

SPANKS-GIVING 2023

DAYS 21-30

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DAY 21- PARTNER IN CRIMES

There was an air of risk and danger with what the thieves were attempting. But the potential coin they'd get once they sold the ill gotten goods outweighed the risk.

The pair of thieves; an elk and an eagle; crept slowly towards the shore of a pristine lake. If they were quick and quiet, the guardsman would never know they were here. A full set of armor from a guardsman would fetch a pretty penny on the black market... with a bonus for their weapons.

"We're gonna get so much coin for this stuff." The elk male excitedly said, already deciding what to spend his coin on.

"Shhh..." The eagle glared. "Stay quiet, Gattas."

The guardsman that wields this equipment was currently in the lake, the bear was swimming and enjoying himself from the looks of it. So luckily he hadn't heard them yet.

"Sorry, Zeddicus." A green glow of magic shone from the elk's hands as vines grew from around his wrist, woven into existence by his Druid magic. The vines began to carefully wrap around them and pick up the armor. A chuckle escaped Gattas as one vine picked up what was obviously the bear's underwear.

"I don't think he'll chase us even if he sees us." Gattas presented the red garment and earned an equally amused chuckle out of his partner.

"That's good to know." Picking up the sword, Zeddicus felt the weight and he struggled to lift it up high. "Man, this guy must be really strong."

Attempting a swing of the sword proved to be foolish as the weapon flew from his hands... and into the pristine lake water.

SPLASH

Both thieves froze and looked out into the lake only to see the bear staring at them.

“HEY! Leave my things alone!” Zeke charged through the water at the pair, who thought it a good idea to take off running. “DON’T RUN NOW. YOU’LL ONLY CRY TIRED!”

Zeddicus grabbed the sword again and took off, nearly avoiding getting grabbed himself. The pair of thieves laughed as they ran into the dense forest. “Did he say ‘die’?”

The druid elk shook his head. “I think he said cry’.”

“That doesn’t make sense. Why would we cry?”

SMACK

“YEEEOOWW!”

The heavy sword fell from his grasp as Zeddicus stumbled but righted himself. Behind him the bear was catching up... he was also stark naked and dripping wet.

“If you stop running now, I’ll only punish you until my fur dries!”

Panic gripped both men at the thought of being punished by the angry bear. They both ran faster, but the armor was slowing the elk down. Neither of them were thinking clearly as their fear of the guard’s wrath burned away all rational and tactical thoughts.

Zeke grabbed the back of the elk’s shirt, yanking him backwards and making him fall. The heavy armor landed on his chest and knocked the wind out of him. With one thief down the naked bear leapt forward, landing on the bird’s body and knocking him to the ground.

“GUH!”

“Gotcha! You two are under arrest.”

As the eagle struggled he couldn’t help but feel the massive meat of the bear grinding against st his butt and thighs as they struggled. He wanted to fight the bear off, but he didn’t want this awkward scenario to get any more embarrassing.

“Grr... flne! Just get your naked self off me!”

“Sure, I won’t be the only one naked soon enough.”

“Huh?”

The bear it seemed had a sense of humor with his rage. Part of the guardsman uniform had a large long sash that had been repurposed as rope to tie the thieves to a tree with their chests pinned against it. Then the thick metal legs were maneuvered between the bodies and the tree until both criminals were sticking their hips out behind them. More rope was tied around their knees and the tree, trapping them in this humiliating position.

Zeke grinned and dusted his hands off, “Time for good ol’ fashion discipline.”

“Let us go, please. You got your armor and sword back.”

“Yeah!” The elk exclaimed. “You don’t have to do this!”

“Quiet! Both of you. You idiots have this coming for trying to steal from me.” Zeke grabbed the elk’s antlers and turned his head to force him to look his way. “And if I see so much as one single vine... or if you try that shapeshifting shit... I’ll beat your ass until this tree falls over. Understand?”

“Y-yeah. I get it.”

“Good.”

Zeke was still very pissed... and very naked... as he began laying smack on the rears of the criminals. His large hands slapped against the eagle’s tight rump. It was the kind of butt one gif from running more than fighting, smooth muscles didn’t provide much protection from his strength.

“AHHH! F-“

“Stealing is a bad idea. Stealing from a guardsman is worse.”

Is this asshole actually lecturing us like children? The eagle groaned as more spanks landed on his sizzling buns. The armoire between his body and the tree forced his butt into the perfect position for the spanking. This guardsman was well practiced and well trained.

Zeke centered his large hand and struck the eagle dead center. The force driving down into the crack and hit the sensitive ring, making him cry out.

“That’s what I want to hear. But let’s not forget about your partner in crime here.”

Gattas shook his head and stammered. “Uh... you don’t need to spank me. I learned my lesson. Thanks fir setting me straight.”

“Oh you don’t have to thank me.” Zeke grabbed the broad shoulder of the elk, taking aim with a raised arm. “At least not until I’m done with you.”

“Wait! Ple-AOWW!” The first spank made him jump forward, which smashed his junk against the heavy armor. “AAAOOOOWWWW!”

A chuckle rumbled out of Zeke’s chest. “Yeah. You might want to try to keep your hips still.”

SMACK

The elk had a similar butt to the eagle. Smooth muscles and tight cheeks, but there was enough thicker muscle here to give Zeke’s hand some push back. Each smack felt like he was hitting solid muscle, but the elk reacted just as the eagle did; gasping and thrashing.

“OWWWW! ENOUGH!”

“You don’t decide that, criminal.”

More crisp sounds of skin-on-skin tire through the forest, making the bear even more excited to make their whining noises even louder.

“Zeke Stone.” Captain Droxy’s dismounts his horse and ties the reins to a tree.

“Captain Droxy’s!” Zeke stood at attention and saluted his Captain. A deep blush warmed his face upon realizing he wasn’t the only thing standing at attention. “Uh... forgive me sir, these criminals stole my uniform while I was bathing in the lake.”

“Did they? Well, that deserves fair punishment then. Continue.”

“Yes sir!” Zeke went back to spanking the elk, switching to the eagle after a few moments, with both men yelping and squirming.

Captain Droxy’s gif excited watching the show. The bound criminals squirmed as they were punished. Their asses were getting redder as the bear laid down the law. But the spanking seemed slow... or maybe uneven,

The silver maned lion began to remove his armor. Zeke grinned at the sight while the criminals shuddered. When the lion stood naked he moved towards the elk. “You don’t mind if I join in do you? After all stealing is bad, but stealing from a guard an is worse.”

Both Zeke and Droxy’s laughed loudly as they blistered the asses of the helpless criminals. Applying fresh spank marks over every inch of their back sides until one single handprint couldn’t be identified. The entirety of their cheeks were a bright cherry red... and they kept spanking.

An example had to be made after all. And that example would be clear to anyone within earshot... never steal from a guardsman.

DAY 22- NEVER TOO OLD

Landing with a thunk on the asphalt, Kick Viper found himself greeted by a strange sight.

Slung over the hoods of the cars were at least eight cops that were tied up with cables of some kind. The ones that weren’t passed out were sobbing and weakly struggling. The reason for these sobs became evident when the hero noticed that all the bound cops had their pants down with their rears stained a bright red.

The color was so crisp, Kick Viper could almost feel the pain himself.

SMACK

The sound was unmistakably a fresh spank landing on someone's backside. Hearing that impact made the still conscious cops jerk away from the sound. But Kick Viper was instead drawn into the warehouse. Why did these conflicts seem to mostly end up in warehouses?

The superhero stepped into the warehouse, the dim lights illuminating the scene of two muscular men that hadn't noticed him yet. A stag that he didn't recognize and a unicorn that he knew was an anti-hero mercenary known as Manicorn.

The large barrel-chested unicorn was bent over with heavy metallic shackles around his wrists and neck. The unicorn was a beefy man, who looked capable of ripping right through the metal restraints. His scarred body was a visual representation of how tough the unicorn was. His meaty legs were spread by a metal bar, his leather chaps left intact while his jeans were torn to expose the equine's brawny backside.

Manicorn was snorting as he also had a metal band around his mouth, and as another harsh impact landed on his bare butt, he groaned. The guy looked more angry than anyone could be, but still his powerful muscles flexing and struggling couldn't get free.

The other male, an equally beefy stag, was in full costume with a smile on his face as he paddled the unicorn with an oversized metal paddle. "Did you really think you could defeat me?"

"MMPPH!"

Kick Viper could stand and watch all day, but he had to act. "HEY! LET HIM GO!"

Both men looked his way, the stag grinning even wider, his metal antlers and hot pink Mohawk making him stand out. "Why would I do that? I've got two young stupid boys to spank now."

The stag threw his hands forward, the unicorn tried to warn the other hero, and the Komodo dragon simply smirked.

Large sheets of metal lifted up around the ground and drew towards the reptile. The sound of crunching metal ripped into the warehouse as the metal squished like tissue paper against the scaled body.

"My turn."

Kick Viper rushed forward, far faster than expected given his size. The metal crunched his feet when he ran over it and jumped towards the stag, knocking him off his hooves.

The second the stag's focus was taken off him, the metal around the unicorn's body felt weaker. Bringing all his strength to bear, he pulled at the metal, feeling it give and warp. His wrists slipped free of the metal stocks he was placed in. He heard the fighting going on behind him, but for now he ignored it, ripping his way out of the bonds.

"Oh this is going to be worth every penny!" He threw his hand out and concentrated. A few moments later a mystic paddle flew through the air and straight into his hand.

Manicorn turned and saw the men grappling each other and groaning with the effort of trying to get the upper hand. "Thanks for the help, but stay out of my way or you'll end up like those cops that got in my way!"

Kick Viper looked towards the anti-hero, "You spanked those cops?!"

THUNK

A solid punch connected to the reptile's head, but the punch was made harder by the stag's hand wrapped in metal. Kick Viper stumbled back next to Manicorn. "We're gonna talk about these cops. But this guy needs to get taken down!"

Manicorn snorted and tightened his grip on his mystic weapon *Assbuster*. "I don't need help!"

"The arrogance of youth is so amusing." The stag reached his hands out and his costume, which turned out to be pieces of metal all deformed and reshaped to cover every inch of his body. "No one can stand against the might of Shrapnel!"

Manicorn looked towards Kick Viper. "I might need your help."

"I was going to say the same thing." Kick Viper charged forward again, leaping high into the air after decreasing his mass and increasing his mass at the apex of his jump. His body was pulled down towards the metallic stag who was knocked to the ground under the Komodo dragon.

Manicorn couldn't help but notice how perfectly the skin-tight suit clung to the reptile. The round slabs of beef made his palms itch, but his horn wasn't giving him any indication that the scaled hero had any evil intent... at least none that were directed at him.

The men wrestling on the ground weren't paying attention to the anti-hero, until one of the metallic arms was caught by a loop of high-tensile strength cables.

"What the-" Shrapnel started, but never finished as he was rolled onto his back. "You think these cables can hold me?"

Kick Viper and Manicorn both fought the struggling villain, pulling the stag's arms behind his back and fully securing them.

"They'll hold you long enough." Manicorn declared while picking up the stag and laying him over a crate, secured more of his cable tools around the stag's ankles.

"Long enough, for what?" Shrapnel fought the binding, but no matter how hard he tugged they wouldn't release his ankles.

"I was hired to spank you. And that's what I'm going to do." The tone was flat and calm despite the scenario. He looked at the hero and glared just as strongly. "And if you interfere, I'll spank you too."

"Y-you can't be serious! I'm like twice your age! You can't spank me!"

Kick Viper chuckled. "Go ahead. We'll discuss what you did to those cops later."

“Oh them? Some of them were corrupt, the others tried to stop me.” Manicorn touched his magic paddle to the metallic stag. “If this metal is covering his skin it’s going to be a problem. *Assbuster* needs skin contact.”

“No problem.” Increasing the mass of his fingers, Kick Viper carefully peeled the metal costume down, ripping the metal away and exposing the star’s rump.

“STOP! I’M TOO OLD FOR THIS!” Shrapnel screamed in futile anger.

But the intimidation check failed.

Manicorn tapped the paddle against the bare bottom a few times. The magic of the paddle suppressed the villain’s ferroknetic abilities. “You’d come in handy as a can opener.”

SMACK

“OWW!”

“Hah! Tough talk coming from a leather brony.” Kick Viper smiled and joined the unicorn anti-hero in spanking the villain. After the paddle cracked against the rump, he swung his hand that still had the increased mass. Each hit from either implement made the villain holler and squirm.

Remaining defiant, Shrapnel growled, grunted, and grinned on the crate. The wood creaked under his weight, but did not break. The sounds of the firm spanking filled the warehouse, followed by the pained cries of the villain. “Y-you... YEOUCH... young idiots! You can’t... ARGH... break me!”

“Shut up, old man!” Kick Viper continued spanking the villain, watching his brown furred ass turn red under the assault. “Discipline can be laid down on anyone.”

Manicorn smirked at that. “Yeah, what he said. No one is above a spanking!”

“I’ve got to admit, you do good work.” Kick Viper said, examining the stag as he hung upside down fully naked and passed out.

“Thanks.” Hoisting *Assbuster* over his shoulder, Manicorn studied the red throbbing ass of the stag. “You do decent work too.”

“Decent? Do you always insult people who help you?”

“I told you before, I didn’t need your help.” A snort punctuated that statement. “Anyway, I’ve done my job. You can call the cops to pick this guy up. See you around.”

“Speaking of the cops,” Kick Viper reached out and grabbed the unicorn’s wrist, “we still have to settle that. I don’t like strangers showing up and beating up cops in my city.”

Manicorn slowly turned, once again, not feeling evil intent through his horn. But it was clear that the Komodo dragon had aggression in mind. “Alright then,” he tightened his grip on *Assbuster*, “let’s discuss that.”

DAY 23- EVIL TWIN

Zylen grinned with excitement while he tied the bandana into a makeshift blindfold around the head of his hunter partner.

“A blindfold, huh?” What do you have planned, Zy?”

The peacroc leaned close to the triangular ear and breathed on it making it twitch before he whispered. “Wouldn’t you like to know?”

The canine was strapped onto a modified sawhorse. His legs were strapped to the legs of the furniture, with his upper body resting on the extended and padded cushion. His arms were tied under the cushion he was laying on like the canine was hugging the piece of sex furniture. His tail was pulled up and strapped to his back, leaving his perfectly pert butt cheeks vulnerable to the peacroc’s machinations.

“Joking aside,” Zylen gently petted the Siberian Husky’s back, “are you comfortable?”

Tartok wanted to say something sarcastic, but he smiled slowly. “Yeah, Zy, I’m okay. Let’s have some fun.”

“Alright.” Picking up a ping pong paddle from a table of various implements, Zylen delivered a series of quick but firm swats to start the spanking. He watched the canine react, sighing and flexing his butt under the introductory paddle. “Are you enjoying yourself, dog?”

“Ahhh... yeah. It feels good. I want more.”

“Then you’ll get more.”

Zylen spun around in shock when he heard his own voice, but it wasn’t him that spoke. There wasn’t anyone else in the room, though.

“Over here.”

The voice pulled his attention towards a full bodied mirror. Zylen saw his reflection but while his dark blue feathers were there, the rest of his feathers were green. His scaled feet and lower legs were also green. The glowing green eyes were shining brightly and pierced into Zylen’s heart and soul, making him freeze.

The reflection stepped out of the mirror, his open purple jacket and red thong the only clothes he had on.

“Zylen? You still there?” Tartok asked, turning his ear around to try to find his partner.

“I’m here, Tartok. Don’t worry.” A swift hand swung and slapped the bubble button the bound canine.

“OW! Yeah! That’s the stuff!”

Zylen was still in shock while the doppelgänger grabbed a belt from the table of implements. The dark copy jumped forward and tackled the bird, alerting Tartok that something was wrong.

“What are you?” Zylen screamed while fighting the copy off. The belt was used as a weapon first as it was swung into his hip and thigh. “Ahhh! F-get off me!”

“My master saw potential in you! And has sent me to claim your body as his prize!”

“Your m-master?” Zylen questioned, suffering the harsh lashes against his hips as he was rolled over onto his belly.

“Trag’drorath, The Punisher!” The copy maneuvered the crocodile tail between his legs and sat on Zylen’s back. “You’ve been chosen as a new pet for my master. Both of you have.”

A swipe of the belt across both vulnerable rears had them wincing. Tartok turned in the perceived direction of the struggle, still blindfolded but fought his restraints. “And what do we call you? OWW!”

“I’m the opposite of Zylen here, so why don’t we keep it simple. You can call me Nelyz. How’s that sound?”

“AUGH! Peachy.” Zylen replied while struggling, but he couldn’t get any leverage to help free himself.

CRACK

The belt was applied to the bird’s butt with reckless abandon, making Zylen holler with red welts appearing on his round butt cheeks. Each swipe of the belt made the toned mounds jiggle, bringing a wide grin to Nelyz’s beak.

The struggling canine wasn’t forgotten though. The belt occasionally left the peacroc’s butt to throb to bite the canine’s butt instead. Similar red welts appeared on Tartok black and white rump, delighting the demonic doppelgänger.

“All I had to do was bide my time and I knew I could get you both at the same time. It was almost too easy.”

This whole scene was bad news, Zylen had to find a way to escape and save Tartok. He couldn’t reach any of the implements, nor could he lift himself up with the demon on his back. He was as stuck as Tartok!

CRACK

“NNNGH... NO!” Zylen yelled more at himself than the doppelgänger spanking him. The pain and humiliation of the spanking was... exciting... him and he wanted to resist the blistering bliss.

Wait. The demonic bird had said he wasn't a copy, but a reflection. And if he got off on pain... maybe there was a way out. He wiggled his tail that was being sat on, finding there was enough of the appendage free to put his plan into action.

"Oh yeah, squirm more for me! I love that fee-YEOUCH!"

Nelyz screamed and jumped forward, reaching back to sooth his sore butt. This gave Zylen enough room to push his upper body up, knocking the doppelgänger forward off him. He had to move quickly. He grabbed the belt and yanked it out of the demon bird's hand.

Zylen wrapped the belt around the blue and green feathered body, securing the reflection's arms, wings, and tail with it tightened around his torso.

"Zylen? Tell me that's you!"

"It's me." Zylen removed the blindfold from his hunting partner and smiled at him. "Let's banish this bitch huh?"

"Banish me?! I'm going to have such fun breaking you two!" Nelyz shouted, his voice distorting slightly as his rage grew. "You will suffer a thousand spankings before I let you beg me to stop!"

After removing Tartok from the spanking stool, they strapped the demon onto it instead. The round cheeks were perfectly blue and unpunished. Round and string with just enough sift was to make spanking them fun to watch.

"Threaten us all you want. But if I know me as well as I think I do," Zylen started while both hunters lifted the enchanted paddle they use to punish all demons, "you're the only one who is going to beg for the pain to stop. Good luck."

CRACK

"AAAOOOOWWWW!" Nelyz bellowed in agony, but neither hunter cared to give him any empathy as they paddled his ass relentlessly.

DAY 24- SENSUAL

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Consciousness returned to him as his body awoke from a tender slumber. Drake smiled warmly when he felt the furry arms wrapping around his chest. Happiness washed over his face while rubbing the hand limply hanging on him.

Not wanting to get out of the bed yet, Drake looked on the nightstand. Set up on the night stand by his bed was a framed pic of the old Komodo dragon dressed in his superhero regalia, posing triumphantly.

“Do you ever miss it?”

Drake smiled as the voice of his furry bed companion signaled his being awake too. “Every now and then. But being a superhero is a young man’s game.”

Riley lifted his body up, pushing Drake to his back and smiled down on him. “Well, you’ll always be my Master Fist.”

“Hah! Now you’re making fun of me.”

“Am I?” Riley ran his hand and fingers over the dull purple scales of the reptile's chest, some of them having turned gray. “I thought I was being romantic.”

“That’s your ‘A-game’, huh? Bringing up my old career?” Drake pushed the stag back, sitting up in the bed, showing that both men were fully naked.

“Relax, big guy, I know you’re happy where you are now.” Riley reached out and rubbed the back and butt on the sitting reptile. “After all, you’ve got a hot strapping stag to dick you down whenever you get horny.”

Drake just turned to look at his boyfriend, his annoyed expression quickly softened into a smile. “That is a nice benefit. No one handles my ass like you.”

The air changed quickly, charged with excited erotic energy. Drake swiftly slid off the bed, pulling the blanket off the bed and fully exposing the stag. “Sit up on the edge, babe.”

“Oh I love it when you get needy.” Following the instruction, Riley positioned himself on the edge of their bed. His smile turned into a wide grin when the buff Komodo dragon laid himself across his lap, hiking his hips up and lifting his tail. “Damn, Beef Cakes, I love this view of you.”

The derrière in front of him was pure perfection. Two plump meaty cheeks covered in dull purple scales flexed with Drake’s excitement. The muscles were solid with no softness to speak of. Riley licked his lips slowly, taking in the sight while rubbing the cheeks softly. He could almost feel the power in the muscles. The beefy thighs were just as sexy to Riley, which was how he felt about every other part of Komodo dragon.

Dipping his hand between the round globes, his fingers teased the ringed muscle nestled and watched the reptile react. His lover moaned softly and arched his back a bit, the sight made Riley grin with own excitement rising.

“Yeah, that’s right, moan for me, baby.”

The teasing finger retreated, replaced by a palm that lightly smacked each solid cheek with a few firm swats. Riley was happy to witness the heroic man on his lap indulging his desires after spending decades of his life in service of others. He felt honored to be the one that not only gets to satisfy him, but was responsible for bringing out this submissive side of him in the first place.

As the spanking got a bit harder, the reptile was hissing and moaning. Each swat was followed by the large muscular body twitching and shaking, which only made Riley want to give Drake more of the sensations they both enjoyed.

“You’re doing great, as always, Beef Cakes.”

Drake huffed while taking the slow sensual spanking. The strikes heating up his cheeks and making his body yo give, priming it for more erotic activities that would surely come after. He clenched and squeezed his cheeks, holding them together while taking a few rapid and firm swats.

“Ahh... AHH... AAAOOOOWWWW! “ The heat was comforting to the older Komodo dragon. He laid his head on his folded arms and relaxed while more spanks rained down on his darkening backside. “Mmmmm... beat me like a drum, baby.”

Riley smiled and continued to spank his boyfriend. “Of course. I’ll do it as long as you want me too.”

The room was filled with the sounds of firm spankings after the convent was given to up the force. The former superhero moaning louder and sticking his butt up higher, wanting more as the warmth spread over his bit with the red handprints covering his thick toned cheeks... with the promise of these painful pleasures not stopping until he wanted them to.

DAY 25- BIRTHDAY BOY

The double doors to The Teabag Lounge opened with the curious superhero named Blue Bolt, entering into the dark club. “Hello? Is anyone here? Why are the lights out?”

“SURPRISE!!”

The lights got turned on and the hero shielded his eyes. But he felt himself get grabbed by lots of hands. Some hands held him tight, while fingers slipped under his costume to remove it layer by layer as fast as possible.

“Wh-what’s going on?” The startled snow leopard questioned, but his eyes were still adjusting.

When he finally blinked away the distortions and was able to focus his eyes, he knew instantly what this was.

“HAPPY BIRTHDAY, YUKIO!”

The gathered men were all superheroes that had welcomed him into their ranks... each one dressed in different colored thongs that showed their various body types. However, he found that his own modesty wasn’t preserved with his body being completely naked.

“Why am I n-“

“It’s tradition.” Drake declared, lifting a paddle, black and rubbed with the design of a birthday cake with burning candles stenciled into it. “A tradition we will do every one of your birthdays.”

“You’re going to spank me?”

Sir Spike chuckled, the unicorn with the sapphire horn placed a hand on his shoulder, “Better us than our enemies, yes?”

“I suppose you’re right. How many of you are going to... spank me?”

“Anyone who wants to. But only to the count of your age, which is thirty three according to your file.” Drake grinned, beckoning him over to him on the stage where the live shows happen... and hanging chains that would bind him for the spankings.

At first he hesitated, but the snow leopard smiled at the thought of getting spanked by his fellow heroes. Imagining the other heroes taking similar spankings on their birthdays also tempted him to move. Before he knew it, his wrists were shackled above his head in padded cuffs with his tail being clipped to the back of a collar that was secured around his neck.

“This is... exciting. I hope I don’t shock anyone.” The electro kinetic snep teased.

“Oh don’t worry about us,” Drake took his stance beside the feline, gently rubbing the thick rubber paddle against the furry backside. “The collar temporarily suppresses your power.”

SMACK

There was enough firmness in the paddle to ripple the athletic cheeks, but with enough give that it didn’t feel the same as a wooden paddle. This meant that more hits could be landed before the spankee needed a break.

The stinging was nearly instant and as more spanks landed on his rear, Yukio started squirming. The heat felt like he was sitting on an open flame.

“Ooooooh... wow... this feels... OWW,!”

No one present needed him to finish the sentence. They had experienced their own times on the stage getting spanked by their brethren. But even if they hadn't, the feline's fully mastered manhood was totally visible. Yukio moaned in cute breathy sounds while his agile rump was turned red under the assault.

SMACK

“And that's ten.” Drake declared with pride, rubbing the cat's back in a courting display of affection. “How you holding up? You wanna take a break?”

“N-no. Please keep going.”

“Alright then, who's up next?” Drake asked, passing the paddle to the next man in line.

The gathered heroes all cheered and laughed with the spanked male with the atmosphere being charged with sexual frivolity. One by one fourteen other superheroes came up to the stage to deliver one spank to each cheek. The last of which was to be delivered by Lance aka Kick Viper, who offered a knowing grin. “How you feeling, Yukio?”

By this point Yukio was panting, his tongue hanging out, his cock throbbing hard and leaking from the arousal he was clearly feeling.

Lance grinned a wide toothy grin, holding the paddle in one hand and stroking the snow leopard's erection. “You feel that good, huh? Well, hold it a bit longer, okay?”

Whining noises and wincing moans were the only sounds that Yukio could make at the moment. But his eyes spoke of his determination to see this challenge through. His rump was on fire after the thirty-one spanks, each mound was throbbing red.

Lance lifted the paddle and watched the cat's face as he swung down. Two rapid spank landed on the red cheeks and caused the bound male to dance and jump. The crowd cheered and Lance went to leave the stage.

“Wait! W-where are you going?”

Passing the paddle to his father again, Drake answered the question. “Well, as the owner of the club, it's my duty to deliver everyone's first and last spanks. You took your birthday blows, and now you need one to grow on.”

Drake grabbed the bound snep's cock, stroking him fast with the intention of getting the younger hero off. He raised the paddle and grinned, "It time we get this party started."

SMACK

The spank landed dead center, radiating a fresh wave of searing stings all over the tanned butt. The pain ignited the last bit of Yukio's resolve to hold back his orgasm and the feline arched his back. He shouted and with Drake firmly stroking him was unable to stop from blasting burst after burst of fresh cream all over the stage.

Once again, the club was filled with whoops and hollers of admiration. The celebration was kicked off and Drake carefully unshackled the electrokinetic hero, removing the collar and draping his arms around the shoulder of the snep.

"Alright, boys, who wants it? Who is willing to help Yukio soothe his cute bottom!?"

"I'll take it!" One of the more seasoned heroes, a wolf known as Tight Space, stepped up on the stage. Without a moment's hesitation the buff wolf dropped to his knees behind the feline. "I always do enjoy the taste of cats."

Yukio shivered as the dog tongue was put to use to soothe his burnt buns... and tease between them. He reached a hand back to pull that mouth closer to his rump, delighted to be so welcomed into this group of horny heroes and excited for what adventures awaited him in Supreme City.

"I can't wait for next year!"

DAY 26- CORNER TIME

Zeke didn't get a lot of days off... or at least days when he wasn't expected to work. So, when he had that free time he didn't want it to be disturbed. Luckily everyone knew his reputation and avoided poking the bear.

The clink of his glass hitting the sturdy bar wood joined the cacophony of normal noises found in a popular tavern. The ale tasted good to the bear, licking his lips and smiling weakly.

"That's some damn good ale, Elias. Give me another one, will you? I'll pay for it, this time."

The blue and green scaled snake stepped over with a bright blue bottle in hand. "Nah, drink all you want. You drink here free, Zeke. My husband's alive because of you."

The memory of saving the bird's life brought a smile to his normally grim face. "You're too kind to me, Elias. But... thank you."

“No, no. Thank you.” The blue bottle opened and a burst of arcane purple fire jumped out from it. Pouring the liquid inside it into Zeke’s mug, there was a flash of purple fire as he did. “There you go, Zeke.”

“Thanks again, Elias.”

The guardsman took a deep sniff of the drink, smelling the tart fruity flavor of the drink. A drink he was going to enjoy savoring for as long as he-

Something solid hit his back, forcing Zeke forward and knocking the drink from his hand. The mug smashed on the floor behind the bar, the volcanic glass shattering to pieces that Elias would have to clean up. Zeke growled at the loss of his drink, standing up with fury in his eyes.

He turned to find a frightened leopard looking up at him. “You have two seconds to-“

“P-please Guardsman, it wasn’t my fault. Dante’s drunk again.” The leopard quickly pointed towards the clearly intoxicated pachyderm.

Being the village’s best blacksmith afforded him some leeway in matters such as this. However, still mourning the loss of his time off... and his drink... Zeke bared his teeth.

“What are you looking at? I’ll beat the crap out of any of you!” The words were slurred, but still pronounced well enough for the threat to be clear. “I want more booze! Where’s that twink leopard? He can bring it to me if he’s naked.”

Zeke stepped forward. “You’ve had enough, Dante. Go home and sleep it off.”

“Wha... I said I want more! Now shut up or I’ll beat your face in.”

And with that threat made, Zeke smirked. “Elias?”

The lizard sighed. “Try to at least limit the damages this time, will you?”

“Of course.” Zeke walked forward with strong confident strides until he was close enough to the elephant to smell the alcohol on him. A sloppy punch was thrown, but the trained fighter easily dodged it, pulling the elephant’s own belt off to tie his hands behind his back. He swept one of the sturdy tables clear, smashing the glasses and plates to the floor.

Dante struggled but his attempts were slow and pathetic. “Let me go! Scared of a fair fight, sissy?”

“Even if you were sober and had weapons it wouldn’t be a fair fight between us.” Zeke said while grabbing the rim of the elephant’s pants and shucking them down in one smooth motion.

“Wha... what are you doing?”

“Giving you your medicine. And getting justice for my spilled drink.” Zeke began spanking the elephant full force. His hand was as strong as any paddle after years of training, practice, and experience. The swats sent ripples through the round rotund cheeks.

The smooth skin of the gray mounds started turning red almost instantly. The handprints stinging like the licks of a flame, but fresh waves of that stinging heat came too rapidly to give Dante time to weather the storm. He squirmed and felt tears in his eyes as he was publicly shamed and humiliated by the brutal discipline only a guardsman could deliver.

“OWW! That’s e-enough!” Dante declared, trying to get his drunk body to kick the bear away, but it proved futile.

Elias walked around the table, nonchalantly sweeping up the pieces of broken plates and mugs. He offers the rowdy pachyderm only a smirking chuckle before continuing to clean the mess.

“Don’t laugh at me!”

When the anger returned to the bound male, zeke growled and spanked him harder. The sounds making the butts of all the other men in the tavern clench in reflexive sympathy.

“AAAUUUGHH!”

After an hour, the elephant had been reduced to a sobbing mess. His round chubby cheeks were toasted a bright shade of red. Every inch of the rotund globes were throbbing with handprints left stinging and making even standing uncomfortable.

Zeke was sitting at a table, sipping a new drink of that tarty fruity ale that he loved. “Ahhh... wonderful.”

Dante was still sobbing, but was standing in the corner of the tavern, fully naked and humiliated. His arms had been tied in front of him to prevent him from soothing his cheeks. Having the harshly spanked cheeks on display was also meant to serve as a warning to the other tavern goers to behave,

“Hey. C-can I lea-“

“No! You stay there until I’m done drinking.” Zeke leaned back in his chair, holding up his mug. “Elias. May I have more of your delicious drink?”

“Of course!”

Zeke was in no danger of getting drunk as he knew he could handle his alcohol. So, when he propped his feet up on the table and got comfortable, he grinned at the frustrated groan that escaped the elephant.

As new men entered the tavern they were greeted with the jovial atmosphere and the sniffing bound elephant with the bright red butt. Captain Droxy entered the tavern himself.

“Aww, Zeke, my friend there you,…” The lion looked over to the elephant, almost feeling the heat from those bubbly cheeks from where he stood. He grinned and sat at Zeke’s table. “Even on your days off, I can’t stop you from working.”

“He was causing a disturbance, sir. An example had to be made.”

“You know, your sense of duty is admirable. How long are you going to make him stand like that?”

Elias brought over two drinks and set them down for both the guardsmen, bowing his head to the Captain before going back to his job. Zeke picked up the mug and sniffed the drink before smiling, “When I decide to stop drinking.”

“Mean.” Captain Droxys chuckled and raised his glass to the bear. “To the guardsman!”

The tavern whooped and hollered, joining in their toast and showing their respect while also fearing the results of getting on their bad side.

The tavern whooped and hollered joining in their toast and showing their respect while also fearing the results of getting on their bad side.

DAY 27- JUDICIAL

“Rooker Stonemasher. You are guilty of multiple assaults on inbound and outgoing caravans and their merchants drivers. As well as the theft of their wares.”

Captain Droxys spoke with no emotion, keeping the proceedings professional. The cheering crowd were instructed to keep their distance lest they join the criminal in the stocks. The lion wanted to keep all involved as safe as possible. He looked over to the bound and bent over male. “You’ve never killed or even seriously injured any of my people, which means you are a man of conviction and honor.”

“Thank you.” Rooker spoke through gritted teeth. Obviously mad at getting caught in this scenario, but also respectful to the man that had caught him.

“That being said, you did send my people back with sore backsides. So, I have decided the most fitting punishment would be to show you that same courtesy.”

“No. You can’t be s-“

“Oh but I am. I’m very serious.” Captain Droxys moved with purpose behind the bent over minotaur, untying the laces of the specifically designed pants. The back of the pants opened and the garment pooled around the ankles where the laces were tied to the stage itself preventing him from kicking,

Returning to the glaring gaze of the prisoner, Captain Droxy's addressed him again. "You will be punished with one single lash of the strap for each man you punished."

"For each m-" Fear spread over his face as realization dawned on him. "But that's over a hundred men!"

"Then we better get started or we'll be spanking you into the night." Captain Droxy's beckoned with his fingers for someone to approach.

While Rooker couldn't turn his head to see who was walking on the wooden stage behind him, he could hear the heavy footfalls. The clack of the claws was a telltale sign too. His heart sank as he guessed who was behind him... the one guardsman that he had heard from his men that was strong like a mountain. And now it would be his turn to feel his body crumbling like stone.

Zeke grinned as he eyed the minotaur's butt. Two giant slabs of beef lined with strong powerful muscles. A layer of gray hair gave the pert globes a rugged mature appearance, with the valley covered in a thicker forest. The minotaur tried to fight the bindings and the sticks, but all that did was make his toned buttocks flex in enticing ways.

The thick leather strap cracked with Zeke smiling. "I wonder how long it'll take before you break. Let's find out."

CRACK

The bite of the leather made the minotaur jump, but there was nowhere to go. No retreat and no reprieve from the stinging collisions. The strap was thick enough to leave red marks on the beefy cheeks. The toned muscles and gray hairs didn't provide much protection.

The gathered men cheered at the prisoner's pain and struggling. They had felt his hands and implements on their backsides, so witnessing the hard justice getting delivered on the Minotaur's well deserving backside was cathartic for them.

"Ahhh!" Rooker grit his teeth again, silencing any more weak sounds from escaping him.

"They want to see you cry."

CRACK

"They want to see you beg."

CRACK CRACK

"They want to see you lose the fight."

CRACK CRACK CRACK

Rooker groaned as the spanks landed on his rear. The pain seemingly growing with each successive hit. He struggled and fought, but remained as stone faced as possible. It was

actually an impressive sight, but one that all men knew was just a mask. He would break... all it took was time.

“NNNGH!”

Zeke continued to swing the strap, not caring if he hit an unspanked spot or not. Even the meaty thighs weren't spared as the strap cracked against them, making the big man jump after the numerous strikes.

Watching the big bull male squirming and trying to resist the stinging pain was the best show. The stocks creaked but didn't budge or break, which kept the minotaur bent over in the perfect position.

CRACK

“AAAOOOOWWWW!” Rooker let loose a loud shout that was dwarfed by the roar of the crowd.

Tears slid down the minotaur's face when the sustained spanking finally broke him. The sounds of the leather swatting the bare red bottom echoed through the area.

“AHHH! ENOUGH! STOP THIS!”

The pleas went on deaf ears as Zeke landed a few more good swipes of the strap across the helpless butt. “Stop? We're not even halfway through your sentence!”

The bear raised his arm again, but stopped when Captain Droxy's raised his hand. Another wave of his hand quieted the crowd as well, clearly he had something to say. “Mercy is not something I'm willing to give you. However, I suppose a deal can be brokered.”

“A d-deal?” Rooker asked, shifting his hips and trying to smooth his sizzling rear, but it only resulted in admiring whistles from the crowd. “What kind of deal?”

“The beneficial kind.”

Rooker had to admit, the idea of getting strapped in public and then sent to prison wasn't at all appealing. But as he hung from his padded chains, gagged and blindfolded he suddenly wished he hadn't taken the deal.

Zeke and Captain Droxy's admired the bound and naked minotaur. The red welts throbbed across his cheeks, but suddenly they began to disappear. The bovine's body was illuminated in soft blue flames with the magic restoring his body to full health.

“I've got to admit, I'm starting to come around on this magic stuff.” Zeke said, his thick arms crossed over his chest.

The wizard, a frilled lizard, rolled his eyes but smirked. “Yes, we'll, I'm glad my talents could finally impress you.”

The dull green brown scales were accented by the orange of his frills with blue robes covering most of the scaled body. He wasn't anywhere near as muscular as the other males, but was smarter than all of them combined. His green eyes softened as he turned towards the Captain. "The spell I just laid on him will restore his butt to full health whenever he goes unspanked for at least ten seconds. It will also give him as much pleasure as pain, per your request."

"Thank you, Anolti." Captain Droxys bowed his head to the lizard wizard and gestured for Zeke to continue the spanking. "Use whatever implements you like, he'll be versed in all of them eventually."

"Yessir." Zeke replied, picking up a thin but flexible cane. "So, you think he'll quit or make it through?"

THWICK

The dungeon type room was filled with the agonizing muffled howl of the minotaur. The thin red welt throbbed already, but Zeke left more, careful to count out random seconds before applying the next hit so the bull man couldn't figure when the next hit would come.

"I'm not sure. He might quit and go to jail." Captain Droxys sat back in his chair overseeing the new spanking. "Though I'm hoping he toughs it out. He'll make a fine guardsman one day."

DAY 28- SUBMISSION

Zylen ran full force through the dimly lit halls of the abandoned apartment building, panic and determination twisting his face. His bare feet left footprints in the dust, which were followed by much heavier footfalls of the hulking demon that was chasing him. His feet weren't the only part of him that was bare, though. The avian was completely naked while running from the demon chasing him.

"It took me so long to get here! I'm going to take my time making you suffer!"

Twenty-five... twenty six... twenty-seven...

He was close... with the demon getting closer by the second. Zylen could almost feel the claws grazing the feathers on his wings as he ran and counted his steps. He skidded into a turn that slammed him into a wall, but he ignored the pain and leapt into the new hallway with his target at the end of it.

A door marked with the ironic arrangement of triple sixes.

Zylen lowered his shoulder as he ran into the door. The wood of the door and the frame cracked and splintered as his weight collided with it. The peacroc continued until he skidded to a stop over the dusty wooden floor, his bare scaled feet giving him enough traction to slow his speed.

His pursuer charged into the apartment right after him, reaching his clawed fingers out with the obvious intent of causing the most harm possible. But the claws stopped inches from the bird's face... with Zylen offering the demon a wide smile.

"Woo. That was a close one. You almost got me, Agthek."

"What? How did y-"

"Devil trap." Zylen pointed up at the ceiling and the demon followed the finger to see that a large sigil had been painted on the ceiling. There was a matching sigil drawn on the floor underneath his feet... this had clearly been planned and he fell right into it.

The magics of the sigil would severely suppress his powers and make him nearly as vulnerable as a mortal man. There would be no escape until he was banished or some outside force disrupted the sigil, which was not likely to happen.

Agthek looked down slowly at the avian male and spoke with controlled rage and gritted teeth. The taller demon's muscles relaxed but the murderous intent remained in his glowing green eyes. "I loathe you, Zylen Andel."

"Oh you wound me."

"Well, that's not nice." Tartok entered the apartment, carrying a small bottle with him. "You should apologize to my partner, Agthek."

"And the wolf too?" Agthek cursed his luck... and his desire to hurt Zylen. They had used that as bait to trap him.

"Such disrespect." Tartok chided. "I'm a Siberian Husky, not a wolf."

"You'll look the same without your skin!" Agthek screamed furiously. But then he screamed in agony as the content of the bottle was splashed on him... holy water.

"You'll mind your tongue from now on Agthek," Tartok jiggled the bottle in front of the demon's face, "or we'll give you a nice shower. Understand?"

"Don't threaten me, you insignificant curs! I will destroy you!"

PSSST

"AURGH!"

The demon roared in pain and reached back to rub his butt as the holy water was splashed over his rump. "You... you insects!"

Zylen laughed at the demon's reactions. "You're so strong aren't you, Agthek? So powerful and yet you still let yourself get caught because you couldn't control yourself."

"Seems like he needs help learning how to behave."

“I’m going to feast on your s-“

PSSST SMACK

Another splash of holy water sizzled the demonic derrière, but this time it was followed by a firm smack of a hand. The spank cut right through any resistances he might have had, making Agthek jump forward against the invisible tube connecting the floor and ceiling sigils.

Tartok reached into the invisible tube and yanked the demon’s thong down, forcing Agthek forward against the invisible force field he was trapped in. “Ugh... unhand me you foul speck!”

“Still name calling? Maybe I should make you drink some holy water?”

“NO!” Agthek was disgusted with how fast that capitulation was spit out. But his rump was still sizzling with the holy water dripping down his legs and burning them too. There was no damage of course, but the sizzling continued to roast his rump.

“Good boy.”

The demon roared with his body seemingly growing as green fire burst over his body. But the next instant the fires and increased size disappeared, leaving the demon vulnerable again.

“Don’t test me, Zy-”

SMACK

Tartok spanked the demon’s ass hard again. “You don’t get it do you? You’ve got nothing to bargain with here.”

“C-curse you.”

SMACK

“Nothing to threaten us with.” Tartok continued spanking the black skinned-ass, making sure to lift the twin tails out of the way first.

“...s-stop...”

SMACK

The spanks would be bad enough, but the sizzling burn of the holy water biting his cheeks amplified the painful spanks.

“What was that? I didn’t hear you.” Tartok smirked while maintaining the firm spanking. He wanted to break the demon completely, but there wasn’t time for that. Instead he’d have to settle for showing the demon his place according to the hunters.

“I SAID S-“

SMACK

“OOOOWWW!”

Zylen moved over to a table and picked up a small crucifix. “You know, Agthek, this can all stop whenever you want it to.”

Agthek was furiously shouting and banging his fists on the invisible barrier. The burning from the holy water spanking was getting worse, increasing the pain as the spanking continued. “I can't... OWW... h-how... Do I... AAAUUUGH... make it stop?”

“Oh that’s easy.” Zylen stopped the spanking, grinning at the relief the demon showed. He pressed the crucifix against the red throbbing demon rump. Blue holy fire immolated his right butt cheek, blazing hot but again left no real damage to either the demon or Zylen.

“Ooooooh that’s a nice glow.” Tartok teased, picking up a blessed paddle.

More blue fire immolated the other butt cheek, leaving Agthek roaring in pain. There was no retreat from the pain, no escaping his magical confines, and now it seemed there was no deal to be made either. He looked back and saw the canine swinging the paddle and he gasped right before it landed on his burning ass.

Stars exploded in his vision from the intensity of the pain that washed over him. The holy water and fire stripping all of his unnatural defenses and making the paddle hit him so much harder. Each spank drive a whining wail out of him until he voice began to fail.

Zylen and Tartok began to trade off the paddling as the spanking went on. They were there for the long haul...until the demon willingly gave up and admitted defeat. Tears had long since stained his face, but they were ignored like his anguished cries.

When the sun peeked over the horizon, the demon finally cried out weakly. “Please stop... I’ll be a good boy...”

Tartok stopped mod paddle swing, his own muscles tired and sore. He dropped the paddle and performed a few hand gestures. “Yes you will. You work for us now.”

He gave the ass a firm smack to each cheek and a new sigil quickly drew itself on the demon's backside. In a flash of gold fire he was banished back to the depths. “Well, that’s done.”

Zylen was laying on his back, spread out and sore like his partner. “It only took a fucking night. But at least we have an archdemon on our side now.”

Tartok sat next to the avian. “For all the good it does. We still have no idea who these greed demons are working for.” The canine looked over his partner’s still naked body and smirked. “So, head or tail?”

Looking down at his own body, Zylen smirked at the horny dog. “I can’t believe you still have energy. But tail... ride me like a good puppy.”

“Who said I want to be a good puppy?” Tartok straddled the peacroc’s waist, grabbing and pinning his wrists down to the dusty floor. “I know you like bad dogs better.”

“Of course, I do.” Zylen smirked and whipped his crocodile tail up to crack against Tartok’s ass.

“YEEEEOOOWW!”

“Bad dogs are much more fun to discipline.”

DAY 29- AFTERCARE

DAY 29- AFTERCARE

The towel was wrapped around Zylen’s waist after drying himself from a nice shower. Tartok had invited him back to his apartment after capturing that Archdemon to get cleaned up. He quickly pulled his hair back into a ponytail and smiled at his reflection.

“Damn I look good.”

Zylen turned to get dressed, but the clothes he had hung up to change into were gone. He sighed into a smirk, leaving the bathroom and walking through the master bedroom. “Tartok! Where are my clothes?!”

The second the peacroc stepped out of the bedroom and into the main living area he was grabbed and shoved against the wall. His arms were pinned behind him with a tight grip, the position of his arms also pinned his wings to his back.

“Ahh! Wait! What are you doing?”

Tartok grinned and pressed himself against the feathered back. “I’m still feeling the effects of being around that Archdemon. And your ass needs some good punishment.”

“P-punishment? Come on, Tar-“

A draft was felt as the towel was yanked away from his body. Zylen tried to push himself off the wall, but was pushed back every time.

“Stop resisting.” Tartok grinned and raised his arm, swinging a hard hand into the feathered rump.

“Ow! You’re not cursed are you?”

Tartok took his middle finger and thumb and pinched the bird’s right wing an inch from the base. He instantly felt Zylen relax. “It’s me, Zy. I’m just...” the canine male shuddered, “...really horny.”

“Alright then, you can have me.”

“Haha. That was never in question, bird.”

SMACK

“AHH!” Zylen shouted as the spanks continued, but after each one landed he let out a satisfied sigh.

He’s clearly horny too. The thought alone gave Tartok a thrill, knowing then that he didn’t have to hold back. He dragged the peacroc over to the St. Andrew’s Cross shamelessly set up in this room. Strapping the feathered limbs in quickly, Tartok was almost growling as he dragged his hands down the hybrid’s back.

Zylen moaned at the touch, his being back extremely sensitive. He instinctively pulled away from the claws only to push back against them the next moment. “Stop teasing me, Tartok, and punish me! Unless you want to trade places.”

“Oh no. You’re fine right where you are.” Tartok had picked up a small one handed paddle and riding crop. “Time to scream for me, partner.”

CRACK THWACK

Zylen screamed out loud as the paddle smacked his exposed rump, being charged with keeping his own tail out of the way added an extra challenge. The solid hit of the paddle was followed by the bite of the riding crop hitting the center of where the paddle hit.

Zylen was thrashing and sobbing in no time due to Tartok being a marksman with the crop. Luckily the walls, floors, and ceiling had been soundproofed by an enchantment laid on the apartment when Tartok had moved in.

“Oh gods... T... it hurts so bad... don’t you dare stop.”

“No worries Zy.” Tartok was grinning as he watched the dancing bird struggle against his own body. The beautiful conflict between what the masochistic avian wanted and what his body could handle. “I’m not stopping until we are both satisfied.”

The afternoon sun was just starting to go down, casting the apartment in cool shades. Tartok was tired from the day’s events, but he ignored his own soreness for the one on his bed. “I’m always impressed with how much you can handle, Zy.”

Zylen clutched onto a body pillow and tried his best to soften his sobs. The pain of the spankings was high and throbbed all over his butt, thighs, and back, which he had had to beg for. Sure the pain was intense, but the soft tingling stings all over him was something Zylen enjoyed feeling. He slowly turned his head to look back at his partner, a smile on his beak despite the tears still falling from his eyes.

“Well, you’re a great top. I feel compelled to keep up.”

“Hah!” Tartok laid down on the bed next to the hybrid. He carefully rubbed the swollen throbbing, and still very hot, butt cheeks. Their cherry red glow making them look more like giant red balloons. “Here I thought, I was keeping up with you.”

“It’s our nature, Tartok. We keep each other sharp and strong.” Zylen shifted his body, wincing as he did so he could more easily look at and communicate with the siberian husky. “That was so fun.”

“Yes it was.” A careful and tender grope resulted in an orgasmic moan seeping from the beak, making Tartok grin. “You really are a tough guy, but you have the cutest little moans.”

“Sh-shut up.” Zylen buried his face in the pillow, moaning a bit louder as more gropes were given to his sore ass.

“You sure you don’t want me to heal you, yet?”

“NO!” Zylen shook his head. “Unless we get called in to work... I want to experience this pain naturally. It feels.... Interesting.”

Tartok felt the muscled bird butt clench under his hand, Zylen making a sexy hissing sound and smiling. The sight of his partner enjoying the pain of the intense spanking spoke to something primal within him. He felt his arousal rising quickly, leaving Tartok horny again... but it wasn’t a spanking he wanted to give the bird.

“So...” He grinned, “...you don’t mind if the pain persists then?”

“What do you-OOOH!” The train of thought was derailed when a thick cock was pressed between his throbbing mounds. A sharp intake of hissing airways followed by relaxed moan with Zylen lifting his hips up despite the pain. “Fighting fire with fire, I see.”

“Oh come on, what is it you always tell me?” Tartok pushed his cock into the tight entrance, wincing a bit himself at the strength of the clenching ring. He reached up and grabbed the ponytail, pulling it back firmly and leaning close to his ear. “A little pain never hurt anybody.”

Zylen squirmed under the canine, caught between not wanting the pain to get worse and wanting that hot dog to pound his hips to dust. The duality of the situation and his needs, making it all so hot and confusing until the decision was made for him.

“Like before...” The room was filled with the sounds of the men enjoying each other’s bodies, with moans punctuating the plaps of a firm percussive rhythm. “...I’m not stopping until we’re both satisfied.”

DAY 30- FREE SPACE

Lockjaw could sense the fear in the guards that had taken him off of Kick Viper’s hands. The cocky superhero had once again bested him in combat... a habit that was becoming quite annoying. The smell of the fear around him did at least bring a smile to face.

“What are you smiling about?” One guard, an athletic looking cheetah, asked with his own smirk.

An answer could never come, however, as they had secured a thick metal muzzle around the iguana’s jaw.

“That’s rude. You should answer a man when he asks you a question.”

Heh... a man?

SMACK

The spank to his clothed backside didn’t hurt... he barely even felt it... but it insulted the villain’s pride to be handled like this. His hands were secured behind him in thick chains, along with his feet and tail. The guards had poles attached to hooks that were themselves attached to his collar.

This was humiliating... and that insignificant guard just made it worse.

“Be careful youngin’.”

CRAP.

The warden of the prison he was being brought back into walked up to them. There was a soft sound of a fine leather shoe treading on the concrete floor. But the other footfall was louder and sharper with his metallic and artificial foot carrying his left side. An equally artificial hand adjusted the tie the prim rodent was wearing.

“Jameson Jones aka Lockjaw. Have you missed us since the last time you were here?” The rat smirked at the death stare the huge iguana gave him. “Well, come with me, I’ve got a room ready for you.”

The cheetah and wolf guards dragged the hulking beast with them. The collar suppressed enough of the villain’s power that they could at least do their jobs.

As they walked through the prison, guards and villain alike ignored the whoops and hollers of other criminals. Lockjaw ignored them all, focusing instead on the back of the rat’s head. He wanted so much to show that rat what it means to control another man... and not needing equipment or help to do it.

But that thought was immediately made a thousand times stronger when he realized what part of the prison he was in... the black wing.

“GRRRRRR!”

“I was wondering how long it would take you to realize where I had brought you.” The rat turned on his heels looking very smug in his sense of control. “Take him to The Roaster. Let’s start there.”

Lockjaw resisted, but the guards simply fought him into position. The large male was bent over a padded metal cylinder with the cuffs on his ankles being magnetically locked to the floor. The poles were stretched tight and forced the iguana to stretch a bit, keeping his hips and round muscular butt in the perfect position. The thick scaled tail was lifted and wrestled to his back where it got locked the collar as well

Now he was completely vulnerable and he hated that feeling.

“You need to learn your place in this Lockjaw. You can’t just do whatever you want. The world doesn’t work like that.”

As the warden spoke he circled around the bound villain, speaking to him, but his tone made it clear he was talking down to him. The rodent sat down in front of the angry croc, close enough that if he were to get the metal muzzle off there would be no more rat warden.

“You’re going to learn today that what you want doesn’t matter. So, let’s start simple. Call me your master.”

The rat reached behind Lockjaw’s head and undid the muzzle, letting it fall to the floor. But he had no attempt to move back further... almost like he wasn’t afraid at all.

Lockjaw growled and snapped his jaws in front of the warden’s face. “Let me go.”

“The mere fact that you have to ask me to let you go proves you don’t deserve your freedom.” The warden nodded and the guards pulled the prisoner’s pants down, exposing his colossal green globes.

“LET ME G-“

CRACK

Lockjaw gasped and groaned as a solid hit connected with his backside. His robust body was tougher than normal, so he understood why the mechanical paddles were made of metal. But it wasn’t just the unyielding metal that struck his rump.

The metal paddles were also heated, further affecting him through his already suppressed durability.

“Ahhhh! St-stop.”

The rat just smirked. “Already asking me to stop your deserved punishment? No, I don’t think so. Now, call me master.”

Seeing the smirking rat looking so poised and high on himself, a boiling resentment exploded within him. Lockjaw spit in the face of the rat, glaring defiantly at him. “FUCK YOU!”

A dismissive chuckle escaped the warden's lips, as he pulled out a handkerchief from his shirt pocket, wiping his face clean. “It’s just a word. You’re only resisting because I’m telling you to

say it. Taking away your choice not to. But look around you, Jameson. What choices do you have?"

CRACK CRACK

The harsh impacts were driving so much force into his body, but the restraints didn't budge. So Lockjaw's naked butt took the entirety of each mechanical swat. The heat increased with each landed spank, furthering his torment.

"I won't say it. You a-aaahhhh-aren't my master!"

The warden laughed. "I'm not trying to be your master. I'm merely demonstrating to you that the choices you've made have led you here. So, call me master."

As the spanks rained down onto his vulnerable ass, Lockjaw pondered the words. His focus momentarily interrupted by the swats landing on his backside, but still he analyzed looking for any way out. "AAAUUUGH!"

Each and every impact of the heated metal paddles left sizzling spank marks on the scaled cheeks. The burning of his skin and scales almost felt as terrible as the humiliation of being trapped and watched by this weak little man sitting in front of him. The rat was lecturing him about power and control while he suffered this anguish... against his will.

No amount of fighting the restraints was getting him anywhere. His anger and rage was no use, as none of these men feared him.

CRACK CRACK

And the burning heat was getting worse! Lockjaw gritted his teeth and burned a hole in the floor with his glare. "Fine. OWWWW! You win! You're the-YEOUCH-master."

The rat smiled widely at the admission. "See? That wasn't so hard. Another hour here and you'll be ready to talk more."

"An h-hour?!" Lockjaw began fighting the restraints again.

"Oh I so love breaking in men after they try to lie to me. I'm going to sit right here and enjoy watching your bravado shatter under those paddles."

"CURSE YOU! I'm going to rip your-"

The machines were suddenly cut in half by... portals? Two twin portals of shimmering purple light bisected where the mechanical paddles had been swinging. Those portals disappeared and more portals popped up until the gargantuan iguana was free.

“What the hell is happening?” The warden screamed as he leapt up from the chair.

“Karma!” Lockjaw screamed and raced towards the warden, but just like the machines he disappeared into a portal. No more portals appeared and the warden and the guards looked around, trying to find out what happened. The rat straightened his suit and took back his calm exterior.

“I want Lockjaw found. Now!”

“Yes sir!”

Lockjaw had already tried everything he could to escape his new cage. The transparent front wall was easily ten feet tall. With the walls, floor, and ceiling being made of some kind of polished marble. It was a cubed cell, with a working toilet and sink in one corner and a bed on the opposite wall. Both of which had clearly been modified in regards to his weight and strength.

An unknown amount of time had gone by before Lockjaw heard anything from the area outside his cell. “Hello? Who are you? Why am I here?”

A male entered the room, the shadows making it difficult to determine what species he was. Though the guy was clearly a mammal of some kind.

“I’m sorry for caging you again, but there was no way to release you without blowing my cover and I had to talk to you first.”

“What cover?”

The lights of the room came on and Lockjaw was shocked to see the wolf prison guard smiling at him. “This kind. Believe it or not, Lockjaw, I want to help you. But to do that... I need to study you. Your body, your powers, everything.”

“And if I refuse?”

“I can release you any time you want. But I can promise you that if you stay here, I can make you stronger.”

Lockjaw pondered for a moment, considering all his options. “Do I have to stay in this cage?”

“For now, yes. I need to see what your powers are capable of in a safe environment. Those cells not only protect me, but they heal you as well”

“Heal me? From what?”

The wolf raised his hand and a shimmering purple portal appeared prone across his lap... with another portal manifesting inside the cage. The second portal was behind the iguana and stayed with him as he moved.

“What the heck?” He yelled, trying to get away from the portal at his backside. He looked back to the wolf and saw his round butt sticking out of the portal on the dark canine’s lap.

“I’m going to learn so much about you Lockjaw.”

SMACK

“By the way, you can call me Breach.”

SMACK

Lockjaw shouted as fresh pain entered his brain and body, making him collapse to his knees as he watched his own butt getting spanked with no way to help or resist. This new captor didn’t seem any better than the warden, with the exception of the genuine tone of his voice. So, if he had to suffer a bit more for the promise of being made stronger... it was worth it.