

# Res Publica: Strip and Search

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## Chapter One

Natalie knew she was taking a chance by cutting through the park. If she hadn't run into her friend Brooke, she would have probably taken the bus or the subway—although these days they were almost as risky as the park—but she had to get to the job interview by nine, and they figured if they stuck together and kept their heads down they should remain fairly anonymous in the crowd of commuters.

Sometimes a person coming the other would try to tip you off if there were Civic Police in the area. A slight shake of the head, the subtle waving of a flat palm, something like that. But there were surveillance cameras everywhere these days, and very few citizens wanted to risk running foul of the civic authorities. Anyway, there were no hints that danger lay ahead, so Natalie and Brooke linked arms and followed the gravel pathway toward the small lake in the middle of the city park.

Winter was coming and it was cool enough to require jackets, the sky a sheet of white and flecks of rain in the air. Even so, the park was quite busy with people heading to work, not because it was safe, but the chances of being accosted by the Civic Police were less than walking through downtown.

Which was why the sudden turn of events that changed Natalie's life had come as such a complete surprise. They were walking past a high hedge, approximately halfway through the park, when Brooke's cell rang. Brooke took her arm away to answer the call and Natalie turned around to wait. Brooke started to speak but then looked over Natalie's shoulder, and her eyes grew wide.

"Run!" Brooke whispered.

"What?"

Brooke turned and ran.

Other people were hurrying away too, but for that fatal split second, Natalie instinctively turned around to see what they were running from—and found herself looking straight into the eyes of a Civic Police officer. She backed off a pace, but he said, "Hey, pretty. Where are you going?"

Natalie's stomach tightened as she glanced at the official silver and black badge on his coat lapel: Civic Police Inspector Julian Snyder. *Res Publica*.

She had of course heard the horror stories about the unlimited powers of these sadistic civic policemen. Many of them had been low level municipal employees during the *old normal*, but now, backed up by the Corporate State, they could do pretty much whatever they liked with impunity—and once they had you in their cross hairs there was no escape. Today it was Natalie's turn. She glanced back to see Brooke jogging in the opposite direction and she realized now that she was on her own.

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Julian had worked for the city before the pandemic and the subsequent political takeover—a low paid, boring office job in the public health department. But that was during *old normal* times, before the new corporate government began systematically stripping away the basic human rights that its citizens once took for granted. And they had moved fast, turning this once vibrant city into a place of suspicion and fear. Now the Corporate State had unlimited powers, which meant that as a Civic Police Officer, Julian did too. He proudly wore the notorious silver and black badge that was enough to make the color drain from the face of any citizen he encountered. He could do whatever he wanted—and he had a lot of catching up to do!

The gorgeous young woman now trembling in front of him would have been out of his league before the takeover. She still was of course, but the normal rules of engagement no longer applied to Julian. This was the kind of uppity bitch who wouldn't have given him the time of day when he had been a mere office drone. Now she had no choice, and just the mental image of what he was planning to do to her gave him a woody.

He said, “Would you accompany me please?”

Her eyes wide, she said, “W-Why?”

Julian smiled kindly. “Because I asked you to—you don’t question the Civic Police, do you?”

“I-I meant, I haven’t done anything wrong!” the girl stammered.

Julian regarded her. Long, loosely curled brown hair. Fair complexion with light freckles.

Pretty eyes and pouty lips. She was perfect.

“We’ll just have to find that out, won’t we?” he said.

The girl still didn’t move. Maybe she couldn’t. Julian decided to help.

“Or would you prefer to do this at Civic Headquarters?”

The girl whimpered and stiffly followed him across to a park bench where his colleagues, Officer Leon and Officer Floyd were sitting. Floyd was drinking from a hip flask as usual. Leon was playing a game on his phone. Now they both looked up with interest as Julian returned with the sexy young woman.

Julian said to the girl, “Identification, please.”

The girl opened the compulsory *VaccinCorp Passport* app in her cell phone and shakily held it up. Julian took out his own phone and scanned her QR code. A second later he had all of her personal information in front of him.

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Natalie shuffled her feet anxiously while Inspector Snyder checked her information. She could see people glancing in her direction, no doubt counting their blessings that they hadn’t been stopped themselves. Natalie didn’t want to speculate why this guy had specifically picked on her, but she had an uncomfortable feeling as the other two officers on the bench leered at her.

Reading from his phone, Inspector Snyder said, “Natalie Wells, twenty-two years old. Height, five feet eight. Weight, one hundred twenty pounds. Hair brown, eyes blue—bust, thirty-six inches.”

He paused and glanced at Natalie’s chest and she blushed, glad that she was wearing a thick jacket.

Inspector Snyder went on, “Address, one seventeen, Parkway. Marital status, single. Current occupation, unemployed.”

He looked at her again. “What are you doing on this side of the city, Natalie?”

“I-I’m going to a job interview.”

“Really? What kind of job?”

“Um, hotel receptionist.”

“And what time is the interview?”

“N-Nine.”

Inspector Snyder shook his head apologetically. “I don’t think you’re going to make it.”

Natalie’s heart sank. She had been hoping that if all her credentials were in order, they might promptly send her on her way. But the way this guy was looking at her, she now feared he might detain her for a while to come yet.

He continued to read about her personal life while his two creepy looking colleagues casually watched her. Natalie had heard terrible rumors about defenseless women being taken advantage of by the Civic Police. She had even seen people being searched in the street herself, had shared their embarrassment at having their belongings tipped onto the sidewalk—and had of course, been selfishly grateful that it hadn’t been happening to her.

Except now she *was* being investigated by the Civic Police for the first time, right here in the middle of the park, and there was nothing she could do to change that. How she wished she could turn back time, but that was just being foolish. She was an adult. She needed to manage this situation. These thugs may well be Civic Police, but they were still men—and Natalie knew how to

push a man's buttons. But right now she needed to keep quiet, act humble, and hope that once they had demonstrated their power and authority, they would let her go.

Inspector Snyder scrolled down his phone and frowned.

"Oh. I see you are behind on your vaccination schedule," he said.

Natalie winced inwardly. She had been putting it off. She hated needles.

"Have you been ill recently? Headaches? Sneezing?"

"No."

"Even so, you could still be an asymptomatic carrier," Inspector Snyder said. "I could have you arrested for that, you know."

"I-I was planning to go the *VaccinCorp* building tomorrow morning," Natalie said.

"Hmm."

Inspector Snyder scrolled down and Natalie breathed a sigh of relief, but then he gave her another disconcertingly long look before continuing to pry into her personal life.

"I see you are a member of the Andromeda gym. Expensive place for an unemployed girl."

Natalie glanced at him. She had managed to wangle a free membership by flirting with one of the gym club instructors. There was no way she was ever going to sleep with the guy, but the poor sap didn't know that.

"It was a gift membership," Natalie lied.

Inspector Snyder nodded.

"So you like to keep in shape, then?"

Natalie nodded cautiously.

"Yet you are behind on your medical updates. The virus could be lurking inside you."

Natalie said, "I feel fine, really!"

"But what if you *are* infected?" Inspector Snyder said. "I could get into a lot of trouble if I don't report you to Civic Headquarters."

Natalie's heart began to pound.

"P-Please don't—I'll go to *VaccinCorp* right now, if you want me to!"

Inspector Snyder looked at his two colleagues.

"What do you say, guys?"

The fat one with the hip flask said, "Hey, you could put her through your fitness test."

"That's a good idea, Floyd," Inspector Snyder grinned. "Leon?"

"I'd like to see that," smiled the one with the pocked marked face.

Inspector Snyder turned to Natalie.

"So, what's it going to be? Civic Headquarters or the fitness test?"

## Chapter Two

Julian waited as Natalie looked anxiously around the park as if she were searching for an escape route. He wondered if she had heard any rumors about his *fitness tests*. He had played with quite a few pretty girls since he had been gifted this wonderful job, but none of them had been as hot as Natalie. She was high-end stuff, no doubt with dozens of admirers trying to woo their way into her panties.

*Well tough luck, guys—Civic Police Inspector Julian Snyder has got her now!*

He studied her while he waited for her answer. She was wrapped up in a cozy leather jacket, jeans and ankle boots, but she looked like she had a decent figure under all of that—he couldn't wait to find out!

After a few seconds he affected a sigh and said, "So do you want us to take you downtown?"

"N-No!" Natalie gasped. "I-I'll take the fitness test!"

Julian smiled to himself. The stories about what happened inside the notorious Civic Headquarters building were legendary. No matter how desperate Natalie might be to get out of this situation, she must have already decided that it had to be preferable to being arrested.

"You're sure?" Julian said.

Natalie hesitated and then nodded.

"Okay then—let's get started," Julian said.

"Wait," Natalie said. "We're going to do it now?"

"Of course," Julian said.

Natalie blinked at him. "Where?"

"Right here in the park," Julian said.

Natalie looked around nervously again. "B-But I don't have my gym clothes—"

"No problem," Julian said. "It shouldn't take long—provided you pass the test."

Natalie's face creased into an endearing little frown.

"W-What if I don't pass?" she said.

"Then you keep on taking it until you do," Julian said.

"Keep on—?"

Natalie took a step backward as if she were getting ready to take flight, so Julian waved his phone at her. For a second, it looked as if the distraught girl was going to burst into tears, but then she said, "Okay!"

Julian's cock thickened in his underpants. He loved this part, when the innocent citizen crumbled in defeat—and this one was such a stunner!

"But this is your last chance," Julian said. "Are you going to cooperate without any bullshit?"

Natalie sniffed and nodded.

"Excellent," Julian said. "Then let's begin. First, you'll need to give me your purse and take off your jacket."

Natalie stared at him. "W-Why?"

Julian let out another exaggerated sigh. "You're going to work out for us, right? Prove that your respiratory system is in good functioning order? You can't do that in your jacket, can you?"

"I-I can go home and get my sweats!" Natalie said. "It won't take long, I promise!"

"Really Natalie, do you think I'm fucking stupid?" Julian said.

Clearly shocked by his unexpected vulgarity, Natalie's eyes began to glisten.

"Okay," she said in a low voice. "I'll take the test now."

"A wise decision," Julian said, although the fact was Natalie really had no choice here—she never did.

"Now will you give me your purse?" Julian said.

Suppressing a sob, Natalie handed it over.

"Louis Vuitton. Very nice," Julian said. "How can an unemployed girl afford one of these? No, don't tell me—it was another gift, right?"

Natalie nodded silently again.

“Yeah, I bet a hot looking girl like you gets a lot of gifts,” Julian smirked. He sniffed the leather handbag and then casually tossed it over to Floyd.

“Check the contents please, Officer Floyd.”

Floyd grinned wickedly and then proceeded to upend the bag, tipping its contents onto the grass. Natalie’s jaw dropped but she managed to keep her counsel as Floyd and Leon began going through her private and personal possessions.

*I shouldn’t worry about that too much, my pretty,*” Julian thought. *Very soon, you won’t have any secrets to hide!*

“And now the jacket,” Julian said.

Natalie glanced off to the side as she unzipped her jacket, paused briefly, and then shrugged it over her shoulders. Julian held out his hand and she hesitantly handed the garment over.

“More real leather,” Julian said. “You certainly know how to get the best things in life, don’t you?”

He dropped the expensive jacket onto the damp grass and stepped on it with his muddy boots. Natalie looked at him incredulously but still she didn’t protest. She must have realized by now that her worst nightmare was becoming a reality.

Natalie was wearing a tight-fitting sweater underneath, and when Julian gazed at the shape of her sizable bust, she wrapped her arms around herself protectively. She obviously had no idea yet of where he was going with this.

“Take off the sweater,” he said.

Natalie looked at him, wide-eyed. “Take off—?”

“The sweater. Right now. And don’t test my patience.”

Natalie glanced anxiously around and took hold of the hem of her sweater. A couple of curious onlookers had stopped to see what was happening and she glanced at them coyly before pulling the sweater up over her stomach and then her breasts, revealing a rather sexy powder blue bra with a black lace trim.

“Holy shit!” said Floyd. “What a fine pair of titties!”

Hearing him, Natalie froze, the sweater now bunched up around her head and her arms raised. Julian took advantage of her hesitation to scrutinize her ample bust and her flat, rapidly undulating belly. She seemed unable to move, so Julian decided that while she was temporarily blinded, he would give her a taste of what was to come. He reached inside his jacket and pulled out his favorite leather spanker—then he stepped up and gave Natalie a light tap across her ass. She let out a muffled squeal and began to struggle out of the sweater. Julian grinned. He knew from the screams of his previous victims that the spanker would hurt like fuck if he put all his effort into it—that was just a taster.

Natalie held the sweater in front of her chest, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes watering. Her lustrous chestnut hair was a little mussed and a few strands stuck to her face. Her pretty eyes darted around nervously as a few more passers-by stopped and stared.

“Give it to me,” Julian said, holding out his hand.

Another pause, and then Natalie handed over her sweater before quickly wrapping her arms back around herself. Her eyes flicked right and left, and her cheeks grew a little pinker as a loose circle of spectators began to form around them. Julian wondered what must be going through her pretty little head right now.

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*This can’t be happening to me! It happens to other people! I was on my way to a job interview! Now I’m standing in my bra in the middle of the park! People are looking at me! Strangers!*

“Now you’d better get out of those boots,” Inspector Snyder said.

*Why?*

Natalie's mouth framed the one-word question but no sound came out.

Reading her lips, Inspector Snyder said, "Because you are going to be exercising for us, Natalie. You can't very well do jumping jacks in those fancy heels, can you?"

*Jumping jacks?*

Natalie suddenly felt a little faint. Although she intellectually understood that she had to prove her fitness to these policemen, her brain hadn't quite connected the dots that she would have to do it right here out in the open in front of strangers! And now he wanted her to take her boots off! Didn't he realize that her socks would get dirty?

As if she were being controlled by an invisible puppeteer, Natalie bent down and unzipped her ankle boots. She stepped out of the left one, keeping her foot in the air while she tried to maintain her balance. The circle of onlookers was inching closer now and a couple of men had taken out their cell phones.

*Oh God, they're going to film me!*

"Are you planning to wobble on one leg like that for the rest of the day?" said Inspector Snyder. A few people in the small crowd chuckled.

With a pathetic whimper, Natalie lowered her foot, feeling the dew soaking into her sock. Then she stepped out of her right boot. A camera flash went off and she covered her bra with her arm again.

"Now all you have to do is take off your jeans and you'll be ready to show us how healthy you are," Inspector Snyder said.

*My jeans too?*

Natalie looked at the leather paddle that he was holding by his side. She didn't understand why a Civic Police Inspector would have such a strange and vile thing in his possession—weren't they supposed to carry batons and guns? Over on the park bench, the other two policemen were still sifting through her possessions, the fat one holding up a packet of tampons, the spotty one playing with a tube of lipstick. Natalie fought the urge to yell at them to leave her private stuff alone. She felt so violated!

"The jeans, Natalie," Inspector Snyder said, raising the paddle.

Natalie didn't want to risk another smack on the ass in front of the gathering crowd of onlookers, so she reached down and unbuttoned her jeans. Then she drew a deep breath, pulled down the zipper, and grabbed the waistband. Natalie liked wearing tight jeans because they showed off the shape of her ass and legs. She worked hard in the gym to keep herself trim and she was proud of her body. She enjoyed the hungry looks from guys as she walked down the street. But as she slowly rolled her jeans down over her legs, she was dearly regretting wearing them today!

## Chapter Three

Natalie handed Julian her jeans and resumed her modest posture by hugging her chest, with one knee bent in front of the other. Her panties were blue with a black trim, matching her bra, and they snuggled nicely around her pronounced vulva. She was also wearing pink ankle socks. Cute. Now it was time to start putting her through her paces.

“So, I need to make sure your pulmonary system is in good working order,” Julian said. “And you can begin with a few jumping jacks.”

Natalie looked nervously around at her growing audience.

*When she left her apartment this morning, there was no way she could have imagined in her worst nightmare that she would later be exercising in her underwear in the middle of the city park!* Julian thought.

Natalie continued to shuffle her feet with her arms protecting her breasts.

“Or would you prefer a quick warm up?” Julian said, raising his leather spanker again.

Natalie let out a tremulous sigh and lowered her arms to her sides.

*Sweet Jesus! She really does have a perfect body!* Julian thought.

“When you are ready,” Julian prompted.

Biting her lip, Natalie raised her arms and attempted a half-hearted jump.

“That wasn’t very good, was it?” Julian said. “I thought you worked out. Try it again and put a little effort into it, if you don’t mind.”

Her cheeks getting redder, her lovely eyes filled with shame, Natalie finally managed a full jumping jack, raising her arms above her head and parting her legs as she left the ground, her breasts bouncing wildly inside her sexy bra. But then she looked around at the crowd and instinctively covered herself with her arms again.

“Natalie,” Julian said with feigned impatience. “If you don’t pass the fitness test, I am going to have to assume that you are a dangerous asymptomatic carrier and take you to Civic Headquarters—do you get this yet?”

Natalie let out a sob and nodded.

“Then please give me twenty before I have to make the call—and show me you mean it.”

There was a fleeting moment when it looked as though Natalie might make a run for it across the park in her underwear. But then she jumped, with her arms flying up above her head, her thighs parting wide, and her luscious tits wobbling around like crazy!

By the time she had finished her twenty, the circle of spectators was two deep—most of them men who couldn’t quite believe what they were seeing!

Natalie hugged herself again, breathing hard, her body now shining with perspiration.

“What do you say, officers?” Julian said. “Has she demonstrated her fitness?”

Floyd swallowed some more liquor and said, “I don’t think so—she looks pretty beat.”

“Me neither,” said Leon. “How about we send her for a run?”

“Yeah, that’s what I was thinking,” Julian said, his cock at full mast now.

There was a path of red macadam circling the small lake in the center of the park. Julian estimated it to be about five hundred yards around. There were ducks and lilies on the green water and people sitting in park benches dotted around the perimeter.

“Natalie, passing this test will convince me you are virus free,” he said. “Come over to the path.”

Still breathing fast, Natalie cautiously walked over.

“You’d better take off your socks for this,” Julian said. “We don’t want them getting dirty.”

Of course, they were already soaked after the twenty jumping jacks Natalie had just performed on the wet grass. She gave him a scared little look before crouching down and pulling her socks off.

“Give them to me,” Julian said.

Natalie handed them over and he raised them to his nose, inhaled deeply, and then tossed them into the lake. If she hadn’t figured it out before, surely this beautiful young girl had to know now that she was in a whole world of shit.

“I want you to run around the lake,” Julian said. “I estimate it should take a fit young lady like you two minutes to complete the circuit.”

Natalie looked at the macadam pathway, then at the water, and then at the many people standing around in the park.

Julian said, “You have to understand that you must make the circuit in two minutes or less—or you will be punished and then you will have to try again.”

Natalie had just about got her breathing under control by now, and she gasped, “P-Punished? I don’t understand—”

Julian smiled at her. She suddenly looked so innocent standing there in the middle of a public park in her underwear.

“It’s very simple,” he said patiently. “You are going to run around the lake. If you don’t make it back to the starting point by two minutes, you must go again.”

“B-But what if I just can’t do it?” Natalie said.

Dear Lord, how Julian wanted to kiss those pretty lips!

“Well, then I guess you are going to be here for a very long time.”

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“Put your hands up behind your head,” Inspector Snyder said. “And keep them up there the whole time you are running or you will default the test.”

Natalie was panting now—not so much from her previous exertions but from the increasing stress he was putting her under. She had no way of knowing how long it would take her to circuit the lake. All she knew was that she needed to do it in two minutes. Maybe then this bastard would let her go. She raised her arms behind her head, acutely aware of the additional interest her presence was creating in the park. Winter was approaching and she was standing out here in her underwear—private lingerie that only her boyfriend was supposed to see! A cool breeze rippled the lake and goose bumps came up all over Natalie’s cold skin.

Now Inspector Snyder produced a metal whistle from his pocket.

“And I want you to run on your toes, Natalie,” he said. “I need to know that you are a healthy girl.”

*What does running on my toes have to do with that?* Natalie thought frantically.

Nevertheless, she knew she had no choice. She just needed to focus on this lap, try with all her might to ignore the people watching her, and get back around here in two minutes. That was it. If she passed the test, he would let her go—right?

Natalie stepped gingerly onto the knobby path and the stones dug painfully into the soft soles of her feet—this was not going to be comfortable.

Inspector Snyder opened the timer app on his phone and said, “As I said, I figure a healthy girl like you should be able to run a full lap of the lake in two minutes.”

Natalie wasn’t convinced, but she raised up on tiptoe with her hands behind her head as she waited for the whistle.

“Now I really want you to do your best,” Inspector Snyder said. “And remember to keep your hands behind your head at all times. Ready?”

Inspector Snyder put the whistle between his lips. The other two policemen were on their feet now, watching Natalie with interest, and more people were wandering over to see why there was a young woman standing beside the lake in her underwear on such a cold day!

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Natalie seemed to be more preoccupied with the gathering crowd than her run test—well, she would soon learn to get her priorities in order!

*Peep!*

She jumped and then set off, her butt cheeks jiggling and her tits bouncing beautifully as her long hair flowed behind her. Julian watched with delight as she skipped along the rough path on her bare toes, her eyes wide and her cheeks flushed with embarrassment. When she reached the far side of the lake, Julian glanced at the timer app on his phone. One minute, ten seconds. Perfect. She wasn't likely to make it! Even if she did, he would simply think up another physical exercise for her to perform. He had no intention of letting this honey out of his grasp any time soon!

Now even more spectators began to line up around the lake, some of them taking out their phones for a souvenir picture of this delectable young semi-naked lady!

*Something amazing to show your co-workers at the office, huh? Well, stick around, guys—the show is just beginning!*

Natalie rounded the final bend, huffing and puffing, her big, sweaty breasts swinging, and her bra and panties damp and transparent. When she reached the starting point, Julian let out a shrill blast and stopped the timer.

“Oh dear. Two minutes and fourteen seconds. Not even close, Natalie,” Julian said, showing her the timer.

The wretched girl stood there panting, her stomach heaving, her breasts rising and falling, but incredibly remembering to keep her hands behind her head, showing off her smooth armpits!

Julian shook his head solemnly. “As I explained, I can't let you go until you have passed the fitness test, so now I'll give you a little incentive to try harder next time.”

Natalie gulped down the cold fall air, her eyes shifting from left to right as the watching crowd steadily increased in number.

Julian raised his leather spanker and Natalie's eyes grew wide.

“Turn around and grab hold of your ankles,” Julian said.

Natalie glanced around at her audience and shook her head.

“Do you really want to go downtown?” Julian said.

She let out a sob and shook her head again.

“Then bend over for your spanking.”

Natalie's bottom lip trembled as she reluctantly moved around and bent all the way forward, presenting the crowd with a wonderful view of her firm, round ass.

“Now part your legs,” Julian said.

Natalie let out another little sob and then shuffled her feet apart.

“Wider.”

After a brief hesitation, Natalie obeyed, and with her feet nearly three feet apart, the outline of her hammock was clearly visible between her spread thighs.

“Look at me, Natalie,” Julian said.

She opened her eyes, her inverted face bright red, her hair hanging down, and a tear dropped onto the ground beneath her feet.

Julian said, “This is how it works. You get one spank for each second you miss—which means you have just earned yourself fourteen spanks on the ass!”

He reached over and yanked the gusset of her panties high up into the cleft of her butt cheeks, making her gasp.

*What a delectable sight!*

Julian had the biggest hard-on of his life as he brought the spanker down across Natalie's right buttock.

“Count them out, Natalie!” he breathed.

“Ah! One!”

He quickly laid another stroke across her left buttock.

“T-Two!”

Another smack across her right cheek.

“Eek! Three!”

As Natalie’s lovely white ass began to turn increasingly darker shades of pink, Julian saw camera flashes going off in his peripheral vision. The crowd was getting bigger, their fear of the Civic Police outweighed by their safety in numbers—and the amazing spectacle of this gorgeous young woman being spanked in the open air in her underwear!

Julian kept up his slow and steady rhythm, alternating from cheek to cheek as Natalie’s howls of pain grew louder. By the time she had yelled out the number fourteen, her entire ass was bright red and her legs were quivering like jelly!

“Stand up and turn around now,” Julian said.

Natalie complied, her face the same color as her ass, her cheeks now damp with tears.

Julian said, “Now I want you to do fourteen squats.”

Natalie frowned and sniffled, sweating, sobbing, and ashamed—she looked absolutely sensational!

Licking his lips, Julian said, “But first I want you to take off your underwear.”

## Chapter Four

Natalie blinked away her tears and looked around at the gawping crowd. Commuters. Office workers. Men and women in business suits, clothed and respectable—and so many of them holding up their phones to record her public humiliation!

*What did he just say? He wants me to strip totally naked? Right here in front of the general public?*

She didn't move. She couldn't! Her arms and legs felt like wooden sticks!

"Do it now, Natalie," Inspector Snyder said quietly.

Natalie looked at the leather paddle in his right hand and then at the phone in his left. That paddle had hurt a lot! She had nearly bawled like a baby and her ass was still on fire. Yet his cell phone frightened her more. The last thing in the world she wanted to do right now was strip butt naked in front of all these strangers—but a visit to the dreaded Civic Headquarters was simply not an option.

Avoiding the eager stares of her multiplying audience, Natalie reached behind and unhooked her bra strap. She had always been proud of her breasts, an asset she used to her full advantage—but right now as she shrugged the straps off her shoulders, for the first time in her life, she actually felt ashamed of them.

Natalie held the cups in place and hesitated. Then she looked up at the city skyscrapers overlooking the park and pulled the cups away. For a moment she clasped her bra to her chest, naively hoping that she might get a last-minute reprieve—then with a miserable sigh, she let it fall to the ground.

Phone cameras flashed all around her, and a man in the crowd said, "Wow!"

Natalie instinctively covered herself again, but then she saw Inspector Snyder shaking his head so she haltingly lowered her arms to her sides, allowing the crowd to freely photograph and video her bare breasts. Apart from one or two murmured compliments from the male members of her audience, nobody spoke and time seemed to stand still. A chill breeze suddenly whipped across the park, and to her dismay, Natalie felt her nipples hardening.

"Why are you still wearing your knickers?" Inspector Snyder finally said. "I told you to strip naked."

Natalie pursed her lips and hooked her thumbs inside the waistband of her panties—and then she slowly pulled them down over her thighs. She could have died on the spot as she listened to the delighted reaction of her public audience as dozens more phone cameras flashed all around her. She took a deep breath and bent her knees before pulling her panties all the way down to her ankles and then stepping out of them. Then she straightened up and balled her fists by her sides.

Natalie simply did not know where to look—she was actually standing naked in the center of the city park allowing anyone to take as many pictures of her as they wanted!

"Very good, Natalie," Inspector Snyder said. "You keep your pubic hair nicely trimmed—a neat and thin fuzz that shows off your puffy cunt lips!"

There was a ripple of laughter in the crowd and Natalie's cheeks burned redder. They were all looking at the most private part of her body and there was absolutely nothing she could do about it!

While she waited, naked and shivering, Inspector Snyder returned his attention to his phone.

"Your profile says that you are in a relationship—but nobody is tagged."

Natalie glanced anxiously at him. Now he wanted to discuss her love life while she was standing here naked?

"Tell me his name," Inspector Snyder said.

*Oh, no! Please don't go after Richard!*

"Come now, Natalie, you know we will find him eventually, so just make it easier for both of you and tell me who he is."

The horrible man was right—she had no choice.

"R-Richard Conner," she said softly.

Inspector Snyder tapped on his phone again.

“Hmm, there are a quite a few matches here—I hope you’re not fucking all of them!”

More laughter from the crowd and Natalie blushed brighter and bit her lip.

“I’m guessing a hot girl like you would go for an older, more distinguished type of man. Somebody with style—and of course, money,” Inspector Snyder said. “Is this him?”

He held up his phone and Natalie looked at a picture of her beloved Richard.

She nodded glumly.

*Please forgive me, Richard!*

“Oh dear, it says here that he is married,” Inspector Snyder chuckled.

“She’s a home breaker!” a woman called out.

The crowd were obviously getting into this now, their collective confidence growing.

“Did you know Richard was married, Natalie?” Inspector Snyder said.

A new cloak of shame engulfed Natalie as she miserably nodded again. Now everybody knew her dirty little secret—and so would Richard’s wife!

“A high-level banker,” Inspector Snyder said. “I’m impressed. But I wonder if he will still be interested in you after your nude exercise performance in the park?”

Natalie unsuccessfully tried to suppress a sob. Surely Richard would cut off all contact with her when he saw online videos of this! The idea of anybody seeing pictures of her naked didn’t bear thinking about—and yet they were most likely being uploaded onto the internet at this very moment! Within a few hours, Natalie would be going viral on YouTube! Her reputation was already in tatters! Every lonely man in the city—in the world!—would be free to examine every detail of her nude body at his leisure! There was no way that Richard would ever accept that humiliation!

“Okay, you naughty little hussy, it’s showtime!” Inspector Snyder said. “Hands up behind your head and legs apart. Give me Fourteen squats in your own time.”

An excited murmur went through the crowd and Natalie couldn’t stop herself from looking around at their expectant faces as she raised her arms and then dropped into her first squat. Phone cameras flashed yet again as she bent her knees and opened her legs, her shame and humiliation coming in increasing waves.

*They can see everything! And they can keep their photographs of me forever! Richard will dump me for sure when he sees this online! How could he possibly maintain a relationship with a girl that every other man in the city has seen exercising naked?*

“Get down lower than that,” Inspector Snyder said. “Give that juicy cunt of yours some air!”

Natalie sniffled and squatted down further. She really didn’t want to cry in front of all these people, but despite her efforts she could feel herself tearing up.

“My word Natalie, your nipples are sticking out!” Inspector Snyder laughed. “Are you enjoying showing off your body in public?”

Natalie chewed her lower lip and didn’t respond—how was she supposed to answer that? Couldn’t they all see how embarrassed she was?

“Maybe it’s because you are cold,” Inspector Snyder said. “I can see goose bumps all over your body. Try exercising faster—and while you’re at it, count them out loud so everybody can hear.”

Another woman in the crowd tittered, and now a tear did finally roll down Natalie’s cheek.

“T-Two,” she mumbled, squatting down low and feeling the cool air wafting around her crotch.

“Can’t hear you!” Inspector Snyder said.

“Three!” Natalie croaked as she straightened back up.

“Shout it out, Natalie!” Inspector Snyder said. “Let everybody in the park know what you are doing!”

“Four!” Natalie yelled—and sure enough more and more people came over to take a good look at the blushing naked girl in the park!

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Julian watched enrapt, as Natalie counted out her fourteen squats, her face beetroot red, her moist eyes filled with shame, her big tits bouncing up and down, and her cunt lips parting between her open thighs!

*Jesus Christ! What a honey! I have just got to take this girl home with me!*

When she finally completed her set, Natalie dutifully kept her hands clasped together behind her head and looked up at the sky. Julian glanced around at the swelling crowd, and as expected everyone avoided eye contact with him—none of them wanted to risk being included in Natalie’s humiliating ordeal!

“Please stick around, folks!” Julian said. “This lovely young lady is called Natalie Wells. She is twenty-two years old and she has missed her latest vaccination appointment, so today she is going to demonstrate to you how fit and healthy she is by running around the lake. She has to make the circuit in two minutes—if not, she goes around again. I’m sure Natalie would appreciate your support, so feel free to spread out around the lake and cheer her on!”

Chatting away excitedly, the crowd quickly dispersed and began to form a circle around the lake. It looked like there would be quite a few people turning up late for work this morning!

Julian said, “Step onto the path Natalie. Same drill as before. Keep your hands behind your head and lift up onto your toes. You’ve got two minutes to get back here. If you make it, I let you go. If not, you get an ass spank for every second you are late—and then you will have to do the same number of squats.”

Natalie gave him a mournful look and then stepped onto the macadam path.

Somebody shouted, “Come on, Natalie! You can do it!”

Julian blew his whistle—and Natalie ran!

## Chapter Five

The faces of the spectators were a blur as Natalie ran as fast as she could. The rough macadam stung her feet, her legs ached, and her lungs felt as though they were about to explode!

She focused on the circular path, trying to ignore the lewd comments, the jovial cries of encouragement, and the never-ending camera flashes as she circled the lake. She dimly recognized that her old life had already been destroyed by that sadistic Civic policeman, so now the only thing that mattered was getting the fuck out of this park. She raced around the final bend and gave it her all as she sped toward Inspector Snyder and then stumbled on her toes to a halt when he blew his whistle. She turned around and watched him looking at his phone.

*Please God, tell me I made it!*

Breathing hard, Natalie willed herself to keep her hands up behind her head—she didn't want to risk antagonize this pervert now. She looked across the lake and saw that her eager spectators were coming back. Were they hoping to watch her get spanked again? How could they be getting so much pleasure from her humiliation?

“Well, that was a bit better, Natalie,” Inspector Snyder said.

Natalie drew in a deep lungful of air and waited hopefully.

“Unfortunately you didn't quite make it—two minutes and ten seconds.”

*Oh, please!* Natalie thought desperately. *Is he making these times up?*

But as if reading her mind, Inspector Snyder then held up his phone so that she could confirm the time for herself. She guessed it was his way of letting her know that she alone was responsible for prolonging her own torment. If she had just made the two-minute limit she would now be getting dressed again. But she had failed. So now she had to be punished before trying again.

Julian picked up his spanking paddle and beckoned her over to the grass. The crowd was reassembling quickly, and Natalie felt a surge of anger toward them. This was so unfair! She had done nothing wrong, but they were all taking advantage of her misfortune for their own sexual gratification!

Her legs began to tremble as she walked naked into the middle of the human circle. Inspector Snyder was waiting impatiently with his paddle, so Natalie reluctantly bent over and parted her thighs.

“Oh, look at her!” a woman said. “She's so keen to get her bottom spanked!”

“She likes it,” said another. “Her nipples are erect!”

*Oh, you nasty people!* Natalie thought. *You must know that the cold air is making my nipples hard!*

“Well Natalie, I do appreciate your enthusiasm, but I want you to get down on all fours for this spanking,” Inspector Snyder said.

*All fours?*

There were more enthusiastic noises from the crowd around her and Natalie flushed deeply.

*Don't they realize that I have no choice here?*

“On your hands and feet,” Inspector Snyder said. “And push your big butt up in the air!”

Natalie looked down at the damp grass between her bare feet. She listened to the people gathered around her, giggling, commenting, and of course taking pictures. She had a sudden realization that she would not be getting away from here any time soon. She doubted she would ever get close to the two-minute target because the more times he forced her to try, the more fatigued she would become. Inspector Snyder was a sadist and he was taking great pleasure in humiliating her. It didn't matter why he was doing this to her because there was nothing she could do, so she dropped down onto her hands and knees, and then straightened her legs.

“Part your legs and up on your toes,” Inspector Snyder said.

Natalie assumed the obscene pose, the inevitable camera flashes no longer a surprise, but no less degrading. She didn't even want to think of what she must look like down here, naked and on all fours! Only a couple of hours ago, she had been fully dressed and on her way to a job interview. How long ago that seemed right now!

“So, you only get ten spanks this time,” Inspector Snyder said. “Don’t forget to count them out—nice and loud.”

Natalie braced herself but nothing happened. She looked back between her thighs and saw Inspector Snyder’s boots right behind her. Why wasn’t he just getting on with it? What the hell was he up to now?

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Julian gazed at Natalie’s red butt cheeks and at her juicy slit showing between her spread thighs. Her skin was almost flawless, just a tiny mole or a few freckles here and there, but not a hint of any stretch marks or cellulite.

*She’s a goddess! I think I might be falling in love!*

He teasingly let her wait for a full minute before bringing the spanker down onto her right buttock. Her shoulders tensed and her head lifted up as she let out a shrill cry.

“One!” she gasped.

Cameras flashed and people laughed. New arrivals jostled to see what all the fuss was about. Natalie was fast becoming quite an attraction! He gave her ass another stinging swat.

“T-Two!”

Julian quickly swiped the spanker backhand across her left flank, and she arched her back and shrieked again. Her ass was now glowing like a beacon, her shoulders were shaking, and her fingers and toes dug into the damp grass.

*She is most certainly feeling this!* Julian thought as his cock prodded against his underpants.

“Three!”

He laid down his fourth blow across her right buttock and she yelled out loud—and then Julian’s phone pinged.

“Four!” Natalie yelped.

He dropped the spanker and looked at the display. Then he smiled.

*Aha! They’ve found him!*

“I’m sorry to spoil your fun, Natalie, but I have to take care of some business. Anyhow, here’s one more to keep you warm.”

He smacked her straight across the butt crack and her body went rigid as she mewled through her tightly pressed lips.

“How many is that?” he asked.

“F-Five!” Natalie sniveled.

Julian said, “Officer Floyd, please come with me. Officer Leon, you can watch Natalie—and make sure she stays ready in position so I can finish her spanking punishment.”

He reached down and lifted Natalie’s tear-sodden face up by the hair.

“Natalie, you will do exactly what Officer Leon tells you—do you understand?”

“Y-Yes!” Natalie sobbed.

Leon grinned wickedly, showing his crooked, yellowing teeth. Julian knew that this sicko was more than capable of taking care of Natalie!

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Inspector Snyder let go of Natalie’s hair and her head slumped forward. It was better that she just stared at the grass. She could still hear the murmured comments of the crowd but at least she couldn’t see their leering faces in this position. But then a polished policeman’s boot touched her under the chin and raised her head up again.

“Don’t move,” Officer Leon said. “I’ll be right back.”

Natalie watched him walk through the quickly parting crowd.

*Does he mean I have to keep my head up?*

Confused, ashamed, and utterly demoralized, Natalie strained to keep her face forward. After a minute or so, her neck began to ache with the sustained effort. Even though her spanking session had been interrupted, the crowd around her didn’t look like breaking up—if anything, it was getting bigger!

Another minute passed and her back was hurting now. How much longer did they plan to keep her in this obscene and painful pose? Natalie couldn’t help lowering her head for a few seconds to relieve the discomfort—and when she raised it, Officer Leon was standing in front of her holding a green balloon on a stick!

He crouched down in front of her and said, “I thought I told you not to move.”

“I-I’m sorry! I couldn’t hold it up any longer!” Natalie said.

“Hmm. Well, I know exactly how to fix that,” Officer Leon said. “But first, I brought you a present!”

He waved the balloon and Natalie looked at it in confusion.

*A party balloon? What the fuck for?*

For some reason, she thought for a moment that he was going to make her grip the stick between her teeth, and she actually opened her mouth to accept it. But evidently Officer Leon had another idea because he grinned and wagged his finger and then straightened up and walked behind her.

Natalie was not a naive girl, but she was quickly learning that she was under the control of some twisted individuals here, and even as she tried to banish the disgusting idea from her head, she heard somebody in the crowd chuckle, “Oh shit! He’s going to stick it in her ass!”

Sure enough, the next moment Natalie felt the hard tip of the stick jabbing at her soft anus.

She let out a gasp of surprise and then whined, “Please don’t!”

Her protest was futile of course, and Natalie began to groan as she felt the stick breach her sphincter and then slowly enter her anal canal. Now she let out a grunt as more and more of the stick disappeared inside her.

“Oh God, it hurts! Take it out, please!”

But Officer Leon had no intention of taking the stick out—on the contrary, she could feel it pushing deeper and deeper into her body!

Through the swirling red mist of her pain and humiliation, Natalie unintentionally pictured how absurd she must look with a balloon on a stick coming out of her anus! The camera flashes were relentless now, and although she hoped she would never come across any of these pictures, she knew that thousands of other people would.

Officer Leon returned to Natalie’s front and squatted down again.

“Neck still hurting?”

Natalie nodded and grimaced with the pain.

Officer Leon reached into his pocket and held up a pair of small silver hooks that were attached to a long piece of nylon string. “Let’s see if this will help.”

Just as with the balloon on the stick, Natalie had a sudden hunch of what he was about to do. Her eyes followed the swinging hooks in front of her face before he inserted them inside her nostrils and then stood up. Natalie let out another squeal of pain as he yanked her nostrils up and then returned to her rear end.

She couldn’t see what was happening back there, but she could guess! As the hooks lifted her nose, her head came up further, stretching her neck and facial muscles. When Officer Leon crouched down in front of her once again, he held up his phone and took a picture of her.

Physically incapable of turning away, Natalie looked at her face in horror! Her nose was pulled up into a stubby snout, and her top lip was raised so that her upper teeth were exposed! She looked hideous—not to mention completely ridiculous!

Officer Leon put his phone away and produced a pack of cigarettes. He tapped one out and lit it, blowing smoke into Natalie's face.

"Want one?"

"Nagh!" Natalie said, trying in vain to shake her head. She had never smoked in her life and thought it was a disgusting habit!

"Please, I insist," Officer Leon said.

He took the cigarette out of his mouth and then stuck it butt end first into Natalie's right nostril. She let out a choking sob as she involuntarily inhaled the smoke through her nose. Officer Leon smiled at her and lit another one and inserted into Natalie's left nostril.

"Ack!"

Natalie coughed as the disgusting cigarette smoke filled her throat and stung her eyes.

Officer Leon said, "Now be a good girl and wait for Inspector Snyder to come back and finish your spanking punishment."

## Chapter Six

Fifteen minutes had passed by the time Julian and Floyd returned to the park, and with them was Mr. Richard Conner, a respected banker in the city—as well as the adulterous lover of the beautiful Natalie Wells. Despite his wealth and prestige, Richard had been given no choice but to accompany them to the park. He had kicked up a bit of stink, talked about lawyers and so forth, but daily life under the new Corporate State was uncertain to say the least, and these days even the rich were not beyond the almost unlimited powers of the Civic Police.

To add to the fun, Julian hadn't explained to Richard why they wanted him to come to the park, despite his indignant questions. Julian had told him that he wasn't under arrest, but that it would be in his best interest to come. His involvement with Natalie was obviously a secret, but by the time this day was over, his stunning young girlfriend would belong to every masturbating pervert on the internet! Her reputation would be destroyed of course, and Julian was keen to see what Richard's reaction would be. Julian suspected that he would try to deny all knowledge of their relationship—privileged people like that always looked after their own interests first—but it was possible that he might actually be in love with young Natalie. Now that would be interesting!

As they approached the crowd gathered beside the lake, Richard said, "What the devil is going on over there?"

"You'll find out in a moment, Mr. Conner," Julian said.

The crowd had indeed grown to fifty or more people, and their camera flashes illuminated the otherwise dull fall day. As Floyd shouted to the crowd to stand aside, Julian's pulse quickened—he was fully expecting Leon to have had some fun with Natalie, and he wasn't disappointed!

Natalie was still on all fours and up on her toes with her lovely round butt pushed out, and her legs parted. But now there was a wooden stick protruding from her asshole and tied to the end of it was a green, helium filled balloon!

Julian glanced at Richard who has stopped in his tracks with a look of total shock on his face. From this angle, he couldn't see Natalie's face yet, but her long brown locks, her perfect ass, slender waist, unblemished pale skin, and large, dangling breasts might already have given him a clue as to her identity. After all, he was no doubt well acquainted with her naked body!

Julian moved further into the circle and said, "Come along, Mr. Conner."

Richard looked at him open mouthed, and then followed him around so that they could both see Natalie's face—and she was indeed a sight to behold! Leon had inserted nose hooks inside her nostrils and run the string over her head and down her back before tying it off on the balloon stick that was embedded in her ass. He had made sure to keep the string tight enough to force Natalie's head up, ensuring that she was unable to hide her face. Leon had also stuck a pair of cigarettes up into her stretched nostrils, and they hung down like a little pair of tusks as a cloud of smoke enveloped her head!

The distraught young woman was clearly in a great deal of discomfort—and understandably so with her arms and legs trembling, her neck muscles tight with her head pulled back, and her nose and mouth distorted by the nose hooks.

Even so, Richard clearly recognized his young mistress, because he gasped, "Natalie?"

Natalie had been staring straight ahead, trying to avoid the cameras and leering faces, but on hearing her handsome boyfriend's voice, she swiveled her eyes in his direction and let out a pitiful wail.

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*Richard? Oh, no! What is he doing here?*

Richard looked at her in total astonishment and then said to Inspector Snyder, "What the hell have you done to her?"

“Oh, just a routine inspection,” Inspector Snyder said. “I discovered that she is behind on her vaccinations, so we’re putting her through a health and fitness test.”

“A what?”

“We want to make sure that she’s in a healthy condition before we let her go.”

“Healthy? She has cigarettes stuffed up her nose, for God’s sake!”

Natalie coughed on cue and ash fell down her chin.

“And why has she got that balloon—up there?”

The watching crowd had suddenly gone very quiet and Richard glanced around at them all and swallowed. Then he said, “Who is this girl, anyway?”

*Richard!*

Natalie turned her eyes up to him, but he didn’t meet them. For a fleeting moment when she had first seen him standing above her, Natalie had wondered if he had come here to save her. Now she realized that they hadn’t warned him about her at all, and after his initial shocked reaction, he was reassessing the situation.

Inspector Snyder said, “Are you telling me that you are not acquainted with this young woman, Mr. Conner?”

“Of course not,” Richard said, composing himself a little. “And I still don’t know why you brought me here.”

“That’s interesting,” Inspector Snyder said. “Because she told me that you and she are in a sexual relationship.”

A murmur rippled through the crowd and Natalie closed her eyes in shame.

“That’s absurd,” Richard said. “I have never seen this woman before in my life.”

Natalie felt as if her world was collapsing around her. Not only was she being publicly humiliated, but her secret lover had chosen to abandon her! But could she really blame him? How could a man in his social position be associated with such a degrading spectacle as this? She could only imagine what she must look like groveling naked on the grass!

“And yet, Natalie Wells claims that you have,” Inspector Snyder said. “Isn’t that correct, Natalie?”

Now Richard did look at her, and despite his apparently cool exterior, she could see the panic in his eyes.

Inspector Snyder took out his phone, crouched down, and showed her the screen.

“Is this not the very same Richard Conner that you earlier told me is your boyfriend?”

Natalie had no choice. This vicious policeman had total control over life right now. He could literally do anything he liked to her—and indeed he was—so she nodded miserably.

Inspector Snyder straightened up and looked at Richard. “So, she says she knows you, but you don’t know her. How could that be?”

“I-I have no idea,” Richard said. “I am well known in the city. Maybe she has been—stalking me?”

Inspector Snyder chuckled. “Stalking. Yes, I could see a hot young girl like her being a stalker.”

“It happens,” Richard said. “Young women can sometimes become—infatuated.”

Natalie could see that Richards fingers were trembling slightly.

“You do realize that lying to a Civic policeman is a criminal offense?”

“I’m not lying,” Richard said. “I have never met this—person before.”

Inspector Snyder considered this for a moment. “And yet, a few moments ago when you first saw her down there on the grass, I distinctly heard you say her name.”

Richard’s face fell. “I-I don’t remember saying that.”

“But I do,” Inspector Snyder said.

“I heard him say it,” said Officer Leon.

“So did I,” said Officer Floyd.

“I heard it too”, somebody in the crowd said.

Now a few more bystanders spoke up in agreement.

Inspector Snyder said, "It seems that we have more than enough witnesses here to prove in court that you are in fact, lying."

Richard closed his eyes. Even in her moment of abandonment, Natalie's heart went out to him. Like hers, his reputation was about to be ruined.

"I'll give you one more chance," Inspector Snyder said. "Is this naked girl your mistress?" Richard let out a forlorn sigh. "Yes, she is."

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Julian was having so much fun!

He hated people like this. Back in his former life as a lowly municipal clerk, a hot chick like Natalie wouldn't have given him so much as a glance. They always went after the men with money—like the arrogant prick standing next to him now. Julian knew that they hated him too, saw him as a lowlife, but the tables had been well and truly turned. Now he had the power.

"So you were lying," Julian said. "I could have you arrested for that."

Richard leaned toward him and in a quiet voice said, "Perhaps we could discuss this—in private."

"In private?" Julian said loudly. "Are you now planning to bribe a Civic Police Inspector?"

Another rumble of voices went around the crowd.

"No, I would never do such a thing!" Richard said quickly. "It's just that this is a rather delicate matter."

"I would say it is," Julian said. "You are a respectable married man and you have been fucking this young lady."

Somebody tittered and Richard's cheeks turned pink.

"She's young enough to be your daughter! Shame on you!" Julian said.

An old man said, "I'd fuck her."

Someone else said, "I wouldn't. She looks like a pig!"

That brought on more laughter from the crowd.

Julian was feeling pleased with himself. He was playing to the gallery and they were responding to the entertainment beautifully.

"So, lying and bribery," Julian said. "We could discuss this in *private* as you put it, but I suggest we do it down at Civic Headquarters."

Now Richard went pale. "Please, there's no need—"

"Or alternatively you could stick around and help me punish your girlfriend," Julian said.

Richard glanced down at Natalie who was still balanced on her hands and feet. She looked about ready to collapse.

"P-Punish?" he said.

"Yes, we were in the middle of a fitness test," Julian said. "Natalie has been running around the lake to prove to me that she is healthy, but if she doesn't make it around by two minutes, she gets a spank on the ass for every second she misses."

"And squats," somebody in the crowd said.

"Thank you, I almost forgot about those," Julian said. "And after the spanking and the squats, she has to go around again and again until she makes the time limit."

Richard looked as though he was about to faint. No doubt he was supposed to be in his fancy office right now, flirting with some sexy secretary who had just brought him his morning coffee.

"So instead of a visit to Civic Headquarters, I thought you might like to help me and my colleagues with Natalie's training," Julian concluded.

Of course, the conceited schmuck had no choice here. He was probably wondering how he was going to explain all of this to his wife—as well as his colleagues at the bank—but Julian had no intention of letting this hypocritical asshole leave here until he was totally compromised.

Julian picked up the leather spanker and held it out.

“Do you play sex games with you mistress?” he smirked. “A little bondage, perhaps?”

Richard looked at the spanker in dismay and shook his head.

“Just straight sex, huh?” Julian said. “Well, today you get to try something a little different.”

Julian jabbed the spanker into Richard’s chest and the flustered banker took it.

“Can somebody remind me how many spanks I have already done?” Julian called out.

“Five!” several onlookers said in unison.

Julian grinned contentedly. His audience was keen—and they wanted more!

## Chapter Seven

Richard reluctantly followed Julian around behind Natalie. He couldn't believe he was standing here in the park with a disgusting bondage spanker in his hand while his girlfriend was naked on all fours in front of dozens of strangers! He was supposed to be in a business conference right now!

He looked down at Natalie's bare ass with the stick protruding from her anus and the silly green balloon bobbing around in the chill breeze. Her whole body was trembling and he wanted to take her up in his arms and comfort her—but instead he was being forced to hurt the poor girl! He felt awful, but what was he to do? He couldn't afford to be taken down to the Civic Headquarters. That would be the end of him, professionally and socially—and that was presuming they even let him back out. The sad fact of the matter was he had so much more to lose than young Natalie and he was going to have to go through with this, no matter how painful it might be—for both of them.

Inspector Snyder said, "Hmm, it's not going to be easy spanking her ass with Officer Leon's balloon in the way—you might burst it."

More laughter rose from the animated crowd, but more worryingly for Richard, phone cameras were flashing all around him! He couldn't be seen here like this on the internet! How the hell would he explain it to his wife? He was suddenly overcome by a rush of anger directed at Natalie. If the silly girl hadn't been caught, these cretins would never have tracked Richard down. And she had even told them his name! How could she have been so stupid?

Inspector Snyder said, "Natalie, I want you to raise your right foot."

Natalie hesitated and then lifted her foot off the floor, now balancing on just her arms and left foot.

"Higher than that," Inspector Snyder said.

With a whimper, Natalie complied, raising her leg up so that her foot was level with Richard's crotch.

"Well, go on, Mr. Conner," Inspector Snyder said. "Don't hold back."

Richard blinked at him. "You want me to hit her on the sole of the foot?"

"Yup. She got you into this mess, so now you can get your own back!"

Part of Richard wanted to drop the spanker, grab Natalie by the hand, and run away with her—but another part was indeed furious with her, as well as more than a little scared of what might happen to him if he didn't obey. He looked at the soft sole of her quaking foot, the pink skin covered in dirt and wet grass.

*You gave me no choice, Natalie,* he told himself.

*Whack!*

Richard brought the spanker down hard onto Natalie's sole. She shrieked in agony and waved her leg around but somehow managed to keep her balance, supporting herself on her other three limbs.

"Now the other one, Natalie," Inspector Snyder said.

"P-Please, it really hurts!" Natalie cried.

"If you don't do as you are told, I'll cancel the fitness test and take you both downtown instead," Inspector Snyder said.

Richard's stomach tightened.

"Do as he says Natalie—I can't afford to get arrested!" he said.

A woman in the crowd shouted, "Some boyfriend you are, Conner."

"Yeah, he doesn't give a fuck about you, Natalie!" said another.

Natalie let out a sob as she tenderly lowered her right foot to the ground and then lifted her left leg. Richard felt sorry for her, but he needed to get this insanity over with so that he could get the hell away from these perverted policemen and back to work.

*Smack!*

The spanker left a nasty red band across the sole of her left foot and she yelled in pain again, her naked body shaking, the balloon bouncing, and her arms trembling.

Now Richard heard himself say, "The other foot, Natalie. Quickly now."

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Julian watched with surprise as Richard Conner took control of Natalie's punishment. There was even a degree of malice in this upstanding businessman's eyes as he brought the spanker down on the soles of Natalie's feet another three times. When he was done, there was spittle on his chin and his well-groomed hair had flopped over his forehead.

*How thin is the veneer of civilization!*

Recovering his composure somewhat, Richard glanced around at the accusing crowd and dropped the spanker on the grass as if were on fire. Natalie was sobbing openly now, but the brave girl still kept her foot up in the air behind her.

"You can stand up now, Natalie," Julian said.

With some difficulty, Natalie pushed herself off the grass and raised herself into a crouch. Then she grunted with pain as she awkwardly straightened up. The string connecting her nose to the stick was pulling her head back, stretching her neck, and forcing her to keep her chin slightly raised. Her previously pretty face was a bright red mess of tears, and two lines of snot dangled from her piggy snout nose.

"Now you have to give us ten squats," Julian said.

Natalie sniffled and gave Richard a reproachful look. No matter what happened now, it looked as though this love affair was most likely already over. Richard looked at the ground as Natalie placed her hands behind her head and began her sequence of humiliating squats.

"I want you to look at her," Julian said. "That's your girlfriend everyone is laughing at!"

Richard slowly raised his head and watched his young mistress drop down into a squatting position.

"Come on, Natalie, show them how fit you are!" a woman shouted from the crowd.

"Yes, go on girl!" shouted another.

"And bounce those lovely boobies!" a man yelled from the back.

And they most certainly did bounce as Natalie lifted herself up, legs straight, and then dropped back down again into a very low squat which displayed the pink interior of her cunt to her fascinated audience.

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Natalie let out a grunt of pain each time she dropped into a squat because the downward motion caused the stick to push deeper into her sore ass as well as pull her nose back further. Added to that was the excruciating pain in the soles of her feet after Richard's brutal assault.

*Why didn't he hold back? Was he really trying to hurt me?*

As she came back up for the last time, she held eye contact with him, but he gave no indication that he was sorry, not even a slight shake of the head. It was then that she suddenly realized her boyfriend was a fucking coward! He was more worried about his precious reputation than the terrible pain and humiliation she was going through! How could that be true love?

"Now drop back down into a squat," Inspector Snyder said.

*Huh? Wasn't I done?*

Knowing that she couldn't argue with this beast of a man, Natalie did as she was told, crouching down with her hands behind her head and the stick jabbing painfully up into her rectum.

"Instead of running around the lake this time, I want you to walk around it—but maintaining that squatting position."

*What? He can't be serious!*

“Come on over to the path,” Inspector Snyder said.

With some effort, Natalie waddled across to the macadam path, aware of the crowd following closely behind her. Apart from the sheer physical effort that this was going to take, she was acutely aware that she was going to look even more ridiculous in this demeaning position than when she had been running! And she had the added humiliation of the stick and balloon protruding from her rear, as well as the nose hooks pulling her head up!

Inspector Snyder announced, “Folks, to be fair to Natalie, we’re going to give her six minutes to complete her circuit. It can’t be easy toddling around like that, so I want you all to give her as much encouragement as possible.”

With a buzz of excitement, the eager spectators once more fanned out around the lake. Natalie noted despondently that there were so many of them by now, she would be closely scrutinized every tottering step of the way. And yet, as painful as her humiliation was, the thought of Richard’s betrayal hurt her more.

“You’ve got six minutes, Natalie, so give it all you’ve got,” Inspector Snyder said. “Same rules apply. You get a spanking for every second you are behind, followed by the same number of squats.”

The whistle blew and Natalie wiggled forward on her haunches as fast as she could while the crowd clapped, cheered and laughed!

## Chapter Eight

*Oh Natalie, what have they done to you?* Richard thought.

His sweet sexy mistress had been reduced to a crouching, sweating, wobbling, naked beast, the object of ridicule for everybody in the park—and worse, millions on the internet.

Watching her breasts bouncing, her mouth pulled agape, her snout of a nose, and the green balloon bobbing merrily behind her, Richard already knew that he could never be with her again. The humiliation would be too much. Instead of being his proud piece of arm candy, she would be the girl that everybody would point to and snicker—the naked exercise girl in the park!

Richard would never be able to tolerate that kind of embarrassment.

As she waddled along as fast as her legs would carry her, the amused crowd cheered her on, clearly reveling in her mental and emotional pain. This city had become a mean and nasty place since the takeover—or maybe people had always had this cruelty inside them, and it was only due to the absolute power given to evil little men like Inspector Snyder that they were given a chance to live out their sadistic fantasies.

“Bounce those titties, Natalie!”

“Wiggle that ass, little piggy!”

The mocking comments were relentless as Natalie did everything in her power to make the required time. As she came around to the starting point, Inspector Snyder blew his whistle and checked the timer on his phone.

“Not quick enough again, Natalie! Twenty seven seconds outside,” he said, shaking his head.

The spectators were running back across now, eager to find a place in the circle with a clear view of Natalie’s next spanking. Richard reluctantly trudged back there too, in part because he knew that Inspector Snyder insisted on him watching his former girlfriend suffering, but also because he was becoming oddly intrigued by the relentless persecution of this sweet young woman—as well as, to his chagrin, a little aroused.

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“Officer Leon, you can take your balloon back now,” Julian said. “Natalie, bend over and grab your ankles, legs apart—you know the drill.”

As Natalie wearily assumed the humiliating position, Leon stepped up and untied the string from the wooden stick. After removing her nose hooks, he reached behind Natalie, grabbed hold of the stick, and roughly pulled it out of her asshole.

“Yah!”

Even though she was beat and her body bathed in sweat, Natalie’s scream showed that she still had enough puff left to make her displeasure known—much to the hilarity of the crowd, of course.

Now she waited for the next attack on her contused butt cheeks, no longer protesting, simply accepting her punishment. Julian wondered if her capitulation had anything to do with Richard’s selfish attitude. The rich prick had clearly demonstrated where his priorities were. Poor Natalie must be feeling extremely neglected at this moment—but then she was unaware of Julian plans for her future!

“Count them out, Natalie,” Julian said. “Twenty-seven strokes of the spanker!”

As he slowly meted out her punishment, watching her writhing ass cheeks grow redder and redder, Julian caught Floyd’s eye and nodded. The fat policeman grinned and dipped into his bag of tricks—the crowd were too busy photographing Natalie’s spanking to notice him carrying a large rubber dildo over to a nearby picnic table.

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Natalie wasn't sure how much more of this she could take. She had been naked for hours, her buttocks were red raw, her rectum on fire, her feet chafed, her nose stinging, and she had been crying out loud for so long that she was starting to go hoarse.

"Twenty-seven!" Inspector Snyder panted. "Wow, that was hard work!"

*What do you think it was for me?* Natalie screamed inside her head.

"Stand up now," Julian said. "You're going to do your squats on the other side of that tree. Everybody move aside and let Natalie through."

The crowd obediently parted, and after Natalie followed Inspector Snyder through the gap, she saw Richard and the other two policemen waiting beside a picnic table. As she drew closer, Natalie saw something long and pink standing up in the center of the table and her stomach knotted. She had thought she was becoming numb to these terrible indignities by now, but these sick people kept on coming up with more twisted ideas to humiliate her!

*Is that what it looks like?*

They reached the picnic table and the crowd reassembled around it, many of them laughing, others staring in amazement. Natalie looked at the huge dildo with dismay. It was extremely lifelike with veins around the shaft and a large bulbous head.

"You'll be doing your squats on that, of course," Inspector Snyder said. "But instead of counting off twenty-seven—you are to keep going until you come."

"Oh, my God!" a woman in the crowd chuckled.

Natalie continued to stare at the enormous rubber penis. In one single day she had been stripped in public, forced to exercise, beaten and humiliated—and now they were going to make her climax in front of the world. And the worst part was she already knew that she was going to do it.

"Richard, why don't you help your girlfriend up onto the table?" Julian said.

Richard sheepishly held out his hand, but Natalie didn't take it. She didn't want his help. Not anymore.

"Please, Natalie," Richard said. "We must obey these—gentlemen."

"Fuck you, Richard," Natalie said.

"That's the spirit, Natalie!" Inspector Snyder chuckled. "Your boyfriend has got no balls. I'll bet his cock is tiny too."

Another ripple of laughter from the watching crowd as Richard looked mortified.

"Natalie, take Richard's hand," Inspector Snyder said.

With a shuddering sigh, Natalie did as she was told yet again and allowed her ex-boyfriend to help her up onto the table.

"Surely you know what to do by now," Inspector Snyder said. "Hands behind your head."

Up on the table, looking down at the grinning crowd, Natalie raised her arms yet again. Then she stood astride the jutting dildo and slowly lowered herself.

"Richard, would you be so kind as to guide it in?" Inspector Snyder said.

Now standing behind Natalie, Richard cleared his throat and then Natalie saw his hand gripping the fat phallus below her. For some reason, she fixed her eyes on his wedding ring as he worked the big rubber cockhead between her vaginal lips—and then she grunted and looked up over the heads of the crowd as she slid gradually down its length.

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Inspector Snyder ordered Richard to stand in front of Natalie as she worked her way toward orgasm. And he meekly did as he was told, feeling less of a man by the minute as the girl that he had loved bit her lip and bounced up and down on the rubber dildo which was now slick with her juices. Her face was bright red and she closed her eyes, but Inspector Snyder immediately told her

to open them, and when she did a tear trickled down her cheek and she let out a long, loud moan, and her body jerked for a while before her head hung forward. Then she just squatted there, panting hard, a puddle of her female nectar forming around her feet, while the crowd relentlessly took more and more pictures.

*Is it over now?* Richard thought. *You've stripped away every layer of her dignity. She has nothing left to hide. Natalie has become worldwide public property courtesy of the internet. What more could you possibly want from her?*

Unfortunately, the answer was quite simple.

“Okay, Natalie, I hope you enjoyed yourself,” Inspector Snyder said. “But you still haven’t passed the fitness test. Let’s go back to the lake and we’ll try the run again. Two minutes, remember.”

As the crowd began to wander back over to the lake, Inspector Snyder, said, “Would you please help Natalie down off the table, Mr. Conner?”

Richard held out his hand, but Natalie still had her eyes closed so he reached up and put his hands under her arms and pulled her backward off the table. The dildo slipped out of her wet pussy with a loud pop, and a few stragglers stopped to take pictures of her private place that had until today been for Richard’s eyes only. As he lowered Natalie to the grass, she stood unsteadily and then shook herself free of his grip.

“Inspector, with all due respect, I think Natalie has had enough,” Richard said.

“With all due respect, *Richard*, I give the orders around here,” Inspector Snyder said sharply.

“Yes, of course,” Richard said deferentially. “It’s just that I don’t think she actually *can* run another circuit of the lake.”

“Let me be the judge of that,” Inspector Snyder said. “Natalie, you know the position by now.”

Natalie nodded and locked her fingers together behind her head.

As he watched his naked ex-girlfriend walking compliantly behind the Civic Police Inspector, Richard felt an unexpected jolt of panic. Even though he had already decided that they could never be together again, he was suddenly gripped by a terrible sense of loss. When he had woken up this morning, he had been secure in the knowledge that Natalie had belonged to him, and him alone. Now the biggest blow to his ego had been realized—that somebody was going to steal her away from him. But it wasn’t a younger or more handsome man, as he had always feared—it was the Civic Police. Natalie belonged to *Res Publica* now.

He blinked something out of his eye and realized that it was a tear.

*Must be the cold wind*, he told himself.

His cell phone rang and he took it out of his pocket. It was his wife.

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“Forty seconds too slow, Natalie!” Inspector Snyder shouted. “You’re getting worse with every run!

*Forty!*

Natalie wearily stepped onto the grass for her next agonizing spanking. Her lungs were on fire, she had a terrible stitch in her side, and every muscle in her body ached!

Since Inspector Snyder had allowed Richard to leave, she had completed at least another six circuits of the lake—or maybe it was more. She really couldn’t remember. She did know that it was beginning to get dark, which meant she had been exercising naked in the park nearly all day. It felt like days ago now that she and Brooke had decided to take a chance and cut through the park. As she shuffled over to the grass to accept yet another spanking, she wondered how Brooke had spent her day. Surely she must have heard about Natalie’s ordeal by now.

Before she bent over, she looked around at the crowd. It was much colder now and most of them had gone home, but a few remained. Would they never get bored with watching her?

She bent over, her body shivering, but her ass cheeks glowing red hot. She had taken hundreds of strokes from that wicked leather spanker and she doubted she would ever sit down again!

While she waited for the next assault, she thought about Richard. How it had taken a nightmare like this to find out what he was truly like. She had been nothing but a bauble to him. A trophy girl. But she had been too blinded by love to see it.

One thing was certain—after today, she would never be the same person again. Which was just as well, because she could never go back to her old life after this. She had no idea what she was going to do or where she was going to go.

She looked back through her legs to see if Inspector Snyder was standing behind her with his spanker. She had learned that he liked to toy with her and make her wait. Sometimes he would walk off to talk on his phone or smoke a cigarette, leaving her bent over, her red ass jutting out for the amusement of the ever-present picture taking crowd. She had learned the rules by now. She would just have to wait.

“Stand up,” Natalie.

Bewildered, Natalie straightened up to see Inspector Snyder standing in front of her. He had his top coat back on, and the other two officers were gone. She looked at him, keeping her hands up behind her head. What game was he playing with her now?

He didn't say anything for a long time, just looked her up and down all over her naked body—*his* body today, to do as he pleased with. She was terrified of him, yet she couldn't stop looking into his eyes. There was something different in his expression now, but she couldn't quite put her finger on what it was. Curiosity maybe? But why be curious when he had already seen every detail of her naked body?

Inspector Snyder raised his hand without taking his eyes off Natalie, and shouted, “You can all go home now. Nothing to see here anymore!”

Like magic, the crowd dissipated, leaving the two of them alone in the dimming light.

For the first time in hours, Natalie worked up the courage to speak.

“C-Can I please go home too, Inspector Snyder?”

“You can call me Julian—and yes, we are going home.”

*Julian? We?*

Inspector Snyder—Julian—said, “You will be staying with me from now on, Natalie.”

A knot formed in Natalie's stomach.

“Are you ready?” he said.

*No, I am not ready!*

“Where are my clothes?” Natalie said.

“You won't be needing them anymore,” he said. “You are my property now.”

Natalie looked at his silver and black badge: Civic Police Inspector Julian Snyder. *Res Publica.*

Without another word, he turned on his heel and began to walk toward the park gates.

Natalie looked around at the now silent lake, and then keeping her hands behind her head, she scurried along the path to catch up with him.

THE END