

Friday November 12th

Angie took me to the pub this evening. She's bought one of those "Barks" collar and leash sets and insisted that I wear it. "This way there's no risk of you getting caught for curfew breaking again on CCTV," she said. I asked if it was really necessary as she was going to be with me all the way, especially since it wasn't even eight o'clock yet. She said she didn't want to take the chance that I'd suddenly get sidetracked by something or she might not be noticed in the shadows. "And after all, you don't want to get another strike before you've even gone on your course, do you?"

It felt pretty embarrassing being led through the streets on a leash with a collar round my neck but at least we didn't see anyone. Actually thinking about it the only way we would have seen anyone was if they were doing something similar. At least Angie unclipped the leash when we got to the pub. It was a funny sort of evening. Norm was there with his wife. He looked worried that I'd say something and it was pretty obvious he didn't want to talk to me. None of the other blokes were there. Angie bought me a drink (would have been nice if she'd asked what I wanted first, mind) and I sat down at one of the tables. She was just getting hers when she got pulled into a conversation at the bar with a bunch of other women. I wondered if they were friends of hers from the Party meetings. Anyway she just carried on talking while I was sitting on my own. There was another bloke I didn't recognise sat on his own at the other end of the room too. I looked across and he nodded towards the group of women at the bar and then shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "What can you do?" I didn't have any answers. I stayed where I was, waiting for Angie.

Norm and his girlfriend left after about twenty minutes. As they went out the door I noticed that she patted his backside. I guess she was planning another session with her strap-on.

Karen came over when I'd finished my drink to ask if I wanted another but I said I was OK. "Your Angie is really keen on this New Order lot, isn't she?" she said. I said I didn't think I was allowed to call them that at which Karen laughed, "Sounds like the message has got through to you at least."

When Angie finally decided it was time to go she stood at the door, brandishing my leash and called "Walkies!" Her friends at the bar had a good laugh. I tried complaining on the way home but she just said, couldn't I take a joke? I guess the answer is that it's becoming harder.

Saturday November 13th

I said I was going to jot down any strange stuff I notice that would have been thought impossible a while back. Angie asked me to go the village shop for some groceries this afternoon. It's about a ten minute walk and to be honest it was good to get out of the house on my own – Angie had been bitching about how one of the secretaries in her office (male of course) had fucked up sending some letters need for a contract signing because he "didn't think they really needed to go special delivery". Plenty of grunts about "shit MDDM" all morning.

Anyway I got to the shop and picked up the things we needed. As I was coming out, this big Jaguar pulls into the car park. In the back is Sally Guest. I didn't notice at first but her husband, Geoff, is up front, driving. She and her husband are the sort of unofficial lord and lady of the manor. They live in the oldest house in the village. She chairs the local council, always opens the village fete. He's involved in the golf club, local business forum, stuff like that.

Anyway that car stops and he gets out like he's the chauffeur. Walks round to the back door of the car and opens it for Sally. She gets out without a glance at him. Sally is late-fourties, maybe 50, definitely a MILF (except of course no one dares use *THAT* term any more) and she is dressed to inspire envy: spike heels; a suit with lapels sharp enough to cut yourself on and hose that I can practically hear swishing on the other side of the car park. Geoff is just wearing a suit, standing by the car door while she goes into the store. She comes out again with whatever she's bought, slides into the back seat of the car without a word. He closes the door, goes back to the driving seat and drives off. I mean that would be odd enough anywhere but when you know it's her husband - for fuck's sake?

There were a lot of police cars in the village this evening. Flashing blue lights and sirens. I'm not sure what it was about.

Sunday November 14th

Apparently the police cars were because of Norm. He's done a runner according to Angie. His wife came back yesterday evening and he'd cleared his stuff out. No sign of him. The wife is pretty pissed off because she'd just taken out formal sponsorship for him and now she's supposed to know where he's gone. The MCF officers weren't very sympathetic it seems.

I don't know what happens if they find him. I mean can they force him to go back?

Angie said I shouldn't get any ideas from Norm. She says the MCF hate chasing absconders – they see it as a right waste of time. Apparently, they'd rather be looking for real dissidents. That means they aren't too gentle when they do pick one up. From what I've seen of MCF officers, that doesn't surprise me. Quite a few of them seem to "adjust" their uniforms to look more intimidating; patent leather belts, tighter than regulation skirts, higher heels than you might think practical. Most of them look like they'd enjoy the excuse for a bit of in-depth interrogation. Somebody with an uncharitable turn of mind might think they were dressing to incite attention that could be construed as being in breach of the respect agenda. When I said this, Angie accused me of being cynical and not understanding the difficult job they do. Plus they wouldn't be able to incite anything if men weren't so sex obsessed. I didn't argue. I might not be happy with how things are but I still reckon it's better to try to wait out this whole "New Order" lunacy.

Monday November 15th

A print out of an email dated Monday November 15th

To: All Staff

From: HR

Subject: Recognition Programme & Workplace Changes

Top Staff!

Let's give a big "well done" to our top employees this month: Lucy Barnes : Head of Service Planning – Carol Watson : Lead for Client Implementation and Jennifer Cosby : Service Data Analyst.

Men's Washrooms

Following a number of incidents where staff have been accused of taking too long over personal breaks, please be advised cubicle doors are being removed from the stalls in the men's washrooms. Users, should be advised that random checks will be carried out.

Well, finally, my replacement bank card turned up. It was addressed to Angie, of course. She took great pains to explain to me just how it worked, as though I'd never had any money of my own before. "You do know," she said. "This is loaded with a fixed amount each month. You can't exceed it. It's not a credit card. OK?"

I just nodded. There wasn't any point in arguing. At least now I don't have to eat in the office canteen every day. That was getting a bit dull and I've just realised how I've missed having that break at lunch time when I can get out from under Lucy's watchful eye, although she's been off for a bit.

Tuesday November 16th

I've been worrying for a while that this might happen.

Lucy was back in the office today for the first time since she and Angie had their get together. She called me in to her (well, used to be my) office just after 10 o'clock. She's sat behind the desk looking like like she fell into an executive bitch dressing-up box - tailored suit, starched white blouse with a pin-tuck bib front, hair up and lacquered so hard you think a ball would bounce off it.

"David, lovely," she says and then asks me to fetch her a cup of coffee and oh, by the way, why don't I get one for myself.

When I get back she's all chatty. Wasn't it fun when she came over? And, isn't Angie just so enthusiastic. It was the first time she'd even kissed a girl apparently and now Lucy can see why New Order are so keen on what they call "the Sapphic Alternative". I say that's fine, I quite understand but she laughs calls me a silly boy and says "As well as, not instead of, dummy" before she goes on to explain that the one thing she isn't keen on is the fact that New Order don't like "prick sex" and she'd quite like to get some of that after hours in the stationery store if that's all right by me; which, since she's discussed it with Angela, she assumes it is. Then she says why don't I run along and get her another coffee and not to worry, she'll make sure we're all finished in time for a male-only bus that gets me home before curfew.

So that's all right then, I think, NOT. I mean I have no idea if Angie is OK with this or what the bosses upstairs might think about it. On the other hand Lucy is the boss down here and I'm not sure I see a way out of it.

Anyway at about ten to five when everyone else is starting to finish up I look up from my desk and Lucy is standing there holding a pile of files. "Can you help me with these?" she asks and heads off without waiting for me to answer. I get a few sympathetic nods from some of the other guys as though its typical, the boss asking for help just when you're aiming to leave. Feeling like I can't do anything else, I follow her and sure enough she's headed to the stationery store. There's an alcove at the back where the shelving doesn't reach and as I'm passing that she grabs me by my tie and pulls me into it with a giggle. She's already got her blouse unbuttoned and told me to put my hands on her tits. She can tell I'm reluctant. "Come on. You really don't want to piss off your boss, especially when she's got your sponsor's OK, so let's have a bit of enthusiasm."

It shouldn't have been too difficult. Lucy's an attractive girl. A year ago this would have been fantasy central but somehow it didn't seem right.

Lucy was determined not to let any scruples I had interfere with her fun though and she was soon fumbling at the zip of my trousers with one hand, pulling her skirt up with the other while using her tongue to count my wisdom teeth.

"Try and do something more creative with your hands," she urged, "these things aren't dials on a radio." I grunted something apologetic as she finally got my cock out of my pants. She ran the tips of her finger nails up behind my balls and that kicked me into a seriously stiff erection. Suddenly she backed off, reached for her handbag and passed me a condom. "You'd better slip this on. I'd do it myself but that thing might go off."

Well that slowed me down a bit, so she had to fumble with my cock a bit to get it properly hard again once I'd got the condom on. Then she pushed me back against the shelving and slipped my cock up inside her. I really didn't have to do much. She was bouncing up and down enough for the two of us. I had a bit of angle-iron shelving in my back which was as much an incentive to push back as anything else and frankly I was bloody grateful when I came. With her following on not too long after.

She didn't wait long before she climbed off and started straightening her skirt and blouse. "Don't leave that thing laying around the office anywhere," she said pointing at my cum filled condom, "and wait here until I've left the office, can you?" And that was it.

At least it was dark when I left the office. I slung the used johnny down behind some bins near the men's exit to the building. Afterwards on the bus (at least Lucy kept that promise!) I wondered what if someone found it and they checked it for DNA or something. Then I decided that, realistically, it wouldn't be worth the trouble. It's surprising how jittery I've got lately.

Angie noticed my back when I got undressed for bed, some nasty bruising where I was backed on to the racking. "That looks painful. Still as long as your tongue's working, I'm sure you can still do what I want. I must have a word with Lucy though. I don't want her being too rough with you."

Great, I thought, just what I need, two women debating which bits of me they can wear out and when...

Thursday November 18th

Problems with the bus ride into the office this morning. Normally the bus route into work has men-only and women-only buses but for some reason they were running an open-passenger service with buses carrying both. I ended up on a bench seat at the back facing another row. About two stops along, a woman gets in and sits opposite me. She was in her mid-forties, I guess, quite studious looking with glasses perched on the end of her nose and blonde hair that looked as though it wasn't used to being brushed too much. She had an id-badge on a lanyard around her neck saying, "DOSA". She had her nose buried in her mobile phone, tapping and swiping. The trouble was she was sitting directly opposite me and her knees were, only a couple of inches from mine because of how the seats were. And then I noticed her skirt. She's got this skirt on that's got a slit in one side and the way she's sitting is showing a lot of thigh. OK, she's got quite dark tights on, opaque really, but I still can't help thinking she's not going to be pleased if she catches me staring at her legs. So I look down, and she's wearing these ankle boots with spikey heels, and I think she's not going to want me staring at those either so I try looking up and another woman on

the bus thinks I'm looking at her and glowers back at me. I mean, this respect agenda thing is all very well and I suppose she'd say she's entitled to dress how she likes without unwanted male gaze but it's hard to know how to cope. Luckily we got to the stop for my office and I could get off. Trouble was by then my dick was as stiff as anything and I was terrified she'd notice *that*. Who'd have thought I'd welcome male-only buses?

I suppose I should have thought about this a couple of days ago but I've only just got around to asking Lucy for the day off next week so I can do the Offence Awareness Course. Her reaction was predictable, I suppose. "How can I refuse when it's something designed to make you a better citizen and anyway you can make the time up on Saturday."

Friday November 19th

I'd forgotten that Angie had an invite for dinner tonight. She was seeing Beth, Norm's sponsor. "Why don't you come along too?" she said, which should have warned me something was up.

Anyway, the conversation started with Angie asking Beth how things were, how was she coping without Norm (which brought a laugh) and had she heard anything from the MCF? I guessed this was all something Angie was doing as part of her party responsibilities but as the conversation went on, I started wondering if she was sounding out Beth to take over my sponsorship. Still when Angie asked if Beth was planning on getting someone new to sponsor, Beth seemed to kick it out of bounds quite quickly. "The tax breaks will have to get a lot better before I bother with that again. Norm was way more trouble than he was worth. Him fucking off was a lucky release. Your bloke mind," she looked at me for a moment with a furrowed forehead as if she was trying to remember my name but then gave up, "he seems all right."

"Yeah," said Angie, "at least he knows to keep quiet while the girls talk."

At the end of the evening Angie and Beth were chatting and I was waiting in the hall. There was a discarded letter in the waste paper bin. I noticed the DOSA logo on the top. I'm not sure why I picked it up but just as I was going to look at it I heard Angie say, "We'll be off then." So I stuffed it in my pocket.

I'm pretty sure Beth will have forgotten all about it. I think I probably just thought it would be interesting – Angie take such a lot of trouble to make sure I don't see any DOSA stuff. I got a chance to have a look at it later. It looks like DOSA don't think Norm's coming back any time soon.

A crumpled and then smoothed out, printed, letter from the Department of Sponsors Affairs was in the journal at this page:-

Department of Sponsors Affairs

Date: 15/11/ 21

Case No: 7345/12

Subject: Absconder N. Hailman

Dear Ms Hailman,

When you reported the above absconder I promised you an update following a review of nearby Detention Centres and discussions with the local branch of the Male Control Force.

I can advise you that to date, none of the Detention Centres report an admission meeting the description of your husband and that the MCF advise that no one of his description has been detained. An unsuccessful attempt was made to use his Ident Card to obtain funds from a bank in Stanbury but unfortunately no CCTV footage is available and there have been no further sightings.

You will, of course, be aware that when the absconder is located there will be a hearing and probable detention for the individual concerned. I will write to you again if anything further is heard. If you wish to take out a new sponsorship you will need to refer to this case.

Let me know if you want to formally cancel the sponsorship for this individual.

Yours

Angela Gains
DOSA Absconder Team

Scribbled next to the last para was "Phoned and confirmed 16/11"

There were a whole lot of questions this raised for me. I mean, I hadn't heard about any "Detention Centres" - who is being detained, and for what? And how many of them are there if they have to talk about "nearby" ones? So where has he gone? It sounds like after one attempt to get some cash he's made sure not to use his Ident Card again – which means no travelling on buses or trains. I can't imagine him on the run, really. I wouldn't have thought sleeping rough was his sort of thing. He must have been really pissed off.

Thursday November 25th

I only just managed to get to the hotel where they were running the Offence Awareness Course on time. It was a problem with the buses which I'm pretty sure would have counted for nothing if I had turned up late. There were about a dozen of us sitting in the hotel lounge looking apprehensive when our tutors turned up. They were two normal-looking, middle-aged, slightly

overweight women. I suppose I had maybe expected hatchet-faced, New Order party apparatchiks but these two looked like they were more interested in the hotel's doughnut trolley than the latest issue of the Male Control Regulations.

That made me think it wasn't going to be such a tough day but, as usual I was wrong. They took us off to one of the hotels conferencing rooms and started off by asking around the room what offences we had committed. For a good half of us it was minor curfew offences, two people who'd done what I'd done on a "no-males" street but had been booked as a result, someone who'd been ticketed for getting caught in a woman's only carriage on the Underground....

"So," Katherine, the taller of our two instructors, kicked off the course, "Right then, why do you think you are here?"

The replies ranged from the cynical to the toadying. "To avoid getting the points?"; "Because we got caught?"; "So the Government can charge us £125." (although that sort of ignored the fact that the fines start at £250); "So we can avoid getting into trouble again?"

Katherine, took all the comments in her stride. I guess this wasn't her first course and she's probably heard them all before. "Actually, the last of those is probably the best answer to why we are running the course. I know everyone thinks that the rules are out to trap you but actually, if you go away from this course and don't fall foul of these regulations again, then Jill and I will have done a good job."

That led on into a session on what the various regulations were that we had to worry about, with a quiz on the meaning of the most common signs that have appeared since the control orders were introduced. I was surprised how many of them I knew. Then we had Jill explaining the various divisions in the Male Control Force and how to recognise their officers – I wasn't sure if that was too helpful really. Now I think back, the two MCF that cuffed me for missing that "No Men" sign both had green epaulettes which apparently means District Patrol officers rather than the red epaulettes of the Public Order group or the yellow of Identity Inspection, but I'm not sure knowing that would have changed anything.

One of the best bits of advice they gave us was a mantra we could say to ourselves to remind us to check for changes in regulations. "New street, new rules" Jill said, "is a great way to remember. Almost always changes in regulations occur at road junctions. So when you turn a corner to enter a new street, say this to yourself and you'll force yourself to check for signs." I think everyone agreed that it made sense, even if there were some people there that didn't accept there should be any rules in the first place. "I can't comment," said Katherine, when someone asked why there were so many restrictions. "Mostly it's because of complaints or local concerns but in the end, I'm just here to help stop you getting nicked."

Inevitably there was a bit of working in teams. Some of the guys got competitive with some very vocal arguments about the answers to the problems we'd been set. Jill had to intervene to calm things down. You could tell from her impatient mood that she thought their behaviour was just another example of what Lucy calls so succinctly, "shit MDDM". In the end though I suppose we all spent a few hours thinking about how to stay out of trouble and that will have been a good thing if it works.

Towards the end of the course, Jill and Katherine, ran a video from the viewpoint of someone walking through town. We had to call out the things we needed to take notice of as they went

along different roads. I think we spotted all of the different signs and in the end I think we all felt a little bit smug.

They gave us a note at the end of the course saying we had successfully completed it. Angie wasn't all that impressed when I showed it to her. "We'll see if it works," she said. "All this says is that you sat on your arse for four hours without pissing off the instructors."

I'm getting fed up with her negativity. I mean, I know she's my sponsor and everything but she might at least give me a bit of credit for trying.