

SPANKS-GIVING 2023

DAYS 11-20

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DAY 11- EAVESDROP

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Kick Viper: aka Lance Belgers entered the basement of the Teabag Lounge, which is where he works as a stripper. The basement of the building, however, was where he and other superheroes trained and performed their duties to Supreme City.

The hero clenched his jaw while squeezing his fists. The strong throbbing tent in his stretchy skin tight costume revealed the reason for his frustrations.

“I can’t believe the cops got there that fast! They’re never there on time!”

He walked through the empty halls of the basement. All the other heroes were either off the clock, stripping on the club above him, or off performing their superhero duties. The images... no fantasies... of his fellow superheroes going balls deep in the villains of the city made him grunt from the effort of not jerking off right then and there.

“FUCK!”

Lance perked up. That voice wasn’t his, but he knew who it belonged to. His cock throbbed again, but he growled as if trying to refuse accepting being aroused. Despite this refusal he found himself walking towards the sound like a dehydrated man looking for fresh water.

The recognizable cadence of sharp impacts slowly grew in his ear holes as he neared the source of the sounds. His heart blasted, his mouth ran dry, his tail flicked from side to side. All the built up sexual frustration was boiling his blood more intensely with each step.

Finally, he arrived at the slightly open door, peeking inside and his eyes went wide. Laying on his back on a bed was his father, Drake Belgers, but he was naked with his legs hanging up in the air from leather straps secured to the ceiling. The older Komodo dragon’s arms were secured to his chest by straps that forced them to his chest.

A blindfold covering the elder Komodo dragon’s eyes completed the look that the hero rarely got to see of his dad. The other male in the room, the one responsible for the spanking sounds, was one of the bouncers at the club. He was dressed in leather chaps, a harness, with gloves that help keep his grip on the paddle.

CRACK

Drake hollered as the paddle hit him squarely on both his already sore ass cheeks. "Come on, Riley, harder!"

Riley, a middle-aged elk, was sweating from the effort of spanking this experienced bottom. As fit as he was, the older Komodo dragon was a former superhero himself, which meant his body was still in nearly peak condition.

"Give me a minute, okay?" Riley took a moment to stretch his muscles.

"What's wrong? Can't keep up with an old man like me?"

The taunt hit its mark, but before Riley could reply, a hand covered his mouth. He looked beside him and a younger Komodo dragon had a finger to his lips. The bouncer smiled and nodded, relinquishing the paddle to the son of the man he'd been spanking for the past few hours.

"You still there Riley? Your minute is up."

Riley moved behind Lance, pressing up close to the younger hero's body, "Yeah, I'm still here. Don't worry, I'll give you what you need."

The position Drake was in allowed Lance to see the sharp curves of his father's masculine body. His tail was pulled up to his back, making his backside vulnerable. The thick muscular mounds were a dark purple, but the scales had been burned red and throbbing under the spanking assault.

Lance took hold of the paddle with a smile, using his abilities to increase the mass of the paddle. Squaring his feet he took aim at the throbbing red cheeks and swung the paddle hard.

CRAACK

"YEEEEOOOWW!"

Both Lance and Riley delighted in the masculine shouts that erupted from the blindfolded male. And with Lance still feeling thirsty for fun, the older male was going to get all the heavy handed attention he wanted.

"GAH! These are s-solid hits, Ri-AAEEIIGH! You're doing Daddy proud now!"

Lance just grinned, keeping quiet and swinging harder still. His body was still hot and pent up, but this was a good vent. Then again, why not get his desires satisfied while giving his dad what he wanted?

The seat of his own costume dissolved and fully exposed his own naked rump. Lifting his tail while maintaining the force of his spanks, he ground his butt against the elk's crotch.

"Ooooh... naughty boy." Riley said with a grin.

Drake chuckled. "Boy? You know... OWWW... I'm older than you right, Riley? ARGH!"

"O-oh yeah. My mistake." The elk chuckled and slowly rubbed his pre leaking cock between the younger reptile's cheeks. When he pulled the paddle up the next swing, he pushed into the hero's ass.

CRACK

Lance pushed his ass back into the thrusts, using the crisp sounds of the impacts to mask his own moans. He watched his father squirming on the bed, thicc ass red and bouncing from his spanks. Getting fucked by the bouncer while spanking his own father was just what the superhero needed to destroy the sexual frustration that he gripped him.

"O-okay, Riley. AAOOWW! You can ease down!" Drake said, still sounding as if he was in control.

Riley laughed. "I would, but I don't have the paddle."

"What?! Than who does?"

CRACK

Lance grinned and swung at the swift spots where the thighs meet the buttocks. "I do, Dad. This is a good position for you."

"L-Lance?!"

"Yes sir. And I've been blue balled by the cops again. So, you're not going anywhere until I'm done. Understand?"

DAY 12- HUNTER/PREY

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The Nord warrior known as Holginn Stonearm had a problem. He had used less than sturdy material for an order of armor and the guy who paid for the order had been injured. Worse still the harmed party didn't want to be paid back in coin, but blood... his blood.

The Dark Brotherhood was after him! He was sure of it! He could never prove anything, especially since these weren't the normal tactics the brotherhood used. Previously they simply found their targets and eliminated them.

But that was not what was happening to him.

Everyday he would feel like he was being watched. Then sometimes he'd feel a hand on him, but when he turned to see who it was he'd be greeted by nothing.

Even now, that fear gripped him. He was walking through the streets of Falkreath with wide eyes. His nerves were on edge already and weren't soothed by the rumors of a talking dog on the roads! He shook his head and tried to reclaim his Nord dignity.

"Bah. No assassin can best me!"

The next thing he heard was the haunting call of a flute cutting through the darkness. The only light being provided by wall mounted torches. So lifting out of the darkness itself was a shadowed figure... the one playing the flute.

The melody was slow and sour and didn't fill his heart with joy. It was a tune that reminded him of the coldest nights... the solemnness of the most devastating heartache... the loneliness of the grave.

From under the figure's hood two sharp red eyes sliced through the darkness and into his heart. The gaze was held as the tune was played. The world around them seemingly coming to a stand still.

Holginn couldn't breathe... didn't dare move a muscle. The colors of the mysterious mans robes, though hidden mostly, were still plainly recognizable as belonging to The Dark Brotherhood.

The deathly music came to end and the flute was slipped into a pocket somewhere. "Tonight is the night, Holginn Stonearm. Run if you must, but I'll catch you."

The figure lifted his hands slowly to his hood, maybe for dramatic effect. As the leather hood was pulled back, the illuminating torches revealed the face of the man underneath. An Argonian with dark almost black scales, but with red scales framing his eyes and running down his cheeks into a thin stripes that merged at his neck.

"My name is Lythin Bloodface and your punishment is mine to deliver. Shall we get started?"

Holginn took a step back than turned to run. "HELP! SOMEONE PLEASE!"

Lythin rushed after him, not at top speed, but enough to keep his target in sight. His boots were enchanted to be muffled, which gave the running lizard man an even more frightening appearance.

Three guards rounded the corner of a building, carrying torches and their weapons. Holginn looked relieved... until a luminous magic spell flew past his head and impacted the ground at their feet. The light turquoise spell exploded and covered all the guards in an aura of the same color.

Holginn froze again, watching as the guards put up their weapons and casually stood unmoving. He reached them and pointed at the dark figure still following him. "There! He's here to kill me."

“I never said I was going to kill you.” Lythin grabbed the back of the nord’s tunic and yanked him backwards. The human stumbled but was stopped from hitting the ground by landing on the Argonian’s lap. “I said I was going to punish you.”

The guards stood by calmly and watched the scene. But Lythin had other ideas for them. In their calm and pacified state they would be much more compliant than usual. “Hold his arms and legs.

Two of the guards seized the struggling Nord’s limbs while Lythin ripped the man’s pants and undergarments down past his sculpted buttocks. The soft red-brown hair made the muscular Nord cheeks even more rugged. The perfect canvas to paint the punishment Sythis demanded from this man.

“Please! Let me go! I’ll honor the deal!”

“Oh it’s too late for that, Holginn.” Lythin rubbed the cheeks slowly, feeling the strength in those muscles as he struggled even more. He lifted his hand and swung down hard and cracked it across the beefy peach.

“AHHH! Stop this! I’ll do anything!”

“You had your chance. Now you will endure the bite of Sythis! Your ass will be his to torment for the days you have left.”

Lythin blistered the Nord butt without mercy, his hand igniting in a burst of purple fire. The spanks hit harder, making the sting Nord kick and squirm harder. The magic fire left bright purple hands print that left the meaty mounds throbbing.

“You there!” Lythin addressed the last guard, “hold his body down.”

“DON’T! BY THE NINE! I’M SORRY!”

With the guys held tight by the guards, Lythin grinned and drive his hand harder against the human’s rump. It delighted him to see the strong male thrashing like a whelp on his lap. Each firm spank forced a whimpering wail from the man.

“You are cursed by the touch of Sythis now. Your ass belongs to him.”

To prove his point, Lythin lifted his hand and held it in the air. The purple hand prints left on the Nord’s butt continued to react as if a spank had been laid on them.

“AURGH! W-what kind of... OWWW... magic is this?”

“The Touch of Sythis has given the Dread Lord access to your backside within The Void. Rejoice! For it is Sythis himself that will punish you now!”

The guards all let go of Holginn and go on about there business. Lythin shoved the Nord off the lap who landed on his hands and knees, howling in pain as the phantom spanks continued to land on his rear.

Scrambling for some relief, he swiftly pulled his undergarment and pants back up... only to feel the sharp spanks still hit him full force.

“YEEEEOOOWW!”

Lythin bowed his head to the Nord. “The spankings will continue until you complete the task you agreed to. And if you try to welch on a deal made with The Dread Lord again, I’ll be back.”

The light around the Argonian shimmered and then in a puff of dark smoke he vanished entirely... cackling like a madman as he ran off into the night.

DAY 13- COACH

“You’re still too slow! Come on, Brock! The tournament is next month!” The peninsular red agama, known around these parts as Tank, glared at the target of his frustration. The older reptile was muscular and thick despite his age. His black and deep orange scales on display, parts of his body covered by workout shorts and his tank top.

The crocodile was bent forward slightly, bracing his weight on his knees while trying to rapidly catch his breath. He was sweating with his green scales glistening under the gym lights. His shredded physique covered only by his workout shorts and fingerless gloves. “I know that, coach! I’m trying my best!”

“Clearly, Newt, your best isn’t good enough!”

“Don’t call me that, sir. I hate that...” Brock turned towards the mature lizard to defend himself, but silenced his challenge when he saw the glare that met his gaze. “I... what do I even need to run for? We’re going to be fighting in a ring, right?”

“Well, the rules are being changed for this tournament. The fights are going to take place in open arenas that are broadcast to the livestreams.” Tank crossed his arms over chest.

“So running is important. Not to mention cardio and stamina.”

The agama grinned and nodded. “So you have been paying attention. Well? What are you doing? Keep running.”

“What? Come on, coach, I’ve been running for hours already.” Brock stretched his tired and sore body. But instantly he was set upon by his coach, who got in his face.

“You think your opponents are going to take it easy on you just because your tired? That’s when they’ll strike, Newt!” Tank pondered a moment. “Maybe you just need some more creative motivation.”

It happened so fast for Brock to stop it. His coach had bent over and yanked his workout shorts down. A deep blush spread over his face when it was revealed he was naked under them. "W-what are you doing? What if someone sees me?"

"Relax, Newt, no one else comes to the gym for a few hours. But even if they do, it'll be practice for having an audience." The older reptile pulled his thick leather belt from around his own pants, which fell to the ground. He was wearing a jockstrap that barely contained the agama's cannon. He snapped his belt with a grin. "Now run!"

The crocodile was clearly nervous about the belt being in play, but turned to start jogging down the gym track again. His shorts being forgotten while he jogged naked down the track. "Hey, this feels pretty good. Maybe I should run naked more o-!"

THWACK

"OW!"

"I said... RUN!" Tank snapped his belt at the butt of the running crocodile, keeping pace easily while doing so. Each swat of the belt made the croc jump, which made the green scaly butt ripple and bounce beautifully.

"Awww... dang. Take it easy coach!"

"You gotta push yourself, Newt! Some of your opponents won't be as nice to you as I'm being." A crack of the belt drew a loud moan from the crocodile, but Tank continued running after the younger man. The belt slapped against the bubble butt and forced the runner to keep pace. "How's your butt feel, Newt?"

"YEEEOOWW!" The stinging in Brock's cheeks burned with each bouncing flex of his scaled cheeks. Every new spank that landed on his flexing rear brought fresh scorching pain with them. "It hurts, coach! Damn... my whole ass is throbbing!"

"Good! Keep your knees high. We've got to work on your stamina!"

Brock was breathing hard from the tremendous effort of running naked at full speed with his cock spanking his ass with his thick belt. The crocodile could no longer feel the fatigue in his muscles... or rather couldn't feel tired while his butt was being so furiously blistered. Being forced to run while getting spanked was awkward, but he was getting better at managing the rhythm.

THWACK

"AAAOOOOWWWW!"

This competition he was training for was sure to be a challenge, but he was going to be ready for it if Tank had anything to do with it.

Brock sighed in relief while laying across his trainer's lap. The agama no longer punishing his rear, but tenderly rubbing the throbbing mounds. "Mmmmm... that feels great, coach."

"Well, you did great today. So, consider this a reward." Tank made sure to cover every inch of those sore hot buns with his firm but gentle massages. "If we keep this up, you'll be ready for anything they throw at you."

"Ahhhhh... careful coach. God, it's like I sat on a grill!" Brock winced to the gropes on his throbbing sore cheeks. The pain was slowly going away under the aftercare applied by his skilled coach.

"By the way," Tank grinned, while eyeing the red hot cheeks he was handling. "I think I came up with a good fight name for you. What do you think about 'Malys'?"

The crocodile heard the name and looked back at his trainer with a toothy grin. "I like it. I like it a lot." Brock went back to moaning in relief and wincing in pain, feeling that the fight name somehow held merit to his current situation... and his future goals.

DAY 14- GAMBLE

The large television was actively showcasing a fight between a superhero and supervillain, with men all shouting for their favored combatant to get the edge. There were two men that had more on the line, however.

Kick Viper, aka Lance Belgers, was bent over one of the large pommel horse type apparatuses used to train the superheroes here. The Komodo dragon was naked with his arms tied behind his back and a spreader bar keeping his legs apart. The other male who was trussed up in equal fashion was a green scaled lizard known as Lava Lizard.

"Crocjaw's going to win this fight!" Kick Viper asserted watching the fight play out on the screen.

"You're joking!" Lava Lizard retorted. "He's big and strong, but he's slow! He'll never catch Tight Space! Your ass is gonna be so sore!"

"In your dreams." The purple scaled Komodo dragon looked behind him and addressed the unicorn that had both their butts in his hands. "I'll bet five spanks that Crocjaw gets a good hit in the next minute."

Sir Spike nodded. "We shall see."

As the pair watched the tv, they saw the gargantuan villain trying to pin down the teleporting wolf but each time he missed. Kick Viper felt a lump forming in his throat because if the villain didn't land a solid hit in the next minute it'd be him that took ten paddle strikes.

"You should be spanked anyway for betting on Tight Space!" The lizard teased, confident that his ass would be spared the sting of those bone paddles.

“You haven’t fought Crocjaw that much. He’s smarter than he looks.” Kick Viper smirked at his gambling opponent. “It’s gonna be so hot hearing you take those spanks.”

Their gazes returned to the broadcast. The large warehouse the fight was taking place in having plenty of cameras to catch all the action. Tight Space tried one of his signature moves; teleport around the target in a rapid movement while attacking when he can, but the larger villain threw up his tail and landed a surprise attack that sent the hero flying.

“Yes!” Kick Viper jumped up, but was pushed back down over the pommel horse.

“Crap! You gotta be kidding!”

“Sorry Andre.” The unicorn extended his arm and blue bony material grew from his hand into the shape of a paddle. “You get five swats.”

As the spanks hit his bare ass, the lizard squirmed and moaned. The unicorn was strong to begin with, but the material strength of his bony projections was also comparable to steel. So each smack rocked his entire body and left his green cheeks with a soft red prints of the oval shaped paddle.

After the five hits, Lava Lizard was panting. His ass was burning hot, which was the only kind of heat he wasn’t immune to. “That was a bitch move! I wanna bet ten spanks that Tight Space ends the fight soon!”

“What qualifies as soon?” Sir Spike questioned, lightly rubbing the paddle against the sore lizard cheeks. “You need to be specific. Makes the game more fun.”

SMACK

“OOOOWWW!” The red stain on the green lizard’s rump got deeper after that spank. “Fine! Uh... five minutes!”

“Oh you’re on!” Kick Viper exuberantly declared while watching the pyro-kinetic reptile get his butt blistered.

On the broadcast, Tight Space moved swiftly around more attacks that Crocjaw threw at him. The wolf swung his hands and hit the larger male’s ass hard, making the villain roar in anger. The fight raged on and the hero put all he had into the next flurry of attacks.

The heroes watching the broadcast paid close attention with Sir Spike giving both naked butts more than a few gropes.

“It’s going to be close, Andre. Your butt is looking pretty vulnerable right now.”

“No way! He’s got to-OH! Hell yes!”

The cameras caught it all. Tight Space had orchestrated that big lumbering crocodile into tying himself up with high tensile construction cables. The wolf hero had stripped the villain naked and was now using one of the flexible cables as a whip to tan his giant hide.

Kick Viper tried to stand up, but was once again pushed down. "What?! That had to be more than five minutes!"

Sir Spike took great pleasure in leaning over to let the purple scaled male see his grinning face. "Four minutes and fifty-seven seconds, actually. Now, you get to take ten."

Another deep blue bone paddle was crafted in his other hand. The material was dense and sturdy, but also smooth and well balanced. He swung hard and paddled Kick Viper's ass with all the same mercy he had Lava Lizard. All the gathered men whooped and hollered as they watched the spanking on the broadcast and the one right next to them.

"And ten!"

SMACK

The bulky hero was near tears as the bone paddle brightened his purple rump a deep throbbing red. The searing pain was a lot to deal with... but so was Lava Lizard's grinning face. "The broadcast is over. But I bet I can take more spanks than he can! He doesn't even have to get even with me, let him have a handicap."

Sir Spike had to grin at that. "Confident, are you? What's on the line then?"

"The g-games done, right?" Lava Lizard was pushed back into a bent over position this time. He didn't want to take anymore spanks, but other heroes had come by to hold him down.

"Sounds like there's a new game going on."

Kick Viper looked his opponent right in his eyes. "If you beat me, Andre... I'll be your bitch for a week."

The unicorn was all smiles at the prospect of leading this new game. He looked at the green scaled lizard, "And your rebuttal? Remember that if you refuse, you automatically forfeit the wager and lose."

"Uh... but... awww man. Fine! I accept that!"

"Haha! Alright, boys, place your bets!" Sir spike raised the paddles and brought them down. Both reptiles howled in pain, but were held in place as the paddles blistered their rumps without mercy. It was a race now, to see which of the reptiles could handle the most heat in their seat.

DAY 15- ROLE REVERSAL

"Let me get this straight. You... *WANT*... me to spank you." Remy couldn't believe his ears. The big, rough and tough rhino that worked for him was almost begging for it.

For his part Rampage looked embarrassed; ears flat to his head, avoiding eye contact, and a deep blush on his cheeks. His fists balled up and relaxed, his feet shifted from side to side, which further displayed the guy's humiliation.

"Y-yes. I want you to..." Rampage sighed. "...spank me."

Hearing the request again made the zebra grin wide. "That spanking machine got you hooked, huh? Alright then, drop your pants and bend over my desk."

The rhino snorted, but did as he was asked. His blue jeans pooled around his ankles where he kicked them off. Leaning over the desk, Rampage felt disgusted to be objectified by this arrogant zebra. However, he had no choice but to accept the sneering gaze.

The smugness was almost palpable.

"I gotta say, if this is a new side of you, Rampage," Remy took hold of a paddle hanging on his wall. "I like it."

CRACK CRACK

Swift swings of the paddle bit into the thick robust gray-skinned butt, forcing groans of pain out of the rhino. He resisted the urge to smash his fists into the desk, forcing himself to hold onto his rage.

"No angry pleading? No whispered threats? No sassy bravado?"

The muscular butt bounced with a hearty smack following each question. The rhino shifted and snorted, his ability to absorb kinetic energy providing some protection, but it did nothing to dull the pain. His boss was stronger than he looked and he looked jacked to start with.

"Th-thanks boss."

"Thanks? For what? For spanking your bitch ass?" Remy pulled the paddle back for the hardest swing yet. "All you had to do was ask."

The paddle suddenly stopped an inch from the bright red throbbing butt cheeks. Rampage slowly stood up fully and turned to see the zebra standing still. "Thanks for keeping your window curtain open."

Whatever force was holding his body relaxed its control over his head, allowing Remy to look up. Outside the window, like some vampire from an old movie, was a sharply dressed dark feathered parrot. The window lock unlocked with the window opening as well, the dracula parrot floating into the room.

"Hello, Remy. I hope you don't mind that I stopped by. You see, I'm here to visit my friend..." The paddle was pulled out of the zebra's hands, "...which you've abused for the last time."

"Rampage?! What is this?"

Driven completely by his rage now, the rhino grabbed the zebra's shirt and yanked him forward where their faces were inches from each other. "Payback."

The word was spoken through gritted teeth with the large male shaking. He swung his arm and knocked everything off the desk before shoving the zebra down onto the desk with enough force to stall any resistance he might've mounted.

"UGH!"

Rampage grabbed the rim of his boss's pants and tore them off. The burning agony stinging his butt cheeks got worse with every move he made, but that only fueled the wrath blazing through him.

"R-Rampage! DON'T YOU D-!"

SMACK

The solid spank hit with the force of three men, which threw the zebra past his masculine bravado and straight into pleading. But those pleas landed on deaf ears... or rather ears that enjoyed hearing the agonizing panic in his voice.

"You had this coming! Now shut up and take it like a man!"

There was squirming, there was crying, there was begging as Rampage unleashed his blistering rage on the zebra's ass. There wasn't an inch of the equine's cheeks that were left unspanked... even the meaty thighs were spanked red to ensure he had trouble standing and sitting.

Rampage felt his strength waning after using up the stored kinetic energy, but he wanted to keep this spanking going! He planted his feet and swung harder, wanting to make this spanking one that Remy would never forget... or risk suffering again by looking for retaliation.

CRACK

"AAUGH!" A fresh strike of the paddle hitting his ass again made Rampage stop punishing his boss for a moment. He looked back and saw the paddle floating in the air, with Blaque smiling at him.

"Looked like you needed a pick-me-up." The dracula parrot chuckled.

"Gee thanks." Rampage went back to spanking his boss, howling himself as the paddle fed him more energy to continue the assault.

"What are friends for? Am I right?" Blaque kicked his feet up and leisurely lounged in the air while maintaining the paddle strikes that would keep his friend going for however long he wanted to punish that zebra butt.

It was a few hours later when Rampage decided that the punishment was enough. The once black and white furred butt was visibly steaming with bright red throbbing handprints all over his backside.

Looking over his work again, Rampage snorted and grinned, rubbing his own throbbing backside. “Don’t even think about firing me, Remy. Or I might not be so kind next time. See you next week.”

Rampage turned to leave the office with Blaque following behind him. “So, that looked like you had fun.”

“I did. Thanks.” Rampage grinned and turned on his friend, hugging him tightly in his broad beefy arms. “But your ass is going to get it for paddling me.”

Blaque was shocked to hear that threat, especially because that paddling had helped him! But a chuckle broke his jet black beak. “Well that’ll be fun too.”

“That’s the spirit!”

“Speaking of spirits... I’ve got a bottle of Irish whiskey with your name on it.” Blaque stopped the rhino with his telekinesis. “Though you might want to put some pants on before we go outside. Your body doesn’t bother me, but you’ll frighten all the alpha males with that hammer you’re swinging.”

A huge bellowing laugh escaped the rhino and nods. “You’re right. I wouldn’t want anyone to get jealous.” Rampage found his locker in the mechanic building he was employed in and got an extra pair of pants and slid them on... albeit carefully. “Now, let’s go get drunk!”

“Here, here!” Blaque cheered, swatting the rhino’s sore butt.

“OOOWWW!”

The telekinetic villain lifted off the ground and flew out of the door. “Sorry, couldn’t resist. Catch me if you can.”

Rampage growled but smiled as he took off after the dracula parrot, intent on not letting a zebra but be the only hide he tanned tonight.

DAY 16- WEDGIE SPANKS

Two criminals found themselves in the hottest seat imaginable. Caught red handed by a stern guardsman who they knew from reputation would soon turn their asses red in kind. The gray furred bear looked between the silent and surprised men as if choosing which one to attack first.

The storehouse was empty save for a few open crates. The pair had obviously been looking for something. Zeke noticed they didn't appear to have weapons on them... they wanted to travel light, or maybe the lack of weapons was so they could carry more ill-gotten loot.

The air was still and quiet enough to hear the thumping of their hearts. Callam, a muscular panther was the first that dared to move. He rushed forward throwing a swift punch aimed at the bear's head.

That punch was blocked, but the gut punch the second criminal threw hit, knocking the bear back a step. "If that's the best you two can do, I'll have you squirming over my knees in no time."

Zeke charged this time, looking towards the panther, while swinging a low kick to the fennec's legs. With the smaller criminal knocked down, the bear threw a knee and headbutt combo that connected to the feline's chest and head.

"I was trained by the best fighter in this town! Where did you two train? In the woods!"

Joryn, the fennec Fox, grinned. "Actually we did."

The nimble fox flipped up onto his feet and jumped to catch a rope that hung from the rafters. He swung his weight into a kick that landed on the stunned bear's chest. The mountain of a man was knocked to his back, giving Joryn enough time to rush over to Callam and help him up.

"You okay, Cal?"

"My head's spinning a bit. Let's get out of here."

The pair ran for the door, but were stopped short when their pants were grabbed. "You two aren't going anywhere!"

Zeke grinned as he had these criminals caught by the seat of their pants. He glanced down and saw that he also had a hold of their underwear. Smirking he let go of the pants but gave the undergarments a quick and strong tug upwards.

"AHHHH!"

Both men shouted in sudden discomfort as their junk was crushed, with their underwear wedging between their butt cheeks. They were both pulled up to their tip toes, reaching back to try to free themselves. Another firm tug upwards convinced them to soothe their compressed jewels instead.

"Take your pants off."

“W-what? No way!”

Zeke growled, the sound rumbling out of his chest like the sizzling fuse of a cannon before it unleashed devastation. “Pants. OFF!”

There was nothing else the men could do but comply. Their belts and buttons were undone and their leather pants fell to the floor. They stepped out of them and were expecting the wedgies to be lessened. Instead, Zeke walked forward... using the tight underwear like puppet strings to force the men to walk in front of him.

“It’s a beautiful day outside, don’t you think boys?”

“You can’t be serious!” Callam shouted and tried to free his underwear again.

“I am serious!” Zeke lifted Joryn’s underwear high, almost lifting him off the ground, making the fennec scream in pain. Once the panther stopped trying to get free, he let the fennec back down on his toes.

The men exited the storehouse and almost instantly began to hear gasps and hushed whispers. The criminals had hot blushes on their faces, fully displaying the amount of humiliation they were suffering.

“Gentlemen, hear me!” Zeke spoke with authority and his booming voice carried through the marketplace. “I caught these two men pilfering our storehouse! They will face punishment! But since they were attempting to steal from you all... I think it’s only fair that you all be the ones to deliver their punishments.”

With surprising grace and skill, Zeke spun the pair around while keeping a hold of the underwear. The angle of them now being under each of the bear’s arms meant that they couldn’t even reach their underwear anymore... They were helpless.

Callam, the panther, was the larger of the pair. His ass was toned with sharp masculine curves, covered in a thick but soft blanket of jet black fur. The solid looking mounds of muscles had just enough softness to have a bit of jiggle that was seen when Zeke made him bounce on his toes. His thighs were solidly built as well, which only made the manly panther even more tempting a target.

Joryn’s ass wasn’t one to ignore though. He may be smaller, but his cheeks were sculpted with smooth muscles that made the gathering men’s palms itch. He was squirming in the grasp of the wedgie, which did nothing but show his slim cheeks flexing. The underwear was stretched thinner on him, putting the entirety of his agile butt cheeks on display.

Men, who had been shopping in the marketplace, began to roll up their sleeves as they prepared to deliver the spanks to those vulnerable rears. Some of the shop owners even closed up their shops to join the crowd.

“H-how long are we going to be punished?” Callam asked.

Zeke pondered a moment. “I’d say ten spanks each.”

“J-just ten?” Joryn was shocked to be shown such mercy. “That’s very generous.”

“Oh not for you.” Zeke had to laugh. “You’re going to take ten spanks from each of them.”

“”WHAT?!”

The spanking began without warming up. The gathered gentlemen were there to spank or make a day’s fair wage. So each one of them had a dislike for criminals that wanted to steal from them.

Callam and Joryn hollered and squirmed, but couldn’t escape as their asses were blistered by the crowd. Zeke was careful to keep their tails out of the way while keeping the wedgies tight and uncomfortable for them. He had a wonderful view of their asses darkening into a nice shade of cherry red.

“Once every man has gotten their turn with you... I’ll give you my ten swats, then you two will be free to go.” Zeke offered them an unsympathetic chuckle. “Though you might have trouble walking out of town.”

DAY 17- GHOST HANDS

DAY 17- GHOST HANDS

They had come out of nowhere! Tartok couldn’t believe he’d been so careless! But as he howled in pain he knew that this wasn’t some kind of nightmare that he had woken up from.

He was currently being held aloft by a collection of disembodied hands that had seized his limbs and even his tail! With his body vulnerable, more ghost hands had appeared to rip his pants and underwear down.

All his struggles meant nothing as the hands seemed far stronger than they should be. The spanking had started suddenly, as his ass was exposed. He roared and threatened until another ghost hand shoved its fingers into his mouth, massaging his tongue and inner cheeks almost sensuously.

While the torturous spanking was going on, pleasure was fed back into him with one ghost hand stroking his manhood slowly. Tartok cursed himself for being so foolish as to get caught... especially since he knew his back-up was coming! He was more embarrassed at the thought of his fellow demon hunter finding him in this position than actually being in it.

SMACK SMACK

“Are you even paying attention? You hunters are rather rude , you know?” Azolahn, a demonic folf, sneered at the captive hunter while he sat atop a set of boxes. The cloth wrapped around his hips didn’t really cover anything except his left hip and thigh. The Siberian husky’s struggles and humiliation delighted the demon, who was not ashamed of the tent pitched in his thong. “Someone should teach you some manners. Oh wait... I already am.”

The ghost hands, green ethereal digits with dark arcane fire wafting from their 'wrists'. Relentless and fully powered spansks landed on the captured hunter's rear with him hollering around the fingers in his mouth.

Tartok wasn't unfamiliar with getting his ass waxed... it was a devoted part of the training to become a demon hunter, in fact. What was bothering him was the hands molesting his body while the spanking was going on. He squirmed and struggled with the hands holding him tight... and spanking his toned cheeks red.

The hunter was clearly well trained... His sculpted body was evidence of that. A shredded physique, under soft black and white fur, made the husky insanely attractive. He was tall and firm in his attitude, giving off tons of masculine energy. Even his ass consisted of thick muscular cheeks that looked strong enough to crush coal into diamonds. It was an ass that left others in awe... while leaving others with a desire to see those perky mounds turn red on their laps.

Azolahn watched the show with malicious glee. "You make cute noises, hunter. Let's pick up the pace, shall we?"

SMACK SMACK

Indeed the hands swung faster, darkening his already red ass with throbbing welts that burned the buns nicely. Above the scene, peering through the skylight were a pair of maroon colored eyes. These eyes surveyed the layout of the warehouse, but also observed the show of his fellow hunter getting his butt tanned.

Zylen had to chuckle, "You went and got yourself caught, huh Tartok? Well, you owe me for this one."

Carefully, the peacock/crocodile hybrid opened the skylight, using both his strength and agility to position himself for the save. Neither man inside seemed aware of him yet, which gave him the element of surprise.

Azolahn moved in front of Tartok, grinning as his hand slid into the place of the ghost hands that were fingering his mouth and stroking him off. "Why do you resist? I can sense your greedy for this treatment... hungry for it." The demon folf took his hand out of the mouth and slid the fingers into his own mouth. "I can taste it."

"How about a taste of this?"

Looking up to discover the owner of the new voice, only brought a dusty brown scaled foot into view. The kick was solid and sent the demon back into a few boxes which broke into pieces around him. "UGH!"

Turning on the captured hunter, Zylen hung a necklace on him. The ghostly hands evaporated nearly instantly, dropping the Siberian hunky to his knees. "Thanks, Zylen. You got here just in time."

A smirk crossed the bird's beak as he helped his partner up. "Actually, I've been here for a bit."

Tartok growled, but smirked. "Enjoying the show, I suppose?"

"It was my mistake for thinking you could handle it."

"Oh you're funny, Zy." Tartok shot him a disapproving glare.

Zylen turned back to the boxes to see the demon climbing out of the debris. The hip wrap had been cut off the demon's body, leaving him in only his thong. Looking down seeing the gray shirt and shorts he had on, Zylen chuckled. "And I think I'm overdressed."

The demon threw his hand forward and yelled. "Don't worry... I'll strip you of those clothes and your dignity!"

A few moments later when nothing happened, the hunters grinned and ran forward. They grabbed the surprised demon and pulled him down over their knees. Tartok grabbed the thong and yanked it up, making the demon howl in pain while revealing the folf's full butt cheeks. The orange fur would make it hard to see the reddening skin underneath.

"Wait! What are you doing? Let me go!"

"Oh we will, Zylen said, handing his partner a small black paddle with an arcane design carved into the wood. "After we strip you of your dignity."

Tartok lifted the paddle and swatted the demon's ass. He felt the folf jump in his grasp and scream in pain as the blessed material burned his infernal skin on contact. Zylen produced his own paddle and went to work spanking this demon's ass hard.

Over the anguished cries of the demon, Zylen looked to Tartok. "So what's my reward?"

"Reward? For what?" Tartok leaned forward and swung up against the demon, earning a pained howl and jiggling cheek.

"Uh... saving your ass?" Targeting the spot when the thigh met the butt cheek he was spanking, Zylen delivered rapid but softer strikes to make the burning more intense.

"Didn't you admit to watching me get spanked? So, how exactly did you 'save my ass'?"

Zylen rolled his eyes and swatted hard on the tender spot he'd been sizzling. The demon almost leaping out of their grasp as the pair eroded his pride and resolve. "Oh come on, you could handle it. Besides, I had to gather intel."

"Oh yeah? I'm so impressed with your in depth complicated plan of drop kicking him in the face and rushing him." Tartok pulled the folf's tail up forcing his to lift his hips so they could cover every inch of the demonic rump in harsh spansks.

"Whatever. It worked didn't it?" The digits on the paddle began to glow a bright blue. "Time to go home, demon bitch."

The hunters both lifted their paddles high and brought them down. The red throbbing butt cheeks burned with the blue sigil now sizzling on each cheek. A second later the demon evaporated just like his ghost hands had earlier.

“A good night's work, I say.”

True, but we're not done.” Tartok grinned while looking at his partner. “I figured out your reward for ‘saving me’.”

“Oh yeah? What is it-!”

Before Zylen could react he felt a furry and still toasted rump get pushed into his face. He was surprised, but couldn't stop getting forced on his back with Tartok grinding his ass down around the bird's face. “And be careful with that beak of yours, Zy, or it'll be your butt that gets blistered!”

DAY 18- FRATERNITY

DAY 18- FRATERNITY

Zeke bent down to drop his pants and underwear with no shame. He was in the same boat as all the other members of the guardsmen. The brotherhood of men were tasked with the duty of protecting the town of Scarlet Hills and all the civilians within.

“All of you are valued guardsmen that I have seen accomplish many great things!” The lion speaking was also naked, pacing up and down the line of equally naked men. His body was the pinnacle of what a man's body should be. Powerful and strong muscles lined his body, smooth and flexible muscles mix in speed and agility, and all of it is covered in skin and fur that is only slightly scarred.

The lack of numerous scars was an indication he had avoided a lot of damage in all the fights he'd been in up to this point in his career. Or he had simply intimidated any opponent foolish enough to stand against him. His dark orange body fur covered a majority of his body except for the light brown fur that covered his feet, pubic regions, the front of his torso, the tip of his muzzle and chin, and around his eyes.

There were two unique features on the lion that made him stand out, though. The first were his violet eyes which could bestow all the kindness a man could give or they could rip you to shreds without a word spoken. The second feature was his silver mane that earned him the nickname The Gray Goliath; a combination of his mane and his ability to withstand the damage he took in battle.

“We can accomplish these things because we trust each other! And we trust each other because what one guardsmen endures... we all endure! Do you agree?”

“Yessir, Captain Droxy!” All the men, Zeke included, shouted loudly in unison. The sound shook the ground as the men displayed their admiration and respect for the man leading them.

“Good men. The lot of you.” The lion stopped and turned to face his charges. “Alright, turn around and bend over.”

There was no hesitation as all the guardsmen turned their backs on their leader, bent over, and grabbed the ankles of the men on either side of them. This was to show each other that they bonded and would suffer through these training exercises together.

The sight of so many bare bottoms gave Captain Droxy a thrill, but he remained stoic. He picked up a paddle, carved with the symbol of the town and holes drilled along the sides. He set himself into a stance and swung the paddle into the first rump of the line.

A set of round chubby cheeks bounced and jiggled, but went back into place. The hippos groaned, but ignored the pain. “GAH! Thank you Captain! Give me another!”

Another hard swing of the paddle was delivered on demand. The sound of the smack was almost as loud as the shout of pain. He moved to the next in line and swung at the ass just as hard, making the Falcon cry out, but he too asked for another.

Zeke was proud to hear his fellow guardsmen taking their beatings with such grace. Pain was a bad experience, but it was made easier when there was someone there to help shoulder the burden. He would do no less than they would. He would show them he could take the pain too, but more than that he would show them they could trust him.

For if a man can willingly take the pain and humiliation from a spanking than he could do any other task asked of him. And suffering their spankings together meant all the guardsmen were on equal footing and could rely on and confide in one another. They were a band of brothers marked by the red marks on their backsides.

CRACK

Zeke grunted but held his shout in. The thump of the paddle against his butt drove the burning pain into his cheeks. The sting was almost instant and seemed to get worse from the chilly air. He looked back over his shoulder, feeling a reassuring squeeze on each of his ankles. “Thank you Captain Droxy! Give me another!”

“Of course.” The lion wound up and delivered a second thunderous blow that drove a pained roar from the bear, despite this he stayed bent over. None of the guardsmen would stand until they all tasted the hot licks of the paddle that would start the day’s exercises. By the end of this day, Zeke knew he’d be begging for relief from the searing in his cheeks.

When the last paddle hit and all the guardsmen’s rumps were primed for the rest of the day’s activities, Captain Droxy declared with pride in voice. “You all make me proud. Continue your training for the day, guardsmen.”

“Yes Captain!”

“Zeke. You stay here.” The lion walked to the bear and handed him the paddle. “As a leader, I shouldn’t ask my men to perform tasks I’m not willing to do myself. So I want you to spank me.”

Zeke smirked, the stinging in his cheeks from just two swats fueling his desire to give that pain to the lion. He took the paddle and waited for his leader to assume the position. The other guardsmen were busy running their drills but they would spare glances at the leader's glorious backside.

The meaty mounds had a layer of that silver hair giving the buns an almost metallic look. Zeke took his stance and lifted the paddle.

"Oh and Zeke?"

"Yes, Captain?"

"I want to take the same number of swats I delivered. Understood?" The lion sounded firm and authoritative, not giving the bear any other option but to agree.

After a few moments, Zeke tightened his grip on the paddle. "Yes Captain!"

CRACK

DAY 19- OINTMENT

Tartok was furious at himself as he walked the streets of the city at night. The short shorts he was forced to wear did contain his modesty, but were tight enough to squeeze his sore throbbing butt cheeks with every step.

"I can't believe I let him get away!" The Siberian Husky growled and balled up his fists as if ready to attack anyone that looked at him the wrong way. "And what was he talking about anyway? He didn't have time to curse me!"

The crisp night air felt good on his fur and skin, but was no help in soothing his anger... or his burnt backside. Luckily he was close to his destination. He needed a remedy for the touch of a demon and he was never any good at the alchemical side of their training, but Zylen was.

Tartok entered the apartment building, but stopped and looked up the stairs. "You could've found a building with an elevator at least."

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Tartok groaned as waited for the answer, rubbing his sore ass through the booty shirts. It was strange that the burning got worse as he climbed the stairs. It hadn't gone down at all since he took the spanking from the demon... a demon that he wanted to run into again to give him a good spanking and dicking.

The door opened and Zylen glanced down with a smirk. "Well, well. Happy to see me, are you?"

"Huh?"

"You're pitching there, buddy." Zylen moved aside, letting his hunting partner step in, which he did in a hurry.

"I-I don't... that boner's not because of you."

Shutting and locking the door, Zylen chuckled. "Well now you're going to hurt my feelings. Coming into my space and insulting me? That deserves a spanking."

Tartok sensed what was coming next and tried to jump away from the avian hybrid, but a firm swat to his ass landed anyway. Fresh waves of pain surged through the canine's body and he dropped to his knees. Through gritted teeth he panted as the heat in his cheeks got worse.

"I need help, Zy! I was... I got caught by a big demon and he spanked me good. But before he left h-

"Left? He got away from you? That's not like you."

"I know that! I already feel like shit, alright!" Tartok took in a deep breath to calm himself down. The searing stinging made that task difficult though. "Anyway, before he left, he said he cursed me. And I didn't believe him at first, but I'm thinking he was telling the truth."

"Well, most demons don't lie." A hand on his chin was a clear sign the peacroc was deep in thought. "Alright take your clothes off, I'll whip something up for you."

Tartok sighed at the humiliation of being taken care of like a defenseless whelp, but the promise of relief from this cursed heat was enough for him. He peeled his shirt off, which was wet with his sweat that he hadn't noticed before. He carefully undid the hot pants and slid them down, howling a bit as the fabric slid against his cheeks.

"Speaking of not your style..." Zylen's voice carried in from the other room, "...where'd you get the hot pants?"

"That damn demon ripped my pants to shreds. So, I had to grab what I could find."

"Hah! Fair enough."

A few moments later, Zylen returned to the living area of the modest apartment he was renting for the moment. "Alright, this salve has aloe to help the burning, holy water to disrupt any infernal magics, and cherry blossoms to soothe your skin."

Tartok was looking at his own butt in the mirror. His thick athletic cheeks were throbbing with handprints all over the bubbly mounds. The hulking demon that left those marks entered his mind again, making him growl even while his cock throbs again.

"That demon got you bad, huh?" Zylen jeered. "Come on, and lay down already."

"Yeah, yeah. I know you just want a close up view of my butt. You don't have to beg."

The couch creaked a bit while Tartok settled his weight down across his partner's lap. There was no shame in this action, they pair had often seen each other in much more humiliating and erotically charged scenarios before this. Still, the scent of the salve was calming to him.

Zylen took note of the damage now that he had a close-up view. He couldn't be sure, but seemed to see flashes of green within the marks... but as soon as he saw one it went away. He shrugged it off, the salve would take care of it.

Zylen dipped his fingers into the salve and rubbed a layer of it over his hands before applying his hands to the still hot cheeks. He heard the canine wince and he smirked. Carefully but firmly he rubbed the muscular butt, not letting an inch of that nearly perfect ass go untouched.

It was an ass that left Zylen with such a confusing mix of desires and urges. Some days he wanted to be trapped under that ass and forced to give it pleasure while the canine sits on his face or his cock. Then other days he couldn't think of anything but holding the dog down and beating his cheeks red before pounding him even harder.

The blue feathered fingers went between the muscular mounds to lather the galley as well. "How's that feeling, puppy?"

"Heh... did you just call me puppy?" Tartok asked with a bit of nervousness in his tone. "The demon that spanked me called me..."

A cold chill settled over the canine's body. He turned his head slowly as a lump formed in his throat. It could be a coincidence, right?

However his fears were proven true as Zylen's eyes had taken on unnatural green color. And the grin on the hybrid's face was not one he was used to seeing... it spoke only of malice.

"Zylen? Let me go right now."

"Yeah. O-okay." There was a moment when nothing changed. The peacroc didn't move or say anything. Then slowly his thick crocodile tail was looped around the canine's legs. "Actually, no. I've been wanting to do this for too long to give up this chance now."

"Zylen! No! The demon laid a trap! You're under his influ-"

"No way! You're not going to get out of this. Not with a lame trick like that!" Zylen lifted his hand... that was glowing with black and green fire... and smirked down on the struggling dog. "This is going to hurt you way more than it does me."

SMACK

Tartok could only scream in pain as the spansks landed, trying his best to focus on finding a way out of this situation for him and Zylen.

DAY 20- HYPNOSIS

Zylen screamed in his head, but nothing happened. Or rather his body didn't follow any of his commands. It was like all the connections to his body were severed... but he could still see what was going on.

Tartok was squirming on his lap, begging and pleading for mercy.

"Stop! Dammit!" Zylen cursed his body as he watched it punish the already abused Siberian Husky. "Why aren't you listening to me!"

"Because your body is listening to me."

Zylen spun around in the void he was floating in and felt his heart skip a beat when he saw the only other being in this place. He was clearly a demon; green fur and skin, gray-purple membranous wings, and bright violet fire on his head where hair should be. The horns curved into circles on the sides of his head were an indication not only of his age... but his skill in surviving Hell.

"Your body was easy to conquer. But your mind is obviously stronger. No matter. I can handle both of you."

"My... mind? We're in my mind?"

"And they say you mortals are too stupid to live. But you do have your purposes." The wolf demon advanced towards Zylen, two tentacles growing from his lower back. "My name is Trag'drorath. But you can call me, Trag."

With the advancing demon looming over him, Zylen dropped into a fighting stance.

DING

The sound penetrated his perceptions and left Zylen feeling numb. No... not numb. But it was like he was moving through mud... his scenes seemed slower.

"You can't fight me here, birdie. This is my realm." Trag'drorath grinned and the tentacles slapped their tips together again. The metallic sound ripping into Zylen's body again. "Now let's get you in position, shall we?"

SMACK

"Dammit Zylen! Snap out of it!"

The Siberian Husky tried to break free of the grasp of the hybrid. But the bird was stronger than he looked... plus he had the leverage with his feet bound by the crocodile tail. One of his arms was also held behind his back, further limiting his options for a physical escape.

"Okay, new plan." Tartok hollered as more spanks landed on his throbbing butt cheeks. The pain was sizzling his skin, making it harder to focus his thoughts. The curse was a trap... that much was true. And where was Zylen?

SMACK

Zylen found himself hoisted into the air with tentacles having grabbed each of his limbs and his tail. The demon was all smiles as he spanked the blue feathered butt cheeks. Each harsh impact sent stinging pain into the bird like any other spanking.

However, unlike normal spankings, each time the demonic hands hit the bird's rump those metallic dings rang in his ear holes. His body relaxed, the sounds of the spanking echoing throughout the void.

"You will be mine. My own little spank slut."

DING

Zylen couldn't stop the sounds from boring into his ear holes. It was like a river carving through rocks, but instead of taking centuries the peacroc felt his resolve waning. But he couldn't lose! If he lost this fight... Tartok would lose too.

More spansks stung his cheeks, but Zylen slammed his beak shut, swallowing his pain and keeping it inside.

"Resist all you want, I've got nothing but time to break you." Trag'drorath leaned close and squeezed the toned bird butt. The bubbly cheeks feeling solid with just enough softness to invite thoughts of pounding that ass. "And after you break, I'll take your partner too. Say thank you."

There was a deep throbbing in his mind and body... a welling up of something deep within him. Zylen shook his head, resisting the command.

"No! I won't... thank you!"

DING

"Good boy." The demon gave each blue globe a firm spank, making the red marks start to show. "You will submit. I'll have you both."

SMACK

Tartok arched and howled in pain. Whoever was controlling Zylen's body was showing him no mercy! It had to be a high-level demon. No street demon had this kind of power. Which meant that he had to find a host to possess... one that willingly accepted him into their body.

This is bad. The curse... it must have caused Zylen's mind to take a backseat. His body is being puppeted! The demon... whoever it was... was trying to soften up both of them at the same time!

"YEEEOOOWW!" Tartok had tears in his eyes from the angry frustration of resisting his predicament and the scorching pain sizzling his cheeks. "I've got to get Zylen out of his grasp."

If the peacroc's body was being puppeted... maybe he could use the strings too?

“O-oh yes! Spank me harder!” Tartok pleaded. The humiliating words made him blush, but he continued. He lifted his hips high, forcing his butt up, his sore cheeks like two cooked hams. “Give it to me, Zylen!”

DING

Zylen heard the ding again, felt the eroding pressure... but he also heard the desperate pleas of the huge Siberian Husky. Those words cut through the haze in his mind as something strange, but the demon’s will was still stronger.

“M-m-must resist you. You w-won’t control me!”

Trag’drorath chuckled. “The arrogance of you hunters is astounding. I’ve been doing this for millennia. You can’t possibly slip from my grasp.”

“I’m not slipping... I’m jumping.” Zylen flexed his muscles, thinking about jumping back into his body. Putting all his mental focus into the action. The tentacles holding his limbs faltered for a second, giving Zylen all the proof he needed. “Let me GO!”

Tartok took another hard spank, but this one seemed weaker than the rest. He looked back at the peacroc and saw the expression change... the eyes of glowing green had dimmed and were shifting back to their normal maroon shade. “That’s it, Zy! AAAOOOOOWWWW! Fight him!”

More spanks were landing but they were slowing down... getting weaker. Tartok howled in triumph with a smile on his face. “Take your hot body, Zylen! Show this demon bitch who’s boss!”

The hand holding his arm let go and Tartok was finally able to lift his upper body up, but he still wasn’t free of the spanking. “NNNGH... come on, Zy, you can do it!”

The athletic butt cheeks were swollen and sore, but Tartok was hopeful while feeling the spanks continue to weaken.

“NO! You cannot resist me!” Trag’drorath was furious while feeling his grip... both mental and physical... loosening. He had both these hunters right where he wanted them... had he underestimated them? Or overestimated his own abilities?

Despite the waning grip he had on the avian’s limbs he rained down thunderous blows on the hanging cheeks. If nothing else he would leave an impression on the bird. “I will have you!”

“No... you... won’t!”

Zylen tugged hard on the tentacles and finally felt his arms slip free. He quickly performed a series of hand gestures. "Trag'drorath, te deleo! (Trag'drorath, I banish you)"

In a flash of brilliantly deep blue light, Zylen dropped the floor of his mind. He looked around and saw that he was alone again. He seized control of his body mid-swing and stopped entirely.

Tartok collapsed onto the feathered lap again. "Zylen? Please tell me that's you!"

"Yeah, buddy. It's me." Zylen was sweating, panting, realizing that his rump hurt as if he took the spanking he suffered physically as well. Those detestable demons are quite the cruel bunch. There was a heat on the Siberian Husky's cheeks that part of him felt guilty over seeing.

"I'm sorry my friend. I should've been more careful." Reaching over to a nearby dresser drawer, Zylen pulled out a golden amulet with a sapphire in the center. "I'm going to purify your ass, okay?"

Tartok barely moved, too exhausted from the multiple spanking. "Sure. S-sounds good."

The amulet was laid gently onto his bare cheeks, causing the canine to wince. The small wisps of green energy were drawn to the amulet where they were purged into small bursts of white magic.

"There. Now let's get back to helping you."

Tartok breathed a long sigh of relief as he felt the careful and gentle hands of his hunter partner on his backside again, the salve was doing its job now, smoothing the burning pain in his skin. He hissed through gritted teeth as the fingers rubbed over the throbbing spank marks directly, but it's a pain that he'd willingly take knowing that he and Zylen were safe.

Zylen winced himself as he shifted on the couch. The pressure of his and Tartok's weight pushed his sore as down onto his couch. "Oooh... that feels good."

"Feels good? You're a weird one, Zylen." Tartok chuckled. "After you're done with me, I'll do you."

"Fair enough. I did spank you good didn't I?" The throbbing in the canine cheeks made Zylen grin as he thought about other ways to help soothe the burning; rub ice cubes on his cheeks, take a cold bath together, or even suck him off to give him something else to focus on.

"Well, it wasn't you doing it."

"True. I'd never hurt you on purpose." Zylen grinned and gave his sore spots a playful swat.

"AAAUUUGHH! What was that?!"

“Oh come on, Tartok, you’d do the same thing in my position.” Not waiting for the Siberian Husky to reply, Zylen went back to soothing his friend. “Besides, you know my motto, ‘A little pain never hurt anybody’.”