

SPANKTEMBER 2023

Being Thirty Mostly Unrelated Drabbles about
Spanking and Other Fetishes, Written over the
Month of September 2023

by Dreyer

1: ROLE REVERSAL

"You wanted to see me, ma'am?"

Maddie the witch shuffled into her Matron's office, just in time to see her take a thick paddle down from the wall.

"Madeline," said the Matron, resting the paddle in her palm. "You understand that using magic too often is bad for witches, yes?"

Maddie swallowed. "Yes, Ma'am...?"

"And you understand that going too long without a spanking after using magic is *very* bad for witches, yes?"

Maddie trembled, cheeks flushed. "Yes, Ma'am..."

"Good."

She handed Madeline the paddle, then bent herself over her desk, pert bottom lifted. "Then there's nothing else to discuss."



2: SPANKED ALL WEEK

The terms of Camilla's punishment were clear. She would stay home all week — and so would her mother.

She hurried back to her bedroom, red bottom hanging out from under her T-shirt, tears fresh on her face. She rubbed her smoldering buns as she went to her calendar, and she put another mark under Wednesday.

She bit her lip as she looked back over the past few days. 20 marks on Monday. 27 yesterday. 12 today, so far. And further ahead, Thursday and Friday and Saturday and Sunday, dreadfully blank, full of potential.

There was a knock on her door.



3: UNUSUAL POSITION

"You're sure this is a good idea?" asked Lily.

"This is a *great* idea," said Jordan.

Jordan's arms trembled imperceptibly as she held herself in position: hands on the floor, head dangling, shirt falling down, belly exposed, rump sticking up, legs folded. She looked like a frog diving into the water.

"Well, if you're certain..." Still skeptical, Lily picked up Jordan's favorite cherry paddle, raised it high over her head, and brought it down as hard as Jordan likes it.

Fortunately they had thought to put blankets down, or else the fall would have hurt much worse than the blow.



4: IMPROVISED IMPLEMENT

"Another TPK?!" Fiona slumped onto the table, scattering dice about.

Their Labyrinth Master, May, simply smirked and shrugged. "Skill issue, I suppose."

Unbeknownst to her, Jasmine had picked up the Bestiary and was flipping through it.

"...Says here the jabberwock's damage die is a d8," said Jasmine. "Why were you rolling d12's?"

May flinched. "Er..."

The party exchanged frowning glances and nodded. Enough was enough.

Arms swept dice and miniatures aside, and Terry and Fiona grabbed May's arms and pulled her over the table — and in Jasmine's hands, the hardbound Bestiary landed several critical hits against the incorrigible cheater's backside!



5: ASKING FOR IT

"Rules for Bad Baby Penny:

One: One hundred spankings everyday, minimum.

Two: No pants allowed around the house.

Three: Bad Baby Penny will obey her husband or get a spanking.

Four: Bad Baby Penny will not swear or talk back, or she will have her mouth soaped and her butt spanked..."

Richard stopped reading aloud from the notebook he'd found under their bed, and looked to his wife, standing there with hands behind her back, head bowed, blushing furiously.

"...Penelope." He smiled patiently and sat himself up, patting his lap. "You know you can just ask for these things, right?"



6: PUBLIC SPANKING

"If it isn't Dorothea!" said the mayor of Blackbriar, after weaving through the little crowd in front of the bakery. "How are you? Keeping busy?"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" the witch squeaked! "Just helping Rachel out while her husband is ill!"

"With your *magic*, I take it."

"Yes, sir — *ow!*"

"Don't worry; I wouldn't let her work free," said the baker, holding Dorey over her lap while she smacked her bare bottom with a paddle! "She'll be paid handsomely for her services — and she'll be taking home a big pouch of coin, too!"

The townsfolk laughed, while Dorey squealed and howled!



7: FORMAL PUNISHMENT

Whack. Prisoner 77265 grit her teeth. *Whack.* She could get through this. *Whack.* Another hundred of her sentence of a thousand spankings, nearly done. *Whack.* She just had to keep... from...

Whack. The hundredth stroke pushed her over the edge. She grunted, she writhed, she slumped in her stocks.

Prisoner 77265 has received 100 spankings. Remaining sentence: 800 spankings.

Then, after a beat:

Orgasm detected from Prisoner 77265. 100 spankings added to sentence as penalty. Remaining sentence: 900 spankings. Return prisoner to her cell.

The guards had to drag her away, while she bawled harder than she had all session.



8: CROSSOVER

U.D. 65358-09-09

Subject B3-CK1 exhibits abilities unique among hominid samples from planet Caeruleas.

Upon entering her enclosure this morning, Handler Jogon was pushed over by a dense mass of water vapor. Subject appeared to take great amusement at this and could not stop laughing.

Subject resisted attempts at restraining her, continuing to laugh uncontrollably.

Portable probe revealed extreme spike in brattiness levels. Applied Directive B1 to Subject until hindquarters were fully reddened.

After calming down, Subject appeared embarrassed and expressed gratitude. Subject explained that similar treatments are employed by her peers to manage her psychological condition. Treatment schedule adjusted accordingly.



9: OCs

"Trick or treat!" Camilla beamed as she held out her pumpkin bucket.

"Oh, look at you! Are you... Princess Tangleshine?" asked Mrs. Rhodes with an amused smile.

"Nope! I'm my own Prisma Princess!" Camilla chirped! "I'm Princess Sparkleflash!"

"Well, you look beautiful! Mind letting me see the back?"

Excited to show herself off, Camilla twirled on her toes — and was too slow to react as Mrs. Rhodes lifted up her coquelicot skirt!

"Oh! I think part of your costume is missing, little lady! Here...!"

Right there, Mrs. Rhodes helpfully applied the rosy blush that adorns every Prisma Princess's naughty bottom!



10: MISTAKEN IDENTITY

"KATELYN BURROUGHS," bellowed the Adjudicator. "YOU ARE CHARGED WITH REPEATED VANDALISM OF PUBLIC PROPERTY."

The mousy girl froze and dropped her shopping bag. "What! But— I've never— I *didn't*—!"

"YOUR SENTENCE IS ONE HUNDRED SPANKINGS, TO BE ADMINISTERED IMMEDIATELY."

Deaf to Katelyn's pleas, the automaton's unyielding hands stripped her nude right there in the plaza and whacked her pale buns with a leather strap! Passersby stared as she thrashed and howled and bawled!

Across the street, Caitlyn Barrows watched the scene briefly, then drew up her hoodie and slipped into an alley, thankful for small blessings (and small clerical errors).



11: CAN'T KEEP A STRAIGHT FACE

"Stop laughing!" Lucy barked as she smacked Dorey's butt, then collapsed into giggling! "You're making me laugh!"

"I can't help it!" Dorey giggled back, wiggling on Lucy's lap. "You're so cute when you scold me!"

"Yeah?! Well, *you're* cute when you *squeal!*" Lucy spanked her again!

"Oh!" Dorey squealed sweetly and wagged her hips. "I love you, Lucy!"

"*Ohhh...!* I love you too, Dorey!" Unable to contain herself, she rolled Dorey over, and the two witches passionately kissed.

Just outside their door, the Matron sighed and shook her head as she drew her paddle. If you want anything done right...



12: DDLG

"That's enough fussing, Baby Dusty," Daddy sweetly chided. "You wanted this, remember?"

But Dusty wasn't fussing — she was rocking in excitement! Daddy was right: strapped snug in a padded rocker, dressed in nothing but a T-shirt and a diaper, a fat pacifier stuffed in her mouth, parked in front of the TV and forced to watch Barney? It was everything she wanted! To be stuck as a baby, with Daddy in charge!

"Keep it up and you're gonna get a spanking, little girl," Daddy added.

The butterflies in Dusty's belly went wild. Was that warning supposed to make her *stop?!!*



13: SPANKEE'S REVENGE

"What's so funny?" Megan huffed as she slapped Zooney's bottom.

"You've fallen into my trap!" Zooney giggled.

"Your trap?"

"Now that your hand has touched my butt, your palm is coated in a specially formulated itching powder! It's too late to wash it now: in a few minutes, your palm will become so itchy it'll drive you mad!"

Megan blinked. "...And it works on contact with bare skin."

"Yep!"

"So to make sure I got it on my hand... you coated your whole bare butt in it."

Zooney paused. "...You know, sometimes I wish I was as smart as you."



14: OUTDOORS

The elf descended from the canopy and pointed a blade at her throat. "Why do you trespass upon these woods?"

"I-!" The maid raised her hands. "I'm lost! I was sent to cut a switch, but I couldn't find any good branches, so I kept going further in, and...!"

"Ah." The elf sheathed their sword. "I will guide you out. But first..." The elf hoisted her over their shoulder and raised her skirt!

"You will not harm these trees," the elf said, raising their sheathed sword. "You will go back to your master and show them you were punished enough!"



15: BARE BOTTOM CORNER TIME

Audrey found peace in corner time. Standing nude from head to toe, hands on her crown, nose against the wall, buttocks painted in streaks of rouge. A new decoration for the common room, for her dorm-mates passing through to stop and stare and giggle at. Her spanking was over, her trespasses forgiven, as long as she took this time to relax, to catch her breath and dry her tears, to show everyone what happens to bratty girls like her. She would stay here and think about what she had done... and what she could do to end up here again.



16: MAKING IT WORSE

"Stop squirming!" Mom barked!

"Stop spanking me!" Camille howled as she kept squirming!

"Take it like a big girl! One more spanking now, and one more before bed tonight, and you'll be done for the week!"

"I DON'T WANT ANY MORE!" Camille frantically kicked her feet — then froze as her heel met something meaty.

Mom froze too, briefly, then she moved her hand away from her cheek. "You clearly need *much* more discipline. How about a spanking every morning before school, and a spanking every evening before bed, for *another week!*"

"Noooooo...!" Camille wailed — but crying wouldn't help her now.



17: UNUSUAL IMPLEMENT

"Got any games on your phone?" asked Sarah as she invited herself onto Jacob's lap.

"Who wants to know?" asked Jacob, eyes still on the screen.

"Me." Sarah's manicured fingers reached toward his phone. "Got Candy Crush? Lemme play Fortnite."

Jacob pulled the phone out of her reach. "I've got one game for it..."

"Yeah? What is it?"

A second later, she'd be belly-down across his lap with her skirt flipped up — with the back of a smartphone clapping against her ass!

"And the best part is, it's free to play — and it's not locked to any app store either!"



18: SCOLDING

"I'm very disappointed in you, Lily," her Mommy chided. "A 40% on your last English test? Really? We both know you can do better than that, Lily. What do we need to do? Do we need to do more study sessions at home? Do we need to put you to bed earlier so you can be more rested? Because this is unacceptable. You're a smart girl, Lily, and I know this isn't the best you—"

"*Stop!* I can't take any more!" Lily bawled! She turned around, pulled down her pants, and thrust her bare bottom out! "Just spank me already!"

19: OTHER PUNISHMENTS

Fire Witch Alma froze as she entered her room — she was surprised to see the Librarian there, and even more surprised to see Mud Witch Maddie lying on the floor in front of her, bare-bottomed, feet in the air!

"Oh! Hello, Alma," said the Librarian, as she pulled thick cloths between Maddie's thighs. "Just giving Maddie what she gets for muddying the bed again."

"Oh...! Well, I won't interrupt." Alma turned on her heel.

"Not so fast. Your sheets have been sootier than usual too, haven't they?" She patted the spot beside Maddie, where another stack of white cloths lay.



20: OFFICE

Samantha's eyes went bleary as she looked over the massive spreadsheet. Every number in ever one of those cells, a number of punishments doled out at one of Spankocorp's thousands of brat-taming facilities, that needed to be checked against their monthly earnings.

Her mind drifted off, and she began to consider the reality of the numbers. West Lakewood, 387. 387 wiggling bottoms, red all over, slapped and popped and swatted by smiling women in bright yellow aprons — something sparked inside her belly, and she blushed and shifted in her seat.

She wondered, briefly, how one would apply for a *demotion*.



21: MAINTENANCE

"How's everything looking?" asked Mandy's head.

"Good so far," said Dr. Johnson. "Just need to test motivity."

Mandy's lower half was wired up to a separate console, networked to the one where her head sat. The gynoid could watch as the doctor ran her fingers up the plasticine skin of her thigh, then gave her bubbly rump a hearty slap!

"Owch!" Mandy's face scrunched up, and several feet away, her leg kicked up!

"Perfect!" Another spank, and her other leg kicked up with equal vigor! She caressed both cheeks. "Why don't we run a full sensitivity test, while we're here?"



22: SELF-SPANKING

"Spank, spank, spanky spank! Spankings on my butt! Spankings for a spanking whore, silly spanky slut!"

Jessie wagged her rosy rump at the camera as she lay on her bed with her legs pulled up to her chest, spanking herself with both hands while she sang her silly chant! On screen, chat messages whizzed by — amazing how a thousand or more people flood in every time to watch her, to share the joy of her embarrassing little fetish, to lavish her with attention, praise, and cash!

All it costs is a bit of her dignity. And honestly? What a bargain!



23: EAGER SPANKEE

"Do it! I'm ready!"

Eager to show what a Good Witch she'd become, Beast Witch Bethany bent herself all the way over, arms wrapped around her knees, pants down to her ankles, offering her bare bottom to the mistress of the ranch she'd terrorized in her wicked days!

"You know I won't be holding back, right?" Melinda smirked, sliding the leather strap across her palm.

"Don't! Please! Beat my bottom *red!* Make a *monkey* out of me!"

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! Bethany certainly howled like one, as the crack of leather across bare skin rang out across the ranch!



24: PLEADING

"Please don't spank me."

That's what you always whine as I drag your bratty butt across the house, away from your latest misdeed, to the big chair where I pull you over my knee and give you just what you deserve.

"Please don't spank meeeeeee~!"

Do you think I don't hear the little lilt in your voice? Do you think I don't catch the hint of a smile on your lips? Do you think I don't see the way your hips wag? The goosebumps on your thighs as I pull your panties down?

No one believes your "don't," little girl.



25: COUNTING

"*Turtle!*" shouted Zeno into the treeline. "You have until the count of three to get your butt back here before I *spank it!* One...! Two...!"

"We should head back, Turtle," said Rabbit. "Zeno sounds serious."

"It's fine," laughed Turtle.

"*Two and a half...*"

"See, she always does this."

"*Two and three quarters...*"

"Thing is, if she wants to count any higher..."

"*Two and seven eighths...*"

"First she has to count half as high."

"*Two and fifteen sixteenths...*"

"So, effectively, she'll never be able to count to-"

Turtle felt a firm hand grab the back of her collar and pull. "*Three.*"



26: SPANKEE ATTEMPTING TO FLEE

"Subject N4-D1A! Return here at once!" shouted Handler Jogon!

"Make me!" She looked back and stuck her tongue out at her alien captor as she ran away! Though, trapped on their ship as she was, where did she think she was running *to?*

Straight into the arms of another Handler, it turned out, who had just turned the corner in time to catch her — then hoist her over her shoulder and spank her bottom right there!

The girl squealed and wiggled as they carried her back to her enclosure, for twice the spanking she'd already earned! There was no escape!



27: AFTERCARE

"Tummy time" was such an embarrassing name for it, even if it was appropriate.

He would help her off of her lap and lay her belly-down on the rug, then smooch the top of her head before he left for the kitchen. He'd return with an ice bag and towel to lay on her red and smoldering bottom, and a bowl of caramel swirl ice cream to set in front of her. He'd put on an episode of her favorite anime, then pat her head while she enjoyed her treat.

It was her second favorite part about getting in trouble.



28: WARNING SWATS

SPANK!

"Ow! What was that for?! I wasn't doing anything!"

"You were about to do something. I could see it on your face."

"Well, when you say that, it makes me *want* to do something!"

"You do, and you know what's gonna happen."

"Far as I'm concerned, it's already happened! So I might as well just do it!"

"Oh, believe you me, it hasn't happened yet. You'll know when it's happening."

"Oh yeah?! Well, *you'll* know when I'm actually being naughty! Observe!"

THWUMP-CRASH!

"See?! *That's* worth getting smacked over!"

"I agree."

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK...



29: IMPLEMENT MISSING

Lucille sighed as she marched into the tower's kitchen, where Dorey was stirring up a big pot of stew.

"Jeanene still acting up?" said Dorey.

"Like you wouldn't believe." Lucy went to the rack on the wall and paused. "...Dorey? Where's the spanking spoon?"

Dorey froze. She lifted the spoon out of the pot, gave it a careful look... then lolled her head back and sighed.

"Am I gonna have to throw this whole thing out?" she groaned.

Lucy tightened her lips. "...No, that's too much of a waste," she said, reaching for another wooden spoon. "I won't tell anybody."



30: RESTRAINTS

It's only right that I'm hogtied: I'm nothing but a little piggy, after all.

I pant and moan into my ball-gag, hot with anticipation. The sleep mask obstructs my vision; I can't see where you're standing. But I can hear you shuffling about, taking things off of shelves, moving closer, then farther away, leaving me longing... Your fingers dance up my thigh, and I gasp and jerk.

Finally, I feel the sturdy wood pressing against my bare buns. My breath quickens, and I grunt and wiggle, lifting my butt into it. Please! I'm your little spanky-piggy! Make me fucking squeal!