

SPANKS-GIVING 2023

DAYS 1-10

WRITTEN BY: ZYLEN ANDEL

DAY 01- BRAT

Zeke Stone was a mountain of man with what seemed to be a perpetual scowl on his ursine features. The gray furred bear didn't have the most jovial job, even at the best times, but there were times he hated it.

"LET ME GO, YOU WALKING CARPET!"

Like right now.

The furious crow screamed and pulled against the ropes holding his toned arms behind his back. The shackles on his neck was meant to demean and humiliate him while he was being dragged through the streets towards where he would spend the time he was sentenced to.

"Be quiet!"

"Or what? You gonna punch me my arms tied up? Real tough guy, huh?"

Even a deep clearly angry growl wasn't a deterrent. Zeke was trying his best to ignore the words from the criminal. "I caught you, remember? Now shut up!"

The crow laughed and tried to slow down the forward movements, digging his talons into the dirt road. "You didn't catch me! You snuck into my tent when I was sleeping! Maybe you had something else in mind?"

"Don't flatter yourself." Zeke pulled the crow behind him with little difficulty, even with the criminal trying to slow him down. "Now pick up your damn feet! I don't wanna have to carry you!"

The rope suddenly went slack and before Zeke could react, the big bear was pushed against a stone wall with the bird pressing against his back. "Ugh... GET OFF!"

"You'll have to help me with that since my hands are tied." The crow grinned as he lewdly ground his crotch against the bear's covered butt. "But it seems you've got plenty back here to work with."

Being a guardsman, Zeke had seen all kinds of ways that men tried to escape their punishments. He'd fought some, he'd declined bribes, he'd ignored pleas and sob stories, he'd even had a few men offer their bodies. However this crow was either the stupidest or bravest of the criminal's he'd been tasked with bringing to justice.

“Stunned silence? Come on, pull my pants down and I’ll show you a good time.”

Zeke smirked. “Yeah, okay.”

“Really? Heh, I took you for a secret bitch. I’m glad I was right.”

Ignoring that lady part, the burly ursine pushed his way off the floor and turned around. He untied the criminal’s pants and let them fall to the ground, watching the crow kick them away.

“Your turn, big boy.”

Rather than answer him, Zeke held eye contact and sat on a bench put there to allow travelers to rest on their way into the city. He tugged the rope and the confused criminal stumbled forward until he fell across the bear’s lap.

“Y-you can be serious!”

“Oh I am serious.” Zeke easily trapped the crow’s legs under him own and moved his tail feathers out of the way, rendering the criminal helpless. “You act like a brat, you get treated like one. Fight and beg all you want, I’m not stopping.”

“Let me go! Now!”

“Take your punishment with some dignity.” Zeke lifted his big calloused hand, aiming right in the center of the feathered ass, and swung hard.

“AHHH! STOP! Let me-OWW!”

“I told you to be quiet. The more you talk, the longer your punishment will.”

SMACK

“Augh! I’m going to beat your ass so b-AHH!”

The skin under the black feathers was beginning to turn red under the heavy handed assault. Zeke was a skilled disciplinarian, having spent time training the other guardsmen. His hand hit the tender spots where the crowd weight would push down whenever he next sat down.

Delight transformed the smirk into a stoic smile. He enjoyed watching the crow squirming and cursing him. His threat was a bluff only in that once he started spanking the bird, he was going to continue until HE wanted to stop.

Each impact made the black feathers butt cheeks bounce and jiggle as his huge palm collided with them. The warm flesh kissed his skin and drew delicious whining moans from the criminal dancing on his knees.

“Please... stop... I can’t... take anymore...”

“You will.” Zeke said flatly.

“But what if someone-“

“Sees you getting your ass beating like an impudent brat?”

SMACK

“I tried to do my job, you interrupted me, and now you’re suffering the consequences. You’ve only yourself to blame.”

SMACK

The crow could only jump and squirm as more harsh spanks landed on his vulnerable rear. Tears stung his eyes both from the pain and the humiliating of being made helpless by a bigger and stronger male.

His eyes snapped open when he heard voices coming closer. He hid his face in his hands and whined, resolving himself to taking his licks as that was the only option he had.

DAY 02- DADDY

Zylen kissed Apollo deeply and hugged him tight. The kiss broke with both birds blushing furiously. “You sure you can’t stay? It is more fun to satisfy our clients together. We run this brothel together, so entertaining clients together makes it more fun.”

“Oh it’s definitely more fun. But the client wanted time alone with you,” Apollo looked over the body of his husband, covered in a purple silk robe. His arousal began to flare up and he pulled himself away. “You really look hot in purple. Have fun, my love.”

“You aren’t going to give me *any* clue to what client I’m entertaining?”

“Of course I would! But the client asked me not to.” Apollo offered a knowing wink and shut the bedroom door.

Zylen smiled after his blue jay lover, spinning on his heels and making his way towards the bed. He sat down and leaned back propping himself on his arms. Carefully crossing his legs and draping his crocodile tail over the edge of the bed would ensure the client would get as much of eye-ful of him as he wanted them to get.

Sparring a quick moment, Zylen checked the clock. “Ten o’clock.”

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

“Right on time.” Zylen straightened his hair and robes, smiling a seductive smile. “Come in.”

The bedroom door opened to reveal another blue peacock, with thin glasses and a warm smile on his beak.

“Dad?! You’re the client?”

“Yes son, I am!” The sharply dressed avian stepped into the room on graceful legs, shutting the door behind him. “Now, stand up.”

“Yes sir.” Zylen blushed and stood up, looking down on his father who was a good foot shorter.

“Good boy. Take off your robe.”

“Y-yes sir.” Zylen untied the silk robe, shrugging it off with an embarrassed smile.

The size difference was clearly evident between father and son. The younger peacock had a mix of peacock and crocodile genes, giving him much more muscle mass and size than Venas had. However, the older peacock still had authority.

Stirring gracefully on the bed, Venas adjusted his glasses. “Now lay on lap.”

“What am I being punished for?” Zylen slowly laid himself down across his father’s lap.

“You’re not being punished, Zylen.” Venas lifted the thick crocodile tail, marveling at the shape of the round and toned butt cheeks. “A spanking can be used for more than just punishment.”

SMACK

Zylen whined as the first few smacks collided against his butt. He squirmed but didn’t fight too hard, obediently staying where he was.

“You have put a lot of yourself into this business. And I’m proud of you for working so hard on this job.”

SMACK

More firm but loving spanks landed on his ass, making the bird’s rump jiggle from the force. Zylen grunted as the spanks seared his skin.

“And as your father it’s my duty to motivate you and ensure that you are prepared to keep your passions alive.”

SMACK

“Life is hard and you must endure these hardships. No matter how rough things get.” Venas grabbed his son’s hair and yanked it back, forcing him to arch his back . The spankings continued, but got harder. The prim peacock may not look string, but he knew just how to hit a man to cause the most pain.

SMACK

“AHHH! D-dad... why so rough?”

“I’ve heard you like it rough. So, I’m giving you what you want.”

Zylen gasped and squirmed with the burning in his cheeks getting hotter by the second. The crisp sounds joined by satisfied groans with his muscular body trembling and shaking.

“That’s good, my boy, let it out.”

“Yes! Yes D-“ The spansks rained down and stained the hybrid’s butt bright red. The sizzling pain bit into his cheeks and made Zylen clutch onto the bed and his father’s leg.

“Say it. “ Venas stated firmly with a smile on his beak, leaving no room for mental maneuvering. “Say it loud, boy!”

SMACK

“OW! DON’T STOP, DADDY! IT HURTS SO GOOD!”

“Good boy.” The spansks continued with Venas having no intention of slowing down. He was proud of his son for following his dreams of satisfying the desires of others. Right now, though, Venas was content with satisfying the desires of his son, hitting the red butt even harder.

DAY 03- RESTRAINED

“LET ME GO OR I’LL DESTROY YOUR SOUL!”

The demon’s dark green skin and fur looked almost black under the warehouse lights. With his features looking like a cross between a lion and bear; hulking and huge but faster than one might expect.

Tartok chuckled, the siberian wolf lifting a black paddle into the view of the furious demon. “You’re in no position to threaten me, Teep.”

“DON’T YOU DARE TOUCH ME WITH THAT!” Shining golden glyphs encircled the demon’s neck, wrists, upper arms, waist, tail, thighs, and ankles.

“Rage at me all you want, you aren’t going anywhere until you’ve been punished.”

“YOU INSOLENT INSECT!”

“My, my, you are fussy today, aren’t you? You had some big plans, did you?”

Leaving the gaze made the demon roar in anger, but Tartok didn’t care. He had a job to do. He stopped behind the bellowing male, ignoring all the bluster. Tartok took a moment to admire the muscular hairy back as the demon struggled against the magic restraints.

“RELEASE ME AT O-!”

A draft caressed the now bare backside, derailing the declaration for freedom. White-hot fury was still burning within the demon, but now Teep felt a cold grip of panic blooming deep in him because he knew what was coming next.

“YOU WILL SUFFER FOR THIS, TARTOK!”

With the loincloth pulled down past the thick green thighs, Tartok was enthralled at the meaty and equally hairy butt cheeks he had just exposed. Thick juicy furry cheeks teased his eyes and before he knew it, the hunter had his hand on the bare demon butt. He squeezed the hirsute mounds, feeling the masculine musculature with Tartok involuntarily licking his lips.

“Mmmm... I like my demons manly! It makes breaking them so much more fun.”

“GUH... UNHAND ME, YOU WORTHLESS CUR!” The green furred demon screamed and tried to rip his limbs free of the magic circles holding him still.

“Don’t say that, Teep, you’re going to hurt my feelings.” Tartok grinned and pushed the demon’s back that forced him to bend over.

“GRRR... I SWEAR Y-“

SMACK

“AAAOOOOWWWW!”

The impact wasn’t as hard as any other paddle hit might have been. There was, however, an enchantment burned into the black wood that amplified the pain if struck upon the backside of a demon.

“YOU BAST-AGGHHH!”

“I love hearing you demons scream.” Tartok had a wide smile on his face, not slowing his swinging in the slightest.

Swinging hard like a pro baseball player, Tartok heard the wooden paddle crack against the vulnerable back side. The skin of the demon was actually smoking faintly from the enchantment.

“I’m not going to stop until you beg me to!”

“Grrrr...” Teep grit his sharp teeth, trying his best to withstand that enchanted paddling. His broad muscular chest flexed and bounced with his frenzied frantic movements. “I won’t! This punishment is... nothing!”

With the challenge issued, Tartok continued the rough paddling. He swung low and brought the paddle against the tender sit spots with a targeted upswing.

The sharp bites of the paddle were dwarfed by the loud screaming erupting from the demon. The golden circles kept him bent over and helpless, giving him no other option but to take the brutal paddling. His butt was blistering, the sounds of his sizzling cheeks coloring his masculine screams in deeper anguish.

SMACK SMACK

“Tartok... s-stop.”

“What happened to those bellowing threats?” Tartok swung the paddle hard between each word, deepening the red welts that throbbed over the smoking globes. “Now you’re just bellowing... like a bitch.”

“GRRR... CURSE YOU!”

With the red cheeks now burning hot, the purple energy of the signal burned into the paddle began to leave similar purple energy fragments on the cheeks. Each subsequent spank left more energy which completed more of the digit on the sore cheek.

“I-I yield!” Teep shouted while remaining frustratingly still. His skimmer feeling hot enough to rival the fires of the Hell itself!

“That, my demonic friend, was never in doubt.” Tartok swung hard again, slamming the paddle with enough force to draw a long scream from the helpless demon. The sound of his pain and anguish activating the magic sigil paddled into his butt. The magic began to move over the rest of his body, finally releasing Teep from the golden glyphs.

Tears exploded from the demon as he dropped to his knees sobbing and rubbing his sore butt cheeks. The pain was bad, but the humiliation of being made helpless by this smug mortal was so very much worse.

“I will feast on your soul, someday, wolf.”

“Yeah? Well, that’ll be fun, I’m sure.” Tartok chuckled

“Your a-arrogance will be your downfall.” Teep said flatly, wincing at the tenderness of his cheeks. The purple magic finally enveloped the unholy body in a thin layer of magic symbols.

“You’re not the only person that’s told me that.”

Tartok walked back into the view of the feline demon having stripped naked. The spanking had obviously excited him from the sight of the hard dripping boner he sported. The wolf grinned when he saw the demon notice his full staff.

“What do you say, Teep? One for the road?”

The magic covering his body would banish him back to Hell when the hunter activated the spell fully, which he was not happy about. Until then, however, it flooded him with the wolf’s arousal, making him feel just as horny.

Teep let himself smile despite his situation. “You don’t play fair, Tartok.”

“I know. Now open wide.”

DAY 04- MAGIC

A male crow stared at the tiny effigy in his hands, remembering the humiliating spanking he'd suffered at the hands of the ursine guardsman. The effigy was shaped into the closest facsimile of the bear as he could manage.

The memory of each thunderous spank still echoed in his mind... and still made sitting down a little awkward. What made sitting easier was the completion of the magic doll in his hands that would bestow his revenge on the guardsman.

"You didn't even ask what I did to get arrested. Maybe if you did, you would've been more careful about watching my hands."

The crow was no common pickpocket though. No, what he had stolen from the distracted guardsman was far more personal to the bear... strands of his soft gray fur. The fur had been stuffed into the leather doll and stitched up carefully without anyone being the wiser.

Playing the part of a crude idiot was easy for him as he had had years of practice. A slow, sly smile spread over the crow's beak with blue glyphs glowing on the back of his hands. "I only wish I could see your face when I do this."

Zeke sighed as he relaxed in the towns bathhouse. The warm water caressed his body and aided in relaxing him after a long day on the job. He flexed his muscles within the water which was only up to the level of his naval.

Unbeknownst to the bear, his eyes were glowing blue, which allowed the crow to see through his eyes. Now having the lay of the land, so to speak, the crow put his plan into action.

Out of nowhere his left arm lifted up into the air, moving on its own to turn his body.

"What the hell?"

With no direction from his own mind, his entire body began moving on its own. The stone lip of the basin touched his chest as the bear was forced to kneel in the basin. The water sloshing a bit around his thighs with his nuts being dipped into the water as well. His wet butt cheeks were in the prime position and with rising horror he felt his arm lifting up behind him.

"What's going on?"

"My revenge, your punishment."

Zeke was shocked by the disembodied voice, watching his arm reach over the edge of the basin he was bathing in to grab the wooden stick used to stoke the magic fire that kept the waters in the bathhouse warm.

"Stop this! Who a-AAUUUGHH-are you?"

Crack

"You don't remember? Maybe you should've let me pound that ass of yours. My dick would've been so much better than that stick, huh?"

"Pound my a-ass?" Remembrance hit Zeke with the same intensity as the next spank. "Argh... you're that damn crow, aren't you?!"

Crack

"So, you do remember me. Well, maybe I can go easy on you if you apologize."

"WHAT? Absolutely n-OOOWWW!"

"No, that's not an apology. Come on, you can do better than that. I know I can do better."

CRACK

"NO! Stop! I'm not doing this!" Zeke wanted to leap out of the basin, but it was like something was holding his body. Or rather, that someone else was controlling his movements.

The spanking continued, with Zeke trying desperately to overcome what was happening to his body.

"AAAHHHH!"

Frantically looking around the bathhouse, the angry bear was trying to find the source of his current predicament. However, he was the only one in the area. How could the crow have pulled this off? During their encounter, he hadn't cast a spell... he hadn't used a potion...

"Grrr... this is bullish-OWWWW!"

CRACK

"Mind your tongue, guardsman. Though, I can think of better uses for that tongue."

The thick wooden stick was brutally pulverizing both the bear's cheeks with each swing of his arm. He was constantly trying to fight for control of his body during this whole event. Nothing seemed to work, though.

"You're pathetic! Release me!"

"Hah! Now it's your turn to get spanked! And by yourself no less."

Red welts began to appear on the toned butt cheeks. Zeke struggled internally with his body showing no outward signs of the conflict. A cold chill ran down his spine as his ears perked up when he heard approaching voices.

"Dammit!" Zeke whispered in anger, trying to avoid detection.

CRACK

"AURGH!"

“Zeke? What are you doing?” The eagle stood with wide confused eyes at the side of the wide basin. There was an equally confused jackal standing next to him.

Zeke was furious and embarrassed to have been caught in a situation like this, but he swallowed his pride. “H-help. I’m not doing this.”

“Uh... you sure?”

The question was infuriating. “Of course, I’m sure! Why would ask... that?”

Zeke froze when he saw his free arm hand moved closer to the men. His hand currently cupping the pounce of the underwear the jackal was wearing. He tried to pull his hand away, but he just groped the bulge instead. An angry blush settled over his face, a burning humiliation taking over his mind.

His humiliation was made worse when he dropped the stick and wiggled his hips for the men.

“Dammit. I’m not controlling my body. It’s this c-“

“Ah, ah, ah. Can’t spill that secret yet.”

“I don’t know. It looks like you’re begging for it to us.” The eagle said as he slipped his underwear down.

The jackal did the same after pulling his junk free of the groping hand. “His ass is definitely begging for more attention.”

Zeke’s anger was bubbling and boiling as the men began to spank his already sore ass. The pain was intense and each new smack made the welts throbbing harder. The crow had somehow gagged him, rendering him helpless to the spanks being delivered by the naked strangers in the water with him.

“I’m still waiting on that apology. But don’t worry, I’ve got nothing but time to waste in here.”

DAY 05- SUPERHERO/VILLAIN

The sounds of screaming tore through the air as civilians ran for safety, but risked staying close so they could watch the inevitable show. The bridge shook as the titanic combatants vied for the upper hand.

Metal crunched and glass shattered under the body of the heroic Komodo dragon, warping around his incredibly dense body like it was made from paper. Lance, aka Kick Viper, grunted from the impact, but smiled at the approaching opponent.

A quick kick flip, saw the huge but agile Komodo dragon land on the other side of the destroyed car. Taking quick aim he launched the crumpled car with a strong punch.

“You’re still stil not learning, hero!”

Rampage crossed his arms over his face, taking the impact of the car. The crushed machine dropped to the bridge uselessly, with Rampage smiling with more kinetic energy further adding to his strength.

Kick Viper landed behind the brutish fighter, increasing the mass of his hand before swatting the seat of his torn jeans.

“AHHH!” Rampage growled. “You tricky bastard.”

“What do you expect? You’re not just some dumb thug. I’ve got to get creative.” Kick Viper, who was still in his skin-tight super suit, bounced from foot to foot excitedly. “But if you want to end the fight early, you could always bend over my knee.”

“HAH! Looking for an easy way out of the fight, huh?” The shredded rhino turned around. His broad chest was thick with muscles and glistened with sweat. The scarred gray skin making his already prominent masculinity even stronger. “Sounds like I need to put you over my knee and spank the bitch out of you.”

With their challenges laid bare to each other, both men knew what was at stake. The loser would get their asses beat in front of a cheering crowd. Though the civilians were scared of the fighting right now, their eyes would soon be glued to the beefy men punishing each other.

“What are you even doing this time?” Kick Viper through a swift spin kick, but only hit air.

Rampage leapt backward and instantly rushed forward. “I’m looking for a guy my b-”

Kick Viper chuckled, licking his lips, after catching both the rhino’s wrists. “You and me both.”

“My boss wants a chat with him.” Rampage’s tone was one of flat annoyance, the sarcastic quips eroding his patience. He threw a head butt forward, which sent the dense hero stumbling back.

“OW! You still work for that guy? He’s such an asshole I’m surprised you haven’t put him through a wall.” The Komodo dragon changed tactics and went low, grabbing one of the meaty legs and pushing against the powerful body with all his strength.

“Heh.” The rhino caught himself laughing and growled, banishing that thought from his mind. Rampage planted his foot down and looped his arms around the reptile’s waist. “He’s... still the boss.”

Expecting to be lifted and tossed aside, Kick Viper was instead taken completely off guard when the full weight hit his back and smashed him down onto the pavement.

“UGH!”

“Besides, not all of us can rely on nepotism.” With Rampage’s weight mostly settled on the heroic shoulders, there was nowhere for the scaled male to go. Taking a hold of the hero’s costume, he yanked it up and delivered a hard wedge to the struggling male.

“You got a juicy ass there, hero.” The dark material was pulled even tighter against the toned bubble butt, perfectly outlying every curve.

“AHHH! Let go!” Kick Viper squirmed and shouted trying his best to overshadow the shame in his voice.

“Not gonna happen. I earned a shot at this ass.”

One firm rip tore the thin but sturdy material, exposing the villain’s targets. Two muscular bubbly cheeks colored a deep rich purple. The beefy mounds were the kind that made other men jealous, but all it did for Rampage was make him hungry to hear the hero scream.

SMACK SMACK

There was no playful warm up... no teasing swats... no spanks to ease the hero into his punishment.

Rampage started the spanking full force with no quarter given. The supervillain grinned and stared at the bouncing butt cheeks while his hands clapped against them. The kinetic energy he was expending in the slaps was offset by the energy he was absorbing after each spank.

“I love spanking your bitch ass, Kick Viper!” Rampage peeked over shoulder and saw some reporters at the scene recording the action. He grinned. “Hey you reporters! You got a bad angle there! Come over here!”

SMACK SMACK

“TEEOOWW! Th-there’s no n-AUGH-need for that, Rampage!”

“Don’t be shy now.” A harsh spank landed on the scaled cheek, shifting the cheeks red with each spank. He grabbed the thick tail and pulled it out of the way for the camera to get the best shot of the spanking. “Smile for the camera, hero.”

SMACK SMACK

“AAAOOOOWWWW!”

DAY 06- PUBLIC

“Come on, we’re not that far now.” Zylon spoke with a chipper tone, excitement in his voice. The peacroc was wearing a sharp purple thong that clung to his every curve and left nothing to the imagination.

In his hand was a leash that he tugged forward and made the mature muscular jackalope pick up his walking pace. The guy was clearly embarrassed as his body was bare save for a lime green thong. The leash was also attached to a collar that he wasn’t permitted to take off as per their agreement.

Eyes were on them as they made their way through the park. Thankfully there weren't any mothers or children around. He tried to cover his junk with his hands, the endowment swinging nearly freely otherwise.

"Um... there's so many guys here."

"I know," Zylen peeked back over his shoulder, "makes it so much more exhilarating, right?"

Exhilarating? That's how this bird described this? It was embarrassing and humiliating! But then... he had been the one that had asked for this... he had to see it through.

A bench along the paved path the nearly naked pair were strolling down came into view. The crowd of men following them continued to grow the longer they walked, so seeing the bench gave the mature jackalope a moment of relief.

"Oh yeah! Shake those sexy asses!"

"Room for one more?"

Zylen laughed and waved at the crowd. "Wave to them, Arthur. They're part of your fantasy too, aren't they?"

"Uh... yeah." Arthur said, feeling his bulge get tighter in his hands. Looking around and seeing the men snickering and holding their phones.

"Then it's showtime."

Humiliation was burning inside the older male, which only got worse as he was pushed down onto the bench. Zylen laid himself across the mature jackalope's lap, lifting his tail and showing off his round blue feathered cheeks. The purple thing buried between the mounds.

"Give me all you got, old man."

Arthur had always thought about spanking a guy in public and thought it'd be hot. However, now that it was happening for real... he hesitated.

Zylen grinned and wiggled his hips. "Come on, don't be shy. I can take it."

Attempting to ignore the thumping of his heart, Arthur lifted his hand. It was a hand that was used to discipline his sons... even if they were grown... but this was in public. He swung and elicited barely a moan from the peacroc.

"That can't be all you've got for me." Zylen chuckled. "You wanted to do this in public, so breathe in and exhale slowly."

"Breathe in..." Arthur took a deep breath and let it out. "...and exhale."

"That's a good boy." Tightening his grip on the leash, Zylen licked his beak. "Now let me have it."

The surrounding men cheered when the true spanking started. The older muscular jackalope applied all his experience and swiftly left his apprehensions behind, though he was still still embarrassed.

SMACK

A loud grunting groan dripped from the stone gray beak. But the smile never left the masochistic avian, lifting his hips up so that more of his ass fell under that firm hand.

“This is... so embarrassing.” Arthur declared, but his swings never ceased nor slowed. He watched the blue butt turn red under his skilled hand, which did result in him feeling satisfied. The mix of humiliation and pride was a confusing mix to be sure.

Crisp sounds of skin hitting skin filled the area after each strike, the jiggling of the ample cheeks making all men smile. Despite being the one leading the action, Zylen squirmed on the lap he was laid across.

“Harder! Come on!”

The command sounded assertive, but had an undertone of needy desperation. Zylen tugged on the leash and smiled at the crowd who seemed to be enjoying the show.

“Hit him harder!”

“That’s not a spanking!”

The demeaning comments undermined what confidence the jackalope did have and his last spank missed the mark.

“OW!” Zylen grunted in actual pain as the firm hand hit his spine. “Alright, that’s it!”

Too quickly for the older male to react, Zylen slid off the lap and tugged him up by the collar. He sat down on the bench instead, yanking the man down across this lap. Other men grabbed Arthur’s arms and pulled them behind his back, where Zylen used the leash to tie them up, hooking the leash onto the jackalope’s antlers.

“Let me show you how I spank a guy.”

SMACK

The gathered men all cheered louder as the older man squirmed and shouted with blow after blow landing on the upturned cheeks. Zylen ignored the surrounding men, focusing entirely on the shifting body on his lap.

Arthur came to his brothel with the fantasy to spank a guy in public, but now he was the one getting spanked with all eyes on him. The swift spanks landing too rapidly to get used to them, which seared his rump into a nice shade of cherry red in no time.

“You’re right, Arthur! This is a fun fantasy.”

The sounds of cameras going off made the peacroc grin wide with the spansks only getting harder.

DAY 07- BULLYING

Being an immortal magical being, there wasn't much that Sanela too offense with.

One thing that did upset the elephant was bullying. And sure, he used his magic to have fun with people that couldn't protect themselves from it. He even did it against their will at times.

But Sanela ALWAYS found some way for the people he played with to enjoy his games and shenanigans.

During his outing into the world, he had begun going to a gym where he had some of his hottest encounters... as well as occasionally worked out. He had gotten to know the staff and the regulars alike. One of the regulars was a trim rabbit that used to be a Broadway performer but now worked as a data analyst.

The cream colored bunny was being accosted by a rude donkey who seemed to be the only one laughing.

"Why are you so small? You're so cute."

"Shut up!" The rabbit was clearly angry and frustrated, but his tormentor continued.

"Are you getting mad? That's adorable." The donkey laughed and flexed his arms and bulging biceps. The muscles on the donkey might have been attractive if he wasn't acting like an asshole.

"Get away from me or I'll-"

"You'll what?" He chuckled and scoffed moving closer to the rabbit. "You can't threaten anyone with a body like yours. In fact, you're coming with me to the locker room so I get your attitude under control with a good hard spanking."

"That's enough!"

The donkey turned to face who dared stand up for the tiny rabbit. Sanela was walking towards the bully with a firm gaze on his face.

"And who are you, fat boy? This twink's boyfriend?"

"Nah, I'm just a man standing up to a bitch." Sanela grabbed the equine's wrist and began to pull him into the locker room.

"What the... hey! Let go!"

"You wanted to teach my friend a lesson, but it's you who's going to learn today."

Laughter and snickering filled the open room as the men that had been working out admired the bully getting admonished. The black skinned elephant snapped his fingers and a wave of magic purple smoke swept through the gym. When it dissipated, no one was paying them any attention anymore.

In the locker room, the donkey had changed his tune. "Look man, I don't want any trouble, I was just messing with the little guy."

"So am I. "

It took a moment for the bully to realize "the little guy" in this particular scenario. His brow furrowed and he stood up straight, his body was large and muscular, imposing to most any one that he glared at with this level of intensity.

"Get out of my... way."

A sudden draft alerted the equine make that something was wrong. He looked down at his body and found himself completely naked. He looked up at the elephant and saw that he was naked too.

"What the fuck?!"

"You want to spank someone?" Sanela turned his back on the guy and bent over a bench. The thick black round cheeks of his butt looked unnaturally smooth, but heavy. "Spank me, tough guy."

A faint purple glow washed over the cheeks, but the donkey didn't care. He was suddenly and overwhelming overcome with a desire to blister those juicy cheeks. He licked his lips as he lifted his hand up high.

"You asked for it, fat ass."

"Indeed I did." Sanela thought and grinned.

SMACK

"OWW! The donkey cried out, but before he could fully process what happened his arm lifted again. "No! Wait sto-OWW!"

The black cheeks rippled and jiggled with the force of each swat. Sanela was laughing as each new blow landed on his enchanted rear. The locker room had the perfect acoustics to allow the sounds of the spanking to surround the pair.

"Bullying is fun, isn't it?" Sanela looked back with a grin, but it wasn't a friendly grin, it was more predatory.

"Fu-ahhh..."

The next spank that hit that bare black butt made the donkey howl in pain. His own butt was bouncing hard as the force was transferred into his butt. He was trying to stop his body from moving, but he continued the spanking regardless.

“Is the best you’ve got, you weakling! You’re pathetic! Harder!”

To his horror his body obeyed. He used both hands to spank each rotund cheek harder.

SMACK SMACK

He cried out and yelled as the pain exploded in his mind. And even though he couldn’t see his own butt... he could feel the scorching hot throbbing.

“Oh! How rude of me.”

A shimmering disc of energy condensed into a portal that hovered in front of the equine’s face. He gasped as another spank was transferred into his ass cheeks... which he got to watch bounce in front of his eyes now.

“I-I’m sor-“

“No you aren’t. Not really. But it’s always easy to be sorry when you’re confronted by someone stronger.” Sanela shook his chubby butt and smiled back at the equine. “Now put your back into it, tiny, the gym closes in a few more hours.”

“H-hours?! WAAAAAHH!”

DAY 08- SPANKING MACHINE

“You’ve only yourself to blame for this, Rampage. So you can wipe that glare off your face.” The zebra spoke with a tone that would give any man pause.

“B-but I got the job done!” Rampage was worried after getting locked in to the machine. He was on all fours with thick reinforced metal bands wrapped tightly around the rhino’s wrists, forearms, upper arms, upper body, waist, thighs, shins, and ankles. These bands left him completely unable to move with his body stripped naked for a very particular purpose.

“You did get the job done, yes.” The zebra stood up and strode over to the bound male. “**BUT ONLY AFTER YOU WERE ALL OVER THE NEWS BEATING THE ASS OF THAT STUPID-HERO ON THE BRIDGE!**”

Rampage opened his mouth to say something against that accusation, but then he closed his mouth again.

Remy snorted. “You’re just lucky no one followed you back to any of my operations, you dumb brute! But since you can still follow orders, you just need a reminder of what happens when you piss me off. Start it up.”

Another one of the gang members looked between the boss zebra and the trapped rhino. He wasn’t sure whose retaliation he was more afraid of, but ultimately pressed the button and the machine spun to life.

Two mechanical arms slid out of the sides of the machine. Each tipped with three thick but flexible rubber pads. The tips began to spin and the sounds of those rubber pads struck the bare gray flesh of Rampage's rump.

"AHHHHH!"

The speed was normal and the boss zebra stood in front of the rhino. "I don't know what your obsession is with Bitch Viper, but I'm tired of you fucking up the jobs I give you because of it!"

"I didn't... fuck up... the job, boss! I got what you wanted."

"You really are a big dumb idiot!" Remy fumed. "It's not about the job! When I tell you to do something...I expect you to do it! Not on your time... not when you want to... and definitely not after you've gotten your rocks off! This is my gang! Which means your ass belongs to me! And that means when I give you an order you follow it exactly!"

Rampage growled. "I did what you asked, dammit! AURGH! I thought if I humiliated the hero on live TV the cops would be more focused on that then chasing me."

"I don't pay you to think, Muscles!" The zebra walked to the machine, pushing the technician away and turning up the speed on the machine.

WHAP WHAP WHAP

"YEEEEOOOWW! TURN IT DOWN!" Rampage shouted loudly.

The machine was whirring almost as loudly as Rampage was howling. The consistent percussive beat of those rubber pads hitting his backside sounded painful to everyone present.

"You don't make the rules, bitch! I DO!" Walking back in front of the rhino, he grabbed the male's chin. "You're gonna be stuck here until you realize that!"

"B-boss. I-I-I'm..."

"Don't say it. I know you're sorry. Just don't disappoint me by bitching out early."

WHAP WHAP WHAP

Remy dropped the guy's chin and laughed as he goes to leave the room, shouting to the technician as he did. "Don't turn that machine down... or you'll be locked in for twice as long."

The boss was cackling as the door closed and the sounds of the spanking machine continuing the punishment. As Rampage took the spanking, grunting and shouting in a futile attempt to withstand the pain.

His broad scarred butt was turning red with nasty purple welts developing where the rubber pads were striking. Even with his ability to absorb kinetic energy, the bands holding him still were specifically designed to keep him from moving even an inch.

There would be nothing he could do with all the strength and power he'd absorb until he was let out. Rampage stared at a point on the wall, tears stinging his eyes as he focused his mind on getting revenge on the one that caused him this pain.. that smug superhero Kick Viper.

"I'm gonna spank your ass into next year, Kick Viper!"

WHAP WH WHAP

"NNNGH.... DO YOU HEAR ME?! AAAOOOOWWWW!"

DAY 09- SHOWING THE MARKS

The door opened seemingly by itself and Rampage stepped into the house. He was still burning in righteous anger while he stomped into the lavish house. The stomps also made his butt cheeks bounce, which sent fresh waves of pain in the fuming male.

The loose black sweatpants Rampage was wearing at the moment was all he had on. The door shut behind him, but he didn't even slow down.

"I'm in the living room, Declan."

The rhino entered the doorway, eyes glaring at the sharply dressed dracula parrot, "I hate it when you use my name. And with the mood I'm in, Blaue-"

"My apologies, Rampage, I meant no offense." The voice was eloquent and tranquil as the shimmer of a scalpel. The dark black feathers were accentuated by the blood red feathers which covered the avian body. "Call it a poor attempt at humor. Wine?"

Rampage snorted. "You got anything harder?"

"For you, my friend?" Blaue lifted his hand towards the kitchen of his home. Sounds echoed through the halls as Rampage shifted on his feet, unable to sit. A chilled bottle of whiskey floated into view until it dropped into the rhino's hands.

"Thanks."

Blaue nodded his head silently, watching his friend pop the top off the bottle chug a good portion of it right then. "That bad, huh? Let's see the damage."

Rampage froze, looking at the dark feathered parrot. "Are you fucking with me?"

"Not at all. You know I can help you feel better."

"You're just as likely to beat my ass some more." The rhino let out a sigh, knowing that Blaue's telekinesis is tough to fight against. "Fine."

He took another chug of the whiskey, while his other hand untied the drawstring of the sweatpants. As the pants fell to his ankles Rampage turned his back to his friend.

A sharp whistling sound spoke of Blaque's astonishment. The solid muscular ass was beat all to hell. Huge purple bruises with radiating rings of red welts were set dead center on each buttocks. The shape of the discolorations didn't look like a paddle... they were too wide to be a cane or a belt... and the buttocks weren't covered from top to bottom.

It was almost like he was spanked in the same spots. "What did that? And how?"

"I was bound in a spanking machine." Rampage's words were spoken through gritted teeth.

"A spanking machine?" Blaque sighed this time. His powers reached out from his mind and began to gently massage the thick butt cheeks

"AHH! C-careful." Rampage stammered and moved to the couch. He knelt on the couch, with his hips held out so the parrot could do his work. Another sip of the whiskey dulled a bit of the nauseating pain. "Mmm... I'm gonna kick that bastard's ass someday."

"I was wondering who did this to you. But it's obvious now that it was that Remy. I told you th-

"I KNOW!! I know." Anger exploded out of the rhino, but the relief of the pain in his ass made him calm down a bit. "I just... I can't just leave. I had nothing and he gave me a job. What kind of man would I be if I just quit?"

"I'm not suggesting you quit. I'm suggesting you get equal."

"Equal?"

Blaque smirked and concentrated, his mental will condensing into ghostly ethereal hands, that continued to gently massage the rhino's abused butt. The dracula parrot stood up and walked so he could see the bare butt again.

"Yes, equal. I hate seeing you under that asshole's thumb. You're my friend and I want the best for you. But if you won't leave that gang... then you should give him what he gave you."

It only took a moment for the message to be delivered and the rhino chuckled. "If I strap that bitch into the spanking machine he'd die."

The ethereal hands were suddenly replaced by physical hands. Blaque grinning as he rubbed his friend's sore ass cheeks. "Then do it by hand."

The small telekinetic forces being applied to the bruised cheeks were actually starting to help. Rampage smiled and lowered his head as he sighed in relief from his agony and anger. "I can't wait to see that bastard's face when he realizes what I'm going to do to him."

Giving the less sore cheeks a full on grope, Blaque smirked. "I'd pay to see that."

"I bet you would." Rampage felt the hands leave his cheeks. And though he was sure they still looked bruised and painful, they actually felt better. He slumped onto his side on the couch with his bare butt still out in the open air. "Thanks for this Blaque."

"Of course. I want you to sleep here tonight. You have been drinking after all."

The empty bottle of whiskey was pulled from the rhino's hand and replaced with a fresh already opened bottle. "Thanks. Driving here was a pain in the ass."

A moment of silence filled the room before both men erupted into loud boisterous laughter.

DAY 10- SIZE DIFFERENCE

Zeke couldn't believe how foolish he had been.

He had been asked by the village's sheriff to investigate a cave where it had been rumored that bandits were hiding. The hike to the cave had been easy enough, but once he stepped inside he had been whammied by some kind of spell that knocked him unconscious.

As his senses returned to him Zeke found himself unable to move. His meaty arms and legs were tied with thick ropes and he was laying flat except for the round smooth rock that was settled under his pubic area. With grim embarrassment he realized that his naked hips were lifted up by the rock, making his gray furred ass cheeks jut up into the air.

The cave was dark except for a fire set in the center of the cavern. The dancing flames illuminated the area, but the cave was large than the sphere of light the fire provided. There could be anything in this cave... watching him in this compromising position.

"Wha... where are my clothes?"

"Your clothes are ours now!" A kobold stepped into view, wearing fine pants that looked like they were made out of pants that were stolen from a larger man. "You invade the territory of The Red Claw clan."

"The red claw clan, huh? Fascinating. Now untie me before I get angry."

The kobold laughed, a deep hearty laugh... that was joined by many other kobolds. "Your anger means nothing to us! You show us no respect... but when we let you leave this cave, you will respect us."

"Yeah sure." Zeke struggled, nearly tossing himself off the rock, and even tried to stand up.

"You dare!" The kobold rushed forward, rushing past the bear's head and smacking the ample cheeks. The kobold was only about two and half feet tall, which put him at the height of Zeke's hips. Since the bear was prone on the ground his raised hips were at the perfect level for the smaller male. "You will learn respect!"

SMACK

The impact was sharp but with light sting, more like getting hit with a riding crop.

Zeke actually laughed. "If that's all you've got for me, i'm gonna be disappointed."

The kobold leader smirked, as if he was waiting for the larger male to say something like that. "You think your size is a strength? We can change that."

"Wait. We?"

"I'm a king of my people. And a good king leads by example." The kobold hit the bear's ass again. More kobolds emerged seemingly out of the darkness of the cave. There was no further words needed as all the kobolds rushed in with eager hands.

SMACK SMACK SMACK

That first smack was almost nothing, with each kobold hitting with the same force. However, with all the tiny smacks landing on his upturned ass in quick nearly constant succession, his cheeks were burning in no time. And even though the small reptiles were not nearly as strong as he was, they had the leverage to keep him down and struggling.

They climbed on his back and smacked the top of his butt cheeks. The kobolds at his sides spanked the sides of his buttocks and hips. There were kobolds that were straddling his knees that were spanking the bottom of his cheeks and thighs.

"NNNGH..." Zeke tried to withstand the beating, but his ass was being cooked by these aggressive kobolds. "Stop! Enough! It's obvious you're not bandits! So, let me go!"

"You won't be free until we're done making an example of you! The Red Claw Clan will not be ignored!"

The spankings continued with Zeke unable to do anything but taking the numerous repetitive strikes. His gray fur doing nothing to hide the red of his skin... or the searing heat of his throbbing cheeks.

SMACK SMACK SMACK

"Grrr... no more!" Zeke was a proud warrior, but the words seemed to fall off of his mouth regardless. Tears stung his eyes as the kobolds showed his ass no mercy whatsoever. "AAAUUUGH!"

Some of the little reptiles had moved on to snapping his cheeks with the belts they used to keep their loincloths up. Claws dug into the furry mounds with gropes after some spanks. The sounds bounced off the cave walls and made them sound harsher than they felt, but they were hitting him with no time to let the pain settle before the next spank hit him.

SMACK SMACK SMACK

"When... will... this end?" The large bear struggled as he asked that question, ignoring the humiliation he felt as a result.

“When every kobold in The Red Claw Clan is tired! So prepare yourself, guardsman, for we are legion!”

More fires were moving towards the campfire. More kobolds joined the ones already present, tossing their torches into the campfire to turn it into a bonfire. A fire that was only slightly colder than his ass was sure to be when these little kobolds were done with him.