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

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

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

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

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

to

My Beloved Jojo
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Deborah Morton groaned audibly as the red card was thrust into her face.

“I’m sorry Morton, but you can’t say I didn’t warn you,” said Stephanie Powell.

Debs pushed her chair back, scraping it noisily on the wooden floor.

“I’m sorry Ma’am,” she muttered and trudged towards the door of the lecture room.

Deborah knew that she only had herself to blame. Stephanie Powell had been patient. She had given Debs two verbal warnings for interrupting the proceedings and then shown her a yellow card. When Deborah had cut up wise again the Dame of English Literature felt that she had no choice. She reached into her jacket pocket and evicted the Deputy Red-shirt from the room.

Katie Beck looked Deborah up and down. For years Debs had been one of the most clobber challenged inmates at the Woody Back to School unit. Frequently when she had been required to report to
the unit Matron’s for her pre-whop inspection Katie had been able to subject Deborah to full clobber inspections due to the shoddy state of her attire.

However, during the summer furlough Deborah’s good chum Nicola Jane Nixon, the legendary Woody clothes-horse, had staged a clobber intervention. She had flown her personal clobber consultant out to Ibiza to give Debs a makeover.

“You are not going to be Deputy Red-shirt dressed in that cheap catalogue crap,” insisted Nixdown Nixon.

At first Deborah had pouted but when Nixdown’s consultant introduced her to the sensual pleasures of customized silk blouses that fitted perfectly at both the collar and cuff, skirts and blazers made from exotic silk and cashmere weaves that sashayed when she moved Deborah was finally won over.

Katie glared at Deborah. The Deputy Red-shirt looked impeccable. Her hair was swept back behind a red head-band that matched the smart five button blazer she wore. Her silk tie was knotted in a perfect vee and neatly covered the top button of her blouse. Her pointed toed black shoes were polished to a high shine. She gleamed from head to toe.

“Go next door and bend over the desk,” growled Katie disappointedly. “I’ll be in to inspect your arse in a moment.”

Debs rolled down her bumbags and flipped up the tail of her blazer and the hem of her skirt. She stretched her upper torso across the desk and dangled her arms over the far side. As usual Katie
took her own sweet time before sauntering into the ante-room to inspect Deborah’s rear end.

For many women the position might have felt somewhat embarrassing and undignified, but for Deborah it was just business as usual. Over the past decade and a half she had been on the receiving end of over three hundred and fifty punishments. Being bent over with her arse higher than her head had become a matter of routine for Debs Morton.

Deborah looked down at the two tawses that the Grand Master had placed on the desk. In many respects they were identical. The same length and width, the tails cut perfectly along the last six inches of the shaft. They were both cut from English harness leather and the initials etched into the tips of the tails established that they both originated at the legendary workshop of the George W Dick dynasty. The only difference between the two tawses was their age.

The tawse to the left was aged and supple, the one to the right was brand new and clearly still stiff. To the uninitiated there would not seem any difference between the two tawses, but Deborah was a veteran of numerous tawsing’s and considered something of an expert on the subject.

It had already been established that the Grand Master would escort Deborah down to the Brat Chamber where she would be spread out across his lap with her bumbags rolled down and given twelve strokes of the tawse in front of a dozen excited grubbys. All that needed to be decided was the tawse with which the thrashing would be delivered. Mr Humphries had left the choice up to Deborah. It was
not an easy decision for a gal to make. It all came
down to a choice between the ‘wrap’ and the
‘rebound’ effect.

The aged tawse on the left of the desk and
Debs were old acquaintances. She had spent many
hot and sweaty moments tucked in tightly to the
crease of the Grand Masters lap with the tails of the
tawse curling around her naked orbs.

The suppleness of the leather allowed the
tawse to wrap perfectly around an upturned behind.
With age the tails became very flexible and landed
independently, milliseconds apart, in a most breath-
taking and disconcerting manner. The Woody Wags
liked to call it the ‘Double-whammy’.

A freshly cut tawse had a distinctly different
flavor. It would take dozens of work-outs before it
wrapped rather than rebounded from its target. A
fresh tawse on its maiden voyage had a unique bite
to it, especially along the tails which would not yet be
operating independently. It had a tendency to pinch
the flesh most disagreeably.

Eventually Debs picked up the older of the two
tawses and handed it to the Grand Master.
“Better the devil you know,” she told him, with
a noticeable lack of enthusiasm in her voice.
The Compassionate Draper

To an outside observer it might have appeared that the Grand Master was merely accompanying Deborah to a local coffee shop to treat her to a cup of steaming java.

They were chatting idly as they leisurely strolled through the labyrinth of corridors that led down to the lecture rooms. Deborah even cracked an occasional smile as they talked.

The only indication that anything untoward might be afoot was the leather strap dangling from the Grand Master’s right hand.

The twelve Little Brat’s gasped as the Grand Master entered the lecture room accompanied by the Deputy Red-shirt.

“Morning Ms Gascoigne, morning ladies,” Mr Humphries said cheerfully. “My sincere apologies for this interruption in your learning’s, but I just have a little bit of business to take care of.” He smiled at Ms Gascoigne. “Would you mind terribly if I borrowed that chair for a few minutes?”
The Little Brats stared at Deborah with eyes like saucers. During the first six weeks of their incarceration the Brats had been treated to the opportunity to witness several Brat Spankings. Woody legends like Bernadette Summers, Lisa Sutton, Ali Stone and Cassie Cassy had all been brought to the Brat Chamber to have their bumbags dusted. However, Debs Morton was by far the most senior inmate to grace them with her presence.

Deborah was not immune to the irony of her situation. Over the past six weeks almost every inhabitant of the lecture room had been sent to her study to be spanked. With her collar unfastened and her cuffs rolled back Deborah Morton was considered to have one of the best right-arms in the game. Nonetheless, she was widely admired by the Little Brats and they affectionately referred to her as the ‘Compassionate Draper.’

Despite the threatening tawse Mr Humphries was brandishing Debs Morton grinned indulgently at her Brats.

Lady Derby Huntington beamed proudly. Despite a long day in the lecture rooms Deborah still looked immaculate. Earlier in the day Derby had personally laid out Debs clothes and helped her to dress.

Deborah unfastened the five buttons of her elegant red blazer and handed it to Pauline Gascoigne for safe keeping.

Mr Humphries placed the chair in the front of the room. “Shall we?” he asked.
For the first time Deborah grimaced slightly, her lips turning down at the corners and her eyes rolling slightly. She took an audible deep breath and with a heavy tread approached the seated Grand Master.

Mr Humphries took his time, neatly folding back Deborah’s black pleated skirt and then turning back the tailored tail of her white silk blouse. The grubbys gasped when he put his fingers into the elastic waistband of her navy blue bumbags and turned them inside out.

Deborah Morton’s body was formed into a perfect full drape. Her arms and legs were stretched out with just the tips of her fingers and toes making contact with the floor. Her head was lowered between her arms and her bottom was sitting up proud. The Grand Master stroked the tails of the tawse across her naked flesh. Debs Morton gritted her teeth.

The Grand Master was fond of Deborah. He was deeply impressed with the manner with which she had conducted herself since being promoted, first to the role of Captain of the Red House, and subsequently as Deputy Red-shirt. He also recognized that she was making a genuine attempt to curb her compulsive impulsive behavior syndrome.

Not that her campaign had been particularly successful. In the first six weeks of the year she had already been punished eight times, which was two more than Claire Brooks in the same period during
the previous year. Claire Brooks held the distinction of being the most beaten prefect in history.

Debs and the Grand Master regularly discussed her disorder. Deborah liked to joke that she was plagued by an alter-ego that she called ‘the Impostor’. Although Mr Humphries encouraged her to continue her campaign of reform he had also assured her that her disciplinary difficulties would be treated separately from his evaluation of her performance as a prefect.

The Grand Master took a tight grip around the Deputy Red-shirts waist and brought the two-tailed tawse down with a mighty crack.
A Reasonable Course of Action

Visiting the Brat Chamber for a bare bottom Brat Spanking had definitely not been on Deborah’s to-do list when she had risen in the morning. Nonetheless, she didn’t disagree that it was a reasonable course of action. The Imposter had been particularly active over the past few days. She had considered herself extremely lucky not to have been caned at least once, and probably twice over the last seventy-two hours.

Debs forced herself to keep her head down hidden by her arms so that the Brats wouldn’t see her facial contortions. She willed her body not to buck and writhe as the leather strap blazed across her rear end.

The Little Brats craned their necks. The previous Brat Spankings that they had witnessed had all been conventional hand-delivered bumbag dustings. What they were currently observing was adding a completely new dimension to their education.
“It’s only whops, it’s only whops,” Deborah repeated over and over. The heat in her backside was increasing dramatically. The aged leather allowed the compressed air between the tails to escape easily and increased the speed of descent during the downward swish. The tails curled around her upturned behind.

The Grand Master carefully took aim. The particular tawse he was using had been a gift from the Dick family selected from the commemorative edition of the ‘George W OTK’ collection. The ratio of the tailed and untailed ends of tawse was exactly one to two and according to the accompanying literature the business end was designed to safely wrap around a matured buttock. Mr Humphries swung the tawse and wrapped it perfectly around Deborah’s right buttock.

The sound of the tawse slapping up and down at a leisurely pace resonated around the chamber. The Little Brats gawked as the color of Deborah’s bum transformed from its natural tone to the vivid hue of a Venice Beach sunset. Her buttocks seemed to be swelling up to the size of cantaloupes.

Deborah stared down at the floor. Despite the raging flames in her backside she had successfully navigated herself into the zone. She was determined to put it up and keep it up.

Debs shifted her hips so that the Grand Master could roll her bumbags back into place. Once he had folded down the tails of her blouse and the hem of
her skirt she allowed him to help her back into the vertical position.

Pauline Gascoigne offered Deborah her blazer. As Debs reached out to accept the jacket Lady Derby Huntington stepped out from behind her desk.

“Let me straighten her up,” she said as she strode forward.

The Grand Master and Ms Gascoigne suppressed grins as Derby stepped forward and straightened Deborah’s tie that had got a little twisted during the tawssing. The aristocrat took the blazer from the amused Pauline’s hands and opened it wide to allow Debs to slip her arms in. Derby flicked Deborah’s hair out from inside the jacket and then walked around and fastened the five buttons. She reached up and straightened Deborah’s hair band. Derby stepped back and looked Debs up and down.

“I’m sorry but that’s the best I can do right now, Ma’am,” she said and then turned on her heel and returned to her seat.

“You did very well,” said Mr Humphries. “You put it up and kept it up. You hardly moved a muscle.”

“That doesn’t mean that my bum isn’t burning like a furnace,” groaned Debs, “but I spank those gals all the time and I’m mentoring them not to act like muffs. I could hardly make a fool of myself in front of that audience.”

“You were fantastic, Ma’am,” enthused Lady Derby. “You looked great.”
Deborah looked incredulous. “I looked great? I was head down, arse up, with my butt naked!”

“Yes, but you set us an all an example,” said Derby emphatically. “The way that you maintained a full drape and didn’t wriggle and squirm was sensational. It’s all the gab in the rec area.”

Deborah smiled indulgently at her grubby. Sometimes she wondered whether Derby might perhaps be a refugee from the Home for the Bewildered.
Noggin Tapping

On Saturday evening the Usual Suspects convened in the Great Hall for the weekly feast. Cassie Cassy had prepared an array of healthy hors d’oeuvres including fresh fruit kebab with lime scented yoghurt, vodka soaked cherry tomatoes with lemon pepper, cucumber rounds with smoked salmon mousse, and seasonal fresh melon wrapped in proscuitto ham. Michelle, Derby and Frankie circulated offering the guests flutes of 1999 Moet and Chandon Rose Vintage Reserve.

As usual the inmates teased each other about who had been whopped and who hadn’t during the past week. Nonetheless there was a discernable tension in the air.

“There’s nobody about,” Sarah whispered into the phone. “Are your men ready?”
“My men are in place,” said the Man from Berlin.
“No fucking Scousers this time?” snapped Sarah.
“These are good men,” snapped back Rudi Van Oppenhiemmer, “German Men.”
“I’ll bring the paintings myself,” said Sarah. “Just have the ladders waiting. I’ll be out in thirty minutes.”

“How good are they?” Sarah asked Jojo.
“Bernadette had Uncle Stacks have them checked out,” smiled Joanna. “They could pass for sale anywhere. My team did good.”
Sarah took the protective tubes with the fake paintings Jojo and her crew had produced. “Golly, Jojo, I hope so,” she said tremulously. “The guy I’m going to show them to is really good.”
“We’ll be you right behind you,” promised Police Sergeant Ellen Millar.
“This will be the first time I’ve ever felt safe with Plod sniffing around my bumbags,” grinned Sarah.
“You take care now,” said Lady Victoria.
“I’ll let you know if the shit hits the fan,” agreed Sarah.

Lady Victoria Brompton pressed the phone to her ear. “I can’t hear you,” she shouted into the mouthpiece. “Sarah? Is that you? Are you okay? Where are you?”
“She bonked me on the head,” wailed Sarah.
“Sarah! Sarah! Where are you?” Vix asked.
“In the orchard,” groaned Sarah. “I’m so sorry Victoria.”
“Stay where you are, we’ll be right with you,” said Vix, leaping to her feet. “Stay on the phone and keep talking.”

“You are Sarah?” asked the German.

Yvonne shook her head. “Sarah’s toast,” she said sharply. “I have the paintings. Now let’s get the fuck out of here.”

“Mr Von Oppenhiemmer is expecting Miss Forsham-Smythe,” the German said in a dull voice. “He will not be pleased.”

Yvonne glared at him. “Hurry it up fool. He’ll be more than pleased when he sees the paintings.”

“I will check,” said the German in his monotone voice.

Yvonne Godfrey pouted. She stared out of the window of the SUV.

“Oh good fucking grief,” she snarled. Janet Mitchell was scrambling over the wall.

Sarah was sitting in the gazebo with her head in her hands. “She bush-whacked me,” she groaned. “I was about to get over the wall and she bonked me with god knows what.”

“It’s okay,” Victoria said soothingly. “Just so long as you’re alive it’ll all work out fine.”

“Victoria,” the Grand Master said. “We’re going to have to draw back. They’re sending someone in for Sarah.”

Victoria Brompton bristled. “She’s not going anywhere, she’s hurt!” she said protectively.

“I’m okay,” said Sarah. “I’ll go with them.”

The Grand Master pointed at a rope ladder that had been thrown over the wall. “We don’t have any
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time Vicky. Make yourself invisible and that’s an order.”

Victoria Brompton stared daggers at Mr Humphries. The Grand Master winked at the aristocrat.

There was considerable tension in the SUV. The three gals were seated in the back of the seven-seater. Sarah was clutching her hands to the duck egg on top of her head. Yvonne and Janet were squabbling and the four Germans were conferencing with the Man from Berlin.

“Where are you?” Ellen asked.
“Watching him, watching them,” said Mickey the Purveyor. “He looks pretty relaxed. Okay he’s pulling away. Have we got the SUV under wraps?”
“Roger on that,” said Ellen.
“Game on then,” said Mickey.

Lady Victoria Brompton was seething. “She gets tapped on the noggin by Yvonne and we let her get thrown over some Kraut’s shoulder and spirited away?”
“She has not been spirited away,” Ellen consoled her. “Everybody is in place and we’re sticking to the plan.”
“Noggin tapping,” growled Victoria, “it’ll be something else I’ll be tapping if I ever get my hands on Godders again.”

Ellen hugged Vix. “You have my guarantee that she’ll be in a dangle before this weekend is out.”
Sarah Forsham-Smythe crossed her legs and smiled at the Dutchman. “Long time no see Mr Van Dyke,” she said coyly.

“We have missed you Sarah,” smiled Van D. “Your presence in the marketplace has been sorely missed.”

“Well I’m back,” Sarah said authoritively, “and I have something I think you’ll like.”

Sarah glared at the German henchman. “Is this really necessary?” she asked.

“Tell him to place his hands on the wall and spread his legs or he doesn’t go in.”

“Grrrrrrrr!” snarled Sarah. “I’m sorry Van but this guy is very paranoid.”

Rudi Von Oppenhiemmer was dressed in Chinese pajamas and reclining on an over-sized sofa. Yvonne Godfrey and Janet Mitchell were in loose tie clobber mode and serving him slivers of smoked
salmon, imported strawberries and chilled Verve de Cliquet when Sarah and the Dutchman entered the opulent suite.

Two of the Germans that had driven the seven-seater SUV were leaning back in chairs around the dining table. Their jackets were removed and the matt black handles of heavy shooters stuck out from their shoulder holsters.

“Rudi. This is Mr Van Dyke,” Sarah said with as much confidence as she could muster. Men with guns made her nervous.

Von Oppenhiemmer looked at the Dutchman with hooded eyes. “Sarah speaks highly of you,” he said finally.

The Dutchman shrugged, “We have been successful in our business dealings in the past,” he told the Man from Berlin.

Rudi showed him to a chair.

“Are these goons really necessary, Rudi?” complained Sarah.

“Do they bother you Mr Van Dyke?” asked Rudi in an amused voice.

The Dutchman shrugged. “These days we find ourselves forced to do business under many different conditions,” he said easily. “It is not how it used to be.”

Von Oppenhiemmer nodded at the two goons and told them to go into another room.

Van Dyke bowed his head politely. “This makes for a far more conducive atmosphere for doing business.”
Sarah poured the Dutchman a whiskey with soda, and then picked up the tubes that contained the canvases.

“Would you like to look at them?” she asked.

Van Dyke shook his head. “Not now,” he said. “First we should talk terms. I do not wish to know how these articles came into your possession but I would assume you are not in possession of the provenances.”

Sarah shook her head.

“Then at best after my experts have studied them I can offer you thirty pence on the pound,” Van told them.

“Oh come on Van,” interjected Sarah. “We’ve done business before. You know that special collectors don’t care about provenances.”

Van smiled. “Not all collectors have the same attitude as your family, Sarah,” he told her.

Sarah pouted. “I still think we can do better than that,” she told the Dutchman. “I gave you first dibs for old time’s sake, but if you are going to take advantage I’ll go elsewhere.”

“That is your choice,” said Van Dyke. “But, I assure you nobody will give you a better price on purchasing inventory. It is a substantial amount of capital for me to tie up.”

“What if you have more time,” asked Rudi.

“Then I may be able to offer you more attractive terms.” Van Dyke said slowly. “If I merely broker the sales for you my fee will be twelve and a half per cent plus expenses.”

“How long would that take?” asked Rudi.

“I don’t have days or weeks,” snapped Sarah. Von Oppenhiemmer scowled at her. “I am interested in what Mr Van Dyke proposes,” he said curtly. “When can you have your experts here?”

Van Dyke shrugged. “I will go to a small café not far from here. I will call you in one hour.”
“Why can’t we call down and get some clothes sent up,” asked Yvonne. “I’m sick of wearing this clobber and I’m going to get stinky soon.”

“You have no money,” pointed out Rudi. Yvonne glared at him. “Then lend me some,” she demanded.

“You are good for it?” he asked.

“I have money,” she said tightly. “I’ll repay you when we get to Berlin.”

Rudi padded across the room and opened a leather attaché case. “Take what you need,” he told her. “When we get to Berlin you have one week to repay me, after that the interest is two and a half per cent per week compounded.”

“What about me?” asked Janet.

“What about you?” shrugged Rudi. “You were not part of my plan. You have gate-crashed the party and have offered me nothing in return.”

Janet looked uneasy. “Can’t I come to Berlin?”

Rudi smiled. “That depends what you have to offer in Berlin.”
Sarah Forsham-Smythe pushed Rudi away. “That’s not part of the deal,” she told him. “Now give me my money and I need to get going. I’ve kept my end of the bargain. You can take it from here.”

She skipped back as Rudi made another attempt to engage her.

“You are a beautiful woman, Sarah,” he said amorously. “We would make a beautiful couple. You should come to Berlin with me.”

“Rudi, there will be a warrant out for my arrest,” she said sharply. “How long do you think it will be before Police Sergeant Ellen Millar comes knocking? I need some money and a car and that’s the last you’ll see of me.”

Rudi shook his head. “I think it is best that you stay around and we’ll see what the Dutchman has to say.”

“Grrrrrrrr!” muttered Sarah. “I’ll stay for one hour and then I want my dosh!”

Yvonne was keeping a safe distance from Sarah. She had tried to apologize for tapping her on the noggin but had been met with stony silence. Rudi had banished Yvonne and Janet to the master bedroom during the negotiations with the Dutchman. Relations between the two former co-conspirators were chilly. Janet was aggrieved that Yvonne had planned to breakout on her own, leaving her to languish alone at the Woody Back to School Unit. Mitch the Bitch was planning to get her own back when the entourage got to Berlin.
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Sarah paced the living room. The goons with guns sitting in the next room continued to make her nervous and she desperately wanted to call Ellen and forewarn her. However, Rudi was watching her cagily and she knew the men outside the door would follow if she went downstairs to the bar. She felt very lonely and wished her friends from Woodys were nearby to help.

Lady Victoria Brompton paced up and down her study. “Why doesn’t Ellen call?” she growled broodily.

“She’ll call as soon as there’s any activity,” Cathryn Cassidy reassured her chum.

“Why don’t you get some rest, Vix?” pleaded Jojo. “You didn’t sleep a wink all night and you look like shit.”

“I’ll sleep when I’m ready,” muttered Victoria.

Ever since Vicky’s father, Lord Brompton, had agreed to allow Sarah Forsham-Smythe spend the summer at Brompton Castle instead of Holloway Prison the gals had grown close. Lady Victoria was notoriously protective of her chums and had strongly opposed Sarah being taken away by the Man from Berlin.

Jojo and Cat had spent the night with her as she paced up and down, issuing dark utterances and refusing to be placated.

Finally at two o’clock in the afternoon the three chums got a call from Mr Humphries.

“I’ve got Ellen on the speaker phone,” he told them. “Come on up to my study.”
“Every thing’s going to plan,” Ellen told them.
“How’s Sarah?” interjected Vix.
“She’s good,” replied Ellen. “Our man says she played it just right, a little anxious but very professional. The Man from Berlin doesn’t suspect a thing.”
“What’s next?” asked Cat.
“We’re going to get him out of the hotel. We have a wiretap set-up in a nearby café. We want him to confirm that the paintings are authentic and catch him with them in his possession. Then the fun will start.”
“Where are Yvonne and Janet,” asked Jojo.
“Our man didn’t see them but Mickey saw them go into the hotel and they haven’t come out,” said Ellen. “I promised you Vix, you’ll be dangling Yvonne by nightfall.”
A Dangerous Liability

“Why can’t you come to the hotel?” demanded Rudi.

“My expert has, how shall we say? A minor problem with the security at the hotel,” Van Dyke told him. “A misunderstanding over some cheques.”

Von Oppenhiemmer scowled. “Where do you want to meet?”

“Not far, you can come on foot,” Van Dyke told him. “Do you know the Ruby in the Dust café?”

Rudi looked over at Sarah. She nodded.

“We’ll be there in thirty minutes,” he growled.

Van Dyke was drinking coffee and cognac when the entourage arrived. The four goons in dark overcoats took seats at a corner table, while Rudi and Sarah slid into Van Dyke’s booth.

“Something to drink?” asked Van calmly.

Rudi shook his head. “Is this your man?”

Van Dyke nodded but didn’t introduce the squirrelly looking cove seated beside him.

“You have the paintings?”
Rudi nodded towards the goons.

“In a moment we will repair upstairs but first I should warn you that if the pictures are forgeries they will be more difficult to sell,” said Van Dyke. “Under those circumstances you may get as little as fifteen pence of the pound and my fee is doubled for my trouble.”

Rudi sneered. “You think I would go to this trouble for fakes?” he asked. “These are originals acquired by Joe Summers. You know who Joe Summers is?”

Van Dyke put his fingers to his lips and shook his head. “No and I don’t want to know,” he said softly. “That is already more information than I need to be burdened with.”


The squirrelly man inspected the paintings through an eye-glass. He took his time but eventually he nodded his head.

“These are originals,” he told them. “I will be happy to make you a bill of sale and a certificate of authenticity from Sotheby’s or Christies in return for a consideration.”

Von Oppenhiemmer’s eyes gleamed. “Can you put a value on them?”

Squirrelly one shrugged. “I will photograph them and will get back with you tomorrow,” he said. “But in my opinion you are going to be a very wealthy man.”
“I told you I’m not going to Berlin,” snapped Sarah. “If those two jackass’s think they’ll be safe hatching about in your apartment then that’s up to them. Personally I am under no delusions that Ellen Millar isn’t hot on my heels already. I’m due in court tomorrow and if I don’t disappear sharpish I’ll be in chokey tomorrow night. Now give me my fucking money and have one of those goons rent me a car.”

“Why should I give you anything?” asked Rudi. “You are of no further use to me and you might even be a dangerous liability.”

“Oh good fucking grief,” growled Sarah.

Von Oppenhiemmer crossed to the side room where the goons were lounging in easy chairs.

“Jan,” he said to one of them. “Come in here please.”

Lady Victoria glowered. “Well what are you going to do about it?” she growled into the phone.

“Calm down, Vix,” Ellen said authoritatively. “Mickey and the police are right behind them. The Dutch police are very good at this type of thing. Amsterdam is a den of iniquity and they have plenty of experience.”

“She must be terrified!” said Vix forlornly.

“Mickey said she looked cool as a cucumber when she came out of the hotel.”

Lady Victoria grunted gloomily.

Sarah Forsham-Smythe was not best pleased to have long barreled pistol digging into her ribs. She scanned the foyer as they exited the elevators. Two goons towered over her, hissing at her to keep quiet.
In the far corner of the lobby, sitting at the bar nursing a beer, she saw the comforting figure of Mickey the Purveyor. She quickly looked away as he slid off his barstool and allowed herself to be guided towards the main doors to the hotel.
Mickey followed the two men and Sarah out of the hotel. He watched as one of the goons handed a bellboy a valet parking ticket. Across the street he observed the small unmarked Mercedes that contained Ellen Millar and two Dutch detectives. Mickey knew it would take several minutes for the car to be brought from the off-site car park. He stepped back into the hotel and dialed Ellen’s cell phone.

“They’re armed,” he told her, “but they’ve holstered their guns. I’m pretty sure I can take them.”

“The last thing we want is a fracas at the hotel,” said Ellen. “Who’s upstairs?”

“Von Oppenhiemmer, two goons, Yvonne and Janet,” Mickey told her.

“Are both goons in the room?” she asked.

“They were outside stinking up the corridor earlier. That may have changed now.”

“Any way to check?”

“Sure, just don’t go without me.”

“Don’t worry Mickey; they won’t get out in a hurry.”
Ellen Millar tapped on the shoulder of one of the detectives. “Let’s delay them while we get organized.”

The detective nodded and switched on the engine of the car.

Sarah slid into the back seat of the SUV. One of the goons got in beside her. He jabbed her in the ribs with the barrel of the pistol.

“Don’t try anything,” he growled.

Sarah glared at him.

The driving goon put his hand on the horn and began to honk. He leaned out of the window and shouted expletives at the car that was blocking the narrow entranceway to the hotel. One of the detectives got out and held his hands up in the air. “You’ll have to reverse,” he said apologetically. “My engine’s dead.”

The German driver looked furious. Backing up in the small driveway in an over-sized SUV was going to be problematic. He snarled abuse at the detective and tried to maneuver.

While the Germans were distracted trying to extricate their vehicle from the hotel Mickey slipped out unnoticed and climbed into the car next to Ellen.

“They’re still in the corridor,” Mickey reported.

Ellen Millar nodded and picked up her cell phone.

Sarah was beginning to get anxious. The atmosphere in the SUV was becoming extremely tense. The Germans were clearly lost. The driver was jabbing at the onboard navigator with one hand and
gesticulating with the other. Sarah didn’t understand much German but she could tell when a kraut was getting crabby. In the backseat the second goon was talking to Rudi on a cell phone and the conversation appeared hostile.

The size of the vehicle was not designed for the narrow streets and busy traffic. The driver made a right turn and found himself in another jam.

“Mien Gott!” he screamed, throwing his arms in the air.

“Shiza!” yelled the backseat driver, leaning forward to view the navigator screen.

Sarah Forsham-Smythe opened the door and dived out of the car. The goon in the backseat lunged at her but he was a moment to late.

“Shiza!” he shouted again and opened the door, reaching for his gun.

In her haste Sarah almost knocked a startled cyclist over but in two strides she was amongst the pedestrians. The goon leaped around the car waving his gun. The pedestrians began to scream. Ellen Millar bounded out of the car dressed in a bulletproof vest.

“Get down,” she yelled and dived forward throwing her body over Sarah.

“Freeze! Police!” screamed one of the detectives. The goon span around raising his gun. The detective held an automatic hand held machine gun steadily pointed at the goons head. Very slowly the goon took in the situation and raised his gun hand in the air.

“Mien Gott,” cursed the driver goon as he leaped out of the car. He took one look at the armed
detectives and raced towards the crowd of pedestrians on the sidewalk.

“Don’t shoot,” shouted Mickey, “He’s mine.”

“What the fuck is going on?” Rudi Von Oppenhiemmer screamed into the cell phone.

The goon with his hands above his head and a machine gun up his nostril was in little position to update the Man from Berlin. One of the detectives calmly closed the phone shutting Rudi off.

“Jeez,” gasped Ellen. “I don’t know whether to hug you or spank you.”

Sarah sat on the pavement trying to get her wind back. “I’ll settle for a hug,” she panted. “We can talk about the spanking later.”

The pedestrians dived out of the way as the second goon barged his way down the sidewalk. Mickey raced after him. The goon span around reaching for his gun and Mickey the Purveyor launched himself forward, diving through the air as the goon drew a bead on him.
I’ve Pissed in My Panties

Rudi thought quickly. He grabbed the tubes containing the valuable paintings and headed for the door. As he bounded out of the hotel room he was just in time to view his two bodyguards being laid out on the ground by machine gun wielding SWAT police.

“Oh shit!” grumbled Rudi as he was walked back into the room at gunpoint.

“Oh shit,” said Yvonne Godfrey peaking out of the bedroom door.

“Oh Noooooooooooo!” squealed Janet Mitchell.

“What the fuck now?” snarled Yvonne.

“I’ve pissed in my panties!” wailed Mitch the Bitch.

“Oh for fuck sake!” groaned Yvonne. “Will you ever stop being such a fucking muff?”

Mickey knew he only had one chance and he raised his right leg in a choreographed kick. He hit the goon’s gun hand milliseconds before he squeezed the trigger causing it to fire in the air. Bringing up his left leg Mickey kicked the goon in the chest knocking him
backwards. Landing deftly on his feet Mickey span low, scissoring his strong dancer legs around the goon’s knees, bringing him down with a crash. The gun flew on to the pavement and Mickey brought his elbow down on the goons head.

“Bravo!” shrieked the crowd as policeman rushed forward to handcuff the befuddled goon.
Mickey winked.

“She’s safe, Victoria,” Ellen beamed into the cell-phone. “You can warm up your hairbrush, Stacks is sending his plane. We’ll be back at the unit in a few hours.”
“Bottom’s up, Ellen,” said Lady Vix gratefully.
“Not mine hopefully but I have a pair of bottom’s that need to be well and truly up!” laughed Ellen.
Lady Victoria giggled. “I’ll start warming the brush up.”

“Bravo!” screamed the Woody inmates as Sarah, Ellen and Mickey took their bows at the gala dinner that had been thrown in their honor.
“Bottoms up!” the inmates squealed.
Sarah giggled. “That reminds me,” she said to Ellen. “Wasn’t there something about a spanking we were going to talk about?”

Yvonne Godfrey glowered and Janet Mitchell quaked as they gazed out over the select diners. While the Grand Master’s guests chowed down on deeply filled tureens of turtle bisque accompanied by hot barley flat bread Yvonne and Janet stood on
chairs that had been placed in the center of the stage. They had their fingers intertwined on the tops of their heads. Their wrists were secured with original 1903 L. A. Burdick Chain bracelets.

Yvonne and Janet’s reception when they arrived back at the facility had been predictably chilly. Mr Humphries had personally met the stretch limousine and assisted Ellen in escorting them through the crowd of angry Woody gals who appeared in the mood for gouging their eyes out.

They were taken directly to the Grand Master’s study where Christopher Brooks, the Minister for Extreme Social Rehabilitation was waiting.

“We are remanding you in the custody of Mr Humphries while I confer with the authorities over your future,” the Minister told them.

“Nooooooooooooooo! … Don’t leave us here,” wailed Janet. “We need protection. This is illegal.”

The Minister curled his lip. “You should have thought of that before you embarked on a spree of assault and pillage,” he said coldly. “In my experience this institution is more than qualified for taking care of these matters.”

The tall Minister stood up and put on his coat and hat. He shook hands with Ellen Millar.

“Thank you Sergeant,” he said warmly. “It is gratifying to know that my daughter is in such safe hands.”

Ellen Millar blushed prettily.

The Minister shook hands with Mickey. “Thank you too, sir, you are a brave man.”
Finally the Minister tipped his hat to the Grand Master. “Until we meet again,” he said.

The Grand Master just nodded and winked.

Yvonne Godfrey's signature veneer of haughty disdain visibly evaporated as Lady Victoria Brompton grabbed her by the tie and yanked her off the chair.

“You think you’re tough Godders?” snarled Victoria. “Let’s see how tough you are after a quadruple dangling.”
Yvonne was cut from stern stuff but she was no match for Victoria Brompton in fully vexed mode. She opened her lungs and howled as Lady Vix blistered her bum.

Beside them Janet Mitchell burst into tears and looked like she might faint.

Even the most whop-hardened veterans were wincing as spank after spank of Victoria’s hairbrush rebounded off Yvonne’s upturned behind.

When Lady Victoria had agreed to serve a second term as Red-shirt Mr Humphries had commissioned a special edition of the traditional Cleopatra Red-shirt hairbrush in her honor. He had the Egyptian supplier carve the initials ‘LVB’ into the back of the head.

By the time Yvonne finally slid off Lady Victoria’s lap her backside looked like it had been tattooed with the mirror image of the aristocrat’s initials.
Mitch the Bitch squealed and yelled and boohoohooed as she was led to the spanking stool. Miss Mitchell had not been cut from stern stuff. She was a muff of the first order and not equipped for the hazards of a quadruple dangling.

It took all Victoria’s strength to hoist the weeping and pathetic Janet up and over her lap.

“Noooooooo! … This is illegal,” squealed Mitch the Bitch.

“Shut the fawk up,” snapped the aristocratic Red-shirt and crashed the hairbrush down on Janet’s naked rump.

Victoria was forced to constantly interrupt the spanking to drag Janet back into the crease of her lap, fearing that she might tumble off.

Victoria threatened Mitch the Bitch with the ultimate Woody humiliation of being physically restrained but Janet didn’t seem to care. She kicked and bucked and whooped up a storm. The guests at the table sipped champagne and muttered, “fucking muff”, to each other.

Sarah Forsham-Smythe beamed radiantly. For almost a decade she had been pictured in the palaces of the rich. Despite her six-year sentence at the Ripley Back to School unit her titanium credit card had guaranteed her access to yachts in Cannes and Monte Carlo and private ski-slopes in Aspen and Gstaad. However, Little Miss Moneybritches had never been so elated than to be invited for a nightcap in the private apartment of Miss Cathryn Cassidy.
The Sting


Jojo, Melons, Debs and Victoria raised their glasses. “Bottoms up, sis,” they toasted.

Sarah Forsham-Smythe swooned with pride.

**SUNDAY MORNING EDITION**

*Anarchist Arrested, Sarah Forsham-Smythe Vindicated*

In breaking news reports are in that Rudolf Von Oppenhiemmer a suspected anarchist has been arrested in Amsterdam. Interpol insiders say that the arrest was the result of an elaborate sting that involved Sarah Forsham-Smythe. Recently Forsham-Smythe had reappeared in headline news when she was charged with racketeering. She was due to appear in court tomorrow morning but inside sources from the Criminal Prosecution Bureau say that is now unlikely.

Police Sergeant Ellen Millar commented that “Miss Forsham-Smythe has willingly participated in this operation at considerable personal painful detriment.” Ellen Millar declined to elaborate but is expected to make a more lengthy statement later today.

A spokesperson from Interpol says that Von Oppenhiemmer was remanded with regard to a number of criminal activities that are rumored to include conspiracy to murder Forsham-Smythe.

Sarah’s mother, Melissa Forsham-Smythe is scheduled to release a statement on the MFS network at midday.

“I’m nominating you to become a member of the Elite,” said Lady Vix.
Sarah gaped at Victoria. “But I’m just a grubby and twenty-four hours ago I was still just one step away from chokey.”

“A lot can change in twenty-four hours,” grinned Victoria.

“So we’re all agreed?” asked Victoria.

“Looks like we’re all signed up,” said Debs. “Just need to find Nix and Penny Ann then the petition’s ratified. Where are they?”

Jojo laughed, “They went off muff-diving somewhere on the Downs. They should be back shortly.” Jojo’s phone rang in her blazer pocket. She reached in and flipped it open. She turned white.

“Nix has been shot,” she gasped and burst into tears.
Police Sergeant Ellen Millar put the SUV into overdrive and rammed her foot on the gas. “Hold tight,” she said, “this is going to be bumpy.”

The SUV hurtled through the unpaved paths that criss-crossed the Downs.

“There they are,” pointed out Mr Humphries. “We’ve made it before the paramedics. Can we get over there?”

Ellen slipped him a glance out of the corners of her eyes, gunned the vehicle and drove full speed at a formidable wooden gate.

Penny Ann was trying to make Nix comfortable. Jojo and Ellen ran over to help.

“The rig’s still about five minutes away,” groaned Suzy Scott. “How is she?”

“We heard two sounds,” Penny Ann told them, “and Nix’s horse bucked and she screamed. She was thrown.”

Nix looked up at them woozily. “Luckily I landed on my arse and not my head,” she muttered.
“Lay still,” said Jojo soothingly. “The ambulance will be along soon.”

Nix looked at her blearily. “Is Confucius ok?” she asked.

“He’s fine,” said Penny Ann, just before Nicola Jane Nixon passed out.

“It was a high powered air rifle,” said Ellen. “It’s very painful but it didn’t do any lasting damage. It’s not surprising she lost control, the horse probably got hit first and then Nix was shot in the shoulder right after.”

“How is she?”

“Bruised from head to toe,” Ellen told them. “She’ll need to stay in hospital for a few days. They want to make sure that there’s no injury to her spine. You can go in and see her for a few minutes and then they’ll put her to sleep for a while.”

“Sir, I really need to inform my superiors,” said Ellen Millar. “You know this is not just a random coincidence. Punters do not just go out on the Downs shooting unsuspecting riders with high powered air rifles less than twenty-four hours after we busted a major sting operation. This is Yoof business, they’ve declared war. We need to let the appropriate authorities take control now.”

Mr Humphries shrugged. “Do what you have to do, but in the meantime get me Stacks on the phone.”

Ellen blushed slightly. “Well I don’t really need to Sir, as soon as I heard Nix was shot I called him.”
The Sting

She looked out of the window. “That’s his chopper approaching now.”

The Grand Master grinned. “Will you be disciplined if your superiors find out about this?”

“Sir, in Woody terms I will be flogged, flunked and thrown in the brig,” sighed Ellen. “But, what the hell? Those yahoo’s just shot Nixdown, so I thought Stacks might be able to help. But I’m still supposed to call my superiors.”

Mr Humphries offered her his cell-phone. “Call whoever you need.”

Ellen groaned. “Hell Sir, I’ve forgotten the numbers.”

Stacks Monroe put his arm around Police Sergeant Ellen Millar and kissed her on the lips. “Hello Rozzer,” he smiled affectionately.

“Hello gangster,” she smiled.

“How is Miss Nixon?” Stacks asked.

“She’s under sedation,” said Ellen.

“I’ll have three men guard her twenty-four seven. I’m bringing in extra security here too. I’m taking Mickey and a team out and about for a walkabout. We’ll whisper in some ears, tread on some toes, squeeze some bollocks, that kind of thing,” said Stacks.

Ellen groaned. “This is not going to go down well back at the nick,” she said. “My boss is going to string me up by my bumbags.”

“Then you can come and live the luxurious life of a gangster’s moll,” smiled Stacks indulgently. “Are you coming with me?”
Ellen sighed. “Well at least let me change out of my police uniform. I’ll put on my clobber, and I’ll go and fetch Suzy. She wouldn’t miss this for the world.”

In the wee small hours of the morning the inhabitants of the Yoof HQ were too drunk or stoned to pay much attention to the miniscule woman wearing a hoody as she came into the bar with her head bowed. Nobody noticed as she sidled up to the largest, most tattooed and body-pierced member of the Confederacy. Suzy Scott rabbit punched the drunken Yoof in the kidneys. He fell off his bar-stool with a clatter. By the time the inebriated Yoof’s began to react Stacks Monroe, Mickey the Purveyor and a team of hard bodied professionals had slipped in the back-door intent on whispering in some ears, treading on some toes and squeezing some bollocks.

Suzy flipped back her hood and winked at Ellen. She reached over to grab a beer. The Neanderthal Yoof grabbed at her and started to splutter something unprintable. Suzy Scott tut-tutted and kicked him in the goolies.
A Bacon Slicer

Yvonne Godfrey and Janet Mitchell were bent over two desks in the Brat Chamber. Their wrists and ankles were manacled to the legs on either side. It was not the most dignified manner in which to be interrogated. As usual Mitch the Bitch was blubbing.

Ellen Millar was dressed in her prefects clobber with the three sergeant stripes sewn onto the right arm. She was swishing an ashplant through the air.

Katie Beck looked the picture of incredulous indignation.

“I can assure you Grand Master,” she spluttered, “I have nothing to do with the Yoof’s any more. They cost me seven years of my life. I hope Yvonne and Janet both get ten years hard labor.”

The Grand Master suppressed a grin. Over the past sixteen months he had become used to Katie’s outraged protestations of innocence. In general he found them to be without foundation. Katie Beck was still on full clobber probation as a result of her outrageous button-busting scam.
Nonetheless for once he tended to believe Katie. Ellen Millar had spent several hours interrogating Yvonne and Janet and they had said nothing to incriminate Katie, Patty Hodge or any other members of the Radical Right.

“They said Patty offered them the use of a cell-phone in return for stitching Debs up like a kipper,” Ellen told him. “But I don’t think the existence of a ‘Get Morton’ campaign is going to come as any surprise to Deborah.”

On Monday morning Debs Morton bent forward at the waist at the front of the lecture room and waited to be caned. It was something of a contrast to the previous day when she had been obliged to thrash several of the inmates.

Deborah’s untoward circumstances had nothing to do with the ‘Get Morton’ campaign. It was the result of another untimely appearance by the Imposter.

The Wart did her breathing exercises as she flexed the cane between her hands. It was an extremely satisfactory way to begin the week.

She had played everything by the book. She had given Debs a verbal warning. Then, when Deborah had continued to goof around she had shown her a yellow card. The Wart had taken the opportunity to give the Deputy Red-shirt a verbal mauling. When Debs had rolled her eyes the Wart felt perfectly justified in beating her for insolence.
The Sting

Debs gritted her teeth as the seconds ticked by. The Wart was taking her own sweet time about starting the thrashing. For many gals the toe-touching position was the most difficult to maintain but Debs extraordinary work-out regime meant that she could remain folded in half almost indefinitely.

The Wart stepped in and slashed the cane downwards. It sliced across the crown of Deborah’s tautened bumbags with an explosive crack. The Wart grinned to herself. The training sessions with Patty were finally paying off. She was confident that she could give Miss Deborah Morton six of the very best.

Debs retrieved her blazer and fastened the five buttons. She reached into her breast-pocket and pulled out her dog-eared punishment record book.

“So how was it Morton?” chuckled the Wart. “Hot enough for you?”

Debs ignored the question and waited for her beating to be post-processed.

“I bet your backside is sizzling,” chortled the Wart as she handed back Deb’s prb. “Now why don’t you go back and stand on your chair with your hands on your head so I can keep an eye on you.”

Rosemary Booker ran her finger along the stripes on her chums upturned rump.

“Well she certainly did a number on you,” sighed Rosemary. “This is a really tight formation. If I hadn’t seen it with my own eyes I would never have guessed that this was the Wart’s handiwork.”
Deborah groaned. Much as she hated to admit it the Wart had really given her a work-over. Several hours had elapsed since she had been thrashed but the stripes on her arse were still sizzling like sausages in a frying pan.

The Wart had been so confident that she had finished the caning with a bacon slicer. It had been delivered perfectly and it had taken every ounce of Deborah’s resolve to manage to keep her fingers glued to her shoes.

The fine art of bacon slicing is one of the most technically challenging techniques with a cane. Instead of bringing the cane through the traditional horizontal plane the cane is sliced down vertically. The goal is to make the minimum contact but if delivered perfectly the result is excruciating. The victim experiences the alarming sensation that a section of their rump has been sliced off.

Due to the technical challenges it was a rarely used technique. Over seventy-five per cent of attempted bacon slicers miss the target. According to the protocols a missed slice cannot be retried and is credited to the victims account. On the other hand a gal who had been successfully sliced rarely managed to maintain position and was forced to stay down for an additional attempt.

In a legendary confrontation between Debs, Ms Whitton and the ‘Morton Special’ Deborah had been forced to endure four slicers before she was able to stop from jerking up.
A Fifteenth Anniversary

Debs Morton was creature of habit. Despite her delinquency she was a remarkably busy young woman. She rose religiously at dawn to run laps around the compound with Jane Lummell, her tennis coach. Every morning while she was showering and dressing Lady Victoria Brompton would stop by so they could run through the day's itinerary and discuss Elite business. Once she had finished dressing the two chums would repair to the assembly hall where Deborah was responsible for monitoring the Phase 6 inmates for signs of goofing, gabbing, larking or pranking.

For reasons not entirely clear to Debs the majority of the New Elite had elected to defer their thrashing rights to the Deputy Red-shirt. As a result throughout the day there were invariably several inmates to cane or grubbys to spank. Her right arm was always kept busy.

At four o'clock she had the unpleasant task of visiting the Wart's Lair to discuss Red House business. Although she had been promoted to Deputy Red-shirt
she had retained her position as Captain of the Red-House. Ostensibly the meetings were to discuss strategy on how to maintain the Red House’s lead in the Annual Inter-House Merit Trophy. However, the Wart generally managed to use them as an opportunity to give Deborah a ration of tongue pie.

Once this disagreeable event was over Debs would work off her frustration in the wellness center doing kick-boxing exercises with Suzy Scott and working on her acceleration exercises with the Butcher Twins.

Before supper she would study and work on assignments for the following day. After supper unless she had social engagements or Elite business to attend to she would retire to her study and work on her magnum opus, ‘Waiting to be caned. A history of Woodys’.

At nine o’clock she was generally already in her jimjams and would slide into bed accompanied by her laptop and a glass of chardonnay. She would log on to www.woodettes.com and post her daily blog, the popular Debs Diary.

“I got six today during a geography lecture,” she reported. “The Wart is definitely improving, I was sizzling for hours. I suppose it was appropriate. It is fifteen years to the day since I was first bent over a chair with my gymslip turned back and my bumbags being cut to tatters with a whippy stick.”

She had been at the Queensgate Academy and a relative newbie. Nonetheless, she was already gaining a reputation as a disruptive influence. The Dames at the exclusive academy were far too refined
to sully their hands by personally punishing the pupils. They operated a system where the gals were ‘Put on the Menu’ and were required to present themselves in front of a prefectural body known as the Posh to explain themselves.

Debs opened her account early and quickly became a regular visitor to the waiting room known as the Tank.

The fact that she found herself constantly in trouble did not come a complete surprise to Deborah. At preparatory school she recalls that, “barely a day went past without me being sent to stand in the corner. Fortunately they didn’t practice corporal punishment or else I would probably have been spanked nearly every day.”

Her earliest visits to the Posh HQ were a huge success. Despite her youth Deborah’s defenses were articulate and well-structured. During her first six weeks at Queensgate she appeared before the Posh on five occasions. She established a perfect scorecard. Not only did she escape from getting caned but she also convinced the Posh to return verdicts of not guilty thus avoiding lesser punishments of writing lines, detentions or performing community service. She felt that she was invincible.

On her sixth excursion to the Tank her bubble was burst. She had been charged with causing Disruption in the First Degree. However, the Sergeant-at-Arms had informed her that the Posh was prepared to accept a guilty plea of Disruption in the Second Degree and she would be sentenced to four
hours community service. It was a generous offer. Debs turned it down.

Deborah’s mistake was immediately obvious to her. After all the girls on the evenings menu had presented their arguments and entered their pleas they waited in the Tank while the Posh pondered their fates.

First the girls who had been found not guilty were invited back, sequenced in ascending order by seniority. Next, the girls who would receive punishments of a non-corporal nature were summoned. Finally the unfortunate pupils who were to be beaten returned to the HQ in the order of the amount of strokes they would receive.

When Deborah was excluded from the first group she began to get anxious. There remained an outside shot that she some kind of stiff non-corporal penalty such as five hundred lines, a week of detentions, or double the community service she had been previously offered. However, when an older girl was called in before her Deborah was faced with the grim realization that she was going to be caned.

She was left alone in the Tank with a third form gal named Christy Cranfield.
Miss Morton of the First

Christy Cranfield was leaning against the wall of the Tank with her arms crossed and one leg crooked backwards. She seemed unperturbed by her surroundings.

“Your first time?” she asked idly.
Debs nodded.
“You’ll be okay,” said Christy. “It’s not so bad.” Deborah did not feel the least bit reassured.

“Being caned for the first time is not an experience you ever forget,” wrote Debs on her blog. “Little did I know that I was about to embark on a painful journey that still continues fifteen years later.”

“Miss Morton of the First,” came the summons. “Please step in to the HQ.”
“Good luck,” smiled Christy cheerfully.

Deborah knew what was expected. She blinked her eyes to get used to the candle-lit darkness. The interior of the Posh HQ was contemporary gothic. The
majority of the prefects lounged in over stuffed chairs along the walls, hidden in the darkness. Every now and again a candle would flicker and as she walked down the room Deborah would catch a glimpse of their faces; confident in their power, superiority and prefectorial glamour.

The Queensgate Posh was mired in ritual and mystique. Deborah took ten paces into the room until she reached a three-foot by three-foot square that had been taped on the floor. She came to a halt and stood to attention. Her heart was pounding. At the far end of the room was a brown leather armchair. Since presenting her defense it had been surrounded by tall candles.

Two girls approached her. The first was conventionally attired in the smart blue and gray uniform of the school. She was the Sergeant-at-Arms, or the Grim Reaper, as she was known to the Queensgate pupils.

“Miss Morton of the First,” she addressed Deborah. “You were charged with causing Disruption in the First Degree. You have elected to enter a not guilty plea. Is this correct?”

Deborah licked her lips to try to get some saliva working. “Yes, Madam Sergeant-at-Arms, that is correct,” she managed to mutter.

“The Posh has considered your defense,” the Sergeant continued. “In light of the evidence contained in the complaint made against you I am obliged to inform you that the Posh considers your version of events to be wholly without merit.”
Debs thought that was a little harsh but she decided it was probably prudent to keep such opinions to herself.

“Therefore with the power vested in me by the Board of Governors I must inform you that it is the majority decision of the Posh that you shall receive three pops of the ceremonial popping stick,” the Grim Reaper declared. “However, Miss Morton of the First, I am also obliged to inform you of a supplementary finding. The minor severity of your punishment takes into account your junior status in the community. However, since your entrance into the academy you have made an unacceptable number of appearances before this body.”

“But I was found not guilty every time,” blurted out Debs.

“Miss Morton of the First, you will remain silent,” said the Sergeant-at-Arms curtly. “In accordance with the protocol I am obliged to inform you that you have been sentenced to a further three strokes that have been suspended for twenty-eight days. At that time you will present yourself back here and the Posh will determine whether the additional strokes need to be administered.”

Deborah considered protesting she feared that things could go pear-shaped in a heartbeat. She peered down the gloom of the HQ.

“The chair was lit up like a fucking shrine,” she reports on her blog.

The second girl stepped forward. She wore an ornately embroidered, ankle length drape coat. It had
a mandarin collar and trumpet sleeves. She was extremely tall and towered over Deborah. She was an athletic cove and star of the school netball and lacrosse teams. She was the most powerful girl in the school; she was the President of Posh.
Bending Over for the First Time

“Who would have imagined that the relatively simple action of bending over could prove to be so difficult?” mused Debs on her blog.

Deborah watched as the President of Posh was helped out of the extravagant coat. The Sergeant-at-Arms took it and placed it on a hanger and hung it on a coat stand. When she returned she was carrying a thirty-six inch long rattan cane. She handed it to the President.

Deborah felt a chill up her spine. She had never actually seen a cane up close and personal. The President flexed it between her hands.

“Madam Sergeant-at-Arms, please escort Miss Morton of the First to the popping seat and prepare her to be popped,” she said in an authoritarian manner.

“It was only twelve paces,” remembers Debs, “but they seemed like twelve miles. That cane looked scary.”
The Sergeant-at-Arms took Deborah’s blazer and hung it on a convenient hook that had been clearly located for that specific purpose. She was instructed to bend over the arm of the chair.

“I kind of leaned forward, with the palms of my hands on the cushion, supporting my weight,” recalls Debs. “This was not good enough for the Grim Reaper. She told me to cross my arms in the cushion and rest my chin on them. She told me to stretch my legs straight out at the back. Once I was correctly arranged to her satisfaction she turned back the skirt of my gymslip and exposed my bumbags to the world at large.”

“I could hear the footsteps of the President approaching. I was very nervous and quite embarrassed. I was also fucking defenseless,” records Debs. “The President’s name was Diana Ferguson and she was extremely tall and she definitely knew how to whack.”

Debs limped out of the HQ; she was looking quite wan and somewhat shaken. Christy was still leaning nonchalantly against the wall. She grinned at Debs.

“Wait for me,” she whispered, “I won’t be long. I’m probably only getting six. We’ll cut along and suck down a fag.”

“Miss Cranfield of the Third, step into the HQ,” came the instruction. Christy rolled her eyes and winked at Debs.

Despite the burning pain in her rear end and her rather confused state Deborah Morton was elated
when Christy slipped her arm through hers and led her through the school grounds. Outside the HQ the whop-chasers were congregated waiting to see who came out dry-eyed and who had made a muff of themselves by blubbing.

“It was a defining moment,” remembers Debs. “There was I, a nobody newbie, and I stepped out in public arm in arm with Christy Cranfield who was without question the most fabulous girl in the whole damn establishment. I became an instant Queensgate celebrity.”

Deborah’s anniversary recollections attracted a huge volume of discussion on the web-site. She did her best to keep up with the volume of email and instant messenger traffic. As a member of the Elite she was not subjected to Dorm Raids and was not in any danger of being beaten. For once she broke her personal curfew and typed late into the night. It proved a poor decision.

Jane Lummell and Deborah were tight. The Physical Education Dame had worked tirelessly to keep Debs in tip-top shape during her incarceration. However, she did not appreciate climbing out of her scratch at the crack of dawn and then being left waiting for fifteen minutes.

Deborah didn’t need to be asked. “I’m sorry Ma’am,” she muttered. “I’ll fetch a crop from the tack-room.”
In the fifteen years that had elapsed since Deborah had first bent over the arm of the chair in the Posh HQ she had accumulated an enormous body of experience. Nonetheless, as she allowed herself to be lowered down across her coach’s lap she still felt a familiar tension in the pit of her stomach and muttered, “Oh shit” as she buried her head between her arms.
The Annual Hall of Shame

Lady Victoria Brompton and Lady Derby Huntington inspected the scarlet weals on Deborah’s behind. Despite their close relationship Jane Lummell hadn’t cut Deborah any slack and had given her a damn good thrashing.

“I’m really sorry, Victoria,” said Debs, “I’m not having much luck with my reform program.”

Victoria just chuckled. “Well I see you’re back in the top three of the Annual Big BUTT,” she told her chum. “Congratulations.”

Debs grimaced slightly as her bumbags chafed her stripes. “This is ridiculous,” she groaned. “I’m not even competing this year.”

“You need to get that Imposter of yours back in her box,” smiled Vix.

“I’m trying,” sighed Debs, “but the little beyotch keeps popping her head out when I’m not looking.”

Cassie Cassy was extremely content with her progress on the Big BUTT. According to the statistics published on the GalGab web-site her current whop
rate was even higher than Jojo’s had been at the same time in her record-breaking year as the Most Whopped Inmate in History.

Although some of the all-time greats like Jojo, Nix and Rosemary had now hung up their bumbags there was still no shortage of fierce competitors on the whops circuit. Cassie Cassy knew that she would have to stay at the top of her game if she wanted to maintain her top ranking until the end of the year.

Lisa Sutton groaned as Debs pulled out her red card. “Sutton, Phase 6, step up for goofing,” announced the Deputy Red-shirt.

Lisa maneuvered along the row of seated inmates and stepped out into the aisle.

“I’m sorry,” whispered Debs.

Lisa just grimaced and trudged towards the front of the hall.

In contrast to Cassie Cassy, Lisa Sutton had no aspirations for Hall of Shame greatness. She liked to preach her plans for reform to anybody that would listen. Nonetheless, she was ranked at number two, behind Cassie, by dint of perennial naughtiness.

Lisa Sutton stood at the front of the hall and waited to be caned yet again.

Snapping at the bumbags of the top three was a slew of the usual suspects. The Bounder, Ali Stone, Ginger Beckett, the Bond Twins and the Gardiner Twins had all racked up a healthy tally of thrashings.

During their Brat Year the Grand Master had concluded that spanking Heidi Alexander and Linda Ash was completely ineffectual and they had both
accumulated stripes in the bumbags at a noteworthy rate. As they started the second phase of their sentences they were considered to be serious contenders.

Most significant was the performance of the three new Little Brats, Michelle Morgan, Lady Derby Huntington and Frankie Reese. The three women had entered the facility with considerable experience of being caned. Although they were still spanked in the lecture rooms and by the Elite, when they were sent up to Mr Humphries office he brought out his cane. Michelle Morgan was already number five on the Hall of Shame.

Perhaps the most sensational performer was the legendary Hall of Shame veteran, Claire Brooks. Claire had now finished her formal sentence and had elected to stay at the facility during her parole year. As an Old Gal taking her degree on-line she spent the majority of her time studying in the privacy of her study. She spent less than thirty percent of her time in the lecture rooms so it was a tribute to Claire’s dedication to mega-minxdom that she had become the first Old Gal to appear amongst the top ten of the Annual Hall of Shame.

It was an exciting year for the Bounder. Every night she and Lisa analyzed the latest activity on the Hall of Shame and posted revised odds on the BUTT Stakes area of the GalGab web-site. With so many inmates on top of their form and the rankings changing on a daily basis betting was frenetic.

Bernadette and Spanky Botts had agreed to expand the Bounder’s gambling empire and were
planning on making the BUTT Stakes available in the member’s area of www.woodettes.com.

They had commissioned Nixdown to help Lisa design new software so that Woodettes all over the globe could keep up with the activity inside the inmate’s bumbags in real-time.

Bernadette Summers rubbed her bumbags with glee as she imagined the untold fortunes she could make from her extended enterprise.
A Legal Update

The arrest of Rudi Von Oppenhiemmer continued to make headline news. Apparently the Man from Berlin’s neo-Marxism was not altogether altruistic.

Evidence secured from his penthouse near the Savignyplatz indicated that he was paid handsomely for organizing anarchic international violence and that he made millions from providing thugs and yahoo’s at anti-capitalist demonstrations.

Rudi used his ill-gotten gains to maintain a harem of faithful disciples at his luxurious apartment.

He denied everything, claiming that Sarah and Yvonne had approached him on behalf of the Confederacy of Yoofs to dispose of perfectly legitimate replicas on the open market.

Herr Oppenhiemmer claimed that his goons were provided by well-established security companies and were licensed to carry concealed firearms.

After forty-eight hours of intense interrogation Rudi was released on substantial bail.
The Hayden-White trial was also looming and had taken a curious twist.

Felicity Robertson, one of Sarah’s closest former cohorts at the Ripley Back to School unit, had filed a civil case against Mrs Hayden-White claiming that the criminal activities of the disgraced principal had resulted in the introduction of corporal punishment at the facility.

Felicity had predicated her complaint on the premise that Hayden-White’s nefarious activities had caused her to be subjected to a regime of cruel and unreasonable punishment. Ms Lawton confirmed in an affidavit that Felicity had required corporal punishment on a number of occasions.

A body of influential Magistrate’s announced that they would evaluate the veracity of the complaint in the event that Hayden-White was found guilty.

Melissa Forsham-Smythe continued to release hostile anti-Ladette editorials in her newspapers and TV and radio stations from her Caribbean hideaway. She refused to comply with the requests of Christopher Brooks, Claire’s father and the Minister of Extreme Social Rehabilitation, for meetings to return to the mainland and discuss her role within the System. Her family’s private island was located in international waters and the Minister had no legal jurisdiction to compel her to return.

Stacks Monroe was providing twenty-four hour security to the Woody campus while Ellen Millar and Suzy oversaw the installation of a high-tech closed circuit monitoring system.
Mr Humphries kept the facility under Pink Alert. Inmates who applied for town passes were cautioned to travel in pairs and to only frequent the Woody friendly bars and cafes in town. Anybody going into town was issued a cell-phone with speed-dial to the newly established security center at the facility.

Police Sergeant Ellen Millar was faced with a dilemma. She was a dedicated officer and her courage in the various Yoof-repellant campaigns had been widely reported in the national press. However, she knew that it was unlikely that her burgeoning relationship with Stacks Monroe would fail to attract attention for much longer.

“They’ve offered me a promotion to Inspector,” Ellen told the Grand Master.

“Congratulations,” smiled Mr Humphries. “You certainly deserve it.”

“Thank you, sir, that’s kind of you,” smiled Ellen. “But, I’m not sure I’m going to accept.”

“Why so?” asked the Grand Master curiously. “The Civil Service pay scales are not generous; I would have thought a pay-rise would come in handy.”

“Oh yes sir, believe you me I’m sick of only being able to buy two new pairs of shoes a year, but its not just about the money.” Ellen sighed. “They will probably want me to move away from the facility and take more of a coordination and oversight role. I don’t think I’m ready for that. I still have work to do here. Plus there is also the Stacks problem.”

Mr Humphries smiled sagely. “You like him don’t you?”
Ellen blushed prettily. “He’s very kind to me. But to be promoted at my age and with my experience Internal Affairs are going to profile me pretty hard. They’ll be all over my private life like badly cut clobber and they’re bound to find out that I’m sleeping with Stacks.”

“How can I help?” asked Mr Humphries.
Boffing a Gangster

Susan Lawton wore a white skirt and a matching tunic with gold buttons up the front and epaulets on the shoulders. She wore a white shirt and a dark tie neatly knotted. Her hair was pinned up under a black peaked cap with a military crest on the front.

“Good afternoon Major Lawton,” smiled the Grand Master. “I’d like you to meet Sergeant Ellen Millar. Ellen is helping us with our Yoof problem.”

“Hello, Ellen,” smiled Ms Lawton holding out her hand. “I’ve heard a lot about you.”

Ellen returned the smile. “I’ve heard a lot about you too Ma’am. Especially that you can whop damn hard.”

“We all have our talents,” said Major Lawton of Military Intelligence. “Now how can I be of assistance?”

“You look pretty,” smiled Bernadette.

Ellen Millar blushed. “I’ve never been able to afford a dress like this, I feel like a movie star.”
Bernadette grinned and poured the police officer a glass of Cristal. “You look like a movie star,” she told Ellen. “Stacks is going to send a limousine for you at seven. You should meet him in the VIP bar at Monet’s and I’m sure that Oliver will give you the best table in the house.”

“But you and Mickey are coming too?” said Ellen urgently.

The Bounder shook her head. “It’s about time you and Stacks had some privacy. Me and Mickey are planning a quiet night bonking in the stables. Now go out and enjoy yourself.”

Ellen took a deep breath as she self-consciously stepped into the restaurant. A police salary had never stretched to a dress of the style and quality of the garment that the Bounder had conjured up from god knows where. She was used to having her hair pinned up instead of loose to her shoulders and she was concerned about balancing on high heeled shoes. She needn’t have worried. Stacks Monroe met her at the door. He looked smooth and elegant in a dark suit and silk tie. He offered her his arm and chaperoned her in the direction of the VIP bar. She beamed as heads turned to look at her.

“Military Intelligence? You’re going to be a spy?” chortled Stacks. “Who are you going to be? The Mata Hari or one of Charlie’s fucking Angels?”

“It’s just a secondment of convenience,” explained Ellen patiently. “This way I’ll be working for Ms Lawton and the police force won’t know that I’m boffing a gangster.”
“There’s nothing wrong with boffing a gangster,” said Stacks.
“Nothing at all, darling,” smiled Ellen.
“Look at it from a gangster’s point of view;” said Stacks, “I’m boffing a rozz.”
“Well not any more,” pointed out Ellen. “You’ll be boffing a Military Intelligence operative.”
“Still a keyhole fucking Kate,” laughed Stacks.

“And when does this Kate person come on board,” asked Susan Lawton. She emptied her brandy snifter and stretched.
“They’ll be an announcement in the morning papers,” said Mr Humphries. “Detective Inspector Kate Faulkner and Sergeant Angie Ashurst will be delivered to Ripley some time tomorrow afternoon.” he told Ms Lawton. “Their files make interesting reading. Very different backgrounds. Faulkner was a public schoolgirl, high grades, Headgirl, graduated first in her class in Criminology and Criminal Law, exemplary record. She was part of the Met’s recruitment program to get more graduates in as senior officers. Ashurst comes from a rougher background. She was an unruly student and was frequently caned for smoking, drinking and playing hookey. Nonetheless she was accepted as a cadet and by all accounts she worked hard and was promoted quickly.”

Susan Lawton took the files. “I’ll read them in the car on the way home.”

The former Grand Dame went over to a mirror. “Oh my god,” she chuckled. “Look at the state of me. I ought to be caned.”
Over the course of the afternoon and evening Ms Lawton had loosened her tie and unfastened the buttons of her tunic. She had discarded her hat and her hair had come unpinned. Clearly the normally impeccably attired military Major would not have passed a clobber inspection.

“Give me a few minutes to straighten up,” she grinned, “and then I’ll accept your kind offer for an escort home from one of the security guards.”
Sarah joins the Elite

WEDNESDAY MORNING EDITION

Decorated Police Officers Sent to Ripley

A spokesperson for the Metropolitan police force announced last night that two highly decorated officers had agreed to participate in an experimental disciplinary initiative that will require them to take a three-month service time-out to be served at the Ripley Back to School unit.

The spokesperson told the press conference that, “Detective Inspector Kate Faulkner and Sergeant Angela Ashurst are both highly respected members of the police community and have both received numerous commendations for valor and bravery. However, in the course of their duties they participated in activities that potentially compromised their roles as law enforcement officials. We are grateful to Ms Lawton, the principal of the unit for her assistance in implementing this new initiative. We feel confident that officers Faulkner and Ashurst will benefit from the social rehabilitation program and will be
prepared to resume their duties when the time-out is complete.”

“That be-yotch would benefit from six of the best from Ms Lawton,” growled Sarah pointing at the picture of Kate Faulkner on the front-page of the newspaper.

“You know her?” asked the Bounder.

“She was the be-yotch who arrested me,” said Sarah.

“Well you did happen to have fifty thousand pounds worth of stolen dresses on your plane,” pointed out Lisa, “it probably seemed like a reasonable course of action if you’re a rozzer.”

Sarah Forsham-Smythe just grunted.

“I thought this was your big day?” said the Bounder.

“It is,” nodded Sarah. “We’re just waiting for Nix to be released from the hospital. Jojo and Penny Ann have gone to pick her up. We’re due to start the ceremony around ten o’clock,” she grinned somewhat ruefully. “I’m flattered that Vix has promoted me but I can’t say I’m much looking forward to the thrashing.”

Bernadette hugged her chum. “You’ll be fine, just remember it’s …”

“Only whops,” chorused Sarah and Lisa.

Nixdown was being cranky. She was objecting vociferously to being pushed around in a wheelchair.

“Oh hush,” said Jojo, “quit your bitchin’ or I’ll have somebody spank you.”
“That will have to wait,” said Penny Ann sternly. “The doctor has specifically said no spanking for at least a fortnight.”

“Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!” grumbled Nixdown.

Six months earlier Sarah Forsham-Smythe had been jeered and abused when she had entered the Woody compound in handcuffs. However, as she bent over the beam in the gymnasium to be ceremonially thrashed into the Elite her former adversaries clapped and cheered.

Lady Victoria turned back Sarah’s skirt and rolled down her bumbags.

“You okay, sis?” she asked.

“Let’s get it on,” muttered Sarah.

Lady Victoria gave her chum a playful pop on the butt. She turned around and nodded at the Grand Master. “She’s primed and ready, sir.”

In the changing rooms Sarah stopped to lean her brow against the cold tile of the shower. She stood panting for a while. The heat from the twelve stripes of the cane seemed to have permeated into every nerve ending in her body. She took a deep breath and fumbled with the shoulder buttons of her gymslip. She lowered the bib and unfastened her sash. She let the garment slide down onto the floor and stepped out of it. She went over to the pile of clothes that she had been handed. She picked up the skirt and put it on. She unfastened her red and black striped neck-tie with trembling fingers and turned up the collar of her blouse. She wrapped the block red
tie of the Elite around her neck and knotted it. She straightened her collar and picked up the prestigious red blazer of the Elite and pulled it on. She fastened the buttons and finally pinned on the metal prefect’s badge.

Sarah’s backside was sizzling but she felt strangely elated. As she strode back into the gymnasium to take the Elite pledge it was hard for her to absorb that in six month’s she had transformed from the most hated member of the community to becoming a member of the inner sanctum of the world’s greatest mega-minxes.
On Wednesday’s and Thursday’s Cathryn Cassidy and Lady Victoria stayed up in the Smoke. Cat worked as an intern at her father’s music studio. Victoria’s father, Lord Brompton, had secured his daughter a position in a barrister’s chambers.

On Thursday evening’s they traveled back to the facility in the company of Spanky Botts and Christy Cranfield.

Miss Spanky Botts picked Cat and Vix up from the music studio. As usual Cat and Vix was amused that Spanky arrived to pick them up already kitted out in full clobber in preparation for her weekend stay at the Back to School facility.

“Hurry up,” Spanky said excitedly, “I’ve got something to show you.”

The chums had driven to an ultra-trendy area of the Smoke. Spanky Botts had stopped her Mercedes outside a three-storey building and had let herself in and turned on the lights.
“Voila,” grinned Spanky clapping her hands. “Café Woodys!”

“Holy shit,” laughed Cathryn. “You own this?” Spanky grinned broadly. “I’m going to announce it on the website and we’ll have a grand opening in a couple of weeks.”

The expansive downstairs was an opulent bar area filled with luxurious chesterfields and over-stuffed recliners.

Spanky went over to a fridge and pulled at a bottle of Heidsieck Monopole Gold Top 2001 and poured the icy bubbly into four flutes.

“I’m going to commission Jojo and Lisa to redecorate and we’ll feature original Nixdown photos on the walls,” Spanky explained.

“Come on,” she grinned, “I’ll take you on a tour.” She led her three chums to the backstairs.

There were several doors off the second floor landing.

“I’m installing luxury changing rooms so Woodettes that have come straight from work can freshen up and change into their clobber,” she informed them. “And over there,” she said pointing at another door, “We’re going to have an official Whops and Clobber boutique. Bernadette will supply originals from her BSE collection, and we’ll sell paraphernalia and memorabilia.”

Spanky strode up a second flight of stairs, she beckoned them to follow. “Da! Da!” she grinned. “The punishment salons.”

She swung over the first door. It contained several slope-lidded desks and wooden chairs. A
larger oak desk was placed at the front of the room beside a large revolving blackboard.

“It’s a genuine Pearson Roller,” said Spanky proudly. “You don’t see many of them these days. I found it in a junk shop on Borough High Street. Look it’s got hooks on both sides to hang the cane, or even a cane and maybe a strap if you have the taste for variety.”

In the next room Spanky had recreated the rather cold and austere atmosphere of the room at the back of the Woody library. It was dimly lit and had a large forbidding fireplace that would never get lit. She had commissioned a replica of the infamous spanking stool from, “a rather well-known Viscount,” she smiled, “but he had no idea why I needed it designed like this. He was terribly charming.”

“Of course we need an ante-room, no true Woodette is going want to miss the bottom-inspection experience,” she continued gaily.

Cat and Vix chuckled.

“And last but not least,” said Spanky enthusiastically, “the room I expect to get the heaviest traffic.”

She swung open the door. It was a replica of Mr Humphries office, complete with his over-sized oak desk. A replica of the familiar straight-backed chair was placed in front of another large ornate fireplace.

“We’re going to be open on Monday through Wednesday,” explained Spanky. “I want Café Woodys to become the headquarters for the private members of the web-site. It’ll be somewhere that the
Woodettes can come by, have a drink and get spanked or caned if they want to."

“On the first Saturday of each month we’re going to stage a happening, competitive spank-offs, exhibition spankings and stuff like that,” she told her chums proudly.

Cat Cassidy laughed. “Spanky, you are truly fucking barking.”
The Bounty on Celebrity Bumbags

“Are you fucking barking?” squealed Debs. “I want it to be a very grand opening,” grinned Spanky. “Claire has agreed to perform her ‘Caned Laughter’ revue and what could launch the Café better than a celebrity spanking?”

“The money is good,” interjected the Bounder. “No! Absolutely not,” said Deborah Morton. “Watch my lips Spanky, no! And you Bounder the answer is en oh, no! I am not going to tout my bumbags to the highest bidder,” Debs said emphatically. “Forget it! I don’t want to hear another word out of either of you.”

“Come on Debs,” the Bounder pleaded, “you’ve already got internationally famous bumbags, what’s the big deal?”

“I’m warning you Bounder,” said Debs threateningly. “I’ve already caned you once today. I’m sure you don’t fancy another six when we get back to the unit.”

Bernadette pouted. “These are really generous deals,” she muttered grumpily. Nonetheless, despite
the comfort of the cushioned seats provided by Monet’s Bernadette’s backside was giving her considerable gyp. She had been red-carded out of the recreation area by the duty monitor for excessive goofing and sent up to the library to wait for Debs. As usual Deborah was right on the money and several hours later Bernadette’s bumbags were still smoking. Even the tough as nails Bounder did not fancy another encounter with Deborah’s powerful right arm in the imminent future. She decided it was prudent to drop the subject. Sullenly she lit a cigarette and sipped her champagne.

Christy Cranfield reached over and poured Debs another glass of Bollinger. “At least hear them out,” she said softly.

Deborah scowled. “I could cane you too,” she told Christy.

“Is that a threat or a promise?” Christy giggled. She leaned over and put her arm around Debs shoulders. “Why don’t you just listen to them? What harm can it do?”

Debs groaned. “Why do I have a feeling that this is going to go pear-shaped in a heartbeat?” she sighed. “How generous is generous?” she asked the Bounder. “What exactly is the bounty on celebrity bumbags these days?”

Bernadette grinned and leaned across the table.

“Spanky, you are a menace to society,” Debs giggled after they had returned to the campus and repaired to the library. “Now go over there and bend
over. For the first time, I’m really going to enjoy caning your sorry arse."

Deborah took a swig from the neck of the bottle of Bollinger. She lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply, blowing the smoke out through her nostrils. She recognized that she was borderline squiffy. It was not an unpleasant feeling. Generally Deborah was extremely disciplined. She limited herself to two glasses of white wine a day and only occasionally bummed fags from her best chum Rosemary Booker.

She took another slug of champagne and pointed the cane at Christy.

“And you’re next, Miss Cranfield. Put your hands on your head and button your lips.”

A hint of a grin flickered across Christy’s face and her eyes twinkled. “Yes Ma’am,” she said and raised her arms.

Debs took off her denim jacket and kicked off her cowboy boots. She pulled off her socks and then picked up her cane. She paced out her run-up, exactly twelve strides down the library. She turned around, trotting slowly at first and then beginning to accelerate; she swooped in low as she made her final approach and sliced the cane through the air.

Spanky’s buttocks clenched momentarily as the cane scorched across her backside.

Deborah let out a sigh of relief. Despite her squiffiness it was a perfect strike. She strode back down the library and took another slug of champagne and a drag on her fag. She was beginning to enjoy herself.
Christy Cranfield watched with rapt attention. She could feel the excitement building inside her. Debs was swooping in to deliver the closer; she swung the cane and snapped her wrist. The sound of the cane rebounding off Spanky’s naked rear end echoed around the library like a rifle-shot. It was music to Christy’s ears.
“Here’s some coffee Ma’am,” said Lady Derby Huntington.

“Oh god,” groaned Debs. “What time is it?”

“It’s nine o’clock Ma’am, but don’t worry I took the liberty of informing Dame Lummell that your morning run was cancelled. I think she was quite pleased. I saw her going out last night, she looked like she was dressed up for a hot date,” Derby told Debs.

Deborah blinked her eyes open. “Shit I missed assembly.”

“It’s okay,” said Derby soothingly. “I informed Lady Victoria that you were indisposed. She was very understanding.”

Debs sat up in bed. “I think I have a hangover,” she observed.

“Yes Ma’am,” grinned Derby. “I suspect you do. You were quite squiffy when we put you to bed.”

“Oh,” groaned Debs.

“You were fine Ma’am,” Derby said reassuringly. “Miss Botts and Miss Cranfield walked
you back to the landing. They called the Dorm Raider and got lockdown curfew dispensation for me. I came up and took care of everything.”

Debs sipped her coffee. She reached down and ran her fingers over her buttocks. “Jeez,” she said. “I’ve got stripes on my arse.”

“Yes Ma’am,” said Derby. “You insisted that Miss Cranfield gave you six on the silks. Boy, that woman can cane hard, but you took them very well. You hardly wriggled at all.”

Deborah closed her eyes and tried to concentrate. She remembered being in the restaurant and somehow being railroaded into signing the contracts to star in several photo-shoots of her having her bumbags spanked. She could recall getting into the back of the chauffeur-driven stretch limousine clutching two bottles of Bollinger that had been given to her by Oliver the proprietor of the joint. She could even remember being up in the library giving Spanky and Christy their good-night twelve stroke running benders. But she couldn’t for the life of her remember getting six on the silks.

Rosemary came in looking for coffee. “Jeez Debs,” she said. “What the dickens was going on in here last night? It sounded as if you were getting whopped.”

Deborah turned bright red. “Apparently I was,” she told her best chum. “But it’s the rummest thing. Judging by these stripes Christy gave me quite a work-out but I just don’t remember.”

Rosemary looked over at a discarded three-quarter empty champagne bottle. “I suspect Monsieur
Bollinger had something to do with that,” she grinned and refilled Deborah’s coffee mug.

“How are you feeling?” asked Christy Cranfield. Debs groaned. “My head hurts and my arse is sore,” she muttered.

“I’m sorry about that,” said Christy, “but you were very insistent. You got really angry when I tried to pull the strokes so I gave you six hot ones. You seemed quite content after that and we left you in Derby’s capable hands. She’s a little star, that grubby of yours. She slept in the armchair so that she’d be available if you needed anything during the night.”

“What like another mysterious six on the silks that I don’t remember?” sighed Debs. “Maybe I should get totally bombed before those damn photo-shoots. I can’t believe I signed those contracts.”

Christy sat on the edge of Deborah’s bed. “Those are fantastic deals,” she told her chum. “Look how much money you’ve made from the last pictures. That one picture has been down-loaded over a hundred thousand times. Just think of the lolly stacking up in that offshore bank account the Bounder set up for you.”

“But I hate that photo,” groaned Debs.

It had been a disappointment to Deborah that the most popular picture from the Clobber Monthly photo-shoot had been a close-up of her face contorted into a silent howl at the precise moment that Lady Victoria Brompton slammed the business side of a wooden hairbrush down on her bumbags. It had been down-loaded from www.woodettes.com ten
times as often as a flattering head-shot that Debs thought made her look rather pretty.

“You’ll make enough money to keep the whole of Team Morton on the road with you,” Christy told Debs. “Think of it as taking one for the team.”

Debs groaned. “I think I need the hair of the dog,” she sighed.
Lisa Sutton was having no difficulty remembering the six on the silks she had received the previous night. Nor was she in any position to forget the twelve stroke bare bender she had received as a result of being red-carded out of morning assembly. She wriggled painfully around the recreation area in an effort to walk off some of the considerable heat in her bumbags.

“Look at this,” Cassie Cassy said indignantly as she pointed at the new rankings on the Hall of Shame. When she had retired to bed the previous evening Cassandra Cassidy enjoyed the comfortable cushion of a three thrashing lead at the top of the table. Now in the space of less than twelve hours Lisa Sutton had closed the gap to a single whopping.

“I don’t think Lisa goes out of her way to get whopped,” laughed Jojo.

“It’s just not fair,” complained Cassy. “I work hard for my whops and she just saunters around getting swished willy-nilly.”
Lisa Sutton had started out the previous evening with a perfectly reasonable plan that did not include six on the silks. Lisa had been delighted to receive an email from Ms MacAllister informing her that an article she had written discussing Bertrand Russell and the creation of modern axiomatic set theory had been accepted for publication by a highly regarded journal. She had raided the Bounder’s stash-hole and taken the Dyke a bottle of her favorite Famous Grouse as a thank-you for arranging the publication of her work.

Despite her reputation as an austere disciplinarian and altogether queer bird Phyllis MacAllister was a dedicated educator and academic.

“Thank you for your support Ma’am,” said Lisa.

“It wash a fooking brooliant pooper,” the Dyke told Lisa. “Ah thonk you will woon the noobel prooze woon dae.”

The Dyke was dressed in a three piece black suit with a twelve button waist-coat and a pocket watch. She was sporting a monocle and had an elegant four and a half inch long Slim Fit Black Pearl Lucite cigarette holder clenched between her teeth.

“Are you going out Ma’am?” asked Lisa politely.

“Ah’m gawin’ shwing danshin’ at the Embassy Shuites,” said Phyllis.

“Would you like me to fix you a hip-flask to go?” asked Lisa. “And I’ll fetch your top-hat.”

With the Bounder off-site, under an extended curfew dispensation, on a mission to get Debs to sell pictures of her bumbags to the highest bidder, Lisa
called upon Ali Stone to help her celebrate the success of her publication.

“I’m going over to Cat Cassidy’s,” Ali told her. “Cat’s dad is thinking of buying a movie company, she asked me to look over their portfolio. You are welcome to tag along.” Ali stared at the single bottle of champagne Lisa was holding. “We’ll probably need more inventory than that for this kind of mission.”

“Crikey!” squealed Lisa. “Look at the fucking time. Come on Ali, we need to stretch legs or we’ll be late for lockdown. Gosh Cat, don’t you have any clocks in this place?”

“Time is for the outside world,” said Cathryn. “We live on the inside world.”

“Oh good grief,” groaned Lisa and had it on her toes with some expediency.

“Come on Ma’am, they’re just a couple of minutes late,” protested Claire. “It’s not like they’ve been off campus and cut curfew.”

“Beat them,” said Patty emphatically. “Beat them immediately.”

Claire groaned. She hated the evenings when Patty performed her late-night checks.

“You’ll need to get into your jimjams,” sighed Claire.

“Yes Ma’am,” chorused Lisa and Ali.

Lisa had no idea what possessed her to poke the inmate in front of her in the ribs as she entered the assembly hall. The no poking, prodding, or
nudging protocols were strictly enforced. The Ingress Monitor had no choice but to show her a red-card.

“According to the database she got six on the silks last night from Claire Brooks,” reported Katie Beck. “I’ve inspected her closely. She’s still quite ripe but I think she’s ready.”

“I’d prefer to get it over with sir,” said Lisa Sutton. “I really don’t think it would be advisable for me to build up a backlog.”
“It’s just not fair,” complained Cassie. “I minxed up a storm today and didn’t get a sniff of a whop. How did you do it?” she demanded. “You had Vix and Claire and Debs snapping at your bumbags but you always maintained a comfortable lead. Look what happened today. Michelle Morgan got herself whopped twice. What was she thinking? She’s still a damned grubby. I have no way of planning my strategy with all this unexpected activity!”

Jojo grinned. “I just worked on the basis that if you keep on minxing the whops will come. It worked for me.”

Cassie snorted. “I think I feed the Brass too well,” she grumbled. “I should have the Bounder score me some spoiled oysters, that’ll make them think twice about cutting me slack.”

“They won’t be able to whop you if they can’t haul their sorry arses out of bed,” pointed out Jojo.

“Three days without being caned does not amount to a whop drought,” laughed Jojo.

Michelle Morgan wriggled into Jojo’s study to report for grubbing duties.
“I hear you were whopped twice today,” asked her mentor.
Michelle grimaced. “Are you mad at me?”
“Mad at you?” laughed Jojo. “Why would I be mad at you? Proud of you more likely. How was the Grand Master’s temperature?”
“He was very nice actually, he asked me if I wanted a postponement,” replied Michelle, “but I said no. After all it only added up to a double Berkeley and I knew I could take it.”
Jojo smiled. “Come on sis, let’s get you over my knee,” she told Michelle, “Let’s see if we can’t cool you down a tad.”

Cassie Cassy would have grinned if she hadn’t been choking. Madame Diderot had grabbed Cassie by the knot of her tie and was yanking her out of her seat. Being ‘French Yanked’ as it was known amongst the Woody Wags was never pleasant. Madame was partial to consuming several snorts of absinthe for breakfast and was breathing fumes in Cassie’s face as she screeched at her.
Madame Diderot appeared to be considerably vexed by an observation that Cassie had included in an assignment that the French are a smallish, monkey-looking bunch and not dressed any better, on average, than the citizens of Barnsley. She pointed out that it was true that you can sit outside in Paris
and drink little cups of coffee, but she questioned why this was considered more stylish than sitting inside a good old-fashioned English boozer and drinking large glasses of beer.

Cassie was tempted to point out that the manner in which Madame’s teeth were chattering was substantiation of her simian analogy but she was being slammed down across her desk.

Madame was the only Dame at the unit who didn’t bother with the ritualistic removal of the blazer. She just slammed her victims down and after roughly dragging back their skirts she had at it without any preliminaries or set-ups.

Despite her speedy delivery, six strokes could take as little a thirty seconds, she was remarkably accurate. Her formation was always tight and she rarely miss-hit.

Jojo massaged mystical aloe vera balms into Cassie’s striped rear end.

“I told you, just carry on minxing and the whops will come,” she laughed. “Did you really call the French a monkey-looking bunch?”

“It was part of a well-thought out cultural comparison,” said Cassie indignantly. “I know I was in the market for whops but I don’t think I should be caned for making astute observations.”

Jojo giggled. “I thought you loved the French. What about your hero Escoffier?”

“Man was a genius,” said Cassie. “But look at him; he bore a strong resemblance to an ape.”

Jojo gave her chum a friendly pat on the bum. “Madame probably over-reacted. You can always
appeal the whops and have them struck from the record.”

“Oh yeah,” chuckled Cassie. “I’m going to get hard-earned whops struck from my record. Rock on, Jojo.”

Jojo rearranged Cassie’s bumbags and turned down the skirt of her gymslip. “I have a feeling you’re back in the game.”
Back in the Game

Debs Morton rushed over and hugged Jojo. “Does this mean you’re back in the game?” she asked enthusiastically.

Jojo smiled. “I dunno about that,” she responded, “But, I was beginning to forget what a buzz it is to be a minx.”

“It must have been a bit of a shock to the nerve-endings after all this time,” said Deborah sympathetically.

“Well, it’s not like Mr Humphries let’s me get out of practice,” laughed Jojo.

“Yeah I guess there is always that,” agreed Debs. “Now let’s get you over my knee so I can inspect the damage.”

“Does this mean you’re back in the game?” asked Michelle excitedly.

“Who knows?” smiled Jojo. “I just had a momentary minxdom relapse. But I must admit it was a helluva a buzz.”
Michelle beamed. “Please don’t think I wish any harm to your bumbags,” she told Jojo. “But playing on the same roster as Jojo, well, that would be mega.”

“Are you back in the game?” demanded the Bounder. “I need to know if you are intending on getting up to your old shenanigans. I could lose my blazer, my blouse and my bumbags if you start acting the bollocks without advising me first.”

Jojo giggled. “I thought insider trading was illegal?”

Bernadette scowled. “I’m just a business woman trying to make an honest living,” she complained.

Jojo winked at her chum. “Yeah, rock on Bounder,” she laughed.

“I’m thinking of getting back in the game,” Jojo told Lady Victoria Brompton.

Jojo had secured a town pass and invited the aristocratic Red-shirt to a Whops and Clobber summit at Monets.

“I’d forgotten the thrill of attracting a red-card,” said Joanna.

Victoria reached out her fork. The chums were sharing a plate filled with seared yellow fin ahi tuna, which Oliver had served with sides of white rice, a little shoyu, some radish sprouts, and a few slivers of nori with toasted sesame seeds. She took a small bite and washed it down with a sip of Veuve de Cliquet.

“I can’t say I blame you,” said Vix. “This prissy prefect stuff can get old. I only started the no
minxing program so that I could defeat the Radical Right and the SS and not look like a hypocrite. I think my work is done.”

Jojo topped up Vix’s glass. “You’re not thinking of standing down are you?” she asked.

“I can’t say it hasn’t crossed my mind,” admitted Victoria. “I mean the only reason Debs wasn’t made Red-shirt is because everybody was worried that she’d be too high maintenance. Well she’s proved everybody wrong.”

“Have you talked to the Grand Master about it?” asked Jojo.

Victoria shook her head. “I don’t think he’d have a problem with it. He’s really proud of the way she’s performing,” said Vix, “even if she is odd’s on favorite to become the most caned prefect in history. He’s taken a sensible view and separates her personal disciplinary shortcomings from her official duties.”

Jojo giggled. “Kind of like separating church and state. So if you did stand down would you get back in the game?”

Vix smiled. “Definitely. I’ve been kind of jealous of Claire. She’s never let her status get in the way of an opportunity to jape the Brass. Ok, she get’s the occasional thrashing but that’s never stopped her. She still has fun. I feel like the poster child for all work and no play makes Vix a dull gal.”

“Victoria,” laughed Jojo. “One thing nobody can accuse you of is being a dull gal. You’re a fantastic Red-shirt and everybody in the community is grateful for the way you’ve stood up for minx rights.”

Victoria sipped her champagne. “Deborah is a tough cookie. She’ll stand up to Patty.”
“When will you make the transition?” asked Jojo. “Should I keep this a secret?”

Victoria nodded. “I was thinking that Christmas would be a good time. Please don’t say anything until I’ve talked with Mr Humphries. I’d hate to get Deborah’s hopes up and then let her down.”

“Mum’s the word,” said Jojo. She raised her glass. “Bottom’s up sister, here’s to getting back in the game.”
Due for a Whopping

As Old Gals, Claire Brooks and Melanie White were not generally obliged to attend morning assembly. So when Claire and Melons strode into the assembly hall dressed in full clobber it was clear that they were due for a whopping.

The two Old Gals were a stark contrast. Claire was long and lithe; she was slightly flat-chested and had almost no rear end to speak of. Back in the day, when she had regularly held the title of Big BUTT her chums had teased her endlessly.

Melanie stood five feet raised up on tip-toes. She had a pretty face framed with chestnut hair; she had a rather flat freckled nose. Melanie had no choice but to have her gymslips custom-made to accommodate her gargantuan gazonkas. It was these notable attributes that were at the root cause of Melanie White finding herself due for a whopping.

The previous evening Melanie had agreed to accompany Claire to a local nighterie where her chum was scheduled to meet a hot, local stud-muffin for cocktails. Not surprisingly Melanie’s over-sized
mammaries were an attraction when she went out and about and while Claire sucked face with lover-boy Melons hit the dance-floor.

Mr Humphries allowed the Old Gals considerable flexibility in their comings and goings. However, since the incidents with the Confederacy of Yoofs and the Man from Berlin he insisted that if they were going to stay out after two in the morning they checked in with Ellen Millar to establish their whereabouts. The Old Gals accepted that this was a reasonable requirement and agreed to a formal amendment to the ‘Old Gals Whops and Clobber Charter.’

At one-fifty Ellen Millar was in the newly installed control room and watched the surveillance camera that monitored the front gates. The unit was under lockdown and the only stragglers were Claire and Melons. Ellen yawned and waited for the two late night revelers to arrive.

Between two o’clock and two thirty she called both gals on their cell-phones several times. Finally she woke the Grand Master.

“It’s Claire and Melanie, sir,” she reported. “They’re not back yet and they haven’t answered their cell-phones. I’m going to wake Suzy and we’ll go into town and cruise the after-hours bars.”

“Give me five minutes and I’ll come with you,” said the Grand Master.

“Oh gawd, look at the time,” groaned Melons when she came off the dance-floor. “Did you call Ellen?”
Claire shook her head. “I thought you did.”
Melons reached into her purse. “Ellen’s called three times. I had the stupid phone on vibrate.”
Quickly she picked it up and speed dialed Ellen Millar’s number.
“I’m sorry Ellen,” Melons told the unit’s security officer.
“Where are you?” asked Ellen, relieved to hear Melons voice.
“I’m upstairs at Tony’s with Claire,” Melanie told her.
“Wait there and we’ll pick you up, we’re just around the corner,” Ellen told her. “Oh, and Mr Humphries wants to know if the bar’s still open. If it is, get three glasses of chards and order whatever you two want. He’ll pay when we get there. By the way he told me to tell you that he has a message for you.”
“Let me guess,” sighed Melanie, “We’re due for a whopping in the morning.”

The two Old Gals made their way to the back of the hall where they found two chairs and placed them behind the row of Phase 6 inmates.
“Nothing like being the center of attention,” mouthed Melons.
Claire giggled behind her hand. “Everybody knows that we’re due for a whopping,” she whispered.
“Well I hope you think it’s worth it,” Melons whispered back. “You and the studly one looked like you were getting on famously.”
Claire giggled.
Deborah and Nixdown exchanged glances. The two prefects were positioned at the end of the two last rows of inmates. It was impossible for them not to notice Claire and Melons whispering behind their hands.

“What do we do?” asked Debs uncertainly.

Nix looked confused. “Dunno,” she said. “Are we authorized to red-card Old Gals?”

“Probably not,” said Lady Victoria Brompton as she joined them. She sighed. “But I’m sure I am. Gawd I hate this fawkin’ job sometimes.” She reached into her blazer pocket and extracted a red-card. “Brooks and White, step up for gabbing.”
Extended Benders

The Brass was somewhat nonplussed to find the two Old Gals looking rather shame-faced at the front of the assembly hall.

“I hope he flogs the pair of you,” hissed Ms Hodge.

“Piss off Patty,” retorted Melanie.

Momentarily Patty looked tempted to slap Melons across the face.

‘I shouldn’t do that, Ma’am,” said Lady Victoria threateningly. Patty Hodge scowled at the Red-shirt and strode onto the stage.

“I didn’t know what else to do, sir,” said Lady Vix. “It’ll show up on the CCTV tapes that they were gabbing. I didn’t want Deborah or Nicola Jane to be beaten for cutting slack and not doing their jobs properly.”

“I’m sure you did the right thing, Victoria,” the Grand Master told her. He turned to Claire and Melons. “You’d better cut along and get yourself inspected.”
Generally Katie Beck liked to take her time over inspections. She loved the power of humiliating the inmates by leaving them bent butt naked across the desk in the ante room for as long as ten minutes. However, as soon as Claire and Melons had flipped up their gymslips and rolled down their bumbags she hurried in to inspect them. In the past Katie had been involved in unpleasant altercations with both the Old Gals and she wanted them out of her office and back onto the safety of the landing as soon as possible.

When Mr Humphries arrived he found Claire and Melanie dutifully facing the wall with their hands on their heads. Despite the fact that both the Old Gals were in their late twenties it never occurred to them there was anything unusual about the pose. Performing nose and toes had become a way of life.

Both gals apologized profusely for their thoughtless behavior the previous evening and both acknowledged that they definitely needed to be whopped. They also apologized for the errant behavior in the assembly hall and agreed that they were due some additional whops.

“I think you need to apologize to Victoria,” advised the Grand Master. “She is quite upset that you forced her to card you.”

“We will,” promised the Old Gals.

Melanie White ran the tip of her tongue over her dry lips as she watched Claire folding her long body over the straight-backed chair. Melons was not a nervous cove by nature but she was extremely aware
that her bum was not exactly in peak condition for participating in a session of extended benders.

Melanie White was no longer officially an inmate of the Back to School unit. She had completed her seven year sentence and then elected to spend her parole year in the newly established Old Gal program. At the end of her parole year she had been officially released by the System and was free to go about her business. However, when her best chum Cathryn Cassidy announced her intention to remain as a resident of the campus while she continued her online studies Melanie had decided to stay on as well.

At the second ‘Old Gal Whops and Clobber’, summit Cat and Mr Humphries had thrashed out the details of the disciplinary regime that the post-parolees would be required to abide by. Cat had won many concessions for the stage two Old Gals.

As a result, aside from the occasional rump roasting at the Saturday night feasts, Melanie White had been enjoying an extended cool-arse period.

By contrast, Claire Brooks who was still in her parole year, remained at the top of her game. Her first year as an Old Gal had merely proven to be an extension of her years as a mainstream inmate. She was thrashed regularly and was the first Old Gal to appear in the top ten of the Annual Hall of Shame. Claire Brooks’s legendary motor-mouth guaranteed that the Brass kept her rump well-seasoned.

It had been agreed that the two miscreants would receive six strokes of the cane for gabbing in assembly and twelve cracks of the Reform School Strap for breaking curfew.
After a brief consultation the two Old Gals mutually agreed that it would be prudent to get the canings over with first. They had concluded that the strap produced considerable surface swelling which the cane would slice through like a knife cutting ripened fruit.

Claire kept her head well down and her arse well up. She gritted her teeth as the super-cane sliced across her naked nates. No matter how match-fit and well-seasoned she kept her rear end, six of the best from the Grand Master was still extremely tough duty. He was landing the cane in tight formation inside the sweet spot. Claire often complained that she was severely disadvantaged. She claimed that her narrow hips and almost non-existent arse made her sweet spot considerably smaller than the inmates blessed with more voluptuous rear ends. She squeezed her eyes closed as she sensed the Grand Master shifting his position to move in for the lethal closer.

Melanie White shrugged off her blazer and hung it over the chair. She was in no doubt that over the forthcoming few minutes she was going to become increasingly hot and sweaty.
Melanie’s mouth opened into a silent howl as the first stroke of the cane etched across her bare behind. She had a white-knuckle grip on the lowest wrung of the straight-backed chair. She shook her head and licked her lips. Melons knew she that she needed to get into the zone and fast.

Melanie was one of the great whop-veterans of the Woody unit. When she first started her sentence she had been greatly amused that the punishment of Little Brats was limited to over the knee hand spankings. At school she had established an unhealthy relationship with the cane and she viewed the spankings as little more than an inconvenience.

She spent the first year of her sentence working with Cat Cassidy on the Manifesto of Megaminxdom. When Cat and Melons commenced Phase 2 of their sentences they teamed up with the legendary minx, April Turner, and embarked on an unprecedented campaign of mischief and mayhem.
Even though in the early days of the unit the cane had been used less frequently, Melanie White had racked up an impressive tally. Melons had to dig into her deep reserves of experience as the cane slashed across her defenseless rear end.

The broad leather Reform School Strap was a formidable foe under the best of circumstances. Sporting an arse that had recently been reddened and ripened with a super-cane were not the best of circumstances for a gal to find herself in. Claire Brooks braced herself across the large oak desk. She knew exactly what to expect.

During Mr Humphries experimental phase with Reform School Strap Claire had participated in several of his trials. Later, when he had completed his research the Grand Master had been kind enough to share his conclusions with her.

The six strokes of the cane had taken over three minutes; the twelve stroke thrashing with the leather strap took less than a third of the time.
It was a bewildering, teeth-chattering, eye-watering blitz attack. Claire’s heels were raised clean out of her shoes and she felt that it hadn’t been for the weight of the desk the substantial heft of the strap would have knocked her clean across the room. She lay panting across the desk, she was certain that her backside was still continuing to swell up even after the last blow had been struck. It was a good sixty seconds before Claire rallied herself and staggered to her feet.
Melanie White had to push up onto tip toes in order to reach across and dangle her arms over the far side of the desk. She felt the hem of her gymslip being carefully folded up and she pushed back her hips to allow her bumbags to be rolled down. Her backside was burning from the caning and she felt herself tense as she felt the long leather strap being stroked across her bare, scalded flesh.

Melanie White had only had one previous experience of being thrashed with the fearsome strap and she remembered it as being most disagreeable. She gritted her teeth and forced herself to relax her buttocks.

The sound of the leather slapping down on naked flesh was quite impressive but Melons had little opportunity to consider such matters before she was in the heart of a blitz attack.

She barely had time to catch her breath or even blink between swipes. Despite her determination to remain still her legs were soon scissoring as the heat in her backside reached fever pitch. By the time the thrashing was finished she was hissing with consternation. It had been a giddying experience and it took her several minutes to gather herself and slowly push her torso up from the desk.

The two Old Gals tottered out of the study like sailors on shore leave. They could hear Katie Beck tittering with satisfaction from behind her desk but they were too intent on their urgent mission to find cooling balms to respond.
“Hot shit,” gasped Melons as she painfully spread herself out across Claire’s lap. “I’m out of practice.”
Claire carefully rolled down her chums bumbags. “You did very well,” she assured Melanie as she ran her balm covered fingers over the swollen orbs.
Lady Victoria Brompton spent most of the morning laying on her bed and trying to sleep off her headache. She had posted a prominent ‘Do Not Disturb’ sign on her door and was not taking visitors.

For the most part she had enjoyed her term as Red-shirt and took considerable pride in the manner with which she had executed her duties. Nonetheless, as she had explained to Jojo, the responsibility that came with the position was beginning to get old.

Over the past fifteen months she had been forced to dangle some of her closest chums over her knees. Victoria had learned to be dispassionate. She prided herself that her chums understood that the danglings were just routine Woody business. However, the incident earlier in the day with Claire and Melons had really gotten to her.

Lady Vix swung her legs off the bed and reached for a cigarette. She crossed the bathroom and brushed her teeth.

“Shit,” muttered Victoria as she inspected herself in the mirror. Her freshly pressed blouse was
rumpled from lying on the bed. She sighed and went to the shower and switched it on, then unbuttoned her shirt and chucked it in her laundry basket.

Lady Victoria Brompton felt a little better after she had showered. She wondered what to do with the rest of the day. Maybe she could find Cat and they could go into town, grab a late lunch and share a bottle of wine.

Vix looked at her watch. It was nearing midday and the unit would be breaking for lunch shortly. She took the ‘Do Not Disturb’ sign down from her door.

Melanie White had spent most of the morning sitting on two down-filled cushions. Every movement, however slight, sent electrifying shockwaves to the tips of her fingers and toes.

Earlier she had made a circuit of the grounds, vainly trying to walk off the effects of the beatings but had only succeeded in exacerbating her discomfiture. She had returned to her apartment and tried to concentrate on studying but it had proved fruitless, so she ended up playing Free Cell while she waited for Claire to return from her lecture.

Claire Brooks hurried out of the lecture room. She had spent a dismal hour wriggling and squirming in a hard and unforgiving seat trying to concentrate on a lecture on Rimbaud. Although she found the precocious boy-poet of French symbolism a fascinating subject she was severely distracted by the all-consuming throbbing inside her bumbags. Claire was greatly discouraged that the intensity of her
discomfort showed no signs of diminishing. Despite having being a whop-hardened veteran Claire knew from experience that there were certain thrashings that were keepers.

As she wriggled through the corridors, Claire Brooks acknowledged that she had been well and truly nailed.

“We’ve come to apologize,” Melons told Lady Vix. “We acted like chumps.”

Lady Victoria hurried across the room and hugged her two chums.

“I’m really sorry too,” she told them. “I feel like such a rotter.”

“It’s wasn’t your fault,” Claire assured her. “We were bang to rights. You didn’t have any choice.”

“I hope he didn’t lay it on too thick,” Vix said sympathetically.

“He absolutely fucking nailed us!” chorused Claire and Melons.

“It wasn’t your fault,” Cat told Victoria as they looked at menus. “You’re being too hard on yourself. They’re both big gals and they’ll suck it up and move on.”

Lady Victoria chewed on a breadstick. “They were pretty cool about it, especially considering they’d both been nailed,” she said. “Still, sometimes I wish I hadn’t taken a second term. Sometimes this job can be a pain in the arse.”

Cathryn giggled. “Just ask Claire and Melons.”

“Smart arse,” laughed Victoria and tossed the tip of her breadstick at Cat.
Cat looked at Victoria seriously. “You have to do what you think’s best for you,” she told her chum. “You’ve done your best for the unit and everybody appreciates your fantastic efforts. If you want to stand down and get back in the game you have my full support.”

“But will you support her?” asked Victoria earnestly. “If the unit sees that you’re behind the transition it will make things so much easier.”

Cat patted her chum’s hand. “Trust me, I’ll be behind her. Now, quit worrying and flash your eyelashes at that waiter. Let’s get another bottle of bubbles.”
Debs Morton was coming off the tennis court when Michelle Morgan hurried over.

“Excuse me, Miss Morton,” she said. “The Grand Master wants to see you as soon as you’ve showered.”

“Did he say why?” asked Debs.

“No, but I overheard him talking to Victoria and it has something to do with a dangling,” said Michelle and hurried away.

Deborah stared after the messenger with her mouth open.

Deborah Morton showered and dressed quickly. Her mind was racing.

Something to do with a dangling?

Michelle must have got it wrong, she assured herself. As far as she could recall she had done nothing wrong, and besides she was the goddam Deputy Red-shirt and Deputy Red-shirts didn’t get dangled. It was a preposterous notion. Nonetheless, despite reassuring herself on the way upstairs, Debs
had an uncomfortable dose of the butterflies in her tummy when she knocked on the door of the Grand Master’s office.

The Grand Master and Lady Victoria were lounging in armchairs in the hospitality area of his office. An open bottle of 1997 Lanson Gold label was on ice.

“Come in and have a seat, Deborah,” said Mr Humphries cheerily. “Pour her a glass of bubbles, Vicky.”

Debs went to the seating area and sat down. Victoria got up and crossed to the ice-bucket. She was dressed in the now ultra-fashionable semi-clobber. She was wearing the traditional white Woody blouse opened to her chest and a striped tie. She had on a pair of black jeans with her red sash snaked through the loop-holes and tied at the hip, and a pair of three-inch red sling-backs. Her dark hair was swept back under a red headband. She poured Deborah a drink and handed it to her. Debs suspected that Her Ladyship might be marginally squiffy.

“Victoria has expressed a desire to stand down as Red-shirt,” announced the Grand Master.

Deborah gaped at Vix. “That’s ridiculous,” she snorted. “I know that you’re upset over Claire and Melons but that’s no reason to stand down. You’re the people’s choice and nobody would stand for it.”

Victoria smiled slightly. “It’s not just this morning,” she said. “It’s more complicated than that. I need a change of environment.”

“You’re leaving the unit,” gasped Debs.
Victoria laughed. No, not quite that radical,” she told Debs. “I’m planning on getting back into the game and I just don’t think that I can do that and continue as Red-shirt.”

“We’d like you to take over immediately,” said the Grand Master.

Debs nearly choked on her champagne. “Me?” she spluttered. “That’s ridiculous. That doesn’t make any sense. If Victoria thinks that she can’t be in the game and be Red-shirt then how can I? I’m number three on the Annual Hall of Shame, if you haven’t noticed. I’m always in trouble, and besides you think I’m too high maintenance.”

“Everybody is entitled to change their opinion Deborah,” said the Grand Master. “It is widely understood that you face some unique personal disciplinary challenges, but you have stood in all year for Lady Victoria on Wednesday’s and Thursday’s. How many times have you been punished while you were Acting Red-Shirt?”

Debs turned crimson. “Um, three I think?”

“And has this had any repercussions with you performing your duties?”

“No sir, not that I know of,” said Debs, “but I still can’t see why Victoria can’t get back in the game and continue as Red-shirt if you don’t object.”

“Deborah,” Victoria interjected softly. “I am standing down and that’s all there is too it. I’ve made up my mind. It wasn’t just the business over Claire and Melons, I’ve been thinking about it for a long time. I need to pay more attention to my studies and I’d like to spend an extra day up in the Smoke at chambers. Besides, I’ve hardly got off campus for the
past eighteen months, let alone had a proper date. I need to get my life back and I’m relying on you, sister, to step up to the plate.” She looked at her watch. “Speaking of which Heidi Alexander will be arriving outside the library around now. I need you to give her a dangling for me, I’m a little squiffed up and I make it a rule never to give squiffy spankings.”

“Oh good grief,” muttered Deborah Morton.
The End of an Era

Patty Hodge lay on her bed with a cold compress on her brow. Her head was pounding so badly that she was concerned that she may have an aneurysm at any moment. The announcement that her most-hated enemy had been promoted to the all-powerful position of Red-shirt had made her feel quite bilious.

She had scurried back to her quarters and taken down her mannequin of a pair of buttocks covered in a pair of navy blue bumbags that she had stolen from Deborah’s study. She snatched up one of her infamous wye-tipped canes and was about to slash the stolen bumbags to tatters when she felt quite overwhelmed and felt the urgent need to lie down.

The announcement that Lady Victoria Brompton was voluntarily standing down as Red-shirt and that Deborah Morton had been appointed in her place was all the gab on the Woody gossvine.
At a meeting of the inmates Lady Vix explained that she would continue with her role on the Executive Committee at the unit and would have special responsibility for hearing complaints and appeals. She assured the members of the Back to School unit that the transition of power would be seamless, pointing out that Deborah already fulfilled the role of Acting Red-Shirt on Wednesday’s and Thursday’s when Victoria was off-site. She reminded them that nearly all of them had already been caned by Deborah and that they knew that she was a straight-shooter.

Jojo Heyworth and Cat Cassidy, the most influential members amongst the Woody community made speeches endorsing Debs as the new Red-shirt.

Later that evening, to her great relief, a survey of the inmates posted on the GalGab website promised Deborah their unanimous support.

“This does not mean that the ‘Get Morton’ campaign loses pace,” ranted Patty Hodge in the saloon bar of the Bunch of Grapes. “In fact this is an even greater opportunity to discredit her.”

Katie Beck and the Wart rolled their eyes. “I suggest we let the dust settle for a while,” suggested Katie. “She’ll slip up soon enough.”

“Shlip shlup, shloon enuff,” agreed the Wart and ordered another Patron tequila.

Patty scowled darkly. Her head was still pounding horribly. She wondered whether she was developing a brain tumor.
Jojo wheeled Nicola Jane Nixon into Deborah’s study in her chair.

“I’ve arranged for my clobber consultant to meet us at the tailor’s tomorrow,” she told Debs. “We’ll get you some temporary outfits and we’ll email your measurements to my guys in Hong Kong. We’ll have you kitted out in top notch clobber in less than a week.”

“Nix, I need to save my money. I’m putting every penny away so I can support Team Morton when I go back on the road,” said Debs. “You nearly bankrupted me with your last wardrobe makeover. I’m just going to have to make do with cheap catalogue crap as you so eloquently describe it.”

“Nonsense,” said Nixdown. “I spoke to my father, he said put whatever you need on the account. We’re kitting you out to be a Red-shirt.”

Jojo winked at Debs. “Don’t argue,” she grinned, “you know it will be an exercise in futility.”

Debs looked a Nixdown curiously. “What are you doing back in the chair?” she asked.

“I’m on a sit-down strike,” said Nix. “The doctor’s have said it’s perfectly safe for me to be spanked but Penny Ann and Suzy are being difficult. So I’m going to make them push me around until they stop being lame brains.”

“Oh good grief,” laughed Deborah.

Lady Victoria Brompton stared at herself in the mirror. She was dressed in her long black blazer, red shirt and black tie for the last official time. When she hung it up in the wardrobe she would not wear it again except for ceremonial events. She slowly
unfastened the jacket buttons and sighed. It was the end of an era, but then she smiled, and the birth of a new one.