

A woman with dark hair is leaning against a rough, textured wall. She is wearing a long-sleeved dress with a floral pattern in shades of purple, red, and beige. Her body is angled away from the camera, but her head is turned back to look over her shoulder. The lighting is dramatic, coming from the side and casting shadows on the wall and her dress. A vertical line of small, dark, circular objects hangs down from her shoulder area.

Spanking Stories  
by  
Ardie Stallard

*The*  
**Sting**  
**Operation**  
*& Other Tails*

# Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

# The Sting Operation & Other Tails: Spanking Stories

By

Ardie Stallard

ISBN: 978-1-954079-40-3

A Pink Flamingo Ebook Publication

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To B. K. A., F. T., Molly, Samantha, and Christie—Muses, all

Disclaimer: The stories herein contained are works of fiction. Any resemblance to any persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. Moreover, all characters engaging in impact play or anything whatsoever more intimate, are portrayed as being at least eighteen years of age, most older. Neither the author nor the publisher condones erotica involving characters any younger than legal age.

*Contents:*

*The Sting Operation*

*Christie's Birthday Spanking*

*Christie Bets Her Buns*

*Medical Spankology*

*A Hot One-on-one Contest*

*The Arasstocrats: or, a High, Hot Feudal Farce*

*The Education of Samantha*

*Lucky Stiffs (featuring the cast of Switch)*

*The Sting Operation*



## ***Chapter One***

Though she'd never been in one all through her own high school years, the Principal's office was pretty much like Jordyn had imagined it: cluttered file cabinets around the walls, cluttered desk, a carpet that looked as if it could stand a vacuuming, dusty window curtains over dusty venetian blinds letting the sun illuminate the dust in the air and the whole scenario topped off by the most depressing fluorescent lighting one could think up. The only tips of the hat to modern technology were the computer tower and the somewhat obsolete monitor on the principal's desk itself, and in the sole clear space a small stool about two and a half feet high in one corner—its wooden seat polished brightly.

The Principal himself, though, was a different picture. Jordyn figured he couldn't be many years beyond her own twenty-five, and he seemed to be as neatly groomed personally as his office was in disarray. Looked like he stood about six feet two with coal-black hair trimmed in almost a military style, swarthy complexion offset by a pair of eyes as deep blue as Jordyn's own, and muscular. Jordyn could imagine herself dating this man if not for the misfortune of the difficulties it would bring to the job. And no ring on his finger either. Jordyn sighed silently. Oh well, she thought, he probably got this gig so young by being a halfwit Phys.-Ed. teacher with an uncle or two on the school board or something. It was the way of the world. And the way of the world was the reason she was sitting here in the first place, watching the principal leaf through her CV. Slow reader, she grumbled to herself. Proves he got his start in PE, I guess. The job hardly allowed for a social life, but she guessed there was no sense worrying about spilled milk here.

The Principal finally tossed her CV to the desk and looked at her. "Well, Miss Hunter," he offered, "your credentials

seem to be impeccable for the task the DEA's got you assigned here. Straight A's across the board right through your Academy training, especially in the chemistry you'll need for your undercover; although you're only five feet three, says here you've got a black belt in karate and expert status as a marksman; and looking at you, you're as good at disguise as you are everything else." He glanced again at the photo on the front page of the CV and then back at her. "You've really got that Avril Lavigne blonde-goth-tart style down pat, and you even look young enough to pass for a high school student. But I'll be frank with you. To me personally, the problem is not so much your size as it is your sex." He sighed and looked down. "You'll get your rear end whipped, you know," he concluded, almost as a regretful afterthought.

Jordyn's eyes blazed with fury. Ignoring all the difficulty her new high-heel boots had put her through simply in managing to walk from her car to the office, she sprang to her feet and before she knew it she was at the side of the desk with her face in the Principal's own, staring him down and her long ash-blond hair falling almost close enough for him to touch. It did gratify her to see that he kept his eyes locked on hers, rather than letting them stray down to the small but well-shaped breasts under her black skull-and-crossbones tee shirt. Still, her anger was implacable. "My *SEX*?" she raged. "Aren't you a little young to be such a damn male chauvinist pig? You listen here, buster, from all the information my agency has been able to collect you've got a chemistry teacher here at this place who thinks he's some sort of two-bit Walter White, trying to manufacture and sell both meth and hash oil on the sly at this school and using some of your own students to work for him to make and distribute the stuff. Seems that he cooked a big order of both products at the end of last semester, he and that crew of his have spent the summer selling it off, and now that school's ready to start he'll want to manufacture again. If

we intend to smash this thing, and we most certainly do, somebody has to go in undercover as a student and get on his crew.” She paused a moment to collect her thoughts and try to calm herself down, but she didn’t quite make it. The words continued to snap out like bullets: “And, by God, you will not find a male DEA agent in this district who can do the job better than me! I may be shorter than you by almost a foot, and a hundred pounds lighter, but if you don’t think I know how to take you down let’s go to the gym and have at it!”

His eyes continued to meet her own, stare for stare, but to her outrage it didn’t even seem as if she’d flustered him. “You misunderstand my meaning, Miss Hunter,” he replied calmly. “In order to establish your street cred with Mr. Norman and that bunch of good-for-nothings you suspect are working for him, you’ll not only have to look like a juvenile delinquent, but actually act like a juvenile delinquent. Hence my concern.”

“So?” she retorted haughtily, with another icy glare. “A juvenile delinquent I shall be. I just imagine I can cool my heels in detention as well as anybody, and I might be able to pick up more information in the detention hall after school and on weekends than I could in this guy’s classroom.”

“No, no, no,” said the Principal patiently but a little wearily, rubbing his left hand over his close-cropped hair. “Welcome to the South, Miss Hunter. We don’t have a detention hall here. We don’t use that form of punishment. Again, hence my concern.”

Jordyn frowned, slightly puzzled. “No detention? Well, what do you use, then, suspension or expulsion? I can’t do any good here if I stay suspended a lot. No wonder you have all this crime going on.”

The Principal looked like he wanted to answer, but instead shrugged his shoulders and opened the upper desk drawer near where Jordyn stood. He took out a long, thin hickory

paddle bored full of holes and laid it on the desk in front of her. "This is what we—or should I say, I—use for punishment here at this place. Five of the best, as they say, for every time a student is called to my office for misbehavior. Some of the teachers use the paddle too, but a great many send all their discipline cases to me. I was being literal, Miss Hunter. If you want to establish credibility as a bad girl at this school, you'll get your rear end whipped. I am going to have to bend you over and paddle you, hard and regularly and frequently." He arched an eyebrow as he saw her eyes widen involuntarily and her throat muscles contract as she tried to swallow and didn't entirely succeed. "That's why I say your sex is a problem for me. I really do not want to hurt you. If it was a male agent, he'd have to do this, sure, but he could maintain something of his pride by trying to fight me and then get a reputation as a scrapper when I had to out-wrestle or outbox him or whatever. And you know as well as I do, women's liberation or not, fair or not, that same scenario simply will not work with a female undercover. Not in this part of the country, at least. You'd have to take your licks and then go to the bathroom and cry and commiserate with the other girls, just like happens normally."

Jordyn didn't answer right away. For her part, she was wondering what on earth had unleashed the flock of butterflies in her stomach that were now fluttering around all over the place inside and tying knots in, and playing jump-rope with, her guts. Eyes wide, she stared a moment at the paddle, and the Principal's own eyes brightened as if he had just gotten an idea. "Say, tell you what," he continued matter-of-factly, "I bet we could fake this... let me see..." He scooted his chair back away from the desk, crossed his left leg over his right, picked up the paddle with his right hand, and swung hard and delivered a blow to the sole of his left shoe that sounded like a rifle shot.

*CRACKKKKKKKKK!* Jordyn gasped and flinched hard before she quite realized she had done so. Now, why on earth did

her knees feel so weak? Must be the effect of those damned stiletto heels...

The principal nodded his head thoughtfully. "Not exactly as loud as I'd like, but it should sound close enough through a door to be taken for the real thing. So when you get yourself into trouble and sent in here, I'll just fake the sound of the paddling like that, and beforehand you could use some makeup, bright red blush preferably, on your, uhm..." he cleared his throat and looked a little uncomfortable. "... your, uhm, derriere so you'll look believable in the bathroom to the other girls..."

Jordyn finally succeeded in swallowing, but at least half the butterflies in her tummy had now fluttered all the way up to her head as well and she felt slightly dizzy. Growing up, she'd never attended a school that used disciplinary spanking, and in fact her parents had never punished her that way. The only experience she had with the whole idea was a former boyfriend who had playfully spanked her once on her birthday, which she had enjoyed more than she had ever allowed herself to admit. Her mind raced and she steadied herself by grasping—discreetly, she hoped—the corner of the desk. The principal was offering her a way out, she realized, but... did he think she wasn't tough enough, or woman enough, to do her own job? And whatever was to happen, she knew that she couldn't let him make exceptions for her. It'd look bad on her work record, and besides that, it was a matter of her own pride. *Some pride I have*, she thought light-headedly, *if it makes me bend over and offer up my ass for a man to set on fire with a paddle...* she blushed slightly as she realized that her articulation of that last thought had aroused her sexually, and the inner seam of the skintight boot-cut blue jeans she was wearing only made things worse. She licked her lips and tried to moisten her mouth enough to reply. The Principal, evidently thinking the matter was settled now, nodded his head at her and opened the desk drawer again to put the paddle away.



“No,” she muttered hoarsely, still trying to get her whistle wet enough to speak normally. All of the moisture must have gone down to... She blushed and ran her tongue over her lips again. “I can... take whatever you dish out just like any... other student. It’s only... right. You have my permission to... to... spank me as often as needed... during this undercover.” She could hardly believe she had said that. And were these jeans all of a sudden shrinking along the central seam?...

The Principal looked at her a moment longer—perhaps a bit sardonically, she suspected, but maybe with just a touch more respect for her too. Strangely, that sense of respect gratified her immensely. He nodded. “Very well,” he replied, “I guess they’ll be calling this a ‘sting operation’ for a good reason, then. Fall semester starts next week. I’m the only one here who knows about the undercover, so... I assume I’ll be seeing you in here fairly soon afterward.” He concluded with just the bare ghost of a smile.

Jordyn tried to nod, but already she knew it was no good. She’d never had an experience like this, and she knew that under the present circumstances she’d lie awake every night till school started wondering, and dreading, what that paddle would feel like. Well, no sense putting it off, she realized as she steadied herself on the desk once again. She tried to clear her throat once more, and meet the Principal’s gaze again. “You better... better go ahead and let me know what... what I’m in for,” she stammered finally. “I mean... I mean...”

Being a man, the Principal was a little dense, but he managed to get the message: she was asking for a sample paddling. He arched an eyebrow again, slowly got up and stood beside her, and picked up the paddle. Jordyn was so nervous it almost seemed she was having an out-of-body experience. “One disclaimer, Miss Hunter,” he said quietly. “I cannot afford to paddle one student easily and another harder. Any time I paddle a student I paddle him or her hard.

Now, do you still want to go through with this?" Jordyn nodded her head numbly, looking so woebegone he was tempted to reassure her with a hug.

He took her hand. "Come over to the stool, then, and put your palms down flat on it," he ordered. Poor Jordyn's knees had started to shake so badly she almost stumbled over her stilettos again, and before either of them knew what was happening he had put his arm around her shoulder to steady her. "For the last time, are you sure about this?" he asked again, his eyes concerned.

Jordyn suddenly glared at him. "Think I'm a coward?" she snapped in a semblance of her old self-assured voice. "Hit me with your best shot! Your best five!" she challenged as she bent over with a defiant little twerk and wiggle and grabbed the seat of the stool, her long hair cascading down to hide her face. *Oh my God*, she thought as she stared at the seat of the stool, *what did I just say and what am I in for?—*

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Late that evening in the comfort of the small apartment the Agency had rented for her, Jordyn lay on her tummy on the sofa while hugging a big pillow, listening to her stereo and reflecting on the afternoon's events. She was clad only in a short babydoll nightie, and an electric fan on the coffee table blew on her shapely derriere—which still hosted the sports ColdPak she had hastily activated and jammed onto her backside as soon as she'd scampered into the apartment and dropped her jeans. The cold inside it had diminished to a chill only slightly less than lukewarm. Wrinkling her nose, she reached behind her, picked it up, let it drop to the floor and gave her buttocks another careful rub. She sighed. She wasn't sure who she should be mad at the most: her supervisor at the DEA, the Principal, or herself.

If it all hadn't been such a blur after that first paddle stroke. She remembered gasping as she had experienced the immediate sensation of tripping and falling butt-first into

a fireplace. For the second lick she had tried to hold her breath, but by the third swat she knew that her poor fanny was getting roasted right down to the bone and she could hold her breath no longer. By the fifth and final stroke on the seat of her jeans her butt was a solid sheet of throbbing fire and her beautiful eyes had betrayed her and filled with tears, but after that: the Principal taking her arm and helping her stand erect, her batting his hand away and making angry swipes at the tears on her cheeks while trying to hold back her sobs, then her attempt to walk away that had resulted in twisting those stupid stiletto heels again and falling right onto the principal's chest—that really was a sexy-smelling aftershave he'd been wearing, so unlike the cheap perfume she'd picked for her undercover—

Well, she'd wound up sobbing in his arms and getting her carefully-applied goth makeup all over his shirt, he seemingly thoroughly embarrassed and patting her back as she did a furious little hopping fire dance and vigorously rubbed the seat of her jeans. Finally she had calmed down enough to breathe normally even though every sexy round square millimeter of her rear was still aflame, and—partially to hide his own discomfort with the situation, Jordyn suspected—the Principal had suggested that she use his bathroom mirror to see to her makeup. Once in the restroom, Jordan had indeed gasped at her runny mascara, but when she'd unbuckled her belt and let her jeans fall, peeled down her panties and turned round to look over her shoulder, she'd been horrified at the deep reddish-purple color her blazing butt had assumed. She rubbed it carefully and winced, unable even to feel her hands over the red-hot burn. But oh, that cold porcelain had felt so good for a few moments afterward she'd almost been tempted to pleasure herself...

And the damned worst thing was the two of them trying to act professional again after the entire ordeal was over. Yes, Jordyn had reassured the Principal very nearly in her old

voice, this is how the sting operation had to go—*sting operation, right*, she thought with a wince—and now that she knew what a paddling felt like she'd be ready for it. He'd cleared his throat, looked sneaky, and reminded her in a low voice he couldn't provide after-spanking hugs like that once school started, she'd blushed as bright red as her butt and retorted that she didn't think she'd be shedding any after-spanking tears either and that he'd better do something about those smudges on his shirt. And then it seemed he'd wanted to say something else he couldn't quite get out. Did the man actually intend to try to ask her for a date once this sting operation was over? After bending her over and paddling her once or twice every week that coming semester? The very idea! She let her mind wander. What did he think she wanted, rump roast, or hot cross buns? Well... well, maybe a nice rare or medium rump roast, rather than the well-done ones she'd have to endure for the sting operation, might not be so bad, perhaps will a bit of TLC for dessert, and a cuddle afterward, and then...

The stereo pulsed softly. Jordyn carefully rubbed her buttocks again with her left hand, and with a mischievous little grin arched her back and let her right hand stray between her thighs. She could hardly wait for school to start.

## ***Chapter Two***

James looked down disgustedly at the tall plastic bottle in his hand. School had just come back in session, the air conditioners weren't working right and it was hot as blazes all over the building, he'd played hard in PE, and for most of the afternoon he'd looked forward to the end of the day so he could chug-a-lug a nice big energy drink from the soft-drink machine just outside the high school's front door. Now he'd spent the last dollar in his pocket on this one, but some overeager maintenance guy had turned up the machine's refrigerator unit too high and the thing was undrinkable, practically frozen solid. He'd have to wait until it melted, and that always diluted the taste. *Oh well*, he grumbled to himself. *May as well put the thing in my backpack and go wait for the bus.*

The crowd of students exiting the building was thinning, most having already gone to sit at the big bus stop down along the covered sidewalk for their buses to drive up, and so James was rather surprised, as he turned around, to find Jordyn Hunter standing next to him, books in hand, shifting from foot to foot and looking as if she were in a very foul mood. She'd been assigned as his lab partner in their Senior Advanced Chemistry class for the three times a week it met, and he was actually quite taken with her. For all her dirty-blonde good looks she wasn't a cheerleader and criticized the whole clique of them for being too snooty, and James agreed with her totally. But Jordyn herself always seemed to be moody and mercurial, even at this early stage of the school year often in trouble with her teachers or the Principal, and James never knew whether to speak to her or not: he might get a smile or a snarl, either one. But though it looked as if it might be a "snarl" afternoon for her, she seemed to want to talk to him and so he tried to make the effort. "Hiya, Jordyn," he offered as he started to take off his