

VOLUME 16
THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE



R Humphries

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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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Patsy

Mr Humphries sat back in his chair looking thoughtful. Bernadette Summers was standing to attention in front of his desk, her arms pressed tightly to her sides and her eyes facing front. The surly glower she wore on her face disguised her naturally pretty features. On either side of her Ms Wharton and Sally Cobb were grinning like Cheshire cats.

Lying on the desk in front of the Grand Master was an application for Bernadette to receive a Formal House Beating on the grounds of Bringing the Red House into Disrepute.

"It's an open and closed case," the Wart insisted. "Summers failed to turn up for her tennis match and the Red House was fined fifty merit marks. The House Charter dictates she is subjected to a full collar walkthrough and a twelve stroke running bender. It is a mandatory punishment and doesn't require a full council endorsement. As Mistress of the House I have full authority to approve the beating."

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"I'll give this some thought," the Grand Master said finally.

"Then I'll need to take Summers into House Custody," said Ms Wharton. "Sally will take her to the back room of the library and supervise her."

Mr Humphries nodded. "I understand the protocol; however, I am going to send Penelope Ann Evans to act as an independent observer, just in case Miss Cobb should get any ideas."

The Wart was clearly displeased but sensibly she elected to remain silent.

The Grand Master invited Lady Victoria Brompton to his study for a beverage. Over the past year he had gained immense respect for the aristocratic Red-shirt and treated her as his aide de campe.

"All of this over a missed tennis match?" he asked. "I don't suggest that she shouldn't be punished but this whole ritual seems rather arcane. After all we've abolished collaring, sweating and sporting spanking? Isn't this just another hangover from the old days?"

"I know it sounds rather severe," said Lady Vix, "but the gals are quite competitive over the Annual House Trophy and losing fifty points this late in the year puts the Red House in a tough spot. Believe you me I wouldn't wish a Formal House Beating on anyone and I can speak from painful experience but the Bounder let the side down badly and she knew the consequences."

The Grand Master drummed his fingers on the desk. Sometimes the strange code of honor amongst

the inmates bewildered him. Victoria Brompton was a legendary champion of the underdog but she appeared adamant that the ritualistic beating should proceed as planned.

"There is one problem, Sir," Victoria continued. "The only members of the Elite certified to deliver running benders are Rachel, Claire and I and we're all members of the Blue House. The only person in the Red House certified is Deborah Morton and she's not a prefect."

"Any suggestions?" asked the Grand Master.

Lady Vix nodded. "We could bring back Patsy Butcher," she told Mr Humphries. "She's still on probation so she's theoretically still a Woody Gal. She was the Captain of the Red House last year and she got quite a bit of experience. The one thing we need to be sure of is that Bernadette gets a good, clean beating. Patsy will take care of that."

Patsy Butcher gaped at Cathryn Cassidy.

The two old chums were enjoying a few scoops in a Woody friendly bar in the local town.

"It's all about safety," insisted Cat. "The Bounder's scheduled for a sore arse and there's nothing going to change that. The Red House don't have anybody qualified to dish out running benders. You have all the experience and she knows she can trust you."

"Oh good grief," was all Patsy could think of to say.

"Members of the Blue House repair to the landings," Katie Beck's voice crackled over the

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intercom. "Members of the Red House cut along sharpish and congregate in the gymnasium. The unit is under immediate button-down, mandatory six of the best for anyone caught gabbing, goofing, larking or pranking."

"Bernadette Summers of Phase 5 has been found guilty of Bringing the Red House into Disrepute and has been sentenced to receive a Formal House Beating. Full Collar Walkthrough followed by a twelve stroke running bender," the inmates could almost hear Katie cackling as she made the announcement.

A Full Collar Walkthrough

Cathryn Cassidy hugged Bernadette. The Bounder's coal-black eyes burned with defiance.

"I'll make it as easy as possible," Cat assured her.

Bernadette gave her a half-smile. "I'm glad it's you bringing me down," she whispered.

The Wart was iridescent with anger. As Mistress of the House she considered it her irrevocable right to select Bernadette's escort. However, the Grand Master had been quite insistent. He hadn't failed to notice Sally Cobb's obvious relish at the prospect of the Formal House Beating and he had no intention of fuelling the House Captain's enthusiasm any more than necessary.

"Cathryn and Penny Ann will act as escorts," he informed the Mistress of the House firmly. "That way there will be no monkey business."

The Wart pouted but remained silent.

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Bernadette was well-known as a plucky soul but even the nerveless Bounder found the prospect of being paraded through the landings a little daunting. Bernadette felt Cathryn gently take her left wrist and bend it up behind her back before Cat reached out and took hold of the collar of her white blouse.

The landings were eerily quiet. The members of the Blue House lined the corridors positioned outside the doors of their dormitories or studies. Full Collar Walkthroughs were somber affairs, except, of course, for the time when the tyrannical Wart had been subjected to one, which had been a cause for jubilant celebration.

Cathryn gently propelled the Bounder forward and they set off through the first of the landings.

Although the Bounder could be a surly cove she was widely loved by her fellow inmates. They knew that beneath her gruff veneer she was a generous soul. They bowed their heads and averted their eyes in sympathy and respect as she was paraded passed them.

Bernadette did her best to maintain a look of stony indifference as she was taken from landing to landing. She appreciated that Cat was doing her best not to make the dreadful ordeal any worse than absolutely necessary. During the dark days of Operation Scorched Arse when inmate abuse was rife the Bounder had been subjected to numerous undignified collarings. She had rarely gone quietly and it frequently took several members of Yvonne Godfrey's heinous SS to restrain her. However, even

being manhandled and dragged away to the library to be caned paled into insignificance when compared to the humiliation of a Full Collar Walkthrough.

When they finally reached the doors to the quadrangle Cathryn released her grip on Bernadette. Cat produced a silver hipflask that she had stashed in the elastic waistband of her bumbags and handed it to the Bounder.

"It's vodka," she told Bernadette, "Sally won't smell anything."

Bernadette smiled thankfully and took two healthy slugs.

The members of the Red House were congregated in the gymnasium and formed into a circle of bodies surrounding Bernadette and Sally Cobb. Bernadette was standing with her hands on her head glaring at the Captain of the House. Sally Cobb was reading the public scolding from a sheaf of papers.

The content of the scolding was another disappointment to the Wart. The draft she had approved had been a truly dreadful condemnation of the Bounder but the Grand Master had made sweeping changes and edited out the juicy sections. The Wart gnashed her teeth and wrung her hands in dismay as she watched her wicked words being reduced to nothing more than a mild reprimand.

Sally was doing her best to make the scolding sound as scathing as possible but every time she looked into the Bounders contemptuous eyes her

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voice faltered. Truth was known Sally had been grateful when she had been relieved of most of her duties. She was a shallow soul and was thoroughly intimidated by the pugnacious Bounder. Sally reveled in her power to make trouble for Bernadette and the brownie points that she had earned with her controllers on the Radical Right. Nonetheless she had the distinct feeling that the Bounder was going to be somewhat grumpy and Sally wanted nothing more than to put some distance between her and a grumpy Bounder.

"Summers of Phase 5 you have been found guilty of Bringing the Red House into Disrepute," she said as boldly as she could muster. "Repair to the beam and prepare yourself to be beaten," she trailed off.

Momentarily Sally suspected that the Bounder was going to biff her on the sniffer and she stepped back hurriedly. Bernadette just curled her lip.

Perfectly Presented

As usual Patsy Butcher looked magnificent. She was five feet ten inches of honed and toned athleticism. Her whiter than white blouse contrasted starkly against her ebony skin and seemed to cling to her form as if it had been sprayed on to her. She wore an extremely abbreviated pleated skirt that accentuated the shape of her sprinters legs. She wore her waist length hair in beaded braids, tied back into a ponytail. She flexed the long, slender ceremonial house cane between her hands.

At the far end of the gymnasium Bernadette was folded in half across a training beam. Her weight was supported by the balls of her feet, her heels raised from the floor. On the other side of the beam her arms dangled loosely and her jet black hair cascaded down in the direction of the floor. The skirt of her gymslip and the tail of her blouse had been neatly folded back. The material of her navy blue gossamer bumbags stretched tightly across her upturned arse.

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The members of the Red House were lined up along the far wall, several feet from their hapless chum. Several of them held hands as they watched Patsy making her final preparations.

Bernadette stared down at the wooden floor of the gymnasium and did her best to prepare herself. Up on the balls of her feet she was totally defenseless and at the mercy of Patsy. Nonetheless an experienced campaigner like the Bounder was fully cognizant that it was imperative that she was perfectly presented in order that the process would go off smoothly.

Patsy neatly rolled back the cuffs of her blouse and loosened her collar and tie. She retrieved the cane and gripped it tightly. The Old Gal took a deep breath and set off at a run.

"One," the Grand Master announced over the intercom.

The crack of the cane rebounding from the tautened gossamer had echoed through the main building. The door to the Grand Master's office was propped open. Mr Humphries stood at his window, his hands in his pockets, gazing out across the sprawling Downs. His office was located in the diametrically opposite end of the main building to the location of the gymnasium. The explosion of the cane had been heard throughout the building.

It had been Katie Beck's idea that the effects of a Formal House Beating should be heard throughout the building. "It will give a completely

new meaning to a really sound beating," she had cackled to her conspirators on the Radical Right.

Patsy strode back down the gymnasium. She breathed a sigh of relief. The all-important first stroke had gone off cleanly and had helped calm her nerves. She stopped at her mark and turned around. She counted to fifteen and then set off at a trot, increasing her speed at every stride.

Bernadette's head jolted back as the long, thin cane lashed across her buttocks. Her chums watched sympathetically as her face contorted into a silent scream. A handful of the audience, including Jojo and Debs had been the recipients of Formal House Beatings during the year of Operation Scorched Arse and empathized deeply with the Bounder's unfortunate plight.

Bernadette Summers was as tough as nails but as the cane systematically sliced and diced her bumbags she couldn't disguise her anguish as she threw her head back at every resounding swipe.

The Bounder's chums watched with critical eyes as Patsy swooped in, slicing the cane perfectly through a horizontal plane and landing each stroke accurately across the crown of Bernadette's rump. There was no question that Patsy was delivering the goods. Her timing and accuracy was perfection. Much as they hated witnessing Bernadette being beaten they felt comforted that at least she was in the hands of a true artiste.

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Patsy flexed the cane and caught her breath. She was eleven strokes into the beating and steadying herself for the final attack. She ran her tongue across her lips and set off one last time.

The sound of the cane rebounding off the Bounder's bumbags echoed through the stairwells and landings.

"Twelve", announced the Grand Master.

Operation Cane Morton

Bernadette leaned against the mantelpiece of the study that she shared with Lisa Sutton. She was smoking a cigarette and sipping a healthy shot of cognac from an exquisitely mouth-blown Riedel Napoleon snifter. All afternoon well-wishers had been stopping by to offer their condolences and to congratulate her on the courage she had shown down in the gymnasium.

Patsy had dropped in to share a hug.

"I'm sorry it had to be so hot," she said genuinely.

The Bounder smiled weakly. "Thank you for keeping me safe," she told her old chum. "It smarts like a motherfucker but at least there's no lasting damage."

Bernadette stubbed out her fag and swallowed down her drink. Much as she appreciated the demonstration of sympathy and goodwill it was doing nothing to relieve her acute state of hot-arse syndrome. She flicked open one of her hookey cell-phones and speed-dialed.

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"Mickey, darling," she breathed into the phone, "meet me in the stables, I need to get laid."

Patty and the Wart were feeling particularly buoyed by the success of the Formal House Beating and were in the mood for making mischief.

"You know what would really make my day?" cackled the Wart.

Patty listened intently and grinned.

"I'll see what I can arrange," she said and flipped open her cell phone.

Sally Cobb gaped at Katie.

"We want you to cane Morton," Katie told her.

"Wadayamean, cane Morton? What for?" the Commandant of the Secret Society of Serial Spankers spluttered.

"If you look hard enough I'm sure you'll find a reason," snapped Katie. "She's a degenerate. She's certain to be up to something."

Sally continued to gape at Katie. When the unit's matron had sent word that she wanted to see Sally, the Captain of the Red House had naturally assumed she was to be congratulated on her role in arranging for Bernadette to be subjected to her recent beating. Sally Cobb had been feeling smug. She was caught totally off-guard by Katie's instruction.

"I'll do my best," she said pathetically, "but I'm not making any promises."

"This is not a request," snapped Katie haughtily. "This is a direct instruction sanctioned from

above. It is to be considered a top priority mission. Morton is to be caned before lockdown tonight."

Sally Cobb reeled out of Katie's study with her head spinning and her ears ringing. Over the past few weeks she had desperately struggled to attain the onerous whopping targets that had been set for her by Katie. It was not easy. Embarking on a whopping spree directly under the nose of Lady Victoria Brompton was dangerous duty. The Red-shirt insisted on reviewing her paperwork and often quizzed Sally very intently before allowing a thrashing to proceed.

It had been a miserable year for Sally Cobb. The pathetic attempt to resurrect the SS with just two members had been a complete fiasco. Her lieutenant, Sally Poffers, the official Gruppenführer of the secret sorority, didn't have the stomach for going toe-to-toe with Lady Vix and was in a permanent blue funk. More and more Sally found herself operating in isolation in increasingly dangerous territory.

She had tried to resign her commission but Katie threatened to turn the secret video tapes of the two Sally's swearing allegiance to the SS over to the Grand Master. There was little doubt that once Mr Humphries witnessed her swearing to embark upon a crusade of mischief and mayhem on the inmate's bumbags that she would be Formally Flunked and most likely transferred to a high-security prison.

Sally Cobb did not have much appetite for wearing jimjams bearing an arrow motif.

Sally Cobb knew that many of the inmates on the weekly lists of targets that Katie provided were

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victims of the Radical Rights malicious obsessions. Nonetheless, Katie's latest instruction was the most hare-brained to date.

It was the first time the Radical Right had actually contracted a caning with such a specific target and timeline.

Sally Cobb did not care for the sound of her commission one little bit.

Debs under Observation

On the face of it manufacturing a reason to cane Debs Morton might not seem such a tall order. She was a notorious mega-minx and if Sally kept her under close observation for the remainder of the day there was a high potential that Deborah would contravene one of the many rules, regulations and protocols that required a mandatory thrashing.

Sally's mission did not start well. She tracked Deborah down in the gymnasium where she was working out with weights and performing kick-boxing exercises with Ms Suzy Scott. Prudently Sally decided it was not an appropriate time to burst in and announce some bogus whops. Less than prudently she retired to her study and poured herself three fingers of vodka.

She was feeling quite bilious. She only had a few hours to find a reason to beat Deborah or she would be forced to report her failure to Katie. Sally had the uncomfortable feeling that such a result might be looked upon unfavorably by her handlers and she would end up sprawled across the desk in Patty's office. Sally Cobb dreaded the prospect of

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being reacquainted with Patty's lethal wye-tipped cane. She poured herself another stiff drink.

Sally lurked outside the wellness center. She watched Debs and Suzy emerge, still in training clobber and swinging their tote bags over their shoulders. She followed them stealthily, she watched them share a friendly hug as Suzy headed for the Brass quarters. Sally continued to follow Debs from a safe distance. To Sally's disappointment as Deborah crossed the quadrangle she was joined by Lady Victoria. Sally gnashed her teeth with frustration as the two chums entered the main building together.

Sally lurked in the stairwell that led to the Phase 6 landing doing her best to look inconspicuous. The door to the study Debs shared with Rosemary Booker was firmly closed. Sally drummed her fingers on the banister.

Eventually Deborah emerged from her study and hurried towards the stairwell. Sally stepped in front of her.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" she demanded.

"I have an appointment with the Grand Master," replied Debs.

Sally narrowed her eyes. "Are you up for whops?" she asked.

Debs shrugged. "That's for me to know and you to find out," she said cheerfully. "Now if you'll step aside I need to cut along."

Sally looked Debs up and down hoping to find an obvious clobber infraction but she was

disappointed. Debs looked spick and span. Sally finally stepped aside. She watched Deborah's retreating figure gloomily. If Debs was on her way up to the Grand Master's study to be whopped it would make her mission even more difficult. She would have to find a really good reason before she would be able to persuade Victoria to sanction another whopping.

Sally retired to her study and poured herself another drink. The specter of Patty Hodge's wye-tipped cane loomed darkly.

Deborah accepted the offer of an easy chair and a glass of chilled chardonnay. The Grand Master was showing her a letter from the LTA inviting her to compete in a prestigious charity tournament during the summer. Christopher Brooks, the new Minister for Extreme Social Rehabilitation had signed her dispensation to travel and the American authorities had granted her an entry visa. The line-up for the tournament included several of the top ten ranked players in the world.

"I guess this will show me whether I can ever make it back as a pro," said Debs.

"Jane Lummell says she's never seen you fitter and Rachel says you're hitting the ball better than ever before," said Mr Humphries encouragingly.

Debs smiled shyly. "They're very kind," she said, "but there's nothing like real competition to put me to the test. I'll try not to let you down. And, Sir, I really want to thank you for sponsoring me with the System."

The Grand Master smiled and refilled Deborah's glass. "I'm sure you'll make us all proud."

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Deborah beamed contentedly.

Deborah noticed Sally Cobb lurking in the corridor as she left the Grand Master's office. They exchanged glances but didn't communicate. Debs thought nothing of it and strolled back to her study.

A Little Turn

Cathryn Cassidy groaned. "I'd forgotten all about that," she told the Grand Master.

Cat was looking at a flier that Mr Humphries had handed her. It was advertising the Annual Policeman's Ball and in the center of the page was a caricature of a clobber clad Cathryn sprawled out across a Rozzers lap having her bottom smacked.

It had been months since Cat had been arrested in a local dive bar and charged with possession of small quantities of whizz and a couple of sticks of grass. Under normal circumstances this would have been nothing more than a misdemeanor, however, Cathryn was still officially on probation from her Extreme Ladetting sentence. Cat was faced with the prospect of some hard time in chokey.

Mr Humphries came to the rescue and brokered a deal with Plod. Cat would receive a twelve stroke public flogging and then later she would attend the Annual Policeman's Ball where she would be spanked as part of the entertainment.

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"Jesus, Sir, we can't just shoot Cat out of a cannon," said Lady Victoria. "Isn't there anything we can do?"

The Grand Master looked thoughtful. "Maybe there is an alternative," he told Victoria and Cat, and flicked open his cell phone.

"We should review our options," the Grand Master told the Chief Constable. "You and I have an agreement regarding Miss Cassidy and we could of course proceed as planned. However, in light of the high level of public interest in the Back to School unit following the Tribunal it is not entirely unlikely that nosy journalists might get a sniff of good story if you get my drift and I'm not sure that would be good for any of the parties involved."

"And our options would be?" enquired the Chief Constable.

"It's not a perfect outcome," the Grand Master told Cathryn, "but at least this way we're in control of the event."

"I can't thank you enough, Sir," she smiled gratefully and then threw her head back and laughed. "We'll make it an event, Sir. Those pimply Plod will have their eyes sticking out on stalks."

Victoria flipped open her cell phone. She listened intently. "Ok," she said, "I'm on my way." She got up and stretched. "I'm sorry, Sir, you'll have to excuse me, but there's a disturbance on the Phase 6 landing."

Debs went back to her study feeling relaxed. Her muscles were tired from working out with weights but she felt good and had copped just a hint of a buzz from the two glasses of chardonnay. She had a paper due the following morning that she wanted to make some final editorial changes to. She would pour herself one more glass of wine and then spend a quiet evening studying she decided and then turn in early. She wanted to feel fresh for the six mile run she had scheduled with Jane Lummell at the crack of dawn the following morning.

As she settled into work on her assignment Debs Morton was sublimely unaware that the Radical Right had taken out a contract on her bumbags.

"You don't shlike me much do you?" Sally slurred.

Deborah squinted at the House Captain. "Have you got marbles in your mouth?" she asked, "or has your jaw come unhinged? I'm having difficulty understanding you."

Sally glared at Debs. "Yoush fink yoush shmart," she told her. "But yoush not shmart, I'm shmart."

"Very good Sally," grinned Deborah. "I'm sure you're right and I've never met anybody shmarker."

Sally pushed her chest out. "I've been shent to whop you," she announced and waved her ashplant. "Go over there and bend over."

Deborah just leaned back in her chair and grinned. "Yeah rock on Sally," she drawled. "Now why don't you piss off and stop stinking up my study."

"I shtold you to bend over," snapped Sally.

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"And I declined," Debs snapped back. "Now piss off before I get annoyed."

Rosemary stepped into the study. "What's occurring?" she asked.

"Lame brain here has got herself all cocktailed up and has decided she wants to cane me," grinned Debs.

Rosemary scowled at Sally. "You lay one finger on her and I'll punch your lights out," she told the House Captain. "Now piss off back to whatever stone you crawled out from under."

Sally glared at Rosemary and waved her ashplant some more. "Yoush can bend over too," she snarled.

Rosemary grinned. "Yeah rock on Sally," she said and pulled out a cell phone. "I'm sorry to bother you Your Ladyship," she said, "but I think you might like to cut along to our study. I think Sally is having a little turn."

Sally Stood-down

Sally Cobb was looking bewildered. "I really don't remember much," she said pathetically. "I just remember Katie told me to go and cane Morton. I don't remember why."

The Grand Master nodded sagely. "So after Katie set you this mission you went back to your study and got as pissed as a pirate and then went in search of Deborah?"

Sally looked confused. "I really don't remember, Sir." She was pale and wan and looked very much as if she might chuck up her cookies at any moment.

"Give me your tie," said the Grand Master coldly. "Your tie, your blazer and your prefect's badges."

Sally continued to look bewildered. She remained rooted to the spot without moving.

"Miss Cobb, are you listening?" said Mr Humphries, "remove your Elite paraphernalia this instant or I shall ask Lady Victoria to assist you."

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Sally took several seconds to process things. She looked quizzically at the Grand Master. "You're standing me down?" she asked dimly. "But I was only following instructions."

The Grand Master looked over at Vix. "Vicky, would you assist Miss Cobb, please," he said quietly.

Tears were flowing down Sally Cobb's cheeks. She was standing in her skirt and blouse, her prefects regalia neatly folded on a side table. Mr Humphries was explaining that she was to be placed under house arrest while he conferred with the Minister.

"There is every potential that you will be brought before a tribunal for re-sentencing," he warned her.

Sally Cobb continued to weep.

"Grand Master, might I have a word?" asked Victoria. "I might have an idea."

Mr Humphries nodded. "Take Miss Cobb onto the landing and let's give her the opportunity to gather herself."

"You cannot be serious?" squealed Sally.

Mr Humphries nodded. "I am perfectly serious," he said matter-of-factly. "You have one hour to make up your mind. Return to the landing and face the wall and Miss Cobb I strongly advise you to weigh up your options carefully. Chokey can be a most disagreeable experience."

"She told you what?" squealed Katie Beck. "The woman is delusional, Sir. She's telling you a

pack of porkies. I spoke to her yesterday but it was about the Politics of Clobber. Her house has been performing badly of late and I wanted her to give them a pep talk. I certainly did not instruct her to cane Morton. In fact Morton's name never even came up in conversation."

The Grand Master suppressed a grin. After nearly a year as principal of the facility he had grown used to Katie's displays of righteous indignation. It would be difficult to prove conclusively that she had directed Sally to embark upon her ill-conceived mission to the Phase 6 landing. Nonetheless, he planned on making Katie squirm for a while.

"This is your fault," Katie raged at Patty in the saloon bar of the Bunch of Grapes. "I escaped a whopping by the skin of my bumbags. I'm sick of your foolish schemes. Do your own dirty work in the future. I've had enough."

Patty sneered at Katie. "You're so lame. The slightest bit of heat and you act like a wuss. You'll just have to own up, I need Cobb reinstated pdq."

"Reinstated? Are you fucking barking?" squealed Katie. "Her arse is just one stop away from the caboose! What do you mean reinstated?"

"I'm sure if you go to the Grand Master and admit that you sent Cobb up to cane Morton he'll reconsider," said Patty haughtily.

Katie Beck gaped at Patty. "Are you out of your mind?" she retorted. "You think I'm going to swan into the Grand Master's study and tell him 'oop's guess what slipped my mind'? Or maybe I should just

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tell him the truth; that you put me up to it and let's see what he makes of that?"

Patty narrowed her eyes. "If you can't find a way of reinstating Sally Cobb then you're just going to have to take on her responsibilities. Ms Wharton and I are getting just a tad tired of your lack of delivery."

Ms Wharton just cackled and ordered another round of drinks on Katie Beck's tab.

Plod Goes To Woodys

Patsy and Lindsey Butcher listened to Cathryn Cassidy's proposal. "This is pretty out there where the buses don't run, even by Woody standards," observed Patsy.

Cat grinned. "We'll turn it in to an event," she told the twins. "Are you in?"

The Rastafarian twins nodded. "Anything for you," they agreed.

"By the way," asked Patsy, "do me and sis's names go into the lottery?"

"Well I hadn't thought of that," laughed Cathryn. "Are you serious?"

Patsy giggled. "Hell, why not? I mean after you've been publicly flogged by Ms Lawton how bad can a spanking from some pimply Plod be?"

The gymnasium had been decked out with comfortable chairs brought from the common rooms. A wet bar had been set up, stocked with Crystal champagne and a wide variety of wine and spirits. Nixdown had done her magic with the lighting and

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rigged up a closed circuit TV system. Cassie Cassy had prepared trays filled with canapés and Rosemary had arranged fresh cut flowers in vases placed on side tables. The gym had a warm and sensual air as the Usual Suspects thronged about waiting for their guests to arrive.

"I'm thinking of advertising for a new Music Dame," Mr Humphries told Ms Scott.

The diminutive Dame looked shocked. "You're firing me?" she gasped.

"No not at all," laughed the Grand Master reassuringly. "I am reorganizing the facility next year and I am going to appoint you as my new Head of Operations. You will have Victoria, Cathryn, Penelope Ann, Melanie, Claire, Mandy and Rachel as your team. Oh and I forgot, the Butcher Twins will be available too. I'm also going to put you in charge of overseeing the performance of the Elite. It's a big promotion and it comes with an attractive pay rise."

Suzy looked puzzled. "What about Ms Hodge?" she asked. "Won't she object?"

"Don't you worry about Patty," he assured Suzy. "I'll take care of that end of the business."

The first stretch limousine pulled into the facility grounds at seven o'clock, carrying Patsy and Lindsey Butcher. The limo had dark tinted windows to obscure the passengers from any prying paparazzi that might be lurking outside the gates. The car parked beside the gymnasium and the two gals stepped out, neatly attired in full clobber.

Ms Scott mingled with the select group of inmates that had been invited to the event. The Grand Master had wasted no time in installing her in her new position and had made her responsible for ensuring the smooth running of the evening's entertainment.

"You nervous?" she asked Cathryn.

"Hell no," drawled Cat. "This will be good old fashioned Woody fun and we'll be in control."

At nine o'clock two more limousines pulled into the grounds. The front car was occupied by the Chief Constable and his most senior aides. The second car carried the six policemen and women who had got lucky in the lottery that had been drawn at the Annual Policeman's Ball. Mr Humphries and Ms Scott went outside to greet their guests.

Inside the accommodation areas of the facility the remaining Woody gals and the Brass milled about in the various common rooms. Nix had hooked up video links to wide screen TV's and Mr Humphries had organized appropriate refreshments to allow the mesmerized spectators to make a night of it.

Inside the gymnasium Heidi Alexander and Linda Ash took orders for drinks and offered out the canapés. Penelope Ann Evans looked elegant in a tuxedo as she stood behind the bar and poured cocktails.

The inner sanctum of mega-minxes introduced themselves to the members of the constabulary and posed for souvenir pictures. The only person in the

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gymnasium who didn't seem to be enjoying herself was Sally Cobb who stood off to the side looking sullen and morose.

Mr Humphries allowed his guests thirty minutes to acclimatize themselves and to meet the gals. Then he stepped into the center of the gymnasium.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced. "If you would be so kind as to find a seat and make yourselves comfortable we will proceed."

The police took their places in the comfortable chairs, Heidi and Linda making sure their glasses were full and that they had enough to eat. The Woody gals took their places, demurely seating themselves on rows of chairs set up against the wall of the gymnasium.

"As you are aware," the Grand Master said, "we are here this evening as a result of a minor misdemeanor perpetrated by one of our most senior members. In a spirit of co-operation Chief Constable Collins has agreed that this trivial offence is not worthy of appearing on Miss Cassidy's record and in return Miss Cassidy has agreed to undergo a punishment of a corporal nature as a reprimand for her actions. Miss Cassidy's formal reprimand will occur later in the evening, however, as an ice breaker she has agreed to open the proceedings with a traditional spanking from Chief Constable Collins. So without further ado if I may ask both of you to step up to the chair we will begin."

Lottery Spankings

Cathryn stood up. As usual she was wearing her version of full clobber, her tie loose and her gymslip so short that the guests from the local constabulary could almost see her bumbags as she walked. The Rozzers whooped and wolf-whistled. Cat turned around, winked and tossed her boater into the darkness.

The Chief Constable had divested himself of his jacket and rolled up his sleeves. Cat folded herself across his lap and stretched herself out. The policeman rolled down her bumbags and spat on his hands. Cathryn wiggled her bottom cheekily.

In the common rooms the gals and the Brass were circled around TV's excitedly watching the events in the gymnasium. Many of them were aspiring mega-minxes who dreamed of the day when they might be included into Mr Humphries revered inner sanctum. Their eyes boggled as they watched one of their spiritual leader's bumbags being lowered.

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For an amateur the Chief Constable didn't do a bad job. He started out tentatively. Cathryn wiggled in his lap to encourage him and he soon warmed to his work. Soon Cathryn's cheeks began to ruddy and her wriggles became a little more earnest. As the senior policeman became more confident he began to build up a nice rhythm, spanking Cathryn up one side of her bottom and back down the other. By the time he had given Cat the allotted thirty six spanks on either cheek she was genuinely pleased to get her bum out of the firing line. Nonetheless, when she had straightened her clobber she leaned over and gave him a peck on the cheek, winking at him and telling him, "Not bad big boy," in her husky flirtatious voice. The cops roared with laughter and clapped their hands. Cathryn curtsied and went back to her seat.

The Grand Master stood up again. "Now we have special treat for you. The gals sitting down here have voluntarily entered their names into the tombola. The six lucky winners from your earlier lottery are going to dig into the tombola and select a name and as your prize you get to spank the gal you pick. So lets have our first winner Police Constable Debbie Hartley."

With the exception of the Chief Constable the other guests were dressed in their glad rags for the evening. The woman who stepped forward looked quite young, as if she may have just graduated from cadet school. She wore a red cocktail dress, with her hair fussed up on the top of her head and a pair of high heeled sling backs. She approached the Grand Master with a slightly nervous look on her face.

The Woody gals exchanged glances, smiling apprehensively as Mr Humphries span the tombola. The policewoman reached in and picked out a folded piece of paper. She opened it and read out the name, looking at Mr Humphries for guidance.

"Patsy Butcher," she read.

"Oh my gawd," exclaimed Patsy. "Me and my big mouth!" Nonetheless she giggled and stood up.

The police constable gaped at the sight of the statuesque Rastafarian. She raised her head slowly until she was looking up at Patsy. Even in her high heels Police Constable Debbie Hartley was a clear four inches shorter than the Woody Old Gal.

"Holy fuck," she mouthed soundlessly.

Patsy smiled at the policewoman. "Shall we?" she asked politely.

The lottery spankings were carried out in an atmosphere of fun and good cheer. The spankings were limited to thirty-six smacks that were nothing more than amusement to the six Woody gals whose names were picked from the tombola. Bernadette Summers, Cassie Cassy, Claire Brooks, Rachel Cox and finally the Minxster followed Patsy over the knees of the excited members of the constabulary. Everybody cheered and laughed as the six gals kicked their legs and pretended to squeal at the police officers' efforts. Four policewomen and two male detectives had been the lucky winners and it was generally agreed that the women did far better than the chaps.

After the lottery spankings Mr Humphries announced an intermission. The Woody gals mingled

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with their guests, laughing and joking at the performances during the first act.

The Bounder came across to where Jojo, Nix, Rosemary and Debs were entertaining some of the senior members of the local Plod.

"I don't fucking believe it," she groaned. "You don't know how much dosh I lost on you. Who would have believed that not one of the Famous Four got picked out. And you Debs, you nearly put me in fucking bankruptcy. You're the unluckiest fucker I ever met, I bet large on you getting your bum whacked!"

"Ladies and gentlemen," Debs giggled to the guests. "Meet the Bounder."

Cool Cat

After glasses had been replenished Mr Humphries attracted everybody's attention again. "Ladies and gentlemen, if you would take your places, we are ready for the main event." He waited politely while the crowd hustled back to their places. "As you are aware," he continued, "we are here to witness Miss Cassidy make amends for her unfortunate venture into the world of recreational soft drugs. However, tonight we also have a unique opportunity to demonstrate a little about the Woody community. At this facility we consider ourselves a family, and like all families we experience the occasional familial misunderstandings, squabbles and disputes. This evening you are going to witness one of our own willingly making an act of contrition for an action she now deeply regrets, and you will see how we deal with our own." He smiled. "Miss Cassidy, Miss Cobb, take your places."

Cathryn Cassidy stood up, a look of intense concentration on her face; she smoothed down her skirt and stepped forward. She strode down the hall

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with a confident swagger. The inmates in the gym exchanged admiring glances. To her fellow inmates Cat Cassidy would always be the epitome of cool.

Sally Cobb was looking anything but the epitome of cool. She sat rigidly in her chair, the look on her face a mixture of terror and uncertainty. Mr Humphries statement regarding her willingness to participate in the event was not entirely accurate. She hadn't slept for several nights; the prospect of her forthcoming ordeal had left her in a blue funk. Stripped of the protection of her Elite status she had become a figure of ridicule. She slunk about the campus dressed in full clobber and avoiding contact with the other inmates.

Patty Hodge had summonsed her to her study and given her a vicious thrashing for failing to complete her mission. Katie had dragged her over her knee and slipped her for grassing her up to the Grand Master. It was a miserable time for Sally but at least she had escaped the terrible prospect of being sent back before the System and the awful consequences that might have faced her.

Sally turned and looked forlornly at Lady Vix. The Red-shirt stared at her pointedly. Finally with a look of hopeless resignation on her face the disgraced former Captain of the Red House stood up.

At the end of the row of seats the Butcher Twins also stood up, watching and waiting as Cathryn and Sally approached the beam that had been lowered at the end of the gymnasium. When the two gals reached the beam they positioned themselves ten feet apart and placed their hands on the bar at

shoulder width. The Butcher Twins followed them down the gymnasium.

"You ready?" Lindsey whispered in Cathryn's ear.

Cat nodded and released her grip from the bar and bent forward in one fluid movement. Her skirt was so short that by the time she was in the full hangover it had turned itself up her back, exposing her tautened bumbags.

"Good luck," whispered Lindsey.

Patsy was having more difficulty with Sally, having to coerce her into assuming the full hangover, but eventually Sally acceded and raised herself up onto the balls of her feet and allowed her head and arms to dangle unsupported towards the floor.

With the two gals suitably positioned the Butcher Twins turned and walked back to the far end of the gymnasium, where Suzy Scott was waiting with a pair of super canes in her hands.

The atmosphere in the gymnasium of jovial bonhomie that had prevailed during the lottery spankings had changed to more somber feeling of tense excitement. The Woody gals stared at the two gals prostrated across the wooden beam with mixed emotions. Much as they hated to see their beloved Cat in this unfortunate predicament they knew she would do them proud. They sent subliminal messages of good will and strength to their favorite sister.

Woody gals were not by nature malicious souls but the onlookers were delighted to witness Sally getting ready to receive her comeuppance. Although

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she was viewed as a pathetic specimen of the human race with the protection of her handlers on the Radical Right she had managed to cause a good deal of unnecessary unpleasantness for the inmates.

There was very little in the way of goodwill or positive vibes being directed towards Sally Cobb as she bent over the beam.

A Total Muff

The Butcher Twins loosened their ties and rolled up their sleeves. They accepted the super canes from Suzy and tested them by swishing them through the air.

Ms Scott stepped between them and flipped a coin in the air.

“Heads,” called Patsy.

Cathryn Cassidy narrowed her eyes and focused on a small square of floor. She concentrated on keeping her breathing even and her muscles relaxed. She knew that she had to get into the moment and ignore her surroundings. This was no different to the many public floggings she had received during her illustrious career and besides the audience had already seen her bare bum. It’s really no big deal she told herself.

Sally Cobb’s heart was pounding. She had never been so terrified in her life. This was a very big deal for the former House Captain. Unlike Cathryn she

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didn't have the experience of a catalogue of public floggings to draw upon. Sally did not appear amongst the top ten of the All-Time Hall of Shame, quite the opposite.

Prior to her incarceration at the Woody facility Sally had been a low ranking foot soldier amongst the Confederacy of Yoofs. Yvonne Godfrey had scouted her and given her a position on her staff. Sally had possessed all the attributes that Yvonne looked for; she was a sniveling sycophant, she reveled in the misfortune of others and she was not much brighter than three sheep. Just the type of sacrificial pawn Yvonne liked to surround herself with.

When Yvonne and her cronies at the top of the Confederacy had first been arrested they had been charged by the Serious Crime Squad. In return for the charges being reduced to Extreme Ladetting Yvonne had promised to blow the whistle on the higher echelons of the Yoof movement.

However, Yvonne Godfrey was a wily bird and far brighter than anything Plod had on offer. She had no intention of damaging the criminal organization she had worked tirelessly to create. She effortlessly concocted a diversionary tale that implicated the hapless Sally as her heir apparent as the top female Yoof. Within twelve months Sally Cobb had been arrested three times and was immediately dispatched to the Big House for a mandatory seven year sentence without the possibility of parole.

Sally Cobb was not cut out for a regime of being spanked, slipped and caned. She quickly gained a reputation as a total muff, regularly breaking

the Woody code by howling and blubbing when she was punished.

Whereas Cathryn had consistently remained in the top ten of the All-Time Hall of Shame throughout her sentence Sally had successfully remained at the opposite end of the scale. She was amongst the handful of inmates in the facilities history not to accumulate double figures during the first six years of her sentence.

Yvonne used her as her personal gopher and snitch. During Godder's heyday as commandant of the SS Sally's snitching had caused many of the inmates to find themselves upstairs in the library having their bumbags cut to tatters.

The Radical Right had known that she was not cut of the same cloth as Yvonne but they had limited options for creating a new SS amongst Lady Victoria's Elite.

It was a miserable year for Sally. Victoria watched her like a hawk and left Sally in no doubt that her lethal hairbrush was always just seconds away from landing on her backside if she even suspected the Red House Captain of delivering bogus whops.

When Sally broached the subject of tendering her resignation from the SS Patty Hodge brought Sally to her study and subjected her to a vicious thrashing with her wye-tipped cane and warned Sally that if she failed in her duties Patty would personally target her. Once she had finished giving Sally her ominous warning Patty had bent the prefect over for a second time and thrashed her again just for shits and giggles.

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Patty, Katie and the Wart kept her focused by beating her regularly. Although her official record did not reflect these private thrashings, during her prefectorial year Sally Cobb accumulated more canings than she had in the previous six years combined.

Bent over the beam in the gymnasium, with the skirt of her gymslip turned back, Sally Cobb felt her eyes welling up with tears of frustration and humiliation.

Cathryn and Sally tensed. They had no idea what was happening behind them except for the slap of a single pair of feet approaching at speed. A cane whined through the air, the two gals squeezed their eyes closed. THWHACK!!! The cane lashed down across Cat's bumbags making her gasp.

Lindsey Butcher strode back up the gymnasium and stood next to her sister. Ms Scott nodded at Patsy who set off at pace.

Sally Cobb's head jerked up and she screamed as the stripe of heat imploded through her nerve endings. It was a good clean strike, precisely placed across the crown of her arse. Sally's body jolted back down pathetically and she hung upside down panting.

The Main Event

The two gals heard feet behind them. Cat gritted her teeth and braced herself. Sally concentrated on trying to deal with the burning stripe the cane had left. The cane swept through the air and Sally let out a scream of surprise and anguish. The stroke caught her totally unprepared and raised her several inches further over the beam. Tears flowed freely down her face.

Ms Scott nodded and Patsy Butcher took off for the third consecutive time. Despite her hapless circumstances, when she heard the cane swipe down across Sally's bumbags Cat grinned to herself.

"Clever," she thought, "very fucking clever!"

There was no rhythm to the way that Ms Scott cut the twins loose, so Cat and Sally had to prepare themselves each and every time that they heard the clatter of feet approaching. It was an effective strategy and even the experienced Cat was finding the constant uncertainty disconcerting. At first Sally

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had been seeing most of the action receiving her first six strokes while Cathryn only got two. Then, to even things up, Ms Scott released Lindsey to unleash a four-stripe salvo that took Cathryn's breath away.

At the halfway mark neither of the Butcher Twins were showing any sign of slowing up. They sped down upon their prey, delivered their swipes, and then returned to the end of the gym without breaking a sweat.

At the far end of the gym the two victims were a study in contrasts. Predictably Cathryn Cassidy was taking her beating in stoic silence. Beside her Sally was shaking and shuddering. She was letting out full-blooded howls as each stroke sliced across her bumbags. Between strokes she hung upside down making gurgling sounds in a most disagreeable manner.

Ms Scott gave Patsy the nod and she set off at a trot, accelerating slightly then going in low and cutting the cane across the lower flesh of Sally's cheeks. Not quite a low rider but enough to raise Sally's feet clear off the ground. The disgraced House Captain was in danger of toppling so far forward that she would slide clear over the beam. Patsy leaped forward and caught her, helping her back down. Leaning over and checking Sally was okay, Sally just gurgling, unable to make words. Patsy waiting, keeping her hand on Sally's back, telling her to take her time and catch her breath. Then when Sally finally

muttered that she was okay, turning and walking back.

The next few strokes were delivered alternately. Cat, Sally, Cat, Sally and then Cat again. Next Ms Scott released Patsy to unleash two super swipes across Sally's defenseless behind. Both swipes were greeted with raucous howls. Her tally had now reached eleven.

Ms Scott nodded at Lindsey. Cat braced herself, sensing her turn was coming. She flexed her calves and got up on the balls of her feet, bracing her hips over the beam and reaching down so her bum was up high and proud. She heard the feet accelerating and the whine of the cane cutting through the air before it cracked down across her bumbags. She whistled and clenched her fists, regrouping as she heard Lindsey stepping away, fairly sure the next swipe would be hers too. She wasn't mistaken and she gasped as another perfectly controlled stroke swiped down across her beleaguered bum. The two gals had now received eleven strokes each.

Patsy and Lindsey looked down at Ms Scott, waiting for her signal. The new Head of Operations looked from one to the other and then gave Lindsey the nod.

The crowd watched breathlessly as Lindsey started her final run-up. Under the subdued lighting that Nix had designed only the white of her crisp blouse was visible until she burst into the spotlight

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overhanging the beam, like a predatory Amazon with her cane arcing through the air towards its defenseless quarry. The crack of the cane echoed around the gymnasium causing everybody to squirm and not the least Cathryn Cassidy. The super cane sliced across the stripes under Cat's bumbags like a heat seeking missile. Cathryn groaned.

Lindsey stood beside Cathryn, waiting to help her chum up, while her twin sister started her approach. Looking equally formidable Patsy burst in to light and swung her arm fast. She slashed the cane down in a perfectly clean strike, a fitting finale to a beautifully executed dozen. Sally screamed. She bucked and squirmed, kicked and wriggled. She opened up her lungs and continued to howl. Patsy leaned over and told her to take her time and collect herself.

Lindsey helped Cathryn to her feet. Cat smiled gamely and hugged her chum. "Good shooting," she laughed in a hushed voice.

"Well taken, sis," said Lindsey returning Cat's hug.

Sergeant Ellen Millar

Mr Humphries stepped forward and was beginning to thank the guests for visiting the facility when the Chief Constable interrupted.

"If you don't mind Grand Master, there is one last piece of business I'd like to take care of," he said.

Mr Humphries shrugged.

The Chief Constable spoke into his cell phone. "Bring her in," he said.

Momentarily the doors of the gymnasium swung open and two strapping police officers walked in. Between them was a uniformed policewoman, neatly clad in a tunic and skirt over her white blouse and tie, and a hat with a black and white chequered band on her head. She had three sergeants' stripes on the sleeves of her tunic.

"Please come in Sergeant Millar," said the Chief Constable in an authoritative tone.

The police sergeant narrowed her eyes slightly, squinting around the room, before she shrugged her

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arms loose from the two male Plod and stepped forward.

The inmates couldn't help noticing that when she stood before the Chief Constable she assumed exactly the same pose they assumed when they were in trouble with the Brass. Shoulders back, eyes straight-ahead, arms by her sides and her knees together.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the Chief Constable addressed the room, "this is Police Sergeant Ellen Millar. For the past several days I have had Sergeant Millar's disciplinary file on my desk and I have been considering what action to take. This is not the first time that her file has appeared on my desk. In fact, during the past six months Sergeant Millar has already received two informal reprimands. I will not dwell on her specific transgressions except to say that they relate to internal Police disciplinary procedures and that she has done nothing in the least bit illegal. Under the circumstances it would be normal practice for me to give her an official reprimand and to pass her file to internal affairs to discipline her."

The Woody gals watched the policewoman intently. She looked about the same age as them, in her early to mid-twenties, looking neat in her well-pressed uniform. But, it was the look on her face that they were watching. It was a look that they saw everyday at the facility. Part defiant, part anxious, part resigned. It was the look of a gal who had been caught and was waiting to discover her fate.

"However," the Chief Constable continued, "consider this. The internal affairs department will not take into account that Sergeant Millar is an outstanding officer in the field, nor will they care that she is amongst the youngest female sergeants on the force. What they will care about is that she has made three unfortunate errors of judgment, trivial errors of judgment, and in all likelihood they will demote her."

The Woody gals empathized big time when they noticed Sergeant Millar's mouth involuntarily twitch into a momentary grimace.

"Demotion in the police force is a very serious matter and for a young sergeant it may prove irrecoverable." The Chief Constable sighed. "Until earlier today I felt I had no choice but to do the usual and throw Sergeant Millar to the piranhas. But then I got to thinking, perhaps I have options. Perhaps I could cut her some slack, perhaps I could take a lesson out of the Woody handbook and how they look after their own." He looked at the Sergeant sternly. "But of course that will be up to you young lady!"

"You've got to be kidding," laughed Lady Vix in disbelief. "You want me to spank Plod?"

"Exactly," said the Grand Master.

"And you don't think she might take umbrage to this particular proposition?"

The Grand Master chuckled. "Well she might," he admitted, "we'll find out soon enough."

The policewoman bit her lower lip nervously. "I'm not sure I understand," she muttered, but from the look on her face the Woody gals could tell that she understood very well.

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The Chief Constable sighed. "Don't pretend to be obtuse Sergeant. Obtusity doesn't become you," he told her.

"No Sir, sorry Sir," said Sergeant Millar somewhat numbly. "I think I get the gist, but what exactly are you proposing?"

"What exactly is a double dangling?" the Chief Constable asked Mr Humphries.

Mr Humphries leaned over and whispered in the policeman's ear.

"Oh!" said the boss Rozzer. "Well that certainly sounds like a plan."

PC Minx

Police Sergeant Ellen Millar unbuttoned the silver buttons of her tunic and let it fall open. She took off her hat with the checkerboard band and handed it to Heidi Alexander. Her eyes flitted from the spanking stool that had been brought from the library to Lady Vix who was slapping the hairbrush against the palm of her hand.

"When you were at school, were you ever sent to the Headmistress' office Sergeant?" asked the Chief Constable.

The policewoman flushed. "Yes Sir, once or twice."

"And what happened to you?"

Sergeant Millar's flush transformed into a full cherry blush. "I got the cane Sir."

"Whoa," giggled Nix. "PC Minx!"

"Goes to show," laughed Jojo. "Once a minx always a minx."

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Lady Victoria Brompton climbed up onto the spanking school.

"Remove your jacket Sergeant," she said firmly, "and come here and bend over my knee."

Ellen Millar's mind was racing. It was hard to believe that this was happening to her. At twenty-six years old she was an admired and commended policewoman. Yet standing in the gymnasium she felt as if she had come full circle from her schooldays.

At school Ellen had a reputation as an athletic tomboy, happier hanging out with the jocks than her prissy girl classmates. One afternoon, while hanging with the boys a fight had broken out and although a mere onlooker she had been marched back to the school and brought up before the Headmaster. As a result of their unseemly behavior they were told they would be caned, Ellen Millar included. She remembered waiting outside the office as the boys went in one by one, and listening nervously to the sound of the cane bouncing off the lads tautened trousers emanating through the heavy door.

It was rare for girls to get the cane, she had only ever heard of two or perhaps three girls before her. She was left until last, to avoid embarrassment. She watched as the boys came out of the study, looking nonchalant, and then it came to her turn. She was made to wait some more while the Deputy Headmistress was brought up to witness the punishment. Then she was told to raise her skirt and stretch out across the big desk while she got six swipes that made her eyes water. She remembered

desperately trying not to let them see that they had hurt her and sniffing back her tears when she found one of the boys waiting at the foot of the stairs to make sure she was okay.

To her surprise and delight the fact that she was the first girl ever to be caned who hadn't cried elevated her to legendary status amongst her schoolmates.

Although she continued to enjoy a reputation as a reckless tomboy she was by far the most popular girl in the school. Unlike the other girls who had been caned and had never gone back for seconds Ellen was caned on three more occasions. Each time she increased her legend with her fearless performances and never once howled or blubbed.

When it came time for her to become a prefect she held the majority of the popular vote to be appointed Headgirl. However, on the eve of the final ballot her closest opponent managed to fabricate evidence that Ellen was responsible for vandalizing one of the school cloakrooms.

Ellen Millar didn't much care that she was caned again but she was horrified when she was informed that she would no longer even be eligible to act as a prefect. It was a painful year for Ellen. She threw caution to the wind and ran with a fast crowd. She established a school record for being caned but her popularity continued to grow.

After leaving school she had gone to secretarial college and then into the typing pool at a large department store. She hated every moment and missed the cut and thrust of being the school's resident tomboy and chief troublemaker. She craved

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for danger and excitement and then she saw an advertisement for the police academy at Hendon and applied.

Her years as a police constable were exciting and successful. She received several citations for bravery in the course of duty, opening the door to her promotion to Sergeant at the youthful age of twenty-five. At first her laudable career continued without a hitch, and then suddenly over the past six months things had begun to go awry.

She began to date a detective, a hard-drinking, independent man, and she began to call in sick a little too frequently and was occasionally late for roll call. Twice she was carpeted and given informal reprimands, before this latest incident when she had drunk a little too much and although she wasn't squiffy, she had been put on desk duty for the day while the Chief Constable reviewed his options.

The policewoman finally shrugged off her tunic and handed it to Linda Ash and then she walked across the gymnasium towards the spanking stool and Lady Victoria Brompton. In her white blouse and black tie, and black skirt and flat shoes she could have passed for an inmate of the Woody Back to School unit. The Woody gals watched in interest as she stepped forward.

Spanking Plod

Lady Victoria had Ellen Millar over and up, with her skirt turned back. The Red-shirt looked over at Mr Humphries who nodded. Vix put her fingers in the elastic of the policewoman's bumbags and yanked them down, along with her nylon hose. Ellen tried to look back over her shoulder but she was in a full dangle and it was impossible. The gals watched as she finally hung her head between her dangling arms and lay helplessly waiting for Vix to pop her with the hairbrush.

Ellen Millar felt the wooden back of the hairbrush being circled over her naked flesh. She tried to take stock of the situation. She was trained to keep calm under the most difficult of circumstances and circumstances did not become more difficult than this she decided.

The sensation of being dangled was quite disconcerting. It was quite unlike being bent over a desk like she had been when she was being caned at

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school. She felt completely at the mercy of Lady Victoria.

It had been seven years since her last caning and she was suffering from a bad case of the butterflies in the pit of her tummy.

All in all, she concluded, the situation did not look promising.

Victoria Brompton was laying it on with familiar gusto. She had tucked Ellen Millar in tightly and was working her arse from top to bottom, up one side and down the other. The inmates watched intently as the upturned pink flesh began to transition from a ruddy rouge to resembling an orange sunset.

Ellen Millar dangled head down arse up experiencing the full blazing glory of a double dangling. Helpless to defend herself she felt smack after smack rebounding off her bottom. The burning in her behind intensified as each stroke landed on the already red and swollen flesh. Her legs kicked back frantically and she waved her fists in the air hopelessly. She had lost count of the slaps and was willing the spanking to finish.

Vix looked down at her handiwork. The policewoman's beleaguered bum was completely reddened, not a square centimeter of pink flesh was visible. She took a tight grip on the hairbrush and readied herself to unleash a final six spank blitz.

The police sergeant's buttocks twitched spastically as the final salvo slapped down on the

already steaming flesh. She felt her bumbags and hose being rolled back into place and her skirt being turned down. She hung upside down panting until Victoria gently helped her back to her feet.

Ellen Millar buttoned her tunic and replaced her hat on her head. She smoothed down her uniform and stood to attention. Her face was pale and her lips set in a tight line but she hadn't howled and she hadn't blubbed. Police Sergeant Ellen Millar was feeling quite proud of herself.

The Chief Constable approached her. "Consider yourself officially reprimanded Sergeant Millar," he said not unpleasantly. "Perhaps we should order one of these spanking stools for the station house. It could save a lot of fuss and bother."

Ellen Millar looked at him suspiciously. The Woody gals could see that she didn't think that would be a good idea.

The police sergeant took her punishment with considerably better grace than Sally Cobb. The disgraced House Captain asked to be excused from the post spanking socializing, throwing a hateful look at Lady Vix and stomping out of the gymnasium. Lady Vix just chuckled and went back to the party. The police officers were clearly enamored with Woodyworld and mingled with the gals, laughing at anecdotes and having their pictures taken.

Ellen Millar quickly overcame her initial embarrassment and bonded with the inmates and laughing good-naturedly when her colleagues joshed about her double dangling.

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It was midnight before Mr Humphries finally called a halt to the revelries and said goodbye to the guests. Claire and Melons were tasked with doing their best to settle the unit down for the night without having to hand out too many lickings.

Ellen Millar seemed to be having a good time despite the steam funneling out from under her skirt and volunteered to stay behind and help the inmates clean up the gymnasium. Penny Ann kept the bar open long into the night.

The Morning After

On the following morning the Grand Master granted the inmates a lie-in so it was midday before they slowly began to congregate in the cafeteria where a buffet brekker had been laid out.

"How're ya feeling this morning?" drawled Lady Victoria drowsily.

"Sore head and sore arse," groaned Cathryn Cassidy.

"Maybe I should fix you a mimosa," yawned Vix.

"Bottoms up to that sister!" nodded Cat.

The two chums were surprised when Police Sergeant Ellen Millar ambled into the cafeteria. She was dressed in a white blouse with red piping around the collar, a red and black striped tie, a dark pleated skirt and a red and black striped blazer.

"The Grand Master didn't want me to go home alone last night," she explained. "The Bounder was kind enough to lend me some fresh clobber."

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Victoria offered her a mimosa. "No hard feelings about last night, I hope," she said earnestly. "You won't be arresting me every time I go into town?"

Ellen Millar smiled. "You are quite safe Your Ladyship." She giggled. "I know it sounds weird but I rather enjoyed myself last night."

Cat chuckled. "That's not so weird. Woodys has a very strange effect on folks."

"Bottoms up to that," grinned Lady Victoria Brompton.

After brunch Jojo escorted the Butcher Twins to the Great Hall to show them the progress that had been achieved on the Westside Story production. The twins had stayed over for the night specially to see if there was anything they could do to help Jojo with her grand creation. The Amazonian sisters linked arms with the tiny Jojo, towering over her, as she took them on a guided tour.

Jojo was feeling optimistic. Despite their hangovers many of the cast and crew were already working hard in the hall. On the stage the backing dancers, dressed in unitards and leg warmers, were listening intently while Ginger and Mickey went over their routines in minute detail.

Lisa Sutton was directing her crew in making final adjustments to the set. Most of her crew wore coveralls to avoid getting paint on their clobber. Elsewhere the gals busied themselves with their assignments, determined that at the next scheduled rehearsal any glitches would be ironed out. The

Grand Master had granted full loose tie dispensation so they had unfastened their collars and rolled back their sleeves and dived into the numerous jobs at hand.

Nix was working on her Apple, reprogramming some lighting set-ups that she felt had been running marginally out of synchronization.

"Yo, Jo," she grinned when her best chum brought the twins up to check out her high-tech configuration.

Jojo smiled at her chum. "You look like you had a long night."

Nixdown just winked. She had helped Penny Ann clean up the bar before the two lovers had retired to the privacy of Pen's apartment. Nicola Jane had been extremely enamored of her English rose in her stiff white wing-collared dress shirt, bowtie and tuxedo and had demonstrated her enamor until her tongue felt like an ironing board and she felt that her hand would be permanently transformed into a claw. Penny Ann had demonstrated her gratitude by putting Nix over her knee and giving her a damn good spanking.

In the sound booth Debs was toying with the score. She hugged the twins.

"I notice that neither of you seem to have lost your talents," she giggled. "God you sent chills down my spine last night. There are some things a gal never forgets. That whole full hangover gig and the sound of the feet on the gym floor. Man that is some heavy duty shit."

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Cathryn and Victoria were giving Ellen a tour of the facility. It amused them that she was showing so much interest.

"I was glued to the TV during the tribunal, she confessed. "There is something about this place that excites me."

Victoria winked at Cat.

A Dodgy Short Cut

The following evening Suzy Scott was compelled to bend Deborah Morton and Rosemary Booker over the piano stool and beat them with her violin bow.

It was not an experience any of the parties particularly relished participating in but unfortunately Debs and Rosemary had given the newly appointed Head of Operations no choice.

After lectures had finished Debs and Rosemary had applied for a town pass. Debs needed to pick up a racquet that was having its grip resized and Rosemary needed to pick up some much needed blouses she had ordered from the haberdashers.

They took the bus into town and arranged to meet in a Woody friendly wine bar once their errands were completed.

Debs secured her racquet and ambled through the town. Several tourists recognized her and stopped and asked for autographs. Since her reemergence

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into the public eye during the Tribunal Deborah had become resigned to the return to her celebrity status. She politely signed various books, magazines and papers before sliding into the safety of the wine bar.

Rosemary arrived soon after clutching a bag full of enough new blouses to see her through the last weeks of term. They ordered an ice cold bottle of 2001 Domaine A. Cailbourdin Les Cris, Pouilly-Fume and kicked back with plenty of time on their hands to enjoy.

For months Rosemary had been eyeing up a local studmuffin with a hard body and smiling eyes. As luck would have it no sooner than the two chums had slipped into a quiet booth than the studmuffin in question moseyed into the bar.

The wine bar was still quiet before the after work crowd arrived.

"You should go and talk to him," teased Debs.

Rosemary blushed. "You know I'm shy," she giggled.

"He's alone and you're beautiful, I'm sure he won't bite," said Debs.

Rosemary lit a cigarette and changed the subject.

"My pal has really got the hots for studmuffin," Deborah whispered to the barman as she made her way to the bathroom. "Perhaps he'd like to buy her a drink," she said conspiratorially.

Studmuffin worked fast and by the time Deborah returned from the loo he was firmly ensconced at the table.

Debs grinned to herself. She swallowed down her drink and then suddenly looked down at her watch.

"Hey, Rosemary," she said cheerfully. "While I'm in town I might as well buy some new sports socks. I'll just cut along and I'll meet you at six at the bus stop."

Debs watched the bus approaching. She flipped open her cell phone. "Where are you?" she demanded. "The bus is on its way."

"I'm coming," Rosemary told her. "Don't worry, let's just take a cab. I'll pay."

"Well hurry up," snapped Debs. "You know it'll be whops if we're late."

"We won't be late," Rosemary assured her chum.

"Where are you going?" demanded Debs. "You should have taken a left at the lights."

The cab driver looked into his rearview mirror. "I am planning to cut through the Close," he told her tartly.

"The Close?" retorted Deborah. "The Close will be wall to wall with traffic at this time of the evening."

"It's a short cut," responded the cabby.

Deborah looked at her watch and groaned. It was six fifteen and the cab driver was turning onto

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the Close. As Debs had predicted the road was grid-locked.

"This is a fucking short cut?" she wailed. She turned and looked at Rosemary. "Our bumbags are toast," she groaned.

"I'm sorry, Debs," her chum said in a small voice.

Debs stared out of the cab window gloomily. The traffic was choc-a. There was no possibility of reaching the compound before curfew. The dodgy short cut had undoubtedly cost her six of the best.

She tried to look on the bright side. The Duty Dame was Stephanie Powell.

Stephanie Powell was a card carrying member of the Liberal Left and considered an all-round good egg by the inmates. She had a reputation for delivering good, clean canings that apart from under exceptional circumstances were generally never more than middling warm. Debs figured that there were worst things that could happen to a gal actively pursuing whops than a short sharp six from Stephanie.

The Music Room

Deborah groaned again. As expected the gates to the compound had been secured. While Rosemary negotiated the fare with the cab-driver Debs had pressed the intercom to announce their return.

To her surprise it wasn't Stephanie at the other end it was Suzy Scott.

"I'm going to have to ask you to drop off your belongings in your studies and to repair to the music room. I'll be along to beat you shortly," Suzy informed her.

Deborah Morton watched the proceedings with considerable trepidation. Rosemary was stretched out over the violin stool with her skirt turned back and her voluptuous buttocks pointed upwards. Suzy Scott sliced the violin bow downwards.

The music room and Debs had a chequered history. She was an internationally renowned musician and when she arrived at the facility she had been warmly welcomed by Ms Whitton, the Dame in

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charge of music at the time. Ms Whitton arranged for her to rehearse with various local symphony orchestras and Debs was often given leave to give recitals. Not that her popularity with the Music Dame offered her any immunity from being beaten with the violin bow.

Ms Whitton was a hard-core member of the Radical Right and notoriously prolific with her bow. The Woody Wags nicknamed her the Wacky Whackster due to the bizarre and dramatic set-ups she used during her beatings.

She would bend a gal over the piano stool and then crank up gypsy music on her old gramophone. Falling into an apparent religious frenzy she would wave her arms around in wild abandon, intermittently slashing the bow down with considerable force. A licking from the Whackster could take as long as ten full minutes, a long time to be prostrated face down over a piano stool.

Although Deborah was her star pupil her behavior was far too appalling to avoid the occasional interaction between the bow and her bumbags. Deborah accepted the beatings as the routine price of mega-minxdom. However, midway through the fourth year of Deborah's sentence the incident known in Woody lore as the Fabulous Fart would prove calamitous for Debs.

Ms Whitton's reaction to Deborah unleashing a skirt flapping, bumbag straining, gargantuan guff had been formidable. She had dragged Debs over her knee, yanked down her bumbags and whipped her tirelessly with a swishy conductor's baton.

To avoid the unpleasantness of the Fabulous Fart going public during an appeal Debs had agreed not to file charges in return for her bumbags being granted a six month sabbatical from the violin bow.

Unfortunately the end of the six month period coincided with both the announcement of Operation Scorched Arse and the declaration of Deborah as the units Public Enemy Number One.

It was a tough time for Debs. Ms Whitton beat her at every opportunity and often added macabre twists to the punishments to further humiliate Debs.

Finally, the following year, Jojo, Nix and Rosemary staged an intervention and Mr Humphries launched an enquiry. He had the Wacky Whackster arrested and charged with sixteen incidents of aggravated assault with a violin bow. She received a two year custodial sentence and was banned from acting as an educator in the future.

The arrival of Suzy Scott as her replacement had proven to be a temptation too great for Deborah to resist. On first impression there was nothing much to Suzy. She stood four feet ten inches tall and looked like she might weigh eighty pounds with two rocks in her pockets. However, as Deborah would discover looks can be deceiving. During the first tutorial that Suzy presided over Deborah purposefully provoked the new dame to beat her. It was a legendary encounter and instantly secured Suzy Scott a reputation as one of the greatest whop artistes in history.

As usual in the whops and clobber world they inhabited the mega-minxes felt duty bound to test out

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the skills of the new legend. Very few went back for a second dose.

Suzy gained a reputation for fair play. She allowed reasonable gabbing, goofing, larking and pranking during her tutorials but expected to be taken seriously when she called time-out.

Debs and Suzy were tight. Suzy took charge of overseeing Debs' workouts in the wellness center, strengthening Debs' arms and legs and honing her body. They became very tight indeed.

Unfortunately for Deborah her inexplicable compulsive impulsive behavior syndrome seemed to kick-in at all the wrong moments. Despite their tightness Suzy had already been obliged to beat Deborah on three occasions. Debs was also the only inmate at the unit that Suzy had been compelled to red-card.

Debs watched the violin bow slicing downwards with considerable consternation.

A Sizzling Super-weal

Rosemary Booker was not having a good time of it. The sound of the violin bow colliding with her drum-tight bumbags seemed to explode in her ears like cannon-fire. The intense sensation of each stroke reverberated around her central nervous system creating mischief and mayhem in areas of her body she was not normally aware of.

When Rosemary had first experienced the cane she had stunned her fellow inmates with her pronouncement that it really didn't hurt and that it was 'only whops'. Even amongst the whop-hardened inmates of the Woody Back to School unit this had been considered a stretch and she had been written off as barking. Nonetheless, Rosemary never seemed to show even the slightest after effects of being licked so after a while her chums took her at her word and reclassified her as an unnatural phenomenon.

All that had changed on the first day of the Great Spank-off when most unexpectedly she had an extraordinary experience. Midway through a fast caning she was suddenly overwhelmed with

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excruciating pain. It was devastating and she immediately retired her bumbags from the contest. Since then Rosemary Booker had become increasingly reticent when it came to matters of whops.

Rosemary pushed herself up from the piano stool. Her face was chalky white and her cheeks puffed out as she let her breath out in long impassioned pants. With slow, stiff-legged steps she stepped aside to make way for Deborah.

Debs licked her dry lips. Her tummy was churning uncomfortably. She stepped over to the stool and very slowly bent over.

Deborah Morton had never questioned that whops hurt. She had first been caned when she was twelve years old; three strokes across the bumbags delivered in the Posh HQ at the strict Queensgate Academy. There was no question it had hurt. The caning had made her teeth chatter and her eyes water but she had refused to howl or blub.

During the five years she spent at the academy she was caned with increasing frequency and ferocity. The strokes increased and the intensity of the punishments multiplied. She taught herself pain management, the ability to continue to function relatively normally even though her backside was frazzled and throbbing, but she never deluded herself that it didn't hurt.

At Woodys she had risen to Number Three on the All-Time Hall of Shame, an achievement that had required her to be beaten almost two hundred times. The kudos had been worth it but she never denied

that every stroke of the cane had been exceedingly painful.

Deborah stretched herself into a full drape, arms and legs out straight. She felt Suzy turning back the skirt of her gymslip and she waited for the pain to commence.

Debs didn't have long to wait. She heard an ominous whistle from above and then the white hot slice of heat and pain as it etched from one side of her backside to the other. She shook her head and clenched her fists as the searing agony took control of her senses.

Ms Scott focused on her target and raised the violin bow for a second time. She hated being forced to beat Deborah again but she was determined to execute the job efficiently. She swung the bow through the air with unerring accuracy.

Debs had done her best to prepare herself. She knew exactly what to expect, but when the stroke landed she was still astonished by the pain.

The art of fine caning is defined by the tightness of the formation in which the strokes are delivered. Although Ms Lawton was fond of declaring women born broad of beam and perfectly designed to absorb six of the best, the target area was actually quite small; the sweet spot of the rump a mere six inches across the cusp.

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Suzy Scott had redefined the meaning of tight formation. She had perfected the skill of landing six strokes one on top of the other, creating the perfect weal.

It was excruciatingly effective and designed to deter ne'er do wells from making a return visit to the piano stool.

Deborah's fourth encounter with Suzy's potent bow was proving no more agreeable than her first, second or third. Every stroke landed right on target causing her to buck and writhe, her feet and fists pummeling the ground. When it was over she tottered to her feet like a squiffy sailor on shore leave.

"That fucking hurt," was all she could think of to say.

Deborah Morton considered her situation. Although being beaten by Ms Scott had been considerably less preferable than a middling warm six from Stephanie Powell it was not a total unmitigated disaster.

It was her forty-seventh punishment of the year and kept her on target to achieve her goals. With five weeks still remaining before the unit broke for summer furlough she had plenty of time to score her second consecutive Bull and she only needed six more canings to move up the All-Time Hall of Shame into second place.

Despite the sizzling super-weal working overtime inside her bumbags Debs was feeling smug.

Warmers

Joanna Heyworth did her best to suppress a grin. Madame Diderot was flashing a red card in her direction. Jojo pushed back her seat and headed for the lecture room door.

In keeping with Woody tradition Jojo's fiftieth punishment of the year was not her ceremonial Bull Flogging; it was a damn good spanking.

The Grand Master had her spread out across his lap, tucked in tight. Jojo's skirt was neatly folded back and her bumbags were around her ankles. Joanna settled in to be warmed-up for her flogging.

Joanna Heyworth was an ardent advocator of warmers. The debate over the pros and cons of preliminary hand-spankings dated back to the Lawton era. Ms Lawton had always preceded public floggings with an over the knee warm-up session and firmly believed she was doing the gals a favor.

Ms Lawton had discovered the benefits of warmers in most disagreeable circumstances. While

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attending the original Woody School she had spent an unpleasant and acrimonious year as the personal whopping-gal of Patricia Hodge. Patty took advantage of Susan Lawton's reputation as the naughtiest gal in the school and frequently thrashed Susan on bogus charges. Susan's relationship with the school's Grand Dame was fragile at the best of times and she rather fancied that all that complaining about Patty would accomplish was to highlight the unacceptable number of legitimate thrashings she had received. Susan figured it was best just to suck it up.

However, one afternoon she finally got the pip with Patty. The Red-shirt had imperiously summonsed Susan to her study so that she could give her a ration of tongue pie apropos of nothing in particular. When Susan had answered her back Patty had thought it would be a wizard wheeze to put Susan over her knee and give her a damn good spanking.

Susan was furious and when she was released she promptly hacked Patty Hodge on both shins. Once Patty had stopped hopping from foot to foot she found herself with a dilemma on her hands. Red-shirt shin-hacking was a sacking offense and if she took Susan up before the Beak she would most likely have her traveling trunks packed by nightfall. However, Patty realized that getting Susan expelled would be tantamount to scoring an own goal. Losing her most regular customer would severely curtail Patty's opportunities to score a fix of gratuitous whops during any troughs in misbehavior amongst the general population of the school.

Despite her righteous indignation at the spanking Susan Lawton did not relish the prospect of

expulsion and unwillingly cut a deal with the Red-shirt. She would pay off the shin-hackings with a series of pre-scheduled thrashings. As a down-payment she would submit to receiving six strokes with one of Patty's prototype taped together canes on the seat of her well-spanked bottom.

Fearfully Susan had bent across the desk in Patty's study, suspecting that the cane would slice through her swollen buttocks like a knife through butter.

It had been excruciating of course but Susan had been astonished to discover that the ignominious spanking had worked to her advantage.

The pre-warming of her buns seemed to take the edge off the usual nerve-jangling, teeth-chattering, eye-watering effect of the first stroke of the cane. It was almost tolerable. It was a lesson Susan Lawton would never forget.

Jojo settled in. During her earlier years at the facility she had shared a common distaste with most of the inmates for being put over the knees of the Brass and Elite. However, as her relationship with the Grand Master had developed she found herself increasingly comfortable head down, arse up over his lap. She liked the way he carefully turned back her skirt and rolled down her bumbags. She felt quite comfortable when he gently maneuvered her into position and pulled her into the crease of his lap.

She did not feel quite so comfortable when he began to spank her with hands like house bricks, but Jojo figured there was a downside to everything.

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Jojo sipped a glass of champagne. She smiled at the Grand Master. "I think that has warmed me up quite nicely," she laughed, "I think I'll go and get myself ready."

"Bottom's up, Jojo," her lover said with a wink and they chinked glasses.

Jojo Sets Another Record

When Joanna entered the hall the inmates rose from their seats clapping their hands and stamping their feet.

In many walks of society such a rapturous welcome might have seemed a tad queer. After all Jojo's appearance in the hall was for the sole purpose of having her arse whapped with a thirty-six inch long rod made from the finest rattan. However, for the inmates of the Woody Back to School unit her arrival was the cause for celebration.

For the third consecutive year Joanna had accomplished the mega-minx Holy Grail of accumulating fifty or more punishments in a single year.

Jojo smiled cheerfully as she mounted the stage, waving theatrically to her fans and supporters. She had put on a clean, crisply starched white blouse and her red and black striped tie was knotted in a perfect vee. She was wearing form fitting white whopping bags with razor creases and her shoes

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gleamed from fresh polish. She had brushed her red hair back under a contrasting hair band and wore just a touch of mascara and lip gloss.

A suede-saddled vaulting horse had been placed in the center of the stage; Jojo crossed over and stood beside it. She looked remarkably calm.

Mr Humphries removed his suit jacket and rolled up his sleeves. He loosened his tie and unfastened the collar of his shirt. He picked up one of his super-canes and flexed it between his hands. He nodded at Jojo. She turned around and bent over the vaulting horse. Not a word passed between them.

Jojo felt quite comfortable. The Grand Master had sent Cat Cassidy to supervise Katie setting up the horse to ensure that she didn't get up to any of her shenanigans. The height of the horse had been set perfectly to allow Jojo to bend forward without undue stress on her calves or tummy muscles. She felt the cane tapping down on the seat of her whopping bags. Once, twice, thrice and she braced herself.

Joanna gritted her teeth. The extremely crisp arrival of the first stroke had given a clear indication that life was about to get exceptionally hot and sweaty in her nether region. Nonetheless, she was grateful for the warm-up spanking and although her bum was still glowing warmly she was sufficiently in the zone to absorb the sharp shock of the cane slicing across her buttocks.

Mr Humphries loved the super canes that he had been sent by admirers in California. With the minimum of effort the beautifully crafted rattan shaft cut through the air with a pleasing whistle and made a hearty rotund thwack when it collided with upturned bumbags. He began to cane Joanna with perfectly paced leisurely strokes.

Jojo did her best to keep from wriggling but her bum had taken on a life of its own. The leisurely pace of the caning meant she had plenty of time to fully experience the effects of each stripe. Although every stroke of the cane increased the heat in her bumbags exponentially it also had its own individual life cycle. Starting with the immediate shock of impact then spreading its tentacles at electrifying pace, making her shudder, she could almost feel the weal rising on her flesh and then the stroke slowly blending itself into bubbling, steaming cauldron of heat that permeated below her crisp white whopping bags.

On the hall floor Jojo's chums were watching with a mixture of sympathy and admiration. Even the gals who had never personally embraced a life of mega-minxdom were in awe of the groundbreaking flogging that they were witnessing.

Cassie Cassy watched enviously; with forty-five beatings inside her bumbags she stood at number three on the Annual Hall of Shame. She was confident that it was only a matter of weeks before she would become the inmate in the earliest phase of

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her sentence to score a Bull. It was a dream that she cherished.

Debs watched the proceedings with a mixture of envy and respect. For six years she had gone whop-for-whop with Jojo in the contest for the title of All-Time Big BUTT. It had been a hard-fought competition filled with thrills and spills and constant activity inside their bumbags. Nonetheless, as she watched Jojo bent over the vaulting horse she was willing to concede that the best minx had won.

Jojo was not in a position to fully appreciate the warmth of the support that permeated throughout the hall; she was too busy appreciating the warmth in her bumbags. After nine strokes her backside felt as if it had been lacerated with hot welding rods. Thankfully the Grand Master had informed her that she would only be getting twelve swipes, as he wanted her to be able to sit down at dinner later in the evening.

Mr Humphries expertly planted the tenth stroke on the crown of Jojo's bum, with just enough wrist to really accelerate the pace at impact. Joanna hissed with consternation. She stamped her right foot down loudly.

"Jeez!" she muttered darkly.

"Jeez," muttered Nicola Jane, at the back of the hall. "That has got to have smarted."

"Poor Jojo," hissed Rosemary.

The Grand Master sliced the cane through the air with nonchalant ease and consummate accuracy. Jojo bucked involuntarily as the cane co-mingled with the other stripes setting off a chain reaction of undesirable sensations to all parts of her body. She squeezed her eyes closed as the wave of pain almost overwhelmed her. She did her best to keep her breathing easy and regain her composure before the Grand Master delivered the final cut.

All around the hall the Woody gals were muttering anxiously.

"Oh shit, here comes the killer," growled Nixdown.

The Grand Master took his time, tapping the cane down gently and getting his measure. It had been a perfect caning so far, every stroke had been clean and he didn't want any last moment unpleasantness.

He raised the cane and brought it down with a whistle.

The crack of the cane echoed around the wood paneled hall. It was an awesome stroke, a perfect ace that resonated in Jojo's ears like a firecracker. Her left leg crooked at the knee and she let out a heartfelt groan.

Mr Humphries helped her to her feet and steadied her as she returned to the upright.

"Are you okay?" he whispered.

Jojo blew out her cheeks and then let her breath out slowly. She nodded rather more

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confidently than she felt. At that very moment she was not okay, not in the least bit. Her backside felt like the inside of a hot frying pan and she felt shaken and dizzy and bilious. Nonetheless she was still Jojo and she had no intention of showing him that her bum was on fire. At least, not in front of the other gals. She smiled sweetly.

“Will there be anything else?” she asked.

He laughed. “No I think we’re about done?”

She curtsied.

“Well I think I’ll be cutting along then if you don’t mind,” and wriggled off the stage.

In Search of the New Red-shirt

Jojo lowered herself gingerly into the padded seat at Monets. Although it had been nearly four hours since her ceremonial flogging her rear end was still giving her considerable gyp.

Oliver, the chef and proprietor, had shown them to his personal table and brought them an iced bottle of Bolly and a dish piled high with oysters on the half-shell.

"You don't seem the least bit contrite about whopping me so hard," said Jojo.

"Oh come on," laughed the Grand Master. "That was middling warm at best."

Jojo nearly choked on her champagne. "Middling warm?" she spluttered. "I thought you were going to cut me in half. What the fuck do you know about middling warm?"

The Grand Master smiled serenely. "So how would you feel about taking over as Red-shirt next year?" he asked nonchalantly.

Jojo almost choked for a second time.

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"Not funny," she told him when she had finished coughing.

"I'm serious," said Mr Humphries. "I need to appoint Vicky's successor. She's done such a bang up job and I need somebody to fill her shoes."

"Well not me," said Jojo emphatically. "Besides we all just assumed it would be Debs."

"Why Debs?" asked the Grand Master.

"Well she has always been the golden gal. I know she fell into bad times with Ms Lawton but we always figured that would get straightened out," said Jojo. "And since you've been here you trusted her at the tribunal and she's involved in so many things. Her mentoring programs, the production, tennis and the orchestra and choir, and she's still academic of the year. Plus we've seen her in action with the cane. It's not a bad resume."

"She's very high maintenance," said Mr Humphries.

Jojo forked down an oyster with horseradish and Tabasco. "Are you calling me low maintenance?" she giggled.

"No, of course not," smiled the Grand Master. "The reason Vix was such a great Red-shirt was because she was respected and she respected her position. I can't think of anybody better than you to step into her shoes."

"That's kind of you to say, Sir, but really I'm not your gal," insisted Jojo. "Debs is much better qualified and, besides, unless you've forgotten I'm the All-Time Big BUTT. Hardly the best qualification for a Red-shirt."

The Grand Master chortled, "That's where you're wrong. The two most successful Red-shirts in history were April Turner and Lady Vix. They were both Big BUTT's in their day." Mr Humphries smiled quietly. "I'm just telling you that you are the most admired gal in the unit and you have all the qualities and the sense of responsibility to fill the void that Vicky will leave behind her."

Jojo frowned. She was certain that Mr Humphries was serious and his offer was very flattering. Nonetheless, recently she had been giving some thought to her impending elevation to the lofty heights of the Elite. She was resigned to the fact that as a prefect she would inevitably have occasion to thrash gals and even accepted that she would have to be a responsible Personal Draper to ensure that her personal grubby was properly mentored and ready for the years ahead. Nonetheless the prospect of taking on the awesome responsibility of wearing the red-shirt held no allure. She was determined not to allow herself to be charmed and cajoled into accepting the appointment.

"Sir, I'm grateful and flattered to be considered," she said firmly, "but please, please don't force me. I'd have a hateful year."

The Grand Master sighed. He took Jojo's hand and kissed it gently. "It's okay," he said sincerely, "I would never force you to do anything that would make you unhappy."

They sipped champagne. "Well that leaves Nicola Jane or Rosemary," said Mr Humphries. "We both know that Rosemary won't hack it."

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"Too soft, I suppose," sighed Jojo, "but she'll be perfect as the Brat Draper."

Mr Humphries nodded. "Will Nicola Jane be up for it?"

Jojo sipped some more Bolly. "She's tough and she's popular," she told him, "and she's a straight-shooter. I think she'd be perfect."

The Grand Master nodded. "Well let's give it a shot."

Nixdown Thinks it Over

"You have to be kidding me," laughed Nixdown. "What about Debs?"

"Too high maintenance," replied Jojo.

"Or you?" asked Nix. "You'd make a great Red-shirt."

"I'd be terrible and we both know it," grinned Joanna.

"Well, Rosemary then?" She shot a glance at her best chum.

"Too soft," they chorused and burst into a fit of giggles.

"Aw maaaaan," groaned Nix. "This is ridiculous. I've spent twenty years carefully nurturing my reputation as a degenerate; this would look terrible on my resume."

"But you'll think about it?" asked Jojo hopefully.

Nicola Jane Nixon was in her favorite position, lying face down across Penelope Ann's lap with her jodhpurs rolled down to the tops of her knee length-

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riding boots. Penelope Ann was idly tapping an ivory handled, braided riding crop against Nix's naked bottom. Ms Scott was seated on a nearby bale of hay sipping a Cuba Libre.

"I hated it," Penelope Ann Evans was telling Nix. "I only took the job because the other choices were Yvonne Godfrey or Mitch the Bitch."

"Hallelujah to that sister" giggled Nix.

"It's a hell of a lot of responsibility and a hell of a lot of work," warned Penelope Ann. "Basically you're on call twenty-four-seven."

Nixdown wiggled her hips enticingly. Penny Ann sliced the crop down with a sharp crack. Nicola Jane giggled.

Nixdown hadn't been joking when she told Jojo that she had dedicated herself to a life of degeneracy. She had been five years old when she had first discovered that she could sell kisses to the little boys around the seaside town she grew up in. When she was shipped off to boarding school she brokered her talents establishing a lucrative business teaching the other pupils French kissing and the fine art of cunnilingus.

She had a reputation for being precocious, promiscuous and notoriously belligerent. At several schools the mistresses tried to curb her wayward tendencies with the cane. Their efforts were generally rewarded by Nixdown hacking them in the shins. She was regularly expelled.

Her father was a successful film producer with a reputation for making art house movies and Nix was

determined to follow in his footsteps. She started off making music videos with increasingly risqué content.

She dated a cameraman. One day she was late for a date and when they got home he put her over his knee and gave her a damn good spanking. Nixdown resorted to her shin hacking tactic so he spanked her again. Nixdown stormed out of the apartment.

When she arrived back in her own apartment and had climbed into her scratch she found herself mysteriously aroused. Eventually unable to sleep she returned to the cameraman's home and demanded that he Rodger her eyes out.

She began to include BDSM subject matter in her videos, often appearing herself as the victim of lengthy spankings.

Nicola Jane had known Jojo for years on the equestrian circuit. Jojo had started a multi-media company and had successfully staged several productions on the alternative theater circuit. They combined forces and were soon the toast of the West End.

Their success coincided with a period of monumental government buffoonery and the Great Unwashed was baying for blood. As usual, the System commissioned Melissa Forsham-Smythe and her agents to divert attention with some high-profile arrests. Jojo and Nix were high on her hit-list.

Nicola Jane had an unfortunate start to her sentence at the Back to School unit. She was allocated to act as Katie Beck's personal grubby. Katie was acting as Red-shirt and had formed the first

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official Secret Sorority of Serial Spankers. Sporting spanking was rife and Nicola Jane was subjected to head down, arse up sessions across Katie and her cronies' knees on a daily basis. Katie would often illegally yank down Nicola Jane's knickers earning her the nickname of Nixdown Nixon.

Nixdown made a discovery. Much as she enjoyed recreational spanking she had a fierce dislike of being formally punished.

Nix swung both ways and set about boffing her way through the Elite. Beautiful and bountifully charming she found no shortage of partners to while away the boredom of incarceration. She started with low-level prefects but quickly moved onto House Captains and several Deputy Red-shirt's before hooking up with April Turner.

After years of despising the corporal punishment regime at the facility April reignited Nixdown's love of recreational spanking with the back of her Red-shirt hairbrush. When April completed her sentence Nix went on a rampage of promiscuity, she seduced the Butcher twins and engaged them in an ivory and ebony ménage a trios; she taught Melanie White new ways to exploit her magnificent mammarys, and then she fell in love with Penny Ann.

Penny Ann cracked the crop down again.

"What do you think, Suzy?" asked Nix.

"I think you would make a very good Red-shirt Nix but if your hearts not in it then it won't work" advised Suzy, "but you have to make up your own mind."

The People Have Spoken

It was Cathryn Cassidy who came up with a solution. She invited Lady Victoria to lunch at a local Woody friendly wine bar. Cathryn ordered a bottle of chardonnay and a plate of Norwegian smoked salmon. The two chums found a quiet corner table.

"It's nice to be out of clobber for a while," smiled Vix.

Cat laughed at her chum. "Just look around," she said. "Half the clientele are wearing clobber. It's us that look out of place."

Victoria grinned. "You're right. So what's so important?"

"The Grand Master is looking to announce your replacement," said Cat.

Vix shrugged. "I thought that was a given. I naturally assumed it would be Debs."

"Too high maintenance," said Cat.

"Well that leaves the way clear for Jojo," said Victoria.

Cathryn shook her head. "She's turned it down."

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"Nix?"

Cat shook her head again. "She officially turned it down this morning."

"Rosemary?"

Both gals laughed. "Too soft," they chorused.

"Hmm," mused Victoria. "That's tricky. I mean it needs to be one of the Famous Four. Won't Jojo or Nix reconsider?"

"I don't think so," said Cathryn. "They have pretty good reasons."

"So why not Debs? I know she's high maintenance but maybe she'd change," said Vix.

"She comes with too much baggage," said Cat, "she's too mercurial and unpredictable. She makes enemies too easily. We both love Debs like a sister but we need a stable hand on the rudder."

Vix sipped her chardonnay. "I take it you have a plan."

Cathryn smiled. She pulled out a folded sheet of paper from her handbag and slid it across the table.

"What's this," asked Victoria suspiciously.

Cat smiled at her chum. "It's the results of a poll we ran on the GalGab website this morning."

Lady Vix picked up the paper and unfolded it.

"You have to be joking," she said sharply. "You have to be fawkin' barking."

Cat shrugged. "It's a pretty strong endorsement," she told Vix. "We polled everybody except you and Sally Cobb. You have unanimous support." She laughed. "The people have spoken."

Victoria buttoned her red shirt and knotted her black tie. She stared at herself in the mirror. In a few weeks she would complete the official phase of her seven year sentence and be placed on a year's probation.

Victoria was impressed with the success of the Old Gal program. Cathryn, Melons and Penny Ann were all taking degrees on-line and had scored 'A's' at the end of their first year programs.

Vix liked Cat's logic. As long as she spent her probation year on the Woody campus Mr Humphries was approved to act as her Court Appointed Guardian under the Old Gal Whops and Clobber program.

Although the local town was quite small it had plenty of Woody-friendly bars and restaurants where she could party with her chums and keep under the radar of the Dark Agents of the System. Besides, there was no shortage of local lothario's who wouldn't cut off their right hands to get themselves a piece of hot aristocratic arse.

She had already signed up to remain at the facility to take her law degree on-line and signed the Old Gals Whops and Clobber Charter. She was looking forward to the freedom and lack of responsibility of being an Old Gal.

It had been an interesting and exciting year. Her appointment as Red-shirt had come as a shock to everybody and not least to Victoria. For six years she had been a thorn in the sides of the Brass and the Elite. She was notoriously pugnacious and had frequently been publicly flogged for scrapping with prefects she felt were bullying the weaker inmates.

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She came into office determined to stamp out the heinous practices perpetrated by the SS of Yvonne Godfrey. She had outlawed the brutal collarings that had become standard operating procedure the year before. The prefects were banned from sweating gals. All scoldings were to be direct and to the point. Red marks had to be justified and the pre's could no longer get away with arbitrarily writing gals up for rubbishing.

To her delight her reforms of the Elite met with the support and approval of the new Grand Master. To the dismay of Patty Hodge and her cohorts on the Radical Right there was a shift of power in the Woody community and Lady Victoria quickly became the de facto aide de campe of the new principal.

It was a good time at the facility and Victoria was rightfully proud of her contribution. Nonetheless, it was tiring and often tiresome work.

She slowly brushed her lush, dark hair. It was going to be a tough decision.

To the Manor Born

Lady Victoria helped Deborah Morton over and up. She neatly turned back the skirt of her gymslip and slid her navy blue bumbags downwards. She pulled Debs in tightly into the crease of her lap and slowly circulated the wooden back of her hairbrush across the naked flesh.

"Are you ready?" the Red-shirt asked.

"Ready as I'll ever be," grunted Debs.

Debs was standing in the corridor facing the wall with her hands on her head when Victoria arrived. She was feeling smug. Debs had gone on a calculated spate of rubbishing the pre's. She had figured out a timetable for scoring enough whops to achieve her goals of scoring a Bull and then finishing the year by getting herself elevated to the rank of number two on the All-Time Big BUTT.

Victoria warmed to her work, spanking Debs up one side of her backside and then back down the other. The explosive sound of wood against bare flesh echoed around the library. Dangled upside down with

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her arms and legs unable to reach down to the floor Debs was helpless to do anything but put it up and keep it up.

Deborah had folded her blazer neatly and placed it on a side-table. She turned around and faced Lady Vix.

"You are going to stay on as Red-shirt?" she asked earnestly.

Vix squinted at Debs thoughtfully. "I haven't decided," she said. "I thought perhaps that you expected the job."

Deborah guffawed. "Me? Come on Vix, I'm pretty sure that Mr Humphries thinks I'm too high maintenance."

"You could change," said Vix.

"Yeah, rock on Victoria," laughed Debs. "Besides, aren't you the one to the manor born? You aristo's are used to exerting your authority. Now can't we get this over with? I've got places to be and people to see."

Lady Victoria Brompton was an exacting spanker. She understood the precise timing required to make every individual spank of the hard wood brush play its part in the overall medley of a damn good dangling. After the first six strokes Vix took a breather.

Debs felt herself being readjusted. With her fingers and toes dangling a good twelve inches from the floor Deborah had no choice but to rely upon Vix to support her. Deborah's initial smugness at the

prospect of scoring some invaluable whops was overwhelmed by her sense of the here and now. The here and now was becoming increasingly hot and sweaty.

Debs cringed as the sixth spank crashed down across the crown of her left buttock. The initial impact on her outer flesh was electrifying. She clenched her fists and twitched her ankles; her mouth contorted into a silent howl as the primary shockwaves momentarily overwhelmed her. A millisecond later she splayed her fingers as the deep underburn played havoc with her central nervous system. Her head swayed from side to side in deep distress.

Victoria looked down at her watch. She allocated an intermission between the initial six set of spanks and the second blitz of exactly sixty seconds.

Victoria tucked Deborah in tightly to the crease of her lap as the second hand of her watch approached the appointed time. Debs was perfectly dangled now, her head deep down between her outstretched arms and her legs still. Vix tapped the back of the hairbrush downwards and then raised her wrist in the air.

Victoria locked the Red-shirt hairbrush in the drawer of a side-table. She turned around and reached over and hugged Debs.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

Debs grimaced and nodded.

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"Let's straighten you up," said Vix and fiddled with Deborah's collar and tie that had become skew-whiff during the dangling. She reached over and picked up Debs' blazer and held it out for her. Deborah slid her arms into the sleeves and fastened the top button. She reached into her breast pocket and pulled out her little personal punishment record book and handed it to Victoria for post-processing.

Vix fastened her own collar, straightened her tie, rolled down the sleeves of her red shirt and pulled on her own blazer. She pulled out a pen and opened the book.

Forty-eight she wrote in the first column.

"You're right on target, I see," said the Red-shirt.

Deborah nodded. "And a good part thanks to you," she told Vix. "It's a very good thing when a gal can set herself up for a dangling and know she's gonna be safe. We need you to stay on as Red-shirt," Debs continued earnestly. "You may be a red hot spanker but you're the best Red-shirt we've ever had."

Lady Victoria Brompton blushed bright crimson. "I'll take that into consideration," she muttered. "Now let's take you up to see Rosemary and see if we can't cool things down a little."

Focus Benders

"So what's the verdict Your Ladyship?" asked Cathryn.

Victoria grimaced. "I still haven't decided," she sighed. "I've still got a couple of hours before I meet with the Grand Master."

"Down to the wire, huh?" smiled Cat. Cathryn was mixing gin, vermouth and olive juice in a cocktail shaker. She extracted two iced glasses from the refrigerator and poured the mixture into them and garnished the drinks with olives. She handed one to Vix.

The aristocratic Red-shirt took a sip. "Jeez, Cat," she gasped, "this could put a crook in your neck."

Cat giggled. "It'll help you focus," she told her chum.

"Are you fucking barking?" spluttered Debs. "I'm not going to cane you, Victoria!"

Victoria giggled. "It'll help me focus," she told Deborah.

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Debs squinted at the Red-shirt. "Are you squiffy?" she demanded.

"Never mind that," Lady Vix grinned at Debs. "I have my reasons. I'd consider this a personal favor. Just take a deep breath and get into the role."

"Oh good grief, you're fucking barking. You are really fucking nuts." groaned Debs. "Go and wait outside the library, I'll be along to beat you in a moment."

Victoria pressed her nose to the wood-paneling and breathed in. The aroma of wood and varnish was strangely intoxicating. It had been a long time since she'd performed nose and toes. When she had taken on the role as Red-shirt she had made a pact with herself to temporarily hang-up her bumbags and withdraw from the lifestyle of mega-minxdom. It had been a struggle but she had stubbornly resisted her natural tendency to jape the Brass and had managed to get through the whole year without acquiring a single red-card. She knew that if she accepted a second term that she was sentencing herself to another twelve months where she would feel obliged to continue to refrain from the joys of minxing.

Lady Victoria stared at the wall. It occurred to her that the pose of nose and toes was ideally designed for helping a gal who needed to focus.

Deborah strode through the corridors that led to the library. The irony of the situation struck her as bizarre. It was less than two hours since she had been head down, arse up over Victoria's knee getting a well-deserved spanking with the back of a

hairbrush. Despite a lengthy session across Rosemary's lap having her swollen orbs soothed with mystical balms she was still extremely conscious of the intense heat raging inside her bumbags. Now for reasons that she didn't fully understand Victoria Brompton had elected for the roles to be reversed.

She took a deep breath and entered the corridor leading to the library door. At the far end Victoria was positioned with her hands on her head and her nose pressed to the wall.

Deborah sighed. Perhaps it was best not to reason why, after all, she told herself this was Woodyworld.

Victoria Brompton was bent forward with the tips of her varnished red fingernails balanced on the tips of her highly polished black high-heeled shoes. The hem of her black pleated skirt was turned back and her navy-blue bumbags rolled down around her ankles.

Behind her Deborah Morton flexed a senior cane between her hands. Debs sighed a little and took a deep breath. She stepped in and tapped the cane down once, twice, thrice. She raised her arm exactly eighteen inches in the air and sliced the cane downwards.

The thwack of the cane against her naked rear end had an instant sobering effect on Lady Victoria Brompton. A line of fire etched itself across the crown of her behind and then splayed it tentacles out into the furthest regions of her central nervous system.

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In a moment of surprising lucidity she thought to herself, "this is one helluva a way to get focused."

Deborah ran her tongue over her dry lips. She studied the stripe that she had painted across Victoria's rear end. It was perfectly placed.

Victoria's head had jerked back a little at the moment of impact but she had resolutely kept her fingers glued to the tips of her shoes.

Debs counted down. They had agreed that Victoria would get six strokes so she allowed fifteen seconds to elapse before raising the cane again.

Aficionados generally subscribe to thesis that a thirty second interval is the perfect timing to allow the effects of each stroke to cycle through a gals system. Deborah, herself, had posted several articulate articles on her Debs Diary blog, *'Six of the Best is always the Best'* and *'The Queensgate Technique and the Perfect Five-Minute Caning'* in regard to this subject. Nonetheless, Deborah fully understood that the toe-touching position was the most difficult to maintain so she felt obliged to reduce the perfect interval.

She raised her arm and sliced the cane through the air.

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"Ms Wharton is not going to like this," smiled the Grand Master.

Lady Victoria chuckled. "I know, that's what makes it so delightful."

The Wart was weeping into her tequila in the saloon bar of the Bunch of Grapes. "It's an outrage," she wept. "That bitch Brompton put him up to this."

Deborah gaped at the Grand Master. "But Sir, I thought that I'm too high maintenance."

Mr Humphries laughed. "Well you are, but Vicky insists that you're the gal for the job. We'll make the announcement in assembly tomorrow and then you will officially take over as Captain of the Red House."

Victoria blushed prettily. The announcement that Lady Vix had agreed to serve a second term as Red-shirt was made during evening Callover. The rapturous applause was overwhelming as the inmates

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of the Woody Back to School unit whooped and cheered and stamped their feet on the wooden floor of the assembly hall.

"Oh shit, what the hell," grinned Mr Humphries indulgently. "Loose tie and minimum whops for the rest of the evening," he announced. "Cassie Cassy, light up the grills and throw on some steaks, lets party down Woody style."

Victoria Brompton slid into a seat beside Cat Cassidy.

Heidi Alexander hurried over. "Can I fetch you a dirty martini, Your Ladyship?" she asked. "Shaken, not stirred?"

Lady Vix winked and nodded.

"So how was it?" asked Cat.

"Well there's no doubt she's hot," grinned Victoria, and squirmed in her seat theatrically. "I don't think they'll be too many gals queuing up to be beaten on House Business."

"You're a good soul Victoria," smiled Cat. "I know you've put your bumbags on the line for her so that her feelings aren't hurt."

Victoria shrugged. "I think she'll surprise us all."

Heidi handed Lady Vix her drink.

"I hope you don't mind me saying so Ma'am," she burst out, "but we're all so pleased that you've agreed to stay on as Red-shirt. I know there are other good candidates but I don't know; they'd just be so high maintenance if you know what I mean?"

Cathryn Cassidy stood up and raised her glass in the air.

"Here's to Lady Victoria, Red-shirt unsurpassed and the People's Choice," she toasted.

Debs Morton raised her glass and winked at the aristocrat. Lady Victoria blushed prettily and wriggled in her seat.

The inmates rose to their feet. "Lady Victoria," they chorused. "The People's Choice."