



TAMING THE DONALD

First Female POTUS -- By Hook Or By Crook!

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Taming The Donald

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By [Miranda Birch](#)

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It seems as though nothing can stop the man they call "The Donald" in his bid to become President of the United States of America. But he has reckoned without the womanly wiles of his leading female opponent... Please note that this is an adult fantasy. All the characters are fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. No contestants in the current or any forthcoming US presidential election campaign should take the contents as advice or guidance!

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A CONVERSATION

The Candidate, seated behind her desk in campaign headquarters, rose, walked over the the office door, made sure the door was shut and locked, then returned and sat down behind her desk. She drew herself up and looked frankly at the man sitting before it.

"Bill, the campaign is in trouble. I am going to lose."

"Oh, honey, you'll pull it off."

He tried to be reassuring. But he feared she was right. The polls were unambiguous. Her popularity was dropping; her rival's, rising. If the polls were to open tomorrow, all signs were that she would lose fair and square.

"No." She shook her head once, definitively. "No, Bill, I won't `pull it off'. It's over. I will never be the first female President of the United States of America."

Bill began to expostulate. She held up a finger for silence, and continued:

"Unless..."

She paused again; then continued with determination:

"...unless I get rid of my main opponent."

Bill's face showed a mixture of shock and confusion. He had long known his wife was a ruthless woman, indeed he had first-hand experience of just how ruthless; but...

"But honey, you can't do that! It's illegal! You can't just kill..."

"Who said anything about killing? Look, stop interrupting, just hear me out!"

She raised her eyebrows and gave him one of her looks. He subsided, looking grumpy.

"You remember Mistress Farnley?"

Bill coloured. He looked cross as well as grumpy now.

"Oh! You interrupt when I am talking but keep quiet when I ask you a direct question? I'll ask it again: do you remember Mistress Farnley?"

"Yes, yes, I do," Bill mumbled.

Bill's inability to "keep it in his trousers" had always been a nuisance. Then it had become an embarrassment. Finally it had become a political liability. And his wife could not have that. What *he* did affected *her* image in the eyes of the American people.

After some research, she had found a woman who specialised in reforming errant husbands. The fee had been astronomical, and the arrangements required to keep it all secret even more so.

After a month at Mistress Farnley's establishment in Nevada, Bill had returned home a changed man. There had been no more problems with his inability to keep it in his trousers.

"Well, I am going to send my rival on a little visit to Mistress Farnley."

"But honey, I mean, he's not going..."

"Will you hush your mouth!"

Another of those severe looks. Bill sighed, but shut up. He knew that look.

"Thank you."

The Candidate continued:

"Of course he's not going to agree! Duh! But he will have no choice. Because Agent Starling will pick him up and bring him there."

Agent Starling's help had been invaluable in getting Bill to and from Mistress Farnley's with no-one outside a very small circle any the wiser. She could not have done it without her.

Bill exhaled noisily.

"Oh, boy..."

His voice trailed off. He looked thoughtful, and after a while he said:

"You know, it just might work, at that. And after, he'd never want..."

He flushed again. Yes, he remembered that damned 'Mistress Farnley' all too well. Even if he had forgotten, the 'little helper' she had fitted him with, a chastity device padlocked shut with his good lady wife in possession of the only key, was a constant reminder.

"You're damned right he'd never want it made public!"

The Candidate gave a cold smile.

"That's it, then! Thank you for your input Bill."

Bill knew when he was being told to make himself scarce because his wife had work to do. They both rose, hugged briefly, and the Candidate unlocked the door and let him out.

Alone at her desk, she wasted no time on pondering over her decision. It had been made, and that was that. She hadn't really needed Bill's advice, but she wanted to hear her thoughts out loud, it seemed to give her some perspective; and he was always good as a sounding-board. And she knew could trust him, that was for sure. She smiled briefly at the thought of Mistress Farnley. Not a woman

any man would fool with, that was for sure! He smiled faded. Time to get on with things.

A PLAN

The would-be first female president of the United States pressed a button on her desk. "Yes, Ma'am?" crackled the voice of her trusted private secretary through the intercom.

"I'll see the lady from the FBI now."

"I'll send her through."

Moments later there was a knock on the door.

"Enter."

A tall, distinguished-looking, middle-aged woman entered, dressed in a conservative business suit of light grey.

"At your service, Ma'am."

"Please take a seat."

The Candidate looked at her visitor, who sat calm and composed waiting to hear what this was all about. Can I trust her? she thought. Can I *really* trust her? She's helped before with Bill's ... problems... and with various... financial... issues... but this... Hell, if I can't trust her I can't trust anyone, and that's no way to live!

"So, Agent Starling! I have... I have a very difficult mission for you."

Agent Starling gave a slight smile for a moment.

"I do believe I have handled difficult problems for you before, Ma'am."

The Candidate looked her in the eyes.

"Yes, you certainly have. And you know how grateful Bill and I have been, and continue to be. But this..."

She paused, then plunged *in media res*.

"I want you to kidnap a Presidential candidate and deliver him to a certain location." she said flatly.

Agent Starling was at a loss for words. She simply gaped at the Candidate, who was waiting for her to respond. At last, she managed to recompose herself.

"Well, Ma'am, that is certainly a difficult mission!"

The Candidate's relief was visible on her face. That answer meant `yes'!

"It is. Perhaps the most difficult case you have faced since Doctor Lecter. There it is. Will you do it?"

Agent Starling drew herself up.

"Ma'am, in these troubled times this great nation of ours needs firm and decisive leadership. But at the same time it needs a fresh approach. A woman's perspective on domestic and foreign affairs ... Hell, I am not much of a speechifier. Ma'am, if in your considered opinion this is necessary for you to be duly elected President of the United States next month, the first female President, then yes, I'll do it!"

She had risen to her feet, so excited was she.

The Candidate was positively joyful. She motioned for Agent Starling to resume her seat. She smiled at her.

"I knew you wouldn't let me down, Agent Starling! Now, here are the details — oral briefing only, for obvious reasons."

When the Candidate had finished, she added:

"You understand that this mission does not exist, nor will it ever exist?"

The great female agent of the FBI nodded soberly. "SOP in these cases, Ma'am."

"Good! I'll leave the details to you, I know you'll think of everything. Oh, Agent Starling, I can't tell you what a weight has been lifted from my mind!"

"Good to hear that Ma'am. You take care now, you hear? Your country needs you!"

They hugged and Agent Starling left to begin her new, unofficial and very, very secret assignment.

The Candidate, alone once more, sat at her desk and desultorily checked her e-mail. What had that old Roman guy they had made such a fuss about at Wellesley said? Oh, yeah: "Alea jacta est". "The die is cast," it meant. She nodded. It surely was. It was make or break time. Next month, she would either be the first female President of the United States of America, or awaiting trial for abduction, conspiracy... hell, a whole bunch of charges.

THE TAKING

"Mr Candidate! Excuse me, Mr Candidate!"

"Huh?"

"Mr Candidate, Sir, if you have a moment, I need to talk to you privately. It's a matter of grave urgency."

"Well, yeah, sure!" said The Donald surprised and taken off guard.

Agent Starling took him by the arm and led him round a corner. She checked: they were alone.

"Hey, I know you!"

Agent Starling nodded.

"I was in the news a few years back," she said bashfully, playing the girlish woman awed by The Donald's sheer animal magnetism.

"You were quite a babe when you were younger, I always thought!"

She giggled and simpered and flattered her eyelashes. Now if I can just get him into the room...

"Why don't we eh... find somewhere more private, Mr President....
Oh! Sorry!"

She made herself blush.

"I already think of you as..."

Her voice trailed off, as though embarrassed by her slip of the tongue.

It had exactly the desired flattering effect on The Donald. He beamed a winning smile at her.

"Mister Presidential *Candidate*," she corrected herself with another shy smile, "Why don't we find somewhere more... private? So we can talk *properly*, I mean."

"Anything for you, sugar doll! Lead the way!"

Agent Starling scanned the scene — still no-one in sight. Perfect!

She lead the way into the room, closed the door behind them — and made her move.

She had the cuffs on his wrists, tape over his mouth and the hypodermic syringe in his left buttock in one uninterrupted series of swift fluid motions. The Donald was taken utterly by surprise. His mouth moved behind the sticky tape, and he tugged frantically at the handcuffs. His eyes were wide. She waited patiently for the tranquillising drug to kick in. The wait was not long. The Donald slumped in her arms. She lowered him carefully to the floor, and took a moment to catch her breath. Her heart was pounding.

Calm again, she took the somnolent form under the arms and dragged it over to a wooden box. With a deal of effort she was able to get him into the box. She trussed him up like a turkey with leather straps. She removed the sticky tape from his mouth. It had served its purpose, it now needed to be replaced with something more effective. She forced his mouth wide and inserted a large ball gag into his oral cavity. The gag was partially deflated. She pumped it full, so that it made his cheeks bulge. Then she fastened the straps behind his head. There! Trussed up like a turkey! All nice and safe and silent for transport.

She flipped her phone and called her team.

The hired hands grumbled as they lifted their heavy load from the van and placed it into the helicopter.

"Waddaya got in their lady, a goddamn body?"

"Wassup, Hannibal escaped again?"

The banter was irritating, but it was better to use these loud-mouthed nobodies. Easier to cover the tracks, should that be necessary. The noise of the helicopter would mean she wouldn't have to listen to all that crap during the flight, anyway.

The helicopter took off and flew East, gaining height. The journey was long and boring. The van was waiting at the helicopter landing pad at the airport. The box was loaded without incident. Having paid off her team, and made sure they made themselves scarce, airport. She drove herself — and her very special package — out to Mistress Farnley's mansion.

THE TAMING

The Donald came to and shook his head groggily. Damn, he felt like he had been hit over the head with a hammer! Then, the shock hit him. He... he was naked, and strapped up in some... What had happened? And where the hell was he?

He looked around as best he could. The room was windowless. It was painted red. The floor was of stone flags, well-maintained, everything neat. There was a cage in one corner. One wall was lined completely with whips and paddles and straps, of leather and wood. Under them stood several tall containers, filled with canes. What the hell was this place? Some kind of kinky sex den?

He remembered vaguely then that broad from the FBI — had she...? The last thing he remembered was that she had something important to say to him... But...

He heard the clacking of high heels on the stone flags of the floor. He tried to turn his head, but there was some kind of leather collar around his neck, restricting his head movements.

A woman appeared in his field of vision. She was dressed in some peculiar leather get-up. Her face was concealed by a scary leather hood painted to make her look like some kind of demon.

"Hello. I am Mistress Farnley. You will be my guest here in my establishment for several weeks."

The Donald at one began to thrash around in his bounds, inarticulate grunts issuing from his throat, eyes filled with fury.

"Tut, tut! Temper, temper, Mr Wannabe-President!"

Mistress Farnley proceeded to attach wires terminating in butterfly clips to several sensitive parts of The Donald's anatomy. Then she

stood back and picked up a black box from a nearby table. The wires ran to the box.

She turned a dial, pressed a button — and The Donald was convulsed in pain. She stood watching him writhe, then released the button.

"That was level five. It goes up to level nine, in case you are interested. Would you like to try level nine?"

"Urgghhh! Ummppph!"

"Is that, no, you wouldn't? Or, yes, you would?"

The Donald frantically tried to shake his head, but he could make only short jerks.

Mistress Farnley shrugged.

"Well, here it is anyway!"

The naked male writhed and convulsed as much as the strict bondage he was in allowed. His eyes were wide-open and staring, almost bulging out of his head. Weird, urgent sounds came from behind the ball-gag.

Mistress Farnley released the button after just a few seconds.

"That wasn't very nice at all, was it?"

She laughed pitilessly.

"Welcome to my world! Here, bad boys get shocked, good boys get nice rewards like... uh, well like not getting shocked!"

The Presidential Candidate made incoherent noises.

"What's that? I am afraid I can't hear a word you say. Probably just as well really. You are a bit of a ranter aren't you? Well there is going

to be no ranting in my house. And no sexist remarks either."

She moved in close and grabbed him by the crotch. And squeezed. The sounds became higher in pitch, more urgent somehow. She released her grip.

Mistress Farnley had cleared her schedule for the next few days. She had all the time in the world to play with The Man Who Would Be President. There was no rush. She placed the box on a table nearby. She left the leads clipped on for now. A few hours of that, painful even without the current, and then when she took them off... delicious! Mistress Farnley stalked out, leaving her victim hanging.

The sudden disappearance of the leading Presidential candidate shocked America. The FBI put their top agent, Special Agent Clarice Starling, in charge of the case; but all efforts proved fruitless.

Meanwhile, his chief opponent continued her relentless campaigning. She was now clearly in the lead; none of the other candidates posed any real threat. Nevertheless, better safe than sorry. It was several days before her gruelling cross-country schedule took her close enough to Mistress Farnley's remote home to allow of a brief visit. She had promised herself this little treat just as soon as she could manage it.

The Donald had lost all track of time and place. The windowless room could be anywhere, and it could be midday or midnight, wherever it was.

He was still stark naked. To that had now been added the indignity of being shaven *completely* bare, from head to toe. He was once more very securely trussed up in the middle of the room — which made a change from being locked in the tiny cage in the corner, but hardly a welcome one. A thick leather posture collar held his head up and severely restricted his ability to move it. His arms and legs were stretched to the limit, wrists shackled by leather straps to chains that

hung from the ceiling, ankles similarly shackled to ring-bolts in the floor. The tips of his toes *just* touched the floor, spread wide apart. He made a figure like an Andrew's Cross, arms and legs stretched out at roughly-45-degree angles. The large hollow ball-gag again filled his mouth, inflated to the very limit.

The Donald had had plenty of time to think things through, but he had come to no conclusion. If it was a kidnapping, a money thing, then why not come out and say so? What the hell was all this kinky stuff about?

Now, Mistress Farnley was sitting nonchalantly flicking through a magazine while he just hung there, waiting. They were both waiting now, it seemed. But waiting for what? Usually when Mistress Farnley was in this room, she was very busy, working him over.

The door opened and in walked — what the fuck, Catwoman? Nah, some damned freak in a costume! Goddamn! When he got free from here he was gonna...

'Catwoman' approached and stood looking at him, hands on hips, her scarlet lips twisted in a cruel smile.

"Why! Mister Presidential Candidate! I had *no idea* you were into all this kinky stuff! You should have said — we might have partied together!"

The Donald looked utterly baffled, staring at her as though she were insane. What? Who was this crazy bitch? Did he know her? His mouth worked around the ball gag that filled it.

The woman in the catwoman costume motioned to Mistress Farnley, who un-strapped the ball gag and pulled it from The Donald's mouth. He spluttered and gasped and began to rant.

"I don't know what the **Hell** you crazy bitches are playing at, but you won't be getting away with this! Don't you know who it is I am? I am... uh.. a Billionaire! I have the... uh... the civil right! And I am

gonna be President of the American United States! And when I am —"

The Donald's incoherent rant was cut off abruptly by a high-pitched squeal, followed by more incoherent sounds. His face was bright red. That had been caused by a another steady dose of `level nine`.

Then Mistress Farnley put down the black box and pressed the ball-gag firmly back in her captive's mouth, and quickly fastened the retaining straps behind his head once again. The huge ball-gag made his cheeks bulge out like those of some giant, demented squirrel preparing for winter. His eyes bulged out too, full of fury. His face was bright red now.

"Thank you, Mistress Farnley. I could barely hear myself think! The Donald still has that unfortunate tendency to rant and rave, I see — or rather, hear!"

"Oh, we are working on that Ma'am..."

"I should hope so too! Anyway, I think, ah..."

Mistress Farnley took the hint, and left as agreed beforehand.

Alone at last with her would-be Nemesis, `Catwoman' smiled coldly as she looked at him. She had never cared for this kinky stuff, but Mistress Farnley had shown her a few tricks that morning. And now she was hoping to use it as a stress reliever. This man now bound and helpless and at her mercy had caused her a lot of worry and strain over these past weeks and months. Now it was pay-back time!

She picked up the box Mistress Farnley had laid on the table along with an assortment of other `toys'. She didn't even recognise some of them. But this box she had seen in action just now. So why not play with it some to begin with?

The long lead of insulated electrical wire lead over to where The Donald was securely bound, stretched out like an Andrew's Cross.

The lead turned into many leads, and those many leads were attached to various parts of The Donald's body: nose, ears, nipples, testicles, penis. All yes, The Donald's pork sword in particular looked as though it had really been in the wars.

With a distracted air the Presidential Candidate turned the dial some and pressed a button. The result was startling: The Donald began to buck and twist, making a curious gargling sound in his throat, mouth working frantically but fruitlessly at the big gag that filled it.

"Whoops!" exclaimed `Catwoman'. She laughed. "That must have been a real whopper!" She released the button. The Donald continued to buck and twist for a few moments, then subsided. He was covered in sweat. His bald head shone with it. She giggled.

"I shouldn't play so rough — someone might get hurt!"

She experimented with various settings on the box, from one ("just a tingle, huh?") all the way up to nine ("oh boy you really felt that one!"). She would never have thought a human body could twist and writhe so!

Finally, she tired of that game, and placed the box back on the table, She moved in closer to her victim, stood right up close in front of him and grabbed him roughly by the crotch. She noted with smug satisfaction the pain she caused written on his face.

"Oh! Your little soldier is all red and sore, huh? I suppose I shouldn't grab you there — but I know like it really!"

She gave a firm squeeze to the testicles, then released her grip. The Donald rolled his eyes.

"So! Let's get on with things. So much to do, so little time."

She swaggered back over to the `toy table'....

"Let's see now, which one to try next. Decisions, decisions. Hell, I don't even know what some of these things are *for*. I guess you do though, huh, you kinky old goat?"

She giggled at her own wit.

"Oh, let's start with something straightforward."

She picked up an eight-thonged martinet.

"This baby looks like the business!"

She swished it experimentally to and fro.

Then she walked slowly back over to where The Donald hung, her costume's six-inch heels making her swagger sensuously, and took up position behind the trussed figure. She brought her arm back, then forward and with a flick of the wrist brought all eight tails in a splayed pattern right across her helpless victim's rump, just as Mistress Farnley had shown her that morning.

WHAP!

Desperate whining sounds were all she heard.

"That was number one. How many would you like?"

She walked round to look at him in the face.

"No opinion? OK, I'll settle for a round dozen."

She walked back to her place behind him, and a second whip-lashing stroke sent him into convulsions once more. She took her time laying on the promised twelve, all over his body. And added one for good luck at the end.

"Well, that was fun! "Now, what else have we got? Oh, a good old-fashioned cane! They used to use these in schools in England back in the last century. Terribly barbaric! I don't suppose it can hurt all

that much though if they used them on school children. Let's find out, shall we?"

"Another dozen, I think. Twelve's a nice number!"

THWACK!

The first cane stroke hit him on the backs of his thighs. After a short interval, it was followed by another. The strokes came irregularly after that, falling on rump and thighs, some just a couple of seconds apart, some several. Mistress Farnley had told her that not knowing when exactly the next blow would fall added to the torment.

The martinet and the cane had been fun. Now, what next? Her eyes alighted on the *pièce de résistance*, the one she had discussed with Mistress Farnley and agreed should be left until last. It was a double-ended dildo, with attached harness so that it could be worn. She picked it up, and made sure that The Donald could see what she had in her hands.

"Just need to get his babe all lubed up — wouldn't want to cause internal injury now, would I?"

She picked up a tube of lubricant and coated both dildos, the outside one more liberally.

The Donald stared incredulously at her as she strapped the device about her hips. It jutted out absurdly, obscenely.

He tried to shake his head, but the leather collar held it almost immovable. He tried to cry out in protest, but the hard rubber ball filling his mouth rendered speech impossible. He could make only twitching movements with his head, incoherent sounds in his throat.

He waited helplessly as she walked round to his rear, Her heels clacking on the stone floor.

He felt a rubber-clad hand slap his flank, then two rubber-clad hands grabbed him and pulled him back. Slowly but inexorably the shaft penetrated, deeper and deeper. Then it withdrew, also slowly; and then it thrust in again, with speed and vigour.

"Yeee-hah! Ride 'em, cowgirl!"

The gross, humiliating intrusion continued, her hips slapped against his sore, welted rump with every thrust.

She leaned forward and whispered into his ear:

"How does it feel, huh? You like being pounded in the ass by the next President of the United States?"

More gurgling noises. She continued thrusting vigorously.

"Oh yeah! Take it bitch-boy, take it all!"

Her thrusts increased in vigour as her climax approached.

She writhed on the dildo deep inside her as she came, running her hands over her nipples which stood erect under the rubber suit.

"Phew! I needed that!"

She mopped her brow with one hand.

"Was it as good for you as it was for me?"

Nothing but inarticulate grunts and squeaks.

"Too moved to speak properly still, huh?"

She un-strapped the harness from her hips, eased herself of the dildo on her side, then stepped out of the harness, leaving the other end still plugged deep inside the man who had thought to cheat her of her rightful place on Capitol Hill.

She strode round to face her captive.

`Catwoman' looked directly at the video camera mounted on a tripod at the other end of the room, recording everything. That was the agreed signal. The red light on the camera went off. Now she and The Donald were alone with each other.

Her heart was beating fast with anticipation. What she intended to do next had not been part of the plan. The whole point of the catwoman costume was so that he would never know for sure who it had been. But she *wanted* him to know who had done this to him! That would be the icing on the cake, the final victory — almost as good as becoming President would be! And she *would* be President now, that was certain.

`Catwoman' pulled her hood off.

The Donald's eyes widened in recognition. First rage, then fear filled them. She guessed his thoughts.

"Well now, what do we do with you now that you've seen my face? Hmmm? I guess I really *ought* to get the special ops people to ... ah... disappear you."

She looked in his eyes, savouring his helplessness, the mingled anger and fear that she saw there.

"Or maybe not. Our little playtime together was video-taped, all of it, right up to just a minute ago. So all the world will see if that tape is ever released is The Donald getting up to some naughty kinky fun with — who? Catwoman?"

She laughed.

"I think that this is one tape you definitely don't want released, huh? This went a little beyond locker-room talk, didn't it?"

He wasn't going public. She could tell from his expression that having it common knowledge what had happened these last few days, and especially this last hour, was more than he would be able to bear. And if he did try? Some real-estate developer guy with a wild tale of being kidnapped and pegged by — *the President of the United States*? Yeah, right. They'd lock him in the looney-bin and throw away the key. And that was without the video tape evidence and the accompanying sworn testimony from several people connected with Mistress Farnley's operation that The Donald was a dyed-in-the-wool masochist who regularly paid a tidy sum to be treated in the way he had.

"Well, I guess that's about it," she said. She paused. Smirked. "What was that movie? Oh, yeah: 'Pulp Fiction'. They had a pet didn't they, those red-neck guys? What was this they called? Ah! 'The Gimp'. I guess you are going to be Mistress Farnley's Gimp. Kinky, huh?"

She laughed again.

"I hope you enjoy your new, ah, alternative lifestyle."

She looked at the expression at his face and laughed even more.

"Oh, look at that pout! Nah, I guess maybe when I'm President I can put in a good word for you, and maybe Mistress Farnley will let you go?"

She paused.

"Because I *am* going to be the next President!"

She nodded slowly, more to herself than at him.

"Mistress Farnley will have some non-disclosure documents for you to sign," she continued briskly. "You will sign them, of that I am sure. And then, maybe, if you're a good boy..."

She left him hanging on that uncertainty. Why not?

She waved, turned to the door, and opened it. She paused in the doorway, and turned for one last look. With an ironic smile she bade a last farewell to her opponent:

"Adios!"

TO THE VICTOR, THE SPOILS

The press conference was packed. The first woman President of the United States of America strode to the podium, and the chatter in the room died away. Bulbs flashed, cameras whirred.

"We were all shocked and saddened to hear of the sudden loss of the Director of the FBI. He served his country and its people to the utmost. But now he has passed. Such a vital post cannot remain long unfilled. After close consultation with my colleagues in my administration, it is my pleasure to announce as the new Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation... Ms Clarice Starling!"

This book's code is: hmpgTImhn1

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