

Charles Ryder

The New Government



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Book 2

The New Government Book 2

The New Government, Volume 2

Charles Ryder

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THE NEW GOVERNMENT BOOK 2

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THE NEW GOVERNMENT BOOK TWO

THE RISE OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT

CHARLES RYDER

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

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CHAPTER 1

The Honourable William Massingham was a leading light in the New Government movement. His huge personal wealth, originally inherited but now supplemented by his interests in prostitution and illegal gambling, had helped fund the New Government in its formative years. As a result he was an untouchable member of the elite, and as such he was free to pursue his own personal little foibles. Massingham's foibles were somewhat unusual even by the standards of the British upper classes. Despite his avuncular appearance he was an unapologetic sociopath, an arrogant sadistic bully who took great pleasure from his perverse lifestyle. His public image was one of benign imperturbability. He dressed well and his manners, of course, were impeccable. He was tall, passably handsome, and still in good physical condition despite his sixty years.

“Set a course for the Re-education Centre please, McLeod.”

“At once, Mr Massingham.”

Massingham glanced casually at his driver, Heather McLeod, she was fairly new. He sat in the back of the Daimler on the opposite side to her.

“I had an email yesterday from young Jonny Weston, McLeod. Can you imagine to what it referred?”

He was rewarded by seeing her pretty face blush. It provided a pleasant contrast to the brilliant white of her crisp shirt collar.

“Yes sir...it was probably a reminder sir, that I'm due a beating back at the office sir.”

“That's correct young lady; remind me again why you're going to be beaten?”

She gave a little sob. Massingham wasn't moved of course, in fact her evident misery only added to his enjoyment. He was like a cat with a terrified little mouse.

“It's because... it's because I'm a thief sir.”

“Yes indeed McLeod, it's because you are a miserable, untrustworthy little thief.”

In reality the former high-flyer in one of his recently acquired enterprises had accidentally claimed for more expenses than she was actually due. Nobody had even noticed until a random audit revealed it. To a man like Massingham that was all that was required. A swift interview, condemnation and then an arbitrary sentence followed. In her case she was seconded into his tender care as his personal chauffeur. Her more obvious punishment was a public beating every Thursday in front of her former office colleagues until he decided she had paid her dues.

He had decked her out in full chauffeur's uniform; he did so like a girl in uniform. In Heather McLeod's case she had been required to abandon her stylish suits for black heels, black stockings, a mid-thigh length black skirt, a white shirt, a black jacket, a sky blue tie, all crowned with a black chauffeur's cap. She looked as pretty as a picture in William Massingham's opinion. He liked to think that being required to wear a work related uniform only served to emphasise a woman's true place in his organisations.

Having her thrashed in front of her colleagues had proved to be a work of genius. He remembered how she had been asked to place a desk in the centre of the office. He'd called her to the desk whereupon she'd removed her cap and jacket and obediently bent over it. Then, in front of all the assembled staff, he'd given her six strokes over her skin tight skirt, and then given the cane to her former subordinate John Weston. Weston hadn't taken much persuasion to give her a further six strokes. Massingham noted that the young man had made each stroke count, ignoring the frantic kicking and squealing emanating from his humbled former boss. He made a mental note to think about promoting young Weston, the Party could always use his sort. Massingham glanced across at his driver and was gratified to see tears glistening on her cheeks.

"There's no point in feeling sorry for yourself McLeod, you've brought this situation on yourself, haven't you?" He demanded in his cultured, upper-class tone.

"Y...yes sir." She made herself reply. Really he was a monstrous man, cruel and vindictive.

"I see we're due at your office tomorrow morning, McLeod."

"Yes sir."

"I'm considering your punishment young lady. I'm not entirely sure you've learnt your lesson yet. I have to speak with Mr Weston and gauge his opinion. What did you receive last time?"

"S...six each from you and Mr...W...Weston sir."

"Hmmm, I'm mindful to give you a dozen each, perhaps that will teach you to keep your mind on your job rather than fiddling your expenses hey?"

"Yes...s...sir." she managed to sob; he was such a hateful beast!

"I'll dwell on the matter tonight. Pick me up tomorrow at the usual time, and keep your eyes on the road, girl!"

Heather hastily wiped her eyes with the back of her sleeve and tried to concentrate on the job in hand. Thirty minutes later the car drew up outside Southfields RC and she scurried around the car to open the rear door for him. He exited the car without a word and made his way towards the concrete steps that led up to that forbidding institution.

The following morning, Heather dressed herself very carefully. She knew that William Massingham was a stickler for his staff wearing their uniforms correctly. Her black heels had been polished to within an inch of their lives. Her stockings were immaculate, her skirt was the correct length, her white shirt was pristine and her blue tie was perfectly knotted. She put the hated cap, the symbol of her servitude, squarely on her head and with a grimace in the mirror headed out to meet her fate.

The fate of Miss Heather McLeod was also uppermost in the mind of John Weston as well. The rise of the New Government had been perfect for him. In a few short months he'd been able to manoeuvre a situation where his useless former boss had lost both her job and her dignity. The fact that he'd also been able to bring what was in reality a misunderstanding to the attention of the owner of the company himself, had been an enormous bonus. It helped of course that he had attended the same school as Mr Massingham's son.

Never one to look a gift horse in the mouth John had pushed the situation for all it was worth. His reward was his new role as departmental manager. Sure he wasn't as qualified as Heather McLeod, or as experienced. But on the other hand, he did have William Massingham's ear, which in the current political climate counted for so much more. The multi-millionaire businessman had actually called him that morning to discuss how his former boss should be punished. Fortunately he'd thought of little else so when asked he had an idea of what form her humiliation should take. Judging from Massingham's reaction he had chosen wisely and it only remained for him to make the most of the situation.

"Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for attending today's unfortunate affair. Happily, both Mr Weston and I are satisfied that Miss McLeod has expressed sufficient remorse to allow her to return to work. Assuming she is amenable, that will be tomorrow."

Here he looked at Heather who was happy to nod her assent.

"Good, all that remains is for Miss McLeod to be disciplined and then we can all move on."

Heather obviously wasn't too happy at this outcome but she was determined to take her final punishment with fortitude. Massingham beckoned her over and she nervously obeyed.

"Cap and jacket off please, Miss McLeod."

With a heavy heart Heather did as she was instructed. As she did so she couldn't help but notice two heavy-looking wooden paddles placed prominently on the desk.

"Mrs Chibuzo, Miss Saeed, could you join us at the front please." A plump African woman and a tall thin, Asian girl quietly shuffled forward.

"These are our two cleaning ladies, Miss McLeod. I'm sure you have never met them, but they are an essential part of the team. Due to the current expansion we were considering taking on extra staff. However it occurred to us that making you an assistant to the ladies here would be killing two birds with one stone. In the first instance it's a

good place for you to begin your rehabilitation back into the Company, and second we don't have to pay for extra staff. What do you think, Miss McLeod?"

Heather McLeod was clearly dumbfounded, what on earth was she supposed to say to that? She'd worked very hard on behalf of the Company, many, many hours of unpaid overtime in order to help develop it and move it forward and here she was being demoted to the cleaning staff! She opened her mouth to give her indignant reply when suddenly she caught Massingham's eye and suddenly it didn't seem like such a good idea.

"If it's for the benefit of the Company sir, then I'm all for it."

She could hear half suppressed giggling from the staff assembled behind her. She was never a particular favourite of theirs. Some of them had very much enjoyed her spectacular fall from grace. She was perceived as a tough cookie, an unapproachable ice-maiden but in reality she was their boss, not their friend and she treated them as such, it was the only way to maintain the productivity and therefore the results she was so proud of.

"Excellent, Miss McLeod. Now it only remains for you to take your final beating. Mr Massingham and I think it would be a salutary lesson for you to receive it from your new superiors, Mrs Chibuzo and Miss Saeed."

"Please...no, this isn't right...I..."

"Please don't make a fuss young lady! You've brought this situation upon yourself. The Company has to send the message that thieves and cheats will not be tolerated here. I don't know how things were done under your old management regime, and I don't really care. But under my leadership there will be zero tolerance regarding corruption and greed. Only my goodwill has spared you from a probable jail sentence. At the very least you would have been consigned to a Re-education Centre."

William Massingham looked around regally at the assembled collection of miserable low-life plebeians gathered in front of him. He really did hope they were taking his message on board, for their sakes. He'd chosen Heather McLeod to be his first victim almost immediately; after all she did tick many of his boxes. She was female, attractive, ambitious, and moderately successful, a part of the management team, and unapologetically Scottish. He was a misogynist, enjoyed humiliating attractive, successful women and wanted to make the point that nobody, even management, was immune from his wrath. The Scottish thing was just another of his petty foibles, he didn't like Scots, or Irish, or Welsh people for that matter. The inferior breeds, he believed, should know their place.

"Over the desk please Miss McLeod, I'm sure you know the drill by now."

John Weston noted appreciatively that her plump bottom was perfectly outlined by her tight skirt when she bent over. Absentmindedly he leaned forward and brushed a

non-existent piece of lint from the dark skirt.

What followed was enormously exciting for him. The two cleaners picked up the large paddles from the desk and proceeded to thrash the inviting target presented to them. They soon fell into the rhythm of giving their erstwhile manager alternate strokes. Each loud crack was rewarded with an equally loud shriek as the hard wooden surface of the paddles bit into her chubby behind. William Massingham wandered around and sat himself comfortably in front of the woman's eye line. He did so enjoy watching the faces of his victims, and so far Heather McLeod was certainly not letting him down. She howled and writhed and begged. She promised to be good, to do better, not to steal ever, ever again. Finally he indicated that the punishment should cease. He reached forward and lifted her head to look at him. Her tears and ruined make-up were so...gratifying.

"You've learned your lesson I assume, Miss McLeod?"

The woman mumbled something unintelligible between her sobbing fits.

"I'll take that as a yes, young lady. Now it only remains for you to apologise to me, to Mr Weston, and indeed to all the staff for your behaviour."

Tearful, crying and dishevelled the attractive young woman was made to stand to attention at the front of the room and apologise for her 'wrongdoings' to the assembled staff many of whom, noted Massingham, didn't seem particularly sympathetic. Then she had to apologise personally to John Weston. Finally she was required to strip to her bra and pants. Even her shoes were taken from her. Then she was led away by her new colleagues in order to be kitted out for her new role in the company.

William Massingham drove himself home that afternoon. After asking young Weston to keep him informed of the progress of his new protégé he returned to his own palatial home. As he mounted the steps to the imposing door it was opened by a uniformed maid who curtsied prettily. Without a word he handed her his overcoat. He found his wife in their huge drawing-room.

"Hello darling, how was your day? You look quite fatigued."

Massingham sat down heavily in his favourite armchair.

"Fairly good, my sweet. I've been reasonably busy I have to say. The business doesn't run itself you know."

"Quite darling, quite. I'll call Lyndhurst; she's rather marvellous in these sort of situations."

"Darling, you're always so kind."

In a nearby room a buzzer sounded. Abigail Lyndhurst immediately got to her feet and checked her appearance in the mirror. Once she was happy she turned and teetered out of the room on her high heels. As she walked down the long corridor towards the stair she passed one of the footmen who stared at her with an amused expression before

giving her a low wolf-whistle. She blushed furiously at the unwanted compliment. My God, had it come to this? One tiny error on her part had consigned her to the dreadful house. Her old life and friends and accomplishments were now history. Rather than the respected Dr Lyndhurst she was now merely 'Lyndhurst. Rather than a GP she was now a nurse. She was now the official nurse to the dreadful Massingham family. Her duties involved everything that could conceivably be described as 'medical'.

The deferential knock at the drawing room door signalled the arrival of the woman. Massingham barely glanced at her as she entered, although in any other context she would have drawn many an admiring glance. She was wearing four inch, gleaming white stilettos, white stockings and a tiny mid-thigh pleated white skirt. As she curtsied her large, creamy white breasts encased in a half-cup white wonder bra were very prominent. The fact that her short-sleeved white blouse had the top three buttons undone helped of course. Her bleached peroxide hair was topped by a tiny, demeaning cap. And attached to her blouse was a badge that proclaimed her identity to everyone, Nurse Lyndhurst.

“Aaah, Lyndhurst there you are, my husband needs his usual foot massage.”

Immediately Abigail knelt at Massingham's feet and proceeded to unlace his shiny, black brogues. It certainly didn't pay to delay when given any order in this house, as she knew to her cost. Carefully she worked them off his feet, and then slowly removed his right sock. Taking his foot in both hands she raised it to her mouth and placed her lips on it. She then proceeded to kiss his foot from the top of his toe to his heel. The smell was quite horrible. He'd clearly been wearing his shoes and socks all day. Of course she ignored that fact. Once she'd kissed them she began to slowly lick them, with long slow movements of her tongue.

The taste was quite dreadful; his elderly wrinkled feet were quite horrible. Clearly however she couldn't suggest that. Her bottom twitched involuntarily as she recalled the canings she had received for having the temerity to gag when she was being taught. Above her she could hear the two of them carrying out a banal conversation as if this was the most common thing in the world. Even as she thought that, she realised bitterly that it was a commonplace as far as her master and mistress were concerned. Far from being a respected professional woman, she was now merely an ornament. She carefully worked her thumbs into his ancient flesh, kneading out any knots she found.

“That's enough, girl. Suck them.”

Abigail was shaken out of her reverie by her master's grunt. Hurriedly she moved her head and put his little toe into her mouth. She rotated her tongue around the digit, desperately trying to ignore the texture and the disgusting bits of grime and flaky skin that she encountered. She repeated this process. Four more times. When she got to his revolting big toe he took his foot off her lap and placed it flat on the floor. In order to suck it Abigail had to shuffle her knees and put her head on its side and her cheek against the rug. This had the unfortunate effect of thrusting her backside high into the air. At first she was dreadfully embarrassed at this revealing posture, but now she just

accepted it. She knew very well that her mistress enjoyed watching her backside as it wriggled away in her skin-tight, silky, white knickers.

Celia Massingham enjoyed her position in life. She and William had been together for many years now. Their mutual attraction to sex and power had brought them together in the first place. Celia believed strongly in lineage and the natural order of things. Quite clearly in any society there should be leaders and followers, winners and losers. Her ancient family had always been winners; she herself had always been brought up to remember that her family and its members were special. With the right conditions they could achieve anything. The rise of the New Government had been that catalyst. Her family had always been wealthy. Once that wealth had been connected to William Massingham's millions all they required was a bit of good fortune to achieve real power. That was when the connections that old money brought were really useful. His relationship to the New Government and her family connections to the upper echelons of the army and the Establishment had ensured their success. Now they were untouchable and could indulge their mutual interests.

Take the slut wagging her bottom on at her just a couple of feet away for example. That used to be Doctor Abigail Lyndhurst, her own GP. Now that ludicrously dressed woman was her family's personal nurse and her own sexual plaything of course. Doctor Lyndhurst had expressed displeasure at the New Government's slow but sure destruction of the National Health Service. That had come to Celia's attention of course and such disloyalty could hardly go unpunished could it? As a result of William's associates, she now found herself in possession of what was virtually a sex toy. Being a gentleman of course, her husband had never even mentioned the situation. Clearly he was perfectly entitled to engineer similar situations for his own pleasure and she was quite sure he did. She smiled to herself, that mutual understanding was why they had been friends, lovers and man and wife for so many years.

Similarly, William Massingham was considering the same situation. The fact that the bitch's tongue that was currently slavering over his big toe was also used regularly to lick his darling wife's arse was not a turn-off to Massingham, quite the opposite in fact. He revelled in the degradation and debauchery that only true power could bring. Once Dr Lyndhurst had finished grovelling at his sweaty feet he was sure he could find another use for her cute little rosebud mouth. In fact just thinking of the former doctor on her stocking clad knees looking up at him with her baby blue eyes was enough to make him hard. Reaching down he calmly gripped her by an ear and guided her pretty head towards his lap.

“So, my love, how was your day?” He asked, ignoring his own, personal nurse as she reached reluctantly for the zip of his pants.

Chapter 2

Kathryn knocked at the door of number forty-four. Every time she was required to knock to gain entry to her own lodgings she was reminded just how far she'd fallen. She was twenty five years old, nearly twenty six in fact, and a qualified lawyer and yet she still wasn't entrusted with a key to the front door of the little house to which she'd been consigned by her boss. She was sweating and exhausted, while her friends and colleagues had presumably been enjoying their summer evening, she had spent an hour marching up and down inside a sweltering wooden hut. She hadn't even been allowed to remove her uniform tunic, never mind roll up the sleeves of her crisp white shirt. Then a group of them had spent another hour scrubbing and polishing every centimetre of wood in the building. Following that she'd caught a bus and then hobbled half a mile on her blistered feet. She knocked again impatiently, just what was keeping those two idiots? She was hungry and thirsty and she just wanted to sit down.

Eventually the door opened to reveal her landlady,

“What time do you call this young lady? We have a visitor, and it's most inconsiderate of you to make him wait. Heaven knows what he'll think.”

Kathryn had a sudden sinking feeling. A visitor? What relevance could that be to her in her current position? Mrs Campbell chivvied Kathryn along and into the living room. Sat comfortably in an armchair and chatting with Jackie was her boss at work, Gavin Leeman. Mrs Campbell took the remaining place on the settee next to her daughter leaving her lodger stood in the centre of the room.

“Good evening, Katie. My, you do look smart in nice new uniform, don't you?”

“Good evening, Mr Leeman,” she replied politely. What on earth was the pimply little nerd doing in the Campbell house, she wondered?

“Mrs Campbell's been good enough to keep me informed of your experiences in Cadets, Katie. She's even sent me a few photos of you in uniform, although as you probably know, as your employer I'm entitled to log onto your Cadets account and peruse the pictures, just to ensure that you're being looked after while under their care you understand?”

Kathryn remained tight-lipped, ignoring his question which was certainly designed solely to trigger her. She'd heard rumours about this, and now it seemed as if it was true. Was anywhere actually free of New Government cameras? As if to confirm her unspoken suspicions, Leeman produced his mobile phone and linked it to the large television. The first couple of pictures were her in her full uniform taken from the front and in profile. The next few were of her with her tunic removed, then it was her touching her toes and taken from the side and behind her. Good grief her bottom looked big in that tight naval skirt!

She remembered wondering at the time why those pictures were being taken during her induction, now she knew. In fact she suddenly remembered what other pictures were

taken. Sure enough the large screen showed her looking shamefaced at the camera as she held up her skirt to show her plain white knickers and white suspender belt. She glanced across at Mrs Campbell and her daughter who were quietly sniggering at the image. The next one was similar, but taken from behind,

“She has a really fat bottom, doesn’t she mummy?” she heard Jackie whisper.

Both women dissolved into mocking laughter as they waited for the next pictures. The following set were less formal, they were pictures of her marching, of her practising her saluting. There were some of her scrubbing the concrete parade ground and others showing her on her hands and knees weeding a flower bed outside one of the barrack rooms. Finally there was a lot of her in a tight navy blue T-shirt, very tight white shorts, white ankle socks with a navy blue stripe and white plimsolls. She was doing star-jumps, press-ups, sit ups, toe-touching, jogging on the spot. The super-high definition pictures didn’t miss a thing, the shorts emphasised every crease and her pubic mound, but at the same time the T-shirt allowed her perky little breasts to bounce around

“Shameless hussy,” she heard her landlady mutter.

The last pieces of entertainment were a couple of videos. The first was her marching around the parade ground and being shouted at by a man with a stick tucked under his arm, and the second was of her exercising. In the second one she was called out by the Instructor who bellowed at her to get her ‘wobbly backside’ out to the front of the class and put her hands on her knees. To the evident pleasure of the Campbell ladies the instructor laid his bamboo cane across the skin tight shorts and gave her a rapid three strokes. Kathryn could feel herself blush enormously, had that bloody place filmed and photographed everything she’d done? She remembered that particular incident, the cane hadn’t actually hurt that much, but the sheer humiliation was mortifying. Nobody had told her that corporal punishment would be used; it just seemed to be the generally accepted thing. She certainly hadn’t seen a mention of the fact mentioned in any of the adverts she’d seen for example.

As the screen went blank the two women clapped politely, and Gavin Leeman smiled. How much money, he wondered, did the New Government make from their various websites which were absolutely loaded with this sort of thing? Once authority was granted, Gavin could download any of the Katie related pictures for free. However, and unknown to most people, those with the right connections could, for a price, download any image or video from the huge archive that the New Government possessed. For a pervert like Gavin Leeman, the son of a prominent New Government official, it was like a gift from Heaven. On his own computer, every single person that appeared on any image could be searched for their name and subsequently any personal information that might interest him or his like-minded fellow...enthusiasts.

The pictures and especially the videos that he’d just shown the two Campbell’s were very mild, some of the mildest ones available to him in fact. Both he and little Katy stood so shamefaced and contrite in front of him knew that there were many more...revealing videos of her having her bottom much more thoroughly caned and even

birched as he recalled. But there was no real sense in upsetting the dim-witted Campbell's any more than necessary. As far as they and the majority of the public was concerned, Cadets was a wholly beneficial scheme organised and rolled out by a benevolent New Government.

Mrs Campbell turned to a table by her elbow and retrieved a letter.

"I received this today, Mr Leeman, which I think might interest you. It's in relation to our new sailor."

Kathryn flushed prettily, she had a suspicion that she knew what the letter was about. She had been in Cadets for something like a month. Sure enough, Mrs Campbell began to read from the note,

'Dear Mrs Campbell,

Please find enclosed the monthly report for your ward, Miss Katie Upton. I am afraid it's not a particularly encouraging first report

Appearance: Katie's uniform is merely acceptable rather than the excellent standard I require. My advice is for Katie to regularly practise fastening her tie and for her to learn how to use an iron. Please ensure that her regulation shoes are properly shined, there is room for improvement.

Attendance: Katie's attendance is satisfactory.

Military Drills: Katie is improving her military skills, but she started from a very low level of competence. Could do better.

Community Skills: Once again, Katie's domestic skills are no more than adequate

Attitude: Katie's attitude towards the National Cadet Service is particularly poor. She often gives me the impression that she doesn't want to be here, which is regrettable. She is occasionally insolent and disobedient.

Discipline: Unfortunately Katie still requires regular discipline. Her lack of effort and the above mentioned insolence and disobedience has resulted in several punishments. Perhaps this style of discipline should be introduced into her domestic environment?'

Gavin shook his head in a disappointed sort of way, as if he personally had been let down.

"Good Lord, Katie. That's a very poor report. What are we going to do about it? I have a worrying feeling that poor Mrs Campbell has been horribly let down by your incredibly lax attitude. Heaven knows what you think you're playing at?"

"It's true, Katie. This sort of report reflects horribly badly on me. I'm not sure what to say."

"Why not just belt her, Mummy? Piped up the girl by her side. "After all, I remember you belting me when I brought that bad school report home."

"Perhaps Jackie has a point, Mrs Campbell? Doesn't the report itself suggest that Katie may benefit from being punished in your house? Perhaps the application of the strap might concentrate her mind a little?"

“Something does need to change, doesn’t it Mr Leeman. I don’t know who the little madam thinks she is, but I believe that it’s high time she was taught a lesson. She’s clearly lazy and disobedient, the report says as much.”

“May I spank her mummy? Please say I can...please?”

Like all self-indulgent mothers, Mrs Campbell could never refuse her darling daughter anything. And she wasn’t going to start now.

“I think that sounds like a good idea, dear. Maybe that will knock some sense into her thick head. What do you think, Mr Leeman?”

Despite her situation, Kathryn only just prevented herself sniggering at the idea that Mrs Campbell had the nerve to consider that she, the lawyer, had a thick head! Gavin on the other hand liked the idea enormously; just the thought of his erstwhile boss squirming and bawling over the knee of an eighteen year old was giving him a very pleasant erection.

“Perhaps that what she needs, Mrs Campbell? And don’t forget there was rather a list of problems. I’m afraid that we appear to have been too lax with the wilful young woman.”

“You heard your boss, Katie. And I’m sure you know the drill, as it were.” She smirked at her own wit, as humourless people are often wont to do.

Kathryn looked from one to the other and realised they were both very serious. They were expecting her to bend submissively over the knee of a school girl and have her bottom spanked! But on the other hand, what were her options? To storm out? And to go where? To refuse? And then what, to be sacked and made homeless presumably? The two of them, her landlady and her boss, held all the cards between them. There was just no other choice. Hesitantly, reluctantly she made her way over to the smirking girl.

“Tunic off please, Katie. We don’t want that getting in the way, do we?”

Kathryn bit her lip but nevertheless complied with her smirking boss. She unbuttoned the three silver buttons and slid it off her shoulders.

“But leave the cap on please, I think it looks cute,” added Gavin Leeman with a slight smirk.

She looked at him angrily but he was quite unconcerned at her distress. He was more interested in the way her small breasts pushed against the bright white of her uniform shirt.

“Over you go, Katie, we’re all waiting.”

With tears in her eyes Kathryn obeyed. This was certainly the most humiliating thing that had ever happened to her and she realised that it marked a turning point in her relationship with the three other people in the room. Her spanking was going to establish her position in the household; and clearly she was the bottom of the pecking order. This shameful incident merely served to confirm the fact. She slowly lowered herself over the young girl’s lap. Once again she found herself in the familiar nose down, backside up position. She felt so vulnerable, already the tears were running off the end of her nose and her punishment hadn’t even started yet. She felt her skirt being

smoothed down and the suddenly the girl's palm struck her backside. It didn't really hurt too much but the feeling of shame was almost overwhelming. A rapid flurry of spanks followed and she began to get that familiar hot-bottomed feeling. Just as suddenly as it had started the spanking stopped. Thank goodness, she thought, at least it was over.

"Mummy, may I send her to get the belt now?"

Get the belt!? What the hell was the little bitch talking about now?

"I think so darling, you've warmed her up a little but now it's time to make her squeal. Let her up Jackie and send her to fetch the belt, I'm sure you remember where it is."

Jackie Campbell at least had the grace to blush,

"Go and fetch the belt out of my room, Katie. It's hanging behind the door, hurry up now girl!"

Former solicitor Kathryn Upton quickly got to her feet and scurried upstairs, the laughter of the people in the living room ringing in her ears. When she returned she placed the nasty looking brown leather belt in Jackie's eager little hands and made to go back over the brat's knee, after all there was no sense in delaying the inevitable.

"Just a second Katie, that skirt seems awfully thick. I'm worried that even the belt won't really get through to you. Let's have it off please, fold it up and put it on the table."

"Oh, that's a super idea Mummy. Make her do it won't you?"

Over in the armchair, Gavin was trying desperately not to rub at his straining cock. He'd chosen very well, the Campbell's were both cruel, nasty pieces of work. He'd have come and visit more often.

Jackie Campbell enjoyed the look on Katie's face. She was such a posh, snooty little bitch. She had such a high opinion of herself that it was going to be a pleasure to take her down a peg or two. Dressed in just her uniform hat, shirt tie, and knickers she looked so cute and delightfully spankable. Jackie patted her thighs, and with a sob Kathryn lowered herself back over the girl's knees for the second time. She heard a slight whooshing sound and then heard a loud crack. For a second she didn't feel anything, perhaps the strap didn't hurt that much after all? But then she quickly changed her mind, the painful heat spread quickly. She kicked and wiggled and pushed her hands back to protect herself.

"Hands back down Katie, unless you want me to strap those as well?"

Sniffing and sobbing, Kathryn obeyed her boss's instruction. The second stroke hit her with a resounding crash and she squealed loudly and kicked out more fiercely. Oooh, it hurt! How many more, surely not many?

Chapter 3

Emily glanced across to check he was still by her side. She was so grateful to Kevin, to daddy she corrected herself. She wasn't sure if she could have made the journey across town to the doctor's by herself. When she mentioned her fears to daddy that morning he'd told her not to worry, he'd reschedule her appointment, pick her up from school in her lunch break, and take her there himself. That was weight off her mind at least and she was most grateful, she knew daddy was very busy at work but he'd taken time out to help her. She didn't really like coming to the doctor's. He wasn't her old familiar female doctor; he had come highly recommended from a colleague of daddy's. His waiting room was small but expensively furnished, the receptionist behind the counter looked as if she was a part-time model.

The whole place gave off an aura of wealth and privilege. She'd been coming here on a fairly regular basis for about six months, ever since that dreadful day that she hardly liked to think about. Even today she couldn't explain her lethargy and lack of focus that led to her failing all her exams quite so badly. That was a part of the reason why she was here in fact; she'd started to suffer attacks of anxiety. She had the weirdest feeling that she wasn't learning anything. That was despite the fact that she was re-sitting her entire final year at school and had a private tutor. It felt like the facts were entering one side of her head and then falling out of the other. Her mother had arranged another chat, as she liked to call them, with Doctor O'Brian.

When her name was called she reached for Kevin's hand and together they went into Dr O'Brian's office. The doctor was a large, burly man with iron-grey hair and piercing blue eyes. He shook Kevin's hand firmly and they chatted for a while, Emily stood nervously to one side, unsure what to do with herself. Eventually the doctor directed Kevin to a leather chair and retreated back behind his desk. Emily realised that the low wooden chair was meant for her and hurriedly perched herself on it.

"So, Mr Longmuir, here we are again. Emily been having nightmares again, I take it?"

"That seems to be the long and the short of it, Dr O'Brian."

"It's good of your daddy to take time out of his busy working day to bring you to see me, isn't Emily?"

"Yes, Dr O'Brian."

"He must care about you very much, mustn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

Emily felt an inexplicable little jolt of pleasure

"And daddy always knows what's best for you doesn't he?"

Emily nodded enthusiastically. Daddy always did seem to know what was best for her and he clearly cared for her very much.

"Yes, sir."

Dr O' Brian smiled at her and returned to his chat with her daddy .

Emily fidgeted nervously with the hem of her pleated, grey school skirt while the talk between the two adults went over her head. Nobody, as of yet had actually spoken to her, both the glamorous receptionist and the doctor had addressed themselves to daddy rather than to her. She was fairly sure that sort of behaviour would have riled her in the past, but now it just sort of seemed right somehow. She waited patiently while they talked and the doctor made notes. How had it all gone so badly wrong? This time last year she was actively searching out the right University. She'd even been to visit a couple of the more prestigious ones and had found it easy to imagine herself wandering around its' grand buildings and working in their impressive libraries. The thought of doing that again, now seemed to fill her with a mild terror; she could actually feel her heart rate increase.

"Emily! Emily, Dr O'Brian's speaking to you darling, Do try to pay attention, there's a good girl."

Emily felt herself blush as she realised the two adults were both looking at her.

"I...I'm sorry daddy, sorry Dr O'Brian," she mumbled.

"I'm afraid this is typical of her, doctor, she spends half her life dreaming."

The blush on Emily's face intensified and she felt near to tears.

"I was asking you how your studies were progressing, Emily?"

"Oh...erm, very good thank you, Dr O'Brian."

"Are you sure they're very good, young lady? You're not dreaming again are you?"

Emily heard daddy's muffled snigger from behind her.

"I only ask to try and ensure that we take a realistic view of the situation. We must ask ourselves whether or not putting you through the stressful challenge of higher education is actually worth the potential damage it may do to your mental health."

Emily blinked her eyes to stem the tears that she could feel forming.

"H...how do you m...mean...doctor?"

"What I m...mean, young lady," he cruelly mocked her nervous stutter, "is that are you actually suited to going to University? I mean, with all due respect, your exam results were rather pitiful. Your daddy must have pulled some strings for you to be allowed back into St Clare's; you must be easily the oldest pupil there."

Emily could feel the tears running down her cheeks and brushed them away. Why was the doctor being so horrible to her? Nobody had ever suggested to her that she was anything but perfect before. Surely she hadn't imagined the fact that she had been a star pupil at St Clare's? Her teachers wouldn't have all pretended that she was clever when she wasn't ...would they? She felt a consoling pat on her nylon covered thigh.

"There, there dear, don't upset yourself. Go over to the couch and let Dr O'Brian examine you."

Almost in a daze she struggled out of the chair and went over to the waiting doctor.

"I'm going to give you a thorough examination, just to make sure your various maladies aren't physical. Slip your blazer off, there's a good girl."

Emily wasn't quite sure what he meant by that, but nevertheless she obediently unbuttoned her smart navy blue blazer and took it off.

Times were good again, reflected Dr Simon O'Brian as he watched the attractive young woman undress. His private practise had taken a bit of a hit over the last few years. More and more of his former female patients had taken themselves, and their daughters, away and found themselves female GP's. He put it down to the shocking rise in the popularity of feminism, rather than the fact that a lot of women found him arrogant and rude. However, following the accession of the New Government, normal service had been resumed. Thanks to his unqualified support for the Party, he'd become the private doctor of choice in the town. As a result several of his old patients had returned, thanks to the insistence of their husbands it seemed.

He'd met Kevin Longmuir through one of their many mutual New Government contacts; the man had explained the situation regarding his step-daughter and the two of them had planned accordingly. Once he'd actually met the attractive little thing, he was even more committed to the project. About a month before her exams, he'd provided Kevin with a certain tonic to give to Emily, one to calm her pre-exam nerves and to boost her concentration. Unfortunately the 'tonic' seemed to have the opposite effect, and the former high-flying student had been brought back to earth with quite a bump.

Short after the exam calamity, Kevin had brought Emily to see him again and he'd prescribed a very mild sedative to help her get over the shock of failure. Well, that's what it said on the bottle anyway, in reality it was more of the same 'tonic'. Ever since then she'd become more pliable and more docile. This difference between the rather aggressive and frankly, tomboyish little brat that he'd first had the pleasure of meeting, and the meek little thing that was now in his office, was quite amazing. That wasn't to say that he found her unattractive in any way, far from it in fact. She was a very pretty, a brunette with large, appealing brown eyes. He placed the buds of his stethoscope into his ears.

"Could you open your blouse young lady, just a couple of buttons if you don't mind? Unless you'd rather I did it for you?"

Her hands quickly went to the little buttons and undid a couple. She held upon her shirt while he moved her navy blue school tie to one side and held the stethoscope to the centre of her chest, just below her bra,

"Breathe in, breathe out, breathe in, and breathe out. Breathe in again, hold it for a count of five, and then breathe out again."

He carried this on for a little while, not for any medical reason obviously; mainly it was so that he could get a good look at her bra and her small but pert breasts. Kevin had also leaned forward a little; it did his heart good to see his snooty stepdaughter exposing herself like this to a stranger.

"Now I want you to jog on the spot for thirty seconds, there's a good girl."

Once she'd finished bouncing around, he'd used the same procedure with the stethoscope, adding a few 'Hmm's' for good measure. Then he got her to sit on the edge

of the couch while he shone a little torch into her eyes and into her ears. He told her to put out her tongue and then used a thin wooden stick to keep it held down while he examined her throat. He then put on a latex glove and gripped her tongue between thumb and forefinger. He held her in that humiliating position for quite a while, searching her mouth cavity.

He even called Kevin from his seat at one juncture to show him something important. It was only when her eyes showed signs of panic that he released her. While she was recovering he went to stand behind her, slipped his arms under her arms and took a firm grip of her breasts. Kevin had to fight to keep the smile from his face, especially when O'Brian asked her how that felt. The look of panic on her face was most amusing,

“Do relax darling, Dr O'Brian's a professional with years of experience.”

She squealed by way of response as the experienced professional squeezed her breasts just a bit too firmly. Then she was required to remove her wrap-around skirt. By now she was too demoralised to even think about arguing and simply obeyed. Nor had she been told to rebutton her blouse, so she hadn't done that either. She looked forlorn and bedraggled, thought Dr O'Brian, and ever so sexy. There then followed a little gratuitous toe-touching and bottom fondling through her opaque, black tights. Eventually she was allowed to stand and to tidy herself up.

“I'd like you to go outside and wait please, Emily. The grown-ups have things to discuss.”

Emily scurried to the door and went out into the waiting room. Part of her was glad to be out of that warm little room and to be away from the old man's groping hands. But another part of her brain was telling her that she should be furious. How dare that vile, creepy old man fondle and humiliate her like that? How dare he suggest that she wasn't University material? How dare Kevin bring her to be examined by the old pervert? But then just as suddenly as those feelings came, they left her. The old gentleman was a doctor after all. Doctors were professional and knew much more than ordinary people. She should listen to a doctor and accept what they had to say.

And daddy had looked after her and brought her to see a doctor when she wasn't feeling well. Daddy always had her best interests at heart. She looked across at the receptionist and caught her eye. The attractive woman smiled at her and tentatively, she smiled back. The woman smiled again and pointed at her own chest. Emily looked down and to her embarrassment, realised that she'd left the office in such a hurry that she'd left two buttons of her blouse unfastened and her plain, white bra was clearly visible. With a sob she fumbled with them. Behind her she could hear laughter coming from Dr O'Brian's office. In her mind she had no doubt what the two men were laughing about.

Chapter 4

Jessica Winslow wasn't feeling quite so confident about the outcome of her meeting with Judge Obeng. She'd been allowed to dress once again in her own smart suit and heels. Her hair was still a mess and she'd been denied the use of cosmetics, but she still cut an impressive figure. She'd been left in a cell for a couple of hours and then, tired and hungry, she was led back into court. It was awfully familiar, the same black judge, the same disinterested spectators, even the same fat lawyer who was evidently going to 'represent' her again. The judge peered over his half-moon spectacles at her. She was certainly an attractive young woman, for a white girl. It looked to him as if she'd lost a couple of kilos since they'd last met. He smiled benevolently down at her.

"So, young lady, what have you learned in your six month re-education period??"

His tone was deceptively reasonable, like a father asking a favourite daughter what she'd learned at school that day.

"The staff at the re-education centre have encouraged me to reflect on my crime and for that I am most grateful, your Honour. I accept the fact that my punishment was justified and I hope that with their help I can become a valuable member of the community again. I am sincerely grateful to all the management and staff at Southfields for their time and patience. "

Jessica was word perfect and so she should be, that humiliating little phrase had been caned into her memory. Judge Obeng nodded wisely, as if it was the first time he'd heard the words. He glanced down at the photographs on his desk, Jessica in her various humiliating uniforms, Jessica being strapped, Jessica on her hands and knees scrubbing in a dark corridor. He could feel his cock beginning to stiffen already, with difficulty he put the pictures to one side, he was a respected professional after all and he still had his duty to do.

High up in the public viewing gallery and unnoticed by Jessica sat Charles Taylor and Nigel Barton, both men were enjoying the spectacle of the former chief financial officer being humiliated like this.

"You have a statement for the court I believe, Mr Lincoln?" Judge Obeng addressed himself to Jessica's tall, urbane defence lawyer.

"With your permission, sir. My client has served her original sentence and as you heard, is suitably penitent. However as required I have a statement from Southfield RC, It reads,

'To whom it may concern,

Miss Jessy Winslow has served her six original month sentence at Southfields Re-education Centre. She has accumulated five official disciplinary punishments in that period. Her behaviour has been acceptable and her attitude has been no more than adequate. '

Jessica half turned to look at Mr Lincoln, wasn't the man supposed to be defending her? All he was actually doing was reading out a critical report of her. Surely she had some sort of rights in this situation? She listened as he carried on,

'I consider that Miss Winslow has become reasonably compliant with regard to the aims and ambitions of the New Government. I believe that Southfields has succeeded in instilling a certain amount of respect in her that seemed to be absent when she was first enrolled,'

Jessica only just prevented herself from rolling her eyes and sighing, she hadn't been 'enrolled' in that dreadful place, she'd been consigned to it as a result of a nonsensical, trumped-up charge. She just had to keep calm now, and she'd surely be on her way home. But Mr Lincoln hadn't finished,

'However my question is just how much respect have we managed to instil? Is Miss Winslow fully in agreement with the stated aims and objectives of the New Government? Is she truly reformed, or is she merely acting a role? I personally am undecided and I bow to the more learned Court officials to decide in this case.

Faithfully,

Reginald Maltby, Deputy Governor.'

Jessica was now staring at Mr Lincoln, was he serious? She had to be released that morning, she just had to be. Surely she wouldn't be re-sentenced, after everything shed been through in the last six months? Surely nothing could be allowed to go wrong now?

"Thank you, Mr Lincoln. Face me, if you will, Miss Winslow. In light of Mr Maltby's report, I have a difficult decision to make. Clearly the Governor of that esteemed institution doesn't think you're a lost cause, certainly I see no need to increase your original six month sentence."

Jessica could feel the tears of relief gathering in her eyes.

"I have in the past found it necessary in some cases to increase an inmate's sentence from six months to twelve months, for example, in cases where young ladies have been found to be particularly recalcitrant. In your particular situation I don't think an increase is warranted. I'm going to reduce your additional sentence to just three months. I think that will give Mr Maltby and his excellent staff a little more time to reassess their opinion of you and your degree of repentance."

Jessica felt the room spin; she reached forward with both hands to steady herself against the rail. Had the whole world gone quite mad? Had she heard correctly, had the judge just told her he was reducing her sentence, and then in the next breath sending her back to Southfields? How could an additional three month be construed as a reduction? She was tempted to shriek out loud and demand to know what on earth the judge was thinking, how could he justify such a ludicrous decision? But being an intelligent woman she realised that was probably what the vile little man actually wanted her to do. She understood of course that he didn't have to justify any decision to her. He was a judge in a court of law, albeit one that had been influenced and corrupted by the New Government.

This whole show, her appearance in her office clothes, the letter from Maltby, even the judgement itself, was all a game. A way of confirming the power of the New Government, her trial was being filmed and no doubt it would be used as some sort of propaganda weapon in the on-going war against the Women's Equality Party and against confident assertive, successful women like her. Knowing all this she managed to prevent herself crying and she was damned if she was going to beg.

“Before you leave us, Miss Winslow, it's my sad duty to inform you that every recidivist who is returned to a Re-education Centre is awarded a mandatory six strokes with one of the heavier canes. Whilst you are being punished you would do well to reflect on the fact that it's your own arrogance and obstinance that has brought you here.”

Jessica looked aghast; she could still remember the shock and the pain of her original 'welcome to Southfields' caning. This promised to be even worse! Just then she heard a familiar braying laugh. She looked up into the public gallery to see the grinning faces of Taylor and Barton, the two men instrumental in having her sent to Southfields in the first place

“Hear, hear, that's just what the trollope deserves!” Called out Barton, in his self-satisfied, private school drawl.

The Honourable Judge Milton Obeng ignored his outburst, and may indeed have smiled a little to himself. He banged his gavel,

“Take her down.”

Judge Milton Obeng, respected pillar of the local legal establishment, leaned forward slightly and disconnected the blonde girl's mouth from his swollen penis by means of a firm grip on her blonde ponytail. Lazily he slapped her cheek with his turgid cock and then for good measure, slapped the other one. It amused him so much that he did it again, the distressed look on the woman's patrician face only served to enhance his enjoyment.

“What did I tell you about using your tongue, you silly fat bitch?”

When there wasn't an immediate reply from the red-faced woman, Obeng slapped her again, but this time with his large, heavy hand.

“I...I'm sorry, sir. I'm trying really hard...” Her posh accent was enough to annoy him on its own.

“But not hard enough, you stupid woman. Do you actually want me to send you back to that re-training centre? I can arrange it very easily, and I will if you can't make me cum very soon. I can send you for a judicial twenty four stroke caning and then bring you back here. You know that don't you?”

The question was purely rhetorical and they both knew it. He was a judge; he could do absolutely anything within the constraints of the law. Thanks to the New Government those constraints as far as due legal process was concerned were being loosened almost by the day. There were often times during his long, undistinguished legal career when a man like Obeng, corrupt, racist misogynist that he was, had dreamed of situations like this. A wealthy middle-class white woman on her knees sucking slavishly at his veiny old cock. A cock that he noticed proudly had been erect for quite a long time. The combination of the woman's obvious distaste for him and the excitement of condemning a very attractive young woman like Jessica Winslow to another three months at the hands of the...specialists that ran Southfields RC were quite intoxicating. He couldn't resist the inevitable; he held the woman's head tightly and watched her reaction as he began to spurt into her throat.

Jessica meanwhile was being hustled through the glum, stark, echoing, oh-so familiar corridors of Southfields RC by two uniformed officers. Each of the officers, one man and one woman held her tightly by the arm which was quite unnecessary as she was very unlikely to try and escape.

"Did you really think it would be that easy to leave us, Winslow?" asked the woman to her left.

"Mr Maltby must really fancy you, Winslow. Perhaps he'll never let you go?" Said the large man taking a firmer grip on her right arm.

"I'm really looking forward to hearing her squeal, Tommy. Posh bitches' getting it always makes me laugh."

"Haha, yes you're right. Posh girls always make the most fuss, and you know how much Mr Maltby hates fuss?"

Karen Starmer grinned, tormenting posh old bitches like this one was a large part of what made her otherwise dull job so very enjoyable. This one, Winslow, was just like all those other rich cows who'd looked down at her at school. Well now who was laughing? She nipped the soft fold of skin under Jessica's arm spitefully.

"Six strokes, eh Winslow? Six strokes of the heavy cane. I believe. That's going to sting a little bit, isn't it?"

"I'll bet it only takes two strokes, three at the most before she's crying and bawling like a big baby."

Jessica could already feel the tears on her cheeks. In fact she'd been crying pretty much since she'd heard her sentence had been extended. What really brought it home to her was when she was stripped of her 'adult' clothes for the second time at Southfields and then redressed in the humiliating school uniform that the Centre insist that all inmates wore while they were being 're-educated' within its austere walls. Having her tie tied for her and red hair plaited yet again into two pigtails by a fat woman who

obviously enjoyed her work was the final confirmation that it wasn't all a dream that she'd soon wake up from. She was to all intents and purposes a twenty-six year old schoolgirl again.

The wardens released her arms and she realised she was stood outside Reginald Maltby's office again. Just the sight of his name on the door made her heart sink into her shoes. The male warden knocked and then ushered her through the door and into the room. The horrible man sat behind the desk looked her up and down again appreciatively,

"Welcome home, Miss Winslow. It seems as though we here at Southfields have failed in our attempts to reform and re-educate you. I take that very, very personally, Miss Winslow as you're about to discover. It's almost as if Judge Obeng's decision is a comment of my own failings and that of my dedicated team? Is that what your intention was, Miss Winslow, to suggest to my superiors that we are all incompetent?"

Stood at attention, stomach in, tits out, thumbs grasping the seams of her tiny, revealing gymslip, Jessica felt her stomach turn to ice.

"N...no sir. Sorry sir...I don't really know, sir."

"You don't really know, Winslow?" Asked Reginald Maltby.

He slowly got to his feet and made his way to his cupboard as if the whole thing was a chore for him. He opened the door and took out a long stick which he flexed and bent and then whipped through the air ostentatiously.

"Strap her to the caning bench please, officers." He instructed in a mild tone, despite the fact that his heart was beginning to beat more urgently. This was one of his favourite situations, a choice morsel like Miss Jessica Winslow utterly and completely at his mercy.

She couldn't even summon the energy to struggle, what would be the point? They'd just cane her harder. She allowed herself to be fastened to the horrible bench. As her skirt was being pinned to her blouse she noticed a new refinement. A mirror had been placed in front of her so that she could see her own face. The bindings holding her wrists and ankles were tightened and she could hear the cane swishing in the background. Her knickers were pulled unceremoniously to her knees. She felt the tap, tap of the stick on her bare bottom.

"Make sure she keeps her eyes open please, Starmer. I want to make sure she's feeling it."

"Yes sir," replied the woman as she manoeuvred herself into a position where she could see Jessica's face in the mirror.

Jessica reminded herself to keep her eyes open as the stick was relentlessly tapped against her backside. She could see the tension and the fear in her own face. The tapping stopped and she tried to prepare herself. Suddenly the cane bit into her buttocks and filled her with a sudden flash of absolute agony. She heard a bellowing shriek of pain which she realised; with an odd feeling of detachment was her own voice. She

squirmed as hard and as violently as she could, driven by the sheer pain of the assault, but she could hardly move her arms or legs an inch.

“That’s one, Jessy, only five more to come.” Maltby told her, she was one of his favourites; her red hair reminded him of the recently departed Barbara Glover. Despite what he’d said to her, it was a pleasure to see her back. He raised the cane again and aimed just below the first stroke, which he noticed was already beginning to discolour nicely. He lifted his arm and whipped the stroke in, to his satisfaction it struck a couple of centimetres below the first. He was rewarded with another scream; he stepped to the side slightly and studied her face in the mirror.

Installing the mirror had been an inspired idea; he did so enjoy the fact that he could see the pain and watched the tears tumbling down her cheeks. He cocked his arm again and waited for her struggles and shouting to ease down before crashing the third stroke in just below the previous one. The first weal was already turning purple, that was bound to hurt in the morning. He walked around to her head and squatted alongside it,

“Now that you’re in your second term with us, Jessy, your punishments in this office naturally have to increase. You do understand that don’t you? You simply can’t be seen to be challenging the system and getting away with it. Every time you’re sent to my office to my office to be corrected, the tariff is increased by one stroke per visit.”

He lifted her tear-streaked face with a finger under her chin to look at his own.

“So the next time you’re sent to me for whatever reason, you’ll receive seven strokes of the senior girl’s cane, understood?”

“Y...yes, sir.”

“And when you’re sent to me the time after that, how many strokes will you get?”

“Eight...eight s...strokes, sir.”

“You are a clever little girl, Winslow.”

He took another lingering look at her beautiful green eyes before releasing her chin. He walked slowly around behind her, ignoring her babbling, begging entreaties. He whipped his cane a couple of times through the air before tapping it against her backside. Once again the cane was whipped in and elicited an ear-splitting, heart-rending wail of pain. Ten minutes later it was all over, Maltby thanked the two officers and ushered them out of his office. He returned to his victim who was still bound and blubbing across the bench. He put his hand on her corrugated backside, just to feel the heat emanating from it. She cried out again as if anticipating another attack on it. Maltby knelt, loosened the straps and pulled her legs further apart. From his desk he produced a tube of ointment and lathered his hands with it. He was looking forward to easing the agonizing pain that he knew she must be suffering, he’d think of a way she could thank him later on.

Chapter 5

Susan Hampton looked carefully at the letter in her hand; she blinked a little and then reread it,

‘Dear Miss Hampton,

It has come to the attention of the Committee for Examination Credibility that your Ordinary Level Mathematics Paper has been incorrectly marked. A routine check up has revealed that what was originally marked as a narrow pass was in fact, after careful scrutiny, a clear fail. The unfortunate conclusion is that without the possession of a pass in this subject, you are no longer qualified to teach. You will therefore immediately cease and desist. Your license to teach has been temporarily withdrawn pending an enquiry. In order to help CEC with the above mentioned enquiry, you are required to attend a meeting with our Miss Butterworth at 9am on Monday the 23rd of this month at the above address.

Regards,

Roger Beckenham.’

Susan turned the letter over in her hand; surely this was some sort of joke? She’d been a teacher for nearly fifteen years; this didn’t make any sense at all. Her Ordinary Level Maths exam must have been something like twenty years ago. No, the letter was clearly a joke, somebody from the school if she had to guess. On the other hand, the headed notepaper did appear to be very authentic. She bent and picked up the envelope off the floor and noted the sender’s address. She turned on her computer and typed it in, Shit! There was such a thing as the Committee for Examination Credibility! Quickly she checked the screen, there was a contact number attached. So many people didn’t have access to computers nowadays, so phone numbers were making a big comeback. She rang the number and eventually got through after several minutes of trying,

“Hampton, Hampton, Susan Hampton, Ah Miss Susan Hampton of 5 Suffolk Lane, Allenby? Yes Miss Hampton, you’re required to attend our offices at 9am next Monday. Oh, and please don’t be late.”

Susan replaced the clumsy handset and stood staring at the telephone. Please don’t be late? The rude little madam! But that still didn’t alter the fact that, for some bizarre reason, she was currently barred from a job she loved. When Monday morning came around, Susan was in a bit of a state. She’d read quite a lot about the CEC, and what they said was true. There was a committee that was looking back through thousands of examination transcripts to check for mistakes in marking. It was described in the website as ‘maintaining ethical and quality standards’ but having read the somewhat guarded comments on the websites she was allowed to access the only conclusion was that very many teachers, especially female teachers, were being singled out and removed from the profession.

She drove the twenty miles or so to the CEC offices feeling more and more worried. She loved her job, but she also loved the money, the holidays, and the status that came with it. She tried to convince herself that this was some sort of clerical oversight, but she was having great difficulty maintaining the subterfuge. She had phoned up the Headmaster, Mr King, at school to explain the situation, but she had a feeling that he already knew about it.

The large, intimidating room she was sat in didn't exactly set her mind at rest either. She felt quite overawed by it, friendless and alone. She glanced at her watch for the tenth time. It was already 9.45 and nobody had as yet said a word to her. Suddenly in the periphery of her vision, a door opened and closed and a short blonde woman scurried towards her, head down. She passed close enough for Susan to notice that she'd been crying. Oh God, oh God, oh God. That can't be a good sign.

"Hampton, room three please."

Susan couldn't help but notice that she was apparently no longer 'Miss' Hampton. She knocked on number three and a voice told her to enter. The sour-faced young woman behind the wooden desk didn't bother to rise from her seat. She looked Susan up and down and then sniffed.

"Sit down, Miss Hampton. This won't take very long."

Brenda Butterworth enjoyed her job. She wasn't long out of school and she'd hated the vast majority of the time she'd wasted there. When she left, without any sort of qualification, both she and her teachers exchanged a mutual sigh of relief. She'd drifted in and out of various low-paid, dead-end jobs until her uncle felt obliged to use his one good contact in the New Government and secure her a job with the newly established Committee for Examination Credibility. To his astonishment she took to her role with surprising alacrity. She soon graduated from filing and coffee making and was eventually promoted to her present position, Junior Investigation Officer. She'd thrown away her jeans and bought a couple of cheap suits; she wore heels and stockings and was even persuaded to adopt a half-decent hairstyle. She reached up and put a lock of her hair behind her ear before opening a slim, manila folder.

"You are Miss Susan Hampton, currently resident at number 5, Suffolk Lane?"

"Yes, I am"

"Miss Butterworth," said the young woman looking directly at her

"I beg your pardon?"

"That's my name, Miss Butterworth. That's how I like to be addressed. You are Miss Susan Hampton, currently resident at number 5, Suffolk Lane?"

"Y...yes, Miss Butterworth,"

"Excellent, and you were a teacher at Allenby High School?"

"Erm...I assume I still am a teacher at Allenby?" Susan asked, only half joking.

The look on the rather common woman's face made Susan's stomach suddenly grow heavy with dread. Brenda leaned back in her comfortable leather armchair and regarded the flustered-looking woman sat in front of her. She smiled to herself, she always liked

it when her interviewee was older than her, it always added certain piquancy. She crossed her legs and enjoyed the still unfamiliar sibilant hiss of her nylons.

“I presume you can read, Miss Hampton, what with you being a former teacher and all?”

Susan nodded her head and croaked, “yes, Miss Butterworth.”

“Then hopefully you will have understood that as of the 18th of this month you are no longer registered as a teacher. You are a failure, Miss Hampton. For whatever reason your Mathematics paper was marked in a ridiculously lenient, almost fraudulent manner. You no longer have an Ordinary Mathematics qualification, therefore your University place should not have been awarded, and quite clearly your degree is not worth the paper it’s written on. Do you understand me?”

Susan had already begun to cry, much to Brenda’s delight. This one was going to be easy. She glared at the sobbing older woman until she whispered the words,

“Yes, Miss Butterworth.”

“Finally, we are agreed. You’re no longer a teacher, are you?”

“No, M...Miss Butterworth.”

“You’re a failure, aren’t you?”

Susan nodded, too upset to speak.

“Not to mention a fraud and a cheat.”

“Yes...Miss B...Butterworth,” Big, fat tears were rolling down her scarlet cheeks. This was terrible, unbelievably terrible.

“My manager, Mr Beckenham had already drawn up papers to demand the value of your University tuition fees and a certain proportion of your accumulated salary be paid back immediately. Obviously you can forget such perks as your pension, that will obviously have to be forfeited due to your inappropriate behaviour.”

She held up her hand to prevent Susan from begging her case.

“If you’ll be good enough to let me finish, Miss Hampton.”

The distraught woman rubbed her eyes with both hands, but remained silent.

“But, I have spoken to Mr Beckenham on your behalf and made a case for you. Having read your file I can see that you’re by no means a terrible teacher, despite in effect working as an unlicensed practitioner. I have persuaded him that a person of your mature years needs a second chance. How else could you repay such a hefty fine after all? Now, wipe your eyes and try and pull yourself together, you’re making quite a spectacle of yourself you know?”

When Susan had finally managed to get herself calm, the young woman leaned across her desk and spoke in a confidential sort of way.

“I don’t imagine that you’ve heard the concept of 7th Form have you, Miss Hampton? It’s a rather ingenious way to prove to the world, and to yourself I suppose, that you’re worthy of the description ‘teacher’. It’s a chance for you to redeem yourself and to prove us and the examiners wrong. Should you succeed, you can return to Allenby with your head held high. Now let me explain a little of the detail to you.”

There were many, many occasions when Susan Hampton regretted listening to that rather course young woman at the CEC. At first her suggestion had seemed quite attractive, an

opportunity to re-sit and pass her Maths paper. Then a return to her teaching job and the status and security it brought. She had been so relieved that she'd wept in front of the girl. The plan was simple, all she had to do was to sign up to a suitable course, revise a little bit and then sit the exam whenever her tutors thought it appropriate. Obviously, as Miss Butterworth intimated, she literally couldn't afford to fail a second time. The concept of the 7th form was a new thing, certainly Susan had never heard of it.

It turned out to be a New Government initiative whereby mature woman could be 'helped to achieve their educational ambitions' as the website handily explained. As the name implied it was seen as a follow on from school. The oldest pupils in British schools were 6th formers, the final year before going on to University. Under New Government organisation, mature women would be added to a school's newly created 7th tier. The way the young woman explained it at the time seemed to make sense, admittedly she wasn't at her best, the stress of the situation and the intimidating surroundings weren't ideal. When the application form was pushed across the table at her, she quickly signed it. The alternative, after all, was just unthinkable.

A week later she received a letter from the CEC outlining the details of her new educational experience. Due to the lack of space in Allenby she was to report to Lady Margaret's Academy in Wychminster at 9am on the following Monday. Her form tutor was a Miss Williams; she was to equip herself with a pad and suitable writing implements and a ruler. Due to limited space she was requested not to bring a car, but the number 27 bus stopped outside the school. Her uniform could be purchased at any of the larger school outfitters. Could she please pay particular attention to the rules regarding uniform, appearance, and behaviour? She remembered reading and re-reading the last paragraph. Her Uniform? She was thirty six years old for Christ's sake! Surely she wasn't required to wear a uniform to revise for a Maths exam? And why Lady Margaret's Academy of all schools? It can't have been a coincidence that it was the school she attended as a pupil all those years ago.

Oh how naive she'd been in those days. Not only did she have to go and buy a uniform at the outfitters in Wychminster, she daren't go to the nearer one in Allenby, but she discovered that it was an absurdly humiliating one as well. Brown leather sandals and white ankle socks, a short green and gold gingham dress, a grey v-necked pullover trimmed with a green and a gold stripe, and a grey blazer with the Academy badge on the left breast. She was so angry she could hardly breathe; the sniggering of the sales assistants didn't help matters either. Just before she stripped off the stupid clothes and threw them at the horrible bitches, an older staff member took pity on her. She quietly explained that if Susan refused to attend Lady Margaret's, then she would be in breach of her contract and could be imprisoned. And that was on top of losing her job and potentially incurring a large bill.

“Hampton.”

Susan raised her hand and replied in the proscribed way, “here, Miss Williams.”

And now here she was, jammed in to a tiny, primary school desk, along with ten other ‘girls’, as the elderly teacher insisted on referring to them as. All had hung their smart blazers on appropriate pegs and were sat facing forward and only speaking to confirm their attendance. The classroom was eerily reminiscent of her own primary school days; in fact it might have been the actual room she had first been taught maths in. It had hardly changed at all, the maps, the pictures, the multiplication tables, the globe on the teacher’s desk, the institutional green walls. All were dreadfully familiar. Even to her everlasting shame, the teacher was familiar. Bryony Williams had actually taught her Mathematics in her final year at school, and she had seemed ancient even then.

“This morning, girls, we will be going over our multiplication tables. We’ll start with seven, I know some of you find your seven times table a bit difficult. So, let’s all get to our feet and speak clearly and confidently. Ready, one seven is seven, two sevens are fourteen.”

And so it carried on, all the way to twelve sevens are eighty four. Eleven former teachers between the ages of twenty five and forty stood to attention dressed in primary school uniforms and reciting their seven times table by rote. Even now, the dreadful humiliation hadn’t quite worn off. Miss Williams on the other hand seemed completely impervious to the situation. She continued to treat her pupils as if they actually were nine years old. A sharp word here and there, an admonishment for a pupil who’s socks had slipped down, a scolding in front of the class for a poor piece of work. It was all so unbelievable and yet so terrifyingly real.

“Let’s carry on straight to eights please, class. One eight is eight...”

Once the shock of her first shameful, terrible day had worn off, Bryony Williams had taken her to one side and explained that although they knew each other, she couldn’t show Susan any favouritism. She also advised her that she would really have to buckle down and work hard because, if her memory served her correctly, Susan hadn’t actually been particularly good at maths when she first attended Lady Margaret’s.

“I imagine that you wish you’d worked just that little bit harder in my classes, Hampton, rather than sit giggling on the back row don’t you?”

“Yes Miss Williams,” she replied blushing to the roots of her hair that she was now required to wear in an humiliatingly juvenile pony-tail.

“Yes, my dear, don’t think I’ve forgotten you or your nasty little friends. I’ve already spoken to Mr Royale and given him a little of your background.”

At the time she hadn’t met Mr Royale, but she was destined to see a lot of him during her time at Lady Margaret’s. He turned out to be a tall aloof gentleman, a former headmaster apparently. He was the course tutor and would decide when, in his opinion; a girl was ready to re-sit her particular failed exam. Before their first one to one meeting, Susan confidently expected to learn on which day in the next fortnight or so she’d be sitting her Maths exam. Following a brief discussion about her first couple of weeks at Lady Margaret’s, the conversation turned to Mathematics. He asked her a couple of questions and then carefully wrote down her rather confused answers. The

reality was that Susan, like most of her former colleagues, hadn't read a text book since the day she qualified as a teacher. And as horrible Miss Williams had suggested, Maths wasn't exactly her strong suit. He looked at her over his spectacles and slowly shook his head.

"Miss Williams has mentioned your name to me, Hampton. And I'm afraid I have to agree with her. You clearly have no aptitude for Mathematics whatsoever, and all I can say is that unless you pull your socks up then you're going to be a student here for quite some time."

He dismissed her with a casual wave of his hand. She fled to the bathroom to try and hide the tears that were beginning to well in her eyes. As she dabbed at them with a tissue, she could see two of the older, actual Academy pupils smirking at her discomfort. What on earth must they think of her? Dressed as she was and crying in the bathroom in the middle of the afternoon? Hurriedly she dried her eyes, pulled herself together and hurried back to her classroom.

How long ago was that now? Maybe three months ago perhaps? Sometimes she allowed herself to dwell on the "you're going to be a student here for quite some time" remark. When she first heard it she hadn't thought much about it. But how long was 'quite some time'? A month? Six months? A year? There seemed to be no definite end in sight and here she still was, in the same classroom with Miss Williams droning on at the front in that particularly flat, dull tone of hers that Susan remembered only too well. The composition of the class had changed as well, of the original eleven in her group, only four remained.

The other seven had been rapidly replaced with seven other 'failures'. Miss Williams was explaining quadratic equations on the old-fashioned blackboard, but as far as Susan was concerned she may as well have been explaining ancient Greek. Part of the problem that Bryony Williams wasn't a particularly good teacher, which was why many of her pupils had mocked her through the years. Nobody sniggered at her now, however. All the women knew that any inattention or behaviour that the old woman might construe as 'cheek' would result in the guilty party being supplied with a note to deliver to Mr Royale.

Susan's first experience of one of Miss Williams' notes was burned into her memory. She'd been called out and asked to deliver a handwritten note to the Course Tutor. In her naivety she hadn't given it a second thought, she was glad to leave the oppressive classroom if only for a couple of minutes. When she eventually found his officer, she knocked and was admitted. She handed him the note, which he read and then placed on his desk. He stood up and took a hold of an armless, wooden chair and carried it to the centre of the room. He slowly removed his jacket and hung it up before sitting down and patting his thighs.

"Over you come, young lady."

She looked at him in astonishment.

"Wha...what do you mean?"

She had a horrible suspicion that she knew what he intended, it was just that her brain was having great difficulty in processing the information.

“Don’t waste my time please. Hampton. I’m a very busy man.”

He patted his thighs again. As if in a dream she stumbled forwards and stood looking at him. He grabbed a wrist and pulled her so that she fell over his knee with both her head and her toes almost touching the carpet. She felt one of his long legs clamp her own legs together. Then, quite unbelievably his hand lifted the hem of her gingham dress and tucked it into the waistband. Only then did she begin to struggle. He was going to spank her! Really spank her as if she was a little girl! She redoubled her efforts to escape but it was futile, she realised almost at once how strong he was.

The first blow crashed into her panty-clad behind and she squealed with shock. Oh my God, how it hurt! The second and the third followed and then the rest in a rapid tattoo on her increasingly sore buttocks. Was the man quite mad? Surely he couldn’t do this to her. She was an adult, a fully grown woman for Christ’s sake! She’d kicked and screamed, really loudly screamed, but had made no difference. He’d carried on spanking her until she was quite breathless. Only when she lay limp and defeated like a rag doll over his knees did he relent and allow her to stand.

“Miss Williams was unhappy with behaviour, young lady. She asked me to punish you for inattention. In future you will not stare out of the window like some sort of gormless sheep, do you understand me?”

“Y..yes, sir.” She sniffed as she frantically rubbed at her burning backside.

“When you return to the classroom, you will inform Miss Williams that you have been dealt with. Should she bother to ask how, you will inform her that you have received a mild spanking, understood?”

“Yes, sir,” A mild spanking, was he quite mad?

“Oh, and Hampton?”

“Yes sir?”

“Five hundred lines on my desk by 9am tomorrow. ‘I am too old to stare out of the window like a ruminant; I must pay attention in class’. Your best handwriting please, dismissed.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Hampton, Hampton! Are you still with us, girl?”

She stood up hurriedly, “I am, Miss Williams. Sorry, Miss Williams.”

“I hope you were contemplating the subject in hand?”

“I was, Miss Williams.”

“Hmmm, see that you do, young lady. I’d hate to have to send you to Mr Royale again; I hear you’re one of his favourite customers.”

There was a little chorus of sniggers from those girls in the know, which Miss Williams didn’t check.

“Sit down please, Hampton, I’ve had just about enough of your antics for one day. The rest of you girls, we’ve wasted enough time already. Let’s return to the

blackboard.”

Immediately, eleven heads turned simultaneously to show how focussed and interested in quadratic equations they were. Bryony Williams smiled a happy little smile. If only all her classes had been as well-behaved and obedient as this one. She might have enjoyed her long but miserable career if that had been the case, but now she was determined to make up for lost time. She looked over at silly little Susan Hampton dressed in her silly little uniform and suppressed a smile.

She had plans for that snooty little madam, idly she wondered if some of the girls who'd been at school with young Miss Hampton might remember her. She'd already spoken with a couple of former teachers at Lady Margaret's who had recently retired. It seemed a shame somehow not to let them enjoy Miss Hampton's plight, especially as she was a fellow teacher. Or at least used to be a fellow teacher, she hastily corrected herself with a little smile. And unless she pulled her juvenile little white ankle socks up, she was going to be an ex-teacher for a very long time.

Chapter 6

Kevin had five minutes to kill; business at Lambert & Kline was very much on the up due in no small part to his own efforts, he deserved a break. Some of his New Government contacts had really come up trumps. He personally had increased sales by more than 20%, a fact that hadn't gone unnoticed by the new owners. He pulled out his personal laptop and signed into his account. His favourite site took a little while to load, but it was so worth it. His New Government connections had told him about this particular site and supplied the high-level passwords needed to access it. The menu welcomed him and asked him where in Southfields Re-education Centre he would like to visit first. Kevin could feel the familiar stirring in his loins as he reviewed his options.

The site was organised in a variety of ways, he could for example choose a particular room and watch what happened within it. He could search by name for a particular staff member and be taken to wherever in the facility they were and view what was happening via their personal webcams. He could enter the 'New Girl' area and be treated to an inmate, dressed for the first time in her new uniform, addressing the camera and giving her name and age, details of her crime, and the sentence she had received. He could access the absolutely enormous library of pictures and videos that Southfields had accumulated. Or, he could simply type in the name of an inmate and be taken to wherever his current favourite might be.

Carefully he typed in 'Michelle Brown' and within seconds a screen appeared with pictures of her from the front and in profile. Her personal data told him her full name was Michelle Sarah Brown, she was thirty four, she was five feet and two inches tall and weighed a hundred and fifteen pounds. She was a natural blonde and was blue-eyed. She lived in Fairburn Avenue in Wychminster, and she was divorced from her husband, Simon. They had no children. She was a sales manager at Lambert & Kline on a salary of £68k. He knew all her details of course, but nevertheless he enjoyed reviewing them. Eagerly he clicked on the 'find' button and was transported to a classroom. He smiled; he did like to see the mature woman dressed in the demeaning Southfields uniform.

He used the toggle feature to find his target, ah yes there she was, on the extreme right of the front row listening intently to her class teacher. God only knew how many cameras there were in the building, but there were six just in that one standard sized classroom. He could watch her from the front or the back or the side, whatever took his fancy. He could watch the entire class at work, or he could zoom in and watch Michelle's anxious little face in Super-HD. With her hair tied in two cute pigtails, her lack of any make-up, and her slight stature, the uniform didn't look at all out of place.

Nothing was particularly going on, so he opened another screen and left the classroom on e open. He called up Michelle's name again and clicked on 'most recent

punishment'. This was one of his favourite sections. He was gratified to see that she had received two new ones since he'd last visited. He clicked on the older of the two. The video started and showed his former manager strapped over a caning bench. He licked his lips appreciatively, the caning bench! Someone had clearly been a naughty little girl. The camera showed her from behind, her tiny grey gymslip pegged up to reveal her tight blue knickers.

He watched her squirm against the Velcro straps pinning her to the bench in a fruitless attempt to protect her little bottom. The cane came into the shot, tapping incessantly against the drum-tight seat of her panties. He watched it drawn back and then whipped in. She threw her head back and really fought against her bonds. That looked like it had really stung! He clicked on the split screen option and was treated to the same stroke but this time Michelle was filmed from the front as well as the back. He savoured the look of terror on her face as she felt the stick tapping at her bottom. He concentrated on her face as he watched the cane being raised, her face crumpled in shock as the stick bit into her backside and then her head shot back and her mouth opened wide in a shriek of pain.

Kevin rubbed at his cock through his pants, he was sorely tempted to remove the mute from the volume and listen to the swish of the cane and her accompanying shriek of pain. From her anguished facial expression and her desperate writhing he was fairly sure that the wicked, thin stick was really hurting, but after all he was in a work situation and he did have standards to maintain. It had been made clear to him that the website was purely for his own amusement and not for general consumption. Heroically, he managed to resist the temptation, but settled back in his chair to watch the next five strokes leave angry looking weals on her pale skin where her brief knickers didn't quite cover her bottom cheeks.

He glanced at his watch; he'd better get back to work. Reluctantly he turned his laptop off, but consoled himself with the thought of the secret website and the pleasure it would bring him for quite a large proportion of the forthcoming evening. As he returned to his work PC and opened a large spreadsheet he allowed his mind to speculate just exactly what the second punishment video involved.

Chapter 7

Sir Bernard Pomfrett was finding it hard to concentrate on what his visitor was saying. The man wasn't particularly dull and what he had to say was relatively interesting. The problem was that attached to his engorged penis was the mouth of an entitled, wealthy middle class young woman. She was crouched in the crawl space under his desk working assiduously at the job in hand. He was quite proud of her, although obviously he'd never admit to such a thing. When she'd first come to him her cock-sucking ability had been minimal, but thanks to his own expert tuition and her willingness to learn she'd developed into something of an expert. Her clever little tongue could truly work magic.

Where once there had been reluctance or occasionally even downright refusal, there was now only the desire to please. Admittedly her new found attitude hadn't been exactly voluntary. He at least had the grace to admit that he wasn't exactly her usual type either. Having read her private diary and being privy to her social media accounts, he understood that her usual type were tall, chiselled, attractive young men who did something in the City and had access to substantial funds.

In reality the only thing he had in common with her dream man was the fact that he was enormously wealthy. Sir Bernard was short, out of condition, old, and relatively ugly. The combination of those facts and the appearance of the beautiful, haughty young woman sucking and licking feverishly at his cock was an enormous stimulation to his perverse mind. Idly he wrapped a lock of her brunette hair around his forefinger and tugged at it, for no other reason than it made her even more uncomfortable. She was already perched awkwardly on her knees and trying not to bang her head or otherwise bring attention to the fact that she was giving her boss a blow job at ten o'clock in the morning, only too aware that she was separated from his guest by just a few millimetres of wood.

"So in conclusion, Sir Bernard, it would appear that the take-up on the Exercise Bands seems to have levelled out. From our data it appears that all those who choose to wear one of the Bands actually have one. We have measured that figure as about 80% of the eligible female population. What we suggest now is that some sort of drive needs to be organised to persuade the remainder to voluntarily accept the Bands."

Sir Bernard paused in his reply as if he was considering the various available options. In reality he was trying desperately not to ejaculate. Normally, having an explosive climax all over his unwilling assistant's face and hair was a particular joy, doing it during a business discussion was a little bit awkward. Not that anything would actually happen if he was discovered, but he did have something of an image to maintain after all. He tugged at her hair again to suggest to her that enough was enough. He heard her squeal a little and looked sharply over at his guest. Despite his relative youth the man appeared to be suddenly and selectively deaf.

“Do you have any particular ideas as to how to achieve that sort of drive, Charlton?” asked Pomfrett in his normal, rather abrupt way.

Now it was the young man’s turn to ponder his reply. Sir Bernard Pomfrett was not only a very powerful man within the New Government, but he was notoriously short-tempered.

“We are...we are working on it, Sir Bernard. The problem is that not wearing the Exercise Bands is being seen as a political gesture as well as a matter of choice. We think that simply imposing the Bands would have a regrettably negative effect and deprive us of a useful propaganda weapon regarding the voluntary nature of the Project.”

Sir Bernard nodded his encouragement, that was a reasonable point and one he would have made himself.

“Go on, go on.”

The man visibly relaxed and considered his next move. At the same time, Sir Bernard felt the girl’s tongue run the entire length of his straining shaft from the base to the very tip. He could already feel the precum oozing out of him. He fought to keep his eyes open and focussed on the young man opposite him. It looked like Miss Hewitt had taken his instruction to go on, literally. She repeated the long, slow lick again. Sir Bernard fought valiantly but he was, when all was said and done, merely flesh and blood. Young Charlton took the opportunity to study the cracks in the ceiling as if in deep thought. Caroline Hewitt took as much as she could of him into her velvet mouth and swirled her delicate tongue around the exact spot. He felt his elderly testicles suddenly contract and then he came in a mountainous rush. With the guile and experience of the truly debauched he managed to not groan or in any way suggest that he’d just had an impressively large orgasm over his secretary’s pretty, upturned face.

“I have an idea, Charlton, which I would like to discuss with you.”

“Of course, Sir Bernard. I’m all ears.”

By the time he left Sir Bernard’s vast office, Toby Charlton was convinced. The idea was of course, quite brilliant. He was personally convinced of its suitability, all it would take was the right person. Charlton and his little team would do the necessary research and report back to Sir Bernard with a name before the end of the week. He smiled to himself as he made his way back to his office; Sir Bernard was a legend throughout the building. Just wait until he told the boys that their hero was receiving a blow job under his desk from some bitch while simultaneously formulating such a clever plan. Respect to the old man, how old was he now anyway, ninety?

Sir Bernard helped the ‘bitch’ out from under his desk, taking care to avoid getting any of his own semen onto his suit. It was unfortunately too late for Caroline, she was covered in the stuff. Her face and hair and even her formerly pristine white blouse had the tell-tale stains. When she was back on her feet he looked her up and down.

“Why do you constantly disappoint me, young lady? What were my explicit instructions this morning? “

“Y...you wanted me to stimulate you sir, beneath your desk, sir.”

“Yes, you stupid girl, to stimulate me. Not to make me cum in front of a guest. Do you have no sense of propriety? Perhaps you’d think it okay if I was to fuck you in front of a guest?”

“No sir, sorry sir.”

“It’s time for another lesson I’m afraid, bend yourself over the desk please. And do not get my spunk over it.”

He liked to talk to her in this deliberately crude way; he knew she was quite unused to it which was of course a perverse delight to him. With a sniff she quickly obeyed, taking care not lay herself flat across the surface as she usually did. He came around to the side of her and without much ado began to spank her with slow heavy, open-handed slaps. She tried to behave stoically, she really did. She knew he didn't like her to 'make a fuss', as he described it. But it didn't take long for his iron hand to break down her defences. The sheer ignominy of the situation was what made the whole thing so terrible. Her reduction in status from a Government minister's personal secretary to the sexual plaything of a perverse monster like Pomfrett was what was most painful.

And as far as she could see there was no end to her servitude. He had hired and fired several female staff members in the relatively short time that she'd been working for him. But for some reason he never seemed to tire of her. She gasped as a particularly sharp smack caught her unaware. She wiggled her pert little backside in an effort to dissipate the pain. Above her, Sir Bernard smiled, he did love the way her tight skirt emphasised her plump, rolling buttocks. That along with her determination to try and bear the humiliation he heaped on her with some sort of misplaced dignity was another huge turn-on.

"Get up, Miss Hewitt and go back to your desk. You will not, I repeat not use the bathroom until your official lunch break. Then you may wash your face and change your blouse but I think you've wasted enough time this morning already. In fact I think you should work another hour tonight to make up for missing so much time, what do you think?"

"Yes, sir. Another hour this evening, sir."

She stood to attention and saluted smartly, the whole military efficiency look being somewhat undermined by the lumps of dried, congealed sperm on her chin and blouse. She turned and smartly left the room. As she settled herself with some difficulty behind her tiny desk and gasped slightly as her buttocks came into contact with the wooden seat, she silently prayed that nobody would call on Sir Bernard for the next couple of hours at least.

Sir Bernard tapped his pen against his teeth thoughtfully; Charlton's team had done a pretty good job. He had been given three good options, a feminist journalist, a black athlete, and an overtly anti-NG actress. All three had their own pros and cons, they were all popular and attractive of course, and all three had very large social media followings. The actress was shrill and aggressively anti-New Government, Sir Bernard would very much like to have her arrested and charged with something spurious before consigning her to some long term reform institution. He mentally put Maxine on his 'to-do' list.

The black athlete was a gorgeous looking woman, Sir Bernard's personal favourite. She was also a much loved sports star, and compromising her might prove difficult. The third however, Miriam Shaw, was a very pro-feminist political journalist who appeared on the national news channel almost every day. She had her supporters; she also had lots of enemies. She had written a couple of articles in supportive, pro-female, middle class newspapers decrying both the New Government and the introduction of Exercise Bands which she had described as a 'fascist incursion into human rights'. He nodded to himself; it would be very handy to have an ally who worked for a TV station and a staunchly feminist newspaper.

Sat at her cramped, little desk Caroline reread the letter she'd just typed,

'Dear Mr Lawton,

It has come to our attention that you are the employer of a young woman named Miss Fenella Wishart-Davies,. Miss Wishart-Davies is a person of interest to us here at the Department of Social Cohesion. It is our recommendation that her employment with you should cease immediately, as a matter of some urgency.

Should you have a question regarding this issue, please don't hesitate to contact us here at Social Cohesion and we will send a representative over to you to discuss the situation.

Regards,

Miss C Hewitt PPS.'

She looked at the email sadly. Fenella was a good friend of hers; they'd been in the same class at school and had lots of mutual friends and very similar backgrounds. That old bastard next door had chosen her out of the many choices that her list of connections had provided. She was a very pretty girl from a privileged sort of background. She'd seen how Sir Bernard worked, a semi-threatening letter to a woman's employer in order to have her fired, and nobody ever ignored this sort of letter from the New Government, and then a miraculous, out of the blue, job offer to the dispirited woman while she was still reeling from the shock of being sacked for no good reason.

She had no real idea of what job Sir Bernard had lined up for Fen, but she knew for certain it wouldn't be in PR or indeed in any sort of managerial capacity. With a heavy heart she pressed 'send', she tried to console herself with the fact that even if she'd refused to send it and suffered a public caning as a result, he'd have simply given the task to someone else. But even then she couldn't shake the idea that somehow she was complicit in Fenella's forthcoming humiliation. But, she thought angrily, that was exactly what that perverse old bastard wanted her to think.

In the solitude of his own office, the perverse old bastard idly played with his cock through his tweed slacks as he looked at the various images of Miriam Shaw that were crisply displayed through the display on his state of the art computer. He glanced at his

watch and debated whether or not to call in his snooty bitch of a secretary and have her finish him off. He probably didn't quite have enough time, he realised. He'd called Tony Aston over to his office to discuss something or other and no doubt the man would be slightly early as he always was. His penis gave a little involuntary twitch at the thought of Tony's patrician face when he saw his former ice-princess of a secretary sat at her schoolgirl desk with her pretty face splattered with his cum.

Chapter 8

Heather McLeod hated her two overseers with a passion. Once the lazy, stupid women had got over the novelty of having one of their former managers at their beck and call they'd set her to work with a will. She'd never worked quite so physically hard in her life. She'd been supplied with bras that were slightly too small to be comfortable, and knickers that were just slightly too baggy. Both were faded and discoloured and appeared to have been acquired from some sort of charity store. She wore a brown nylon overall which was too tight and way too short for her and a pair of cheap, black, rubber gym shoes. Rather than organise her day from her nice office, she now spent much of her day on her hands and knees scrubbing the seemingly endless corridors of the office block. She dusted and polished and tidied things away for eight hours a day. They even had her come in to work on Saturday mornings, not because it was necessary, just because they could.

It was amazing just how quickly her authority had been stripped from her. No longer was she a respected departmental manager, she was an office cleaner and treated as such. It was almost as if she'd become invisible. Former friends, and now she belatedly realised they were nothing of the sort, simply ignored her when they came across her labouring in an office. Underlings who had gone in fear of her sharp, critical tongue barely acknowledged her apart from the odd mocking laugh at her predicament. Her own former office colleagues were most dismissive of her, it seemed as if they'd taken a shine to John Weston

There was a problem with this arrangement however, as even Jonny Weston acknowledged. While it was undeniably amusing to see her in such a subservient role, the truth was that Heather was actually good at her job. She was a fairly aggressive, unpleasant harridan without much in the way of social skills, but she knew how to organise the office and drive it forward, there was no doubt about that. Jonny needed her back, the Company needed her back as well. But on the other hand nobody actually wanted to be managed by her. The solution was fairly obvious; she would be brought back into the fold, but on Jonny's terms. And those terms were fairly straightforward, she could retain a part of her salary and therefore keep paying her mortgage but she her new, official role was that of Office Girl. She was given no authority whatsoever as it had been easy to point out that she had taken advantage of her power; in fact she was at the very bottom of the hierarchical chain. Everyone was nominally her superior even the youngest, most inexperienced school-leaver had to be addressed by her as sir, or miss as appropriate.

Her work assignment as far as Jonny was concerned, was pretty much as it was before her fall. The difference was that now Jonny simply took her ideas and her spreadsheets and simply attached his own name to them. When she wasn't doing Jonny's work she was required to scurry around the office doing whatever was required for

whoever required it. Some days would see her preparing a high-level presentation for Jonny to read to the Board, while others would see her doing the photocopying for the lowliest secretary. Jonny also enjoyed dressing her according to his mood. Some days he would make her wear one of her smart suits, stockings and high heels, she'd be perfectly made-up and her hair in some sort of sophisticated style. At other times she might be in a white blouse and tie, an extremely short grey pinafore, ankle socks and brown sandals, not a shred of cosmetics, and with her mousy hair tied in a high ponytail with a brightly coloured ribbon that matched her tie. He liked her to adopt the former look when she had the least important work to do, so he'd make her sit at a desk in the secretarial pool and type up some inconsequential report in her suit. On the other hand he'd send her to make coffee and bring it into a formal meeting, the type she used to run, while dressed as a junior school girl.

She was, he realised, having quite an effect on him. Humiliating and degrading his former office manager was such a turn-on. The new contract she'd had to sign had been drawn up by William Massingham's absurdly expensive lawyers and was therefore watertight. She couldn't voluntarily resign, and she couldn't refuse an order for fear of being sacked and made destitute. Jonny held her future in his young hands and they both knew it, just the thought of that fact never failed to excite him. She was quite attractive, in a dour Scottish sort of way. She could obviously be quite abrasive, but with a firm hand she could be moulded in to some sort of girlfriend material. And that was just the point, he could apply as firm a hand as he liked. At school he'd been quite a feared Prefect. He soon realised that he actually enjoyed applying a cane to recalcitrant schoolboy bottoms. Once he'd left the strict, traditional school he thought his opportunity to inflict pain had gone. But now, thanks to his friendship with Massingham's son, Rupert, that opportunity had returned.

At first he restricted himself to a couple of swats across her tightly-skirted backside, sometimes he liked to lift the hem of her gingham school dress and slap the back of her thighs. As far as the office was concerned that was generally the limit of his attention to Heather McLeod. However, once the two of them were alone, it was somewhat different. He'd started making her stay after the rest of the rest of the office had left and then punishing her for some imaginary fault. He enjoyed her flustered humiliation when he ordered her over his knee, her whimpering and begging as he drew her skirt over her hips made him hard. He liked to toy with the surface of her knickers, be they silky and expensive, or utilitarian white cotton. Stroking and patting, straightening them out, removing imaginary pieces of lint, anything in fact to draw out her humiliation and to extend his own pleasure.

Heather did hate him so much, he was a cold, arrogant bully. In her opinion he was a typical English private school boy. He spoke and acted as if he was a naturally

superior person to her, despite the fact that she was obviously more intelligent than he was. Like many of his type he confused self-confidence with competence, as if the very fact that his family was rich and entitled meant was enough to compensate for his lack of ability. While she'd had to work hard to escape her background and her very average school, he no doubt had skated through his schooldays and his youth without a care in the world. And yet despite all her hard work and her loyalty and commitment to the Company she now found herself bent over his knee in what used to be her own office. She particularly hated being mentally punished like this as well, they both knew he was going to tan her backside so why didn't he just get on with it?

But almost as soon as he began to slap her bottom she regretted that thought. His large hand simply crashed down onto her delicate backside. Despite her desire to not show how much he was hurting her, she couldn't help herself crying out, kicking, squirming and begging to be released. The harder she fought though, the harder he spanked her. And he was much, much stronger than she was. She soon realised that the quickest way to get him to stop spanking her was simply to accept his authority over her and stop struggling. But it was so difficult to do that, he was such an arrogant bastard that she resented every single thing about him. Over the years she'd become used to putting young, privileged upstarts like him in their rightful place, but now she simply didn't have the authority to do that anymore. It was even more galling somehow to be punished by a boy who represented everything she hated.

As his strong hand gradually reduced the rapid tattoo on her red-hot backside she prepared herself to be hoisted to her feet. What would he do this time, send her to the corner to 'contemplate her behaviour' as usual, or simply tell her to tidy herself up and go home? Today was different however, she wasn't helped to her feet. He simply held her over his knee and stroked her smarting backside. What was he up to? She found out soon enough, she heard the whoosh behind her and then felt an enormous blow to her backside. She absolutely shrieked in pain, what the hell could. Above her she heard him snigger and then simply grip her that little bit harder.

"Do lay still, Miss McLeod, I've hardly started."

She screamed something unintelligible but he ignored whatever it was she was trying to say.

"This. Is. My . Prefect's. Slipper. I. Brought. It. From. School. It's. A Special. Gift. For . You."

Each word of explanation brought a single resounding blow from the well-used white gym shoe. She threw her head back and howled, she'd never felt such pain.

"What. Do. You. Say. For. Your. Special. Gift. Young. Lady?"

"Ahhh! Please, please, stop. Aaaagh, it hurts so much!!"

"What. Do. You. Say. For. Your. Special. Gift?"

"Please, please, I beg you...please..."

"What. Do. You. Say. For. Your. Special. Gift?"

"Owww! Th...thank you...thank you!"

“Thank. You. For. What. Young. Lady?”

“Owwowwww! Thank y...you f...for my s...special gift.”

The slipper paused and rested against her throbbing backside.

The tears simply poured out of her eyes and were soaking her green, silk blouse.

“That’s better, Miss McLeod. However, as far as you’re concerned. You seem to have forgotten that I am your superior and therefore must be addressed as such. In what form should I be addressed young lady, in fact how should you address any superior male?”

Despite her suffering, Heather was still quick-witted enough to realise what he meant.

“It’s ‘sir’, I should address you as ‘sir’, sir.”

He laughed and tapped his heavy gym-shoe against her defenceless buttocks.

“That’s right, Heather. And to reinforce the message I’m going to pull your knickers down and give you another six. You’ll count them, thank me for each one and call me sir, understood?”

“Ooohhh, yes sir, and please sir, not too hard.”

He smiled, at last the feisty little bitch was beginning to understand her place. He'd give her six stingers, just to drive the message home. He rested the slipper on the back of her suit and slowly drew down her pale blue panties down her skinny little legs to her knees. Picking up the slipper he tapped it against her glowing-red backside for a few seconds. He could almost see the heat rising from the twin moons.

Whaaaack. The slipper momentarily flattened her right buttock cheek. She shrieked but managed to gasp out the desired formula

“O...one, thank you, s...sir.”

She squirmed and struggled which had the unintentional of grinding her own sex against his turgid penis.

Whaaaack! He repeated the stroke and she gave the same reaction. He was enjoying himself so much and there wasn't a damn thing she could do about it. The fact that she was his former boss was exciting, but not quite so stimulating as introducing to her the idea that wealth, breeding and privilege will always overcome intelligence. No matter what she'd been told in whatever low-rent school she'd been educated in, all the hard work and application in the world just didn't matter when compared to upbringing and influence and the sooner she realised and accepted that, the better for all concerned.

Whaaaack!

And as far as Jonny was concerned it was the duty of the natural leaders of the country, young men like him in fact, to keep the lower orders under some sort of control.

Whaaaack!

Whaaaack!

Whaaaack!

The End

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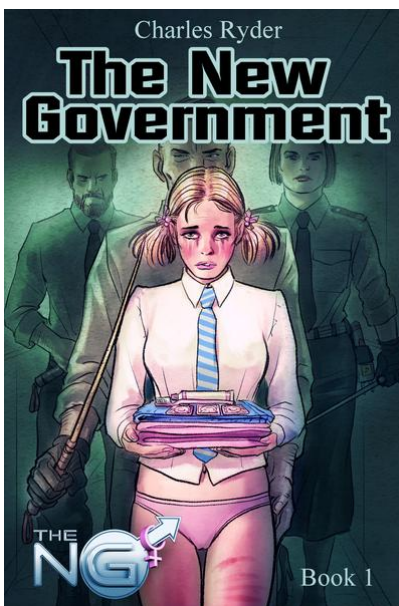
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Connecting independent readers to independent writers.

Did you love *The New Government Book 2*? Then you should read [*The New Government Book 1*](#) by Charles Ryder!



The New Government is set in the very near future following the spectacular collapse of the previous administration, the Women's Equality Party. That disastrous regime saw the virtual economic collapse of the country and a rapid rise in social unrest. The New Government, skilled in the black arts of surveillance, coercion and blackmail, was swept to power on a tidal wave of anti-feminism. The opposition to militant feminism was such a vote winner that it became one of the central planks of New Government policy. Feminism itself was declared illegal and in order to safeguard the future of the nation certain groups of women were targeted by the State. Thanks to fiscal mismanagement Britain was in a particularly weak condition and was badly hit by the recession. By framing the economic disaster as a female, liberal issue, the New Government gained millions of votes from men. It was very careful to blur its anti-feminist message. It didn't want to alienate women; it merely wanted to scapegoat a certain demographic, namely educated, liberal women. Women who may have benefited from the pro-feminist policies of the Women's Equality Party for example, women who had been appointed to jobs purely because they were female, women who had been promoted in order to fill a quota, women who could never be fired despite their obvious incompetence. The story opens a year or so after the New Government has come to power. Many thousands of feminists have been removed from their jobs and careers simply for belonging to illegal, feminist, organisations. The vast majority of people are unperturbed by the news that feminists and other liberal 'troublemakers' have been

removed from circulation. The women haven't been imprisoned, that would be far too crude and a potential vote loser, they have simply been sent to one of the many recently established Re-education Centres. On the surface at least they are places where feminists and liberals might have the error of their ways explained to them. In reality of course, the Re-education Centres are prisons in all but name for their middle-class, professional, female inmates. The women are treated as schoolgirls; they are required to attend classes wearing humiliating school uniforms and are subject to stringent corporal punishment. When they're not being indoctrinated they're required to carry out menial or exhausting physical tasks. Professional women who can't be sent for re-education are targeted by their increasingly politicised male managers. Women who were used to working in female dominated offices quickly find themselves in a minority. Women are now fired for transgressing one of the many new rules and regulations brought in by the New Government. Former powerful, female executives now find themselves undermined by the male hierarchy. Many are sacked without a reference, the lucky ones are demoted and often find themselves working for their former male subordinates, Corporal punishment has become commonplace and is regarded as a useful management tool. Providing sexual favours to their managers is considered to be a given, and passes almost unnoticed. The story follows a selection of professional, middle-class women who find their lives in rapid transit. A senior manager is put under pressure at home and at work, and her spoiled brat of a daughter has to be reminded of her place. A feisty executive is framed and sent for a period of re-education, a young lawyer has her license to practise revoked and is re-employed as a junior secretary. A middle-aged man passed over for promotion and sidelined at work by his female superiors suddenly discovers how his support for the New Government can work for him. What used to be reliable and certain is now in turmoil. Mapped-out careers and lifestyles have been abandoned, long-held beliefs have been questioned and proved to be wrong. How will our heroines react to the removal of their recently acquired rights and privileges? Read on and...

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