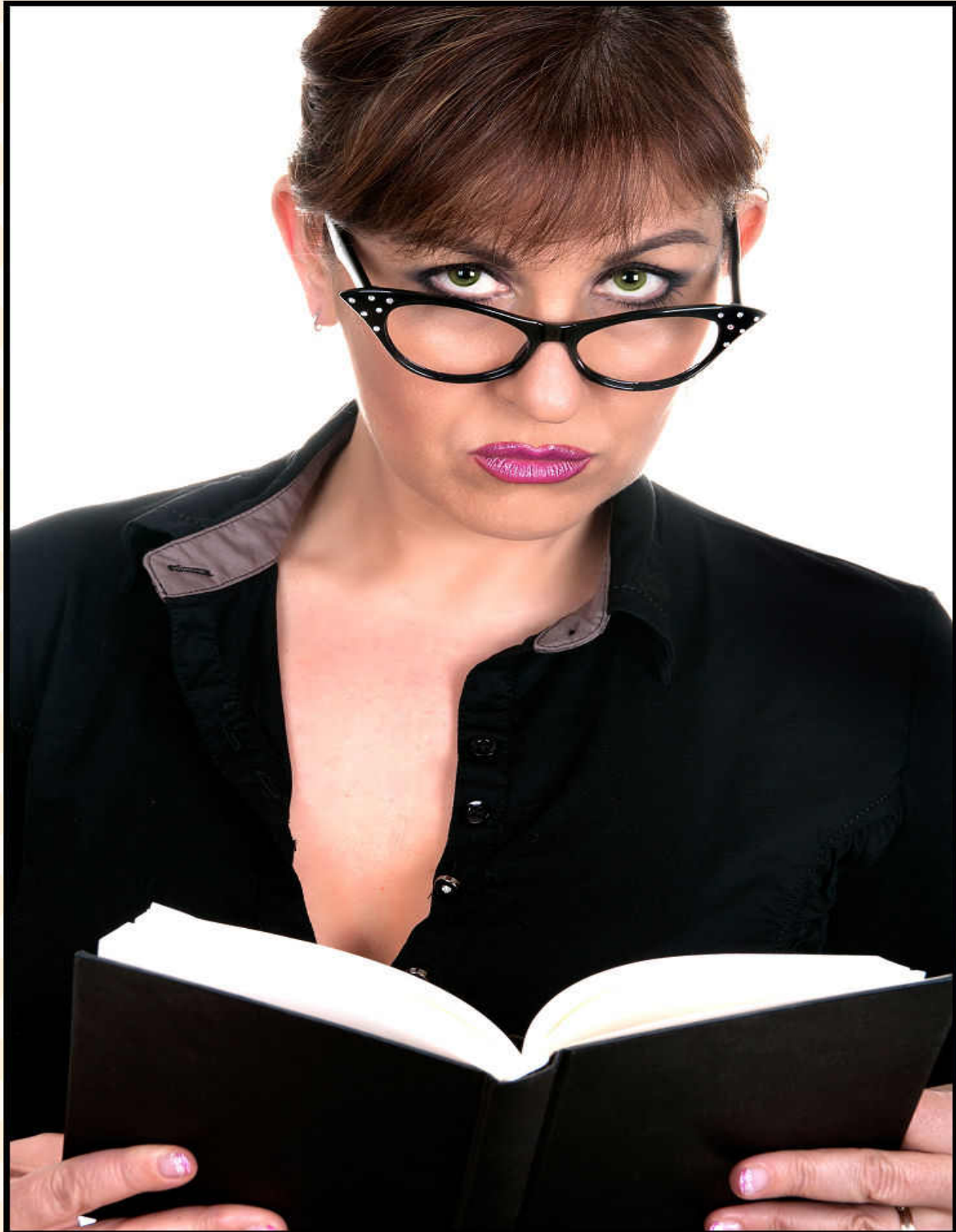


# DISCIPLINED *by* THE LIBRARIAN



# JACK CRAWFORD

# **Disciplined by the Librarian**

a femdom novella

by

**Jack Crawford**

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*Garrett MacQuillan has established a reputation for himself at university; the PhD student alleviates his often tedious historical research by sampling as many women as possible on campus. His rakish good looks have the ladies flocking - with the exception of Lillian Fouet, the newly appointed Head Librarian. Intrigued by the only woman who spurns his advances, Garrett sets out to ingratiate himself with the dark-haired beauty, leading to a steamy session in bed. But things don't quite go to plan, for the librarian is the one in charge, and as Garrett falls under her spell, he finds himself subject to her discipline. A relationship develops, in which Garrett begins to understand his submissive side as he slowly develops a taste for the librarian's special brand of painful discipline and the sex that follows. His bare bottom is regularly spanked with various implements including a fearsome hairbrush, and for the first time in his life, Garrett is firmly put in his place.*

The tall and beautiful woman looked at the young soldier now trussed up in the parlor of her New England home. The young man was in a panic, not knowing exactly how he came to be in this position, but instinctively knowing he was going to regret it. Despite the tight knots of rope around his wrists, he looked around for a way to escape, but all he saw were numerous young women with determined expressions on their faces. He could not say if or how he knew them, but they were all familiar.

The young man was wearing the grey uniform of a Confederate soldier and the women were dressed in mid-19th century dresses. He knew he was smack dab in the middle of the American Civil War.

"Haul Johnny Reb up to my room, ladies," cackled the dark-haired woman who wore her hair in a tightly wound bun. "We'll show him what happens when lowly scum slave-traders venture north. We'll give him the licks Mr. Lincoln advises ourselves!"

The soldier felt hands pushing and prodding, guiding and forcing him up the stairs to the first room on the left at the top of those stairs. The door opened to reveal a tastefully feminine bedroom decorated in a soft blue hue. He could smell the melting wax of the candles that were all around him, the light flickering ominously. Some candles were in sconces, others in the hands of various women whose numbers seemed greater due to the multiple shadows cast on the walls.

He watched in fascinated horror as the women's hands began unbuttoning his uniform trousers and yanking them down. His drawers quickly came down, too, and the women cackled with amusement as his male organ sprang into view. He felt himself blushing and looked to find the imperious woman with the dark hair; she was the one who was clearly in charge.

Somehow, he knew it before he saw her and felt the inevitability of his situation: she stood sneering at him and his naked lower half as she tapped a large, ebony hairbrush in her hand. Just seeing that oval-backed brush caused a panic in the young man and he immediately began to struggle against all the women in the room. His own mama, long since buried far away in the South, had used a similar brush on his bottom and he didn't want to suffer that familiar fate here in enemy territory! He especially

did not want to have that experience with so many eager young women surrounding him to witness what was about to happen.

His efforts to escape did him no good. The women seemed delighted with his panic and they roughly held him as they pushed him to the edge of the bed where the dark-haired woman now sat. He was pushed over her lap, his naked bottom uppermost over her thighs. He knew his bottom was in for a world of hurt.

"How many times did you whip a slave girl, Johnny Reb?" taunted one woman.

"How many slave girls did you abuse?" asked another.

Yet another woman demanded, "How many did you take into your bed?"

The questions and taunts seemed unending until the young man suddenly felt the portentous tapping of that heavy ebony brush on his upturned bottom. It seemed as if it was a signal to the women clustered around him, all eager to watch him get the whippin' of his life. There was a sudden and ominous silence in the room.

"It doesn't matter, ladies," remarked the very strong woman over whose lap the soldier sprawled. "He's about to get all that he's given and then some! He'll think twice before ever coming north again!"

The women all cheered and the soldier could feel the brush lifting from his bottom. He squeezed his eyes shut, dreading the hairbrush spanking that was forthcoming, and he hoped he could maintain some dignity in front of all these women, but he suspected that was just wishful thinking.

**SMACK!**

That awful and heavy brush came crashing down on his bottom; the sound of the spank thunderous in the crowded room, rendered a cheer from the onlooking crowd. Mercifully, the spanking was as it had been countless times before: young Garrett MacQuillan awoke from this dream upon the first powerful spank. He sat up gasping for air in his bed as he realized it was just that... a dream. A dream he had experienced many other times and one that still perplexed him. He wasn't living in the mid-19th Century; no, he was a man of modern times who should not be tormented by these kinds of thoughts.

---oOo---

A new school year was just starting at Meadowcroft College. Meadowcroft is a small, generally Liberal Arts school located in New Hampshire and has been on the same venerated campus for over 150 years. Garrett MacQuillan was marveling at his situation and good fortune as he strode confidently up the long walkway to the main library at Meadowcroft.

Garrett had been a pretty good swimmer as an undergraduate; he qualified for the finals in the last Olympiad. In fact, he just missed out on an Olympic medal in his best event, the 500-meter Breaststroke, placing fourth. As a swimmer, Garrett was obviously in excellent shape but he had parlayed his swimming talent into scholarships and a few lucrative endorsements which now provided him the chance to complete his PhD in History. His special area of interest was the American Civil War, particularly the 1st New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry.

Doing research was particularly dry work as was teaching some undergraduate History classes. His class work was a little better than the research considering all the young hottie coeds that tended to flock around young Mr. MacQuillan. They had ulterior motives to improve their grades, but MacQuillan was to them, in a word, a hunk. He stood 6 feet 2 and his sculpted body tipped the scales at a firm and compact 190 pounds. It was not hard for anyone to appreciate his sinewy musculature beneath whatever he wore, and his wavy dark hair was almost always rakishly unkempt. He always turned heads when he walked into a room full of women.

In short, MacQuillan could have any lady on campus. It was said he often had several at a time including a few faculty, faculty wives and even administrators. Guys on campus wanted to hang out with him just for the women he rejected, he was such a magnet to the female of the species. This was one factor in his confidence that morning: life was good when it came to the fairer sex and Mr. Garrett MacQuillan.

Being the first day of a new year, MacQuillan knew that incoming students would be familiarizing themselves with their campus. One of the important stops was the library, a facility he knew intimately from all the research he had done there. (It was the repository of 1st New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry enlistment and other records.) He planned to hang out and watch the new crop of coeds and hopefully discover a few delectable morsels he might steer into his bed. Indeed, once he settled down at one of

the large tables in the center of the first floor, Garrett quickly concluded that this was going to be a fine crop of young ladies from which he could graze.

Just as he reached that conclusion, he saw her. She was different than the others he had just scoped out. This woman was a bit taller, but as he looked closer, he realized she was wearing a pair of classy high heels. The four-inch heels made her seem startlingly tall, though he quickly surmised she was probably about 5 feet10. A close examination from his viewing location also suggested that this woman was just as athletic as Garrett and was probably aged in the mid-30's compared to his mid-20's.

She wore a fitted black pencil-skirt that tightly sheathed a very enticing bottom. Its length extended to just below her knees and had a tantalizing slit up the back that allowed her to walk. Clearly, she was wearing hose of some type and Garrett wondered if she was a student or someone else. Students didn't wear hose, panty hose or otherwise. He looked closer and appreciated the billowing white silk blouse that tried, but utterly failed, to conceal a marvelously firm and large bosom.

Then she turned and he was smitten immediately. Her jet-black hair had been pulled back into a severe bun, but it could not hide the beautiful face of this woman. Nor did her black framed glasses conceal her penetrating blue eyes that sparkled brightly from across the big hall. Quickly, Garrett had to avert his own eyes as this woman tilted her head and peered over her glasses in his direction.

Having been caught ogling the woman, MacQuillan did the only thing he could: he got up from the table and walked confidently towards her. The fragrance of some unknown perfume assaulted his senses and he noted how instantly arousing it was.

"Good afternoon," he said as he extended his hand offering to shake hers, "my name is Garrett MacQuillan and I work here." He felt a bit light headed with his hand extended as his nostrils detected a light, alluring scent that was obviously her perfume.

The woman looked down at his offered hand with disdain, then back up at the gregarious young man whom she rightly assessed was very full of himself. She did not take his hand. Instead she said, "How odd. I work here, too, yet I am not familiar with that name."



Awkwardly, Garrett pulled his hand back and said, "I teach History." And it was in that moment that he realized he was flummoxed by the woman. Normally glib with easy quips to fall upon, he had been limited to the very mundane. Silently, he chastised himself for being so unusually inept.

"I'm the new Head Librarian," the woman said. "Please let me or my staff know if you need any assistance. We are here to help." Then she turned brusquely and walked away.

"Excuse me!" Garrett called after her. "What is your name?"

She didn't even slow down. Instead, the new Head Librarian pointed with her left hand at a name plate on the front desk. Apparently, her name was Lillian Fouet, but she disappeared before he could confirm that with the librarian herself.

Women were normally drawn to Garrett like cats to catnip, but the roles were different in this situation. The apparently disinterested woman had instantly become a powerful magnet to the man everyone considered to be the campus playboy. Garrett MacQuillan was well and truly smitten.

---oOo---

Ensconced out of sight in the librarian offices, the new Head Librarian turned to one of the other women that worked in the library. Lillian huffed as she noticed the woman gazing dreamily in MacQuillan's direction and asked, "Who is that?"

The other woman shook herself out of her daydream, faced Ms. Fouet and replied, "That was the Emperor of Meadowcroft College himself, Garrett MacQuillan, and he just introduced himself to you!" The woman's excitement was lost on the librarian.

"The 'Emperor' you said?" the librarian asked as she cocked her head to consider the statement.

The other woman tittered and leaned in as she lowered her voice to a conspiratorial tone. "It's a nickname he's earned. Every woman on campus wants to be with him," she said breathlessly. "And there are very few who have not shared a bed with him either." A cold penetrating gaze from Ms. Fouet caused the woman to fluster and quickly add, "Well, not me, of course!" Her protestation rang hollow.

They considered the man as he continued to stand at the front counter, Lillian a bit perturbed by the brashness of her recent encounter and the other woman once again lost in dreamy thoughts. Unable to keep it to herself, the woman leaned back again in the librarian's direction and whispered, "Supposedly, he has even had a dalliance with the wife of the college president, Mrs. Stanford!"

"Do you know that for certain?" Lillian asked, pointedly.

"Well, no," came the flustered reply.

"Then maybe it would be best not to promote rumors."

---oOo---

That brief library encounter caused a flurry of investigation by both participants. Lillian Fouet was determined to nip this Casanova's amorous interest in the bud. She did not want to start her new job, particularly *this* job, with any kind of romantic entanglement. With rumors swirling about 'the Emperor' all it would take would be another rumor involving her to tarnish her reputation. And, from what she quickly determined, Garrett MacQuillan was the type who could lead to very bad rumors very quickly. He was a modern-day Lothario and it was a badly kept secret that the female students in his class earned extra credits in rather lascivious ways. What amazed the librarian was that not a single complaint had ever even been hinted at, though there were legions of coeds who provided a never-ending stream of extra credit offers.

His conquests certainly were not limited to the students and that fact became abundantly clear. What amazed Lillian the most, was that there seemed to be little pushback from the men on campus. Obviously, the females, even the vast majority of those who ended up as one-night stands, only tittered about their experiences amongst themselves. Men on campus were quite oblivious as the women had closed ranks and kept their amorous adventures within the membership of their own gender. The males knew his reputation, but knew nothing of the specifics that the women seemed to share so readily with each other. Certainly, *their* girlfriend, wife or whatever was not among Garrett's conquests.

It was clear to Ms. Lillian Fouet that she would keep her distance when it came to this PhD candidate and History Lecturer. She idly thought

that someone should teach him a lesson, then quickly dismissed the thought with the specific reminder that someone *else* should teach him that lesson.

On the other hand, the intrepid researcher, Garrett, could find very little useful information about the new Head Librarian. Oh, he knew her name and obtained some information from an accommodating clerk in Personnel. She was single, never had been married and had a rather bland academic and work record, though her education and work experience were all Ivy League. He was surprised that she possessed a PhD in Library Science, especially since there was no visible evidence of this degree at the library. Didn't all 'doctors' flaunt their title? But, after those basics had been determined, Garrett decided he knew everything needed to know, most of which was based on his physical inspection of the woman on that singular occasion. How hard should one have to dig when presented with a body sculpted like Lillian Fouet's?

Her visage was enough to invade his dreams for the next couple of nights. That, and the fact that Garrett never had issues with women resisting his charm. Ms. Fouet had turned on him in a New York second and though that was disappointing in the extreme, the image of her swaying bottom as she walked away was particularly motivating. It was as if she was an animal running from him, a lion and king of the jungle. Perhaps she was more like the matador to his bull and there was a red cape adorning her swaying hips!

His sights set, he considered how best to meet Lillian again. He shouldn't have worried. That very morning, he ran into her in line at the chic coffee shop just off campus. Garrett tried to pay for her coffee, but Lillian curtly stopped that in its tracks. As he tried speaking to her, he did so once again to her retreating backside. Later that day they crossed paths again, this time at the Student Union building and Garrett suffered a similar setback. This time the librarian peered scornfully over those black-rimmed glasses, her eyes, despite their deep and sparkling blue, were like molten lava burning into his very soul before abruptly turning and leaving him standing slack jawed in the middle of the Student Union.

Finally, he corralled her just as the library was about to close for the evening. He was on the customer side of the big central desk in the library and she was on the other side.

"Ms. Fouet," he said quietly to her, "may I please have two minutes of your time? Just 120 seconds, please?"

*At least his tone is sincere and polite,* thought the librarian. *I have to deal with this sooner or later.* "Yes?" she replied solicitously. Her tone may have been measured and polite, but the burning gaze she gave him from over the tops of her black-rimmed glasses screamed intolerance.

"I think we may have gotten off on the wrong foot," Garrett began.

"To be correct, we have no footing whatsoever," interrupted the librarian.

The young man considered her for a moment, toned down the aggressive charm and almost pleaded with the statuesque librarian. "Did I say or do something to offend you? You seemed new here and I was only trying to welcome you to Meadowcroft."

Though offended by the stories she had heard about young MacQuillan, Lillian also felt the sting of his minor rebuke. He had been nothing but polite and she had been short and curt to him, yet here he was still trying. She rewarded him with a small smile and replied, "You've done nothing to me. Thank you for stopping by and introducing yourself." If Ms. Fouet thought that was going to deter Garrett, she was wrong.

"Then if there isn't a good reason not to, such as a husband or boyfriend, maybe you will allow me to take you to dinner to properly welcome you to Meadowcroft College?"

"Mr. MacQuillan," she replied with a flat tone, "you seem to be fairly persistent. With all of the younger ladies flitting about, why ask me?" The fact that she hinted at his amorous adventures went right over his head.

"Because we both work here and you are new," he exclaimed with a boyish grin. "And it is my sacred duty to make you feel welcome." He even offered a slight bow before adding, "So, how about it? Dinner?"

She considered his offer and the eager and earnest look on his face. Slowly, an enigmatic smile creased her beautiful face and she said, "Dinner tomorrow night, but at my place and I'll cook." She reached for a note pad and scribbled down an address and handed it to him. "Seven o'clock?"

He beamed the smile of a conquering emperor. "I'll be there!"

That night, his dreams were not of the librarian's beautiful face; they were filled with his musings of what she looked like beneath her clothing!

Garrett rarely failed to lure a woman to bed after dining, so he was filled with exuberant confidence.

---oOo---

Garrett arrived at the address Lillian had provided and looked up at it from the street. She apparently lived in an old Victorian home that sat prominently on top of a hill. The four-acre sized lot was surrounded with iron fencing and neatly trimmed hedges and there was a long, stepped walkway up to the front door. *It's no wonder she has such terrific legs if she walks these steps every day*, he mused to himself.

Arriving at the front door, Garrett brushed his tweed jacket and checked his appearance in the reflective glass of the front door. He was startled when the front door opened before he rang the bell.

"Welcome," greeted Lillian, peering at him from over the tops of her glasses as she held the door open for him.

Garrett stepped inside and scanned the room. It was as if it had been magically transported in time right from the 1860's and it was detailed and immaculate. "This house is amazing. Did you do all of this?" he asked.

Lillian laughed and said, "Oh, no!"

Her laugh made him grin lasciviously... what was it about her voice that he found so compellingly sexy?

"It has been in the family for generations," she said. "The basic home was built by Aaron Stevens, a great-great-etcetera uncle back before the Civil War."

Her guest looked at her dumbfounded. "Aaron F. Stevens? Civil War officer and eventually a member of the House of Representatives?"

The woman looked nonplussed and nodded. "Yes, who else would it be?"

"He figures quite prominently in my research!" exclaimed a now excited Garrett, "and was involved in the very first mustering of the 1st New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry Regiment." There was a slight pause as Garrett looked around the room before finally exhaling an awe-inspired, "Wow!"

His hostess shrugged her shoulders. "There have been a lot of military in our family, all of whom resided in this house and, as a matter-of-

fact, contributed additions and updates as time went by. My grandfather served in Vietnam, his father in WWII, *his* father in WWI, and then it branches back to uncles in the Spanish-American War and so on, all the way to the Civil War."

"I am impressed," gushed the young researcher.

*I knew you would be*, thought the librarian as she stifled a knowing smile. "Dinner is waiting," she announced out loud. "Maybe we should eat before it gets cold."

"Oh, sorry," stammered MacQuillan. He thrust out a hand that held a bouquet of flowers and a bottle of wine. "I didn't know what you were serving, I hope white wine works."

The librarian smiled and said, "We'll make it work."

She then led the young man into the dining room where he gawked and surveyed the old furniture and room decorations. He noted delicious aromas wafting from the kitchen and realized he had not eaten all day. Once they sat down and began to eat, Garrett turned his attention from the old house to his hostess; she was the real reason he was there with the historic aspects of her home but a happy coincidence with his research.

Though his first inclinations were that Miss Lillian Fouet posed a challenge to him and that his objective was to get her into bed, Garrett found himself fascinated by the woman with whom he was dining. That he still considered her a trophy to be accumulated by getting her into bed with him seemed to make his fascination with her even more captivating. Yes, she was a trophy to be mounted, and not just on a wall!

What he did not realize was the skillful interrogation he was subjected to as they ate. Lillian managed to fill in a few blanks with the young man completely oblivious to the process.

As Lillian served dessert, he finally had a chance to consider what the librarian had chosen to wear to host their dinner. She was still dressed in what might be considered conservative dress, similar to what she wore at work in the library. However, the skirt was much shorter, ending well above her knees and the blouse not so billowy as she normally wore. Instead of camouflaging her breasts the blouse accented that physical feature and Garrett had to constantly remind himself not to stare. And each time he went through that self-chastisement, he also recognized that the evening

was going very well. The challenge and his objective seemed well within reach!

Lillian suggested brandies in the parlor, which he gratefully accepted as she poured them each a small serving from an antique crystal decanter. Once again, that alluring perfume he noticed in the library wafted tantalizingly to his nostrils as she poured the brandy. They sat quietly for a moment, Garrett on the small delicate divan and Lillian on an upholstered arm chair. The confident woman gave Garrett another of her enigmatic smiles and announced, "I have two disparate questions, if you would indulge me."

"Sure," grinned Garrett. "No problem. Ask away."

The woman nodded, her eyes sparkling brightly with the confidence of one who knows something the other does not. "Well," she began, "would you find it interesting, perhaps even beneficial, to have a more detailed look at the home Aaron Stevens built? I think there may also be a stash of correspondence he had saved, as well as a few other items from his time."

Garrett's jaw dropped. It was a phenomenal possibility for his research and adding first hand information from actual correspondence would lend an incredible authenticity he could never achieve otherwise. "Oh, my goodness!" he gushed. "I'd do anything for a chance to examine his old papers or memorabilia!"

Lillian smiled. "How odd you put it that way, and I shall remind you of that after I ask my second question."

Garrett had been excited before coming into the parlor, but he was now excited for a completely different reason. He waited expectantly for the next question. Lillian did not make him wait long.

"Was it your intention to add me to your rather long list of sexual conquests?" she asked.

Garrett sputtered and almost choked on the brandy. "Excuse me?" he asked incredulously.

Lillian smirked that confident, all-knowing, yet still enigmatic smile. "I believe you heard me perfectly clearly. I've been told of your reputation and, frankly, you've been so dogged in your pursuit of me I can only conclude that is what we are doing here right this minute: the little dance of attempted sexual conquest."

At a loss for words, the usually glib master of sexual innuendo could only sputter and stammer.

The librarian breathed in deeply and held up a hand to silence young Mr. MacQuillan. "It is completely without rancor that I tell you this, young man," she said dispassionately. "On one hand, your pursuit could have been flattering, but given your reputation and history, it makes your efforts highly insulting. I will not say it will never happen - 'never' is such a long time - but be assured it will not happen tonight. In fact, it will never happen until I feel you've adequately apologized."

"What do you mean?" asked the baffled young man.

"That actually brings me back to my first question," smiled the librarian. "Remember you said that you would 'do anything' to review the Aaron Stevens items? We can kill two birds with one stone. You can 'do anything' and apologize for targeting me so salaciously at the same time."

Garret just looked at her with confusion in his eyes.

Lillian stood up and said, "I believe you have acted like a dirty minded little boy and therefore should be treated as such. I am going to clear the table and take the dishes to the kitchen. When I am done, I am going to go upstairs to my bedroom. It's the first room, by the way, on the left at the top of the stairs. When I get up there, I expect to see you standing with your nose in the corner and your pants and underwear tugged down to your ankles."

"Why?" asked the stunned young man.

"Because you are going to apologize to me and also earn the chance to review my stored papers with a good, old fashioned, bare bottom spanking." She grinned confidently at the stricken young man. "If I do not see you up in my room exactly as I have just described, then I do not want to hear from you ever again. Ever." Her conditions stated, she spun on her heel in the manner with which Garrett had been accustomed to being treated by her, and disappeared from the room.

Garrett MacQuillan was left alone to consider his decision. In a state of disbelief, he watched himself slowly stepping up the stairs. *What am I doing?* he asked himself. Opening the first door on the left, he began rationalizing that this was the pathway to the previously unexamined letters



of Major Aaron Stevens. He was doing this for the research... yes, that was it!

But in his heart, he knew that to be untrue. There was something captivating about Ms. Lillian Fouet; something about her that said to Garrett one simple word: submit. And suddenly, there was a clarity about the bedroom he was in... it was the same as the one from his recurring dream! He had dreamed about this pale blue bedroom before and now his confusing dreams suddenly made sense. They had been foretelling this exact circumstance... but how was that possible? Was he that immersed in his research?

He heard footsteps coming up the stairs and in a near panic, he banished all thoughts of why and how as he undid his trousers even as he stepped closer and closer to the corner. Pushing them to his ankles, his underwear followed close behind and just as he heard the bedroom door open, he felt a cool breeze tickle his now bare bottom. He shivered slightly in the corner as he wondered what the hell he was doing.

His hostess was silent; she wore a subtle smile, knowing that the young man would comply. Garrett questioned himself yet again as he stood quivering in the corner. Then it hit him: that this was just a variant of the same old dream! He couldn't have just given in to her suggestion so easily... this had to be a version of his dream, and that is why everything was so familiar.

Garrett felt his domineering hostess grasp him by the lobe of his left ear. She pinched and twisted it, propelling him to the end of the bed as he stumbled and tripped over the clothing puddled around his ankles. She sat down on the edge, pulling his ear to put him into the time-honored spanking position over her lap with his bare bottom upraised and begging for attention.

It was at this point that Garrett should have known this was no longer a dream. He could smell lilacs from around the bed, though no flowers were visible. There never had been any smells he'd noticed in his dreams. He was not examining his circumstances carefully. He was intimidated by the most obvious movements... and threats. The librarian shifted weight and Garrett looked over his left shoulder to be surprised and aghast at the presence of the old ebony hairbrush from his dreams.

But his dream was shattered by Lillian's voice as she said, "You have quite a reputation, young man. It seems there is hardly a female on campus that has not been subjected to your carnal interests."

"But... I... uh..." he started to stammer and explain.

"Shhhh," she cooed quietly as she lightly tapped the old brush against his bare bottom. "You are going to regret many of your earlier decisions over the next few minutes. I would advise you to be quiet and not make your circumstances worse." Garrett quickly turned away and stared down at Lillian's legs and feet.

"I promised you a look at some of the memoirs, letters and artifacts of Aaron Stevens," she continued. "Sometime around 1825, Aaron's mother purchased this very hairbrush. In our family, it is legendary! Aaron was a rebellious little hellion and needed firm guidance. His mother provided that early guidance with the help of this very hairbrush. Think of it, young man! You are about to be spanked with the very same brush as Aaron Stevens and that brush is very nearly 200 years old. I'll bet it works just as well. Right hand please."

Meekly, Garrett placed his right hand behind his back and felt the soft, warm, yet firm grip of Ms. Fouet as she pinned his wrist to the small of his back. "I want you to think of your selfish and callous behavior towards the many women you bedded here at Meadowcroft as this treasured hairbrush delivers the very same corrective message that was imparted to Aaron Stevens."

This couldn't be happening. Garrett screwed his eyes closed and he imagined the many and sundry females he had taken to bed over the past year or so. His imagination conjured up their faces, but they were all now wearing Civil War era dresses. They were the women watching his spanking in his dream! He opened his eyes and they were gone. They existed only in his memory or perhaps his subconscious.

That ebony brush, however, was no memory and no figment of his imagination. It was very, very real as Garrett quickly understood from the first swat.

**SMACK!**

He nearly jumped off Lillian's lap, but she had a firm grip. She also had a deaf ear to his howls of pain and pleas for leniency as she peppered

his backside with that heavy oval hairbrush.

The young man cried out, kicked, squirmed and screamed as the hairbrush bit angrily into first one bottom cheek and then the other. When he became too obstreperous, the serious-minded woman pulled her right leg from beneath him and draped it over the backs of his thighs. The womanizer was now firmly in place and learning to regret his cavalier attitude towards women.

The spanking was not a single swat but a rapid fire machine gun-like repetition of assault on his unprotected backside. This was really happening, and the instrument of his punishment would not relent. It rose and fell, delivering aching swats that were each more painful than the previous.

Garrett blubbered and cried and now looked quite unlike the revered and sculpted stud he always imagined himself to be. The pounding of the hairbrush finally ceased and the librarian was rewarded with the image of a naughty young man, now well chastised, and bemoaning his fate. He sobbed over her lap as she scanned the damage she had done: his bottom was bright red and covered with angry bright, oval splotches. As he continued sobbing, she helped him to his feet and gently but firmly guided him back to the corner.

He felt the press of her body against his back and her hot breath in his ear as she whispered, "The next time you come to my home, know that no matter the purpose of your visit, you will once again be subject to a trip over my lap to taste the magical punishing elixir of Uncle Aaron's hairbrush." She paused and he winced as he felt her teasing hand lightly roam his tortured backside. "Count to one hundred," she ordered, "then put yourself together and let yourself out."

He could feel her step away and heard the bedroom door close softly behind her as she marched down the stairs. Garrett started counting and realized he was immensely grateful that she had left. He was confused and did not know whether it was the press of her body or the whispered words in his ear or even the stinging rebuke of a spanking... but Garrett MacQuillan now had a raging erection that tapped a desperate need for release against the walls of the corner.

It would have to wait until he got home.

---oOo---

The next morning, MacQuillan had almost convinced himself that the spanking he suffered the night before was a dream. The hot water in his shower told him otherwise as he jumped when the water cascaded down his once again throbbing bottom. A quick glance in the mirror confirmed what his nerve endings already told him. He had been well and truly spanked!

The sting of the spanking and the memories of lying across Miss Fouet's lap caused a certain male response that was going to make it difficult for him to get dressed. The wagging flag pole in his groin reminded him that his mission had been an abject failure last night. He considered snagging a coed for a quick fling that morning to relieve the tension, or perhaps he could entice that giggly woman in the Bursar's office to step into the broom closet again. The options did not seem right to him, and for a moment he wondered why he felt that way, but resolved to take matters in his own hand and get on with a busy day.

The next three days were as busy as any Garrett experienced at Meadowcroft. There was the burden of his teaching schedule and he had to prepare and complete his updated research plan for his faculty advisors on his dissertation project. He was unsure just how to include Miss Fouet's offer to research her ancestor's papers, so he simply included a nebulous description that ended with a terse 'validity to be confirmed' notation.

There was a steady stream of coeds coming to his office seeking guidance on their course work. Garrett would have happily counseled any of them over his desk for a quick erotic romp, but the thought of the new librarian, Miss Lillian Fouet, was ever present. The school's resident Casanova was now thinking that Miss Fouet would not approve of his relatively random erotic adventures. This bothered Garrett a bit as many of the young ladies in need of 'guidance' were, in a word, hot.

Garrett only made a token effort at furthering his research along the lines of his original investigation and continued to wonder what he might discover in the Aaron Stevens papers, as he now thought of the possible treasure in the librarian's house. His work suffering from this obsession and his usual appetites stifled with thoughts of the imperious librarian, the young researcher considered how to go about reviewing the new, additional research material.

Of course, he knew that Miss Fouet had promised another hot, stinging session with Aaron Stevens' hairbrush. Garrett bristled at the thought of being treated like a juvenile, and each time he thought of the spanking he had suffered he found himself excited into an erection. Normally, he would find someone with whom he could hook up with, and ultimately ameliorate, that condition, but the thought of disapproval by the librarian made him step away from any action.

It was a vicious, maddening cycle! Besides, the memory of the severity of the spanking was waning with time until the young researcher was concluding that it was the ignominy of position he dreaded, not the actual physical spanking. Still, it was unsettling to realize his usual routines for satisfying certain appetites had been altered and that a certain erotic excitement was induced by the simple memory of being taken to task like a naughty boy.

The young man resolved to end his torment, even if that meant a few moments of physical pain. He would get on with his research, maybe even get on with a real relationship with the temptress librarian, but in any event, he would get out of this awful cycle of temptation and denial.

Garret found her, where else, at the library. He lurked around the classic fiction section watching for an opportunity to approach her, but she seemed to be like the Queen Bee with all the worker drones flitting about her. She had a ready, pleasing and, to his thinking, sexy smile for everyone. Why did she not smile at him like that? Even at dinner, at the pinnacle of her pleasantness, that kind of smile had never cracked before him.

Just as Garret began doubting himself and his objective of conquering the commanding librarian, she was suddenly free. He took the opportunity and quickly emerged at her elbow and his simple, "Hello" seemed to startle her. He closed his eyes for a moment to drink in the elixir of her perfume.

"You just pop up out of nowhere, don't you, Mr. MacQuillan?" she mildly chastised him.

"Sorry, Miss Fouet," he said with as much disarming charm as he could muster. "I was hoping to speak with you to find a time to review some of your uncle's papers."

She appraised him carefully as she peered intently over the tops of her black rimmed glasses. "You recall the requirement I imposed, do you not?" she queried.

"Yes, Ma'am," he nodded as a blush spread across his face. It compelled him to look around to see if anyone had noticed and he was relieved that no one had. When he looked up, he was rewarded with a smile... not the pleasant or sexy smile she had for others, but more of a knowing smirk.

The librarian thought for a moment then said, "Six-thirty. I'll have to leave for a bit and come back, but you can peruse the correspondence then. I can't make you dinner, but I can make the papers available to you."

Suddenly, she spun around 180 degrees and stalked off. It was something he was becoming well used to and not altogether unpleasant to watch her leave. The perfume cloud, however, held Garrett in place as he drank it in along with the vision of her sexy strides.

---oOo---

Briefcase in hand stuffed with pads of paper, pencils and pens, Garrett rang the librarian's front doorbell. He was wearing the same tweed blazer he had worn to dinner previously, but a different blue button-down collared dress shirt. Miss Fouet opened the door, checking her wristwatch in the process.

"Just in time," she announced as she held the door open for her visitor. "Follow me down to the basement and I'll show you where to find the papers you are interested in reviewing." She strode purposefully through the house and in the hallway to the kitchen opened a door, flicked on a light and descended a rickety staircase that she had obviously clambered down many times in the past. There was a dank and musty odor that rose up to meet them, but he thought it was not as particularly strong as the one that came from the basement in the house where he had grown up.

At the bottom of the stairs was another light switch that she threw and Garrett could see an area with the usual detritus of basements across the world: washer, dryer, hot water heater, furnace and miscellaneous items haphazardly stored. There were also three doors down there, each apparently locked. Lillian pulled out a key ring and unlocked the middle

door. As she opened it, she flipped yet another light switch and the contents of the room were quickly illuminated.

This middle room was spacious (as was the entirety of the basement) and looked much like a large study area in the college's library. There were bookcases on one wall and long rows of filing cabinets opposite. There was a long wooden table with several chairs in the middle of the room and the far wall had several display cases with various items within. Garrett noted how well lit the room was and he would never have guessed this room was part of a basement had he not come down the stairs himself. It even smelled better than the rest of the basement. It smelled of cedar and it dawned on him that the walls were entirely made of rustic cedar planking.

"You'll find what you are looking for right here," noted the librarian as she opened up a lateral filing cabinet drawer. "These are Uncle Aaron's letters, all kept chronologically. Do please keep them in order. There are other paper documents that might interest you, but I suggest you start here."

The young researcher nodded, his eyes wide with awe at the volume of items available. He could only imagine how many other documents there might be.

"I'll be an hour or maybe a little more," continued the librarian who now cocked her head down to peer at the young man over the black rims of her glasses. "We can see how you're progressing and deal with our other arrangements when I get back." Before he could respond, Garrett watched the woman do an about face and quickly leave the room. She closed the door behind her, with her enticing hips suddenly no longer visible.

Though curious about the other two doors in the basement, Garrett's interest in the correspondence was overwhelming and he sat down to orient himself with the various letters. All of the paperwork was meticulously stored in plastic sleeves for protection and Garrett had no reason to violate these precautions so he read the letters through the clear plastic. It proved to be fascinating reading.

In fact, it was so fascinating that he did not even notice the return of his hostess about an hour and a half later. He was so engrossed in one particular letter that he did not move until a shadow was suddenly cast over

the paper he was studying when Lillian stood between him and the overhead lights.

"Oh, hi... you're back," noted Garrett as he looked up, smiling at the librarian.

"Find anything of interest?" asked the tall woman as she towered over the seated young man.

"Well..." drawled Garrett as he thought about his response. "There is a lot of interesting material here. Have you read any of this? And may I ask who made the effort to protect all of this with the plastic covers?"

"I did," replied Lillian, "to both questions. I read all of it as I sorted and organized during the project to protect it all."

"I'm impressed," noted a suitably awestruck researcher. "That must have been very time-consuming."

"It was," she replied, "but I thought it would be worth the effort and some time."

Garrett simply nodded as he looked around his various stacks of organized chaos. Then he looked quickly back to the librarian and queried, "I'm guessing the answer may be down here somewhere, but can you tell me who the Meadowcroft twins were? I saw a mention of their capture by the Confederate Army and it looks like they were a pair of captains. It seems an odd coincidence, their name being the same as Meadowcroft College."

The librarian looked away as if deep in thought for a moment. She seemed to struggle a bit before exhaling loudly and looking back at the young man seated at the table in her basement. "When I moved back here, I knew this would come out sooner or later. What I am going to tell you had better not become public knowledge because of you. Do you understand?"

Garrett nodded, his curiosity really piqued now by her words 'moved back' here? So did that mean she was from here?

"The Meadowcroft twins, served in the Civil War under Uncle Aaron and were held as Prisoners of War by the Confederates for some time after their capture at Harper's Ferry," relayed the librarian. "When they were paroled by the Confederate Army, they returned to New Hampshire and eventually married Uncle Aaron's two nieces. One of them is my, I think,



five times great grandfather. And, so you know, the twins founded Meadowcroft College not long after the Civil War ended."

"Wait a minute," interrupted Garrett. "The college was founded by the family? Your family? I thought there was one anonymous trustee representative of a private foundation that basically owns the college."

"Technically," sighed Lillian Fouet, "the family foundation owns the land and all the improvements that you know as Meadowcroft College as well as the name itself."

"Your family owns Meadowcroft College?" gasped the astounded researcher.

"Again, technically there is only one surviving member of the family, and it's me," Lillian corrected dryly. She then looked into the young man's face and held his gaze. "Almost no one knows this and I prefer to keep it that way."

Garrett nodded. "Sure. I understand."

"If you don't, you will," the librarian icily commented. "I have something to take care of and it shouldn't take but a few minutes. Please put everything back in order in the filing cabinet. You may place a book mark to keep your place. And when I get back, I want you to be naked from the waist down. We have a little something to take care of before you leave."

She left and it took a moment for Garrett to shift back into action. Then it struck him, she implied he could continue his research when she mentioned placing a bookmark! Fortunately, he had meticulously kept an organization to what he had been doing so it took no time at all to put the materials back as he had found them. Unsure of how much time he had, he then removed his pants, underwear, shoes and socks and tried to find a comfortable way to wait.

He felt silly standing in his half naked state, and he had not been instructed to stand with nose in the corner. Should he assume that was what she wanted? He struggled with that question until he heard Lillian's steps coming down the stairs into the basement. His resolution was to sit at the table, fiddling with the papers and notes he had taken and arranging them in his brief case. At least he would look busy, if not a bit silly being naked below the waist.

As he sat sifting the papers in his briefcase he wondered what the hell he was doing. He found himself almost eagerly awaiting something that was certain to put him in a juvenile frame of mind, not to mention one of painful angst. Was he doing this just for the sake of accessing this new research material or was it something else?

The door opened and his heart fluttered. The answer to his question suddenly seemed clear. It wasn't the research. There was something else pushing him into doing this. He looked over at Lillian as she shut the door to the filing room and his heart skipped another beat. She had changed clothes and was now wearing a blood red satin blouse that accented the whiteness of her skin and the depth of her cleavage. She was also wearing denim blue jeans that were stone washed and faded, but fit her like a second skin. Oddly, at least to the young man, she had on a pair of matching blood red pumps that perfectly matched her blouse.

She peered over her glasses at him and stated, "Stand up." That look, her clothing and the emphasis it placed on her body made him react in a most unprofessional manner as he took to his feet obediently. His quickly growing erection poked through the front tails of his blue dress shirt and he struggled to avoid making his condition more obvious by trying to rearrange his shirt. His twitching organ became more so as he watched her place Uncle Aaron's hairbrush on the table.

The librarian took her time, slowly pulling an armless chair from the table and placing it in the empty space between table and door. Garrett was in emotional agony as he watched her mini-ballet play out. Saying nothing, she snapped her fingers and pointed to the floor immediately in front of the chair. Like a well-trained puppy, Garrett scooted to the place on the floor and stood quietly with hands at his side as Lillian smirked at his discomfort and his still bouncing erection.

Garrett would muse later about his concept of time. He was uncertain if the librarian was moving in a teasingly slow manner or if it was his imagination. In the moment, her movements were agonizingly slow. "I hope it is unnecessary to tell you I expect the complete unvarnished truth, young man," she told him as she stood up and slowly circled about his body and the chair. "You know you are going to get a very hot bottom in just a moment, I really don't want to have to double what you'll get because you try to mislead me."

He was shocked to hear himself respond, "I wouldn't do that, Ma'am." Silently, he chastised himself for being so weak and malleable. What in the world was making him react like this? And, why did 'Ma'am' pop out of his mouth?

"That's good to hear," she said with a faint smile. Still circling her prey, she now let a finger extend and slowly tease his skin... running it across his bared bottom, then his hip and then the tip of his cock. She smiled wickedly as she watched Garrett shudder at that touch. "Tell me: how many women have you bedded since you were here last?"

Garrett was stung by the question and if the pain in his face was not evident, it certainly was in his voice. "None! Not one, Ma'am!"

Agonizingly for him, she teased. "You mean to say that if I had you masturbate for me you would shoot buckets and buckets of your disgusting spunk?"

He squirmed uncomfortably and said in a weak voice, "Probably not, Ma'am."

The librarian stopped her pacing and stood close in front of him, taking his erect organ in hand and squeezing. "So, you lied?" she challenged.

The semi-naked man cringed uncomfortably as he felt the urge to shoot into the hand that gripped his twitching penis. "No, Ma'am," he said, horribly embarrassed and with a shaky voice. "I... I... took care of any urges myself."

Garrett's relief from her releasing her warm grip on his manhood was momentary as she asked, "What do you think of when you pleasure yourself?"

What could he say? He did not want to tell her the truth yet he also feared not doing so. It was one thing to admit to masturbating, but how could he tell her the truth? "You, Ma'am," he finally blurted out, feeling his cheeks color hotly.

"How interesting!" she exclaimed as she resumed her slow pacing about him. "How so?"

"Please, Ms. Fouet," he begged. "Don't make me do this. I'm sorry for it... I really am!"

"Mr. MacQuillan!" she snapped. "I asked you a question and expect a truthful response." Her voice modulated to one of soothing understanding. "I'm curious... offended just a bit, but curious." Then she leaned close from behind him, her mouth so close to his ear he could feel her hot breath. "And in the spirit of complete and total truthfulness, I have to admit I am also just a bit flattered."

Garrett gulped down his fears and his pride as he answered. "I have only tried to imagine what you look like beneath your clothing."

"And that gets you off?" she asked incredulously.

"Yes, Ma'am."

She stepped back in front of him, sat down on the chair and patted her lap. It was quite clear to Garrett what she wanted and where he belonged. Imagining a silent prayer in his mind, a prayer to maintain some dignity throughout the next few minutes, the young man stepped to her side and bent over to lie across her denim covered thighs. He felt her part her legs slightly, then her hand reached beneath him to reposition his still erect cock between her legs before clamping down hard on it. Her finger tips grazed his bottom as she pulled his shirt tail up and out of the way. That little, seemingly inadvertent touch evoked a frisson of excitement that shot up his spine.

He didn't have time to lecture himself or to ponder as to why he could so meekly submit to this woman. Her hand was suddenly a blur as it rose and fell on his unprotected bottom cheeks with painful alacrity.

WHAP! SMACK! SWAT!

The spanks were alarmingly painful, but the humiliation of submitting was much worse. The half-naked man draped across the woman's thighs resolved to take his spanking with poise, though he had no idea how to do that or even if it was possible.

The woman administered nearly fifty hand spanks before pausing. Garrett's erection was still throbbing and the rubbing it was experiencing between her warm thighs and against the rough denim jeans she wore made the throbbing increasingly urgent. He was not certain that he wanted to feel that damned hairbrush again on his butt, but if it kept him from embarrassing himself then so be it. Garrett struggled with his thoughts to

avoid gushing from his organ. But just thinking about avoiding what suddenly seemed to be unavoidable only made his condition worse.

SMACK!

That horrid hairbrush stung like the dickens! Garrett howled with pain, yet silently rejoiced with the hope that the pain would save him from the abject debasement of an orgasm between Lillian's thighs.

SMACK! SWAT! THWACK!

He continued to yelp as the heavy brush rose and fell, blasting his red and wobbly bottom cheeks with one painful spank after another. His yelps turned to squeals which turned to apologies. The now sobbing and thoroughly humiliated young man apologized for anything he could think of: masturbating to imagined images of her, for his various sexual dalliances, and even for trying to buy her cup of coffee!

And, then it happened. He could not help it; it was all entirely out of his control. That organ that seems to rule men's lives suddenly erupted and Garrett gushed with relief as he moaned with animalistic satisfaction. It took a few minutes for his spanker to notice what had happened. About the same time as she felt the first hot drip on her bare ankle, she felt the warm stain on the inside of her thigh.

The hairbrush stopped suddenly, but the young man's woeful pleading kicked up a notch as he feverishly apologized for his accident. His pleas and sobs slowed and quieted yet the upturned young man could sense a deep brooding anger coursing through the woman.

The volume of her voice was soft when she finally spoke but it masked an iron will and determination that frightened young Mr. MacQuillan.

"Stand up," were her first words and Garrett could not roll off her lap fast enough. "There are cleaning cloths between the washer and the sink. Wet one and bring it with a dry one."

He scrambled quickly to comply, his receding organ now hiding behind his shirt, but still dripping with evidence of his orgasm. Garrett returned quickly and stopped in the doorway, stunned by what he saw. The librarian had removed her jeans and now stood bare legged in those blood red pumps with the tail of her blood red blouse just long enough to

modestly cover both front and back. It was a tantalizing sight for the young man and his recently spent organ began inching back to life.

"Clean up your mess," the librarian said calmly but with an edge that included the unsaid, 'or else'. She watched as Garrett went to the sticky wet spot on the floor and began to scrub before adding, "You will also launder my jeans and return them when they are clean."

From his knees, and scrubbing furiously at the floor, Garrett mumbled, "Yes, Ma'am." He looked up at her from the floor and was rewarded with the briefest glimpse of white panties beneath the red shirt tails. Looking further up into her face he saw a look of amusement.

"You need to learn to control yourself, Garrett," she told him. "And I am willing to spend some time helping you learn that control. If you are willing to learn, come by the library tomorrow after 4pm." Abruptly turning, she strode out of the room, allowing yet one more tantalizing hint of her panties. Regardless, her long legs were now bare and looked even more delicious to the young man as she stepped quickly out of sight.

Could there be any doubt that Mr. Garrett MacQuillan would be at the library at precisely 4pm tomorrow afternoon? For him, the only real question was how many times he would masturbate to the vision of Miss Lillian Fouet wearing only those red heels and blouse.

---oOo---

It was a frustrating night and day for the young researcher. Even as he chided himself for so hurriedly responding to the librarian's orders to scrub the basement floor, he also realized that he had a consuming desire to please her. He wondered why that was the case.

His experience was that women fairly jumped at the chance to join him in bed, so much so that he had laughed at times to himself that they might actually even pay him to do so. Yet here he was now trying everything he could think of to please this woman with the faint - *very faint* - possibility of convincing her to let him into her bed. It was all upside down to Garrett! His confidence was clearly shaken and twice he actually stood naked in front of the mirror in his bedroom to examine himself.

Standing naked in front of the mirror he coldly evaluated what he saw in the reflection. Nothing had changed. He still possessed the V-shaped upper body of an accomplished swimmer and not a single muscle had lost

its shape or power. He still maintained his swimming regimen for God's sake! His rakishly unkempt mop of hair had the same dark waves and he was always fastidiously clean. Even his eyes called out for attention with a mix of mischief and a hint of danger in their twinkle.

Why was Lillian Fouet immune to his charms and why was he so enamored with her and desperately needing her approval? Garrett considered the questions as he continued to appraise himself in the mirror and then he caught himself grinning.

Why was he grinning like that he wondered? And it suddenly struck him: he had been thinking about the librarian's piercing and challenging gaze that he so recently suffered as she looked daggers at him over the black rims of her glasses. It was as if she was scanning the depths of his soul looking for something even as she challenged him to do, and to be, better. Oh, those piercing eyes! Yes, it was the eyes from behind and over the frames of her glasses. As he acknowledged this fact to himself, Garrett also sheepishly looked down and realized he was surprisingly erect. His penis was hard from the thought of her demands and those challenging eyes.

If the previous night had proven anything, it was now clear that Garrett was mesmerized by the woman and could easily be felled just by her penetrating gaze. It also proved that the young man was a slave to his own base desires when he realized his hard cock was now also in his hand. A sudden wave of shame washed over him when he thought about what he had done that night between the librarian's thighs. That thought was accompanied by another unexpected release from his throbbing organ.

---oOo---

At precisely 4pm, Garrett entered the library. He had been waiting nearby, nervously watching the hands of his watch to ensure he was exactly on time. Twice he had to fend off women who decided he looked available and wanted to chat. He had to avoid that right now!

Miss Fouet was standing behind the main counter and looked up as he walked through the big glass doors. She raised one eyebrow as he looked at her and gave him a barely perceptible nod of her head towards the back of the cavernous library.

As was her habit with him, she quickly turned and walked in the direction she had indicated, never looking back to see if he was following. Turning past the last high shelf of books, she continued to the end of the aisle where she abruptly turned. Garrett had been busily trying to catch up to her and was caught up short, almost running over her.

"Sorry," he muttered.

The librarian gave him a disapproving look and a quick shake of her head. Then she produced two keys on a ring, held them out, and when Garrett reached for them, she dropped them into his hand. "The larger key is for my front door and the smaller key unlocks the file room in the basement. You may use these to continue your research only if you agree to my terms."

Eagerly, the young man said, "Sure. Of course. Whatever you say!"

"I'm about to say - and you had better pay attention - you may do your work anytime between 9am and 4pm weekdays. You will always put everything back in order when you finish. I hope you truly understand that you do not want to displease me."

Garrett nodded, that mop of unkempt hair jiggling as he said, "Got it. No problem."

"Yet," the librarian interjected with a menacing snarl. "And there is another condition."

Garrett simply looked at her with expectant eyes and a quiet mouth.

"I told you that you need to learn some control. You may have access to the records I have as long as you submit to the training I provide for you to learn that control. It will probably never happen during your research hours, but it may. On top of that, I expect you to come whenever I say. No matter what or when. Is that clear?"

It was a bit unsettling, but Garrett had already had discovered a truly ingrained need to comply with anything she said and he nodded and replied, "clear!"

"No excuses and no matter what," she restated. Then with a wicked grin that held a treasure trove of promises to the young man she added, "You will want to make sure I am always very well pleased."



Garrett almost gave a glib response, but he choked back his first thoughts. As he started to make a more respectful reply, he discovered the librarian had once again disappeared.

---oOo---

Over the next three days Garrett visited the librarian's home and studied the correspondence in her possession. Of course, these research sessions were fitted in between his various teaching assignments and kept him rather busy. He also scrupulously stuck to the file room in the basement though he had to get there through the house. Each time he approached the door he would ring the door bell, wait, then ring the bell again as ripples of excitement coursed up his spine. Even walking through the house to get to the basement door was a thrill as he half expected Lillian to suddenly appear. Or was it more that he *hoped* she would suddenly appear?

He would be disappointed that she never interrupted any of his work, though he was ecstatic over the fruits of his research. He was able to fill in details that had been woefully absent and, indeed, developed new lines of research he could never have considered without the volume of details now available to him.

Friday afternoon broke his new routine. During his required office hours, a coed showed up at his office door and expressed concern over her work in his class. She wondered if perhaps Mr. MacQuillan could offer some suggestions or if there might be some extra credit work she could perform. It was a classic line he had welcomed many times, though initially he was a bit perturbed.

Then Garrett considered the young lady. She was in the new crop this semester and was trying very hard to seduce her instructor with her short, tight skirt and even tighter blouse that clearly indicated how thrilled the student was, her hard nipples pressing through the thin fabric and unrestrained by a bra.

"I'm sorry, there isn't much I can suggest other than working harder at the material," Garrett said with practiced insouciance, reflexively adding the well-rehearsed and highly successful line, "Perhaps you aren't cut out for this subject. I might as well ask you to parade around this office stark naked for all the good that would do."

The coed's face lit up. "Would that help?"

Feigning anger, he snapped, "For goodness sake, girl, you know I could never ask you to do that! What in the world are you thinking?" Then again, some of the anger was real. Garrett was upset with himself for so easily falling into old habits and suddenly felt horribly guilty about doing so. He felt as if he was somehow cheating on Ms. Fouet. Then he became angry with himself: he had only had dinner with the librarian and not even a proper date! Why should he be feeling so guilty?

Suddenly, Garrett was presented with the image of this comely coed standing before his desk, bare ass naked! During his internal rantings he hadn't even noticed the young lady quickly stripping before him and the naked results were startling; and not a little bit exciting. This coed was not only pretty, but pretty well built! He knew he was beyond redemption at this point as there was an urgent stirring in his groin.

Five minutes later, Garrett exploded his seed into the coed's mouth as she was kneeling on the floor before him, her breasts and hard nipples exposed by her open blouse were being manipulated by her teacher's hands. He watched her struggle to swallow all that he had given her and was eerily quiet as she quickly dressed. Another practiced line found its way into the small office.

"I'm sure you will do quite well in my class, young lady."

He waited ten minutes for her to clear the building before he left his office for the day. On the way out, he noticed his faculty mail box had something in it. That was odd, Garrett had cleaned it out before going into his office. Curious, he stepped to the little cubby hole and pulled out a small envelope. Inside was a note card with neat feminine cursive script written on it. The note read, 'Tonight – 8pm', and was signed with a florid 'L'. It had also been doused with the librarian's perfume. It made Garrett a bit light headed. But then a sudden panic washed over him as he realized Lillian knew what he had done.

---oOo---

As had happened before, as Garrett reached to ring Lillian's doorbell, she opened the door before he could press the button. It startled him as he had been debating about ringing the bell in the first place. After all, he had a key to the house and had been using it to gain entry, but he

opted to be a polite visitor and request entry after her invitation. Or was it a command?

"Come in," she said, not unpleasantly. As Garrett stepped inside, he was struck by the fact that the librarian was dressed more casually than he had seen her in the past. She wore casual slacks and a tightly knit blouse rather than the business style skirt she wore to work. Still in that pleasant toned voice, Lillian pointed up the stairs and said, "My bedroom, please. We have work to do and must get started right away."

Fighting the urge for clarification, Garrett meekly stepped to the stairs and ascended. Normally the one to silently appraise the other's figure, the young man thought he could feel the librarian's gaze appraising his body and his motions. It was oddly unsettling to be the inspected rather than the inspector.

The feeling intensified once inside the pale blue bedroom. He turned when he heard the door loudly click shut and watched as Lillian side-stepped to an ornate chair and sat down. "From now on," she said evenly as she held his eyes with an intense gaze, "you will address me as 'Miss Lilly' when we are alone. You will never do so in front of others or in public. Is that clear?"

He nodded and said, "Yes," then he stammered a moment before adding the required, "Uh... Miss Lilly."

This earned him a warm smile and an approving nod. "Good boy," the librarian noted. "Now strip completely and place your clothing in a neat pile on top of your shoes next to the end of the bed."

His reaction, one of shock and humiliation, earned him another pleased smile from Miss Lilly and despite his initial reaction Garrett quickly complied. As he placed his clothes on the floor at the foot of the bed, he could not help but notice a leather strap on the bed. The leather was about eighteen inches long and one and a half inches wide and was attached to a wooden handle. The strap looked both well worn and well cared for. The young man had no doubt the purpose of that implement or why it was sitting at the end of the bed. He turned to face the librarian and was uncomfortable as she smirked.

Eyeing his groin, she asked, "Is your reaction due to being naked in my bedroom, or the presence of that little strap? Or is it because you're just

a shameless cock hound who can't find enough satisfaction?" She let him simmer a moment wondering whether to answer or not before continuing. With an imperious wave of her hand she snorted, "It doesn't matter! We're here to fix that anyway." With a beckoning hand she commanded, "Come here, you randy boy!"

He meekly and silently padded barefoot towards the seated woman. His humiliating exposure and her clearly eager appraisal caused his 'reaction' to grow bigger and harder as it bounced with each step. Garrett could also feel his face flushing hotly and wondered if the legions of coeds he had used felt the same way when he made them prance before his own eager contemplation.

Lillian made a circling motion with her finger and the object of her inspection immediately made a slow circle in front of her. When he finished his rotation, she reached out and cupped his scrotum, bouncing his balls in her hand as if judging their weight. He could not help himself as he realized her touch was making his cock ever harder.

Suddenly, she stopped and lightly patted his bare backside. "I suppose we should get started," she said with a smile. "Clearly, we have a lot of work to do. Back to the bed, please."

She led him to the side of the bed and had him bend over it, bottom raised and hands extended forward. He could see to his side that she had picked up the strap and was now walking back to him. Her hand caressed his, for now, unblemished bottom and it was exciting to him to be touched like that by her. He could smell the oil that had been used on the strap to keep it supple. Oddly, that thought worried him.

"You must learn that you will never have an erection without my permission," she stated calmly as if lecturing to a room full of students. "Failure will result in dire consequences. Similarly, if I require you to be erect, you will stay that way no matter what. Again, you do not want to disappoint me."

Her hand continued to linger on his bottom and it felt so soft and warm.

"Yes, Miss Lilly," Garrett replied. His feelings mixed between the luxurious touch on his backside, the tang of well-oiled leather and the wonder with himself about his readily compliant response.

"You must loose that erection," she said in that lecturing voice as she let her idle hand wander from his upraised bottom to the small of his back. Garrett felt her lean into his back with that hand and sensed, rather than heard, the swinging strap.

WHACK!

He both sensed and heard the impact and then felt a hot band of stinging pain erupt across his left bottom cheek. Groaning to himself, he held his position as Miss Lilly colored the rest of that summit with five more stinging slashes of the strap.

There was a pause as she changed sides before he felt the whack of the strap on his right bottom cheek. The librarian expertly strapped the right side of his butt, evenly coloring the entirety of its surface as effectively as she had the left side.

Then Garrett felt an almost loving tapping on his tingling bottom. "Spread your legs and lift up," she said quietly.

He complied and then gasped as he felt a hand snake between his legs and up past his scrotum to grasp his cock. He heard an ominous chuckle and then a heavy sigh.

"You still haven't gotten the point, young man," she said to him as she took up her original position to his left.

Garrett started to protest but only a grunt of pain escaped his lips. Six more swipes of the strap landed noisily on his left bottom cheek causing more pain and not a little squirming suffering on his part. Following the age-old pattern of rinse and repeat, his tormentor changed sides and gave his right bottom cheek the same stinging second dose. At this point, the bent over man was huffing and puffing in an effort not to cry out and he quickly and willingly lifted up so Miss Lilly could check his condition.

This time she was satisfied that her point was made and she bade Garrett stand up. He did and she had him turn to face her. "Remember," she admonished, "no erection unless ordered."

"Yes, Miss Lilly," he nodded meekly, whilst wondering what had happened to him, and why he was so willing to go along with all of this. He couldn't understand it. Then his eyes opened wide as he watched Lillian kick off her shoes, unbutton and unzip her slacks and step out of them. Her long, silky legs were exposed and he noted the skimpy panties she wore

were the same pale blue color of the bedroom. When she turned to put the slacks on a side table, she bent and it gave him the most marvelous view of what he knew was a very luscious bottom!

Then it happened. Unbidden and unwanted, the young researcher's organ reacted to the sight in front of him and began growing of its own accord. Silently, Garrett tried to command it to subside but that only seemed to make it worse. And it really was worse: his organ was harder and bigger than before as if challenging his authority to control it. Worse still, his hard cock was challenging Miss Lilly's authority to control it!

Lillian stood up and turned to face Garrett and immediately began clucking her tongue. "I guess my work is really cut out for me," she noted dryly. "Back over the bed, young man!"

Garrett slowly bent back over the bed; his throbbing bottom thrust out as he worried nervously about his impending fate. He found out quickly enough, as Miss Lilly stepped to his left and let fly with that nasty strap. As before, she belabored one cheek then the other. Garrett now howled in the renewal of pain, wriggling his very sore and reddened bottom as he struggled to remain in place.

He noticed immediately that her technique had been adjusted as his bare backside sent urgent messages of pain to his brain. Where she had focused her attention to the near side bottom cheek the first time, allowing the tip of the strap to flick right at the cleft of his butt, the new set dealt with the far side cheek. Lillian still walked from side to side to deliver the strokes, but as she was now strapping the far side buttock the tip of the strap bit harshly into the outside edges of his hind end.

It took only the initial dozen strokes for Garrett's organ to retreat meekly from its more manly condition of being ramrod erect. With a huff of approval, he was told to stand again, but as he turned around this time, he was greeted with the vision of this beautiful woman removing her blouse. She now stood before him in a skimpy little bra and panty set of matching pale blue satin. Turning to place her blouse on top of her slacks, the often-horny young man was treated to a full view of her sexy bottom with the lower half of her cheeks fully in view. Turning back, he was treated to the luscious delights of her bosom as it was barely restrained by the tiny wisp of fabric.

"Oh, dear, young sir!" she gasped with faux displeasure as she pulled her hand to cover her mouth. "Not again!" She smirked at the return of his erection as it bobbed in front of him.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" Garrett bleated. Indeed, the look on his face did convey great sorrow, but that was not going to help him.

"Lie down on the bed, please," Lillian said as she shook her head in disapproval. As he climbed onto the bed and lay face down, he watched with sullen resignation as she picked up that damned strap! Just before he buried his face in the bed covers, he noted the mischievous grin on her face as she anxiously gripped and re-gripped the handle of the strap. It was suddenly clear to him that she was enjoying herself immensely.

WHACK!

The strap was now laid - quite forcefully - across both bottom globes and the impact made Garrett's body jump as if shocked by thousands of volts of electricity. This time the tip of the strap landed in the middle of the far bottom globe after first searing the near cheek. Half a dozen strokes had him apologizing, promising and generally blubbing into the bed. Miss Lilly moved to the other side and gave his very sore and aching butt equal treatment with six horrific lashes.

As he blubbered into the covers, the sore young man felt his persecutor's hand slip between his legs and apparently found the condition she was demanding. But Garrett began profusely promising improved behavior (although he really wasn't entirely certain what behavior) when he watched Lillian remove her bra and saw a pair of magnificent breasts spring into view.

She let her hand roam up and down his body, lingering at the hot touch of his bottom. Then, was it a dream or a nightmare? She crawled up onto the bed and rubbed her naked skin against his. Laying on his back, Miss Lilly whispered into Garrett's ear. "I suspect you still can control yourself, but your bottom looks so very sore!" Her voice cooed seductively in his ear as she said, "I'll offer you a deal..." Her naked breasts softly pressed across his back and he squirmed nervously as he felt goosebumps rising on his back and shoulders. "You can choose to take six more really good lashes from my little friend right now, or, if you are confident in your control, I can check your condition. We'll be done if you aren't

embarrassingly hard, or you'll get two or three dozen more to make it go away. Whatever it takes."

Immediately, Garrett gasped, "Six now, please. Please," he begged.

Miss Lilly smiled knowingly then lifted up and straddled Garrett's back though she faced towards his feet. She scooted back to allow swinging room as she addressed his red, raw rump. It was a tantalizing sight for her.

But it was a more tantalizing sensation for Garrett who groaned as her soft warm thighs enveloped his rib cage and her well exposed bottom gracefully lowered to his shoulder blades. His mind was filled with his imaginings of what she looked like in this position on him and he really wanted to see... but he did not dare move.

THWACK!

The angry snap of the strap sent shivers up his spine as he bucked beneath the almost naked body of his feminine torturer. The length of strap landed perpendicular to the prior lashes, fully overlapping and sending a truly nasty stinging pain through his very core.

"YIIIEEEEE!" he cried out, and before the sound of his voice faded the second stroke landed parallel to the first. Garrett yelled again. He bucked and jerked on the bed as Miss Lilly laid on a total of six, full force strokes that left several overlapped spots raised and throbbing badly.

The last few hurt him so badly, that Garrett had no idea if she had indeed given him only six last strokes. He was now sniffing as Miss Lilly guided him from the bed to his feet. Silently, she led him to a tall wooden stool in the corner and she made him sit down on the hard, highly varnished seat. His feet rested on the rungs of a cross bar beneath him to help steady him.

Still sniffing, he watched the nearly naked woman disappear and then return with several tissues. Thrusting them out to him she said, "I suspect this is the only thing that will make your desire abate for even a few minutes."

He looked down at the wad of tissues in his hand, squirmed on the stool and realized how painful it was to sit there as the varnish seemed to suck his reddened skin to the brutally hard stool. Looking up at Miss Lilly he gave her a confused look.



"You will masturbate for me," she said with a grin. "I want to watch and you had better not spill a drop or I will repeat all that you have been through!"

The only thing more mystifying to the young researcher than the sudden return of his erection, was his willingness to embarrass himself in front of this woman. He gripped his cock in one hand, the tissues in the other, and settled into a well-practiced rhythm. It took little time as he gazed on the flawless beauty who watched him intently as he satisfied himself.

He did not spill and Miss Lilly silently watched him dress and, even in her own state of undress, she escorted him down to the door. Garrett's heart skipped a beat when she gave him a kiss of approval on his cheek at the front door. She said nothing, promised nothing, but she opened the door for him to exit and closed it silently behind him.

It was a long, painful walk down to the street where his car was parked, but not nearly as painful as the drive sitting behind the steering wheel as he drove home.

---oOo---

The next couple of weeks were agony for Garrett. He continued diligently working on his research, learning many new and fascinating facts as his dissertation was really coming together. The agony was not from the research, nor was it due to the red hot, stinging bottom he was sent home with on occasion. No, it was the little dangling moments of teasing he experienced from Lillian Fouet, and sometimes from Miss Lilly.

Twice, Miss Lilly breezed into the file room in the basement. She made some small talk asking about his progress and offered a couple of luridly suggestive comments that had Garrett twisting, but she breezed out just as quickly.

One afternoon, Garrett received a note from Lillian to meet him in the afternoon at the library. When he showed up, the librarian guided her charge to the 7th Floor stacks where there was almost never anyone to be seen. They went down one desolate aisle until Miss Lilly suddenly turned and said, "Remove your trousers and underwear."

Flabbergasted, Garrett almost questioned her, but instead he did a double take, bit his lower lip and removed his pants and shorts.

"Put your pants back on and go toss your underwear in that trash can," she ordered with a nod of her head in the direction of the trash.

Again, Garrett complied. Tossing his underwear into the trash he returned to the librarian who simply escorted him to the elevator. Once the elevator door closed, Miss Lilly said, without turning her head or looking at him, "You will remain like this for the rest of the day."

He was excited that something must be up. Indeed, he was 'up' the rest of the day, but he was disappointed when he received no further communication from Lillian. What was she up to? She had him dangling from a string. He was on edge and as much as he did not want to have his behind roasted again, he nevertheless looked forward to her attentions if that was what it took.

Who was he kidding? Garrett was gradually realizing that he was not only deeply into Miss Lilly's spell and under her control, but there was something addictive about the spankings she gave him. Why, he could not articulate, but he knew he was starting to crave that type of attention.

In the meantime, the so-called Emperor of Meadowcroft College, who would normally have had numerous sexual conquests, had none at all. He just was not interested in trying. In fact, he dodged a few determined efforts by coeds and was subsequently astonished that he had done so. He tried to analyze this new change and always came back to his obsession with Miss Lillian Fouet and his parallel fixation with her other persona, Miss Lilly.

He was uncertain if it was good news or bad, but Garrett's dreams had floated away from the recurring Civil War fantasy spanking in the blue bedroom, to a variety of dreams about Miss Lilly. They all had a central theme where Miss Lilly expressed her displeasure with Garrett's indiscriminate sexual conquests. Rather than the first splat of the hairbrush as in the bedroom dream, she would purr, "We'll just have to do something about that," and he would suddenly awake.

Garrett was in the file room of the basement of Miss Fouet's home, hand on chin as he ruminated about his relationship with the librarian. It was now feeling more like a non-relationship and it left him melancholy. The door to the room opened suddenly and in stepped the haughty librarian, impeccably and irresistibly dressed in her usual attire. Garrett gave her

figure one longing gaze then looked up at the woman who was now peering down at him over the tops of her black framed glasses. "Good afternoon, Miss Lilly," he said hopefully.

She greeted him with raised eyebrows but not a word as she slowly wandered around the table and the room, eyeing the spread-out papers and glancing at his notes. Eventually she looked up at Garrett and asked, "Progress?"

He nodded. "Oh, absolutely! These papers are helping me to fill in so many blanks it is incredible. I can't thank you enough for your help."

The librarian continued circling, slowly walking in the room as her heels tap-tap-tapped on the hard floor. "That is excellent. I am so glad to hear you say that because I came down to see if you really do wish to thank me for the access."

"Of course!" gushed Garrett. "Anything! Just tell me."

The response earned him a wry smile as she peered over her glasses at him. That look so unnerved him, yet it excited him at the same time. It was such a confusing mix of emotions for the usually overly confident lothario.

"I'm having friends over next weekend," she said as if it were a simple off-hand remark. "I'd like you to help, but I am not confident you are ready."

Leaning forward eagerly, Garrett was clearly up for the challenge. "Just let me help you out, Miss Lilly. Just tell me what you want me to do!"

She stopped her pacing and let her eyes bore deeply into Garrett's soul. She remained with that intense gaze until he actually looked down and away. "A test, first, I think. To gauge your sincerity."

Garrett looked back up at her, his eagerness now bubbling below the surface of worry. "What can I do?" he asked.

She nodded as she considered his request, then she inhaled deeply and answered his question in a quiet and calm voice. "I want you to go to the store and purchase two pairs of panties. They must be sized to fit you and you will tell the clerk, if she asks, that they are actually for you. Then I want you to wear only panties until I tell you otherwise. There will be two pairs so you can wash one and wear the clean pair. Is that clear?"

Garrett's eyes opened wide in shock. It was one thing to wear the garment, another to have to purchase it on his own. In the first case, no one would know he was wearing panties, but to purchase them, for himself?

Lillian knew what he was thinking as a telltale blush spread over his face. She abruptly turned and disappeared through the door, but not before instructing him as she closed the door to, "Make them sexy, too."

---oOo---

Later that evening, Garrett stood in front of a well-known lingerie store in the local mall trying to summon the courage to enter. He checked his watch and realized the closing time was but ten minutes away so he sucked in a breath as if he was about to dive into the pool for a race, and strode purposefully into the store. He was grateful that the late hour meant there were no shoppers inside.

As he entered, he noted two women working there. One was clearly a college-aged woman, very likely a coed at Meadowcroft. The other was probably in her mid-40's and studied Garrett with a casual, yet practiced eye. The modicum of confidence he had felt marching into the store suddenly evaporated even though he had come up with a plan. But, which sales lady should he approach?

He decided not to approach either and let fate dictate his encounter as he walked over to the section of the store that featured panties. He stood and looked around, then noticed the sizes in the tiny little garments were all foreign to him. It suddenly dawned on him that he had no idea how panties were sized!

"May I help you?"

The inevitable query startled Garrett and he turned his head quickly with a blush. The younger sales clerk was standing with a helpful, if not entertained, grin on her face.

The nervous young man had to clear his throat twice to speak, but eventually told her the story that he had concocted. "Yes, thank you," he said with a stilted smile. "I have a delicate mission to accomplish and I guess I do need some help."

The sales girl just cocked her head, smiled and waited patiently for him to continue.

Another throat clearing had to be accomplished, then Garrett went on. "You see, I need to purchase some frilly, if not downright sexy, panties for a fraternity thing. A couple of pledges are going to have to wear them."

"I see," commented the unconvinced sales girl. "Can you tell me what size or style?"

As she expected, Garrett blushed hotly and he stammered again. "I... uh... will rely on your suggestion regarding... uh... style. And I have no idea about sizes." He paused, pursed his lips as if thinking, then brightened and added, "I guess if they could fit me, they would fit the pledges."

"Of course," the sales girl replied with just a hint of sarcasm and a whole lot of doubt in her voice. Out of the corner of his eye, Garrett noted the older woman chuckle and shake her head. The younger sales girl led the nervous man on a merry chase around the various displays, extolling the virtues of one style versus another. Twice, she even held up a pair of panties in front of Garrett's groin as if imagining them on him. In both cases she asked, "What do you think?"

Both Garrett and sales girl turned when they heard a derisive snort and a blurted, "Oh, for goodness' sake!" It was the older sales lady coming to intervene. "Put those down," she snapped as she produced two pairs of panties. "If you expect a man to fit his package into these little things, you don't have many to choose from. Take these, lad. They'll fit you and accommodate you and I daresay they'll look sexy as hell when you wear them!"

The younger clerk sniggered as she covered her mouth.

Garrett blushed hotly and snatched the panties the older woman was waving around. He also elected not to protest that the panties were not for him, for he rightly assumed it would be too much. "Thank you, Ma'am," he managed to say. "I will rely on your judgment." It only took minutes to finalize the purchase, but it felt like hours to the thoroughly humiliated doctoral candidate. He felt a wave of relief as he walked out of the shop.

---oOo---

There was a note slipped beneath his door when Garrett made it home from his shopping trip. "First thing tomorrow I want to see what you bought," was hand-written on the note card that included a florid "L" as a signature and the alluring scent of her perfume.

He groaned as he leaned against the front door, note card held to his nose. Retreating to his bedroom, Garrett undressed and tried on the first pair of panties. It could best be described as a string bikini made of white satin with little red hearts imprinted all over. With a sigh, he stepped into the garment and realized there was no way his 'package' could be contained by the satin pouch. His balls spilled both left and right as his penis took up what little room the tiny garment provided.

Turning around, he realized that almost all of each bottom cheek was exposed. After that initial blush passed, he stepped further back from the mirror and realized there was more than the physical benefits to his competitive swimming. To reduce drag in the water, he maintained a full body shaving regimen. His hairless legs and bottom actually looked pretty damned good! If only his scrotum didn't squish out and spoil the look. He had the sudden notion that the older sales lady knew exactly what she was doing and deliberately set him up for this exposure.

He tugged off the white satin panties and put on the other pair. These were all yellow lace and aside from the waistband barely covered his front, and covered less of his backside than the first pair of panties. Shaking his head, he removed that pair. He was still debating which pair to wear for Miss Lilly when he went to the library to report in to her.

Garrett chose the white satin panties, but stuffed the yellow lace ones in a pocket. As he walked into the library, Lillian was behind the big central desk and looked up at him. With a slight nod of her head, he followed her as she briskly walked to the back of the library. Out of sight, Lillian whirled around and said, "Let's see them."

He fished around in his pocket and brought out the yellow lace panties for her approval. She nodded her head, then looked at him with that piercing gaze over her glasses as she prompted him with, "And...?"

A quick pivot of his head and he confirmed they were alone. He felt like a lighthouse standing there, his flashing red light of a face beckoning attention from any and all. Still, the young man sheepishly undid his trousers and let them slide down his legs as he pulled up his shirt tail to reveal the white satin string bikini panties he wore. Miss Lilly giggled, nodded, and said, "OK." She waited for him to hurriedly right his clothing.

"What about next weekend?" Garrett breathlessly asked the librarian, pausing in his effort to adjust his trousers.

"I am not certain you're ready or that you can handle it," she said flatly. Watching his face, she was struck by the look of disappointment he exhibited. In fact, what he showed on his face paled in comparison to how deflated and crestfallen he felt after hearing her pronouncement.

Then the librarian sighed heavily as if giving in. "When was the last time you coerced a woman to have sex with you?" she blurted out, catching the young man fully by surprise.

He stammered a bit, looked around to see if anyone was overhearing the conversation and whispered, "A couple of weeks ago. Just before... you know... you spanked me last time."

She thought, then wrinkled her nose distastefully and snapped at him again. "Pull up your pants! There are other ways to let everyone know you wear women's panties than being arrested in the library."

Garrett blushed hotly, bent over and pulled up his trousers. As he fastened them and tightened his belt, Lillian said, "No orgasms until I tell you. That means no women and no masturbation." Then she leaned towards him and glared at him over her glasses adding in a threatening tone, "and you better be prepared to follow every instruction without hesitation, no matter what."

"Yes, ma'am," was all he could respond before she whirled about and disappeared.

---oOo---

Though it was only five days, eschewing orgasm was difficult for Garrett MacQuillan. Several times he caught himself in quiet moments reaching for his organ that ached for relief. Worse were the moments of temptation when various coeds, and one particularly interested woman he had conquered earlier from the Bursar's office, virtually threw themselves at him.

It occurred to him that it seemed harder to avoid sex after he had been so ordered, than it was when he felt as if he might be cheating on Miss Lilly. Then again, at those times of self-imposed restraint he still had the possibility of masturbation, but that particular avenue of relief was not available to him.

Several times, Garrett mused how Miss Lilly would know he had complied with the masturbation rule. When all was said and done, he would know and he tried very hard to keep his word. Besides, there was a niggling feeling in the back of his mind that there was something about Miss Lilly that would either betray him or that she would somehow manage to ferret out the truth.

His struggles behind him, Garrett showed up at Miss Lilly's home as instructed on Saturday evening and had managed to retain every last drop of semen no matter how much he needed to relieve the pressure. And, boy, did he need relief at that point! His mindset was simple: he'd be prepared to do anything for a bit of relief.

Miss Lilly greeted him at the door and directed him down to the basement where there was a strange piece of equipment in the middle of the floor.

"Would you carry that upstairs for me, please?" the librarian asked politely, though it was really more of an order than a question.

Garrett, of course, picked up the awkward sized... what was it? He manhandled it up the stairs then set it down in the middle of the room his hostess called a parlor. Stepping back to look at it, Garrett suddenly divined its purpose. Essentially, the piece of furniture was a long bench with a padded leather top and padded leather arms that were positioned part way down each of the four legs. There were eye bolts screwed into the wood in a variety of places.

It was a spanking bench and as Garrett recognized what it was, he also realized who was going to be secured over it. That prospect and the week of celibacy contributed to a suddenly very uncomfortable erection in the white satin panties he wore beneath his trousers. He winced as his tumescence caused the throbbing head of his penis to push past the waistband of his panties; the scraping of the stretchy fabric waistband was suddenly viable and painful.

He heard the doorbell ring and the young man looked to the window to see who was at the front door, but the curtains had been closed so he could not see outside. Neither could anyone outside see in. "Wait here and don't come out!" ordered Miss Lilly as she stepped quickly to the parlor



doors. She shut them behind her, but not before adding, "You may as well undress now. Everything off!" And then the doors closed tightly.

As Garrett undressed, he could hear the murmur of female voices in the foyer and as the voices moved, he recognized they were moving into the living room. Though he could not identify individual voices, it was apparent there was a ripple of excitement that tinged the conversations. Many long moments passed as he stripped and carefully folded and stacked his clothing well out of the way. He also tucked the panties beneath his trousers: no need to advertise he was now wearing ladies panties!

The parlor doors opened briefly and were shut just as quickly. Miss Lilly smiled and approved, "Oh, good. You are ready. And I see you followed instructions this week." She pointed, and looked down at the rampaging erection that stood distended from Garrett's groin.

He blushed but said nothing. The librarian then hustled to a drawer and removed several items and guided Garrett to the spanking bench. As she secured him bent over and straddling the bench with fur-lined leather wrist and ankle cuffs, she explained, "I found several women you had taken to bed. Oh, they didn't mind that at all, but the fact that you never called them later was, shall we say, disappointing? They are here to express their displeasure."

The now well secured young man started to speak, but Miss Lilly held a finger to his lips and shushed him. "Too late for excuses, now," she said in an oddly gentle voice. Then she made sure he was exactly in the right position: bent over the length of the padded bench, his hips extended from one end so that his manly bits dangled unsupported between his thighs, his turgid cock tapping up against the surface of the spanking bench but otherwise wagging free and unpinned against the bench.

He felt her give his bottom a couple of approving pats, then that warm hand slid up his back to his head. She stepped close then squatted down next to him so he could look into her face. She said, "we're going to keep the ladies anonymous so you will have to wonder who it was in here every time you see one of your, uh, 'conquests'." Then she slipped a blindfold over his eyes and his sight was removed from him.

Garrett agonized as he heard her step to the door, open it and disappear to the living room. He heard voices from the living room, then

listened as those voices turned to indistinct murmurs and eventually a collective gasp as the various women suddenly saw the prize before them on the spanking bench. For a man used to manipulating women so successfully that he got them willingly into his bed, this was a moment of true humiliation. He was exposed, offered up like a piece of prime meat and unable even to see the shoppers who were now slowly circling him like vultures, their various hands gliding over his smooth, naked body.

A voice whispered into his ear and though he could not recognize it he assumed it was Lillian from the intoxicating scent of her familiar perfume. "My guests are going to take the proverbial 'pound of flesh' from your backside. You may holler and scream all you like, in fact that could be rather entertaining. But please refrain from any swearing or profanity. You really don't want to make it worse for yourself."

Then he felt her kiss his cheek and he was in glorious heaven! That little tiny bit of recognition and affection gave him a momentary reprieve from his anxieties. But it was only momentary.

He heard whispers as the groping, grazing hands pulled away and could only make out disparate words in the whispering. Then he felt a hand on the small of his back. It was a lighter touch than Miss Lilly and the hand felt smaller. It slid up his back and he could feel the woman lower herself next to him, and then the soft touch of her lips and her hot breath as she whispered in his ear. "You've needed this for so very long!" was all she said. The brevity of comment in her breathlessly whispered voice made her impossible to identify. But the husky whisper and light touch of her hand made his cock twitch with an even more urgent need.

Then she was gone... then there was a sudden tapping of something hard against his out-thrust bottom. He could not determine what was tapping then, SMACK, he felt it sting. There was a chorus of giggles as he instinctively pulled against his bonds and his bottom wiggled. There was another smack to the opposite bottom cheek and more giggles. He could feel two small hot burning spots in the center of each meaty cheek.

Then the spanking started in earnest and the spanks really stung! In an effort to take his punishment as best he could, Garrett concentrated on trying to figure out what thing was smacking his ass. He could feel the anger of the woman through the implement, which was wooden, probably a wooden spoon! Trying to be stoic, the young man concentrated hard;

whatever it was had a small spanking surface, too small for the apparent anger of the woman using it.

He could really feel the sting and the heat as a few gasps escaped his lips. He could feel his fingers open from the fists he had maintained early in the spanking as he stretched the digits out in a vain effort to let the sting and pain of this spanking pass through his body. His efforts were for naught as his bottom heated steadily and began throbbing as the wooden spoon steadily beat against his unprotected backside.

He felt the spanking stop and an appraising hand groped his bottom, testing for the heat he felt. Then the hand disappeared down to his thighs and between his legs where it gripped his manhood. It was still very, very erect and that small hand gave it a teasing squeeze before it disappeared.

There was a renewed murmuring and then a new hand began roaming his body. This one seemed more confident than the first and it was quite a bit more aggressive as well. The woman now groping his body leaned in close to his head and once again he could feel the hot breath in his ear. She said nothing, but caused him to flinch as she stuck a tongue in his ear. Garrett was suddenly aware of who this was though he couldn't name her. One woman he made love to... scratch that, he didn't make love... one woman he had coupled with kept her tongue in his ear almost non-stop when they screwed. So who the heck was it?

He immediately gave up trying to figure out who this woman was when there was a sudden and fierce snap of leather across his bottom. A heavy leather strap kissed both bottom cheeks and just as the tip of the strap wrapped around and seared the thinnest portion of his bottom at the outside edge he gasped then groaned in pain. His second painful groan quickly followed as he ground his hips in towards the bench in response to the next painful lick.

The woman was apparently exorcising some demon as she quickly whipped a heavy leather strap up and down across his backside. Worse was the obvious fact that the strapping was being laid down on top of a bottom that had already been sensitized and seared with a wooden spoon spanking. Garrett struggled valiantly to refrain from crying out but the relentless whipping worked its way down his already well colored bottom. Then the strap landed across his thighs and the young researcher yelled out loudly.

His reaction caused the woman to redouble her efforts and really lay into him with the strap, concentrating mostly on the backs of his thighs. The excited buzzing of low-voiced conversation from the women made his predicament all the more humiliating. Garrett began to sob and choke on his screams of pain and the woman, thankfully, stopped after just a half dozen horrible, nasty, painful lashes across his thighs.

He was allowed a few minutes to recover and he noticed the furtive whispering as his vocal responses and sobbing subsided. Out of the blue he realized who the woman was - she was the woman from the Bursar's office that he had slept with last year, the one who had tried to convince him to undertake a repeat performance earlier in the week. She was in her late 30's, not unattractive at all, and as Garrett recalled, she had massive breasts. They had very nearly smothered him as she exerted her ear fetish.

But now he felt something new and different, not to mention totally foreign to him. He felt a slight stinging sensation across his bottom as if hundreds of little branches were brushing against him. Unfortunately, the slight stinging sensations grew in intensity and rhythmic application as they became increasingly painful. It wasn't until he began squirming from the stinging bites that he realized he must be feeling an old-fashioned birch rod: a cluster of thinner branches all stripped of buds and leaves and tied into one batch.

As the realization came to pass, so did the very nasty sensation of the birch rod. It was almost as if he was being inoculated by dozens of needles at the same time... only the inoculations were over and over and over again. At this point, Garrett couldn't help himself and he broke down and sobbed. Tears leaked from behind the blindfold and he sniffled loudly. His bottom was a torrent of pain and it wouldn't be until much later that evening that he would look at it and see hundreds of tiny little dots embedded in the broad red welts left by the strap and the raised oval splats from the spoon.

He did not even notice that the murmuring stopped and Miss Lilly's guests had left until well after he managed to gain control of himself. There was a moment of great relief when he felt the blindfold lifted from his face and he could blink back the sudden intrusion of the lighting in the parlor.

The throbbing and discomfort across his bottom suddenly felt worth the experience when he heard Miss Lilly say, "You did well. I think those

ladies feel vindicated." She stepped into his line of sight and somehow squatted gracefully in her very high heels. Looking into his face she smiled and said, "But I think you will agree that we need to drive the point home."

What now? Was he supposed to reply? Weakly, he nodded and said, "If you think it best, Miss Lilly."

That earned him a rewarding smile. "I like your answer, young man, but I would like to hear you say what point it is that you are agreeing needs to be driven home."

He struggled to find something adequate to say and finally said, "That I should not be so insensitive to women?"

That earned him a shrug that told him he was maybe partly right. But instead she said, "Come, come! You are no stranger to the locker room. I want to hear you say it like you would to another coarse and crude guy."

Again, he had to think hard before he said, "I shouldn't fuck every skirt that comes along?"

This time she nodded. "Exactly! And I am going to make that point. Better still, if you take what I am about to give you well, I will reward you with an orgasm. That sounds fair, doesn't it?"

All he could do was smile that weak smile because he knew he was in no position to argue. "I am in your hands," he said noncommittally. Again, she nodded and suddenly stood and disappeared from his view.

Some minutes later he could hear Miss Lilly return to the room though he could not get his head around from his position to see her. His bottom was still throbbing though not quite as urgently as a few minutes earlier. He heard her stepping to his side and then around to face him and he was gladdened by what he first saw: her long bare legs and sexy pumps on her feet.

But he stretched his head upwards and was both excited and fearful. Except for her pumps, Miss Lilly was totally naked! And her body was glorious! Garrett's first reaction (aside from the one between his legs) was one of wide-eyed amazement. Suddenly, his brain and cock were in total agreement that this woman was seriously hot! She even smiled at him and it wasn't one of those condescending grins he knew meant trouble.

Then he saw the contraption that was in her hand and watched with wild-eyed concern as she stepped into a strap-on harness. She pulled the rig up to her waist and cinched it tight, the latex penis wagging in front of his face like a cobra about to strike. Satisfied with her preparations, she stepped closer to Garrett and suddenly slapped his face with her ersatz cock.

"Guys all want their cocks sucked, right?" she asked derisively. "Go ahead. Show me how a real expert sucks cock!" The pleasantness in her voice had disappeared to be replaced with a sinister edge that dared Garrett to defy her.

He wasn't about to tempt fate, secured on the spanking bench as he was, so he opened his mouth and took the latex dick in his mouth and began to slowly, lovingly, lick, kiss and suck it. It was an incongruity that he found confusing; her sex so close to his face he could smell her musky fragrance and the expanse of naked skin before him combined with this symbol of masculinity in his mouth. It did not take long for that cock to start dripping, but the drops came from the young man's saliva as he coated the unreal cock.

She pulled back suddenly and the cock slipped from his mouth. He waited nervously as she walked around his bound body. She did something behind him, and unable to watch or determine what she was doing unnerved him. Then he felt one of her hands prying his bottom cheeks apart and he squeezed his eyes shut, terrified she would plow that plastic penis deep with one quick shove.

She did not. Instead, he felt a slippery cold between his bottom cheeks and then the teasing, probing search from one of her fingers as she located his bottom hole. The finger slipped in causing Garrett to gasp. It felt... invasive, yet profoundly sexy. The tension in his body and the worry in his brain eased as he realized she was preparing him with a lubricant. Her finger worked in and out as she applied the slippery ointment and then a second finger joined the first.

Then her hands were gone. "Let's see how well this fits," she cooed, "then we'll see if you like being fucked as much as you like doing the fucking!"

The head of the dildo slipped between his butt cheeks as he felt her fingers pry them wide. The head tapped at his back door, nudging and

urging him to let it in.

"You might as well relax," she chuckled, "because it is going to go in... and out and in and out, whether or not you want it!"

The last words were punctuated with an urgent push and his sphincter grudgingly relented and gave way. *OH, MY GAWD!* he thought. The dildo at the end of the harness on her hips felt massive and the young man immediately began to complain it was too big.

A slap to his upturned and already sensitive backside was accompanied with, "Oh, shut up! You're being a pussy!" Indeed, even though he quit complaining, he continued to whimper as he felt the plastic penis slip in and out of his bottom.

With little choice in the matter, Garrett lay bound on the spanking bench as Miss Lilly ravaged his bottom. The tiny hole was being painfully stretched and abused, but the real damage was to his psyche. Garrett lay limp on the bench, defeated totally by the three unknown women and Miss Lilly who was now having her way with him.

Yes, it was unpleasant, all that stretching and friction in his ass, but he also felt her soft warm skin on the inside of his thighs as well as the grip of her hands on his hips. It was both heaven and hell and it took a goodly number of thrusts from Miss Lilly before Garrett realized it was more heaven than hell. With no little shame, he realized his cock was hard and begging for release. Was it the butt fucking that made him so hot? Was it his submissive position and the spankings? Or was it the proximity of the naked Miss Lilly?

Then he felt Miss Lilly's hands grip tighter on his hips as she thrust hard into his backside and pulled on him to ensure she gave him the deepest penetration possible. Holding the strap-on in that deepest position, she let a hand snake beneath the young man and discovered his hard cock. As she gripped the real penis in all of its erect glory she snickered. "I guess you don't find this all that unpleasant?!"

Garrett was humiliated and then his humiliation was doubled as he felt himself explode in a powerful orgasm as her hand squeezed and pumped him. She wiped off her hand on his sensitive bottom cheeks and pulled free of his gripping hole. Disappearing for a moment, she returned to unshackle him. She was now wearing a silk robe and once he was released,

she stepped back, crossed her arms and watched him awkwardly find his feet and his balance.

"I didn't think it would be a hand job," she said conversationally, "but I did promise you relief. You can find what you need in the kitchen to clean up your mess, then I want you to take the bench back down to the basement where you found it. Get dressed and let yourself out. I'm going to take a shower."

He could hear the running water of her shower as he cleaned up the parlor and he could hear the groaning of the hot water heater in the basement when he took the bench back down there. Coming back upstairs, he could hear she was still in the shower and he was tempted to peek in. Tempted, but not actually foolish enough to do so. His bottom was throbbing inside and out and he was not of a mind to tempt further painful ministrations from Miss Lilly.

He dressed and left through the front door, agonizingly traversing the long walk downhill to his car, his well reddened bottom chafing in his trousers and his newly stretched asshole complaining with each and every step.

---oOo---

Garrett was wrapping up his day's work in Miss Lilly's basement, replacing the old letters and other documents he had removed from their places in her filing system, when the door opened and the goddess herself walked in. She had something in her hand which the young researcher could not see so he tried to ignore it as he finalized his clean up.

It was Friday afternoon and Garrett had to finish early as there was a faculty cocktail party he was expected to attend. It was a huge event that occurred about every other month and though it was stated to be optional, it was political suicide to not be present.

"I assume you are going to the President's Reception, this evening," Miss Fouet stated nonchalantly.

"It's not advisable to be noticed absent," Garrett replied. "At least not without a very good excuse." He closed the last open file drawer in the cabinet and looked at his hostess.

"I'm concerned about you and your vow of celibacy," she said, coyly staring deeply into his eyes. "I think the fighter pilots call it a 'target rich



environment' and you'll be tempted."

"Tempted," he replied with certainty, "but I will somehow muddle through and keep my word."

Lillian smiled. It was one of those smiles that Garrett had come to understand had some twisted thought to it and he waited to find out what it was. Then it began to manifest itself in the form of an abrupt command. "Drop your pants and your panties," she said with an engaging smirk.

The researcher did as instructed, and for once, he bared himself without the wagging erection that usually accompanied his dropped pants. Perhaps it was due to the vision of the women's panties he had been wearing that were now tangled around his ankles. Perhaps it was despite that situation.

Lillian stepped forward and the young man finally got a glimpse of what was in her hand. It looked like a small, latex dildo... a pink plastic thing that looked like a cock but had a ring at one end.

The scraping of the chair seemed loud as the librarian pulled it from the table and sat down in front of Garrett. His manly bits were now right in her face and he could feel his cock stirring as she reached out for it and his scrotum. Then, with the efficiency of a cowboy in a calf roping contest, he noted the pink latex thing was secured around his cock and the ring cinched around his scrotum. Seemingly from nowhere, a tiny padlock flashed in the woman's hand and he flinched at the tiny click of it locking in place.

Leaning back, Lillian clapped with glee and grinned at her achievement.

"What the hell?" gasped the young man.

"I'm helping you keep your word," crowed the giddy woman. "You are now wearing a very expensive, and effective, male chastity device. You won't be able to stick your organ into anything else until I remove it." Using her right hand, she flipped the pink latex around so she could better inspect her handiwork. The motions caused the inevitable inflation of his organ and Garrett was quickly groaning and making a pained look on his face. "Oh, you don't want to get excited, dear boy," she cooed as she leaned over and whispered hotly into his ear. "There are studs inside the cage and if you get hard you get poked by them. I'm told it can be rather uncomfortable."

He groaned again then agreed through clenched teeth, "That is an understatement."

Lillian leaned back with a pleased look on her face as she looked over her handiwork again. Suddenly she stood up and went to the door.

"When will you take this off?" pleaded Garrett.

Looking over her shoulder as she strode towards the stairs she called out, "Be a good boy tonight and I'll take it off after the party..."

She disappeared, though her steps up the stairs could be heard. Garrett also heard her say loudly enough for him to hear, "Perhaps!"

He mused at what precisely she meant by 'good boy' and he began to worry.

---oOo---

The President's Reception was an unusually boring affair. Garrett MacQuillan would normally have been on the prowl for a woman he might sneak off into a side room for a quickie, usually followed by finding another woman to seduce after the affair. But tonight, there was no way he could perform with the cage (as he now thought of it) clamped down on his privates.

In fact, the whole party was one fresh hell after another for him. As usual, any number of women approached the 'Emperor of Meadowcroft' looking for a good time, and he had to carefully navigate through the many, many temptations. Several times a teasing touch from a potential conquest or a carefully crafted bend to give him a deep glimpse down a blouse would cause his organ to stir. He earned more than a couple of worried looks as his face would contort in anguish from the punishing studs in his cock cage.

His assumption about the furtive ear licker was confirmed when the woman approached him from behind as he sat on a sofa. She leaned over to whisper in his ear but actually slipped her hot, wet tongue deep inside. His cock suddenly jumped and Garrett twisted in pain and groaned loudly enough that several people turned to look at him. The woman scurried away wondering what had happened.

Later in the evening, one particularly delicious bit of teasing female approached him. The woman was a new TA (Teaching Assistant) and she was more brazen than most. As she chatted with Garrett, she slowly got

closer and closer to him until she was so close, she could hide her hand reaching out to grope Garrett's private parts.

His response was immediate and it caused another painfully deep throated groan. That groan startled the TA who quickly found someone else she just had to chat with and turned quickly away from Garrett. He heard a chuckling from behind then heard Lillian Fouet's familiar voice.

"I wonder what that was all about?" she asked, laughing.

Garrett turned and said quietly, "She grabbed me and caused my painful reaction." He blushed hotly and added, "When she felt the device, I think she thought I was erect and when I groaned from the pain, she apparently assumed I had an orgasm and wanted to distance herself."

Lillian almost spit out her drink she laughed so hard. "Oh, you poor, poor boy!" she commiserated with mock sincerity. Gathering herself, she took a calming sip of her cocktail then looked hard into Garrett's eyes. "Since you have behaved yourself, I think we can leave now and I will relieve you of your burden."

"Oh, gawd," he gushed. "We can't leave soon enough!"

---oOo---

They left separately, and drove in their own vehicles to the old Aaron Stevens house. When he was let into the front door, he heard Miss Lilly utter a terse, "Downstairs," and Garrett headed immediately for the stairs and went down to the basement. He felt Miss Lilly right behind him and as he started to unlock the file room she said, "Not here. The door to your left."

That door was locked, but his key fit that lock and opened it. He turned to look at his mistress and was suddenly struck by an oddity that had been bothering him for some days: that spanking bench he had carried up and down from the basement was nowhere to be seen. He thought about asking then decided he had a more important issue to deal with: removing the damned cock cage!

He opened the door and then fumbled for a light switch in the same place as if he were in the file room. He was rewarded with the sudden flash of light from above and stood in the doorway aghast. Not only was the spanking bench inside this room, there were other items inside and their combined presence gave the room the feeling that it was a dungeon or,

perhaps, a medieval torture chamber. He felt a gentle push from behind and stepped into the room. Like the file room, this one was lined with rough cedar planking but the smell of the cedar was quite overpowering.

"Collector's items all," Miss Lilly said as she closed the door and watched Garrett survey the room with mouth agape. "Various family members acquired these things over the years, but I think you will find this item particularly interesting." She stepped over to a heavy wooden contraption that featured two heavy boards with a hinge. The boards were attached to a heavy wooden base by way of a stout vertical post.

"These are stocks, or what is sometimes called a pillory," she said as she lovingly stroked the heavy wooden device. "One of the Meadowcroft twins spent time after the Civil War in the deep South. He took this device from an old plantation. Supposedly it had hosted quite a few slaves for their whippings."

The researcher stood silently examining this piece of history. After a few minutes of imagining how the slaves would be locked into the device and realizing just how vulnerable they had been, he looked up and began to appreciate the variety of items displayed.

Lillian knew the history of each item and told him, "There is a separate store of files that document the acquisition and history of each of these things." Stepping over to some heavy leg irons she said, "These irons came from Colonial times, though it is suggested they may have originally been used on a slave trading ship and kept attached to a purchased slave." She paused and looked at Garrett adding, "There really are some ingenious devices in here." Then, that lascivious smirk creased her face. "Why don't you strip?"

It wasn't really a question and Garrett knew that. His attention once again reverted to himself and his situation. He quickly undressed, suffering the humiliation of recognizing he was, as usual, wearing women's panties. Finally, he was standing naked with the exception of the ridiculous pink latex cock cage. Miss Lilly smiled at him and said, "You really have been a good boy so I won't tease you into pain." She stepped over and magically produced the key to the tiny padlock. Unlocking the cock cage, she worked it off his naughty bits and heard Garrett's rather loud sigh of relief.

That luscious smirk never varied. "I think you've earned a couple of special treats, dear boy," she cooed at him. First, she removed her cocktail dress. After hanging it on a convenient hook she turned and Garret gasped at the sight of her dressed in demi-bra, bikini panties, garter belt suspender hose and her shiny black heels. His cock twitched to life, but this time it was not painful and felt gloriously free.

Her soft, warm hands guided him to an odd-looking chair. It looked as if it should have had caning on the seat to match that of the back rest, but it was empty. Instead, there was just the bare framework to hold a woven cane seat. It had a firm, but lithe back and Miss Lilly bade her charge to sit in the chair. Once he was down, she used wrist cuffs to hold his arms in place behind his back and ankle cuffs secured his ankles to the chair legs.

Then she retrieved an especially odd-looking device. One end looked like a pedal and extending perpendicularly was a long thin rod... no, it was a long thin cane! But the cane rested on the floor just as did the pedal device to which it was attached.

Garrett forgot the device for a bit as he watched his tormentor remove her bra. She had marvelously full and firm breasts and his cock twitched needfully. Then off came the panties, followed by the garter belt and stockings. Lillian smirked knowingly at him when she was fully and completely naked. Actually, she retained her high heels and Garrett thought there could never be a stripper, anywhere, that could rival the appearance of this librarian dressed only in her black heels and black-rimmed glasses.

From a desk drawer she removed a small foil packet and Garrett's eyes widened when he saw it was a condom. She unrolled it partially and then slid it over his aching erection. Garrett's eyes rolled into the back of his head and for a moment he thought he would be a guilty example of erectile dysfunction, but he managed to keep from shooting his load. His erect cock twitched at her like a divining rod finding water in the most arid desert.

Lillian stepped close to the man tied down in the special chair and as she straddled his legs, standing over him, she used her foot to move the pedal-like device until the long thin cane was just below the chair. Leaning forward, the buxom beauty brushed her breasts in his face. Garrett moaned with delight.

Then he squealed in pain just after he heard a loud THWACK!

The librarian had stomped down on the pedal which caused the cane to fly up and bite harshly into the young man's backside. After his squeal, he was breathing quickly from the surprise and the searing pain.

She smiled wickedly at Garrett. "Most men," she said, "like to feel in control. They get all handsy and grabby and try to control the action even in the most intimate of times. I think you'll agree that I am fully in charge."

Garrett gasped his agreement, nodding and watching as she positioned her own sex just above his erection that now looked as if it was stretching upwards seeking her now very wet flower. Slowly she lowered herself until she was teasingly hovering just over the head of his turgid penis.

Stomp - THWACK!

"IIIIEEEE!" cried out Garrett, but the sudden pain had also forced him to lurch upwards and the head of his condom-covered cock just pierced the inner lips of his tormentor before his hips fell back down.

"Ohhh! You're such a tease, my boy," cackled Lillian. "I told you that you earned a reward, but all of this was my idea so I guess I deserve a reward as well!"

Stomp - THWACK!

Another scream and another violent lurch and Garrett found his cock slipping into her wet sex, but as he fell back in place, she lowered herself as well, driving his cock deep within her. Gasping, the young man watched as her own eyes lolled back in her head and her tongue snaked out to lick her lips. He groaned as her hips shifted, causing new and very erotic sensations to engulf his manhood.

But she wasn't teasing or pleasing him. She was leaning so that she could lift her foot and...

Stomp - THWACK!

Another searing line burned across his bottom and he drove his cock up deeply into her. This time she pulled his head forward between her breasts and harshly whispered, "You better give me a good ride or I'll keep stomping on this thing until you're bleeding!"

He needed no further urging. Garrett required his own relief and he certainly didn't want another one of whatever those were! He fucked and

worked his hips in a maddening fury to please the woman. Truth to tell, she was right on the edge anyway so when he finally shot his load into condom, she was well into the throes of her own orgasm.

As she prepared to lift up off the spent young man, she leaned forward and whispered into his ear, "You have a choice: I put the cage back on you, or you take one more good stomp."

There was no hesitation. "Stomp away," he said bravely.

Remaining impaled on the increasingly flaccid cock, Miss Lilly stomped on the device... three quick times and each one very hard. She slipped off the gasping and groaning man, released his restraints and sent him on his way.

At home, Garrett examined his bottom in the mirror and was awe-struck by the damage inflicted. He applied some alcohol and when that fresh sizzling pain died down, he discovered his erection was back.

"Fuck it," he muttered to himself, then jacked off in front of the mirror causing a huge splatter on his reflection. Exhausted, he didn't clean it up until the next morning.

---oOo---

Later that week, the librarian was noticeably more interested and involved in Garrett's research, at one point demanding a summary from him in her library office. It was clear to both that his research was virtually at an end, at least as far as his dissertation was concerned, and she had the young man sketch out a plan for concluding the project up and through his oral defense of his work. Miss Fouet also became more involved in the process at this point.

While Garrett had laid out some rather generic targets, or waypoints, towards the conclusion of his dissertation, Lillian made each of these points detailed and crystal clear. Each was accompanied by a date, and even a time on those dates, for completion. Completion was understood to be the presentation and acceptance of the work detailed.

Over the next few weeks, Garrett worked feverishly to meet the demands Miss Lilly had placed on him. The fever he exhibited was at times due to his zeal in putting together the final project, while at other times the heated feeling of a fever was the result of various penalties imposed by

Miss Lilly when she determined the young PhD candidate had fallen short of the mark, or perhaps need a little extra motivation.

On the one hand, her imposed pressure to complete his work was just what the young man needed to effectively proceed in a responsible manner. But on the other hand, this was more often than not the whip hand of Miss Lillian Fouet. As the young man collated and reported on the Civil War activities of the 1st New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry he was also accumulating a world of experience in corporal punishment.

Between planning and arranging his notes and around the pecking out of his dissertation on his laptop, the intrepid researcher suffered Miss Lilly's intense direction. His bottom was always well marked from her instructions meted out by reinforcement of strap, paddle, brush, spoon and the occasional switch or cane. If she felt he needed an infusion of inspiration, it was often accompanied by her own manner of motivation in the form of a strap on dildo. But it was the use of that little tool, the pink latex cock cage, that Garrett MacQuillan particularly hated.

Fortunately for him, periods of suffering from the imposition of that cage helped him to particularly focus and generated great moments of industriousness that the librarian would recognize and reward. Oh, how he loved the rewards! The simple removal of the cock cage was relief enough, but he was often also treated to another more personally satisfying relief as well. At one point he marveled at how effective that damned pink cage could be... but it was really the subsequent climaxes in their various forms that most directed his energies.

Then again, he also suspected that the librarian deliberately alternated between carrot and stick for her own perverse pleasure. When that thought first came to mind, Garrett was rather upset, but he quickly realized how much he enjoyed both the suffering and eventual relief she provided. Still, once that cage was locked into place, he always redoubled his efforts... which were also always eventually rewarded, though at unpredictable moments.

---oOo---

There was one particular circumstance when Garrett strenuously objected to one of Miss Lilly's suggestions regarding his dissertation. It was nothing substantial in any event, but the young PhD candidate had been



bristling at a variety of her suggestions and the latest pushed him over the edge. It was his dissertation, dammit!

Miss Lilly listened to him rant about the ownership of his dissertation as well as the intended pride in craft that should be evidently his. Halfway through his tirade, the young man realized he had gone too far and was, frankly, amazed that Miss Lilly had was sitting so quietly through his outburst. But that realization and amazement did not slow him down until he got all of his frustrations off his chest.

It was then, that his amazement melted into worry, concern, and eventually regret. "I'm sorry," he apologized weakly as he sat back down at the table in the basement file room of her home. "I didn't mean to get so carried away."

"I understand," she said calmly. "Of course, your work is a reflection of who you are and will be a constant source of reference regarding you, personally, throughout your career. I was merely trying to lend you the benefit of my experience."

"Yes, yes," he agreed, "I appreciate everything..." His words were cut off with the raising of single finger of restraint by Miss Lilly.

"However," she interrupted, "there are other ways to express a disagreement of opinion than carrying on like a child. Wouldn't you agree?" Her bright blue eyes blazed with an intensity that belied her calm, cool exterior.

"Yes, you're right..." he replied and was once again cut off with a single upraised digit.

"That was a rhetorical question," she scolded mildly. "Actually, it would seem I have been far too lenient for far too long and have done you a disservice."

The young man wondered silently where she had been... she had constantly kept his bottom in a state of deep discomfort and that was from the physical application of numerous spanking implements. Then there were the occasional bottom-penetrating humiliations and, of course, that damned cock cage! Too lenient? Was she crazy?

"I think, perhaps, you need to get your mind back into the era of which you write," the librarian said conversationally as she rose from the table. "Follow me," she added as she left the file room and went next door,

unlocking what Garrett thought of as the museum. The librarian did not bother to turn and look at him and did not tell him to strip. Instead, she pointed to a chest next to a wall and said, "Put your clothing over there."

There was no doubt in the young man's mind that he was to undress completely, which he did as he worried to himself that he had well and truly screwed himself by stepping way too far out of bounds. Be that as it may, he was soon standing naked in the cool damp environs of her basement faced with a wide variety of historical items of punishment. Well, some might call them items of torture, but the general intent of all the cataloged tools and furniture in the room was to inflict punishment for behavior... not torture for some perverse pleasure.

It had never really coalesced in his mind before, but one man's punishment might be another man's torture. There really could be two sides of a single coin: one person being punished for behavior did not obviate pleasure for the one inflicting the punishment. Along a similar line, one could look for and encourage his own punishment for his own pleasure.

Was that the point Garrett MacQuillan was at right now? That was not a question to be answered that very moment as his mind was distracted by Miss Lilly's directions. He soon found himself with his ankles locked in place in the footboards of the pillory as his upper body bent over at a 90-degree angle to allow his neck and wrists to be secured between the two sturdy boards that comprised the most recognizable aspect of these stocks.

He watched as the dark-haired librarian locked his ankles into place, then snapped shut the restraining boards of the headpiece. CLICK! The lock snapped shut ominously and the researcher found himself completely secured and vulnerable. It was quiet in the basement room; he could not even hear Miss Lilly move about much less breathe.

The solitude of his position allowed him to more closely study this antique contraption. The wood was worn, but what might have been rough cutouts for hands, feet and neck had been rubbed down smooth by myriad occupants in a position similar to his own. Most had undoubtedly been slaves but Garrett imagined there must have been a few others. He did not know if it was his imagination or reality, but he could swear he could smell the years of accumulated sweat, anguish and raw fear as he gently tested the restraints.

The solitude was broken with a breathy comment from the woman in the room. "It is alright to test the strength of the pillory," noted Miss Fouet. "Countless others have tested themselves against its enduring might." Her heels clicked on the bare cement floor and her long legs suddenly came into view. Dangling from her hand and seeming to writhe about one leg was a heavy leather strap. It looked well worn and even more well-oiled. "One of the Meadowcroft twins brought back this strap," she noted as she picked up the end of the heavy piece of leather. "I don't know which one, but apparently it came as a companion to the little device that holds you so well now."

Garrett stared at the leather strap and imagined the ghostly screams of recipients of its attention. Drips of fearful sweat now beaded up on his forehead as his body shivered from his imaginings of the pain that nasty looking strap could deliver. He gulped, closed his eyes and tried to tamp down his fear. He had a lot of recent experience with various tools of punishment and he knew an item to be respected, if not feared, when he saw it. That piece of leather instantly had his respect... and a world of apprehensions.

Miss Lilly paced slowly about him, her heels clicking ominously on the hard floor. She made one, two, then a third circuit around his well secured form before she stopped behind him. Panic welled up momentarily as he bit his lip in anticipation of the first fiery CRACK of the strap... but it did not come. Instead, the slow pacing about him renewed the tension of the click-clacking of Miss Lilly's heels. Her circuit varied slightly, this time she veered off course in front of him so he could see her; and, of course, notice that she had stripped all clothing off other than the noisy heels she continued to wear along with the thigh-high hosiery that accented her firm yet feminine legs.

The pacing continued and she cackled with delight as she disappeared to his side. "You may thank me now," she said with a teasing glee.

"Th-thank you, Miss Lilly," he said obediently. "But for what?" He jumped as he felt her hand grasp his cock; the one that, until that moment, he did not realize was rock hard.

"Why, for not insisting I put *this*," she answered, the object of her statement in her hand, "in that little pink cage. In your condition, I imagine

it would have become rather painful." She sighed heavily then released his organ with disdain. "Well," she sighed breathily, "we wouldn't want to deprive you of your well-earned discomfort."

Another flash of panic seared Garrett's mind. It was a brief second before that heavy, old leather strap seared across his behind. The impact of the heavily oiled strap on his very bare bottom made a god-awful sound in the little room and served as a precursor to his own unrestrained cry of pain.

"YYYIIIIIIIIII!" he cried out. His body tensed and contorted and he immediately learned just how the various cut outs of the stocks had become so well worn. His wrists pulled against the substantial wood, his knees buckled and made his ankles scrape their restraints and he was forced to cough when his bobbing head pressed his windpipe harshly into the crossbar.

Miss Lilly was making her slow circuitous route about him even as he tried to calm himself and mentally prepare for the next harsh lash of the strap. He was wholly unprepared.

CRACK!

"YYYIIIIIIIIII!" screamed the young man. He was quickly gasping for breath and already feeling the slow trickle of one tear down his cheek.

"Imagine," mused his tormentor, "being a slave prior to the Civil War and knowing that the slightest error on your part could result in being locked into this device. I wonder what might have gone through the slave's mind when he - or she - saw this strap being unfurled for use."

Another thunderclap of pain exploded in the enclosed room, a lightning bolt of pain scouring Garrett's naked bottom. Again, he cried out but it was as if Miss Lilly either did not hear him or chose to ignore his discomfort.

"You know, a slave could have been locked into this pillory purely for sport," she continued to muse. "I rather think I would have liked to have been around for that. Imagine, whipping some young buck just for the fun of it!" Standing immediately behind Garrett, she laid on a full-blooded forehand stroke that was immediately followed by a backhand slash that found opposite targets.

Garrett screamed with the first stroke and choked on that scream when the second one seared the opposite bottom cheek.

For a moment, Garrett was relieved when he imagined he heard Miss Lilly setting down the terrible leather strap. Then he heard something else that seemed to sound just as ominous which was followed by the tip-tapping of high heels on the cement floor. He looked to the side that the sound was coming from and his eyes widened as he recognized the giant purple strap-on dildo that jutted out from Miss Lilly's hips.

She casually rolled a condom over the giant ersatz cock, the squeezed a liberal amount of lubricant into her hand. As she masturbated her strap-on she noted, "Then again, imagine the master of the plantation whipping some buxom slave and getting all worked up. She's already in place and vulnerable, so why not relieve some of his anxiety?"

As she asked the rhetorical question, she disappeared to one side and then Garrett could feel her up close to his bottom. The hand that had the lubricant on it found the cleft between his throbbing cheeks and slid between them until it found his tight little hole. She worked it with her slippery fingers, probing and teasing as she worked a glob of lubricant into the spot it would do the most good.

Leaning forward, the head of the big dildo pressed against his back door. "Do you think the slave owner might have used lubricant or not?"

There was a long silence during which Garrett tried to figure out if he was really supposed to answer the question. The head of the big latex cock continued tapping at his back door.

Finally, he thought he should say something, but what? In the end, he did not have to find the answer as Miss Lilly gave a mighty thrust of her hips and buried the purple latex monster deep inside him. Without respite, she pumped her hips violently thrusting the dildo in and out of his rectum for what seemed an eternity to him.

But it was much less than a minute before she suddenly pulled out of him.

Garrett was still gasping when he felt his ankles being released. He watched her hands reach for the lock, twisting the key in it before releasing the latch and lifting the cross bar to free him. He rubbed his wrists though his bottom needed similar TLC.

"Consider my suggestions," noted the librarian from behind him.

He turned to reply but was greeted with the door to the room shutting behind the already departed woman. Even as he heard her steps going up the stairs, Garrett was hoping and praying that he had written down everything and would forget nothing she had said.

---oOo---

To describe Garrett's faculty advisor and his dissertation committee as 'impressed' would be an understatement of Olympic proportions. And, as one who had almost stood on the Olympic medal stand, the soon to be Doctor MacQuillan could appreciate that sentiment. As graduation week rolled around, the young man was embroiled in a whirlwind of activity. As much as it would have overwhelmed most people, thanks to the intense push Miss Lilly had put Garrett through, it was very, very manageable.

The librarian surprised him with a gift of his graduation gown. It was a magnificent silk gown with the three velvet chevrons on the sleeves encased in gold piping. The hood featured a luxurious white velvet representing his PhD in History. He was touched by the sentiment. He was also thrilled that she insisted she pick him up and take him to his graduation ceremony which, of course, she would be present for anyway.

His heart warmed when she beamed at him in his dark suit. His graduation gown (his 'doctor suit' was how he thought of it) was hanging nearby and ready to change into. "Before we go, there are two things I need you to do. First, is to pack an overnight bag. My best friend and sorority sister is having a party tomorrow and I absolutely *must* attend. I want you to come with me."

"Sure," he agreed and shrugged before asking, "What's the second thing?"

"Oh, of course!" the librarian exclaimed as she fished around for something in her purse. With a wicked smile she produced a plastic ring that had some sort of small attachment to it as well as a thin wire that extended to a plastic egg-shaped thing. She handed the apparatus to him and said, "Put these on beneath your clothing, unless, of course, you'd rather be wearing your cock cage."

He was at a loss, not knowing what he had just been given. Then, with an exaggerated sigh she clarified things by explaining, "The ring goes

around your cock and the egg goes up your bum. Make sure it is well up there so it doesn't fall out."

Wanting to protest or at least ask what this was about, Garrett struggled with the need to question her and the wisdom of his doing so. Appropriate for a soon-to-be newly minted PhD, wisdom won out as he absolutely did not want to wear the cock cage so he turned to go to his bedroom and pack a bag. Quickly, he returned still all dressed and with an overnight bag in hand.

"Lovely!" approved Miss Lilly. "You have on the other thing?"

Garrett nodded sheepishly.

"Let's see," mused the librarian as she again dug into her purse. Out came a small plastic box that was made of the same color plastic as the items she had given to Garrett. He gazed carefully at it, first thinking it was an old-fashioned transistor radio.

But when the librarian pushed a button he knew otherwise. The ring that now hugged his cock began to vibrate and he jumped in response. Lillian giggled and nodded her approval. The vibrating then stopped and she pushed another button.

"Oh, my gawd!" exclaimed the exquisitely suited young man, much to the amusement of Lillian. This time, the egg which was sitting deep in Garrett's rectum started to vibrate and it caused him to clasp his knees together and gyrate in place. She shut it off and casually looked at him and suggested, "You might want to work on controlling your response. You'll be sitting up on the stage and you don't want to make a spectacle of yourself."

As he started to protest, he was treated to that vision that was so typical of her: Miss Lilly had done a quick about face and was walking towards the door and her car.

---oOo---

Replete with all the pomp and circumstance (including Sir Edward Elgar's traditional march of the same name) that academia can muster, the ceremony was a huge success. As a smaller Liberal Arts college, the number of graduates was fairly small and there were only two PhD candidates that were celebrated. The dignified, but intimate, ceremony was all but unbearable for Mr. MacQuillan, now Doctor MacQuillan. As one of

the two honorees for PhD he found it quite unnerving to be suddenly surprised by a buzzing hum in his nether regions.

Garrett never knew when the annoyingly erotic buzzing would start and he tried to keep a keen eye on Miss Lilly or, Doctor Fouet, as she was addressed on the dais. She wore an inscrutable mask that never revealed her intent, though if Garrett had been able to notice her as he fought to avoid squirming, he might have perceived the faintest of smiles crossing the librarian's lips. He did, however, thank his lucky stars that she seemed content to torture him before and after he stood up to accept his diploma but not while he accepted the congratulations of the various dignitaries.

He was, however, uncomfortably erect and once again he turned to his lucky stars to thank them that he was not wearing that pink latex cock cage. Had that been in place, he would never have been able to stand and receive his diploma.

At the end of it all, he was pleased to accept a chaste kiss on the cheek from Lillian and was surprised when she drove them to his apartment rather than head for the Interstate.

"I thought you were in a hurry to get to your friend's party," noted the new and now confused PhD. "Isn't the drive several hours?"

"Three and a half hours," she noted dryly, before turning and beaming her wicked grin. "I had too much fun watching you squirm on the dais; I didn't want it to end."

He looked at her with real confusion as she gave him instructions for changing his clothes with an admonishment to be quick about it.

Now dressed in a sweat suit emblazoned with 'Meadowcroft College' on the shirt, Garrett stepped from his bedroom to his living room and sat down to tie his shoes.

"You left our little toy in place, right?" she asked. "Beneath your panties?" Again, he nodded. "OK. Time to get ready for our drive." Her pronouncement was accompanied by the wicked grin.

She instructed him to tug down his sweats as well as the incongruous panties beneath. Once accomplished, he was ordered to bend over and place his palms on the sofa with his now bare bottom thrust well out. It was then that he noticed a belt doubled over in one of her hands.



It should be noted that Miss Lilly had spanked, whipped, strapped, switched, paddled and caned Garrett's bottom many times, always quite thoroughly. Today, however, she was extraordinarily thorough. The totality of his backside, from high up on his hips all the way down to mid-thighs were lashed harshly so that the entire expanse was an angry red. His sit-spots were given particular attention.

Finally allowed to stand, the young man gingerly rubbed his throbbing bottom as his tormentor congratulated him. "You took that very well," she beamed at him, ignoring his earlier pleas for her to let up, "and after showing so much restraint earlier. I have to say I am very pleased with your performance."

"Thank you," he replied ruefully as he continued to fail at assuaging the sting in his backside.

"Straighten your clothing," she said as she tucked the belt back into her purse. That wicked smirk reemerged. "I wonder if you realize that was only the preparation."

Garrett tried to question her about the meaning of her statement, but found himself quickly pulling panties and sweats up into place as she had turned abruptly and was heading out the now open door. He caught up to her at her car as she was slamming shut the trunk. When she slid into the driver's seat, she tossed over onto the passenger seat the item she had retrieved from the trunk. It was a carpet square; a sample of very harsh, stiff wool carpet.

"Have a seat," she nodded as he slid into the car. Immediately, he felt the harsh fibers of the carpet against his freshly strapped bottom. "Oh, and pull down your pants and panties so that your bare bottom will sit on the carpet."

Garrett blushed as he realized what she wanted, but slowly complied. The prickly carpeting was a fresh new torture and Garrett tried hard not to squirm, but it was impossible. First, Miss Lilly pulled away from the curb with a screech of tires that made him slide against the ingenious torture of the carpet and once they pulled onto the Interstate highway, he was treated to a fresh new hell: Miss Lilly punched a remote control button and the cock ring he was wearing suddenly vibrated. He

jumped, squirmed and then groaned as his bottom ground into the coarse material beneath it.

Then he realized they were passing a big 18-wheeler and his cock was hard and visible in his lap. Quickly, Garrett pulled his sweatshirt down to hide his condition from the trucker, but noticed the driver was chuckling as he did so. The big rig's air horn sounded loudly and Garrett nearly died of humiliation.

The drive passed very quickly for the librarian as she toyed and tormented her passenger. For Garrett, the three and a half hours seemed like an entire week.

---oOo---

Lillian and Garrett pulled into the driveway of a large Victorian style home just off the campus of one of the iviest of Ivy-league colleges. They could just barely get out of the car when a woman who was the spitting image of Lillian came bounding out of the house and enthusiastically embraced Lillian. To Garrett's way of thinking, the two women capered and hugged and gushed with female foolishness as two good friends do when greeting each other after a long absence.

It was almost embarrassing, but the cavorting gave him a chance to check out their hostess. She was every bit Miss Lilly: same height, same imperious build that exuded power, athleticism and raw lust. The hostess was almost identical to Miss Lilly except she had a lush mane of honey-blond hair compared to the jet-black hair of the librarian.

"Garrett," gushed Miss Lilly, "I want you to meet my best friend in the world. This is Gabrielle Korbacs. Gabrielle, this is the young man I mentioned with the new PhD, Doctor Garrett MacQuillan." Leaning closer to Garrett, Lillian almost whispered, "You can call her 'Miss Gabby'." The mischievous glint in her eye more than suggested to him that Miss Gabby had a Femdom streak similar to that of Miss Lilly.

The young man extended his hand and shook that of Miss Gabby. He was startled by the strength of her handshake and was taken aback by the intensity and ferocity of her gaze. "Pleased to meet you, Miss Gabby," he said politely.

"You better be!" warned the blonde and two seconds later the two women began cackling with laughter at Garrett's expression. "Come on, you

two," Miss Gabby added jovially, "let's get you settled." She guided them into her home and showed them to separate guest rooms.

"Does this room still have the obscene bath tub?" asked Lillian as she threw her suitcase on the bed. After Gabrielle gave her a smirking nod, Lillian announced, "Then I'm going to fill it up and chill out for a bit before the party." She then shooed Gabby and Garrett from her room.

The blonde hostess then showed Garrett down the hall and opened the door for him. "This is you," she said. "Bathroom is that door over there. If you need anything let me know, but it should have towels and stuff all set up."

Garrett thanked her and then asked, "About this party? Lillian didn't say anything about it. I don't even know what to wear."

Gabrielle cocked her head to one side, pursed her lips and replied, "It's mostly faculty and spouses from the university. Sport coat and tie will suffice, though a suit would be better."

He smiled, nodded and said, "Then I'm prepared!"

"Oh, you better be, young man!" retorted the hostess. "You have the responsibility of escorting both Lillian and me to the party." She paused, eyes burning into him as she added, "I know you are wondering, but there is no 'mister' Korbacs. And, I've heard legendary tales about you, Doctor MacQuillan. My suggestion is that you be on your best behavior."

Garrett wanted to question her about what legendary tales she had heard but discovered that there was another disturbing similarity between Lillian and Gabrielle: the suddenly aloof blonde had quickly turned her back on him and exited the guest room. It was at that moment that Garrett began to wonder if he was slipping from the frying pan into the fire.

---oOo---

There would be no doubt that evening about who was the center of everyone's curiosity. Garrett had the two most glamorous and gorgeous women on his arms and they were dressed to kill in competing slinky cocktail dresses. Everyone knew Gabrielle and it seemed that *almost* everyone knew Lillian equally well. Harkening back to his heyday as the Emperor of Meadowcroft, the new PhD found himself pulled from one conversation to another by any number of eager women.

It was becoming tedious, but mostly because Garrett knew he had to be on his best behavior. After some time, the Chancellor of the university extricated Garrett from the gaggle of women giving Garrett a much-needed respite. But Garrett was puzzled by the conversation which felt as if it were a job interview. Fortunately, after some time discussing his dissertation the Chancellor asked about his swimming and the Olympic experience.

As Garrett described the difficulties and rewards of working towards the Olympics, a crowd began to hover around him. He also renewed the very painful pangs associated with coming so close to a medal. "Zero.02 seconds is still hard to swallow," he told his growing audience with the disappointment evident in his voice. He looked up and smiled broadly, noticing a couple of the women who were hanging on every word flush hotly when he looked at them. "But the entire experience, all the hard work, all the sacrifice..." He beamed that boyish grin that always sealed the deal with a woman when he added, "even all the wrinkled skin from hours in the water." There was appreciative chuckling before he concluded, "Well, I wouldn't trade it for anything in the world."

By now, he really needed to escape the audience and he caught Lillian's eye as she and Gabrielle returned to the bar. "But then again, I am here with two lovely ladies and I have been ignoring them. Please excuse me." He beat a hasty retreat and joined the only two women he knew in the building.

"You seem to be a hit," noted Miss Gabby dryly.

"Is this a faculty thing?" he asked in response. "I mean, would anyone be in trouble if we left?"

"Are you bored?" asked Lillian.

"Challenged," he replied as he dug into the breast pocket of his suit coat. Pulling out four napkins, the two women could see they had hastily scrawled names and phone numbers on them. "I'm trying to behave but it sure seems like the guys around here are shirking their duty." Both women choked on their drinks as they giggled.

Gabrielle said, "We can go. You made the rounds and impressed everyone."

"Maybe we should go," added Lillian. "Judging from the looks we're getting, Gabby and I are at risk of bodily injury, and you, *Don Juan*, are

likely to be thrown to the carpet and ravished." Gabby giggled, Garrett rolled his eyes, and as a threesome they found the Chancellor and made their excuses to leave.

Oddly, Garrett noticed the Chancellor pulled Gabby aside and said something in a hushed tone and her response was a simple nod before escorting her guests outside to find the car. Even more odd was Miss Lilly's behavior when they returned to Gabby's home. "It's been a long day," she said. "Would you guys mind if I called it quits and went to bed?"

"Really?" asked Gabby. "I was going to take you guys to the Natatorium and show Doctor MacQuillan our swimming facilities."

Lillian smiled and waved them off. "I'm sure he'll be impressed, but as you know, I've seen it." She turned and went up the stairs to her bedroom, but she turned and looked at Garrett. "Remember what I told you," she reminded him.

"It's kind of late, don't you think," he noted. "I'm sure the pool is closed."

"Don't worry about it," smirked Gabby as she tugged at his hand. Pulling him to the front door she said, "The Chancellor made arrangements for it to be open for us. He really wanted you to see it. You know the university just spent nearly \$10 million revitalizing it! We are all really proud of it."

He wanted to know why the Chancellor had told her to take him to the natatorium, but Gabby had already made for her car and Garrett had to scurry to catch up. *Yep, she's just like Miss Lilly!* he thought.

---oOo---

The huge building was dark but Gabby confidently guided him inside. Indeed, the door they entered had been left unlocked and as she reached to flip on the light switch, the acrid smell of chlorine assailed Garrett's nostrils. It was familiar and somehow comforting even though the cavernous area around the pool was eerily quiet.

As if she was an experienced tour guide, Gabby gave Garrett a first class and comprehensive tour. There isn't much to see of an indoor Olympic size pool and an adjacent Diving pool, but the stands, changing rooms, weight room and attendant offices were all new and quite impressive. Taking the young man by the hand, Gabby pulled him back into the pool

area and guided him to the starting block in Lane 4. "Why don't you take the pool for a test drive?" she suggested.

He chuckled. "You DO know you don't drive a pool? Besides, I don't have a suit with me."

She grinned mischievously and said, "You don't need a swim suit."

Incredulous, the former Olympic swimmer replied, "Not here! Who knows who might wander in?"

His guide tilted her head and furled her eyebrows. "Am I mistaken, or didn't Lillian tell you to do as I say?"

Pursing his lips in exasperation, Garret sat down on the block and began removing his shoes. As he undressed, Gabby disappeared and by the time the swimmer was naked she reappeared with a towel in hand... and a stop watch. "Let's see if you've still got it," she said smiling. "100-meter breaststroke, right?"

"I'm not warmed up!" he protested, "and I haven't been training competitively."

"Noted," grinned the woman holding his towel, clearly ogling his naked form. "Let's say one-minute flat then. And to help motivate you, if you come in slower than that, I'm going to blister your backside right here in the Natatorium." She paused and made quite a show of appraising his physical appearance. "Oh, I think I'd love to do that," she said enthusiastically.

Garrett swung his arms wildly trying to loosen up as he said, "You guys had this planned all along, didn't you?"

She shrugged. "Does it matter?" Then with a broad grin she motioned to the starting block. "That's enough. I'm not sure if I just want to watch you swimming naked or if I really want to warm your bottom. So, let's get going and I will hope to do both!"

With a sigh, Garrett mounted the block. A minute and one second later Gabby clicked the stop watch, checked the time and beamed. Her ear to ear grin as he pulled himself from the pool told the naked swimmer all he really needed to know, but the competitor in him asked, "Time?"

"One oh one," she said with a smirk as she handed him the towel.

"I think you have a slow hand," he replied suggesting she waited too long to hit the stop watch.

"Gimme a minute," she grinned, watching him towel off, "and I'll show you just how slow my hand isn't."

That just made Garrett groan and defensively look around the huge expanse of the open building. He felt a bit relieved to see not another soul in sight. When his gaze returned to Gabby, his jaw dropped as he saw she was shedding the slinky cocktail dress and quickly stood wearing only bra, thigh high hose, heels and the wispiest pair of panties he could imagine. She looked at him and spread her palms outward and asked, "What? You didn't think I'd let you mess up my dress, did you?"

He could only shake his head and follow the instructions her beckoning finger gave. Perhaps the sight would have been a boon to the university's recruiting had a tour of prospective students been led into the natatorium at that point. They would have seen a professor looking like a top porn model with another professor naked and his chiseled body laying over her lap. The prospective students would undoubtedly have gasped as the lady professor began spanking the naked man on her lap, the spansks ringing out in the big open space, echoing off the ceiling and walls, making the sounds of the spanking sound as if three or four men were being spanked at the same time.

Fortunately, there were no visitors and no one else around to witness Miss Gabby's first spanking of young Doctor MacQuillan. Perhaps a picture should have been taken to memorialize the moment, for it truly was the first of many. Gabby was pretty sure of that at the time and she wanted to ensure that this particular spanking was memorable. There would be others, perhaps harsher, actually definitely harsher, but she wanted Garrett to understand the devastation she could impart with just her hand.

And Gabby's hand was quite proficient and hardly slow as Garrett had complained earlier. It rose and fell with a speed that belied the full power of each and every swat. The spansks echoed about the room as did the verbal responses of the young man upon whom her hard hand was landing. She finished the spanking with a flurry that coalesced into a loud and shout from the victim.

"YYYYEEEEOOOOWWWW!" yelled Garrett.

Gabby pushed him to his feet and watched him clasp his hands to a very red and very, very sore bottom. As Gabby had administered the heavy handed spanking, she had an additional incentive in mind other than delivering an impressive spanking: she wanted Garrett to consider her efforts favorably in comparison to what Lilly had given him in the past. But his newest spanker did not just sit and smirk. No. As she watched the results of her handiwork, she lay the big damp towel on the pool decking and lay down on it on her back. With knees drawn up and spread she looked to the dancing young man and ordered, "Remove my panties."

Now well trained in following instructions, Garrett knelt and peeled down her panties, then pulled them from her feet. He carefully tossed them onto the dress that was on the bleachers nearby.

She lifted her head and told him, "You know where your face goes and you better do a damned good job." Then, as Garrett leaned forward to bury his face between her legs she added, "And when I tell you, you had better be your full, rock hard self or there really will be Hell to pay!"

In truth, he had been struggling to keep from having an erection as he was being spanked. Often, Miss Lilly would use an erection as an excuse to whip his backside even more and as Garrett worried about the public exposure of the natatorium, he did not want to prolong the experience any more than necessary. He bent to his task and expertly applied his experienced tongue and no longer concerned himself about her request. His cock was fully hard and ready to be used... and the young man busily lapping between the woman's legs was hoping he would get to put that cock to good use.

"Now!" commanded Miss Gabby as she roughly pulled his head from her loins. With a powerful push and twist, she turned him around so that he was laying down on the towel. It happened so fast he had to marvel at the strength she possessed. But as he did, she straddled his naked form causing him to lie back on the pool decking, straddled him and impaled herself with his rock-hard cock.

Garrett gasped as her warm sex enveloped his own urgently twitching organ, but Gabby purred loudly, groaning from the pleasure she derived from virtually raping the swimmer. Her hands pinned his shoulders to the ground as her hips rode him roughly. She took him, of that there was no doubt, but the naked man did not complain. Instead, he let his eyes roll



back into his head to allow his own explosion of passion to erupt as he realized she had achieved her own gasping orgasm.

As her waves of passion subsided, she rolled off the equally breathless swimmer. They lay on the pool deck for a few moments before Gabby raised up on one elbow to look at him. "Let's go home and get you some shuteye," she said with a smirk. "The Chancellor is coming by tomorrow morning to chat with you."

"Chat with me? About what?"

His escort was now standing and looked down at him as she said somewhat enigmatically, "About the lack of opportunities at Meadowcroft."

---oOo---

Garret was troubled by Lilly's comment all night long which allowed him only fitful moments of sleep. He was up early in the morning and was scrounging around the kitchen, eventually finding what he was looking for to make coffee. Not long after the coffee started brewing, Lilly appeared in the kitchen. As he poured her a cup of coffee, Lilly asked, "How was your trip to the pool last night?"

He grinned mischievously and replied, "If I had been blindfolded, it would have been impossible to tell it wasn't you."

That caused Miss Lilly to smile. "I hope you treated her like that."

"As instructed," he confirmed as he sipped his coffee. Then with a more concerned look on his face he leaned forward and addressed that subject that had been bothering him all night long. "She said there was a lack of opportunities at Meadowcroft. What did Gabby mean by that?"

She did not hesitate and looked him directly in the eyes. "It means that I discovered there may be no positions in the History Department open next year at the college. When I found out about that from a budget meeting, I started looking around. In truth, you might... *might*... have a better shot at a job at Gabby's university."

Suddenly Gabby came into the kitchen. "Let's not exaggerate. It isn't my university like Meadowcroft College is, literally, Lilly's school." She smiled broadly. "Last night's little faculty party was really a job interview. Lilly, through me, gave our Chancellor your resume as well as your Doctoral Dissertation. He was impressed and last night he told me to make

sure you'd be here and available by..." She checked her watch. "Well, now, to be precise."

The doorbell rang as if on cue.

It was the Chancellor. He was dressed casually in slacks and a sweater with a well-worn corduroy sports coat, but even so he exuded an aura of upper crust academia. Clearly, the Chancellor wanted to be very informal and he urged Gabby to take him back to the kitchen where Lilly and Garrett were sitting.

"How did you find our Natatorium, Doctor MacQuillan?" he asked as he accepted a coffee from Gabby.

"Very impressive," replied the one-time Olympic swimmer who watched as the Chancellor reached into his sports coat and retrieved two white envelopes. The Chancellor looked at the envelopes, selected one and slid it across the kitchen table to Garrett.

"May I cut to the chase, so to speak?" asked the head of the university. "Open that envelope. On the piece of paper inside is a number. It is how much we are prepared to pay you to accept a teaching position in History at our little university. It is a tenure track position."

Garrett pulled out the paper, stared down at the number and his mouth dropped open. "Wow, that is very generous." Looking up he clarified, "You said this was tenure track?"

"Absolutely," nodded the Chancellor and then he slid the second envelope over to the young man.

"What is this?" Garrett asked as he started to pry out the paper inside.

"That," replied the Chancellor, "is the salary we are going to pay a new swimming coach to revitalize our program and put us back into national prominence."

As he read the number on that page the former Olympian's eyes bulged, but he restrained his response. "That's pretty aggressive. It should get you one helluva coach."

"We think we have one waiting to accept our offer," grinned the Chancellor. "And that would be *you*."

"I thought you just offered me a professorship?" asked a now confused Garrett.

"Well..." dragged out the older man in the kitchen. He looked between the two women and then back at the budding young professor with a solicitous smile. "The board has authorized me to extend both offers to you with the hope that you will take us up on both."

Either position was substantial and attractive, as were the associated salaries. The professorship was a year to year contract, but the swimming coach contract was for three years. Garrett looked intently at the Chancellor. "Both?"

The older man nodded with a broad smile on his face. Lilly nudged Garrett under the table with her knee and asked softly, "What do you say?"

The intensity in her eyes was compelling and Garrett slipped into submissive mode quickly and quite accidentally for the situation. He looked back to the Chancellor and said, "Thank you!" That caused both Lilly and Gabby to snicker.

Gabby, the hostess, continued her playful smile and asked, "That's all?"

After a moment of confusion and quick glances between the pair of dominant women, Garrett turned his attention to the Chancellor and asked, "Where do I sign?"

---oOo---

Garrett MacQuillan did, indeed, sign both contracts. It was a hiring his new university would celebrate for many years. Initially, his reputation and effervescent personality attracted talented students who were supremely qualified swimmers, and the university's swim team was an immediate factor in college swimming. Eventually he had a number of team members who would constitute the core of the nation's Olympic swim team.

It was not easy for Dr. MacQuillan to leave Meadowcroft, and in a way, he never really did. He maintained a modest, though unpaid, position at Meadowcroft as a visiting professor of History. This gave him ample opportunity to suffer the whims of Dr. Lillian Fouet. At least one weekend a month, Garrett would come to Meadowcroft, give a couple of lectures on Friday, then spend the weekend with the daunting librarian, Miss Lilly.

He always looked forward to the drive to Meadowcroft, though the drive home generally felt twice as long as he found it uncomfortable sitting behind the steering wheel of his car. Miss Lilly saw to it that Garrett would find it difficult to fall asleep on that drive as she never failed to provide some bottom line motivation just before he left.

More importantly, though, Miss Lilly guided Garrett through a rewrite of his Dissertation into a more commercially viable work. Initially his book enjoyed only regional interest, but after a major review, it picked up steam and became a coast-to-coast hit. It became his first acknowledged accomplishment of the unwritten rule of Academia: *auditum est, aut perire* or publish or perish.

As the librarian, Lillian Fouet, had planned, Dr. MacQuillan became well ensconced at her Alma Mater, and her best friend, Gabrielle Korbacs enthusiastically stepped into the mentorship of Dr. MacQuillan. It did not take long for him to move into Gabrielle's home, and despite the continuing relationship he had with Lilly, Garrett eventually married Gabrielle, though it was a considerably unusual union. Regardless, this is one tale that can truly end with the claim that they lived happily ever after.

## **Also from LSF Publications...**

### **Spanked by His Aunt by Jack Crawford**

*Following the sudden death of his estranged father, eighteen-year-old Timothy Witten learns that under the terms of his late father's Will, he is to inherit a small fortune - but he can't touch it until he is 25 and in possession of a college degree. In the meantime, Aunt Kay, Timothy's only remaining family, is appointed as trustee. She is a wealthy woman who has a large house in Alabama, and Timothy's life changes drastically as he leaves his boarding school and goes to live with her.*

*Aunt Kay proves herself to be quite a formidable character who won't stand for any nonsense. She is fond of her nephew, but that doesn't prevent her from spanking him when he misbehaves. Timothy is horrified, never having being spanked before, and suffers the indignity of going over his aunt's knee, bare bottomed. The punishments occur regularly, including a trip to the woodshed. This is Aunt Kay's domain; she rules the roost and Tim has to obey her or suffer the consequences! He often has a sore bottom but nevertheless develops a healthy respect and affection towards his aunt.*

### **Disciplined by His Wife by Jack Crawford**

*Eric has been married to Wendi for seven years. Theirs is a reasonably happy marriage, but Eric has a secret fantasy he dare not confess to his wife ... he yearns to be spanked. He always takes great care to cover his tracks on the computer, but one evening he slips up, and Wendi finds the spanking sites he has visited. They are all sites where men are disciplined by females. Wendy is surprised but not horrified, and when she confronts Eric with her findings and listens to him talk about his needs, she decides to take action... of a corrective nature!*

*Eric can hardly believe his luck. Not only is Wendi tolerant and understanding, she does her utmost to give him what he has craved for so long. She even has him setting up a special spanking room in the basement*

*of their house. It comes as a bit of a shock to Eric when he finds out just how much getting spanked can hurt, and his clever and attractive wife thinks up ingenious ways to punish him. It seems she gets satisfaction out of their changed relationship too, because as a naturally dominant woman, disciplining her husband is no chore ... and the sex that follows is red hot. And so is Eric's bottom...*

### **The Disciplined Husband by Lucy Appleby**

*Laced with lashings of kink, spanking, and deliciously humiliating scenarios, this Femdom novella features the domestic discipline relationship between Peter and Sylvia. At the age of 41, Peter finds his perfect partner in life. Sylvia is an attractive, professional woman - she is also an assertive woman who needs to take control of her man. Sylvia fulfils Peter's long held desire for discipline and at the outset of their romance makes it quite clear who is in charge. As for Peter, he's a confident good looking guy with his own business, someone who is assertive and efficient in his work, but who learns to relinquish control by embracing his submissive side and his need for a dominant woman in his private life. Their relationship may be unconventional, but it is both satisfying and passionate, underpinned by the exciting dynamics of dominance and submission. Peter gets to experience the sensations of Sylvia's hairbrush, as well as many other implements in her collection, discovering in the process that discipline triggers his sexual arousal. Sylvia makes the rules, and if Peter breaks them, he pays the price on his bottom, reducing him to the status of a well chastised naughty boy... and he loves it!*

*This is a well paced novella with realistic character portrayals and an engagingly unique storyline. It shows how one man's life is transformed by the attentions of a naturally dominant woman.*

### **Learning to Love Her Discipline by Jack Crawford**

*At the age of twenty-six, Andy Devonshire is a talented Art Director with a prestigious advertising agency. When he is introduced to a new client, the beautiful Argentinian, Miranda de Gimenez, little does he know the way his life is about to change. Initially captivated by Miranda's Latino good looks and voluptuous body, he quickly learns she is a formidable business woman who possesses a natural air of authority. For Miranda is*

*poised, intelligent and confident, a woman used to getting her own way in both business and pleasure. Andy is completely unaware that Miranda is making her own assessment of him, as he has certain qualities which attract her. He is delighted and flattered when she lets him know she's interested in dating him, but he is shocked when he learns she wants to spank him.*

*So their relationship begins, with the beautiful Miranda training Andy how to please her, rewarding him with sex when he does. Andy hates the spanking ... to begin with ... but slowly develops a taste for Miranda's own special brand of painful (and sometimes humiliating) discipline, and the sex that follows. He begins to acknowledge his desire to submit to this magnificent woman who he has fallen in love with. But he has to undergo a series of painful 'tests' set for him by Miranda's mother, to prove he is a man worthy of her daughter. Andy Devonshire is a man with a very sore bottom!*

### **The Spanking Contract by Shaun Kelly**

*Features the following and 2 other stories:*

**The Spanking Contract:** *Kevin is stressed out by all the decision making he has to do at work, and asks his wife Karen to be in charge at home. He even says he wants to be a little afraid of her, and suggests that she might spank him. She agrees but insists that they work out a contract which outlines all the rules. With the ink barely dry on the contract, Karen immediately brings him to the bedroom for his first spanking. Things are going great with Karen in charge at home, but then Kevin slips up by not calling his mother for her birthday, even after Karen reminded him. He gets a good hard spanking for that, and Karen is afraid that with their pre-agreed opt-out date around the corner, Kevin will want to end the arrangement.*

**Defiance:** *When Becky tells Walter that he is going to be spanked, he refuses. This is the first time he's refused a spanking, as he feels he doesn't deserve it. His wife soon persuades him otherwise, and his punishment is worse because of his defiant attitude.*

**Careful What You Wish For:** *Gary and Delores enjoy a good marriage, but Gary does not enjoy the occasions when his wife spansks him, even though he acknowledges he has messed up and actually deserves to be punished. But later, a life without spankings doesn't work well for Gary and he longs for things to revert to how they were, even if he has a sore bottom...*

### **Eric Asks for Discipline by Will Grant**

*This story represents a rite of passage for Eric as he transitions from an angry and aggressive young man into someone finally content with his lot following his acceptance that discipline is what he needs and desires. Luckily for him, he gets it, initially from his athletics coach, Janice, and later from his girlfriend and fellow athlete, Trish.*

*Janice soon gets Eric in shape with the help of her hard hand and a gym shoe pounding on his bare bottom. The lesson is reinforced when Trish turns up armed with a bathbrush. Eric is turned over her lap for another painful session, yet the spanking helps to motivate him as well as fulfil a long-held secret fantasy. As time goes on, Trish takes over as his disciplinarian, and proves to be very efficient with the paddle. The Olympic-hopeful Eric was previously driven to succeed by his own simmering anger, but is now transformed by regular spankings... many of which lead to sexual satisfaction. Ultimately, a traumatic incident from years ago can finally be laid to rest, but one thing's for sure... Eric's discipline will continue.*

### **Scott and the Woodshed by W. Arthur**

*Scott is no stranger to discipline as his bare bottom has regularly been on the receiving end of his mother's wooden spoon, but after his mother's death, Scott lacks focus and motivation. When an attractive woman (Valerie) walks into the bank where he works and asks for a loan, he tries to help her. He also lets his mind wander as he imagines being over her lap for a hard spanking. Little does he know that he is to form a special relationship with Valerie, a woman in the final stages of training to be a vet. She occupies his mother's former room for several weeks, and Scott loves her dominance and authority. When she mentions the woodshed on her mother's farm, Scott is curious and starts asking questions. He gets so much*



*more than he bargained for, particularly when he visits the farm and finds out exactly what it's like to be taken to the woodshed for a hard strapping on his bare bottom. Disciplining male members of the family is part of the fabric of life here. Like her mother, Valerie has a strong right arm and knows just how to administer a whipping earned for slacking off or bad behaviour. Although Scott often has a sore bottom, he appears to thrive on it, and his relationship with Valerie blossoms...*

### **Donald's Spanking Therapy by Lucy Appleby**

*Includes the following and 4 other stories:*

**Donald's Spanking Therapy:** *It takes Donald some time to pluck up the courage to see a therapist, but once he starts talking about his need to be disciplined by a woman, he feels liberated. His therapist even shows him some spanking implements and gives him a few playful whacks, but tells him if he wants the real thing he must use the services of a dominatrix. He would have wimped out were it not for finding a business card in a pub for Lady Elecktra, a woman who later gives Donald more than he bargained for!*

**Odd Job Joe:** *When Joe calls to do some work for the voluptuous Marion Hattersley, he gets far more than he ever expected. She manipulates the situation, making it impossible not to peek in through her bedroom door to discover what she's up to with her vibrato ... and Joe pays the price for his voyeurism on his bare bottom as Marion spansks him soundly with a hairbrush. Will he go back for more...?*