

**VOLUME 5**  
**A NEW REGIME**



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## Author's Note

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

The stories based at the Woody Back to School Unit are works of adult fiction based upon the real-life fantasy games played by the author, R. Humphries and his wife, the inimitable Jojo.

It is the author's intent to create the Woody Back to School Unit as an imaginative world peopled with a believable cast and set in familiar surroundings within which the readers will become comfortable.

The vernacular used in the stories is a combination of the phraseology derived from writing such as the British penny comics from the nineteen thirties, current language, slang and idioms, and the invented parlance known as Woody Jargon.

As such references to 'beating', 'thrashing', and 'flogging' have no context to the use or avocation of physical violence, with the exception of controlled corporal punishment, against the characters of the stories.



**Dedicated  
to  
My Beloved Jojo**



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## Homecoming Nerves

Deborah Morton viewed her return home for furlough with considerable trepidation. The final week of the summer term had proven to be a disastrous end to an already catastrophic year.

Early in the year Deborah had fallen foul of Ms Lawton resulting in the Grand Dame declaring her as the Woody Back to School unit's Public Enemy Number One. Her dizzying descent from golden gal to *bête noire* had resulted in life becoming extremely hot and sweaty inside Miss Morton's bumbags.

Her trials and tribulations culminated on Family Visitation Day when she was ignominiously red-carded out of the facility's chapel in disgrace under the withering glares of several family and friends.

As a result of the red-card Deborah was sentenced to be publicly flogged during evening Callover. However, the prospect of being bent over a vaulting horse and having her thin white whopping bags cut to tatters was the least of her problems.

She was allowed to see her family off. It was a tense meeting and she was horrified when her

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normally reserved father darkly warned her that he intended to take his belt to her backside when she returned home. Deborah was devastated; in twenty-five years her parents had never given her more than a clip around the ear.

Upon her return to the Grand Dame's office to be prepared for her flogging she had another unpleasant surprise in store for her.

Ms Lawton informed her that she was taking the unprecedented measure of formally flunking Deborah for discipline and applying to the Ministry of Extreme Social Rehabilitation for Debs to repeat the Phase Five year of her sentence.

Deborah could not imagine that news of her formal flunking was going to add to the warmth of her reception at Chez Morton.

The week continued to go down hill. On Monday morning, Ms Whitton, her arch-nemesis, sensing that Deborah's backside would be suffering considerable residual tenderness resulting from the previous evening's twelve stroke public flogging, manufactured a reason to beat her. She bent Debs over the piano stool and thrashed her with the customized violin bow that she had named the 'Morton Special.'

The thrashing was Deborah's forty-ninth punishment of the year and placed her in a predicament. Her bum was in desperate need of a cool-down period but she found herself just one whopping away from scoring the prestigious Bull. Debs had always been a contender on the Woody Back to School unit's Hall of Shame but the accomplishment of achieving fifty punishments in a single year had eluded her.

Deborah secretly envied her close chum Jojo Heyworth's record of scoring back to back Bull's. In a historic Woody moment Deborah Morton publicly tweaked the nose and pulled the hair of Janet 'Mitch the Bitch' Mitchell, a notorious member of the Secret Sorority of Serial Spankers, and earned herself a second public flogging in the space of four days.

As the limousine pulled up in her chap's driveway Deborah Morton was feeling considerably nervous about her reception.

Deborah was relieved. When she had arrived home her mother had sent Debs straight up to her room to wait until her father came home, warning her not to change out of her clobber.

Deborah whiled away the time sorting through her wardrobe. The upcoming hearing preyed on her mind. Although the prospect of an additional year at Woody Back to School unit was not the end of the world, it did throw a serious spanner in her plans to return the professional tennis circuit. She sighed; she only had herself to blame. Her reckless habit of seeking instant minxing gratification had always got her into trouble and the momentary act of foolishness in the chapel on Family Visitation Day had been the final nail in her coffin.

After a while her mother had come upstairs and informed her that her father was waiting in the living room. To Deborah's relief the interview had gone as predicted. Pops Morton was a tad tetchy but he showed no inclination to unbuckle his belt and when he asked her to explain the chapel affair he

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seemed to accept her version of the story and promised to support her at the hearing.

Deborah was relieved and she was grinning inwardly as she turned to go back to her room to get changed into something casual. However, Deborah Morton hadn't counted on Ma Brooks.

## Zingers

Ma Brooks was the wife of Christopher Brooks, a government Minister and pro-spanking advocate. By coincidence both she and Deborah's mother had attended the Woody School when it had been a small but prestigious academy for the very wealthy. When the 'Woody Back to School' experiment had been announced Ma Brooks had been one of its most active and vocal supporters, helping Ms Lawton with public relations and informing anybody who would listen that six of the best never hurt anyone.

When Ma Brooks own daughter Claire was sentenced to seven years at Woodys she had told the press that, "Ever since Claire left home and was out of reach of my hairbrush her behavior has taken a turn for the worst. I can only hope that a few encounters with Ms Lawton's cane will show her the error of her ways."

As Deborah turned to leave the living room her mother stopped her.

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"I have something for you," she told Debs and crossed to a bureau and extracted a tall oblong box wrapped in gift paper, along with an envelope. She handed the envelope to her curious daughter. Deborah opened it and slid out a little notelet. Inside, in neat handwriting was inscribed the words, "There is no problem that can't be solved by a sore bottom."

Deborah looked at her mother suspiciously. "Come with me," said Ma Morton sternly.

Ma unwrapped the gift box. Inside was a long handled, oval headed, wood backed hairbrush. Deborah's heart sank.

Claire Brooks was one of the unit's most notorious mega-minxes and was a good chum of Deborah's. Debs had become familiar with Claire's stoic lamentations over her vacation encounters with Ma Brooks' brush. Deborah very much objected to Ma Brooks interfering in Morton family business.

"You have to zing them," Ma Brooks had told Ma Morton over the phone. "It'll make all the difference."

Ma Morton had produced Deborah's report and was reading out the Memorandum of Formal Flunking. Debs did her best to intercede on her own behalf but her mother barely listened.

Lying face down across her mothers lap with her bumbags around her ankles Deborah was keenly aware that this was not a good time for the introduction of hairbrush activity into the household. Although her long career of being caned, slipped and strapped had left her whop-hardened the frenzy

of punishments over the past few days had left her poor beleaguered bum in an unusually sensitive state. She braced herself.

“Give it to them slow,” Ma Brooks had advised her old school friend, “then zing them!”

Ma Morton brought the hairbrush down across her daughters upturned behind with an authoritative crack and was immediately delighted by the effect. The head of the brush produced an instant reddening of Deborah’s right orb.

Deborah was less than delighted with the effect of the authoritative crack. The effect of the impact of hard wood on her already tender backside was most disagreeable. Debs Morton gritted her teeth and willed her mother to get it over with.

Ma Morton was taking Ma Brooks advice and taking her time over things. She remembered from her own experiences as a schoolgirl at the original Woody School that a well spaced out punishment could prove very effective.

Deborah counted the spanks. At six she was hopeful that her mother would be satisfied but when a seventh crack resounded in her ears she resigned herself to a full dozen.

Although she had been punished over a hundred and fifty times during her incarceration at Woodys and was amongst the most whop-hardened inmates Deborah was not immune to the effects of a well delivered spanking with a hairbrush.

When the twelfth spank finally landed on her left cheek Deborah Morton was relieved.

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"Stay still Deborah, I'm going to zing you," said Mrs Morton firmly.

Desperately Deborah tried to turn her head back, "Wha... whadidyasay? OWWWWWWW!!!"

As she tried to spin around on her mothers lap, Ma Morton had put her hand on the back of her neck, thrusting Debs nose towards the floor and at the same time her bottom upwards. The three cracks of the brush landed so fast and vigorously that Deborah hardly had time to blink between each impact.

"YOW! OW! OW! OW!" yelled Deborah.

Ma Morton grinned. For the first time in twenty five years she had well and truly zinged her daughter.

## Ma Saves the Day

The following morning, with her backside still ringing from the zinging, Deborah appeared in front of a special hearing of the Ministry of Extreme Social Rehabilitation.

Deborah's heart sank as prosecutors acting on behalf of the Dark Agents of the System presented their application. They stated that the Formal Flunking demonstrated that Deborah was far from rehabilitated and requested that she be re-entered into the program as a grubby and should serve seven more years at the Woody Back to School unit.

The Tennis Federation spoke on her behalf saying that in two years she would be eligible to return as a competitor on the professional circuit. The National Philharmonic said that her continued captivity stopped her from traveling with the orchestra. Her father spoke up in support of her. Unexpectedly Ms Lawton turned up and argued that the tribunal should honor her recommendation and that Deborah's sentence should only be extended for a year. She said that despite Deborah's deplorable

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behavior during the previous year she had continued to excel academically, to win many top amateur tennis competitions and act as a guest player in the National Orchestra. The Grand Dame described Deborah's behavior to be a lapse that could be corrected by the additional year.

Unfortunately the senior representative of the System demanded Deborah's Punishment Record Book be scrutinized and the revelation that Debs had required corporal punishment on over a hundred and fifty occasions during her incarceration at Woodys did little to gain the sympathy of the panel. The System was un-swayed and was ready to deliver its verdict when Ma Morton interceded. At her request Deborah was taken into a side office.

Deborah Morton could not believe her ears. Her mother was informing the members of the panel that her daughter's program of social rehabilitation had entered a new era. Not only would Deb's continue to receive Corporal Punishment therapy while she was away at the Woody Back to School unit but she was now undergoing additional rehabilitation while she was on home leave.

Deborah gasped as Mrs Morton extracted the oval headed hairbrush from her handbag. She groaned as her mother guided her downwards across her lap. Deborah groaned again as she felt the hem of her skirt being turned back and she groaned loudly as she felt her mother's fingers in the waistband of her bumbags.

Debs was acutely aware that her buttocks were still clearly showing signs of the previous nights work

out and felt her face cheeks turning a similar hue as her bumbags were dragged down around her ankles.

However, she had little time to wallow in the ignominy of her unfortunate position before she was distracted by even more alarming news.

"I'm going to give her twenty-four spanks," Ma Morton was explaining to the Dark Agents of the System.

"Holy shit," thought Deborah desperately, "this had better work," and then was even more distracted by the hard wooden brush exploding down across her unprotected flesh.

The members of the System and the Ministry of Extreme Social Rehabilitation were clearly impressed with Ma Morton's demonstration. There was no mistaking that Deborah was receiving a damn good spanking. Although she was desperately trying not to make an exhibition of herself Deb's was defenseless to prevent herself from showing very clear signs of agitation. Ma Morton had tucked her daughter in tightly but Deborah wriggled and squirmed, and kicked and waved her fists in the air as the hairbrush collided with her tender behind.

"Right Deborah," her mother announced, "let's have your bottom right up, I'm going to zing you!"

It took several moments for her mother to maneuver Deborah so that her bottom was sitting up in the optimum position for being zinged. Debs was showing a considerable lack of enthusiasm for putting it up and keeping it up. The sounds of Ma Morton's grand finale echoed around the main room. The three-spank crescendo succeeded in eliciting a heartfelt moan from the hapless Debs. The spanking

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with the hairbrush had been as hot as any she had received over the knees of the Red-shirts at Woodys and the zingers were ringing in her ears as she lay panting across her mother's lap.

Deborah stood in front of the panel, shifting her weight from foot to foot. When she had arrived at the hearing she had been pristine in her full Woody clobber but now her tie was skew-whiff, her ponytail had fallen loose and her eyes were puffy from rubbing.

"Miss Morton," the senior representative of the System announced. "Your behavior has been less than stellar, nonetheless, we believe that with two full years remaining of your sentence and the able assistance of your mother that there is ample opportunity for complete rehabilitation. But I warn you young lady; if you are ever flunked again you will not be so fortunate."

Despite the unbelievable heat inside her bumbags Deborah Morton smiled.

"You're right," Ma Morton told Ma Brooks smugly. "Zingers work every time. I zinged her and she didn't even get probation."

# 4

## The Grand Master

The arrival of Mr Humphries as the newly appointed Grand Master of the facility had an immediate impact.

The inmates were delighted. When the more senior inmates had turned up in their new studies they had found that they had each been issued a brand new laptop computer. In the common rooms workstations had been set up with full Internet capabilities. Every gal at the facility, including the grubbys, who had only ever got hand-me-downs, had been given a state of the art, color screen pda.

When the inmates accessed the intranet server they found that it had been completely redesigned and had a brand new home page called 'GalGab'.

He informed them that inmates off-campus on town-passes were to be issued with mobile phones

At an impressive opening dinner the inmates were astonished by his plans to upgrade the kitchens and to appoint Cassandra Cassidy as Head of Culinary Operations at the facility. Cassie Cassy and Dotty

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Hammell had been tasked with providing the inmates with a balanced and nutritious diet, and not the gruel that had previously been on offer, as Mr Humphries described it.

He informed them that he was firing the outside catering services and that the inmates would be required to support Cassie and Dotty. Daily work rosters would be posted on the new GalGab web-site.

The first week of each new year was traditionally treated as a settling in period and an armistice, albeit fragile, prevailed between the Brass, the Elite and the inmates. Even the most hostile members of staff like Ms Hodge, the Wart and Katie Beck generally respected the precarious peace while the inmates were inducted into new curriculums, given training on the new IT system and established their performance criteria with Mr Humphries.

The new Grand Master had personally interviewed every gal at the facility. The Dirty Dozen had been nervous that he would dwell on their past misdemeanors but had been happily surprised. The interviews had focused on the inmate's aspirations, their interests, likes and dislikes. With each gal he had established a performance program designed to balance her strengths and weaknesses in all areas of her life at Woodys. He reiterated his intent that every inmate would finish her sentence completely socially rehabilitated and ready to return to the mainstream of society ready for employment or further education.

He appointed Nicola Jane Nixon as Head of Technology.

"There are quite a few gals who were professional geeks before they were sent here," he told her. "Pick who you need and form an IT group. Let's see if we can't get maximum up-time on the servers."

"Whoa! TechnoWoodys!" clapped Nixdown ecstatically.

Jojo hugged her techno-chum. "They'll be no stopping you now, sis," she laughed.

The Brass was equally delighted by the new technological revolution. The lecture rooms and tutorial halls had all been refurbished with hi-definition plasma screens and wireless connectivity. The library had also had a makeover, the once dusty enclave had been freshly painted and new dormer windows had been installed making the study area light and airy. Access to numerous research libraries and other advanced learning tools had been installed on the central server.

Mr Humphries was often to be found wandering around the quadrangle or the cloisters with hands in his pockets and routinely engaged the inmates in casual conversation. He surprised them by seeking their input and opinion to the upgrades to the facility and even had Nixdown upload a suggestion box onto the new web-site.

The first seven days of the Grand Master's tenure passed in a state of relative tranquility. However as Monday morning approached the inmates were aware that they would commence the routine curriculum and that the amnesty would be over.

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Mr Humphries had remained silent on the status of Operation Scorched Arse, so predictably there was considerable speculation amongst the Woody Gals regarding how their bumbags would fare under the new regime.

## Setting the Odds

Bernadette Summers and Lisa Sutton were fretting. As Monday approached they were under increasing pressure to post the BUTT Stake odds.

Lisa was faced with a dilemma. Although the Grand Master had made sweeping changes to the living standards of the inmates he had remained silent on the subject of the future of Operation Scorched Arse.

Historically Lisa had used her complex hindcast models to establish the odds on everything from the first gal to be beaten, the first gal to be sent up to the principal, or the outcomes of the periodic Hall's of Shame. However, the imposition of Operation Scorched Arse and the unpredictable increase in activity on every level of the Hall of Shame had made her models unstable.

She worked long into the night, poring over statistical analyses and plotting graphs. Bernadette hounded her, keen to open the book, but when Lisa showed her the results of some of the Domsday scenarios she had modeled the Bounder backed off.

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The Bounder was a notoriously cagey cove, particularly when it came to the matter of gambling. Since she had first established the BUTT Stakes and given the inmates the opportunity to wager on the fate of each other's bumbags she had turned a healthy profit. Nonetheless, during the year of Operation Scorched Arse the paradigm had shifted and she had experienced some hair-raising times. There had been several occasions that Bernadette Summers had feared she might lose her blouse, her blazer and her bumbags as the whop-rate had escalated and inmates were being thrashed in a most unpredictable manner.

The inmates were getting restless. They had returned from furlough with their pockets filled with their System approved allowances. Once they had stocked up on contraband hooch and fags, which were also supplied by Bernadette Summers Enterprises, there was little else to do with their dosh than invest in the BUTT Stakes.

Bernadette and Lisa were facing increasing pressure to open the betting.

"Shit," groaned Lisa, "every time I run the model I find a scenario where we could crash and burn. The only way I can be sure of making a profit is to tighten the odds so much that nobody will want to bet."

Bernadette and Lisa pored over the results of the simulations. The Bounder was a betting gal and she knew that the odds had to be attractive if she was going to make the pot-loads of loot she was banking on.

She knew that for lottery bets such as the first gal to be beaten or the first gal to be sent up to the Grand Masters study she had to set the odds high, similar to the Grand National or the Kentucky Derby. She was also aware that large wagers on outsiders could eat her lunch. Lisa and the Bounder continued to pore over the results and finally reached agreement just before the last bell for lockdown rang.

Before Monday morning brekker the all-important odds on the first gal to be sent up to the Grand Master's office were posted on a password protected bulletin board on the GalGab website.

Every gal in the facility had excitedly logged on and all the gab was about where the smart money should be wagered. A bevy of betters made a beeline for the Bounder's study with quids in hand.

Rank	Name	Phase	Odds
1	Joanna Heyworth	6	5-1
2	Lisa Sutton	5	ABV <sup>1</sup>
3	Deborah Morton	6	7-1
4	Cassandra Cassidy	3	8-1
5	Nicola Jane Nixon	6	10-1
6 (J)	Virginia Gardiner	2	12-1
6 (J)	Jennifer Gardiner	2	12-1
7	Rosemary Booker	6	15-1
8	Veronica Bond	4	18-1
9	Regina Bond	4	20-1
10	Bernadette Summers	5	ABV <sup>1</sup>
11	Julie Beckett	4	25-1
12	Ali Stone	5	30-1
13	Claire Brooks	7	50-1
14 (J)	Rachel Cox	7	75-1

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Rank	Name	Phase	Odds
14 (J)	Amanda San Pierre	7	75-1
15	Lady Victoria Brompton	7	100-1
1	All Bets Void		

The Bounder was rubbing her bumbags with glee. Lisa was neatly binding the piles of loot into stacks of hundreds. Bernadette secreted them in the elastic waistband of her bumbags for safe-keeping. By the time the bell rang for assembly the notoriously cagey Bounder had thousands of quids stashed under her skirt.

The Grand Master pointed at the clock at the back of the assembly hall. "At nine o'clock the amnesty is over and the rules, regulations and protocols will be strictly imposed," he announced. "I suggest that you cover your bumbags because the Brass now has my authority to come in whopping."

## Claire Creamed

It was very nearly over before it started and it could have proved a very unlucky thirteen for Bernadette Summers Enterprises.

"That's enough Claire, please be quiet," said Ms Gascoigne mildly.

"Claire I don't want to hear another peep out of you this lesson," the Economics Dame said a little more tetchily.

Finally Ms Gascoigne reached into her jacket pocket and produced a yellow card. "Final warning!" she said and thrust it into the newly appointed prefect's face.

Pauline Gascoigne was one of the most popular tutors at the facility. At twenty-seven years old she was a similar age to the majority of the senior inmates. She was a brilliant educator and made even the driest elements of international politics, philosophy and economics seem interesting.

Pauline Gascoigne sighed. She was very well aware that even with her new high-tech educational

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aids the writings of Melanie Klien might be considered to be rather intense and she had expected and encouraged some droll banter. Nonetheless, once she called for order she expected her wishes to be respected. As usual Claire Brooks penchant for pith had got the better of her and she simply refused to shut up.

Claire Brooks' heart sank as soon as she opened her mouth. Already on a yellow card, interjecting another pithy remark into the proceedings was unwise. Despite Ms Gascoigne's reputation for tolerance Claire knew she had forced the Dame to react.

Ms Gascoigne glared at the prefect. Claire waited anxiously for the red-card to be extracted. The prospect of pitching up at the Grand Master's study to explain how she had been chucked out of the first lecture of the year was extremely unappealing. The notoriously cool, calm and collected prefect was beginning to sweat.

"Alright Brooks! That does it!" Ms Gascoigne said firmly. "Remove your blazer and bend over your desk. I intend to absolutely cream you."

Claire Brooks almost breathed a sigh of relief. It was not that the prospect of being absolutely creamed by a legendary whop artiste was in the least bit attractive, but it was considerably better than the ghastly alternative. Claire Brooks stood up and hung her blazer over the back of her chair and slithered her upper torso across the lid of her desk.

Pauline Gascoigne flexed her cane between her hands. She was disappointed in Claire but there was no question that she needed to be soundly beaten. She reached forward and turned back Claire's skirt.

The fact that she wasn't upstairs in Mr Humphries' study with her bumbags around her ankles was little solace to Claire as the whippy cane slashed across her bumbags.

Despite her amiable and tolerant persona Pauline Gascoigne was highly respected when it came to the whopping business and delivering an absolute creaming was her tour de force.

Pauline had coined the phrase a year earlier when, frustrated at having to beat Debs Morton on consecutive days, she had warned Deborah she was about to be absolutely creamed. Subsequently, the words had been enough to send a chill up even the most whop-hardened inmate's spine.

Across the hallway Lisa Sutton's ears pricked up like antennas. The unmistakable sound of rattan rattling off gossamer echoed along the corridor. She cast a glance over at the Bounder. Bernadette's eyes were hooded and her expression inscrutable. Lisa drummed her fingers on her desk. She would have to wait a full hour before the next break between lectures to learn the identity of the unfortunate recipient of the critical caning.

Ms Gascoigne had insisted Claire bend further and further over the desk until she was gripping the desk legs almost as far down as the floor. This caused Claire's backside to be pushed further and further

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upwards giving the Dame a perfect shot at the target area.

With Claire's backside prominently positioned Pauline Gascoigne had no difficulty in landing the first five strokes in a tight formation. She took a tight grip on the cane and repositioned her feet slightly and raised her arm. The whippy stick slashed diagonally across the existing strokes to produce a perfect five-bar gate.

The climatic stroke sent electric shock-waves around Claire's central nervous system and made her teeth chatter in agitation. Claire Brooks was in no doubt that she had just been absolutely creamed.

# 7

## Breaking Whops

Lisa raced up the stairs two at a time, ignoring the fact she would get a mandatory six of the best if she was spotted. She raced into her study and switched on her new laptop.

“Come on, come on,” she fretted as the machine booted up.

She clicked on the GalGab icon on her desktop and then the Breaking Whops shortcut. She held her breath.

Breaking Whops			
Time	Name	Phase	Punishment
9.11	Claire Brooks	7	6 Strokes of Cane
9.30	Joanna Heyworth	6	6 Strokes of Cane

Frantically Lisa clicked on the details hyperlink.

Please Check Back Later  
Post-Processing in Progress

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"HOLY SHIT!" shrieked Lisa, "BOUNDER! COME QUICKLY!"

Lisa Sutton hung her head in her hands.

"What's wrong?" asked the astonished Bounder as she raced into the study.

"I think that we just lost twelve and a half grand!" sobbed Lisa, "that's what's fucking wrong!"

The Bounder gaped at Lisa. "What the fuck happened?" The dusky beauty looked almost pale.

"It looks like Claire got herself whopped by the Grand Master!" groaned Lisa.

"Just you wait until I get my hands on her!" growled Bernadette.

Based on the information available Lisa's assumption that the sounds she had heard were from the cane rebounding off Jojo's bumbags was not unreasonable. During Operation Scorched Arse Ms Lawton had revised the protocols to allow for prefects to be punished locally in the lecture rooms. However, the associated paperwork and justifications were so laborious and time-consuming that the majority of the Brass simply showed miscreant pre's a red-card and allowed the Grand Dame to take care of the thrashings herself.

Lisa remained transfixed to her computer screen. Periodically she slapped her hand on the desk in frustration.

"Come on," she groaned. "How long can it take to post-process a fucking beating? I thought that this system was supposed to be a slick as Christmas shit."

The Bounder sat with her head in her hands. Twelve and a half g's would put a major dent in her war-chest.

"I'm gonna string Claire up by her bumbags," she groaned and took a healthy slug of vodka from her hip-flask.

Lisa looked at her watch. Any minute the bell would ring to indicate the end of break and the recommencement of tutorials. She looked over at the Bounder, who looked in serious danger of getting squiffy.

"You'd better quit that," she counseled her chum. "We've got a French class next and it won't look good if you're slurring your words."

The Bounder just snorted and took another slug of vodka.

Lisa turned to switch off her laptop.

"Holy shit, Bounder," she squealed. "Look at this! It wasn't Claire after all, it was fucking Jojo!"

Bernadette leapt to her feet and hurried across the room. Her mind was racing.

"Then we've made out like bandits," she squealed ecstatically. "God bless Jojo and her navy blue gossamer bumbags."

The Bounder was an idle cove by nature but she had an uncanny ability for unraveling the outcome of multiple bets in her head. The tight odds on Jojo being the first gal sent up before the new Grand Master hadn't attracted a significant amount of punters and she was amply covered.

"Look at this," Lisa said pointing at the screen. "Claire got whopped by Ms Gascoigne."

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"Then it looks like you were right. They must have implemented the Programs," said Bernadette darkly, "and that doesn't bode well for anybody's bumbags."

## The Programs

Pauline Gascoigne sat in an easy chair in the Grand Master's office watching him read her report.

"This is very thorough," he complimented her.

"I just wanted to show you that this beating was strictly legitimate and not part of the Programs," she told him.

"The Programs?" asked the Grand Master curiously.

"Yes sir," the Economics Dame told him. "Ms Hodge briefed the Brass this morning. She encouraged us to beat certain members of the Elite as early as possible. But that's why I came to see you Grand Master. I just wanted to assure you that Claire's caning was strictly according to the protocols. As you can see I gave her several verbal warnings and showed her a yellow card before I finally felt compelled to beat her. I don't subscribe to the Programs, sir."

"Ms Hodge briefed you?"

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"Yes sir, I just assumed she was speaking on your behalf and that you had approved the Programs."

"Programs plural?"

"Oh yes sir."

Mr Humphries summonsed the Deputy Grand Dame to his office.

"I assumed as you hadn't revised the briefing notes that the Programs were still in place Grand Master," Ms Hodge told him defensively.

"Briefing notes? What briefing notes?" enquired Mr Humphries.

"The Program briefings, sir. I just took last years, updated them and distributed them," said the Deputy Grand Dame. "I hope I did the right thing," she said unctuously.

"And one of these Programs involves caning prefects?"

"Yes sir. It proved very effective last year."

"And who in your infinite wisdom have you included in this Program?"

"Brooks, of course; she's a real troublemaker. I instructed the Brass to pay special attention to her. I'm very gratified to hear that Ms Gascoigne has finally got with the Programs. By all accounts she absolutely creamed her," Patty said gleefully. "Then there's Rachel Cox and Amanda San Pierre," she continued. "If we clamp down on those three reprobates early in the year things will run a lot more smoothly," Patty said emphatically. "And there's Brompton of course."

"Victoria Brompton?"

"Yes sir."

"She's the fucking Red-shirt!"

"Yes sir, but she's a very bad gal," responded Ms Hodge. "Last year Ms Lawton had the Brass cane Penelope Ann Evans quite regularly. It sets an example to the rest of the Elite if the Red-shirt gets plenty of whops."

Mr Humphries leaned back in his chair thoughtfully. "Tell me about the other Programs."

"Well sir, the mass slipperings will start after the day's curriculum is finished."

"The mass slipperings?"

"Yes sir, we've scheduled a full clobber stand down for four thirty."

"A full clobber stand down?"

"Yes sir. Standard practice. The inmates come back to the facility in their nice new clobber and think they don't have to do any maintenance. We'll do a full hands on head, bib down inspection sir. You'd be surprised how much clobber abuse we'll find. There will be hanging threads, chipped buttons, loose braiding, and at least a dozen gals will have their top buttons unfastened or showing more than fifty per cent. Last term we slipped nearly a third of the inmates."

Mr Humphries stared at the Deputy Grand Dame. "We?" he asked.

"Due to volume of abuse we are expecting we will split the slipperings between Katie Beck and myself. That way it gives our arms a short rest, so everybody gets a really good dose."

"Well that would make sense," nodded the Grand Master sagely. "And are there any other Programs that you'd like to share with me?"

## A New Regime

“Just the ongoing ‘Get Morton’ Program. Officially that kicks off tomorrow with a thrashing from Ms Whitton. But she’s a serial clobber abuser so I won’t be at all surprised if she doesn’t get slipped this afternoon.”

“Oh good grief,” snapped the Grand Master. “Ring the bell and round up the Brass!”

## **“You’re Out of Here”**

“He did what now?” asked Debs as she burst into the study.

“He took her down to the Brat-chamber and spanked her,” reported Nixdown.

“You have to be kidding me,” gasped Deborah. Nix shook her head firmly. “Sadly not,” she said.

Debs and Nixdown peered down at Jojo’s rear end. Joanna was spread out across Rosemary Booker’s lap having her wounds kneaded with mystical balms. There was absolutely no question that they were viewing a well-spanked bottom. The flesh was a cherry red from top to tail.

“And he caned her,” said Rosemary.

“We can see that, silly,” said Debs. She continued her inspection. “Damn good formation,” she said approvingly.

“Good grouping,” agreed Nix, “and no sign of wraparounds. Just a good clean licking.”

“Favors the five bar gate, I see,” observed Debs. “So, how was he?”

## A New Regime

"Different," said Jojo. "Very, very different."

At the back of the lecture room Jojo passed the note across to Nixdown, an ecstatic look on her face. On her way to the lecture room she had passed by the common room and was delighted to find an envelope in her pigeonhole. The writing on the front was unmistakable. Secreting the envelope in her satchel she hurried to attend her lecture.

Throughout the geography lecture Joanna desperately tried to pay attention to Ms Wharton's boring monologue on the subject of Venezuela's mineral reserves, but all she could think about was the envelope in her bag. Finally temptation got the better of her and when she was sure that the Wart wasn't looking Jojo surreptitiously removed it and placed it on her desk, hiding it under her textbook. With subtle fingers she worked the envelope open and extracted its contents.

To her delight she found a pretty card and when she opened it she read the message; "My Dearest Jojo, Thank you for the wonderful summer, I'll never forget you, Love Mario."

She read it twice and then with a delighted grin she passed it across to her chum, Nicola Jane.

Nix smiled, winked and made a crude gesture with her tongue. Involuntarily Joanna began to giggle uncontrollably. Quickly she clapped her hand to her mouth but she knew it was too late. Balefully she looked towards the front of the room and saw the gimlet gaze with which the Wart had fixed her.

"Stand up gal, yes you gal!" the Geo-Dame snapped.

"Me, Ma'am?" Joanna asked with a look of feigned surprise on her face.

The Warts face darkened. "Yes you Heyworth, who else do you think I'm talking to?"

"Oh," muttered Joanna. She pushed her chair back and rose to her feet.

"So tell me Heyworth what do you find so amusing?" the Wart demanded.

"Amusing Ma'am? Well nothing. Nothing that I can think of. I am not amused," Jojo replied quickly. "Not amused at all."

By now the Dame was bustling up the aisle. Jojo breathed deeply and did her best to look penitent.

"I was just momentarily distracted Ma'am. I apologize it won't happen again," Joanna said hurriedly.

Reaching Jojo's desk the Dame picked up her textbook and scrutinized it.

"Have you any idea of the subject matter we have been discussing?" the Wart asked irritably.

"Yes of course Ma'am," Joanna said confidently. "The oil reserves of Lake Maracaibo."

The Geo-Dame stared intently at Joanna, not speaking. A flicker of a wolfish smile crossed her face. It was a smile that Jojo recognized all too well. Her heart sank.

"Oh shit," she thought, "clearly not."

Slowly, methodically Ms. Wharton shook her head.

"No, Heyworth. The subject of Lake Maracaibo was closed some time ago. Evidently your distraction was something more than momentary."

"Picky bitch," thought Joanna.

## A New Regime

"How many times have I beaten you Heyworth?" the Dame asked.

"Oh good grief," thought Joanna. She did her best to meet the tutor's gaze evenly. The Wart was amongst the most despised Dames at the unit and specialized in sweating the inmates.

Joanna shrugged, "Dunno Ma'am, probably once or twice if I remember correctly," she muttered.

"Once or twice?" the Dame mused. "I would put it you that your memory might be playing tricks with you."

Joanna Heyworth glared at the Geo-Dame. "You can put it where the sun doesn't shine," she thought angrily. "Well maybe a few more than that. I could check my punishment record book if you need precise statistics," she muttered darkly.

"Well on this occasion I shan't be adding to that statistic," said the Wart and reached into her pocket. Theatrically the Geo-Dame extracted her red card and thrust it in Jojo's face.

"You're out of here Heyworth," she snarled nastily. "And tell the Grand Master that I want you beaten soundly for disrupting my lecture."

Jojo glared at the Wart and pushed back her seat.

## Worth a Flutter

Jojo closed the door behind her and started down the corridor. She had only taken a few paces when she was startled by an explosive crack echoing out from behind a door a little further down the hallway.

To a Woody gal there was no mistaking the sound. To Jojo's surprise the crack appeared to have come from the direction of the room normally occupied by the Elite. She approached the door and peeked through the window. Her suspicions were correct. Inside the room the prefect's heads were all turned towards a desk in the center of the room.

Although the gal bent across the desks head was obscured there was no mistaking the long feline form. Jojo instantly identified the figure prostrated with her bumbags in the air as Claire Brooks.

Jojo winced as Pauline Gascoigne slashed the cane downwards. She could tell from the way that the Dame had Claire set-up that she meant business. Jojo Heyworth knew from painful experience that Claire

## A New Regime

Brooks was in the process of being absolutely creamed.

Out of respect for her chum Jojo waited until the thrashing was over before she continued on her journey.

Joanna stomped through the corridors, her mind racing. This was bad. The first day of lectures and she was already up to her eyes in hot water. The prospect of confronting the new Grand Master for the first time on a disciplinary matter sent a chill up her spine.

During her performance review Mr Humphries had been extremely amiable. They had talked at length about her interests in art, music and drama. He seemed to be genuinely interested and accessible, unlike Ms Lawton who had sometimes appeared a distant and remote figure, permanently locked away in her ivory tower.

During his first week of office he was often seen around the compound, chatting with the gals and discussing their activities with enthusiasm. He made jokes during assembly and always seemed to be smiling. Vicky Brompton, who dealt with him on a day-to-day basis, said he was a thoroughly good egg.

Nonetheless, despite his cheerful demeanor he emanated an unmistakable air of confident authority and nobody was in any doubt as to who was now in charge of the unit.

Jojo passed by the heavy oak door of the Grand Master's office until she reached a second office. She tapped on the door and went in.

Katie Beck was seated behind her desk. As usual she was dressed in her skin tight crisp white uniform, which she left unbuttoned enough to amply exhibit her cleavage. Idly Joanna wondered how long it would be before the vivacious Beckster got her claws into Mr. Humphries.

"I need inspecting," Jojo informed the Matron through gritted teeth. Amongst the many indignities the Woody Gals were forced to endure, the pre-whop inspection was one of the most hated.

Katie grinned cheerfully. "So early in the term and you just couldn't wait to be whopped."

Joanna crossed to the ante-room, put her hands under her skirt and rolled her bumbags down to the tops of her thighs, flipped her skirt up and bent forward and laid her chest on the desk.

Behind her Katie poked and prodded and pinched the upturned backside. Then after delivering an unnecessary slap she pronounced Jojo's bum to be "in splendid shape for a whopping."

Theoretically the purpose of inspection was to ensure no damage, other than the obvious, would be done to a gal's butt from corporal punishment. Nobody could remember a gal being deemed unfit for punishment by the wicked Katie.

Joanna corrected her attire, threw a glower at Katie and headed towards the heavy oak door.

"I'm sorry to bother you, sir," Joanna Heyworth said with as much confidence as she could muster, "but Ms Wharton sent me up to be caned."

For a short moment the Grand Master sat in silence behind the large oak desk, calmly perusing the pretty red-head standing before him.

## A New Regime

"Ah," he said casually. "Miss Heyworth. This is rather satisfactory. I staked fifty quid on you with the Bounder."

Joanna stared at him incredulously.

"You placed a bet with the Bounder sir?"

He smiled cheerfully. "Why certainly. She seems a very enterprising young lady."

"And you bet on me?"

"Yes Heyworth. Who else? After all I do have access to the records and I thought that even at five to one you were worth a flutter."

"Oh good grief!" spluttered Jojo in astonishment.

## Just a Misunderstanding

Mr. Humphries sat quietly behind his desk staring at the screen of his computer. Joanna stood pensively in the middle of the room doing her best not to fidget. The Grand Master seemed relaxed and not the least perturbed by her presence. She found his silence a little unnerving.

The Grand Master finally turned away from the computer and smiled cheerfully at Joanna. "Quite the minx aren't we Miss Heyworth?" he grinned.

Jojo flushed a little but said nothing.

"When I took this job," Mr. Humphries drawled languidly, "I was informed of a certain element of dedicated mischief makers around the place. Your name came up quite regularly in this context."

Joanna pursed her lips.

"Oh shit," she thought to herself.

"You have told me you have been sent up for the cane? Is that correct?" he said amiably.

"Yes sir," Joanna mumbled.

## A New Regime

"And for what particular malfeasance are you honoring me with your presence today, Miss Heyworth?" he drawled.

Joanna frowned. "Well sir," she started, "it's all a misunderstanding really. I was momentarily distracted, it's sometimes hard to concentrate during the first days of term don't ya know sir?"

Mr. Humphries looked askance.

"Well momentary distraction hardly seems a caning offense," he said idly. "After all we wouldn't want you going about with a very sore bottom just for a lapse of concentration would we? If that's all there is perhaps I should take it up with the Dame in question. Seems damned intolerant of her. Who was it you said sent you up?"

"Umm ... Ms Wharton, sir. But, sir, there was some other trivial stuff," Jojo mumbled.

"Oh, pray tell."

"Well sir I suppose I was giggling a bit," Joanna tried to think of the right words to use.

He watched her silently.

"She kind of said I was kind of disrupting the lecture," she blurted out.

"Kind of? How does one kind of disrupt a lecture?" he asked casually.

"Well sir that's what she said, she said I was disrupting the lecture but I really don't think I was. As I said I was merely momentarily distracted, and then well I started giggling, and well when she looked I had kind of lost my place in the book and..." she trailed off.

"And?"

"And, well, she sent me up for six, sir."

The Grand Master smiled cheerfully and span around in his chair and began to look out of the window.

Joanna studied the Grand Master; he seemed quite reasonable. Ms. Lawton had rarely questioned the judgment of the Brass, if gals were sent up for six she felt duty bound to deliver them. On several occasions Joanna had been keen to present a defense to the Grand Dame but before she knew it she was head down, arse up with the stinging senior cane working its magic on her defenseless nates.

Not that she really thought that her rather lame defense was likely to have much effect, but at least Mr Humphries had let her have her say.

Mr Humphries finally turned his chair around and stood up. He smiled as he walked around his desk. Jojo expected him to cross to the tallboy where the canes were kept and she was just about to shrug off her blazer when he crossed to the door.

"Come with me Joanna," he said in a calm voice.

They walked together through the same labyrinth of corridors that Jojo had stomped through minutes earlier. He appeared to be taking her back to the lecture room. She surmised that he wanted to confer with the Wart. Jojo was not enthused by the idea. She was certain that given the opportunity that the Wart would make up some right porkies and make matters worse.

To Jojo's surprise they continued past the lecture room she had been dismissed from and

## A New Regime

continued along the corridor. She was now thoroughly bewildered.

Finally they reached another room and he turned the doorknob. He pushed open the door and ushered Joanna inside. Jojo gaped.

## A Brat Spanking

Ms Powell, the Dame who taught English Literature at the facility, stopped in midstream, looking to Mr Humphries in surprise.

"Grand Master?" she asked.

"Oh do excuse me Ms Powell," he said in a relaxed manner. "This will take but just a few moments."

He turned and addressed the room full of the newest entrants to the social rehabilitation program. "Good morning ladies," he started.

"Good morning sir," the new inmates chorused.

"You may or may not know of Miss Heyworth," Mr Humphries said pointing at Jojo, "but I'm sure in the fullness of time you will learn of her reputation. The problem is that Miss Heyworth has been at the facility for some years yet she continues to behave as if she is a newcomer." As he spoke the Grand Master walked over to the Dame's desk and brought her chair to the front of the lecture room. He sat down on the chair.

## A New Regime

"Oh good fucking grief," thought Joanna in disbelief.

"This morning I would like to give you an exhibition of what happens should you choose to emulate Miss Heyworth's penchant for disrupting your academic activities." He beckoned to Jojo. "If you would be so kind, Miss Heyworth, as to arrange yourself across my lap we can begin," he said amiably.

Unwillingly Jojo approached the Grand Master. He appeared totally calm, as if this was the most normal occurrence in the world.

Jojo felt his hand on her wrist and he gently guided her downwards.

On the way back to the Grand Master's office Mr Humphries seemed unperturbed. Jojo on the other hand was deeply perturbed. She was in a state of considerable shock.

Mr Humphries had put her across his knee, flipped up her skirt and spanked her vigorously. Very vigorously. He had given her six sets of six smacks on alternating cheeks, covering every inch of her bum from top to tail.

After he had released Jojo he had politely apologized to the English Dame, wished the Little Brats good day and informed Joanna that there was still a matter of a caning to conclude.

Joanna slipped off her blazer and hung it over the back of the straight-backed chair. Jojo watched as the Grand Master selected a cane from the collection hanging from hooks in the tall-boy. He took his time, flexing each one and swishing them through the air.

Jojo turned back and faced the chair. Then, with a deep breath, she leaned forward and bent over.

Mr Humphries folded back Joanna's skirt. He watched as she raised her hips slightly to allow him to lower her bumbags and roll them down over her hips. She maneuvered herself further over the chair, until she had a hold on the crossbar. She kept her knees closely locked together. He stepped back and took a tight grip on the cane, placing it squarely across the crown to take his measure.

"Yikes," thought Jojo as the cane swiped down. The straight-backed chair had been the setting for many of Jojo's most challenging moments. Her rise to the top of the Hall of Shame had brought her to the principal's office on a very regular basis and each visit had predictably been concluded in the same painful manner. When the cane striped across her backside she realized immediately that she would need to draw on every moment of her many experiences bent over the very same chair.

Jojo smoothed her skirt down and took her blazer from the back of the chair. She pulled on the jacket and slowly fastened the top button. She turned around. The Grand Master was hanging the long, thin cane back in the tall-boy. He turned away and caught her eye.

"Well, how was it Heyworth?" he asked her casually.

Jojo frowned. "Middling, I suppose," she said tightly as she handed over her Punishment Record Book so that the beating could be post-processed.

## A New Regime

"Only middling? Well I'll have to try harder next time," he grinned as he entered the details in the small book, "and I'm sure that there will be a next time."

"Grrrrrrrrr!" muttered Joanna Heyworth. She snatched back her PRB and wriggled out of the room.

## A Woody Glasnost

Over lunch the Brass debated the content of the Mr Humphries' speech at the emergency meeting. The new Grand Master had made it quite clear that there would be no Programs, that inmates would no longer be targeted or considered hostile and announced the immediate dissolution of Operation Scorched Arse. He explained that he wanted discipline to continue and to be imposed rigorously but he expected all punishments to be warranted and legitimate.

The members of the Radical Right were apoplectic at his decision to abandon Operation Scorched Arse and were suspicious that a liberal had taken over the unit.

Katie Beck was livid at the cancellation of the 'Full clobber stand down'. She had been looking forward to the opportunity that the stand down gave her to get in some large-scale, legitimate rump roasting.

## A New Regime

However, the majority of the Brass considered the new Grand Master's revised policies to be sensible and appropriate. Many had been of the opinion that towards the end of her tenure that Ms Lawton had lost control of the facility to Patty Hodge and that the imposition of the unit's strict disciplinary policies had deteriorated into tyranny.

Mr Humphries announced the termination of Operation Scorched Arse and programs of hostile targeting on the new GalGab intranet in an article titled 'Woody World – A Caring Culture for the New Age'.

The Woody gals read excitedly of his plan to emphasize candor and to encourage a spirit of teamwork and openness. Although the article was quick to point out that corporal punishment would remain as the primary method of dealing with indiscipline, the inmates were relieved to read that some of the more wretched elements of life at the facility had finally been eliminated.

Mr Humphries promised that a complete revision of the protocols would be posted on the website as soon as they were completed.

Ms Hodge was iridescent with anger when she read the article. She summonsed Katie Beck, the Wart and Ms Whitton to the saloon bar of the Bunch of Grapes for a summit on how they could undermine what she described as 'this ridiculous Woody Glasnost'.

"He has to be stopped," Patty raged. "He doesn't seem to understand that if we give the inmates an inch they'll take over the facility."

Patty's cohorts were equally distressed. Katie had spent several years designing many of the more dastardly forms of humiliation of the inmates and feared that they might be abolished.

Ms Whitton had been devastated during her earlier interview with the Grand Master when he had quizzed her about the regularity that she found reason to bend Debs over the piano stool. Although she had been quick to assure him that all the beatings were above board and strictly street legal she had been left with the distinct feeling that they would actually need to be in the future.

The Wart slammed down tequila shots and bitched and moaned about the Grand Master's insistence that punishment reports should be filed in a timely manner and should show full justification for each and every beating. "Ish not sprite," she moaned, "Mish Shlawton ushed to trusht ush!"

Patty scowled and ordered another round of drinks on Katie Beck's tab.

Mr Humphries leaned back in his wing-backed leather chair, put his feet up on the window-sill of his office and looked out across the sweeping downs. He had a smile on his face. He had watched Patty Hodge carefully while he was speaking at the emergency meeting. She was a shrewd woman and had been purposefully non-confrontational, nodding in the right places and doing her best to appear supportive. Nonetheless, her body language told a different story. She was as tense as a rattlesnake and despite the

## A New Regime

unctuous smile on her face he could tell that her brilliantly warped mind was working overtime. She was certainly a piece of work. He grinned to himself and sipped his glass of chardonnay. She would certainly be a challenge.

Debs Morton breathed a sigh of relief as she left the music room. Ms Whitton had ignored her for most of the tutorial, addressing her strictly on the business at hand. Deborah had been dreading the music tutorial and the ominous bets on her bumbags being cut to tatters had only served to accentuate her sense of trepidation. Debs had good reason to be concerned. For the past two terms it had become standard operating procedure for Ms Whitton to bend her over the piano stool and beat her with a violin bow during the first music tutorial.

Debs Morton prided herself that she could take a licking with the best of them but the undeserved thrashings from the music instructor were almost too much for her to bear. Her chums had given her sympathetic hugs as she trudged morosely towards the venue of the inevitable beating, consoling her and reminding her it was only whops.

"Only whops, my arse," Debs had grunted cynically.

## Red Card

At lunchtime the Bounder settled up her bets. As she had predicted the short odds on Jojo had saved her bumbags and she had turned a tidy profit. Bernadette paid Joanna a handsome ten quid a whop for her troubles.

The news of Jojo's Brat Spanking spread like wild fire and caused considerable consternation in the ranks. Understandably the more senior gals were not enthused by the prospect of being put over the Grand Master's knee down in the Brat Chamber. They sought out Lady Vix and encouraged her to make discrete enquiries as to whether this was to be introduced as new policy.

Even the most persistent minxes were subdued during the afternoon tutorials considering it wise to behave until they got a ruling on the matter of Brat Spankings and the other rules, regulations and protocols that the Grand Master had promised to rule on in the immediate future.

## A New Regime

The following morning, after assembly, Lady Victoria took Deborah Morton to one side.

"Look Debs," the Red-shirt said quietly. "I saw you goofing in the hall and I want you to cut it out. I gotta warn you sister. I won't tolerate it and I will chuck you out."

Deborah Morton snorted, but she nodded at Vix acknowledging that she understood.

On Thursday morning Rachel Cox informed Lady Vix that she had spotted Deborah Morton goofing in assembly again.

"I don't want to make trouble for her," sighed the Deputy Red-shirt, "but she wasn't even being subtle about it."

Victoria rolled her eyes. "It's okay Raitch, I'll deal with it," she said darkly.

Instead of chucking Debs out she dispatched Cassie Cassy to summons the remaining members of the Dirty Dozen to a summit in the library.

"You are my best chums," she told them. "I love and adore each one of you as sisters but I need to warn you. There will be no favoritism on my watch. If you rubbish my pre's they will card you. If you break the rules they will thrash you. Is that understood?"

Jojo grinned. "Yes Ma'am, you the boss."

The other gals laughed, "Yeah you go sis, give us hell!"

"And one last thing. If I catch you goofing in assembly again Debs I'm going to chuck you out."

Deborah flushed and glared at Vix.

"You got a problem with that, Debs?" the Red-shirt asked sharply.

"No Vix," Debs muttered sulkily, "What ever you fucking say."

Lady Vix and Debs were tight. Their friendship had grown and flourished over the years in parallel with the growth of the mega-minx movement and never so intensely as during Operation Scorched Arse. OSA had strengthened the camaraderie amongst the minx's as they fought back against the oppressive regime, retaliating with an unprecedented program of mischief and mayhem.

Nonetheless, the newly appointed Red-shirt was aware that despite their friendship Deborah Morton was not beyond yanking her chain to see just how far she could push her.

On the following Monday morning the Grand Master was surprised to find Debs standing by the door of the assembly hall. During the previous week Cassandra Cassidy and Julie Beckett had both been sent to the front of the hall for misbehaving. However, the two gals were still in the early phases of their sentences and Deborah Morton was considered a senior member of the community.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I was chucked out for goofing," muttered Debs, her cheeks reddening slightly.

Mr Humphries looked over at the Red-shirt. "Isn't this a break in protocol?" he asked.

"Not strictly sir," Vix told him. "I have warned her twice, once privately and once publicly. I felt I was left with no choice."

## A New Regime

The Grand Master nodded and turned back to Deborah. He noticed her top button was unfastened and the knot of her tie slightly lowered.

"You know the procedure," he told her, "cut along and get yourself inspected; I'll be along to cane you shortly."

"Yes sir," muttered Debs and she hurried from the hall.

Victoria Brompton sighed. She strode purposefully down the aisle until she reached the row where the Phase 6 inmates were seated. She reached into her blazer pocket and produced a red card and held it in the air.

"Deborah Morton, Phase 6," she announced firmly. "Step up for goofing!"

The Woody gals watched in surprise as Deborah maneuvered her way passed her chums. The sight of Debs being chucked out was not unusual; in fact she held the unenviable record for being evicted from the assembly hall. Nonetheless she was the most senior gal anybody could remember being sent to stand in the position of disgrace at the front of the hall.

As she passed by Victoria Deborah's eyes narrowed angrily, Vix ignored her, returning her glare impassively.

## Collar and Tie Protocol

Deborah Morton morosely pressed her nose against the wall and placed her hands on top of her head. She was inwardly seething at being chucked out by Victoria. Debs couldn't deny that she had been bang to rights on the goofing charges but she felt that Vix could have cut her some slack and sent her up more discretely. As usual, she pointedly ignored the fact that the Red-shirt had given her two earlier warnings.

"I would have thought that at the very least you would have straightened your tie Morton," commented the Grand Master.

Deborah pulled a face. "It's not allowed sir," she explained. "The protocols require us to report for inspection without correcting any items of clobber abuse that exist at the time we are chucked out."

"Oh?" said the Grand Master.

It was another protocol he must have glossed over. He was amazed at the detail that Ms Lawton had built into the rules and regulations. He turned to

## A New Regime

his keyboard and typed 'Clobber Abuse' into the protocols search engine. From a pull-down menu he clicked the mouse on 'collar and tie'.

### **Clobber Abuse Guideline Protocols Sub-Section – Collar and Tie**

**Guideline Protocol 6.3.3.1:  
Correct Configuration of Collar and Tie  
Punishment Classification: Loose collar  
and tie is a Class 1 – Zero-Tolerance act  
of Clobber Abuse and caning is therefore  
mandatory.**

As a mandatory principle collars must be fastened at all times with the knot of the necktie covering the top button. To avoid unreasonable punishment for natural slippage of the knot of the tie a maximum of fifty per cent of the top button may be showing.

It is the inmates' sole responsibility to ensure that her neckwear is compliant with the regulation. However, in the event that a member of the Brass or the Elite notices that there is a potential that an inmate is in jeopardy of contravening the regulation due to what can reasonably be interpreted as natural slippage they will draw the attention of the inmate to the potential for a clobber abuse infraction for immediate correction.

## **Punishment Guidelines**

Members of the Brass or the Elite may elect to administer punishment locally. Punishments will be limited to six strokes with bumbags retained.

However, prior to performing a local beating the administrator shall study the recipients Personal Punishment Record Book. In the event that an inmate has received two previous punishments during any given term she shall be immediately referred to the Principals office for a bare bender.

In the event that an inmate is dismissed from location for another offence and a condition of Clobber Abuse exists she should be directed to report for inspection without correction of the abusive condition. Under these circumstances the abuse will be treated as a secondary offense and the inmate will be required to report to Matron's office before brekker on the subsequent morning where she will be slippered in accordance with the Matron's Charter for Clobber Abuse.

## A New Regime

### Reference Photographs

#### Correct Neckwear Configuration



#### Allowable Configurations Require Warning for Immediate Correction



## Unacceptable Configurations Require Immediate Caning



**Special Instruction:** In the event that a inmate has more than a single blouse button unfastened, as shown in reference photograph below, she will deemed to be guilty of Gross Clobber Abuse and should be referred to the Principal for a bare bender regardless of her previous record.



## A New Regime

Mr Humphries couldn't deny that Ms Lawton had been thorough. She seemed to have taken every eventuality into consideration. There seemed little room for interpretation. He looked up at Deborah who was clearly doing her best not to fidget. There was no question that her collar and tie were unacceptably configured.

"I take it you have an appointment with Matron in the morning," he said.

"I suppose so sir," she told him.

"Suppose so? What does that mean?"

"Well she's made me a reservation," Deborah said, "but it's kind of against protocol. Katie doesn't normally slipper senior inmates." She had thought this strategy up while Mr Humphries was studying the computer monitor. Considering the Grand Master had thought nothing of taking Jojo down and spanking her in the Brat Chamber she didn't think it would fly but nonetheless it was worth a punt.

"I have just read the entire protocol and I saw nothing like that," said the Grand Master.

"It's a kind of unwritten protocol sir," said Debs.

"Oh, one of those," laughed the Grand Master. "Now remove your blazer and bend over the chair. And Morton make sure you are prompt for your appointment in the morning."

"Yes sir," said Deborah dismally.

## Slippering a Senior

"She shouldn't have done that," Debs complained bitterly.

"Oh put a sock in it," growled Nixdown. "She gave you fair warning."

Even Deborah's closest chums had little sympathy for her bitching. They were in no doubt that their chum had blatantly goaded Lady Vix as some kind of challenge. Deborah had a reputation for courting controversy. Although she had legions of fans and admirers, she also promoted a healthy cynicism amongst some of her peers. Her chums had sympathized at her fall from grace during the previous year and the rotten way she had been treated by Ms Lawton and Ms Whitton. Nonetheless, they acknowledged that the vendettas were not entirely unprovoked. Nicola Jane Nixon, who was a renowned skeptic, was of the opinion that Deborah was jealous of Jojo's position as Big BUTT and purposefully provoked her showcase punishments as an act of self-promotion and to keep her name on the gossvine.

Deborah pouted sullenly.

## A New Regime

Deborah dismally stretched out across Katie's lap. She had woken early and dressed slowly. Most mornings Debs got up and went straight down to the tennis courts for personal coaching with Ms Lummell. She would take her power bars and nutritious smoothies with her so she could cut brekker in the cafeteria.

The only exceptions to her routine were days when she was obliged to attend early morning circulation kick-start sessions with Katie Beck.

Deborah was notoriously negligent about the Politics of Clobber and over the years she had been a regular attendee at Katie's sessions.

Debs had been partially truthful when she had explained to the Grand Master that it was an unwritten protocol that seniors were exempt from being slipped by the unit's matron. During the early days of the unit Ms Lawton had generally protected the seniors from suffering the indignity of being put over the knee of a matron who was not much older than them and had limited Katie's senior slippings to incidents of extreme clobber abuse. However, Debs also knew that during Operation Scorched Arse Ms Lawton had allowed Katie considerable more latitude in her interpretations of 'extreme' and many of the seniors had found themselves taking disagreeable trips across Katie's knee.

With the dissolution of Operation Scorched Arse the senior inmates had hoped that some of the original niceties of the protocols might have been reinstated.

Deborah sighed, head down, arse up, over Katie's knees waiting to have her bumbags pounded

with a leather-soled slipper the prospects of reversion to the status quo did not look promising.

Katie Beck was elated. The prospect of a pre-approved slipping of a senior was as good as it got.

During the summer break Katie Beck had vacationed in the Greek islands and had been impressed by the local stores selling hand stitched leather goods. She had been especially impressed by the array of leather sandals and had carefully selected several pairs that she felt would really kick start the Woody gals circulation.

She had Deborah tucked in tightly and was determined to give the senior gal a real bum-burner.

Debs Morton did her best to remain motionless across Katie's lap. She was bent like a bow, her arms and legs fully outstretched and her nose close to the floor. The leather-soled slipper was slapping down loudly off her drum tight bumbags and Deborah instantly recognized that the new slipper was a particularly potent weapon. Despite their universal dislike of Katie Beck the gals had a grudging admiration for her ability with the slipper. The new addition to her artillery did not bode well for the inmates' bumbags. Debs Morton figured she was in for a very thorough bum burning.

Katie Beck warmed to her work. The new leather slipper was proving to be a very effective instrument. Katie had slipped Deborah on numerous occasions and knew she was a tough nut to crack; nonetheless it was clear from the start that Deborah was immediately feeling the effects of the new leather

## A New Regime

slipper. Katie knew that Debs was doing her best to stay still but each time the slipper smacked down Katie could feel her body jerking in distress. Katie grinned to herself and whapped the slipper down with gay abandon.

Pinned down across Katie's lap Deborah could do nothing to resist. The matron had her tucked in tightly with her bumbags perched up proud so that it was perfectly positioned to receive the full impact of every meaty slap.

Katie Beck grinned wolfishly and Deborah Morton winced.

## The Politics of Clobber

Katie Beck had assumed that the new Grand Master would endorse her view that if a gal misbehaved she left herself open to any humiliation and indignity that her superiors found appropriate.

Katie Beck, a founding member of the SS, the architect of collarings, sweating and inspections had been given free rein during Operation Scorched Arse to fully impose the Politics of Clobber. She had reveled in the opportunity to make life for the Woody gals as miserable as possible.

She enthusiastically explained her philosophies to the new Grand Master who listened politely without passing comment.

One morning the Grand Master noticed that almost ten minutes had elapsed between Lisa Sutton arriving at Katie Beck's office for inspection prior to punishment.

After he had finished giving the Minxster a red-hot bare bender he summonsed the unit matron into his office.

## A New Regime

Once again she enthusiastically explained that leaving the inmates bare bummed sprawled across the desk in her ante-room was an extremely effective method of increasing the anxiety the hapless victim would experience prior to punishment.

Shortly afterwards a dumbfounded Katie Beck found herself face down across the Grand Master's lap having her bottom smacked during Callover in front of the ecstatic inmates. For a short time prolonged inspections became a thing of the past.

Katie was bemoaning her lot in the saloon bar of the Bunch of Grapes.

"It's outrageous," she complained. "He has no right to spank me. I'm a member of the fucking Brass."

"You're not full Brass," said Patty snidely. "He'd never dare do that to proper Brass."

Katie scowled at Patty. "What do you mean I'm not full Brass?" she snapped.

Patty Hodge looked down her nose imperiously. "You're just the Matron. You look after laundry and a little bit of admin, hardly Brass tasks."

Katie glowered. "It ain't right," she sulked. "I'm just as much Brass as the rest of you."

Patty Hodge and the Wart just grinned.

A week later Katie was once again summonsed into the Grand Master's office.

"I believe you just punished Belinda Lee again?" he enquired.

"Oh yes sir," Katie enthused proudly. "Clobber abuse."

"That's the third time in the last fortnight," he observed.

Katie nodded. "She's terribly clobber challenged," she told him.

Mr Humphries stared at his computer screen. "Your report says that you stopped her in the corridor and performed an unscheduled bib-down, tie-back clobber inspection."

Katie nodded again. "It's allowed under the protocols. I noticed that her tie was in a potentially zero-tolerance mode and I warned her to correct it. I thought it would be prudent to check for any other abuses."

"And what did you discover?" asked the Grand Master

"Frayed cuffs, Grand Master," Katie informed him. "These gals have no respect for the cost of clobber," she said earnestly.

"Let me understand this," Mr Humphries mused. "You slipped her for having frayed cuffs on a blouse that she hadn't handed in for laundry?"

"Yes sir," Katie acknowledged. "Standard practice."

Mr Humphries looked thoughtful. "Seems a little harsh," he said gently.

"No Grand Master, not at all. If we don't impress the importance of the Politics of Clobber on them there will be anarchy."

Mr Humphries smiled at Katie. "Perhaps you would be so kind as to bend over the arm of the sofa," he said mildly.

Katie looked incredulous. "Excuse me Grand Master?"

## A New Regime

Without raising his voice Mr Humphries looked Katie Beck in the eye and said, "The sofa. I asked you to bend over the arm."

Thus, Katie Beck learned the Grand Master's opinions on the Politics of Clobber with twelve mighty swipes of the cane.

## **Aero-Dynamics**

Life for the mega-minxes had taken a turn for the better. Mr Humphries seemed passionately dedicated both to the facility and the best interests of the inmates. Ms Lawton had always encouraged the gals to participate in extra curricula activities but the programs had often seemed staid and archaic. Ms Lawton had opposed the gal's access to the Internet in any form and had banned them from having cellular phones.

The new Grand Master had ripped out the antiquated computer server that had been in use at the facility for the past ten years, replacing it with a super-fast fiber optic system that had wireless connectivity to the gal's laptops and work stations. He issued the Elite gals cell phones so that they could remain connected as they patrolled the facility and any gal who went into town was given access to a phone so she could call in an emergency. He handed out pda's to all eighty-four inmates and allowed monitored Internet access to the whole unit. He espoused web-based learning and encouraged the

## A New Regime

gals to set up chat rooms and bulletin boards to swap ideas and information about common interests. Every gal had a homepage that was accessible via the GalGab intranet where she was allowed to post whatever she pleased within pre-set guidelines. He advocated self-sufficiency for the unit and instead of hiring high cost IT consultants he assigned the facilities keenest technocrat, Nicola Jane Nixon, to ensure the smooth running of the system.

He announced plans for weekly guest speakers and performers to visit the facility, ranging from lecturers and motivational speakers, to classical, jazz and rock musicians, poets and authors.

He organized forums where the inmates could bring ideas for in-house projects and he helped facilitate their incubation.

He encouraged the inmates to be more self-sufficient. He fired the outside catering staff and made Cassie Cassy Director of Culinary Services with a healthy budget. Every day she would be allocated a kitchen staff from amongst the inmates to provide exciting and nutritious fare to the dining hall.

He gave them carte blanche to make proposals for redecoration. He assigned Jojo the role of head of creative design with Lisa Sutton acting as her assistant.

The Grand Master slowly and painstakingly set about winning the inmate's confidence and ensuring that there wouldn't be any hiccoughs in their social rehabilitation.

The high jinx of the mega-minxes didn't seem to disturb the Grand Master in the least. In fact they amused him greatly and he treated them indulgently, even when he was disciplining them.

The Grand Master was especially fond of Joanna Heyworth. Jojo had been one of the first gals to embrace his project forum concept and had already proposed a series of short plays she wanted to produce and had opened a master-class program in faux finishes and trompe l'oeil. He found her cheerful and earnest, clever and witty, and very, very naughty all at the same time.

Mr Humphries smiled at Jojo as she stood before him doing a woefully poor caricature of contrition as she explained why she had been called upon to visit him for fourth time in the space of three weeks. He rather fancied that the Dame who had chucked her out of the lecture room's version of events might differ slightly from Jojo's. Nonetheless he listened with patient amusement.

"So Heyworth, let me make sure I understand this," he said finally. "The reason that you happened to take your ruler and use it to project a missile across the lecture room was just for research?"

"Well it wasn't a missile sir," she corrected him. "It was an artistic interpretation of a biplane. We had been discussing aero dynamics and I was just making sure I had things straight."

"Aero dynamics huh?" asked the Grand Master.

"Yes sir," confirmed Jojo.

"Well I think I have just the thing to show you the true physics of aero dynamics," he said standing up. Jojo bit her lip. She didn't like the sound of that. She watched nervously as he crossed to the tallboy.

Mr Humphries was anything but conventional. Mr Humphries had a veritable armory in the tallboy.

## A New Regime

Along with his selection of senior canes, gals returned from his study with tales of straps and slippers. Jojo gasped as he produced from the cupboard, a wooden paddle with holes drilled along its shaft. Jojo had read about American gals getting paddled and that the holes increased the aero dynamism producing a blistering effect.

“Oh good grief,” she muttered.

## A Physics Lesson

Jojo lay prostrate across the desk, her bumbags lowered to her ankles and her skirt turned back. Behind her Mr Humphries had laid the shiny wooden paddle across her naked bottom. Joanna stretched her arms out until they dangled over the edge of the desk and prepared herself for the onslaught.

Mr Humphries's physics lesson was comprehensive. Joanna was relieved that she was bent across the heavy desk. The paddle was heavier than the cane and its weight seemed to push her forward when it made its juicy contact. As it pulled back the holes seemed to suck her skin in and pop it out again in a single momentary action.

Jojo figured that the next few minutes were going to be extremely hot and sweaty.

Mr Humphries was pleased with the new paddle. He had spotted it in a store that specialized in such commodities and had immediately recognized its

## A New Regime

potential for enhancing his artillery. It had a round wooden handle that had been neatly wrapped in calf leather. The twelve-inch wooden shaft had been drilled with holes that had been carefully sanded to avoid inflicting unnecessary damage. The wood had been oiled and polished with a dark stain.

Nonetheless despite its aesthetic beauty it was a weapon that needed to be applied judiciously and with dexterity.

He hardly raised his arm at all; using a sharp flick of the wrist and relying on the ingenious device to do exactly what it was designed for. The results were encouraging. At each sharp crack of wood against flesh Jojo's left leg involuntarily crooked at the knee.

This was Jojo's fourth visit to his office in less than three weeks. On the first two occasions he had given her conventional canings and on her third visit he had put her across his knee and tried out a two-tailed tawse he had recently acquired. He had admired the resilience she had shown on each occasion. However, from her agitated reaction he concluded that the new paddle was giving her considerable gyp.

Joanna smoothed down her skirt and straightened her tie. Her backside was roasting. The drilled wooden paddle was a formidable adversary even for the whop-hardened reigning Big BUTT.

Mr Humphries was grinning cheerfully, "Well I expect that was quite warm," he chuckled.

"Yes sir, just a tad, thank you very much," said Jojo sniffily.

"Well perhaps you'll behave yourself a bit better in the future?" the Grand Master laughed. "Although, somehow, I very much doubt it."

"You never know sir," grinned Jojo, "I might just surprise you."

"Perhaps you'd better," he grinned, "because you are now officially code red."

He turned the computer screen so that Jojo could see. At the top of the screen the punishment number field showed '179'.

"Oh great," grumbled Jojo.

The Grand Master had a habit of engaging the gals in informal conversation during post-processing. He appeared impervious to the fact that her bottom was currently hot enough to roast crumpets on and all she really wanted to do was flap her skirt and dance an idiot gig.

Despite the state of the art technology Mr Humphries had introduced post-processing actually took longer than before. The punishment was first typed into the database for publication on the GalGab web-site, and then it was entered into the punishment record book that the inmates carried in the breast pockets of their blazer pockets at all times. He had considered automating the process and beaming the information directly to their pda's but he liked the little PRB's so he maintained the manual process. Finally the punishment was recorded in the huge leather bound ledger, embossed in gold with the Woody shield and calligraphied with the words Punishment Record Book.

He was damned if he was getting rid of the ledger, electronic age or not. The ledger contained records dating back over a hundred and fifty years

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and on careful inspection revealed the nefarious pasts of such Woody luminaries as Susan Lawton, Patty Hodge, Ma Brooks and Ma Morton.

He chatted idly with Jojo while he typed and wrote. Asking her how her draft of the play was progressing and enquiring about the prospects of the riding team at an upcoming horse trial event. Jojo did her best to concentrate and answer intelligently. Her bottom was blazing beneath her bumbags and she felt vaguely disorientated. Finally he slammed the ledger shut, screwed on the top of his fountain pen and asked her if she fancied a drink.

"Pardon me?" gasped Jojo.

"A drink," smiled the Grand Master. "You do drink don't you? I understand that the Bounder keeps a rather large inventory of wines and spirits that I'm sure you avail of liberally. How does a glass of bubbles sound?"

Jojo gaped at the Grand Master. "That would be nice," she spluttered.

The Grand Master smiled and crossed to the drinks cabinet.

## Cat Cassidy

Jojo was a tad lit and was giggling at the Grand Master. Despite the ferocious burning in her bumbags she was having a jolly time. The Grand Master was relaxed and friendly and seemed to have forgotten that less than an hour ago he had been flailing the skin off her butt with a lethal paddle. Mr Humphries had just opened a second bottle of bubbly when a tap on the door interrupted them.

“Come in,” boomed the Grand Master.

The handle of the door turned and the door swung slowly open. Cathryn Cassidy stepped into the room. She was dressed in an extremely short gymslip and high heels. She wore a boater on her head at a jaunty angle.

Cathryn smiled enigmatically. “Excuse me for intruding Grand Master,” she said in an unconcerned drawl, “but I’m here to be caned.”

Cat Cassidy was a Woody legend. She had been amongst the first of the Celebrity Ladettes

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singled out by the Dark Agents of the System to be sent to the Big House.

Cat was the elder daughter of Chris and Caroline Cassidy. The Cassidy's were popular gossip column fodder. Chris was a music mogul, generally credited with reviving the British jazz scene. His wife, Caroline, was a former super-model who had been once listed amongst the five most beautiful women in the world. The manor house they owned on a sprawling estate was the venue for some of the most exclusive social events of the year. Cat was brought up in a world peopled by jazz musicians who wore dark glasses twenty-four-seven, beat writers and poets, and a multitude of artists, models and photographers.

During Cat's days at the strict Dartington Manor school she had garnered a reputation as the epitome of cool. Her total disregard for the rules earned her a school record for being caned. At weekends she was a prominent feature on the burgeoning Ladette party scene.

After leaving school she split her time between working at her father's recording studio, learning the ropes of the business she would one day inherit and studying International Business Law at university. She was regularly photographed dancing late into the night at exclusive night clubs. Tall, dark and beautiful Cathryn Cassidy was the paparazzi's dream. Unfortunately for Cat she was also the System's dream.

The Dark Agents followed her everywhere, looking for opportunities. When none were forthcoming they manufactured evidence and arrested her under the cover of night. Cathryn was

charged with Extreme Ladetting and denied access to a defense counsel. In a closed hearing of the System she was sentenced to seven years at the Back to School unit without the possibility of parole.

Chris and Caroline were outraged and bank-rolled an anti-System and 'Free Cat' campaign. Within days they appeared to have won sympathy for the movement. However, the System was ready to strike back.

They effectively diverted the 'Free Cat' campaign with the high-profile arrests of the Butcher Twins. Patsy and Lindsey Butcher were sprinters who had been selected to represent the country at the forthcoming Olympics. It came to the attention of the Dark Agents that the Amazonian Rastafarian twins were partial to attending all night blues in Ladbroke Grove. It was a simple matter to set up a bust and Patsy and Lindsey were swept up in a drugs raid.

The morning papers castigated the twins and demanded stiff sentences despite there being no evidence of them having been in possession of narcotics. The Great Unwashed immediately turned their attention from Cat's plight and brayed for the twin's heads on a platter. Despite their innocence Patsy and Lindsey were sent to the Big House.

Once the twins had been dispatched the System announced yet another high-profile arrest. Penelope Ann Evans, captain of the Olympic equestrian team, was reported to have failed a routine drug test. The public were outraged, so despite Penny Ann's defense counsel providing concrete evidence that the Systems sample did not come from the famed rider she was also sentenced to the Woody Back to School unit.

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Cat's best friend and fellow Ladette was Melanie White, the daughter of a prominent heart surgeon. Just for good measure the System arrested Melons and made an example of her too.

Chris and Caroline Cassidy continued to lobby for Cat's release but they were swimming in treacle. The wily Dark Agents of the System had clearly won public support and the 'Free Cat' slogan had changed to an indifferent 'Who's Cat' attitude amongst the Great Unwashed.

Cathryn Cassidy refused to be cowed by the harsh circumstances she found herself in and soon teamed up with old party friends from the Extreme Ladetting circuit and began to draft her influential treatise 'The Manifesto of Mega-Minxdom'.

## The Old Gals

Cathryn Cassidy was no longer officially an inmate of the facility. She had completed her seven years and been released on probation. However, in top secret consultation with the Grand Master Cat and two of her chums, Melanie White and Penelope Ann Evans, had elected to stay at the facility and study for their degrees on-line.

For the most part the arrangement was attractive. Cat would remain in close proximity to her long-time lover, Mark, a successful local businessman. Penny Ann would remain eligible to ride on the unit's highly-regarded equestrian team and could continue her affair with Nicola Jane. Melanie figured that it was better to stay and hang-out with her chums than to stay on a college campus where she would be years older than the rest of the students.

The initial round of talks went without controversy. The three Old Gals would be allowed to wear civilian clothes, would no longer be required to obtain passes to leave the compound and were

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granted a relaxed curfew. They would be given well-appointed apartments in a large house in a secluded section of the grounds. Although they had no official duties or title they would be issued with an ashplant and were entitled to thrash any gal they deemed to need thrashing. The Old Gals wouldn't have prearranged curriculums, just informal tutorials and lectures to assist them as they studied for their degrees.

There only remained one unresolved item on the agenda; the protocols that needed to be put in place regarding the disciplining of Old Gals.

Penny Ann and Melanie designated Cat as their spokesperson to attend a meeting that would enter Woody lore as the 'Old Gals Whops and Clobber Summit.'

Cat, Melons and Penny Ann had taken the pragmatic approach that some degree of seat-sniffing was inevitable. Cat was entrusted with the task of damage limitation.

Over several bottles of 1997 Louis Roederer Cristal, Cathryn and the Grand Master sat down to thrash out the new guiding protocols for Old Gal Discipline.

Cathryn negotiated hard on behalf of the Old Gals.

"I suppose it's finally all just come down to whops and clobber," drawled Cat, "the question is how many whops and how much clobber?"

It was late into the night before Cathryn finally signed her name at the bottom of the Old Gal's Whops and Clobber Charter. According to the Charter, in principle, the Old Gals would be disciplined as if

they were an extension of the Elite. Cat skillfully won a number of concessions.

After she screwed the top back on her fountain pen she picked up her glass.

"Bottom's up," she grinned.

The Grand Master extended his glass. "How much your bottom is up and how often is now down to you," he smiled.

Cathryn winked and lit a cigarette.

The following day the three Old Gals went to lunch at a Woody-friendly wine bar in the nearby town to review the Charter.

"Some negotiator you turned out to be," Melons teased Cathryn. "I'd rather hoped that my seat-sniffing days were behind me."

"So spank me," giggled Cat.

"Don't tempt fate," laughed Penny Ann, "me and Nix might just take you on that offer."

"Hey," said Cat in mock indignation, "these were not just your average everyday peace talks in the Middle East, this was serious stuff! This was whops and clobber we were negotiating!"

Melanie and Penelope Ann laughed. They raised their glasses to Cathryn. "Bottoms up, sister," they toasted, "you did good."

After several bottles of chardonnay the three Old Gals repaired to a local haberdashery to be fitted for new sets of clobber.

"It's just a precautionary measure," Cat assured them as she sashayed around in a microscopically small gymslip. Penny Ann and Melons burst out laughing.

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"Yeah, rock on, Cat," hooted Melanie. "I'll bet you're back in clobber before the months out."

Cat stuck her tongue out. "It might even be a whole lot sooner than that," she said enigmatically.

## A Second Opinion

The Grand Master offered Cat a pre-beating drink. Jojo was impressed when she calmly reached into her blazer pocket, extracted a cigarette, put it in the corner of her mouth and lit it with an expensive looking lighter. Jojo and Cat were fast friends and Joanna knew that her pal was the epitome of cool. But there were limits. The Old Gal winked at the Grand Master.

Mr Humphries smiled indulgently.

Politely Joanna stood up and made ready to leave.

"Oh don't leave on my account Jojo," Cathryn said nonchalantly. "Sit down and have another drink."

Jojo looked uncertain but Mr Humphries was already pouring more bubbly.

Cathryn Cassidy sipped her drink and finished her cigarette. "Ready when you are, sir," she drawled. "Where do you want me?"

The Grand Master went to the tallboy and retrieved the wooden paddle that he had tested out on Joanna. He showed it to Cat.

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"I just gave this little critter her maiden voyage," he told her. "Miss Heyworth seemed quite impressed but it's always good to seek a second opinion. Why don't you bend over the desk and let's see what you think."

Jojo watched as Cathryn slipped off her blazer and folded it neatly. She placed the jacket on a convenient sofa and then placed her straw boater on top of it. She approached the desk unhurriedly, stopping briefly to tie her long dark hair into a pony tail. She leaned forward and slid her upper torso across the surface of the desk until her arms were dangling over the far side. She raised her hips slightly to allow the Grand Master to turn back the hem of her gymslip and roll down her navy blue bumbags.

Joanna watched sympathetically as the Grand Master raised the paddle in the air and then brought it down with a resounding crack. The wooden paddle immediately transformed Cathryn's right buttock into a hot, glowing sunset. Joanna resisted the temptation to reach back and rub her own throbbing behind.

Mr Humphries beat Cathryn Cassidy soundly. The wooden paddle smacked downwards on alternate cheeks making Cat wriggle and squirm. However, when she rose and rearranged her clobber she showed no signs of distress and smiled cheerfully when the Grand Master handed her a drink.

"So, how would you rate my new acquisition?" the Grand Master asked jovially.

Cat smiled. "You could have taken Jojo's word for it sir. You really didn't need a second opinion."

Cathryn swallowed down her drink and picked up her blazer and boater. "I'll be cutting along now, sir, if you don't mind. I'll be back tomorrow."

The Grand Master nodded. "Enjoy," he told the Old Gal.

Jojo accepted the Grand Masters offer of one last drink for the ditch. She was unable to ascertain the reason that Cathryn had been sent up to be punished, as she seemed to be communicating with the Grand Master telepathically. Jojo sipped her drink while the Grand Master replaced the wooden paddle in the tallboy.

The inmates of the Back to School unit were beginning to appreciate that Mr Humphries was as different as night and day to his predecessor. Ms Lawton had run the facility like a military stockade, maintaining discipline by introducing ever more stringent rules, regulations and protocols. Towards the end of her tenure she had become a distant and forbidding figure who was only seen during assembly or when an inmate was sent up to her office for whops.

By contrast Mr Humphries spent a lot of time circulating amongst the inmates and seemed genuinely interested in their opinions regarding the administration of the unit. As she sipped her drink Jojo was flattered that the Grand Master seemed so interested in her views regarding a variety of aspects of life at the Back to School unit. She was quite relaxed by the time she left his office.

Cathryn Cassidy unfastened the top button of her blouse and loosened her tie. She turned around

## A New Regime

raising her skirt and rolling down her bumbags so that she could study her scarlet bottom in the mirror.

She let out a low whistle, "Good grief," she muttered.

She unfastened the buttons on the shoulders of her gymslip and stepped out of it. She reached into her wardrobe and pulled out a black leather mini skirt. She grinned to herself; at least in a short time her boyfriend, Mark would be soothing her burning orbs with the help of Rosemary Booker's mystical balms.

## Nix Up

When Joanna returned to her study she found Nixdown lolling against a wall, smoking a cigarette and looking like the cat that had got the cream.

"You look cheerful," Jojo grinned knowingly.

"And you look squiffy," giggled Nix.

Nix was in heaven; she had been delighted when Penelope Ann had elected to remain as a resident at the facility. Most evenings the two lovers would disappear for hours and Nix would return to the study wriggling and giggling and proudly showing off the stripes from Penny's riding crop.

Penelope Ann Evans was pacing up and down the stables when Nixdown arrived. Nix ran over to her and threw her arms around the elegant ex-Red-shirt. She planted a kiss on her lips.

Nix stepped back and looked her lover up and down. Penelope Ann was wearing a gymslip that was so short it barely covered her bumbags.

"Golly," she giggled. "What the hell are you wearing?"

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Penny chuckled and performed a pirouette that sent her skirt flying and flashed her navy blue bumbags at Nixdown.

"Cat signed the Old Gal Whops and Clobber Charter last night so we had to go and get fitted out for new clobber," Penny Ann told Nix. "In the meantime I bought this little number. You like?"

Nix beamed from ear to ear; she thought that her lover looked magnificent. Penelope Ann stood a good half a foot taller than Nix in flat shoes and in the three-inch spikes she was wearing she towered over Nix. The form-fitting gymslip accentuated Pen's athletic body and the black silk stockings she had chosen made her legs appear to start somewhere just below her armpits.

"Trouble is," continued Penny Ann, "I haven't had a proper caning for over six months and my bum is really out of practice," and she handed Nixdown her ashplant.

"What are you saying?" asked Nix, "you want me to whop you?"

"Want is a bit strong, sweetie," grinned Penelope Ann, "but I think it's for the best."

Nixdown cocked her head thoughtfully. Although they played together regularly it was generally Nix on the receiving end. Penny didn't mind an occasional hand-spanking or even a few light flicks of the crop but she had never shown any inclination for anything stronger.

Penelope Ann Evans was something of an anomaly. Although she counted some of the most hard-core mega-minxes amongst her closest friends she had never really embraced the cult. During her sentence she had been quiet and studious and very

rarely got the cane. Her coming-out with the wildly promiscuous Nicola Jane had surprised even her closest chums.

While she fulfilled the role of Red-shirt Penelope Ann had spanked hundreds of bottoms but she had never shown any indication of gaining any pleasure from performing her duties. Nixdown's penchant for private punishment was legendary and very few of Pen's friends believed she would have the stomach for the relationship. However, Penny Ann surprised them by totally immersing herself in the role of Nixdown's dominatrix.

Nixdown swished the cane through the air. "How many?" she asked.

Pen grinned. "I think we'll just start with six and then we can work our way up. No point in rushing things."

Penelope Ann Evans bent forward at the waist. The gymslip she had bought was so short that it hardly needed turning back. She reached down and balanced her fingers on the tips of her toes.

Nixdown slipped off her Grand Prix riding jacket and set it aside. She was wearing an exquisitely tailored white show shirt with a matching choker and frenched cuffs. She stepped in beside her lover and tapped the cane down.

The cane whistled through the air and collided with Penny Ann's naked derriere with a sharp crack.

Nixdown took her time, making sure that every stroke was delivered safely, laying the strokes on middling warm, nothing too exacting but with

## A New Regime

enough sting and smart to remind Pen how painful a caning could be.

It occurred to Nix that if this was going to become a regular component of their trysts she had better prevail upon Lady Victoria to allow her onto the practice range.

She swung the cane lovingly through the air.

## Nix Down

Nixdown's eyes twinkled with excitement. Penny Ann was straightening up and smoothing down her skirt.

"Are you okay?" breathed Nix.

Pen reached over and hugged her. "A little warmer than I might fancy, but I'm fine," she grinned a little ruefully. "Thank you for being gentle."

"Like you said, there's no point in rushing things," grinned Nix and nuzzled Penny's neck.

Nicola Jane Nixon was in her favorite position. Head down, arse up across Penelope Ann's lap. Her skin tight jodhpurs were rolled down to the tops of her riding boots and her bumbags turned inside out behind her knees. Penny Ann was thrashing Nix with a silver handled riding crop.

Nixdown was panting with ecstasy. The heat in her behind was reaching boiling point and her whole body seemed enveloped in exquisite pain.

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Nicola Jane Nixon was a contrary cove. She was rebellious and belligerent by nature and hated being punished in a formal setting. Nonetheless, as her legions of lovers had learned she had an insatiable desire to be spanked for kicks.

Penny Ann tucked Nicola Jane in tightly. Nixdown's miniscule form seemed to mold into the crease of her lap. The riding crop sliced through the air, the shaft cutting across Nix's naked buttocks and the over-sized slapper making contact a millisecond later. Nixdown writhed in Penelope Ann's lap in exquisite agony.

Penelope Ann whipped the crop downwards. It still amazed her that she had embraced Nixdown's lifestyle so thoroughly. When she had spanked the other inmates with the back of her ceremonial hairbrush she had been merely fulfilling a duty. But when she had Nixdown butt-naked across her knees and was whipping her with her favorite crop she felt as if she was making love.

Nixdown was beginning to writhe in earnest, the pain beginning to approach its magnificent crescendo.

Penny knew the signs, she took a tighter grip and the crop and let rip with six quick cracks that sent Nixdown wriggling and squirming and squealing in ecstasy.

"Just one more," she begged, "Please, Ma'am just one more."

Penelope Ann Evans slashed the crop through the air.

"Yesssssss!" screamed Nixdown Nixon at the top of her lungs and punched the air in an obscure Nixdown celebration dance.

Nixdown tucked the over-length tails of her show-shirt into the waistband of her jodhpurs and then pulled on her riding jacket. She tip-toed up and kissed Penny Ann.

"I can't tell you how happy I am that you stayed on at the facility," she whispered appreciatively.

"I must really love you Nicola Jane," groaned Penny. "I can't believe I just signed up for another year of whops and clobber."

"Whops, clobber and getting your kicks on Nix sixty-six," giggled Nicola Jane.

Jojo and Nixdown inspected their battle scars.

"Interesting pattern," giggled Nixdown.

"Punters who design aero-dynamically efficient paddles have far too much time on their hands," complained Jojo as Nix rubbed soothing balms into her swollen salmon colored flesh.

"Now that's the difference between you and me," chuckled Nix. "I think that punters designing aero-dynamically efficient paddles are artisans and should be widely encouraged. There's just not enough government grants for areas of this kind of specialist expertise."

"Nix, sometimes I just think you're just plain bonkers," groaned Jojo.

Nixdown patted Jojo's bum affectionately.

## A New Regime

Nix and Jojo smoked a last cigarette before the lockdown bell rang and then slid into the twin beds in the small bedroom they shared. They had turned out the lights and were falling asleep when the unmistakable sound of a cane rebounding from an upturned backside echoed along the corridor.

## **A Ferocious Finish**

The summer furlough had not been a complete disaster for Debs. Despite her ban from the professional tennis circuit she was still allowed to compete in many major amateur tournaments and exhibition matches on condition that she was chaperoned by either her coach, Ms Lummell or her Court Appointed Guardian.

During an exhibition tournament in Luxembourg City she had met a buff stud-muffin called Jimmy and with the tacit approval of Ms Lummell they had embarked upon a summer fling.

Debs sat in the secluded cloisters chatting with lover boy on a cell-phone. Earlier in the afternoon she had secured a town pass to take one of her racquets in to have the grip altered. Mr Humphries insisted that anybody going to town took a cell phone with them so they could keep in contact should anything untoward occur. When she returned to the facility Debs decided to keep the phone over-night so that

## A New Regime

she could avail of the opportunity to call Jimmy and say goodnight.

Debs was grinning at the sweet nothing's Jimmy was whispering in her ear when she glanced down at her watch.

"Oh shit," she gasped. "Love you, gotta go." She dashed across the quadrangle and into the wing of the building that served as the inmate's living quarters. She took the back stairs two at a time, keeping her eyes out for the Dorm Raider. She arrived at the Phase Six landing and scoped out the territory. She breathed a sigh of relief, it seemed all clear. She tiptoed along the darkened landing to the study she shared with Rosemary and turned the handle of the door. She crept inside.

"Oh shit!" she gasped again.

Claire Brooks was seated on Debs bed, waiting patiently for Deborah's return.

"I'm sorry Debs," Claire said quietly, "but you know that I have to beat you."

Deborah grimaced resignedly. "I'll get changed," she told the prefect.

Deborah took her time changing out of her clobber and into her striped pajamas. The prospect of a nightcap of six hot ones was not particularly appealing way to end the day. Over the years she had spent many nights lying on her tummy willing the heat in her bum to go away so that she could get some sleep. She sighed and went back to the bedroom.

Claire was waiting, her ashplant flexed between her hands. "Bend over the bed," she instructed Debs.

Deborah retrieved a pillow and placed it over the far end of the bed. She stretched herself out with the pillow under her hips. Deborah Morton gritted her teeth and waited to be caned.

Claire Brooks knew a thing or two about beating. As a high ranking member of the Hall of Shame she had considerable experience in being on the receiving end. She was now translating that experience to her new line of work.

Debs blinked. The first stroke had cut across the crown of her buttocks with the accuracy of a heat seeking missile. Debs knew a thing or two about beatings and if the first stroke was anything to go by then the next few minutes were about to become extremely hot and very sweaty.

Claire had scored consistently high grades on the practice range for accuracy, efficiency and power. She had a well-balanced stance, her left foot slightly forward as she launched the stroke, bringing her right foot in for the closing. She had a leisurely swing, arcing the cane through the horizontal plane and then using her wrist to produce a ferocious finish.

Deborah gritted her teeth and clenched her fists in consternation. The first stroke wasn't a fluke; the cane was slicing across her upturned jimjam bottoms with remarkable consistency. She lay across the bed panting and anxiously waited for the closer.

Debs Morton had been caned eighty-three times during her schooldays and over one-hundred and fifty times since she started her sentence at

## A New Regime

Woodys. She considered herself a connoisseur of canings. She was well aware that a true artiste always left her finest stroke until last.

The first five strokes Claire had delivered had all been scorchers and Deborah rather fancied the sixth and final stroke was not going to be much fun.

Claire steadied herself, taking deep breathes and taking her measure. She raised the cane no more than twelve inches from Deborah's twitching buttocks and then cut it diagonally through the air.

Debs body stiffened as the slender stick sliced across her backside with the crack of a whip. It was a perfect strike, etching across the previous five pulsating stripes. She buried her face in the duvet as the pain accentuated every nerve ending in her body, squeezing her eyes tight as the heat of the stroke seemed to make her blood boil.

It was several moments before Deborah caught her breath and slowly unfolded herself from the bed.

"Come by in the morning for post-processing," said Claire and hurried from the study.

"Holy smoking jimjams," gasped Rosemary from across the room. "That was some damn fine whopping."

## Whop Gab

In the morning Deborah stopped by Claire's study to have the caning post-processed.

"How was it?" Claire asked idly while she was entering the whops into Debs Punishment Record Book.

"Oh you're good, sister," Deborah told Claire in a genuinely admiring tone, "very, very good. Very tight formation when I checked this morning. I'd probably say that was an eight point-five, or even a nine if you take the last one into account. That one really sizzled and it still feels pretty ripe."

Claire handed back the small book. "Thanks for the positive feedback," she said appreciatively. "So, no hard feelings?"

Debs put the book back in the breast pocket of her blazer and then reached over and hugged Claire. "Don't be so silly," she smiled. "I was bang to rights and you were just doing your job."

In some strata's of society this conversation might have been considered a little queer, but in the

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Whops and Clobber environment that Debs and Claire inhabited it was just everyday chatter.

The Woody gals liked to dissect and analyze every whopping stroke by stroke. They debated the comparative virtues of the assortment of artillery that besieged their backsides and compared the relative artistry of the members of the Brass and Elite.

Whop Gab, as it was known amongst the Woody Wags, was particularly prevalent at the start of each new year when the new Elite took office.

Deborah fully expected to be quizzed on numerous occasions throughout the day regarding Claire Brooks abilities with the ashplant. Claire's role as Dorm Raider guaranteed a busy year for her right arm. Gabbing, goofing, larking and pranking after lights out was one of the most common causes of sore bottoms at the facility. The Woody gals were going to want to know what to expect.

Debs slipped her arm through Claire's. "Let's cut along for brekker," she smiled.

"You really think that was a nine?" asked Claire as they cut through the quadrangle.

Debs shrugged. "Well maybe an eight and a half. The first five were pretty damn spicy, but the closer, that was killer."

As Debs had expected she was inundated with enquiries. Throughout the days gals stopped her to gab about her bed-time beating. The most common question was how Claire stacked up against Melons.

The previous year Melanie White had fulfilled the role of Dorm Raider and had earned herself an awesome reputation. Six on the jimjams from Melon's

could bring tears to the eyes of the most whop-hardened minxes.

Not surprisingly Debs could speak from experience. During the Year of Operation Scorched Arse the lights out and lockdown rules were imposed with zero-tolerance. Patty Hodge despised Melanie and begrudged the fact that Penny Ann had been allowed to appoint her in the dual roles of Deputy Red-shirt and Dorm Raider; positions Patty had her eye on for her stooges from the SS. Patty took to carrying out spot inspections to ensure that Melons wasn't cutting her chums any slack. As a result of Patty's inspections Melanie had been forced to whop Deborah on three occasions for goofing or gabbing after final lockdown.

Deborah, who had considerable experience of being beaten during Dorm Raids to draw upon, had been considerably impressed by Melanie's technical expertise and artistic merit with the whippy ashplant.

"Claire is certainly going to be as good as Melons," Deborah reported to her chums. She followed up with the alarming prediction that Claire was likely to get even more proficient as she gained confidence and could become the hottest whopper ever to emerge from the ranks of the Elite.

It was not a forecast that boded well for the bumbags of the errant minxes.

"Seems like you've earned yourself a reputation," laughed Lady Vix.

"I really didn't think I beat her that hard," said Claire defensively.

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"You know as well as I do," said Vix, "true artistes don't need too. But let me tell you, sister, when somebody like Debs Morton is giving you props then you definitely earned them."