

VOLUME 22

THE MAN FROM BERLIN



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**

Contents

Top of the Whops	1
A Brilliant Mind	5
Patty's Back.....	10
The Wheels Fall Off the Wagon	14
The Silk Phenomena	18
Rear of the Year.....	22
Serial Slacker	26
Urgent Business.....	30
A Kodak Moment	34
Internationally Famous Bumbags.....	38
Special Operations	42
Commandant Godfrey	46
The Man from Berlin.....	50
Malicious	54
A Public Licking	58
A Drenching for Debs	62
A Bakers Dozen.....	66
An Unfortunate Trend.....	70
Caned Copper	74
Copper in Clobber	78
Taking Six for the Team	82
These Kind of Circumstances	86
Patty Training.....	90
Yoof-Hunting	94
Yoof-Bashing	98
Dumb Scouser's	102
A Tunnel of Spanks	106

Top of the Whops

Joanna Heyworth giggled at her chum. Considering that Cassie Cassy had just been subjected to six of the best she seemed to be in remarkably exuberant spirits.

The inmates of the Woody Back to School unit had been back in residence for four weeks following the summer furlough and life was returning to its predictable routine.

Cassie Cassy was proudly showing Jojo the standings on the Annual Bottoms Up Table of Troublemakers where Cassie was currently ranked at number one.

Jojo appreciated her great chums delight. Joanna Heyworth was the reigning All-Time Big BUTT. However, since her recent elevation to the Elite, Jojo was experimenting with taking a sabbatical from minxing while she served as a prefect. During the past four weeks she had not required punishment on a single occasion. This was by far the longest cool-arse period she had experienced since commencing

The Man from Berlin

her program of Extreme Social Rehabilitation six years earlier.

Cassie Cassy had no intention of taking a cool-arse sabbatical. When she first entered the Back to School unit she had declared her ambition to become the greatest mega-minx in history and had pursued her goal relentlessly. She had incorporated the creation of mischief and malfeasance into every aspect of her daily life.

Jojo smiled as Cassie Cassy enthusiastically gave a whop by whop account of her recent encounter with the French Dames cane.

Mdme Diderot was a cranky cove and was particularly averse to criticisms regarding her country of birth. Apparently she did not find Cassie's quote from a former US Undersecretary of Defense that, 'Going to war without France is like going deer hunting without an accordion,' to be the least bit insightful. The French Dame had unceremoniously yanked Cassie out of her seat by her tie and exposed her to the full effects of her odiferous absinthe and Gauloise breath, and cheap bordello perfume.

After berating Cassie in indecipherable guttural Parisian slang she had slammed her down across her desk and punctuated her point six times with a Number One cane.

"That's not very sporting," observed Jojo. "A gal shouldn't get six for using correctly attributed quotations."

"I'm not complaining," giggled Cassie. She pointed at the screen on Jojo's laptop gleefully. "Look, I'm back as Top of the Whops."

Cassie Cassy had returned from furlough with an agenda. The previous year she had finished third on the Annual Big BUTT behind Jojo and Debs Morton. It had been a spectacular performance and she had proudly scored her first Bull, achieving fifty punishments in a single year. With Jojo and Debs now safely ensconced in the Elite she considered her path to be paved to accumulate more Big BUTT honors.

Cassie Cassy had started her campaign impressively by baiting Patty Hodge into giving her a welcome-home whopping.

It had been a most disagreeable experience. Patty had introduced her new interpretation of the protocols, yanking Cassie's bumbags upwards until her buttocks were bared. Patty defended her heinous action by claiming that she had abided by the protocol that dictated that members of the Brass were not allowed to lower a gal's bumbags. Nonetheless, Cassie wasn't complaining, she was delighted to get some whops on her scorecard.

Cassie went on a minxing rampage and quickly deposed Deborah Morton as number one in the Top of the Whops rankings. Debs was greatly relieved to lose her status as 'the naughtiest gal in the unit is a prefect.'

Cassie Cassy was confident that she could maintain her top ranking position. She knew that the secret was consistency so she persisted in goofing, gabbing, larking and pranking, and baiting the Brass,

The Man from Berlin

twenty-four-seven. She racked up a shed-load of yellow cards and by the end of the fourth week of the year she had accumulated half a dozen lickings. It was the kind of steady average that would be required to achieve her goals. However, she had one major obstacle to overcome and that was Miss Lisa Sutton.

A Brilliant Mind

Lisa Sutton miserably bent over the front desk and waited tensely as Patty Hodge rearranged her clothing. A thin sheen of perspiration formed along her brow.

Patty Hodge flexed her wye-tipped cane between her hands. She was in Whop Junkie heaven.

At the end of the previous year Patty had been suffering from depression. During the first twelve months of Mr Humphries tenure her personal power at the unit had been severely eroded, her corps of personal pawns from the Secret Society of Serial Spankers had been scared off, and her cronies on the Radical Right were increasingly reticent about supporting her malicious obsessions. Patty spent her nights tossing and turning in her scratch, plotting and scheming.

For all her faults Patty was a brilliant educator so she approached the Grand Master with a proposal. Her talents were wasted in an administrative position, she explained. She showed him a proposal to institute

The Man from Berlin

a program of advanced learning where she would lecture on a broad spectrum of off-curriculum subject matter. Mr Humphries was well aware that Patty's objectives were not entirely altruistic. The real reason she was itching to get back on the lecture circuit was to give her a greater opportunity to slash her wye-tipped canes down across the hapless inmate's bumbags.

Nonetheless, it was an impressive proposal and there were unquestionable benefits. He revised her contract accordingly making her a Senior Lecturer without Portfolio.

Nobody questioned that Lisa Sutton had a brilliant mind. Before being sentenced to two years at the Radcliffe Back to School unit she had been studying Advanced-physics at Camford. She was widely published and her research papers on superconductivity theory had caused several noted professors to tip her as a future Nobel Laureate.

In many ways Lisa Sutton was an unlikely candidate for genius. Her father, Johnny Sutton was a flamboyant playboy. At the age of eighteen he had inherited a prosperous pharmaceutical company which he promptly sold for billions. Johnny Sutton had never worked a day in his life. Along the line he married a great beauty and they gave birth to Lisa. Lisa's mother turned out to be totally barking so Johnny left her in his sprawling mansion and took to the high seas, living on his luxury yacht. Lisa was brought up by a series of au pairs and nannies.

At prep school she showed a prodigious talent for mathematics. Lisa attributes her memory to the fact that, *'I was always being sent to stand in the corner for being a chatterbox so I had to really concentrate because I was facing the wall and could never see the blackboard.'*

She was shipped off to a liberal boarding school where her talent for maths was complimented by her brilliance in chemistry, biology and physics. She was consistently scholar of the year. She was also a regular visitor to the Sin Bin.

'The worst that could happen to you was being put in detention where you were made to write out the school line 'My behavior in class must always be impeccable', anywhere between fifty and two hundred times,' she recalls. *'It was terribly tedious so I developed a system. Every morning I wrote the line out five times so I always had a stockpile. I used to keep my papers stashed in the waistband of my bumbags. Whenever I was sent to the Sin Bin I was prepared. I had a reputation as an awesome speed-writer.'*

At Camford she studied hard by day and partied hard all night. She was a leading light on the Extreme Ladette scene and was often pictured in the gossip sections of the local papers. The Dark Agents of the System circled liked vultures. She was finally arrested and the agents sought a seven year sentence at the Big House. However, her tutors and professors spoke out on her behalf and she was offered a two year sentence at Radcliffe. Mrs Melissa Forsham-Smythe was apoplectic at losing a healthy

The Man from Berlin

celebrity Ladette commission and was determined to make trouble for Lisa. She paid considerable quantities of quids to the authorities at the facility to stitch Lisa up like a kipper.

Lisa had a reputation as a kindly soul and she regularly helped her fellow inmates with their applications to attend universities as mature students when they completed their sentences.

At Melissa's behest the Grand Dame accused Lisa of authoring papers submitted with her friend's applications in return for large stashes of wonga. Lisa loudly disputed the charges and demanded a hearing to clear her name.

In an attempt to shut Lisa up the Grand Dame procured a cane. Although corporal punishment was not practiced at the Radcliffe Back to School unit there was nothing in its charter to prohibit its use. Lisa Sutton was given three strokes across the palm of her left hand, becoming the first inmate in the unit's history to be caned.

She continued to protest her innocence and filed a complaint with her Court Appointed Guardian. To her astonishment she received a response stating that her appeal had been rejected and that she would be immediately transferred to the Big House for another five years.

On day two at her new abode she was compelled to bend over the end of her bed to be whopped by the Dorm Raider, causing her legendary quote that, 'three strokes across the palm of the left hand hardly prepares you for six hot ones across the seat of thin pajamas.' It was the beginning of a long and painful relationship with the cane.

Patty's Back

Patricia Hodge cut an imposing figure. She stood six-foot one in her trademark spiked heels and wore skirts with slits up the sides to flaunt her endless legs. She had flame red hair and laser green eyes. The local lothario's flocked to the saloon bar of the Bunch of Grapes in the hope of scoring some Patty action. She accepted their drinks and treated them like her personal serfs.

Treating the hoi polloi like serfs was Patty's standard modus operandi. She had first tasted power when she had managed to finagle her way into being elected Red-shirt at the original Woody School. Armed with an ashplant she embarked upon her first campaign of terror. It was a miserable year for the Woody gals.

She met with some resistance most particularly from Miss Susan Lawton, Ma Brooks and Ma Morton.

Susan Lawton was already showing the iron-will that would later make her the youngest woman ever to reach the rank of major in Military

Intelligence. She became the object of one of Patty's first malicious obsessions.

Susan was quite beautiful and very popular. She was something of a tomboy and was always in some kind of scrape with the authorities for climbing trees, drain-pipes, and on one occasion the school clock-tower. She was the school's resident Big BUTT.

Patty caned Susan on several occasions but she was frustrated and enraged by the contempt and disdain her victim displayed towards her. She lay awake at night plotting and scheming and muttering 'Get Lawton' under her breath.

In an act of pure Machiavellian magic Patty arranged for a local love-struck Romeo to file a complaint against Susan for acts of disorderly conduct in the local town while she was out on a day pass. In return for this nonsense Romeo was treated to an eyes-only exhibition of Patty's crown jewels.

Susan Lawton was charged with bringing the school into disrepute and in an historic moment she was sentenced to be caned in front of the assembled school. Patty Hodge was tasked with personally delivering the first ever Woody Public Flogging.

Patty was determined to break Susan's will and used her heinous imagination to make the experience as appalling as possible.

First she made Susan stand in the schools busiest thoroughfare facing the wall with her hands on her head for several hours. Her stipulation that Susan's nose must be physically touching the woodwork at all times and her elbows should never touch the wall was the first instance of full-scale nose

The Man from Berlin

and toes. She posted two of her prefects to act as observers.

Finally Susan was released from her ignominious pose and escorted to Patty's private study. Patty produced a pair of white gym shorts and instructed Susan to remove her bumbags and put the shorts on. Susan Lawton had a slender and athletic frame but the shorts were woefully undersized and she was unable to pull them up beyond her thighs. Patty repeated this dastardly trick several times until Susan finally managed to wriggle her backside into a pair. They were so tight she feared that the seams might burst just through walking, let alone when she bent over.

Susan Lawton was taken to the assembly hall where she was horrified to find that Patty had instructed her prefects to bring a vaulting horse from the gymnasium. She was forced to bend over it so that the height could be adjusted. Cruelly Patty ordered her prefects to set the top of the saddle high enough that Susan would be forced up onto the balls of her feet in order to reach up and bend over.

Years later Patty Hodge would pass on her secrets to Katie Beck.

The pupils watched in awed silence while Susan was flogged. Penny Morton records the event in her diary, *'Susan was magnificent. There was no question that Patty was laying it on thick. She looked like she was beating a carpet and seemed determined to cut Susan in half with the cane. Nonetheless, Susan never howled or blubbed and when she was*

released she curled her lip contemptuously at Patty. Bravo Susan.'

Despite her failure to break Susan Lawton's will Patty Hodge's lust for whops and power was insatiable. She continued to use Susan as her whipping-girl and used her as the guinea pig in an experiment.

With the constant threat of another public flogging hanging over her like the Sword of Damocles Susan was forced to endure the indignities that Patty routinely subjected her to. One day when she arrived for yet another unreported thrashing she found that Patty had taped two ashplants together with the tips forming a wye. It was a brutal thrashing. After it was over Patty forced Susan to lower her bumbags so she could inspect the results. Susan's buttocks looked as if they had been scorched with a branding iron. Patty Hodge immediately contacted a purveyor of fine canes and purchased her first customized wye-tipped cane.

Patty raised her arm in the air and brought the wye-tipped cane down with considerable force. Lisa Sutton's body jerked spastically and her mouth contorted into a silent howl.

Patty Hodge grinned wolfishly, "Patty's back" she muttered under her breath. "Oh yes, Patty's back!"

The Wheels Fall Off the Wagon

Lisa Sutton tried not to wriggle and squirm. She was standing on a chair at the front of the lecture room with her hands on her head. Her face was chalky white and her lips set in a thin line. Her backside was throbbing in a most disconcerting manner, she felt ridiculous and her eyes burned with indignation.

Towards the end of the previous year Lisa Sutton had accumulated her forty-ninth punishment over a twelve month period and looked destined to score a Bull. Her proclamations that she intended to reform were received with polite indulgence but not taken seriously. Her best chum and business partner Bernadette Summers had offered her ten to one on a hundred squids that Lisa couldn't go the last twenty days without getting whopped.

Miraculously Lisa had been successful and the Bounder had been forced to sullenly extract a wedge load of twenties from the elastic waist-band of her bumbags. Fortunately for the Bounder she had

covered her arse and she had recovered her losses by covertly making private bets with the other inmates. She had no intention of sharing this information with Lisa.

Lisa Sutton was buoyed by her success and spent the summer furlough predicting to anybody who would listen that her days of bending over were behind her.

Upon her return from furlough her predictions appeared to be turning into reality. During the notoriously whop intensive first week of the new year she escaped with only a single yellow card. She sympathized when her chums Bernadette Summers and Ali Stone were caned but she couldn't help but swank about and boast that she was sporting a cool arse.

The wheels promptly came off the wagon on the following Monday morning when she was red-carded out of assembly. The red-card was delivered by Debs Morton.

Deborah Morton held the unfortunate record for being chucked out of assembly. She was well aware of the dismal feeling of trudging towards the front of the hall knowing she was on the way to a mandatory bare bender.

"Let me monitor the Phase 6 gals," Debs had begged Lady Victoria Brompton. "I've got enough tough duties what with being the fucking nominated Spanker for Hire, Deputy Red-shirt and Captain of the Red House. I need some easy duty."

The Man from Berlin

Victoria smiled indulgently. "Of course you can sweetie," she told Debs. "But, remember, despite their seniority you'll still be monitoring some right fawkin' scallys. Lisa, the Bounder and Ali Stone are unpredictable. I'm sure I don't have to remind you that you were chucked out sixteen times last year."

Deborah blushed. "I was suffering from chronic compulsive impulsive behavior syndrome," she said defensively. "It's not contagious."

Victoria Brompton shrugged. "Let's hope not."

Deborah rolled her eyes and looked at Lady Vix hopelessly. She was stationed at the end of the row of chairs that seated the inmates in the sixth phase of their social rehabilitation program. For no explicable reason Lisa Sutton had reached out her foot and kicked the satchel of the gal seated in front of her along the aisle. Debs groaned. She stared at Lisa. At first, as she was booting the satchel, a secret grin had spread across Lisa's face and her body was wired with excitement and exhilaration. Seconds later she had cut her eyes furtively in the direction of the monitor and the excitement had visibly drained out of her.

Lady Victoria watched impassively. She understood that this was a challenging moment for Debs.

Very slowly Deborah Morton reached into her inside blazer pocket and produced a red-card. She cleared her throat. "Sutton, Phase 6," she announced authoritatively, "Step up for goofing." She watched as Lisa stood up and began to shuffle passed her neighbors knees.

Following her red-card and a six stroke bare bender from the Grand Master Lisa Sutton's fortunes spiraled out of control. During the subsequent forty-eight hours she received seven yellow cards, was slipped by Ms Lummell and caned by Stephanie Powell. After a brief twenty-four hour hiatus she topped her calamitous week off with a second red-card for inexplicable goofing in the assembly hall.

Cassie Cassy was incredulous and was having considerable difficulty keeping up.

"This is ridiculous," Cassie complained indignantly to Jojo. "The woman's demented. What does she think she's playing at?"

Jojo chuckled. "I don't think Lisa is out there jonesing for whops, she's just having a run of bad luck," she assured her chum.

"Grrrrrrrrrr!" grumbled Cassie Cassy.

The Silk Phenomena

Joanna Heyworth was bent over the end of the bed with her hips propped up by two pillows. She was waiting for six on the silks.

Jojo's sabbatical from formal minxing did not mitigate her from regularly experiencing warm-arse syndrome. Mr Humphries took good care of that.

During the week Jojo slept in her private study on the landing occupied by the Elite. On Friday evenings she moved into her fiancée's quarters and stayed with him until Monday morning.

The Grand Master had converted an old tithe barn on the premises into a comfortable habitat and Jojo was lovingly decorating it. They had knocked down two of the exterior walls and replaced them with floor to ceiling windows offering panoramic views of the sweeping Downs in one direction and the gorgeous Victorian architecture of the Woody Back to School facility on the other.

Earlier in the evening Mr Humphries had treated Jojo, her best friend Nicola Jane Nixon, and Nixdown's lover Penelope Ann Evans to dinner at Monets. It had been a convivial evening; Nix had kept the company in hysterics with her deeply cynical observations of the world.

As usual the local glitterati were dressed to the hilt in full-on clobber and requested autographs and photographs of the famous inmates. Jojo, Nix and Penny Ann politely obliged them before Oliver, the proprietor, finally dispatched the Great Unwashed back to their tables.

Six on the silks was the major subject of discussion. When Jojo had first proposed her revolutionary theory that silk pajamas acted as heat conductors when they came in contact with rattan canes, Nixdown had been predictably cynical and pooh-poohed the phenomena. Apparently Nix and Penny Ann had subsequently carried out extensive private research regarding the phenomena and had now metamorphosized into avid converts.

"It is the most amazing sensation," gushed Nixdown. "Lying in Penny Ann's arms with the heat building as I fall asleep. Pure ecstasy."

Jojo felt the cane slice across the material of her black and red striped pajamas. She was not entirely certain that the sensation of a rapier slicing her buttocks could be described as ecstatic, but she wiggled her bum anyway.

"I'm telling you it's true," said Jojo as she snuggled up to the Grand Master. "I checked with

The Man from Berlin

Lisa Sutton and she told me that the reason for the heat conduction is that the jimjams Bernadette ordered are made from woven silk. She cited the findings of the Baldwin Project performed by Jean Henri Fabre. Are you familiar with his works?"

Mr Humphries laughed. "Not intimately, but he sounds an interesting type of cove."

"I wonder where he advertises to get people to participate in that type of research project?" said Jojo thoughtfully.

Mr Humphries chuckled. "He probably just calls Spanky Botts," he told her.

Miss Spanky Botts was bent over the end of the bed in the apartment she rented on the campus. Deborah Morton was slowly turning up the cuffs of her blouse and loosening her tie. Once she had rearranged her garments Debs picked up her ashplant and prepared to give Spanky six on the silks.

Next door Christy Cranfield was also bent over her bed. She listened excitedly as the sound of the cane rebounding off Spanky's jimjams echoed down the corridor.

Debs moved in for the closer. Instinctively Spanky pushed her buttocks slightly upwards giving Deborah a perfect target. Debs whipped the cane diagonally across the existing stripes. Spanky Botts groaned ecstatically. Debs Morton shook her head in bewilderment and went next door to deal with Christy.

Nixdown was head down, arse up across Penny Ann's lap. She was panting in ecstasy. Pen had just finished giving Nix six on the silks with her favorite riding crop. Penny ran her fingers over her lover's buttocks.

"How's the heat conduction?" she asked.

"Groovy baby," giggled Nixdown. "Just fucking groovy."

Rear of the Year

On Monday morning the Wart bent Rosemary Booker over and gave her six of the best at the front of the lecture room. It was deeply satisfying work. The Wart felt like she was on a roll. Over the past few weeks she had caned over a dozen gals and to her delight she had hardly wasted a stroke.

Her new found proficiency with the cane was mainly due to the training program that Patty Hodge had designed for her. Patty had become bored of the Wart lamenting her endless miss-hits and wasted strokes. Patty took the GeoDame down to the practice range so that she could critique the Wart's technique. The solution was immediately obvious to Patty. The Wart suffered from a classic case of over-exuberance and consequently she rushed into her work. She failed to take in to consideration the importance of timing and precision. When confronted with a pair of tautened bumbags Robin Wharton succumbed to her desire for instant gratification and just started thrashing away.

"Deep breath's, Warty One," Patty counseled. "Take your time and savor the moment."

The Wart took a deep breath; she set her feet squarely and focused on Rosemary Bookers voluptuous posterior. She swung the cane through the air for the sixth time and landed it precisely across the crown of her victim's upturned rear end.

"YES!!!" she squealed and punched her arm in the air. It was a perfect strike. She burst into a victory gig.

Rosemary pursed her lips as she wriggled back to her seat and gingerly lowered her swollen rear end back onto the unforgiving wooden chair. Ms Wharton gloated with pride. For the whop junkies on the Radical Right getting a shot at Rosemary's sumptuous behind was a particularly coveted occupation.

Rosemary Bookers distinctive derriere had first come to prominence when she was cast as Bottom the Weaver in an all-girl production of A Midsummer Night's Dream. A local newshound who attended the production had dubbed her the 'Rear of the Year' and within days Miss Bookers bum was a national obsession.

At the time Rosemary was struggling to establish her 'Bookers Balms' business on the internet and any free publicity came in handy. Shrewdly she flashed her luscious orbs at every opportunity, posing for several calendars and signing a lucrative endorsement agreement with a fashionable jeans designer. Her fan-base bought her balms like hot

The Man from Berlin

cakes and within months she was up to her lugs in lolly.

Rosemary's jolly demeanor and fabulous rear end made her a popular guest on morning chat-shows where she would cheerfully bend over for the cameras and display the logo 'Bookers Bum' across the seat of her jeans.

Young, rich and cheerful, Rosemary was a staple diet for the gossip rags. Her successful on-line company attracted the attention of the Forsham-Smythe Empire who specialized in fiscal intimidation and financial skullduggery. The crooked lawyer, Mr Armanisuit was dispatched to tempt her to sell-out in exchange for a wheel-barrow loaded with quids. However, Rosemary was alarmed to discover that the Forsham-Smythe's planned to reduce her strict quality control procedures and flood the third-world market with bogus balms. She rejected the offer and sent Armanisuit off with a flea in his ear. Melissa Forsham-Smythe was furious.

Rosemary's was voted as 'Young Internet Entrepreneur of the Year,' for her innovative environmentally friendly, low-cost, high quality range of products. At the awards ceremony she agreed to put her famous behind to charitable use and participated in a televised sponsored spanking that raised squillions for the under-privileged.

Thwarted in her efforts to purloin Rosemary's business Melissa mobilized her Dark Agents to lurk in the shadows and keep her under ob's twenty-four-seven. However, despite her gregarious public persona Rosemary was a quiet soul and generally

avoided the party scene. Melissa wrang her hands and gnashed her teeth.

Following the very public arrest of Debs Morton on the center court of Wimbledon, Rosemary appeared on a popular chat show and described the anti-Ladette laws as 'just plain daft'. At the time the media arm of the Forsham-Smythe Empire had embarked on a scurrilous anti-Debs campaign at the behest of the embattled government. As usual the politico's had indulged in acts of fiscal folly and needed to distract the Great Unwashed. In an act of malice Melissa personally authored a series of editorials falsely accusing Rosemary of supporting Deborah, who her newspapers had taken to calling 'the face of National disgrace'.

The Great Unwashed are a fickle bunch and demanded an enquiry. Rosemary received a summons to appear before a hearing of the System to explain her position. Her lawyers assured her that it was a mere formality.

On the morning of the hearing Rosemary overslept and was awoken by the sound of Dark Agents kicking down the door of her apartment. She was dragged out of bed and handcuffed. She was hauled down the street in her pajamas with Melissa's camera-men snapping away. She was charged with bringing the System into disrepute and dragged off to a local haberdasher to be fitted for clobber.

Melissa Forsham-Smythe purchased Bookers Balms at an unadvertised auction for three bob on the quid.

Serial Slacker

Deborah gently kneaded an aloe-vera balm into Rosemary's stripes.

"There's no question that she's improving," observed Debs. "She's starting to consistently do good work."

Rosemary grunted. "Patty's been taking her down to the practice range," she responded.

"She'll be worse than ever, now," groaned Debs. "This does not bode well for anyone's bumbags."

"I have a good mind to cane you, Morton," growled the Wart.

Deborah scowled. "I'm sure you do Ma'am but we both know that you won't. Now do you have any House Business to discuss, because if you don't I'm going to cut along," she said evenly.

The Wart glared at Deborah. "I'm going to get you, Morton, now get out of my sight."

"Yes Ma'am," said Deborah politely. "I'll see you tomorrow."

Debs closed the door behind her and sighed. As Captain of the Red House she was obliged to drop by at the Wart's Lair at four fifteen each afternoon to discuss House Business. Every afternoon the Wart opened the dialogue with her hollow threats to cane Debs and every afternoon Deborah laughed in her face. It was a tiresome and disagreeable routine.

"She's fucking deranged," Debs complained to Lady Vix.

"I know," sympathized Victoria. "I hate that you have to put up with her but everybody in the House wants you to stay on as Captain. They trust you to protect them."

"Hmmm," grunted Debs.

Bernadette Summers reached down and placed her fingers on the tips of her pointed shoes. She felt her skirt being turned back and prepared to be caned.

Bernadette had absolute faith in the Captain of the Red House. She had been caned on house business by Deborah on several occasions and it always went off swimmingly.

Deborah had groaned when Lady Derby Huntington had stopped by to inform her that the Bounder was waiting outside the library.

It was eight o'clock in the evening and Debs was kicking back, hoping her duties were over for the day. She was working on the draft of her latest magnum opus, *'Waiting to be caned, a History of Woodys.'*

The Man from Berlin

Deborah perused the paperwork that Lady Derby had handed her. It was a formal complaint from the Mistress of the Blue House accusing Bernadette of failing to appear to perform a community cleaning project and leaving a member of the Blue House to do all the work.

Deborah sighed. There was no question that the Bounder needed six. It was the third time in the space of a few weeks that the Bounder had needed punishment for slacking.

Debs stood up and started to straighten her tie.

"Let me help you with that," insisted Derby. Debs rolled her eyes but allowed her grubby to assist her.

"Sometimes, Derby, I feel like your dress-up doll," Debs giggled.

"I just like you to look smart, Ma'am," said her Ladyship. "I'll go and fetch your blazer and your cane."

Deborah suppressed a grin. The earnest manner that Derby executed her duties was a constant source of amusement to the Deputy Red-shirt. Nonetheless, she turned around and allowed Derby to slip her arms into the opened blazer.

"Look Bounder," said Debs. "I'm going to let you off with six but this is the last warning. The Wart is going to be all over me like a rash tomorrow for not bringing you up before the House Council for serial slacking. I know that you probably had urgent

business to attend to but you can't keep attracting all these house fines."

The Bounder reached under her skirt and extracted a brown envelope. She handed it to Debs.

"What's this?" asked Debs suspiciously, "a bribe?"

"No," said Bernadette. "I've been selling a line of those striped pants you were photographed in. They're selling like crazy. This is your commission."

Debs laughed. "I still have to give you six," she told the Bounder.

"I know," said Bernadette. "But when we're finished I have urgent business we need to discuss."

Urgent Business

"Are you fucking barking?" spluttered Deborah.

"It's a perfectly legitimate proposition," said Bernadette indignantly.

The Bounder was face down across Deborah's lap having the stripes on her backside massaged with mystical balms.

"You want me to pose for pictures being spanked by Victoria?" asked Deborah. "Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"The whole deal hinges on it," explained the Bounder. "I've got an eight page spread arranged in Clobber Monthly and you're the centerpiece. The fees are enormous and it's not like you don't need the money."

"While I have you over my knee I really should spank you," growled Deborah. "Now this is the last I want to hear about this nonsense."

"Christopher Brooks has personally signed the dispensation for you to be given leave of absence to play in the tournament," the Grand Master told Debs.

"Ms Lummell will travel with you and act as your Court Appointed Guardian."

Debs beamed. "Well I doubt I'll be away long, there's some awfully big names in the competition."

Mr Humphries smiled. "Jane Lummell says she's never seen you so fit and she's says that you're hitting the ball wonderfully."

Deborah grinned. "Well, my right arms getting a lot of extra exercise these days."

"No Bounder!" squealed Debs. "One more peep out of you and I promise I will put you over my knee and spank you so hard you won't sit down for a week."

"Everybody else has signed up," pouted Bernadette. "You're the only one holding out."

"It may have escaped your notice Bounder, but everybody else has signed up for glamour shots. I'm the only one that is required to be photographed head down, arse up having my backside spanked with a wooden hairbrush," Deborah pointed out.

"That is a rather churlish attitude," grunted the Bounder.

"Oh good grief," wailed Debs.

"Who are all these people?" demanded Deborah. "You said there would be a minimum crew."

Deborah had been horrified by the number of punters who seemed to be milling about the gym, carrying clip-boards and sundry photographic accessories.

"They won't all be in the room during the actual spanking," Bernadette assured Deborah.

The Man from Berlin

"They'll be observing through the gymnasium window."

"Observing? What the fuck do you mean, observing?" squealed Debs.

"It's all to do with insurances," said the Bounder defensively.

Debs looked suspicious. "You've been selling tickets haven't you Bounder?"

"I'm cutting you in for twenty percent," said the Bounder smoothly.

Nixdown and Lady Derby fussed over Deborah's clobber. Jojo poured her a glass of champagne and Rosemary lit her a cigarette.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," groaned Debs.

"The set is ready and they've finished the lighting tests," said Bernadette. "They're waiting for you down in the gym."

Due to lighting considerations in the back room of the library the set designers had replicated the austere punishment room in the gymnasium. Deborah licked her dry lips and stared bleakly at the tall spanking stool that had been placed in the center of the set.

"We're ready whenever you are," the camera-woman informed Debs.

Deborah groaned. "Just give me a minute," she said. She turned around and hugged Jojo, Nixdown and Rosemary. Jojo gave her a last glass of icy bubbles.

"Bottoms up," she told her chum.

"Smart-arse," grinned Debs weakly.

"Good luck, sis," said Rosemary.

"This is seriously insane," said Deborah.

"This is seriously cool," enthused Nixdown.

Deborah rolled her eyes at her deranged chum and swallowed down the champers before turning to Vix.

"Shall we?" she said resignedly and trudged towards the set.

A Kodak Moment

Debs hung upside down over Lady Victoria's lap. Her heart was pounding uncomfortably as she felt the skirt of her gymslip being turned back. Her hands and feet dangled a clear twelve inches from the ground on either side. Lady Victoria was tucking her in tightly to the fold of her lap.

The camera-woman knelt beside her. "Look up," she requested. "I want to get an atmosphere shot. I need some apprehension."

Deborah stared into the camera. There was a look on her face that every aficionado would instantly recognize. Deborah Morton did not need to play-act. The look of apprehension on her face was genuine.

At first Lady Victoria Brompton had point-blank refused to participate.

"You're all fawkin' barking," she had told them.

"Vix, I know it's crazy, but I could really use the money," said Debs. "It's not like I'll break."

"Can't we just spoof it?" asked Vix. "Surely technology is advanced enough to digitally enhance a spanking?"

"I've signed a contract," said Debs gloomily. "They're paying for the real thing so you're going to have to give me the real thing."

"Humph," muttered Lady Victoria Brompton.

The wood backed hairbrush collided with Deborah Morton's upturned bumbags with a crack that could be clearly heard by the observers outside the gymnasium. Deborah squirmed in agitation; Victoria kept a tight hold around her waist and busied herself with the job in hand.

In the world of Whops and Clobber Debs Morton was revered as one of the toughest and most experienced spankettes in the universe. During the Snobs and Rotters tribunal it was revealed that she held the unfortunate record for being the most caned pupil in national history. At the Woody Back to School unit she held the position of number two on the All-Time Big BUTT. Her blog, 'Debs Diary', received thousands of hits every day in the hope that she would record her latest encounter with the cane, strap or slipper. So, when Debs Morton howled the Whops and Clobber world sat up and paid attention.

Debs threw her head back, her face contorted in anguish and she let out a heartfelt howl. It had been a blitz attack that had nailed her. The spanking had been going well. Vix was working Deborah's buttocks with a slow and meticulous rhythm, working

The Man from Berlin

her way up one side and back down the other. It was excruciatingly painful, Debs kicked and squirmed and punched the air with her fists but she had it under control.

After eighteen spanks Vix took a short breather.

"You have to let rip," muttered Debs.

"What?" gasped Victoria.

"You have to clinch the deal, it's what they have paid for," said Debs through clenched teeth. "Now just go for it."

"Holy cow!" gasped Nixdown.

"Holy smoking bumbags," squealed Jojo.

"Poor Debs," groaned Rosemary.

Victoria Brompton threw her arms around Deborah and stroked her hair. Jojo rushed over with a glass of bubbles and Rosemary lit her another cigarette.

"Perfect," said the camera-woman. "Look at the contrast."

She showed Debs a picture in the view finder that she had taken earlier in the day. Debs had been wearing her prefect's uniform and looked resplendent in her five button red blazer, white blouse and her block red tie was knotted in a perfect vee. She wore only a hint of make-up and had her shagged hair brushed back under a red hair band. She looked like the quintessential icon of the whops and clobber zeitgeist.

The camera-woman showed Debs a second picture. It was captured at the last second of the double dangling. Somehow Debs upper torso had risen up, her arms waving in the air. Her eyes were squeezed shut and her mouth open. One of the wings of her blouse collar was standing up and her tie was skew whiff. The 'D' embroidered on the bib of her gymslip was clearly visible.

"The million dollar moment," grinned the photographer.

Deborah gaped. "Who the hell would buy that?" she asked.

The photographer winked. "Trust me on this," she smiled.

Internationally Famous Bumbags

Morton Spanks Clegg, Brompton Spanks Morton

Debs Morton proved her unexpected victory at the Marbella Invitation was no fluke when she defeated Catherine Clegg in the first round of the Simmons Annual Classic. Looking fit and trim Miss Morton seemed to have gained a yard or two in pace since her win in Spain. From the start, Miss Clegg strove to out-power her opponent, serving deep and rushing the net. Morton, playing from her traditional position behind the baseline, constantly defied Clegg's efforts with elegant lobs and powerful passes that forced the American number three seed to retreat. Morton took the first set 6-4 after breaking serve in a torturously long eighth game. After that it was all about stamina. Morton prolonged every game with a remarkable exhibition of recovery shot's. Several times she was so far out of court that it seemed impossible that she could get back into position, however, not only did she recover but managed to startle Clegg with powerful cross court drives. When Clegg's serve began to falter Morton took control of the match and cantered to a 6-2 win in the second.

The press room after a first round match is rarely even half full but when Miss Morton appeared she was faced with a barrage of journalists and it wasn't tennis that they wanted to discuss.

"Were you really being spanked?" was the question d' jour. Morton looked nonplussed as she was bombarded with spanking questions. Finally a journalist thrust a copy of Clobber Monthly into her hands.

On the cover of the fashion magazine is a conventional head shot of Morton. She looks well groomed with her hair brushed back under a red head band, discretely applied makeup and her red tie is fastened in a perfect knot. The cover promises an intimate look at life at the Woody Back to School Unit where Morton is serving a seven-year sentence. But turn to the contents page and a very different profile of Morton is featured. Debs face is contorted into a look of apparent anguish. Her eyes are squeezed shut and her mouth is open as if she is screaming. Her hair has been pulled into pigtails, one of which has come loose and her black and red striped tie is skew whiff. The secret behind this singularly strange portrait is found later in the magazine.

The eight page layout features the inmates of the Woody Back to School in various glamorous poses around the rambling facility that houses the nations most Extreme Ladettes. The Woodettes as they are commonly known are dressed in the outfits that have sparked the international fashion blitzkrieg known universally as clobber. However, the central study of the photo shoot has Morton apparently being rigorously spanked with a hairbrush by Lady Victoria Brompton. In a dozen candid shots the full anatomy of a spanking is studied. From Morton being hoisted over her ladyship's knee, her skirt being turned back to expose her navy blue gossamer undergarments, to the facial shot of the

The Man from Berlin

agony at the moment the hairbrush makes impact with her behind.

Morton did her best to divert the press conference towards her match against Catherine Clegg but was shouted down. Finally she took her leave after politely refusing to answer questions regarding the extraordinary photos.

However, later, on the not unreasonable condition that this article would also contain an account of her impressive win, Morton agreed to speak exclusively with this paper.

Morton confirmed that although the spanking was staged for the photo feature it was 'very real,' with the exception she admitted that in real life she would not have been offered the protection of what she quaintly calls her bumbags.

Publishers of the magazine reported that the Woody edition has sold out on all five continents and is expected to become a collector's item.

Morton faces the number one seed Martina Simpson on Wednesday.

"Internationally famous bumbags," giggled Spanky in the VIP bar of the hotel Debs was staying in.

"Your bum looked in great shape," Christy Cranfield complimented her old chum.

Debs turned bright crimson. "This is just so humiliating. The picture of me with my face screwed up like a total muff is out-selling the pretty one by ten-to-one. All I can say is that there are some mighty queer coves out there."

Spanky chuckled. "Deborah, every gal who has ever dreamed of being whopped will have that picture as their screen-saver," she told her chum.

"Oh good grief," groaned Debs. "Is there any more bubbly in that bottle?"

Christy reached over and poured Deborah a drink. "Did you bring your cane with you?" she asked idly. "You certainly had your eye in today, so I really think its time for six on the silks before we turn in."

"Barking," groaned Debs. "Every one is fucking barking."

Special Operations

Yvonne palmed the cell phone she had stolen from Rosemary's study and sneaked through the cloisters. She was furious and her backside was still smoldering from the slippering she had just received from Katie Beck.

Back in the day, when Yvonne had first been enlisted by the Confederacy of Yoofs, Katie Beck had been considered the Big Cheese on campus. The arrival of the haughty Yvonne had caused Katie considerable consternation. Yvonne had contacts amongst the highest echelons of the male bastions of the Confederacy and posed a potential challenge to Katie's power-base.

As was often proven the case amongst characters that feature in Woody history Yvonne's meteoric rise to power had started with whops.

While at school, Yvonne had been summonsed to the Headmistress's study to be informed that the Headgirl had reported her for bullying. She was also

informed that she would receive six of the best. It was not the first time that Yvonne had been caned but she was iridescent with anger at being snitched on by the Headgirl.

Around the town that was she brought up in Yvonne was considered quite a catch and the local lothario's drooled over her. She insisted that they escort her to the best restaurants and bought her front row tickets to the most popular rock concerts. She rarely deigned to even give them a peck on the cheek for their troubles.

She occasionally dated a young man who was rumored to be a mover and shaker in a burgeoning organization of thugs and yobos known as the Confederacy of Yoofs. Like her other paramours he had been unsuccessful in getting his way with Yvonne and had dubbed her the Ice Maiden.

Consequently he was surprised when Yvonne arrived at the local saloon bar and lured him around the back. He was even more astonished when the Ice Maiden took his hands, guided them beneath her skirt and cupped them to her scalded buttocks.

"I got the cane today," she told him, "and I need you to help me get even. This is what I'm prepared to offer in return for your assistance," she said and proceeded to unbutton her blouse.

Later that evening the hapless Headgirl was roughly bundled into the trunk of a stolen vehicle and taken for an off-road spin around the countryside. She was finally delivered shaken and bruised to her parent's house.

The Man from Berlin

Her father was an influential cove with close-ties to Plod. Yvonne was implicated and taken into custody. She refused legal counsel or parental intervention and manufactured a shed-load of porkies regarding her whereabouts at the time of the abduction. After almost eight hours she was released and the matter was never investigated any further.

Two weeks later, during an unprecedented spot search of the school changing rooms, half an ounce of cannabis was found in the blazer pocket of the Headgirl while she was otherwise occupied in the gymnasium. She was summarily expelled and the Ice Maiden went about her business.

The Top Yoof was impressed by Yvonne's poise under pressure and at the next meeting of the Board he proposed that she was immediately recruited and appointed as Vice-Commandant of the female arm of the Yoof organization, reporting directly to Katie Beck.

Despite her suspicions that Yvonne would oust her at the drop of a hat Katie secretly admired her new lieutenant's ruthless drive and callous treatment of her foot-soldiers. The two young women had plenty in common. They were both devious, cruel and deeply malicious. They had both been responsible for abducting Headgirls in cane related incidents. They had also both been caned sufficiently frequently at school to respect the power of rattan.

A room in Yvonne's penthouse apartment was converted into the dreaded Inquisition Chamber and each night hapless female Yoofs were hauled out of

nightclubs and cocktail bars to be thrashed by Katie and Yvonne for unspecified iniquities.

When Katie Beck was finally arrested and charged with Extreme Ladetting Yvonne took over as Commandant. For several years she was the most powerful female underworld figure in the nation until she too was seized by the Dark Agents and sent to the Big House.

Reunited with Katie they plotted and planned and came up with the blue-print for the notorious Secret Society of Serial Spankers, gaining support and sponsorship from Patty Hodge and her cohorts on the Radical Right. When Katie was appointed as Red-shirt Yvonne and her cronies acted as her snitches. Years later Katie and Patty would appoint Yvonne as the Commandant of the most heinous SS in the unit's history.

Yvonne Godfrey was mopping floors when Katie barreled down on her.

"Place your hands on your head," she snapped autocratically. "Your top button is showing." Katie brought out her measuring stick and took a calibration. She pulled out her cell-phone and took a digital photograph.

"You're coming with me, young lady," she snapped, and then in a whisper, "we need to talk about Special Operations."

Commandant Godfrey

"I'm sorry to bother you Miss Cassidy," said Katie unctuously, "but I need you to look at this application."

Considering it was nearly midday Katie was astonished to find Cathryn lounging about in a pair of silk pajamas and a kimono. She looked as if she had just woken up.

Cat looked Katie up and down. "Place your hands on your head, you know the drill," she said.

"Yes, Ma'am," said Katie and raised her arms.

Cat was in no hurry. She had spent the previous evening enjoying a gal's night out with Melons and the Butcher Twins. She hadn't slipped into the scratch until after three in the morning. She ambled over to the kitchen and poured a cup of steaming java. She lit a cigarette and idly looked down at the application form. She was astonished to see the name on the top. She chuckled to herself and glanced at the offense. 'Top button of blouse over fifty percent exposed,' Katie had written and added

the measurements from her calibration. She had attached a print of the photograph for good measure.

Cat came out of the kitchen. "It's okay Katie," she drawled. "You can go now." She scrawled her signature on the application. "You can thrash the shit out of her for all I care."

Katie Beck snatched the paperwork and hurried out of the apartment as fast as her legs would carry her.

"You'd better come with me," Katie told Yvonne and grabbed her by the wrist, dragging her into her office.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" demanded Yvonne.

"I'm going to need to slipper you," said Katie, "the paperwork's all signed off."

"Slipper me, what the fuck are you talking about?" spluttered Yvonne. She began to resist Katie's attempts to drag her in the direction of the laundry chest.

"Your tie was in an unacceptable configuration," snarled Katie. "Your top button was clearly exposed."

"Only after you yanked it down," snapped Yvonne. "This is so fucking bogus. Now let go of me."

Katie glared at Yvonne. "You're going to be slipped and you're just going to have to put on your big gal bumbags and suck it up. How else am I going to explain to the Grand Master why you were outside his office and stinking up his landing when you should have been performing chores? Now come over here, I have an urgent message from Patty."

The Man from Berlin

Yvonne's legs scissored as Katie bombarded her behind with a leather soled slipper. Yvonne was no muff but Katie was putting her arm into it and roasting her rump most disagreeably. Worst still Katie was showing no signs of letting up. After twelve spanks Yvonne had tried to scramble off Katie's lap. Katie had roughly pushed her victims face into the carpet and carried on spanking.

"Are you fucking nuts?" raged Yvonne. Her eyes were wild and her nostrils flared.

"Hush, now," snapped Katie. "You'll live. I had to make it sound real, the Grand Master is next door and I don't need him getting suspicious. Now stop your whining and listen up. Patty has an assignment for you. Under this ridiculous new regime it is impossible to operate an effective SS and we are not getting a satisfactory standard of intelligence. She is reinstating you as Commandant."

"Commandant of what?" asked Yvonne incredulously. "I don't know whether it has occurred to you two lame brains but I am nothing more that a skivvy around here."

"You have always been resourceful Yvonne," said Katie. "Patty is relying on you to utilize all the resources available to you."

Yvonne gaped at Katie. "You are totally fucking barking, aren't you?"

"I have an assignment for you," Yvonne told Mitch the Bitch.

"An assignment?" asked Janet in an alarmed tone. "What kind of assignment."

"I am appointing you as Oberstgruppenführer with special responsibility for Interface and Communications," said Yvonne.

Janet looked bewildered. "What the fuck is one of those?"

"It's a very responsible position, you will act as my direct interface with the Radical Right," Yvonne informed her.

Janet did not look enthusiastic at her new promotion.

"You need to get me out of here," Yvonne snapped into the phone. "We need a plan and I suggest it doesn't involve any fucking Scouser's this time. Perhaps you should call the Man from Berlin. Melissa Forsham-Smythe can certainly afford his fees."

She slammed the cell phone shut.

The Man from Berlin

Police Sergeant Ellen Miller rolled out the blueprints on Mr Humphries desk. "The compound is very vulnerable," she told the Grand Master. "There are tons of spots that the Yoofs can infiltrate. Mickey and the lads can only cover so much of the perimeter at any given time. You need a proper surveillance system."

The Grand Master drummed his fingers on the table. "That's expensive, but I'm sure I can solicit some donations. How long will it take to install if I can come up with the money?"

Ellen sighed. "Even if we start tomorrow, it'll take a month and that's a problem. I have some very bad news. I have every reason to believe that the Yoofs are in contact with the Man from Berlin."

Mr Humphries narrowed his eyes. "And that would be?"

"The Man from Berlin is a dangerous anarchist," explained Sergeant Ellen Millar.

"Man from Berlin! I'll send him back to Berlin with my toe up his arse," grumbled Stacks.

"Mr Monroe, this really is a police matter now," Ellen said gently. "I invited you here as a courtesy."

"Police matter?" growled Stacks. "You rozzer's have got enough to do already what with handing out parking tickets and helping blind people across the road. You let me take care of some dirty little turd from Berlin!"

Ellen blushed. "Mr Monroe ...," she started.

"Stacks! Stacks is my name!" he said abruptly, "now lets take care of the matter in hand."

Ellen nodded. "His name is Rudi Von Oppenheimmer," she told Mr Humphries and Stacks Monroe. "International violence, football hooliganism, anti-capitalist demonstrations, save the coral. You name it he'll organize it if you can afford his Marxist prices. He was spotted in the Smoke talking to none other than Mr Armanisuit and a gentleman we believe to be a high-ranking member of the Confederacy."

"So why didn't you fucking arrest him?" demanded Stacks.

"On what charges?" asked Ellen. "Drinking coffee without a license? The whole of Interpol has been after Rudi for years but they've never managed to make a single charge stick."

Stacks grunted. "What makes you think that this toe-rag is coming after Woodys?" he asked.

"I have talked to Sarah Forsham-Smythe," said Ellen. "She's been cut off by her mother but apparently her sister occasionally text messages her. She says that Melissa has locked herself away on her Caribbean island and obsesses all day about the downfall of Woody's. Sarah's pretty sure that her

The Man from Berlin

mother is financing the Yoofs. She really wants to help you out."

"Sarah is a fucking criminal," said Stacks. "Why would you believe anything she says?"

"So are you Mr Monroe, but I still listen to you," laughed Police Sergeant Ellen Miller.

"You like him don't you," smiled Mr Humphries.

Ellen loosened her black and white chequered cravat and slipped off her tunic. "I like him a lot, he's kind, generous and polite to me but he's a criminal." She accepted a scotch and soda gratefully and sank down into the couch. "I'm still a policewoman and I like what I do and the reasons I do it."

"Stacks is good people," said the Grand Master.

"Stacks is very good people," agreed Ellen, "but ..."

"No buts Sergeant," said Mr Humphries calmly, "after all, all you're doing is throwing him a turd. Stacks wants to protect us and he has a little more flexibility than other more formal organizations. You wouldn't want any harm to come to the inmates would you?"

"No, sir," admitted Ellen. "I love them all like sisters. I'll cut Stacks as much slack as I can, but if it all goes pear-shaped I have to call in reinforcements."

"Understood Police Sergeant," said the Grand Master. "Now, can I get you another scotch and soda while you explain this surveillance system?"

Ellen looked at her watch, she called Mickey the Purveyor. "All clear on the western front?" she

asked. She smiled and nodded at the Grand Master. She closed her phone. "Mickey and the lads are circling the perimeter. I'm going to check the facility and make sure that we're buttoned down. What are the chances of you raising the money for a surveillance system?"

Mr Humphries put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a cheque. "Stacks has taken care of it," he smiled.

Police Sergeant Ellen Millar's eyes twinkled delightfully. "You're right; he's a good man and no buts about it." With that she cut out into the night.

Malicious

Mr Humphries convened a meeting of his inner sanctum in the Great Hall. Cassie Cassy had prepared a smorgasbord of exotic delicacies including Portobello mushroom crostini with a touch of Swiss cheese; Belgian endives with Roquefort cream and pecan walnuts; mushrooms stuffed with goat cheese, spinach and prosciutto; and hummus on wheat multigrain bread with red pepper strips.

Bernadette Summers donated a case of a rare 1985 Veuve Clicquot Rose that she had somehow acquired for the occasion via her Uncle Stacks.

“Look I’m really sorry guys,” said Sarah Forsham-Smythe, “but my family has a long history of corruption and they are absolutley relentless.”

The founding father of the Smythe dynasty was a lowly able bodied seaman. After being strapped over a gun barrel and flogged with a cat o’ nine tails he had initiated a mutiny, shanghaiing the ships

captain and first mate and keel-hauling them in the deepest waters of the South China Seas.

Jeremiah Smythe and his crew had embarked upon a life of piracy and opium trading. Jeremiah was a wily cove and by the mid-nineteenth century owned most of the opium dens in the east-end of the Smoke.

Expanding the Smythe Empire had followed a simple formula; offer immature young investors seed money, encourage their growth and once their business was showing a profit intimidate them to sell. The family ended up with majority holdings in diverse businesses and invested vast amounts of their ill-gained quids greasing the hands of politicians and diplomats.

According to Sarah, her father Montague Smythe was a shadowy and secretive man who had inherited the family business while still in his early twenties. He had expanded the business into Oil and Gas exploration, insurance broking, deep-sea salvage, acquisition of small banks and sponsoring military coups in mineral rich areas of Africa. He also built a media empire that included newspapers and a network of TV stations. He quietly went about his business, keeping strategically below the media radar until he encountered Melissa Forsham.

"Mum's the greatest gold-digger in the World," said Sarah. "She really didn't have a pot to piss in but her chaps had been wealthy until her father lost the family jewels during a bad weekend in Monte Carlo. She picked the most eligible bachelor in the World and went to work."

She managed to make the inmates laugh with her tales of her Mothers increasing desire to establish

The Man from Berlin

a latter day Cliveden set; a star chamber of industrialists who could influence governments for their own ends.

"She's relentless," Sarah recalled. "She found out every juicy tid-bit about anybody remotely influential and used it to her advantage. I've heard her scolding Heads of Governments if they failed to comply with her whims. Dad hated the publicity but he still put her on the Board of Directors and changed the name to the Forsham-Smythe Corporation. He put her in charge of the communications company which gave her the platform to publicly harangue anybody she doesn't like, which is quite a long list. The one thing we have to remember is that even her friends call her Malicious Forsham-Smythe behind her back."

"We need you to befriend Yvonne and Janet," said Lady Victoria. "If the Yoofs are planning something then they'll find a way to get to Yvonne."

Sarah slumped slightly in her seat. "Six months ago everybody hated me," she whispered, "but thanks to you guys I've managed to survive in here. If I start chumming around with those two losers I'm likely to get lynched."

"We'll protect your back," Bernadette Summers assured her. "But we need you to go in deep cover. You need to get your head so far up Yvonne's arse that we'll have to pull you out by your spurs."

Sarah groaned. "Bounder, even by your standards that is an unappealing visual."

"No!" said Deborah emphatically. "En Oh! No. I am not doing it."

"Oh come on Deborah," begged Sarah. "Yvonne knows that you guys let me hang out with you. We need to have a very public row."

"No," growled Deborah, "you'll just have to come up with another plan."

A Public Licking

"Bend over," said Debs curtly.

Sarah did her best to gape. "What did you say?" she asked incredulously.

"I said bend over," said Debs sternly.

"You're going to cane me?" gasped Sarah.

"No we're going to play fucking leap frog," growled Deborah, "now bend over."

The recreation yard had fallen silent; every head had turned towards the situation developing at the entrance to the quadrangle.

"You can't cane me here," said Sarah belligerently.

"I can cane you wherever I choose, now I told you to bend over," growled Debs, "so touch them before I have you held down."

"You fucking be-yotch," snarled Sarah and then she turned around and touched her toes in the center of the busy recreation area.

The inmates watched curiously as Deborah shrugged off her blazer and placed it on a seat in the cloisters. Nobody had heard what had transpired

between Deborah and Sarah, but clearly Debs was furious.

Deborah took her time rolling up her sleeves and loosening her collar. Sarah Forsham-Smythe remained bent forward in her ignominious stoop.

Deborah stepped forward and turned back Sarah's skirt. She tapped the cane down three times and then let it rip.

The onlookers watched sympathetically. In her multiple roles of Deputy Red-shirt, Captain of the Red House and general Spanker for Hire Deborah had had occasion to cane a number of the inmates. It was universally agreed that she was the greatest artiste with an ashplant yet to emerge from the Elite.

Deborah gave the inmates an exhibition of the art of fine caning. When Sarah was finally allowed to return to the vertical her face was chalky white and she looked visibly shaken.

Deborah rearranged her clothing, fastening her cuffs and the top button of her blouse. She straightened her tie and retrieved her blazer.

"Follow me," she said curtly and strode off leaving the inmates gossiping and gabbing and trying to make sense of what they had just witnessed.

Janet and Yvonne were cleaning windows when Sarah gloomily wriggled into the Japanese meditation garden with her hands thrust into her blazer pockets.

Yvonne checked that nobody else was around before sliding open the window and poking her head out.

The Man from Berlin

"Psssst," she hissed. "I heard you got a public licking."

Sarah scowled at Yvonne. "Piss off," she snapped.

"Hey," said Yvonne defensively, "all I was going to say was that I don't think its right. Morton is a conceited be-yotch and she should be flogged for what she did to you."

Sarah looked at Yvonne suspiciously. "What do you care?" she asked.

Yvonne shrugged, "Me and Morton are not exactly pals."

Sarah continued to look suspicious. Then she grimaced. "The fucking be-yotch laid it on extra thick," she told Yvonne, "but I'll get her back you mark my words."

Yvonne smiled conspiratorially. "Maybe I can be of assistance."

Lady Victoria mobilized a task force to assure the inmates who were not in the loop that Debs had not taken leave of her senses. They were told that it had been a one off incident that had needed dealing with immediately.

"What's the temperature like out there?" Debs asked Lady Derby.

"Everybody trusts you," reported her grubby. "They know that you wouldn't just thrash a gal in the middle of the recreation area without very good reason."

"That was something else," groaned Sarah. "I've been walking around the facility for hours and the stripes are still on active duty."

Deborah hugged Sarah. "I'm so sorry," she said.

"It had to be real for Yvonne to believe it," groaned Sarah. "But I have to say being publicly licked in the recreation area was not something I'd like to happen every day."

Deborah grimaced. "Unfortunately, that is a subject with which I am rather familiar."

A Drenching for Debs

During her second year as an inmate of the Woody Back to School unit Deborah Morton suffered the first of several ignominious chastisements that would form part of Woody lore. The incident started when a minor fracas broke out in the recreation ground over a game of poker.

“Cheater! Cheater!” Patsy Butcher was shouting at her twin sister Lindsey.

Lindsey just hooted with laughter and reached forward to scoop up the pot that her three queens and two aces had earned her.

Patsy leaped forward and pushed her sister away from the pot.

“Cheat! You cheated,” she said angrily.

Lindsey shoved her sister backwards and soon a low level mêlée ensued involving scratching and hair-pulling. As usual any such excitement attracted a crowd and by the time Elizabeth Lancelot, the Red-shirt de jour, and the duty prefects arrived the two sisters were surrounded by whooping inmates, cheering and whistling.

"Scrap! Scrap!" the inmates shouted excitedly. "Bundle!"

Elizabeth and the pre's pushed their way through the crowd and separated the two squabbling cardsharps.

Once the prefects had the twins under control Liz made arrangements for the sisters to be escorted upstairs to Ms Lawton's office. The twins glared at each other sullenly. They both knew that at a minimum they faced the prospect of a bare bender for unruly behavior. Worst still, if the Grand Dame was in a bad mood they might be sentenced to a punishment flogging for scrapping.

"Cheater," hissed Patsy angrily.

"Bad loser!" snarled Lindsey.

"Enough already," said Elizabeth wearily. "Take them up."

As the crowd separated, to allow the twins to be led away, Deborah Morton chose to pipe in with a pithy quip.

The exact content of the wisecrack is long forgotten but Liz's reaction was unforgettable. She grabbed Deborah by the wrist, dragged her across to the fountain in the middle of the quadrangle, yanked her across her knee, flipped back the skirt of her gymslip and spanked her in front of the startled inmates.

It was a brief and not particularly vigorous spanking, more an indication of the Red-shirts irritation at Deborah's untimely and politically incorrect remark. After less than a dozen smacks Liz released Deborah and returned her to the upright.

The Man from Berlin

There was a startled silence in the recreation area. The inmates had been taken by surprise by the instantaneous retribution meted out by the Red-shirt. Even Elizabeth looked slightly taken aback. Her reaction had been purely instinctive and the spanking had been over and done with before she had time to gather her thoughts.

Suddenly, Deborah Morton began to giggle.

Momentarily Elizabeth gaped at the gal who appeared to be laughing in her face.

There are two schools of thought regarding Deborah Morton's behavior.

Her defenders say that breaking into a fit of giggles was nothing more than an embarrassed reaction to having just received an unprecedented public spanking. Debs decriers insist that it was a typically, brazen piece of self-publicizing showboating.

Whatever the answer, Liz's response to Debs openly giggling in her face was swift.

The Red-shirt span Deborah around and thrust her down across the rim of the fountain.

"Hey!" yelled Deborah, "what the fuck are you doing?"

Elizabeth had yanked Debs so far over the fountain that both her arms were into the drink up to her elbows and with her nose only inches from the surface the cascading fountain water was splashing in her face and soaking her hair.

"Lemme go you lunatic," hollered Debs. She vainly tried to struggle free but her feet were several inches from the ground and Liz had a firm hand pressing down on her neck. She was defenseless.

Elizabeth pointed at a nearby gaping rubbernecker.

"Give me your plimsoll," she demanded.

Debs legs were kicking frantically. If being unceremoniously thrust over the fountain's edge wasn't bad enough she was now thoroughly drenched.

"Lemme go I tell you," spluttered Debs as she desperately tried to keep her head above water.

The Red-shirt had no intention of letting Debs go. Once equipped with the plimsoll Liz Lancelot flipped back the skirt of Deborah's gymslip and took aim.

The sound of the rubber-soled plimsoll colliding with Deborah's squirming bumbags echoed around the cloisters.

The impact pushed Debs even further forward and she barely managed to keep herself from being totally dunked.

The Red-shirt proceeded to deliver a very hearty slipping. The inmates watched in mesmerized silence. They had witnessed some unusual punishments during their internments but the sight of Debs sprawled helplessly over the fountain was a first.

A Bakers Dozen

Liz Lancelot's arm pumped up and down. She was not satisfied with giving Debs the traditional six, she continued on until she had given her a dozen. Then just when it looked like she was about to release her grip on Deborah's neck she took aim one last time and slammed the plimsoll down ferociously. It was a cracking strike and the sound reverberated around the compound.

When she was yanked back to her feet Deborah Morton did not feel the least inclined to giggle. She was drenched. The sleeves of her blouse and blazer were dripping wet and her wavy hair was slickened straight. She stared at Elizabeth in wide-eyed astonishment as if she was unable to quite grasp what had just transpired. Her backside was throbbing furiously and felt as if it had swollen to the size of a pair of cantaloupes.

Elizabeth handed back the plimsoll she had requisitioned and took a firm hold of Deborah's arm just above the elbow.

"Come with me," the Red-shirt said firmly.

Debs face was a picture as she was led from the recreation area. Her cheeks had turned a bright crimson; she averted her eyes from her fellow inmates and bowed her head slightly.

As Debs was led away the other inmates began an immediate post-mortem.

"I didn't think Liz had it in her," said Jojo.

Nixdown nodded her agreement, "still waters run deep," she responded.

"Poor Debs," groaned Rosemary, "she must be just mortified."

"Mortified my arse," said the ever-cynical Nixdown. "You know our Debs; she loves to make a splash."

Debs trudged miserably through the corridors. Liz still had a tight grip on her arm. Deborah felt like a drowned rat with a sore bottom.

They climbed the stairs that led to the Elite landing in silence. When they reached the Red-shirts private study Elizabeth opened the door and shoved Debs inside.

"Go in the bathroom and dry off," Elizabeth told her. "Give me your punishment record book so I can post-process your ridiculous behavior."

Deborah looked sheepish as she walked into the lecture room. "I'm sorry I'm late Ma'am," she told Ms Gascoigne. "But I do have a note from the Red-shirt," she said hurriedly.

The Man from Berlin

Debs was relieved that she wasn't forced to explain her late arrival to a member of the Radical Right who would have relished making her recount in detail the recent incident at the water fountain. Pauline Gascoigne merely nodded and told her to take a seat. But even the popular Economics Dame couldn't help adding sarcastically, "and try not to squelch when you sit down."

Deborah Morton figured it was going to be a long day.

On her blog on www.woodettes.com Debs laments that she has an unfortunate habit of inspiring spontaneous ire.

The spanking from Elizabeth Lancelot was the start of an unfortunate trend. The following year Debs found herself entangled in another humiliating incident.

The Woody Back to School unit's table tennis team played in the first division of a local league. With two former professional tennis players, Debs and Rachel Cox, on their 'A' team they were considered formidable opposition.

One evening they were playing a home game against their fiercest rivals and the contest was close. As usual a set of bleachers had been erected in the gymnasium and there was plenty of support for both sides.

Debs had just won a hard fought game putting Woody's ahead. Rachel was next up and if she won then victory was in sight. Debs sat down beside Rosemary and twice during crucial points she leaned

over and whispered in her chum's ear. Debs of all people should have known better, as a professional sportswoman she knew the protocols of silence during play.

Jane Lummell who was umpiring reminded the spectators to be quiet during points and fixed the evil eye on Deborah. When, during the next point, Debs leaned over again, whispering and giggling in Rosemary's ear Ms Lummell combusted. She strode around the table and up into the bleachers, grabbed Debs by the wrist and yanked her out of her seat.

"You come with me young lady," Jane Lummell said angrily and dragged Debs towards the doors to the changing rooms.

An Unfortunate Trend

Deborah was red-faced and her heart was pounding as she was hustled unceremoniously across the gymnasium. She had no doubt that once they reached the changing rooms she would be dragged into Jane Lummell's office and walloped with the large over-sized plimsoll that the Gym Dame favored.

It occurred to Deborah the explosion of the rubber-soled plimsoll rebounding off her gym-shorts would be clearly audible in the gymnasium. The unpleasant thought made her cheeks burn even brighter.

They had just reached the swing doors to the changing room when Jane Lummell had an abrupt change of heart.

Ms Lummell's change of heart involved dragging Debs back to the table tennis table, shoving her down, requisitioning a table tennis bat and landing a dozen hearty smacks across her wriggling gym-shorts. The visiting players and their entourage were astounded. It was probably the first and only

time that they would witness a world famous tennis player having her butt publicly whapped.

Coldly, Ms Lummell forced the red-faced Deborah to remain in the gymnasium and play out her final game under the amused gazes of the opposing supporters.

It was an unfortunate trend that would continue. During the fourth year of her sentence she would become embroiled in an incident that would haunt and embarrass her for years to come. The Woody Wags simply refer to it as 'the Fabulous Fart.' It resulted in Debs receiving one of the most recounted thrashings in Woody history.

Deborah possessed a fine singing voice and was an enthusiastic chorister. The unit was preparing for a production of Handel's Messiah. During one rehearsal Ms Whitton observed that Deborah had missed an introduction of the alto's into the Hallelujah Chorus and appeared to be distracted. She was summonsed up before the choir to explain herself.

If Deborah had merely apologized and made an excuse about a bad throat the matter would have passed without further incident. Instead she broke wind. It was not a surreptitious girly guff it was a full-on skirt flapper. As Ms Whitton's eyes turned to the size of saucers Deborah Morton burst out laughing. She stood in front of the Music Dame tickling her ribs, with tears of mirth rolling down her cheeks.

Ms Whitton's response was dramatic. She grabbed Debs by the scruff of the neck and hustled her across the floor. The Music Dame sat down on the piano stool and dumped Deborah face down across

The Man from Berlin

her lap. She roughly pushed back the skirt of Debs gymslip and then in a legendary Woody moment she yanked down her bumbags. Deborah was struggling to get free but she was pinned down. The Music Dame sliced her conductor's baton down across Deborah's naked orbs.

Debs was struggling and kicking and yelling obscenities at Ms Whitton. The baton she was using was a four-gram Model Bernardi with a shaft and handle made from African birch. It measured fifteen inches long. Despite its light-weight the baton was extremely flexible and Debs yells of indignation soon became yells of distress under the ferocious assault. Observers make conflicting reports over the length of the thrashing and the number of strokes delivered. But everybody agrees that Deborah's backside was a mass of criss-crossing angry stripes by the time Ms Whitton finally dumped her on the floor.

To Deborah's embarrassment Mr Armanisuit interrogated her over the incident during the Snobs and Rotters tribunal. The following day the newspapers carried hurtful cartoons of the 'Fabulous Fart' and for several months one popular comic ran a strip called 'Debbie Guff-Pants.'

During her interview for the opening of the www.woodettes.com web-site Deborah agreed to an open and frank discussion with Miss Spanky Botts, with the only stipulation being that the 'Fabulous Fart' should never be mentioned.

A few years later this unfortunate trend would continue when Mr Humphries finally became irritated by her persistent habit of misbehaving in assembly

and had taken her up on the stage and given her a very public bumbag dusting.

Sarah grinned at Deborah's reminiscences. "I suppose that all makes me feel a little better," she said. "I'd really better cut along," she said finally. "I guess I shouldn't be seen gabbing with you guys until I find out what the Yoofs are planning."

Deborah hugged Sarah. "Just remember we'll be covering your back."

Caned Copper

The policewoman clicked her heels together and saluted. "Sergeant Millar, sir, reporting for the cane," she told the Grand Master.

"Are you sure about this?" Mr Humphries asked.

"Yes sir," the policewoman said firmly. She reached into her tunic pocket and stepped forward and handed the Grand Master a folded sheet of paper. "I think this may clarify matters, sir."

The police sergeant stepped back from the desk and stood neatly to attention, keeping her eyes focused straight ahead of her and her arms stiffly by her sides.

She was wearing her full dress uniform, with her hair hidden by a bowler-shaped hat with a chequered hat-band and a hip length tunic over her skirt, shirt and tie.

The Grand Master unfolded the paper and began to read.

Transfer of Authority

To: Christopher Brooks
From: Chief Constable Collins
cc: Mr Humphries, Sergeant Ellen Millar
Subject: Sergeant Ellen Millar
Revised Chain of Command

With immediate effect Sergeant Ellen Millar is to be seconded to the Ministry of Extreme Social Rehabilitation as Head of Security. Sergeant Millar's activities will be directly supervised by Mr Humphries, Grand Master of the Woody Back to School Unit.

Mr Humphries will be responsible for monitoring Sergeant Millar's conduct and is authorized to discipline her in accordance with the protocols applied to other members of the facilities Brass.

For the duration of her secondment, Sergeant Millar's file will be designated classified and her conduct record will be maintained in a Personal Punishment Record Book. Upon completion of her assignment Mr Humphries will complete a secondment termination memorandum, including a summary of her conduct record, for attachment to her personnel file.

"I take it that you got laid by Stacks Monroe?"
asked the Grand Master.

The Man from Berlin

Ellen nodded. "But that's not the point, sir, I got laid by Stacks while I was on duty, and even worse he wanted me to keep my hat on."

"And why is that worse?" asked Mr Humphries.

"Sexual misconduct whilst on duty would earn me a formal reprimand; sexual misconduct in uniform would mean a suspension from duty," Ellen advised him earnestly.

"Goddam spoilsports," laughed Mr Humphries as he stepped out from behind his desk. "Well you'd better remove your hat and your tunic and bend over the chair then."

"Yes sir, thank you sir," said Ellen Millar with surprising enthusiasm.

Ever since she had first been brought to the facility to be spanked by Lady Vix, Ellen Millar had felt a kinship with the Woody gals that she had never experienced before. She had joined the police force to satisfy her tomboyish sense of adventure but despite her mercurial success she had found it difficult to make friends and often felt like an outsider. However, from the moment she was dangled over Lady Victoria's knee and spanked with the wood-backed hairbrush she had felt an instant affinity with the rebellious inmates of the Back to School facility.

After the first run-in with the Yoofs she had plagued the Chief Constable until he assigned her full-time to the facility. During the weeks she had spent on campus she had quickly become bosom buddies with many of the most notorious mega-minxes and watched their mischief making antics with a mixture of envy and glee.

It was Cathryn Cassidy that explained the joys of mega-minxing to Ellen. "It's the thrill of the moment," Cat told her, "doing something naughty and the exhilaration of getting away with it. Of course it wouldn't be any fun if there wasn't any risk involved. I mean if you were just going to get ticked off then why bother? But knowing that you could get the cane? Now that's a buzz."

When Stacks told Ellen to keep her hat on while he bonked her the police sergeant knew what she had to do. The following morning she went directly to the Chief Constable's office. Ellen pleaded with her boss to draft the Transfer of Authority. To her great delight Chief Constable Collins agreed. Armed with her paperwork Ellen Millar headed back to the Woody compound and a morning assignation with the Grand Master. It made the memory of getting shagged with her hat on all the more delicious.

Copper in Clobber

The Grand Master went to the cupboard and selected a super cane. Across the room, in front of the fireplace, Sergeant Millar was bent over the back of the straight-backed chair. The policewoman was watching over her shoulder while the Grand Master tested several canes by whipping them through the air. Once he had found one that was satisfactory he walked across to the chair.

"Ok Ellen, head down, bottom up," he instructed. "I'm going to give you twelve strokes and if you jump up the stroke doesn't count. Do you understand?"

"Yes sir, thank you sir," said Ellen and she reached forward and placed both hands on the bottom wrung of the chair.

Mr Humphries folded back the police sergeants skirt and was surprised to reveal that she was wearing a traditional pair of navy blue gossamer bumbags. He smiled and placed his fingers in the waistband. Obliginglly Ellen shifted her hips to allow him to roll them downwards.

Ellen Millar felt a twinge of excitement as she felt the cane tapping down on the naked flesh of her upturned bottom. Despite the fact that she knew that any second her bum was going to be set on fire by the whippy stick she found herself grinning cheerfully.

Mr Humphries was impressed. The police sergeant had taken the first six strokes like a seasoned pro. The juicy red weals sat up prominently across the crown of her behind and the Grand Master knew that they must be burning ferociously. Nonetheless, Sergeant Ellen Millar had hardly twitched.

Ellen Millar wasn't grinning so broadly now. The six strokes had been far hotter than she any she had received at school and she was acutely aware she still had six to go. Nevertheless, between strokes when the stripe was really burning-in she felt a curious sense of anticipation, wondering where the next one would land and whether it would be as hot as the last.

Mr Humphries continued to swing the cane at his usual leisurely pace. He left plenty of time between each stroke before whipping the super cane downwards with impeccable accuracy. Ellen Millar managed to get through nine strokes before her bottom began to wriggle and squirm. She could feel her fingers trembling on the crossbar and her forehead was beginning to feel feverish. Bravely she composed herself, sticking her bottom up, sensing

The Man from Berlin

that the Grand Master would not continue until she was presented properly.

The last three strokes were a mixture of agony and ecstasy for the policewoman. The pain was making her nauseous but being bent over the chair was still exhilarating. When she pushed herself up and smoothed down her skirt she had a wry grin on her face.

"Thank you sir," she breathed. "I needed that."

"I took the liberty of picking one of these up in the store room," said Sergeant Ellen Millar, handing Mr Humphries a small notebook with Punishment Record Book embossed on the cover. "I think I might be needing it."

The Grand Master grinned. "Always best to be prepared," he told her. He took the book and turned to the first page and began to post-process the punishment.

"There is one other thing, sir," said Ellen Millar.

"What's that?" asked the Grand Master.

"If I'm going to be here full-time, I'd like to be a prefect. I always wanted to be a prefect," she told him.

"You weren't one at school?" Mr Humphries asked.

Ellen Millar pouted. "No sir. I was running for Headgirl and was odds on favorite but the day before the election I got caned and I was disqualified."

"Bad timing," laughed the Grand Master.

Ellen nodded. "The girl who got elected hated me and was always trying to make trouble for me. She stitched me up like a kipper. I was the only girl in

our whole senior year to get caned and I got it three times," she said somewhat ruefully. "Still, I always wanted to be a prefect."

"I'll send for a tailor and we'll have you fitted for clobber and a special Head of Security badge made for you," the Grand Master smiled.

"Can I wear my sergeant stripes on the arms of my blazer, sir?"

The Grand Master winked.

Taking Six for the Team

"They're planning to escape," Sarah reported to Ellen Millar. "Yvonne has a cell-phone stashed in one of the gardening sheds. She sneaks out and makes contact with the Yoofs."

"And she's taken you into her confidence?" asked Ellen.

"She doesn't know that my mother has cut off my credit cards. She's offered to take me with her in exchange for fifty grand," said Sarah. "I told her I'd get the money once we were on the outside."

"When is this going to take place?" asked Ellen.

Sarah shook her head. "Yvonne is going nuts, she's stir-crazy, but this Man from Berlin punter is playing hardball. He wants something more than my mother's fees. Yvonne keeps telling him she doesn't have anything else to offer, but I've come up with a plan."

Ellen looked curious.

"Those paintings on the wall of Mr Humphries study. Those are all originals. Bernadette's father lent

them to Ms Lawton for safe-keeping. They are worth fucking gazillions," said Sarah. "Believe me; I used to buy stuff for the family art collection on the black-market. The Joe Summers collection was legendary but when he was banged-up nobody knew where it was stashed. It's been on the walls of the Woody unit all this time."

"So what are you suggesting?" asked Ellen.

Sarah shrugged. "This Rudi guy sounds like a sharp cove, let's set him up to steal the collection."

Yvonne narrowed her eyes. "She caned you again?"

Sarah nodded. "I'm sick of her. This was the second time she thrashed me this week. I can hardly sit down. I need to get out of this place. I'll increase your fee to seventy-five large if you get us out by the end of the week, and I'll double it if you serve me up Deborah fucking Morton's head on a platter."

Yvonne looked interested. "That's a lot of money," she said.

"Its peanuts," said Sarah off-handedly, "My trust fund earns that in interest even when the markets are down. Don't you worry about the money; just get me out of here. Now listen up, I've got a plan that will fix you up for life."

"I really hope that Yvonne takes the bait soon," groaned Debs. "I feel really bad for Sarah."

Lady Vix nodded. "She's a real trouper and she's determined to take one for the team. Who would have thought someone could change this much in six months."

The Man from Berlin

"Well she took six for the team this afternoon and I'll tell you she's come a long way," said Debs, "she put's it up and keeps it up like a pro these days."

"You need to put me in contact with Rudi," Yvonne told the Chairman of the Board of Yoof's. "I've got an offer for him that he won't be able to refuse. I need you to deliver another cell-phone with a secure number. We have to move immediately. It's getting old in here very fast."

"What do you mean you're going to slipper me?" squealed Janet.

"Yvonne has informed me that you are now the official Oberstgruppenführer with special responsibility for Interface and Communications and that I should deal directly with you," said Katie Beck. "Now come over here and bend over my knee, I have an urgent message for you from Patty."

Janet gaped at Katie. "You call that a fucking urgent message?" she squealed. "Are you fucking barking? That fucking hurt."

"Good," said Katie smugly, "then you'll leave my office squirming and nobody will question that you were here on official clobber abuse business."

"Grrrrrrrrrrrrrr!" growled Mitch the Bitch.

Janet Mitchell slapped Yvonne's face. "Are you fucking barking?" she yelled. "She put me over her knee and dusted me. She told me it was part of briefing protocols you have agreed to."

Yvonne rubbed her cheek. "I'll overlook that Bitchypoo," she said coldly, "but just this once."

Godders glared daggers at Mitch the Bitch. Janet recoiled.

"You're such a muff," said Yvonne sharply. "I'm taking all the risks trying to get us out of here and you're kvetching over a dusting. I've a good mind to leave you behind."

Janet paled. "You wouldn't do that would you?" she said anxiously.

Yvonne sneered. "I'll take you with me just as long as you do as you're told. Now what did Patty want?"

These Kind of Circumstances

Patty Hodge wanted nothing better than to bend Deborah Morton over the front desk and thrash her with a wye-tipped cane.

Since her disastrous start to the year Debs had managed to keep her compulsive impulsive behavior syndrome in check. She had gone through the most extended cool-arse period that she could remember. Apart from an occasional yellow card she had been in little danger of being caned for a number of weeks.

However, despite her exemplary recent record Debs was the first to admit that it was a struggle.

Referring to her alter-ego, she confided to her chums that, "I always expect the Imposter to suddenly emerge and catch me unawares."

Deborah groaned. Patty was waxing eloquent on the subject of the varying fortunes of Queen Elizabeth the First's favorites. It was actually a subject that enthralled Deborah. As a teenager Debs had written a well-received historical novel called 'Waiting to be beheaded,' dealing with the last days of Mary

Queen of Scots life after she was found guilty of treason and plotting the assassination of her cousin. However, when Patty was commenting on Good Queen Bess's motto of *video et taceo*, Debs foolishly interjected the observation that the only reason that Queenie kept silent was because most of the time she had her choppers around Sir Francis Drake's cannon.

Deborah's chums rolled their eyes despairingly. There was no question in anybody's mind that Debs was due for some serious whops. Patty's face was a picture as she strode along the aisle, barreling down on the Deputy Red-shirt and roughly yanking her out of her seat by the lapels of her blazer. Deborah's chair clattered on the floor as she was hauled out into the aisle. Despite her natural athleticism Deborah was at a severe disadvantage. She stumbled over the legs of the chair and had no time to recover before Patty grabbed her wrist and strode towards the front of the room dragging Debs tripping and stumbling in her wake.

Deborah's chums were used to seeing her staring into the face of adversity and knew that she was not a nervous cove by nature. Nonetheless, as they watched Debs being dragged towards the front of the room there was an uncharacteristic look of panic on her face.

Deborah clearly recognized that in the very near future she was going to be caned. Although this was a most disagreeable prospect it was a situation with which Miss Deborah Morton was unfortunately intimately familiar. Her panic was not related to having her butt whapped with a whipstick; it was

The Man from Berlin

because Patty seemed to have lost control of her faculties. Her nostrils were flared, her face flushed and she was muttering, "Gotcha, gotcha," under her breath.

Patty Hodge was a cold and ruthless woman. For over thirty-five years she had derived her greatest pleasure by subjugating her subordinates to her cruel and heinous practices. She prided herself that she practiced her craft with a methodical precision.

"Layer it on thick," she preached to her disciples. "Scorn them and humiliate them until they beg you for forgiveness and then, when they're down, kick them up the arse."

Debs chums watched in horror as she was dragged helplessly towards the front of the room.

Nixdown leapt to her feet, "Let go of her you fucking lunatic," she shouted.

Jojo picked up a hefty text-book and threw it at the demented Dame. Her aim was true and she deftly beaned Patty across the left temple.

Rosemary grabbed a pair of fully loaded vintage 1956 laser ray water pistols out of her satchel and let rip with both hands.

Patty recoiled under the attack and released her hold on Deborah's wrist. Debs regained her balance and without a second thought she hacked Patty in the shins.

Patty Hodge gaped at the Famous Four. Water was dripping down her face. She pressed her right hand to her wounded temple and nearly took a

tumble when she tried to reach down and rub her shin.

Deborah stepped back and rubbed her shoulder which felt like it had been yanked out of its socket. She pulled out her cell-phone.

"I suggest we call the Grand Master," she said with a renewed calm in her voice, "he is always good in these kinds of circumstances."

Patty Training

"Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaat?" squealed Patty. "Are you fucking barking? I resign!"

The Grand Master shrugged. "Miss Morton acknowledges that she is due a whopping and I will take care of that. It is entirely up to you whether you accept your end of the bargain. If you wish to tender your resignation that is your prerogative."

"I am not grubbing for that little be-yotch!" screamed Patty. "Spank me, cane me, flog me, I don't care but don't make me grub for Deborah fucking Morton."

"It's a generous offer," said the Grand Master.

"What happens to me?" demanded Lady Derby Huntington indignantly.

"Well, you can take the week off," said Debs soothingly. "You deserve a break."

"I don't need a break," pouted Derby. "What does she know about grubbing?"

"Oh good grief," groaned Deborah.

Debs slowly unfastened the five buttons of her red prefect's blazer. She carefully hung it over the back of the straight-backed chair, idly brushing some loose hairs off the shoulder-blades with the tips of her fingers. She took a deep breath and bent forward at the waist.

Patty Hodge studied her reflection in the mirror. She slightly adjusted the bright red sash she wore around her waist and then toyed with her tie. She looked down at her watch. It was four-thirty and she derived some momentary satisfaction from conjuring up the image of Deborah Morton about to bend over the straight-backed chair in the Grand Master's office. The pleasure was fleeting. Lady Derby Huntington knocked on the door.

"I'm here to escort you to Miss Morton's study," the aristocrat informed the Dame, "it's time to start your grubbing training."

Debs clenched her fists around the cross-bar of the straight-backed chair. She felt her skirt being folded back and instinctively thrust her hips out a little to allow her bumbags to be rolled down behind her knees. She licked her lips and felt the familiar flutter of butterflies in her tummy, then lowered her head between her outstretched arms and settled in to be caned.

Jojo sat in the Grand Master's lap sipping a glass of 1996 Perrier Jouet Belle Epoque bubbly.

"Thank you for trusting our versions of events," she told him.

The Man from Berlin

"Patty crossed the line," said Mr Humphries. "There is a considerable difference between tough justice and rough justice. There was no question that Deborah was due for a whopping but that type of rough-house behavior is unacceptable."

"Patty had totally lost it," said Jojo, sipping her wine. "She's normally such a cold fish it sends shivers up your spine but she hates poor Debs so much she just went postal."

Mr Humphries looked at his watch. "I'm sure that she's pretty postal right at this minute. If everything is going to schedule she's getting her training spanking about now."

Jojo giggled. "Bottoms up to that, sir."

Mr Humphries winked at his fiancée.

"I refuse to allow her to watch," snarled Patty.

"She's not watching," said Deborah, "she is observing. You signed a binding contract to work as Her Ladyships assistant. If you fail in your duties she has full spanking rights. We don't want any misunderstandings do we Ma'am."

"I'm going to swing for you one of these days, Morton," snarled Patty.

"I'm sure you will Ma'am," said Deborah, "but in the meantime would you mind bending over my knee, we need to begin your training."

Debs spread herself out across Rosemary's lap and wiggled her bum.

"You scared me," Rosemary scolded her best chum. "How could you be so stupid? You know she hates you."

"It wasn't me," groaned Debs, "it was the Imposter."

"Oh gawd I could just spank you so hard," grumbled Rosemary. "You and your stupid Imposter nonsense."

Yoof-Hunting

Deborah groaned. "I really don't want to do this," she said.

"Please," begged Sarah. "I think tonight's the night and I need to get her sympathy. The only time she thaws a little bit is if I've been whopped by you. She hates you."

"Well she can join the club," said Deborah wearily. "I'm going to get a badge made and sew it on my blazer. DfM! Deborah fucking Morton."

"We'll catch her, Deborah," said Sarah earnestly, "and that way we'll catch the Yoofs and then maybe we'll stop my mother."

"Do you really want that?" asked Debs.

"I don't want any harm to come to her, I just want her to stop harassing you guys," said Sarah, "and the best way to do that is for you to take me up to the library and cane me. I have a feeling Yvonne is going to be particularly cautious today. She'll probably want to view the stripes."

"Oh good grief," groaned Deborah and tucked her cane under her arm.

"Seventy-five large?" asked Yvonne.

Sarah Forsham-Smythe nodded her head. "The money's waiting. Just get me out of here."

"And you'll show them which paintings to take?" Yvonne persisted.

"Listen I stole millions of dollars worth of haute couture from secured warehouses, you think I can't show a couple of Yoofs how to nab a few paintings off a wall," snapped Sarah.

Yvonne narrowed her eyes. "You're a bit jumpy," she said.

"A bit fucking jumpy?" Sarah snarled at her. "Yes, I'm a bit fucking jumpy and I'll show you why." She span around and bent over, flipping her skirt back and snatching down her bumbags.

Yvonne whistled. "DfM?" she said in a low voice.

"Yeah, you got it in one, Sherlock," growled Sarah. "Deborah fucking Morton! Now let's get out of here."

Police Sergeant Ellen Millar and Suzy Scott watched the orchard through 77mm Leica spotting scopes.

"Game on, Yoofs approaching the perimeter on the North side," said Mickey the Purveyor.

"Keep under cover, let's see what they do," ordered Stacks.

"Roger on that," said Mickey.

"They're putting rope ladders over the wall," Ellen whispered into her walkie-talkie.

"My guys have them under obs," confirmed Mickey the Purveyor, "but they've got at least three

The Man from Berlin

vehicles. We can't cover all of them. There are four geezers coming over the wall."

"Let's keep to the plan and protect the interior," said Ellen. "Any sign of the Man from Berlin?"

"Negative on that, but I'm bringing my guys inside. I'll worry about that toe-rag later," said Mickey.

"We'll meet you upstairs," whispered Ellen and she and Suzy dashed towards the main facility.

"They've split up," reported one of Mickey's men. "One's heading towards the chemistry lab, one towards the main facility, one is behind the gym and one is going towards the stables."

"Jeez if they hurt our horses I'll gouge their fucking eyes out," yelled Nixdown up in the war-room.

"Don't worry Nicola Jane, my guys are on them," Uncle Stacks reassured her.

"Fucking Yoofs," muttered Nix.

Smoke from the explosion billowed out from behind the gymnasium. The alarm siren buzzed.

"Evacuate the living quarters!" instructed Mr Humphries over the intercom. "Remain calm, cross the quadrangle and muster on the playing fields."

"Three detonators defused," reported Mickey.

"Four Yoofs entering the main building by the back stairs," said Suzy. "They're rendezvousing with Sarah."

"Yvonne and Janet are hiding in the cloisters. It looks like they're getting ready to make a run for it," said Ellen.

"Let them go," the Grand Master instructed. "Okay we're moving out of my office, maintain radio silence until further notice. We're going Yoof-hunting."

Yoof-Bashing

The main building was in darkness. The Grand Master, Stacks Monroe, Suzy Scott and Sergeant Ellen Millar secreted themselves in Katie Beck's office. Shortly they heard footsteps on the stairs and saw flashlights approaching.

Ellen put her fingers to her lips.

The four Yoofs came onto the landing, led by Sarah and tried the door to the Grand Master's office. It was locked. One of the Yoofs pointed at the numeric pad to the right of the door.

"What's this?" he demanded.

"It's okay," whispered Sarah. "Yvonne has the code." She handed him a cell phone.

"Shit," he muttered. "Yvonne, are you there?" he asked.

For a moment there was no reply.

"I'm here," came Yvonne's voice. "We're getting changed."

"What's the number on the keypad?" the Yoof demanded.

"I'll tell you when the Man from Berlin picks us up," Yvonne told him.

"What the fuck?" spluttered the Yoof.

"Belt and braces," Yvonne snapped. "You just make sure he's at the rendezvous point."

"You little be-yotch," the Yoof snarled, "I'll make sure he takes a cane to your sorry arse!"

"They'll be plenty of time for that in Berlin," Yvonne said dismissively. "Now get off the line so I can finish dressing."

Inside Katie's office the group waited patiently. Ellen wanted the Yoofs to be actually in the Grand Masters study when she nabbed them. They could hear the Yoofs muttering and cussing about Yvonne's future.

"I'm gonna give that be-yotch such a spanking," threatened one Yoof.

"I'm gonna steal some canes and take the skin off her arse," grumbled another.

"Oh good grief," grumbled Sarah. "Are you fucking Scouser's? Yvonne swore to me that she wouldn't send me any fucking Scouser's."

Inside Katie's office the group stifled their guffaws.

It was a full ten minutes before the Yoof's cell phone finally rang.

"About fucking time," the Yoof grumbled. "You wait until I get my hands on you." He punched the numbers that Yvonne dictated onto the keypad.

The Man from Berlin

The Yoofs looked startled when the lights suddenly went on.

"Good evening," said the Grand Master, "My name is Humphries, Mr Humphries to you."

The four Yoof's had not come quietly when Ellen had stepped into the office to arrest them. One of them had thrown himself at her, aiming a punch that she barely ducked out of the way of. One of the Yoof's grabbed at Suzy Scott and was taken by surprise when the diminutive Dame span around and delivered a perfect kung-fu kick to his jaw.

Mr Humphries and Stacks charged the Yoofs, swapping punches and kicks. From behind them Mickey the Purveyor bounded into the room and began knocking heads together.

Suzy Scott's skill of the martial arts had taken another of the Yoofs by surprise and he stood nonplussed as she kicked and rabbit punched him, before he slid to the floor.

One of the Yoofs pulled out a knife and lunged at Ellen. As the policewoman leapt back Stacks grabbed at the Yoof, "You'd better drop that sonny or I'll break your fucking arm!" he snarled.

The Yoof tried to wrestle himself free but Stacks grabbed the wrist of the hand holding the knife and twisted. The Yoof squealed and dropped the weapon. Ellen Millar stepped in and kicked him squarely in the balls.

Ellen pushed Sarah's face to the wall. "I'm sorry sweetie," she whispered in her ear and snapped on a pair of handcuffs.

"Oh gawd," groaned Sarah. "I hate fucking handcuffs."

With the Yoofs overpowered and handcuffed Mr Humphries poured his compardres a drink.

"Now I think it's time to make the acquaintance of the Man from Berlin," he told them cheerily. "Bottoms up everybody!"

Dumb Scouser's

"There's two SUV's out here," reported Mickey's point-man, "but I don't think that either of the drivers is our man. That Godfrey woman is giving one of them hell. She's a real piece of work."

The Yoofs were a grumpy bunch as they were escorted to the rendezvous point. The leading Yoof strode over to the waiting vehicle carrying four cardboard tubes in his arms. When he reached the car he placed the tubes on the ground and then without any warning he opened the back door and yanked Yvonne out of the back seat.

"What are you doing?" she shrieked, "get off me you freak."

The muscular Yoof dragged the struggling gal around to the front of the vehicle and pinned her face down across the bonnet. He flipped up her skirt and raised his arm in the air. Just as he began to spank her the rendezvous area was suddenly a glare of headlights.

Yvonne was struggling and screaming but to no avail. The Yoof was intent that his last activity before starting a ten-stretch in jail was going to be fulfilling. As the Grand Master and Stacks climbed out of their vehicles they nodded with amused approval.

Yvonne's howls and curses were getting louder by the minute as the Yoof continued to bombard her backside with hearty spanks. Finally the Grand Master had enough.

"Ellen do me a favor and handcuff those two, all that racket is making my head hurt," he grinned to the policewoman.

"It'll be my pleasure," she giggled.

Mickey and his security team were already fanning out into the woods in search of the Man from Berlin. Ellen dragged the Yoof off Yvonne and handcuffed him, then turned her attention to Godders and Mitch the Bitch.

"You're coming back to the facility," she told them, "I think there are a lot of gals you're going to have to answer to."

Janet Mitchell began to blub. "It was her idea!" she wailed. "She made me do it!"

"Oh put your bumbags in it?" snarled Yvonne contemptuously.

"Where's the Man from Berlin?" asked the Grand Master.

"Who's the Man from Berlin?" asked Yvonne innocently.

The Man from Berlin

The Grand Master just grinned. "Alright Miss Godfrey we'll leave the questions until later. First we shall deal with you and Miss Mitchell here."

"Sarah said she could get us out. She didn't say anything about stolen paintings," blurted out Janet.

"Well Miss Forsham-Smythe is having a quiet chat with Plod right now," said Mr Humphries. "I'm sure that your accomplice will be keen to be of assistance. She's facing a very long prison sentence for breaking the terms of her parole."

Yvonne's eyes narrowed. For the first time her haughty defiance diminished slightly, a flicker of concern registered on her face. "She'll just lie to you," she sneered.

"Maybe so," said the Grand Master cheerfully, "but I'm sure that they'll be colorful lies. Now, first things first, where's your clobber?" Mr Humphries asked.

"It's out back, in the gardening shed," muttered Yvonne darkly.

"Take them back and get them changed, then take them to the gymnasium," the Grand Master instructed Ms Scott.

"Stacks is going to take you to a safe house," Ellen told Sarah. "We're going to make an announcement that you've been remanded in custody. We'll let you back to the unit in a few days. I don't think we've heard the last of Rudi. I think this was just a trial run. That's why he used dumb Scouser's. When he comes back he'll use his own men. We're going to use you as bait."

Sarah sighed. "Does that mean another round of steamy bumbags?"

"Let's hope that won't be necessary," smiled Ellen.

A Tunnel of Spanks

The inmates, Old Gals and the Brass were assembled in the gymnasium. Mr Humphries instructed them to form two lines.

Suzy Scott marched Yvonne and Janet into the gym with their hands on their heads. They had changed back into clobber and looked tense and disheveled.

The Grand Master approached the two gals. "Looks like the garden shed doesn't make for a very good wardrobe," he said coldly. "Katie, inspect them and make it thorough."

Katie liked thorough. Yvonne and Janet were soon regretting dumping their clobber, screwed up on the floor. Clearly the gardening shed was a dusty joint their uniforms were covered in a grayish film. At six spanks a citation Yvonne and Janet were soon racking up long sessions with Katie's slipper.

Once inspection was over the Grand Master instructed the two absconders to remove their gymslips.

"What?" squealed Janet.

"It's a simple instruction," the Grand Master said brusquely, "now get on with it or I'll have them removed."

Janet and Yvonne looked sick as they unknotted their sashes, unbuttoned their bibs and stepped out of their gymslips. They stood looking uncertain in their blouses, ties and navy blue bumbags.

"On your hands and knees," the Grand Master commanded.

"You can't be serious," snarled Yvonne. "This is illegal!"

"Conspiring to blow up my fucking facility is illegal Miss Godfrey," the Grand Master retorted, "now on your hands and knees else I'll drag you through the tunnel."

Dolefully Yvonne and Janet got down on their hands and knees. The Grand Master turned to the two lines of gals and Brass.

"Now this is strictly whops only, so no gouging, kicking, spitting or biting," he grinned. He turned back to Godders and Mitch the Bitch. "Crawl through and when you get to the end turnaround and crawl back. On your marks, get set, go!"

Yvonne and Janet did their best to protect themselves as they scampered along on all fours. The gals bombarded their bumbags with slaps of their rubber soled plimsolls and the Brass laid into them with canes and straps and spatulas. The gymnasium

The Man from Berlin

was filled with a cacophony of slaps and squeals as Yvonne and Janet crawled through the tunnel formed by the two lines of gals.

When they reached the end of the lines they dismally turned around and scuttled back. Janet was blubbing and howling and Yvonne was cussing and screaming threats at everybody and their families. Ms MacAllister caught Janet with a terrific swipe with her two-tailed tawse that resounded around the gym. Mitch the Bitch let out an ear-splitting holler.

"Who ever said the loud ones don't hurt," giggled Nixdown.

"Urban fucking legend that," agreed Debs.

Yvonne was crawling as fast as she could, but not fast enough to evade a cracking slice of the cane from Ms Gascoigne, followed by a ear-splitting smack of the spatula from Ms Hammell.

"Now that's gotta hurt," commented Jojo.

"Those bumbags are humming," grinned Rosemary.

Once the two gals had scrambled passed the Brass they had to crawl the gauntlet through the ringing slaps of the plimsolls wielded by the enraged inmates. Slap after slap rebounded off the seats of the facilities most reviled prisoners. Janet continued to blub and Yvonne continued to hurl abuse in every direction.

Finally they crawled out of the far end of the tunnel of slipper brandishing gals, groaning and holding their hands to their beleaguered bums.

Mr Humphries was in no mood for sympathy.

"Get dressed," he told them curtly. "Victoria, handcuff them and take them to the dorm under full

collar. Chain them to their beds for the night. We'll decide what to do with them in the morning."

"Be my pleasure, sir," grinned Lady Vix. "Come on Debs lets get the bracelets on them and put them under the collar."

Deborah beamed. "I'm going to enjoy this," she laughed.