Volume 38

Mischief and Mayhem

R Humphries

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

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

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

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

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

A Sore Bum for Jojo ........................................ 1
A Sore Bum for Debs ..................................... 6
A Long History of Being Dangled .................. 10
The Caroline Cassidy Question ...................... 15
The Cassidy Conspiracy ................................. 19
Katie and the Scruff ................................... 23
Katie and the Bitch .................................... 27
Angela and Jojo ......................................... 32
The Recipe for Chaos .................................... 36
Predictable Pandemonium ............................. 40
Kate Gated ............................................... 45
Narrowing the Field ................................... 49
Caught in the Cross-Fire ............................... 53
The Politics of Guerrilla Warfare.................. 57
Dinnae act the Boolloocks ......................... 61
Acting the Bollocks ................................. 65
Technology ............................................. 68
A Half-time Breather .................................. 72
A Born Again Spankette ............................... 76
“Yes Ma’am, Miss Nixdown” ....................... 80
Just a Simple Country Gal ........................... 84
Tradecraft ............................................. 88
Blitz Attack ............................................. 93
A Most Inconvenient Thrashing .................... 97
That Extra Little Bit of Sizzle ...................... 102
Terribly Pear-shaped .................................. 106
Miss Sutton’s Representative ....................... 110
The Golden Age of Minxing ......................... 114
The Sweet Smell of Freedom ....................... 118
A Sore Bum for Jojo

Jojo Heyworth woke with a sore bottom as a result of the late night trip she had taken over Mr Humphries lap to have her hindquarters warmed with a leather tawse. The tawsing had not been delivered with the severity of a formal punishment spanking but the supple leather strap had still left its mark.

The Grand Master was still sleeping peacefully. Jojo leaned over and kissed him gently on the forehead then swung her legs out of bed. She pulled on her red and black striped silk dressing gown and padded downstairs in search of java. She had a busy day ahead of her.

For several months the Woody gals had been working on Jojo’s latest theatrical production, ‘Whops and Clobber’. It was a lighthearted, tongue in cheek look at life at the Woody Back to School Unit. It featured the Woody gals singing and dancing, along with a surfeit of spanking. After assembly the cast planned to perform its first full rehearsal of the complete show.
Jojo poured coffee into a mug and took a sip. Idly she ran her fingers over the seat of her jimjams. Through the thin silk she could trace the swollen area across the sweet spot of her rear end.

Taking a trip over her fiancé’s knee had not been an unwelcome or unpleasant experience. Over the past eighteen months Jojo had grown fond of the many private spankings she received from Mr Humphries. In the past she had hated being put over the knees of the Brass but with the Grand Master it was her position of choice. She liked the way it felt when he tucked her in tightly to the crease of his lap and on some level she found the slow warming of her arse to be comforting.

She poured a second cup and took it back upstairs. She placed the mug on the bedside table without disturbing the Grand Master and went to the bathroom and ran the shower.

Jojo was looking forward to the rehearsal. Tickets for the five shows had sold out in hours after they had gone on sale exclusively at the www.woodettes.com web-site. The proceeds of the shows would go to the Spanky Botts Foundation that would distribute the cash amongst projects supporting under-privileged kids in the inner cities. As usual Bernadette Summers had invited a number of luminaries from the international spanking scene who were more than willing to pay top-dollar for attending any production hosted by the Woody Gals.

By the time the show would actually be performed Jojo would officially be a free woman. Depending on the outcome of the government’s investigation into the legality of the Back to School
program she would either be pardoned or would spend a further year on probation. Either way she would remain in residence at the Woody Back to School Unit in her new role as Mrs Humphries.

Jojo rinsed her hair and climbed out of the shower, wrapping herself up in thick Egyptian towels. She went back into the bedroom and quietly laid out her clobber.

For the past seven years for thirty nine weeks out of the year she had been forced to wear the officially sanctioned Woody clobber seven days a week.

Woodys had been a strange experience for Joanna Heyworth. It had been as if her life had been lived in reverse. She had attended a liberal school for the performing arts, which had not practiced any form of corporal punishment or required the pupils to wear a uniform. Then suddenly at the age of twenty she had been arrested by the Dark Agents of the System and sentenced under the Extreme Ladette laws to spend seven years in the austere social rehabilitation program at the nations most notorious Back to School Unit.

Jojo dried herself off and put on her underwear. She picked up a white blouse with red piping around the collar and fastened it. She picked up her block red tie and snaked it under the collar before knotting it with expert fingers.

In the final year of her sentence Jojo Heyworth had been promoted to become a member of the all-powerful Elite and wore a slight variation on the clobber worn by the mainstream of the community. She stepped into her short black, pleated skirt, zipped
and buttoned it. She tied a red sash around her waist with the knot over her left hip and went back to the bathroom to dry her red hair.

Despite the austerity of the Woody regime Jojo had many fond memories of her time incarcerated at the unit. She had been sentenced alongside her best chum and business partner, Nixdown Nixon, which had given her a considerable advantage over many of the inmates who arrived alone and scared.

She had known several inmates including Penny Ann Evans and Claire Brooks who had ridden alongside her and Nix on the national equestrian team. She also knew several other Woody luminaries from the Ladette party scene.

Early in her sentence she had been recruited into the subterranean cult of mega-minxdom by Cat Cassidy and had learned the joys of minxing. There was a downside to embracing a lifestyle of mischief and mayhem. She soon found herself regularly head down, arse up across the laps of the Brass and the Elite for the sole purpose of having her navy blue gossamer bumbags dusted.

Nonetheless, she had quickly come to terms with the strict disciplinary regime and considered a sore arse to be a fair trade-off for causing mischief whenever she could. Eventually she would rise to become the All-Time Big BUTT, the most respected position a true mega-minx could aspire to.

Having dried her hair Jojo pulled on her swanky red hacking jacket with black silk lining and fastened the five buttons up the front.

Giving Mr Humphries a last kiss on the forehead she set off for the Great Hall. She was
determined that the Whops and Clobber show would be a celebration of life at Woodys.
A Sore Bum for Debs

Deborah Morton woke up with a sore bum as a result of ending the previous evening bent over the end of her bed so that Christy Cranfield could give her six on the silks with a thirty-six inch long rattan cane.

She swung her legs out of bed and went into the bathroom. She rolled down the trews of her jimjams and inspected the damage. Christy certainly did good work. A perfectly formed five bar gate was vividly painted across the sweet spot of her rear end.

It occurred to Deborah that it had been a recklessly rash decision to succumb to temptation and end the night getting caned considering that in an unguarded moment she had committed to Jojo to allow Lady Victoria to give her a full-blown spanking during the rehearsal. Being walloped across an already striped and swollen bum with a wood-backed hairbrush was not greatly appealing.

At least it would be better than the sequence being reversed, she consoled herself. She could vividly remember an unfortunate evening a few years earlier. She had been recovering from the effects of a
particularly hot and sweaty session up in the library where she had been dangled over Penny Ann’s knee when she had been foolishly caught gabbing after lockdown. The six of the best she had received from Melanie White had been excruciating; the cane seemed to cut through her swollen derriere like a knife through ripe fruit. It had been one of the few times in a decade and a half of being whipped that Debs had felt hot tears dribbling down her cheeks.

Debs could hear Lady Derby Huntington bustling about the living room. She pulled up the trews of her jimjams and went in search of coffee.

“Good morning, Ma’am,” Derby greeted her cheerily. “How are you feeling this morning? By the way, thank you for dangling me last night, I am simmering quite nicely.”

Debs accepted a steaming cup of java from her grubby. The previous evening, as had become customary after the Saturday Night Feast, Debs had repaired to the library in the company of Spanky Botts, Christy Cranfield, and Lady Derby. The three chums were full-on, die-hard spankettes and had taken it in turns to go over Deborah’s knee for blistering bare bottom encounters with her oval headed, wood-backed hairbrush. Somehow Debs had got caught up in the moment and ended up bent over the end of her bed.

Christy Cranfield was an expert practitioner of the fine art of thrashing and at Debs insistence she hadn’t pulled the strokes.

“I’d be feeling fine if it wasn’t for the fact that I’m due for a dangling at the rehearsal this morning,”
Mischief and Mayhem

laughed Debs after she had sipped her coffee. “I don’t know what possessed me to let Christy cane me last night, that gal canes hard.”

“I’m sure that everybody would understand if you decided not to go live,” said Derby.

Debs thought about the suggestion. “Yeah and risk Nixdown joshing me for the rest of my life for wimping out,” she said finally, “that’s just not a happening option. Besides Jojo wants to take some publicity shots and she’ll want to see some affects. She won’t be disappointed.”

Derby nodded sagely. “I assume you will wear your red-shirt to assembly and then come back and change into your gymslip?”

Debs nodded. “That’s the plan,” she agreed.

“I’ll lay out your clobber while you take a shower,” Derby told her.

Debs stood back-stage watching the rehearsal. She was not the only one who would get spanked during the show but she couldn’t help noticing that the other spankings were being delivered in theatrical and comedic manner. As best as she could tell she was the only member of the cast who would be subjected to the full bifter. She had raised this matter with Jojo.

“We’ll be playing to a full house every night,” the producer told her, “what better way to finish the show than the famous Debs Morton getting a damn good spanking? The punters will donate squillions to the foundation. Just think of it as a charitable act.”

“Oh good grief,” was all Debs could think of in the way of a response.
Lady Victoria came over. She put her arm around Debs. "I heard a rumor that you got six on the silks from Christy last night," she said. "Do you want me to go easy on you?"

Debs shook her head. "No, go ahead and give it your best shot," she told Victoria. "I don’t break easily but hold on to me tightly; I’ll probably be squirming around like a fish."

"I’ll take good care of you," promised Victoria.
A Long History of Being Dangled

Deborah dangled upside down across Lady Victoria’s lap trying to catch her breath. Far above her head her rear end was throbbing like a police beacon. Lady Victoria Brompton had taken very good care of her.

Deborah braced herself. Lady Vix was circling the head of the hairbrush over the tautened material of Deborah’s navy blue bumbags. Debs was acutely aware that it was only a matter of seconds before the fireworks began.

Without any warning Victoria raised her arm in the air and brought the unyielding brush down with considerable force.

Debs clenched her hands in consternation and gritted her teeth as the white-heat imploded inside her bumbags.

Over the past few months Debs had been coming to terms with her inner spankette. She had come to accept that her deplorable record of misbehavior was inspired by a deep desire to be
caught and punished. She understood that she thrived on the adrenalin rush that she experienced when she was confronted by irate members of the Brass or Elite and the immediate events that preceded the physical punishment. She also understood that she enjoyed the aftermath, re-running the whole thing in her head whop-by-whop, and, now that her brain no longer seemed to process the after-effects as pain, that the sensation she experienced inside her bumbags was exquisite. It was the bit in the middle that she was struggling with.

The hairbrush cracked down for a second time causing Debs face to contort into a silent howl. One thing was certain; when she was actually experiencing the physical act of being spanked her mind definitely registered the sensations as pain. The feeling of the hard unyielding wooden head of the hairbrush rebounding off her bumbags was excruciating. It did not help that she was in the loathsome position of being dangled.

Debs Morton had a long history of being dangled. Katie Beck had introduced the notorious spanking stool into Woody life during her term as the Red-shirt of the unit. Katie had spotted the bar-stool in an antique shop and had immediately seen the possibilities that its extended height offered.

The first time Katie had taken her upstairs to the library and put her over her knee for a dusting Debs had been alarmed to find that she could not reach the floor on either side. To make matters even worse Katie informed her that if she tried to use the
legs of the stool for support she would receive additional spanks.

Inmates of the Woody Back to School Unit were required to report to the back-room of the library to be dangled when they had earned themselves five black marks for ‘Rubbishing the Pre’s’.

In an institution where the rules, regulations and protocols are composed of almost a hundred pages of minutiae the definition of ‘Rubbishing a Pre’ was left unusually open for interpretation. Members of the Elite who felt that they had been dissed or slighted by a sub-ordinate inmate could simply apply a black mark to her card that was filed in a card index system on the wall of the Elite Chamber. Once an inmate had acquired five black marks her card was placed in a red envelope and dispatched with the Duty Grubby to inform the unfortunate inmate to immediately report for a dangling.

As the Elite were not under any obligation to inform a gal that she was being given a black mark the arrival of the red envelopes often came as an unpleasant shock to the recipient.

Deborah was notorious for her loose-lipped contempt for many members of the Elite and her often reckless remarks caused her to become a regular in the library for a dose of the Red-shirts ceremonial hairbrush.

During the fifth year of her sentence she had a particularly tough time of it. She had experienced a giddying fall from the good graces of Ms Lawton and open season had been declared on her bumbags. It did not help that her troubled times coincided with the assembly of the most heinous strain of the Secret
Sorority of Serial Spankers in the Unit’s history. At the behest of Patty Hodge and Katie Beck, Yvonne Godfrey and her cronies had launched the first of the many ‘Get Morton’ campaigns.

To divert suspicion they simply abused the rubbishing protocols liberally. The luckless Debs found herself a regular customer in the library for trips across Penny Ann Evans lap. It did not help that under the Radical Revisions imposed during Operation Scorched Arse Ms Lawton had doubled the number of spanks during a dangling from six to twelve. During that fateful fifth year Debs scored a rare record over Jojo as the ‘Most Dangled Gal in a Single Year’.

The following year Debs did not fare much better. Although the arrival of Mr Humphries had resulted in the dissolution of Operation Scorched Arse and Lady Victoria had eradicated the SS Deborah continued to pay regular visits to the library.

She had become embroiled in an unsavory disagreement with Lady Vix. The rift in the lute was primarily caused by Deborah’s inexplicable inability to behave herself in the assembly hall. Vix was duty bound to boot Debs out on a number of occasions. Rather unreasonably Debs felt that Vix should cut her some slack but the even-handed Red-shirt refused to give her preferential treatment. On one occasion Debs was evicted on two consecutive days and Mr Humphries instructed Vix to take Debs to the library and give her a twenty-four spank double dangling.

The matter came to a head during the Great Spank-off when Victoria had engineered getting booted out of the hall to provide herself with an excuse lest she should lose her bout against her arch-
rival Nix. Debs found herself augmenting her long history of being dangled with an unprecedented triple dangling delivered in front of the assembled Elite.
Deborah stared wearily into the camera lens that the Bounder had thrust into her face. She felt as if her poor beleaguered bum had swollen up to the size of Melanie White’s gazonkas.

“Come on Debs, one last grimace for the camera,” enthused Bernadette.

“I’ll fucking kill ya, I’ll hang you up by the elastic from your bumbags,” growled Debs. Nonetheless she arranged her features into one last silent howl before she was relieved to feel Victoria gently folding down her skirt.

All around them clobber clad inmates were performing a choreographed tribal dance. Deborah felt like she was the participant in some kind of surrealistic dream.

Lady Victoria helped her to dismount and slid off the seat of the stool. Slowly the curtain was coming down as the music reached it final crescendo.

“That fucking hurt,” whispered Debs.

“Shhh!” said Vix putting her fingers to her lips. She leaned over and straightened Debs tie and gave
her a quick hug. As the curtain began to rise again they joined hands with the dancers and stepped forward to take a bow.

“I don’t know how I let you persuade me to participate in this nonsense,” Debs grumbled to Jojo. “I had forgotten how much I hate being dangled.”

Jojo hugged her chum. “It’s for a good cause.” Deborah grunted. “I need to get this whole inner spankette business under control. You know what I’m like, I tend to be obsessive. I never really understood Spanky’s fascination with exhibitionism. When we did the first Whops and Clobber shoot I hated my bumbags being all over the Internet but now I’m not so sure.”

“Deborah you have an IQ that puts you in the top two-per-cent in the world. You’ll work it out,” said Jojo soothingly. “You’ve told us many times about your past and that corporal punishment has been a way of life.”

“No Jojo, that’s where you’re wrong, I always considered it an unfortunate part of my life, it’s only now that it’s in danger of becoming a way of life,” responded Debs. “I just need to keep it under control.”

Christy Cranfield and Spanky Botts were kicking back and drinking champagne with Cathryn Cassidy.

Cat was showing them files filled with papers that outlined her plans for the Woody Resort.

“Most of the Brass are signed up and we’ve had a healthy response from the Gals to operate
either as Resident or Guest Minxes,” she told them. “I spoke with the Prime Minister. Under his revised plans for the Back to School program the resort will play host to ten new Ladettes a year. They will spend one term in the grubby program and the remainder of the year in the mainstream of the community. We will have twelve Resident Minxes and five gals working as guests on rotation. The other places will be taken by paying residents.”

“What about the Elite?” asked Christy.

“Debs will stay on as Red-shirt when her schedule allows. The Bounder will remain as her Deputy and back-fill for her when she is on the road. Jojo, Nix and Rosemary are under contract and Lisa is also going to join the Elite. Debs is also going to approach Kate Faulkner and see if she is willing to be Deputy Red-shirt to help Bernadette when Debs is off campus,” said Cat. “Claire and Melons have signed up to continue as Dorm Raiders.”

“It seems like you have all the bases covered,” smiled Spanky. “What about you and Vix?”

“We will guest minx when our study schedule allows,” said Cat. “You, Christy, Karen and Cathy are also associated guest minxes when you can spare the time away from Café Woodys. We need to make sure the foundation is not jeopardized.”

“I hate to ask this Cat but your mother is pushing very hard to buy two weeks a term,” said Spanky nervously. “She is very persistent and you can’t deny that she has been very generous with her time and resources, not to mention she’s put up nearly two million squids to make sure the inmates get a new start.”
The normally unflappable Cathryn scowled. “How many times have I got to tell you guys? My mother is not going to move in.”

“She says that it will act as stress relief,” said Spanky.

“My mother is the least stressed person I have ever met,” snapped Cat. “En-oh! No! My mother is not going to spend a single minute at the resort. She’s my mother for gawd’s sake.”

Cat swallowed down her glass of champagne and poured another hit. She lit a cigarette and sat glowering. She had discussed the matter with her mother endlessly. She loved her mother like a sister and Caroline Cassidy was one of the few people who could actually exert any influence over Cathryn’s free-spirit. The thought of her mother wandering around the campus dressed in clobber and bending over for whops was a concept so far out there where the buses don’t run that Cat Cassidy could barely bring herself to think about it.

She blew smoke out of her nostrils and settled in to do some serious quaffing.
The Cassidy Conspiracy

“Would you have any objection if I signed up for a few weeks each year at the Resort?” Caroline Cassidy asked her younger daughter Cassandra. “Cathryn is being such a stick in the mud. It’s so unlike her.”

Cassie Cassy looked across the dining table at Monets at her mother. “I have to confess it would be a little queer, but if it’s okay with Dad I suppose what you do with your bumbags is your own business. After all we know that you’ve been caned plenty of times,” said Cassie, “you were a legend at Dartington Manor.”

Caroline smiled and sipped a glass of ice cold Dom Perignon that Cassie had brought from the cellar to accompany the bowl of Moules Marinieres that her fiancé, Oliver, had prepared.

“It’s not that I relish becoming reacquainted with the cane,” said Caroline thoughtfully, “I just want to have some fun. Your father and I attend so many stuffy parties and charity fund-raisers these days; I need a breath of fresh air in my life. I love the
gals and Woodys always seems like so much fun to me. Perhaps you would have a word with your sister and make her see sense?"

Cassie gaped at her mother. “Me talk to Cat? Are you fucking barking? First off she’d put me over her knee and spank me, then, when she was finished she’d probably box my ears. Mum, you have to understand her point of view. You may be a very cool chick but you are still our mother!”

Caroline snorted and stuck a piece of French bread into the mussel, fennel, shallot and white wine liquor.

“You lunched with Mother?” asked Cathryn.

Cassie nodded uncomfortably. Her older sister was looking at her through hooded eyes.

“Did she talk about her wild ideas to book time at the resort?” demanded Cat.

“The subject came up and we discussed it,” acknowledged Cassie nervously, “but I told her I had no intention of discussing this with you. I already know your opinions,” she continued hurriedly. Cassie adored her sister and was in awe of her almost permanently laid-back persona but the Cathryn who stood before her was somewhat threatening.

“You don’t share my opinion?” demanded Cathryn.

“Well yes and no, Sis,” said Cassie. “I can see your point of view, after all she is our mother, but on the other hand she’s always been a little crazy. Look at all the times that she stood up for us when the chips were down. We kind of owe her. If it’s what she really wants to do why should we stand in her way?”
Cassie felt an uncomfortable clenching of her stomach as she watched her sister. Cassie had spent years confronting the most threatening members of the Brass and Elite in some very hairy moments but she had never felt as scared as she found herself while engaging in this sticky conversation with Cat.

Cat snorted. “What happens when Patty decides to victimize her? I’ll be helpless to defend her, we would not be allowed to give her preferential treatment, have you thought about that?”

Cassie pursed her lips. “I haven’t really thought about the details,” she admitted, “Wouldn’t you be able to arrange it so that they didn’t have much contact?”

Cat snorted again. “Mother would never stand for it. I think half the reason that she wants to embark upon this madness is so she has an opportunity to yank Patty’s chain. They hate each other with a vengeance.”

“Oh,” said Cassie. “I suppose that you are right about that.”

“I saw that despicable be-yotch Caroline Cassidy in town,” snarled Patty Hodge in the saloon bar of the Bunch of Grapes. “I strongly suspect that she is conspiring with her daughter.”

“Cat?” asked Katie.

“No, the other half-wit offspring,” growled Patty, “I cannot abide the Cassidy’s they are all degenerates.”

Katie sipped an apple martini. “Perhaps she was just passing through town and had an
Mischief and Mayhem

opportunity to lunch with her daughter. It might all be very innocent,” she suggested.

“Caroline Cassidy has never performed an innocent action in her life,” retorted Patty. “We need to find out what she’s up to and as Commandant of the Radical Right I assume that you will take the lead role in this investigation?”

Katie gaped at Patty. “What investigation? I think that you might be reading too much into Mrs Cassidy treating her daughter to lunch. We are relying heavily on Cathryn for our future employment, if we start rattling her cage and spreading unfounded conspiracy theories about her mother we might regret it. I propose that we tread carefully and keep our eyes peeled and our ears open. Nothing dramatic.”

“You are such a fucking weenie, Katie,” snarled Patty and put another gin and tonic on the Wart’s tab.
Katie Beck started Monday morning by giving Belinda Lee a kick start to her circulation with a leather soled slipper. It was gratifying work.

Katie had awoken with a mild hangover following the rather unpleasant evening in the company of Patty Hodge. After their conversation related to the imagined Cassidy Conspiracy Patty had spent the remainder of the night perched on the high stool sniping about Katie’s many inadequacies and lack of experience and qualifications as Commandant of the Radical Right. It had all been most disagreeable.

As they had got out of the cab Patty had leaned over and whispered in Katie’s ear. “I’ll find those files one day and once I get my hands on them you will learn just how miserable life can be.”

It had sent a shiver up Katie’s spine. Although the copies of the ‘Patty Hit-Lists’ were safely secreted in a deposit box at the local bank, she knew just how resourceful and ruthless Patty could be. It would not surprise Katie in the least if Patty did not find a way
of seducing the manager of the bank and forcing him to open the box. Katie did not want to even consider the fall-out if Patty retrieved the secret tapes that contained the damning information of her heinous activities during Operation Scorched Arse and was able to destroy them once and for all. Even the thought of it made Katie’s bumbags twitch in a most disagreeable manner.

Bee Lee grimaced as the leather soled slipper slapped down on the seat of her tautened bumbags. Being over Katie’s knee was a position that Bee Lee had become deeply familiar over the past four years.

Belinda Lee possessed an indefinable natural beauty. She was at once both waif-like and athletic; she had an open natural face and feline features. She had been discovered by a photographer and seduced into the world of commercial modeling. While briefly predicted to be the next face of her generation her modeling career was shortly curtailed by a strange phenomenon. No matter how assiduously the hair and make-up crews worked by the time that Belinda reached the set she looked like she had been involved in a train-wreck. Out of frustration the photographer attempted to recoup his investment by taking pictures of her when her thick black hair was a complete mess and rebranding her as the Scruff. The campaign was an enormous success and she even made the front cover of several prestigious fashion magazines around the globe. Fashion followers were spotted everywhere sporting hairdo’s that looked as if they hadn’t seen a hairbrush in a week.
Unfortunately this all went pear-shaped for the quiet and unassuming Belinda when a mother wrote to the Forsham-Smythe press complaining about the ‘Scruff Look’. She included a picture of her daughter, the Headgirl of a prestigious fee-paying school, with her long blonde hair immaculately brushed and her uniform in impeccable shape. By contrast she showed a second photograph of the same young lady, her hair looking like she had been dragged through a hedge backwards, her collar unfastened and her tie halfway down to her breasts. Her mother held Belinda personally responsible for this makeover.

Despite the unreasonable accusations Melissa Forsham-Smythe immediately filed an application for a quarter of a million squid bounty to be put on Belinda’s bumbags and sent the Dark Agents to work.

Belinda Lee was tried in camera without the benefit of counsel and summarily dispatched to be fitted for clobber.

Clobber and the Scruff was not a marriage made in heaven. No matter how hard she tried buttons seemed to miraculously fall off her blouse, her socks never seemed to stay up in concert, and the knot of her tie seemed to defy gravity and constantly lower itself throughout the day. All of this made poor Belinda prey for the ever vigilant Katie in her pursuit of abusers of the Politics of Clobber.

Katie’s arm pumped up and down. Poor Belinda wriggled and squirmed under the onslaught, the sound of the leather slipper resounding in her
ears as it rebounded from her tautened navy blue gossamer bumbags.

By nature Bee Lee was a quiet and retiring soul, she had never really fully subscribed to the cult of mega-minxdom but she was definitely minx-friendly and many of her best chums came from the minxing sorority. During Operation Scorched Arse she had been particularly exposed to some of the more dastardly practices of the SS. They would pounce upon her and accuse her of obscure abuses of the clobber regulations and subject her to wholly unwarranted bib-down, tie-back clobber inspections. Invariably they would discover dangling threads or misplaced buttons and book her in for a slippering from Katie Beck.

On several occasions the more pugnacious Über-minxes such as Lady Victoria and the Bounder had interceded on her behalf and had risked being publicly flogged by biffing the bullying SS members on the sniffers and sending them scurrying away in distress. The Scruff felt indebted to them and when Katie returned her to the vertical and asked her how it had been she curled her lip contemptuously and shrugged.

“Middling warm I suppose,” she sneered at Katie and then she shrugged on her blazer and strode towards the door, doing her best not to wriggle or squirm.
Katie sat with her feet on her desk smoldering over the Scruff’s impudence. It had done nothing for her hangover. She had tried black coffee, a glass of skimmed milk, a Bloody Mary, two aspirins and several fags. Nothing had worked.

Belinda’s contemptuous description of her efforts as nothing more than middling warm had made Katie’s blood boil. She needed some more action but unfortunately there were no more scheduled slipperings coming down the pike. She considered her options and then giggled to herself.

Katie entered into the highest security area of the Woody portal and clicked on Janet Mitchell’s ankle transponder. The GPS on Katie’s laptop showed Janet Mitchell out in the rose garden tending to the prize collection of Dupuy Jamains that had been lovingly cultivated by Ms Lawton.

Katie switched to the settings of Janet’s transponder and changed the setting from observation to restrain. She clicked the dial to the maximum and clicked on her mouse.
Janet Mitchell’s response was instant. She convulsed and squealed and fell to the floor. She shook for a few seconds and then sat up looking completely bemused. Yvonne had rushed over and was helping her to her feet.

Katie calmly went into the record log and overwrote the time-stamp entry as ‘Functioning under Observation’ and set off for the rose garden.

“I was fucking zapped,” wailed Janet Mitchell. “It’s against the law! I’ll sue them!”

“I think that you are still a little bewildered Bitchypoo,” soothed Yvonne. “I’m sure that it was just a system malfunction. Look, here comes Katie; she must have noticed and has come to make sure you’re alright.”

Janet lay on the floor moaning.
Katie strode over and stood with her hands on her hips looking down at Janet.
“What the dickens are you doing Mitchell?” she demanded.

“I was zapped,” wailed Mitch the Bitch. “My transponder electrocuted me. I need a sawbones.”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” snorted Katie. “It was probably just a malfunction. Now get up and come with me, we have urgent business to discuss.”

Janet stared at Katie suspiciously. Business meetings had an unpleasant habit of ending up with Janet over the unit Matron’s knee having her rump roasted with a leather-soled slipper.

“Why can’t you tell me what you need out here?” she asked pugnaciously.
“You know very well that Ellen Millar may be watching, I have no intention of explaining why I am consorting with you to that be-yotch,” Katie snapped. “We will repair to my office. Now hurry up, we haven’t got all day.”

Janet Mitchell trudged up the stairs that led to Katie’s office with a heavy tread. She was in no doubt that this appointment was not going to end well for her bumbags. Along the way Katie had strode imperiously ahead of her and not said a word. Janet had felt an increasing sense of foreboding as she scurried along in Katie’s wake.

“You’re going to have to take one for the team,” Katie informed Janet once they were behind closed doors. “Mr Humphries is in his study so I’ll need to justify why you are here. I’ll write you up for clobber abuse and nobody will be any the wiser. Now come over here and let’s have you over my knee.”

Mitch the Bitch considered her options. She was not a brave gal by nature. During her time as Yvonne’s second in command amongst the Confederacy of Yoofs she had inspired great fear in her foot soldiers when she arrived in her customized stretch limousine to drag them off to be chained and whipped at Yvonne’s penthouse. But she had never done the dirty work herself; she had used the brainless brawn of Ivan the Terrible and Spanker Spage to do the strong-arm work.

Even during her period as Yvonne’s first lieutenant in the SS she had rarely been brave enough to actually cane the mega-minxes, preferring
to load them up with black marks or to red card them in assembly.

She contemplated hacking Katie in the shins and making a run for it. The problem was that she had nowhere to hide and they would track her on her transponder in seconds. Unenthusiastically she offered Katie her wrist and allowed herself to be lowered over the Matron’s lap.

“I need you to put the Cassidy sisters under close observation, we have reason to believe that they are planning something and I need to know what,” said Katie and then she brought the slipper down on Janet’s left buttock cheek with a resounding wallop.

Janet’s head was spinning. She didn’t know what was worse, being upended and spanked with a leather-soled slipper or becoming embroiled in some ill-fated plot against Cat Cassidy.

Janet and Cat were long-time enemies. When they had first started their sentences Yvonne and Janet had assumed that their seniority in the Confederacy would automatically make them the big cheese on campus. Cathryn Cassidy did not share this opinion and one day when she had happened upon Janet and her goons bullying an inmate she had surprised Janet by poking her in the eye with a long fingernail and then bloodying her nose with a well-timed right hook. After that Janet had done everything in her power to keep Cat at a safe distance. Putting Cathryn under observation was not a mission Janet Mitchell relished.
Katie grinned and brought the slipper down with deadly force. Janet Mitchell spluttered and gurgled in despair.
Angela and Jojo

Jojo was having a busy morning. She had started the new week touching her toes at the front of the lecture room so that she could be caned by Angela Sills.

Jojo had woken in an effervescent mood. The previous day had been truly wonderful. The Whops and Clobber rehearsal had been a resounding success.

Jojo had been concerned that when the many vignettes were assembled the show might not have enough cohesion. She needn’t have worried. The ensemble song and dance routines merged together seamlessly.

During the production of West Side Story the depth of talent at the unit came as a revelation to Jojo. Now, acting as themselves, they were displaying even greater talent and enthusiasm.

Ali Stone and Frankie Reese, who had both been famous actresses before their careers were cruelly curtailed, were doing a bang-up job as drama
coaches. Tatyana Kerimov was advising Debs on the score and conducting the small orchestra. Lisa Sutton had done wonders with the sets and Nixdown, as usual, brought Lisa’s team’s work to life with computerized automation.

She felt certain that when they went live the Woodettes in the audience would have a thrilling night out.

In the early afternoon she had taken a spin across the Downs with the Grand Master. They had stopped at one of their favorite watering holes and enjoyed several tankards of frothing ale.

When they had returned to his apartment her fiancé had put her over his knee and given her a damn good spanking.

It had all been most agreeable.

Jojo had no objection in principle to touching her toes at the front of the lecture room. She acknowledged that her cheerful mood had translated into some major mixing. She had been caught red-handed with a pea-shooter pressed to her lips as she attempted to provoke her chums into a protracted battle.

Angela Sills wore her strawberry blonde curls in a chignon. She was wearing a fashionably cut double breasted two-piece suit with a pencil skirt over a white tab-collared shirt and a black neck-tie.

She was amongst the youngest of the Brass and notoriously minx-friendly. Nonetheless, Jojo was guilty of a zero-tolerance breach of protocol so she
had no choice other than to instruct her to bend over and touch them.

Jojo felt the cane tap down against her tautened bumbags and braced herself. She had been caned by Angela on several occasions and knew what to expect. The cane sliced downwards and scorched across the sweet spot of her bum. She sighed. Angela may be minx-friendly but she certainly knew how to whop hard.

Angela Sills had attended the exclusive Dayton Manor boarding school where she had been a regular on the six o’clock swishing circuit.

Most notably Jane Lummell swished her on half a dozen occasions. This was particularly noteworthy because she was in the Lower Sixth form at the time and gals of her seniority were rarely caned.

Nonetheless Jane recognized Angela’s qualities and sponsored her to assume the prestigious role of Headgal. When her appointment was confirmed Jane Lummell offered some sage advice.

“There is no point in giving a gal a half-hearted swishing,” Jane counseled. “If you don’t put your arm into it they’ll just keep coming back for more.”

Apparently Angela took Jane’s advice to heart because Claire Brooks recalls in her diary. ‘I had assumed that nobody could cane harder than Jane Lummell but I am learning that I was wrong. Angela thrashed the piss out of me this evening. Still she is a real sweetie and made me a cup of chamomile tea when she had finished beating me bandy’.

Jane Lummell had also sponsored Angela’s recruitment to the Brass. At first Angela had been
reticent as she had several enticing offers from the publishing world and had only agreed to sign a one-year renewable contract. To her great surprise she found that she fitted into the Woody community and she became close chums with Dotty Hammell and her pals on the Liberal Left. More importantly she built up a real rapport with the inmates and many of them considered her to be a personal chum. Jojo Heyworth was amongst that group.

Angela hated having to cane Jojo but she knew that she had no choice but to set her feelings aside and get on with the job at hand. She pulled back her arm and slashed the cane downwards.

Jojo concentrated on staying in position. She did not expect to be cut any slack and understood that Angela was caning her no harder than she would any other pea-shooter touting minx.

“It’s only whops,” she muttered over and over in her head.

Angela stepped in for the closer and completed the thrashing with a stylish five-bar gate. She sent Jojo to collect her Punishment Record Book so that the beating could be post-processed then calmly proceeded with her lecture as if nothing untoward had transpired.
The Recipe for Chaos

Jojo tried not to wriggle in the hard wooden chair. The stripes on her bum were giving her considerable gyp. Nonetheless, the six of the best that she had received from Angela Sills had done nothing to dampen her sunny mood.

Jojo was generally a scholarly cove and she enjoyed the broad breadth of the education program that had been instituted at the facility. Her grade point average consistently placed her amongst the top five students at the Unit and she generally won the annual award for performance in the arts. However, there were some days when she was just in the mood for minxing and she acknowledged that this appeared to one of those days.

Jojo was not jonesing for whops; she never had, except when she was actively in pursuit of capturing a new record on the Big BUTT. Whops had always just been a bi-product of the lifestyle she had chosen to embrace in order to rail against the austere system she had been thrust into.
Now that it was generally accepted that the anti-Ladette frenzy was no more than a propaganda exercise designed by an inept government to divert the Great Unwashed from revolting against their policies of fiscal imprudence and social neglect it was hard not to feel a tad embittered. Seven years of her life had been stolen from her by dark forces that had operated outside of the boundaries of the law.

Nonetheless, Jojo preferred not to reflect upon the negative elements of the experience. After all, she reasoned, she had amassed the greatest group of chums that a gal could wish for. Her performance at the tribunal had thrust her into public awareness and she was certain that the doors to previously unimaginable theaters and art galleries would open to her when she and Nixdown kick-started their burgeoning creative arts company. First and foremost, in less than three months she would formally become Mrs Humphries.

All in all, she figured, it was a good time to be Miss Jojo Heyworth. She smiled to herself, pulled out a catapult and expertly beaned Nixdown on the back of the noggin with a perfectly folded piece of cartridge paper.

Nixdown stared down at the handout notes that Ms Gascoigne had distributed to compliment her discussion on the potentially negative impacts of releasing a certifiably barking follower of Ayn Rand’s philosophies of collectivism to act as a steward of the international money markets. As a notorious cynic and conspiracy theorist Nixdown was finding the lecture compelling, however her attention had been
rudely interrupted by the high-powered projectile smacking unexpectedly into the back of her head. It was not a challenge a mega-minx of the status and reputation of Nixdown Nixon was likely to let go lightly.

Detective Inspector Kate Faulkner was equally engrossed in the lecture and taking down copious notes on her legal pad in her neat script. Kate always wore her hair up in an elegant chignon, which meant that her ears were exposed to the fast moving dried pea that Jojo had launched from her recently acquired Go-Faster shooter with an extended 14-inch pipe for increased accuracy. Kate flinched with annoyance as the pea pinged off the tip of her lughole.

Rosemary was also vexed when another pellet of cartridge paper slapped against her bare thigh and interrupted her snooze. As usual Rosemary had spent most of the night cyber-chatting with her online lothario the Silver Fox and had been taking advantage of the dim lighting in the lecture room to get in some much needed winks.

Jojo grinned to herself. As a veteran of years of lecture-room guerilla warfare she had picked her marks perfectly. They were appropriately dispersed around the room. She watched them cutting their eyes suspiciously, checking first their immediate neighbors and then scanning further afield to assess the likely culprits for these unprovoked attacks.
Jojo sat with her arms neatly folded across the lid of her desk gazing studiously at the projection screen. Her folded arms secreted the catapult and peashooter. She would slip them in to her satchel at a later date.

One by one she observed Nixdown, Kate and Rosemary surreptitiously reaching down into their own satchels and palming a variety of weapons that would be required to respond to being unexpectedly beaned.

Jojo grinned in the semi-darkness. The next few hours should to prove to be interesting. Potentially fraught with danger for her bumbags, but interesting nonetheless.
Predictable Pandemonium

Pauline Gascoigne switched up the lights and turned to address the room. Jojo predicted that her three marks would let the clock run down while Pauline had them under direct observation. Ms Gascoigne was one of the most minx-friendly amongst the Brass but she was also one of the best in the business when it came to dishing out whops. Jojo figured that Nixdown, Rosemary and Kate would spend the remainder of the lecture brooding over who needed to be held accountable for the sneak attacks.

Detective Inspector Kate Faulkner had only discovered her inner-minx since taking on the assignments at the Back to School Units. Before she had volunteered to enter the Ripley Unit to sniff out the extent of the ‘Get out of whops’ scam practiced by the Brass the concept of having her arse whapped with a whippy stick was quite alien to her.

The first time she had reported to Ms Lawton’s office for six of the best she had been filled with apprehension. It had been a thoroughly disagreeable
experience. Nonetheless, Kate was determined to expose the lucrative scam that allowed inmates to purchase their way out of punishment for a predetermined fee. She bravely embarked upon a minxing spree and refused to pay the bribes. She was caned frequently and encouraged her fellow inmates to follow suit.

Ms Lawton described the ensuing mayhem at the Ripley Unit to be directly attributable to what she called the ‘Faulkner Syndrome’. But it was not until her work was done at Ripley and she was reassigned to the Woody Unit to act as Deborah Morton’s bodyguard that Kate truly began to fully appreciate the joys of minxing. Throughout her life she had enjoyed a glittering career, at school she was Headgal and captain of sports, she graduated from university top of her year and went on to become highly decorated as a policewoman due to several high profile arrests, including Sarah Forsham-Smythe and her kleptomaniac cronies. Nonetheless, despite being an unlikely candidate, she fell under the spell of Woodyys and embraced the cult of mega-minxdom with both arms.

Detective Inspector Kate Faulkner bent forward at the waist and stretched out her arms until her fingers rested on the tips of her highly polished shoes.

Kate suspected that her friend and colleague Angie Ashurst was responsible for the peashooter attack.

In contrast to Kate, Angie Ashurst had a long career of being caned before she went undercover at
the Unit’s. At school she had been the envy of the male pupils as not only was she the only girl pupil to reside in the top ten of their equivalent of the Big BUTT she actually remained at the top of the table for most of her five years at the school.

Her Headmistress described her as the naughtiest pupil that she had ever encountered in over thirty years as an educator.

Woodys was like home from home for Angie and she larked and pranked, goofed and japed to her hearts content and took her licks with a cheerful smile on her face.

Katie’s suspicions were not unwarranted. Angie was still officially a policewoman so her performance in the education program was largely irrelevant. Angie was not a scholarly cove by nature and Kate guessed that a lecture regarding a windbag like Ayn would have been stiflingly boring to her colleague. Angie would doubtless have been looking for some alternative entertainment.

The Wart took her time and went through her deep breathing routines. She was feeling good. It was always a pleasure to hand out whops but to be at liberty to cut the bumbags of a serving Detective-Inspector to tatters made her feel empowered. She puffed up with pride and self-importance as she flexed her cane between her hands.

Kate sighed as she felt the cane tap down. She was vaguely disappointed with herself that her catapult attack on Angie had been somewhat guileless.
During morning break she had secured her chosen weapon for the mission from Lady Derby Huntington on temporary loan. Derby possessed one of the largest arsenals of any gal at the unit. In fairness Derby had forewarned her that the slingshot that she had selected was not designed for covert close-in work but Kate had convinced herself that it was the right tool for the job.

Kate had selected a seat some desks away from Angie and the Detective Inspector believed she was in an ideal spot to pull off her shot. She sneaked the catty out of her satchel and armed herself with a pellet. Once the Wart had her back turned Kate took aim.

“Holy shit,” breathed Kate. The pellet had released at a startling speed hitting Angie slap on the noggin.

“Wadthefuck??” Angie had squealed and leapt to her feet. The Wart had spun around, eyes darting about the room.

Derby was right, the slingshot was over-sized and cumbersome. Kate had desperately tried to secret it but it proved to be unaccommodating. She was caught bang to rights trying to get it back in her satchel.

Jojo watched as Robin Wharton pulled back her arm and slashed the cane down across Kate’s bumbags. She felt sorry for Kate, nobody liked to be caned by the Wart. Nonetheless, she knew that Kate would not take it personally, she had chosen to join in the fray. This was Woodys and it only took a tiny tinder to kindle a massive fire. Jojo Heyworth
predicted a day of pandemonium in the Phase 7 lecture room.
Kate Gated

The Wart opened with a sizzler. Kate Faulkner winced. She was the first to admit that she did not much care for the actual process of being caned. What Kate liked was the idea that she had done something for which she deserved to be beaten. It made her feel like a renegade.

Throughout her school life she had only ever once been sent to the Headmistress’s office for a scolding. At the time, she had been mortified. It had never occurred to her that the naughtier gals at the school might actually be having more fun.

Kate flinched again as a second stroke rebounded off her bumbags. She gritted her teeth and concentrated her attention on a small square of the lecture room floor. The Wart was really putting her arm into it and Kate knew that she had to remain completely focused and keep her fingers from jerking away from her shoes. She had nothing in principle against being whopped for beaning her chum but she
had no desire to give Robin Wharton the opportunity to give her any additional strokes.

Robin Wharton could barely restrain herself from cackling as she swiped the cane down for a third time. She loved the sound of whippy rattan rebounding off navy blue gossamer and the way that the report echoed around the room. The Wart was filled with an overwhelming sense of optimism. The week had barely started and she already had a pair of tautened bumbags in her sights.

She grinned to herself and left Kate Faulkner bending over for another thirty seconds before swiping the cane down for the fourth time.

Kate Faulkner was an athletic and fit young woman but maintaining the toe-touching position while a whippy stick was bouncing off her bumbags was proving challenging.

“Put it up, keep it up, suck it up, and move on,” she told herself.

The fifth stroke landed with nerve-jangling power. Kate braced herself for the closer.

The Wart shifted her position slightly.

“I need you to stay perfectly still Faulkner, I intend to gate you,” she said pompously.

The information was largely unnecessary. Gating was a widely used technique for closing a caning. The technique involves delivering the final stroke diagonally across the existing stripes creating a pattern that resembles a five-bar gate.
For many years the inmates of the Woody Back to School Unit had assumed that gating was the invention of Ms Lawton but in one of the many interviews she gave to Debs Morton for her opus magnum ‘Waiting to be caned, a history of Woodys’, the former Grand Dame corrected this assumption.

“Patty Hodge was always experimenting with new techniques,” she told Debs. “Unfortunately I was often her guinea pig. One time she had me touching my toes up in the library and she told me to stay still because she was going to gate me. I had no idea what she meant but afterwards when I was inspecting the damage in the mirror I saw what she had done to my poor beleaguered bum. The intersecting points remained tender long after the other stripes had faded away.”

The Wart took deep breaths and counted slowly back down from ten. She pulled her arm back and brought it down with the steady motion that Patty had trained her to use. Her eyes gleamed with pleasure as the cane struck home, it was a perfect stroke.

Kate struggled for control. The closer had nearly raised her clear out of shoes. She knew that she could not allow herself to become overwhelmed as the pain surged through her. She had to keep her fingers glued to the tips of her shoes to avoid the beating being extended.

The Wart watched closely. It would only take a twitch and she would be able to call the stroke foul.
The members of the Brass and Elite who chose to beat gals in the toe-touching position generally did not strictly impose the no jerking rule. As long as the recipient got back in position within a reasonable timeframe strokes were rarely called foul. Unfortunately the Wart did not subscribe to this school of thought and over the years had scored herself hundreds of additional strokes through her stringent observation of the protocol.

The Wart waited an unreasonably long time before giving Kate the release command.

“Go and fetch your prb,” the Wart snapped as Kate straightened up. “We’ve wasted enough time already.”
Narrowing the Field

“That fucking hurt,” grumbled Angie. “What the fuck did you use?”

“I’m sorry, sis,” said Kate. “I borrowed the catty from Derby, I didn’t expect it to be so powerful. She’s going to be pissed at me for getting it confiscated.”

Kate was spread out across Angie’s lap with her bumbags around her ankles. Her chum was tracing the red stripes with a balm-covered fingertip.

“You shouldn’t have slapped me in the lug-hole with a dried pea,” said Kate, “that stung.”

“I did no such thing,” said Angie emphatically. “You got the wrong gal.”

“Hmmm,” said Kate thoughtfully.

Deborah Morton did not find it in the least bit peculiar to walk into her study and find Kate Faulkner bare-arsed across Angie’s lap.

Kate and Angie had insisted that they remain at the Unit while it was still under Pink Alert. Although Melissa Forsham-Smythe and Lord Rufus were
currently languishing in chokey there was still a concern that the Confederacy of Yoofs might seek retribution for the arrest of their leader.

The two policewomen had grown fond of Deborah while they had acted as her security detail and voluntarily continued to help Lady Derby organizing Debs busy schedule. They were semi-permanent residents in the Red-shirts study.

“Whoa, those look ripe,” whistled Debs as she stared down at the fresh stripes. “Whose handiwork is that?”

“The Wart’s,” sighed Kate. “Somebody was firing off missiles during the economics lecture and I suspected Angie so I beaned her.”

“Beaned me?” squealed Angie indignantly, “you nearly fractured my skull!”

Kate grunted. “I might have selected the wrong tool for the job,” she admitted. She pushed herself up from Angie’s lap and adjusted her clothing. “How did the negotiations go?” Kate asked Deborah.

“Well ludicrous really,” she chuckled. “They are committed to publishing ‘Waiting to be caned’ and then depending on how I do at Wimbledon they want two more volumes. The money they talk about is mind-boggling.” She sighed. “Of course when I get my arse spanked in the first round and fade quietly into the night they’ll change their tune and the offer will be off the table.”

Kate scowled. “Deborah Morton,” she said sternly, “there is no reason to believe that you won’t do well, you’re as fit as a butcher’s dog and you’ve said yourself you’ve never hit the ball so well.”
“You’re all so kind and supportive,” Debs smiled, “but you don’t really understand. I’ll be up against the best in the world.” She chuckled. “Still it will be kind of fun to think of myself as a potentially millionaire author even if it is only for a few weeks.”

Nixdown had eaten lunch with Rosemary. Her chum was in a state of high dudgeon about the stinging pellet attack. Although, as best Nix could tell, it was not the actual assault that Rosie was annoyed about, but the fact that she had been woken from her snooze. In Rosemary’s opinion firing missiles at a gal when she was taking a nap was a violation of the rules of engagement.

Nixdown was suitably sympathetic. She also conceded that this took Rosemary off the list of potential assailants. Obviously Debs could be discounted as she had been otherwise engaged with the potential publishers. Nix had overheard Kate and Angie’s conversation and tended to believe Miss Ashurst’s emphatic denial of any culpability for the attacks. The majority of the Phase 7 inmates generally operated in retaliatory mode and were rarely instigators. Nixdown sighed. There was only really one conclusion that could be drawn. She finished her salad and went up to the Elite landing to prepare herself for afternoon operations.

Goofing, larking, japing or pranking during science lectures was considered to be a very dodgy proposition. Phyllis MacAllister was a brilliant educator and spent many hours preparing the material for her lectures. In response to her hard work she not
unreasonably expected undivided attention from the recipients of her pearls of wisdom. She was not adverse to imposing her views with the lash of the tawse.

Nixdown waited until Joanna Heyworth had taken a seat midway along the center bench in the Science lab. Nix found a strategic spot at the bench behind and settled in for the hunt.

Over the seven years that she had been incarcerated at the facility Jojo had developed compound vision. She was pretty certain that Nixdown would have drawn her conclusions through a process of elimination and Joanna had armed herself appropriately in case of a retribution attack.
Caught in the Cross-Fire

Ms MacAllister was giving a slideshow to provide an overview of Maxwell’s equations. The Science Dame relied heavily on visual aids as despite being a brilliant scientist her thick Highland brogue was often unfathomable. However, although she often lectured with the lights dimmed nobody had any doubt that she somehow managed to be aware of even the slightest movement in the room.

Hanging from a hook on the wall at the front of the laboratory was a long leather two-tailed tawse that Phyllis had affectionately named ‘Big Bertha’ in deference to the tawse that had frequently warmed her buns during her schooldays.

Phyllis MacAllister was fond of recounting stories of her education in the Scottish highlands where discipline had been harsh. Lassies who were sent to a distant wing of the school known as ‘the Ice Chamber’ for an appointment with ‘Boog Boortha’ were required to relinquish their bumbags and the pins that held their kilts in place for twenty-four hours. During the actual tawsing they were forced to
Mischief and Mayhem

Lean out of the third floor window of the unheated tower regardless of the harshness of the external elements. Once prone in this undignified position the window was lowered across their backs so that they would not succumb to the temptation of defenestration.

Mercifully Ms Lawton had declined Ms MacAllister’s proposal to introduce such harsh measures into the disciplinary program at the unit. Nonetheless Ms MacAllister was a highly respected disciplinarian and sessions with Big Bertha were generally low on the inmate’s daily wish lists.

Nixdown Nixon had filled a vintage plastic derringer with ice-cold water. Although the chamber did not hold the volumes of liquid of some of her heavier duty weapons she considered the smaller pistol to be ideally suited for the mission in hand.

Nixdown and the Dyke, as Ms MacAllister was more commonly known, had considerable history. Nixdown’s reputation for promiscuity and seduction were poorly kept secrets amongst the Woody community. The Dyke was greatly enamored with the tiny femme fatale and had long hankered after some Nixdown action. Unfortunately Nicola Jane considered that boffing the Dyke would be tantamount to sleeping with the enemy and rejected her subtle overtures.

Generally the Science Dame had a reputation for being even-handed and judicious in her treatment of the inmates. However, when it came to Nicola Jane Nixon she practiced a no-slash, zero-tolerance policy.
Nixdown knew that she would have to be careful if she wanted to avoid a trip over the high stool and a painful session with the leather tawse.

Jojo kept a weather eye on Nix. She had armed herself with her own pistol, which she had secreted in her pencil case for easy access.

Rosemary Booker had also arrived at the science lab loaded for bear. During the lunch break she had drawn the same conclusions as Nixdown and felt that it was her personal obligation to make a retaliatory response to the rude awakening she had suffered earlier in the day. Like Nix she had waited until Jojo was seated before finding a strategic position for mounting her attack.

For even the most academically gifted amongst the Phase 7 inmates Maxwell’s equations were tricky stuff and required considerable concentration. Deborah Morton had chosen the seat beside Joanna.

Debs was scholastically brilliant. For each of the six years she had been incarcerated she had won the award for Overall Scholar of the Year. She was keenly aware that her greatest weakness was in the area of the sciences and her consistent high grades were a result of diligent study rather than a natural affinity. Debs was fiercely competitive and was determined to finish her sentence with her seventh consecutive award. She knew that she would have to score unreasonably high marks to ward off the challenge of the unit’s other resident genius Lisa Sutton.
Mischief and Mayhem

Debs Morton was giving the lecture her full attention when she was suddenly interrupted by streams of icy water hitting her from both sides.

Jojo had seen the Nixdown attack coming and as her chum raised her pistol Joanna had taken evasive action. She hunched forward on the stool and managed to get her head and torso out of the firing line. She had not anticipated Rosemary staging an assault at exactly the same time as Nix, nonetheless the sprays of water passed safely over her drenching her luckless neighbor instead.

When the Dyke turned away from the projector she observed Deborah trying to dry herself off with a handful of tissues. Miss Morton had a face as black as thunder.

“Och tha noo,” grunted the Dyke as she considered her options. “Stand oop, hands on heeds!” She had a nine-inch long black pearl and ivory cigarette holder clenched between her teeth that rendered her brogue even more unfathomable than usual, but the inmates got her meaning and slid off their stools.

The Dyke removed her cigarette holder from her mouth and skillfully ejected the fag and reloaded. Before lighting the new fag she reached over a picked up a tumbler filled with Famous Grouse. She took a long slug and glared at the inmates.

“Miss Moorton,” she growled. “Goo and foond a toowel,” she instructed Debs.

The Dyke took another slug of the amber liquid and screwed a monocle into her left eye.
The Dyke was looking particularly dapper. She was wearing a tailored white shirt with a Windsor spread collar and a grey and white speckled tie. She wore high-waisted charcoal colored pants with a triple pleat down the front. On her feet she wore patent leather dancing pumps accentuated with black and white Scrooge MacDuck spats.

Phyllis MacAllister was an experienced investigator of lecture room tomfoolery. She knew that short of actually catching the culprit in the act her best chance of uncovering the perpetrator was if their weapon had fallen to the floor when she forced them to stand up and place their hands on their head.

She could, of course, instruct the gals to turn out their pockets and the contents of their satchels but she was not naïve. Phyllis MacAllister was aware that the majority of the gals in the room would be carrying some form of weaponry and that identifying the instrument used in the dousing of Debs would be difficult.
Mischief and Mayhem

The Dyke did a quick circuit of the laboratory. As she had suspected she did not find a smoking gun of the floor. Judging by the fact that Debs had the time to find tissues and begin to dry herself off it was likely that the culprit also had enough time to secret her weapon.

The inmates watched her with expressions of angelic innocence on their faces. Phyllis MacAllister was not fooled in the least but short of tawsing the whole damn lot of them she feared that she was pissing in the wind.

Deborah reappeared from the bathroom. She had dried her hair a little and tied it back in a ponytail. She was not looking best pleased.

“Miss Moorton, I suggest you take your soot,” the Dyke greeted her. “I suggest ya da noo seek revenge in this loob.”

Deborah just scowled and traipsed back to her seat.

The politics of lecture room guerrilla warfare were complex. Unprovoked attacks were accepted as a necessary ingredient to the instigation of bouts of mischief and mayhem. The recipients of such attacks were generally selected by happenstance due to their location in the room rather than malicious intent.

Retaliation was considered a matter of honor. No self-respecting mega-minx was going to tolerate being beaned without seeking out her assailant and reaping the appropriate retribution. If in the course of vengeance the responder was caught and whopped it was considered bad form to blame the original provocateur.
Deborah Morton considered her options. She suspected that she had not been the intended victim of the attack. Kate and Angie had told her that the skirmish had started earlier in the day when she had been meeting with the potential publishers of her book. Lines had already been drawn in the sand and she had merely been an unwitting bystander.

Debs was not in the market for whops. It had been ten days since her last formal punishment, which she considered something of an achievement. Her disciplinary record during the last phase of her sentence had been less than stellar. She had acquired records as both the most punished prefect and Red-shirt in the units history and had become the only ever Red-shirt to earn herself a public flogging. In some strata’s of society these records might not be considered call for celebration but in the world Deborah inhabited they were considered quite laudable. Nonetheless, she had been making a genuine effort to control her compulsive impulsive behavior syndrome and to curtail the activities of her alter ego that she had nicknamed the Imposter. She was quite proud of her ten-day cool arse sabbatical from the lecture room canes, straps and slippers.

It was not that she had any problem scoring whops when she wanted them. Since she had embarked upon her exploration of her inner-spankette offers to cane and spank her had come thick and fast.

She had been amazed and rather alarmed by the numbers of friends and acquaintances that had casually informed her that they had always thought of
her as someone who would generally benefit from a
damn good spanking or a dose of the cane.

Deborah was fairly certain of the culprits of her
dousing. She was also certain that Jojo had been the
intended target. Her quick evasive action indicated
that she had been on full alert. Debs doubted that it
was any coincidence that Nixdown and Rosemary had
positioned themselves behind Jojo and to her right
and left in prime stalking positions. She considered
that she had all the facts, now all that remained was
to formulate her strategy.
Dinnae act the Boolloocks

Rosemary felt rather guilty about drenching Debs. She was certain that her best chum would accept that it was unintentional, but she also understood that she had placed Deborah in an unfortunate predicament.

Only yesterday the two chums had been discussing Deborah’s recent cool-arse run. “Maybe I actually have got the Imposter under control,” Debs had mused.

Rosemary had never been entirely convinced by Deborah’s theories on alter-ego’s and the existence of the Imposter. She had known Debs for nearly seven years and her private opinion was that her chum was just a thoroughly naughty gal. However, she kept such thoughts to herself lest she hurt her chum’s feelings.

One thing was certain Debs was not the type of gal to let a drenching go unpunished and Rosemary fretted that her chum would do something reckless.
Ms MacAllister abandoned the use of visual aids and continued her lecture with the lights up. She knew that under the current circumstances tensions could easily run high. She wanted to keep an eye on Deborah.

Recently she had become fond of the Red-shirt. A few months earlier they had been involved in a rather unseemly affair. For inexplicable reasons Debs had thought it a wizard wheeze to empty the full chamber of a water pistol right between the Dykes eyes from close-range. The Dyke had been understandably miffed and had hauled Debs over a bench and larruped her with Big Bertha. The Dyke openly acknowledged that she had got carried away and delivered far more strokes than the officially approved limit of six.

Ms MacAllister personally reported this incident to the Grand Master and had insisted that if Debs filed a complaint then she would offer a full and open account of her actions. Deborah politely declined her offer.

Phyllis MacAllister was a life-long fan of swing music and had a huge selection of recordings by the likes of Benny Goodman and the Duke. She had heard that Deborah was trying to teach herself to play the saxophone and had invited Debs over for cocktails and a rummage through her collection. They had become tight.

“Miss Moortoon,” said the Dyke, “I seemed to have misplaced soom doota, ah think it is oon a floosh-drive in ma apartment. Would a be sooo kind as to goo and fetch eet fa ma?”
Deborah looked slightly quizzical at the odd request. It was most irregular to be sent to run errands in the middle of a lecture. Nonetheless she slid off her stool and approached the front of the room. Ms MacAllister handed Debs a folded piece of paper and told her she had written down the entry code she would need to gain access to the apartment. And told her to cut along sharpish.

It was all most peculiar. Cutting along sharpish or not Debs knew that the time it would take to make the long hike to the Brass quarters that were located in a secluded area of the Woody compound would mean that by the time she returned the lecture would have finished.

It occurred to Debs that the Dyke had dispatched her on a fool’s errand to protect her from her instinctive impulsive compulsive behavior.

Under the close observation of the Dyke even the world’s notorious mega-minxes considered it prudent to enter into an unspoken ceasefire. They knew that they still had plenty of time available to settle all outstanding accounts.

By the time Debs returned to the laboratory the lecture was finished and her chums had dispersed to enjoy the twenty-minute afternoon break.

The Dyke was waiting patiently, enjoying an unfiltered fag and a hefty helping of Famous Grouse. She accepted the flash-drive and placed it in her waistcoat pocket.
“Will that be all, Ma’am?” Deborah asked. She considered thanking the dame but was nervous that it might sound presumptuous.

“Aye Moortoon, tha’ will be all,” said the Dyke. “Ba heed ma woorin’ dinnae be actin’ the boolloocks ah’ll y’all geet yaself whooped.”

“Yes Ma’am, thank you for the warning,” said Debs, “I’ll bear that in mind,” but as she left the laboratory she wondered whether she would.
Acting the Bollocks

Reed the Weed was a quite brilliant mathematician; however she was not the best-equipped dame in the joint for dealing with a group of veteran mega-minxes intent on causing mischief and mayhem.

All around the room dried peas and paper-pellets were being surreptitiously launched as the lecture deteriorated into open warfare.

Everybody involved was aware of the high stakes they were playing for. Reed the Weed had long hung up her cane and got out of the whopping business, if a gal was caught launching a missile in the Weeds lecture room she was guaranteed a visit to the Grand Master’s office for a bare bender.

Deborah had no choice other than to participate. Jojo, Nix, Rosemary, Kate Faulkner and Angie were going at it hammer and tongs. Deborah had been smacked in the side of the head with a paper-pellet and bombarded with dozens of dried
peas. The missiles were coming at her from every corner of the room.

When Nixdown blatantly launched a pellet engineered from heavy folded cartridge paper that slapped painfully against Deborah’s bare thigh she decided that it was time to take evasive action. She reached into her satchel and palmed a loaded water pistol. Despite the Dyke’s warning Deborah Morton considered the time had come to start acting the bollocks.

Deborah’s face turned the same color as the card being thrust at her by the Weed.

“You’re out of here Morton,” squealed Ms Reed, “and leave that pistol on my desk on your way out.”

Debs groaned. It was almost too ridiculous to comprehend. All around her mischief and mayhem was being perpetrated but she had hardly managed to unleash one paltry and unsuccessful squirt of water in Nixdown’s direction and she was on her way to the Grand Master’s study.

She pushed her chair back and plodded toward the front of the room, tossing her water pistol on the Weeds desk before trudging across to the door.

The vast compound that housed the Woody Back to School Unit had been originally built by a banker who specialized in financing sailors of fortune that he sponsored to wander the world purloining jewels and other swag from unsuspecting merchants. The building was a labyrinth of hallways and stairways that connected the four wings. When Debs
had first started her sentence the building had seemed like a maze but after nearly seven years navigation to the principal’s study was guided by her automatic pilot system.

Debs trudged despondently through the familiar hallways; her footsteps on the wooden floors echoed eerily around the building making her feel quite lonely. It took almost ten minutes to reach her penultimate destination. Deborah took a deep breath before rapping her knuckles on the oak door.

“Enter!” instructed Katie Beck. Debs grimaced and turned the doorknob.

“I need to be inspected,” she told the unit matron tightly.

“Go next door,” snapped Katie imperiously.

Deborah sighed. She reached under her skirt and rolled her bumbags down to the tops of her thighs. She flipped back her skirt and slithered her upper torso across the varnished desktop. Some thing’s never changed. She may be the most powerful inmate in the unit but when it came to whoops she was subject to the same protocols as any other member of the community.

“So Deborah, did the Imposter come out to play?” smiled the Grand Master.

Debs cocked her head and thought about that.

“No, sir,” she said finally. “This was just a plain old case of Debs Morton acting the bollocks.”
Deborah unfastened the five buttons of her distinctive black hacking jacket, shrugged it off and hung it over the back of the straight-backed chair that stood in its familiar place in front of the fireplace.

“Would you like to loosen your tie and unfasten your cuffs?” asked Mr Humphries.

“Do I need to, Sir?” asked Debs.

“Well we have established that Ms Read wants me to give it to you really good,” said the Grand Master, “and we have discussed the technology that we will be using today so I think that you already have all the information that you need to help you in making that decision.”

Deborah cocked her head slightly and chewed her lower lip. “Then I think I will avail of your offer, Sir,” she said and reached up loosened her black tie and unfastened the top button of her red shirt.

Deborah felt her skirt being turned back and her bumbags being rolled down. She thought about the technology that they had discussed.
Fifteen years earlier when Deborah had been required to bend over the ‘popping seat’ for her first ever beating the ceremonial ‘popping stick’ wielded by the President of Posh had been a conventional crook-handled cane.

For over a hundred years four contractors, Cooper of Godalming, Jacobs, Young and Westbury of London, Wilson of Carlisle and the Bognor Cane Company, had been commissioned to provide the canes used in the education system. These companies had all started life as walking stick makers and their punishment canes had most likely just been extensions of their established designs.

There were thought to be some advantages to the crook handle - it was less likely for the cane to slip through the hand when in use, if placed on a desk it would not roll off, and by having a crook handle it had a means whereby it could be hung from a hook or nail on a wall or inside a cupboard.

These conventional canes had required routine maintenance and needed to be kept oiled. If left untreated a cane could dry out and split, crack or become feathered at the tip, meaning that it had to be replaced. However, even a well maintained cane had a relatively short shelf life.

An infamous Headmaster of a well-known Victorian boarding school was notorious for performing mass beatings during which, for reasons never fully explained to the hapless recipients, he would beat every boy in the school. To avoid any cane becoming over fatigued and losing its effectiveness after every third beating he would have the stick snapped in two and discarded and would
Mischief and Mayhem

continue with a new cane fresh from the manufacturers.

This conventional cane design had never been questioned until the abolition of corporal punishment in the school system. Without the lucrative contracts from the Ministry of Education the main contractors had retired from the punishment cane business and returned to carving walking sticks.

Historically recreational caning enthusiasts had relied upon the same contractors as the Ministry to provide them with their supplies. After the abolition it was left to the private sector to fill the gap in the marketplace and to establish a new manufacturing and supply chain for high-quality canes.

The new cane-makers proved to be a more innovative bunch and for the first time in over a century and a half a new range of designs began to appear in their advertising.

Interestingly although caning is often considered to be ‘Le Vice Anglaise’ it was the Americans who proved the most innovative. Straight run canes with the shafts holstered in customized leather bound handles were being advertised on the web by purveyors from San Francisco, New York and Rhode Island. Mr Humphries was regularly sent samples and asked to provide testimonials for implements he considered to be of particularly high quality.

Deborah dampened her dry lips with her tongue as she felt the cane tapping down. The Grand Master had been kind enough to show her the advertising material that had accompanied the latest
sample. The cane-maker enjoyed a good reputation throughout the industry for making perfectly balanced canes from the highest quality materials. Deborah had been involved in several trials of their previous works and she had no reason to doubt that the newest addition would maintain the high standard of craftsmanship. She felt a shiver down her spine as she heard the ominous whistle of rattan slicing through the air.

‘Achieve increased pace and accuracy with minimum effort’ the ad material boasted. The cane scorched across Deborah’s naked buttocks causing her face to contort into a silent howl. For once the advertiser could not be accused of making exaggerated claims. The heat from the opening stroke reverberated through her central nervous system in a most alarming manner.
A Half-time Breather

Deborah’s teeth were chattering, her nerves were jangling and her eyes were watering. She hung over the back of the chair panting. They were six strokes in and half the way through a Double Berkeley. The Grand Master had been beating her at a steady rhythm of three strokes a minute but now that they had reached the halfway mark she knew that they would take a sixty second breather.

Debs stared down at the cushioned seat and willed herself to remain focused. Deborah knew that they were in the very heart of a world class whopping and that even a minor lapse in concentration would prove to be disastrous. She knew that she had to stay in the zone if she didn’t want to be totally nailed.

Mr Humphries stepped back into position and set his feet in preparation to resume the beating. He tapped the cane down lightly and was impressed that Deborah automatically responded by lowering her
head a fraction and bravely pushing her bum up slightly so it was at its most prominent.

The Grand Master was deeply impressed with the performance of the new cane. With only the minimum back-swing he was able to land the strokes at an extraordinary pace, with absolute precision and control. He raised the cane in the air and sliced it downwards.

Deborah hissed with consternation as the cane whipped down across the existing sore and throbbing stripes. It had taken all her considerable experience and will-power to remain focused during the interval. She knew that it would have been all too easy to become distracted and bogged down in a mire of self-pity at her unfortunate circumstances. Even so, despite her sterling efforts at remaining in the zone the recommencement of the caning almost took her breath away. She gripped the lower cross-bar of the straight-backed chair with white-knuckle determination. There were still five strokes to go and she had no intention of allowing herself to be nailed.

The Grand Master continued to cane Debs in the same steady rhythm. He could tell from the involuntary twitches and wriggles and squirms of Deborah’s striped buttocks that the cane was having effect. Debs was a whop-hardened veteran who prided herself that she could put it up and keep it up with the minimum of fuss. Even the smallest reaction was a testimony to the craftsmanship that had gone into the production of his new cane.
Mischief and Mayhem

Deborah Morton was more than happy to offer testimonials to the skill of the craftsman.

“That thing is fucking killer,” she told the Grand Master while he post-processed the punishment in her prb. “That may be the best cane in your collection. I think that you should keep it for special occasions; it’s far too good for everyday use.”

Mr Humphries chuckled. “Caning you, Miss Morton, is always a special occasion,” he told her.

Deborah snorted. She was not sure whether she should be flattered or not.

Debs tottered out of the Grand Master’s study like a drunken sailor on shore leave. She closed the door and thrust her hands deep into the pockets of her blazer to avoid the temptation of rubbing. She glanced over towards the open door of Katie’s office. Predictably, the unit matron was seated behind her desk with a smirk on her face. Debs considered striding into the office, yanking Katie across her desk and giving her a damn good spanking. Deborah knew that it would be enormously gratifying but she did not relish expanding on her rather unenviable record of being the only Red-shirt in the unit’s history to be subjected to a public flogging. She satisfied herself by glaring at Katie and then wriggled down the stairs.

Deborah was in no hurry to return to the lecture room. She cut through the corridors and hallways until she reached the stairwell that led up to the living quarters and made her way up to the Elite landing. One of the advantages of being the Red-shirt was that anybody who saw her out and about at this
curious hour would assume that she was engaged in official duties. Debs went into her private study and closed the door behind her. She walked over to the full-length mirror and studied her reflection.

Considering that she had recently spent nearly five minutes bent over a straight-backed chair she looked remarkably spick and span. The Grand Master had given her plenty of time to straighten her clobber while they post-processed the beating and discussed the relative merits of the new cane. She had fastened her collar and cuffs and straightened her tie before shrugging on her elegantly cut blazer and fastening the five buttons up the front.

Deborah reached beneath her black pleated skirt and rolled down her bumbags. She turned around and flipped up the hem. The stripes were a bright scarlet and visibly throbbing. She studied them for a few seconds and then reached down and re-arranged her lowered undergarment with an enigmatic smile on her face.
Nixdown wolf-whistled. “Wow Debs, look at you all dressed up, but isn’t it a bit late to be going out for a ride?”

Debs grinned. “Yes it is. I need you to meet me over at the stables so that you can put me over your knee. Feel free to bring one of your favorite crops.”

Nixdown raised an eyebrow. “Debs you just got the cane a few hours ago.”

Debs smiled. “That’s the problem. I just can’t stop thinking about it.”

Nix chuckled. “Well one thing I have to admire about you, Deborah Morton, when you outed yourself as a born again spankette you really were quite serious.”

“So I take it that will be a yes?” asked Debs.

Nix nodded. “Debs you know that I would spank you any time morning, noon or night, on any day of the week. So yes, that is a yes. Give me half an hour to freshen up and then I will be more than
happy to pay your bumbags the attention they so richly deserve.”

Debs grinned and stuck her tongue out. “Ok sis, see ya there.”

Deborah had been perfectly serious when she had told her chum that she hadn’t been able to stop thinking about the caning she had received earlier.

After enjoying her brief stopover in her study Debs had gone downstairs and attended the last lecture of the day. She wriggled and squirmed on the hard wooden seat but she did not feel the least bit uncomfortable, in fact she rather enjoyed the sensation. The lecture was just a recap and consolidation of earlier sessions in the series so Debs allowed herself to relive her recent punishment. It was quite delicious.

After lectures she paid her daily visit to the Wart’s Lair to discuss House Business. As usual the Mistress of the Red House had no interest in listening to Deborah’s report preferring, instead, to give her an unsavory ration of tongue pie and scolding her for setting a bad example to the other members of the house. Debs had become accustomed to the Wart’s tirades and largely ignored her. However Debs could not resist inserting a few pithy ripostes into the exchange that caused smoke to come out of the Wart’s ears.

“Alright Morton that does it,” fumed the Mistress of the House, “bend over and touch them I intend to beat you for impertinence.”
“No you don’t,” said Deborah coolly, “now why
don’t I pour you a stiff drink and I’ll be on my way? I
have Red-shirt business to attend to.”

While she had been swapping barbs with the
Wart Jane Lummell had texted her and asked her to
stop by when she had a free moment. As she was in
the Brass quarters Debs went down a landing and
knocked on the door of the coach’s apartment.

Jane came to the door in a toweling bathrobe
and her hair in a towel turban. “Oh that was quick,”
she laughed, “I’m just out of the shower.”

“I was in the vicinity chatting with Ms
Wharton,” said Debs, “I can come back later if you’d
prefer.”

Jane smiled and swung the door open. “Come
on in if you don’t mind me dressing while we chat,
I’m taking a group out on an early evening ride so I
have a little time.” Deborah closed the door and
followed Jane along the hallway. “I heard you got
whopped this afternoon,” Jane said over her shoulder,
“how was it?”

“Actually it was extremely hot,” chuckled Debs,
“but in hindsight it was a lot of fun.”

Deborah felt completely at ease discussing
such matters with her tennis coach. For the past
seven years, come wind or rain, they had met at the
stables at six o’clock in the morning to run together.
They loved to gab when they ran and the subject of
whops often came up.

Debs adored Jane and was grateful for the
time that she had freely donated over the years.
When Jane had suggested that Debs should get a
new coach to help her in her return to the professional circuit Deborah wouldn’t hear of it.

“Oh don’t be ridiculous Jane,” Debs had retorted, “Who else would understand the Team Morton dynamic? After all I don’t want just any old coach dusting my bumbags!”

For the remainder of the afternoon Debs found herself immersed in Red-shirt business. At five thirty she was summoned to the library to beat Heidi and the Lash for ‘Unnecessary Rowdiness in the Recreation Area’ and an hour later she returned to the library to dangle Lisa Sutton for rubbishing pre’s.

After supper she persuaded the Bounder to take over and put in a Red-shirt shift and returned to the privacy of her study. She peeled off her blazer, loosened her tie, kicked off her shoes and settled down at her laptop to record the latest misadventures of her bumbags on her blog.

Generally she considered herself a calm and collected author but the words seemed to be rushing out. She surprised herself by smoking two whole cigarettes and drinking two glasses of wine. She found it difficult to settle and paced the room as she replayed the afternoon’s events over and over, whop by whop in her head.

Finally she concluded that she was unlikely to be her usual productive self and began to think of alternative activities to entertain herself.
Nixdown stroked the palms of her hands across the tautened white material of Deborah’s jodhpurs. Debs was bent like a bow across her lap, her head lowered between her outstretched arms and her legs stretched back so that only the toes of her black riding boots touched the floor of the stable. Nixdown could hear the sound of Deborah’s breath coming in small pants of excited expectation. Nicola Jane picked up her braided leather riding crop and swished it through the air. She smiled as Deborah’s buttocks twitched involuntarily. Nixdown raised her arm in the air and slashed the crop downwards.

Nicola Jane Nixon had not been exaggerating when she had told Deborah that she was willing to spank her morning, noon or night, seven days a week. Over the years the chums’ relationship had often been quite thorny. Nixdown was a natural born cynic and had not always been impressed by Deborah’s unpredictable mood swings and mercurial behavior. She had often been sorely tempted to dump
her chum over her lap and give her bumbags a damn good dusting. However, even at Woodys there was a certain level of decorum that was generally observed and the appropriate opportunity had never presented itself.

However, now that Deborah was presenting herself of her own volition Nixdown was more than happy to take advantage of the opportunity. She slashed the crop down with considerable vigor.

Nixdown couldn’t help but feel a sense of pride when Deborah had pitched up in her study all dressed up and ready for a spanking. For years Debs had been a poster child for the most clobber-challenged amongst the community. She was one of the most frequent visitors to Katie Becks study to be slippered for clobber abuse and held the record for being punished for wearing her collar and tie unfastened.

Finally, when Lady Victoria invited Debs to act as her Deputy Nicola Jane had decided enough was enough. She had flown her personal clobber consultant to the Cassidy family compound in Ibiza where the Woody gals were spending the summer furlough and had forced Debs to endure a complete make-over.

“You cannot take on the responsibility of being Lady Victoria’s first lieutenant and continue to wander about looking like a bag-lady,” Nix had insisted.

When Debs had protested over the cost of investing in a wardrobe of Nixdown style haute-couture clobber Nix had informed Deborah that her father, Johnny Nixon, had generously agreed to foot
the bill. Albeit somewhat ungraciously, Debs had finally acquiesced.

Nixdown slashed her vintage crop with the over-sized slapper down across the seat of Deborah’s tailored jodhpurs. They had agreed that they would start with six across the seat of Deborah’s tautened trews, before proceeding with a second six across her bumbags. The evening would culminate with a dozen swishes across Deborah’s naked nates.

“Promise me that if it gets too much you’ll use the safe word,” Nix insisted.

“Promise me that until I do you’ll get on with the business at hand,” Debs had retorted tightly and had lowered herself across Nicola Jane’s lap.

Nixdown wore a white Irish linen ascot shirt, black jodhpurs and matching knee-length riding boots. On her head she wore a veiled black felt top hat with a hat band of matching silk with a lace overlay. The veil was a single tiered waltz length black tulle accented with rhinestones and a satin ribbon edging. The back of the hat had two gorgeous satin and organza millinery roses and beautiful black ostrich feathers accenting the crown. She wore a pair of black leather rein grip gloves on her hands.

She whipped the crop down.

Deborah slid off Nixdown’s lap and kneeled beside her.

“Stand up Miss Morton and lower your jodhpurs,” Nicola Jane snapped authoritatively, “we haven’t finished with you yet.”
“Yes Ma’am, Miss Nixon,” said Deborah, rather humbly and rose to her feet. She fumbled with the buttons at the sides of the trousers and began to roll them down. She straightened the waistband of her bumbags and then submissively offered Nixdown her left wrist and allowed herself to be lowered downwards once again.

Nixdown stared down admiringly at Deborah’s curvaceous rear end. The navy blue gossamer bumbags seemed to have been spray-painted on and followed the contours as they stretched across the twin curves of her buttocks. She grinned to herself and slashed the crop down.

Deborah was feeling dizzy. The level of pain that she was experiencing was quite extraordinary and almost over-whelming. She knew that she was more than strong enough to escape from Nixdown’s lap if she so desired and was confident that Nix would immediately respond if she screamed the safe word. Every thirty seconds Nixdown slashed the crop down sending Debs nerve endings into another fandango and then she felt Nicola Jane’s fingers in the elastic waistband of her bumbags and she felt quite bilious.
Nixdown pursed her lips and surveyed the state of Deborah’s arse. The twelve-stroke whipping that she had given Debs with the riding crop had combined with the twelve-strokes of the new super cane Debs had received earlier to produce a pulsating mass of contusions.

“Come on Debs, I think you’ve had enough for tonight,” she said quietly.

“Nooooo!!!!” squealed Deborah, “don’t stop now, not now, pleeeeeease, Ma’am!!! Please Miss Nixdown!”

Nixdown scowled and wrinkled her nose. She knew from personal experience of prolonged spanking sessions that she wouldn’t do Debs any real damage by continuing. Debs bum was now in such a tender state that a mere flick of the crop would seem like a full-blooded swipe. She shrugged and gave Debs a wristy crack with the slapper, sending her into a paroxysm of convulsions.
Deborah was leaning back against the wall of the stables. She had a tall champagne flute in one hand and a cigarette in the other. Nixdown had granted her permission to unfasten the collar of her blouse and loosen her tie.

“It’s going to be a bugger sitting down tomorrow,” she mused.

Nixdown nodded. “It’s probably best to leave these type of extended bender sessions until the weekends,” she told Debs, “but I fully understand why you couldn’t wait. We are not always sensible in these matters and sometimes when the urge strikes there is very little we can do about it.”

Deborah blew smoke out through her nostrils and then carefully stubbed the barely smoked fag out with the toe of her leather riding boot. “I envy you Nixxy,” she breathed. “You are so sure about all this stuff. Me, I’m just confused. I thought that outing myself would prove to be my great Rubicon moment but now I’m not so sure. I loved being over your knee tonight, but when you were smacking that crop off my bare bum I thought I would die. But now I feel great and relaxed and slightly crazy because I’m gabbing with a mad woman wearing a veil.”

Nixdown chuckled. She took off her top hat and set it aside. She unpinned her hair and shook it loose. “I’m sorry sis but I doubt you’ll ever really enjoy your great Rubicon moment. I doubt that you ever really celebrated winning a tennis match, just fretted that you could have played better. Me, I’m just a simple country gal. I just live for the moment.”

Debs snorted. “Yeah, right. Nixdown Nixon, the simple country gal. Rock on sister.”
“What are you doing still here Derby?” asked Debs. “It’s nearly time for lockdown.”

“I just wanted to make sure that you were okay, Ma’am,” said Lady Derby. “Did Miss Nixdown take good care of you?”

Debs couldn’t help smiling. “Yes Derby, Miss Nixdown took good care of me in her own way. Now I think that you should cut along sharpish, we don’t need you getting whopped for missing lockdown.”

“We don’t?” grinned Lady Derby.

Debs continued to smile. “You are fucking barking Derby,” she told her grubby. “Now stretch those long legs of yours and go and get some sleep, and by the way, thanks for looking out for me.”

Derby beamed. “You’re welcome Ma’am,” she told Debs as she turned to leave. “I’ve laid out your jimjams for you.”

Debs unbuttoned the side fastenings of her jodhpurs and rolled them down so that she could inspect the discoloration of her backside in the bathroom mirror. She could actually feel the heat when she held her fingers a few centimeters above the flesh. She let out a low whistle and then shuffled over to a convenient chair and went about the cumbersome exercise of removing her boots so that she could get undressed. Every little move sent sharp reminders of the unfortunate state of her derriere to her brain but she was no longer processing the sensation as pain.

Once she had managed to get her boots off she quickly removed the rest of her clothes and
dumped them in a laundry bag. She padded into the bedroom and pulled on the red and black striped pajamas that Lady Derby had kindly laid out on the bed. She went out into the living room and opened the fridge. She found the remnants of a bottle of chardonnay and poured a glass. She found a crumpled packet of fags and some matches and took them all back to the bedroom and slid under the covers.

Debs texted Jane Lummell and cancelled their early morning run. She lit the rumpled cigarette and sipped her wine. Her backside was throbbing but she didn’t find the sensation in the least bit disagreeable. Deborah took two drags of the cigarette and stubbed it out. She swallowed down the drink and then reached over and turned out the bedside light.

“Thank you Miss Nixdown,” she breathed and then closed her eyes and drifted into the land of nod.
Tradecraft

“You are a degenerate of the first order Huntington,” Patty was telling Lady Derby as she dusted her bumbags.

Her Ladyship couldn’t give two figs about Patty’s opinions regarding her lifestyle choices but she did take considerable umbrage at being head down arse up across Patty Hodge’s lap.

Lady Derby was the first to admit that she loved being spanked under almost any circumstances; the only exception that she could think of was when it was Patty doing the spanking.

Given the choice Derby would have much preferred to have been shown a red card and sent upstairs to the Grand Masters office for six hot ones with the cane but Patty was not in the business of farming out her jollies. She had barreled down upon the bob-haired aristocrat and yanked her out of her seat. After hauling Derby stumbling down the aisle of the lecture room Patty had dumped her over her lap, flipped back her skirt and given her several hearty
spans across her bumbags. After half a dozen whaps she had hauled Derby back to her feet.

“Remove your blazer, young lady,” Patty had snapped, “and let’s do this properly.”

Derby knew from experience that doing things properly Patty Hodge style was going to be tiresome. Ms Hodge would not be content to just get on with the dusting, she would doubtless feel compelled to maintain a commentary of snide observations about Her Ladyship’s shortcomings throughout the proceedings.

Derby gritted her teeth and tried to shut out the interminable mocking comments that Patty insisted on making to punctuate the spanking. Derby willed herself to remain completely still and not give Patty the satisfaction of even the slightest twitch, shudder or quiver that might show the Dame that she was causing her aristocratic posterior any discomfort.

Patty grinned to herself. Derby’s determination to remain motionless was almost palpable. Patty continued to spank with an easy rhythm, working up the right side of Derby’s bum and then back down the other, all the while interjecting the proceedings with her barbed jibes. She was in no hurry. Patty Hodge knew that it was all about timing and that very shortly Lady Derby’s determined stoicism was going to be stretched to the limit.

Patricia Hodge had first learned her tradecraft, over forty years earlier, laying head down, arse up across the lap of a young lady named Alexis Birchall.
When Patty was first enrolled at the original Woody School she was assigned to grub for Alexis, a tall, beautiful and intimidating figure. Patty’s first insight into Alexis’s cruel and autocratic nature came when she arrived in the Brat Dorm to spend her first night as a Woody Gal. All the gab in the dorm was about the initial training spankings that the new brats had just endured. Patty was horrified to discover that the other brats had received twelve spanks from their mentors whereas Patty had been subjected to three times that number.

At first Patty despised Alexis who treated her as a serf and dusted her bumbags liberally. Nonetheless she secretly admired her charismatic mentor. Although Alexis had been over-looked for the prestigious role of Red-shirt there was no question that she held the school in her thrall. She surrounded herself with sycophantic disciples and a network of snitches that fed her information that guaranteed the delivery of a steady stream of hapless miscreants whose bumbags she gleefully cut to tatters upstairs in the privacy of the library.

Patty’s own tendency towards imperious behavior had not gone unnoticed by Alexis and her mentor slowly began to thaw to her as she began to view Patty as a kindred spirit.

“One day you will thank me,” she used to tell Patty while she spanked her. “The lessons you are learning under my tutelage will serve you well in your future.”

Alexis had the responsibility of being the Senior Brat Draper. When mentors thought that their grubby’s needed a more serious dusting than the
standard twelve spanks they would send them up to the library for an extended draping from Alexis. It was Patty’s duty to escort the unfortunate Brat’s to the library and monitor them while they performed nose and toes as they awaited the arrival of Alexis.

As Alexis warmed to Patty she began to allow her grubby to come into the library and witness the lengthy spankings.

Patty had witnessed dozens of routine spankings in the lecture rooms where the recipients might wriggle, jerk and squirm but it often appeared that their pride was hurt as much as their bums. She soon learned that an extended draping in the library was a very different affair.

Dusting’s from the Senior Brat Draper could be ordered by the quarter gross, the half gross, and in extreme circumstances a full gross. Alexis was a stylish spanker. She took considerable care in preparing her prey, stretching them out and leaving them pondering their fates with their bottoms bared for considerable lengths of time. The hapless grubby’s were not informed how many spansks had been ordered.

Alexis would start slowly and rhythmically, warming and reddening both cheeks in preparation for her trademark blitz attack. Not even the most willful, recalcitrant, belligerent and spank hardened Brat was equipped to withstand a full-bloodied blitz. During the year that she grubbed for Alexis Patty Hodge saw some of the toughest gals in the joint reduced to quivering, blubbering messes.

It was a lesson in tradecraft that Patty would never forget.
Mischief and Mayhem
Blitz Attack

The Little Brats leaned forward with their elbows on the lids of the desks and their necks craned forward.

Spankings during Patty’s lectures were commonplace. In fact it was a very rare day when she did not put one Brat or another over her knee. Lecture room spankings were generally routine affairs limited to anywhere between a dozen and two dozen spanks but it was clear to everybody in the room Patty was not in the mood for limiting herself to a paltry paddy whacking. Her arm pumped up and down as she warmed to her work.

Lady Derby began to sense that she was over Patty’s knee for the long road. They had already long passed the twenty-four-spank post and Derby knew that they had not yet got to the real heart of the spanking. The bob-haired aristocrat gritted her teeth and concentrated on remaining totally still. She knew that it was inevitable that she shortly would be blitzed; she just had no possible way of telling when.
Mischief and Mayhem

Patty Hodge took a deep breath and steadied herself. She tucked Derby's long lean frame in a little tighter to the crease of her lap and let loose with a blitz.

Patty's arm pumped up and down at a ferocious pace as she slapped Derby's bumbags in a random fashion. She knew from several extended sessions across Alexis Birchall's lap that this had a bewildering effect. Derby no longer knew where the next spank would land and Patty was certain that she would soon become discombobulated.

Derby gritted her teeth and willed herself to remain defiantly still, which was becoming increasingly difficult. Patty had long arms and quite large hands and she was spanking Her Ladyship with considerable gusto. Derby knew that if she could only remain focused and ride out the storm the blitz was bound to be over shortly. Even the most prolific spanker could rarely sustain a blitz for much more than a few dozen spanks before they needed to take a breather.

Patty was panting from her excursions. Her hand was stinging from the furious flurry of spansks that she had landed on Lady Derby's tautened bumbags. She stared down at the twins mounds encased in navy blue gossamer. To her disgust they were barely even twitching.

Lady Derby was grateful for the breather. She had no doubt that the spanking was far from over but it was unlikely that Patty would attempt a second
blitz. When the spanking resumed she suspected that it would return to the slow methodical and predictable rhythm and she felt confident that she would be able to remain in control.

Lady Derby stood on a chair at the front of the lecture room with her hands on her head. By the time Patty had finished the spanking Derby suspected that the final tally had been half a gross. It was always difficult to keep count during the blitz and the number of spanks was not a required entry field when the spanking was post-processed. Nonetheless Patty was old school and would doubtless have been keeping a close count herself so Derby assumed that seventy-two spanks was probably as good an estimate as any.

Every now and again Patty would stop the lecture and turn to Derby to make a snide remark. Lady Derby did her best to ignore the jibes but she found herself increasingly distracted in contemplating ways that she might wreak some revenge on the unpleasant be-yotch.

Michelle Morgan slipped her arm into Derby's as they cut through the cloisters.

“Whoa gratters sis, that was damned impressive,” gushed Michelle. “You could almost see the steam coming out of her ears when you didn’t start jerking about like a fucking fish.”

Derby beamed. “Well you know how much I hate that be-yotch so I just couldn’t give her any satisfaction,” she told her chum. “If it had been anyone else I could have really enjoyed myself but
being dusted by Patty is just a royal pain in the arse, so to speak.”

Michelle giggled. “Speaking of royal pain’s in the arse I’ve gotta stretch. I’ve got an appointment with Debs to be beaten on House Business so I think it’s safe to say that I’ll be sporting a pain in my arse quite shortly.”

Derby hugged her chum. “Take care sister, remember its only whops.”

Michelle grinned ruefully. “Yeah but unfortunately its going to be only whops from Debs Morton!”
Deborah Morton was stretching her legs and cutting through the cloisters when the Red House Grubby accosted her and handed her a note from the Wart.

Debs unfolded the sheet of paper. The neatly typed note informed her that she would be required to repair to the library at twelve-thirty to beat Michelle Morgan on a matter related to House Business. Deborah groaned; it was most inconvenient.

Debs had been planning on spending the lunch-break playing a set or two with Rachel Cox and trying to work off some of the stiffness in her gluteus maximus muscles. She considered contacting the Mistress of the House and rescheduling Michelle’s beating but she doubted that the Wart would prove to be accommodating. Earlier in the day Debs had attended a geography lecture presided over by Ms Wharton and it had very nearly been a disaster. Despite Deborah promising herself that she would be on her best behavior to allow her tender behind to
recover from the previous day’s activities she found herself being shown a yellow card within the first five minutes of arriving at the lecture. For the next thirty minutes the Wart had done everything in her power to provoke Deborah into saying or doing something stupid so that she could invite her to bend over and touch them.

Debs had awoken with a touch of the residuals and a mild dose of pygalgia. Bending over and touching them in order that the Wart could get her jollies by giving her six with a whippy cane was not high on her priority list. Debs had bitten her tongue and answered the bombardment of questions from the Wart with exemplary charm and good manners. At the end of the lecture as Debs was about to leave the room the Wart had called her back and given her another unprovoked ration of tongue pie. Deborah had smiled sweetly and wished the Wart a good day.

Unfortunate and inconvenient as it might be cancelling her tennis game seemed a rather more palatable option than paying a call to the Wart’s Lair and begging a favor. She folded the paper and put it in the pocket of her blazer.

“Has Morgan been informed?” she asked the House Grubby.

“Yes Ma’am,” replied the Grubby. “Morgan has confirmed her availability.”

Michelle Morgan was not a nervous cove by nature but as she reached down and touched her toes her tummy did several disagreeable backward flips. Deborah had been terribly sweet. She had asked Michelle if she wished to appeal although they both
acknowledged that it would be fruitless. The paperwork had called for a House scolding prior to the beating but Debs had barely even admonished her. Nonetheless Deborah was behind her now, tie loosened and cuffs back, and was preparing to thrash her with the ceremonial House cane.

Michelle gritted her teeth and stared down at her fingers which were resting on the tips of her highly polished black sandals. She felt Deborah gently lift the hem of her skirt and fold it neatly up her back. She tried to remain calm. It was not the first time that Michelle had been caned by Deborah and she knew that she would have to draw upon her considerable experience to avoid making a muff of herself.

Michelle Morgan had experience in spades. The records of the Ministry of Education dating back to the 1850’s show Michelle as the third most caned pupil in history, marginally behind Debs Morton and Claire Brooks. When she arrived at Woodys it was clear to Mr Humphries that for a whop-hardened road-warrior like Michelle being spanked was going to be nothing more than a mild inconvenience. He enrolled her into the Beaten Brat society. Michelle had become an instant superstar on the Hall of Shame and this latest set of whops would put her just one set behind Cassie Cassy on the Annual Big BUTT.

Debs used the shaft of the cane to take her measure and planted her feet. She tapped the cane down three times across the tautened bumbags of Michelle Morgan and then pulled the cane back.
Michelle pursed her lips and her eyes opened as wide as saucers as the effects of the first stroke embarked upon their voyage around her central nervous system. She shook her head slowly and concentrated on keeping her breathing even. She had no doubt that the next few minutes were going to become increasingly hot and sweaty.

Deborah left a fifteen second interval before pulling her arm back for a second time and releasing the cane with another wristy flick. The ceremonial house cane was thirty-two inches long and slightly under a quarter of an inch thick. Debs had recently revised the specification to have the shaft fashionably housed in a straight-run handle to give her maximum accuracy and control. With very little back-swing and using her innate timing and powerful wrists she was able to deliver strokes that arrived in excess of Mach One without the remotest possibility of miss-hits, low riders or wraparounds. Much as she hated having to whop her chum at least Debs felt that with a cane of such high quality she could at least guarantee Michelle her complete safety.

Michelle was not in much of a position to appreciate the finer safety attributes of the thrashing. Every time the cane lashed across her bumbags she was certain that if she hadn’t been wearing buckled in sandals her heels would have been lifted clear out of her shoes. Maintaining the toe-touching position was almost impossible and several times her shoulders jerked upwards at the moment of impact causing her fingers to leave the tips of her toes. Mercifully Debs
chose to ignore this infraction and limited the beating to the originally prescribed six strokes.
Cassie Cassy scowled down at her smartphone. She had recently added an app that gave her access to the Breaking Whops area of the GalGab web-site to allow her to monitor any untoward activity inside the bumbags of Michelle Morgan and Lisa Sutton.

"Is everything ok Cassie?" asked Dotty Hammell. "You look like you've just found a frog in the soup."

"Michelle Morgan just got caned," growled Cassie.

Dotty Hammell did her best to suppress a grin. "Poor Michelle," she said sympathetically.

"Poor Michelle my arse," snorted Cassie, "I'm at a critical stage in my campaign and I don't need some Little Brat constantly snapping at my bumbags."

Dotty continued to resist the temptation to giggle. Over the past two years she had spent considerable hours of each day in the unit's kitchens working with Cassandra Cassidy to create a fine and balanced diet for the inmates. She totally admired Cassie's brilliance and passion as a chef. They had
become close chums and she was also aware of Cassie’s other passion which was her pursuit to take the title of the Annual Big BUTT. Dotty had become used to listening to Cassie kvetching when either of her nearest rivals, Michelle Morgan or Lisa Sutton, was subjected to whops. Dotty had tried to explain to Cassie that in her opinion Michelle and Lisa were not jonesing for whops and that both have them had made it known that if they never saw a cane within a mile of their bumbags again it would not be far enough. Cassie was not convinced and remained certain that Michelle and Lisa were in collusion to thwart her ambitions for Hall of Shame greatness.


Deborah had escorted Michelle up to the Elite landing, put her over her knee and gently peeled down her bumbags. She dipped her hand into a pot of soothing balm and then began to trace her fingertip along one of the red and swollen weals.

It did not strike either gal as the least bit queer that just fifteen minutes after warming Michelle up with the ceremonial house cane Debs Morton was now doing her best to cool her down again.

“I’m sorry, sis,” muttered Debs as she continued to massage.

“It’s not your fault,” sighed Michelle, “you were just doing your job, but man you were right, those new canes sure do have that extra little bit of sizzle.”

When Deborah had been ordering the consignment of straight-run canes she had been
Mischief and Mayhem
careful to ensure that the rods complied with the specifications for House Canes that had been established by Gertrude Lawrence, the founder of the original Woody School, way back in 1857.

As the holder of the unit record for being beaten on matters related to House Business Debs considered herself to be eminently qualified to act as both judge and jury regarding the quality and performance of the ceremonial canes. She had solicited the services of Patsy Butcher, a close chum and former Captain of the Red House, to assist her in the trials to ensure that the new canes were no more punishing than the canes that had traditionally been used by Captains of the House for over a century and a half.

At the end of the trials Deborah and Patsy had concluded that the precision accuracy and control offered by the new design of the canes more than adequately offset the extra little bit of sizzle they imparted.

As she continued to massage her chums bum Debs could not help but be impressed by her own handiwork. The first five strokes had landed in extremely tight formation across the sweet spot of Michelle’s rear end and the closer had added a perfect diagonal stripe to complete a five-bar gate. The superlative formation served as confirmation to Debs just how worthwhile it had been to invest the time and effort she had put in to select and test the new house canes before introducing them into general service.
“Cassie is going to string me up by the waistband of my bumbags,” groaned Michelle. “She had steam coming out of her ears last night when she found out that Lisa had been dangled. She’s absolutely convinced that the Minxster and I have hatched up a major conspiracy to stop her from taking the title.”

Deborah just chuckled. “I assume that you do understand that Cassie is certifiably barking?” she asked somewhat rhetorically. Michelle unfolded herself from her lap and reached down to rearrange her undergarments.

“Perhaps I should follow Lisa’s example and announce a reform campaign,” remarked Michelle.

Debs giggled. “I’m not so sure that has worked too well for her,” she sighed.
Terribly Pear-shaped

“Step up Sutton. Remove your blazer and step up this instant. I intend to give you six,” said the Wart as she snatched down a cane from a hook on the wall.

Lisa stared at the GeoDame bleakly. No sooner had she opened her mouth than she experienced an all too familiar sinking feeling in her tummy and a sense of impending doom.

Very slowly she pushed her chair back and unfastened the top button of her red and black striped blazer.

For almost two full weeks Lisa Sutton had been boasting to anyone who would listen that her reform program had finally kicked in and that she was sporting a cool arse. The gap between her and Cassie Cassy at the top of the Big BUTT had opened up and Lisa had wagered serious squids that she would not even appear in the top five at the end of the year. However in the past twenty-four hours it had all gone terribly pear-shaped.
The previous evening Lisa had not been best pleased when the Duty Grubby informed her that she was required to cut along sharpish to the library where she was due for a dangling. Deborah had offered her the chance to appeal but she declined. Lisa knew that Debs was continuing Lady Victoria Brompton’s legacy and that every black mark issued by members of her Elite had to be fully justified. It had been several months since Lisa had last been dangled so she assumed that she had accumulated the dreaded five black marks in the daily rough and tumble of Woody life. Without complaint she allowed herself to be hoisted up across the Red-shirts knees.

Although the whole affair was conducted with as little unpleasantness as possible the spanking itself had been excruciating. Twelve colossal clouts across her bare bum with an oval-headed wood-backed hairbrush had made her eyes water.

“It’s just an unfortunate hiccup,” she had later informed the Bounder emphatically. To demonstrate her confidence in the continued success of her reform campaign she had doubled her wager.

The Wart took her time turning back Lisa’s skirt. She had been waiting all day for an opportunity to cut some bumbags to tatters to present itself and she was determined to enjoy herself.

Lisa winced as the opener sliced across her tautened navy blue bumbags. Her bottom was still suffering from severe residual tenderness as a result of her trip over Deborah’s knee the previous day.
Mischief and Mayhem

Having her bumbags sliced and diced with a whippy cane was very low on Lisa’s priority list.

In stark contrast slicing and dicing Lisa’s bumbags with a whippy cane was very high on the Warts priority list. Ms Wharton had awoken with a raging hangover. She had spent the previous evening in the saloon bar of the Bunch of Grapes drinking tequila slammers and listening to Katie kvetch over Patty Hodge and her conspiracy theories. It had been past midnight before the Wart had returned to her lair and fallen into her scratch. The sound of the wake-up bell in the morning had been most disagreeable.

With her spirits only slightly bolstered by splashing several shots of Kahlua in her early morning coffee she had gone in the hunt for whops. Despite issuing a flurry of yellow cards during the morning lectures she had been deeply disappointed to find herself forced to have to be satisfied with merely being responsible for signing the approval forms for Michelle to be beaten on House Business. By the time Lisa injected some untimely Rabelaisian pith into the first lecture of the afternoon the Wart was quite literally itching to get her hands on a cane.

Lisa Sutton straightened up, her hands clutching the tops of her thighs, “Shiitttt!!!!!” she wailed, her pretty face contorted into a ghastly grimace.

The Bounder was out of her seat like a jackrabbit. “Low Rider! Low Rider!” she yelled at the Wart. She snatched out her smart-phone and speed-dialed the security center.
“Make sure you capture those frames from the surveillance tapes,” she told Ellen Millar. She turned back to the Wart. “That’s a Low Rider and I’m photographing the evidence,” she snarled. “Bend over Lisa,” she told her chum. “Let’s keep this within the protocols.”

The Wart scowled. This was not the first time that Bernadette Summers had poked her nose into a situation like this and it galled her that the opinion of a reprobate like the Bounder should have any bearing or influence upon the matter at hand. Nonetheless, even the Wart was pragmatic enough to acknowledge that not only did Bernadette now hold a position of considerable influence but also that the surveillance camera’s would clearly demonstrate that the fifth stroke had landed across the sensitive sulcus below the protection of Lisa’s bumbags.

“Sit down you stupid gal,” the Wart snapped at Bernadette. “Of course it was an inadvertent low rider and we shall register it as such. Do you have a problem with that?”

Bernadette glowered but there was little she could say. “No Ma’am,” she muttered darkly and retreated back behind her desk.

“Oh good,” smiled the Wart. “Now Sutton bend down and touch them again. I shall need you perfectly still, I intend to slice you.”
The tension in the lecture room was palpable. The Phase 6 inmates craned their necks to get a proper view of the proceedings. Bernadette was standing up again and despite the Wart’s instructions she refused to sit down. She had her phone to her ear and was instructing Ellen to zoom in the surveillance cameras as closely as possible to the impact zone.

Lisa Sutton was bent in half touching her toes. She was sweating bullets.

“I’ll give you one more chance Summers, either you sit down or you will be the next one bending over for six,” snarled the Wart. “You are distracting me.”

The Bounder stared at the Wart through hooded eyes. “Get on with it Ma’am, we’ll discuss whether or not I shall be beaten at a later date. Right now I am invoking my rights as Miss Sutton’s representative to ensure that you prosecute her punishment in accordance with the protocols.”
The Wart gaped at Bernadette. “Are you fucking barking Summers, have you taken leave of your senses?” she screamed.

“Woof! Woof!” growled the Bounder calmly.

As bacon slicers went it was not a great success. Under the best of circumstances the Wart had a less than average probability of success of executing such a specialized technique. With the Bounder staring daggers at her it proved an impossible task. The cane missed Lisa’s bumbags by almost a foot.

“You can stand up now Lisa,” said the Bounder.

Ms Wharton scowled at Bernadette. “You have no … no authority in this …,” and then she trailed off. The Wart was suddenly overcome by an overwhelming premonition that if she said another word the Bounder was likely to biff her on the snooter.

“Good for Bernadette,” chuckled the Grand Master when Ellen Millar sent him the video feed. “I’m sure that Ms Wharton will be wringing her hands and gnashing her teeth in the Bunch of Grapes tonight.”

“She intimidated me,” wailed the Wart. “You are the Commandant of the SS. You should intervene on my behalf and have the Grand Master review the tapes. As a minimum I should be allowed to complete Sutton’s beating without Summers breathing down my neck and I can’t see why Summers shouldn’t be
flogged for her disrespectful behavior. Patty was very good at this kind of stuff.”

Katie Beck gaped at the Wart. “I am not exactly your union representative,” she said soothingly. “I’ve watched the replay and I can understand that you might have felt that Summers had interjected herself into the proceedings a little forcefully but I’m not sure there is much that I can do.”

“I need you to summons the House Council and have Summers charged with ‘Bringing the House in to Disrepute’. You will fill out an application for a Formal House Beating,” raged the Wart.

“I shall do no such thing,” retorted Deborah curtly. “I’ve watched the replay and best as I could tell you got over excited and decided to take a crack at a bacon slicer and missed. With all due respect Ma’am you do not have a particularly good record in the Bacon Slicing department.”

The Wart glared at Debs. “Good grief Morton I have never heard such impertinence. Bend over and touch them, bend over now!”

“No Ma’am, I don’t think I shall,” said Deborah calmly,” and if you don’t mind I think I shall cut along.”

“What are you going to do about it?” the Wart fumed.

Patty Hodge looked querulous. “About what Warty One? Everybody has seen the replay, its been all over the internet for the past hour. You tried to slice Sutton and missed by a mile. You made a
complete fool of yourself and there is nothing anybody can do to help you. Now why don’t you go and freshen up and I’ll let you buy me a couple of drinks down at the Bunch of Grapes. I believe they have a tequila shot special on tonight.”

“Grrrrrrrr!!!” was all the Wart could think of to say.
The Golden Age of Minxing

For the second time in the space of a few short hours Cassie Cassy was staring incredulously at the GalGab website as the news of Lisa Suttons latest misadventure was posted in ‘Breaking Whops’. Cassie Cassy and Lisa were tight but Cassie did not feel even the slightest pang of sympathy for her chum’s misfortune. As far as she was concerned Lisa getting herself whopped twice in twenty-four hours was a direct challenge to her supremacy on the Bottoms Up Table of Troublemakers.

Lisa’s double whapping had put her two sets of punishments behind Cassie, and just a single set behind Michelle who was snapping at Cassie’s bumbags in second place.

With just four and half weeks remaining before the completion of the current phases of the inmates sentences Cassie had two objectives. Firstly she was determined to finish this phase as the holder of the title of Annual Big BUTT. Her second, and more challenging goal was to over-take Jojo Heyworth’s
record as the Most Whopped Gal in a Single Year. To achieve this second objective would require her to score ten more sets of whops before the year was out.

Cassie Cassy had a carefully thought out plan for achieving her goals and she was confident that she would succeed. Nonetheless she was damned if she was going to allow Michelle or Lisa to become the first gal of the year to score the highly coveted Bull, or fifty punishments in a single year. Even if she had to accelerate her own well-planned schedule Cassie Cassy was determined not to allow anybody to piss on her parade.

Over the years the Big BUTT had changed radically. In the early days of the unit the Brass had numerous forms of punishments at their disposal including work assignments, lines or impositions, and detentions. The offences attracting corporeal punishment were strictly defined in the protocols.

April Turner, the legendary Über-minx, was the units first ever Big BUTT with a mere twenty-seven punishments inside her bumbags.

The following year Cat Cassidy arrived at the facility and shook up the joint with the publication of her subversive ‘Manifesto of Mega-minxdom’. Twelve months later Cat, her best chum Melanie White, and April were joined by Lady Victoria Brompton and Claire Brooks who were instant converts to the new subterranean cult and minxdom became all the vogue.

Ms Lawton responded by revising the rules, regulations and protocols and slowly increasing the
Mischief and Mayhem

number of offences that attracted a mandatory caning. Every year the annual whop rate increased steadily by several percentage points.

However, it was the fourth year of the facilities history that would herald what Woody chroniclers refer to as the beginning of the Golden Age of Minxing. Jojo Heyworth, Debs Morton, Nixdown Nixon and Rosemary Booker would all be spanked by the Brass and the Elite at a hitherto unprecedented rate. Nixdown who had the misfortune to be assigned to grub for Katie Beck, the presiding Red-shirt, would establish the record as ‘the Most Spanked Grubby in a Single Year’, a record yet to be broken. Jojo and Debs would become the inaugural members of the ‘Beaten Brat Society’.

April, Cat, Melons, Lady Vix and Claire Brooks would all be punished over thirty times. Claire Brooks would take the title of Annual Big BUTT and become the first inmate to be beaten over forty times in a single year.

At year end the overall whop rate throughout the community had climbed by a massive twenty percent. Ms Lawton saw the writing on the wall and worked feverishly throughout the summer furlough to make the first of what Woody historians call the ‘Radical Revisions’.

Competition at the top of the Big BUTT became fierce with the mega-minxes vying for fame on the Hall of Shame. Bernadette Summers spotted a phenomenal financial opportunity. She had already established that in order to stave off the boredom of incarceration the inmates were willing to bet large on
the dogs, nags, or anything else in sporting competition. She felt certain that they would be willing to wager a good few squids on the performance of each other’s bumbags. She established the BUTT Stakes and despite her constant protestations that she was losing her blouse, her blazer and her bumbags it was, in truth, a highly lucrative division of her business.

Cassie knew that whether she achieved her ultimate goal of beating Jojo’s record or not, she would still need to accumulate a final total in the mid-fifties to be certain of the title. The previous year Cassie had scored her first ever Bull but had still only finished third behind Jojo and Debs.

Miss Cassandra Cassidy knew that she still had some serious minxing to do in order to secure the prestigious title of Annual Big BUTT.
The Sweet Smell of Freedom

Ms Lawton unfastened the silver buttons down the front of her white military tunic and loosened her tie. She smiled appreciatively as the Grand Master handed her a gin and tonic in a tall glass.

“You look exhausted,” remarked Mr Humphries.

“I do believe that Melissa is beginning to see the writing on the wall,” said Major Susan Lawton of Military Intelligence. “The Dark Agents are singing like canaries and Armanisuit has finally decided that hiding behind attorney-client privilege might not be in his best interests. I do believe he will turn Queens Evidence, which will open up a much wider can of worms for Melissa. She is up to her bumbags in doodads and she knows it.”

“What about Lord Rufus and the Yoofs?” asked the Grand Master.

“Not quite so promising,” sighed Susan. “None of the Yoofs we have in custody will even acknowledge his existence. He and his organization
imbue an incredible loyalty amongst the rank and file.”

“Rufus poisoned Kate Faulkner, tried to have Claire shot, and then sent the fucking Scorpions to blow up the Unit,” growled Mr Humphries. “I want his dick nailed to the floor.”

“You and I both,” said Ms Lawton smoothly. “So perhaps we should allow the authorities to concentrate on Melissa and the Dark Agents and we can take care of Rufus and the Yoofs ourselves.”

“I’m sure Stacks Monroe will like that idea,” smiled Mr Humphries.

“Exactly,” said Ms Susan Lawton and she sipped her gin and tonic.

TUESDAY EVENING EDITION

“Prime Minister Promises Swift Justice for the Woodettes”

During a televised interview Christopher Brooks stated that the preliminary findings of the all-party select committee investigating the notorious Back to School program indicated that it has confirmed considerable levels of corruption and both financial and political skullduggery within the covert government agency known only as ‘The System’.

“There is no question that the whole social rehabilitation program was introduced based upon a dubious political agenda,” he said, “and once it had been implemented those agenda’s expanded to accommodate personal and financial gain. Over a ten-year period almost two hundred young women aged between eighteen and twenty-five, my eldest daughter included, have been
incarcerated under the questionable premise of Extreme Ladetting. A review of records seized from the secret silos of the Dark Agents of the System indicate that many of these young ladies faced hearings without the opportunity to seek legal counsel or in many cases to even present a defense.”

“Records also show,” he continued, “that vast quantities of tax-payers money was used to pay bounties to a specialist Goon Squad created with the specific responsibility for securing convictions against select targeted Ladettes. Melissa Forsham-Smythe, the Director of Operations of the so-called Celebrity Goon Squad, has been helping the Select Committee with their enquiries. This afternoon she was formally charged with a number of offenses associated with abuse of her position within the System.”

“The final report from the select committee is scheduled to be presented early in the forthcoming week and a review of the findings will be given the very highest priority by my cabinet,” he concluded.

“Jeez,” snorted Jojo, “why does this have to take so long? The Dark Agents snatched me and Nix off the streets, drove us to a silo, charged us, sentenced us, had us fitted up for clobber, and banged up at the unit in the space of thirty-six hours. How come it takes so long to free us?” she demanded.

“I’m afraid you are going to just have to be patient,” said the Grand Master. “I know that it must be infuriating and frustrating to get a faint whiff of the sweet smell of freedom but it needs to be done properly. Just because Christopher’s predecessors acted like plumbers called out on a bank holiday
weekend doesn’t mean that he can operate the same way. Just be patient.”

Jojo snorted again. “Patient! Yeah rock on Grand Master, that’s my long suit!”