

# WWS

# 33

**Woman-Woman SPANKING  
AND oh-sooo much MORE!**



**SPECIAL ALL LETTERS EDITION!**

**NEW INTERACTIVE, FULL COLOR FORMAT!**



Welcome one & all to the  
spanking newly redesigned  
**FULL BLUSHING COLOR**

Cute amateur pic posted in  
the public domain on-line.  
Bravo girls! Spank on!!

**INTERACTIVE, easy-to-use PDF Edition**

of the Scarlett Hill family's humbly historic FANZINE by & for ADULT fanciers of the forbidden  
fruits of old-fashioned-oriented D/s showcasing members of the fairer, often fiercer sex...

**Strictly Speaking**

# Woman to Woman Spanking!

AND oh-sooo much devilishly delightful more!

**Woman to Woman Spanking** (WWS) is presented by Scarlett Hill Entertainment (SHE), 1329 Hwy 395 North, Suite 10-298, Gardnerville NV 89410 USA, [www.scarletthill.com](http://www.scarletthill.com), as a freely expressive celebration of the rights of consenting adults to enjoy whatever consensual, alternative pleasures they so choose. SHE assumes no responsibility for opinions or veracity of statements expressed in any department of this publication & does not support, condone, or advocate assault, domestic violence, or child abuse. Unless specifically stated, any resemblance of characters appearing herein to persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Entire contents of this publication are protected under international copyright laws for print & electronic media & may not be copied &/or reproduced in any form without the express, written permission of SHE. Copyright © Scarlett Hill Entertainment 2012 &/or individual authors/creators/producers as stated herein. The e-mag edition of this fanzine is in full compliance with 18 U.S.C. § 2257 & ALL participants in the making of it were happily willing participants over the age of 18 years as we always DEMAND they be. Proof on file of course.



**Hello & thanks for joining us for the latest, greatest &, yes, long overdue evolution of WWS & the whole flaming family of adult spanking fanzines that sprang from the simple, single-sheet with a staple at the top, blog-style newsletter I whipped up way back in 1990 with what was then state of the art desktop publishing computer software & printed up on the copy machine in my office after hours so no one would know that I & the spanking friends who helped me were as "perverted" as all us were regarded at that still repressed time.**

*The "spanking scene" was just beginning to bloom &, to cut my usually long story short, Barb, I & our old-fashioned friends & fans have had a historic, almost 23 year run now churning out modest but meaty, gray scale fanzines. But times & the publishing trade have changed &, I freely admit, they & the technologies I was once on top of passed me by so long ago that this upgrade took longer than it should have.*

*I do regret the delay, & any flaws you might come across in this first creation using the new software & format that we are. I promise we'll improve as quickly as we can &, in the meantime, trust you'll approve & help us be the best we can be with any suggestions or comments. Thanks again! Enjoy!! - Michael Constantine*

## What's New!?

Well, the drastically delightful difference between color & gray scale graphics displayed above & below &...

## Style!

BLOGS, or personal sites for our oldest-fashioned kin, have become the rage, so we've modeled our new format after them &, for the first time, included favorite finds from around the web with comments, recommendations &...

## Interactivity!

Meaning, links you can use to jump right to any site that interests you right from this fanzine if you're on-line. And e-mail your comments, too



*Drawing by Endart for/copyright Scarlett Hill, 2001*



# *COMPLETELY* **CHEEKY** *CORRESPONDENCE*



Still rosy RECOLLECTIONS, never too TESTIMONIALS, cheeky OPINIONS & MORE from the rapidly expanding, web wide SHE family! And you too? We ALL sure do hope so!!



## *A Little Exhibitionism Goes a LONG Way!*

WE ALL HAVE AT LEAST ONE HOT STORY TO TELL, and I'm sharing this one at Barb's request to encourage all you to do the same and everything else you possibly can to enjoy the gift we've been given to the fullest as I, Barb, Michael and many others like us have since this incredible, opportunity rich, new, web-wide spanking world was just a wishful dream.

I'm a married, 46 year-old mother of two who has led a spank-happy double life since the age of 13 when my love of being spanked— especially where others could see & hear— began in the manager's office of the little movie my mother caught me in instead of at the library where I was supposed to be.

Getting punished at the movies wasn't the first time mom spanked me, or even the first time someone saw what a spectacle I made of myself while she made my bare bottom burn and sting until I had kick, bawl and beg like a baby. Mom was as old-fashioned and "spare the rod, spoil the child" religious as most of the other parents in the conservative part of the country I'm from, and didn't cotton to the anti-spanking crusade any more than most. She also wasn't prudish about punishing me and my older in the kitchen, living room, den or other public room of the house when we were young and she decided to spank.

I wasn't particularly shy about my brother, father or cousins seeing me get stripped and spanked when I was a girl, but I didn't get any special kick out of it, either. I just feared spankings more than monsters and spiders and steered clear of any mischief or misbehavior that might get me one from mom, my aunts, or the scary old principal at school, who was reputed to be a real sadist when she got a kid alone in her office and over her bony knees.

I can't say if the stories about her were true because I didn't dare do anything to be sent to her for punishment. But I doubt that she or anyone spanked any longer and harder than my old-fashioned, ranch-raised, do it right when you have to tan a hide mother.

Mom wasn't spank-happy and didn't need to be after she taught my brother and me that hell on earth dwelled on her lap and in the palm of her hand. A warning would usually do. But she had her rules to live by, was strict about school, and swift to turn my brother or me over her knee and spank the sass, silliness and snot out of us when we did something to deserve it.

Mom spanked hard when she had to and longer than I wanted her to. She stopped spanking my older brother when he sprouted pubic hair at 13, and I expected the same when I became a woman at 12. But mom said it was different since I was a girl when I brought it up, and threatened to prove that I wasn't too mature to kick and cry over her lap as usual right there and then in the kitchen when I started to argue with her.

My older brother was upstairs in his room and the idea of him hearing or, heaven forbid, sneaking down to watch the new womanly me get my bare bottom spanked until I was frantically flopping around and flashing my recently furred femininity for him to see was to shockingly shameful, sexy, and complex for me to comprehend until many years later. I idolized my big brother, and had a big crush on him too, I suppose. He'd heard and seen me get spanked a couple of times before, but I wasn't a girl anymore!

I was convinced that I was too mature to be punished like a child, but I knew better than to brook a spanking warning from mom. You only got one. And I couldn't claim that the strange, squishy new things I felt at the thought of my brother watching backed up my beliefs. But they did and, although I didn't know it, those feelings touched me, followed me, and came bubbling back up about a year later when I "got too big for my britches" as mom growled while she peeled mine down and proceeded to give me the hardest and most humiliating spanking a budding young woman of 13 could ever get!

I'd made the classic mistake of believing I could outsmart mom by splitting my Saturday between the movies and the library instead of spending all day completing an assignment I'd put off to the last minute as I'd been begun to do over my last months at elementary school. The library and theater were next door to each other and I knew I didn't need all day to finish my schoolwork, but mom wouldn't budge when I said so or buy my explanation that slacking off at the end was normal, okay and supported by all of my teachers except the jack-ass who'd come up with the stupid assignment for me and my classmates when she confronted me.



col. by F. Steiner

*Delightful drawings accompanying this & other letters in this issue courtesy of/in tribute to the lasting legacy of the late, great George Churchward, a spanking artist of the recent past with a pleasant penchant for, as you can, older Fem spans younger Fem fare & the talent to bring his visions to life, although through old-fashioned grayscale sketches like this one artfully colored by an avid fan & the other similarly enhanced originals we've picked to showcase in this first color issue. If you've seen any before somewhere on-line, we trust you'll enjoy seeing them again & more here as illustrations to our written erotica! Oh and, Thanks, F. Steiner, whoever & wherever you are!*

Mom was always strict about school and grades and I always did my best as she demanded. Getting good grades was easy for me and I liked being praised a heck of a lot more than punished or motivated over mom's lap as my lazier and bolder brother needed to be at least once a year to apply himself to schoolwork instead of the sports he loved and was good at.

To my adolescent frustration, fury and shame, Mom had threatened to melt off a few layers of the baby fat that still clung to my bottom and to help my britches fit better when I wouldn't roll over and back down. So, I knew I'd get spanked if she caught me disobeying her orders. But I didn't expect her to catch me or suspect that she had until Mr. Cook, the theater manager, appeared out of the darkness and tapped me on the shoulder.

I was watching the movie, and feeling good and smug as I munched and sipped on the popcorn, candy and soda I'd bought on the way in. But Mr. Cook startled the good feelings right out of me when he told me to come with him and refused to say why. I could only think of one explanation for the interruption and silently prayed and promised to never lie or be naughty again if my mother wasn't standing in the lobby with her arms crossed and her jaw tightly clenched as I expected her to be.

I was relieved when I went into the lobby and mom wasn't there. I looked at Mr. Cook with wide, inquiring eyes, but he just told me to follow him again and led me up the employee staircase to the second floor and down a long hallway past the projection booth, some other doors and, finally, to his private office.

I wondered what was going on, but I couldn't and didn't want to believe the worst until the theater manager opened his door and I saw my mother sitting there looking as mad as I'd feared! I stopped dead in my tracks and gasped, groaned and, probably, gnashed my teeth as all the fear I'd felt came rushing back with extra terror on top now that I knew I was caught and going to be spanked as long as hard as I ever had been if not worse.

It didn't occur to me that mom might punish me there and then, even when Mr. Cook said he would leave the two of us alone and walked out, gently closing the door behind him. I was too traumatized to think of that or anything to say to save my ass, and mom was too furious to give me time before she shot to her feet, took my hand, and pulled me towards the straight-backed chair she'd been sitting on in front of Mr. Cook's desk.

Mom yanked me over her lap before I could believe what was happening and pinned me down before I could wriggle away. I begged her not to spank me in the office and told her I'd die of shame if anyone heard. But she just told me to hush, and said it was either here or on the stage of the theater downstairs where everyone could watch and learn a lesson about what happens to lying, sneaky daughters like me.

"Is that what you'd like me to do, Candice? Let everyone see what a big baby you are when you get spanked!" Mom growled as she reached around to undo my jeans. "Is it?"

I moaned, "Ohhh noooo!", although not in response to my mother's ridiculous question.

I knew how mad mom was and how hard she could spank, and although I had matured and considered myself all grown up, I knew my bigger, shapelier seat was as soft and sensitive as it always had been when I couldn't stop my wails from letting my brother, father, neighbors and everyone within earshot know that I was being spanked.

I felt fear and shame grip me like it always did when I was going to get spanked, only way more intensely as mom worked my jeans and panties down to my knees in the manager's office at the movie theater! I told myself that I had to and could take a hand spanking and survive with some shreds of dignity intact if I bit my lip, shut my eyes, clenched my now bare buns, and prayed for at least that much mercy from above.

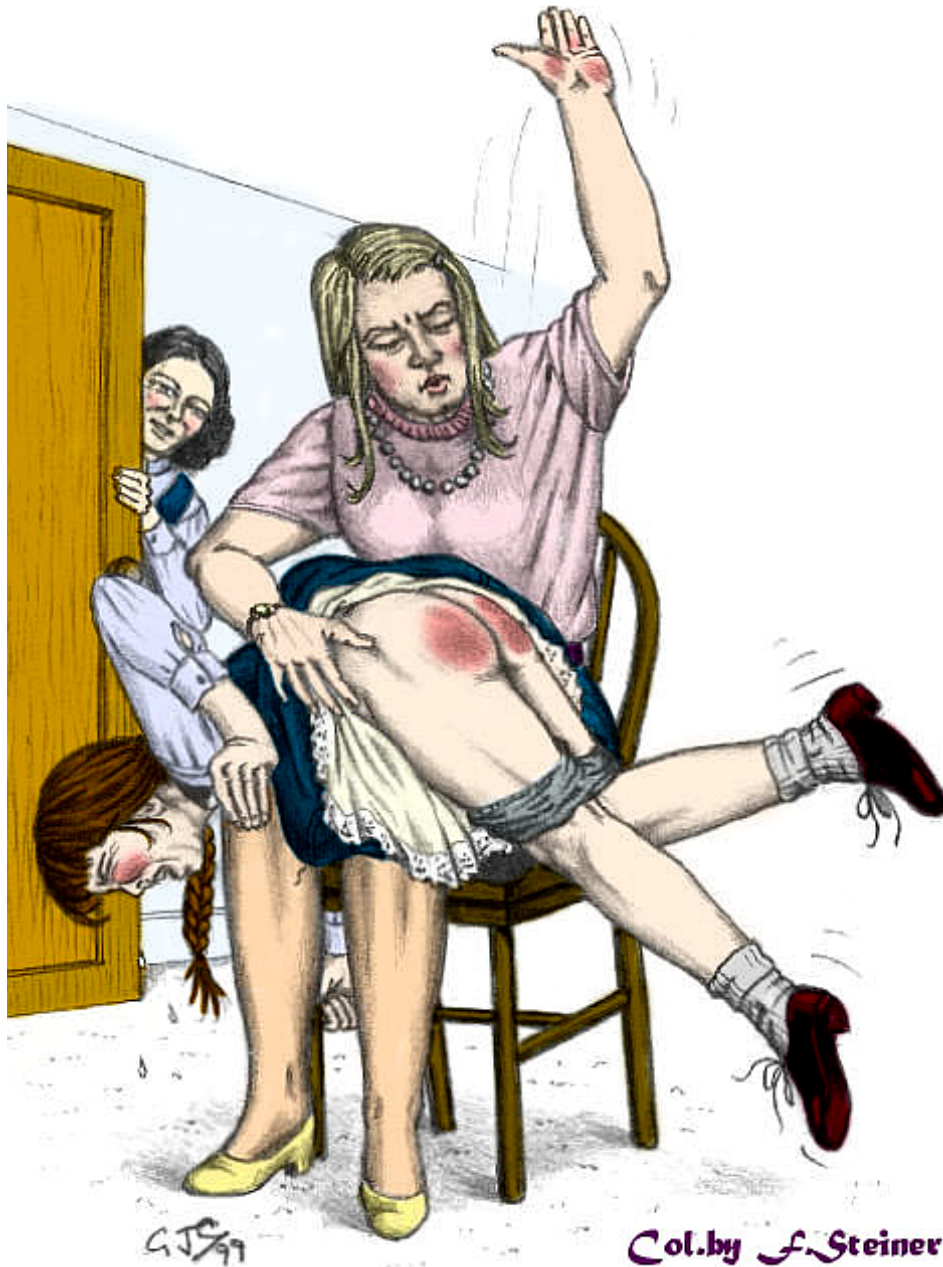
Mom started slapping my chubby buns as hard and fast as she ever had across both cheeks and between them too as soon as she bared my spank spots. At first, I managed to swallow my yelps and squeals as the burning sting of her slaps quickly overwhelmed me, but I couldn't do anything about the loud cracks of her punishing palm or stifle my natural reactions for long as mom's hard hand came down in one seemingly continuous spank, like one of those repeating rifles... CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

My bottom instantly burst into a raging bonfire and no amount of will power or lip biting could keep me from kicking, squealing and venting the agony that consumed me. I didn't worry about anyone in the theater downstairs hearing, but I was sure anyone closer would get an earful and suspected that Mr. Cook, the theater manager who'd obviously conspired with mom, hadn't granted us the privacy he'd promised and was smiling outside his office door.

Mom's callused hand was much harder than my young hide, and even more hellishly hurtful and merciless than I remembered as it continued to slap my burning, stinging seat and drive any concerns about making a spectacle of myself away. I'm sure it wasn't the eternity it seemed

like at the time before I started to really howl. And I doubt it was long after that when I started thrashing around over mom's lap and blubbering out apologies and pleas for her to stop.

As I knew she would, Mom spanked and spanked me until I couldn't care about making a sorry, shameful spectacle of my 13 year-old self, and I didn't until I tossed my head and enough tears out of my eyes to catch semi-clear sight of a door behind us. I'd assumed the door led to closet or bathroom when I first saw it, and couldn't believe my eyes when I saw the blurry shape of a figure leaning through it.



Being bare backside up, the figure was upside down, and I couldn't stop bawling or blink my eyes clear enough to make out the facial features. But there definitely was someone there watching me get bare bottom spanked like a bad little girl over my mother's knees, and the view they had of me from behind was the most immodest possible!

I didn't know what to do or think within the limited options at my disposal as mom continued to punish me. I could tell from the shape of the figure's hairdo that it was an older female. But I didn't know who she was and she didn't disappear or turn away when I fixed my gaze on her and fruitlessly tried to blink my waterlogged vision clear!

I was blubbering too hard to accomplish that, and in too much pain to make my body stop squirming, kicking, and bucking in the most embarrassingly revealing ways. I would have shed new tears of shame if I wasn't crying as hard as I could already, and I would have alerted mom to the presence of the intruder just to get her to stop slapping my burning bottom. But I was

sobbing too hard to say anything she could understand and unable to point or gesture with mom holding my arm in the small of my back.

I knew what it felt like to be humiliated, hurting and helpless over mom's lap from previous experience, but the stranger watching me get my 13 year-old buns blistered in the theater manager's office made the ordeal I endured that day that much more unique and unforgettable than anything I'd been through before.

Mom finally stopped spanking me and the peeper slid back behind the door without a sound we could hear over the sounds of my heartfelt suffering. Mom held me over her lap until I got my hysterics under control. Then she helped me up, hugged me tight, told me she loved me, and said she hoped I wouldn't make her spank me again.

I sniffled that I never would, and lived up to my vow. After that spanking, I didn't want another or think I ever would. I was sure the vivid memories that plagued me and the strange feelings and fantasies they stirred were due to trauma and would fade. But, of course, they didn't and only grew stronger the longer I tried to bury them.

I was 18 and a cute, college freshman when I learned why I couldn't shake my sinful desires and stopped trying. By then, I was too big and old for mom or any straight woman to think that turning me over their knee and spanking my bare bottom burning-red was proper. But there were still some cowboys around, and I eventually found one who was daring, open-minded, and adventurous enough to win my heart and heart-shaped bottom!

My husband-to-be wasn't into spanking as much as the benefits he got after I was all heated up outside and in when I introduced him to it. But he was good at it, and got into fast and far enough to be the first to get me to tell my story. It totally amazed him as I knew it would, thoroughly aroused him as I expected, and absolutely intrigued him as I hoped it would.

He was as eager to watch me get my bare bottom spanked over another woman's lap as the bookkeeper in the theater the day my lies and deceit did me in. I found out that's who the woman was on the way out, and knew she was the peeper from her hairdo, the color of her blouse, and the big, beaming smile she flashed into my wide-eyes when I spotted her standing beside the concession stand next to Mr. Cook on the way out.

The smirk on his face and the twinkle I saw in his eyes when mom thanked him for his help confirmed my suspicion that he hadn't strayed far from his office and liked what he heard. I was mortified and hurried out of that theater as fast as I could. And I never went back. But I left my innocence behind in Mr. Cook's office, and what happened to me there that Saturday followed me everywhere like a shadow only I could see until I told my husband-to-be. He was the only one I expected to ever tell, and the last I expected to encourage me to do something about the memories and desires that had driven me ever since when I did.

I'd underestimated my man, and the attraction my naughty secret held for him. Talking about it turned him on as much as me, and wanting to make me happy turned him into the first confidant, co-conspirator and cheerleader I ever had.

Unfortunately, that was in the late 1980's when finding other spanking fans and women willing to spank me in front of my mate without revealing ourselves was fruitless, especially in the conservative part of the country we settled in when we married after college. My man and I agreed that there had to be oodles of other big bad girls like me and women itching to get their palms on their bare bottoms out there, and enjoyed imagining who they were and which ones were still getting and giving out spankings behind closed doors. There just had to be some, especially in the conservative part of the country we were raised and settled in!

Playing word games trying to find out if a women we encountered was spanking inclined or experienced sometimes was fun and filled the years that passed. My husband and I collected a passel of cute reactions, some cheeky comebacks, and a few quick recollections. But none of our encounters led to more, and with nothing else to do, we resigned ourselves to enjoying the private spanking role-plays and pleasures we'd expanded on during our marriage to include switching, light bondage, and anal submission sometimes to spice things up.

Finally, my husband found an alternative lifestyle newspaper that had a personal ad section for swingers and kinky people of all kinds. There weren't many ads from spankers and none for us. But an ad from a BDSM club that proclaimed spankers were welcome and always active caught our eye. The club was in a city far enough away to afford the privacy we needed, and the social setting seemed safer and easier for us to find what we sought.

My husband and I talked all about visiting the club, and both got so hot and bothered discussing it that we had to stop and make love before we finished and picked a date two weeks away. The club was only open on weekends, so we decided that we should go on a Saturday night since it all started on a Saturday for me.

I grew nervous as the night we picked drew near, and got so scared of what might happen



and, particularly, of being disappointed after so many years of wanting, wishing and fantasizing that I would have changed my mind if my husband hadn't been by my side to encourage me.

We didn't know what to expect at all as we drove off on our naughty adventure, and almost turned around when the club turned out to be in a part of the city dominated by warehouses and industrial buildings. It seemed dark, desolate and dangerous on a Saturday night, and we both worried and wondered if we should get out of there. But we decided that we couldn't and, thankfully, we didn't before we saw several seemingly normal looking people saunter through the black door with some kind of a symbol painted on it that marked the club's entrance.

The door was set in an old, brick building that looked like the run down and shuttered business it had once been from the outside. But, to our pleasant surprise, the lobby it led to was clean, well lit, and decorated with tastefully suggestive paintings and a wall full of photos of people smiling and engaging in what looked like mutually satisfying acts of BDSM.

Most of the people in the pictures wore masks to protect their identities, but not all. As my husband paid our entrance fee and chatted with the doorman, I found myself fixating on one pleasant looking and unabashedly bold woman I saw in a bunch of pictures. She looked old enough to be my mother, and matronly with broad shoulders and a big beam of a lap from which I was delighted to see women and men of various ages hanging bare bottom up in various stages of blushing through the spankings the beaming woman was obviously administering!

I didn't know who the woman was, but I felt like I did and the tingle in my tummy told me that she could be "the one". I hoped so, and prayed that she was there that night. But I suddenly wasn't sure if I could approach her if she was, and I might not have or let my husband do it for me if the doorman didn't notice me pouring over her photos and pointing her out to my husband when he joined me.

The doorman's black beard made him look devilish, and the black leather outfit and accessories he had on seemed sinister. But he was really a pleasant, friendly, and experienced lifestyler who knew newbies when he saw them and enjoyed helping them out. He told us the woman was a charter member of the club named Gretchen and that she was inside. Then he said that she loved meeting first timers and asked if we'd like him to introduce us?

The doorman's eyes settled on me as he finished, and I knew he knew it was me who'd brought us to the club and why. I also sensed that he was telling me that Gretchen was the one for me, and suddenly grew flustered, feverish with excitement, and as frightened as when I first realized what my mother intended to do to me in Mr. Cook's office when I was 13.

Seventeen years had passed since mom bared and spanked my bottom in the theater manager's office. But I'd kept my memories and fantasies fresh, and suddenly feeling them all again at once made me want to run, stay and squeeze my husband's hand so fiercely that he looked down at me.

Under the bizarre circumstances, he looked a little nervous and uncertain himself when our eyes met. But he was a rock compared to me, and reassured me as best he could with a smile before turning back to the doorman to accept his offer and thank him for his help. The doorman nodded, smiled and led us down a hall into a strange, scary and surreal new world. Being old-fashioned spankers on our first visit to a BDSM club, my husband and I had never seen elaborate instruments of torture and restraint like those that suddenly surrounded us or scenes like those being played out on some of them.

The club's interior was dimly lit by colored lights and the spill from those strategically spotlighted areas set up for play. They reminded me of department store displays. But no store I'd ever walked into showcased what I saw and heard going on, and no shoppers had ever gathered to gawk at and gloat over the goods like the people I saw standing around the circles of light or moving in the shadows between them.

Walking into that club was an eye-opening, gut-wrenching, what the heck have we gotten ourselves into experience for my husband and me that grew in intensity with every step. Especially for me. I tried to calm myself and seem like I fit in, but I couldn't. I was too anxious, excited and scared to keep from looking around to see how many people were there and check out Gretchen before she suddenly appeared in front of me.

It was too dark to make out the faces, features, or even genders of some of the shapes I could see sitting at the tables that ringed the cavernous room, but the doorman knew where he was going and led us right to Gretchen. She was seated at a table with three of her friends: Gail, a girlishly cute, slightly chubby, single girl in her mid-twenties, and an older married couple in their late-thirties who called themselves Tom and Tina and would have blended in with the crowd at any mainstream event.

Not knowing what to expect and thinking the worst on the way in through the BDSM equipment and leather clad crowd, my husband and I were pleasantly surprised and relieved by

# NICELY NAUGHTY PUBLIC DISPLAYS OF *SHE-SPANKS-SHE AFFECTION!*

Proudly posed and posted on-line in the public domain for all of us to enjoy, too!



*Not Gretchen, Candi nor any the lovely ladies featured in this letter, but close & certainly cheeky enough to capture the naughty fun of public spanking play & cause the curious among us to wonder what it may have led to behind closed doors if the mood & stars were as right as they look in these photos!*



*Pics above & some others in this issue were previously reprinted in old-fashioned grayscale & proudly presented here again in their original, **full blushing color glory**. Wow! What a wonderful difference!! We hope you'll agree, enjoy, request color reprints of any pics that pricked your fancy in previous issues &, while we're at it, share any your personal favorites with or without comments for inclusion in future issues of our humbly historic & now newly modernized fanzine!*

how normal everyone at the spankers table appeared to be. But Gretchen looked even more perfect to me in person than in her pictures, and being in her presence intimidated me so much that my voice shook and cracked when the doorman introduced us under the names we'd chosen for the night: Harry and Sally after the characters in one of our favorite movies, "When Harry Met Sally".

No one snickered at my nervousness or seemed to mind that I let my husband carry our part of the conversation after we were invited to sit and everyone around the table but me shared a little about themselves and what they were into. My husband explained why we were there and, although he didn't say anything out of school, I felt flushed and feared I'd faint dead away until Gretchen reached out to take my hand, squeeze it reassuringly, and tell me that everything was fine and she would be proud and happy to spank me if I wanted her to.

My reservations melted when I looked up to thank her and found myself bathed in Gretchen's big, warm, beaming smile. It made me feel like I was finally home, and after listening to the seemingly, nice, normal people surrounding me openly and proudly sharing their spanking secrets and desires after hiding mine for so long, I opened up and things I'd never imagined saying to strangers came gushing out in one big rush like a shook up bottle of pop.

My husband and everyone else at the table egged me on, and within a few minutes all of our new acquaintances knew every naughty thing about me and more than my closest family and friends. Finally baring my soul was incredible, exhilarating, exciting, and everything I hoped it would be and more when Gail, Tina and I started teasing each other and bratting out like kids.

Gretchen let us have our fun and enhanced it with warm warnings and embarrassing anecdotes about Gail, Tina and Tom, who, like my husband, didn't like to admit just how turned he got when he was spanked by a woman. Tom blushed but deny it, and I noticed my husband looked a little embarrassed, too. I was feeling so free and bratty that I thought about finking on him, but I didn't and didn't to.

Gretchen saw or sensed my husband's discomfort, and gently but firmly told him by way of congratulating Tom that it was brave to overcome sexist stereotypes and more manly to be true to yourself than macho like most men thought they had to be. My husband wasn't ready to agree that first night, but he eventually wore down and did climb over Gretchen's soft and firm lap after watching her spank Tom and a couple of her other big boy fans at the club.

My husband rose from his first public spanking with a hard-on you could hang a hat from, and I was dispatched to take care of him by Gretchen, which I happily did in the bathroom and just as greedily as he took care of me after my first time that first night.

I was so turned on when I finally gave in and allowed Gretchen to scold, strip and spank me on stage in front of my husband, Gail, Tina, Tom and all of the shadowy strangers who sidled over to watch that I came several times and cried as hard as I had over my mother's lap in the theater manager's office before my new surrogate mother stopped slapping my burning bottom.

However, as the woman who fulfilled my fantasies and everyone else who was there that night knew from my passionate gyrations, pants, moans, and pleas to be spanked harder and faster until pure lust and the pain enhanced pleasure of Gretchen's slaps swept me away to the stars and the most sensationally satisfying series of orgasms I'd ever experienced.

My audience's eager and obvious excitement as they stood and shifted to get the best view of me making a spectacle of myself as I kicked, bucked and shook my buns and pussy in their faces from over Gretchen's lap enhanced my lust tenfold, and gave me and my husband new, unforgettable, and even more arousing memories to share together and favor over my childhood spankings and all others.

I was so physically and emotionally spent that my husband had to come up on stage and carry me off to the ladies' room to clean myself up. But I recovered quickly and, realizing how turned on my man was and how much I owed him for supporting me, I sank to my knees and thanked him with all my heart and soul until he came twice and begged me to stop.

Inspired by our performance, Gail and Tina kept Gretchen busy on stage while we were gone, and rushed off to the bathrooms together when she finished with Tom. My husband and I knew what the three of them were up to and a little surprised. But, after the unbelievable but true adventure we experienced, we understood and welcomed them back with knowing smiles when they returned about 15 minutes later.

Everyone congratulated me for being brave and bold, and I felt a sense of bizarre pride for being so brazen. But I had to and did defer all the accolades to Gretchen for her pictures, warmth and wisdom in drawing me out and over her knee that first night and every night after that my husband and I could sneak off to the club before word of what went on in that old brick building leaked out to the conservative, uptight asses and it was forced to close.

My husband and I were lucky to find our club, and to have no need to go looking for the friends

and magic we found there again after it closed. We literally stayed in touch with Gretchen, Tina, Tom and others and still get together with some of them when we can. We've used the internet to expand our circle of friends and pleasures we can now enjoy at our leisure from home.

Times have certainly changed and my husband and I have enjoyed many spanking-hot adventures. But I never did try writing before, and hesitated to accept Barb's invitation to share my story in WWS for the same reasons that kept me from rushing to the when I saw their ad. But, just like then, I've found friends waiting to help and encourage me and thrills I wouldn't have known if I didn't give it a try as I hope you will if you're one of the frustrated spanking spirits yearning for freedom and satisfaction out there. It's out there waiting and worth it!  
- Candi

*We've said the same ourselves many times over the years, sweet lady, but never better! Many thanks and please don't stop! We know you have many more wonderful stories to tell and inspiration to provide those of our kin who can but haven't peeked or stepped out of the closet yet from home or out in person somewhere! - B & M*



**THE day devoted to letting your inner devil run free** is on the horizon, so to celebrate the holiday we love most & the spice of public spanking, we thought we'd present these hot **HOWL-OH-Weeen Party Pics Past & Present!**



AND provide an easy way to scope out some

# Spanking-Hot PARTY Planners!

(&/or social groups active as of September 2012)

List & party pic collage courtesy of [spankingparties.blogspot.com](http://spankingparties.blogspot.com) a **MUST SEE** site for all blushing social butterflies hosted by Todd & Suzy featuring solid information on upcoming events, testimonials & more.  
(Click on name/links below to check out groups near you! Our kin are popping up everywhere these spanking-hot days!)

[Atlanta BDSM Calendar](#)  
[Chastenwood \(Seattle\)](#)  
[Crimson Moon \(Chicago\)](#)  
[Delco Spankos \(Philadelphia\)](#)  
[KC Spanks Club \(Kansas City\)](#)  
[Motor City Moonshiners](#)  
[N.E.S.S. \(Boston\)](#)  
[Needs & Desires \(Chicago\)](#)  
[Ouch Parties \(London\)](#)  
[Paddles Club \(New York City\)](#)

[Palms \(Seattle\)](#)  
[Peaches \(U.K.\)](#)  
[Rose & Cheek \(U.K.\)](#)  
[SCONY \(New York\)](#)  
[Seaside Swats \(San Diego\)](#)  
[SFCP \(San Francisco\)](#)  
[Shadow Lane \(Las Vegas\)](#)  
[Tampa Tanners \(Florida\)](#)  
[Texas All State \(Dallas\)](#)  
[World Spanking Party \(Spain\)](#)



Ladies, please do notice that 7 out of 8 of the pics in this collage are of our fave & obviously popular variety!

## ***Aunt's Intervention Saves Spoiled Niece's Marriage!***

MY NAME IS JANICE AND MY HUSBAND'S NAME IS JERRY. We were introduced by my Aunt Millie. She likes playing matchmaker, and THOUGHT we were perfect for each other. We thought she was right when we met and quickly fell in love. We had everything in common and it seemed like we were the perfect match Aunt Millie thought we would be. Then we got married and everything changed. Okay, Jerry, not everything. Just me!

I learned my lesson and, yeah, needed and deserved it for taking advantage of Jerry's generosity to stop working for a while. I'll admit that, but I really don't want to be doing it in writing. Describing what happened "in my own words" is as embarrassing as what my aunt did to me in front of my husband. But he loved it and gave me this "assignment" to complete my penance, so I don't have a choice. Jerry likes his job and makes good money. My old job sucked in every way and staying home sounded good to me. I like sleeping late and lazy, relaxing days doing whatever I want better than getting up early to commute to a high-stress job that takes an hour to get to and pays peanuts. Who wouldn't?

Not me. I liked it so much that I turned into a spoiled brat. There, I said it. I've seen the bright-red, glowing light and won't blame my husband anymore. He doesn't deserve it and I don't want him to ask Aunt Millie to "intervene" again as I know he's dying to do. He just loved helping and watching my second and better mother punish me and can't shut up about what a big bad girl I looked and sounded like before Aunt Millie finished spanking the spoiled and sass out of me!

I didn't suspect that's why Jerry brought Aunt Millie home with him to "surprise" me on the night of our first wedding anniversary. I also didn't know that he and my aunt had been talking about me behind my back, or that Jerry was a customer of yours. He kept that secret to himself, and claims he would have kept it to himself if my aunt hadn't told him secrets I'd kept from him when he turned to her for advice behind my back

Jerry says he was pleasantly shocked and instantly excited when my aunt casually mentioned that she knew just what I needed and wished I was 10 years younger so she could, "Turn me over her knee and spank the spoiled out of me as she'd done before." He even remembers her exact words! He's also proud to boast about getting Aunt Millie going on about my youthful misadventures, how my trips over her knee straightened me out, and, eventually, to agreeing that 27 didn't make me too old for her to try "intervening" that drastically to save our marriage.

I didn't know Jerry could be so sneaky or suspect a thing when he showed up with Aunt Millie. I can't believe it now, but I was actually happier to see her than him! Things had gotten that bad in a year and I really didn't want to celebrate our anniversary at all and, especially, alone with Jerry! All he did was bitch and pout about my housekeeping, spending, friends, and every other thing I seemed to want or do. But I couldn't seem to please him, or shut him up!

I was too pissed to notice Jerry not covering as he usually did I scowled at him and went blissfully on about NOT turning to Aunt Millie for a shoulder to cry on. I couldn't believe he did that and called him a coward and a lot of other less complimentary things, too. I was that mad and too furious to notice my aunt fidgeting and starting to fuss about my foul-mouthed temper tantrum.



BadTushy.com

***Pleasing pic above/others enhancing this letter courtesy of/copyright:***

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Aunt Millie doesn't like cussing, and never sat still for long when I threw a temper tantrum. But I was 27, in MY house, and I didn't think that she'd do what she did! They called it an "intervention", but it felt like a sneak attack to me and Jerry's claims a pack of lies. I called my husband a liar and lot of other things too, and refused to watch my mouth or calm down until Aunt Millie said me she'd turn me over her knee and spank me if I didn't!

**SPANK ME? SPANK ME!! WHAT?!** Jerry says I looked like I'D seen a ghost, and I probably did. I sure felt that way and was shocked silent. My first thought was that Aunt Millie had to joking or crazy. But she was deadly serious! She said I was bigger but still the same brat she'd spanked the spoiled out of before, and rattled off examples from my past that I didn't want to hear about or remember. Then, thanks to Jerry, she ran down a list of questions regarding my behavior and forced me to look her in eye so I couldn't lie when I answered her.

I felt uneasy confirming Jerry's nasty claims and queasy confessing them to Aunt Millie. I told her this was between Jerry and myself and it was none of her business! She just shook her head and said she couldn't believe that I was talking to her that way! She told me she had half a mind to wash my mouth out with soap! Then she said that my marital problems became her business when my husband asked her to help him save his marriage to her one and only niece because he didn't know what else to do!

Aunt Millie can be forceful and intimidating, and having that side of her directed at me again made me flinch and feel like a naughty girl. Especially after her childish threats! But I didn't think she'd go through with them and didn't like being treated like a kid. I was 27, married, and still believed my so-called loving husband was more responsible for our troubles than me!



I jumped up, stomped my foot, and spoke my mind. I told Jerry that he could go to hell and fuck himself on the way. I shouted that I hated him and wanted a divorce before he left. I turned to tell Aunt Millie off too, but she beat me to the punch. She snarled, "That's enough, Janice!" Then she reached out and grabbed me tightly by the arm. I let out a yelp and tried to pull away, but Aunt Millie wouldn't let go. She was strong as I remembered and smart as well.

Aunt Millie used my efforts to pull away and my husband against me. She let go of my arm and, suddenly free, I lost my balance. I stumbled back on the heels I'd grudgingly put on to celebrate my anniversary, and left myself open to my aunt and husband's second sneak attack of the night. Aunt Millie followed me and wrapped an arm around my waist. Then she bent me over, whacked my bottom as hard as she could, and called out to Jerry to get a chair from the dining room for her sit on while she gave me the spanking I needed and deserved.

I jumped and hopped at Aunt Millie's unexpected assault on my ass, and my husband jumped at her command. I snarled, spit and squirmed to get free before Jerry could get back and help my aunt get me over her knees. But Aunt Millie held on, whacked me hard several more times, and told me I was going to get spanked one way or another and fighting would only make it worse.

I realized I couldn't break free, and panicked when Jerry returned and set the straight-backed chair down where she told him. I knew I couldn't overpower the both of them! But I tried and screamed for help as loud as I could, too. I really couldn't believe what my aunt and husband were doing to me and would have welcomed cops coming to my rescue. I felt like my life was in danger and sure I'd die of shame if they succeeded in their so-called "intervention". God, I hate that word now!



**Vastly under appreciated & displayed in more than our opinion alone, we had to express our appreciation of the pantyhose this naughty gal is wearing & [badtushy.com](http://badtushy.com)'s generous use of the realistic, utilitarian undergarment in their flicks. Few women wear garters & stockings except for special occasions!**

Yeah, I got spanked and didn't die of shame. But I sure wanted someone to put me out of my misery before Aunt Millie finished frying my fanny. I'd leave it at that if I could. That and the results are all you really need to know. But Jerry insists that I "describe my feelings" after he helped Aunt Millie get me as helpless as I always was when she put me over her lap.

The first thing I felt was that I and, especially, my bottom were bigger. My ass felt and looked huge sticking up in the air! I couldn't bear to see it after Aunt Millie bared it— Oh, no pun intended. I'm not in the mood right now. Remembering and describing having my skirt flipped up and my panties peeled down to my knees by Aunt Millie in front of my husband is as embarrassing as experiencing it. I've never been more ashamed in my life, Jerry! Especially when you sat right across from Aunt Millie and me and started grinning like an idiot!!

The next thing I felt was I felt foolish pleading with Aunt Millie not to spank me, and promising that I wouldn't act like a spoiled brat or back talk her ever again. But I couldn't help it! I felt so frightened and humiliated hanging there helpless over Aunt Millie's lap, Jerry, especially with YOU watching!!

My aunt's response that I was right where I should and would be until she spanked the spoiled out of me as she patted my bare bottom cheeks made me feel worse in every way. Then



she started spanking me and all I felt was pain, Jerry! Stinging and burning pain so bad that it shocked me at first and quickly sent me into a frenzy trying to get away from it as it hurt worse and worse.

I kicked, clawed at carpet, squirmed, and screamed at the top of my lungs. But Aunt Millie had me helpless over her lap and landed spank after spank on my blotchy red hot butt with her maple hairbrush. And no one came to my rescue, including you, Jerry! You just sat there grinning like a fool!! I saw you and really hated you right then. How could you love me and help Aunt Millie do this to me?!?



Aunt Millie swatted every spot on my bare butt until my ass was one big screaming mass of agony. I started sniffing from shame alone before she started, and began crying and begging like a big baby about halfway through according to Jerry. Yeah, I lost track of time and only have my husband and Aunt Millie's accounts of what happened to go by once I gave up and in to the pain, shame and fear that my aunt would never stop spanking me.

I didn't feel anything else then but overwhelmed by the torture and misery you and Aunt Millie put me through, Jerry. But you wouldn't know about that, and didn't show a sign of sympathy when I looked at you and begged you to make Aunt Millie stop. You just sat there gawking and getting hard while I suffered, and congratulated my aunt when she was finally satisfied that she'd spanked the spoiled out of me!

I heard you through my sobs, Jerry, and I saw the stain on the carpet from the torrent of tears I shed. I felt you fondle my fanny too when Aunt Millie invited you to feel how hot it was. My bottom felt like it had been spanked raw, and your touch hurt me as much as the casual conversation I heard you two have while I hung there hurting and hoping that Aunt Millie was finished with me.

Aunt Millie released my arm but kept me and my big, bright-red bottom right where they were while she lectured me, forced me to confess, and made me apologize to you! You said you forgave me and your words of love made me feel better somehow, Jerry. But I couldn't stop crying or cringing when Aunt Millie patted my poor, blazing bottom, and I felt as sorry for myself as I ever have when she said she owed me for fighting and sassing her and started slapping away at my ass again!

My bottom instantly burst back into an inferno and big wet tears and wails burst out of me a second later. I thought the worst night of my life was over, and my suffering was through. But it wasn't and the sudden switch of gears from relief to fear made Aunt Millie's fresh spanks feel like they hurt twice as much as before, Jerry. That's why I turned back into a baby and debased myself blubbering NEVER when Aunt Millie demanded to know when I'd be too big for her to spank!

Aunt Millie liked what she saw and heard and finally stopped torturing me and let me go. I jumped up and ran away with my red buns bouncing, locked myself in my bathroom, and cried and cried. Aunt Millie's "intervention" was the most merciless of all the spankings she ever gave me, and the most humiliating by a long shot, too. I felt like hiding in the bathroom for the rest of my life, Jerry, and thought about moving away and leaving you and Aunt Millie behind as well. I didn't think I could face either one of you again, and I didn't want to after what you two did to me. How could you?!?



It's a good thing that I didn't know about your ulterior motives then, Jerry, or I might not have believed that it was because you loved me and wanted to save our marriage after my bottom and outrage cooled. But I didn't know and you didn't tell me until weeks later when we happy lovers again and I admitted that somehow Aunt Millie's spanking turned me on as much as you.

You couldn't hide how hot seeing me get spanked got you, Jerry, or how excited you got when your hopes and dreams were realized. You were inspired in bed after Aunt Millie kissed me goodnight and left me in your hands that night, and you got so hot when I confessed my confusing feelings that you took me and told me about your secret after we made love, didn't you?

You said what I was feeling was natural and not to fight it, and told me that we'd both gotten what we deserved. And I agreed, Jerry, but I learned my lesson and don't want another, even though you do. You talk about it all the time, and Aunt Millie's let me know she's ready anytime. But I'm not ready yet! Maybe as a present on our tenth anniversary? We'll see... Janice

*Or, perhaps, sooner as I'm we all hope and I suspect from reading between the lines of your hated "assignment", Janice. As we imagine your thoughtful husband has informed you, 27 is late to be bitten by the spanking bug, but you obviously were and now know that your Aunt Millie agrees with the rest of us and has proven that some naughty niece's like hers are never too old to be spanked straight, whether they want it or not! Kudos to her and you two spank-happy lovebirds, too! - Barb*



**For your convenience, the eye-popping pic above/most others in our new interactive format are hyperlinks to applicable sites!**

## *Crying Over Spilled Perfume!*

**SISTERS! OF COURSE YOU LOVE THEM** like, well, sisters. But it's hard sometimes, especially when they're just old enough to think they're the boss of you like my sister Alicia has since we were forced to share a bedroom together in the three-bedroom house we and our two brothers grew up in. My older sister, Alicia, was like that and still is. We're both all grown up, married and mothers now. But she still treats me like a kid when she's feeling superior, and won't let me forget how she had to put up with me and pass on her wisdom about school, boys, make-up, clothes, college, marriage, kids, and everything else in life she's been through before me and thinks she's done better.

Alicia doesn't come out and say so, but I know she feels that way because she still shoves advice down my throat and treats me like a kid when I don't swallow it. She subtly reminds me of all the times I ignored her wisdom and paid a price in the past then, and pulls out her favorite embarrassing recollection of the only real spanking she ever gave me to really put me in my place if I stand up to her or turn a deaf ear like I did then.

It happened when Alicia started getting over protective about her things, especially this one bottle of perfume this guy gave her. She always kept it on her vanity table and I was told "hands off" or else! I didn't even get to smell it unless Alicia wore it. When I asked her what the big deal was about this bottle of perfume, especially since the guy moved away months ago, Alicia never really gave me a satisfying explanation. She would just complain to mom about me touching her things and then mom would be on my case too! Alicia wanted to have a separate bedroom, but the house was too small and it would be much too expensive to build one.

One night mom was out with her friends and Alicia had gone out for the evening on a date. Mom planned on being home pretty late or she would stay over at her friend's house if she didn't feel like driving. She left the phone number in case either of us needed her. It was understood that since she may not return until morning the next day, Alicia was to be home by midnight and take care of things until mom had returned. By taking care of things, it meant to be in charge of me until mom got home.

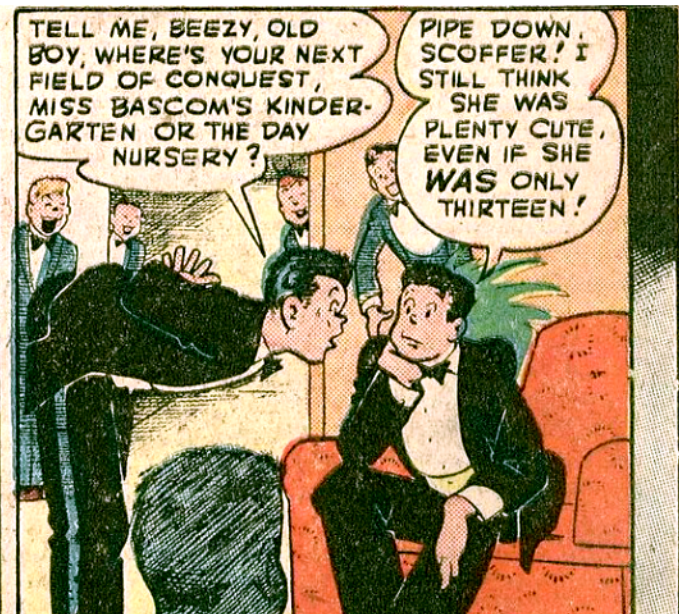
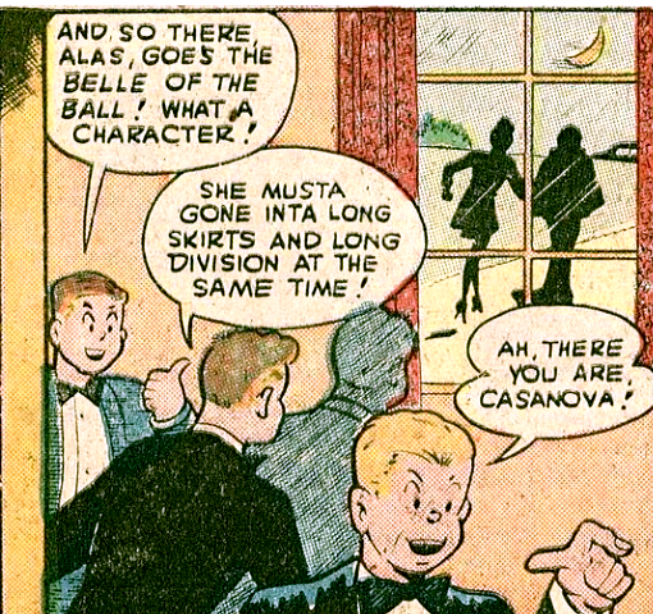
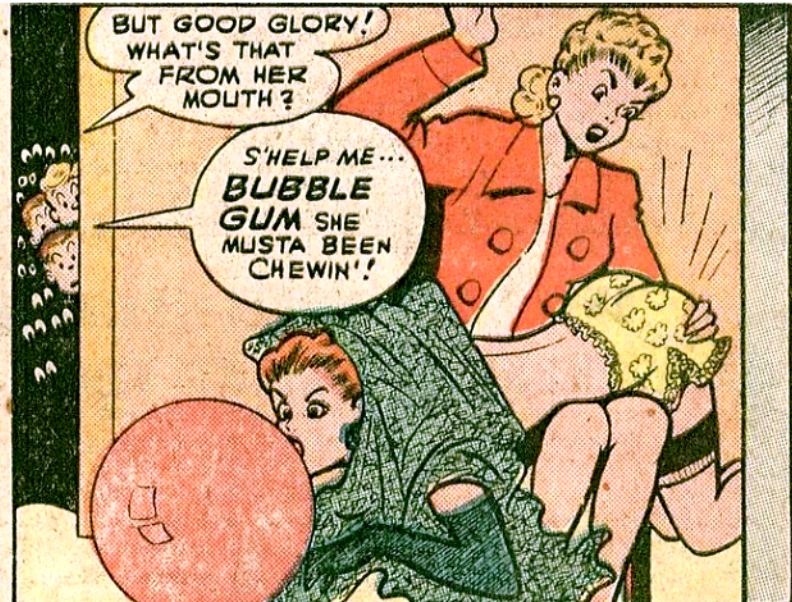
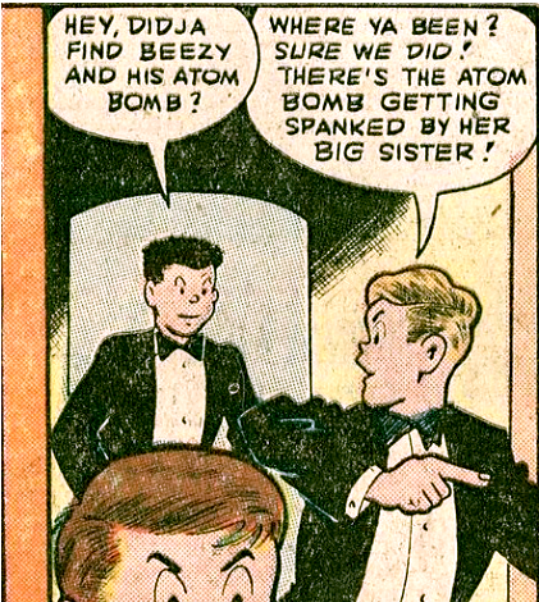
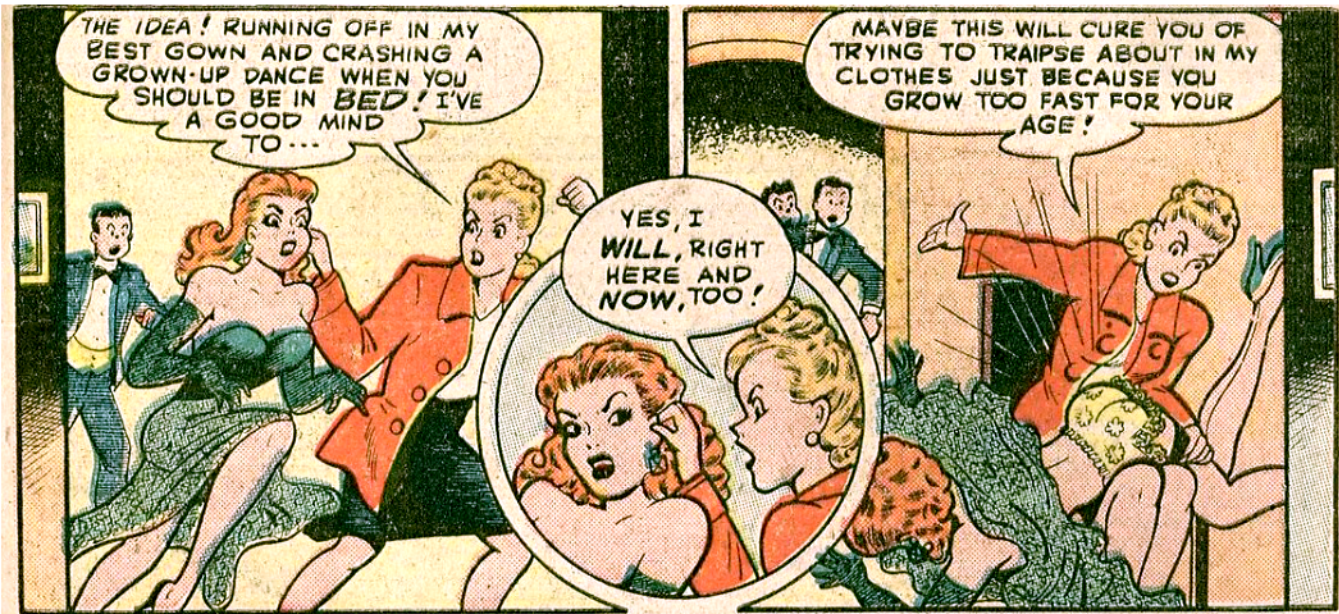
Having gotten bored with television, I ventured upstairs and went into my bedroom. Alicia's side was always very neat, not like I kept my side. My sister had everything in place. All her clothes were hanging up in "her" closet or in the drawers of her dresser. Then there was her vanity table. It had a large mirror so that my sister could see her full figure if she moved far enough away from it. And if she was sitting on the vanity chair, with a flip of a switch, the mirror lit up so that she could put her make-up on. I always admired my sister's vanity table. It was so feminine. There was dusting powder in a fancy pink colored glass container. There were lots of perfume fragrances in different color glass bottles.

Alicia had a matching hairbrush and comb set that belonged to our grandmother. She would sit in front of the mirror and brush her hair, every night before she went to bed. The hairbrush and comb were both made from oak and I remember mom spanking me with the hairbrush one time when I got in real trouble for taking some money from her dresser without asking. Finally, there was that special perfume bottle that the guy had given Alicia.

Since no one was around to yell at me for touching Alicia's stuff, I pulled out the vanity chair and sat down. I turned on the lights around the vanity mirror and looked at myself. Alicia wasn't there, so maybe I would borrow some of her make-up. I added a touch of blush to my cheeks and a bit of lipstick to my lips. Then I picked up the hairbrush and started brushing my hair. There was just one more thing to add, but before I did, I decided to put on one of Alicia's dresses. She never let me try on any of her stuff and I knew I would look just as good as she did. I opened the closet and went through her vast collection of dresses, stopping at one of my favorites. I pulled it out and held it up to me. Standing back from the mirror, I knew at once it would look great, especially if I added a pair of my sister's heels to the outfit.

I stripped of my clothes and just before I was ready to slip on the dress, I sat down at the vanity table and reached for the special perfume bottle. It had two pieces, a matching top and bottom. The top you simply pulled off and there was a little extension that you dabbed at your neck, behind your ear and maybe some other places I could think of.

I sniffed the special perfume and the scent was indeed, heavenly. I dabbed some behind my ear and a touch on the inside of my wrist. I didn't dare rub anymore on in case Alicia could smell it on me when she got home. It suddenly occurred to me to see what time it was. I turned to look at my sister's alarm clock and accidentally knocked over the special perfume bottle! What had I done! The special perfume was pouring out all over the top of the vanity table. I had to stop it before it was all over the place. I got up, knocking over the vanity chair and ran into the bathroom for a towel to soak up the perfume. Desperately, I worked to save some of the perfume and tried moving things away from the spreading spill before it reached them.



Titled "Bubble Gum Cleopatra", these sensational sisterly spanking panels by Bernard Dibble appeared in Crack Comics 52, January 1948, under a 5 page comic story devoted to the misadventures of college man, "Beezy" Bumble.

Our bedroom wreaked of Alicia's prized perfume. It just stunk so bad that I knew cleaning everything up would not get rid of the smell. All I could do was my best, open all the windows and throw the towels in the garbage. I ran downstairs and disposed of the smelly towels. Then running upstairs again with hopes high that the fresh air had cleared the fumes, I walked right into Alicia!

She'd already been in our room by then and, to say the very least my sister was pissed off! Before I could panic, Alicia was in my face demanding to know what I did! Alicia was so close to me that I could see the veins bulging in her neck! I tried to tell her what happened, but all she did was yell at me. Then just like that, Alicia sat down on her vanity chair and with one big heave-ho, I was across her lap! She pulled down my panties, grabbed grandma's hairbrush and started blasting away at my bare bottom!

Struggling and fighting, I attempted to release my sister's hold on me, but it was no use. As I kept on kicking and screaming, Alicia kept landing that hairbrush over the fleshiest part of my bare bottom and soon I felt my panties slide down my legs and onto the floor, away from all the action.

Just as quickly as my spanking started, it had ended and I was standing on my feet, rubbing my blazing posterior and crying! Alicia said that when mom got home she was going to tell her everything and that I would get another spanking even worse than the one she gave me!

I leaned over and picked up my panties and spotted my sister's dress on my bed. I quickly turned and walked towards the door hoping Alicia wouldn't see her dress. I was halfway gone when I felt a sharp tug on my arm and was pulled back inside the bedroom. Alicia wanted to know just what I was doing with her dress and her shoes. I had forgotten all about her shoes. Those were on the floor below her dress. Alicia scolded me for taking her clothes out of her closet without permission. This started everything up again and she started scolding me for everything! From now on, she yelled, she was going to put a padlock on her closet before she left!

Once again, my sister sat down, this time on her bed and threw me across her lap. She didn't have to go to the trouble of lowering my panties because I never got the chance to put them back on. And for what seemed like a good half hour or more, my sister spanked my entire bare bottom with her hand! It felt as though her hand had been sitting on hot coals and I could almost imagine the sound of sizzling as she spanked my bottom all over! By the time she finished, I was sure that my bottom was on fire! I jumped around the room trying to put the flames out!

Alicia promptly told me that if I didn't want her to get her leather belt and add some crimson stripes to my backside, I'd better get to my own side of our room! Not needing a second invitation, I ran into the bathroom, shut the door and cried some more looking at my bottom in the mirror and trying to come to grips with what just happened to me..

That was the last time I went into my sister's stuff, unless she gave me permission. When mom got home, Alicia told her what happened and from the description of the spankings I got, mom thought I had suffered enough. Though she did warn me that if I got into Alicia's stuff without permission or borrowed anything without permission, she would make sure the spanking Alicia gave me would be nothing compared to what she would give me!

My sister took great pleasure in my discomfort after the days following her conquest of me, and I didn't dare say boo back. I was intimidated, confused and couldn't look at Alicia without blushing for a week! Our bedroom was now the scene of my crime and shameful, and being forced to share it with the smirking older sister who stripped and spanked me as bad as mom ever did was torture. Especially with Alicia starting in on me!

Alicia's memories and feelings were as clear as mine, but from her victorious view and her comments were cutting. Alicia chuckled over what a big baby I was, how red my bottom got, how I blubbered and begged her for mercy, and what I flashed while I was wantonly kicking and writhing the throes of agony!

Those taunts, occasional swats, threats, and crowing about how I swore to obey her forever were Alicia's favorites then, since whenever she wanted to put me in my place, and the last time I pushed her buttons and got her revved up. That was a few months ago when I needed a fix I guess you could say, and dipped into my bag of reliable tricks. Alicia and I don't have many confrontations now that we're both married, working moms with the same hum-drum lifestyles.

Alicia thinks she's so wise and knows me so well! But she doesn't have a clue that I baited her into her last thrilling trip down memory lane, and many others before. She's sure my blushes and squirms are born of embarrassment, and probably wouldn't understand or believe how turned on I really am and how much I want to dive back over her lap and beg her to bare my bottom and make my buns blush as bright as she did then!

I've fantasized about doing that a bazillion times, and gotten my bottom threatened, swatted and playfully patted over Alicia's lap several times over the years when I played my childish stubborn and bratty cards just right. But my big sister has never accepted any of my subtle and slyly open invitations to bare and spank my bottom for real like she did that one wonderful time.



## BRAVO LADIES! ENCORES PLEEEZZ!!

Adorable bare buns, enticing expression, palm prints pointing up & toward the leering, Colorado State gym shorts clad cutie, the photog, or one of the watching coeds(?) reflected in the mirror... Drop down PJ's & this purely punitive pose posted on [collegehumor.com](http://collegehumor.com), & the pure cheekiness of these awesome amateur photos posted on-line for all the world to see make them winning works of art among the amazing amount of similarly spank-happy pics & poses celebrating the popularity of never too naughtiness at it's fun, exciting & blushing best in our opinion... And perfect compliments to this piece of correspondence as well, [wouldn't you agree?](#)



I've always thought that Alicia would like to and would love it as much as me if she did. She sure enjoys reminding me about our blushing past and remembers the highlights as clearly as me! But I've never had the nerve to come out and talk to her about it, and unless I'm just wrong, my guess is that she's probably too upright and uptight to admit it, too.

I like to believe that we'll both open up someday, and I won't be disappointed! But, until, then, thanks for letting me share my story! I'm looking forward to seeing it in WWS and have been enjoying a new fantasy of "accidentally" e-mailing a copy to my big sister. Wouldn't that be a hoot! - Jessica

*Probably, you beautiful brat, and a HOLLER too when she gets her hands on you and your naughty bottom and finally opens up on it as I too suspect she'd love to do, too. The "lightening bolt" that struck and scarred you for life is a fickle and funny thing as all of us who've been hit in the ass by it know. But it sure does sound like at least a spark of it struck Alicia too from the way you've described her carrying on about it and playing it up as much as Alicia has all this time. Sure, sisters can be bossy, catty and know which skeletons to pick out of the closet to make their sibling squirm. But, remembering so well, being so eager to tell, and "Threatening? Swatting? Playfully patting your bottom over her lap?" is over the top and telling me to suggest that Alicia's "subtle and openly sly invitations" and yours may have been crossing in the ethereal mail all these years and missed because neither of you has been willing to take it a step further. Sadly, I've heard of similar situations and decades or lifetime's of mutual longing and spanking satisfaction lost due to the social and sexual stigmas surrounding our supposedly "sinful" desires. That may not be so in your case, Jessica, and Alicia might not be willing to confess even if it is. Inhibitions do run deep! But it could be true too, so I have to encourage you to kick up your baiting games as I'm sure an imaginative and naughty lady with a bag of tricks and burning desire like you can do or figure out a way of coming clean in a way you're comfortable with. Of course, you can "accidentally" send Alicia a copy of your letter as you've been fantasizing about and pull your panties right down, figuratively at least. Personally, I think that's a tad too drastic. You should keep it between you two for now and don't want to freak her out! But, please do something sooner rather than too later and, whatever you do, please do let us know when you and your big sister make a blushing new memory together as I choose to believe you will. And many thanks for sharing the first!! - Barb*

## **Sinfully Sensational Sorority Secrets PAST!**

IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE TO FIND your old-fashioned publications and read the recollections of old-timers like me who were born and raised back in the day when there were plenty of taboos, but none yet against spanking and paddling kids at home for as long as the parents wanted and at school all the way up to high-school graduation.

I grew up in a small, rural town and became fascinated with spanking when I was in grammar school and witnessed one of my classmate friends, Judy Thomas, get her bottom warmed in front of the class by our teacher. She put Judy across her knee, raised up her skirt, pulled down her panties, and spanked her little bottom until it really was bright-red and she was crying, kicking and flailing the air with her little arms, hands and fists as if she was trying to fly, swim or fight off the Devil and the fires of hell.

I hadn't actually seen anyone get spanked before, or anything near as scary, naughty, and exciting when the other kids teased Judy at recess. Ironically, my mother was one of the more progressive parents in town, and only



needed an odd swat, a fast flurry of slaps that was over before you knew it and felt like you'd been branded, and the threat of baring our bottoms and turning us over her knee with me and my siblings. We were good kids, and smart, too. None of us ever pushed mom into carrying out her ultimate threat before I saw my best and bravest girlfriend friend get spanked, and very few times after.

The only one I was home to hear was mom showing my younger sister how well she could spank when she wanted to, and I felt all the things I had when I watched my best friend get hers and more with the sibling bond we shared. I'd realized I was different from the other kids in that regard early on, and felt as guilty and dirty about it and wanting to be spanked myself as the taboo against such things said I should. They teased Judy and any other kid who got spanked until the next one came along. But I didn't forget any of them, and watched, teased and wished I could be where they had been many times over.

Judy didn't share my enthusiasm and didn't get spanked in front of any of our classes again. But she did in my imagination sometimes, and in my fondest, naughtiest memories many times more as floated up and back to hover, move around and study all the details of the bittersweet lesson I'd witnessed Judy learned over our teachers lap, after as she hopped around howling and holding her little bottom, and after that in the halls, bathrooms and out on the playground with the other kids!

I wanted to be at the center of all that spanking attention, and my naughty little bottom burned with curiosity to know if being spanked felt like the kids who endured one said. They spoke of spankings with loathing and fear, but I was sure I would love mine as much as I privately daydreamed and fantasized almost daily. But I wasn't that bad or bold, and didn't get spanked before I felt I'd outgrown the possibility when I turned 16.

My family and friends threw a sweet, "Sweet 16", for me and, although fantasies of being spanked by some of older women attendees flitted through my head, all of the attention on my age, nicely budding womanhood, and future in college and after made me realize that I wasn't a girl in anyone's eyes, including mine. I still had my memories and fantasies to enjoy, but I packed them away with others from my youth that seemed as far-fetched.

I felt I had a better chance to meet and marry my rich, handsome, romantic Prince Charming than to be spanked as I prepared to follow my older brothers off to the state university 200 miles from home. They and others had told me about college life, but none of their stories mentioned much about sororities, so I never imagined there might actually be houses full of young women who passionately believed in their sisterhood and practiced paddling and other forms of girlish domestic discipline to maintain their high standards until I arrived on campus.

Being a small town girl, I was a little overwhelmed by the size of the place and homesick at first. I also didn't like the sorority girls I met at all. They were snooty and cliquish, and I didn't want to be a sister at all until the juicier gossip about the goings-on behind the closed doors of sorority houses reached my ears. I knew about the tradition of paddling pledges, but rumor had it that sisters were never free from the fear of the paddle or the kind of old-fashioned, over the knee spankings I secretly favored and felt lost to me.

The latter rumor caught my attention and got my juices flowing once I overcame the shock of it. Could it be that all of the snooty, cliquish, and grudgingly pretty, well-dressed and popular girls I'd encountered and disliked were spanking the bottoms of others or being spanked like little girls?! I found it hard to believe, and had to find out. I befriended a sorority girl who was nice and sweet when she wasn't with her stuck-up sisters and told her that I was thinking of applying.

She encouraged me to do so, and offered to take me "home", show me around, and sponsor me as all new pledges needed to be. She also confirmed the spanking rumors after I accepted her invitations and found out the girls I'd thought snooty were mostly small town girls like me with attitude fostered in the band of unstoppable sisters against the man's world that we lived in atmosphere behind the doors of their sorority house and all the others like it spread across the country.

All of the houses followed the same high sorority standards and employed paddling for pledges and infractions against codes of conduct. Each assigned a big sister to watch over and guide little ones through the scholastic and social mazes until the elder graduated to conquer the outside world and the younger was entrusted with molding the next generation of sisters. And each had a "mother" to maintain order and oversee everything the way a normal homemaker would. But, as I was told after I was accepted into the circle of my house full of new sisters and would soon find out for my blushing self, few other chapters of our sorority were as old-fashioned and spank-happy as our home turned out to be!

It wasn't like one of those fantasies where there were cute coeds getting their bare bottoms spanked in every room for real or foreplay every day. But, for the first few months, I felt like Alice in Wonderland floating on the avalanche of innuendos, threats, pats, swats and over the knee spankings I encountered and enjoyed myself within my first month living at our house.



We sisters prided ourselves on being one big family over the more military or society structured style others preferred, and spanking was a better fit than paddling. It also seemed to forge the kind of intimate familial bridge and bond between sisters that all of the girls favored, felt, and, sometimes, feared at the hands of our big sisters and house mother. She was a fair but firm force of sisterly stability who employed about a decade's worth of logic, wisdom, and experience running a sorority house, sorting out problems between coeds, and punishing them like little girls when they deserved it.



*Could be a sorority house & mother, don't you think? We did.*

CP was still in the by-laws for our house mother to use as it had been since the 1920's when our chapter was founded in a small, four bedroom house that had since been rebuilt over and expanded to include two dormitory style wings. My sisters reminded me a lot of the excited kids I enjoyed sharing spanking encounters with as a girl when one of us was got caught breaking curfew or called to the house mother's office behind the kitchen. And worse when a freshly spanked sister was finally sent to her room and forced to lift her skirt, pull up her panties, and play show and tell to the teasing comments and embarrassing questions of her eager audience.

It was terribly embarrassing for the girl, and terribly exciting to me and my sisters. I heard warnings and whacks as we made our way back to our rooms, and the sounds of some hanky-spanky echoing through the halls later similar to the bun warming my big sister decided to give me. Annette was from a small town down the road from mine, and cut from the same cloth in almost every way. The only glaring differences between her and I were that she had been spanked by her mother growing up, and had developed a desire to dominate instead of submit like me.

Annette gave me a pleasant patting that night, and my first spanking about a month after I moved into her room at the sorority house. She scolded me for forgetting to tidy up my side of the room to her standards again, and told me that I obviously needed a lesson to help me remember. I knew but couldn't believe what she was referring to, and almost fainted with fear and desire as she took my hand, led me to my bed, and turned me over her knee.

I'll never forget how silly and sexy I felt to finally find myself in that childish position of punishment, or how shamefully sensational it felt when Annette flipped my skirt up and rubbed my bottom with her hand. I'd never felt the touch of a woman that way before, and ate up the arousing pleasure of it and anticipation of what was yet come as I waited, wondered and wished that Annette would give me the spanking I'd wanted for so long.

Annette knew I'd never been spanked, but not how much I wanted to be yet. I didn't confide that secret when we talked about our pasts, and she didn't confide all of hers, either. But her desire to

satisfy herself and seduce me with a more playful than punitive roller coaster ride of a first spanking perfectly suited my inexperienced cravings, and had me gasping, panting, pleading and oozing with appreciation before my big sister finished warming my naughty bottom.

My first spanking hurt so good that I didn't want it stop, and couldn't let it when Annette's hand came to rest cupping my bottom and she asked if I'd learned my lesson? She expected me to say yes as most mature, 18 year-old women would after what she'd done to me and could still do with me over her lap. And I should have said yes to shield my secret longer. But I just couldn't! I wanted more and had to have it! My inner brat was finally free and flying high, so I spat out a loud and defiant, "NO!". Then, under the spontaneous spell that gripped me, I squirmed around so Annette could see my face and stuck my tongue out at her like a naughty kid!

I'll never forget the fantastically funny look on my big sister's face or the feelings that flew through me as I watched Annette's eyes widen with wonder, twinkle with merriment, flash with mischief, and flame with desire as they bore into mine. I knew then that my big sorority sister was enjoying herself as much as me, and I'd be getting all the spankings I wanted so greedily. And Annette knew my naughty secret then too and couldn't resist giving in to her deepest, darkest desires any more than me.

Annette huffed and puffed, "OH!? Is that so!" Then after I sneered, "Yeah!", and stuck my tongue out at her again, she smirked and said that I obviously needed my bottom bared and spanked with the back of the ivory hairbrush she used and kept on her side of our room. I blushed at the mention of stripping down my panties, but I didn't protest. I wanted my bottom bared as it always was in my fantasies and Judy's had been. And, ignorance being blissful until the burning of a hairbrush spank bites into a bare, soft bum, I didn't quake with fear or hesitate to jump up, get the brush, and dive back over Annette's lap when she ordered me to.

Annette carefully folded my skirt up my back and rubbed my cotton clad bottom for a minute before she began to ever so slowly peel my panties down. She knew what I was feeling as the privatest parts of me they protected were slowly exposed, and she enjoyed prolonging the titillating moments as much as me. Nudity was as taboo as spanking a freshman coed, and the combination of the two for the first time was too thrilling for me to fathom at the time or ever forget.

I felt so nicely naughty that I had to peek over my shoulder and preen at the look of awe and amazement on Annette's face as she bared, studied and gently stroked my warm, pink bottom. Her touch felt twice as good as before, and where her fingers trailed over my exposed skin tingled in their wake and made me tremble as they wandered closer to and then over the hidden places between my buns and thighs.

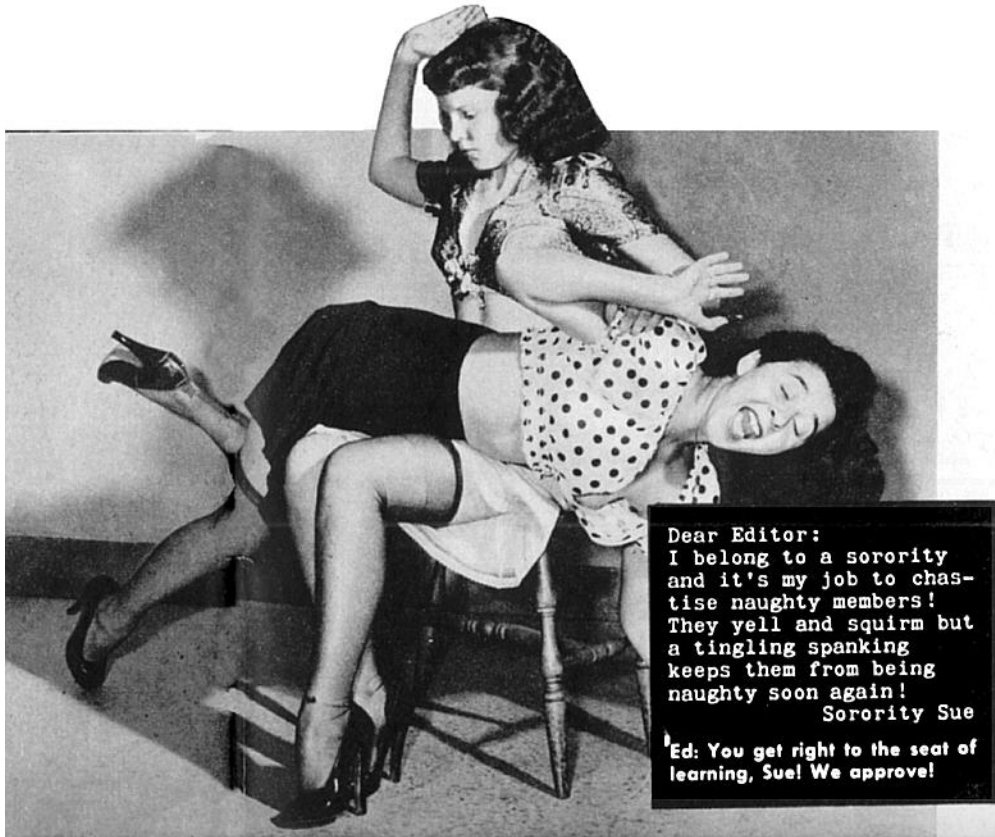
Annette praised my posterior and promised to punish it properly for being so naughty as she prepared me for the lesson she wanted to teach me. She knew the first would make me feel better, and wanted the latter to mix in as much fear as I could feel without knowing that first time. My big sister was all about showing me what pain-enhanced pleasure felt like that first time, and proving that she and her ivory hairbrush could provide the kind of girlishly frantic punishment I'd thought I'd outgrown, too.

Annette slapped my bottom back to hot pink and teased me for squirming, squealing and being so shameless. Then she picked up her brush, warned me that it would hurt much more then and every time she chose to use it on me, and began to apply the hard, ivory back of it to my virginal bottom in furiously fiery flurries and startling single strokes that flattened my fanny and stung like fury.

I could feel my bottom cheeks bouncing as much as burning and begged Annette to stop spanking me as girlishly as I'd heard Judy plead with the teacher before she burst into tears. But I didn't feel like crying, and wouldn't have let myself if Annette was really trying to punish me. I wasn't ready to let my guard down that far yet, and needed to be taught and tenderized by my sister for a few months more before I would, could and did bawl, beg and dance around after as shamelessly as Judy when my big sister finally allowed me to hop off her lap!

Annette had caught me flirting with another sister's beau, dragged me back to the sorority house, and mercilessly hair-brushed my bare bottom as soon as she got me upstairs alone. The boy approached me, but I knew I was being naughty and flirting with danger by letting him flatter me instead of excusing myself as I should have. The rules against trespassing on another sister's romantic property were strict due to the corrosive power jealousy has in a house full of young women seeking suitable college men. But I didn't think that basking in his charm and admiration for a little while would do any harm until Annette stepped in and showed me how wrong I was.

It was April and I considered my once virginal bottom fairly promiscuous due to Annette's frequent lessons. But I hadn't really been punished yet, and wasn't as anxious to be as I once had been. Especially that night! Annette was furious and fuming about what I'd done and what she was going to do about it! She would not accept my apologies and excuses. And she would not stop spanking my bare bottom with her ivory hairbrush when I begged, pleaded and promised to be good.



**We approve too, Ed!** And we wish more of the cute she-spanks-she quickies you & *Humorama* came up with to thrill the secretly spank-smitten masses back in 1948 survived like these examples from "*Eyeful*" magazine survived for us to admire & showcase in their place as examples of the HOT history of our very favorite kind of old-fashioned, OTK sorority spanking!



Annette told me that I was getting what I deserved while she set my seat on fire, and promised me that I wasn't getting off of her lap until my fantasy of taking Judy's place and feeling everything she had was fulfilled. But I didn't want to cry, kick, beg and scream in agony like my best childhood friend had over our teachers lap, and found nothing fun or arousing about it as I chirped, yelped and foolishly tried to fight the pounding, building urge to burst into tears and behave like a naughty little girl!

My pride withered as my big sister spanked, scolded and swore she wasn't going to stop until I gave her what she demanded, and it broke as quickly as the dam holding back my utter anguish. Then tears of guilt, contrition and fear burst from me and I flailed and flopped about trying to escape Annette's lap as strenuously as my little friend had years before. But my big sister was as able to hold me there as the teacher who spanked Judy and just as ruthless in regards to the amount of tears, sobs and wordless wails of agony she demanded before she finally stopped and let me go.

I didn't care about being shameless, childish or anything but trying to soothe my battered bottom as I hopped and danced around our room. I didn't even worry about any of my sisters hovering outside our door in the hall listening to me hoop and howl. Annette had spanked me into a corner of hell where nothing mattered but salvation from the physical and emotional agony I was in. I'd always wanted to feel what Judy and the other kids had when they were punished, and found their pain and suffering arousing from my safe distance. But I knew I never wanted to take their places or feel what I did again before my senses returned and I began to blubber out apologies, promises and platitudes to persuade Annette and protect my bottom from any more spanking.

My big sister set her ivory instrument of torture down on the bed and rose to take me in her arms and tell me that my punishment was over. I felt a relief flood through me that I'd never felt before, and a strange sense of gratitude as well. I didn't know where it came from or why I wasn't angry with Annette for abusing me as she had. But I realized later that I felt the spanking she gave me was deserved and, like a child with a parent, that she had hurt me because she cared and wanted the best for me.

Annette cooed and comforted me until my tears slowed to a trickle. Then she tenderly cleaned me up, took off my clothes, and told me to lie face down on the bed so she could apply some soothing cold cream. I dutifully obeyed, and without feeling the self-consciousness I usually and still felt when my roommate watched me change or naked after a shower. I didn't stop to think about it as I climbed onto my bed and snuggled into a comfortable position, but I realized that Annette must have spanked my inhibitions away.

I felt grateful for the reprieve as Annette settled on the bed next to me, and gloried in the freedom to really feel and enjoy the forbidden fruits my big sister treated me to as she tended to my bottom and tempted me with her fingers and words. Annette told me all the things a loving sibling would about being sorry she had to spank me so hard, how it was for my own good, and how ready she was to do it again. And, all the while, her slippery palms slid around my bottom and thighs and her long fingers slipped into places that no one but me had ever touched before and did things that made me feel pleasures I'd never known or allowed myself to imagine before.

I'm not normally attracted to women and the taboo against lesbian loving was strong enough to stop me from dwelling on it when the thought had crossed my mind as it had since my happy to spank big sister adopted me. But, that night, in those magical moments after my first true submission, the world and all my inhibitions drifted away, and it was just Annette, me and the most marvelously naughty and sinfully sensational pleasures two passionate young women could ever desire!

Annette and I were both saving our virginities for our husband's as good girls were supposed to do, and had limited, less than satisfying sexual encounters with men who didn't know how to please a woman or care. But we knew and cared, and with Annette's thrilling tutelage, I quickly learned how great it felt to be touched, teased and taken with a penetrating finger in a place that protected my virginity and provided more than a glimpse at the glories of being mounted by a good stud!

I came several times while Annette pleased me, and more strongly each time as the last of those inhibitions floated away to join the others and leave me free to pleasure my wonderful big sister as well as she'd pleased me. I didn't think twice about returning Annette's favors, and really enjoyed holding her satisfaction in my hands and making her beg for it when I had her on the brink. I felt like she deserved a little payback and liked the power switch, too.

Annette enjoyed and praised my amorous attentions as she pulled me down and snuggled me in her arms. Then, in the best and sexiest way I've ever felt, she kissed me and told me that we were now and would forever be bound above the close, intimate and bizarre spanking sorority sisterhood we had shared just hours before. I felt the same and agreed with kisses of my own. Then, I just had to stick my tongue out at Annette and tell her that she was mean for spanking me so hard and deserved to have her bottom warmed, too!

I don't know why I did and said that, but it seemed like and was the right thing to do. Annette

giggled, agreed, and rolled onto her taut tummy. Then she let me spank her full fanny until it was hot pink, and insisted I soothe it and slip my finger between her cheeks and take her after as she'd taken me. Annette tasted the pleasures I had and several times, too. And I tasted from her side of the cup then, and later when she thanked and rewarded me.

Annette said she wanted to doze off in each others arms as much as me, but reminded me that we dare not as she rose from bed. We and all of our other sisters suspected that more than hanky-spanky was happening behind the closed doors of some of our less subdued in the throes of passion kin. And no one minded enough to make a stink about it. But, flaunting it inside or outside of the sorority house was another matter which Annette and I didn't want any part of when got dressed, walked out of our room, and went to the bathroom to shower and get ready for bed.

Most of our sisters were out of the house during the worst of my wailing, but not all and the one who had stayed in that night due to a cold spread the news of my punishment to the gossip grapevine where such scandalous stuff quickly spread. So, I got to feel what the kids in my past and the sisters in my present who got teased after a spanking felt like for the first time, too. Once again, it was worse and better than I imagined it could be, and just as incredible and unforgettable as my first real punishment spanking.

It wasn't the last I got from Annette before she graduated, or the only punishments I was forced to suffer through during my four year residency at the sorority house. I was more good than bad, but I wasn't an angel or able to keep from breaking curfew sometimes and ending up over our house mother's dreaded lap. That woman had a hand on her that hurt as much Annette's ivory hairbrush, and was as merciless about teaching tearful lessons you weren't supposed to soon forget, too.

I enjoyed being spanked and the forbidden forgiveness that Annette and I shared on those "special" occasions when she had to spank me and my inhibitions into submission. But I didn't enjoy the suffering of a punishment spanking, or dare to risk many from Annette or any from our house mother. The only upside to getting spanked by her was limited to the teasing, smirks, and show and tell performance my peers insisted on. And, while that was fun and sexy, it wasn't worth the agony and embarrassment of being stripped and spanked by a woman old and maternal enough to be your mother!

That dynamic didn't appeal to me at all, and with my promotion to big sister after Annette was gone, I was content to spank and captivated by the effect it had on the little sister the sorority picked for me to mentor and mold. Julie was very much like I had been when I stepped on campus, only without any naughty desire to resume having her naughty little bottom spanked as it had been by her mother until she was 16.

Julie was relieved to put the painful, shameful, childish punishments she considered all spankings to be behind her, and reverted to a big, beautiful baby the two times I was called upon to correct her with the back of my wooden hairbrush. But, as Annette had done for me, I taught her to enjoy playful spankings and trained her to on the secret bond of our sisterhood to the next generation

Julie proudly carried on our sisterly tradition, but, sadly, taboos and progress caught up with my blushing beloved sorority house and the intimate bonds of sisterhood forged by CP was restricted to the more acceptable paddles every sister had. I can only imagine that those impersonal planks of wood kept the bottom bonding alive then and still.

It's warmed more than my heart to see the sorority paddling photos you've featured in WWS and know that some hanky-spanky is still going on between sisters. But I know that bending over for a paddling never could or will ever measure up to everlasting bond being spanked over the warm thighs of a big sister forged between me, Annette and all of the other spank-happy sorority sisters of ours and other generations past.

I hope my little history lesson has been entertaining and informative, and look forward to learning anything about the hanky-spanky going on in other sorority houses around the country past and present. I'm in the twilight years of my life now and my days living in the spank-happiest house a girl like me could wish for are far behind, but I still cherish those fantastic four years and always will. - Delta forever

*You should cherish them, dear Delta, and be as proud as you seem to be of your exceptionally enlightened and old-fashioned sorority house. It might not have been the last to allow house mothers to spank and sisters to bond as beautifully as you and yours did for all we know, but I think it's safe to assume that it was one of few and a stroke of luck for you to stumble across right there at your state university. Thanks for telling us about it and please do feel free to elaborate on any sorority spanking experiences you hold dear. I'm sure there are some with so much hanky-spanky going on then, since, and still on modern college campuses as the following new paddling AND OTK pics posted on-line by spank-happy sisters and coeds seem to show. And, for the first time, in FULL BLUSHING COLOR. Enjoy and thanks again! - Barb*

# Sorority Paddling Pics Present!



Cute amateur CP shots & poses found proudly posted in the public domain for all the web wide world to see & savor... And, naturally, for us spankophiles to speculate about in all sorts of sinfully sensational ways! Hooray for cheeky coeds & cell phone cameras to catch them being naughty!

*Obviously, every sister in this sorority still has her own personal paddle, but it's hard to see which ones have best been oiled & polished on their posteriors before this presumed, pledge grad pic was snapped &/or after before the ceremony was through?*



*Girls will be girls &, obviously, naughty ones when there's a paddle or oar handy for a hot swat shot!*



*Ask & you just might get it, don't & probably won't... Our kind of bold, smart & beamingly spank-happy gal!*



*This cute & curvy coed best get ready for lift off when what looks Mama Nature whacks her with that plank!*



*Pure paddle pride!*



*Doesn't particularly look like a sorority paddle, but who are we to quibble or care with such a cute come hither pose & gloriously gleeful seeming spanker?*



*If that's a sorority paddle, it's a damned serious one with ALL those holes drilled in it to increase the bite of a whack as they do so well... Yikes!*



*No paddle here, just a towel for possible snapping, appropriate pose & awesome shock & awww Yesss expressions on these locker room cuties!*

**And that's HARDLY all! More cheeky coed/amateur pics follow!!**

## *Shades of Sorority Red!*

**A LOT OF FOLKS FIRMLY BELIEVE** that being a member of a college sorority involves getting paddled on a regular basis. Well, despite how often college officials try to deny that little fact, they're pretty much right. Sororities see themselves as training young women to be leaders in their communities, and the frequent application of a stout paddle to a bare bottom seems to help that process along, a lot! But it doesn't stop there. Sororities have national offices too, and I recently learned that the young women who work for these organizations are just as likely to have their curvy rear ends well warmed as are their collegiate sisters. And believe me, now I know from personal experience!

My name is Jennifer. I just turned 30, and I work (along with a bunch of other girls) for the national office of Omega Tau Kappa, or OTK (name changed to protect the real sorority). Most of them are in their early twenties, but our boss, Melinda, is a woman about my age, and she's stacked like the proverbial brick outhouse. Well, so am I. In fact, a few times we have been mistaken for sisters. But the resemblance ends there. I've always had kind of quiet disposition. Melinda, on the other hand, is both bossy and strict. In fact, although I know it sounds like something out of a 50's romance magazine, she spansks any girl in the office who doesn't get her work done correctly or on time.

That's right, she spansks them! Panties down and everything, and with a big hard sorority paddle too. Now I know that sounds almost unbelievable, in this day of lawsuits and all, but signing an agreement to take a spanking whenever Melinda decides to dish one out is a primary requirement for getting a job at OTK. And the pay and benefits are great, so what's a little sting in the fanny now and then measured against that?

After hearing the gossip around the office, I decided that I would never give Melinda cause to spank me. According to the grapevine, she spanked hard, and on the bare. She usually handed out punishment just after quitting time. By then most everyone had left. Hurriedly, I might add. I guess they thought that anyone who stuck around too long just might be next in line for Melinda's attentions, but I never worried too much. My work was excellent, so I was pretty sure that my tender rear end was safe.

But because I thought I was safe, and because I was insatiably curious, I did stay a little late lots of nights, just to see the other girls get their bottoms warmed. Actually, I didn't get to see the spankings themselves. Melinda always punished in her office and closed the door before she laid into somebody's backside. However, I did get to hear the main event. First there would be the sound of Melinda's voice explaining just what the problem was. Then came the high-pitched protests as the culprit tried to talk her way out of a fanny warming (for all the good that ever did!) Next there was a lot of smacking, a series of rapidly escalating warbling wails, and finally some pretty loud crying. Best of all was the aftermath. Melinda's office door would open and whatever young miss got blistered that night would walk out, stiff legged, face still tear-stained, and hands firmly clasped to her naughty bottom. Sometimes skirts were back in place, but more often they were left pulled up to permit easier access for rubbing purposes. And for the poor unfortunates who came to work wearing a foundation garment, often a very red fanny was left entirely bare for that long shameful walk to the cooling waters of the ladies room.

Now in college I was pretty much a goody two shoes. Aside from when I was pledging OTK I hardly ever got paddled. In fact, my grades and my behavior were so exemplary that by the time I graduated, getting my bottom smacked was only a distant memory. And seeing the after effects of spankings on my co-workers at the office on an almost daily basis, I was pretty sure I wanted to keep it that way. Yet there was something very exciting about the whole idea. When those crying girls walked by my desk a little erotic thrill ran through me, and later on when I got home, I developed the habit of putting my favorite vibrator to good use, just to take the edge off, you might say.

And there was also something else that also began to change my mind about being spanked. Once after I had watched a sobbing miscreant make her way through the office, I happened to look back over at Melinda's office. She was standing in her doorway, looking sternly at me, and tapping that awful paddle on her perfectly shaped thigh, just as if she was considering ordering me into her office for a long overdue chastisement. I got the heck out of the office in a hurry then, I can tell you! But that night I almost wore out the batteries in my vibrator, and I dreamed about my strict boss spanking my oh-so-tender fanny just like she did to the other girls at work.

In fact, over the next few months, the prospect of getting spanked by Melinda began to look more and more exciting. And after I started thinking that, a few weeks later I finally worked up my nerve to take the plunge. Now I have to say that up to a certain point, I orchestrated the



whole thing. Still a goody two shoes, I couldn't turn in bad work if I tried, but I certainly could lie about it. I had a big quarterly expense report due one Friday morning. When Melinda asked for it, I told her that I had made a lot of errors, and I needed more time to correct it. At first, she didn't seem to believe me, but I stuck to my guns. She sighed, told me that I had until the end of the day to make it right, but since I'd thrown the whole office schedule out of kilter, at quitting time I was going to receive my first ever spanking from her. Across her knee and on my bare bottom! She smiled when she said that, so I figured that she was looking forward to the event. And truth be told, even though my knees were shaking, so was I!



Fetching photos enhancing this letter copyright/courtesy of:



**One of FIVE** fantastic, **mostly She-scolds-strips-spans-She sites** created by & showcasing the thrilling talents of one of the web's brightest & most industrious stars & video producers, **Claire Fonda**, [spankingsororitygirls.com](http://spankingsororitygirls.com) features a fabulous array of sorority-oriented spanking flicks available for your instant enjoyment on-line via membership to any of Claire's sites (links to all available on each) or all five with a Fonda Pass. Ms. Fonda also has a great blog featuring tales & pics from her many personal exploits & adventures in & outside of our community. [Click here to check out Claire's blog](#) & we think you'll be as impressed with this lovely lady as much as we!

The rest of the day was kind of a blur. I made some entirely unnecessary changes to my report just to look busy, but my mind was really almost entirely on my spanking to come. Would she use her paddle? After all, it was only the first time I had earned a spanking. Surely she would take that into account!? Would she make me take my own panties down or pull them down herself? What would she say? Would she scold me? How hard would she spank? Would I cry? I handed in my report in the late afternoon. Whatever was going to happen to me, I was about to find out.

One lucky thing was that I had brought a fresh pair of panties for the event. The ones I had put on in the morning were so sopping wet by late afternoon as I thought about my spanking to come that I couldn't possibly have worn them to get my tail warmed. And so, just before quitting time, I made my way to the ladies room and changed. Now never having been spanked by Melinda, I wasn't at all sure what to wear for the event. So I had picked out a nice pair of pink nylon, demure panties, with a little frilly material at the edges. I also didn't wear stockings. I hate pantyhose, and I thought that for a first spanking, a garter belt would be a little too much of a come-on, just supposing that Melinda might happen to swing that way. Then I glanced at my watch. Quitting time, right on the dot. I hurried back into the office. It wouldn't do to keep Melinda waiting at a time like this.

By now, I was so nervous that my heart was racing a mile a minute. The main office was empty, and I was sure glad about that. I guess nobody had gotten the word that I was going to be spanked, or I am sure a crowd would have gathered to listen in. I was popular with the other girls, but the chance to see the only unspanked member of the staff get her comeuppance would probably have drawn quite an audience.

I walked over to Melinda's office. It seemed like it was about half a mile away. I knocked softly on her door, and her firm alto voice told me to come in. She was sitting at her desk, with my report in front of her. She also had a second copy and she was comparing them. Melinda held up one report and told me that it was what I had just given her. Then she held up the other. She said that she had downloaded it from last night's computer backup. Melinda looked me sternly in the eye and said they were pretty much the same. Then she gave me a wicked little smile and said that my deception seemed to indicate that I wanted to try out being spanked, and that she would do her very best to satisfy my curiosity. Then Melinda looked stern again. She said she didn't like being tricked, so that the spanking I was about to get was going to be a very memorable one indeed. By now I was shaking in my boots. Well, they were really high heels, but you get the idea!

I was ready to pull up my skirt and bend over for the paddle, just as we did in college, but Melinda wasn't having any of it. First she told me to take off my skirt, and then my panties, so that I was completely bare from the waist down. I blushed like a bouquet of roses at that, but we were only just getting started.

Getting a spanking is an embarrassing situation at best. Bare is worse. But at least just bending over leaves you with some feeling of dignity. Melinda picked up her big sorority paddle, sat down on the big leather couch in her office, and told me to come over and climb across her lap, just as if I was a twelve year old. I did what she said, but the roses in my cheeks got at least two shades redder as I settled into position.



**For your convenience, the eye-popping pic above/most others in our new interactive format are hyperlinks to applicable sites!**

Actually, being across her thighs was pretty comfortable, but by now I was so turned on that I knew I was leaving a big damp spot on her skirt. Melinda noticed too, and told me how glad she was to learn that I approved of her discipline. I thought I would die of shame!

And worse yet, there was a great big mirror just across from the sofa. All I had to do was turn my head to see my big white fanny humped up across her knees and Melinda's wide grin as she got ready to spank me.

Melinda didn't start off with the paddle. Instead she just smacked me briskly all over my bottom with just her hand. At first it hardly hurt at all, but then the sting started to increase, especially as her palm visited the same spots, from the top of my fanny crack to halfway down my thighs, again and again. Also, some women have such soft hands that can hardly spank at all. Well it wasn't that way with Melinda. After all the experience she had smacking the bottoms of the girls in the office, her palms were like leather paddles, and they weren't any too little either.



Although I was completely mortified at the sight, I couldn't help but look over into that mirror. What I saw at one end were my after cheeks with bright pink handprints all over them, shading into a uniform hot pink glow where she had spanked the most often. At the other end, to my chagrin, I saw my own face, scrunched up into what seemed to be a permanent "OW!" as that spanking went on and on. Finally I started to cry, just a little, and Melinda picked up her paddle and said that meant it was time to move on to the main event.

Now I don't know how many of you have ever been smacked with a sorority paddle. They are big, and heavy, and usually polished until they are glassy smooth. In inexperienced hands, they only hurt for a little while, because if you hit too hard, the bottom goes numb, and although you can easily cause serious bruising, the recipient really doesn't feel the later smacks too keenly. Not so, however, if you know what you are doing. Fast, medium hard smacks, make the bottom dance with a life of its own, and sting like the fires of hell! And Melinda was very good at what she was doing!

Once she got going I couldn't help looking back over into that mirror. No matter how embarrassing it was, I just had to see. And I presented quite a sight. Hair whipping around as I tossed my head at every smack, tears streaming down my face, fanny cheeks churning, and legs frantically flailing in a hopeless race to nowhere. Needless to say, I was also howling at the top of my lungs as my rear end rapidly changed from hot pink to bright scarlet!

Since I hadn't had a spanking in years, I was really out of practice as to how to take one. Also (although maybe every well administered spanking feels this way), I thought that I absolutely couldn't take even one more smack, and I proceeded to tell Melinda that in no uncertain terms. She just snorted and kept paddling away.



Finally I really couldn't take it anymore and tried to crawl off of her lap. All I succeeded in doing was straddling her left thigh with my head toward the back of the sofa so that I showed off everything I had and, by spreading my legs, even gave her a wonderful new target of that very tender flesh on the inside curves of my buttocks. Oh God, it was awful!

I could still kind of look back over my shoulder into that mirror, and I was just horrified by the sight! There I was showing off all my charms, the lower part of my fanny where the cheeks meet the thighs was a deep brick red, at the other end my face was red as a fire engine, and my voice sounded just like one too as I simply shrieked from the pain! I was one very sorry secretary!

After what seemed to be an eternity, Melinda stopped spanking me. I probably only got fifty or so smacks with that paddle, but at the time it seemed like hundreds. Then Melinda put down the paddle and pushed me off onto the floor. I just laid there, clutching my burning bottom and bawling.

Melinda reached over to an end table and got me a wad of tissues. After I blew my nose and calmed down a bit, I figured it was time to apologize and get my naughty fanny the heck out of there and down to the cooling waters of the ladies lounge. But Melinda had other ideas. She stood up, pulled her skirt up to her waist, and stepped out of her own panties, which I noticed had a pretty big damp spot in their own right. Then she sat back down on the leather sofa and spread her legs wide apart. With another one of those wicked little smiles, she asked me if I would care to put our relationship on a bit more of a personal basis, or if I would rather go back over her lap for an encore session with the paddle.

Well, that wasn't a tough choice at all. In less time than it takes to tell about it, my tongue was just where it would do the most good, and Melinda was gasping her way through an orgasm that almost shook the couch apart. And then it was my turn.

Melinda flopped me down on my back on the sofa (right on my sore fanny, I might add) buried her face in my pussy, and went to work. I went off like a rocket on the 4th of July at least a half a dozen times before she was through!

It was the start of a beautiful relationship. Although we kept it all business around the office (and I never tried to get spanked there again!) I moved in with Melinda about a month later and we have been together ever since. Now I suppose that a lot of folks out there have read those books "50 Shades of Gray." Well, my story could easily be called 50 shades of red. There is hardly a day that goes by when my alabaster fanny isn't at least a bright pink by bedtime, and often I have deep red splotches all over my ass from Melinda's hairbrush or our big bath brush. Sometimes I sport red welts from one of our favorite straps, and, since Melinda got a two-foot long rubber whip from somewhere or other, I have spent at least a few weekends wearing more stripes on my round fanny than an embarrassed zebra! But the pain is well worth it, because the sex afterwards (and the loving companionship all the time) is simply spectacular!

Well, I have to go now. I hear Melinda's footsteps coming down the hall. If anyone is interested, I'm sitting here stark naked while writing this. My leatherette chair is just a little cold, but I know my bottom won't feel that way for very long. On the bed Melinda has left a blindfold, as well as soft wrist and ankle cuffs. We've been getting into a bit of bondage lately. And being tied down, spanked, and then loved is just incredibly exciting! I recommend it to all your readers! Well, here she is, and (gulp) she's carrying a cane!! Bye for now! - Jennifer

*Of course, we're interested, silly girl! How could we not be?! In fact, your bye better be just for now or I'll have to turn to Melinda to motivate you to write again and pick up right where you left off. Bondage, canes, blindfolds and... Oh MY! Please DO tell before I have to! - Barb*



**For your convenience, the eye-popping pic above/most others in our new interactive format are hyperlinks to applicable sites!**



## ***Soapy & Rosy Reprimand!***

**Much to mother's chagrin**, I was a tomboy growing up. She tried to get me to wear a dress since I was a little girl, but the only way she could make me was by spanking my bottom. That worked when I was a kid, but my mother really didn't want to be outted for spanking her teenaged daughter just to get her to wear a dress, so she just gave up and gave in to my wearing jeans and tee shirts all the time. That meant to school, social gatherings, just everywhere!

If that wasn't bad enough, when I was 14 I started hanging out with the guy who lived next door to us. His name was David. Once he found out just what kind of girl I was, he had no trouble treating me like one of the guys. This meant I played baseball with him and his friends after school, hung out in their beat up clubhouse, or whatever he and the other guys did. I thought it was great, but my mother was at the end of her rope! She had a daughter, a very pretty daughter from what she kept telling me and she wanted me to act like a girl, not some sloppy guy!

Everything came to a head when the guys invited me to come along with them one night to tag some of the fences and buildings in our neighborhood with graffiti. It was sort of my

initiation into their gang. In an effort to get out of it, knowing it was wrong to do, I told them I never did anything like that before and didn't know what to write so maybe they could have me do something else. All the guys laughed, including David. He handed me a list of words to write and a few cans of colorful spray paint. I was to meet him and the other guys as soon as it got dark and then they'd show me where I was supposed to leave my mark. I was warned that if I was late, I'd be kicked out of the club and not allowed to hang out with any of them again! Then we all left and I went home.

Just after dark, I sneaked out and met the other guys and they showed me where to leave my artwork and words. The artwork they left up to me, but the words they wanted me to write were words I'd never used or even said, mainly because my mother would have washed my mouth out with soap right after or before she would spank my bottom to a shiny red!

I pulled David aside and told him that I didn't want to do any of this. David accused me of really being just a sissy girl and said if I didn't want to hang out with him or his guys, then I could just go home and play with my dolls! That really hurt! I'd show him who was a sissy girl!

The next thing I knew, I was sitting in the back of a squad car, having gotten caught spray painting some very naughty four letter words in bright red on someone's garage. It was bad enough getting caught spray painting those words, but it was only my first garage! I had at least four more places to hit. Some tomboy I was. When David and the other guys found out, they'd never let me become one of their group.

When I was taken inside the police station, to my shock and surprise, David and three of the other guys were all sitting there, having been caught spray painting their graffiti on the fences and garages of other houses in our neighborhood. Each policeman had taken pictures of the evidence that would be used against us in court. But now, parents started showing up to pick up their child and take them home and, from what I could tell, all those tough guys weren't so tough when their parent walked through the door to retrieve said delinquent. That included my mother. She was told what I'd done and shown the pictures of my crime, and signed the papers to get me released into her custody.

All the way home in the car my mother lectured me on damaging other people's property, hanging out with the wrong kind of kids, using "those" kinds of words, whether writing them down or daring to say them out loud was wrong and when we got home, she intended to make it very clear to me that things were changing that very night!

Apologizing over and over again didn't do any good. Once we got home, mom took me into her bathroom, lathered up a big bar of soap and after a short struggle, which I lost with a hard couple of swats to my backside, the soap was stuck in my mouth. It tasted awful and made me gag, but mom forced me to bite and hold it my mouth until my lips and tongue were coated with soap and bubbly rivulets of the vile tasting stuff were running down my throat and out the corners of my mouth!

During that terrible time, mom undid my jeans and yanked them down my legs. Finally taking the bar of soap out of my mouth, she took me and her hairbrush over to a chair she pulled out into the open, sat down and pulled me down across her lap. She scolded me for what I'd done and trying to be something I wasn't and would never be: a boy!



Fetching photos enhancing this letter courtesy of/copyright:

**GirlSpanksGirl.com**



Another one of the **FIVE** fantastic sites created by & showcasing the thrilling talents of **Claire Fonda**— In fact, that's her ladyship above washing the mouth of her naughty screen daughter, played by **Elise**, in the marvelously girlish act of submission few other spanking producers capitalize on as well. Bravo!! [girlspanksgirl.com](http://girlspanksgirl.com) features a fine array of spanking flicks available for your instant enjoyment on-line via membership to any of Claire's sites (links to all available on each) or all five with a Fonda Pass.

While mom was scolding me, she was working my panties down to my knees. She then went silent and let the weight and hard back of that old wooden hairbrush of hers do all the rest of her talking! It spoke in a loud and simple code of **CRACKS! SMACKS! SPLATS! and WHACKS!** But it meant a lot to me, and hurt a helluva lot more!

My mother was **P-I-S-S-E-D!** My spanking went on for what seemed like a good hour and, as far as I could tell, not one **SMACK** of that brush was held back! Each time it landed on one cheek or the other, it hurt so bad that I bounded forward, cried out and kicked my feet. And it didn't stop biting my bottom until I worked my panties down my legs and shot them off my feet. I wasn't aware of that and didn't care until I realized how naked I was after and wished for them to pull up!

My mother finally stopped spanking me, and I settled down to just bawl out my misery, but even that was a punishment because of all soap left in my mouth! I shook my head, swallowed and drooled, but that wasn't quite good enough to clear the bubbles and taste from my mouth!

Sobbing until I could sob no more, Mom smacked my bottom across both cheeks and told me I was finished dressing like a boy! Then she smacked me a few more times and told me I would never write graffiti on anyone's walls, especially our neighbors ever again! Finally, she gave me her last swats, the very hardest of all!, and told me that I would never use any words like I had that night ever again!



**For your convenience, pics above/most others in our new interactive format are hyperlinks to applicable sites!**

I got up the strength to tell her I had stopped wanting to be a boy, dress like one or act like one. I swore it, and that I would never do anything like I did that night again! Mom then picked me up, gave me a hug and told me how much she loved me and then took me to a corner of her bedroom to stand and let my red, hot butt sizzle for 15 minutes.

When I was finally allowed to get out of the corner, my mother stripped off my tee shirt and sent me to take a shower. Once I was dried off, she put me to bed. That night I slept on my stomach with the covers shoved down to the end of my bed and my pajama bottoms on the floor. It took some time, but I finally drifted off to sleep.

The next morning when I went to dress, all my jeans and tee shirts were gone and in their place were feminine tops and bottoms. Whether I liked it or not, I was going to start dressing like a girl or suffer the consequences of a continual sore behind.

Speaking of consequences, before my court date, I reported to my neighbor's house to paint over the graffiti and apologized for what I had done. This went far with the judge and the charges were to be dismissed after I performed 25 hours of volunteer service. My cohorts in crime, including David, didn't do as I did until they were ordered to by the judge and got 100 hours of volunteer service.

After a time, I got used to wearing some frilly stuff, you know skirts, cute tops, even shorts and I started to enjoy the looks I got from the boys at school. Those kinds of looks were much different and nicer than when I used to wear my ripped tomboy's clothes. Even David started looking at me differently.

About six months after that night that we all got in trouble, David asked me to the school dance. We never really talked about it that much, but it was pretty much understood that his parents saw that he stopped hanging around those other boys after that night and I imagine he did so standing for a time.

I'm not sure what would have happened to me if mom hadn't cared enough to give me the spanking she did that night, or the mouth washing either. But I can say that I'm glad she did now, and thoroughly enjoy everything about grown women getting punished like little girls. Spankings still hurt like hell and soap still tastes like shit, but I enjoy them now in a different and better way with my surrogate moms than I when my real mom did the honors! - Theresa

*As you should enjoy them, Theresa, and hopefully will for as long as you'd like with your partners and, I trust, with us too?! As a caring but stern surrogate mom myself several daughters over, I'd love to hear about your adult adventures and can assure you that our many other never too old to be naughty daughter at heart readers and fans will, too. There are many big bad Momma's girls about, and too few have been as bold and fortunate as you to be living the fantasy! Thanks & warm spanking wishes, dear! - Barb*



## ***Roommate's Cell Phone Chastisement!***

**ALL PEOPLE WHO OWN CELL PHONES** have most likely heard by know that it isn't safe to drive and use your cell phone at the same time. I certainly heard about it and my girlfriend, Darcy and I talked about it enough. We agreed no call or text was worth getting killed or maimed over and made a pact that I kept. Then, just this one time, I bent the rules a bit. I just never thought anything would happen and I was very lucky. I even considered myself lucky that Darcy knew exactly what to do to curb my carelessness, once she got over her anger.

I sat outside our house, trying to think of something to tell her. I already knew how Darcy would react. I could practically see her face turning all shades of red as I told her about the small accident I got in to with her car. It wasn't that big a deal, but it took me nearly two weeks to convince her that if she just loaned me her car today so that I could go to more job interviews, than if I were to take the city bus, there might be a good chance I could land a job. And then it happened. I was trying check out the direction on my cell phone and I only looked down for a moment. In just that very moment, I continued driving through one of those yellow, then red lights, but the car in front of me stopped. I slammed on my brakes and turned, only scraping the side of the car in front of me. It had been lucky for me I didn't hit any other cars, but it was unlucky for me that the policeman that saw the accident had also seen me looking down at my cell phone. That was one of the things he cited me for on the ticket I was holding in my hand outside the front door of our house. A ticket I would have to show Darcy or make matters worse.

We only had started living together a year ago. When we made the decision to live together, we also made the decision that Darcy would take control of things, thereby giving her control of me as well. We both agreed that I needed some growing up to do as well as supervision and discipline when it was called for. That's why I love you so much. From that very first time we met at the spanking party we had both chosen to attend, it was as if we were meant to meet. Once we did meet and started talking, we hit it off as if we were made for each other. I needed a woman who was sure of herself and who enjoyed spanking other women. I didn't want to be dominated, just cared for and spanked when it was necessary and Darcy, you were that woman.

How beautiful Darcy was in her all black outfit she wore to the party. She was 33, stood almost 5' 10", without heels, and had long shoulder-length auburn hair. Where I was 30, stood only 5' 6", without heels and wore my black hair in a short pixie-style. I wore a short, plaid mini skirt and a tailored white blouse, making me feel more like I was a school girl, than a grown woman of 30.

We both entered the party room together, but separately coming through opposite doors. When our eyes met, it was instant. Darcy gave me the once over and shook her head a little and I just smiled and gave her one of my bratty looks right back at her. As she walked towards me, I could feel my bottom tingle and soon I felt the crotch of my panties were damp with excitement.

We sat down together and talked while we ate our evening meal. How I loved that Darcy dominated the conversation and how she made me feel obligated to answer whatever question she presented to me. Darcy learned all about my previous spanking experiences, from the time I was at home until I left.

By the time they served the coffee, she knew I was a lesbian and looking for a relationship with all that implied, including spanking. I wasn't as quick to learn everything about Darcy that evening, but I did know that she knew how to give a good spanking and was also looking for a live-in relationship with another woman.

After the night at the spanking party, we started seeing each other. After a few months, a lot of spanking and a good deal of lovemaking, we came to a mutual decision to live together. It was during those first months together that I was notified I would be laid off and that was when I started looking for another job. Since my job had been close to our house, I hadn't purchased a car and would get a ride from Darcy. Most times, though I took public transportation. This made searching much longer and a few times I had lost out on getting an interview because it took me too long to arrive. That was when I started trying to convince Darcy to let me borrow her car.

I certainly couldn't wait outside forever. Darcy's car was at the garage getting repaired and I was supposed to be home on time or she would spank me, something she had done on numerous occasions when we first started living together.

I had no other choice but to open our front door and prepare myself for the inevitable consequences that would follow once I told Darcy what had happened. I hoped she would be kind and not blister my bottom too badly. It was just a matter of what kind of mood she was in. She really loved her car.

I walked in and we hugged and kissed at the door. Darcy looked at me and the expression on my face gave me away. She knew right a way something was wrong. Then she asked where I

had parked her car because she didn't hear me drive up. I tried to ignore the question, commenting on the aroma from the kitchen was so inviting, but Darcy wouldn't have any of it and walked outside. She returned almost immediately and wanted to know where her car was. I tried to tell her not to get angry before I had a chance to tell her what had happened, but it was already too late. Darcy stood in front of me, her arms folded across her chest and tapping her foot impatiently.



Pleasing pics enhancing this letter copyright/courtesy of:



**Sarah Gregory's** personal spanking website, [SarahGregorySpanking.com](http://SarahGregorySpanking.com), offers traditional disciplinary spanking, playful spanking, and sensual spanking via a members section featuring many new faces to the spanking world as well as many other established fetish and spanking stars. Updated 6 days a week, Ms. Gregory already offers up to over 80 full Fem-Fem & Male-Fem spanking videos edited, directed and produced by herself, a girl who has had a spanking fetish for as long as she can remember. Sarah can be seen not only as a bottom, receiving a good spanking, but also doing quite a bit of topping as in the pics above.

**Ms. Gregory also has a great blog** featuring tales & pics from her many personal exploits & adventures in & outside of our community. [Click here to check out Sarah's blog](#) & we bet you'll be as impressed with this lovely lady spanko as much as we are!

I tried to explain everything, just how it had happened, attempting to leave out the part about the cell phone. Without explaining about the cell phone the accident didn't make sense and Darcy caught on to that almost at once! She told me I already had earned a spanking and instead of making matters worse, I better explain how the accident had happened and what damage did her car sustain.

Placing my hands behind me as if I could protect my bottom from the spanking Darcy was going to give me, I explained the whole situation and then took out the ticket I received from the police officer. Darcy finished looking over the ticket and what the officer had checked. I watched in horror as Darcy's eyes grew wider and wider. As she looked down at me, the expression on her face said it all. I was going to be disciplined for being so careless.

I felt a shiver run down my spine and my eyes began to fill with tears. I tried to convince Darcy that her insurance would pay for the damage, so it wouldn't be a problem. But she was

more concerned at how careless I was. Using my cell phone while I was driving. Couldn't I have pulled over and used the phone? That meant I was also thoughtless as well and put my life and the lives of others in jeopardy because of what I had done.

For some reason, I took offense to Darcy lecturing me over and over again and, for the first and most likely the very last time, I raised my voice to her insisting that everyone and everything was okay, including me and her damn car! I repeated once again that I was sorry it happened and for her to stop making such a big deal about it!

Darcy grabbed my arm and held it tightly as she pulled me towards our bedroom. I tried to pull away, apologizing for my behavior and for raising my voice to her, but it was too late for that. Darcy told me that she was going to show me just what I could expect each time I was careless, thoughtless and dared to raise my voice to her. Trying to pull away from her hold was pointless, though I tried digging my feet in the carpet anyway.



**For your convenience, pics here/most others in our new interactive format are hyperlinks to applicable sites!**



*Can't resist comment: This gal's gorgeous round & rousingly reddened bottom... Bravo, Sarah!... & the scenic overhead/valley views displayed above coerced me to chose this photo set. But I could definitely do without the huge tramp stamp marring the view & covering up those darling dimples some of us old-fashioned purists prefer. - MC*

Before Darcy headed for our bed, she took a slight detour by the dresser and grabbed her oak hairbrush. Once she reached our bed, she sat down and pulled me across her lap. I tried to struggle, but I was no match for her strength and she flipped up my skirt to my back and yanked down my panties until they were down around my knees. I've been in this position many times and never once got out of it until my bottom was bright red and sometimes so sore I couldn't sit for days without a pillow. Yet I kicked and squirmed as if all of that would set me free, when all it did was anger Darcy more because she and I both knew I earned the spanking I was about to get. It was something that I expected from Darcy and yet I still fought my hardest not to get!

Darcy brought the hairbrush down across both of my cheeks at the same time. The pain caused me to jerk wildly and made Darcy hold me tight around my waist. Her hairbrush landed on my bottom again, only harder and before the hairbrush landed another time, she made it clear to me that I would learn what she was teaching me before I was let go! Darcy then sealed her promise with five or six hard and swats across the crack of my bottom and a loud cry of pain escaped my lips! And then it happened. Just like the time before and the time before that. My eyes released tears, my face grew hot and a sexual hot flash exploded inside me! Even though my bare bottom was blazing, the heat radiated through my entire body and I started arching my bottom, inviting the next swat of the hairbrush.

All the signs were there and Darcy stopped spanking me for a moment, setting the hairbrush next to her. Though she knew how much I needed and deserved to be spanked, she couldn't help but let her hand lightly massage my bottom. I moaned lightly as her palm slides down the open crack of my bottom to my now wet sex. Darcy gently pushed my thighs open and her hand slipped in between my thighs. Her breathing grows louder as her fingers tease my clit.

Leaning over me, Darcy bends down closer and starts kissing my bottom, her lips pressing gently on my skin. There is no denying how much we both want each other at that very moment, but it is up to Darcy whether she continues spanking me or she gives in to her desires and mine.



Having made her decision, Darcy gently lifts me up and slides me onto the bed. We work as a well-oiled twosome and remove all of our clothes until we are now laying naked on top of the bed. My hands move all over Darcy's body while my lips find their way around her hardening nipples. We embrace and soon our lips connect in a passionate kiss.

The time is here as we both position ourselves to give each other multiple pleasure. I am on top of her, my face between her opened legs and my legs are spread open before Darcy. Soon my tongue is moving up and down, lightly massaging her little bud and tasting her sweet juices. I feel Darcy's wet tongue sliding in and out of my vagina. Unable to hold back any longer, we both surrender and cum, our bodies moving as one.

We lay there for a moment. I have slid off and am now laying next to Darcy, though I am on my stomach. Both of us agree how wonderful making love to each other is and how much in love we are. Having said that, Darcy says we still have some unfinished business to take care of. Caught off guard I disagree at first, but she brings herself to an upright position and leans up against the headboard. Darcy orders me to hand her the hairbrush and then she pulls me over her lap.

While I laid across Darcy's lap, with little if any energy to fight off the spanking still to come, Darcy informed me that though she hadn't planned on the turn of events, it would give both of us a chance to prove something she had always wondered about. I didn't respond and she continued while she rubbed my bare bottom with her soft palm. Darcy said she had heard that once experiencing one or more intense orgasms, if you are spanked directly afterwards, just like I was going to be, the pain and sting from the spanking is a lot worse. And that went for men and for women.



I begged Darcy not to spank me anymore, but she said that we had to prove for ourselves that this orgasm thing along with a spanking was true or false. Besides, Darcy told me that I really hadn't received all that was coming to me. Then she placed her arm around my waist, tightened her hold and started spanking me where she had left off, letting the hairbrush land time and again over both my cheeks until I was crying, pleading with her to stop! There was no sign of excitement as she continued to spank me and my bottom felt as though I was sitting on hot coals! Never did I ever think that a spanking could hurt so much! Darcy was indeed proving that taking the excitement or orgasm out of a spanking, made the spanking seem to hurt a lot more and she could stop any time she wanted if I had my way!

For the first time, I reached back to cover my bottom. Darcy took my hand and placed it at my side and gave me the hardest of all the spanks thus far, causing me to kick my feet and pound my one hand against the bed covers. Darcy was surprised by my outburst, though later

she told me that it was at that very moment that she came in shuddering waves of pure ecstasy! So I guess that meant the effect of a spanking following an orgasm only worked on the spankee, not the spanker!

Aware of my pain, she stopped spanking me and let me stay across her lap while I cried. Darcy noticed my bottom was now a dark crimson color with evidence that the head of the oak hairbrush had left a few sliver-moon-shaped marks across the wider part of my bottom. She calmed me down, her hand slowly caressing my back, but she was careful as her hand lightly touched my bottom.

Darcy asked me if there was anything I wanted to say. Swallowing hard, I told her how sorry I was about her car and that I would never be careless with it again or anything else that belonged to her. And, she asked, expecting more apology. I told her that I never would use my cell phone again while driving. Darcy, pleased with my apology, promises to give me something special before we go to bed. Noticing the look of concern on my face, she promised it wouldn't be another spanking.

I do hope you at Scarlett Hill will use our story in *Woman to Woman Spanking*. I know I might have said too much about our obvious love for one another, but the story included more than a spanking. Never use your cell phone when you are driving! And the spanking information was right to. If you cum during a spanking and are spanked immediately afterwards, the spanking feels much more intense and painful. I know because for a good week afterwards, my bottom was so sore, especially sitting on those awfully hard plastic seats in the public buses! — An anonymous naughty miss

*Sorry, sweetie, but you'll find no sympathy here for your sitting discomfort, not that you expected or even wanted any considering how naughty and lucky you know you are to have found your special spanking someone. Congratulations, and please do share the wealth with any other spanking-hot encounters and adventures you and Darcy have had or, I'm sure, will be having in future. Few of us "living the spanking lifestyle", and all of us want to know every naughty detail! - Barb*



**A couple of more presumably personal & particularly wonder worthy pics with the belt hanging around the bare bottomed girl's neck at left, (Perhaps for the another shot?), & what could be some additional spanking play going on behind the two gals below. (Perhaps inspiring them to join in?) Unfortunately, we'll probably never know the truth, but guessing is a big part of the fun of pics like these, don't you agree?**





*We all can't satisfy our never too old to be naughty wishes & stern desires, ladies. **Yet!** But we all do have memories to cherish & share of*

# Where The Magic ALL Began!

**PLEASE DO CONSIDER SHARING YOURS** in a future SHE fanzine! It really IS fun, exciting & darn liberating to finally reveal your naughtiest secrets, be applauded by your peers, AND leave a lasting legacy behind for future generations of spanking enthusiasts to appreciate! Confidentiality guaranteed, of course, unless you're really ready to come out! If so, fine by us! Just say so! We'll even include an e-mail address if you'd like! Oh, & don't worry if writing isn't your thing. Our editors will polish your story until it shines as bright as it should without altering your very own treasured memories one little bit!

## **Spanked by the Shopkeeper!**

ISN'T IT WEIRD HOW PERSONAL MEMORIES come rushing back like they just happened yesterday when you see, hear, read or, don't they say, smell a familiar fragrance from long ago? I think it is and, when the triggered memory is great, it's a real joy to jump back in time for a few thrilling seconds or moments like I did when I read the story in WWS 32 about the shopkeeper who spanked a girl she caught giving in to the temptation to steal like a lot of kids do and I did once when I was 12. And only once because of red-cheeked reward I got from the shopkeeper, Mrs. Myers, instead of the slap on the wrist most shoplifters seem to get these days.

I'm as sure as I can be that there'd be less stealing and even fewer repeat offenders if shopkeepers took the law into their own hands like Mrs. Myers did with me and other kid customers who couldn't resist a chocolate bar, pack of gum, or piece of candy they didn't have the money to pay for. Mrs. Myers was usually a kind, old, grandmotherly lady. But when she caught you stealing, she turned into a sadistic monster and blistered your bottom bad!

I found out just how bad one Saturday when a few of us kids ventured downtown spend our allowances on a movie, popcorn, soda, candy, and as many sweets as we still had money to stuff our pockets with from Mrs. Myers' store. She was always nice to us kids, unless we were on a sugar high and bothering her other "paying" customers. Then she would scoot us out with little whacks across our backsides to encourage us out the door.

It was at this time that I stayed in the store, hiding towards the back. When she was busy getting rid of the other kids, I made my way to the shelf that held all the more expensive candy bars and grabbed as many as I could, forcing them in my pockets. It wasn't that I didn't have enough money to pay for them, I just wanted to use my money for something else. Stealing four or five candy bars, I could also sell them to my friends and have more money for myself.

Having successfully stuck the candy in my pocket, or so I thought, I headed for the front entrance to the store, but halfway out the door, a store clerk stopped me. This was a small store with only a few clerks and it was just my luck to get stopped by Rhonda, a snooty 17 year old girl none of us liked. She asked if I planned on paying for the candy in my pocket but



before I could answer, she called for Mrs. Myers to come to the first checkout stand. (Back then, there was no speaker system in her store.)

Mrs. Myers was by my side in moments and Rhonda, raising her voice, told her what happened, making it the only thing you could hear throughout the entire store. Mrs. Myers asked if I took the candy and to produce the evidence at once. I reached into my pockets and placed the candy bars on the counter. Rhonda just looked at me and smiled a very mean smile. She was so proud of herself for apprehending me, that I was sure it would be all over school on Monday.

With the candy in one hand and holding my hand in the her other hand, Mrs. Myers escorted me to the back of the store. She opened her private office door and told me to walk in. Once inside she dropped the candy on her desk and closed her door.

Sitting down behind her desk, she reached for the phone book. As she started thumbing through it, she asked if I was the little Roberts' girl that lived on Pine Street. At first I wouldn't answer, knowing that Mrs. Myers was about to call my mother. Mrs. Myers looked at me quite seriously and told me that if I wanted to make matters worse for myself, she could just call the police and then they would call my mother. Or she could call my mother so it might go easier on me. I hesitated a few moments until I saw Mrs. Myers pick up the phone.

I pleaded with her not to call my mother or the police, promising to do anything if she just wouldn't call! I'd work cleaning up the floors or the shelves. I'd pay for the candy right then. Then I reached in my pocket and pulled out enough money to purchase much more than the candy I took. At that point, Mrs. Myers asked me why did I steal the candy if I had plenty of money to pay for it. I admitted that I wanted to save my money so I could buy something else. I thought it wise not to mention that I had intended on selling the candy I stole to my friends to make more money. Hearing my explanation, Mrs. Myers had a look on her face that clearly showed me she wasn't all that happy with my explanation.

Mrs. Myers was quiet for a bit and then closed the phone book. She scolded me for stealing. She told me that it was even worse because I had money to pay for the items and still I took them and that was why she was going to give me a spanking! It was lucky I was sitting down because when she said she was going to spank me, my knees got weak! I told her she didn't have any right to spank me and she actually agreed with me. Then she picked up the phone and asked me for my home number. I begged her to wait, but she said if I didn't take the spanking I had coming from her, then she would call my mother and have her punish me!

She certainly couldn't do that! My mother would be so embarrassed and upset that I stole, that the spanking she would give me would be one that I wouldn't recover from for quite some time. I thought how that would look when I went back to school and couldn't sit down on those awful wooden chairs. Certainly Rhonda would pass around the word that I stole, that she caught me and I got spanked when I got home! Maybe if I took Mrs. Myers' spanking, no one would know?

I asked Mrs. Myers if she spanked me, could she do it after the store closed so no one would be around. She sat back in her chair and thought for a moment. Then she asked if she agreed to spank me after her store was closed, how did she know I would return. I promised that I would return whenever she wanted me to, especially since all she would have to do was drop by my house and tell my mother the whole thing and I didn't want my mother to know. Mrs. Myers agreed to the deal and I left her office minus the candy bars. It did give me some pleasure to see disappointment written all over Rhonda's face that I wasn't leaving with my mother or the police. That was almost worth the spanking I had coming from Mrs. Myers!

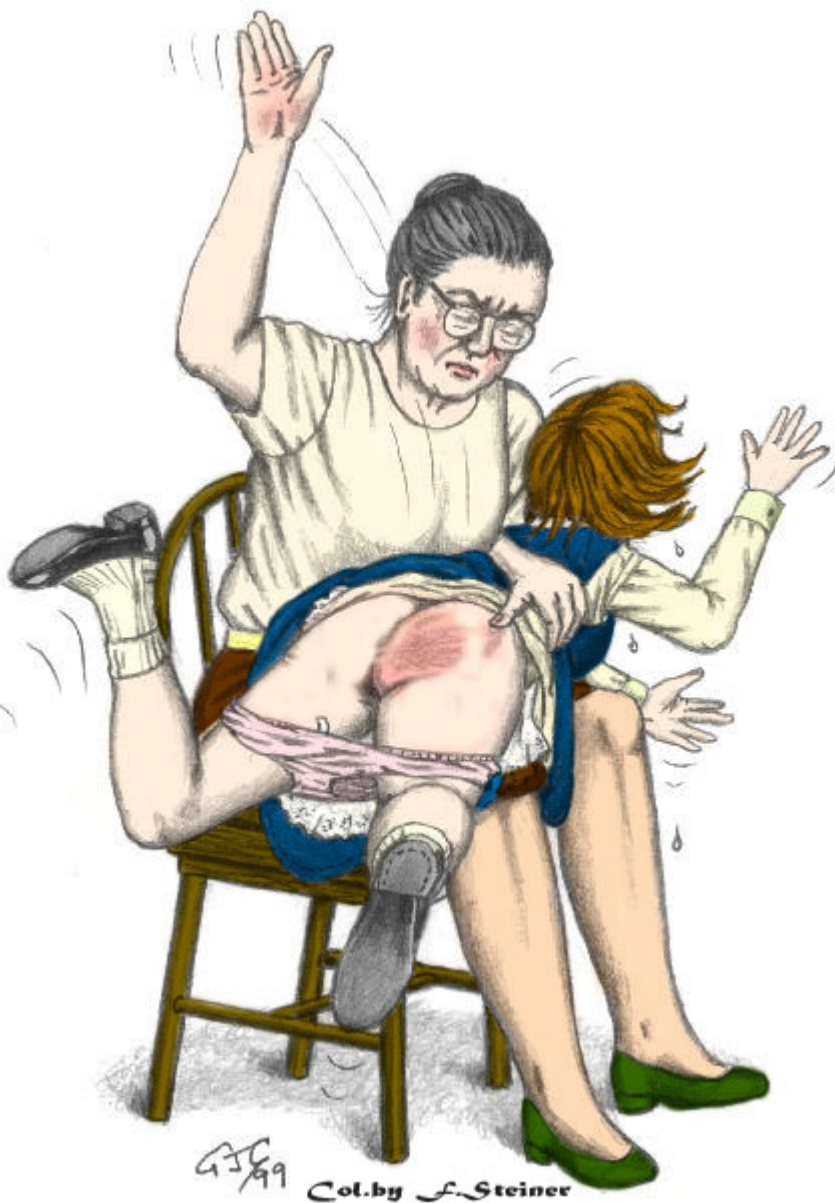
Returning home, I went through the kitchen. Mom was fixing dinner, but stopped to ask me how my day was. I told her not anything special, though I did volunteer to help that Mrs. Myers at the grocery store. Mom thought that was nice of me and planted a big kiss on my cheek. I told her I had to get down there by 5 p.m. when her store closed and I'd be home in about an hour. My mother asked if I wanted a ride from the store and I told her it would be better that I walked home, thinking of my sore bottom that Mrs. Myers planned on giving me.

It was about 4:45 when I arrived at the front door of the store. The last few customers were filing out with their bags and the employees were closing out the tills. I stayed out of sight until Rhonda had driven off. I certainly didn't want her hovering around, listening to my spanking taking place.

At exactly 5 p.m., Mrs. Myers came to the front door, let me in and locked the door behind us. Then she told me to follow her to her office and we'd get started. All the time I followed Mrs. Myers, I was measuring her up. She was a short and rather round woman with a nice smile. She had silver hair and always wore a dress. None of that bothered me. But the size of her hands worried me. They looked enormous next to mine! I reached back, trying to measure my bottom's width and thought just one smack from her hand would cover my entire butt!



We reached her office all too quickly and once both of us were inside, she closed and locked the door. As I stood there, I noticed that she had moved the chair I sat in earlier to the middle of the room. She sat down and told me to stand next to her on the right side. Taking a large gulp and then another, I managed to make my feet move and did as I was told. I kept thinking how embarrassed I was going to be, lying across Mrs. Myers' lap, getting spanked. She only knew me because my mother shopped in her store and I sometimes came along. Now in just seconds I'd be feeling the weight of her disappointment over my bottom. There was no telling how hard she spanked or how long. It didn't matter because I agreed to accept my punishment or else she would tell my mother what I did. I felt sort of noble, taking a spanking to protect my mother from being embarrassed!



*The late Mr. Churchward's talents are as obvious as his understanding of the two-for-blushing-one-benefits of the dreaded one cheek at a time bit of torture he drew above. Thanks, sir. RIP*

Just as I was feeling so noble, I heard Mrs. Myers order me to take down my pants. I looked at her and couldn't believe what she said. She told me either I do it or she would and to make it snappy! It was bad enough that she said what she had said, but it was even worse because I had a terrible feeling where this was headed. It wasn't the first time I had been spanked. Along with my brother and sister, we had all experienced getting spanked, but it was usually my mother who did the honors and in the privacy of our own bedroom. Now I was being ordered to lower my pants in front of a woman who only sold us food and household items!

Mrs. Myers raised her hands and reached for my pants. I quickly stepped back and undid the top snap and lowered the front zipper. Then ever so slowly, I placed my hands on either side of my hips and pushed my pants down to just below my bottom. Mrs. Myers wasn't going to make this easy and told me to push my pants all the way down to my ankles. Having gone this far, I leaned over and pushed my pants all the way down. Now I stood there waiting for what was to follow.

Just as quick as a flash of light, Mrs. Myers had me across her soft, wide thighs. Then what I had feared happened. I felt her fingers in the waistband of my panties and she started pulling them down! At first I tried to fight her, but she was much too strong for me, slapping my hand away. When she had finished, my panties were down on top of my pants around my ankles. From that moment, I no longer thought about my mother being embarrassed, only me!

Mrs. Myers placed her large hand over my bare bottom and scolded me for stealing from her. She lectured that she had to pay for everything in her store and for me to come in and purposely steal something when I could have paid for it was stealing, plain and simple.

As soon as the shopkeeper's lecture ended, she started to spank me quite hard and fast with her hand! I kicked my feet up and down, but it didn't do anything but make Mrs. Myers spank much harder! She continued lecturing as she spanked away. I wasn't the first to go across her lap and I probably wouldn't be the last! But, she said, she only had to give a spanking just one time. No one ever returned for a repeat punishment! Then she let go a flurry of spanks that lasted only a few minutes, but felt as though it was never ending! By the time she stopped and placed me on my feet, I was crying uncontrollably from both the shame of what I had done and the pain of the fire that was all over my bare butt!

I bent over to retrieve my panties and pants, but Mrs. Myers stopped me and made me stand in the corner. So for the next 10 or 15 minutes, I stood there crying buckets of tears while my bright red hot bottom glowed. I glanced up at the clock and saw that it was 5:45 p.m. I had to be home by 6:00 or I might be in for another spanking for being late to dinner. This only made my tears fall more!

Finally, Mrs. Myers told me I could get dressed, which I did quickly and painfully now that my pants fit more snug across my freshly spanked and swollen bottom. Before I left, she turned me towards her and warned me never to steal from her or anyone else again! And if I was foolish enough to try stealing from her again, not only would she spank my bare bottom again, but she would also call my mother, who we both knew would spank me to! She then walked me to the front door, unlocked it and sent me on my way with a good CRACK to my bottom!

I did make it home on time, though the hurried walk was also a very painful one! Each time I moved to put one foot in front of the other, my panties and my pants rubbed over my sore bottom. Dinner was also a painful experience and I couldn't wait to finish. I went at once to my bedroom and took down my pants to see if the pain matched the damage. It didn't. I was sure Mrs. Myers blistered me or spanked me raw. But my bottom was fine except for the pinkish red patches covering my buns where the shopkeeper had landed the most slaps.

Those spank spots were also still warm and very tender, and made me feel lucky that Mrs. Myers had only used her hand. I didn't want to imagine how much worse my punishment could have been if she'd chosen to spank me with something harder. There were lots of choices in her store! And I want to or dare to find out!

One hand spanking was all I needed to see that crime doesn't pay, and I never tried to steal anything from anywhere again. I also avoided Mrs. Myers store for as long as I could, but a girl needs sweets and I couldn't keep coming up with excuses to wait outside when my friends went in without making them suspicious. I didn't want them to know that I got spanked for stealing, and none of them ever did find out.

Mrs. Myers kept her promise to keep what happened between us private, and to put it us, too. She was her normal, smiling and pleasant old self when I went back into her store for the first time after my spanking, and didn't mention it again except one time when she had to go in back to get something and leave me alone out front.

I think I was 14 and still can hear Mrs. Myers chuckle, "I know I can trust you now, don't I? You still aren't too big or old to go back over my knee, are you?"

I believe I replied, "N-Na-Nah-Nahh-NO, ma'am," and know I blushed bright-red because Mrs. Myers pointed it out. Then she said something to ease my embarrassment that I'll never forget.

"No, you're not and, just between us, you're also not the only naughty child I've caught with their hand in my cookie jar and taught a lesson to over my knees."

I shouldn't have been, but I was shocked and stammered, "I-I-I'm n-not?" I was sure I was the only kid I knew or in the world who had ever been spanked by the kindly old shopkeeper for

stealing, and finding out that I wasn't was a real revelation, relief, and reason to start wondering when Mrs. Myers wouldn't tell me who any of the others were.

The shopkeeper said she'd made the same promise to them as me, and wouldn't break it or budge when I asked her for hints. All she would say was that I'd be surprised by how many kids she'd caught and spanked, and who some of them of were. And that none of them took their punishments any better than me, or were tempted to steal and take another trip over her knee again, either.

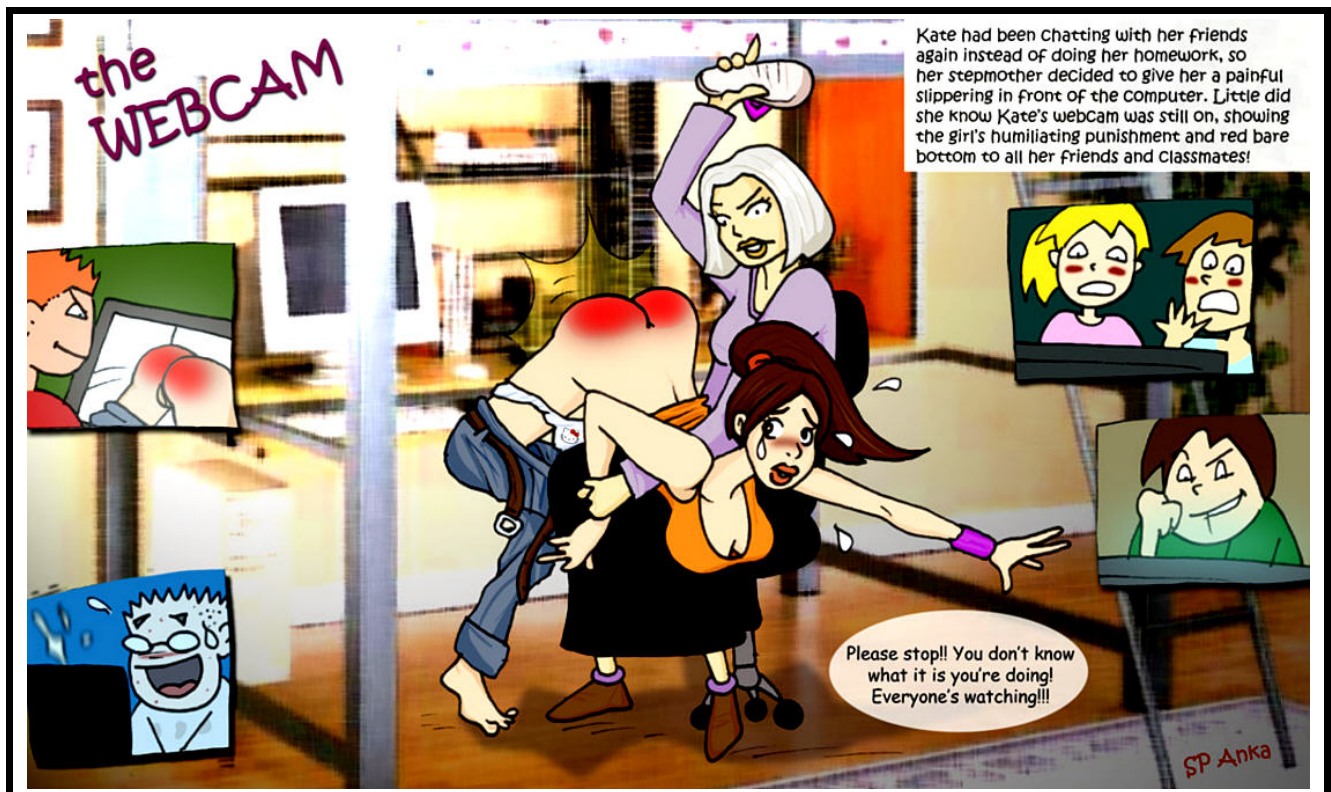
I felt like the trapped teenager I was with Mrs. Myers bringing up the sorest subject in my life, and wished I was anywhere else with the shopkeeper who'd bared and spanked my bottom over her lap so soundly smirking at me like a proud parent. But realizing that I wasn't the "only one" was worth the embarrassment, and the curiosity it caused.

What Mrs. Myers' said about how many kids she's spanked and who some of them were fascinated me. My siblings, friends, classmates and every kid for miles around went her store, and figuring out if any of them was on her list consumed me. The memories and feelings I'd buried about what happened to me came bubbling back up, and I began to appreciate them as much as fantasizing about my favorite suspects carrying on like babies over the old shopkeepers lap like I had.

I never did uncover another of Mrs. Myers deserving victims, but I'm sure searching, suspecting, and fantasizing about them over the shopkeeper's knees is responsible for the change in my attitude towards the spanking she gave me and my passion for it today. I'm also sure that the same treatment would work just as well today on kids, teenagers and adult shoplifters too unless they're driven by kleptomania or something more than the temptation to steal alone.

People like that probably need more than one spanking to shame and scare them straight, but maybe not. The kind of spanking Mrs. Myers gave me and the other kids she caught shoplifting did the trick and, for me at least, came with fringe benefits, too! - Marsha

*Spanking shoplifters and petty criminals of all sorts and ages instead of slapping them on the wrist or sending them off for counseling sounds as good to us as it once did, Marsha, with or without the fringe benefits you and, as I suspect you believed, at least one of the many other kids unexpectedly got out of the admirably old-fashioned and effective lesson Mrs. Myers taught you. I know I would have thought so and gone out of mind trying to find them, too! Feeling like "the only one on earth" is probably a thing of the past these modern days, but it's damned lonely just the same as finally finding or connecting with kindred spanking spirits is as exciting as it ever was. Thanks for connecting with and entertaining us! - Barb*



Cartoon courtesy of [chicagospankingreview.org](http://chicagospankingreview.org), a fantastic free site full of all sorts of nicely naughty stuff like this very cute creation by **SPANKA!** Click link above & check these fine folks out if you're not already a CSR fan!

## *Another Prized Public Spanking!*

I WAS SPANKED MANY TIMES BY MY MOTHER while growing up and none of them were any picnic. But the spanking that stands above the rest happened in the parking lot of a department store in my mother's van. We were on the third level since most of the first and second levels were full.

Mom had taken me shopping for a dress for my junior prom. I was just 15 and this would be my first dance that I had been invited to by a boy, so it was really important that I looked good. But the dress I wanted, my mother refused to purchase. She said it was much too old for me and much too provocative or some such excuse and she wouldn't let me get it. Instead, she wanted me to wear this juvenile frock!

For at least two hours, I tried on dress after dress at the department store. Having tried on the dress I wanted to wear almost from the start, my mother kept insisting that it wasn't appropriate at my age to wear something like it and she kept bringing more and more dresses into the dressing room. Each one seemed to get more obnoxious and just plain ugly than the one before it. Of course, not getting my way didn't help my overall attitude or my opinion and I actually threw a tantrum!

When I think of what I did, I couldn't believe that I did something so childish and neither could my mother. She asked the sales lady if she would hold our room while she took care of something outside. Mom promised it would only five or ten minutes at best. The sales lady smiled at my mother and said to take all the time she needed.

Mom told me to get dressed. She then took my hand and we went back to the van. I knew we were coming back because I heard my mother tell the sales lady to hold our room. Still thinking about my dress and all those other seconds, I didn't think that my mother would actually spank me in the van, but apparently that was exactly what she had in mind. She slid open the side door and left it open. Then she ordered me inside, telling me that what she had to say should be said in private.

Just like a lamb being led to slaughter, I voluntarily stepped inside the van. I went to sit down on the couch like chair, but my mother told me to scoot over and then she slid in and sat down where I had just been sitting. She turned and looked at me for a minute or two. She pointed out that she was usually a pretty patient person and she had tried to be ever since I was asked to the prom. She knew how nervous I was, wanting to look just right for my very first date at a big dance. She knew that the tickets were already paid for and my date was just waiting for the word on what color my dress would be so he could get the right color corsage. Instead of going through all this, she could forget the whole thing and go home, not letting me go at all. But, she wouldn't do that to the boy for fear I would get a bad reputation for standing guys up or something.

Too upset to listen to what my mother was going on about, all I heard was that she could just take me home and forget everything. I screeched at her, telling her she couldn't keep me from going to the dance, even if I had to borrow a dress from one of my friends! My date had already rented a tux and he got permission to use his dad's car and what's more, I had already told all my girlfriends that I was going. I'd be ruined, socially and it would be all my mother's fault!

That was the straw that broke the camel's back! I had stepped over the line one too many times. With the side door still open, my mother grabbed me and pulled me over her lap. She flipped up my dress and yanked down my panties, all the while I was telling her she couldn't spank me! But that was exactly what she did. It was short, but long enough that a few shoppers that were walking by stopped to see what all the commotion was about. I was very grateful that it was my face sticking out of the van and not my bare tush! Still a few of the shoppers smiled and I think one even applauded and then they left.

It was just about that time that my mother reached over, yanked my panties back into place and lowered my dress. Then she pushed me back up and gave me a choice. I could get my act together and stop acting like a spoiled brat so we could continue our shopping trip or we could go home and she would continue with the spanking she had just given me!

Still somewhat in shock that my mother had spanked me and spanked me practically out in public, rubbing my bottom, I told her I wanted to go back into the store. She gave me one of those warning looks to behave or else and then we got out of the van and headed back into the store.

The night of the prom arrived and I wore this beautiful dress my mother and I found after we went back in the store. As for the dress I threw a tantrum about, it couldn't hold a candle to the one my mother and I had picked together.

That pretty much sums up how my bottom felt, like someone had lit a candle under me! Actually, a bunch of candles, but I was trying to be cute. Before we left the store, I apologized to my mother in my dressing room. She gave me a hug, swatted my bottom and then went and paid for my dress. Aren't mothers great! -- Lori Ann, via the web.



**Sorry, butt... That's the blushing end of this issue!**

**We sure do hope you enjoyed  
our new interactive, color format!**

In fact, we hope you enjoyed it so much that you'll want to join us again next time or, better yet, help make our She-spans-She fanzine even blushing better by sending a suggestion, comment, letter, story, artistic doodle, web find or whatever to [scarletthillentertainment@yahoo.com](mailto:scarletthillentertainment@yahoo.com) or via snail mail to Scarlett Hill, 1329 Highway 395 North, Suite 10-298, Gardnerville, NV 89410. Well, that's it folks. Bye for now. See you next issue! And last but hardly least, thanks again for your patronage and support! **You really are the blushing BEST!!** – Barb, Michael & the crew

# Yipes & Yahooo! It's TRUE!!



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Grown women do carry-on like kids when they're scolded, stripped & spanked in a

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