Author’s Note

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

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

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

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

As such references to ‘beating’, ‘thrashing’, and ‘flogging’ have no context to the use or avocation of physical violence, with the exception of controlled corporal punishment, against the characters of the stories.
Dedicated
to
My Beloved Jojo
I’m Here to be Thrashed

“I’m here to be thrashed, Ma’am,” Deborah Morton told Nicola Jane Nixon in the shadowy half-light of the stable. She pulled herself into an erect military attention, shoulders back, arms by her sides and her eyes fixed forward.

Nixdown reached out and wordlessly she unfastened the top button of Deborah’s red and black striped blazer and opened it. Debs moved her arms slightly away from her sides to allow Nix to remove the garment. Nicola Jane stepped behind her, folded the blazer and cast it aside.

Without any warning Nix took a tight grip on Deborah’s left arm, just above the elbow and started to march her across the stable.

“You are a very, very naughty gal,” she chided.

Despite being several inches taller than the miniscule Nixdown Debs had been taken by surprise and she was forced to scamper to keep up.

“I intend to spank you so hard you won’t sit down for a week,” Nix continued as she strode across the hay-strewn floor, with Debs hurrying in her wake.
The Agony and the Ecstasy

It was a technique the Woody Wags called ‘the hustle’. An armless straight-backed chair had been placed in the center of the room. Nicola sat down and dumped Deborah unceremoniously across her knees. In a fluid motion she flipped back Deborah’s skirt and yanked down her bumbags. Without a second’s preamble she launched a blitz attack on Deborah’s naked buttocks.

Deborah had not known what to expect when she arrived at the stables, but the speed of the operation had caught her off-guard. Barely sixty seconds had elapsed since she had arrived in the stables and she was already head down, arse up being spanked with considerable vigor.

Nicola Jane delivered two dozen spanks without respite before she slowed down. Deborah’s bottom had already turned a cherry red and she was panting loudly.

Nixdown rearranged Debs, pulling her in tightly to the fold of her lap. “Stretch out and put it up and keep it up,” she snapped.

“Yes Ma’am,” muttered Debs and unenthusiastically stretched herself into a full drape.

Nixdown changed the tempo of the spanking, smacking alternate cheeks in a slow rhythm.

“You’re a very naughty gal,” she told Debs. “What are you?”

“A very naughty gal,” grunted Debs.

Deborah Morton was genuinely shocked by the heat that Nicola Jane’s tiny hand was generating in her beleaguered rear end. She could feel her flesh
throbbing and twitching. Nixdown constantly changed the pace of the spanks, varying between bewildering blitz attacks and slow juicy smacks delivered at fifteen or twenty second intervals.

She maintained a constant dialogue forcing Debs to splutter and gurgle answers while she wriggled and squirmed in Nixdown's lap. It was a successful strategy. Making Deborah answer random questions distracted her from any possibility of getting into the zone.

Over and over Nixdown made Debs mutter that she was a ‘very naughty gal’. It was most disconcerting.

Deborah’s body jerked like a fish under the effects of another blitz attack. Her legs scissored and her fists pummeled the ground. Her head swung from side to side. She had lost count of the number of spanks that had rained down on her naked flesh.

An over the knee hand spanking is an intimate and unique experience. When she was bent over a chair or a desk Deborah felt that least she had some control over the proceedings. It was as if she was saying, “Yes I’ll bend over so that you can beat me, see if I care.” When she was dumped face down over a lap it was as if she was no longer a participant in the agreement and was transformed into a position of total submission.

Hand spankings were the worst in Deborah’s opinion. At least when she was being spanked with a hairbrush, riding crop or the tawse the punishment had defined limits with the number of strokes predetermined. Deborah had no way of telling how long
Nixdown intended to keep her pinned down in this ignominious pose. It was most disconcerting.

Nixdown’s hand was beginning to sting from the constant contact with Deborah’s muscular rear end. She looked over at Penny Ann.

“Bring me the crop,” she instructed. “Now Miss Morton I’m going to need you to put it up and keep it up. I intend to give you six and I can assure you they are going to be hot.”

“Aw maaaaaaan!” groaned Debs.
A Very Naughty Gal

Debs hung upside down panting and her heart pounding. She felt Nicola Jane rolling the braided crop over her red and swollen behind. She knew that she could demand Nix to release her and declare the experiment over but she was not sure she wanted to.

She felt the crop tap down. “Are you ready?” asked Nixdown.

It was now or never; the point of no return. “I’m ready,” breathed Debs Morton.

Debs knew from experience that the leather crop was a lethal weapon. On several occasions she had had the misfortune of going over Jane Lummell’s lap for a dose of the crop and it had never been pleasant. At least on those occasions she had been allowed the skimpv defenses offered by her navy blue gossamer bumbags. It was hard to imagine the effects of a leather braided crop on the uncovered flesh of an already sore and swollen bottom.

She did not have long to ruminate on the subject before Nixdown slashed the crop downwards.
The Agony and the Ecstasy

Between strokes Nixdown had to rearrange Deborah in her lap. Putting it up and keeping it up was proving a challenge to Miss Morton. Upon each impact Debs seemed to scrunch her body up as small as she could as if it would make her poor beleaguered bum disappear. Nixdown gently tapped the backs of Debs legs, knowing that eventually her chum would acquiesce and return to a full drape.

The pain was excruciating. Debs gritted her teeth and waited for the next stroke to initiate another nerve-jangling, teeth-chattering cycle of pain and torment. She heard an ominous whistle from above and then a surge of white-hot pain imploded through her central nervous system.

“Let’s straighten you up and fix you a glass of bubbly,” said Nix gently. “So how was it?” she asked as she reached up to straighten Debs tie.

“Right now my teeth are still chattering and my bum is on fire,” said Deborah. “I think the jury is still out and it’ll take a little time to review the evidence. But one thing is for sure, Nix, you’ll never have any difficulties if you want to go into the dominatrix business.”

Nicola Jane giggled. Penny Ann brought them flutes filled with bubbles. Debs took a sip. “That’s nice,” she said, “but I think I’m going to retire. I have a lot of thinking to do.”

Nix looked surprised. “You don’t want to reciprocate?”

Debs shook her head. “Not tonight Nixxy, I think I’ll cut along, we’ll talk tomorrow. Thank you
anyway,” she said genuinely before heading towards the door.

Debs wriggled across the quadrangle towards the main building. She considered doing a detour and visiting with Christy and Spanky who were staying over for the night but decided to return to the privacy of her study.

She climbed the back stairs to the Elite landing. The light under Rosemary’s door was still on but she figured her best chum would be on-line with the Silver Fox so she went into her own study and closed the door.

Debs went into the bathroom and undressed, hanging her gymslip and blazer in the closet and discarding her white blouse and her underwear in a laundry bag. She inspected her bottom in the mirror. Nixdown had certainly done a thorough job and her buttocks were visibly pulsating. She put on a freshly pressed pair of red and black silk pajamas and went back into her small bed-sitting room.

In the fridge she had the remnants of a bottle of pinot grigio, she poured a glass and then rifled through a drawer until she found a crumpled pack of fags and a lighter.

She climbed into bed, wincing slightly as she slid her bum along the mattress. She lit her cigarette and sipped her wine. Her backside was throbbing and extremely hot.

Debs sucked down on the fag thoughtfully. She had not known what would transpire in the stables but she felt grateful to Nixdown for taking on the role
The Agony and the Ecstasy

of the stern disciplinarian so completely. Not for a second had she felt like she was participating in a friendly lark. Head down, arse up over Nicola Jane’s knee being repeatedly told that she was a very naughty gal had made her feel that she thoroughly deserved to be spanked.

A very naughty gal? All the evidence indicated that was what she had always aspired to be and damn the consequences. She sighed and put out her cigarette and finished her wine. She padded across the room and emptied the last dregs of the bottle into her glass and surprised herself by lighting a second fag. She clambered back into bed.

She was not sure what to make of her feelings about the events in the stable but she doubted she would solve them that evening. She gulped down the wine and stubbed out the barely-smoked fag. The last thing she needed was a trip over her coach’s knee in the morning if she was late for her run. She turned off the light and tried to drift into sleep.

The last thing she remembered was thinking that she should have Derby order her some business cards with Debs Morton – Very Naughty Gal as her job title.
The World’s Most Useless Minx

Debs had a busy morning. She rose at dawn and ran three miles with Jane Lummell before attending her pre-brekker briefing with the Grand Master. She snatched a bowl of cereal with yoghurt and some orange juice before repairing to the hall to oversee assembly.

She spent the early part of the day’s curriculum in a lecture conducted by Patty Hodge. Debs was especially determined to behave herself. She was keenly aware that given the slightest opportunity Patty would haul up to the front of the room, bend her over the front desk and thrash the hell out of her with one of vicious wye-tipped canes. Deborah was also keenly aware that she was still suffering from a touch of the residuals from the previous evenings activities and her still tender behind would not greatly benefit from an encounter with Patty’s cane.

Fortunately Patty’s lecture related to the subject of the Boleyn Sisters, a subject that interested Debs and she was perfectly content to listen and did
not feel the slightest temptation to goof, lark or prank.

During the thirty minute mid-morning break she was obliged to go up to the library to dangle Virginia Gardiner for earning five black marks for rubbishing pre’s.

It was not until lunch-time that she caught up with Nixdown.

“How are you?” asked Nix.
“Confused, uncertain?” replied Debs.
Nicola Jane slipped her arm through Debs’s, “Care to take a stretch around the quad?” she asked.
Debs smiled and fell in step with her chum.
“Love too,” she said, “so tell me Miss Nixon did you enjoy spanking me last night?”

Debs creased her brow. “But why?” she asked.
“Because you provoke people,” responded Nix. “You’re brash and self assured and you give the impression that you think you can get away with murder.”
“That makes me sound horrible!” squealed Debs.
“Well you probably would be if you weren’t so totally guileless and the world’s most useless minx,” laughed Nix. “It’s your imperfections that make you so sweet.”

Debs chewed her lower lip for a while.
“I enjoyed being over your knee,” she said finally.
“I enjoyed having you there,” said Nix, “but remember I am a complete degenerate and proud of it.”

“You don’t find any of this confusing do you?” asked Debs.

Nix shrugged. “I got beaten at school and hated it so after a while I fire-bombed the Headmistress’s car and got sent to reform school. Then one time my boyfriend spanked me and I was so mad that I slapped his face and ran off, but then I found that it turned me on,” she said. “I discovered the difference between punishment and recreational spanking. It’s very black and white for me.”

“I envy you and Christy and Spanky and all the others,” sighed Debs. “I’m just so confused.”

“Deborah Morton, you have an IQ of over 150, you have a tendency to over-intellectualize and analyze. We simple folk just find things that we like and pursue them.”

Deborah scoffed. “There is nothing simple about you Miss Nixon.”

Nix just giggled and hugged her chum.

“See I’m lucky Ma’am,” giggled Lady Derby. “I love getting up to mischief and I like the feeling of a sore bum so I can’t lose for winning.”

“I love the rituals,” said Christy. “I should have been a fucking catholic.”

“I love being over Mr Humphries knee,” said Jojo. “I feel quite at home and very comfortable that he is in complete control of the situation.”
The Agony and the Ecstasy

“I’m an ex-rokker, I can’t tell you how exciting it is to be spanked by a gangster,” giggled Ellen Millar.

“I am at one with the tawse,” Suzy reminded Deborah.

“And I’m just demented,” laughed Spanky Botts.

“Gosh this is just all so confusing,” groaned Debs.
Six du Meilleur

There was not much room for confusion as Lisa Sutton found herself being yanked out of her seat by the knot of her tie. Madame Diderot reeled her in across the desk like a fish and thrust her face into the Minxster’s.

As usual the mixture of odors of absinthe, Gaulloises and perfume more normally favored by the working girls on the la Rue Saint-Denis caused Lisa to attempt to recoil. Unfortunately recoiling was not a good strategy while being yanked across a desk and Lisa almost gagged.

When enraged Madame Diderot reverted to a guttural Parisian dialect littered with slang. Lisa was an advanced scholar of the French language but she was having difficulty interpreting much of the Dame’s diatribe. Nonetheless she grasped the gist of the matter.

Madame Diderot was not a humorous cove by nature and was fiercely patriotic. Lisa gathered that she had not taken kindly to her observation that the best way to get service in a French restaurant was to
order in German. Lisa also garnered from Madame's constant references to Six du Meilleur that she was probably on for whoops.

When the Dame stepped around the desk, placed her hand on the back of her neck and slammed her chest down on the desk lid Lisa concluded that she was probably correct.

Being caned by Madame was an expedient affair. Unlike most Dame's who favored a slow build-up, including the symbolic removal of the victims blazer Madame merely slammed them downwards, flipped back their skirts and laid into them. Six du Meilleur would be all over in less than thirty seconds. The next thing a gal knew she was being yanked up from the desk and shoved out into the aisle and hustled through the lecture room for post-processing. It was breath-taking experience.

Madame marched Lisa towards the front desk. Her chums watched as Lisa’s face changed with every step. At first she had just looked stunned and bewildered but as she approached the front of the lecture room her eyes grew bigger and her mouth opened in a silent howl.

Analysts of the subject describe Madame Diderot’s whirlwind technique as ‘unique’ and ‘disconcerting’. Unlike the traditional three minute six that allows each stroke to cycle through flesh burn, under burn and finally deep burn, the thirty second six has slightly different characteristics. The speed and proximity of the strokes landing meant that while
the victim was actually being beaten they are totally distracted by the explosive flesh burns. However, once they are yanked to their feet and hustled out from behind their desks the other effects begin to kick-in in earnest and it felt as if a furnace was being stoked beneath their bumbags.

By the time Lisa reached into her breast pocket and retrieved her punishment record book the cacophony of effects were reaching a crescendo and were raging like an inferno. It was all she could do to prevent herself from bursting into an impromptu idiot gig.

“That was just an unfortunate misunderstanding,” Lisa insisted. “She takes being a frog far too seriously.”

Bernadette giggled. She looked down at the stripes on Lisa’s upturned bottom. “Speedy Diderot does good work, these stripes are pretty tight,” she observed.

“I can assure you that I am well aware of that Bounder,” groaned Lisa, “now would you mind stopping gawking and get on with the job in hand.”

“Touchy, touchy,” grinned the Bounder and dipped her fingers into a pot of balm.

Cassie Cassy looked at the latest entry on Breaking Whops suspiciously.

“I hope she’s not planning on getting back in the game,” she grumbled. “I’ve got enough on my plate with Michelle Morgan and Heidi and the Lash snapping at my bumbags without the Minxster getting up to her old tricks.”
Jojo grinned. She was used to her chums constant kvetching over challenges to her role as Joanna’s heir apparent as the new Big BUTT.

“Lisa is on a reform program,” laughed Jojo. “I very much doubt that she was actually volunteering for whops.”

“You can’t go telling anti-frog jokes to a deranged, popped-up, Frenchwomen without expecting whops,” growled Cassie, “it looks to me like she was out jonesing.”

Jojo smiled. “You still have a comfortable lead on the Annual Big BUTT and you’re on schedule for another Bull, you worry too much.”

Cassie continued to frown. “I’m just going to have to up my game,” she said firmly.

“You do that, sis,” laughed Jojo, “good luck sweetie.”
The Grand Master suppressed a grin. He was inordinately fond of Miss Cassandra but there was little question that on many levels she was certifiably barking. She had an enormous beam on her face.

“She hacked me in the shin,” squealed Katie Beck.

“Of course I did,” said Cassie. “You pulled my pig-tail, what did you expect?”

“See she doesn’t deny it,” raged Katie. “I demand that she’s flogged for assaulting a member of the Brass.”

Mr Humphries raised an eyebrow. “Demand?” he asked.

“Suggest,” said Katie hurriedly.

“Did you pull her hair?” the Grand Master asked.

“I was trying to inspect behind her ears and she was being belligerent, I was just trying to control her so I could do my job,” explained Katie.

Mr Humphries leaned back in his chair. “Belligerent?” he said, rolling the word over his
tongue slowly. “Just out of interest Katie why were you inspecting behind her ears?”

“Standard part of the clobber inspection process,” explained Katie.

“She was wearing her ears?” asked Mr Humphries.

“It’s a hygiene issue,” said Katie defensively.

The Grand Master leaned forward across his desk and looked at Katie coolly. “Katie I suggest you take your sorry arse out of my office,” he said evenly, “before I succumb to temptation and bend you over that chair and thrash you.”

Katie gaped at the Grand Master. “This is an outrage,” she said lamely.

Mr Humphries looked at her very, very calmly. Katie swallowed hard. “I’ll cut along,” she muttered and hurried from the room.

Cassie giggled. “Should I remove my blazer now?” she asked cheerfully.

“You pulled Cassie’s hair?” asked Susan Lawton.

Katie stared at her legal guardian and gulped. “No! Well not really! I was just trying to make a thorough inspection,” she gasped. “I have discussed the matter with the Grand Master and he has accepted my explanation.”

Major Susan Lawton was dressed in crisp formal military whites. She reached across Katie’s desk with a white gloved hand and took Katie by the right ear and gently helped her to her feet.

“That was Woody business,” the Major said curtly, “this is family business.”
“You can’t do this,” wailed Katie as she was led towards the large flat-topped laundry chest. “Why do you always take everybody else’s side? You’re supposed to stand up for me.”

“I misguidedly listened to your counsel in the past,” said Susan curtly, “and you reduced the Politics of Clobber to your own personal playground. Your behavior is intolerable and as your guardian it is my duty to rectify that condition.”

“You may be my guardian but that doesn’t give you the right to fucking spank me whenever you feel like it,” screeched Katie. “I’m thirty-three years old.”

“Then behave like it,” said Susan Lawton and yanked Katie over her lap. “Why don’t you call for the cavalry? I’m sure your friends on the Radical Right will be rushing to stage an intervention.” With that she turned back the skirt of Katie’s apron and rolled down her bumbags.

“She has no legal right to spank me,” growled Katie in the saloon bar of the Bunch of Grapes.

“Shno slights whatslonever,” agreed the Wart.

Patty suppressed a grin. “What are you going to do, sue her?” she asked. “She’s a major in Military Intelligence and she’s working directly for a man who may well prove to be the Prime Minister. Good luck with that.”

Katie glowered at Patty. “I’m assigning you to monitor Ms Lawton’s movements. I want a daily report on her activities. She has no right pitching up here and swanning about like she still owns the place.”

“Shno slights whatslonever,” agreed the Wart.
“Oh good grief Wartyone, what time did you start on the slammers today?” snapped Katie.

“Schlammers, bammers, schlam-bam, shlank you Ma’am,” muttered the Wart and rattled her glass at the bar tender.

Katie rolled her eyes. Patty had stood up and was glaring down at her.

“I am getting tired of your tone,” she said imperiously.

“Too bad,” muttered Katie. “I have copies of several emails that you sent me during Operation Scorched Arse that Ms Lawton and Mr Humphries might find rather subversive in nature. I’d hate to feel obliged to publish them.”

Patty narrowed her eyes. “You’re getting too big for your bumbags, I should be very careful,” she said threateningly. She picked up her handbag. “I’m leaving.”

Katie shrugged. “I’ll expect your report tomorrow,” then she smiled, “and Patty don’t forget to pay the tab before you go.”
Beating the Bounder

Patty took out her frustrations on the Bounders bumbags. It was her first opportunity to thrash Bernadette since she had been surprisingly promoted to Deputy Red-shirt and Patty was determined to enjoy herself.

A legitimate opportunity to beat the newly appointed Deputy was like manna from heaven for Ms Hodge. Patty profoundly disliked the Bounder who refused to offer her discounts on the luxury goods that she made available to the inmates and to favored members of the Liberal Left of the Brass.

Bernadette had done her best to maintain an air of contemptuous disdain while Patty berated her in a most disagreeable manner. Patricia Hodge prided herself in her blistering verbal assaults; she was an articulate woman and could make even the most minor misdemeanor sound like a Class 1 felony.

Bernadette felt drained by the time she peeled off her red prefect’s blazer and bent across the front desk. “They can’t hurt me, I’m the fucking Bounder,”
was Bernadette’s popular boast but as she slithered her upper torso across the desk she felt a shiver up her spine. She knew from experience that being thrashed by Patty was never any fun.

Patricia Hodge had spent over thirty years honing her skill with the cane. Since her heady days as the tyrannical Red-shirt at the original Woody School, where she was known as the Thrasher, she had beaten literally thousands of female backsides.

Unlike many practitioners who used a short backswing and relied on a last second flick of the wrist to accelerate the tip of the cane Patty favored a full swing. She used her height to her advantage and always wore three-inch spiked heels so she stood six-foot one. It was a testament to the hours of practice that she put in that even when she was swiping the cane down from shoulder height she rarely miss-hit and only delivered low-riders when she meant to.

Patty Hodge had the Bounder bent over the front desk so that she was facing the inmates and they could witness her involuntary facial contortions as Patty whipped her with one of her split-ended canes.

It was an unpopular position. No matter how whop hardened the inmates became it was impossible not to show some reaction when their bum’s were being whapped with sundry artillery.

In “Waiting to be Caned; a History of Woodys,” Deborah Morton describes the look on a gals face at the moment of impact as ‘the silent howl’.
Even the hard as nails Bounder was making with plenty of silent howls as Patty Hodge expertly sliced and diced her bumbags.

The expert audience couldn’t help noticing that Patty seemed to have developed a new technique and the evil cane appeared to be arriving at its destination with even greater speed than normal.

Patty had always been a great experimenter with new techniques to create even greater mischief and mayhem inside her victim’s bumbags.

When she had lorded it over the original Woody School in her role as Red-shirt she had first tried out the prototype for her split ended canes. Susan Lawton, who would later become her employer, was the naughtiest girl in the school and a prime target for Patty. Knowing that Susan would never break the code of silence and grass her up to the authorities Patty taped two canes together when she beat the enfant terrible. Patty had also invented low riders and bacon slicers during her period of office and, of course, she used Susan Lawton as her guinea pig.

Patty had been practicing the new technique which she was demonstrating upon Bernadette Summers backside for several weeks. Every night before she turned in for bed she would take down the mannequin that she kept secreted in her closet and give it a good thrashing. One night she discovered quite by chance that if she stood a little further back and stepped in as she swung the cane there appeared to be a considerable increase in the velocity which the shaft of the cane sliced through the air and slashed
across Katie Becks or Deborah Morton’s stolen bumbags.

Patty knew that she needed to perfect the technique before introducing it into the lecture room. The last thing she needed was Suzy Scott showing the Grand Master tapes of canings that were clearly out of control.

Unbeknownst to Katie and Deborah their missing bumbags were the subject of Patty’s heinous experiments on a nightly basis.

Bernadette Summers face contorted into a silent howl. Patty had landed a stroke with such power that it had raised Bernadette’s heels out of her shoes. Her head jerked back and the gawking audience was treated to a close up study of abject agony. Bernadette’s eyes were screwed shut and her mouth opened wide enough to insert a digestive biscuit. The mask of agony remained on her face as the effects of the terrible stroke worked its magic on her nerve endings. Slowly her head slumped down again as she hung helplessly over the desk.
“I’m so sorry Debs,” said the Bounder. “Oh, don’t be such a chump,” laughed Deborah. “I’m already the most whopped Red-shirt in history and you’re offering short odds that I’ll soon be the most beaten prefect as well. Who am I to criticize?”

Bernadette was experiencing considerable gyp. Patty had excelled herself, landing five scorchers within millimeters of each other and finishing with a perfect five-bar gate. Even though the tough as nails Bounder had done her best to appear nonchalant when she finally pushed herself up from the desk she knew that she had been beaten bandy.

“She really laid it on thick,” groaned Bernadette. “She’s such a rotten be-yotch.”

“Crikey, she really laid it on thick,” reported Ellen Millar, “but it was a legitimate beating and played it by the book. I thought she was going to cut poor Bernadette in half.”
It didn’t come as much of a surprise to Mr Humphries that Patty had pulled something special out of her bags of tricks when the opportunity had arisen to beat the Bounder. She made no secret of her disgust at Deborah’s decision to promote Bernadette to her deputy. However, so long as she played by the rules and abided by the protocols he had little recourse to reprimand her. Much as he disliked Patty she was a necessary evil in the strict Back to School environment.

“Keep an eye on her,” he told his head of security. “If she over-steps the mark, I want to know about it.”

“Will do,” promised Ellen.

“I beat her fucking bandy,” gloated Patty in the saloon bar of the Bunch of Grapes. “She may think she’s tough but I could tell she was on the brink of blubbing.”

Even Katie was willing to put their differences to one side while she listened to the whoop by whoop account of the afternoon’s proceedings. Katie was not a great fan of the Bounder, who secretly scared her. Bernadette regularly disrespected her and on several occasions had threatened to bop Katie on the hooter. The account of the new deputy being beaten into next week and back filled her with glee.

Bernadette Summers made sure the coast was clear before slipping her skeleton key into the lock of Patty’s door. She knew that the Dame had headed off campus with Katie and the Wart, doubtless to gloat over her successful whopping foray. The Bounder
pulled out a small torch and tiptoed along the hallway until she reached the living area. She speced out the layout and went through into Ms Hodges bedroom. She crossed to the walk-in closet. Inside she located Patty’s moccasin slippers. Bernadette extracted a bottle of adhesive gum from her inside blazer pocket and began to pour.

Patty had spent an enjoyable evening in the saloon bar of the Bunch of Grapes. Several of the local lothario’s had overheard her regaling her cronies with her tale of beating the Bounder and as a consequence she had scored several dinner dates.

When she returned to her apartment at the facility she had changed into her bathrobe and slipped her feet into her slippers, looking forward to a nightcap before bed.

The gum had not yet set and as her feet went in she was startled by the unpleasant feeling of goop seeping between her toes.

“What the fuck?” she howled. “Grrrrrrrr!!!!!”

Mr Humphries was suitably sympathetic. “Unexpectedly gummy slippers are never pleasant,” he agreed. “I’ll have the security tapes reviewed first thing in the morning, but the facility is locked down for the night and I don’t intend to start a witch hunt this late at night.”

Patty growled dismally. “You know as well as I do who’s responsible. It’s not fair.”

“Take a shower, get some sleep, we’ll deal with this in the morning,” said the Grand Master calmly.
“Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!!!!!!” grumbled Patty Hodge.

Mr Humphries instructed Suzy and Ellen Millar to review the security tapes. Even though he had found Ms Hodge’s indignant description of slipping her toes into the goop extremely amusing, he acknowledged that he was duty bound to seek out the culprit.

“We have the cameras set up on the perimeter walls mostly at that time of the night,” explained Nicola Jane Nixon. “We have never monitored the Brass’s accommodations.”

“What about the quadrangle?” asked the Grand Master.
Ellen Millar shook her head. “Claire had buttoned down the landings, everyone was in bed.”

“Maybe it wouldn’t have been after lock-down,” suggested Mr Humphries.
Ellen shrugged. “I talked to all of the Brass, several were on campus and up and about until well after lights out. It would have been very risky slipping into the Brass accommodations until pretty late at night.”
No Chumps on Campus

Patty was furious. “It’s a cover up,” she screeched. “I want Summers sacked,” she demanded. “She broke into my private quarters. That’s a criminal offence!”

The Grand Master pointed out that there was no hard evidence against the Bounder but promised he would personally interview her.

“She’ll just tell you a pack of porkies,” Ms Hodge said angrily and stomped out of the office.

“She’s right in one way,” the Grand Master told Ellen Millar. “If it was just a prank to get even over a thrashing then the Bounder is up for a flogging. But breaking in is another thing altogether.”

Ellen sighed. “Will you be forced to sack her?”

“Well we don’t have any evidence that it was her,” said the Grand Master, “and I doubt very much she’ll confess.”

“But you do think it was the Bounder?” asked Ellen.
The Agony and the Ecstasy

The Grand Master shrugged. “It would be an amazing coincidence if it wasn’t,” he told her.

Bernadette Summers looked at the Grand Master with hooded eyes. She had not been surprised when she had been called out of the lecture room to report to his office.

“I’m not concerned about the gummy slippers,” he was saying. “That can be settled simply enough with a flogging,” he said matter-of-factly. “What I am concerned about is breaking and entering. Even if it was just a misguided part of a prank it’s still a serious matter.”

He studied the Bounder. She was staring straight ahead; the expression on her face was impenetrable.

“You wouldn’t know anything about this I suppose?” the Grand Master continued.

Bernadette didn’t respond, continuing to stare into the middle distance.

“I could have Ellen dust the apartment for fingerprints,” the Grand Master said thoughtfully, “but only a chump wouldn’t have worn gloves and there are no chumps on this campus, are there Bernadette?”

The Bounder shrugged. “Not that I know of sir,” she muttered.

“Good,” said the Grand Master. “That’s what I like to think. We run a no chumps on campus show here. It would take a real chump to stash a skeleton key in one of the dorms or studies, don’t you think?”

“A real chump, sir,” grunted the Bounder.
“Well, that’s settled then, you don’t know anything about gummy slippers, so you’d better cut along back to your lecture,” the Grand Master told her. “I’ll continue with my investigations and probably just have Ellen and Deborah perform a routine search of the lockers and see if they happen upon any skeleton keys in the wardrobe.”

He smiled at the Bounder. “Deborah will be on the training court for the next few hours and then I’ll start the search.”

Bernadette Summers nodded and turned on her heel and left the room.

Debs was quite alarmed when she was summoned from the lecture room to the Grand Masters study. As she cut through the corridors she wracked her brains for any reason that she might be up for whops. Although she made several visits a day to Mr Humphries study on Red-shirt business he rarely called her out of a lecture. She rapped nervously on his door and waited for the light to turn green.

“At ease Deborah,” the Grand Master said to the Red-shirts great relief. “Let’s sit down. We have a minor situation we need to discuss.”

Debs couldn’t help but smile at the vision of Patty slipping on her moccasins. Nonetheless, she was forced to concede that breaking and entering into a member of the Brass’s private quarters was not to be encouraged and an inadvisable course of action for a Deputy Red-shirt.
“I’ll go with Ellen and search the dorms and studies,” she said tightly. “I doubt we’ll find anything though, the culprit is bound to have tossed the key in the trash. She’d have to be a real chump not to have done.”

“Alright Deborah, please proceed,” said the Grand Master, “But don’t you have a training session with Rachel scheduled to start in a few minutes? You can perform the search when you finish.”

“I do?” Debs began to say, then quickly, “oh yes Sir, I’ll need to cut along and get changed. We’ll perform the search at lunch-time,” and hurried from the room.
Patty Hodge was outraged. “That’s it?” she yelped. “You’ve let her off Scot-free?”

Mr Humphries poured Patty a large brandy. “I have no evidence against her and fortunately the key turned up at the security room. No real harm was done and nothing was stolen.”

“What about my goddam slippers? They’re ruined! Have you seen the price of a good pair of moccasins these days?” screeched Patty.

“Have you looked in your closet?” asked the Grand Master.

“Not since this morning,” she replied.

“Well take a look,” he told her. “Enjoy the slippers.”

“She could have been flogged, or worst still stood down as my deputy,” fumed Debs.

“She knows that she fucked up,” said Cat Cassidy coolly. “You knew it was a risky proposition when you promoted her. You’ll never take the Bounder out of Bernadette, that’s why we love her.”
“Love her,” snorted Debs. “I’d like to string her up by her bumbag elastic.”

“Miss Summers is waiting outside the library Ma’am,” said Lady Derby Huntington. “She’s waiting to be dangled.”

“Oh good fucking grief,” groaned Debs.

“I deserve to be dangled, Ma’am,” said Bernadette.

“I’m not dangling you,” said Debs emphatically. “You think that I don’t think that your lark was funny? Of course I do. But it put the Grand Master in a difficult position with Patty and we don’t do that. I may be cross with you but I am still not dangling you and by the way we never had this conversation. The matter is officially closed.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” said Bernadette, she took her hands off her head, turned away from the wall and hurried down the corridor.

“That be-yotch Morton and the Grand Master staged her reprieve,” raged Patty. “We need to reinstate the ‘Get Morton’ program and it’s your job to declare Jihad on her bumbags.”

Katie narrowed her eyes at Patty. “I take it that you are volunteering to be team leader in this operation and will personally take any consequences?”

Patty sipped her drink. “Your attitude is beginning to give me the pip,” she said pointedly.

“Your attitude gave me the pip for a very long time,” snapped Katie, “so get used to the idea.”
“Schlong shlime,” muttered the Wart and slammed down a large tequila.

Patty took down her mannequin and laid it out. She opened her secret drawer. Inside were two pairs of navy blue gossamer bumbags. The identification tag stitched into the inside of the waistband of the first read ‘Deborah Morton’, the second, ‘Katie Beck’. She contemplated which she should use for her nightly voodoo ritual.

She was certain that Debs had been a party to the conspiracy to allow the Bounder to escape scot-free for gumming up her slippers. On the other hand she was furious at Katie’s audacious coup d’état and the arrogant attitude she had assumed since taking over the role of Commandant of the Radical Right and its associated organizations. It was hard to decide which pair of bumbags would provide the greatest therapy and alleviation of her frustrations. She reached into the drawer and extracted both pairs.

“What the hell,” she muttered. She’d whop the crap out of both pairs, she decided, and see if it made her feel any better.

Debs was sublimely unaware that across the quadrangle in the Brass quarters Patty was thrashing the bejaysus out of her stolen bumbags in a voodoo ritual. She was otherwise occupied with Nicola Jane Nixon face down, arse up across her knees reciprocating for the previous evening. She spanked Nixdown until her arm felt like it would drop off.

“Did you enjoy that,” asked Nix.
“Yes, maybe, kind of,” said Debs uncertainly.
Nix just grinned. “I get the feeling that you’re veering towards NixWorld.”
Deborah looked down at the floor. “I’m not sure that I am ready for that. I’m just a simple tennis player.”
“There is nothing simple about you Miss Morton,” laughed Nix, “but I want you to promise me something.”
“What’s that?” asked Debs.
“I want you to promise me that you won’t embark on some kind of suicide mission and start provoking people like Patty and the Wart,” she told Deborah. “Patty hates you and if she gets you over a desk it’s not going to be any fun.”
Deborah chuckled. “I said I’m simple, not a simpleton. I know they’ve declared jihad on my bumbags. I’ll be careful, I promise.”
Provenance

Lisa Sutton groaned. At the end of the row she was seated in Rosemary was holding up a red card. “Sutton, Phase 6, step up for goofing,” said the prefect.

Since returning from Christmas furlough Lisa had been strutting around the campus boasting about the success of her reform program and gloating over sporting a cool-arse. Now, for the second time in the space of twenty-four hours, she was confronted with the prospect of whops.

She shuffled passed the other inmates seated in her row and trudged towards the front of the hall. She took up position between the piano and the swing doors and turned around with a gloomy look on her face.

As usual she had no earthly explanation as to what could have possibly possessed her to suddenly lean forward and flick the gal seated in front of her behind the lughole. It had not even been momentarily satisfying or amusing, and had been so lacking in
guile that she had been guaranteed to be clocked by the row monitor.

Lisa looked up at the clock at the back of the hall. There was at least five minutes to go before the Brass would arrive. She loathed standing in disgrace at the front of the hall. The other inmates had little else to do but examine her with bored eyes. She felt like a specimen. She did her best to try to look nonchalant and not to fidget. She stared into the middle distance and did her best to prepare herself for whops.

As usual Patty and the Wart felt obliged to stop and be unnecessarily beastly before taking up their seats on the stage. Mercifully the Grand Master had barely broken stride before dismissing her and instructing her to go and get inspected.

She hurried through the swing doors and cut along the labyrinth of corridors that led to Katie Beck’s office.

Despite her many behavioral flaws Lisa Sutton was amongst the least clobber-challenged of the inmates. Katie looked her up and down but it was clear that there was not even a hint of an excuse to institute a full bib-down, tie-back clobber inspection. She had to satisfy herself by sending Lisa into the ante-room and leaving her bare-arsed across the desk for several minutes before she deigned to venture in and inspect the state of her derriere.

Lisa pressed her nose against the wood-paneling and placed her hands on her head. She could sense Katie seated behind her desk, peering
through the open door of her office, watching like a hawk lest Lisa moved her nose or inadvertently allowed her elbows touch the wall. Lisa had nothing else to do but contemplate the latest upset to her reform program.

Mr Humphries was fond of Lisa and tended to subscribe to her opinion that she was a ‘very naughty gal, but not a bad gal’ and had watched her efforts at reform with some admiration. Nonetheless it was not the first time that she had been evicted from the hall for acts of spontaneous lughole flicking and he felt obliged to discourage any repetition of this kind of activity by bending her over the desk and lashing her with the Reform School Strap.

Lisa had no disagreement in principle that her reform program needed some revitalization but her heart sank when she watched the Grand Master extract the Reform School Strap from the tall-boy. Generously Mr Humphries had taken the time to share the provenance of the long leather strap with Lisa.

A tough disciplinarian named Joshua Plunkett first introduced the Reform School Strap to the Alabama State Reformatory in the late nineteenth century. The reform school housed the life-hardened daughters of drunken docker’s and itinerant workers. Plunkett was convinced that the inmates of the reformatory were victims of their unfortunate circumstances and embarked upon an enlightened program to reform them. On Sundays the young women were taken from their cells and brought to the
prison chapel. One by one they were manacled over a flogging horse and given thirteen strokes of the strap while the prison chaplain prayed for their souls and salvation. Later, Mr Humphries told Lisa, the legendary strap was introduced into reform schools stretching along the southern United States from Florida to Texas and had helped numerous young women in their pursuit of reform.

Lisa considered reminding the Grand Master that they had embarked upon several reform school strap experiments in the past that did not seem to have proven overly successful but she did not want to appear ungrateful. She peeled off her blazer and bent over the desk.
Adequately Enlightened

In the absence of a handy chaplain Lisa Sutton had to pray for her soul and salvation herself. The Reform School Strap was ideally designed for swift application. The Grand Master pumped his arm in a fluid motion landing swipe after swipe without interruption. The booming slaps of the strap crashing down across Lisa’s naked nates were making her giddy and breathless. Each swipe seemed to raise her further out of the heels of her shoes and she was certain that if she hadn’t been supported by the heavy oak desk she would have been blasted clean across the room.

It was all over in less than a minute. She shook her head and tried to clear the fog that the relentless pulsations in her rear end were sending to her brain. Lisa clung to the desk and slowly slumped back into her shoes. It felt as though the wide snake of the strap had swollen her buttocks up to the size of a pair of good sized water melons. She puffed out her cheeks and let her breath out in long slow whistles.
Mr Humphries rolled Lisa’s bumbags up and turned down the seat of her skirt.

“Take your time,” he told her and went over and replaced the strap back in the tall-boy. He rolled down the sleeves of his shirt and fastened the cuffs. He retrieved his suit jacket and put it on.

Slowly Lisa pushed herself up from the desktop. Gingerly she crossed the room and retrieved her blazer from the arm of the sofa she had folded it across. Mr Humphries went behind the desk and sat back in his leather chair.

With trembling fingers Lisa fastened the top button of her blazer and approached the desk. She handed over her Punishment Record Book and watched while Mr Humphries neatly entered made his entry and then clicked on his laptop so he could enter it electronically. Later, Katie would transcribe the punishment manually into the ledger that contained records of every punishment administered at the facility dating back to when it had first been opened as a prestigious boarding school during the mid eighteen-fifties.

Lisa retrieved her prb and replaced it in the breast pocket of her blazer.

“Will that be all, Sir?” she asked tightly.

Mr Humphries nodded.

Lisa had her hand on the doorknob when the Grand Master said, “I have some literature on Joshua Plunkett’s enlightened reform programs if you would care for a copy.”

Lisa turned around and smiled weakly. “Thank you Sir, I don’t like to sound churlish, but I am feeling quite adequately enlightened just for the moment.”
Mr Humphries just smiled sagely and winked at Lisa.

Armanisuit was not feeling the least bit enlightened. He had spent several hours having his lugholes rebored by Malicious. The attorney had felt it only fair to inform his employer that Lord Rufus and the Confederacy of Yoofs had escalated their schedule of rates for their services for future missions.

“Future missions?” she had screamed at him. “They are a bunch of Scousers,yahoo’s and vagabonds, and they have accomplished nothing!”

Armanisuit did not consider it an appropriate juncture to point out that it was Malicious that had personally employed the Yoofs in the first place. She tended to be a tad touchy with regard to such lines of reasoning.

“Rufus has promised a first-rate Black Op’s team,” Armanisuit assured her. “He says that the last excursion was just a dry-run and that there was some incidental wastage necessary. He assures me that this is quite usual in these types of operations.”

“Incidental wastage!” hollered Malicious. “The next incidental wastage will be your ears when I feed them to my dogs. This fool Brooks is jeopardizing several key global economic initiatives I have planned. They might be stalled if they are misrepresented to the Great Unwashed. It is imperative that you pass this message on to Lord Rufus and inform him that I will not tolerate any further failures from any of you.”

“I’ll contact him right away,” said the lawyer rather lamely but Malicious had already hung up.
Rufus blew cigar smoke in Armanisuit’s face. “If she wants a Black Op’s team she’s going to pay for it,” he told Armanisuit. He put down his cigar and picked up two Ming vases and began to juggle them.

“Put them down!” snapped the lawyer. “Have you any idea how much they are worth?”

“Okie dokie,” laughed the aristocrat and put his hands behind his back. The two vases splintered on the wood floor. He reached out and picked up his cigar. “Don’t worry they were fakes,” he laughed.

Armanisuit glared at him. “They were not, I purchased them at Sotheby’s,” he snapped. “They came with a perfectly authenticated provenance.”

“So did the copies I sold to a Venezuelan cattle baron. Trust me Armanisuit, the originals are in my family vault,” he laughed. “Now, about the Black Op’s team. Is she in or is she out?”
On Wednesday evening Sarah Forsham-Smythe dispatched Felicity Robertson to Debs study for a spanking.

“I’ve tried to cut her some slack while she settles in,” explained Sarah, “but she’s bone idle and doesn’t do half the things I ask her to do. I know it can’t be much fun being a grubby but she doesn’t even try.”

Felicity flounced into Deborah’s study with a sullen pout on her face. Her blazer was unfastened, her collar and tie were loosened and her socks were concertinaed around her ankles.

Deborah sighed.

“I take it that you have read the Politics of Clobber?” she asked.

“Yes,” grunted Felicity.

“That is yes, Ma’am, to you Robertson,” said Debs sternly. “So if you have acquainted yourself with the clobber protocols you will know that if I sent you up to Miss Beck’s you would be spending a most
disagreeable time over her knee. In fact I would be quite within my rights to take you up to library myself and give you six with the cane for having your blazer open and for zero-tolerance collar and tie abuse.”

Felicity glared at Debs.

“However,” Deborah continued. “I’m going to cut you some slack. You have five minutes to go away and straighten yourself up, then when you return we shall proceed with the business at hand.”

Felicity did not seem in the least bit grateful for having caught some slack, but when she returned she did look considerably neater.

“Miss Forsham-Smythe tells me that you have been somewhat remiss in performing your duties,” said Debs.

“I’m not her personal slave,” said Felicity hotly.

“No, but you are her personal grubby,” said Deborah.

“Why does she have a grubby? She’s serving a sentence just the same as me?” said Felicity in a rather petulant tone.

“She is a fully-fledged member of the Elite and has earned her privileges,” said Deborah evenly. “You on the other hand have not. I strongly suggest that you get with the program and to help you maintain focus I am going to give you a dusting.”

Felicity narrowed her eyes. “It’s not fucking fair,” she said bitterly. “She gets to swan about the place giving me orders and I get spanked for telling her to go boil her head. Anyway who the fuck are you to dust me? You’re just a fucking prisoner like me.”
“Robertson, your attitude is not going to get you very far in here,” said Debs, “and it’s not going to make you many friends.”

“Who wants to be friends with a bunch of criminals?” spat Felicity.

Debs shrugged. She placed an armless straight-backed chair in the middle of the room and sat down.

“Come here,” she instructed Felicity.

“And what if I refuse?” the ex-Snob asked belligerently.

Deborah stared at her evenly. The question had caught her momentarily off-guard. Since her various appointments as a senior member of the Elite she had delivered over a hundred canings and danglings and over fifty spankings. Never once had her authority been questioned.

“Perhaps you should try me and see,” she said quietly, “but personally I would advise against that course of action. I would prefer to deal with this matter privately but if you would prefer we can take it up with the Grand Master and I can guarantee that you will be publicly flogged. Have you ever been publicly flogged, Robertson? I have, and I can assure you it’s not much fun.”

Felicity continued to glower at Debs.

“I’ll give you to the count of three, to make up your mind. A private dusting or a public flogging, it’s your choice” said Deborah. “One … two …”

Finally Felicity shuffled over.

“Take off your blazer,” instructed Deborah, “and then let’s have you over and up.”
Deborah took a few moments to gather herself. Felicity had given her the serious pip. She fully understood that Felicity might be experiencing difficulties adjusting to her new environment and that grubbing might not be to her taste. Nonetheless, she was going to have to learn to abide by the rules and accept the consequences when she did not.

Debs folded back the skirt of Felicity’s gymslip and began to dust down her bumbags.
Felicity Goes Postal

Felicity Robertson was not a large cove by any standards but it took all Deborah’s strength to keep her from ejecting herself from her lap.

Felicity kicked and writhed and hollered up a blue storm. Deborah had been called some unpleasant names in her time but Felicity was taking the biscuit.

Debs contemplated her options. She had originally planned on releasing Felicity after thirty-six spanks but when she reached her target she did not feel the least bit inclined to let her victim up. Felicity's foul-mouthed threats were extremely grating on the nerves.

“Good grief gal, put your bumbags in it will you,” Debs snapped in exasperation, “You’re giving me a migraine,” but it was to no avail Felicity continued to cuss up a blue storm so Deborah just continued to dust.

“I’ll fucking kill you,” screamed Felicity.
“You need to calm down or you’re going to give yourself a stroke,” said Deborah and then she was forced to duck as Felicity hurled a vase at her. The glass object shattered against the wall. Bernadette stuck her head around the door.

“Is everything ok in here ...,” she started and then was forced to duck when Felicity aimed an ashtray at her. “Holy shit,” squealed the Bounder.

Deborah had finally given up on the spanking as an exercise in diminishing returns. No sooner had she released Felicity than the ex-Snob went completely postal on her. She was snatching up anything that wasn’t nailed down and hurling them at Deborah.

The Bounder hurried in and tried to restrain Felicity. Several other prefects had hurried down the landing to find out what the commotion was about.

“For gawds sake calm down,” said Deborah and barely escaped losing a knee cap as Felicity lashed out at her. The Bounder managed to get a grip on Felicity’s arms but was forced to release her when she was painfully back-heeled on the shin-bone.

It took Kate Faulkner and Angie Ashurst to finally manage to push Felicity back onto the bed and pin her down. Her face was puce from screaming and her eyes were rolling in her head.

Debs picked up her cell-phone and called Ellen. “You’d better come over to my study,” she told the head of security. “I think we might need to call a sawbones. Felicity Robertson just had a major meltdown.”
Kate Faulkner finally managed to soothe Felicity a little. She stopped screeching obscenities and began to sob.

The Elite gals exchanged glances. “Is she going to be okay?” asked Rosemary.

Deborah shrugged. “She’s just having a temper tantrum. I gave her a dusting and as soon as I released her she went ballistic and started trying to bust the place up.”

Ellen came into the study and hurried over to the bed. “Do we need a sawbones?” she asked Kate.

Kate shook her head. “I don’t think so. I think if we take her to the sanatorium and give her something to help her calm down, she’ll be just fine.”

“Gawd Debs,” giggled Nix, after the police officers had escorted Felicity from the room. “That must have been some major dusting.”

Debs smiled half-heartedly. “Well we have established that Miss Robertson is not a gal who much cares to be dusted.”

“I’m sorry,” said Sarah forlornly. “I had no idea she would kick up such a stink. She was always a tad highly strung but I didn’t know she was a complete muff.”


The Bounder was inspecting her shin which was developing a bruise. Rosemary hurried next door to get some mystical balm.
“So much for a quiet evening,” sighed Debs. “I suppose I’d better go and give the Grand Master a report.”

“It was kind of scary,” Debs told the Grand Master. “I mean she’s not the first gal to go postal over a dusting.” She reddened a little. “I mean I went kind of loopy when you put me over your knee in front of the whole unit but there were extenuating circumstances. After all you did yank down my bumbags in front of a hundred punters, but who goes postal during a private dusting?”

“Sounds like we have a major muff on our hands,” said Mr Humphries. “We’ll leave her in the sanatorium overnight and I’ll chat with her in the morning.”
She’s still a Forsham-Smythe

Felicity Robertson spent a sleepless night in the sanatorium. Katie Beck had given her a mild tranquilizer but it had not helped her to sleep. She tossed and turned in her scratch, intermittently sobbing and kvetching over her latest misfortunes.

When she had arrived at the Woody facility Felicity had anticipated that Sarah might be a little shirty regarding her attempts to stitch her up like a kipper at the Hayden-White trial. Nonetheless, she was confident that she could make her old chum see reason and understand that there had been some serious squids at stake.

She had also assumed that Sarah would already have the fix in and would be running things around the facility.

It had come as a serious shock to find her old partner in crime neatly dressed in prefects clobber, with barely a hint of make-up and no expensive designer accessories. She had assumed that Sarah’s prissy appearance at the trial had been a ploy to dupe the authorities.
Even when she had been informed that she would be required to act as Sarah’s personal grubby she had been convinced that this was just been her old chums way of rekindling their friendship. When Sarah had given her lists of tasks and assignments she had thought that she was joking.

In many ways Felicity Robertson was as foolish as three sheep. For years she had floated along on the gilded lily that accompanied the Forsham-Smythe name. It was incomprehensible that Sarah could have acquiesced to this awful whops and clobber regime. It all seemed like a bad dream.

“You want me to what?” squealed Felicity incredulously.

“I do not want you to do anything!” snapped Katie imperiously. “I am instructing you to go into the ante-room, roll down your bumbags, raise your skirt and bend over the desk. You will reach over so that you are holding the seat of the chair on the opposite side with both hands.”

Felicity slid her chest across the desk. She stretched out her arms to try to reach the chair on the opposite side. She realized that it was impossible without her feet leaving the floor. She groaned and pulled herself forward. She felt completely ridiculous with her ankles flapping in thin air and her bare bottom on show for the world to see. Tears slowly began to roll down her cheeks.

“I understand that you are having some difficulty settling in to our community,” said the Grand
Master. “We practice an open door policy here, so what is it that you don’t like and how can we help you adjust?”

Felicity gaped at the Grand Master. “What is it I don’t like? I hate this place. It’s barbaric.”

The Grand Master rocked back in his chair. “Miss Robertson, if memory serves me correctly, had it not been for the intervention of Mrs Forsham-Smythe you would more than likely be languishing behind bars in a high-security prison. I rather fancy that would not be to your taste. Here you have some relative freedoms, a good education, a nutritious diet, a well-equipped wellness center and an opportunity to re-enter society fully socially rehabilitated. All we ask you do in return is to behave yourself with a modicum of decorum.”

Felicity averted her eyes and looked down at the floor. “How does she get to be a prefect?” she muttered.

“If by ‘she’ you mean Sarah,” replied the Grand Master, “she distinguished herself in the call of duty. She was rewarded in recognition of her brave actions.”

“Brave actions?” scoffed Felicity. “She’s playing you for a patsy Grand Master.”

“Why do you say that?”

“She’s a Forsham-Smythe,” said Felicity. “It’s in her blood.”

“People change,” said Mr Humphries idly.

Felicity snorted. “She’ll stab you in the back and steal you blind as soon as you turn your back you mark my words.”
“I’ll be sure to bear your sage advice in mind,” nodded the Grand Master. “Now, Miss Robertson, getting back to the subject. We are prepared overlook last night’s episode as just a reaction to your new environment. However, in future I shall expect you to abide by the rules and accept the consequences when you don’t. Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes Sir,” muttered Felicity.

“Good, then you are dismissed,” said the Grand master quite amiably.

Felicity Robertson turned and shuffled unhappily out of the door.
The Important Matter of Whops

Nixdown sighed as she watched Deborah trudge towards the front of the lecture room. She had strongly counseled Debs against extending her experiment to include members of the Radical Right. But now the Wart was waiting with a whippy cane flexed between her hands.

In fairness to Debs she had not been alone in japing the Wart. It had been one of those days and all the members of the Famous Four had attracted yellow cards during the lecture. When Debs had offered another pearl of wisdom into the proceedings it was immediately clear that there was whops on the horizon.

The Wart watched the Red-shirt approach with a wolfish grin on her face. Several weeks had elapsed since the GeoDame had been forced to consent to being subjected to the humiliation of a public flogging. Rosemary had ceded her thrashing right’s to Debs and it was the Red-shirt who had delivered the fearsome beating.
The Agony and the Ecstasy

Ever since, the Wart had been gnashing her teeth and wringing her hands while she waited for an opportunity to cut Deborah’s bumbags to tatters.

Debs relationship with the Wart was strained at the best of times. Deborah continued to fulfill the role of Captain of the Red House. Every evening she was required to report to the Wart’s lair to discuss matters regarding the House. Deborah’s refusal to deliver a number of house beatings that the Dame had ordered had infuriated Ms Wharton. She used the evening tête-à-têtes as an excuse to verbally harangue Debs in a most disagreeable manner.

Deborah did her best to maintain a look of stony indifference as the Wart tore into her. In many ways the Wart sounded like a stuck record. She made no attempt to disguise the fact that she despised the Red-shirt but, of course, Debs had heard it all before. She glared contemptuously at the Dame and curled her lip when she was finally instructed to bend over and touch them.

The Wart folded back the hem of Deborah’s black skirt and the tail of her red blouse. She stepped back and performed her breathing exercises. For many years, despite her zeal and enthusiasm, the Wart had been regarded as rather amateurish with the cane. Recently, Patty who had become bored of the Wart lamenting miss-hits and glancing blows, had taken her to the gymnasium for some serious training. The results had been very satisfactory and the Wart had entered a new phase in her career as a whop junkie.
Debs did her best to relax as she waited to be caned. Due to her athleticism she found the toe-touching position less uncomfortable than many members of the community. Nonetheless the Wart was taking a remarkably long time before proceeding and Deborah could feel a sheen of perspiration accumulating on her brow as the seconds slowly ticked away.

Deborah sensed the Wart getting into position. Her heart was pounding uncomfortably. She had been stooped over for almost two full minutes with nothing else to think about except that at any second considerable discomfort was about to explode beneath her drum-tight bum-bags.

Finally she felt the tip of the cane tap down as the Wart gauged her distance. She braced herself.

Deborah's chums exchanged glances. The Wart had slashed the cane down with extreme prejudice. The sound of rattan meeting navy blue gossamer resounded around the room and out into the corridors. It was a sensational opener.

Debs head jerked up, her face contorted into a look of considerable anguish. Somehow she managed to keep her finger-tips clued to the toes of her shoes as the pain surged through every extremity of her body. There was no question it was a world-class whop.

The Wart had kindly informed Debs that she intended on giving her a thrashing to remember. It
The Agony and the Ecstasy

appeared that she was going to deliver on her promise.

All along the corridor ears pricked up. The whop could be clearly heard in the lecture rooms at the farthest end of the corridors. A second crack echoed along the paneled walls. The inmates exchanged glances; there was no question that some poor soul was catching it very hot. The Dames rolled their eyes. It was pointless to try to carry on lecturing until the commotion was over. The inmate’s attentions were distracted by the important matter of whops.
Well and Truly Whopped

The Wart was grinning like a demented crocodile. The first two strokes had gone off splendidly. Patty’s training was paying dividends. There was nothing more satisfying than hearing the whistle of rattan cutting through the air and then finishing with the rotund thwack that resulted from it landing directly on the curvaceous sweet spot of an upturned rear end, especially when it was Deborah Morton’s rear end.

Debs fingers were twitching on the tips of her toes. A decade and a half of frequent beatings had caused Deborah’s rear end to become a highly calibrated whopometer. She could sense the needle creeping towards the upper extremities of the heat factor gauge.

Debs stared down at the floor and gritted her teeth. It was imperative that no matter how hard the Wart whopped her she had to stay in the zone and will herself not to jerk upwards at the point of impact. Ms Wharton was notorious for invoking the harsh rule
regarding her victim’s fingers remaining physically touching her shoes throughout the thrashing.

The Wart stepped in and landed another scorcher. The adrenalin rush almost overwhelmed her and she had to step back and take several deep breathes. She felt giddy with power. For months the authority of the Radical Right had been clinically usurped by the Grand Master. His inner sanction was comprised of members of the Liberal Left, the Elite and the Old Gals and there was no room at the table for Robin Wharton.

Deborah Morton represented everything that the Wart despised about the Woody Glasnost and now she had her right where she wanted her. Bent forward defenselessly with her bumbags stretched tightly across her upturned orbs for no other reason than Robin Wharton could beat her mercilessly with a whippy stick.

Debs was hissing with consternation. She knew that she could take anything that the Wart cared to hand out but that didn’t make it any the less unpleasant. The Wart was leaving considerable intervals between strokes and even Debs was beginning to tire of assuming the difficult pose.

She heard the ominous whistle of the cane approaching and squeezed her eyes tightly shut as the line of white heat etched across the epicenter of her being.

Robin Wharton took her time preparing for the closer. The first five strokes had all been delivered
with commendable precision, power and accuracy. She knew that it didn’t matter how whop-hardened Debs had become she would be reeling from the effects of a truly world-class whopping.

Ms Wharton considered the merits of topping off her seamless performance with a bacon slicer or a low rider. Although they were delicious ideas she decided to set them aside. Her recent record with bacon slicers had landed her in considerable doodads and besides her success record was well below average. She was also aware that Suzy or Ellen would be watching the beating on CCTV and although a single low rider could be explained as inadvertent she did not want to spoil her day with a disagreeable discussion in the Grand Master’s office.

She left Debs sweating for an unnecessarily prolonged period and then stepped in to deliver a conventional closer.

Debs felt her body stiffen as the shock-waves surged from the tips of her toes to the end of her nose. Through the mist of unmitigated agony she managed to stay down. The Wart had closed cleanly, finishing off with a perfect five-bar gate. Debs knew there was nothing that she could do but suck it up. She had come a very long second in this latest encounter.

Debs placed a chair at the front of the lecture room and climbed onto the seat. Her face was pale and she was tight-lipped as she placed her hands on her head.

Despite the somewhat ridiculous pose she was rather relieved that she would not be required to
lower her striped and swollen rear end onto the hard and unforgiving wooden chairs that furnished the lecture rooms.

As she stared off into the middle distance Debs Morton was keenly aware that she had just been well and truly whopped.

“I told you to stay away from the Radical Right,” sighed Nixdown. “You should have seen the look on the Wart’s face while she was beating you, she was positively orgasmic.”

Debs groaned as Nicola Jane began to rub balm into the swollen stripes. “It was just a routine punishment, I didn’t set out to provoke her,” she said defensively.

“Well did you enjoy it?” asked Nix.

“No!” wailed Debs. “It was the pits, but that doesn’t clarify much. You’d have to be mad or Spanky Botts to enjoy being whopped by the Wart.”

“I think that there might be some redundancy in that sentence,” giggled Nix.
The Naughty Gene

On Monday morning the Woody gals were back in the news, but for once it was of a positive nature.

Over a rainy, windswept weekend Jojo, Penny Ann, Nixdown and Claire had taken gold at an important Eventing Championship, finishing sixteen marks ahead of their closest rival.

Debs had played in two-day indoor tournament and had surprised the critics by reaching the final where she narrowly lost to Gabs Newton, the world’s number two.

The Woody security contingent had been out in force at both events. As usual Stacks Monroe had supplied plenty of hard-bodied men to protect the gals from any attacks from the Confederacy of Yoofs.

With Jane Lummell travelling with the equestrian team Ms Lawton had volunteered to guard Debs. Deborah had been rather impressed by the pair of M9 9mm Parabellum Beretta’s the former Grand Dame sported. She wore one in a calf leather shoulder holster and strapped her back-up to her ankle.
They had dined quietly in the hotel. As usual the conversation had got around to whops and clobber. Ms Lawton was acting as an editorial consultant on Deborah’s magnum opus, ‘Waiting to be caned, a history of Woodys’.

Susan Lawton had attended the original Woody School and was a source of many fascinating anecdotes including tales regarding Deborah’s mother, Penny, who had been her friend and peer at the school.

“It’s not surprising that you’re such a naughty gal,” laughed Ms Lawton, “your Ma was quite the little hell-raiser in her day.”

“You really think naughtiness is genetic?” asked Deborah dubiously.

“Well I’m not sure that there’s been any scientific studies commissioned on the subject,” conceded Ms Lawton, “but it’s as good a theory as any other.”

“So I can blame Ma for me endlessly having my bum whacked?” giggled Debs.

“I think that might be a theory you keep to yourself,” smiled Susan. “Your Ma might not take too kindly to being blamed for your misbehavior and she had a very good right arm back in the day.”

“She still does,” grinned Deborah ruefully. “I saw from your diaries and prb that she caned you a few times.”

“I thoroughly deserved them, but she was always very sweet,” said Ms Lawton. “She was a breath of fresh air after a year of Patty as Red-shirt.”

“If Patty treated you so rottenly, why did you hire her?” asked Debs.
“I didn’t,” sighed Ms Lawton. “She was foisted on me by the System. There wasn’t much I could do; she was the number one disciplinarian in the education system and an excellent lecturer. It was difficult to make the case that I didn’t want her on my staff just because she’d whapped me on the bum a few times.”

“More than a few times according to your diaries,” pointed out Deborah.

Susan smiled, “She was an absolute tyrant,” she told Debs. “The trouble was she was very conniving and terribly charismatic. She sucked up to the Dames big time and they thought that the sun shone out of her bum. She knew that I’d never break the code and tittle-tattle on her so she had pretty free reign on my bumbags.”

“Poor you,” said Debs sympathetically.

Ms Lawton threw back her head and laughed gaily. “I was a lot like you really Deborah. I was a terribly naughty gal, not mean-spirited or bad, just very, very naughty. It was almost a compulsion and I often think I enjoyed the thrill of getting into trouble. I think that you do too. I think that you like the idea of being Deborah Morton, a very, very naughty gal and it defines your character.”

Debs blushed slightly. “I’ve been coming to the same conclusion recently,” she said, “and I find that quite alarming.”

Ms Lawton patted Debs hand. “Oh I shouldn’t be too concerned. Being naughty is not such a terrible crime,” she smiled. “After all what’s the worst that can happen? Remember its only whops, and …,”
“I know,” grinned Debs. “Women are born broad of beam and perfectly designed to absorb six of the best.”

The two women threw their heads back and laughed cheerfully.

Debs had turned in early to rest before the final. She had considered asking the former Grand Dame to give her six on the silks before bed but was not sure how Susan would react to the proposal so she decided against it.

Susan Lawton poured herself a gin and tonic. She had considered asking the Woody Red-shirt to give her six on the silks before bed, just for shits and giggles, but she was not sure how Deborah would react to the proposal so she decided against it.
Lady Victoria Brompton ran across the quadrangle with her arms outstretched. Her father swept her off her feet and hugged her.

“Pops, what are you doing here? I thought you hated institutions?” she beamed happily.

“A few of us are meeting with the Minister to help plan his campaign,” said his Lordship. “I do hope that you’re free for lunch, Cassie Cassy has promised to cook me beef wellington.”

Victoria grinned and put her arm in her father’s. “Can Christopher Brooks really win the election?” she asked earnestly.

“It’s going to be a tough fight,” Christopher Brooks told the guests assembled in the Great Hall. “The Prime Minister is not going to go quietly and of course he has the full resources of the Forsham-Smythe communications networks at his disposal.”

“You are not without your own resources,” Lord Brompton commented.
Christopher smiled. “That’s generous Lord Brompton but you have built your reputation based upon bipartisanship and independent reporting. I would never ask you to jeopardize your principles on my account.”

“If the evidence demonstrates that my daughter spent seven years banged up at Woodys to distract the attention of the Great Unwashed from government misconduct and to satisfy Melissa’s demented lust for power and influence I think I would be within my rights to say a few words on the subject,” laughed Lord Brompton.

“The evidence is certainly looking that way,” said Christopher.

“Good, then let’s get started,” said the aristocrat.

Lord Brompton, Christopher and Caroline Cassidy and Johnny Nixon had pledged their considerable personal fortunes in support of the Minister for Extreme Social Rehabilitations campaign for the new premiership. Mr Humphries had agreed to allow them to use the heavily fortified Woody facility as their campaign headquarters. Stacks Monroe had encouraged the Minister to dispense with his conventional security contingent and promised to provide him with top geezers to protect him from the threat of the Yoofs.

Victoria, Cat, Nixdown and Claire joined their families for a sumptuous lunch in the facilities private dining room. Cassie Cassy had prepared Lord Brompton’s favorite dish, beef wellington with oyster...
pate. She had accompanied the luncheon with several bottles of 1999 Ceretto Bricco Rocche Prapo, Barolo. The guests were keen for Cassie to join them seated at the table but she cheerfully declined. For Cassie Cassy there was no greater pleasure than cooking and serving dinner for her family and friends.

“I have a minor problem,” Claire told her father after lunch. “I am scheduled to perform my Caned Laughter Revue at Monets on Friday evening. It’s a charity event in support of Spanky’s foundation but I suppose I’d better cancel.”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” insisted Christopher. “I will be campaigning on a pro-spanking ticket. I don’t think you performing your revue will do me any harm.”

Oliver had constructed a small raised stage in Monets restaurant. Claire Brooks came out to rapturous applause.

Tickets had been offered on an invitation-only basis and went on sale at a grand a skull. Bernadette Summers Enterprises in conjunction with the Spanky Botts Foundation had invited the glitterati of the whops and clobber zeitgeist. The restaurant was jammed to the gills with clobber clad celebrities.

In the VIP bar Bernadette had set up the usual concession stands selling genuine Woody memorabilia and the exclusive lines of BSE brand clobber.

The inmates of the facility worked the room giving autographs and having snap-shots taken in return for generous donations to the charitable foundation.
Claire Brooks leaned her right elbow on the microphone stand looking relaxed. As usual Claire was impeccably dressed, her red and black striped tie was neatly knotted and formed a perfectly vee over the top button of her blouse. The rest of her clobber looked pressed and immaculate.
Ma Hits the Campaign Trail

Considering that her repertoire of anecdotes focused solely on her numerous experiences of getting spanked, caned, slippered and strapped Claire Brooks had a light-hearted style of delivery.

She had the audience crying with laughter as she recounted of first encountering her boarding schools quaint ritual of informing a gal she was to be caned. She received a pretty notelet from the Headgirl cordially inviting her along for what was known as a six o’clock swishing. Claire pointed out that it had always struck her as rather charming that the Headgirl always requested an RSVP.

She even managed to make the bizarre incident when she became the first girl in over fifty years to be sentenced to be horsed and birched seem amusing, although she did comment that she felt that being expelled immediately afterwards was a little unsporting.

Despite her external repose Claire’s heart was pounding in nervous anticipation. It would have been impossible for Claire not to go into some detail
regarding her lengthy relationship with Ma Brooks infamous hairbrush.

“I was brought up under the regime of the Brooks Brush. It’s a family tradition. No problem that can’t be solved by a sore bottom,” she aped her mother. “You’ve all seen her on TV, it’s her mantra. Me and my sister Jen were always dreaming up ways to avoid getting zinged,” giggled Claire, “but we weren’t very successful. Ma never cares, no matter who’s in the house, friends, family or neighbors, she’d just take us by the wrist and hauls up upstairs to our bedrooms and spank us.”

Claire smiled at the audience. “I have a confession to make,” she told the audience. “When I was at school me and Ma had a deal, I was only allowed to get swished three times a term which wasn’t always happening. I worked out how to steam open the envelopes containing my end of term reports and change the numbers when necessary.” She grinned broadly. “I escaped a zinging or two with that little scam.”

The audience gasped as the famous figure of Ma Brooks bustled onto the stage.

“Never too late for retribution,” said Ma, brandishing her brush.

“Aw Ma!” groaned Claire.

“Go Ma!” the excited audience squealed.

“You have to be fucking barking,” Claire told the Bounder. Bernadette had pitched up at Claire’s private apartment in the Old Gal section of the Back to School facility with a bottle of Dom and a mitt full of contracts for Claire to sign.
“We’re not talking about a coupla quids here,” said the Bounder, “we’re talking shed loads. After you do the charity show I can line you up with private gigs all around the country.”

“You have to be fucking barking,” groaned Claire again.

“I know it might not seem an attractive offer on the face of it,” said Bernadette solicitously, “but your Ma is the public face of your father’s pro-spanking ticket so who better?”

“You have to be fucking barking,” moaned Claire.

The crowd erupted as Ma Brooks took Claire purposefully by the wrist and led her towards the center of the stage. From the behind the curtain Claire’s younger sister Jennifer appeared with a straight-backed chair and placed it under a single spotlight. She winked at Claire.

“Jen!” gasped Claire.

“Just helping out,” grinned her sister.

“Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!” growled Claire as she was thrust downwards across her mother’s lap.

Claire felt her mother’s hand push down forcefully on the back of her neck. Her nose was thrust towards the carpet, her bottom pushed involuntarily upwards.

“Put it up and keep it up,” commanded Ma Brooks, “I intend to zing you!”

“Aw Ma,” groaned Claire.
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The hairbrush landed three times at high velocity, one on top of the other on the right cheek of Claire’s gossamer covered behind.

Ma Brooks smoothed down Claire’s skirt before helping her daughter back to her feet.

“Now that’s taken care of,” she said matter-of-factly, “You’d better go back and entertain your guests.”

“That was Ma, for those of you that didn’t recognize her,” said Claire, leaning against the microphone stand. She puffed out her cheeks. “Now where was I before I was so rudely interrupted? Oh yes, zinging. Well I think we’ve covered that in enough detail so why don’t we move right along?”
Bumbags on the Auction Block

Claire slid gingerly into the seat beside her mother.

“This is supposed to be a comedy show,” she complained. “I didn’t find anything in the least bit funny about that.”

Ma patted her daughter’s hand affectionately. “There, there, Claire,” she said warmly. “I can remember many occasions when I’ve spanked you much harder than that and you always jumped up and were straight back gabbing with your chums a few minutes later, as if nothing had happened. I’ve always admired your stoicism and fortitude.”

Claire pouted. “It’s not like I’ve ever had much choice. Do you remember when you took me upstairs and spanked me in the middle of my twenty-first birthday party and then sent me back down to enjoy myself?”

“You were being potty-mouthed in front of your guests,” Ma calmly reminded Claire. “You’re quite capable of being witty without the need for using vulgarity.”
Claire sighed. Bernadette had scheduled several more performances at the more enlightened supper-clubs around the nation. It occurred to Claire that going on the road with Ma was going to prove a hot and sweaty experience.

Bernadette Summers rubbed her bumbags with glee as she watched the Woody entourage smiling sweetly, posing for photographs and signing autographs. Squids were swapping hands at a furious pace. Even though it was a charitable event she made a straight fifteen per cent off the top to cover expenses. She slipped into a chair next to Claire.

“Give me your bumbags,” she demanded. “I’ve got a buyer from the silent auction.”

Claire looked aghast. “Are you fucking barking?” she squealed.

“Barking?” asked the Bounder. “This is serious dosh we’re looking at.”

“My Pa is about to run for Prime Minister,” said Claire. “The next thing we’ll see is ‘Prime Ministers Daughters Genuine Bumbags’ on sale in an Internet auction. He’ll be mortified.”

“He’s basing his campaign on a pro-spanking ticket,” retorted Bernadette, “he’d probably appreciate you donating a pair of your more threadbare bumbags as a campaign flag.”

“Oh good fucking grief!” groaned Claire and instantly cut her eyes nervously at Ma. Fortunately her mother was deep in conversation. “I’m not flogging my bumbags,” Claire hissed.
Bernadette reached into her pocket and pulled out a wad of quids thick enough to choke a donkey. She rifled them through her fingers.

“Oh good fucking grief,” yelped Claire.

Ma Brooks turned around sharply. “I’ll see you in your apartment when we get back to the facility,” she snapped. “I keep telling you that there is no need for profanity.”

“Awwww nooooooooooo!” groaned Claire.

Jojo pointed into the distance. “Look at that,” she grinned, “that’s such a Woody moment.”

Joanna and the Grand Master were seated on the patio having a nightcap. In the distance at a window in the Old Gal quarters Claire Brooks was spread out bare arsed across her mother’s lap. The sound of wood rebounding off bare flesh resonated around the quadrangle.

“Awwww please Ma!” pleaded Claire.

“I’ve told you before young lady,” said Ma Brooks sternly. “There is no problem that can’t be solved with a sore bottom.”

“But Ma,” wailed Claire. “My bottom’s already awful sore!”

“As I can see,” said Ma, “and might I inquire as to the whereabouts of your bumbags?”

“I’ll kill you Bounder,” groaned Claire hopelessly. “I’ll throttle you with your own bumbag elastic!”

Bernadette was counting her loot. Adding Ma to the show had been a stroke of genius. Watching a
genuine juicy spanking up close and personal had opened up the wallets of the whops and clobber aficionados. They had spent thousands of quids on Woody memorabilia. Selling off Claire’s bumbags while they were still steaming from their recent run-in with Ma’s brush had been one of the Bounder’s greatest ever business coups.

Bernadette poured herself a cognac and lit a cigarette. She breathed the smoke slowly through her nostrils. She’d sleep well tonight she told herself.

Claire Brooks was having a great deal of difficulty sleeping. The second dose of Ma’s hairbrush had transformed her already uncomfortably hot bottom into a veritable inferno. She wriggled and squirmed under her duvet trying to find a position that was even vaguely comfortable.

Despairing of sleep she began to run through ideas for new material in her head. It occurred to her that Bernadette Summers should be doing more to earn her fifteen percent of gross earnings from the revue. She needed to add something to the bottom line. Claire giggled to herself, suddenly feeling a little better. The idea of the Bounder experiencing Ma’s hairbrush up close and personal was very attractive and even Bernadette wouldn’t be able to argue against the potential for an increase in ticket prices if the Whops and Clobber crowd were promised a bonus spanking.

Claire Brooks closed her eyes and began to fall asleep.
Michelle Morgan handed Jojo and Mr Humphries the morning newspapers.

“Have you ever seen anything like this?” she asked.

Jojo spread out the paper on the patio breakfast table. She almost choked on her coffee. “Oh good grief,” she said incredulously. “Are we never out of the news?”

On the right side of the front page was a picture of a smiling Christopher Brooks beneath a banner headline regarding a resounding speech the challenger as new Prime Minister had made the previous evening. On the opposite side of the page was a picture of Claire, face down across Ma Brooks lap. Her leg was crooked back, her fist punching the air and her face screwed up in anguish as the camera captured the moment of impact of the hairbrush striking her bumbags.

“It looks like this could turn into a very interesting leadership campaign,” smiled the Grand Master.
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“I thought that you had secured all the cameras during the show,” complained Claire.
“I thought so too,” said Bernadette defensively, “but somebody must have used their cell-phone camera. Still look on the bright side, its free publicity.”
“Bounder, my bumbags are all over the national press,” wailed Claire.
“Well aren’t you glad that I negotiated that you could keep them up?” countered Bernadette. “It would have been far more embarrassing if your skinny bare arse had been on display.”
“Oh good grief,” grumbled Claire. “You and I need to have a long talk.”

Bernadette was feeling smug. She had been as surprised as Claire by the security breach during the revue but her phone was ringing off the hook with offers from night-clubs all around the country to book Claire’s services.
She was certain that Claire would calm down soon enough and recognize the infinite and lucrative opportunities to be earned from her now nationally prominent bumbags.
To placate Claire, Bernadette had agreed to consider her proposal that she should participate in the revue. It was not a proposition that the Bounder actually intended on giving a moment’s further thought. The Bounder considered herself far too wily to voluntarily situate her own bumbags in the path of a fast moving hairbrush even if it might mean sacrificing the few extra quids that she would be able to add to the price of admission.
Once she was over the initial shock of seeing her bumbags spread across the front page of a national newspaper Claire was forced to admit that the associated review was very positive. Bernadette had allowed a Woody-friendly jouno to attend the performance and he had praised Claire’s easy delivery and natural talent as a story-teller. He dubbed her ‘the World’s first spanking comedienne’.

By special arrangement with Spanky Botts the transcript of her revue was made available exclusively in the member’s area of the web-site. Predictably when she logged on to her laptop her email box was filled with messages from well-wishers from the Café Woodys crowd congratulating her on her fabulous reviews.

When she logged into the chat-room at www.woodettes.com she received a heroine’s welcome.

To her great relief her father had telephoned and did not seem the least bit put out by having his speech upstaged by his daughter’s spanking. He congratulated her on her review and encouraged her to continue to stage future shows.

After completing her sentence Claire Brooks had stayed on at Woodys to finish her degree in veterinary science. Being on campus allowed her to train with the other members of the trophy winning equestrian team who she hoped would make up the next Olympic squad. She had always assumed that she would pursue a career involving working with
horses. Until recently it had never occurred to her that there might be healthy wedges of dosh to be made by embarking on a career as a spanking storyteller. She wondered whether she should claim some Irish heritage and advertise herself as the ‘Spanking Seanchaithe’.
The Woody Industry

Jojo and the Grand Master lunched on delicious helpings of roasted leg of lamb with all the trimmings, washed down with tankards of frothing ale at their favorite pub on the Downs.

Jojo had been busy working on the manuscript for the new production that had been commissioned by the theatrical impresario Maximillian Heurst. It was titled, ‘Whops and Clobber, a life in a day of Woodys’.

“I always expected I’d go back into theater after I finished my sentence,” giggled Jojo, “but I’m not sure this is what I had in mind.”

Mr Humphries sipped his ale and turned over the pages of the manuscript, “When Malicious decided to take us on I very much doubt she expected that she would actually spawn a whole new industry.”

“Knowing Malicious she’ll soon change her tune and try and muscle in on the market if she sees there’s some money in it,” laughed Jojo. “Because there sure must be a helluva a lot of spanko’s out there. Bernadette and Spanky reckon that they will
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sell out all five shows without ever putting the tickets on sale to the general Great Unwashed.”

“No Bounder, I am not going to be spanked for Japanese TV,” said Deborah firmly.

“It’s only a couple of spanks for a hairbrush commercial and you’d be paid in Yen,” complained Bernadette. “It’s a very strong currency. I would have thought you would be grateful to me for giving you an opportunity to get into the lucrative currency market. You need to expand your investment horizons.”

Debs rolled her eyes. The Bounder had assumed the role of Deborah’s self-appointed commercial agent and constantly approached her with business opportunities. Unfortunately the majority of these opportunities involved Debs exposing her bumbags to the world at large and having her bottom smacked.

It was not a career path that Debs had ever envisioned for herself. However, she was forced to grudgingly admit that her forays into the world of spanking modeling had paid substantial dividends and the secret offshore bank account that Bernadette had established in her name was cram-filled with wedge.

“Just how many Yen are we talking about?” Deborah enquired guardedly.

The Bounder grinned and reached under her skirt and produced a legal looking document from the waistband of her bumbags.

“Loadsa Yen,” she beamed. “And Debs we’re talking loadsa!”

“Oh good grief,” groaned Debs.
Cat Cassidy and Spanky Botts were sharing a bottle of Bollinger in Cathryn’s apartment.

“If the Back to School unit is actually closed down we should buy the facility and turn it into a resort for the Woodettes,” said Miss Botts.

“Even by your standards that is a bizarre concept,” giggled Cat. “There are a lot of gals who would pay big bucks to get out of this place.”

“We’ve got over fifteen thousand members on the www.woodettes.com web-site and it just keeps on growing,” pointed out Spanky, “Whops and Clobber is very popular and is a thriving industry. You saw how many punters were handing over major squids on Friday night at Claire’s performance for anything to do with the Woody way of life.”

“There’s a big difference between buying a few gymslips for recreational purposes and having to wear one seven days a week,” mused Cat.

“Look at all the regulars at the Café,” said Spanky, “you don’t think that they would pay serious bucks to spend a week or two immersed in the life?”

Cat thought about that. Certainly the enthusiasm of the Woodettes seemed to be unabated. On Wednesday evenings, when she was up in the Smoke working as an intern at her father’s record company, she always made a point of dropping in at Café Woodys for a few scoops. The joint was always jammed to the gills and the punishment salons did brisk business.

She sipped her drink and wondered whether perhaps her deranged chum might be onto something.
“Resort Woodys,” she said thoughtfully. “I have an assignment to write a business plan for a new start-up and I was struggling to find something interesting. Why don’t I run some numbers and see how they pan-out?” She giggled “Who would have thought that we could turn being prisoners into a whole godamned industry?”

Spanky raised her glass.
“Bottoms up, sis,” she winked.
Deborah Morton stood outside the library with her hands on her head and her nose pressed against the wood-paneling. Her heart was pounding beneath her crisp white blouse. It was Sunday afternoon and she had handed over control of the unit to Bernadette.

The library was located in the secluded east wing of the sprawling facility. Even stretching her legs it had taken Deborah a full five minutes to cut through the labyrinth of corridors and stairwell that led to the library door. She had arrived punctually at the appointed time but she suspected that she would spend at least fifteen minutes in the nose and toes pose before the proceedings would commence.

The library had been the venue for beatings ever since the Lawrence sisters had opened the original Woody School in 1857. Gertrude Lawrence, who had been the architect of the school’s strict disciplinary code, had
selected the location due to the long, lonely walk that recalcitrant pupils would be required to take. She also encouraged the members of the Elite to allow a suitable interval to elapse before arriving to administer the punishment. The process was designed to allow the luckless errant’s sufficient time to ruminate over the impending punishment.

Over the years Deborah had been given ample opportunity to confirm the effectiveness of the process. She had always been notoriously disrespectful towards members of the Elite and had regularly been dispatched the backroom to be thrashed or dangled.

Deborah was not faint-hearted but it was impossible not to experience a momentary sinking feeling when confronted with a red card or being handed the red envelopes that signified she was due for a dangling.

The east wing was eerily silent. Even though she was there on her own volition there was something disquieting about standing in the isolated corridor knowing that in the imminent future she would be required to bend over and present her bum for the sole purpose of having it whapped with a whippy stick.

Eventually the silence was broken. She heard a sound of a door opening and closing several floors below and then the click of heels on wooden flooring. The footsteps were unhurried as they proceeded along the corridor. They echoed up the stairwell. Deborah had always thought that the sound was like
something out of a Hitchcock movie. She felt a momentary shiver up her spine and could feel goose-bumps on her bare legs. She continued to stare at the wall as the footsteps began to climb the four stair-cases that led up to the library.

“Miss Morton,” said Christy Cranfield, “lower your arms and repair to the punishment room,” she said authoritatively.

Debs removed her hands from her head and turned around. She reached out a turned the doorknob of the library and pushed it open. She crossed through the well-lit area of the room until she reached a second unmarked door. She opened it and stepped into the shadowy room.

Without requiring instruction Debs walked down the wooden floor until she reached the large ornate fireplace. She turned around and returned her hands to the top of her head.

Christy Cranfield was dressed in her long intricately embroidered Posh coat. Her long hair was pulled back from her face into her signature braid. Debs had always joked with her chum that she personified the image of the boarding school Headgirl that would be supplied by central casting. She carried a thirty-six inch long cane under her left armpit and in the dimly-lit surroundings she looked every inch the patrician martinet.

Deborah had dressed carefully for her appointment. She had given Derby, Kate and Angie the afternoon off. The Elite landing was quiet. Jojo
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was out with the Grand Master, Nix had gone to town with Pen, and Rosemary was secreted away presumably chatting on-line with the Silver Fox.

She had changed out of her official red-shirt regalia and taken a long luxurious shower. After drying her hair she had selected a gymslip, white blouse and striped tie from her closet. She had knotted a red sash around her waist, before pulling out her red and black striped blazer.

As she had carefully prepared herself she had experienced a curious mixture of nerves and adrenalin. She was not totally convinced that she actually wanted to spend Sunday afternoon having her bum being beaten but the thought of making the long walk to the library to meet with Christy was strangely intoxicating.

Debs watched Christy slowly remove her Posh coat and meticulously roll back the cuffs of her blouse. Christy slipped the knot of her tie and unfastened the top button. Debs continued to stand to attention with her hands linked on the top of her head.

“Miss Morton,” Christy said when her clothing had been appropriately rearranged. “Place the armchair in front of the fireplace.”
Debs and the Running Benders

Deborah dragged a large over-stuffed leather armchair in front of the fireplace.

“Remove you blazer and prepare yourself to be beaten,” instructed Christy in a soft but authoritative tone.

Deborah unfastened the top button of her striped blazer and shrugged it off. She folded it and set it aside before approaching the armchair. She placed her palms on the back and took a deep breath. She leaned forward at the waist and placed her hands on the cushioned seat. She licked her dry lips and then folded herself fully over the chair.

Debs felt her gymslip being turned back; she pushed her hips out slightly so that Christy could roll down her bumbags. Once her bottom was bared she slumped back into position. Now all she could do was to wait.

Christy paced out twelve steps and drew a chalk mark on the floor. She picked up the authentic
Queensgate ceremonial popping stick and took a deep breath.

The previous afternoon Deborah had taken her down to the training range and coached her in the fine art of running benders. Christy had considerable experience with the cane and had no difficulty in quickly mastering the technique. Nonetheless, she felt a twinge of nerves before she began her run-up.

Deborah heard the sound of Christy’s feet approaching. She braced herself.

Debs Morton was intimately familiar with the teeth chattering, nerve jangling effects of running benders. One of the personal records she could claim on the Big BUTT was having been subjected to more running benders than any other inmate in the community.

The fine art of running benders had been invented by a prefect named Gemima Appleby. The Big Gem, as she was known, had grown irritated by Claire Brooks continually rubbishing her and had wished to teach her a lesson she wouldn’t forget.

Ms Lawton had got wind of the new technique and had demanded an exhibition. She was impressed but also recognized that it was a procedure that required considerable artistry and insisted that prefects earned full ‘running bender certification’.

The Big Gem had served as Captain of the Red House in which Deborah was enrolled. Debs had always been a high achiever and earned the house a phenomenal amount of merit points for her academic,
sporting and musical accomplishments. Unfortunately she was having a bad run at the time.

On two consecutive days she had been summoned to the library to be beaten on house business. They were routine affairs involving conventional sixes of the best delivered from close-in.

However, when Deborah contravened the house protocols on a third consecutive day the Big Gem felt obliged to up the ante. She told Debs to place the same armchair she was currently folded over in front of the fireplace and armed with her official certification had informed her that she would receive a running bender.

In her diary Debs records, “Big Gem gave me a running bender up in the library. She’s always very thorough but this was her hottest yet. They probably rated around 9.5 for technical merit, artistic content and definitely for heat factor. Running benders should be avoided at all costs.”

Unfortunately for Debs this proved to be an unfulfilled ambition. During the fateful year of Operation Scorched Arse, when she was designated as the unit’s Public Enemy Number One, she would be sentenced to three Formal House Beatings.

The beatings, following humiliating Full Collar Walkthroughs, were delivered in the gymnasium in front of the assembled house. Patsy Butcher, the beautiful Rastafarian Captain of the House was charged with administering the thrashings. On Debs blog she includes all these three beatings amongst the top twenty punishments she received during her illustrious career.
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Later, after the Wart had chucked Debs out of the cafeteria on bogus charges the GeoDame forced Rachel Cox to give her yet another twelve stroke running bender.

Debs Morton considered herself something of an expert on the subject.

Christy Cranfield sliced the cane through the air with control and accuracy. The shaft of the cane slashed across the sweet spot travelling at Mach One. Debs whole body convulsed as the awesome stroke burned her flesh before continuing its journey through her central nervous system.

In a moment of lucidity Debs wondered whether she had finally slipped over into the brink into madness. Volunteering for a running bender no longer seemed like the wizard wheeze it had a few hours earlier when she had commissioned Christy for the mission.

She shook her head and hissed in consternation.
Debs and Christy were tight. Their friendship dated back to their days together at the Queensgate Academy. Deborah had been flattered when Christy, the schools most idolized pupil, had singled her out and comforted her after her first ever caning. Despite a two-year age difference they were soon inseparable.

When Debs was enrolled at the academy Christy already enjoyed the notoriety of having the reputation as the naughtiest girl in the school.

Debs had been impressed the first time she encountered Christy in the Tank. Whereas the other girls wandered around anxiously or sat with their faces buried in their hands, Christy Cranfield lolled back against a wall, idly thumbing through a magazine. Deborah soon learned that this was not merely a studied display of indifference. Christy truly didn’t appear to care about the outcome of her appearances before the Posh.
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It was not until many years later that Debs would learn that Christy actually manipulated the system to satisfy her secret yearning for whops.

Inspired by Christy, Deborah learned to practice her own form of measured defiance. She steadfastly refused to plead guilty or to enter into a plea bargain even when the odds were stacked against her.

The two chum’s fearless performances elevated them to the status of folk-heroines amongst the whop obsessed environment that they inhabited.

Despite Christy’s popularity amongst her school chums her chronic misbehavior had not ingratiated her to the Grand Dame. On several occasions the Grand Dame had added damning commentary to the disciplinary section of Christy’s end of term reports.

At the academy there had been separate processes for selecting the two most powerful gals in the school. The Headgirl was an official appointment made by the Grand Dame and her role was mainly as a functionary who attended fund-raisers and garden parties and was regularly photographed in the local newspapers extolling the virtues of the school.

More importantly was the selection of the President of Posh. The President was responsible for the administering of discipline and was elected by a secret ballot amongst the pupils.

Grand Dame Jennings was strongly opposed to Christy being allowed to run for office and was incandescent with anger when Deborah was announced as her campaign manager.
Unfortunately for the Grand Dame an amendment to the protocols would require approval from the Board of Governors and Christy’s father was a sitting member and a generous benefactor of the school. She did not consider it prudent to incur his displeasure by singling out his daughter and was forced to watch furiously as Christy won the election by the largest margin in the academy’s history.

Many historical observers believe that the Grand Dame’s decision to place Deborah in an unfairly harsh special disciplinary program, immediately after the results were announced, had as much to do with her brilliant management of Christy’s campaign as her deplorable behavior.

Christy railed against the Grand Dame’s decision that Deborah could be beaten without the opportunity to enter a defense. She considered resigning but Debs begged her not to. Deborah was resigned to the fact that she was going to get a record number of poppings and she argued it was far preferable to be beaten by Christy than the Headgirl who was an awful pris and disliked Debs intensely.

Deborah’s total inability to comply with even the minimum requirements of the special disciplinary program resulted in her being beaten every Friday evening during her final year at the academy.

Nonetheless, her friendship with Christy sustained despite the difficult situation. Despite the Grand Dames instructions that after she had been beaten Debs should be placed in solitary confinement in her study Christy brazenly visited her. They whiled away the time indulging in their favorite topic of
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conversation, analyzing the caning Debs had just received stroke by stroke.

Deborah’s diaries of the period are filled with accolades to Christy’s courage, compassion and kindness during that period. She does however regularly comment that ‘Christy canes really hard’.

When the two old chums were reunited after the Snobs and Rotters tribunal and the launch of the [www.woodettes.com](http://www.woodettes.com) web-site Debs had been reluctant when she discovered Christy wanted the roles reversed. Despite having spent years in the limelight rubbing shoulders with royalty, politicos and celebrities in Debs eyes Christy remained the epitome of poise and grace. She took considerable persuasion to beat her old chum for the first time.

In some ways, bent over the back of the chair, waiting for Christy to thrash her, Debs felt that the status quo had been restored.
Debs clenched her teeth as the cane whipped down again. The shock-waves reverberated through her body in a most alarming manner. She tried to organize her thoughts.

Being bent over a chair with a bare bottom perched up proud is not the most conducive position for rational thinking. Debs was fairly certain that she was not enjoying having her naked nates sliced and diced with the lethal rattan stick. Nonetheless as she heard Christy start her run-up she felt a surge of exhilaration and a rush of adrenalin. This sense of excitement was quickly replaced as the wave of agony crashed through her central nervous system. It was all very confusing.

Christy Cranfield tapped the tip of the cane down on the wooden floor and set off at a trot, accelerating at the approach and dropping her shoulder at the last moment and sweeping the cane through the horizontal plane and landing it with admirable power and accuracy.
Debs left leg crooked back at the knee in consternation. Christy sighed. She had done her level best to dissuade Debs from engaging in a full-on running bender. “I’m not sure you’re ready yet,” she had told her chum. “You’re still in the experimental phase.”

Debs had pouted. “I always do whatever you ask,” she pointed out.

“That’s different,” laughed Christy. “I’m not experimenting.”

Debs had remained adamant. “I really want to do this,” she had assured Christy. “It’s very important.” So Christy had finally succumbed. She strode back down the library.

Debs pushed herself up onto the balls of her feet and buried her head in her arms in the leather seat. The armchair was an ideal piece of punishment furniture, the back was well padded and comfortable to lie across, and the smell of leather was quite exotic. Despite the raging flames in her buttocks she felt comfortable and surprisingly relaxed. She heard the sound of Christy approaching and felt the buzz of raw adrenalin and then the cane arrived.

Debs pushed herself up from the chair. Momentarily, she leaned against the back to regain her sea-legs. The pain was excruciating but as she took several deep breaths it was also quite intoxicating.

She turned around and stiffly crossed to retrieve her blazer. As she shrugged it on she watched Christy. Her chum was rolling down the
sleeves of her blouse and fastening the cuffs. She reached up and did up the top button of her blouse and straightened her tie before retrieving her long ankle length coat and put it on. Neither women spoke throughout the process until their clobber was correctly rearranged.

“So how was it?” asked Christy finally.

Debs puffed out her cheeks, her eyes as big as saucers. After a punishment caning Debs would do her best to keep her face set and unemotional, doing her best to disguise that she felt any discomfort. In front of Christy she felt no such obligation.

“Well,” she said slowly. “On one level it was very exciting and stimulating; on another it was quite disagreeable. You cane very hard Miss Cranfield, very, very hard.”

“I told you this wasn’t a good idea,” said Christy.

“Let me be the judge of that,” said Deborah quietly.

Unusually Deborah had refused the offer to let Christy help the cool-down process with soothing balms. She did however accept a glass of bubbles, that she drank standing up leaning against the mantelpiece in Christy’s apartment. Her backside was throbbing and it felt as if smoke was billowing out from beneath her gymslip but strangely she did not find the sensation entirely disagreeable.

She sipped her drink and bummed a fag from Christy. For years Debs had forced herself to simply work through the pain and not allow it to distract her from conducting her day-to-day business. She had
become practiced at pain management and was skilled in the necessary arts of not making sharp movements or sitting down too quickly during the recovery period.

She had never given it much thought. She had merely considered the aftermath to be an unavoidable side-effect of having an over-developed naughty gene. Leaning against the mantelpiece she wondered whether she was finally beginning to understand what Nixdown meant when she talked about the agony and the ecstasy.