

THE HUMILIATION OF NAOMI SANDERSON-HUGHES

CHARLES RYDER

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

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“The New Government 1”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
(34,887 words, rated 5-stars)

“The New Government 2”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
(35,082 words, rated 5-stars)

“The Director's Downfall”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
(35,062 words)

“The Humiliation of Catherine Hunter”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
(35,300 words, rated 5-star)

“The New Government 3”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
(35,300 words)

“Return to Mainland 1”
(Written jointly with Velvetglove)
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(18,800 words)

“Freya and the Amesbury's”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
(35,062 words)

“State Orphanage 17”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
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“Stolen, Book 1”
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“Return to Mainland 2”
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(19,000 words)

“Return to Mainland 3”
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(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(21,000 words)

“Owner to Office Girl”
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(22,000 words)

“Ascendancy”
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(104,000 words)
The 3 books of the New Government Trilogy

“Victoriana”
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(22,688 words)

“Repurposing Laura”
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(25,040 words)

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

“Society of Sadists”
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(25,000 words)

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

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

“Spanking Saves Souls”
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(20,000 words)

“Minority Rules”
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(17,000 words)

“The Purity Police”
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(17,000 words)

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Chapter 1

Naomi Sanderson Hughes's heart lurched a little and her stomach tensed as the shrieking alarm went off not far from her head. Without really thinking she swung her legs over the side of her tiny, narrow uncomfortable bed and winced slightly as her bare feet came into contact with the ice-cold floor. It was winter now at Hardwicke House and the cold, grim weather just made the terrible place feel even worse.

Naomi could feel her teeth chattering involuntarily as she stood at attention by the side of her bed. All around her women were either stood rigidly like she was "the arse in tits out" position as the staff liked to describe it, or slowly dragging themselves out of their beds. Naomi felt a sudden pang of sorrow for them. It wasn't too long ago when she was a new girl herself and the shock of having to get out of bed at 5.45am was very real. Some of those having difficulty were probably free women a few days ago, but how their lives had changed!

From her bed by the door, Naomi could hear the clatter of high-heeled boots as the warders approached the dormitory. Sub-consciously she stood that little bit more erect and tried to stop shivering quite so much. From the corner of her eye she could see that a couple of the new girls weren't going to make it in time and sure enough the bolt on the metal door to the dormitory was drawn back and the door flung open with a resounding crash.

"Attention girls!" Demanded a harsh Scottish voice.

Naomi felt herself tense even more. The voice belonged to Miss Urquhart, one of the most feared of all the warders at Hardwicke House. Being particularly feared at a place like Hardwicke was quite an achievement in itself. It was staffed by a collection of violent aggressive lesbian bitches that actually enjoyed inflicting pain on their clients. But Miss Urquhart's reputation was well known, even in here. With hardly a pause she marched over to where the two women who had been the last to attention were stood, unhitching her leather strap from her belt as she did so.

"You two!" She bellowed. "Get yourselves over the ends of your beds, arses well up!"

The two panic-stricken young women looked around wildly, hoping against hope perhaps that the black Scottish woman was shrieking at some other two miscreants, but it was not to be. One of the two, a young dark-haired girl was already crying as she laid herself over the end of her bed with the metal end of it digging into her slim stomach. The second, an older taller woman followed suit. Naomi could see that she looked more determined, more resolute.

Miss Urquhart hardly paused; she drew her arm back and slashed the stiff leather across the blonde's woman large, naked backside. The woman screamed at the shock of the immense amount of pain a skillfully wielded strap could produce. Naomi winced in sympathy. She knew very well indeed from her own personal experience just how much the straps at Hardwicke Hall hurt. Even the relatively lightweight straps the warders carried around with them stung and burnt horribly.

Miss Urquhart turned her attention to the younger of the two, taking three determined strides towards her next victim before unleashing a very firm stroke which cracked loudly and echoed around the room. Inevitably the young girl shrieked in pain and howled for mercy but by then Miss Urquhart had returned to her original victim. Up went the strap and then it swished downwards with a particularly evil hiss before exploding over its target.

The blonde howled again and for one dreadful minute Naomi thought she was going to let go of the bed and stand up, or worse still rub her scalded buttocks. That would have been classed as willful disobedience and would probably have resulted in a trip to Miss Lakhani's office. And nobody wanted that. Naomi wouldn't have wished a trip to Miss Lakhani's office on anyone...well, almost anyone.

The dark-haired girl received two more strokes and the blonde one more. And despite the fact that they were delivered with the full force of Miss Urquhart's right arm, the Scottish woman didn't believe in leniency even for relatively new girls, both women managed not to move too much and to avoid rubbing their smouldering backsides. They were then made to stand at attention while Miss Urquhart and her two junior colleagues carried out a rapid inspection of the shivering women.

“Dress!”

Immediately, all twenty women sprung to open the doors of their small cupboards and selected their PE kits, black plimsolls, white ankle socks, tight white knickers, a tiny green gym skirt and a tight, yellow nylon blouse. For a few seconds there was chaos as young and not so young women wrestled themselves into their gym clothes just as quickly as they possibly could. Naomi had realised a long time ago that, apart for the gym shoes, all the kit came in only one size and it only fitted a minority of women. All the others were too big or too small.

Some of the plumper women looked quite ridiculous while some of the smaller ones had to hold up their shorts when they ran. Naomi herself was 34 years old and was in reasonable condition. She had to take care of herself as she was in the public eye so much. Well, she used to be in the public eye a lot anyway. She had quite plump breasts and a fairly prominent backside which she used to wiggle and flaunt in order to help get her own way.

She used to think of them as her assets, but in the political prison that was Hardwicke House they had their unfortunate effect of drawing unwanted attention to her. It was bad enough that she was a very well known anti government politician. Her views were unapologetically right wing. She was anti immigration and anti-Muslim for example. She had even been described as a racist but her views would have been mainstream 10 years ago.

“Out!” Shrieked one of the warders and as a group the 20 women bustled to the door and down the grey corridor that led to a side door. Waiting for them were two male PE instructors warm in their winter jackets, trousers and boots. More ominously however they each carried one of the horrible, lithe canes in their hand, and as the woman from her dormitory exited in single file some received a stinging cut to their short, green skirts.

The swat at their backsides was unfortunately just a warm up as far as the instructors were concerned. The women were herded out into the cold early-morning air and made to run. As one of the more experienced girls, Naomi was out near the front. There were two reasons, first she knew the way, and second any woman who fell behind the two trainers bringing up the rear would be subjected to a hail of stinging cane strokes until she increased her pace to their liking.

The crisp, clear morning was beautiful but it made the going slippery and more difficult. Naomi liked to use the treadmill in the luxurious gymnasium where she used to work as an MP. There she had appropriate clothing and very expensive footwear, paid for by the taxpayer obviously, and when she got tired she could simply step off the machine and stroll around to regain her breath and make a few essential early morning phone calls.

Instead of which she slipped and stumbled along with the rest. Her cheap, rubber shoes gave no grip or support, her tight knickers and her white blouse buttoned at the neck rubbed her horribly. The ground at this particular point started to climb quite noticeably, Naomi could feel her lungs protesting at the effort and the cold air. Behind her though she could hear the swish and crack as less fortunate, less athletic women were having their bottoms caned through their thin, brief skirts.

That was more than enough incentive for her and the more experienced women to push on. They knew from bitter experience that as the terrain grew more difficult the fitter, stronger male trainers would inevitably close on them. Panting and gasping for air, Naomi crested the top of the hill in the first group. Feeling quite good she ran down the hill. However she had misjudged her own strength and the terrain at the bottom of the hill.

The sun had melted the ice at the bottom where yesterday’s rain had gathered. Before she quite realised what had happened her tired limbs seem to lose traction and she slipped and lost her balance. Desperately struggling to stay on her feet she stumbled and fell face first into the glutinous mud that had accumulated in the melted earth. It was wet and cold, shockingly cold. Naomi floundered for a second as she tried to extricate herself.

Nobody stopped to help her of course. The rest of the women avoided her as best they could and carried on running, each of them desperate to stay in front of the two instructors and their wicked, painful canes. Naomi hauled herself to her knees and then her feet. Close behind she could hear the gasps of her less fit colleagues which could only mean that the instructors were right behind them.

Naomi started to run but her shoes were full of ice cold water and she merely squelched along. She was soaked to the skin and freezing cold but the worst thing was the sound of the instructor's unstressed voice in her ear. Clear the run wasn't affecting his breathing in the slightest.

"Hurry up you lazy fat bitch," he ordered.

Swiiiiit!

"Owwwwwow!"

Naomi squealed as the cane landed across the full meat of her plump backside.

Chapter 2

Almost at the same time but many miles away, Abeba Obasi was sat in the back of her chauffeur driven limousine on her way to Parliament. Normally she didn't like to stray from her bed until late morning but today was a very special day for her and her family and she was determined to make the most of it. She settled back in the luxurious leather upholstery and tried to gather her thoughts. So much had happened to her in the preceding six months that her head was still whirling.

She'd come a long way, there was no doubt about that. She was an immigrant born thousands of miles away from the UK in a particularly poverty stricken part of Nigeria. She'd arrived penniless and friendless on a dinghy from France, unable to speak the language and now here she was, about to enter the so-called Mother of Parliaments as a member of that famous institution. Abeba smiled to herself at the idea. She'd spent the last ten years or so of her life fighting to abolish the institution and now she was being invited into it, literally chauffeured into it by some piece of white trash.

She caught sight of herself in the rear-view mirror as she did so. She was hardly a great beauty, she was large and cumbersome and her face did the word plain a disservice and her frizzy hair was barely under control. But that didn't matter at all. Her appearance her lack of formal education her sex, her lack of powerful contacts just didn't matter in modern day Britain. All the things that would have barred her from any sort of power in her own country were quite bizarrely seen as advantages in her new homeland.

But to be honest, Abeba hadn't given it a lot of thought. The West was decadent and weak, everyone knew that. Even the good English school that she'd attended for free had told her that. The West was failing and power was shifting to the East and more importantly as far as she was personally concerned, back to Africa where it belonged. African minerals, African labour and African skill were the bedrock of the new rapidly changing world order. And she'd discovered that despite her relative lack of education that she, Abeba Obasi was welcome to be a part of that new world order.

All that really mattered she'd discovered to her astonishment was the colour of her skin, her sex and of course the fact that she was a lesbian. Once her disadvantaged background had been established, with a certain amount of embellishment regarding her abuse father etc, etc she was set on the path of victimhood. Once she'd received a full university scholarship based on her past disadvantages and her current rights she soon established herself as an outspoken critic of the right wing establishment party that was then in power.

Nobody seemed brave enough to point out to Abeba that she owed everything she had to the "right wing establishment party". Or why she should be so opposed to it in the first place. The mainstream media knew when it had unearthed a star however, and she was a regular on left-wing talk shows. Her opinion was sought on a raft of measures that in reality she knew nothing about but her practised and abrasive interview style soon papered over those potential cracks.

Her career really took off however when she was elected onto the National Student Representation Council. Somebody somewhere thought it would be a good idea to have "an authentic African voice" on the panel although exactly why that might be a good thing for British universities was never actually discussed. But no matter, Abeba took her opportunity with both hands and joined the fledgling CRE Party, the Campaign for Racial Equality.

That was when she had first encountered Naomi Sanderson-Hughes. The woman was everything that Abeba was not. She was blonde, attractive, well-educated, middle-class, straight and white and Abeba hated her at first sight. Her hate was helped by the woman's scandalous political beliefs. She was anti-Muslim, anti-Black, anti-immigrant, a real dyed in the wool racist as far as Abeba and her friends and advisors in the CRE were concerned.

They two of them, Sanderson-Hughes the blonde Aryan racist and Abeba, the poster-girl of militant Islam and her supporters on the Left of British politics were to go head to head on a discussion show. The outcome was, unfortunately, a disaster. Even with the blatant support of the sympathetic Pakistani host, Abeba was hopelessly outgunned and outmanoeuvred by the racist. It was so frustrating and upsetting to have her arguments systematically destroyed on prime time TV that Abeba almost wept in humiliation.

When he could see which way the discussion was going the host managed to intervene and head off Naomi with some feeble questions of his own which she batted away with contemptuous ease. Nevertheless the damage was already done. Even a sympathetic round of applause from her paid supporters hiding themselves among the actual viewers in the studio couldn't hide the fact that she'd been well and truly trounced, and on live TV!

Abeba was so used to having her own way and her declarations and half-understood regurgitated opinions being applauded by her supporters and friends that she didn't know what to do when faced with someone who didn't automatically agree with her and who had facts to hand and statistics to support her opinions. During the short spell of recovery when she voluntarily hid herself away from the public and didn't read her various social media accounts she swore to herself that she would have her revenge on Naomi bloody Sanderson bloody Hughes and everyone else who had enjoyed her shame that evening.

Chapter 3

Jessica Cartwright had the first inkling that something was not quite right when she was called into the office of her new boss, Maxine Grey. Ms Grey (it was always Ms, was a tall authoritative black lady in her late thirties. She'd risen through the ranks very quickly and was now a Chief Superintendent in the local force. Jessica had only met her a couple of times before, she'd transferred in from another force at very short notice. She had a reputation as a bit of a hard-ass, a stickler for the rulebook.

Jessica looked around for a chair and realised there wasn't one; clearly she was expected to stand for whatever this discussion was going to be about. The unnecessary formality of it annoyed her to be honest, Mark her previous boss had been very laid back and the two of them had got along very well together. She was his favourite detective there was no doubt about that. But she had in all fairness earned that particular accolade.

"I'll come straight to the point Detective Inspector Cartwright; it's about the Qadir case."

Jessica nodded to herself and gave a tight smile. Of course it was about the Qadir case, the one that had seen her promoted twice. The one that had made her name and the name of everyone involved in it to be honest. Although Mark was in charge of the case it was Jessica's hard work, perseverance and dare she say it, luck that had seen those two bastards and half of their gang arrested and imprisoned. That's why she was a DI now at the comparatively young age of 35.

Everyone always wanted to talk about that particular case, about a gang that had terrorised half of the city and made themselves an absolute fortune by doing so. They wanted to know what Ahmed and Usman Qadir were "really like." At first her answer had always been, "you don't want to know." And she'd seen the aftermath of some of their gangland executions and score-settling intimidation and she knew that the Pakistani brothers were cold-hearted bastards capable of anything.

But people clearly *did* want to know as if talking about murder and people trafficking and dealing in all sorts of illegal goods somehow made them gangsters by association when in reality normal civilians would be shocked to the core by what the brothers had done. As a sort of peace-keeping compromise, Jessica referred to them as that pair of heartless bastards which seemed to give some observers a certain amount of excitement. But she never took it any further than that, some people had to be protected from themselves.

"Yes, ma'am?" She replied. People like Maxine Grey were always very touchy about their privileges.

"They're claiming via their legal representation that you were on their payroll during the time of your investigations."

Jessica smiled showing her even, white teeth.

"That's a good one, Ma'am. Did the boys put you up to this?"

She looked around as if Danny or Jack or another one of her team was going to make a sudden, unexpected appearance in the Chief Superintendent's smart corner office. However the ominous stony silence made Jessica quickly re-think her position. When she came to think of it Maxine Grey didn't seem to be the joking type. Her attractive dark face was still impassive. Did the woman ever smile?

"I beg your pardon, ma'am?" Jessica looked quizzically at her superior officer.

"The word on the street, Cartwright, is that you were working for the opposition."

"Are you serious?"

Jessica was famously tough and combative and had suddenly lost her sense of humour.

"I'm afraid I am Cartwright. The Qadir's legal team have asked that you be suspended and reluctantly I've had to agree to that request."

Jessica stared back at her boss. She had a sudden urge to punch her straight in the face and fuck the consequences...the fucking black DEI desk-jockey!

"This is nothing personal DI Cartwright. Obviously I personally don't believe in these wild allegations but I have been advised that I do have to investigate their veracity."

"Been advised by who?" Demanded Jessica furiously.

“By my superiors Miss Cartwright. And please, I advise you not to make this situation more serious than it already is. I don’t like your attitude, I’m afraid to say. I’m bound by the legal technicalities of the case and I can’t make exceptions for anyone, young lady. I do hope that you understand my position?”

Jessica had been in enough meetings with rigid, by the book senior policemen to understand exactly what the woman meant. Ignoring the fact that she, a decorated senior detective had just been referred to as a “young lady” by a woman who was not much older than her and had barely any operational experience, she apologised.

Jessica was required to leave her police phone, her warrant card and any information that identified her as a working policewoman and was put on temporary leave. She almost ran to her car parked in the station yard and gunned the engine angrily through the gates after checking her right of way. And that was the picture that greeted her the following morning on most of the newspaper front cover as she did her early morning jog. Her looking angrily out of her window before shooting off down the street.

She bought a handful of them and skipped through the headlines.

“Rogue Cop!”

“On The Take?”

“Bent Copper!”

“Sacked??”

Shit! They’d really done a number on her hadn’t they? They trash media seemed to have already made up their minds. She was being tried in the Court of Public Suspicion and it seemed as if she’d been found guilty. She checked the locks on her door and pulled the blinds together. Christ! How long was this circus going to go on for? Jessica thought long and hard about her next move, trying to ignore it no matter how nonsensical and hope that the whole thing would just blow over wasn’t going to work either.

She had to speak to a police solicitor. They’d know what to do. She had to fight this even though it was actually serious nonsense. She could imagine people from all over the country thinking there was no smoke without fire and that all senior coppers were on the take. She had kept meticulous notes of the whole affair and was quite certain that they’d exonerate her. They’d already been reviewed by the appropriate police procedural teams and given the all clear.

She needed to think. She was good at thinking. That’s why she was a Detective Inspector. Clearly someone believed in her enough to promote her twice in 12 months. She tried to run back through the case in her head, something she might have done wrong that had been misconstrued, wilfully misconstrued at that. She was struggling; the only thing in her mind at the moment, the dominant thought was how the newspapers and the cameraman who took the picture of her in her in her car got a hold of the story so quickly?

She couldn’t concentrate in the house. The walls felt as if they were closing in on her. Seriously she needed to just relax, get out of the house while it was quiet. Maybe use the back door, through the woods and into the village that way? She’d take her laptop in her backpack and use it to get in touch with someone sensible and get herself a decent coffee at the same time? Yeah that sounded good. She got herself ready and went out of the back door which fronted a small wood. Small but enough to hide her from the prying eyes of the media.

She hadn’t gone 100 metres before she felt a sudden pressure and a blow between her shoulder blades. Strong hands grabbed her from behind and even before she could scream some sort of rag doused in the familiar smell of chloroform was held against her face. She fought briefly but a few seconds later everything started to go misty and then black. She felt herself go light and then heavy and then slump against the arms of whoever it was that had kidnapped her.

Chapter 4

Abeba had indeed taken her revenge on that white bitch. There had been astonishing support for the CRE at the next election, enough for the relatively new Party to rule without any sort of coalition or power-sharing arrangement. Abeba herself seemed to be on every mainstream news and current affairs show simultaneously. She was the perfect poster girl for the Campaign for Racial Equality. She had an unbeatable back story and she was a “victim” in such a variety of ways. The immigrant supporting media almost fell over itself in its rush to promote her and her story.

The CRE couldn't turn down such an obvious propaganda gift and Abeba Obasi at 25 years of age suddenly found herself an MP and then almost unbelievably a cabinet minister. She was made Minister for Women's Equality and was tipped for great things, at least by her friends in the Muslim supporting liberal media. Naomi's party on the other hand had suffered almost a wipe-out. She personally lost her status as a Member for Parliament and with it all the money, expenses and power that had gone with it.

Another thing, the most important thing as it turned out that she lost was her security detail and her access to legal representation. Which made her easy pickings for someone as malicious and well-connected as Abeba. Naomi was arrested on some trumped-up charge using a new law regarding “race-baiting” which the CRE had introduced almost immediately they got into power and then applied retrospectively to its political enemies. Wealthy middle-class, right-wing white women like Naomi Sanderson Hughes were arrested by the thousand as an example to others in a blatant show of Muslim authority.

Abeba celebrated loudly and exuberantly when she heard the news and quickly made her plans to visit Hardwicke House where Naomi had been incarcerated for an unspecified period of time. As a government minister it was absolutely no problem for her PA to help Abeba gain access to the prison and a personal interview with the governor, Miss Lakhani. And, thought the new Minister for Women's Equality as she passed through the forbidding gate in her ministerial car, there was absolutely no doubt that it was a prison and not some holiday camp for political malcontents. The media had described Hardwicke House and others like it as a sort of retreat where women could be helped to “refocus” themselves. The background of the women was never mentioned.

Abeba Obasi smiled as she witnessed the inside of Hardwicke Hall for the first time and the truth of the situation. Rather than some sort of spiritual guidance venue for troubled women, it was in fact a prison for white women. The staff seemed to be almost all black or Asian while the inmates were entirely white. It was as it should be. A scene designed to gladden her heart, the white oppressors getting what they thoroughly deserved at last. Two hundred years had passed but at last Whitey was getting what she deserved, at least in this corner of jolly old England.

When she got nearer she also realised that the inmates were wearing a shameful approximation of a standard school uniform from many years ago. She sniggered to see so many old women dressed in such a way, some of them must have been in their forties at least! She squeezed her legs together in anticipation, the rasp of her black stockings sending little sparks of pleasure coursing through her sex. She was so looking forwards to renewing her acquaintance with Miss Naomi Sanderson-Hughes.

And she wasn't disappointed the woman had been let out from whatever trivial thing she'd been doing and was sat across the table from her. To her side was a uniformed African warder in her blue suit, white shirt and blue tie. Abeba tried not to smile in front of the warder, she was an MP after all but really...her nemesis looked quite pathetic as well as ridiculous. The uniform she had been squeezed into was amusingly juvenile. It consisted of a pair of shiny, black, patent leather ballet-flats, white ankle socks, a crisp white blouse, a short grey pinafore and a tightly knotted blue and white striped tie. Even her hair was ridiculous; two blonde braids tied with blue ribbon certainly weren't suitable for woman of her age

But that of course was immaterial. The fact that a former member of the British Parliament was made to dress in such a way was merely an exhibition of control. She could just as easily been made to dress in a clown suit or a leotard. The point was that she was clearly being made to wear something not of her

own choosing and was therefore under the control of someone else. And in this case that someone else was her Abeba, a poor brown immigrant girl from one of the poorest parts of Africa.

Abeba had very much enjoyed the machinations that had resulted in Naomi Sanderson-Hughes being shipped off to a terrible place like Hardwicke House. And make no mistake, it was indeed a nightmare. A place of incarceration, in which the inconvenient political opposition of the Muslim government could be housed, indoctrinated and intimidated into silence. Abeba heartily approved of the concept and often wondered why every regime didn't have places like Hardwicke Hall to store their enemies. It made such obvious sense.

Down the institutionalised corridors she was led, the excitement building in her with every step until ...there she was, darling Naomi. Abeba couldn't help but smile. My how she'd changed! Older looking, a little more haggard perhaps? Certainly thinner and less entitled looking somehow? And the uniform! How cute she looked in her pinafore and tightly knotted Hardwicke House tie. Well quite cute perhaps if she'd been 30 years younger. As it was she just looked completely ridiculous.

So ridiculous in fact that Abeba just couldn't help herself laughing out loud. She sat herself down opposite Naomi and watched unconcernedly as the tears rolled down her soft white cheeks.

"So, I'd ask how you were Hughes, but plainly the answer is "not good". She sniggered again at the expression on Naomi's face and then composed herself for a second.

"Are they treating you well?" She asked with mock concern.

Naomi bit her lip in frustrated humiliation. She wouldn't give the horrible cow the satisfaction of hearing her reply. Abeba carried on, nevertheless.

"You do look a mess you know? All that fake shit you dressed yourself in and your push-up bra and your heels and your expensive hair were hiding a multitude of sins weren't they? I mean have you looked in a mirror recently? Have you even washed your hair recently?"

Abeba sniggered again, evidently pleased with her own witticisms.

"Don't you have anything to say you skanky old bitch?" She demanded with a grin.

"Why don't you just fuck off Abeba you badly-trained chimp?" Naomi just couldn't help herself. The reply just sort of fell out of her lips.

Abeba's first impulse was to leap over the desk and assault the racist white bitch. But instead she took a deep breath and looked up at the warder.

"Did you hear that officer?" She asked incredulously. "Completely unprovoked and highly inappropriate!"

Chapter 5

Jessica came around slowly, very slowly. She felt sick and exhausted and was fearful. Where the hell was she and what had happened to her? Was she being kept somewhere and why? She blinked herself back into reality and the first thing that she recognized was her own TV. She was in her own house, slumped untidily on her own couch! Slowly she sat up and rubbed her head? What was going on? Had she just had a very realistic dream?

She blinked a few more times and then went to get herself a glass of water and a paracetamol for her banging head. What had just happened? What time was it? Jesus! It was late in the afternoon! Where had the day disappeared to? She felt terrible. She dragged herself upstairs for a shower which made her feel much better. As she came downstairs in fresh clothes and drying her hair she felt almost human. She went over to her stove to make herself a cup of much needed coffee.

Then she could hear the familiar sound of police sirens out on the main road somewhere. Oddly they seemed to be getting louder and louder and then they were in her yard, the blue lights illuminating the hedges and her garage. She opened the door and stepped outside, just in time to be arrested! Oh God! What was going on? She was being read her rights by an unfamiliar copper who seemed uninterested in her pleas of innocence. She was turned around, the handcuffs clicked and before she knew it she was in the back of a police car and being driven away as several uniformed officers entered her house.

It was the laptop that clinched her fate. And that was why she'd been lured out of her house she'd realized, to render her vulnerable and exposed. They'd chloroformed her and then used that time to plant the horrible racist nonsense onto her personal computer rather than her work laptop. There was also apparently "evidence" of her speaking with the Qadir's and accepting a bribe from them. It was the most damaging indictment possible, although Jessica knew it was entirely made up. As a clincher the police also found a stack of money in a bag hidden under her floorboards which must have been planted by whoever tampered with her laptop.

She pleaded her innocence, obviously, but the damage was done. An entirely unsympathetic African judge sentenced her to 10 years, declared a mistrial regarding the Qadir case and ordered the immediate release of the two Pakistani brothers. And that was it. Within weeks Detective Jessica Cartwright had lost her job, her credibility and her freedom. She was now a convicted criminal despite her spotless record and just to compound the insult, the actual criminals had been allowed to go free and terrorise the streets again.

Prison was tough for her as it always is for police officers, but because she was so high profile and her last job had arrested so many Pakistanis she was immediately labeled as a racist as well and nothing she could say or do would alter that. The problem was exacerbated by the fact that virtually all the prison officers that she encountered were black or Asian and they conspired to make her life a misery, not to mention the other prisoners who just hated the fact that she was not only a cop, but a corrupt one too.

Jessica existed in an almost constant fear of reprisal. The Qadir's were back on the streets and they were a very formidable pair. They had a long reach and even longer memories. She could still remember the look on Ahmed Qadir's face as he was led away. Cold calculating, unemotional, as if his arrest was all a part of the game. He'd stared her in the face for a while as he was hustled away and then to her surprise had smiled and slowly winked at her.

His younger brother, Usman had fought ferociously until he was eventually subdued. He was the wilder of the two, already notorious in the city for his violence and brutality. He was feared and respected by his community in almost equal measures. He was the one that the majority would have tried to avoid. But as far as Jessica was concerned that dubious honour definitely belonged to cold-hearted Ahmed Qadir.

She had already been warned. A wild-eyed young Pakistani prisoner had told her that the brothers were going to "chop her up" and it was just a matter of time before that happened. They were going to chop her up and barbecue her like the pig she was. Jessica had ended that one sided conversation with a simple punch to the face, and then dealt with her junkie friend in a similarly uncompromising way. But

clearly she couldn't fight everyone in the jail. And while beating up vile Pakistani girls did give Jessica a certain amount of pleasure, one thing was becoming increasingly clear.

Something would have to change.

Chapter 6

Swiish. Crack!

“Aaaaarrgh. Please pleeeeee, I’m sorry. I’m sorrreeee. No more...no more please.”

Ooooh, thought Abeba. That must sting a little, surely? Although going by the astonishing noise that Naomi was creating maybe it hurt quite a lot?

Swiish. Crack!

“Owwwwwww! Noooo!”

Naomi’s protestations reached an even higher, more ear-splitting volume. She shrieked and cried for a good minute even after she realized Miss Lakhani had actually stopped beating her. Abeba laughed out loud as she watched her former rival struggle and squirm and try to break free from her bonds. It really was very amusing to see a grown woman, a former member of the British middle class elite no less being thoroughly thrashed by an authoritative Pakistani woman. And now matter how much she twisted and kicked and fought, there was no escape. The racist old white woman was strapped very firmly over what Abeba had been informed was a caning bench.

Abeba very much approved of the device. It was like a low vaulting-horse that may have been used in a gym. The difference was that it was half the height of the gym variation and it sloped downwards which had the effect of raising the victim’s bottom higher than her head and of course it had canvas bindings for her wrists, her ankles and the middle of her back. She was very securely held in place but not, as Abeba was made aware of by the Governess, enough to prevent her from squirming humiliatingly over the surface of the bench.

Abeba was watching Naomi at that very moment in fact squirming and rolling over the surface in an attempt to lessen the throbbing pain in her backside no doubt. It did have the unfortunate effect of making it look like Naomi, prim and proper typical Englishwoman Naomi, was trying to gain some sexual stimulation from humping the bench in broad daylight in the Governor’s office. Abeba smirked, whatever would the constituents of her wealthy little Southern town think if they could see their favourite right now she wondered, beaten and snivelling like a schoolgirl.

And then she thought about the mobile phone lying unused in her jacket pocket. But even before she could begin to use it, Miss Lakhani noticed and smiled at her.

“Please don’t bother yourself Minister Obasi. Everything you’ve seen today has been recorded for your viewing pleasure and will be forwarded to your assistant’s email before you reach Westminster this evening. It’s all a part of the service we provide to our more distinguished visitors.”

Abeba smirked in appreciation “more distinguished”, she liked that.

“I believe that if you’re ready madam Minister, Hughes has something she wishes to say to you.”

Abeba looked up, intrigued.

“I’m afraid you may have to stand a little nearer if you don’t mind, Minister, her voice sounds a little hoarse.”

Her voice would be sore thought Abeba appreciatively, she’d been shrieking for the last thirty minutes. Nevertheless she roused herself from her comfortable chair and around to the front of the woman bent over the caning bench, squatted beside her and put her own dark face by Naomi’s white one.

“You have something to say to me?”

Abeba could feel herself juicing up just at the sound of her enemy’s laboured breathing and sobbing.

“Y...yes...M...Miss Abeba,” she sniffled. “I want to apologise for my b...behaviour toward you. It was unjustified and r...racist and I’m very, very sorry.”

Naomi Sanderson-Hughes, formerly a senior member of the British establishment, formerly a famous member of parliament, formerly an inspiration for thousands of similar white young women everywhere, sniffled and stuttered her way through an apology to a young black woman who’d barely lived in the country for 10 years. Abeba grinned and pulled up the white woman’s head by her silky, blonde hair and looked down at her in triumph before hawking up a large amount of phlegm and spitting it into her tear-filled face.

“Six more or so I think Miss Lakhani? And then we can perhaps have another little chat?”

Chapter 7

Following her dreadful meeting with Abeba and the brutal caning she suffered at the hands of the obviously excited governor, Miss Lakhani, Naomi tried very, very hard to fit into the life of Hardwicke House. She made sure that she was respectful and obedient. She tried as hard as she could in her many long, tedious lessons. She took her spankings without kicking up too much fuss and she put up with the almost daily petty humiliations that she had to suffer.

Her “chimp” remark had not gone unnoticed. The warder present at the time had made it clear to everyone that yes; she had said that to poor Abeba and made her cry. The last part of that story was patently untrue but Warder Jackson liked it and decided to keep it in her report anyway. For a short while Shakira Jackson was a minor celebrity within the grim walls of Hardwicke House. Similarly, Naomi became a celebrity as well, but not in the way that she wanted.

What she really wanted was to keep her head down and not to come to the attention of the senior staff at the prison. However, it wasn't to be. She was simply too high profile for that. Too pretty, too blonde, too famous, too snooty and unfortunately too arrogant for the largely foreign-born staff to ignore. They knew all about her anti-immigrant stance and her, in their opinion, racist views for her to be allowed to get away with it.

And as a result Naomi was bullied relentlessly by the staff. Her name was always at the top of the list for the dirtiest most degrading jobs in the industrial sized kitchens. Someone needed to climb into one of the ovens to degrease them by hand? Step up Naomi Sanderson-Hughes. Did the horribly dirty kitchen floors need scrubbing with a dirty old brush and some lukewarm water? There was only one candidate and that was the, until recently anyway, MP for Moreton.

Naomi was often subject to beatings by the faux annoyed warders at Hardwicke House who wanted to earn a little kudos from their colleagues by cornering her and punching and kicking her until she was beaten and lying on the floor. She was often seen sporting a black eye or a cut lip but it was entirely unremarked on by the rest of the staff. Even the rest of the inmates seemed wary about trying to defend the former MP because...well, she was a proven racist and who wanted to be associated with that?

Even in the classroom which should have been a haven for an educated, well-read woman like Naomi was becoming an ordeal. She was asked to answer the most difficult questions and given the most awkward lines to learn by heart. Any mistakes no matter how small or inconsequential were dealt with in the most savage way, usually with some sort of public correction, a strapping, a wooden ruler applied to the backs of her delicate pale white thighs or more usually a simple over the knee spanking which although not as painful as being punished with an implement, was at least twice as humiliating. And of course she was mocked relentless for her small errors, how could a woman as snooty, as privately school educated, as *privileged* as she was not remember basic facts?

That was the actual point of the whole exercise Naomi realised, to bully and to criticise and to basically mock her background, her breeding. To try and exaggerate the advantages of her upbringing while at the same time minimising all that she'd achieved in her life and her career. To try and denigrate her and by extension denigrate people like her and her kind. White, middle-class, law-abiding women who were proud of their country. In order for them to be supplanted by the new regime it had to be “proven” that they no longer were fit for purpose, which was why Naomi and many people like her were in places like Hardwicke House.

There wasn't even any escape on the sports field. Naomi was run ragged on the cross-country course often until she was sick. She was bellowed at in the small airless gym that was stinking hot in summer and made her cheap; skin tight white shorts stick to her plump backside in the most revealing humiliating manner possible. Like all the other women of whatever age, she was made to exercise without the support of her knickers. It was more hygienic that way apparently. It was also a spectacle that seemed to attract an awful lot of visitors to the small gym as well.

In winter the roles were reversed, instead of sweating pints of liquid in the humid gymnasium Naomi stood shivering with her teeth chattering in the same shorts and diaphanous, yellow nylon blouse waiting

for a pass on the netball court or the thwack of a solid hockey ball hitting her in the ankles. Once again she seemed to be the particular butt of all the instructors, ordered to get down in the oozing mud and give ten press-ups for “lack of effort.” Or made to do endless laps of the sweaty, wooden floored gymnasium for “allowing her team to lose” a particular game.

There was hardly any peace as far as Naomi was concerned. She had clearly been sent to Hardwicke House to be punished rather than to be “refocused” as the literature and the mainstream media reports insisted. Although what that nebulous word actually meant she still wasn’t too sure. Refocused on what? What had she actually done wrong that warranted being sent to a political prison? Airing her views in public? Was that what she’d done that was so wrong? Normally she’d have taken on her political enemies and crush them like she’d crushed that bitch Abeba on that famous TV show. But it was very different now. So different, so brutal and soul destroying that Naomi wasn’t sure that she could stand it much longer. What she did know for certain however was,

Something was going to have to change

Chapter 8

Abeba Obasi squeezed her muscular black thighs together in excitement, oblivious to the pain she was causing Alison, her personal assistant. The young woman struggled a little as she could feel her air supply being constructed by her mistress. There was, however, very little that she could do about it. Abeba was a very powerful woman both physically and politically. Alison knew very well what her mistress was capable of and the best method of appeasing her was to simply accept what she dished out.

She was nothing more than a dirty, stinking black beast in Alison's opinion. She would have been far better employed picking cotton like her ancestors probably did. But right now, in the upside down world that she currently inhabited, Abeba wasn't a serving girl she was an actual Minister of the State! It was so crazy that Alison would have laughed if she hadn't been choking. She made a gurgling noise which seemed to alert Abeba to the situation.

The pressure released but she was still trapped between Abeba's bare thighs while her mistress watched the images from Hardwicke Hall over again. Alison had seen them of course. They were addressed to her after all and despite knowing what they contained she couldn't help but look. That poor woman! Alison knew who she was of course she was a very famous politician and well known TV personality. That somehow made the fact that she was being caned over a bench by a clearly enthusiastic Pakistani woman all the more shocking somehow.

The message seemed to be was that "Look, if we can do this to a famous, white, middle-class ex Member of Parliament imagine what we could do to you." That was the first think that struck Alison, that could so easily have been her bound over that bench kicking and screaming for all she was worth while her bottom was mercilessly striped by a sadist in a suit. This was the kind of thing that Abeba was happy to dole out. Not a caning of this magnitude admittedly, but she did have a leather paddle that she kept especially for Alison.

She tried to keep as still as she could while she knelt facing Abeba who was sat with her legs wide open on the sofa. Her cunt was dripping wet. Alison had been forced to tongue her for the last twenty minutes or so and her jaw ached with the effort. Now, at least for the time being, Abeba was content to rest her legs on Alison's shoulders so that her personal assistant was merely required to stare at her mistress's sex as opposed to paying endless homage to it. And she stunk as usual with that particular African musk which Alison hated but had become unfortunately familiar with.

She could hear the ugly bitch grunting as she flicked through the dreadful images on her screen. She was like some sort of sow on heat slobbering around excitedly and waiting for her holes to be filled. She was entirely shameless and wasn't concerned in the least what anyone thought about her behavior as her numerous white servants could attest to. She seemed to be muttering something to herself in her own barbaric language. Perhaps she was trying to think?

Abeba had just had a glorious idea. Being licked out by her snobbish, upper class personal assistant didn't usually have that affect, but tonight it had. The pictures, the images and videos of her nemesis, Naomi Sanderson- Hughes being thoroughly thrashed added to the fluttering excitement in her sex and that had suddenly sparked an audacious idea in Abeba's head. She leaned forward and grasped Alison by her pony tail and forced her into her dripping cunt again smearing her juices all over the entitled woman's face, face-fucking her in fact. Grinding her nose into her own soaking wet sex before experiencing the most explosive orgasm.

The following morning after a night of entirely one-sided sex, Abeba made Alison sit at her laptop and draft some of her ideas into English. The language of the country she lived in and was a citizen of was still only her second language, but on the other hand how many of these white bitches could speak Hausa she wondered. She simply sat in her pajamas from the previous night and dictated her thoughts to her immaculately dressed personal assistant. Abeba liked her staff to dress formally; it showed proper respect for her and her position. What she wore, or didn't wear was simply none of their business.

Her idea was still shining brightly in her head. It was quite a wonderful idea and best of all she was in the perfect position to make it work. Many of her friends and colleagues talked about it but until now it

was seen as just wishful thinking. But with her political clout and the full and unswerving support of the media, if they knew what was good for them and they didn't want a short stay in Hardwicke House, she could actually make it happen!

She was going to monetize the situation, at least that was what she was going to appear to do. Create a scenario where white-collar political criminals from the white ruling classes would be allowed to leave their reformatories or prisons or wherever the hell they were being kept and save the taxpayer millions in costs. However they wouldn't be set free, no because what sort of message would that send to criminals and the political opposition? That they were free to act with impunity and that there wouldn't be sanctions regarding their anti-social behavior.

No her idea was simple but brilliant. The criminals in question, people like Naomi Sanderson-Hughes, would be sent to live under strict supervision in the homes of trustworthy Muslims and their black African supporters. And the brilliant part? Those criminals deemed to be not a physical threat to the State would be auctioned off, raffled at public events maybe and then awarded to the successful bidder. All proceeds from the auctions would revert to the State to help defray the costs that those the State preferred to be kept under lock and key.

Wow! Abeba was mightily impressed with herself. She ran through the positives in her head. 1. The reduction of prisoners paid for by the State would make the cost of keeping them fall which meant either more for the public coffers or would mean there was more available space in the system for those political opponents of the State who warranted incarceration. 2. The Auction system would mean yet more money been added to the public purse. 3. The idea would be very, very popular among the voting demographic that actually mattered, Muslims and all other people of colour. 4. She, Abeba Obasi would be very firmly established as a rising star in British politics and back in the public eye, where she rightfully belonged.

The whole thing was a win-win as far as Abeba was concerned. More money for the State, more white scum off the streets, and the opportunity for the law-abiding citizens to put the indigenous criminals in their place. And best of all it was her idea, the kudos would be unimaginable. She could just see the headlines now. But as she laid back and indulged herself after a hard morning of thinking she knew in her heart that it being her idea wasn't "best of all". What it really meant was that it would make her acquisition of Naomi Sanderson Hughes that much easier and more enjoyable by being entirely legal and above board.

She squeezed her plump thighs together in anticipation and slipped her hand inside her baggy pajama trousers to enjoy playing with herself, totally unconcerned by the fleeting look of disapproval etched on her assistant's face. She'd deal with that little display of later on. But for now she couldn't wait any longer and besides, she deserved a little attention. She clicked her fingers at her girl sat primly on her typing chair while at the same time undoing the cord of her pants and lowering them. The girl shuffled over trying valiantly to hide her obvious distaste. Not that it mattered; Abeba was going to paddle her insolent backside for her that afternoon anyway.

Chapter 9

Jessica lay on her bunk, her heart beating wildly. It had been a terrible day. It had started off innocuously enough, a bit of abusive name calling, being jostled on her way to the canteen by a little group of black women and then a prison warden casually spitting into her unappetizing bowl of porridge for her. In fact it was a so far, so normal start to Jessica's day. The oppression, the fear that permeated the walls of the run-down establishment that was going to be her home for the next ten years was almost like a physical thing.

They'd chosen it on purpose for her of course. Everyone had heard of Sandton Prison, it was where they sent the hard cases, the real criminals. Jessica had sent scum here herself in the past and was happy to do so. Sandton had a reputation for rounding off the corners of even the hardest most aggressive female inmates and for some of them, that was exactly what they needed. But Jessica wasn't a hardened criminal. She had been around them for fifteen years and knew exactly what constituted a hardened criminal. But that didn't mean she was one herself.

In fact the place terrified Jessica. She had a certain reputation; she was handy with her fists and had come out on top in many an unarmed combat situation. But this place was hardly a sparring room or even the street. It was a concentrated collection of bad girls with nothing much to lose where attacking a former policewoman brought admiration and respect rather than approbation. It was run by gangs, often the same gangs that terrorized estates and run-down neighbourhoods on the outside. But in here there was no escaping them.

Even the prison warders were corrupt. They'd happily turn a blind eye for a bit of money or contraband especially where a white inmate was concerned, and particularly where a white ex-policewoman was the target. Jessica began to genuinely worry for her physical safety. Surely it was only a matter of time before some hooligan got brave and tried to do her some serious damage?

There'd been a warning that evening. She'd been rushed in the toilet block, attacked at once by a group of hard, muscular black girls who'd punched her to the floor and then kicked her as she lay whimpering on the tiles already stained with her blood. Although they weren't finished there. Two of the biggest, meanest looking black women she'd ever seen simply picked her up bodily from the floor and dumped her head first into one of the urinals.

They dunked her up and down into the piss-flavoured water and then someone flushed it while her head was under water and she was held there suspended vertically until she thought she might drown. She remembered thinking what a ludicrous way to die, drowned in a public urinal. Until she was pulled out coughing up water and spluttering glad to be on solid ground again. That was until the black girls gathered around her and took it in turns to piss on her as she lay gasping on the floor.

Nothing was said to her throughout the ordeal. Her assailants saved all their energy to beat her as any professional crew would have done. But nothing needed to be said. The warning was stark and very clear. Professionals could get to her at any time and place of their choosing in this terrible place. She shuddered to think what a few hundred in cash from the Qadir's might mean to junkie skanks like the ones who'd just humiliated her. They would have killed her just as soon as look at her and thought nothing of it.

Chapter 10

As Abeba had anticipated, her idea was received enthusiastically, a way of putting the former ruling classes under the control of their new masters...for free? What was there to dislike? She didn't bother with the detail or dull things like that. Her minions and other people's minions would take care of the small stuff. All she was really concerned with was that her name was attached to it. It would look good on her resume. Instead she used her time more wisely, planning exactly how to bring Naomi Sanderson-Hughes thoroughly under her control. The fun they were going to have together!

The exercise was organised under the banner of CCUK, Concerned Citizens of the United Kingdom. Abeba liked that title; it gave the enterprise a cloak of respectability. The idea was that trusted, thoroughly vetted citizens would take white collar criminals into their homes in order to help with their reformation and ultimately rehabilitate them back into mainstream society. In other words the privileged helping the unfortunate, which is how it should be. And of course it avoided the issue regarding the race or the religion of those "concerned citizens."

Abeba appeared on several friendly TV shows (although to be fair pretty much all of them were "friendly nowadays) and explained how the scheme would work. She put on her "concerned for the people face" and made the point repeatedly that the aim was compassion and empathy for those that might have strayed. The new regime, she was at pains to point out was not interested in revenge; it was all about healing the wounds of the past.

The message was very well received, Despite Abeba's personal lack of attraction she managed to suggest a certain amount of conviction, which people warmed to. The media went wild, newspaper interviews, spreads in the glossy magazines. Abeba spent a lot of money on her appearance, her hair her makeup, her new clothes even high heels which she generally avoided due to her flat, wide splayed feet. She hadn't worn shoes at all for the first ten years of her life.

That was the sort of detail she would have avoided in the past, but her shiny new Public Relations team just added that detail to her back-story. "Shoeless immigrant rises to a major role in the new government." She was seldom out of the news. She had, she realised with sudden clarity, replaced Naomi Sanderson-Hughes as the country's political sweetheart which was ironic in itself. Now instead of some unknown, distant Aryan woman, brown and black girls like her could aspire to great things.

Abeba put down her latest puff piece in the centre pages of the biggest selling newspaper in the UK. It used to be antagonistic towards the CRE but a complete change of management and the firing and sometimes incarceration of several hundred journalists soon solved that little problem. The owners realising which way the political wind was blowing completely changed their political agenda and the result was stories like this which suggested that Abeba might well be the new Mother Theresa and that questioning her or her motivation was somehow morally wrong.

She smiled to herself as she read the rubbish. If only they knew. The first tentative auctions had already taken place in safe venues up and down the country. Suitable young woman, usually political opponents of the state, and always from the former ruling political class had been released from the various places where they were being held and then simply bid on by interested, suitably qualified applicants. The money raised, and it was really quite substantial, had already proved to the CRE that their idea was entirely sustainable and more such auctions were planned.

Suitable candidates, i.e. Asian, African, Arabs in fact anyone who wasn't white skinned, were being lined up in anticipation. The only criteria was could the applicants afford to pay the sky-high prices being asked? Being an extremely even-handed reasonable sort of institution the CRE realised that there was market for non-famous, non-powerful, sub-prime merchandise. Ordinary white women who had been incarcerated for fairly trivial offences and under the new CRE regime a huge number of minor crimes now carried jail sentences, for white people obviously.

Suddenly there were lots more auctions. The government explained how socially useful they were in helping poor, unfortunate women to re-assimilate back into respectable society, at no actual cost to the taxpayer. The by now entirely compliant media chipped in with fake stories of how effective the auctions

were at placing women into caring, empathetic families and the benefits associated with such altruism. They even carried made up interviews from grateful women who had been taken under the wing of a caring new family and helped to refocus themselves.

Abeba herself had attended a few auctions and her first impression was that the whole process wasn't unlike attending a slave market. The excitement that particular revelation gave her was almost overwhelming. The simple change from white buyers to black and Asian buyers was really quite exhilarating. There was a buzz in the room as if those present there were reversing history and that the natural order of things had at last been re-established.

Not that the white women were slaves, well not necessarily anyway. They were known as probationers. They were literally on probation until they'd earned the right to be returned to their previous lives. Any reluctance, any disobedience and they could be returned to their places of imprisonment where their original sentence would be started again...from the beginning. And nobody with any sense wanted that.

Far better to take the occasional thrashing or to dress up as required or even to be used as a sexual object than to suffer the privations and the daily fear handed out in the reformatories and the prisons. At least private homes had central heating and warm showers and decent food, if one was lucky. Even little things like having their own room and their own clothes were enough for many probationers. Any sort of care and attention was a big upgrade from what they'd left behind.

And once the method had been established and refined, the idea was rolled out across the country. Abeba could barely contain herself at the thought of bidding for Naomi Sanderson-Hughes as if she really was a slave on the auction block. She made ever increasing use of Alison and a couple of the more timid girls in her new PR team. She'd even discovered strap-ons and enjoyed reaming the girls for her own personal pleasure, and their shame of course. It was always the shame and humiliation of white girls and their pitiful tears that really turned Abeba on.

Finally the great day came and Abeba was chauffeured to a discreet private members club attached to a mosque. There she was treated as minor royalty by her own people. Once she let it be known why she was there and who she was going to bid on her competition for the former golden girl of British politics simply melted away. When Naomi was led into the room by a lead attached to her collar, her hands bound behind her and wearing a simple grey shift, Abeba could barely contain herself. If only her African ancestors could see her now! The opening bid was a thousand. Abeba raised her hand and the auctioneer's hammer came down, sold. There was no other bid.

Naomi could hardly believe what was going on. What was happening? At first she was overwhelmingly happy. To her great joy she'd been removed from Hardwicke Hall but rather than being released as she'd sort of assumed she would be, she'd been brought to this Muslim place and was being auctioned, like an animal was her first thought but now, looking around her, she realised where she really was, Muslim slave auction. And then to her horror she was led to the stage. But there was no bidding the hammer banged down and she heard the words that would come to haunt her,

"Sold to the Minister for Women's Equality, Madam Abeba Obasi."

There was a polite round of applause from the assembled buyers.

Naomi stood with her mouth drooping open. She just couldn't help herself. Her nemesis, Abeba was stood less than 10 metres away with a smug expression on her unfortunately plain African face, Christ! Could it be true? Had she really been sold to Abeba? It couldn't be true, it couldn't be happening. This was the UK in the 21st Century! Slavery had never been legal here, a fact Naomi was justifiably proud of and yet here she was, half dressed and in chains being paraded in front of a lot of leering foreign men. In her own country! She felt a sudden cold dread in her stomach. What was happening?

Chapter 11

Jessica was a smart, thoroughly trained police operative, until very recently an elite Detective Inspector. All she had to do was to lie on her small bed, the only space available to her, trying to ignore her wet hair and the foul smell of her piss-stained clothes and think. Think about a way out of this mess. Clearly she'd been set up, and equally certainly she'd been set up by two of the City's most notorious, dangerous criminals. Surely that punishment beating was just a warning? If they wanted to do her serious harm they'd already had plenty of chances to do exactly that.

She was almost sure that Usman, the thuggish younger brother would have already extracted his violent revenge on her, which meant that cunning, clever Ahmed had prevented him doing something crazy. If she knew Ahmed, and she'd certainly studied him and his methods for long enough, he'd want a more personal, more memorable sort of revenge on the policewoman that had put him away for a long, long time.

But what did he want, exactly? Jessica racked her not inconsiderable brain and looked for the answer. The only one that she could come up with was that Ahmed wanted to get close to her and deliver his retribution personally. But she was in a prison, a very high security prison? She knew the Qadir's had great contacts but would the intelligent one of the family risk his own freedom and run the risk of imprisonment again, just after he'd been released? It didn't make sense! At that moment the lights out bell clanged alarmingly loudly and with a sigh of resignation Jessica stripped off and crawled into her bed and under the single blanket.

Perhaps the answer would come to her in a dream?

It didn't, but on the following morning something even better happened. The first piece of good news for weeks. She held a letter in her hand that informed her that her case was being "actively reviewed" and that she should hear something by the end of the week. Jessica could feel the tears in her eyes. The thing looked genuine enough. She'd seen enough official documents to recognize one when she saw it. "Actively reviewed"? When she was a serving copper that meant that something might well happen as opposed to just "reviewed" which meant that nothing was going to happen, at least any time soon.

As the week passed she could feel her spirits soar. Even her low-level abuse seemed to have ended too, as if the prison drums had passed the message down the line that she, a senior policewoman after all, was about to be released and there could be repercussions if anything happened to her. She almost enjoyed the last couple of days, much boosted by a memo which advised her that she should be ready to be moved to an unspecified location away from the prison within short notice.

Was it true she wondered, laying full length on her bed? Was she really about to be released? Had somebody somewhere discovered their mistake? Idly she wondered if she'd receive proper compensation for being unfairly deprived of her freedom. Maybe enough to buy that apartment in Spain that she'd always wanted? Just then the door opened and in stepped two men. Her spirits rose again. Although she didn't personally know them, she'd recognize plain clothed detectives anywhere; Sure enough the older of the two showed her his warrant card, DC Singh and then the second, DC Ray.

"If you'd like to accompany us, Miss Cartwright?"

Jessica actually couldn't wait to accompany the two large, protective-looking policemen. She suddenly felt a lot safer being among her own kind. Even though Detective Constable Singh had quickly handcuffed her explaining that it was just protocol in order for them to be able to leave Sandton more or less unnoticed. Jessica would willingly have worn just a tutu if that was what it took to leave the nightmare that was Sandton prison behind her, never to return if she could help it. She was politely escorted through the warren of run-down, oppressive corridors until at last a door opened and she could smell fresh air again for the first time in weeks.

She took a deep breath, smiled and followed the bulky policemen to the black SUV parked nearby. The younger guy climbed into the driver's seat and the older DC politely opened the rear door for her and then climbed into the front. The door locks closed with a satisfyingly loud clunk and for the first time in weeks Jessica actually felt safe. She settled into the luxurious leather upholstery and the car rolled away.

She looked to her left at the high prison wall until it ended and smiled. She was never going back there, no matter what.

The car rolled to a halt and stopped. The door locks clunked again, the rear door on the far side of Jessica opened wide and a suave but hard looking Pakistani man slid into the seat by her side. He turned and smiled mirthlessly at her.

“Hello, Jessy, did you miss me...piggy?”

Chapter 12

She was herded into a plain van without two other women dressed in a similar manner to her own. Naomi tried to engage them in conversation but clearly they were too shocked by developments to respond coherently. Instead she sat and worried about what was waiting for her at the end of this particular journey. Finally after what seemed like hours and after her two stunned companions had been ordered out of the van it was her turn and the vehicle finally jolted to a halt.

Naomi could feel her heart hammering in her ribs. Was this nightmare really happening? She swallowed nervously, the British fortitude for which she was famous for rapidly deserting her. The door creaked ominously as it was opened. It was dark outside but she could see two large African men stood in the doorway, their white shirts gleaming.

"Out!" one of them demanded in a voice that certainly brooked no argument.

As she scrambled hurriedly out of the back of the van a firm grip on her hair hauled her squealing onto a tarmac drive. While she knelt awkwardly held in place by one huge hand the second man clipped a lead to her collar and dragged her towards a nearby house. She made to rise but was kicked in the backside and told to carry on crawling like "the bitch she was". Sobbing, she obeyed. On front of her a light suddenly came on and a figure was silhouetted in the doorway.

With a sinking feeling and fear in her heart, Naomi knew straight away who it was. She tried to pause, but another firm kick urged her forward. She scrambled onwards, her terror mounting exponentially. As she clumsily mounted the steps in front of her, Naomi could suddenly see a pair of ugly, splayed, calloused black feet. The man leading her by the collar paused.

"Your new bitch, madam Minister," he said handing over the leash.

Abeba clapped her hands together delightedly and paid both men a handsome tip. She'd told the gentlemen at the action house that was how she wanted the formal handover to happen, a verbal, binding quasi-official, humiliating confirmation of Naomi Sanderson-Hughes' new status in the world. She'd even thought of that particular phrase herself. Words that gave her a nice, fuzzy feeling deep in her African loins.

She gave a firm tug on her bitch's lead and led her proudly into the bowels of her vast new house. From the table by the door she picked up a long, plaited leather whip. It wasn't particularly heavy, it was a dressage whip. Not only an instrument of punishment, but a useful tool to guide and help train a young horse. Abeba smiled at the image in her head as she urged Naomi on with just a careful flick of the whip to her right buttock.

The white woman squealed in rather an amusing fashion. Abeba smiled and lifted the hem of the short grey shift up and over the bulb of Naomi's bare buttocks, the very faint outline of the whip stroke clearly visible on her white skin. She ran her hand over it, well why not? Naomi squeaked in a distressed fashion and tried to squirm away but Abeba simply laughed and slapped her extremely firmly over one bottom cheek.

"Oowooww." Oh please, please Abeba...let me go. I won't tell anyone...please."

The young African woman couldn't help but smile at the sheer naivety of her white captive. Did the silly old bitch really think that she was going to be simply allowed to leave, as easily as that? Instead Abeba gave a sharp tug on the leash that pulled Naomi up short. She took a firm hold of the white woman's silky blonde hair and shook it vigorously.

"Are you really that stupid? Listen up, bitch. You're mine now, bought and paid for with good African money. I bought you in a government sanctioned auction. I have your ownership papers online if you ever want to read them. You Belong To Me."

Abeba said the last words slowly and carefully as if she was explaining something simple to a particularly stupid child. And then carried on with her explanation of Naomi's new reality.

"You can run from me if you like, I'll open the door and you can just run away. But that would be illegal; the police would find you, identify you and bring you back to me, because you're my property. Like recovering a lost pet. And when you were delivered back to me I'd take you down to the punishment

room and beat you until I felt that you'd learned your lesson. There's nowhere for you to run or hide. You need to get that into your thick head."

Abeba tapped Naomi none to gently on her head to help reinforce the point.

The information slowly percolated through to Naomi's brain. She was normally so sharp and quick witted that she was several moves ahead of most people she debated with. But this was monstrous and almost too much for her to take in. Her head was struggling with the concept. Was the ugly black bitch suggesting that she Naomi Sanderson-Hughes, a former MP and government minister whose wealthy family and its connections were famous, was nothing more than a slave now? Chattel in 21st century Britain? It was all too much

Naomi Sanderson-Hughes did what many of her Victorian ancestors had done, she fainted.

Chapter 13

Jessica Cartwright's heart felt as if it had simply been turned off for a few seconds. Her hand automatically went to her mouth in shock. Sat right next to her, within touching distance in fact sat one of the most high-profile gangsters in the country, Ahmed Qadir. A truly manipulative evil man. Jessica had seen with her own eyes the fallout from his brutal regime and the savage turf wars that had seen his enemies permanently removed from circulation. She felt her heart race and her eyes flickered to the large men in the two front seats.

"Do you still think they're on your side, you silly little piggy? You don't think these two are real cops do you?"

He smiled at her gullibility and her fear, showing his perfectly even gleaming white teeth.

"And they told me that you were such a smart little piggy-wiggy."

He sniggered and let his hand fall to her knee. Jessica recoiled but her hands were still cuffed in front of her and she couldn't do much about it. Although, despite her intense training and preparation for combat she'd never felt less like trying to overpower anyone. She was locked inside a car with two large, implacable men and one raging psychopath. She tried to ignore Qadir's hand as it slowly edged up her bare thigh and under her prison-issue skirt.

The fact that she'd been given a skirt rather than pants that morning should have alerted her but the lure of her release had been too bright an object to take her eyes from. Which meant that the prison authorities in Sandton were fully aware what was going to happen that day, which in turn meant that inevitably they were in the pockets of the Qadir's and God knew who else. She squirmed as the invasive hand neared her groin.

"I wouldn't struggle if I was you, Miss Cartwright, not unless you want me to stop the car and to beat you black and blue?"

It was said with such calm self-assurance that somehow it was even more chilling than being threatened by a loud-mouthed amateur. Loud mouthed amateurs usually succumbed to being punched violently in the stomach, at least in Jessica's experience. Qadir on the other hand would undoubtedly carry out his low-key threat. He'd pull the car over and then severely beat her. And, she thought bitterly, he'd undoubtedly enjoy doing so.

Therefore instead of struggling or even to be seen attempting to struggle she sat and allowed his hand to roam over her bare skin like an invasive, aggressive spider. He stroked and mauled her a little before snapping the elastic of her plain, white cotton briefs. She swallowed nervously. How far was the vile man willing to go in the back of a car? His finger delved inside her knicker elastic and tugged experimentally at her curly, black pubic hairs.

"I don't like this," he said conversationally. "I like my piggy wiggies to be clean shaven and smooth. We'll have to rectify that later won't we, Miss Cartwright?" He asked with deceptive calmness. Jessica didn't answer. What was there to say?

She felt the shock of the sudden pain as he yanked out a little pubic hair by its roots and she couldn't help but squeal.

"I asked you a question Miss Piggy? It's rude not to answer your superiors."

Jessica felt her heart race.

"Erm...yes...I suppose it should be r...rectified."

She couldn't help keep the tremor out of her voice. He was such a terribly intimidating man. To her relief she felt his hand slight out from under her panties, but that relief was short-lived. He tapped her lips.

"Open up, Miss Piggy, your master has a gift for you."

With a sudden shock, Jessica realised that he still had the strands of her dark pubic hair in his hand. Surely he didn't mean to...

"Open!" He demanded with just a little more insistence.

Slowly, tremulously, Jessica opened her mouth. She still didn't quite believe that he was going to make her eat her own pubic hairs. That was too much...that was too... She felt his smooth brown fingers on her tongue and then the single word.

"Chew!"

She chewed. It wasn't as if she really had any choice in the matter. The sheer humiliation of what she was being made to do made her tearful. She chewed, trying to ignore the musty taste of herself as she did so. The man stared at her with undisguised amusement watching her reluctantly masticating her own pubic hair.

"Swallow!"

Jessica sobbed and tried to appeal mutely to his mercy. Which of course didn't exist if you were a psychopath like Ahmed Qadir she realised. Instead, with great difficulty, she did as she was told and swallowed her own hair because...what other option did she have? She flinched slightly as he raised his hand, but it was only to smooth her flushed cheek.

"Good little piggy." He produced a cotton hood and placed it over her head with almost feminine delicacy

Ahmed turned his attention to the two men in the front seats and directed them somewhere that Jessica couldn't quite make out. Not that she really wanted to know where they were going. It wasn't as if anywhere they had in mind was going to be enjoyable was it? They weren't taking her out to lunch were they? In all probability they were going to take her somewhere horrible and... Jessica sobbed slightly and felt a single tear escape from the corner of her eye and slide slowly down her cheek. Was this how it was all going to end for her?

So it was quite a surprise as the hood was removed to see the SUV crunching over a long, sweeping gravel drive and stop outside rather a grand villa. She was taken out of the car by the two men and hustled up a flight of stairs and into the house. If it was grand from the outside, it was absolutely spectacular on the inside. A cavernous hall with a huge double staircase and a massive crystal chandelier were the first things to greet her followed by a young woman clad in a traditional black and white maid's outfit who seemed unsurprised to see that she was wearing handcuffs.

The older of the two men unfastened the cuffs and she was led away by the maid up three flights of stairs until they came to a smaller, dingier corridor and she was shown into a small, simple room with a bed and a cupboard and a dressing table. The woman, who hadn't said a word during their time together turned and left, locking the door behind her. Jessica sat on the bed and looked around. It wasn't the Ritz exactly, but it was a lot better than some anonymous ditch somewhere. She took a deep breath and waited. What else could she do?

Chapter 14

Naomi Sanderson Hughes heard the impatient tinkle of the hand bell. Oh God, oh God, oh God! How long had the bloody thing been ringing for. She carefully placed her duster in the designated place and moved as quickly as she could across the luxuriously carpeted floor of Miss Obasi's bedroom. Fortunately it was on the first floor so she only had one flight of stairs to negotiate which she did so rapidly, almost running in her haste to get to the living room. She made hardly any noise on the marble staircase. Her feet were encased in shiny, black ballet flats rather than her formal high heels which allowed her more manoeuvrability, especially when she was cleaning.

Trying to control her breathing she walked as quickly as she possibly could into the living room and executed a formal curtsy.

"You rang, Miss Obasi?" She enquired politely.

The dirty little immigrant liked to be known as Miss Obasi nowadays and who was Naomi to argue?

Abeba regarded her with one of her intense stares.

"I've been ringing for quite a while, fool. Where have you been, pleasuring yourself again? Humping Rover I imagine?"

Naomi felt herself flush. She was such a common slut! As rude and as ignorant as so many of her kind were.

"Well?"

"I'm very sorry, miss. I only just heard the bell a minute ago. I do apologise for my tardiness."

Naomi had learned, most painfully, that contradicting or questioning her mistress's often perverse version of the truth was never a good idea.

Abeba sniffed dismissively as she watched her maid squirm a little. She knew that Naomi was telling the truth because she hadn't even been ringing the bell for a minute when the girl appeared in the doorway. But that didn't really matter did it? She certainly wasn't going to admit that. She positively enjoyed watching Naomi squirm like this. She clucked her tongue in a dismissive way as if such things were beneath her.

She stared for a little while at her new maid. The outfitters had done a really good job. Her maid's dress was a little black number with a white collar and a white trim to her short sleeves. But that wasn't all. It was both dowdy and sexy, restraining and revealing. It was beautifully cut but, as intended, tight across her bottom and her boobs and at it was at least one collar size too small and it was so short that it barely covered her satin knickers. Abeba couldn't decide which colour of underwear she liked the most so she made Naomi alternate between black, white or none at all.

Naomi was beginning to tremble under her stare. Abeba liked that, it showed that her maid feared her which was how things should naturally be. She was semi broken now; at least that was what Abeba considered her to be. She'd been trained with the dressage whip. Not thrashed with it not by any means, just stroked a little, flicked now and then across her breasts or her backside. Not enough to damage, but certainly enough to sting.

But the objective had been achieved, Naomi Sanderson Hughes had been taught her place quickly and efficiently interspersed with just one or two what Abeba would call thorough beatings. The first time she refused to lick Abeba out, literally sat and refused to honour her mistress! Abeba had bundled her downstairs to the punishment room bound her over a bench and taken the heavy leather paddle to her gyrating backside until it and the backs of her thighs looked like tenderised steaks.

She'd quite enjoyed doing it too. She tried to imagine her sisters of colour suffering under the Colonial whip all those years ago and that her added extra fuel to her already powerful right arm. And it seemed to do the trick. Abeba had added a strip of gauze soaked in salt water to her blistered backside and then left her overnight in that position. The salt must have stung those open wounds quite a lot because the following morning, Naomi's voice was hoarse with her shrieking.

It seemed to work too because the next time Abeba ordered Naomi Sanderson-Hughes former MP and the eldest daughter of a famous English dynasty to pleasure her, the woman could hardly obey Abeba

any quicker and licked her inexpertly but very enthusiastically to a very satisfying orgasm. Proof, if it ever was ever needed of the efficacy of corporal punishment regarding one's servants. "One's servants", Abeba sniggered to herself as she attempted an impersonation of a cultured, English middle-class voice.

Abeba roused herself from her fond memories. Naomi was still stood to attention as she should be, feet together, arse in tits out waiting for her mistress to instruct her.

"I'm organising a party on Friday night, Hughes. This is just a friendly warning that everything must be perfect. You understand that of course?"

Naomi bit her lip nervously as she answered.

"Yes, Miss Obasi"

"Because if everything isn't to my or my guests satisfaction, what do you think will happen?"

Naomi swallowed and felt her pale face flush with the heat of shame. How she hated these sorts of question and answer sessions!

"I...I'll probably be beaten, Miss Obasi."

"There's no "probability" about it Hughes. Yes you will be beaten. Taken down to the punishment room and paddled until you can't stand up, you can count on that."

Naomi could feel the tears in her eyes. She was such a horrible, dirty, cruel little bitch!

Chapter 15

It was just like being back at the police academy thought Jessica bitterly. Even her new, abbreviated uniform would probably have provided enormous pleasure for some of the more traditional, old school officers that she'd had to deal with back in the day. She was stood at attention in front of a small group of obviously very entertained very amused men. There were however two major differences. The group of men were all Pakistani's and her uniform was a deeply humiliating parody of her actual police constable when she patrolled the streets.

She was wearing 4" glossy black high heels, fine black stockings with garters, black silk knickers, a much abbreviated black "skirt" that barely covered anything, a crisp white blouse which was way too tight for her plump breasts and a tightly knotted black tie. And as a final touch, on her head was what looked and felt like an actual, authentic black and white cap that a serving Woman Police Constable might have worn 20 years ago when she first started out.

She looked and felt quite ridiculous but after all wasn't that the aim? To make her dress like a parody of her former self? To humiliate and debase her as reminder of what she now was? She tried not to flinch as the younger Qadir stepped forward and took a firm hold of both her breasts through her thin, cotton blouse. He squeezed them tightly, painfully even but she grit her teeth and tried not to let him know how much he'd hurt her. He mashed his bloated, ugly lips to hers and inserted his tongue as far down her throat as he could. He'd already fucked her numerous times (as she'd fucked him) he whispered into her ear his breath smelling of some indefinable curry. Which was quite a good joke which surely someone else must have told him because clearly he didn't have the wit to think of it himself.

"Hey, hey...brother called out Ahmed, "don't damage the merchandise brother. She's got work to do."

And as usual he was right. She did have work to do. She worked for the Qadir's now. She was one of their "girls". One of their "special" girls. Usman pushed her aside hard enough that she stumbled and almost fell. There was no sympathy from the little group of hard-looking Asian men stood around drinking and smoking. In fact hardly anyone noticed her at all. Clearly, in this particular room at least a statuesque blonde, former Detective Inspector teetering around in her high heels and wearing a very abbreviated policewoman's uniform was not quite the novelty it would have been anywhere else.

They'd all fucked her at least once of course. Ahmed did think it a good idea to give his lieutenants certain special dispensation and getting to fuck the "special girls" was just one of those perks. One or two had done her without any particular enthusiasm, most might have screwed her a couple more times, and the real perverts had done all sorts of things to her, making her wear her police cuffs during the act, making her wear her uniform and then pulling and tearing it off her at the end. One of the worst ones had even tried inserting her police baton up her ass at one stage.

But once again, what could she do about it? They were gangsters and by and large the most violent debauched people imaginable. She was a prostitute now, but at least she was a high-class one. She was "special" which in terms of the Qadir's many brothels usually meant the recipient of that particular title was white, middle-class and had formerly been in a position of power. For example, just across the corridor Jessica could see a woman who used to own a number of businesses which she wouldn't sell to the brothers down on her knees sucking the cock of a Qadir associate.

She was dressed in full Girlboss attire, fuck-me heels, stockings, a tight grey pinstripe skirt-suit and a sky blue silk blouse. The black man had a hold of the back of her head and was thrusting frenziedly in and out of her. The woman was crying and begging but her assailant clearly wasn't in the mood for mercy. And although she felt guilty watching the brutal scene, Jessica couldn't tear her eyes away from it either. The woman, and Jessica didn't even know her name, was sealing the deal but probably not in the way that she'd been taught in business school. With a grunt and a groan the man pulled out and then signed off my spraying her upturned face in his glutinous white seed.

Jessica looked away; it would be her turn soon. She could only hope that her next customer wouldn't leave the door open like the black guy had and give her a little privacy if not respect. She had no idea who

her next client was going to be. Jessica had decided that she preferred the word client to customer. With the former she could at least pretend that she was organising some sort of important transaction rather than being fucked by a Neanderthal thug. She licked her lips and waited at attention, that's what Ahmed had told her to do.

“At attention Miss Piggy. Imagine you're on parade for me. We'll call you when it's your turn.”

He'd said before turning back to the matter in hand, a discussion about trafficking as if it was the most normal thing for two men to be talking about in the middle of the afternoon. If only she was still a policewoman the amount of info she'd picked up would have been priceless. But she wasn't, not any more. She was in essence an expensive whore to be used as either favour to a rival gang or as a sort of payment for one of their incredibly varied business ventures, or just as a piece of business, charged by the hour.

That's what she was waiting for now, a pay by the hour business client. Just another income stream in the Qadir's vast, money-making business empire. Idly she glanced at the clock, three minutes to the hour. Almost certainly he'd be here on time; he'd be paying for the hour from the minute the clock struck 3, irrespective of if he was actually there or not. That's how the Qadir's did business, and who was going to argue with them? There were footsteps on the stairs, she heard the door across the way open and saw the back of a dark suit. She swallowed nervously

“Cadet Piggy, you're dismissed!”

Jessica blushed at the laughter all around her. People laughed at Ahmed Qadir's jokes, if they knew what was good for them. She turned as if she was on the parade ground and marched out of the room and into the next one. The figure half turned, Jack bloody Turner the lying cheating dirty underhand bastard! He turned fully to her and smiled as he removed his jacket.

“How's it going...boss?”

Jessica just stared for a little while both astonished and slightly impressed by the sheer gall of the man. So he was working for the Qadir's as well? They'd hardly let a serving policeman into one of their parties so he must be the bastard. All that time and hard work undermined by one crooked policeman. He knew everything that was going on. Hell, it was probably him who gave her up to the Qadir's. She bit back an angry retort, he'd be expecting that.

“I'm very well considering, Detective Constable,” she replied eager to remind him that he was also a cop as well as a paid informant.

“Its Detective Sergeant now, boss. Lots of us got promoted when your sort got cleared out,” he said briskly removing his tie.

There was no need to ask him what he meant by “your sort”. She watched as he opened his shirt. His coolness was quite impressive considering their relative histories. Until the arrival of the new black inspector, Turner had been one of half a dozen detectives serving in her squad. He was always efficient and organised but nothing special. She had often wondered how such a palpably ordinary guy had risen through the ranks quite so quickly and without causing hardly a stir. Well, now she knew. Perhaps she should have paid more attention to that?

She watched him quickly unzip his pants and wriggle out of them. He was on the clock, obviously. His betrayal of his friends and colleagues clearly hadn't endeared him enough to the Qadir's for him to be classed as a valuable ally. He was having to pay to have sex with her, which made her smile in a wry sort of way. Paying for sex was probably something he was used to anyway?

“Come on you snooty bitch! Are we fucking or not?”

Well, he certainly was a smooth operator, she'd give him that.

“And leave the uniform on, I like it, it reminds me of the old days.”

Chapter 16

The day of the party dawned. Naomi Sanderson-Hughes bustled around frantically trying to satisfy her demanding mistress's various needs. Everything needed doing immediately and perfectly but at the same time. Abeba had brought in professional staff to cater, a discrete organisation that her and her friends always used for these sorts of things. Everything else however depended on Naomi. She'd cleaned the entire house from top to bottom not once, not twice, but three times in the three days leading up to today.

It wasn't as if she was unused to cleaning, Abeba made her wash and clean and dust and scrub largely by hand. Clearly devices could have been used, obviously, but they weren't. Abeba had declared that she wanted things "done properly" and that was an end to it. Naomi had learned never to question her mistress, not even to look as if she was questioning her mistress's wisdom. Early in their relationship she'd accidentally rolled her eyes over something that Abeba had said or done.

One jaw-shattering slap later she found herself being dragged down to the punishment room by the hair and no matter how much she pleaded or begged her bottom was roasted red raw by the enthusiastic application of the wooden paddle to it. Naomi had also discovered another unwelcome fact, Abeba was very much stronger than her modest frame would suggest. Horrifyingly strong in fact and she had no compunction about using her strength to thoroughly beat Naomi if ever she thought the white woman was "disrespecting" her.

She didn't have to do that of course, she had her thuggish security team to rely on if the need arose. However it never did arise, Naomi was sure that the young black girl positively enjoyed showing off her physical strength and using it to intimidate her. The girl was very hands on, she liked Naomi to sit at her feet when she wasn't working or slaving over something or other. For instance Abeba liked to set her pointless, time-consuming tasks such as putting hundreds of similar but slightly different coloured glass marbles into a bowl and then making Naomi sort them back out into their original colours again.

Clearly it was ridiculous, clearly it was a waste of time, but that wasn't the point and they both knew it. The intention was to demonstrate just who had the power nowadays, just who was in control. Another favourite game was to make Naomi put on her shameful Hardwicke House uniform, sit her at a small, child-sized desk bought specifically for the purpose and then make her write out line after tedious line until her arm ached with the sheer volume of words she was required to write. And always something humiliating or ridiculous like.

"My name is Naomi Sanderson-Hughes. I'm the slave of Miss Abeba Obasi."

Over and over and over again, perhaps a thousand lines to be completed within a particularly challenging timeframe.

But when she was allowed down-time, Abeba liked to make her crouch by her side as she watched mindless TV, patting and stroking her like she was a favoured pet. At other times she would make Naomi kiss her bare feet or worse, make her suck and lick them. It was a task that Naomi particularly hated especially when her young mistress mocked her, asking her what her constituents or her friends or her family if they could see her now.

These sorts of sessions were always the most humiliating as far as Naomi was concerned. Abeba often filmed them and would play them back as she knelt between the young woman's smooth black thighs licking for all she was worth. Sometimes her mistress made her put her hands on the ground with her nose inches from Abeba's phone and place her legs on either side of her. Then Abeba would make her watch her own abasement while playing with her sex, stroking and flicking her clitoris until Naomi was begging for release.

That release never came however; Abeba was an expert and taking her to the edge but never allowing her to tip over it and into the orgasm that she craved. She never, ever made Naomi come. Instead, and only when she was given permission, Naomi was allowed to sit on her large stuffed toy, her plushie dog Rover, and hump herself to an orgasm. Abeba very much enjoyed watching Naomi hump and had several videos of her wearing a selection of her uniforms and "dress-up" clothes doing exactly that.

Abeba's favourite stills were the many pictures she had of Naomi looking head on at the camera, sweating and flushed and either just about to orgasm or right in the throes of one. They were most amusing and also gloriously humiliating. Abeba had built herself quite the collection of images of her hated rival and was certain that they'd come in very useful in the future. But for now more important things were happening.

Parties or the sorts of parties that Abeba held and liked to attend were not only about entertainment, they were about power. The new ruling Party, the CRE liked to take every opportunity to announce their arrival on the scene and to flex their political muscle. The party would follow the same general pattern as the others she regularly graced with her presence. First the venue would be somewhere discreet and luxurious, the house of a senior party member or politician almost always one "requisitioned" from one of the previous ruling class and "returned to the people."

Second, the guests would be without exception one of the new ruling class, a politician or a Party member or very often a Party donor. Party donors were always very generous with their money Abeba had noticed, eager to acquire political influence by buying it if necessary. Not that it was ever couched in those terms, it was always a gathering of "like-minded friends" folks simply sharing a drink, some food and getting to know each other better. They were from all walks and backgrounds; in fact the only common factor they shared was that none of them were white.

Whereas all the people that accompanied the guests were without exception white, white middle-class and female. It was, as it was intended to be, a stark reminder if necessary of how the balance of power in the country had swung dramatically from white to black. Virtually all the white women in the room would have either similar backgrounds or they would have previously held jobs that gave them power and prestige. Now they were paraded as if they were the captives of a defeated army.

Several of her Abeba's colleagues had brought along their "guests" with them. Some of them were attractive young women designed to catch the eye or to boost the status of their mentor. Others were journalists, or former journalists as they'd become because outspoken critics of the CRE were simply not allowed to "peddle their filth and there lies" on the mainstream media any more. But most were, like Naomi, political opponents of the CRE and its supporters.

Abeba had raided Naomi's dress up cupboard although she didn't have to think too hard about how she was going to dress her "girl" as the former elites were invariably referred to nowadays by their new masters irrespective of their age or former status. Naomi Sanderson-Hughes, former Member of Parliament, former cabinet minister, former golden girl of British politics was dressed in her shameful Hardwicke House uniform shiny, black, patent leather ballet-flats, white ankle socks, a crisp white blouse, a short grey pinafore and a tightly knotted blue and white striped tie. Her hair had been dealt with in a suitably juvenile style; two blonde braids tied with blue ribbon.

Naomi tried to keep her head down but it was difficult to maintain her equilibrium dressed as she was. There was no hiding place. There were about thirty special guests, several of whom Naomi actually knew from her time in politics which made her experience even more challenging. As she subserviently followed her young black mistress around the house she was extremely aware of the looks and the sniggers of amusement she received.

Some people even stopped to examine her more thoroughly; a black politician she knew from her past smirked in her face and hefted her breasts in his large hands as if weighing fruit.

"Hello Naomi, not so arrogant and pleased with yourself nowadays I see?"

He asked before squeezing her nipples painfully with his thick fingers.

"N...no Sir" she managed to reply respectfully.

The last thing she wanted was to give her sadistic mistress the opportunity to thrash her in front of a crowd of strangers. Something she had done in the past without the slightest compunction and Naomi had no doubt that she'd do so again but there was no point in antagonising the bitch unnecessarily so she smiled and answered the MP's questions until he got bored of her and, after slapping her face and calling her "a racist bitch" wandered off.

All around her the party had started to come alive. She saw a couple of Asian men in suits molesting a tall, willowy blonde girl, one had his hand up her short skirt, the other was busily taking her plump breasts out of their bra. One stylish looking woman appeared to be wearing a very smart business suit

until as she passed it was evident that looking at her from the back that she had great holes cut in her jacket and her skirt which revealed that she wasn't wearing a bra or panties.

An attractive blonde wearing what appeared to be a parody of a policewoman's uniform was being held face down over one of the sofas and having her bare bottom blistered by an Asian woman wielding a wooden paddle who was declaring loudly to anyone around her that she "fucking hated coppers." As the woman howled and squirmed, Naomi spared a look of sympathy, that paddle was "her" paddle and she knew from personal experience just how much it hurt.

The paddle was just one of several instruments of correction taken from their usual place in the punishment room and spread around Abeba's house for the use of her guests. Somewhere from another room Naomi could hear the horrid swish and crack of a cane biting into the backside of its intended target and a shriek as the unfortunate recipient felt the awful pain begin to radiate throughout her backside.

Chapter 17

Sobbing and crying from her public beating over the sofa, Jessica Cartwright hobbled into the bathroom do dab at her eyes and take a drink of water. Her make-up was ruined of course, and her hair. Her mascara was sliding down her face and her hair had somehow escaped from its pony tail. She took a deep breath, wiped her face with a paper towel and tied to get her hair back into some kind of order.

That was when Ahmed suddenly appeared behind her in his immaculately tailored shiny dark suit. He watched her for a little while, amused at the state she was in before suddenly grabbing her by the collar of her white blouse and dragging her behind him out of the bathroom.

“There’s someone who wants to meet you, Miss Piggy, so you’d better be on your best behaviour, do you understand you pathetic sow?”

He shook her by the collar like a dog shaking a rat without waiting for her reply and then led her upstairs and into one of the guest bedrooms. Jessica could feel the tension mounting in her stomach as the door slowly opened. Inside was a figure facing away from her.

“I’ll leave you two lovebirds alone so that you can get to know each other better,” said Ahmed with a note of derision in his voice.

Jessica swallowed nervously; it was difficult to make out who the figure was in the darkness. But when she turned with a superior look on her dark face, Jessica was completely dumbfounded. She could hardly believe her eyes, the figure wearing thin white latex panties and a matching white latex bra was her former boss on the force, Maxine Grey. Ms Maxine Grey, Chief Superintendent Maxine Grey! Jessica was shocked; her boss was almost the very last person that she would have expected to see at such a debauched gathering.

Sure she was remote and supremely arrogant but this!? This was a collection of entirely corrupt politicians and well-known local gangsters. To find the local chief of police here in a private capacity was absolutely mind-blowing. Jessica opened her mouth to speak but could think of absolutely nothing to say. The post senior policeman in the county was in the pay of the most notorious gangsters! Clearly Ahmed had given her to Maxine Grey in the expectation of receiving something in return.

“So we meet again, Jessica. I always wondered what was beneath those cheap, unstylish clothes of yours and now I guess I’m going to find out.

“But you’re a policewoman, a senior policewoman. Why are you doing this? Jack Turner’s a stupid brutal dimwit but you’re smart and educated?”

Maxine Grey laughed gently.

“Oh dear, you’re one of *those* aren’t you? An idealist, someone who still believes that you worked for a force for good?”

Jessica couldn’t help but nod. That’s exactly what she did believe and so had her father and her grandfather before her. Both upstanding, incorruptible policemen proud of their profession and the work that they did for their community. The woman laughed again and reached down for something off the bedside table that rattled as she picked it up.

“I thought as much, that sort of naive innocence is just so damn sexy. Did anyone ever tell you that?”

Maxine Grey buckled the device that she’d just picked up around her waist.

“The police force is just another institution that we needed to control. And best of all you people actually encouraged us to join it. You lowered the standards for us, made it easy for us to apply and get in and then when we were in charge we recruited each other into positions of power and responsibility and excluded you.” Ms Grey seemed to positively enjoy explaining the situation to her.

Jessica meanwhile watched in horror as the various straps were pulled and adjusted around the statuesque black woman’s waist.

“You were difficult to remove I’ll give you that, your reputation and your ability weren’t exaggerated, I’d hoped it was so that I could fire you and replace you with another white, male idiot, or preferably another sister of my choosing. But I could find any reason, not until I spoke to my friends, your new employers I believe? How’s that going for you by the way?”

Jessica couldn't speak. The large black woman had attached a strap-on dildo to herself and was applying some sort of lubricant to it. It was large and black and intrusive.

"P...please...I beg you...please."

Maxine Grey smiled and gave another laugh.

"Come on whore, you know what one of these is? You must have seen plenty of them in your new profession?"

Jessica shook her head, she knew what the way but she'd never had one used on her.

"So you're a dildo virgin? Haha, how sweet. Well now's the time to break that duck. Get yourself on to the bed; face down knees nice and wide. Face down I said so that hole is presented nicely, get that face right into the pillow and then we can begin your first lesson."

With a sob, Jessica obeyed. She was shocked; all her preconceptions about honour and duty had been shattered within the last ten minutes. Jack Turner wasn't one rotten apple in the barrel; the entire barrel was festering in corruption. If Grey was a bent copper then hundreds below her must be corrupt as well. Jessica felt the tip of something cold and solid wriggle around the entrance to her anus and realised in that second that what had already happened metaphorically to the police force she loved was about to happen in reality to her.

Chapter 18

The next morning was a busy one for Naomi. She was up at her normal time. The alarm certainly didn't relent no matter what time she went to bed. She'd hurriedly got up and dressed in her maid uniform. It was humiliating attire but not half as shameful as her Hardwicke House uniform. At the party. People wanted to know what she'd come as and her whole humiliating incarceration had to be explained yet again.

People were fascinated by her ordeal and most of them liked to hear some sort of titillating detail from her time as an inmate which Naomi was required to give no matter who asked her or how many times she was asked. She always had to stand neatly with a smile etched onto her face and her hands behind her back while she gave some sort of respectful, humiliating detail to her fascinated interrogator.

"What was it really like?"

"Did she actually get spanked?"

"Wasn't its reputation over-exaggerated by those opposed to the CRE?"

The last question in particular was always asked by people with no direct connection to Hardwicke House and who, for purely ideological reasons refused to believe the rumours that swirled around that horrible place. What Naomi would really like to have done was to have then sent there. That would have woken up their ideas a little! Having their bottom cheeks thrashed by some ill-educated half-wit would certainly have concentrated their minds and taught them not to ask such stupid questions.

But clearly at the moment that wasn't entirely practical. Instead and in order to avoid the pain readily doled out by that over-enthusiastic bitch who now ruled her life so completely she was always, on the surface at least, completely subservient. But she was an educated woman and it didn't prevent her from continuously thinking about the predicament she was in and more particularly how it had happened.

She looked at the mountain of crockery and glassware that she'd already cleaned with a sigh because on the side was another huge pile from last night's revelries that needed to be dealt with as well. She cursed under her breath at the lack of modern technology in the otherwise impressive house and realised that Abeba must have gone to the trouble of removing dishwashers, washing machines and vacuum cleaners entirely to inconvenience her.

Doing brainless work like this was good, it gave her time to think and if Abeba happened to be watching her through the CCTV system, then so much the better. The first thing was that it had all happened so quickly. Naomi herself had warned the great British public that something was wrong, that the country was admitting too many immigrants. Immigration itself wasn't the issue; people bringing skills and experience were always welcome.

It was more to do with the enormous volume of undocumented, unskilled men being made welcome. Of course her worries were howled down by her political enemies and her views ridiculed. In fact anyone that questioned exactly why this was being allowed to happen was similarly vilified. The mainstream media also seemed to want to use its power to support the massive influx and suppress any negative stories. Every article it ran contained some sort of positive spin on how mass immigration was a benefit to the economy. Although exactly how it was a benefit was never explained.

But, sad to say, she'd been proven correct. Immigrants had voted for other immigrants who had used their power to invite more immigrants to come to the country and then the same cycle was repeated, again and again and again. While the traditional indigenous parties vacillated and argued among themselves as to which of them was morally superior and the most in favour of diversity, the immigrants kept on arriving and organising. The inevitable conclusion was that immigrants voting as a bloc had been able to outvote all the competing indigenous political Parties at the last general election.

Which was how she came to be dressed in a humiliating uniform and washing dishes by hand in the home of a 25 year old immigrant who could barely speak English but who was now a part of the new ruling class. It was almost unbelievable and yet, if you'd been paying attention it was also the only logical outcome to their policy of infiltration and then a hollowing out of any institution that they wished to control. And now they'd claimed the ultimate institution, the British State. The only question that remained was, what was next?

The End