

SPANKTOBER WITCHTOBER 2024

a collection of one-page stories about witches

by Dreyer

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GHOST MOUSE

CASE REPORT

On the Resolution of the Case numbered 2813, and named “Unexplained Loss of Inventory at the Wallsborough Granaries,” as drafted by Neve, Beast Witch of the Elvale Archives. Ciaran, Beast Witch of the Elvale Archives, also witnessing.

The Tower received reports of sudden and unexplained Losses of Wheat, Millet, and Rye from the Granaries at the surrounding Farms of Wallsborough. No Footprints or Droppings of Rats or Mice or their ilk were found, and the Culprit left behind piles of white Ash in the Grain’s place. Suspecting beastly Mischief all the same, the Tower sent us to investigate.

Upon our Arrival at the Granary, we made ourselves into Cats, and introduced ourselves to the Cats already living there. Though they were wary of us at first, with Magick we calmed their Hearts and became friendly with them. We were afforded an Audience with the Leader of the Colony, who in her own Words affirmed the Complaints of the Farmers, and also reported Agitation and ill Temper among her Underlings. We assured her that we would do our best to help, and we were permitted to stay the Night among them.

That Night, we discovered a Procession of Mouse-like Specters winding toward the Grain Stores. They left no Footprints as they marched, and where they made to eat the Grain, the Kernels were consumed by a pale Fire, leaving behind the reported Ash. The Cats were agitated at the Specters’ presence, but could not see them clearly, and being that the Mice were incorporeal, the Cats pounced and swatted at them in vain.

With the Aid of our Familiars, we conducted a Ritual, as described in the book “On Sleep and the Boundary of Death” (Nordenheim, Occult Studies and Formalized Magick), to put ourselves into a deep Slumber. We awoke from our Sleep as Specters, and leaving behind our Bodies, we hunted the Mice, capturing as many as we were able, and those we could not catch scattered and fled the Granary. We are certain that these ghostly Mice will not return for some time, as their Sureness in their Invincibility has been broken.

For our Treatment, our Familiars instructed the Cats on the proper Handling of Witches, and they bit our Scruffs as if we were Kittens while the Cats nibbled our Haunches and swatted them with their Paws, the Leader giving us the firmest Nips and hardest Swats of all. In the Morning, we took our Wightly Forms once again, and the Farmers bid us good-morning with Spankings over their laps, before inviting us to break fast with them.

To prepare for future Incidents such as this, we may need to consult with Witches knowledgeable in the Domain of Death, on what might cause a Mouse to die with Regrets.

We affirm that the Preceding is a true and accurate Telling of the Events, and further that the Problem is RESOLVED and the Case may be CLOSED.

Neve among the Cats

Ciaran among the Cats

NIGHTMARE

In her dream, war had come to Karr, and then to the gates of the Rotberg manor.

As the soldiers in black armor marched through the halls, Lotti and Shannon and the other maids that had not already been captured or slaughtered had fled to the inner courtyard. If they could make it to the other side of the garden, they just might have been able to escape the manor through the rear gate, and from there flee to the neighboring town.

But the plan proved to be for naught when a clutch of soldiers came marching into the garden through the rear entrance. In a panic, they turned about, only to be greeted by another row of soldiers approaching from the front, spears at the ready. The maids gathered close to each other, trembling, wailing, begging God for help, as their attackers closed in...

There is nothing to fear. A voice whispered in Lotti's ear, carried on a chill gust of wind. You are not surrounded. They are. Do they not know they trespass on your home?

All the fear was gone from her in that moment, and she knew just what to do. She raised her hand, and she called out to the trees and the flowers and the bushes that she had tended to for so long, and she bade them to help her now, in her time of greatest need. The answer from the garden was swift: Ivy sprung up from the ground and wrapped around the soldier's ankles, locking them to the earth. A thick ring of brambles rose up from the soil, surrounding Lotti and the others, protecting them. The looming trees reached their branches down towards the soldiers and viciously beat them and choked them. Bushes snapped out toward approaching reinforcements and grabbed their arms, twisting and snapping them. Those who witnessed the chaos from afar cried devilry and fled for their lives.

Yes! Yes! See them scatter! See them fall! You are the bramble thicket! You are the oak-wrought gate! No one you love shall be hurt, as long as you are around...!



When Lotti woke, there was no war. There were no men in black armor. There was only her, in her bed, in the servants' quarters... and the massive web of ivy that clung to her sheets and her nightgown, spilling over the bed's wooden frame, exuding the smell of earth after the rain... and her fellow maids sitting up in their beds, staring at her aghast.

"...Alert the master at once," Shannon called out to one of the others, as she tossed off her sheets and bounded toward Lotti's bed. "We must call the Tower to investigate – and we must look after her till they send someone!"

"Wait– Shannon!" Lotti yelled! "I'm not a witch–!" But Shannon was already upon her. She grabbed the vines and tore them away from the sheets, she seized Lotti under her arms, hoisted her up, and wrestled her over her lap! She pulled up the skirt of Lottie's nightgown, and she looped her arms around her dear friend's body as she thrashed and kicked and begged for her to listen!

"You are *safe*, Lotti," Shannon said, squeezing her so tight to her belly, as she raised her hand over her head and started slapping the seat of Lotti's bloomers with all of her might! "No one will hurt you – or be hurt *by* you – as long as I'm around!"

PUMPKIN PATCH

“Welcome, welcome, welcome! Come on in to Farmer Margaret’s Pumpkin Patch! We’ve got big pumpkins, little pumpkins, pumpkins in every shape and color! Carve ‘em, cook ‘em, set ‘em by your door! Buy a couple pumpkins, then buy a couple more!”

Dorey and Lucy perked up at the sound of Dust’s voice ringing out, and they couldn’t help but smile at what they saw as they hovered on their riding sticks toward the archway! There their silly sister was, on a bale of hay, in the nude, sitting in a big orange pumpkin with holes cut out of the bottom for her legs to stick out of! The cut-off top of the pumpkin had even been set on her head and tied up under her chin with a bit of cord, to make a silly hat!

“Good morning, Dust! What a cute outfit,” Lucy giggled, hand to her mouth. “Farmer Margaret’s hired you as a greeter, has she?”

“Yeah, well...!” Dust grinned from ear to ear in embarrassment, a rosy blush on her cheeks as she rubbed the back of her neck. “It’s the least I can do for her, you know? After sending that dust devil through her fields,” she said.

“Aye, that little fit you had a while back, right,” said Dorey. “Thank God we caught you in time before there was any real damage.” She smiled and tilted her head. “So, what? You’re letting her punish you properly for it, now?”

Dust nodded firmly. “And after we close up here, she’s gonna wash me up good and give me a round with the belt,” she said. “Plus I’ll be spending the night here, and uh... mmm... you know...” The wind witch smiled sheepishly and shrugged her shoulders.

“And what, Dust?” Farmer Margaret strolled toward the three witches with a sunny smile across her freckled face. “What are we gonna do before we put you to bed?”

Dust pursed her lips and bowed her head, her cheeks turning red as tomatoes.

“*Duuuust?*” Margaret sang, folding her hands behind her back and leaning in. “Is it time to take you out of your pumpkin again?”

“All right, all right!” Dust squealed, kicking her feet and scrunching her eyes shut! “She’s gonna put me in *diapers!* Happy now?!”

“Very much so,” said Farmer Margaret, reaching out to pat the pouting witch on the head. Then she turned her attention to Dorey and Lucy. “And how fare the two of you this morning? Just come to see your sister, or here on business?”

“We did need some of your wares, actually,” said Lucy, casting a quick sidelong glance at Dust. She did seem to be shifting quite a bit in her pumpkin seat, come to think of it. “A few for cooking, a few for decorating.”

“Well, I’m sure we can help you find what you’re looking for. Come this way!” She waved for the two witches to follow her as she headed into the pumpkin patch. “And you two let me know if you need some humbling too, okay? I’m sure we can find some pumpkins in just your sizes!”

CURSE

“I’ve brought you the hair of another sinner, my lady,” said Bridget, as she took an uneasy step into the darkened office of her mistress.

“Another! Oh, God bless you, Bridget. You do such great service in the name of justice.” The young baroness, Beatrice of Larksmouth, came skulking out from the shadows, wrapped in a shawl, a crooked and eager smile on her pale face as she held her hands out. “Tell me, what is this one’s sin?”

“She is a wicked woman indeed,” said Bridget as she lowered the thin strand into Beatrice’s palm. “She is an incorrigible gossipmonger, who uses her standing among her fellows to bully and abuse those she sees as beneath her. She judges your people harshly based on her own fanciful standards, and then retaliates against them in great excess of what they deserve. She thinks herself much higher than the seat of the barony – perhaps even higher than the king’s throne.”

The baroness’ face twisted into an indignant sneer, and she turned on her heel and rushed to her desk. She grabbed a sackcloth doll from the pile in front of her, and with a small sewing needle, she threaded the lock of hair into its cotton stuffing.

“Higher than the barony indeed! We shall see about that!” She picked up a pair of shears and clipped away the yarn-spun locks of hair from the doll’s head. “Let us squash that arrogance and vanity of hers – let her hair fall out in clumps, till she looks as if a child has barbered her!”

“That will surely humble her well, my lady,” Bridget said with a sage nod.

Hardly paying her any mind, Beatrice pulled several pins from her pincushion, and she pushed them into the doll’s face, its hands and legs, its nethers and fundament. “Let her tongue be confused and her words become babble,” she spat. “Let her hands become clumsy, let her walk with a dullardly waddle! Let her continence fail her, that she needs be diapered like a babe! Let her rump be plagued by a terrible itch – and let the only relief for it be a hard *spanking*, on the *bare!*” She kicked her feet and giggled frantically to herself. “Perhaps after a month – no, two months! – of living in such terrible shame, she will learn her proper place among my people!”

“I’m certain she shall, my lady,” said Bridget. “Though, if I may, I never told you the sinner’s name.”

“As I did not ask it,” Beatrice snapped. “But if it would satisfy you, you may tell me now.”

“Her name is Beatrice of House Larksmouth,” said Bridget. “Baroness of River’s End.”

Beatrice froze. She stared aghast at her maidservant, who only stared dispassionately back. In a panic, she pushed her fingertip into the crook of the doll’s neck, but could not muster the strength to dig past the seams. After much struggling, the doll slipped out of her hands, and it fell to the floor. A lock of curly blond hair followed its trail, pooling into a spiral on top of it.

“An investigator from the Tower will be visiting the manor soon,” said Bridget, as her fellow maids came into the room behind her, bearing brushes and paddles and folded stacks of swaddling cloths. “Until then, we will be looking after you, and keeping you safe – as we always have, and always will, my lady.”

SCARY MOVIES

On a white bedsheet stretched out between two wooden posts, a girl in a red cloak, basket in hand, crept with trepidation through a deep and dark wood. Her white hand slowly drifted up to her face, and her figure shifted as she turned to look behind her, then forward again – and the moment she did, the form of a massive grey wolf emerged from the trees, standing up on its hind legs, front paws raised, mouth gaping, sharp white teeth gleaming!

The witches gasped in fear! Alma and Suki clung to each other, Maddie curled into a ball and hid her face behind her knees, Neve's and Ciaran's tails bristled! And behind them all, Roanne sat on a tall stool, concentrating, a polished prism clasped in her hand. Light from Roanne's fingers shone through the crystal, casting the fearful images onto the sheet in full, living motion!

One night earlier that year, apparently she had been using magic in her sleep, and she had beamed her nightmare onto the ceiling of her bedroom – which woke some of her roommates, who were able to watch her dreams as she ran through the woods naked, bottom red, fleeing from looming gray figures brandishing bundles of switches. Embarrassing as it was, it gave the Light Witch a new idea of how to use her powers – and so she began practicing. Whenever she had a moment, she would cast images onto the wall or the floor, adding more detail, making them move, refining their movements to make them look more real. She practiced and practiced, until at last she could project the images well enough to tell a story – a story of her own choosing, at a time of her own choosing, thank you very much.

On the sheet, the wolf emerged from Grandmother's bed, casting off her cap and nightgown, baring his teeth at the girl in red! He reached out with his terrible claws, and he grabbed her – and then shoved her head-first into his open maw! The other witches screamed – Millicent the loudest of all! – as the girl kicked her feet and desperately writhed in the wolf's gullet! Then, a flash of silver – a gout of bright red – and then there stood the huntsman on the left, his cap and vest a bold and leafy green, his leather pants an earthy amber, his mighty axe shining. The girl in red on the right, crumpled on the floor, but safe. The wolf between them, cleft in two, bathed in crimson.

The images shifted. Now the girl, the wolf, the grandmother, and the huntsman all stood in a row, facing the audience. At once, they all bowed their heads deeply, then disappeared.

Roanne's shoulders relaxed, and she let out a heavy sigh. In just a moment, the gaggle of witches broke into applause, effusing praise! "That was amazing!" "What a show!" "It looked so *real!*" Warmth blossomed across Roanne's tawny cheeks, and a grin spread across her face as she basked in their approval.

She alighted from her stool, and she took a deep bow. "Thank you all," she said in her usual soft voice. "I've been practicing this art all year. I'm hoping I can put on a show for the people on All Hallow's Eve!"

"That's a great idea!" "Oooh, that'll spook some children good~" "I can't wait to see it!"

Roanne blushed a little brighter, and she lifted the skirt of her robe and started fussing with her breeches. "Now, if it please you all," she said. "That all took quite a bit of power – so I hope you will all flatter me with another round of applause. You should each only need one hand for this one."

FALLING LEAVES

It was the middle of the tenth month, which meant it was time to check in on Philomene again – and this time, it was Becky’s turn at last.

“She’s a little standoffish,” Dorey had warned her as they talked over a cup of chai, “but she isn’t mean. She’ll be polite with you – as polite as she is with any customer, at least.”

“That witch’s cooking is top-notch! Honestly, it makes me a little envious!” said the innkeeper at Bellbrook, as she spanked the little witch over her knee. “Oh, you must try her special salad!”

Becky’s woolen breeches itched her warm bottom, and she shifted uneasily on her broom as she hovered along the mountain path, beneath a canopy of amber and gold. Eventually she came upon the large wooden sign advertising Atelier Philomene, and she turned into the animal trail indicated by the arrow. When she at last arrived at the Atelier and its garden, a band of walking mandrakes approached her with welcoming smiles, and took her pack and robe for her as they ushered her into the cottage and sat her at a table. Philomene was out to greet her soon enough, and Becky was happy to see that her wits were still about her. With her sunny smile, Becky ordered the special salad, and Philomene took little time preparing it for her. Upon a bed of arugula sat a scattering of millet and roasted pumpkin seeds, blanched pumpkin slices arranged in a circle, and bits of dried pear, all lightly dressed in oil and black vinegar. It was delectable, and her smile remained as she chewed up each mouthful.

After a while of lingering at a distance, Philomene took a seat at the table across from her, and they got to talking properly. She asked after Dorey and ‘her lover;’ Becky assured her that she and Lucy were doing well. Becky asked about business; Philomene admitted that it was slowing down, but that was to be expected this time of year. Philomene was curious about Becky’s domain; she was happy to spin a little raincloud over her cup of water to demonstrate. Becky asked Philomene about her discipline schedule; she blushed and assured her, in roundabout words, that she was getting plenty.

One topic led to another, and eventually Philomene convinced Becky to follow her on the trail into the woods, to pay her Mother a visit. They headed out in their hats and robes, Philomene leading with lantern in hand. The trail was covered in fallen leaves, which crunched beneath their boots.

“Thank you for agreeing to this. You’ll probably be one of the last witches Mother sees for the year, before she goes into hibernation,” Philomene intimated.

“Hibernation...” Becky furrowed her brow. Right, it’s a rare few flowering plants that blossom all year round. “...A-are you gonna be okay? Over the winter?”

“I’ve managed before. I’ll manage again,” Philomene assured her. “In the worst case, I can fly to the Tower.” She looked over her shoulder and smirked. “Or wait for an envoy to come and beat me.”

Becky turned her uncertain frown into a smile. “Well, I just hope she’s happy to see me!”

“Oh, Mother’s going to like you a lot, I’m sure,” said Philomene. “She’s utterly infatuated with witches. Especially cute ones.”

The red in Becky’s cheeks rivaled that of the leaves beneath her feet – and so would the blush across her and Philomene’s buttocks, once Mother had given them her love.

HAUNTED MANSION

CASE REPORT

On the Resolution of the Case numbered 5725, and named “The Haunting of Banovan Manor,” as drafted by Milena, Death Witch of Rusk Tower.

The Tower received a Letter from the Lady of Banovan Manor, requesting our Aid in a ghostly Matter. An Apparition has been reported roaming the Halls of the Manor, frightening those who walk through it at Night. Also, the Servants and various Guests have reported the Sounds of moaning and wailing. To confirm the Reports and seek a Solution, the Tower sent me to investigate.

When I arrived in the Morn, the Lady and her Servants welcomed me warmly, and they treated me to a warm and filling Breakfast and a Round of Spankings to settle my Spirit. I confirmed the Details of the Sightings from the Servants and Guests who had observed the Apparition. I asked after Staff Rolls, Genealogies, and any other Evidence that would point to the Identity of the Spirit.

After reviewing the Documents and interviewing the Lady and her Servants and Guests, I concluded that the most likely Culprit was a woman named Miriam – a Nursemaid who had looked after the Lady when she was a Babe, but who had passed away from an inborn Illness before the Lady was old enough to remember. Old Floor Plans revealed that the Guest Room near which the Spirit was most often said to appear was once the Lady’s Nursery, which had been repurposed as the Lady grew older.

That Night, I waited within the Guest Room alone, with a Servant outside the Door to see to my Needs, and I wrought a Circle that would bind the Spirit and allow me to converse with her without Need to enter the Death-Trance. As reported, the Spirit appeared, and I was able to keep her in place and speak to her. She intimated that she feared that the Lady had suffered in her Absence, and that she wished to see her once again. Sensing no ill Intentions from the Spirit, I sent the Servant to fetch the Lady and bring her to the Room. Upon her Arrival, the Spirit of Miriam became overjoyed, and around us, the Guest Room shifted and changed into one like a Nursery – perhaps a Recreation of the one in which the Lady was raised.

For the Whole of the Night, I observed as the Lady was made by the Specter to wear Diapers, to make Toilet in them and be subjected to embarrassing Changes, to lay on a Rug and suck on Teething Rings and Sugar-teats, to be dandled on the Nursemaid’s Knee, to have her Belly rubbed and tickled and her Feet played with. I remained ready to protect the Lady in the worst Case, but the Spirit seemed only to desire to look after the Lady once again, as if she were a Babe, and to be sure she was safe and healthy. In the Morn, the Apparition of the Nursemaid was gone, and I could no longer sense the lingering Presence of her departed Spirit.

I affirmed to the Lady that the Spirit’s Needs had been satisfied, and she would trouble the Manor no longer. To treat my Corruption from the Magicks I employed, the Lady kept me as a Guest for the following day, and entrusted her Servants to treat me in the Manner that Miriam had treated her.

I affirm that the Preceding is a true and accurate Telling of the Events, and that the Matter has been RESOLVED and the Case may be CLOSED.

Milena of the Dead

BABY BAT

From the Journal of G., Witch Hunter.

REGARDING THE TAMING OF A BEAST WITCH IN A CAVE WITHIN THE BLACKBRIAR WOOD

Night had fallen as our Caravan was passing through the Blackbriar Wood, and we had set up Camp. In the Dark before the Dawn, the Good Witch rose from her sleep, and making a Fire in her Hand as a Lantern, she wandered off into the Wood. I quickly gathered my Hat and Cloak, and a Knife and a Paddle, and I followed after her.

The Good Witch made her way to the Mouth of a Cave, and she paused before she wandered in. I knew not what was leading her, but trusting her Senses, I made not to stop her, and instead followed her in at a Remove.

What she found within that Cave, was a Girl who was acting like a Bat – she was naked, her Arms shaped like giant Wings, wrapped around herself to hide her Modesty, and she hung herself from the Ceiling of the Cave by her Toes, among the other Bats. Disturbed by the Light from Aranathea's Flame, the Bats squeaked and scattered, and the Girl unfurled her Wings and fell upon the Good Witch. I went to protect her, but found the Girl harming her not, but sniffing at her like a curious Pup. Her brown Eyes set upon me, and at once she leapt from atop Aranathea and into my Arms, where she sniffed at me and bit at my Leathers. "Oh! I think she likes you more," said the Good Witch, teasing me.

The Sun had just begun to break, as I carried the Girl out of the Cave in my Arms, Aranathea following behind. We brought her back to the Camp with us, and there we fetched Water and Cloths and Soaps and scrubbed the Filth and Stench from her Body. We brought her Food, and she indulged herself in dried Apples, refusing Bread and salted Meats.

"How did you know there was a Witch there?" I asked Aranathea as the Beast Witch supped.

"I did not," the Good Witch answered. "I simply felt her there."

Knowing Magick had been at work in any case, I then called Aranathea to my side. I took the Good Witch over my Knee, and I bared her Buttocks and beat them soundly with my Paddle. The Din drew the Beast Witch's Attention, and when I let Aranathea off of my Lap, Eyes wet and Buttocks red, the Beast Witch came over on her Hands and Feet, and without an Order, she too climbed over my Lap. It seemed she wished to be a part of the Goings-On! Happy to include her, I raised my Paddle and spanked her just as soundly, and she yapped and squealed like a Beast, until at last her words found her, and she cried out, "No more! No more!" I kept spanking her until she wept, and then let her off of my Knee to stand beside the Good Witch. She let us know that her name was Zoe, but she could not remember whence she came. We agreed to let the Witch accompany us on our way to Blackbriar Town.

God save the Witches, for theirs is a strange and hard Lot indeed. Let us see by this little Beast's example, that Wickedness is not in the Witch's Nature, but it is a Sickness that grows within them – and for every Sickness, there is a Cure, a Cure provided by God, and deliver'd by the Hands of Man.

CREEPING VINES

CASE REPORT

On the Resolution of the Case numbered 3056, and named "Harassment of the Workers at Herzfeldt Vineyard," as drafted by Milly, Plant Witch of Saltspray Tower.

The Tower received a Letter from the Vineyard reporting that over the past few Weeks, several of the Gardeners complained of being molested by the Grape Vines themselves, that they would lift up from their Trellises and grab at their Feet and Hands, reach for their Nethers, and at times whip their Bottoms. Mr. Herzfeldt, Owner of the Vineyard, dismissed the Complaints at first, thinking his Gardeners were finding Excuses not to work. But the Number and Frequency of Complaints compelled him to contact the Tower, and so I, being a Plant Witch, was sent to investigate.

After introducing myself to the Head of the Vineyard and its Keepers, I set to Work in the Fields, examining the Grape Vines for Signs of Animation or Possession. As I wandered into the Center of the Fields by myself, I felt a Tendril slip under my Robe and tickle the Back of my Thigh, and as I turned to stop it, another gave me a Smack across the Bottom. I was able to take Control of the Vines and bend them back into their Place, and as I did, I noticed the Silhouette of a small Figure, no taller than the Length of my Hand, disappear into the Trellises, too fast for me to see clearly or apprehend.

Suspecting Mischief committed by one among the Fair Folk, I requested from the Groundskeepers Materials to build Traps to ensnare one of the sighted Figure's Stature. I placed the Traps all about the Vineyard, and I baited some with Cheese, some with Milk, some with Wine, some with Bread, some with Honey, unsure as I was of the Suspect's Tastes.

The following Morning, I went about the Vineyard and checked the Traps, and inside one of the Traps baited with Wine, I discovered a Sprite in a Skirt made of Grape Leaf, a Crown of Petals on its Head, lying in a Stupor before the empty Saucer of Wine. I reached into the Trap and seized the Sprite, and I interrogated it. It confessed to using the Vines to play Pranks on the Gardeners, and was surprised that I did not find it as funny as it did.

Holding the Sprite in my Hand, I scolded it harshly for its Mischief, then turned it over onto its Belly and spanked its Bottom five dozen Times with my first two Fingers. Upon being released, the Sprite apologized for its Actions, promised that it would happen again, and then fled.

I instructed the Gardeners of the Vineyard on proper Technique for repelling Fair Beings, and for diverting them from their Mischief if Repulsion fails.

As Treatment for Magick used while on Task, I was brought to Mr. Herzfeldt's Office, where I was given a sound Strapping with his Belt to the point of Tears.

I attest that the Above is a true and accurate Telling of the Events, and furthermore that the Matter is RESOLVED and the Case may be CLOSED.

Milly of the Leaf

SKELETON KEY

“I’m really sorry about all of this...” the Matron sighed, the hard soles of her boots clicking against the stones of the gaol floor.

“Try to keep your witches on a tighter leash,” the guard grumbled. “You’re all just lucky no one reported anything stolen.”

Down the torch-lit hall they went, till they arrived at the cell at the end of the hall: where Medb had been locked up in a pillory, facing the wall, wearing only a hempen shirt, her feet spread apart with a manacled bar, her bottom on full display – both cheeks splotted with red, a slight bruise visible just above her left thigh.

The guard opened the cell door and let the Matron through. The Luck Witch trembled as she heard her footsteps drawing closer – and then hollered and rose up on her toes at the sudden burst of pain, as the Matron slammed her open hand down on her tender bottom, again and again and again!

“What in God’s name were you thinking?!” the Matron scolded. “Going around town popping open everyone’s locks! What did you think was going to come of it?! What were you trying to do?!”

Medb writhed and whined, fresh tears rolling down her cheeks! “I’m sorry!” she croaked. “I got carried away! I...!”

The Matron resisted the urge to spank her some more, and she folded her arms tightly over her chest while she stood back and gave her a moment to speak.

“I was getting bored... Lamia and Mina and Milena and everyone have all been out for so long, and I’ve had no one to talk to and nothing to do...” She took a breath. “I started fiddling with my hairpins... I figured out if I wiggled them just right in a lock, I could pop it open without thinking too hard... I was just popping locks around the Tower, first, but... I wanted to see how much I could do with it! I didn’t mean any harm, ma’am! Honest!”

The Matron drew in a deep breath, and she let out another big sigh. “Well! Now that we know you can do that, we’ll have to figure out how to put that to some *good* use,” she said, unfolding her arms. “Until we do, you are forbidden from leaving the Tower without an escort – and you may not stay out after dark under any circumstances!”

“Mmmh...! Yes, ma’am–”

Affording her no time to agree or complain, the Matron started right back in, slapping Med’s bottom again and again and again! When her knees buckled and her hips started to dip down, the Matron lifted her up by the belly and kept on spanking, over and over, until her hand was too sore to deliver another blow! Medb sunk as low as her restraints would allow, bawling and howling.

“You’ll be out of there in just a little while,” said the Matron, shaking her hand as she walked back toward the cell door. “Before then, I have some licks of my own to take, for allowing this situation to happen in the first place. That’s what being a responsible witch means, Medb.”

LOCKED DOOR

Becky was on her way up to her bedroom, when she saw Dust sitting on the floor in the middle of the hall, her ear pressed to the door of the spare bedroom where Dorey and Lucy were staying.

“What are you doing?” Becky said, furrowing her brow.

“*Shhhh!*” Dust held a finger to her lips and sharply shushed her, then pressed her ear to the door again. On the other side, Becky could faintly hear the sound of the Matron’s scolding voice.

Becky started to take a step away – and then before she knew it, she was sitting on the floor face-to-face with Dust, her own ear pressed to the wood.

“...posed to set an *example* for the other witches! You’re supposed to take *care* of each other! And what do I see you two doing?! Tangled up in the sheets, your hands roving all over each other?! When you’re supposed to be reddening each other’s bottoms?!” *SPANK, SPANK, SPANK, SPANK!*

The two girls looked at each other, eyes widened, cheeks flushed, as the sound of skin on skin and Dorey’s high-pitched squeals tickled their ears!

“*We were! We were* spanking each other! We promise!” Lucy wailed from the other side.

SPANK, SPANK, SPANK, SPANK! Now it was Lucy’s turn to squeal! “Not nearly enough, it seems!” the Matron barked! “Those butts of yours are barely even pink! Well, if you two aren’t up to the task today, that’s what I’m here for, isn’t it!”

Dust and Becky could hear the spanks alternating, sounding off left and right, left and right, while Dorey’s and Lucy’s pleading whines harmonized with one another! The two witches squirmed and shifted as they shared a look, and playful grins spread across their blushing faces! They both looked up to Dorey and Lucy, of course – but it was always fun to remember that the two senior witches were as silly, as naughty, as trouble-prone as any other witch of the Blackbriar Wood! Becky could just picture the two of them bent over the bed, wiggling and kicking, shaking their butts and bumping hips with each other as they bawled like little girls!

Their hearts leapt as they heard the Matron’s heavy footfalls, walking away from Dorey and Lucy as they whimpered and moaned. What now? Could the Matron be fetching a big paddle? Or maybe even petitioning her familiar to become a strap? A birch? A *cane*?

Click!

The solid wood supporting the witches’ heads suddenly pulled away – and they both let out a yelp as they tipped over and fell on their faces! They propped themselves up on their hands, only to find the Matron standing at the doorway, looming over the both of them, one hand on the doorknob and the other on her hip.

“Dorothea? Lucille?” the Matron called back over her shoulder. “Scoot those red bottoms toward the foot of the bed, would you! We must make room for two more!”

ENCHANTED FOREST

Meg didn't go into the woods to pick berries anymore.

She would still tell her mother and father she was going to pick berries, for sure. She would pick up her basket, and she would put on her red cloak and her leather boots, and she would head out onto the dirt road behind their house, into the dark and verdant forest. She would even stumble upon a few blackberry bushes, and she would gently pluck the most succulent of their fruits and drop them into her basket. But no longer was that what she went into the woods for.

She would take to walking in farther and farther, much farther than she needed to go just to fill her basket. She would keep walking until she started to see the telltale signs: first, the rings of mushrooms; then, the sight of her own footprints up ahead of her; then, the shapes of faces in the trees. Only a little farther, and she caught sight of gossamer wings fluttering among the bushes, glowing like moonlight, and soft laughter and whispering tickled her ears.

The piggy's here! The piggy's come back! The piggy's here to play again!

The wings started circling around her, brushing against her sides, tickling her ears, flapping at her backside. She swatted at them in play, and they soon dispersed – not for her, but for the elf who had stepped out from the brush and onto the road to meet her. The pale and wispy figure, dressed in silks, extended a slender hand toward Meg's face, and they cracked a wry smile as they stroked her cheek.

"Back again, are we?" the elf purred.

Meg bit her lip and wiggled in place, leaning her cheek into the elf's cradling palm.

"Isn't there anyone treating you back in your village?" said the elf. "Does anyone even know you're a witch yet?"

Meg shook her head gently. "I've been practicing in secret," she said. "I haven't told a soul."

The elf nodded their head in understanding... then the hand that so gently stroked Meg's cheek pulled away to give that cheek a sharp slap! "You naughty thing," the elf scolded.

Their hands were upon Meg, then, roughly turning her about by the shoulders, pulling at her cloak and her dress, tugging them up over her head. Faeries gathered around her belly and slid her bloomers down her legs, leaving her nude. One of the faeries came bearing a switch, which the elf took with gratitude – and then, they grabbed Meg's wrists and held them up over her head, and they cracked the thin and whippy stick across her butt!

"March, piglet!" the elf shouted over Meg's whines. "You're coming back to see my family. We'll teach you a lesson in honesty yet!"

Thwip! Thwip! Thwip! The switch cut red and angry welts across Meg's rump, and the witch hopped and whined and squealed 'oink oink oink' as she marched, her bare feet stamping against the dirt! The faeries giggled and spun and fluttered after the two, each of them eager to see what was in store for their new playmate! What fun this was going to be...!

TRICK OR TREAT

From deep within the wood they came, upon the hallowed eve,
On flying sticks and brooms they came, if you can so believe.
The stars were out, the sun was down,
The moon was bright and perfect round,
And to our small and humble town
The witches came to call.

They dressed like beasts and devils, like knights and knaves and kings,
They dressed like goblins, ghosts, and ghouls, and other ghastly things.
And o'er our houses they did fly,
While fires and auras filled the sky —
An artful show, directed by
These willful witches, one and all!
These naughty witches all!

No fear had they of showing off their Magick with abandon,
For 'twas the Devil's rest that night, and he could not command them.
They might have gone all night — but soon
They gathered in a small platoon,
And as they marched, they sang in tune —
A joyous caterwaul:

*We are not daily beggars, who beg from door to door,
But we are witches of the Tower, as you have seen before,
So bring us a treat! Bring us a sweet!
Bring us a lovely thing to eat!
Should anyone not, we'll stamp our feet,
And none shall sleep at all, at all!
And none shall sleep at all!*

Each house would give each witch a treat, to feed her painted face,
And then a swat upon her rump, to keep her in her place.
To each and every door they went,
Till feet and magick both were spent,
Then flew off to the main event —
The witches' moonlit ball.

They'd dance around a roaring fire, they'd sing out songs of old,
There'd be such treats to pass around, such stories to be told,
They'd feast, they'd drink, they'd spank in play,
And in each others' arms they'd lay,
Till night would yield itself to day,
And none would sleep at all, at all,
And none would sleep at all.