

# WEIRD WITCHTOBER

Thirty-one Hundred Words about Witches

a compilation of spanking microfiction by Dreyer

inspired by a setting created by Dreyer and Pecker

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## o: introduction

Witches are people. They have family, friends, lovers. They laugh, they cry, they struggle.

Witches are magic. They control elements, concepts, emotions. They fly, they heal fast, they live long.

Witches are arbitrary. Anyone can become a witch — whether they want to or not.

Witches are dangerous. Too much magic, and they turn wicked and hurt people.

Witches are redeemable. A wicked witch can be made good again. The best means: a sound spanking.

Witches are diligent. They help people, they help each other, they strive everyday to be good.

Thirty-one scenes about witches follow, each one-hundred words long. Enjoy.

## 1: OUIJA BOARD

"Ask what you will," whispered Milena of the Dead.

The young man's fingers trembled on the planchette. "...How can I show Annalise how I truly feel about her?"

The planchette slowly glided across the board, guided by their touch and the murmurings of the wise departed. Their message was plain:

**SPANK HER**

"You have your answer," said Milena. The man looked uncertain as he mumbled his thanks and left.

Three years later, the man and his wife visited Milena's atelier again, for advice on conception. As they sat down before the board, Annalise bit her lip and shifted her hips.



## 2: BERRIES

"Those wolfberry tarts are delicious, Dorey."

"Lucy!" The Hearth Witch pouted. "Those are for the gathering!"

"They'll all love them," Lucy slurred. Her face smushed against Dorey's bosom, her hand caressed Dorey's ass. "Just like I love you..."

It dawned on Dorey slowly — she felt so dumb. Wolfberries... cupidberries... they look and smell so similar.

"I think I've drugged you, Lucy."

"You drug me every time you kiss me."

Lucy pinned her to the wall, kissed her ravenously. She smacked her ass hard, squeezed, dug her nails in.

Dorey swallowed. "I'm sorry...?"

"Then make it up to me. Right now."



### 3: SKULL

"Where'd you even get that gross thing?" a novice witch asked Milena of the Dead, pointing at the bleached skull her viper was wrapped around.

She could have given the honest answer: She'd found it wandering the wastes, long ago; her familiar had found it a comfortable resting spot. But she couldn't resist.

She ran her fingertips across the scalp, and she wickedly grinned: "It belonged to the last person who asked me that question."

The sore bottom and the taste of soap was worth it — the tears in her junior's eyes, less so. She would have to apologize later.



### 4: EARTHLY DELIGHTS

When Madeline and Suki finally found Circe, they found the missing villagers too: all nude, rolling around in the mud, squealing like pigs, wrestling with each other, kissing passionately.

"You would stop this?" asked Circe. "You'd give them back their shame? How could you be so cruel?"

There was plenty of mud for Maddie: as Circe tried to control her, she controlled the puddle, and pulled the corrupted witch in. When Circe resurfaced, her robes were gone, and Suki beat her naked, muddy butt with a rod. Soon the villagers returned to their senses — but the shame was all Circe's.



### 5: STARS

Neve and Ciaran, the Cat Twins, spent the night watch sitting on the Library's roof, gazing at the stars.

"I see a naughty girl bent over for a spanking," said Neve, looking through her binoculars.

"Really?" Ciaran traced the shape of the constellation with her finger. "Looks more like a centaur to me."

"I'm not looking at the sky," Neve said, grinning.

She passed Ciaran the binoculars, and pointed to a window on the eastern tower. In the dim candlelight, she saw Alma bending over, her tawny rump getting slapped by a paddle, glowing brighter and prettier than any star.



## 6: fang

Much work to do around the Archives, and Ciaran the Cat Witch was dozing in a sunbeam. Her sisters tried to wake her to get her help, but she waved them away.

"Next person who interrupts my nap is getting bit," she warned them.

A few restful minutes, then another hand on her haunch. She sat up and jabbed her fangs into the arm—

Then looked up, as the Librarian's eyes met hers.

Rediscovering her helpful nature, Ciaran swept the floors in the nude, her tail too thin to hide her apple-red bottom from the stares of her snickering sisters.



## 7: COVEN

In olden days, witches gathered not in towers and libraries, but in secret circles in forests and caves, away from people's sight.

A young huntsman once discovered such a gathering in the woods outside his village — and the witches, in the midst of a fire-lit ritual, found him too. His village never saw him again: they blamed the witches.

Yet, the lost huntsman still lived: lived through the Purges, the discovery of spanking as a cure for corruption, the Reformations; lived to see witches become a treasured part of society.

She does not like to talk about the olden days.



## 8: CREEPY CRAWLY

"Cut it out, Adelaine..." Joan stirred in bed as a tickling hand crawled up her belly. Adelaine loved tickling her at inappropriate times.

Joan opened her eyes and lifted her head, glowering. "I said, stop—"

Adelaine was not there. The hand on her belly had ten thick fingers, two mandibles, eight tiny eyes, and was covered in bristly fuzz. A tarantula.

"...Oh. Hey, Sasha," Joan grunted. "Is Adelaine being gloomy again?"

Adelaine's familiar bobbed in affirmation.

"Alright." Joan picked up the spider, which became a fuzzy slipper in her hand, and got out of bed.

"Let's go find her."



## 9: decay

"What will you do, hunter?" the Rot Witch cackled, as he stood atop a stump in the middle of a moldering grove. "Your paddles and switches will rot in your hands, just like these trees. Your straps will crack — even now, your leathers crumble around you. You dare not bring your hand against me, lest the rot seep into your skin. You are helpless."

The Hunter reached into her crumbling leather pouch, and produced a paddle — wrought from white marble.

"...I'll give it to you, Hunter," said the witch, wagging his finger at the implement. "I didn't think of that."



## 10: flame

Alma led the lost children back home through the dark wood, the flame in her palm warding off predators and lighting the way.

"How can we repay you?" said their relieved mothers.

"I need no payment," Alma assured them. "I only ask that you look after me till morning."

The women took her robes and shook the ashes out. They stuck her in a warm bath and scrubbed her with soapy brushes — the water turned brackish and gray.

Then they each took her, nude, over their lap, and showed her their own power to make fire with only their palms.



## 11: cryptid

"So, what happened?" asked the Matron.

Anna gulped and looked back at the disheveled common room, and her three sisters facing the wall, hands on heads, bottoms ablaze.

"...They said I had to catch a wugglewock before you'd give me work."

"...How did they describe this 'wugglewock?'"

"Squat, big claws... pointy snout... makes a sound like '*chitchitchurraaugh*...'"

"And you found one, cast a sleeping spell on it, and brought it inside."

Anna nodded.

"Okay." The Matron handed Anna a hefty book labeled 'Bestiary.'

"I want you to read that while I spank you. Specifically, you'll read the pages about 'badgers.'"



## 12: botany

Viola wanted badly to see Philomene's *alraune* guardian, for an entry in the floral manuscript she was writing. At dusk, Philomene guided her to the grove behind her restaurant, where they waited for Mother to bloom.

"Wow... what an amazing specimen!"

"I know," said Philomene, "she's beautiful."

"The colors on her... so vibrant! And oh, she smells wonderfully, too!"

"Y-yeah, she smells nice, I guess..." Philomene blushed and averted her eyes.

"Oh... I just want to learn *everything* about her...!"

"Wait, hold on—" Viola squeaked — but Mother was already disrobing her subject, and dusting her nose with soporific pollen.



## 13: unlucky

Little things always went Medb's way — and she abused that to cheat at gambling for years. Until one sore opponent cried witchcraft.

She evaded the guards expertly, until inexplicably, she tripped — right into their arms, and right into a cell. Her luck, run out.

Her cell opened. In stepped a robed woman, whose radiance made Medb's heart flutter. "I'm here to evaluate you for witchhood," she said in a silky voice. She cupped Medb's cheeks and gazed into her eyes. She embraced Medb and caressed her bottom. She was warm, and smelled like roses...

Little things always went Medb's way.





## 14: astral projection

Dorey held a sulking Becky over her lap, soundly spanking her over the bloomers with her open hand.

In the corner of her eye, the air shimmered. She glanced toward the shimmering and smirked.

"If you want to watch that badly, you should just come up here."

On the couch in the common room, Morrigan jerked upright, eyes snapping open and breath catching.

"Did you see Becky?" asked Wendy on her left. "How bad's she getting it?" asked Jeanene on her right.

"Er... not too badly." Morrigan stammered. Blushing, she stood and started toward the stairs. "I have to go."



## 15: myth

"Saint Nicholas isn't real," Erica huffed.

It would be her first Yule as a witch: her sisters insisted that Saint Nicholas comes to visit and spank every witch, but Erica wouldn't be fooled.

"If Saint Nicholas is real, I'm an Easter rabbit!"

On winter's eve, Erica awoke to an obnoxious clicking. She fumbled in the dark toward the sound, until she reached the living room: where an old man, broad and powerful, sat in a rocking chair, puffing a pipe and clicking heavy needles together.

He was knitting pink pajamas with a dropseat and a cottontail, just in Erica's size.



## 16: fairy

Meg picked berries in the wood, heedless of the tales of faeries that turned people into pigs.

When the faeries surrounded her, she was unusually calm and comfortable. They could see what she was before she knew — and they agreed on how to treat her.

They stripped the witch naked, pushed her down, made her crawl as they switched her rump. They laughed, they teased, they called her names!

"Oink, piggie! Oink for more *spankings!*"

Meg pressed her cheek into the earth, stuck her welted bottom up high and wagged it about! She wanted more! She *needed* more! "Oink! Oooooiiiiink~!"



## 17: fungus

Deep in the infested forest, Sable found the corrupted Mushroom Witch, naked, dancing to an inaudible song.

"Mornin', beautiful," the Mushroom Witch chuckled, and offered a handful of blue caps. "Wanna ride?"

"No thank you. I'm here to take you in. But first I must spank you... and bathe you, apparently."

"Groovy, man. I know a good place."

She danced over to a stream, where she plopped down and let Sable scrub her filthy body. Then she bent over a large toadstool, and Sable paddled her bottom as red as its cap.

The witch wriggled and purred. "You single, babe?"



## 18: doll

"No, you stupid bunny!" Beatrice shouted, throwing a signature tantrum. "I wanted *two* lumps of sugar! *Two!* Can't you hear?!"

Her dolls all exchanged expressionless looks, and rose from their seats.

Ms. Farnsworth and Ms. Beckendale grabbed her wrists and bent her over the table. Mr. Fuzzins, her giant teddy bear, pulled her bloomers down and slipped her bottom till she bawled! They rolled her onto the table, wrapped her red bottom in diapers, then marched her to the corner by the ear.

No more tea parties for Beatrice till she could behave like a *lady*, instead of a *baby!*



## 19: sparkle

"What are you doing?!" the washing woman scolded, as Maddie the Mud Witch stood up in the wooden tub. "We're not done washing you!"

"You said you'd scrub me till I sparkled! I'm sparkling now!" Maddie angled her butt so it would catch the sunlight. "See?"

"Oh, I see it..." The washing woman smacked that shiny butt with her bathbrush! "And I see it needs more scrubbing than I thought, too! Now *sit!*"

She pulled Maddie back down into the water with another splash and kept on scrubbing — and plugged her complaining mouth with a fat bar of soap, too!



## 20: EYES

"Look into my eyes, piglet."

Circe barely needed to ask. Straddling her lap, Daphne stared deeply, and her mind dove into those pools of amethyst. Her body went slack, while Circe gripped and jiggled her buttock.

"Who owns this butt?"

"...You do..." Daphne slurred.

"What is this butt for?"

"...It's for spanking..."

*Whap!* "Do you feel that?"

Daphne whimpered, then bit her lip and lazily nodded.

"What does that feeling mean?"

"...It means you love me..."

"Good piggy." Circe kissed Daphne's lips, while her hand spoke the words over and over. *I love you, I love you, I love you...*



## 21: GODDESS

Wendy furrowed her brow as she looked up at the portrait of Aranathea, the First Good Witch. "So, do we pray to her, or...?"

"Not pray, no," said Lucy. "We don't worship her. We simply keep her in our minds, and follow her ideals."

In the portrait, Aranathea was sage, serene. Wendy remembered an illustration of her bent over her father's lap before the King.

"She couldn't have been the *First* Good Witch, could she?"

"Of course she wasn't. Plenty of witches were good before her. But thanks to her and her family, now we know how to *stay* good."



## 22: GOAT

"Noooooooo! Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, stooooooooop!"

"Not a chance!" the farmer girl scolded, wagging her finger at the witch! "You said yourself that you won't be spanked — so this is what you get instead!"

Fio writhed and screamed and laughed, her feet clattering in the stocks as the goats licked saltwater off of her bare soles!

"Aaaaiiiieeee-hee-hee-hee! I've changed my miiiiiiind!"

"Are you *suuuure*?"

"YEEEEEEEEEEEEES!" Fio shrieked! "I'LL TAKE MY SPANKINGS LIKE A GOOD WIIIIIIIIITCH!"

Her partner gulped as she watched from a distance. The plainfolk's methods could be harsh sometimes, but just as often more effective than anything a witch could devise!



## 23: DIVINATION

The Hanged dangled from her ankles with her bare back and red bottom facing the viewer. Strength was a tiny old woman pulling a burly amazon over her lap. The Lovers embraced under an angel's gaze, caressing each other's glowing rumps. The Fool sucked her lip as she spanked herself with a martinet, her little dog watching with confusion.

"I'm noticing a theme to these illustrations," Rosa mused as she rifled through Millicent's tarot deck.

"It keeps me grounded," said Millicent. "It reminds me that even when the future is hazy, one thing in my own future is absolutely certain."



## 24: INSTRUMENT

Families gathered on doorsteps to watch the witches parade through the town on Hallows' Eve. Dressed like monsters and fairies, bearing musical instruments, they begged for cakes and candies at every door, laughing and dancing and shouting out their bratty cheer:

*Give us our treats! Give us our sweets!  
Give us the things we love to eat!  
If anyone doesn't, we'll ring our bells (ding-ding, ding-ding!)  
We'll bang our drums (badum, badum!)  
We'll blow our horns (toot-toot, toot-toot!)  
We'll stamp our feet (thump-thump, thump-thump!)  
And no one will sleep at all! (at all!)  
And no one will sleep at all!*



## 25: OFFERING

Ivory brush in hand, Alma shuffled back towards the bed, where her sisters were waiting. She dropped on one knee before her mentor, and held the brush up in both hands.

The witches laughed! "You don't have to be so formal!" Cosette giggled.

Alma blushed. "Sorry... It's just, this is my first time, and I..."

"Want to make sure it's perfect, right?" Cosette smiled and took the brush from her. "Don't worry: it will be perfect, because all of us are here to make sure it is. Understand?"

Alma nodded.

"Good." Cosette sat up straight. "Over my knee, my vassal."



## 26: FLOATING

Dust floated down on her staff to where Becky had landed, and found her broom, and her bottom half, sticking out of a haystack.

"You okay?" Dust asked with a smirk.

"Mmmmfgh."

Dust took her by the ankles. "Come on, let's get you out of there."

"No," Becky huffed. "Just leave me here to die."

"Don't talk like that," Dust scoffed. "No one's good at flying their first time."

"No one's this bad either."

Dust released Becky's ankles, and lifted up her robes instead. That defeatist attitude needed to be corrected first, and Becky was in just the right position!



## 27: MASQUERADE

The two masked witches broke away from the crowd of dancers, to better appreciate each other's company. Fingers caressed necks, played with lace — and then one bent over the other's leg.

"You move so gracefully, Ellen."

Ellen gasped — she recognized the voice. "Margaret? How did you know...?"

"The job at Rochefort Manor," said Margaret. "I took you over my knee after we'd finished." She poked right where Ellen's butt met her thigh. "I remembered this cute little birthmark on your bottom!"

Ellen was glad for the mask hiding her face, which was as red as her rump would soon be.



## 28: CLOWN

Dust was honored, and eager, to play Aranathea in the Walpurgisnacht Mummer's Play!

The burly man playing her father bent her over his lap, in front of a King dressed in motley. He spanked her a hundred times — for real — while she kicked and spat and cursed, hamming up her corruption.

Then Father picked up a paddle and brought it down with a thunderous WHOP — and she slipped off of the man's lap, tumbled, sprang up and flipped in the air, then landed perfectly, arms raised! "I'm all good now!"

The laughter and applause was well worth the aching backside!



## 29: SPECTER

Nails scratched at the latrine door as Melina squatted inside. "*Filthy...*" voices moaned. "*Filthy...*"

"It's a latrine," Melina huffed, unimpressed. "Of course it's a little dirty."

The door clattered open, and Melina yelped as a ghostly hand grabbed her wrist and yanked her out! Several phantoms waited outside, surrounding a big wooden tub. They tossed her in, scrubbed her butt, soaped her mouth, and spanked her as they chanted:

*Filthy! Filthy! In the tub!*  
*Filthy bottoms must be scrubbed!*  
*If they fuss or if they squirm,*  
*Spank them, spank them, hard and firm!*

Melina's bawling went unheard until dawn broke.



### 30: familiar

Shandra's familiar summoning ritual should've been more joyous. But all the Death Witch could think about was poor Lenore, her dearest friend who'd succumbed to sickness only weeks before. No so-called 'life companion' could ever take her place...

"Shandra."

Shandra's eyes flicked open. The congregation was aghast. Before her sat Lenore, hands folded in her lap, beautiful as ever, but pallid.

Tears poured down Shandra's face. "You're back... how...? Why?!"

"Why do you think, dummy?" Lenore smiled.

Casually Lenore detached her left forearm, which transformed into a paddle. She beckoned Shandra over and pointed to her lap with her stump.



### 31: pumpkin

The feast was incredible: for each witch, a pumpkin stuffed with beef, rice, and onions; roasted carrots and fennel; a mincemeat pie; a slice of pumpkin pie with cream; and a flagon of buttered rum.

The witches ate and sang and told stories of naughty tricks and scrumptious treats — and hours later, they lay down all about the common room, sleeping off their full bellies.

"Another lovely Halloween," Lucy purred, cuddling up on the couch with the head chef.

"Indeed," said Dorey. "All the lovelier spent with you."

The taste of cream and nutmeg was still on both their lips.