

THE PURITY POLICE

CHARLES RYDER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“State Orphanage 17”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
(15,500 words, rated 5-stars)

“Stolen, Book 1”
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(16,900 words)

“Return to Mainland 2”
(Written jointly with Velvetglove)
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content, rated 5-stars)
(19,000 words)

“Return to Mainland 3”
(Written jointly with Velvetglove)
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
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“Owner to Office Girl”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(22,000 words)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Chapter 1

George Cathcart was a miserable sort of man with plenty to be miserable about. Ever since his twin childhood dreams of playing football for England and then becoming a fighter pilot had failed to come to fruition, he'd maintained a sour outlook on life. He'd done averagely well in school and then got a job in the local Council. His early marriage to a shrewish young woman had been a disappointing failure and they'd quickly gone their separate ways. The fact they had no children was the one piece of good news as far as he was concerned. From then on it had all gone downhill.

He still worked for the council and had managed to accumulate a grand total of four promotions in the forty years he'd spent shuffling paperwork on their behalf. Most of the people he'd met through work had either moved on or died, not that he particularly liked any of them in the first place. He hadn't had sex for twenty years, and that situation didn't look like changing any time soon.

Still he did have his house, bought and paid for and owned outright. When he'd first moved in all those years ago it had been a quiet, unassuming, cheap neighbourhood. Not bad, but nothing special really. Nowadays it had become far more bustling and busy, and its proximity to the new university had attracted many young buyers to the area. Not that George particularly cared or even noticed, the only one of his many neighbours to interest him was when a group of students moved in next door, two boys and two girls.

The girls were two attractive young women who soon became objects of unattainable desire. One was blonde and the other dark, George used to look forward to catching glimpses of them as they passed backwards and forwards. One he learned was called Samantha, and the other, the blonde one his favourite was Jenna. When the warmer weather came, they spent a lot of time sunbathing in the garden and George would happily spend hours gently masturbating in his back bedroom watching them and dreaming about what he'd like to do to them. When the sun went down he'd open some of his enormous collection of BDSM pornography on his computer and masturbate some more.

The girls became an obsession, he imagined all sorts of unlikely scenarios in which he came to dominate their lives. As he lay awake at night listening to the bang of headboards and the groans of pleasure and the high-pitched squealing he began to plan. Via his computer he ordered some high-tech listening equipment and, being useful with his hands, managed to install it at various points in the adjoining wall, which being quite old still had the original air-vents handily dotted around. The result was a revelation and wildly exceeded his expectations. Suddenly he was privy to every conversation in the house, no matter how mundane or private.

He'd only really wanted an amplified version of them having sex, a soundtrack he could wank along to. But now he had a window into their private lives. That's how he discovered that Steve was with Sammy and Chris with Jen, and how Steve was secretly bi, and how Jen was terrified for a while that she was pregnant. It was so addictive that George taped their sex games and even their mundane conversations to his computer.

That's how he discovered that Sammy and Jen knew he was watching them sunbathing from the upstairs window and that was why they rubbed sun cream into each other in such a suggestive way. That's how he discovered that Sammy referred to him as 'the perve' and that Jen considered him to be a 'miserable, ugly old bastard'. He wasn't exactly shocked, he was hardly God's gift to women, but on the other hand he surely deserved a little respect?

He wouldn't have been watching if they hadn't been flaunting themselves outside his window now would he? Nevertheless his viewing pleasures were quickly curtailed and by the time he had re-gathered his confidence it was summer and all four of them were gone. The house next door stood empty for eighteen months before a 'For Sale' went up. His eavesdropping equipment lay unused but not forgotten.

In the meantime the rise of the MPGB had not gone unnoticed; there was a lot of talk at work regarding the electoral success of the Muslim Party of Great Britain. George didn't really care, it was hardly likely to affect him either way was it? Anyway, he'd seen political parties come and he'd seen political parties go and as he'd never voted he had no real interest. He was more interested in the flow of

viewers to look at the house. He kept an eye on the situation and was fairly sure he'd seen a young couple there more than once.

Sure enough, shortly after the sign was taken down he saw them again. Without going out in the rain and staring it was hard to see them clearly, so it was a surprise when he received a knock on the door a couple of days later. Only delivery drivers knocked on his door, so what had he ordered recently? The vision on his doorstep took his breath away, a beautiful young woman stood there with a tin in her hand. By her side a man extended his hand

"Hi, we're Annabelle and Richard, we've just moved in next door."

George took the proffered hand more out of habit than anything else, dragging his eyes from the woman's impressive tits back to her husband.

"Hello, I'm George Cathcart, welcome to the neighbourhood."

"We've baked you a cake, I do hope you like sponge?" Smiled the girl showing her perfectly even white teeth.

"Well, yes...that's very kind of you," replied George, feeling himself blush slightly for some reason. "I'd invite you in, only..."

"That's okay, don't worry. I'm sure we'll bump into each other regularly now that we're neighbours."

Chapter 2

And that proved to be the case, his new neighbours were extremely pleasant. Despite their very obvious middle-class upbringing they were quite happy to stand and chat at any time. In fact, on one particular Saturday, they invited him in for coffee. This was a whole new departure for George. Despite living in the street for 40 years he'd never once been in anyone else's house. Their house was very nice, beautifully decorated and tastefully fitted out it simply reeked of money.

Annabelle fussed around him bringing him coffee and biscuits on a plate. He could hardly take his eyes off her, she was only wearing a simple, blue sundress but it looked fantastic on her. She was slim and well-toned and her blonde hair was piled, expensively, on her head. The blue of her eyes was emphasised by the dress and her lips were full and sensuous. His only thought right then was how much he'd love to force his erect cock in between them.

It turned out they were newly-weds. They'd met at university and were now doing PHD's, she was 22 and he was a year older. It was quite amusing to see how much they were still in love with each other, although for the life of him George couldn't see what such an absolutely stunning young woman like Annabelle saw in Richard. He was quite a nerd with his regulation haircut and his thick spectacles. He was also quite small, certainly shorter than his wife who he guessed was about 5' 6", and had the sort of physical development that suggested a lifetime of bookwork rather than gym work.

Once they'd told him all about themselves their conversation turned to the current political situation. The MPGB had very recently won a large majority in the General Election and were busily implementing a raft of new rules and regulations, mainly pertaining to religion and what was and wasn't permitted now. He soon realised that they were torn between revulsion at some of the new 'sex rules' and desperately trying to signal to him that they were not in any way racist, as so many young people are wont to do, which was ironically one reason why such a misogynistic, backward, medieval cult had managed to become the new rulers of the country.

George was amazed when he read the new rules, they'd been handed out at work and his department was instructed to thoroughly read and digest them because they would be the department that would be dealing with their implementation from now on. What particularly caught his attention was the 'No sex on Friday' ruling. How was that going to work? His mind turned naturally to his new neighbours. How were a young married couple going to be able to restrict themselves to that Draconian ruling?

A sort of a smile creased his wrinkled features; he was so looking forward to finding out. When he arrived home that Thursday night, the first thing he did was to re-activate his hidden listening devices and check they worked. It only took him a few minutes to confirm that they did. He sat in just a grubby vest and socks, masturbating as he listened to Annabelle's cut-glass accent indignantly refusing to give her new husband a blow-job. She was an educated woman apparently, and not some cheap whore.

"Dickie, we can't do it now! It must be already past midnight. You know what the new regulations are!"

"Fuck the regulations, and fuck all Paki's," slurred the drunken response.

"Go on then, but let's keep the noise down hey, don't want to wake sleeping beauty next door, do we?" Annabelle replied with giggle.

"And fuck that ugly old bastard too! Come over here you gorgeous woman."

As the bed squeaked and the muted moans of mutual pleasure became apparent, George glanced down at the computer clock. Hmmm, 1.05 on Friday morning. Someone was going to have to speak to those two young people. There being no time like the present, George rapped enthusiastically on his neighbour's door later that same Friday morning. The door was answered by a rather flustered-looking Annabelle wearing just a silk dressing gown.

"Erm, good morning George. Is there something we can help you with...it's still quite early isn't it?"

He smiled back at her, she still looked fantastic without her make-up at 8am on a Saturday morning.

"You can, my dear. Would you mind getting your husband and tell him the ugly old bastard from next door is downstairs and waiting to speak to him? There's a good girl, I'll just wait in your lovely sitting-room if you don't mind."

He pushed by her and deposited himself in a comfortable chair. Annabelle was so surprised she simply obeyed him and turned and ran up her stairs. Ten minutes both of them descended, fully dressed.

"Just what the hell do you think...?"

"Sit down, you silly little man!"

"I beg your pardon?!"

"You'll sit down and listen to what I have to say...if you know what's good for you."

"Let's listen darling, it will shut him up and then we can call the police."

Both then sat, looking more and more apprehensive as he carefully explained what was on his mind.

"B...but that's just blackmail," stuttered the man, indignantly.

"You've no right to do this, you pathetic old man!" Said Annabelle. "We should call the police, Dickie darling."

George wriggled his backside comfortably in his neighbour's sofa. Were the two of them really that stupid? He was offering them a way out of trouble. Admittedly it was quite a high price, the right to fuck pretty Annabelle whenever he was in the mood. But the alternative was surely far worse? He glanced around the beautifully appointed room with its shelves full of books. He'd come into contact with a large number of people over his long lifetime and had come to the conclusion that many apparently smart people were really quite dumb.

Take the angry young couple in front of him for example. On the outside a pair of intelligent, high achievers destined to succeed in life. But in reality two naive fools, blinded by their own sense of smug superiority. They weren't even in work yet and yet they already had a house with nicer things in it than he had. Rich mummies and daddies, no doubt? It hardly seemed fair somehow, he'd worked his arse off for 40 years while they'd just pissed about and had a good time at someone else's expense.

He shook his head slowly. Well, nobody could say that he hadn't given them the opportunity to avoid what was going to happen.

"In reality it should be me calling the Purity Police, because it's you two they'll certainly want to speak to rather than me. Remember it's me who has the tapes. One of the two of you fucking on a Friday which is specifically forbidden, when you clearly know you're not allowed to. And another one of you racially abusing a minority. It doesn't look good for you does it?"

"But look, you can't do that. You're spying on us. That isn't allowed."

"So you're not denying it then? You've knowingly broken not one but two laws?"

"But that's not the point! It's none of your business what we do in the privacy of our own home!"

"But that's where you're wrong, I'm afraid. I work for the Council, you see. I would be remiss in my capacity as a valued state employee if I didn't report what I'd heard."

Richard Galloway blanched a little at that piece of unwelcome news. It was true, all people employed by the state, and there seemed to be an awful lot of them nowadays, were obliged to report any suspicion of misbehaviour that they might encounter to their superiors.

"But why are you doing this to us? It's hardly a crime is it, to have sex with one's own wife?"

George shrugged his bulky shoulders.

"I don't make the rules. Although I do have a duty to uphold them," he added sanctimoniously.

"You're a horrible old man!" Shouted Annabelle.

George turned to her and smiled.

"And you're a silly, stuck-up bitch who's going to prison."

She looked at him furiously, but didn't reply.

"So, as I said, I really should call the police right now. But as a neighbour I'm going to wait until Monday morning, just to let you get your affairs in order."

With that, he struggled to his feet and stood up.

"Good day to you both, I'll see myself out."

Chapter 3

It had all gone very well as far as George was concerned. His snooty neighbours were now on tenterhooks. He could just imagine the conversation between the two of them. He half-hoped that they wouldn't take him seriously and then do nothing. He was already getting an erection just at the thought of the looks on their entitled young faces when the inevitable visit from the Purity Police actually happened.

They would find out, as so many thousands already had, that the Purity Police were very real and very much to be feared. Their role was to monitor the morality of the population and then to deal with any transgressions. His formerly dull life at the local Council had been enlivened considerably by the sudden and unexpected rise of the Muslim Party of Great Britain. They now had representatives in every local Council in the country, including his own. It still amazed George that the majority of the UK was now Muslim. He'd witnessed it with his own eyes, but it was still difficult to believe.

The dramatic fall in the amount of native children being born compared to the large numbers of Muslim babies that were being produced made it kind of inevitable that this would happen, but nobody had predicted it. That was the main driver in the rise of the MPGB, but it wasn't the only one. They were supported by a significant number of white Christians, especially young, university educated types desperate to signal their support for what they considered the oppressed minority.

The result was a majority at the most recent election and that was followed by swingeing changes. The MPGB moved quickly to consolidate its gains. New rules and regulations were made law. New levels of bureaucracy were installed; Muslims in positions of authority began to only employ other Muslims into their organisations. George himself had joined the MPGB on a whim a few years previously. Not that he had any religious convictions whatsoever but mainly because he sensed which way the wind was blowing and hoped there might be something in it for him personally.

Being in the Council, albeit it in middle-management, meant that George got to see at firsthand what was going on. The law and order crackdown for example. At first it was the zero-tolerance of crime approach that was enforced on the white, working-class. That was received surprisingly well in many quarters, simply because the white middle-classes also believed that sort of thing was necessary. After all, the working classes were largely stupid Neanderthals weren't they. With their union jacks and their beer bellies and their white vans?

A snap election quickly followed which gave the MPGB a large majority. That's when things really started to change quickly. The 'sex laws' as they were known, were brought into operation. Headscarves became mandatory for female all state employees. George knew that things like a proposed tax on Christians to 'help pay reparations for the historical crimes they had committed' was being seriously mooted by the new government.

He wondered how that would play among some of the older, more reactionary voting demographic. Not that he gave a shit either way. The traditional, British political parties had done nothing for him or millions like him in the many years that they'd shared power between themselves. And, truth be told, he didn't really care much who ran the country just so long as he, George Cathcart got his fair share of whatever was being given out.

He enjoyed his weekend, which was unusual for him. It seemed to rain a lot more nowadays which fortunately didn't affect his primary hobby, wanking naked in front of his computer screen. But today was very pleasant and he enjoyed a short stroll around his local park. One good thing as far as he was concerned was the comparative lack of dogs shitting everywhere. Muslims were not allowed dogs as companions, it was considered ritually impure to have one in the house. So consequently that had filtered through the native population as well.

George had remembered the furore at work when that particular law had appeared. Some people were furious and had actually resigned from their jobs with the Council in protest. When others realised that they would also forfeit their pension rights as well as their careers, they weren't quite so forthright. Not that George cared, it didn't personally affect him either way, so what was the problem?

Apart from dogs there was also a distinct lack of young women in the park. One of George's favourite occupations in the old days was to patrol his local park on the lookout for attractive girls especially if they were engaging in any sort of sexy play with their boyfriends. Unfortunately that sort of thing was frowned upon in these more enlightened times. Unaccompanied young women were now conspicuous by their absence.

But on the other hand there was certainly more peace and quiet, young people were expected to behave themselves in public nowadays. There was no loud music or aggressive games of football going on, there were no more shrieking voices. George smiled and walked on. Not everything was better in the old days, he didn't mind admitting. He strolled around to the shops and bought himself a loaf of bread and some milk.

Chapter 4

Later that evening there was a knock at his door. George smiled and put down his newspaper. At the door, as expected were his new neighbours.

"Good evening?"

"Erm...hello...good evening. May we come in please?" Asked Richard Galloway.

He stepped aside to usher them in and then directed them to his living room. It was quite a mess, much like the rest of his house. But what did he care, nobody ever visited him anymore. It wasn't like he was trying to impress anyone. He settled himself into his favourite chair.

"I didn't invite you to sit down."

The young married couple had to stand in front of him, despite their obvious annoyance.

"What do you want?" He demanded.

"Erm...we've been thinking about what you said."

"What I said?"

"What you said earlier. You know..."

The young man blushed. George shook his head, what a wimp the little fellow was.

"About fucking your lovely wife do you mean?"

"Erm...yes. I suppose so."

"That particular offer's not on the table anymore I'm afraid."

The man looked at him blankly.

"Now you need me to beg you to fuck your wife."

The young couple glanced quickly at each other.

"W...what do you mean? Surely you don't expect me to...?"

"Get on your knees and beg. I'm doing you a big favour. I need you to show your appreciation."

This was the acid test as far as George Cathcart was concerned. He wasn't exactly a fighter himself but he doubted he'd ever kneel in front of another man and beg him to fuck his wife, even if he had a wife to fuck. It was the principle of the thing when all said and done. He watched dispassionately as the young, fair-haired man glanced at his lovely wife before slowly slumping to his knees.

"Well?" George demanded.

"Please will you have sex with my wife," he mumbled almost to himself.

George took one step forward and slapped his face very firmly indeed. Hard enough to spin him around a little and deposit him on the floor.

"Get up, you sad excuse for a man!" Demanded George angrily. Really what were the younger generations made of anyway?

Annabelle stood with her hands covering her face as if by not watching the shameful incident it wasn't really happening. George meanwhile grabbed the slight man by the hair and hauled him back up to his knees so that he was once more in front of him.

"Listen carefully, little man, I want you to hear what I have to say very carefully and then repeat it back to me."

The man looked up fearfully but made no attempt to escape.

"Please sir, my name is Dickie Galloway and I'd be honoured if you'd fuck my beautiful wife, Annabelle who I don't deserve, right now while I watch."

George drew one of his large, meaty hands back threateningly. Richard recoiled slightly and then began.

"P...please sir, my name is Dickie G...Galloway and I'd be honoured if you'd f...fuck my beautiful wife, Annabelle who I don't deserve, right now while I watch."

George's hand moved swiftly to slap the man again, this time with his other hand.

"Louder, Dickie and this time with less stuttering."

"Please sir, my name is Dickie Galloway and I'd be honoured if you'd fuck my beautiful wife, Annabelle who I don't deserve, right now while I w...watch."

“Almost, young Dickie. This is your last chance before I have to take you over my knee and spank you. Once more with feeling and absolutely no stuttering...or else.”

George glanced up to see the tears cascading down Annabelle’s cheeks as she watched her inadequate husband being humiliated. He could feel his cock harden as he did so. The tears of posh, privileged women always had that affect on him for some reason?

““Please sir, my name is Dickie Galloway and I’d be honoured if you’d fuck my beautiful wife, Annabelle who I don’t deserve, right now while I watch.”

“Good boy!” George reached forwards and ruffled the young man’s already thinning blonde hair. “That wasn’t too hard was it, Dickie? Not when you put your mind to it?”

He was starting to cry now as well which although didn’t have the same aphrodisiac qualities as his wife’s, they were nonetheless most enjoyable.

“Well? “ Demanded George in his intimidatingly gruff manner.

“N...No, sir,” sobbed the broken young man.

“Very well, you can remain kneeling but don’t you dare get in my way. Watch carefully, you may learn something.”

George walked over and took beautiful, young Annabelle Galloway by one of her delicate wrists before making her kneel by the side of her husband. Both of them were crying now which had the opposite effect on George that they were probably hoping for. Taking his time he slowly unbuttoned his tweed pants, reached inside and took out his throbbing, elderly cock. Even at his age it was quite impressive, thought George with a certain amount of pride.

He stepped forward a little and used it to slap Annabelle’s porcelain white cheek. Not hard, just enough to attract her attention and maybe to establish his ownership. She whinnied a little like a well brought up horse, so he repeated the slap on her other cheek which made her recoil a little. Taking her by the hair with his spare hand he held her in place and gave her two more, less gentle taps one on each flushed cheek. He pushed one of his large, grimy thumbs between her rosebud lips and held her in place with his hand wrapped around her blonde hair,

“Suck it, bitch!”

George heard a little groan of despair from his left as the beta husband attempted to complain but ignored it. Realising the pressure in her mouth wasn’t going to decrease any time soon, Annabelle did as she was told and licked George Cathcart’s thumb. The calloused digit rotated making her gag slightly but it had the desired effect of opening her mouth more. He released her hair and took his cock in his hand, a couple of tugs later he slid it down the length of his thumb and into her reluctant mouth.

He took the back of her head in both his hands and simply impaled her on his straining cock. The look of panic in her inexperienced eyes was like a little shot of Viagra. Although she tried to struggle he was way too strong for her and simply rammed himself in and out. By her side her husband had started to cry but was clearly incapable or unwilling to do anything to defend his pretty wife.

George pushed himself in just as far as he could go and felt that familiar twitch and then tension before ejaculating in her velvet-lined mouth. It had taken a matter of days from imagining this very situation to actually accomplishing it in real life thought George with a certain amount of pride as he squirted his load into the oral virgin.

Chapter 5

Monday morning at work began normally enough, a slightly cramped bus ride into town, a short walk to his office, and a quick visit to the little canteen for an early morning coffee.

"Hey, have you heard the news?" Asked Martin, one of his less obnoxious colleagues.

"How could I, I've just got in?"

"Yeah, well...Sanderson's gone. She was sacked on Friday night. Nobody knows why."

George sipped at his coffee. He'd never really got on with Wendy Sanderson, who was his immediate boss. Which was hardly surprising, he was honest enough to admit. She seemed popular enough in the office, but she was a bit of a do-gooder as far as he was concerned. She didn't seem to have a lot of time for him, but then he felt likewise about her. George had never really taken to women in positions of power. They just weren't suited to it in his opinion.

"Who's got her job?"

"Nobody knows yet. Apparently it's going to be discussed."

George raised his eyebrows in resignation. Another three months of pretence and then they'd just give it to another middle-aged "progressive" woman. He took his coffee and when back to his cramped office on the third floor. He picked up his desk phone and made an appointment with Wendy Sanderson's boss, Sonia.

When he arrived at her office he was surprised to find her with a man, a tall, thin Asian gentleman who was quick to stand and shake his hand before introducing himself. Mr Malik, the new MPGB representative on the Council's board. Sonia Lewis seemed a little flustered by the man's presence in her office but nevertheless offered George a seat.

"How may I help you, Mr Cathcart?" She asked.

He looked at her enquiringly for a second, trying to remember the last time she'd called him 'Mr Cathcart' as opposed to just George. Or something more disparaging. Sonia was yet another of those dowdy, middle-class, middle-aged women. The sort that seem to infest local Councils. In his experience they were the remnants of the 'let's promote all females' approach that the Council had been in thrall to a few years ago. In his opinion she was a long way out of her depth, but that was always going to be the natural conclusion to promoting mediocrity, wasn't it?

He told her about the run in with his new, young neighbours. Carefully angling the discussion towards their social and mental well-being rather than his own perversions. He'd wrestled with his conscience for the whole weekend before finally deciding to come forward, he told her. But in all reality he couldn't ignore the wanton law-breaking that was going on in front of his very nose. He owed that much to his employers.

Just for a second he thought he saw a tiny little smirk just beginning at the edges of Sonia Lewis's mouth. As if she was just about to break into laughter. Had he laid it on a little thick? Was his well-crafted plan about to fall at the first hurdle? Was she going to throw him out of her office? He had an awful feeling that...

"Bravo, Mr Cathcart. Thank goodness someone has the honesty to act in a situation like this. I am most impressed."

The tall, grey-haired Pakistani man by his side gently applauded.

Sonia's expression changed immediately. She'd worked in local bureaucracy long enough to realise which way the wind was suddenly blowing.

"Erm...yes G...Mr Cathcart. Thank you for bringing this to my attention, most useful, most useful. I'll put a note in the file. Galloway did you say the name was?"

"What are you doing, Miss Lewis?" Asked Mr Malik.

"I...I, erm...I'm going to make a note and put it beside their name in order to create an enquiry."

"And what would you do, Mr Cathcart?"

"Well, sir. I'd pick up the phone, call the Purity Police and send a van around to collect the two criminals immediately from their house or place of work."

"Excellent, that's exactly what I'd do as well."

He turned his brown eyes from George back to Sonia Lewis.

"Well, you silly woman! What are you waiting for?"

Hurriedly her hands fumbled for her phone. George couldn't help but smile. He wondered to himself if Miss Lewis had ever been called a "silly woman" in her entire life before this delicious moment.

Chapter 6

George seemed to strike up an unlikely rapport with Malik. Which was quite unusual in itself as George tended to dislike other people on principle. However the two of them were of a similar age, perhaps that was it? They had things in common, the Asian man liked football for example. And they even supported the same local team. More pertinently in this case maybe, they had the same disregard for women in the workplace. Both had stories to tell of various displays of female incompetence that they'd come across. George still thought little of it until one day he was called up to Tariq Malik's office on the top floor.

Waiting inside was a nervous looking Sonia Lewis.

"Ah, Mr Cathcart. Thank you for joining us," said Malik with a welcoming smile. "Please, have a seat."

George settled his bulk into the chair by her.

"I've brought you both here because I have news that affects the two of you. I have discussed, with the board, the replacement for Miss Sanderson, and I'm pleased to tell you, Miss Lewis, that it's going to be you."

The woman looked at him in evident surprise.

Even George was surprised by that piece of news. Sonia Lewis like so many of her ilk wasn't fit to run a wheelk stall in his opinion but demoting a woman was virtually unheard of in his experience, at least at council level.

"B...but that's a demotion. I...I don't deserve that. I've worked for the Council for several years and..."

Malik held up his hand to forestall any more complaints.

"Nevertheless, Miss Lewis. Either you accept my offer or I shall sack you without references. Take it or leave it."

Sonia Lewis hung her head in defeat. Nobody, especially a woman could afford to be sacked without references in the current climate. And being sacked like this meant the loss of her government pension.

"All of which leaves a vacancy as head of department. I'd like to offer that to you, Mr Cathcart, in appreciation of all your years of experience here in the Council, and also as an acknowledgement of your long-term membership of the Muslim Party of Great Britain. Congratulations, sir."

George stood in a little bit of a daze. Head of department? That was a surprise. He'd jumped two levels of management in under a minute! Not that he felt daunted in any way. He'd been around for forty years and he knew the place inside out.

"Miss Lewis, if you'd be kind enough to empty your desk as soon as possible, I'd appreciate it. Your new office is on the third floor. Oh, and before you leave, please leave the keys to your company car on my desk. You won't be needing those any more. Thank you."

George watched as she scurried from the room, biting her lip to stop the tears flowing presumably?

"An unfortunate business...but enjoyable nonetheless," said Malik with a smile. "Lewis is clearly a time-serving waste of space. Keep an eye on her for me if you will, George. I'm not convinced that she has the ability to do even Sanderson's non-job."

George nodded, too surprised even to speak.

Better late than never, thought George as he surveyed the city from the top floor of the Council building. His new office was entirely acceptable, his new salary was almost double his old one and he'd inherited Sonia's nice little car from her as well. And to go along with that, Tariq had organised a secretary for him. His first ever secretary! A sweet little thing, fresh out of school and as nervous as a kitten. Her name was Belinda and she was small and dark and really quite curvaceous despite her tender years.

She appeared to hold him in some sort of awe, which was nice. He only had to utter her name for her to come hurrying into his office bearing her writing pad and waiting expectantly for her to speak. As if she could hardly wait for him to dispense his pearls of wisdom. His vast age might have something to do with it, he surmised. But also it could be to do with the fact that he'd already taken her over his knee and spanked her plump little bottom for her.

She'd made the common intern mistake of forgetting to put the requisite number of sugars into his coffee on her first morning with him. Rather than labour the point and waste thirty minutes explaining just how he preferred his coffee and listen to her squeaking her apology, he went straight to the root of the problem. A quick flip of the little girl and she was laying across his knee. Before she could react in any way, his meaty hand was busily slapping at nicely raised bottom.

She kicked and squealed, he noticed, but not too much. Not enough to draw any sort of unwanted attention to herself. It had been impressed upon her many times how lucky to have a job with the Council. She clearly didn't want to jeopardise that for the sake of a little bottom warming. That was another thing that had changed for the better in George's opinion. Muslim run organisations seemed to have dispensed with HR departments. He knew that private companies had dispensed with them some time ago. But now that the MPGB were in power it looked liked public employers had done the same. He remembered with a rare smile how badly the news that the Council's own HR department was going to be scrapped had gone down.

Chapter 7

But time was a great healer. Stella Marchant, the former battleaxe head of Human Resources had recently been sacked and then re-hired as Tariq Malik's own secretary and been grateful for the opportunity to keep her pension and at least some of her salary. As far as George was concerned, that was the green light for him to treat his female work colleagues in any manner that he saw fit. Plus, despite his own promotion to the upper echelons of management, he just didn't care how he was perceived in the eyes of others. He'd waited for forty years for the opportunity and he was damned if he was going to waste it.

Nothing at all had happened in the wake of the spanking he gave his new secretary. She was tearful but didn't complain and by the end of the day their relationship was back on an even keel. That was the advantage of direct action, thought George, as he lay back in his chair, it cleared the air and everyone knew where they stood. There was no need to dance around the subject. Belinda now knew that whenever she stepped out of line she would be punished. So much more efficient than a memo, in his opinion.

"Belinda, here, girl!" He shouted.

There was a scurrying behind him and then she was stood by his side, almost at attention.

"How's my favourite little girl?" He asked while reaching across and idly feeling her bottom cheeks through her short, thin skirt.

"V...very well, sir. Thank you, sir," she replied with a slight stutter.

She was well aware that he simply shouldn't be referring to her as his 'favourite little girl' It would be bad enough coming from anyone in a professional working environment. But from a gross man like him, someone old enough to be her grandfather never mind her father, it was somehow even more horrible. But, as everyone told her, she was lucky to even have a job in the current climate, especially as she didn't have a university education.

She'd wanted to go to university like her mum and dad and her sister before her, but the arrival of the MPGB into government had put her aspirations on hold for the time being. Her school exams had gone well and she was predicted to achieve good grades. However, like many other female candidates, she found out that the better universities had filled their vacancies very quickly, and largely with boys.

Then it was a race to be accepted by the less respected universities, and then to get into anywhere that would still take female applications. She later discovered that only the very highest 20% of female candidates had secured university entrance. The vast majority, girls like her in fact, were denied entry to tertiary education. Then it became a struggle to get a job, any job. Belinda had applied for several and was only interviewed at a very late stage for the job with the Council.

At first she was happy and relieved to have got it. But then she'd met her new boss and rather than being a handsome, debonair young man who she could secretly lust after, it turned out to be George Cathcart. Fat, cruel, old George Cathcart. He seemed alright at first, he didn't smile much but he wasn't as bad as she'd expected. At her first lunch break, one of the older women had sidled up to her and told her to be wary of him. But to be honest he reminded her of nothing more than a cuddly old uncle of hers.

How wrong she was. That afternoon he'd taken her across his knee as if she was still at junior school and spanked her! She was absolutely mortified, and it really, really hurt. He was very big, especially when close up and his hand was like wood. And all she'd done was forget that he wanted three sugars in his coffee! It was just so humiliating. She'd tried not to cry out too much, she didn't want to advertise to the world that she was being spanked like a naughty little girl on her first day of work. She wouldn't have been able to live down the shame. So, although she'd struggled a bit, she'd managed to stifle the noise.

Once he'd set her back on her feet nothing more was said about the matter. She tidied herself up in the bathroom and dried her eyes. And then just hurried home as soon as she was allowed to do so. She didn't tell anyone of course. What would have been the point. She didn't know anyone at work senior to Mr Cathcart, and she didn't want to humiliate herself by telling any of her friends or family. Her mum and dad had been awfully proud of her for getting the job in the first place.

She felt his hand slide under the elastic of her knickers and give her bottom a sharp nip.

"Are you listening to me, young Belinda?" He demanded.

"Yes, sir. Sorry, sir," she looked at him appealingly.

She already knew that he liked that sort of submissive reaction. Sure enough he just gave her bottom an admonitory pinch and then went back to stroking and fondling it. And although she hated the touch of him on her bottom, it was better than having it pinched, and better by far than having it spanked. And she'd discovered that by bitter experience that Mr Cathcart liked to spank her very much indeed.

She tried as hard as she could to please him, but he was one of those fussy old people that just couldn't be pleased she'd decided. She'd been his secretary for just over two weeks and she'd been spanked or punished at least once every single day. It wasn't her fault, it was just that she knew nothing about being a secretary. Most of her schooldays had been spent in the natural assumption that she'd go on to university, get a good degree and then go into one of the professions.

Girls of Belinda's age and education had never had to worry about mundane stuff like filing and typing, but now to her dismay she found that both subjects were very high on Mr Cathcart's personal agenda. He was also unfortunately happy to help address her various shortcomings. Usually with the aid of his hand, but more recently he'd brought a long wooden ruler into the office which clearly wasn't going to be used for measuring anything.

Chapter 8

The university administration was rather unused to this sort of interruption to its daily routine. Blue flashing lights, uniformed policemen and then two of its own students bundled into different vans and driven away. All done and dusted before the university authorities had a chance to react. In the good old days there would have been days of protracted negotiations between the university and the police before they were even allowed to set foot on campus.

Then there would have been a tense standoff and the distinct possibility of some sort of mini-riot involving a large number of handily available students and their supporters. But this was no longer the good old days. The Purity Police had their own rules and regulations and were not bound by any sort of tradition, especially when it involved Christian students in a Christian university.

They'd simply arrived unannounced and made their way to where they knew their two targets would be. One, the male, was in the library. He was simply hauled to his feet by two burly policemen, his wrists were zip-tied behind him, hood was placed over his head, and he was then frogmarched out of the building almost before anyone realised what was going on.

The second target, the female, was in a small tuition group. She was apprehended and treated in a similar manner. Zip-ties, hooded and hustled out of the room of shocked-looking students. The professor attempted to call a halt to the proceedings by intervening until the butt of a rifle caught him in the stomach causing him to sink slowly like a deflated balloon. The terrified woman with the bag on her head was hauled down the steps of the building and into the back of a waiting PP van.

Annabelle Galloway lay curled on her side in the darkness. She still had the hood on and the zip ties were chafing horribly at her wrists. She had no real idea where she was. She assumed it was some sort of police station because of the two uniformed figures that had invaded her tutorial. But where the building she was in actually was she had no idea. She also didn't know how long she'd been in the overheated room she was detained in either. All she knew for sure was that she was tired and hungry and very thirsty.

She also wasn't quite sure why she'd been arrested, but she had a horrible feeling that it was something to do with her vile pig of a neighbour, George Cathcart. He'd promised not to inform his superiors at work of her and Richard's...indiscretion, if she gave him oral sex. Even now, tied and blindfolded and terrified, she could still remember the horrible stale, unwashed flavour of the old man as she took his penis in her mouth.

She shuddered; it had all been so demeaning. And not only for her. Poor Richard had to literally beg the old bastard on his knees to have sex with her. But he'd just laughed at the suggestion as if she wasn't good enough for him! That dirty old tramp! Instead he'd made her kneel as well and then pushed his dirty, fat penis into her mouth. She'd never done anything like that before. Richard was an extremely considerate lover. Everything the two of them did together was loving and consensual.

She'd gagged and choked as Cathcart rammed in and out of her, laughing as he mocked her inability to bring him to a climax. She could feel his pre-cum mixed with her own snot and tears as it slipped down her face. After a while he seemed to lose patience with her. He held her hair with one hand and then he had ejaculated inside her. Actually inside her mouth!. She had cried out with the shock and the shame of it and tried to swallow as little of his foul seed as possible.

Beside her she could hear her husband begin to complain before a loud crack silenced him. To her dismay she realised that the old man had hit Richard! When she risked a look to her side she was just in time to witness him being slapped in the face! Not punched, merely slapped across the face. But that was enough to spin him off his knees and deposit him on the floor. As the old man moved towards Dickie, Annabelle begged Cathcart to stop hurting her husband.

He'd simply told her brusquely to shut up before grabbing Richard by the collar of his shirt and dragging him over to the sofa. Depositing him over one arm so that his backside was facing upwards, George Cathcart then slapped her husband's backside! Annabelle was absolutely dumfounded. She was

too stunned to speak. After all, what was there to say? She was witnessing her own husband being spanked like a recalcitrant schoolboy rather than a 23 year old man.

But surely, thought Annabelle, he'd had his perverse pleasure with the pair of them? That would be quite enough wouldn't it? After all, she and Richard had been quite traumatised by the experience. They'd tacitly agreed never to mention it again, in the hope perhaps that it would just recede into their respective memories. Wouldn't Cathcart also be satisfied? He'd humiliated both of them for nothing other than spite, as far as she could tell. And he had told them that he wouldn't inform on them.

But why else was she here in this foul-smelling room with her hands tied behind her back? And was Richard here? She just didn't know, the cotton hood that she was still wearing had done a good job of isolating her senses. If she was in this horrible place on her own then surely Richard would be organising her release at this very moment. After all, they did number a surprising number of lawyers among their immediate friends.

But what if he was here with her, somewhere in the building? What if he was also trussed up like a turkey in some little cell somewhere? Perhaps he was next door to her? Perhaps he was being tortured somewhere right at that very moment? Annabelle could feel her heart fluttering and tried to get a hold of herself. She was starting to panic, she knew that. Instead she tried some deep-breathing exercises that she'd learned in yoga class.

Chapter 9

Although she didn't know it, Annabelle was partially correct. Richard was in the same building as her. He was no longer tied and his hood had been removed, and he wasn't next door to her, but he was being tortured. He was sat on a chair wearing just his shirt with his bare legs extended horizontally and fastened into a pillory so that his feet were available. Taking full advantage of the situation was a tall, haughty-looking Pakistani woman wearing a gleaming white shirt and the green Purity Police tie tightly knotted around her throat.

Carefully she examined the sole of Richard's right foot looking for an unmarked piece of skin. When she found what she was looking for she took one step forward and whipped the lithe cane she carried forward with as much force as she could generate. Richard Galloway howled as it bit into its intended target. The pain was intolerable! He'd never felt anything like it in his entire life. But now, unfortunately, he was becoming very used to it indeed. He bucked and fought, but the two men holding his arms behind him were very much stronger than him.

And he'd never been much of a fighter. He'd never actually being involved in any sort of physical altercation, even at school. He was always the reasonable guy, the one who tried to calm a situation before it got out of hand. Partly it was because he was quite small and slight and partly because physical violence terrified him. He mocked the jocks at school, meatheads and bully boys the lot of them. He was more interested in intelligence and verbal jousting and therefore managed to steer well clear of trouble.

Swiiit!

"Aaaaarggh!"

But now trouble had well and truly found him. The evil woman in front of him had been methodically caning his poor feet for what seemed like forever but was in reality just a few minutes. But it hurt like hell, the burning pits of hell. He watched tearfully, as she bent down to look at his feet again. God, they must look like two steaks on a barbecue!

"P...please...please, n...no more," he begged,

The woman looked up from what she was doing and smiled. She was very attractive, thought Richard, which made the whole thing more surreal somehow. Shouldn't one's torturer be a huge, ugly man with a face full of broken teeth? She was a very pretty, willowy Asian woman with flawless complexion and beautiful teeth. He shook his head, what was he thinking!? Was he getting delusional now?

From the shadows to his left a man stepped forward, dressed similarly in the white shirt and green tie of the Purity Police. That's about as much as Richard knew for certain, he was in the cellars of the religious fundamentalists that now policed the nation's morals. He'd always been in favour of the PP, why should any particular religion be prevented from governing itself? Was the argument regularly put forward by him and his university friends. Wasn't it racist for people to oppose the PP?

But now he wasn't quite so sure. He was currently being literally tortured by representatives of an organisation that he'd gone to the ballot box to defend. It seemed so unfair somehow. Couldn't they have found out about his political beliefs, his activism, before subjecting him to this? Surely reasonable people could see he was one of them?

"You may have to forgive our Miss Dhillon, Mr Galloway. She's new here and as you can see, very, very enthusiastic."

Richard could only gasp as the pain from his feet started to radiate up his legs.

"She would like to continue with her bastinado practise, but she is inexperienced and I wouldn't want her to damage you irreparably. Well, not at this stage anyway. You have a court appointment to attend shortly and I wouldn't want you to miss that."

Richard's head was spinning by now, enthusiastic? What court appearance? But the words 'damage you and 'irreparably' were the ones that really stuck in his mind.

"P...please, what do you want? Please, I'm begging you."

The man looked down at him in a contemptuous sort of way.

"I want you in prison, Mr Galloway. "

Richard could feel more tears forming in his eyes.

"Please, no. I h...haven't done anything, not really."

The man turned and nodded to Miss Dhillon who smiled again before unleashing a terrific blow across both of his bare feet simultaneously. He shrieked.

"Oh but you have, Mr Galloway. You have blatantly broken rules set by the government concerning your right or otherwise to have sex with your beautiful wife."

"I...I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. It...it won't happen again. I...promise."

Despite the pain, Richard could have sworn he heard a tinkling little laugh emanating from the direction of Miss Dhillon.

"Do you see, Mr Galloway ? You have already admitted to one crime against the state. That was easy wasn't it?"

"Owwwwwowwow"

His tortured soles received another painful reminder that perhaps he hadn't responded as quickly as required.

"Yes, yes it was...yes, yes," he gabbled.

"And isn't it also a fact that you also used the term 'fuck all Paki's' while engaged in illegal copulation with your wife?"

The tears ran unabated down Richard's handsome, boyish face. it wasn't supposed to be like this! his unswerving support for minorities and the vagaries of their respective religions should have meant that he was treated as a friend and an ally by them. He was with them for Christ's sake! Didn't they understand that? He was ready to stand shoulder to shoulder with them against the massed ranks of the fascists!

"Aaaaaaargghh!"

"I really must insist on a timely answer, Mr Galloway. If you remain obdurate my only recourse would be to involve your dear wife in these erm...discussions."

The intense pain shot through his feet and seemed to pierce his entire being. Richard couldn't stop the tears. Just the thought of his lovely, innocent wife in the hands of these people was enough to set him off again.

" Yes...yes, I'm sorreee!"

He was spent now, he'd have said anything that was required of him. The tremendous pain in his feet and his lower legs coupled with the veiled threat to his wife were quite enough.

Without another word he was released and hauled to a sitting position. One of the burly men collected the rest of his clothes for him. The second dressed him, underpants, trousers and jacket. The socks were last, Richard winced at the touch of the thin cotton. Finally his shoes were fastened to his feet. Richard thought he might pass out with the pain, but that welcome release never happened. Instead the well-spoken Asian man bent forward and whispered into his ear.

"When you're in front of the judge you will reply yes, sir or no, sir as required. You will plead guilty to both charges put to you by the prosecutors. If you forget or pretend to be the tough guy, you will be brought back here where you will be subject to Miss Dhillon and her cane. Do I make myself quite clear?"

Richard Galloway was a long way from being a tough guy. Nothing was further from his mind than implicitly obeying what this man said to him. He would have done anything, absolutely anything to avoid being left down in the cell with that frightening, young Pakistani woman.

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir."

"And by admitting your guilt like this, the prosecutors have promised to be lenient with you. Do you understand?"

"Yes I do, yes sir." Richard couldn't agree quickly enough in fact.

He was helped to his feet, the pain was intense, it felt as if his shoes were suddenly two sizes too small for him. Apart from that, he realised, he was completely unmarked. His clothes were just as he'd put them on this morning. Even his hair had been quickly combed for him. Not that he'd ever have the balls to report that he'd just been painfully tortured, but who would actually believe his claim if he did? He shuffled along in agony as his two burly 'helpers' ushered him out of the room and up a flight of stairs

Chapter 10

Belinda Smith could feel her heart pounding in her chest as she ran up the long, seemingly endless flights of stairs from Reception up to Mr Cathcart's office. It was quite a warm day and the sun was streaming through the long windows in the council offices. And she was hardly dressed appropriately. She was wearing black, medium heeled court shoes, and black pantyhose, a very short grey skirt and a chafingly tight, white shirt buttoned tightly at the collar. She was also wearing a blue and white striped tie pulled as tightly as possible to her throat and a heavy wool blazer in the same shade of blue as her tie.

Under her right arm she carried the reason for her evident haste, a folder with documents in that Mr Cathcart had told her *had* to be picked up in reception by her personally and delivered to his office within a five minute timeframe. Belinda didn't really know what was inside the folder, and she didn't care that much either. All that she knew for certain was that if she was even one second over the allotted five minutes then Mr Cathcart would spank her over his knee like a naughty schoolgirl at the very least.

He was such a vile man! For maybe the hundredth time that week Belinda cursed the luck that had brought her under the control of the horrible old pig. He wasn't just mean and nasty, he seemed to plan her humiliations. Not only did he spank or slipper or ruler her bare bottom at regular intervals he'd also take to putting her "on display" as he called it which meant making her stand somewhere public and exhibiting her glowing red buttocks to anyone who might be interested.

Yesterday for example he'd made her stand on a low stool in the centre of the main office holding up her short skirt with her tights and knickers pulled to her knees so that everyone could see that she'd just been shamefully spanked. It was by now a fairly common occurrence but it still didn't make it any easier for her. She was a naturally shy girl and so therefore humiliating her like that was almost unbearable.

Her legs were beginning to get that familiar aching sensation and her lungs were starting to burn. She passed a couple of older men on the stairs that both grinned in amusement as her plump breasts bounced and wobbled as she hurried by.

"She could do with the exercise, the fat little bitch."

Said one to the other, oblivious of the fact that Belinda could hear every shameful word. Both laughed and continued on their way. Belinda didn't even have a wristwatch to refer to and there wasn't a clock on the stairwell. Her only option was just to run as fast as she could and hope that she was going to be quick enough to escape Mr Cathcart's wrath.

She finally reached the offices on the top floor and pounded along, her striped tie billowing over her shoulder and her dark hair streaming behind her. She came to a halt outside Mr Cathcart's office and paused to take stock. She carefully adjusted her tie that it hung neatly between her prominent breasts and straightened her blazer a little. Her hands went automatically to tidy her hair and check her ribbon was still in place. Mr Cathcart liked his mail delivered on time but he was also a stickler for neatness, at least as far as she was concerned.

As she raised her hand to knock on his door she could feel the sweat around her tight, stiff shirt collar. Her blouse was starting to stick to her. Why she wasn't allowed to remove her heavy, wool blazer was a mystery. Similarly the fact that she wasn't allowed to use the elevator seemed self defeating somehow? Surely she could move the mail up and down quicker if only he would let her use it?

She tried to control her breathing as she stood at attention in front of his desk. Behind his balding head the sun still shone through the office window. He was on the phone, chatting casually with someone by the sound of it. His eyes flickered up to hers for a setting before dropping back down to read something presumably more interesting on his desk. From the corner of her eye she could see the clock on the wall ticking inexorably.

And still the conversation went on, something about a visit as far as she could tell which seemed to amuse the person on the other end of the line. Belinda stood as still as she could and tried not to fidget. Mr Cathcart hated fidgeters as he'd told her several times over the last few months. She glanced at the clock again, almost willing it to slow down. Eventually the call seemed to come to a natural conclusion

and Mr Cathcart placed his mobile phone on his desk. He glanced up to his right at the clock on the wall and then back to Belinda.

“You’re five minutes late, you big fat heifer. How do you explain that, girl?”

Belinda looked at her boss aghast. Not so much that he’d likened her to a cow, she was well-used to that by now. But he must know that she’d been standing in front of him for at least five minutes. He knew that, didn’t he?

“Give me the file!”

Hesitantly she took a step forwards and handed over the slim, manila folder. He placed it on his desk and opened it. Belinda found that she was holding her breath as she watched him read. For a second everything seemed normal until he raised his rheumy, pale blue eyes to hers.

“This is the wrong file, you stupid, stupid little girl!” He thundered.

Belinda felt her guts turn to iced water. That was the file the receptionist had given her and she’d been in too much of a hurry to check it. She could feel the tears beginning to form in her eyes.

“I...I’m sorry, sir. I’ll g...go back down and fetch it, sir”

Belinda had only started stuttering once she was Mr Cathcart’s secretary.

“You certainly will go back down and fetch it my girl, but not until I’ve roasted your impudent backside for you!”

He swivelled his chair so that it was side on to his desk and patted his thighs.

“Over you come.”

Despite her tears and her sense of injustice, Belinda didn’t hesitate to drape herself in her ungainly way over his knee as instructed. Her tight skirt was pulled up and over her hips with a certain amount of difficulty which made her blush all the more. He didn’t even bother pulling down her black tights, he simply slapped her with his big, heavy hand right in the centre of her meaty buttocks. And although she was expecting the blow she still squealed in shock. It was the force he could generate with just the palm of his hand that often caught her out.

He was clearly an elderly man, but he was far from decrepit.

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

The open-handed slaps simply bounced off the surface of her shiny black pantyhose. She squirmed and kicked for all she was worth but that didn’t deter him in the slightest. She half imagined that he enjoyed having her bucking and twisting over his knees. Her determination not to cry this time lasted about as long as all her other resolutions, about half a dozen full-blooded strokes before she began to howl and beg for mercy.

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

There was a time when she fought to keep quiet so that the other managers on the top floor wouldn’t hear her being punished like a naughty schoolgirl but now she didn’t even bother trying. He wasn’t going to be impressed by her stoicism, quite the opposite in fact. He was going to carry on spanking her just until he considered that she’d learned her lesson, as he always did.

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Chapter 11

Belinda Smith was on the stairs again, but this time going down rather than up. The tears were streaming down her flushed face and her hands were under her skirt trying to rub away the intense sting that the horrible man had managed to generate in her throbbing backside. She had her instructions from Mr Cathcart and he'd made her repeat them back to him just to make sure that there wasn't any understanding. Her hands left her bottom for a minute but only to wipe away the tears from her eyes and her cheeks.

She dropped down two more flights and then paused. The next floor down was the dining room and she could hear voices in the stairwell. She really didn't want to bump into anyone looking like she did, but on the other hand she simply daren't waste any time by hanging around. She edged down the stairs and turned the corner.

"Look who it is girls, the secretary of the year."

Two or three faces turned to look at her, some of the secretaries from the lower floors, older and bolder than her.

"She's been crying, look at her!"

"Ha ha, she looks like a naughty little schoolgirl!"

Unlike her the other secretaries were dressed in smart, adult clothes, skirts and blouses and they had their hair and make-up done in a mature fashion.

"Have you been a naughty girl, Belinda?"

Demanded a hatchet-faced young woman.

"Is that why you've been crying?"

The other secretaries gathered round preventing her from passing by. One pushed her shoulder.

"You can tell us, Belinda."

Belinda twisted away but someone much stronger than her caught her by the wrist.

"Is your bottom all red and sore?" Asked another with mock concern.

"Make her show us, Karen," called out another laughingly.

Belinda twisted away but someone else lifted her short skirt much to the amusement of the others. And then while her hands were held, someone else grabbed her black hose and pulled them down.

"Ha ha, look at that!" Shouted one of the older secretaries.

"Told you she'd been spanked, you can always tell," said hatchet-faced Karen.

"Old George has done a good job hasn't he?" Said another with perhaps the merest hint of sympathy.

With a laugh they let her hands free. Belinda immediately pulled up her tights and hurried away. The tears had started again in earnest. Not only had she been publically humiliated but perhaps more worryingly a couple of extra minutes that she could ill-afford had already passed by. And according to Mr Cathcart she had already earned further punishment for her "poor timekeeping" so she daren't, just daren't be late again no matter how unfair and unjust that particular decision had been.

She tried to increase her pace, her heels clattering on the solid tiled surface of the stairs and corridors she was hurrying down. She passed a couple of more people on her journey who smirked condescendingly at her no doubt dishevelled, sweaty appearance. Just two more flights and she was down on the ground floor, automatically checking her appearance as she approached the attractive young women behind the high counter.

The older of the two smiled sweetly at her.

"Back again so soon, Belinda? It's always a pleasure to see you of course but you do look a little...ragged. Is everything okay?"

The very pretty woman stood by her side sniggered a little and then covered her hand with her mouth.

"Everything is fine thank you. I...erm. I'm afraid I picked up the wrong folder by mistake when I was down here last time."

Which in itself was a blatant lie. Belinda hadn't actually picked anything up when she was last in reception. She'd been handed a folder and naturally she had assumed it was the correct one. Why would the blonde airhead sniggering away at her now have handed her the incorrect one?

“That was silly of you wasn’t it Belinda?” asked the older of the two blondes.

Belinda felt her flush to the roots of her hair but she just didn’t have time to argue the point.

“Yes it was silly of me, I’m sorry.”

The woman picked up another similarly coloured folder from her desk and held it out towards Belinda.

“A silly mistake from a silly little girl wouldn’t you agree Belinda?”

Belinda felt her cheeks blush an even deeper shade of red.

“Yes it was a silly mistake and I’m sorry.”

Had she dared, Belinda would have stepped forward, snatched the folder out of the hands of the supercilious receptionist and been on her way. Instead she just stood and waited until the woman consented to hand it over. Belinda took it and opened it to check that this time the intended recipient was indeed Mr Cathcart before turning back towards the stairs.

“Oh Belinda dear?” Called out the older woman. “Before you go, Janet has a message for you from Mr Cathcart. Would you like to hear it?”

Belinda bit her lip in frustration before turning and almost running back to the reception desk. She stood looking expectantly at the younger girl who smiled back at her.

“P...please may I hear the message?” She asked when she realised that was what was expected of her.

“That’s better, manners don’t cost anything do they young lady? Tell her what it says please Janet.”

“It says, ‘Smith, take your fat arse up to Mr Malik’s room and ask him politely if I may borrow his wooden paddle and then bring it to me’.”

The attractive young girl giggled delightedly.

“Mr Cathcart says you’re to repeat the message to make sure that you understand it.”

Belinda looked hurriedly from one to the other but realised they would make her wait all day if necessary,

“I’m to go to Mr Malik’s office and ask to borrow his wooden paddle for Mr Cathcart,” she mumbled quickly.

“I don’t think it’s for Mr Cathcart though is it? Who is it really for?”

Belinda swallowed and then blinked rapidly to try and dispel the tears.

“It’s for m...me miss.”

“And for which part of you specifically?”

“For my f...fat arse, miss,” answered Belinda in little more than a whisper.

As she made her way up to her office yet again the cruel laughter of the two women echoed up the stairwell.

Chapter 12

Annabelle Galloway was strapped into the heavy wooden chair, her ankles were fastened to the legs, and her wrists were bound to the arms. A thick strap was fastened around her neck to keep her head in place and facing forward. She was naked and soaked through with sweat. Directly in front of her, on a wooden stool, sat Mr Malik. Although Annabelle didn't know that was his name, she knew for sure that he was an unpleasant, aggressive Asian man.

She wasn't sure how long she's been in the building, down in this well-lit basement. She'd been arrested in broad daylight in a private lecture room by two men and brought to the hot little room. Eventually they had brought her down to this cellar, strip her clothes from her, fasten her over a hurdle and then beat her with their leather belts. Then they'd put her in the wooden chair and left her to squirm and wriggle as she tried to alleviate the dreadful pain in her buttocks.

What seemed like hours passed, although she fought against it, she couldn't help but wet herself. Although her mind wasn't functioning as it should, she was intelligent enough to know that they were trying to intimidate and frighten her, the knowledge of which didn't make it any easier to bear. Eventually she had her first meeting with her interrogator. She gave him all the details he required, name, address, date of birth and so on. He stared at her hardly blinking, his dark head less than a metre from hers.

"We have a problem, Mrs Galloway?" She looked straight back at him.

"What do you mean? I'm a student at the university, I'm studying..."

Slaap!

A heavy, open-handed smack to her cheek soon stopped her. Annabelle Galloway howled more in shock than anything else.

"We have a problem, Mrs Galloway?"

She tried to duck her chin down and protect her face but the wide strap did the job it was designed to do and kept her rigidly in the same position.

Slaap!

He slapped her other cheek which immediately brought tears to her eyes.

"We have a problem, Mrs Galloway?" He repeated for the third time without taking his eyes from the blonde woman's pretty face.

This time she succumbed.

"L...look I'm sorry but I'm not sure what you mean?"

The slight delay, the slight hesitation in her precise, middle-class, white voice was enough on its own to excite Tariq Malik. He leaned forward slightly and slapped both cheeks again, one after the other, slowly and precisely.

She began to cry in earnest now, which once again had the required effect as far as Tariq was concerned, great tears of self-pity sliding down her privileged, white face.

"I'm fairly sure you do know what I mean, Mrs Galloway. And unless you tell me what I want to hear, I'm quite content to spend the rest of the day if necessary slapping your pretty, racist face." Which certainly wasn't a lie as far as he was concerned.

Annabelle felt her guts turn to water. That old bastard next door had told on them, despite promising that he wouldn't! Oh God, oh God. What was she going to do?

"I'm waiting Mrs Galloway. I'm a patient man as you'll doubtless discover, but even I have my limits."

The problem was that Annabelle didn't know what to say. She didn't really know what Cathcart might or might not have said to these dreadful people so she was obviously reluctant to incriminate herself further. Although she did understand from the "racist" reference the man in the suit had made that somehow he'd learned what Richard had said while they were having sex that night. What had he said again?

"I...I'm sorry it's just that I'm not sure what you want me to say. I'm sorry."

Although exactly why she was apologising, Annabelle wasn't quite sure.

Tariq Malik leaned in closer, close enough so that she could smell the assorted spices on his breath and took her by the nose, squeezing and pulling at it while she squealed in protest.

"I do hope that you're not going to be awkward, Mrs Galloway? That would indeed be a mistake on your part."

Nothing could have been further from the truth. Annabelle attempted to shake her head vigorously, but of course she couldn't.

"All I want from you is the truth, Mrs Galloway. We have a problem, and only you can resolve it. If you answer my questions truthfully and correctly the State will treat you leniently, if not..."

Annabelle swallowed nervously. There was no need for the man to finish what he was saying. The inference was obvious. Her problem was knowing just what Richard had or hadn't said. He had been arrested as well; she had come round to that idea partially because there was no solicitor currently demanding her release. Which probably meant that her husband was also under arrest.

So she had to corroborate what he'd said without making things worse. And because the two of them had been arrested together it must relate to the out of hours sex and the remark about "Pakis". Which meant that George Cathcart had betrayed them after promising not to. She'd have to be careful.

"Your husband has admitted to us that the two of you had sex together on a day that is forbidden to you. Do you accept that?"

"Yes it's true, and I'm so sorry."

"And he says that you said the words "fuck all Pakis" is that also true?"

"Noo! He said that not me! He was drunk and tired and..."

"Thank you Mrs Galloway. I have all that I need."

Annabelle began to cry. Despite her good intentions she'd managed to incriminate her husband with almost her first words. God! What was going to happen to him? What was going to happen to her for that matter?

Chapter 13

George knocked on Tariq Malik's door and entered. The room was at the top of the building and had a spectacular view.

"Come in my friend, come in. Take a seat."

They clasped hands briefly; George was still getting his head around how much his life at work had changed. Now the big boss, the man in charge classed him as a friend. It was all so strange, a couple of months ago he would have hardly been bothered if Tariq had spoken to him or not. He'd worked for the local Council long enough to be almost a permanent fixture. He'd seen managers come and he'd seen managers go and in his opinion not one of them was worth a fart.

The all sang off the same hymn-sheet at first, promising change, promising progress, promising efficiency or some such bollocks that they'd been indoctrinated into at whatever university they'd attended and then gradually sliding into the swamp that was local government bureaucracy. In other words, they promised a lot and then delivered very little and the problem they all had, at least as far as George could see was that they were all equally cowardly.

They daren't for instance make any decision that might, just might offend someone, somewhere. However insignificant or irrelevant that "offence" may be deemed to be. Committees were set up of well-meaning people who were equally too scared to make any sort of decision and therefore the whole thing ground slowly to a halt and was then quietly abandoned somewhere down the line at a significant cost to the taxpayer.

That's why he'd been so shocked regarding his young neighbours. Tariq didn't piss about like Sonia Lewis was clearly intending to. He had simply picked up the phone from his desk and informed the Purity Police about his concerns. Direct action like that was so rare that it had been the talk of the department for a month. Although it was far more common now. Unlike his predecessors, Tariq Malik just didn't care about causing offence or what his staff may or not think of him.

Which was probably why the two of them got along so well. He might be a Muslim, but so what? He was a decent guy too and George, despite appearances to the contrary was always prepared to give another decent bloke a chance. He took a seat as requested. Over by his left, by the huge panoramic window with the view over the skyline a disconsolate figure sobbed a little and shuffled uncomfortably in the corner.

"Ignore her please, George. I had to paddle her backside for her again just before you came in and now she's looking for sympathy."

George nodded understandingly although if someone had told him two months ago that Stella Marchant, the feared head of the human resources department would one day be stood with her nose touching the wall of her former office, her hands on her head and her tight skirt rucked above her bottom cheeks displaying her white silk underwear and the tops of her shiny black hold-up stockings, he would have assumed that person was drunk.

But no, there she was snivelling and sobbing in the corner and perched on her glossy black heels like some sort of depraved fetishist's dream. He could see her bottom was glowing even from 20 feet away which was pretty impressive when everything was taken into consideration. There was a time when he would have stared longingly at such a sight but now, amusingly enough, it wasn't that rare. Instead he contented himself with exchanging a knowing smirk with his boss.

"First things George, could you please give me your report on the Lewis woman? I hear that it hasn't panned out particularly well?"

"Not really, Tariq. She's quite lazy, she's set in her ways and she's not too bright either?"

"A typical Diversity, Equality, Inclusion hire then?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Suggestion?"

"Promote Jack Beynon from accounts; give him Lewis as his secretary. She'll soon learn what a proper day's work is."

"Okay, if you could organise that for me George. Tell her it's your way or the highway."

“I will Tariq, don’t worry about that. You can rely on me.”

“I know I can, George unlike some people around here.”

There was a sob from the corner of the room.

“Yes that means you, Marchant. Get your big far arse over here right now. This time I’m really going to set fire to it!”

The tall, statuesque woman’s face was a picture as she slowly turned and made her unwilling way across the few metres that separated her and the two men. She had clearly heard George’s voice although she hadn’t looked over at him yet, she kept her eyes resolutely on the floor.

“Say hello to Mr. Cathcart, girl!”

George felt his cock swell a little at the tone Tariq had used with her. He imagined it was a new sensation for the entitled bitch to hear herself referred to as a “girl” in what used to be her own den. She was probably in her late thirties and it was clearly a long time since Stella Marchant had been anyone’s girl. Nevertheless she turned to George slightly and managed to raise her eyes from the floor.

They were delightfully tearful, her mascara was ruined by tear streaks and her cheeks were flushed by something more than mere blusher

“H...hello Mr Cathcart, sir.”

She was just so damned sexy! Especially when made to play the contrite little girl as she was at the moment. George wondered to himself just how long it would be before her contrite little girl act wasn’t an act, just second nature to her. There were still vestiges of pride in the woman, which was fairly amusing. Watching snooty, entitled bitches like Stella Marchant slowly realise that pride and self-confidence were no longer an option as far as they were concerned was really quite thrilling as well as amusing.

“Hello, Marchant. How are you enjoying your new role in Mr Malik’s office?”

He watched her swallow nervously before replying.

“I’m, enjoying it very much, sir,” she replied with just a slight hint of reluctance.

“What a good girl you are, Marchant. Now put your nose on my desk in the usual way and we can begin again,” instructed her master.

With a sniff of resignation and one last mute appeal to Tariq Malik’s non-existent good nature she slowly did as she was told. Her bottom really was almost glowing, the shiny red of her paddled backside contrasting wonderfully with the bright white of her panties. How many more could she take on that already blistered backside, George wondered idly. Clearly he was just about to find out. The wooden paddle rose and fell.

Whhhhaap!

Whhhhaap!

Whhhhaap!

Chapter 14

Captain Dhillon adjusted her black cap slightly so that it was square on her short, dark hair and checked that the knot of her green Purity Police tie was just as tight and as neat as she could make it. She tucked her slim rattan cane under her arm and rapped on the door of the pleasant suburban house. From inside she could hear the scurry of feet as someone hurried to answer her knock.

The door opened to reveal a young woman of about her own age. But whereas she was wearing the smart, official uniform of a Purity Police officer, the white woman was wearing a white blouse under a very short, red gingham pinafore, white ankle socks and black ballet-flats on her feet. Her blonde hair had been hacked short and tied into two rudimentary pigtails with red ribbon. She was quite an attractive woman, no doubt, if you liked that sort of thing. But dressed as she was without a scrap of make-up she looked like a nervous teenager.

The young woman flushed an attractive bright red colour when she caught sight of Captain Dhillon in her uniform, which wasn't an altogether unexpected reaction. Miss Dhillon was a very attractive young woman, tall, elegant, sophisticated with absolutely flawless skin. Her father had at first been opposed to allowing her to join the Purity Police. But she soon converted him to her way of thinking as she invariably did. As she had risen through the ranks he was inordinately proud how of her.

Annabelle Galloway was blushing for a different reason, however. When she'd inevitably been found guilty in the Sharia courtroom of "anti-Islamic behaviour", she'd been sentenced to a twenty stroke caning in front of the male officials. Captain Dhillon had carried out that punishment, extremely thoroughly. Afterwards as Annabelle stood and apologised and agreed with the Court that she had deserved her agonising punishment, her bottom felt as if it was literally corrugated.

She had stood and watched, supported by two harsh-faced Purity Police matrons, as her husband was given forty strokes, twenty for similar "anti-Islamic behaviour", and twenty more for "racial abuse". He had to be revived with smelling-salts twice as two male officers thrashed him with heavier, thicker canes until he was insensible. He was also sentenced to two years imprisonment with hard labour.

Annabelle herself escaped a similar fate, because Mr Malik spoke up for her and described how she, a poor, simple woman had been led astray by her manipulative husband. Instead of two years hard labour, she was sentenced to two years of domestic service. The venue of her service was naturally at the home of a member of the Muslim Party of Great Britain, in this case a Mr George Cathcart volunteered his services to the court and was accepted.

Captain Dhillon nodded politely to George Cathcart as she entered his surprisingly tidy living room. Normally she had very little time for men, particularly elderly, perverse old white men like him. However he was known to be a particular friend of Tariq Malik and was therefore required to be treated with a certain amount of respect. Plus of course, there were benefits. He enquired as to what she would like to drink and "Galloway" was sent scuttling away to fulfil her request for a glass of mineral water.

Captain Dhillon exchanged a little small talk with the creepy old man trying to ignore his obvious interest in her. She told him that she'd visited the Galloway woman's pathetic husband in prison where apparently he was having a hard time of it. That news at least seemed to amuse the old man enough for him to remove the lascivious expression from his plump, unshaven face for a little while.

When the woman returned with her drink, Captain Dhillon took the opportunity to study her face. She had been crying, that much was clear. Although living under the same roof as a man like Cathcart on a permanent basis might well have that affect on any woman. And she was living with him, correction he was living with her. This was the woman's house that she and her husband had bought just a few months ago. Which would probably explain why it was nicely decorated and furnished. Although Cathcart seemed to have taken up permanent residence in it.

She watched as Cathcart clicked his fingers and pointed to the floor by his feet. Annabelle immediately went and sat by them on the wooden floor, her feet cross-legged beneath her. He didn't even bother looking at her to see if she obeyed. Instead he just stroked and played with her shiny blonde hair as if the woman was some sort of two-legged pet. She kept her eyes on the floor, but Dhillon could tell that she was crying.

But rather than sympathy, Captain Dhillon felt that familiar twinge of excitement in her lower stomach and a slight dampening in her sex. She was a natural sadist, she knew that. Her favourite victims were young attractive blonde women from the former ruling classes. And due the unstoppable rise of the MPGB she'd had plenty of time and opportunity to indulge in her passion.

It was true that one of her uncle's had got her the posting to the Purity Police, but even he would have to admit that it was her own hard work and diligence that had seen her rise to the role of captain in such a relatively short time. Everyone in her family was very proud of her, she knew that. However everyone in her family would also disown her if her particular predilection ever came to light. Captain Dhillon was gay and that was entirely unacceptable to her conservative family.

So that was why she was here in this old, white pervert's house. Normally Uzma Dhillon wouldn't have given him or his kind the time of day. In fact she would have enjoyed applying her cane to his wizened, flabby old Christian arse. But this time he was actually doing her a favour and she supposed she should be grateful for that. She watched as his hand slipped from the blonde girl's head and he inserted a finger into her mouth for her to suck on. Uzma squeezed her thighs together in anticipation as she watched the shame radiating on Annabelle Galloway's pretty face.

Five short minutes later, Captain Uzma Dhillon of the Purity Police was sprawled on the bed with her black skirt pulled up and her knees apart. Between her legs the blonde knelt and lapped away at Captain Dhillon's unshaven sex. Uzma groaned in pleasure as the young woman's pink tongue found just the exact spot. Annabelle hadn't been a very good cunt lickster when they'd first met in this same bedroom, but due to Uzma's weekly tuition and regular applications of her Rattan the blonde woman had become quite accomplished.

Downstairs, George Cathcart sat with his veiny old cock in his hands listening to what was going on right above his head. He did so enjoy woman on woman sex especially when one of those taking part was as unwilling as Annabelle clearly was. He smiled as he thought about the state of the art cameras he'd installed to go along with his listening devices upstairs. When the arrogant Paki bitch had gone he'd be able to review them at his leisure.

Chapter 15

The cane made an evil hissing sound which Richard Galloway heard a fraction of a second before it bit into his small, emaciated buttocks. He shrieked in agony, a reaction that was greeted with a certain amount of stifled giggling.

“Th...three, thank you, madam.” He managed to stutter once he’d calmed down a little.

“As you can see ladies, this one is a rather pathetic specimen but he’s considered ideal for this stage in your development.”

Richard felt the cane tap against the crown of his buttocks again. He was bound over the caning hurdle, he was naked from the waist down and his legs were spread and tied to the back legs of the device. He was bent over so that his stomach rested on the padding of the bench and his wrists were shackled to the front legs. Being described as “a rather pathetic specimen” was admittedly shameful but probably the least of his worries.

It was altogether an ignominious position for a 23 year old man to find himself in and one that he wouldn’t have even believed to be possible a few short months ago. But his perspective had changed dramatically, or more accurately it had been changed for him. He was now in a prison for political offenders, serving a two year term with hard labour. Before his incarceration he would have denied places like this even existed, but he knew better now.

Apart from the beatings and the day to day humiliations that he and his fellow prisoners had to endure, what ate away at Richard the most was the sheer unfairness of it all. He had been a supporter of these bloody people! He had been on marches for them, stuck up for their rights, shouted down people who had warned about the rise of the Muslim Party of Great Britain. In fact he’d celebrated their shock victory at the polls. It felt right somehow, as if the underdog was finally having its day.

Shwwwwiiit!

“Owowowwwwoooo.”

Richard threw his head back and howled, oblivious to the humiliating spectacle he knew he must make. His audience was made up of recent school leavers who had just joined the Purity Police, a dozen excitable 18 and 19 year old Pakistani girls who were experiencing their first demonstration of corporal punishment. The tip of the wicked cane tapped on his bare buttocks again.

“We’re waiting, boy,” said his tormentor, Miss Farooqi in her rather masculine voice.

“Four, thank you, madam,” he panted.

Miss Farooqi was one of the strictest disciplinarians in the building and wasn’t to be crossed under any circumstances.

“Do you see, ladies? They have to be controlled. He knows he must count the stroke and thank me for it. I would wait all day for him to reply respectfully to my question.”

“Excuse me Madam,” enquired a girlish voice. “What would you do to the creature if he refused to count or thank you?”

“That’s a good question Miss Bhutto. Girls, don’t be afraid to ask questions. You are here to learn after all.”

Richard Galloway swallowed nervously. He didn’t like the way this particular conversation was headed.

“Officers have different ways of dealing with that sort of situation, I personally would double the original number of strokes and give them the following day and keep on doubling them until I received an acceptable answer. Then once the boy had recovered I’d hand him his original punishment again.”

Richard felt the cold chill of fear in his stomach and knew without a doubt that Miss Farooqi would do exactly what she promised to do. He felt the cane tap against his wealed backside again and gave a little sob of self-pity. How many strokes was she going to give him? He just didn’t know, she hadn’t told him but after her last chilling discussion with the new young officer he knew that no matter how many times she striped his backside for him he was going to reply promptly and respectfully.

Belinda stood once again in her familiar position, nose pressed into the wall, skirt held up in both her hands and her hose and her panties pulled down to her knees. Her bottom was absolutely throbbing where Mr Cathcart had applied two doses of the horrible paddle to her bare behind. Both for “poor timekeeping” as he had described it. That was entirely bad enough on its own. Each paddling had left her bruised and blistered and she’d screamed herself almost hoarse.

But what followed had been just as mortifying, perhaps even more so. Mr Cathcart had taken her by the ear and made her shuffle into the lift with him, her knees still hobbled by her own black pantyhose. Fortunately there was nobody in the elevator to witness her shame which was one small mercy. However, once they got to the ground floor Mr Cathcart led her by the ear to a point near to the reception desk and then pushed her nose to the wall.

“You’ll stay here young lady until you’re given permission to leave, is that understood?”

Belinda was already crying but sobbed her reply that yes sir, she did understand. George slapped her briskly twice over her bright red buttocks and then strode off back to the lift without a word leaving her under the astonished, yet delighted gaze of the two blonde receptionists.

Being a bit of a handyman, George’s first job at the council was helping out in the workshops; he’d been able to install the cameras in the Galloway house in all sorts of unusual yet interesting places. Right now for example he was masturbating languidly to the image of Captain Dhillon in just her white blouse and green Purity Police tie frantically reaming Annabelle Galloway from behind with a strap-on.

The blonde woman was crying and begging for mercy, alternated with little groans of pleasure as Captain Dhillon found just the right spot. Captain Dhillon herself was grinning ferociously showing her beautiful white teeth, her dark brown eyes rolling back in her head as she surrendered to the ecstatic feeling engendered by the double edged dildo. Despite her dishevelled hair and her look of abandonment, there was no doubt that it was Uzma Dhillon, a representative of the Purity Police who was fucking a white woman for her own perverse pleasure.

He clicked his fingers and the blonde half of the on-screen sex act shuffled over on her knees, kneeling between his hairy legs and looking up at him respectfully as she’d been taught. He tapped her on the bridge of her privileged, aristocratic nose a couple of times with his engorged penis mainly because he enjoyed watching the look of mingled horror and defeat in her pretty, blue eyes. He liked to think the act of balancing his swollen cock on her long nose helped him to think.

But in reality the act was degrading and humiliating and only added to Annabelle’s misery which of course was why he did it. Although as he bounced it off her nose a couple of times and then slid it across one of her high cheek-bones leaving a slight trail of precum the question of just how he was going to deal with the arrogant lezbo Paki raised its awkward head again.

If he had his way, and he did have his own way a surprising number of times in the current climate as opposed to even a few months ago, he would have happily swapped Captain Dhillon for Annabelle Galloway. As cute as Annabelle undoubtedly was, how servile and obedient she’d become, he could if he wanted easily replace her with another, similar slut. Another jumped up posh girl with an overinflated opinion of herself who he could bully or blackmail to his heart’s content.

But he wanted something else, something different he wanted a brown girl. An arrogant Paki like Captain Uzma Dhillon for example would be ideal. Not only did he fancy her but he’d already thought of various humiliating scenarios for her which they could indulge in together. Owning someone with a certain amount of authority like Dhillon would be a true measure of his own rise in power and status. Just the idea of leading her around on her hands and knees on a leash for example was just so exciting.

It was the challenge he supposed, the attraction of having something that should be forbidden to him. But could he get away with it? Could he do it? He allowed himself to dream of taking a very heavy strap to the Purity Policewoman’s pert little buttocks and watching as her perfect, brown skin was turned a much darker shade. He looked down at Annabelle’s snooty, middle-class face and increased the pace of his hand.

Usually he liked her to bring him to orgasm, thrusting and squirting down her privileged gullet but this time he did it himself. The thought of what he'd like to do to Captain Dhillon of the Purity Police had made him rock hard and it only took a couple of vigorous strokes before he ejaculated over the woman kneeling at his feet. He was rather proud of the volume of semen he could still produce at his advanced age and smiled as he splattered her face and her blonde hair.

He liked to ejaculate into a woman's hair. Faces could be wiped, once he'd given her permission to do so of course, but hair was a different issue. He liked to see it, white and sticky and impossible to remove without washing it out which meant she was going to have to spend the rest of the day at work carrying his seed for all to see. All that remained was for Annabelle to lick him clean and then he could send her back to work.

He parted his legs a little and sat back in his chair to allow Annabelle the space to really get her tongue into all the sweaty nooks and crevices. He put his hands behind his head while his domestic servant eagerly lapped at his grey pubic hair only too aware of the penalties for not carrying out her disgusting chore to her master's satisfaction. He could feel himself starting to get hard again, who knew perhaps he still had another one left in him? He closed his eyes and imagined it was Uzma Dhillon in her immaculate Purity Police uniform kneeling humbly at his feet.

The End