair, covered in tattoos, licked his lips as she was marched into the room. She gave the brat a deep bow as she now she knew must, feeling ridiculous and ashamed as the lad sniggered, enjoying the sight of her bare boobs hanging down and then bouncing back as she resumed the upright.

“You stand with your hands on your head, young lady,” Hudson ignored the lad’s remark when she had instinctively covered herself with her hands, a perfectly natural and feminine thing to do in such circumstances. “The gentleman here might need to confirm my measurements for the uniform fitting.” He handed the thug a note of the measurements he had taken earlier with Mrs Hassan.

Sarah’s face reddened still further as she obeyed. Through every contact with the people here, especially with the type of brute who now openly admired her shivering body, her shame and fear had deepened. Ordinarily her sheltered life wouldn’t have crossed with this type of person, she was a respectable middle class young woman whilst he was... rather feral, were her initial thoughts. Yet now she just had to stand there and let such an awful person stare at her exposed body whilst she wasn’t even allowed the pretence of covering herself.

“Yeah, guess I better just check her f—king measurements to be sure,” the bastard winked at Hudson as he approached with a tape-measure.

“Hah,” she gasped as his hands possessively held and lifted her boobs, touching and fondling whilst he measured her as if she were a prize cow. How degrading could this get? They were using any excuse to feel her up and they made the most of it. “OK sweet-arse, nearly done,” the bastard grabbed the cheeks of her bottom as he pulled her this way and that finally patting her backside as he gave her a smelly and impudent kiss on her pursed lips.

“You’ll just be in time for the 11am department class,” Mr Hudson finally decreed as he looked at his watch.

“Better put it on, darling,” the clothing store clerk threw her one of the bright orange tee-shirts, “unless you wanna’ carry on flashing those nice tits and arse at everyone.”

Thankfully Sarah was able to scabble for the small garment, which she saw that the clerk had selected from a general bin marked ‘small’ anyway - despite all the measuring and groping. She felt used and sick but at least she was now able to cover herself for the first time in nearly two hours, even though the ‘uniform’ had the hated ‘CONTROL OFFENDER’ stamped across it to denote her status. She could almost ignore her breasts jiggling freely under the tee-shirt uniform, which was short enough to expose her bottom if she bent forward in any way.

Oh why did the old swine have to march her right round the outside of the building, parallel with her own road as they made their way to the grounds at the rear? Yeah, sure enough there was the spotty-faced youth from down their road who delivered their morning papers. He was probably a couple of years younger than her and she had often felt his eyes on her as she minced along in her little skirts, semi-flirting for him but totally in control of the situation. Now she was obviously anything but in control. The lad’s mouth and eyes gaped, causing him to nearly fall off his bike as, with her face tense and eyes front, she marched obediently high-stepping past on the other side of the wire giving him involuntary flashes of her intimacies. She cringed, wanting to curl up and die, not knowing how she could ever call out a cheery ‘good morning’ to him ever again.

Then she had other things to occupy her tormented mind as she rounded a corner to where a group of around twenty similarly clad inmates stood stiffly to attention before a large muscled Negro in a track-suit.

“Right, you lucky people, we’ll start off with... are you listening to me, bitch?” the large man suddenly strode up to a slightly plump woman probably in her thirties, sobbing and trying to brush tears from her eyes.

Slap!

“Hooow,” she gasped, pulling away with shock etched on her pretty tear-stained face from the red handprint across it. “I know you’re fat, Pamela,” his cane flicked up her short tee-shirt from below which the woman’s full backside was visible, “but you’ll hopefully lose some of it in these sessions. Now back in position and pay attention and you’ll maybe do f—king better than last time,” he shouted at the frightened woman probably half again his age like a demented sergeant major.

“Aah, a newcomer to my little squad,” the Negro turned as Sarah was reluctantly marched right up to him. “Name?” the instructor asked after she had performed the ritual indignity of bowing low before the creep, her boobs nearly tumbling from her tee-shirt.

“Sarah... Sir,” she hastily added when his large black hands twitched to his cane.

“You look in pretty good shape already, Sarah,” his eyes casually flicked over her. “Good muscle tone.”

“Aah,” she squirmed a little as his hands possessively felt her thighs, flicking up her short top, feeling her arm muscles and, of course, her boobs over their thin covering through which her nipples indented. Amongst the assembled inmates she caught sight of Greg in the similarly ridiculous unisex uniform, standing stiffly to attention, only allowing a brief flicker of a smile of reassurance to cross his tense face as he had to watch her being mauled.

“She’s a new one in today, Sarah Williams, a bit nervous, wet herself earlier during therapy, rather unpleasant, but I cleaned her up.” Hudson gave a theatrical grimace as Sarah cringed, going an even deeper shade of red. She dearly wished for the ground to open and swallow her, swallow her shame. “I’ll leave her in your capable hands now,” he waved to the instructor before wandering off to chat to the three guards in attendance.

“OK, Mr Hudson, thanks,” the instructor raised a hand in acknowledgement before giving her a withering look. “Bit of a filthy cow then, are we?” the Negro wrinkled his nose in mock disgust. “I don’t like a knickers-wetter in my class – and I know you’re not wearing any,” he smirked into her flushed and ashamed face as he cane flicked up her tiny uniform to verify that for everyone, “so I hope you can control yourself. Think you can?”

“Y-yes Sir,” she gulped shamefully, feeling the colour rising still further in her cheeks, knowing that whatever she said would be used against her and therefore choosing to say nothing about how unfair and cruel the whole episode had been to make her go.

“You’ll do then, I guess; over there in line,” his cane pointed to the empty space next to the still sniffing plump woman who now had another instructor, a slim and vicious-looking Negress, prodding her back to attention.

“You pathetic old cow, you sure gotta’ do better today, or you gonna’ spend the rest of your pathetic life in detention, never see your old man or kids again. Now snap it up, sharp to attention.” The female instructor stopped snarling at the unfortunate woman to glare at Sarah disdainfully, making her shrink on the spot wondering how the government could employ people like this who seemed to be so hateful.

“What you looking at, bed-wetter bitch? Get to attention too and stick those tits right out for me.”

Sarah complied; biting her lip as the glowering young Negress thankfully left her alone. She momentarily felt sorry for the older woman next to her, wondering what it must feel like to be a little plump and being humiliated and shouted at by people that she would

normally regard as virtually young street thugs. The 'uniform' hardly fitted her at all, leaving her exposed. But with the threat of a possibly endless sentence in this servitude what could any of them do except buckle down, keep their noses clean and just ask how high if asked to jump?

"We'll practice our marching, keep those f—king arms straight, lift the legs high, keep in step with those alongside you," the Negro drill instructor shouted.

"Hah," Sarah yelped as a cane lashed her backside to leave it sore and throbbing.

"Swing those arms, stiffer, I want your f-king legs higher, and keep up with the others," he snarled, swishing his cane threateningly behind her until Sarah managed to straighten herself up more to keep him satisfied. She felt so ridiculous, a young woman used to high heels and smart clothes, but now nearly naked and having to march around like a seasoned soldier, her high-stepping revealing her bare bottom and the small and neat golden tuft at the apex of her thighs. Yet there was no alternative.

"Now with packs, run to them, you lazy c—nts," he screamed, pointing to a pile of backpacks.

"Hah," she gasped as she struggled to get the thing on her back. It seemed to weigh a ton, weighted with stones she guessed. Greg was next to her and about to help her adjust it but there was no opportunity.

"Two lines, men and women separate, marching double time, keep those backs straight and legs high, faster," the instructor shouted, pushing and shoving, tightening their straps. "I want some f—king style here, people," the large Negro shouted as his vicious female accomplice set some music going, a march to which they had to keep step.

It was a nightmare, the heavy pack almost tearing off her shoulders as she struggled to march in time with the martial music, every step an ordeal. She didn't know how she managed to keep going round and round for ten minutes, panting and gasping, but some seemingly couldn't cope.

"You two are a f—king disgrace, it runs in your family," the brute screamed at a fair haired woman and an equally pretty blonde teenager who looked to be mother and daughter, who had been constantly fiddling with their packs. "You're not trying, just pissing me off, so if you wanna' lose the backpack, you lose your uniforms too. Both strip and kneel facing each other holding the packs above your heads. Backs and arms straight; you'll get your pretty arses tanned if those arms lower."

Sarah, felt for the two, tears of effort and pain trickling down their strained faces as both lovely women knelt under the hot sun, holding the weights aloft, trickles of sweat running down their lush nude curves. What must it be like for a mother and daughter to face each other like that, arms and breasts quivering with strain, the bitchy Negress prowling behind and flicking their bottoms if they tried to ease their positions? But Sarah had to mainly concentrate on her own predicament as she marched, feeling as if the straps were cutting grooves into her soft shoulders. Within another five minutes the plump woman, Pamela, had joined the kneeling mother and daughter as had an Asian youth, all naked, all straining to hold the pack aloft. It was an incentive for them all, albeit Sarah managed to get another brief and painful dusting of the cane across her thighs for not keeping in step before after about twenty minutes they were all allowed with relief to drop the packs and ease the cramp from their panting bodies.

"Loosen up, legs apart, toe touching, up and down till I say stop, keep those legs straight," the Negress shouted, walking behind them as they continually bent up and down, having to ignore their modesty as the guards enjoyed their flashes of thigh and bottom. But it soon became worse. "Lose the uniforms, you'll get them sweaty," the bitchy Negress shouted gleefully as they were forced to relinquish their only covering again. "Now running round the area, hands on head, legs high and in sync with the person in front."

“Move that lazy f—king arse...”

“Haah,” Sarah yelled as the spiteful Negro instructor shouted at her and lashed out at the enticing target of her bare jiggling bottom with his crop. This was terrible. Shame and effort coloured her as she obediently ran round and round for ten minutes, breath rasping, having to ignore the pain and spectacle of her wildly bouncing boobs and bottom. It was so awful, she couldn’t but be aware of the way the casually watching guards and civilian office staff, smirked and clapped as they were forced to put on such a humiliating display of panting, shining nudity.

“This old place, it don’t keep itself clear of weeds, it needs a little help.” Sarah’s eyes sprang wider in shock as she ran when an old man, a large country bumpkin type who reminded her a bit of a caricature of a village idiot, confronted them when their instructor at last called a break. He had tatty clothes covered in mud, a slack face covered in stubble and bleary eyes. Where on earth did they get these creeps? She pondered.

“Oh yeah man, we promised you some help, didn’t we, Jacob,” the instructor accepted. “You can have six, six of the worst,” he smiled grimly at his joke, “for an hour,” the instructor’s eyes blazed around his charges. “You four kneeling, you can have a rest from holding up the packs ... and you and you,” he picked out Sarah and a young Negress who had been running round their circle of shame ahead of her. “Go with Jacob and help him with his gardening. There will be a guard too should you think of it as a break and not do whatever he tells you. It’s good that you’ve already had to lose your uniforms, you don’t want to get them covered in dirt,” the instructor snatched them away when they made to retrieve them. “And keep it smart, don’t slouch,” she shouted after them and the thug-like guard who ambled behind them.

Sarah couldn’t have felt more out of place. Obediently she followed the rolling nautical stride of the fat gardener in his big wellington boots, with her and the others stark naked, their bodies a sheen of effort as they marched.

Although still in sight of the PT class she was pleased to be out of sight of the road as she bent her shining curves to the task after Jacob had given his instructions. It was shameful and demeaning. They had to toil like slaves, stark naked under the sun and before the leery eyes of the gardener. Jacob meanwhile made himself comfy on a power mower, swigging from a bottle of cider, nibbling a doorstep sandwich as they did his work. Sarah and the Asian lad were each pushing a heavy hand mower. It felt awfully unnatural to have to do so, stark naked in front of each other, their bodies invariably brushing - and then her instinctively shrinking away - as they pushed the heavy machine together. And the mower was so unsuited to such a broad expanse of grass. It was a pure spite that they weren’t allowed to use the powered machine and instead had to struggle by hand at work for which she was just not cut out. Her toned body was used to a few gym work-outs and swimming but not this arduous and unnecessary sadism. The Negress and the plump woman, Pamela, were set to dig up weeds with forks and the pretty mother and daughter used scythes on higher bushes.

“Haah, please,” Sarah squealed half an hour later. Horribly, Jacob had ambled up and was’ assisting’ her by pushing a dirty and gnarled old hand against the shining curve of her wiggly bottom, pushing her along. His breath smelt of all things vile as he pushed himself against her.

“You doing well, little one, but you need more effort. A little kiss for an old man? Go on, girlie, you know you want to.” Desperately she looked around but saw one of the nearby guards, one of the crop-haired thugs, smiling gleefully at the spectacle, just waiting for her to step out of line.

“Better not disobey the man,” the guard smirked as he sat watching and smoking where he lay in the shade.

“Yughhhh,” Somehow she remained passive as Jacob’s fat, smelly body pressed against her and his awful mouth over hers, his tongue invading her sweet mouth so horribly.

“You’re a nice ‘un all right, nice and ripe.” A rough hand grasped her bottom, pulling her tight against him so she could feel a horrible moist bulge against her, another hand painfully groping her boobs. She felt sickened and soiled. It was frustrating to know that Greg was so close, within sight but unable to help her. But what could he do anyway? She thought miserably. This was all sanctioned by the State; they just had to endure it. And she would have to endure it a lot longer than Greg. Bitterness tinged her thoughts of him. She’d be back here for over thirty days whilst he... he’d be picking up his life outside. She hastily tried to close down her jealousy, knowing it would destroy their relationship if she was not careful.

“Ow... please Sir...” she yelped as the gardener’s horrible dirty thick finger slid between the clenching cheeks of her bottom and pushed against the protesting tight heat of her anus.

“Yeah, a nice sweet little arse,” he breathed his stinking breath over her flinching face as he pushed up into her bottom. It was ghastly but she knew there was nothing she could do to stop it which didn’t involve pain or punishment. She hated being touched... there... but now the brute was practically turning her hotly inside out as the guard nearby just watched and smoked.

Thankfully, if that was the right word, Jacob eventually belched into her face and stumbled off to ‘assist’ one of his other helpers. He seemingly enjoyed a fuller and more mature figure. Sarah could spare herself a glimmer of sympathy as the old scarecrow-figure led Pamela into a shed, disgust and fear etched on the plump woman’s pretty face as the door closed on her bare and generous bottom. Then he came back and fetched the Negress and led her within his hut too.

After another half hour Sarah’s muscles were screaming for a release which wasn’t offered. The only change had been that after Jacob had led both of the now weeping women back from the shed after he’d finished doing whatever he had with them, he’d swapped their tasks. Now she and the Asian lad found themselves using scythes.

“You OK with that young man,” Jacob’s hands had been on the lad’s shining ebony body showing him and herself the correct way to use the scythe. Sarah began to wonder about the old gardener’s preferences, or perhaps he just didn’t care, as he was patting the lad’s arms and bottom, much to his discomfort. “Ooh hah, don’t you be hitting me with that,” he pushed aside the lad’s penis, giving it a little squeeze too.

How she had wished that she was using the blade to decapitate the horrid people here. It was just a dream but it helped her to slash the heavy implement around and chop the reeds more effectively.

“OK let’s cool you down and clean you up for lunch,” the instructor called out from the distance.

“Right, c---s,” the thug guarding them shouted, “enough gardening, time for a wash up; in a line to attention.” He playfully grabbed the bottoms of the blonde mother and daughter, pinching until they squealed in pain.

“You’re new, ‘aint ya? Are you enjoying it here, sweet thing?” the thug was beside her now, his white spotty face staring into hers.

“Y-yes Sir,” she replied softly not knowing what to say, just trying to get her breath back.

“That’s good then, cos I’m f—king sure you’ll need to, cos you’ll be popular here. “Juicy, eh.”

“Aaghh, please... Sir,” she squirmed in pain and disgust as his hand grabbed her bottom too but then slid round to her neat curly thatch, a thick, nicotine stained finger

pushing crudely up between her sex lips. It was all she could do to remain to attention. How could she be treated like this, she thought in despair but already knowing the answer. They could do just about what they wanted; no-one gave a damn.

“Yeeees, nice and tight and sweet,” the thug purred as his finger outrageously curled up into her. “But better get to your shower now, don’t wanna’ hold things up, do we?” he playfully but painfully slapped her bottom. “Now all of you, march.”

Seconds later Sarah found herself in a pink line of nudity staring apprehensively at the smiling PT instructor who held a hose trigger in his broad hand.

“Yaaaaarghhhh,” she was soon squealing like a pig as she in turn had to run up to him to be shamefully hosed down like an animal with the powerful jet. The shock of the cold water on her hot steaming body was intense, the contrast awful to leave her shivering with gooseflesh as she ran to the smirking Negress holding out a pile of thin towels.

CHAPTER 4

“Time for lunch. Line up for it, you c—nts,” the Negress shouted crudely.

Abstractly Sarah wondered what it would be like. As part of the preliminaries of their sentence they had to set up an unspecified direct debit with their bank to the Control Centre so that extras like their feeding could generously be funded. They charged £10 a day for the privilege of feeding and ‘clothing’ them – if they were the right words. But to be honest she would be just pleased to eat anything or nothing so long as it gave her a break from this humiliating regime. Two long trestle tables were laid out with stew, bread and fruit and beakers of water. She began to make her way to where she saw Greg.

“Female inmates this table, males on that, no talking, meal in silence, please,” an Indian guard shouted, twirling his cane as an added threat, should one be needed. With a wan smile at her partner, Sarah sat down at a spare place with a large black girl on one side and Pamela on the other and tried to interest herself in the unappetising food. It was mush, hardly worth the money they took for it, but she certainly wasn’t going to argue, not here.

“Stand and give thanks,” shouted Mr Hudson who had reappeared on the scene, ensuring they all stood stiffly to attention, luckily before Sarah had started eating.

“We thank the State and the Control Centre for teaching, training, feeding us and making us better people,” Sarah managed to copy the chant which the experienced prisoners now undoubtedly knew off by heart.

“Good, you may sit and begin,” Mr Hudson allowed.

“Anything wrong with this lovely food?” the Negress guard was snarling at Pamela five minutes later after she had left some of the weak stew.

“N-No Ma’am it’s just that I’m...”

“I don’t want to hear that you’re not hungry, how dare you try to turn down good wholesome food? Someone as fat as you obviously likes her food.”

“Muggghhhh,” the older woman gasped as the Negress pushed her face into the bowl of congealed mush.

“Eat the lot, c—t, you’re now down for an extra day on your sentence – and you’ll get another if the bowl isn’t clean in twenty seconds.”

Poor Pamela desperately wiped her face as she gulped down the awful and now cold stodgy mess from her bowl. Sarah resolved to eat all of hers. She may have had to force it down, gulp by gulp but she managed.

It was all over in quarter of an hour, they had eaten in monastic silence, trying to ignore the appetising smell of the lovely cooked lunch enjoyed by the guards. Then they were allowed to use the lavatories before being marched off again.

Sarah no longer felt like a grown woman. She sat cramped at a tiny wooden desk obviously originally intended for a school and in fact she did feel like a schoolgirl again. She was still wearing her tiny tee-shirt which left little to the imagination. The guard lounging by the door insisted that they had to sit bolt upright in the small chairs with arms crossed and legs spaced apart. She and the others in the rehabilitation ‘class’, including Greg, had been sitting thus for ten minutes silent and still in the room, which had been fashioned to look like a schoolroom, and already the pins and needles were darting through her cramped bottom. It was so uncomfortable and there was apprehension too because she didn’t really know what

this afternoon session of her first day would bring. She tried to imagine, slipping into day-dream mode.

The classroom door opened to admit the almost gliding figure of Mrs Hassan in her pretty sari. Sarah managed to stifle most of an after lunch yawn, desperately trying not to let any lessening of attention show, but she was tired and just grateful that this session didn't appear to have the same harshness as the awful PT and deportment class. Then suddenly she realised that the experienced members of the 'class' were rising to their feet with a scraping of chairs and bowing and she struggled to do likewise without being too far behind. It was so important here, she reminded herself, to maintain 100 percent concentration.

"Sorry, did I wake you up, Miss Williams?" Mrs Hassan smiled down almost benignly when Sarah had unbent from her bow.

"No, I'm sorry Ma'am... I- I was tired and I wasn't thinking for a moment and..."

"Oh dear... I do need my pupils to think," the Indian woman interrupted. "I wonder what would help to concentrate your mind..." She tapped her teeth with her pencil as if really contemplating deeply. "Maybe if you stood out here by my desk for the start of the class, without your clothes, wearing this dunce's cap." She smiled sweetly, producing a big red cone from the floor. "Yes, I think that might just help you. Please take off your uniform and stand out here." The smile was still in place but the voice had an edge.

"Please, Ma'am," Sarah felt just like a schoolgirl now, a frightened schoolgirl, her face hot with shame. But Mrs Hassan just raised her cane to silence her.

"Now please, Miss Williams, or would you like the guard to help you undress?" and the voice had even more of an edge. Sarah felt tears brimming her downcast eyes as she pulled her tee-shirt off and, with her arms wrapped around her shivering body, stepped out to face her smiling tormentor. "Now face your friends." Sarah did so, the sea of tense faces before her blurring and moist vision. She felt the large cone go on her head. "Hold it in place with both hands and bend over please, Miss Williams, I need to kick-start your tired brain with my cane."

A bitter shame burnt through her, her eyes briefly catching Greg's as she assumed the undignified position, feeling stupid and apprehensive. Her bottom cheeks tightened as she heard Mrs Hassan reach for her cane and raise it.

"Whack!

"Yaaaarghhhhh," she screeched as an awful and intense pain ripped across both cheeks of her bottom as if it had been sliced in two. Instinctively she had unbent, only one hand holding the cap in place whilst the other pressed comfortingly against the burning cheeks of her bottom.

"I didn't give you permission to move! Present yourself to me again, girl!" The cane lightly jabbed her hips.

It took a tremendous effort of will but she somehow bent over again, her already throbbing backside bent tautly before the woman, twitching in dread.

Swaaack!

"Naaaarghhh," the hard wood partially overlaid the already stinging red line of pain to make Sarah's mouth gape widely as she brought her head up, hair bouncing, but managing to remain bent over.

"There's a girl, now you may stand, both hands holding the cap on your stupid head," she heard the command and gratefully obeyed, trying to ignore the way her boobs bounced before the class with her movement. It was difficult to imagine how she could feel more humiliated. "I'm sure this isn't too unusual for you, Miss Williams, after all you are used to taking your clothes off in public and fornicating; you probably have trouble in keeping your legs closed, so please do now open them wide for us as you stand there. It'll make you feel at home." The evil woman smirked as she shamefully obeyed, but just wanting to crawl away

somewhere. “Distribute today’s papers for memorising please, Pamela, quickly,” she heard Mrs Hassan’s silky order and immediately the plump woman sprang to her feet, nearly spilling from her uniform and began distributing the sheaves of papers, her face tense – obviously knowing that Mrs Hassan was not an easy taskmistress.

“Although I require speed for my tasks, I also require neatness, Pamela, or perhaps I should say Mrs Jacobs – that’s what your class you teach at school would call you isn’t it?” And Sarah saw the woman’s face twitch in tension.

The strain that Pamela felt was indeed a result of the Indian woman reminding her of her life outside these evil walls. Yes, tomorrow, as she had been the day before, she would be a respected and prim schoolteacher. The contrast with her now as a virtual slave didn’t bear examination. Then she realised that Mrs Hassan was expecting the usual grovelling reply.

“Yes Ma’am,” she looked up apprehensively and bowed to her tormentor, so hating any reminder of her life outside this place.

“Well, Mrs Jacobs, as a teacher you should know that papers are normally placed face down on a desk to avoid distracting a pupil’s attention until they are ready to read them – and they should be in a neat pile. Please do that, you stupid fat lump of a girl.”

Pamela ground her teeth in rage at the term of address. She wasn’t exactly fat, nice and cuddly her husband used to say in the days when they still talked like that and used to make love frequently. In fact she had often been told by school colleagues how good looking she was, but a comfortable life had made her a bit more... ‘rounded.’ Now, under the regime here, her husband wasn’t allowed to ‘touch’ her - or a nasty tagging pendant she was forced to continually wear around her neck would apparently reveal all to the authorities. But realistically, she knew that her marriage was in any case now rather stale; there must be something else out there, she had often thought. Perhaps that was why she had so far ignored the tentative flirtatious approaches of male colleagues at school. But despite that, the combination of such comments as she received here and the harsh exercise regime were slowly making her regain her former shapely figure - she’d lost five pounds just this week.

Yes, how she hated being spoken to like that but, with a quivering face she scurried round the desks again, tidying them, her body nearly spilling from her tiny ridiculous uniform. It was at times that this, standing in a seemingly bottomless well of humiliation, that she could cheerfully strangle her tormentor. The Indian woman smiled icily at her, reminding her of one of the old fashioned teachers at her own school; a woman who would probably still love to be able to use the cane on unruly pupils. But Pamela knew to her cost that Mrs Hassan had no such restrictions placed on her.

“Now, stand before me, right hand extended.” Cringing, Pamela obeyed, biting her lip.

Swack!

“Aahhah,” she gasped softly, her hand burning as the evil bitch brought the ruler sharply down across her hand; it hurt like hell to add to her shame.

To try and take her mind off her throbbing pain she remembered her time that morning in the gardener’s hut, it was degrading and disgusting, not something she would ever care to repeat. Shuddering, she glanced at the new girl, lovely blonde Sarah, standing so shamefully before everyone, her legs lewdly spaced and her face wet with tears. Only five or six days of her sentence ago that had been her standing there, nude before the class. The Indian woman had made her bounce her breasts and make pig sounds for the amusement of the class because of her failure to do something or other. It had been that moment that she

had first determined to lose the extra pounds she had somehow piled on since she'd had the kids ten years ago. She was determined not to have to go through that fat piggy routine again even if slimming made her own good looks become too apparent – and her too popular - and it was used against her by the beasts here.

Now it was poor Sarah's turn and Pamela felt sorry for the newcomer, with her youth and even greater natural beauty than her own she'd be picked on a lot, she guessed. Yes, things could be worse, she supposed, as she absorbed the pain in her hand and tried to give a brief smile of sympathy to the young tormented blonde girl.

From Sarah's point of view she knew how much Pamela's hand must hurt; just as her own bottom throbbed, but she would have gladly exchanged positions with the older woman rather than maintain her blatant and obscene exposure before the class.

"Thank you, Mrs Jacobs, you may sit down," Mrs Hassan dismissed Pamela from her thoughts and turned back to face her.

Sarah gulped, tensely wishing she could wipe the tear trickling down her cheek but dare not move and antagonise her hateful tormentor. Instead she just tried to absorb the pain and shame, keeping her eyes unfocused, thankful that the attention had been slightly off her for a while whilst the other woman suffered.

"Do you think that you are properly awake now, Miss Williams?" the soft voice flowed from behind her.

"Oh yes, Ma'am," she whispered, sniffing back the tear, half turning to face the now seated woman who gazed at her almost curiously with a sly self-satisfied smile on her face.

"Your bottom looks quite sore, is it?"

"Yes Ma'am," she cringed.

"And you don't want me to hurt it anymore?"

"No... please Ma'am," she had to continue playing out the cruel game, just wanting to make herself invisible and away from the curious eyes of the class, who were probably grateful that whilst the focus was on her it wasn't on them.

"Good, well, I accept that you mean to make amends and I believe we've all seen enough of you flashing your well used sex at us so you may close your legs. But as a reminder to you, you'll continue this class without your clothes, all right?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Then please, replace the hat by my desk and resume your seat and be sure to sit upright to prevent the slumbers catching up with you."

"Hah," Sarah was so grateful to be able to move from the lewd position and the eyes of the class but winced at the small cold hard seat of the chair on her sore bottom after she had padded back to her seat. She briefly caught Greg's pained eyes then hastily looked back to the front, not wanting to invite more problems by failing to give less than her full attention to the hateful old cow before them.

"Right, class," Mrs Hassan gleamed down at her tense array of 'pupils'. "When I give the word you will turn over and study the papers which outline the history and rationale behind the Control organisation. You will have half an hour to study them before I ask questions – and of course I expect good answers," her smile was grim. "You will then write a five thousand word essay on how the organisation has helped local communities and whilst you may not finish it, and thus need to complete it as homework, I shall expect to see a significant amount of work done on it before you leave this room. You may begin reading," she slapped her ruler down on her desk.

Wearily, Sarah turned over the papers; there must have been about fifty pages of drivel about how wonderful the Control organisation was. Her head was soon aching in an attempt to scan through all the pages whilst at the same time trying to remember some of it. It was so boring but her desperation to avoid more pain or humiliation lent her the concentration to keep going.

“Turn your papers over,” the hated voice came from the front desk half an hour later and, nervously licking her lips, Sarah complied. “Fold your arms backs straight, no slouching,” Mrs Hassan insisted. “Samantha, stand,” and Sarah felt a tiniest easing of her tension as a young Negro girl stood apprehensively. Obviously following a demanded ritual she placed her hands on her head to draw her tiny uniform up to reveal her lovely ebony bottom. “What do the initials CONTROL stand for please?”

“Er... Ma’am, Community Orientated Neighbourhood...”

“Well, girl?” Mrs Hassan’s eyebrows rose expectantly, looking directly at the youngster, who seemed to have wilted under the pressure, then suddenly her strained and pretty face cleared.

“Er...Training and Rehabilitation for...Offender Liability, Ma’am, sorry Ma’am.”

“I should think so to, I don’t expect someone on their tenth day of a sentence such as yourself to stumble on such a simple one. One more fumble like that and you get another day on your term and a warm bottom; sit!” The Indian woman’s gaze left her trembling victim to sit down as she glanced round the room.

“Linda.” Instantly the blonde mother who had been made to kneel with her daughter during PT stood up in the required pose, eyes wide with dread. “The month and year in which the Control scheme was instigated by Parliament?”

“It... it was... Ma’am... I think it was 2027 and... I can’t remember the month, maybe... it was...”

“I’ve heard enough, you thick, stupid cow,” Mrs Hassan spat into the white trembling face, now flushing red. Sarah cringed for her at being spoken to like that in front of everyone and her daughter. “Even the year was wrong, you quoted the year when the scheme was first proposed. Remove your uniform and step out here, please.” It was obvious that Linda was having trouble controlling her quivering face as she stripped and stepped out to the front, her body still in good shape for her age, undulating unconsciously. “Touch your toes.” Now Sarah could see that the strain was really on as the fair haired woman adopted the humiliating pose.

Crack!

Crack!

“Haaarghhh,” the woman shuddered, eyes squeezed shut as she absorbed the pain, remaining bent over, her eyes wide and bleak.

“One extra day on your sentence, that’s twenty so far, Linda; you may resume your seat, just as you are please.”

At least Sarah was not the only one without clothing now, but that didn’t help her feelings much.

“Greg, you may complete the answer.” Sarah flinched for her boyfriend as he stood up in the obligatory position, but somehow he managed to answer fairly quickly and confidently.

“It- it was I believe March 2030, Ma’am.”

“You believe right, Mr Smith, sit down.” Sarah felt guilt at her brief pang of jealousy that Greg had quite an easy question. She supposed that Linda’s fumbling over it had given him time to think. But she soon had other thoughts to occupy her when her name was the next to be pounced on by their tormentor. Feeling doubly bare and exposed, Sarah stood, clasping her hands to her head, unable to look at Greg, or the few other men in the class.

“Let’s see if you have learnt as much as your boyfriend. What are the main reasons and purposes of the Control scheme please, Miss Williams?”

The question was a lot harder than the others, it was so unfair, she thought, and her mind went blank with the sudden pressure, as no doubt had the previous victims. But in addition she was standing naked before everyone. It felt as the walls were crowding in on her, she wanted to run away somewhere sane, away from this cruel madness but was rooted to the spot with fear of those consequences. How she hated the smirk on the young faces of the watching guards.

“I, er Ma’am,” she tried to buy time, “there was a lot of crime and... it-it is to rehabilitate offenders and... and... locally and...”

“What pathetic drivel... and I had hopes that you could be smart... I had no idea just how thick you were,” her tormentor’s words further peeled away any of her self-confidence remaining. “Stand out here before me again please.” She spoke so matter-of-factly as Sarah again screwed up her courage to do so, sensibly keeping her hands on her head. “I apologise to the class for giving this trollop another chance to flash her well-used wares at us but it is important to maintain discipline and standards. And as the answer to this question is central to the organisation I shall assist our thick friend in answering.” She picked up her ruler. “Make one movement as I punish you and you get more, girl,” she almost snarled. Sarah tensed as the bitch raised her ruler over her precious boobs, scarcely able to comprehend what the cow intended. “The reason for forming the organisation was the gradual increase in street crime, in the 2020s, right?”

Swat!

“Haaah, yes Ma’am,” Sarah gasped under the unbelievable and intimate pain of the ruler cracking across the top of one of her orbs leaving it bouncing and stinging. Only by the greatest effort of will did she manage to keep her hands clasped to her head and her boobs so vulnerably positioned before her tormentor. The pain was awful and humiliating. She could see Greg’s eyes bulging, remembering how less than 24 hours ago his lips had been gently kissing the breasts which were now the cruel target of the bitch woman’s cane.

“A central solution was considered too remote and besides, the prisons were crowded and so local non-custodial schemes adapted to local communities was the answer, right?”

Crack!

“Yaarghhh,” she screeched, juddering in pain, tears trickling from her momentarily closed eyes as the ruler caught the cone of her nipple. “Yes Ma’am,” she nevertheless managed to answer the unrelenting sadist trying to keep breathless tears at bay.

“And the main planks of it are a local justice system with a strong element of rehabilitation as well as punishment, right?”

Swack!

“Yaaaaghhhhh,” she jumped up and down slightly, her boobs jiggling as she tried to absorb the pain of the third cut, her fingers laced white with tension behind her head, longing to clasp them to her outraged flesh. “Y-yes Ma’am.” The pain was drilling relentlessly into her very being.

“I hope you’ll remember that next time, girl, and to give you more time to do so, you will get another day on your sentence. Get out of my immediate sight, you slut, and resume your seat.” Mrs Hassan’s voice was disdainful and dismissive as Sarah scurried back to her seat feeling just about as low as she could feel and in the knowledge that she now had another day to serve.

So the awful lesson continued into the afternoon, with just about all of the class finally ending up naked and with throbbing bands of pain across their hands or bottoms, men and women. But at least for the last two hours they were spared the constant pressure of answering questions and instead had to attempt the long essay about how bloody good the

Control organisation was. It was so difficult and demeaning to write that sort of stuff when you hated the whole concept and were suffering the torments of the damned under it. Yet Sarah knew that she had to make a good attempt and be seen to have made good progress before leaving the classroom or maybe face the prospect of more pain, being kept behind in class or a longer sentence. It was all so ghastly.

Luckily, Mrs Hassan seemed fairly content with all of their efforts and, four hours after entering the hateful classroom, she was allowed to leave it.

CHAPTER 5

“I hope you’ve begun to learn repentance and the route to your rehabilitation back into proper society, girl?” The words were practically a sneer.

“Yes Ma’am,” Sarah respectfully replied as she stood in her demeaning uniform in front of Mrs Hassan’s desk, hands dutifully clasped to her head half an hour later after class. She had been made to wait outside the office, facing the wall hands to her head like a naughty child whilst Mrs Hassan first interviewed Greg and one or two of the other newcomers individually in her office. She was kept until last, to worry about what was in store now.

“Good girl, well, I’ve got your updated schedule of attendances, your sentence is now up to thirty five days, I’m afraid,” she smiled sweetly into Sarah’s tense and dejected face. “Offenders often rack up quite a few additional days whilst they learn the ropes, as it were. But I’m sure that as we take you through the re-education process you will learn and thus commit fewer mistakes, yes?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Oh and a final thing, you’ll need to wear this electronic tag until your sentence here is complete, it allows us to keep an eye on you while you are away from us. Come here, child, kneel down here by my chair,” she pointed to a spot on the floor. With her shoulders slumping at yet another form of restraint Sarah obeyed, hating the idea of having to kneel before this hateful woman.

Oh how wonderful to have the blonde beauty, biting her lips in trepidation at this latest imposition, Mrs Hassan decided. The girl’s eyes were wide and apprehensive as she padded over, her gorgeous body scarcely concealed by her tiny uniform. And it was even better when the lush young beauty knelt respectfully by her setting her shapely breasts quivering. She picked up a slim but tough silver-plated chain with its solid round, egg-sized pendant. Gently she fastened it around the kneeling girl’s slim neck, lifting her blonde tresses, positioning and adjusting it so that the pendant fell just above the valley of her breasts. Then she tightened, clicked and turned the combination lock on the chain to secure it in place.

“There, very pretty,” she stroked the blonde hair and smooth shoulders, feeling the girl quiver tensely as she made a few final adjustments to the pedant, her fingers straying against the gorgeous white orbs struggling to spill from her tee-shirt. “Now hands back on your head again,” she reached down to lightly pat the curve of a warm, bare thigh under the uniform, feeling her squirm away a little. “I warn you, you should make no attempt to undo the chain or pendant, you keep it on 24/7, it’s fully waterproof so you can bathe or shower with it on. It stores electronically details of your sentence so you can more easily be scanned in and out of here. But it also has an explosive, anti-tamper mechanism which will really hurt you, probably permanently if you try to remove it,” she lied. She smiled as the girl’s face reflected her fear as her shaking hands reached down to hold the device protectively. “Hands back on head, there’s a good girl, I shouldn’t have to continue telling you these things basic things. Now you should also know that in addition to telling us constantly where you are, to notify us should you fail to report here on time, the pendant also includes a transmitter relaying to our monitoring station anything you say, your body temperature and some other vital functions,” she lied again. Although she had been told by the technical experts at Control HQ that the pendants were basically just electronic tags it was good to make her

victims think they were under constant surveillance. “So it would be in your interests not to blab that pretty mouth off about your treatment here or bad-mouth about anyone, especially not about those in authority over you. I hope you appreciate that.” Feeding on the shock on the girl’s face, she completed her hammer blow. “Oh and I should also mention that to assist your rehabilitation process, it is no longer permitted for you to have any form of unauthorised sexual relations throughout the course of your training period. And of course the pendant will pick up any suggestion of that through its monitoring programme.”

“What...! Ma’am... You mean... But that’s... please...” The girl’s face was slack, her eyes wide as she tried to absorb the implications of having her whole life controlled with such private and basic and personal aspects of it forbidden.

“Shut it you stupid cow,” and she annoyingly felt her self-control give way a little as she snapped into the girl’s quivering face. “You posh bitches make me sick,” she snarled into Sarah’s flinching eyes as the trembling girl knelt obediently before her. “You think you have it all, that money can buy anything. Well, here it can’t, here you just have to do exactly as you are told.”

“But... but Ma’am, I’m - I’m not rich, we... oow,” she reeled back from an unexpected slap around her face. The girl’s cheek felt so soft under her hand.

“Shut it, slut, you don’t answer back your betters. And you certainly aren’t my better even though you’ve rich parents,” she recalled her surfing through the girl’s background.” Here you are mine,” she smiled cruelly at her terrified victim, finally mastering her self-control again. “You accept that you come from a privileged background, whilst others haven’t, girl?”

“Y-yes, Ma’am, I know I’ve -I’ve been lucky,” the girl whispered, sniffing back tears and probably not feeling too lucky right now.

“Good, I’m glad you accept that,” Mrs Hassan was relaxed again now. “But, that’s another two days on your sentence, I’m afraid, for twice speaking insolently out of turn, thirty seven in total now, over the next nineteen weeks,” she gleefully tapped the update into her computer as the period over which she controlled the beauty gradually extended. “Yes, I see from the doctor’s report how being made to control your... sexual urges might at first seem to be a problem for you. It says that you customarily fornicate, hopefully privately and with curtains drawn if you must indulge in such filth, maybe three times a week,” she smiled into the blushing and crestfallen face. “Well, that is far too much and it will definitely improve your training here to control and stifle those primitive urges for the period of your sentence,” she pontificated, enjoying herself and the results of her words immensely on the pretty girl almost withering before her. Naturally, such restrictions were purely her own invention, reserved for her pretty victims so that she could imagine their impact on their lives twenty fours a day, every day until the sentence was finally and reluctantly complete.

It felt so good to Sarah to finally be taken back to the changing cubicles a few minutes later knowing she’d be allowed to rid herself of the hateful uniform and again put on her underwear and dress. She would feel a little more like a woman again, yet she now understood that through the hateful pendant the tentacles of the State’s control would extend to her whole life even outside of this ghastly place. Most of the other inmates were already ahead of them, not having had the lecture about the pendants which she now noticed they all wore. But the few remaining, gave her and Greg brief, tight smiles before they too thankfully left.

“OK young lady, you may dress now,” Mr Hudson sounded almost like a doctor as he led her and Greg back to the changing room. The bastard didn’t allow them the privacy of

using a cubicle; instead they had to almost furtively tug on their clothes, aware of the old man's eyes drinking in the sight. Somehow she struggled to get her underwear on again before pulling off her tee-shirt uniform, thus denying him anything but a few flashes of skin. It was so undignified, but at least her first day was over - or so she thought.

Trying to feel brave, but certainly feeling relieved, Sarah and Greg held hands as they made their way to the main gate; they were the last ones to leave, it seemed. They let each other go when they reached the guard post and both bowed to the young thug watching them. He scanned their pendants.

"Oops, looks like the computer has a problem in me letting you out," the brute glared at Sarah. "You've a lot of black-marks against you on your first day - sometimes offenders like you with several extra days added at one session have to stay in the cells here overnight," the crop haired thug who had searched them this morning on arrival leered. "You're free to go home, though," he nodded at Greg. "You can't loiter outside these gates," he snapped. "She'll either be home later, or I can even drop her off on my way home if she is allowed out later tonight, you're just up the road ain't ya?. Or she'll be kept overnight in the detention cells here so you'll know where she is."

"But... what shall, how shall I know... Sir? Greg sounded just as mortified as she felt that this first day's ordeal wasn't over yet and that they'd be separated again.

"If you get fed up waiting for her, and I can understand that, there's a freephone number on the Control paperwork. If you can get through, they might be able to tell you. But I'd give it an hour or so, me old mate," he gave Greg a mock-friendly slap around the shoulders. "These things can take time."

Sarah felt her shoulders slump in further despair as she reluctantly turned her back on the outside world, Greg and freedom and marched ahead of the swaggering young guard back into the depths of hell. Sickness rose in her as they went through a side door and the guard closed it solidly behind them. Worse, they had to descend an iron stairway to a basement level, reminding her of her journey with Hudson to the electrotherapy torture. It was like being taken to an ancient underground chamber in a castle. Fortunately though, instead of the 'torture' chamber she was instead taken to what looked like a staff locker and changing room, except it had a barred door set in one wall.

Spread-eagle against the wall, legs and arms wide feet about a metre from the wall - don't want you jumping me while I unlock the cells, that pretty nose right against the wall and stand on tiptoes. That's it, up on your toes, I know it's a strain for you - but that's how it is. A stress position never did anyone any harm," the guard instructed as he unlocked a key cupboard. It was so demeaning to be treated like this, but she had now learnt better than to disobey any orders given to her - the repercussions were seemingly virtually limitless.

Feeling just like a criminal, a hardened criminal, Sarah obeyed, dutifully shifting her arms and legs apart as she pressed her nose against the peeling plaster. Indeed, her calves and toes were soon quivering with the effort of remaining on tip-toe, she felt shamed and ridiculous as well as so frightened. She shivered; it wasn't warm down here, rather chill and dank. Swivelling her eyes to one side she saw the guard with a large bunch of keys inserting one into the barred door set into the wall and opening it with a grating screech. He flicked on a dim light to illuminate the interior and then beckoned to her.

"Over here, sweet thing, I'll show you your accommodation ready for you in case I can't sort or alter the computer's recommendations that you be locked up overnight. Keep your hands on your head the whole time where I can see them," he fingered what looked like a stun-gun on his waist belt, just as if she, a slip of a terrified girl, was really going to suddenly going to spring at and overpower the brute.

Timidly she peered into the doorway. It led to a short and dimly lit corridor containing a few small and low cells set into cavities in the wall, a further waft of cool dank

air surrounded her making her shiver involuntarily, feeling cold in her thin summer dress. The cells were so small that there would be hardly room in each one to lie down or even stand and the only thing in each one was a bucket and a blanket. The whole set up looked gloomy and positively medieval and she wondered how on earth the authorities could keep human beings in such a place. The thought of being locked up down here by herself and away from everyone terrified her.

“It’s supposed to be haunted by... something or other down here, a lot of the guys don’t like being in the locker room by themselves at night – let alone in the cells,” he grinned with evil pleasure to make Sarah quake with dread. “Right, I’ll need you to strip naked, my pretty, ‘cos if you gotta’ stay in the cells then you can’t wear any clothes. It’s the regulations.”

“Please... Sir...” Sarah gulped in dread, the thought of undressing down here, being locked up here without even her... with nothing. It was beyond reason or comprehension. Why must they be so cruel? It was frightening, she’d go mad and be found dead in the morning from a heart attack or chill.

“Looks like another day added to your sentence for talking back, another black mark,” he sneered into her aghast face. “Now, one last chance; strip, buck naked, right now then lean back against the wall on tiptoe where you were while I check your computer record.”

Feeling absolutely desolate and lost Sarah, in a daze, fumbled at the zip of her dress, stepping out of her high heeled shoes. The goose-bumps stood out on her skin as she instinctively and neatly folded her dress on a chair, then covering her scantily clad body with shaking hands staring at the youngster with mute appeal in her wide and frightened eyes.

“All off – stupid – then spread yourself against back the wall while I see what’s what,” he spoke slowly and softly but his eyes were on her rather than the computer whilst her trembling hands went to the clasp of her bra and then slid down her thong panties.

How shameful it was that she had been forced to strip completely out of her expensive and pretty clothes twice here today, but now was the added chill of primeval fear as the door to the cellblock yawned menacingly at her. The thought of being cast in there, naked and alone all night... she just knew she couldn’t survive it.

“Legs wide apart again, up on your toes, that’s a girl,” he instructed as she practically clasped the wall, cold against her spread hands and boobs whilst he seemingly reluctantly tore his eyes from her to study his computer. “Hmm, doesn’t look good, my pretty, they give us some discretion but... following the rules it looks like you gotta’ be stowed away here tonight,” he was looking up from his computer monitor and at her trembling body again. “Anything more to say?”

“Please... please Sir, please I’ll-I’ll die down here alone... is there... is there anything you can do, anything that-that can be done?” She was literally terrified, constantly casting anxious glances between the cell door, half expecting some apparition to appear, and the mocking smile on the thug’s face. She was she knew now willing to do anything rather than face being locked up in that creepy place within the wall.

“Well... if you were nice... real nice to me... I could tweak things on the computer so you could go home. But I’d be taking a risk,” he held up his hand as her pretty face brightened in hope. “If I got caught... well...you gotta’ really make it worth my while, OK?”

In the ordinary world outside Sarah would have immediately seen through the cruel ploy, the increasing pressure, the bluff and hoax to coerce her into surrendering to the brute. But Sarah wasn’t in the nice warm secure world outside, she was alone, she’d been humiliated and tormented all day and was now naked and so vulnerable in front of a thug and a frightening dungeon with the threat of being locked up in the creepy place all night.

“Yes Sir... I’ll do what you say,” her voice was a scared whisper. “But-but Sir... Mrs Hassan ... she-she said I mustn’t... that I wasn’t allowed to-to do that- that sort of thing, she’d

know from the pendant if I did-did anything like this..." She hated the way her voice was cringing, almost in awe of the all-powerful Controller, even allowing her to almost question the demands of this guard who held her immediate future in his grimy hands. She wasn't sure who she feared most, really.

"It's OK, you and me, we won't get in trouble, I took the trouble on the computer to deactivate your pendant's monitoring for an hour – that should be enough," he smiled his crooked teeth at her as his hands touched buttons on the computer monitor. "Come over here, hands on head again and stand before me, I've gotta' have a shower in a minute – we can share it - afterwards. And don't forget to bow – I wanna; see how it makes your tits bounce. Now, like a good girl, you've ask me, no beg me, to f—k the arse off you, right now. And if you don't... well, the cell door is open and ready," he folded his arms as she fought for words, knowing she was lost and beaten.

Shame and fear flowed equally within her as she humbled herself, vaguely aware of how her shapely breasts did jiggle enticing with her movements until she again stood upright before him. How she hated the gloating look of power and lust in his scarred, shiny face, so expectant. But she could see the beginning of an annoyed frown and he jangled the large key ring, reminding her of the alternative.

"Please Sir, p-please f... f—k the a...arse off me," she whispered, only able to look at her feet.

"That's not a real invitation is it? I don't want you to feel that you are doing something you don't want to. I'm quite happy to forget it and pop you into the cell... and I will unless I hear it again with real passion in five seconds."

"Please Sir, please f—k the arse off me, I beg you... please," she spoke as firmly as her crushed senses would allow, her wide eyes pleading with him.

"So, I see from your record that you've loads of qualifications from school, a fancy job in a good firm, a nice house, and yet..." he stared at her meaningfully. "And yet ... you're the one, standing naked in front of me, bowing respectfully to me, wearing an offenders collar, hands on head like a good girl, begging me to f—k the arse off you. I left school with nothing three years ago at fifteen. Was on the dole, useless for two years, a bit of time inside...and then I found this little guarding job with a lot responsibility. Now I've got the responsibility to decide whether you spend a dark and lonely night in the cells, or – if you convince me with those nice tits, c—t and arse that it's the right thing to do – to let you go home." His every word made her shame and despair rise. He was just an evil thug but she was totally in his power and his gloating expression acknowledged that.

The guard, Wayne, felt his trousers straining fit to burst at the sight of the lovely blonde so meek and apprehensive before him. Her body was just as great as he had surmised when she arrived that morning, but now he could see it for himself, enjoy what her lucky boyfriend had. Her face was so pretty, doll-like, and servile as she nervously chewed her full lips. With her hands uplifted the pose emphasised her firm tits with their pink cones, the flat belly below with the neat blonde thatch at the joining of her toned thighs. She was a candy.

"Turn round, I wanna' good look at what all you're offering."

It was a sheer joy to be able to make her do that, such a beautiful and sophisticated young woman - as his personal slave-puppet. She was even worried that the old cow, Mrs Hassan, his boss, would know what was going on from the pendant. He nearly laughed out loud, the myth of the all- hearing and all-knowing pendant was one of the Controller's better ones. It forced all of the inmates to toe the line. But Mrs Hassan knew well the liberties taken by her staff over the inmates and as long as it wasn't too obvious, or interfered with her

schemes, she didn't care. And the threat of the pendants recording all prevented them from complaining to the authorities during their sentences – and afterwards he guessed that they were just pleased to be free of the place.

He almost angrily shifted his thoughts from his Indian boss to the gorgeous creature before him. He was wasting time. Her arse was just as lovely as it had felt when he had frisked her that morning; the cheeks perfectly shaped firm globes. Where else could someone like him, basically an eighteen year old no-hoper with frequent run-ins with the police now have the authority to order about such a posh beauty?

“Face me again.” Yeah, she was so hot. She remained passive, but her eyes growing ever wider in apprehension as he pulled off his uniform. When he discarded his slightly soiled pants, his large and waiting erection sprang upwards, pointing at her. “You're gonna' enjoy this, darling. I bet you get plenty anyway from your boyfriend – or did,” he smirked as he reached out to her. Her boobs were so shapely and firm, her nipples hard pink berries as he fondled and thumbed them into cones. He loved the way she gasped as his rigid penis brushed her belly when he stood real close, and again when her face broke in pain as he sadistically squeezed her tits.

“Ooh, you like it, darlin', you rich fancy bitches always like a bit of rough. You can take your hands from your head now, hold me like you would your f-king boyfriend.”

“Haaah,” she gasped in his ear as he brutally pulled her against him, feeling her boobs squash against his hard, smooth chest, his hands painfully gripping the delicious cheeks of her arse, pulling her close as his mouth plunged on hers. Her hands fluttered around his shoulders, holding lightly as his tongue invaded the wine sweetness of her full lips. Yeah she was just great, ten times better than the normal slags he could get. But he couldn't hold on too much longer.

“Lean over that table, darlin', you're getting it right up you, legs nice and wide apart,” he gave her wiggling bottom a hard slap as he positioned her face down over the table. As her gorgeous bottom tautened with her position, he could see her delightful femininity, the dark puckered ring above the pouting lips of her sex, fringed with a light golden fur.

“Ughhh,” she wriggled deliciously as he pushed a thumb deep into the elastic ring of her sphincter, feeling it squeeze him, trying to eject the intruder, she was so tight and hot there. His little finger was lightly strumming below, between the oyster-like lips, seeking out her bud; he'd once been seduced by a desperate married woman and she had told him how to get a woman going. It was a bonus if he could make these posh bitches pant for it and now this beauty was beginning to wriggle and get warm. He couldn't wait any longer.

“Yaaarghhhh,” she tensed and tautened like a bow string, arching her back up and lifting her boobs off the table as, without finesse, he plunged his ramrod of quivering flesh straight into her. One hand gripped her flanks and the other scooped up and squashed her boobs. His hips began to jerk into her hot, tight succulence. She was soon like a hot glove filled with warm oil and her own hips began to jerk a bit in unison, her own spread hands trying to grip the table top; yes he had her going a bit. “Hah, hah, hah,” she was panting as he sucked and chewed her neck, his hands turning to talons on her tits, the pain making her squirm even more. She thrashed in his grip whilst he pummelled into her quite uncaring of her feelings.

“Yes you bitch... yeeeesss,” he gasped, toes curling, his body a rigid pillar as he thrust even deeper into her, pumping wildly as her hips pumped too. For a moment he slumped, savouring the feel of her sex absorbing his shrinking erection as he wriggled it around a bit inside her, before withdrawing. “Not a bad f—k, I think you enjoyed that, eh,” he crudely wiped his erection, sticky with her juices, on a cheek of her bottom, before giving it a firm slap which echoed in the small tiled room. “Up you get - bath-time,” he pulled her up by her hair.

Sarah almost sleepwalked to the shower cubicle as the bastard held her hand, pulling her along almost as if they were an item; what a joke. It was the suggestion of intimacy with him that she hated, almost as much as him making her warm with his expert manipulations between her legs. He had forced himself on her and yet there was something in that caveman approach, so unlike Greg's slow and sometimes boring sophistication, which had made her tingle a bit. It was brutal and painful but it somehow released her inhibitions –and her pent up tensions from the day. There was a sort of freedom in it, she was forced and so it didn't matter what she felt, she had an in-built excuse to justify her scrambled feelings.

“Come on, darling,” the grinning bastard slapped her undulating bottom as he tugged her into the shower cubicle with him.

Oh this was almost worse. She had to share a shower with him and endure him almost lovingly soaping her all over, even into her. She felt sickened by the intimacy of washing with the brute, allowing him to soap her so thoroughly just like Greg might do. But instead of Greg's soft and knowing hands, the white scarred hands mauled and pushed into her without much compassion. It certainly didn't enter her jangled mind that he was also washing away any evidence should she even be brave enough to report the assault when she got home.

She couldn't meet his eyes as she silently pulled on her clothes after towelling herself dry; mainly though she felt relief that her ordeal was over and especially when he locked that horrid cell chamber. It was so lovely to feel the early evening air on her face when they finally left the hateful Control Centre, albeit he insisted on driving her home in his battered ten year old banger, contrasting with her nearly new and big four-by-four. And yet she knew that in couple of days' time, she'd be back here again, suffering again.

“A nice little kiss goodbye as a thank you for me driving you home – you don't know who you might have met walking the streets this time of the evening,” the thug smirked as the lovely blonde leaned across the car to dutifully peck his cheek. It was a joke, the worst threat a girl could face was seated across the car from her. She felt sick.

“Thank you Sir,” she whispered guessing the servility was still expected.

“And remember, be a good girl, no getting up to anything naughty with your boyfriend,” the creep patted the curve of her bottom as she slid out of the car hoping that Greg or her neighbours weren't watching. His loathsome touch made her shudder.

Sarah had little sleep that night and scarcely touched the dinner which ‘new-man’ Greg had thoughtfully cooked her. Yet he seemed unwilling to talk much over the meal and wine about their experiences that day and she guessed that there was little either of them could say anyway given the eaves-dropping pendants fastened around their necks. Nevertheless, she thought bitterly, it was all right for him, he just had a few days more to worry about at that awful place whereas she had to report back there over the endless weeks and months stretching ahead. Somehow she and Greg both completed their stupid homework essays, feeling drained.

But right now, in bed, she needed to be in Greg's arms, feel him against her, comforting her as she yielded her willing softness against his hardness. She needed to temporarily be able to put the nightmare behind her and lose herself in love. But she couldn't, such was forbidden her now; she chewed her finger in frustration, annoyed that Greg had already gone to sleep. Seemingly he was not interested in helping her unwind or in any gentle

tenderness anyway - unless it led to 'other things,' she ground her teeth in annoyance with him. Perhaps he guessed what had taken place with the guard before she could leave and was jealous – but it wasn't her fault though, she was the victim she thought bitterly.

Not daring to even give Greg a cuddle, lest it should lead to other things and get her an even longer sentence, she turned over and finally cried herself to sleep.

CHAPTER 6

Sarah felt almost soiled as, a couple of weeks later she showered and dressed ready for the fifth day of her sentence. Yet as she naturally put on her panties and fastened her bra it only served to emphasise her inevitable and impending violation when she would be forced to remove them again in front of the ghastly people at the Control Centre. This day would be worse than the others, though; she would be reporting there alone. Greg had now served his four days, derisory, sentence compared to hers – which, with other black marks against her, had now been increased to forty days. Her shoulders slumping, she realised that tonight she would still have another thirty five days to go; longer than her original sentence. It was a never-ending nightmare of pain and humiliation and instead of light at the end of the tunnel; the tunnel was growing ever longer.

That first day of her sentence had been such a shock to her delicate system. She'd been made to do and subjected to things which she couldn't ever have envisaged, to leave her feeling numb. Unable, or forbidden, to resume a 'proper' relationship with Greg between a man and a woman and in view of the pendant monitoring her, she had felt unable to say anything about her ordeal. There had been the normality of going to work the following day, and other days interspersed between the horror ones when she became nothing better than a helpless slave to the sadistic and depraved. She tried to act cheerfully and with normality yet had to explain to the management that she would be away for so many more days over the next months to serve her sentence. They weren't really sympathetic, only telling her that she'd have to work on paperwork at home to keep up with things. Some had even said that it was probably a bit like a summer camp and better than working – she had nearly broken the coffee cup she was holding when she had heard that one.

She recalled from her previous four days at the Control Centre the strict, army-like drilling she been subjected to. There was the constant stress of pain and humiliation in between hard work, washing soiled uniforms, cooking meals, and gardening - and the classroom and homework studies. They had even had her working outside in a chain gang cleaning the streets in her revealing uniform.

That Indian woman, the Controller, Mrs Hassan, was so condescending, treating them as if they were children, but so spiteful - with such harsh consequences for failing to learn the citizenship drivel they were given. The only good thing had been that at least no-one had... had, she had trouble even forming the words in her mind, none had actually 'used' her in 'that' way as they had twice on her first day. Memories of those events still brought mixed feelings of fear, shame and disgust.

Now Greg was as usual still asleep as she finished dressing for her 7.30am appointment. They didn't talk so much nowadays anyway. How could the system have dealt with him so differently from her? she thought bitterly for the umpteenth time. They were both equally guilty... but she tried to push such thoughts away, they were just negative and counterproductive. Maybe they were designed to cause dissent – and if so they were working. No, instead, she must concentrate her energies to survive another day in that hell place. Today she was wearing just a jumper and jeans. Whilst they were smart, she now knew there was simply no point in dressing up when she'd have to take everything off soon anyway; she ground her teeth in rage and fear.

Silently she closed the house door behind her.

"Hi," the youth who delivered their papers, probably barely eighteen, smiled at her almost knowingly as she walked somewhat unsteadily up the road.

“Oh... hi,” she managed in return, knowing that he’d seen her at least once marching round inside the Control Centre in her skimpy uniform. It was so embarrassing.

“Assume the position, girl,” the black-uniformed guard, a Negro probably in his late teens demanded, after she had presented her pendant to the scanner and the gate opened. He could so easily have been in a street gang, he looked the sort, she thought with a tremor of fear, but now she was at his mercy. Biting her lip she bowed deeply to him as she must, hating his smirk as she did so. Then she raised her arms and spaced her legs apart, imagining the curtains twitching in the houses opposite as she did so. “Yeah, quite a f—king looker, I heard about you,” the lad shifted his toothpick to the other side of his mouth as he finished looking in her handbag and began running his hands over her.

“Hah,” they always made her gasp when they probed and pushed her so thoroughly, so unnecessarily. The large black hands had trailed down her hair to her neck and were now crudely and painfully squeezing her poor boobs. She sucked in her breath as they smoothed over her quivering belly to pat her hips and round to linger on each cheek of her bottom through her tight jeans. Here we go, she thought, as he crouched before her and ran his hands slowly up her legs and right into the softness at the apex of her thighs. She blanked her eyes and momentarily closed them as he probed and pushed, his head bobbing below her as he enjoyed himself.

“You’re clean; you know where to go?” he lightly patted her bottom as she stood so obediently in the pose before him. It made her doubly cringe when a few more people she knew walked past on their way to work, trying not to openly look. They were on their way to their powerful offices in London whilst today she would be a street slave to the creeps here to do their absolute bidding; what a contrast.

“Yes Sir,” she knew a reply was expected. The servility of the words and her bowing again to the thugs here could never come easily to her, especially within eye and earshot of the people, people she knew, walking past. Worse, it was the old and leery Mr Hudson again on the front desk; she’d been spared his overtures since her first visit. Remembering the protocol she had forgotten when she first saw him she again bowed deeply before sliding her pendant across his computer reader.

“Indeed welcome again, Miss Williams, I hope you didn’t miss me, I see you’ve made three other visits whilst I was on holiday. “Are you ready for today’s session?” he spoke like a doctor or therapist rather than a torturer.

“Yes Sir,” there was nothing else she could say.

“Good, march ahead of me to the changing room,” he walked behind her as she adopted the ridiculous high stepping gait required.

She always seemed to be alone here in the changing room with Hudson, before or after the other inmates and she wondered whether he arranged the timings like that; bastard, she thought to herself, understanding now why today’s appointment was so early.

“I think you know, the procedure, into the cubicle and undress please,” he swished aside the curtain of a slightly larger cubicle this time, with a uniform hanging on a peg. But to her horror, as she made to pull it closed behind her he was standing right behind her, preventing her. “I might as well supervise as you undress, saves me having to check that you don’t try to hide anything under your uniform.”

Her hands were shaking, her face hot with shame as she undid the belt of her jeans. Taking one’s clothes off in front of a stranger was horrible. It was bad enough to have to step out of the cubicle with nothing on like at a doctor’s – but where you normally were given a gown - but to have to strip in front of him... it was private, obscene – only reserved for lovers. But she knew that she had no choice.

Hating the striptease she was forced to give him, she slid off her jeans, folded them neatly and, taking a deep breath, tugged off her light pink jumper, aware of the wheezy intake

of breath from behind her as she stood only in her small white bra and pants as she folded her jumper. Her things were revealing but she didn't possess any old and frumpy underwear – and would she want to wear it anyway? Admittedly though, she hadn't counted on having to undress in front of anyone.

“Let me help you, my dear,” to her horror, his hot breath was on her shoulder and his old hands fumbling at the clasp of her bra.

“No, get off, please...” Enraged, without thinking, because his actions were so unexpected, she had spun round out of his reach, pushing his hand away.

“Oh dear... I can see that you still have many lessons to learn, little girl. I'll have to recommend to Mrs Hassan that you've earned yourself five extra days for pushing me, maybe an overnight stay too.” Her eyes widened in pleading to his stern face, realising what she had done. “Maybe, though, it can be a lesser amount - with some more therapy as an alternative,” he smiled grimly. “I'd advise you not to ever do that again, though.”

Sarah just stood, meekly compliant as the strange old hands again fumbled at her bra. It felt so sick to have to allow him to undo it, her boobs, bouncing free as he lovingly drew it off her. Her sickness rose as his hot fingers now slid to the waistband of her panties.

“Now these little things... not thongs this time, these are knickers, right?”

“Yes Sir,” it was a whisper such was her mortification as a stranger removed her underwear. That was something she always preferred to do herself, it was private, intimate, and she seldom allowed Greg any more than a brief attempt before she'd ‘tut-tut’ and slip behind the bed to take them off herself. Not now, though. She just had to let a sadistic old stranger completely undress her. Then, one at a time, with her shaking hands resting on his sloping shoulders for support, she had to lift her feet for him to peel off her white socks. This was vile, so intrusive.

“Very nice, very pretty,” his hands on the smoothness of her shoulders turned her round as she now stood instinctively covering herself with shaking hands. “You know they should be on your head, child. Do it.” Now she was fully exposed to his eyes and hands; she wanted to throw up, but she instinctively sensed it would get worse as he removed her watch and necklace.

“Yes, you've nothing hidden on you, so, as we're off to the therapy room to see if we can reduce the five extra days you just earned, I may as well hold your uniform. March ahead of me.”

She was scarcely able to meet the knowing eyes of the early shift in the centre as she high-stepped along in front of the old pervert, bare breasts and bottom jiggling until they came to that horrible underground room again. She felt sick with fear as she obediently marched in and he shut the door on them. There was the hateful hollow ‘stool’ device awaiting her and the electricity machine.

Almost in a dream she followed his directions, she placed her hands behind her for the steely bite of the cuffs and then lowered herself onto the ring for her spaced ankles and neck to be secured. Once again she was utterly helpless and vulnerable before him, completely at his mercy as his eyes flicked over her heaving nude charms.

“I think that we need this one today,” he breathed, selecting the phallus like metal probe with wires.

“Oh please Sir...” her slack mouth fell open in dread, trying to imagine that thing inside her, puling with hot electricity. It would surely kill her she thought. “Please don't. I promise I... please...” she whimpered as he stroked it over the soft, fluttering skin of her inner thighs. The muscles corded on her legs but she was quite unable to close her open and so vulnerable thighs. “Haaah,” she writhed and jerked as the cold bulbous head of it nudged between the soft pink portals of her sex lips... and inside.

It felt ghastly, obscene as the cold metal filled her so unnaturally. Her eyes stared down as the hideous thing slowly disappeared inside of her below her golden triangle. Instinctively she clenched herself in, tensing her muscles.

“There we go... in we go,” he breathed as he eased the ghastly rod fully deep into her, using a Velcro strip on its base to pass around her waist and hold it securely within her despite the frantic and unconscious rippling of her internal muscles to dislodge the intruder.

“This might hurt ... a bit, my dear... but bear in mind that it will help you to, help to reduce your time in servitude.”

“Please oh please Sir, I’ll... I’ll do anything,” she desperately braced herself, every muscle tensed and ready. But could one ever be ready for such a pain. “Please Sir, I’ll-I’ll aaaarghhhhhhh,” her words were abbreviated by her screech of unbelievable agony as the pain drilled deep into her, making her arch her back against the creaking restraints like a frozen muscle-cording statue. It was like a slow motion explosion erupting inside her, as if something horrible was trying to burn its way out. Her teeth barred in pain, her eyes implored the old sadist smiling down at her to switch it off as she juddered and jerked, eyes bulging with her head thrown back on the taut columns of her throat.

Hudson regarded the rigid girl as he only gave her a very low jolt; he wanted her for better things. But it nevertheless appealed to him to have her lush body thrusting at him like that, her muscles a knot of fear with her eyes and mouth wide with pain. He could feel his penis growing nicely; the stimulant tablets he’d taken just previously were working well. He’d planned this moment well but he was going to have to go for it within the next few minutes or lose his chance.

He flicked off the current and was rewarded by seeing the girl’s shining body sag in her bonds. Almost tenderly he wiped her brow.

“That was just the first notch of pain but we’d normally continue to five higher levels...” he paused, seeing the absolute terror in her eyes. “But did I hear you say that you’d be willing to consider... alternatives to more therapy or a longer sentence, little girl?” he found himself leering at her.

“Yes, Please, I’ll do anything ... anything, but please don’t hurt me like that anymore, please Sir I can’t take it.”

“Well, here’s what we’re going to do, little girl.” He smiled as he began to remove her bondage. “I’m going to undress and just lie here. If you can convince me that you deserve leniency, if you can take me inside you instead of this,” he stroked the metal probe as he removed it to make her shudder,” and take me with you all the way... then we can forget about adding any more to your sentence for your indiscretion,” he breathed into her twitching face.

Her eyes were bleak and filled with acceptance as she stood by the torture stool, but presumably not wanting to remain there a minute longer as a reminder of her pain, whilst he undressed. Her hands were he supposed instinctively clasped over her mouth as he revealed his skinny body and about four or five inches of semi-erection. It was a personal best for him for some years. And he knew it was due to the lush heaving body just waiting to descend on him.

“Here we go, my dear. You may first need to use that lovely mouth, we both know you know how, before you finish me more... conventionally,” he preened where he used to have a moustache, and then patted the floor beside him.

He twitched erect a little harder as she slid over to him like a wonderful pink serpent, her breasts bouncing delightfully. Her wide eyes flicked over his scrawny body, trying to

decide where to start, or perhaps trying not to look, he thought. Then, after briefly stroking his chest, her blonde head lowered over his twitching manhood. Oh her pink mouth was hot and liquid as she sucked, her delicate tongue quivering around him. He was growing a bit harder. Her actions and the stimulant were working.

He groaned as her mouth left him but his sensations were compensated by the feel of the tight pink buds of her breasts dragging over him as she slithered higher, her mouth quivering, probably with distaste, as she kissed his nipples, her fingers stroking them, as she raised her lovely haunches. The delicately parted lips of her sex were surrounded by wisps of blonde hair. They looked good and they felt good too when he rubbed his fingers against them, and against her little bud forcing it to grow no matter how involuntarily. Soon she was wet and wiggling, only the look of sick distaste in her eyes showing her true feelings at what was happening to her; it just made him even happier and more excited.

Her delicate breasts were dancing before him as she positioned herself, it was too much of a temptation, he gripped them tightly, squeezing, they felt so firm, the nipples tight buds against his palm. She screamed, her head thrown back to reveal her taut throat.

“Hurry, now, finish me,” he croaked, pulling her fully over him by her breasts.

“Uuughhh,” she cried, squirming as she desperately lowered her haunches over him. Oh joy, he was actually hard enough to slide and slither up into her incredible honey-pot. It was like being encased in hot oil, her boobs swinging and juddering as she bounced up and down, gripping him, probably just to get it over he surmised correctly. His hands left her bust to tightly grip her hips and bottom, controlling her movements, forcing her into a jerking frenzy to finish him off.

How good it was to afterwards watch her dressing, shamefaced, knowing that he had ‘had’ her, ‘given her one’ he believed was the current phrase. Then she stood to attention before him, waiting for him to march her out to her next ordeal. Life was good for him, if not for poor little Sarah.

CHAPTER 7

Sarah was bending her back in another stint of gardening and, like the other inmates with her, mostly the ones with whom she had to do this stint with before, she had been made to remove her uniform, - 'to prevent it getting dirty,' the old gardener had said. She noticed abstractly how her bare boobs jiggled and bounced as she worked. She was aware of the sort of show she was forced to give from her occasional glances at the others.

Like her, their nudity was covered in a sheen of effort as she bent and stretched, laying manure and planting vegetables. The older woman, Pamela, who had now fast slimmed down in this harsh regime, would look good to the old man, she supposed; she was full-bodied and all woman. She found her eyes drawn to the woman's large breasts swaying almost enticingly as she knelt sowing the vegetables a few yards away, guessing how the gardener may be been attracted to her. Feeling ashamed at the direction of her gaze, she hastily transferred it to the woman's pretty face, which seemed to be gentle and considerate despite her circumstances and Sarah hoped for her sake that the vile old man wouldn't snatch her into his shed again.

Then she saw the fat old creep waddle over to where the equally lush blonde mother and daughter toiled. Her heart went out to them as he took each of them by the hand like an old grandfather and led them obediently into his hut, their bodies undulating but their faces etched with trepidation and loathing. Two at a time like before, the man must be an animal she thought distractedly, just thankful to have avoided his attentions. But when he shortly came out of his hut and scanned the other workers before heading in her direction she began to quail inwardly. She put her back even more into the hard work; make herself indispensable, invisible, hoping the land would swallow her. Oh no... she felt sick, he was heading right towards her with a lecherous look on his blotchy face and a hand moving obscenely in the pocket of his filthy trousers.

"Come with me, missy, I haven't used you yet for my experiments, I need you inside the hut," his dirty paw smacked the curve of her bottom, grabbed her hand and took her away.

Feeling numb with apprehension and almost lost to the world, she dutifully allowed herself to be led into the dim and musty interior of the hut where the lovely mother and daughter stood timidly to one side, hands obediently clasped to their heads. Sarah felt awkward and afraid, trying to ascertain what on earth was supposed to be going on. Surely the old creep wasn't going to take advantage of all three of them at once; he barely looked able to cope with one woman she thought bitchily.

"You all worked well so I thought it was the turn of you beauties to play one of my little games with me before your lunch - make more room for it as it were," he chuckled to himself as he clanked across to them with three buckets and put them in a line. "The rules are quite simple, but first you all take a nice big swig of this," he produced a large evil smelling bottle. "It no do you any harm, a medicine, take a big mouth-full each."

Sarah watched apprehensively as first the mother and then her daughter allowed him to tip the bottle to their lips, their faces screwing up in disgust as they had to both take a generous swallow. When it was her turn her face was equally contorted, it tasted horrible and slimy but she swallowed it down. Then he opened a cupboard and held up three cylindrical large tablets.

"Now I'd like all of you to bend over a bit for me, please, come on, chop-chop," he insisted when they hesitated fearfully. "Now hold the cheeks of your lovely little bottoms apart for me, wide apart, let me see in there." This was so crude and vile, but she obeyed,

knowing that the regime here and enforced by the guard who stood outside, looking gleefully through the grimy window, left her with no choice.

“Ughhh,” Sarah was unable to prevent her shudder and gasp, wriggling away a bit as first his dirty finger probed the rubbery tightness of her bottom and then pushed the smooth and shiny tablet deep up into her sphincter. Oh this was so ghastly and awful. Her thoughts were reflected on the pretty faces of her two companions, their lips quivering.

“Now all you have to do is squat over them buckets and let nature take its course,” he smiled at the sound of one of their bellies beginning to churn. “The one who drops her load last is the winner and gets to suck an old man off,” he grinned, beginning to extract himself from his foul smelling tied-up trousers. “It’s all ‘green’, though, as it were,” he smirked into their straining and shining faces, “cos I mixes up your contributions with the other manure and it all goes on the vegetables we grow here - for the inmates,” he winked, nearly making her vomit at the thought.

Sarah felt the disgust and the need flowing through her as, with a hopeless glance at the two beautiful women sharing her ordeal, she delicately with as much scant dignity as she could muster lowered her elegant hindquarters over a grimy bucket. This had to be a new low point in her life she thought miserably, feeling her tummy gurgle and grow bubbly hot. All of her instincts told her to find a quiet toilet somewhere and let her bowels relax in privacy, but privacy had no part in this scheme and she had no choice, she realised forlornly. And what must it be like for a mother and daughter to have to endure this together? Sweat beaded her forehead.

The old creep must be another cruel sadist because she realised that the longer their modesty made them hold out, the more likely they were to have to use-use their mouth on the old pig smiling at them and now stroking his large but floppy penis sticking from his soiled trousers, so obviously enjoying their discomfort.

“Come along, my beauties, who’s going to be first to let go eh, and who is going to win the prize of sucking my lolly eh.” Red faced and hot, Sarah shivered in shame and disgust as the creep crouched behind her bucket, his filthy hands stroking the shivering smoothness of her shoulders, then sliding down to pat her growling stomach, as if encouraging her to go, like a doctor. He did the same with the elegant mother and daughter, making the teenager weep openly.

Sarah could only imagine the feelings of the pretty girl and her mother too who must have felt so helpless to go to her aid as the old swine fondled her, just waiting to see who would break first. Desperately she clenched herself in; this was so disgusting and shameful, hoping against hope that she could overcome her feelings. But she guessed that the creep had given her a laxative by mouth and up her bottom; she somehow knew that she couldn’t resist it; she just couldn’t hold out any longer. And in a way, why should she try, why not get the utter shame out of the way, why put it off, incurring such awful cramping discomfort and then be the last to give way and have to suck the old gardener? It was as if these hideous people running the centre had found all the old perverts and used them here; or maybe such people naturally gravitated to such despicable places she pondered?

“Uuughhhhhhh,” Sarah felt sick as well as humiliated the involuntary grunt escaping her as, closing her eyes in shame, she relaxed and let herself go in humiliating relief. Never could she ever have expected to have to perform such a basic and intimate act, previously always carried out in private, in public and before such a gloating old pervert. It was probably yet another worst moment of her life as the old man watched her avidly, clapping his hands.

“Sarah had to go, Sarah had to go,” he chanted as she squatted with bowed head, crying. And soon she was joined in her misery by the mother and daughter.

Five minutes later, after being thankfully being allowed to clean up with rags at a tap, she was grateful that she had been the first to succumb, no matter how involuntarily. With

her daughter looking down in pity and disgust, the mother, who was probably in her later thirties or early forties, knelt at the feet of the gardener. Sarah wondered whether the mother had held out to the bitter end to try and spare her daughter the added indignity of having to perform with the creep.

Now, both her daughter and Sarah had been told by the gardener to watch the show and so with bleak eyes they saw the pretty woman's cheeks swollen around his frightful penis, her head bobbing as it had been for the last minute or so, the old man's grimy hands mauling her boobs which jiggled with her movements. Then the poor woman nearly choked as he spat into her, swallowing with a great effort.

After that shame of performing so crudely and publicly her most private functions, lunch and even the spiteful afternoon lesson in the classroom faded into a background blur of misery for Sarah. Her 'homework' had apparently, naturally, not quite come up to scratch and she, along with a Negress and an Asian girl had to bend over nude before the class for the cane. There were several questions that she and most others failed to get right and so, as she had become accustomed, virtually the whole class ended up naked and sore.

She was just finally grateful to mentally crawl home nursing her pride and her battered body and dignity.

CHAPTER 8

“You and you, Sarah and Pamela,” Mrs Hassan pointed at the two women as they finished lunch on the tenth day of Sarah’s sentence” will be accompanying me to my house this afternoon to help with a social function. It is likely to extend into the night and so you will sleep over and it will count as two days off your sentence. We will naturally notify your homes so that you are not expected this evening. Aren’t I kind?”

“Yes Ma’am, thank you,” they both softly gave the expected servile reply.

Sarah looked bleakly at the older woman - the teacher, probably in her early thirties had now certainly lost the pounds in this harsh regime to enhance her pretty face and figure even more. Her face twitched and they both knew that this couldn’t be good. Sarah gritted her teeth in frustration, she had planned to do things tonight, and friends were popping over. But she knew that in effect, her whole life was now on hold until the Control people had finished with her. She just had to accept that; it was just lucky that tomorrow was a Saturday and she wouldn’t have to get up early for work, she supposed.

How she hated having to be bound for the trip to Mrs Hassan’s house in the rear of her car. It was as if she and Pamela were dangerous criminals rather than frightened women.

“Can’t take any chances with offenders in transit - regulations you know,” Mrs Hassan muttered as she supervised their restraints.

They were in the Control car park, in view of anyone passing down her street as they had to stand meekly to have their hands cuffed behind them by a rough thug-guard.

“Hah,” Sarah winced at the steel bite of the cuffs on her wrists; it hurt and made her feel so vulnerable. Then, to make matters worse, foot long hobble chains were affixed to their ankles to make any possible getaway impossible and their restraints were completed by ball gags shoved into their bulging mouths. Thus, shuffling along, utterly miserable and vulnerable, they awkwardly eased themselves into the back seat of Mrs Hassan’s car, their humiliation complete when several passers-by in her street, some of whom she knew, stared curiously at their spectacle. She let her head slump rather than treat her neighbours to the sight of her mouth bulging round the gag and her eyes wide with apprehension as the car sped away making her bounce around quite helplessly.

No one who hasn’t been put in bondage and secured against their will could ever envisage the terror and vulnerability it produced. To lose control, freedom and mobility, to be reduced to a mute doll in the hands of sadists was so frightening. You were in the hands of the people in control of you and there was nothing you can do. The only ‘good’ thing she supposed that she was still clothed, to be secured whilst naked, as she had been in the torture chamber was vulnerability at its lowest point.

Mrs Hassan’s house was quite large, although not as big as her own, she thought smugly, before realising how stupid such comparisons were now, given her current lowly predicament. It was probably only four bedrooms but it was not overlooked, which was a relief as she and Pamela had the shame of easing themselves out of the car and shuffling into the house. Thankfully their bonds were removed and she could regain the use of her hands. But their spirits sank further as the nature of their duties was explained and drilled into them for a couple of hours upstairs by Mrs Hassan as a small team of caterers prepared the meal which they would have to serve. And when the caterers had left, things continued to get worse.

“Here are your uniforms, girls, you may as well change now,” she threw them two small white aprons and black stockings, together with high black heels. “Take your Control uniform off, that’s all you’ll need for serving my friends tonight.”

It felt worse for Sarah, almost sordid and furtive as she and Pamela had to undress in the normality of Mrs Hassan's front room rather than the Control surroundings. Instinctively turning away from her friend for modesty's sake, Sarah's face was hot with shame. Thankfully she was at least able to cover herself a little with the tiny apron. It only just covered her lower boobs, leaving her cleavage gaping, and stopped fractionally below her pubis when standing upright. She was allowed no underwear and so her bottom was on continual view from the rear. And when she had pulled on the black 'hold-up' stockings and tottering high heels she saw from a quick glance at Pamela that they both looked like caricatures of French Maids.

Their apprehension was enhanced when they heard the door open and Mrs Hassan called out to her husband. Instinctively, she and Pamela covered their near nudity with their hands as the lounge door opened.

"No need to cover, girls, I've seen it all before," smiled the familiar figure of the Control Centre doctor. Sarah's shock was interrupted by Mrs Hassan shouting at them to give him the customary servile bow. "Very fetching, girls, very well done, my dear, they should go down well tonight," the doctor smiled at his wife as he freely fondled the taut cheeks of her and Pamela's bottoms jutting below their scant covering. She just knew that this would be an evening to forget.

"Another roll and more wine, girl - hurry," one of the large Indian women seated round the table with Mrs Hassan clapped her hands, nodding at Sarah. It was an hour later and the meal had started.

She had never been a waitress, but then again this was nothing like being a waitress she supposed; she was a slave. It was so demeaning and the dozen or so guests of Mrs Hassan, mostly women, seemed to thrive on having two pretty near naked English women to wait on them with utter servility. She had cringed at the memory of having to bob a curtsy on the arrival of each guest, take their coats and allow the creeps to gaze and even touch her at will as if she were a prize cow. And when she had to bow deeply to announce dinner her breasts practically spilled from her apron, much to the amusement of all and especially those behind her who would enjoy the curve of her bare bottom.

Quickly, Sarah found the breadbasket for a another roll and opened another bottle of wine; the sixth – they'd soon all be drunk – and asleep, Sarah hoped fervently, as she scurried and tottered back to the table, her boobs and bottom swaying seductively and not helped by the high heels.

"Careful, girl, don't spill it," the woman warned as Sarah tried to pour the wine whilst Dr Hassan casually ran his hands up and down her thighs.

How Sarah wished her boyfriend, Greg, was here to stop these outrageous things happening to her. She briefly fantasised him striding into the room and smashing aside the perverted hands touching her, carrying her home to safety. But Greg scarcely seemed to care much about her anymore now. In any case they were no longer allowed any intimacy together and their lives were being torn apart by her continuing sentence. Things were undoubtedly fuelled by her seething hidden anger that she was still suffering whilst he was getting on with his life. But, of course, her and Greg's thoughts were irrelevant, and what was happening to her was seemingly condoned by the state; they were powerless.

"This is the slut I may have mentioned who likes to spread her legs at every opportunity," Mrs Hassan explained to her friends, making her blush a deeper crimson, biting her lip. "But of course, such activity has been forbidden her now so I hope that she doesn't

come on to any of us instead,” she smiled cruelly, with a wink. “Yes be careful, you little tart, you know you’ll pay for any clumsiness back at my Control Centre, don’t you?”

“Y-yes Ma’am,” Sarah’s voice was low and subservient as she endured the cruel and unjust barbs as well as the sickening touch from whichever dark hands were nearest to her.

“Missing a touch up, aren’t you,” the woman stroked up between her legs, probing horribly, making her wriggle in disgust but too frightened to pull away or slap the woman as would have been her natural instinct.

Mrs Hassan was so obviously exercising her limitless power over them to impress her friends. And it soon became clear to Sarah that this status was the main driving force in the hateful woman’s life. Her husband, the doctor, was just a necessary accessory for respectability but it was her standing amongst her friends which really counted for her she guessed.

“They’ve got cute little botties sticking out at me,” another woman, slurred drunkenly as she unnaturally stroked and pinched both her and Pamela’s backsides as they served the desserts.

“Yes, my regime keeps you nice and trim, doesn’t it, girls?” Mrs Hassan patted Sarah’s hips.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

It was so difficult to continue bending over the increasing drunken guests, having to allow them to fondle her bottom, or fish her boobs out of her apron whilst trying to serve food or pour drinks; at least, though, it made her forget her own hunger. They hadn’t been allowed to eat, only snatch occasional leftovers before loading the dishwasher. It was almost a relief when the meal was over, but Sarah knew that after the more peripheral guests had left, the next stage of the evening would then begin for the remaining closer friends of the evil woman.

“I’m neglecting my two little girls, time you both had a little drink,” Mrs Hassan pulled her and Pamela down onto her lap, a bare bottom perched on each of her thighs as she handed them a large glass of wine each. “Drink it all down, right away, girls, or I’ll be offended – and you wouldn’t like that, would you?”

“No Ma’am, thank you, Ma’am.” What else could they say? Trying not to choke, Sarah drank down the wine. She normally only drank white wine, this red was heavy, its creamy fire coursed through her. It would probably give her a headache in the morning, but that was the least of her worries. On a virtually empty stomach she felt a bit light headed when she had finished the glass, maybe that would help her she thought, biting her lip as Mrs Hassan’s hands cupped her boobs over the apron, shaking them. “In think my two girls would like to put on a little show now, wouldn’t you, girls?” but Sarah and Pamela knew it wasn’t a question but rather an order. Had not the evil woman shamefully instructed them that afternoon before the party in what was expected of them?

Biting her lip, Sarah watched as Doctor Hassan followed his wife’s instruction to turn up the traditional Indian music. As best she could, Sarah danced erotically to the fluted tones, swaying and wiggling her hips and bottom with as much enthusiasm and skill as an hour’s training allowed. Even being allowed to shed her ridiculous high heels didn’t help much but she guessed that the guests were too drunk to notice their initially stiff and shameful movements.

It was so demeaning to have to do this, to be nothing better than a dancing girl. Worse when at a pre-arranged clap from Mrs Hassan, she and Pamela had to slip off their aprons, baring themselves completely apart from black stockings for the now drunken guests to grope even more, pinching, slapping. At least the wine had numbed her sensibilities a little bit, making her more compliant, she guessed.

“What a pretty little thing, aren’t you,” an Indian woman pulled her onto her broad lap, holding her boobs, her other hand groping between her legs. It was sickening, as if they were dancers she had once read about in a lesbian strip club or something. Finally she managed to wriggle free, having to endure the woman’s big, sloppy kiss and smack her curving bottom as she eased herself free. It was ghastly as she tried to keep the smile painted on her face as she danced and wiggled erotically, the hands continuing to paw her and Pamela. But the worst part was to come.

“Now together, girls, show us how friendly you are to each other,” Mrs Hassan clapped her hands again in this orchestrated charade of power and humiliation. She guessed that it was to impress her friends and show them how one snap of her fingers could have beautiful Englishwomen at her beck and call. And judging by the hungry eyes of the remaining women at the table, they did appreciate the flowing charms she and Pamela were forced to present.

It felt strange to gently hold Pamela’s swaying softness against her and dance, pressing herself against the woman, holding her in her arms and then seemingly shyly seeking out her mouth to kiss.

It wasn’t as bad as she had expected to feel the hot and panting softness against hers, holding the pretty woman’s head as they gently kissed. It was probably the first affection she and her friend had been shown or allowed. And when their tongues shyly engaged and coiled it sent an electric shock through her.

Although she vaguely heard and followed the soft instructions from Mrs Hassan, it seemed almost natural to deeply kiss the woman, cupping and holding her breasts, bending to kiss the red nipples just as Pamela was doing so wonderfully to hers, lips sucking, teeth erotically nibbling. Then her thighs were parted to allow Pamela’s to nudge between them, as her own knee was doing, pushing up against Pamela’s damp heat. Oh it felt so wrong, bad, but at the same time so good. She could almost ignore the shining faces, encouraging, making lewd comments as she and Pamela rocked together before them all.

This was the first time she had ever done this to another woman. It felt strange, making her tingle. Her actions were helped by the wine, making her relax but also, something deep within her seemed to be making itself felt for the first time.

As she kissed the older woman, Sarah realised just how beautiful Pamela now was having shed her excess weight. Her hands and lips were so knowing and tender. And although they were following Mrs Hassan’s earlier scripted instructions of what to do, both she and probably Pamela, knew there was a hidden element of actually wanting to do this too. They were so lost with each other that Sarah hardly felt any shame. It was a release of tension as much as anything and Pamela was so gentle, so soft and lovely.

Pamela herself was also experiencing an intensity of feeling perhaps amplified by her suffering and privations but as the lovely blonde girl tenderly held and kissed her, pressing her absolute lushness against her, she felt a shiver of desire. For years she had felt almost trapped in her marriage, but not really knowing or daring to consider alternatives. But now this opportunity had been forced on her and with it had come her loss of weight to regain her good looks. Now maybe she had someone to look pretty for?

Soon she and Sarah writhed with apparent abandon on the thick rug, limbs entwined, moaning softly as their nude bodies strummed with the music of passion. Her hands gripped the firm, flexing mounds of the blonde’s bottom, pushing their moist bodies harder together. And indeed before long Pamela, still following the instructions of Mrs Hassan from earlier, found that she could almost enjoy the soft and sensual touch of her companion. Maybe it was

the fact that the harsh regime had also made her lose all of her plumpness, but she felt more alive as a woman than she could recall for years. Indeed, it was almost a pleasure after the constant and grinding pain and shame of the Control Centre and the hold they had over her.

“Aaahh... ooohhh, mmm,” the girl trembled in her arms, her mouth hot and urgent as her eyes pleaded for a release.

Now she and the blonde beauty could almost abandon their worries, leaving their shame behind they obediently rocked and caressed each other to an exquisite joint orgasm their impromptu passion allowing them to temporarily forget the sea of shining jeering faces egging them on.

But then their performance was judged to be over and everything changed. She and Sarah were ordered to stand apart, their knees quivering with reaction allowed no sweet afterglow. She wanted to go to the ashamed blonde beauty, hold her, but their ‘host’ made them both stand apart. She could only look at the lovely young girl and give her a smile of encouragement, hoping that this moment wouldn’t be lost forever.

Sarah too had felt the electric spark of desire flow through her in Pamela’s arms and hoped that it could somehow be repeated. But that prospect looked bleak in the short term. As she stood getting her breath back she realised that Dr Hassan was giving the guests their coats, ushering them out; soon they were alone with the evil couple. She quaked as Mrs Hassan approached with a slack gleam on her harsh face.

“Now my turn,” their tormentor spoke softly. Sarah had time for one last and frightened glimpse of Pamela’s face as Dr Hassan led her upstairs by the hand before Mrs Hassan beckoned. To her horror, Sarah saw the Indian woman was carrying a large rubber dildo. As if they were lovers, Mrs Hassan also led her by the hand to her large bedroom and locked the door behind them. Sarah wanted to run or scream but did neither and instead stood shivering in dread, her bare feet digging into the rich pile of the carpet.

“Lie back on the bed and spread your legs like the bitch whore you are,” Mrs Hassan purred as she slipped out of own clothes. It felt so wrong and unnatural to see her tormentor’s dark, fat body and especially when she had a large red dildo strapped to her hips pointing at her quivering body. “Legs further apart, my dear, like you enjoy, I’m going to take you like a man, make you feel at home, make up for what you are missing.”

“Haaaarghhhhh,” the grunting gasp was torn from her as without any preliminaries, the woman thrust her large sweating body on her and, after briefly probing with her fingers jerked her hips forward into her. It was so painful and unnatural to be filled... down there... with cold rubber. The pain was only lessened by virtue of her moistness at Pamela’s hands just now.

“Kiss me and work with me, girl, hold me tight, I’m just giving you what you’ve missed these last weeks,” the woman on top of her panted as she painfully gripped the cheeks of her bottom, tighter than Greg used to, and bounced her hips into her.

It felt so strange to have to hold the large brown shoulders, feel the woman’s breasts crushing against her own, and worse to open her twitching lips to be kissed, to have her mouth invaded by the plundering tongue. This was nothing like the soft and gentle touch of Pamela, it was instead savage lust. And when she managed to open her eyes she was sickened by the obvious pleasure in the face of her ravisher, pleasure she was forced to give.

Mrs Hassan felt the burning lust within her as she pumped into the soft white body she had secretly adored from afar for so many months. How gorgeous the blonde looked, from the pink oyster of her sex with the darker smudge of her rosebud below, practically winking at her, up to the gorgeous breasts just waiting for her lips. She had to keep mentally pinching herself to remind her that it was same dolly bird who was now spread beneath her, legs wide, kissing her, her hips moving in unison with hers, gasping and grunting in pain and shame. The cameras she had secretly set up in bedroom would allow her to play back the girl's abject and intimate surrender here just whenever she wanted; she would have no further need to imagine.

How she had enjoyed almost showing off the girl and the older woman before her friends, who may have thought themselves better or more influential than her, until then. They all knew it was a strictly look and, almost, don't touch arrangement, to spark up their otherwise staid lives. As far as she knew, her friends weren't outright lesbians, although they had all experimented. But a woman's body was softer, more pliable and, more than anything they, like her, enjoyed the sheer thrill of having power over another person. They might have known or guessed that the lovely creature would end up just hers to conquer that night, no matter how much the delightful girl might hate it and that would enhance her standing amongst them.

But as she tightly gripped the cheeks of the blonde's firm young bottom she felt the young slippery body in her arms begin to writhe and grow warmer. The little rubber triggers on her dildo which stimulated her were also working their magic on the girl.

"Hah, hah, haaaah," oh how delicious to feel and hear the youngster writhing under her, her body slippery and taut.

Her victim was reluctantly gasping out her climax before her triumphant eyes. Could it get better than to lay on the girl, slowly working her hips up and down to even more thoroughly impale her, lowering her mouth to make the girl kiss her? The young mouth was so sweet as she panted beneath her. But she wasn't finished with her yet.

"Get your tongue out, girl, you're going to use it," she smiled into the pretty, stricken face as she withdrew her wet dildo with a slurp and moved her hips forward until she sat on it. "Hurry girl, make me come quickly," she ground her hips on her face until she felt the reluctant tongue began to probe up into her producing delicious twirls of hot desire as she practically smothered the blonde head, seeing the red painted fingernails punch and claw at the sheets. There was a soft murmur and a cry from next door and she guessed that her weak but necessary husband was having some infrequent fun with the other woman.

It was no better for Pamela in the room next door. She had stood timidly covering herself when the bedroom door closed behind her, leaving her with the obnoxious doctor. This was not the Control Centre, her ordeal and humiliation here was somehow worse in the surroundings of a bedroom, as if they were having an affair. It made her wonder what her husband would make of it if he could see her now, but she doubted if he'd care that much. Their marriage had only been held together by a string for some time and when she'd had to deny him sex too... But she had known there would be no denying the Indian brute that had tumbled out of his clothes before her, ogling her shivering nudity.

"On your f—king knees on the bed, nose down, arse up," he grunted his drunken commands. It was so demeaning to have to obey him, feeling her bottom quivering with anticipatory dread as the bed creaked and groaned whilst he knelt behind her. "You'd better make me feel good, woman," he slobbered onto her neck as his thick hands fumbled between her legs.

“Hah,” she gasped, he was so brutal, stabbing his sliver of flesh around and about her unwilling portals. “Oow, hah,” she had moaned as he made several ineffectual attempts to ‘mount’ her, obviously too drunk, or just not up to it. She felt silly kneeling with her bottom up, waiting, but was too frightened of these people to do anything else.

Slap!

“Ooow,” she screeched as he painfully slapped her backside in frustration.

“OK you bitch, sit on me, kiss me first then... f—k me,” he sighed throwing himself onto his back on the bed.

It was so horrible for Pamela to have to do this, it even reminded her of times when she had used to have to get her husband going, but this brute was a slob. Tentatively she had bent her head, holding his semi-erect penis, sliding her hands rapidly up and down, pressing and dragging her large bosoms against him, but it wasn’t enough. Wrinkling her nose, she performed the act she hadn’t done for her husband for years, and only then once or twice when drunk, and bent her head to his quivering penis.

The taste and feel of his erection was vile but it was at last responding to her tongue and she hoped she could get this out of the way quickly. When he was she guessed sufficiently hard she slid forward raising her haunches and biting her lip with reluctance impaled him, feeling his disgusting manhood slithering up into her. How awful that she could be made to do this she thought bitterly.

“Work me off quickly, you fat whore,” the brute spat the untrue and unkind words into her quivering face as he grabbed her large boobs in a painful grip.

“Ooow, haaah,” she sobbed, boobs and hips bouncing on him, trying not to make too much noise, fearing the reaction of the awful Mrs Hassan as her husband made love to her. Yet to take her mind of her terrible ordeal she allowed her thoughts to drift to the lovely young blonde next door. Amazingly, and it may have been the drink, she decided, she found herself feeling sorry and protective towards the girl, thinking about her more and more, wondering what kind of vile things the old hag was doing to her, wishing it could be her again with the beautiful youngster.

Finally Sarah was finally allowed to sleep, wrists cuffed behind her and her ankle to a bed post. She had to endure lying naked, cuddled in the arms of the monstrous woman, hearing her snoring, hoping that she too could somehow manage to snatch an hour or two of sleep, feeling so ashamed.

How could she be spending the night like this, the Indian woman’s hand was protectively around her, holding her bottom, holding their bodies together indeed as if they were lovers? The smell of the spent lust on the woman’s unwashed body was just as sickening as her touch and feel. But could she deny her orgasm under the woman? Surely though that was just a reaction of sexual stimulation as opposed to the pain and shame she had previously felt in her hands? It was her body’s automatic and instinctive reaction she decided. Whatever, this whole thing was so sick, so perverted; the only good thing had been her being with Pamela. There was something about the lovely older woman; it had almost unlocked some hidden feelings for her. And it was with thoughts of the lush body against her that she finally drifted to sleep trying not to think of how many more day’s sentence she had to endure before she could crawl away and get her life back.

CHAPTER 9

Mrs Hassan smiled coldly as Sarah was marched into her office two weeks later, making the obligatory bow then standing with her hands clasped to her head. Her outward demeanour contrasted with her inner feelings of delight as she surveyed her blonde victim who looked so servile and timid. The girl was still flushed and deliciously shining from her toils in the large kitchens from where she had summoned her. How good it was to be able to control this lovely young creature, she thought, for her to hang desperately to her every word in an effort to avoid a longer sentence and thus more pain and shame. She deliberately kept her waiting for a while, just staring at the trembling beauty who must be wondering what she had done this time. She had many days added to her sentence and had many ahead of her, now being obliged to attend the Control Centre three times a week to keep up.

But Mrs Hassan's somewhat illicit trawling through personal computer databases a few months ago before the girl became fully onto her radar, discovering that her victim was about to come into even more money, gave her another incentive to be cruel. But more than anything, the way in which the girl, the indolent girl, had sacked her niece from the company, where they had both worked so she had no good references... that required revenge. And it was indeed that which had prompted her to cobble together her plan after her lovely blonde victim had made the initial mistake of attending that anti-tax demonstration.

"You may recall a... Miss Gem Passan?" Mrs Hassan spoke icily at last as Sarah waited patiently before her.

"I... no I can't quite, Ma'am..."

"No of course not, she would mean nothing to you, just somebody or something not measuring up to the corporate view and to be disposed of. Well, I'll refresh your stupid memory, girl," Mrs Hassan glared. "You had her sacked from the company where you are the personnel officer, for being, 'lazy and stupid'," she read from a letter on her desk. "So my poor niece was unable to find any alternative work – who would want her..."

Sarah felt a pit of fear opening in her belly, shivering under her tormentor's harsh gaze. She of course now fully remembered with a shudder the fat Indian girl who had got on the wrong side of the management of her company. As she was the assistant personnel manager she had been told to sack the girl and, to be honest, the girl wasn't very nice anyway and she had enjoyed doing it. She recalled what a good job she had made of getting rid of the rather unpleasant and intimidating creature. The girl had been lazy and there was a suggestion of missing petty cash and also a coat belonging to one of the staff. But Sarah daren't even think about such things now. No matter how efficient and justified had been her actions; now these people held all the chips and she was at their mercy. Now, though, how she wished that she hadn't antagonised the young girl. Especially so now that she knew she was Mrs Hassan's niece and that the hateful Controller was now aware of how she had treated her.

Sarah had suffered so much here over the past weeks and in so many ways, ways that she would only feel comfortable talking about her ordeal with someone else who had suffered here too. Someone with whom she could share a bond, someone like Pamela she realised - that was who her mind was searching for. How could you explain to someone what it felt like to have bend over in the nude before some creep, old, young, male or female to be caned – and that had happened several times. Then you might have to allow them, a man or a

woman, to...to do things to you as had happened here. Or how could you make someone aware of the pain of that ghastly electro-shock treatment, the electrodes on your nipples burning, or the probes deep within your most sensitive and private parts eating into your core. And these things had happened several times to her here and she knew they could happen again just whenever these sadists chose. And now because of a perfectly normal activity in her job, getting rid of someone who was undesirable and who was letting down the company; it seemed she was to suffer still more. Life was so unfair she thought miserably.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am... I-I was only doing what I was told... I had no idea..." if only she could play back time, Sarah thought miserably, she wouldn't have talked down so much to the girl she had sacked.

"It's too late for being sorry, Miss Williams, you see, Gem, my niece, has finally been able to find a job – but unfortunately for you... it is as a guard here."

"Please..." Sarah whimpered in shock as she heard the door open and half sensing, she whirled on the spot to see the fat Indian girl in a guard's uniform waddling into the room with a wicked grin on her podgy face.

"Lovely to see you again – like this, Miss Williams of personnel - Sarah, I'll call you now, eh," the girl's eyes flicked up and down her scantily clad body – "no longer in charge of things now then."

"Look, I've just got to leave the room for a moment, Gem, and it's the guard's break time," Mrs Hassan nodded at the Indian guard sitting in his customary desk, who immediately rose. "But I'm sure you can more than handle Miss Williams, can't you," she smiled at her young niece in a knowing way which made Sarah nervously bite her lips. "And of course the guard will be right outside watching on CCTV if she gives you any trouble. And remember," Mrs Hassan turned her withering stare on Sarah's flinching face, "should you not obey this guard, Miss Passan, as you would me..." Mrs Hassan glared even more sternly. "Then you know that you will first be punished by her - and then me when I return. Right?"

"Yes Ma'am," Sarah practically sobbed as Gem sidled up to her after the door had closed and she was alone with the gloating girl.

"I've been waiting for this for some time, Sarah," the Indian girl spoke softly, but suddenly her hand lashed out to crack across her face, to leave it stinging with a big red handprint. It took all of Sarah's will not to tear her hands from her neck. "Do you remember the reasons why I was sacked, Sarah?" the voice was silky soft but she could sense the evil intent.

"N-no- Ma'am," she whispered pitifully, frightened.

"Ma'am - mm that words sounds so good coming from you to me – girl," Gem smiled to show her array of white teeth. "But if I recall correctly, one reason I was victimised was that someone lost their coat and blamed me, right?"

"Y-yes I-I seem to think so Ma'am, but it could have been... we didn't blame you outright and... but..."

"But nothing, girl," Gem interrupted, "it was a lie... there was no way you could have known I took the coat – but it was a nice one..." she contemplated. "But no, I'd like you to lose the equivalent of your coat – take off the uniform please," she spoke softly, licking her lips.

"Please... Ma'am," Sarah found herself whispering but nevertheless removing the skimpy garment, holding it protectively before her. It somehow felt worse to have to undress in front of this young bitch, a horrible reminder and clash with her life outside.

"You're forgetting yourself, Sarah. I believe we stand with our hands on our heads, here, not covering ourselves. Another day on your sentence I believe – now do it," she snapped.

Sarah began to weep a little, sniffing back tears of self-pity as she obeyed, looking down but sensing the girl's mean eyes crawling over her shivering nudity.

"Yes, you've got a nice body," her dark and podgy hands reached out and to her horror idly fondled her boobs and bottom. It felt awful to have to endure her, someone she had previously looked down on and disliked from the world outside, taking liberties with her like that. And she only just managed to stop herself twisting away or shouting at the girl. She half guessed that was what the girl wanted, as an excuse to hurt her more.

Sick horror washed over Sarah at the knowledge of how helpless she was in the hands of someone who she had once regarded as a subordinate, and a useless one at that. Between her and Mrs Hassan, she was lost. Maybe the girl was as perverted as her aunt?

"The other thing was missing petty cash... I recall," Gem peered at her victim.

"I-I don't... I can't. Look please, Ma'am I... huuugghhhh," Sarah doubled up from the dark hands snaking out and punching viciously into her midriff, winding her and forcing her to bend over gasping for breath. The pain was intense and sickening, lights flashed before her eyes as her lungs clawed for breath. Suddenly a fresh eruption of pain arose on her scalp as she felt the girl's hands pulling her upright by her hair.

"Up you come, girl, I'm not finished with you yet, hands back on your neck," she positioned her, as Sarah somehow managed to unfold her aching stomach and stand erect. Her eyes darted nervously into her tormentor's, knowing she could attack her again at will.

"I think the other thing was something about laziness and stupidity..." Gem drawled. "Well... can you imagine how stupid you look right now, standing bullock naked in front of me like this with your hands on your head, well?"

"Yes Ma'am, I'm sorry, Ma'am," all she could do was grovel.

"And you were too stupid to bow when I entered the room, do it now and hold the bow." Sarah couldn't have felt more humbled or stupid if she had tried as she bent over slightly before her gloating tormentor.

"Oow," the cow had cruelly gripped her sensitive nipples, pinching them hard and was inflicting an excruciating pain, pulling her down into a deep bow. Instinctively she tore her hands from her head to try and ease off the brown fingers causing that intimate and blazing agony. "Please..."

"Uh, uh, Little Miss Perfect, hands away from mine – trying to hold my hand like a lez, are you," the girl smirked as her fingers tried to unpick those hurting her so intimately. "Hands back on your head... right now," the girl snapped, making her jump. Oh so reluctantly she ceased trying to mitigate her pain, the girl was in any case too strong for her anyway. And she had no doubt that she'd be punished even if she could somehow push the spiteful girl away. Slowly and oh so reluctantly her hands had to leave those spiteful fingers in place on her buds even though her instincts urged her to continue to prize them free. Craning her neck backwards from her bowed position, she looked up at her tormentor with wide, pleading eyes, silently imploring her not to hurt her boobs any further. "And now up again."

"Aaghhh," breath hissed between her clenched teeth as the cow pulled her upright to a standing position again by her poor nipples. It was outrageous that one woman could treat another woman so, hurt her... there. Her nipples were accustomed to being treated gently, sexily, not with horrid brute force. With eyes wet with tears, which she angrily blinked away, she breathlessly regarded the smirking girl who had her in such an intimate and awful grip.

"Yes... Little Miss Perfect, the stuck up cow who thinks she got it all, eh," Gem smirked at her cruelly. "Didn't you know that's what your workmates called you?"

"N-no... haaahhh... Ma'am," she nearly screamed as the bitch twisted her taut buds a bit further to increase the burning pain drilling into her boobs so outrageously. She wondered

when this awful torment was ever going to end, knowing that she just couldn't take being in the hands of this young sadist who was once below her in the pecking order.

"Well, they did call you that, we all did, Little Miss Perfect," the cow emphasised what only she could know was a lie, smirking as she tweaked the bruised nubs of flesh to make Sarah gasp and wince, teeth biting her full lips as she still somehow maintained her white-knuckled grip on her neck. "But now you haven't got everything... because I've got these... eh."

"Oooow, please Ma'am, I beg you don't..." Sarah wailed as the red hot intensity of the pain increased and she panted for breath, tears trickling down her face as her tormentor stared curiously into her eyes.

"Think you can remember to bow to me properly if I let go of your tits?"

"Yes, oh yes Ma'am, I will, I promise," she sobbed.

"OK, do it again and properly, this time."

"Aaaghhh," Sarah gasped in relief as the girl released her agonising grip on her most tender flesh. Her nipples throbbed and pulsed with returning blood but rather than press her hands to them as her body demanded she sensibly kept her hands on her neck and immediately gave the girl a low and grovelling bow. She remained in that humiliating position whilst Gem slowly strolled round her, lightly patting the taut cheeks of her bottom. She had always sensed that the young girl was a bit creepy, maybe she liked other girls too? She knew that being in the power of such a person would be yet another nightmare here.

"Yes it's good to see Little Miss Perfect bent over like this, now that you know your position before me," her tormentor continued, smiling, touching and stroking her in a most unwanted and unnatural way, making her shudder with distaste, albeit she still managed to remain in the subservient position. "You may stand upright... there's a good girl," Gem spoke to her as if she were a dog, stroking her hair to make her shudder. "Now stick your tongue out, right out, there's a good girl," she repeated as Sarah obeyed, feeling utterly ridiculous, her tongue protruding. "Now I know you can't speak with your tongue out like that but you can nod or shake your head, but do you remember what I said to you after you had me sacked?"

Bleakly Sarah shook her head.

"Well, I said as I left your stinking office that you could kiss my arse. Do you know what you are going to do now, Sarah?"

Again, Sarah shook her head, but with a dawning sense of horror.

"Well, you must be even more stupid than I thought," Gem smirked. "You're going to kneel and keeping your hands on your head and your tongue right out, you're going to kiss my little old arse." Feeling sick with horror, she saw the plump girl raise her skirt and lower her large pants, bending over slightly towards her to reveal her large and flabby buttocks, her fingers pulling her cheeks apart to reveal her awful dark ring. "Come on, arse-licker, get your tongue deep in there, right in, or you'll be on report with my auntie, suffer a lot of pain and a longer sentence. And I'll still ask you to kiss my arse anyway, and keep putting you on report until you do; sweet eh?"

A thousand thoughts flicked through Sarah's anguished mind but she knew that she'd have to do it, no matter how revolting. When one was so totally in the power of people such as these, people who had limitless control over you, there was just no alternative other than to invite more pain and shame over a longer period. Slowly, blanking her eyes from the horrible sight before her she sank to her knees, and, ignoring the sweaty and pungent smell, mixed with sickly sweet, proceeded to extend her tongue onto the revolting, muscled ring before her.

"Oh, yeah, that's feels real good and knowing it's Miss Perfect's tongue up my arse," Sarah heard the gloating words as, ignoring her every rational instinct telling her to run away,

she delicately licked the pink, pulsing sphincter. It was all she could do not to be sick, her senses were nearly overwhelmed by the taste and smell. “Right in, girl, good, oh, yeah, now you move your tongue forward a bit, my little clit-bud wants a turn. More, more, oh yeah, flick, flick hard, oh yeah,” Gem gasped as Sarah felt the Indian girl reach back to press her face right against her quivering backside as her tongue stimulated her revolting sex.

An outside observer would have seen two girls who positions couldn't have contrasted more or so obviously. The Asian girl had a bared-tooth smile of satisfaction as she bent over her hands reaching back to hold a blonde head tight into her backside. She was obviously the dominant one, whilst the white girl, now openly sobbing, was utterly subservient as she repeatedly kissed the other's bottom and sex until the Indian girl shuddered to a noisy climax, really forcing the blonde head tight into her. The contrast between the girls was still evident five minutes later as the Indian girl adjusted her clothing, a smug look on her face, whilst the English girl, quite nude still knelt, hands clasped to her head, a look of sick horror etched on her pretty face. Then the tableau broke up, the blonde struggling to her feet and bowing when the elder Indian woman returned. The observer couldn't have helped but to feel some sympathy for the blonde who looked like a frightened and vulnerable rabbit cornered by two savage dogs.

“Glad to see you're catching up with the lost respect,” Mrs Hassan breezed back into the room, making Sarah feel a little grateful that the vicious girl wasn't totally in charge of her alone for the moment. She couldn't go through such a revolting ordeal again, and was only amazed that she had managed to obey the Indian girl without fainting or throwing up. Such was the power and threat of pain she surmised still bowing to Mrs Hassan, and for the first time being almost glad to see her again. She knew that the woman's niece would enjoy making her life even more of a living hell than it was already during these stints here. But the older woman's eyes gleamed with sadistic amusement and also excitement, making her even more fearful, that she knew or guessed what had happened and was happy to condone such barbarity.

Mrs Hassan was feeling an impending sense of fulfilment. She had brought and engineered events to a place where she felt that they could now be nicely manipulated. And having allowed her niece her moment of revenge, things could be brought to a conclusion. She had previously dismissed the guard; although he was family it was best that she kept things to as small a circle as possible. And that rightly included Gem, no matter how much she privately disliked the girl. It was her niece's treatment at the hands of Sarah and Sarah's company which had provided the incentive to ensnare the delightful blonde, and her natural disgusting viciousness would have helped to drive the frightened victim, like a deer, in the right direction, towards entrapment, an entrapment which would now come to fruition.

“You may stand upright now,” her eyes stared penetratingly at the terrified blonde. “Overall, your future looks bleak,” Mrs Hassan pronounced, looking at Sarah's trembling form. “You have served twenty days of your original sentence over a ten week period, yet your reports here are still bad and you face a long extension to what will soon undoubtedly become a custodial sentence, rather than day release – probably here in one of our nice holding cells which I believe you've already seen.” She smiled inwardly at the tremor passing over the pretty face, fully aware of what had happened to her that first day at the hands of the guard in the dark cells below. “And who knows... will they keep your job open after you have served a spell inside – you know how they treated Gem here?” She smiled seeing her victim's predicament sink in still further. “That is why I am considering allocating Gem, Miss Passan, as your personal guard.” She smirked as her words continued to sink home to the

trembling blonde. The pretty face crumpled and quivered, any hope was so obviously flying away from her. "It's a pity, in a way ... I have become quite... fond of you, at times you do seem to try but... well to attempt to sort anything out, to overlook anything, and recommend a fine in lieu of you spending more time here... well it would be strictly against all rules. And whilst this is something I have heard of happening in the past, such cases being resolved with sentences reduced even to less than original terms..." she let her words hang to enjoy seeing a sliver of hope in the anguished face, "the cost of doing so, in making, er... compensation payments to those who would need to be involved to achieve anything like that... would be prohibitive." Oh how good it felt to have the posh bitch on a string to see her squirm, to offer and then snatch away again.

"Please Ma'am, p-permission to speak, Ma'am?" the girl's voice initially croaked then was low and servile, her eyes wide and pleading.

"Well?"

"May... may I respectfully ask please... how much the-the compensation payments could be... You see I've just inherited money and..."

"Miss Williams, I hope that you are not even considering offering bribes, that adds to your sentence and..."

"No Ma'am, oh no please, Ma'am... I didn't mean..."

"You see this is what I mean..." Mrs Hassan put on her stern judicial voice. "You continually compound your errors and bearing in mind the constant CCTV surveillance here, this simply adds to any... adjustments which would have to be made should ever such a compensation scheme be contemplated for you." She glanced at her control console on the desk to ensure that she had correctly shut down the CCTV system in her office before Gem had entered. "I'm sure that such a thing would cost well over a hundred thousand, probably nearer two, in total as it would affect so many different people. Not even worth considering. Now back to your schedule... I'll send for Mr Hudson, he'll take you back to your duties..." she made to reach for her buzzer.

"Please Ma'am," the delightful blonde was now on her knees, I'll -I'll be able to raise the money... the fine... I swear. Please, I'll pay it, pay anyone only please if there was anything you could do, anything I could pay, so-so that I can go now, serve only my original sentence... Oh please Ma'am... please..."

How good it was to see the stuck up blonde weeping, actually clutching her foot in supplication. She was yet another previously stuck up bitch who was now begging to pay her money, money which she could as usual launder into different channels, Mr Hudson, Gem as her recompense, and a few key staff but mostly to her. And this payment, although not the first of its kind, should be enough to now set her up for life. She could now get a bigger house than the grovelling dumb dolly bird before her.

"Let me check your accounts, they were already provided to us to pay direct debits for your food bills," she pretended to search for the documents which in truth she had already memorised. "Oh yes.... I see... well, yes you do have more than enough to cover the... say one hundred and fifty thousand we'd be talking about... It's just a question of should we..." She let the words hang.

"Permission to speak please, Ma'am."

"Well?"

"I'll pay it, I'll transfer the money now, if you print the forms I'll do it, only please, please let my s-sentence end now... please..." the beautiful naked blonde practically wailed, tears of pity and hope welling at her large eyes.

"Well.... as I say, I like you... I suppose I could prepare the forms..." she pretended to print up the paperwork she had already prepared and checked. "These will transfer the necessary funds, one hundred and fifty seven thousand, six hundred and nine pounds." It

always appeared to carry more weight and appear more genuine if it wasn't an exact amount. "You see the various channels it would need to go to," she flashed the papers before the blonde's eyes, "and in return, I'll ensure that your sentence ends today, forthwith."

The girl nearly fell over the desk in her rush to sign, her bare breasts jiggling erotically with her movements, making both her and Gem smile with appreciation.

CHAPTER 10

“Please stand where you are Mrs Hassan, Miss Passan, Miss Williams, we are from Central Control Headquarters.” Sarah looked up with weary eyes, wondering what was next as the men in a smart suits entered without knocking. The only thing which managed to pierce her gloom was the look of disbelief and then fear on the face of her Indian tormentor. Instinctively she clutched her shaking hands over her exposed body before the army of smartly uniformed men and women.

“You see, we’d heard vague rumours of various rule infringements from this Control Centre and we at Control Headquarters began to monitor things,” one of the men explained when Sarah had at least been allowed to don her skimpy uniform again but still stand respectfully to attention. “When your case came up for sentence, we knew from what we’d heard that Mrs Hassan would take an interest in you; this was confirmed when we monitored her trawling your databases about your forthcoming inheritance and bank balance. So, we modified all the simple tagging pendants used by this centre so that we could hear what was being said. In fact, when Mrs Hassan told you that everything you did and said was being monitored by the pendants - she didn’t know how true that was.”

Sarah licked her lips nervously but allowing a small sliver of hope to enter the bleakness of her heart. But still she remained stiffly respectful before the intimidating newcomers, not really daring to believe that an end could be in sight.

“Now it appears that there are several officials here involved, not just Mrs Hassan, you’ve suffered at their hands already. But you can now consider your sentence immediately rescinded without you having to pay for it. You may start your life again and you may be in line for some compensation, Miss Williams,” the man’s words were like a drug which only now swept away the gloom and re-established hope. “And after what we have witnessed through the pendants, many of the inmates will also be released forthwith,” the man glowered at Mrs Hassan.

Sarah knew that she and Greg could never make a go of it again; events had proved that they weren’t good together when the going got rough. It didn’t matter too much; she now had more than enough money to be independent. But a few hours later after the formalities had been completed and she was a free woman again her eyes caught those of Pamela, who had also been released. The pretty woman, now looking so fit and toned had now left her family too, for similar reasons she supposed. They had met up once or twice now outside the hideous walls of this place, just for a coffees. They had than felt unable to say much of consequence to each other in view of what they thought might be fed back to Mrs Hassan by the pendants, but then they had no real need for words. She remembered the feel of the pretty woman’s warm body, her lips and hands when they had been forced to perform for the beasts, deciding that she could cope with a ten year age difference in a relationship. They smiled at each other and met in an embrace.

Sarah realised that she could be happy again.

THE END