Troublesome teens: Never too old for a spanking
Troublesome teens

They might think they are adults, but older teens are not. They are still children and they need to act like it. They should respect their parents and obey adults. Without question. And if they don’t? These stories will remind them of the consequences of bad behaviour. A very sore backside indeed.

The characters depicted in these stories are over the age of 18 years old.

These stories are intended for adults over the age of 18 years old.
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A teen’s tale

WAS I A typical teenager? I think so. Certainly I was no different from my friends. We couldn’t stand adults; our parents, schoolmasters, the vicar at church. We didn’t think they had much to tell us.

We spent a lot of our time just hanging around in groups “having a laugh.” There was a particular bus stop just outside of town that was our meeting place. Buses didn’t run much after about seven o’clock so we weren’t usually disturbed. We’d buy (or sometimes steal) bottles of cheap cider and get rowdy drunk. If a passer-by complained, we’d soon chase them off: law-abiding citizens are easily cowed by drunken teenagers.

I had just turned eighteen and was close to leaving school. My dad had just been promoted at work and was now a factory manager, but it meant he had to move to a town about a hundred miles away. I didn’t want to go; I’d have to leave all my mates and I hated my parents so much I was pleased to see the back of them. But, I still had a few months left at school so I couldn’t get a job and find a place of my own to live.

My Uncle Alistair and Aunt Alice stepped in and said I could stay with them until I left school. I hated them us much as my mum and dad, but I had no choice. She was such a stuck up cow who always
thought she was a cut above the rest of us. Her father worked in an office, while my family were mostly factory workers. Uncle Alistair was a jobbing builder, so I don’t know she had much to crow about. They only lived a couple of streets away, so I wouldn’t lose my friends and my life wouldn’t change much: worse thing.

I went to the local grammar school, so that suited her social pretensions. I didn’t like school much, but had a knack for passing examinations without doing much work and my parents made me stay on into the sixth form. Another reason I hated them. I didn’t like being bossed around, and if you don’t like being bossed around, you should not be at grammar school.

There are so many useless, pointless rules. I loathed wearing school uniform; you could see us coming from a mile off in our pink blazers. We even had to wear short trousers until the end of the third form: fourteen-year-old boys in short trousers, no other school in town humiliated their pupils like that. And, don’t get me started on the stupid school caps they forced us to wear.

I hated the “masters” as we had to call them. Most of them had been at the school since Adam was a lad and had never done a proper day’s work in their lives. They wouldn’t last an hour at dad’s factory. They thought they were proper Christian
gentlemen and decided the boys at the school should be too. Nobody ever asked me. I skipped chapel once; I was eighteen and decided I could make my own mind up about God and Jesus and all that. There was Hell to pay.

I was found out of course, I knew I would be. We were always answering to roll calls, having our names taken, masters checking that we hadn’t absconded. It was a caning offence, but I reckoned that sixth-formers were immune from the stick, even at that school.

My headmaster soon corrected me on that idea. I didn’t get thrashed that time, but he told me if I skipped chapel again he would whop me himself. I had to write a two-thousand-word essay on why Jesus was important in my life. Two thousand words! Believe me I would have preferred the cane to that any day: trousers down; pants down, six strokes, twelve: anything but that essay.

One thing I did like about being in the sixth-form was the power it gave me over the younger boys. They were terrified of me. It was only a few years earlier that the headmaster had taken away the prefect’s power to spank the younger boys. I would have loved to parade around the school, gym plimsoll in hand, able to whack the arse of any boy I fancied.
In my time the best we could do was to hand out ‘punishment slips’ which the boy took to his form master. When the boy collected three slips he was beaten. It wasn’t the same as the plimsoll, but the boys knew I scattered slips like confetti so it came pretty close.

You didn’t have to be in the sixth to be a bully. One thing I loved to do when I was about fifteen or sixteen was to beat up on the sissies; those boys who were a little bit different from the rest of us. They were easy targets, scared of their own shadows most of them. They would never defend themselves. There was one lad (I forget his name now: Kevin? Keith? Karl?) who I loved to push around. You only had to touch him and he would fall to the ground and curl up into a little ball. He was crying before I ever got the first kick in. I took his lunch money most days – it helped to pay for the cider and my smokes.

With my parents out of the way I tried it on a lot with my aunt and uncle. I skimped on my homework, lazed around in my bedroom most of the day; that was when I wasn’t out with my friends hanging round the bus stop and haranguing old folk going about their business.

The final straw for pious Aunt Alice was that I stopped going to church. It’s not that I refused to go: there was no argument, no discussion even, I
just stopped going and that for me was the end of the matter. Not so for my aunt and uncle. Aunt Alice in particular berated me for non-attendance and was rewarded by my most hostile indifference.

Maybe that was the point at which they decided I needed a damned good hiding, but if it was, they put it off for another week or so.

I finally found myself with a red backside one Wednesday in June. It was a school night and as had become my habit, I would return from school, get out of that horrid uniform and wait in my bedroom playing records at full volume until it was time to eat. My aunt often implored me to turn down the noise, but the more she showed her dislike, the more determined I became to annoy her.

Meal times were always strenuous times. Looking back on it I wonder if my aunt and uncle weren’t going through a difficult patch in their lives: surely, I thought at the time they must have been bored to tears with their pathetic mundane lives. They definitely found it difficult to communicate with one another and impossible to do so with me. I made no concessions to them: any question they asked me would be returned with a one-word answer, or just a grunt.

When tea was over I would almost immediately disappear out the door, never telling them where I
was going, who I would be with and what time I would be back.

Eventually, Aunt Alice imposed a curfew: I should be home by nine-thirty at the latest on school nights and ten at the weekend.

Yeah right, I thought. I didn’t say it out loud, there was no need to. I had no intention of sticking to her stupid new rules. To Hell with the both of them, what right did they have to order me about!

The very same night I rolled home drunk at past eleven o’clock. Nobody was up. Emboldened by this, two days later I missed curfew again.

At breakfast the morning after I skipped curfew for the third time, Uncle Alastair simply informed me that he had been keeping watch and if I was late ever again there would be “dire consequences.”

So, naturally, I took this as a challenge and even though it was a quiet night at the bus stop and most of my mates returned to their homes early, that night I walked the streets alone for another hour to make sure I wouldn’t get back home before eleven.

I could see the lights were on in the living room as I approached the house. As I turned the key in the lock I heard Uncle Alastair call.

“In here. Now!”

Sullenly, I slouched into the room, with the most disrespectful expression on my face that I could assemble. My uncle was alone, he looked
very tired indeed, of course it was way past his bedtime. I can’t be sure if he had prepared a little speech for me, but if he had he muffed his lines. He was incoherent with anger but “brazen”, “audacious”, “insolent”, ‘disrespectful” and “rude” were some of the words that faltered from his mouth.

He was impatient for me to respond but I said nothing. Who cared what he thought, the miserable little man.

His lecture at an end, Uncle Alistair commanded, “Go upstairs, have a wash, clean your teeth, put on your pyjamas and then come back down here, and be quick about it.”

Corporal punishment was imminent: I knew the tell-tale signs; I’d been spanked often enough at home by my father. I trudged upstairs and as I spread the Pepsodent on my toothbrush I wondered what uncle would do to me. My dad’s preferred method of torture was the razor strop. He would make me take down my trousers to my ankles and I would have to lay face down on the bed with two pillows under my stomach so my bum was high to meet the lash of the leather. I kept my hands well clear of the target while he raised the strop back over his own shoulder, took aim and whipped it down into the seat of my underpants. The pain was immense, but I soon learned not to wriggle about. If
he missed my bum and hit the bare flesh at the back of my thighs I wouldn’t be able to stand for a week, let alone sit down.

“Hurry up!” It was uncle, as impatient as ever.

I rubbed a wet cloth across my face and hurried into the bedroom, quickly stripped off my clothes and stepped into my pyjamas. I was still tying up the drawstring of the bottoms as I descended the stairs.

Uncle Alistair and Aunt Alice were waiting for me in the living room. I gave her my most disrespectful stare. So the snooty mare was going to witness my spanking was she?

I quickly glanced around the room but could see no obvious implement of punishment. Uncle was wearing no belt. Did my aunt have a hairbrush in her apron pocket? Was he going to smack me with his hand? He gave me a short sermon about manners and disobedience and even managed to
“Put on your pyjamas and then come back down here, and be quick about it.”
bring God into it. Then he hopped on one leg, bent down and removed one of his bedroom slippers.

It was all over in a flash. He grabbed me by the left arm, quickly untied the string on my pyjama trousers and they easily fell to my knees. Then, unceremoniously he took me by the scruff of the neck and pushed me over the back of the worn-out sofa. Then there was a frenzied attack with the slipper on my bare bottom.

I was indignant. The sod didn’t believe I would present myself for a spanking. Who did he think I was? Corporal punishment was common in those days and we boys had an unspoken code of conduct. We often misbehaved and sometimes we were very bad indeed. We got away with it a lot, but when we were caught we accepted it. So we would submissively sprawl across a knee, bend over a chair or sofa or spread ourselves across the dining room table. We would be on the painful receiving end of the slipper, belt, razor strop, hairbrush, hand or cane. And we would take it like troopers.

Next day we would report back to our mates; often displaying the cuts and bruises to our admiring friends. Then, like film critics, we would award ‘stars’ for the best performances. My father always got the top five stars for the deep welts on my poor bum.
Uncle Alistair loosened his grip on my neck and I struggled to my feet. My buttocks were a little sore, but it was nothing compared to my father’s beatings. I said nothing, but I hoped my look of utter contempt told its own story.

I didn’t wait to be dismissed; I pulled up my pyjamas and went to my room. My bum wasn’t very sore, but there was a tingle that soon disappeared. There would be no marks to show the next day, not that I would tell the others. We were eighteen years old now and I doubted if their dads were still spanking their bottoms at that age.

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I was counting the days until I could leave school. The examinations were a little over a month away and then I would be free. I had all but given up on my studies. I still attended school (there were many opportunities to bully the younger boys), but took no interest and did as little homework as possible.

I was idling around the sixth-form common room one day, shortly after my run-in with Uncle Alistair, when the sixth-form form master approached.

“See me in my study immediately after school,” he was a man of few words and he swept away, the
tail of his tattered schoolmaster’s gown flapping, before I could ask what it was all about.

It could have been about anything. If there was a rule to break, I was likely to break it. Even as I sat pondering, I knew I had in my pocket a packet of illicit cigarettes, paid for with money I had extorted from an eleven-year-old first-former who was desperate not to get his third punishment slip and the beating that would come with it.

I had more than an hour before I had to obey the summons. I cursed; I had no lessons at this time and was intending to bunk off early. Wearily, I picked up a football magazine that one of the other boys had left behind, sat down and flicked through the pages.

I didn’t want to delay this longer than was absolute necessary. Two minutes after the bell had stopped ringing for end of school my knock on the study door received a haughty response.

“Come!”

It wasn’t so much a schoolmaster’s study as a functioning office. There was a desk and a large padded chair behind, where the form master was seated. A couple of low back chairs were ranged in front of the desk for visitors and apart from that there was a sideboard affair consisting of some cupboards and bookshelves.
I stood facing the desk a foot or two back from the chairs. From this position I could see that they were the ideal height for a boy to bend across. Doubtless, they had been chosen with this purpose in mind.

I still did not know why I had been summoned by the form master. I didn’t have long to wait as he got straight to the point. “Slacking”, he called it: a peculiarly old fashioned word for “lazy.” I had not been working hard enough in his classes. I had not submitted homework on time. My marks were falling. He didn’t ask me to respond, but if he had I could only agree with him. I despised my form master. He taught the sixth form poetry and he was lousy at it. I couldn’t understand the point of it (and to this day still can’t). He could not, as we say these days, “motivate” me.

He was a decaying old man and I scorned him for being so old. His liver spots spread from his neck to his face and it had been many years since he stood erect and his stooped shoulders reminded me of a bird. A shock of untidy white hair stuck out from beneath his mortar board and his moustache and beard were as white as his hair. He was the image of the schoolmaster in that film Goodbye, Mr. Chips.
Old though he might be, my Mr. Chips could still pack a punch with his right arm as I was about to find out.

Once he had read out my crime sheet, he moved straight to sentencing. I swear I heard his bones creak as he slowly raised himself from the chair and shuffled over to the sideboard. Only then did I notice that one of the cupboards was an unusual shape: tall and thin. He opened it and even though his body obscured my view, I could see inside were a number of crook-handled rattan canes. There must have been six or seven of them in varying thicknesses and lengths. I could hear the canes rattling around the cupboard as he searched for the implement he intended to use on me.

Within seconds he had extracted his preferred model and turned to face me. He flexed the cane between his left and his right hand as he gave a little lecture about the need for me to study hard. If I did not have the self-discipline to do this on my own, then he had the perfect remedy: he would impose discipline on me.

I couldn’t take my eyes of that cane. I still don’t know why I was so transfixed by it. I had seen canes before; indeed, I had felt them across my backside
He was the image of the schoolmaster in the film *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*
a few times. This one was deep yellow in colour and was as thick as one of Mr. Chips’ bony fingers. It must have been three feet (maybe more) long and flexed easily in the form-master’s hands.

He swished it through the air for effect, if he intended this to intimidate me, he failed. It just made me hate him all the more. This pathetic old man, who couldn’t teach for toffee, was going to beat me because I was not doing well in his class. I was eighteen years old and in a few weeks I would be away from that goddam school forever, but here I was expected to submit myself to Mr. Chips so he could whop me with his cane.

I had a choice, of course. Even as I stood watching the cane swish through the air I knew I could refuse to take a beating. I could tell him to stuff it and swagger out of the study. I could do that, but it would be a direct defiance of his authority. The headmaster would be involved and I could rest assured that he wouldn’t be on my side. There would be no two-thousand-word essay (“Why the cane is not an effective punishment for slacking schoolboys”) as an alternative. All I could look forward to was expulsion from the school and the bastards probably wouldn’t let me take my exams.

I only had five more weeks left at this school and I didn’t want to throw away the past two years of misery now.
Mr. Chips pointed with his cane to a spot in the middle of the room.

“Bend over and touch your toes.”

I hesitated and he must have read the contempt I had for him in my face because he almost bellowed, “Bend over and touch your toes, this instance!”

I moved to the spot, took a deep breath and placing the palms of my hands on my knees I offered Mr. Chips my backside.

Swish!

“Ouch!” I yelled and stood bolt upright, squeezing my hand under my armpit. Mr. Chips had lashed his cane across my knuckles.

“When I say touch your toes boy, I mean touch your toes. Now, bend right down.”

I blew on my knuckles, parted my legs a little, bent at the waist, and stretched my fingers so that the tips rested against the toecaps of my shoes. A thick stripe across the back of my left hand was turning blue.

I was quite a fit lad at the time and was able to keep in place without much effort, but there was pressure against the back of my knees.

Looking through my parted legs I saw Mr. Chips approach me and then I could feel him take hold of my pink blazer and push it up my back away from the target area. Then he rolled up my jumper
a little, giving him an unobscured view of the grey trousers, now stretched across my buttocks. Still not satisfied, he took hold of my shirt and pulled it so that the tail came away from the waistband, then he did the same thing with my vest. I felt a cool breeze blow across the inch or so of now bare flesh at the base of my back.

Finally, he grabbed the waistband of my trousers and tugged so that any wrinkles were smoothed from the cloth.

Then he took my arse off.

He had the strength of an ox. With no interval between cuts, he lashed down six stingers across the very centre of my buttocks each one landing very close to, and sometimes right on top of, others already delivered.

It took my breath away. Quite literally. I was gasping and stifling yells at the same time. It was all over in about twenty seconds, six whacks crashing down one after the other. I buckled a little, but just about managed to stay in position. No matter the agony I was suffering, I was not going to stand up and give him the pleasure of inflicting extra strokes.

It was over. I stayed looking at my scuffed shoes awaiting his permission to stand. My backside was throbbing. It must have been red raw and I could feel welts had formed across my bum. I
had been caned before, but this beating was not like anything I had endured previously. I so much wanted to run away to the bogs, sit down on a lavatory pan and pull the flush so the cold water could soothe my aching buttocks.

Eventually he said, “Stand up, boy. Stand there.” I rose and moved to a spot in front of the form master’s desk. I could not look him in the eyes. I had despised him when I entered the study and I hated him even more now, but my contempt was mixed with the intense pain in my arse. I did not want him to know he had hurt me.

He wrote some words in the punishment book and handed it to me to sign.

Then to add to my fury, he said, “If you fail to get at least an Alpha-minus in the essay I set the form today, you will be back here for another thrashing. Is that clear?”
2 Put back into short trousers

JOE CROSSED THE road to his neighbour’s house, walked up the garden path and rang the doorbell.

As he waited for the door to be opened he idly looked through the bay window into the living room. There seated at the dining table he saw Aaron, the neighbour’s eighteen-year-old son. He appeared to be busy on his school homework. But something was not quite right.

The boy was dressed in his school uniform, nothing unusual in that. Joe’s own son Ant was in the same class as Aaron; Joe was familiar with the light blue blazer, white shirt and dark blue and light blue ties the boys wore. But something was different: Aaron was dressed in mid-grey short trousers and long knee socks. They were most certainly not the uniform of Midchester School.

The door opened and Alan immediately saw the puzzled expression on his friend’s face.

“Yes,” he said without waiting to be asked, “We’ve put him back into short trousers.”

The two men went into the kitchen. “Here have a beer, while I go and fetch your power drill.”

Two minutes later Alan was back and telling his story.
“He’s been like it since Christmas. He did really badly in his A-level mock examinations.”
Joe nodded thoughtfully. Ant’s results had been pretty dire too.
“Val and I reckoned he’d been spending too much time away from his books. He would spend hours each evening hanging around the bus stops with his mates.”
Yes, Joe thought, and Ant was almost certainly one of them.
“And we had no idea what he was doing most of the weekend. He was never at home. One thing we did know was that he wasn’t doing his schoolwork.” Alan took a slug of his beer and realising that Joe was not going to ask him a question, he carried on with his story.
“We needed to find a way to stop him going out all the time so we came up with this.”
“Making him wear short trousers?”
“Yes, it was such a simple idea. Val read about it somewhere on the Internet. We took all his clothes and we’ve locked them away. Now, he’s only allowed to wear his long trousers to school. He has to come home immediately school ends and change into his short trousers. We lock up the long trousers and don’t let him have them back until breakfast time next morning.”
Joe nodded encouragement, so Alan continued.
“Now if he wants to go out at night or at the weekend he must go wearing his short trousers and school uniform. So he stays at home. I don’t think he would want to let all his mates see him dressed like that. And they are proper short trousers; they are not the leisure shorts kids wear today. You would never mistake them for that, not even from a distance. They are trousers that are short. Properly tailored trousers. Actually, if you ask me I think he looks rather good in them.”

Joe had always been a practical man so he asked, “Where did you get them? They don’t make short trousers for eighteen year olds do they?”

“You’d be surprised. Ordinary school uniform suppliers often have them. We found them on the Internet. I think they make them large now because so many young kids are fat; obsess even. The ones we got for Aaron fit him at the waist but they are a bit short in the leg; but that’s okay, it just emphasises that he is still a child and not an adult.”

Joe was warming to the idea. “Does it work? Have his grades improved?”

“Yes,” Alan beamed, he really was pleased with himself. “So far, it’s been a total success; he stays
“He has to come home from school and change into his short trousers”
at home and gets on with his work. We had to change the password for the wi-fi connection, so when he’s at home he can’t get on the Internet. He’s doing English Lit A-level so he should be reading books, not tossing himself off to porn.”

The two men sat in companionable silence taking sips of their beer.

Alan wasn’t sure he should tell Joe this; it might sound a bit odd, but he did. “Oh, and another thing; being dressed as a child reminds him that he isn’t yet an adult. That’s the trouble with teenagers today they think they are grown up when they are not. He needs to be reminded that we are his parents and it is his job to obey us. He should also obey his teachers and all other adults. All teenagers should remember that. If I had my way all boys would be kept in short trousers until they left school, even until they’re eighteen.”

They finished their beers and Joe picked up the drill and made to leave. Would this work for Ant, he wondered? “How did Aaron take it; when you told him he must wear short trousers?” Joe asked.

Alan smiled. He certainly wasn’t going to tell the whole truth. “He wailed the house down. You know the way teenagers do.”

Yes, Joe certainly did, his own son was just like that.
“But,” Alan continued, “He had no choice. We had his long trousers. It’s not like we’ve chained him to the banisters; he’s not a prisoner. He can still go out if he wants, but he has to wear the short trousers and school uniform when he does.”

Joe gave a weak smile, thanked Alan for the beer and returned home deep in thought. Ant was on the road to examination failure; that was certain. Should he put Ant back into short trousers? Would it work for him? Why not, it had worked for Aaron. Maybe he should ask Alan for the Internet address of the school uniform supplier.

Alan sat back down at the kitchen table and cracked open another can of beer. He was very pleased with himself. He and his wife had told nobody about this. They had discussed sending Aaron to school wearing his short trousers; but they knew they would have busy-body teachers (and even social workers) on their doorstep within hours. They would look odd to people in these days of political correctness.

And, they certainly did not, and would not, tell the other half of the story. Alan might tell Joe that it was the short trousers regime that had bucked up Aaron’s ideas; but he knew that wasn’t entirely true. It was the spankings that really did it.

The first time he put a clothes brush across Aaron’s bum, it had not been planned. Alan had told
the truth that his son had wailed the house down. At
first he flatly refused to wear the short trousers. He
had no long trousers, so he lounged around the
house in his underpants. Well, okay, Alan had
thought, he still had to remain at home; he could not
go out in his briefs.

But, Alan had been very taken by the Internet
site’s insistence that teenaged boys be put in short
trousers to remind them they were still children who
must obey their parents. Aaron clearly had not
accepted that. Alan endured hours of moaning and
pouting from Aaron and then he snapped.

It had not been planned. Alan was sitting in the
living room trying to read his newspaper; Aaron
was nearby pouting and screaming that he would
not wear the short trousers. A clothes brush lay on
the sideboard. In a flash, without thinking of the
possible consequence, Alan grabbed the brush, took
Aaron by the back of the head, gripped his hair (it
was well overdue cutting) and forced the boy face
down over the back of the couch. Then he pressed
against the back of the wretched boy’s neck so that
he was chewing on a scatter cushion.

Then he unleashed a frenzied attack on the seat
of the boy’s underpants. Aaron’s attempted yells of
protest were stifled by the cushion and his mouth
was soon full of dust. His father’s grip was so strong
the eighteen-year-old had no choice but to remain
head low, bottom high, over the crown of the couch while his father whipped swat after swat into his tight buttocks.

The pain was intense, but there was no escaping it. He struggled to the left and right but the grip on his neck was too powerful. He was at the mercy of his father: but the irate man was not showing any. In one last desperate attempt to free himself, Aaron kicked out his left leg and caught his father a blow on the shin. Rather than dissuading the older man from his mission to toast his son’s buttocks it spurred him on.

With all the struggling the boy’s honeycomb-coloured pants had slid down his buttocks so that the top of his curves were visible. Encouraged by the sight of bare flesh, Alan tugged at the briefs and pulled them further down until they rested bunched below the crease where the buttock meets the thigh. Then with an increasingly furious pace he pounded the clothes brush into the boy’s now naked backside.

His pain, humiliation and the dust from the cushion was taking its toll on Aaron. His breathing was fast and his blood pressure sky high. The pain in his bottom was intense; his father was raining down swat after swat without let up. He was whacking the brush into Aaron’s bum at the rate of eighty a minute.
Spit dribbled from the boy’s mouth and tears and snot cascaded down his face. His protests quickly turned to owwws, and then arghhhhs, through to yelps and finally on to full-throated yells. But, on and on Alan spanked the brush into his son’s bare bottom. Red patches quickly turned to blue and some were going purple. The imprint of the large oval head of the brush was imprinted dozens of times across the boy’s globes.

If he had the breath to do so, Aaron would have been pleading for mercy. He would wear the short trousers; he would obey his mum and dad; he would do anything they asked, so long as his father would stop hurting him.

Not one part of Aaron’s buttocks and the back of his thighs was left untouched before Alan released his grip on his son’s neck. Now free and without waiting for permission, Aaron shot up from the couch, pulled his briefs up and rushed from the room. He took the stairs two at a time, crashed into his bedroom, slammed the door behind him, threw himself face down on the bed and sobbed his guts up. He had been utterly defeated by his father.

The boy wore his short trousers after that and although he still hated his father he knew it was an opinion he had best keep to himself.

The second time Aaron was spanked was altogether different. An essay on Chaucer was
graded C, with the comment from his teacher, “must make more effort”. That was enough for Alan; the boy was slipping back into old ways and needed a reminder; a maintenance spanking.

So a dining-room chair was placed in the middle of the room and the brush retrieved from the sideboard drawer. Aaron was summoned from his room. It was no surprise; he was expecting this. On command, he meekly lowered his short trousers and eighteen years old though he was, he bent across his father’s lap to receive his second buttock roasting. No matter how much he would hate this ordeal, he knew one thing was for certain: it was better to accept the inevitable than try to fight with his dad.
GERRY OPENED HIS eyes wearily. His head pounded and his tongue was stuck to the roof of his mouth. His shoulder ached from sleeping on the floor all night.

Across the living room, blinking back at him was a boy about his own age.

“Who are you?”

The boy rose to a sitting position, “Who are you?”

Gerry gaped at the boy, dressed in snug-fitting blue jeans and an ordinary white shirt open to the navel. It was the kind you would wear for school or the office. Gerry wanted to slip his hand inside the shirt and caress his hairless chest.

The boy beamed, “Great party!”

“Yeah, great party.”

Gerry’s head throbbed as he hauled himself to a sitting position. He could not stop staring at the stranger. The boy’s dark brown eyes lit up the room. Absurdly, the song “Brown-eyed Handsome Man” played in his head. It was in the hit parade and they had danced to the record a lot last night.

“I’m Pauley,” the boy grinned.

“Gerry.”

“Hi, Gerry!” the boy coyly waved at him across the room.
Gerry flushed and giggled, “Hi, Pauley!” he waved back.

They lapsed into silence.

Then, “Gee! Look at this mess.” Gerry spread his arm to emphasise the point, as if it was not patently obvious that a party had gotten out of hand.

“Yes, Sir!” Pauley grinned. Gerry loved the way the boy’s white teeth shone, the sparkle contrasting with his deep suntanned face.

“Yes, Sir! That is one heck of a mess.”

Gerry’s face flushed again. His embarrassment was obvious.

“My parents are due at six; we’ve got to clear this mess up.”

Pauley flashed that smile. “What will happen if they find out?”

Gerry did not speak, but shot Pauley a look that said, “You know darn well what will happen if my parents find out!”

And, Pauley did. He knew what his own dad would do if it had been his party. A worn heavy razor strop was kept in the kitchen drawer for just such contingencies. Pauley would have his nose in the kitchen table, his jeans and shorts at his knees, while his dad lashed sunset stripes across his naked buttocks.

“Cheer up! I’ll help you clean up.”
Gerry had a cracking hangover and could barely move himself, but Pauley was full of energy. Soon empty beer bottles and cigarette ends were in the trash can. Gerry stood in admiration while Pauley waltzed around the rooms with a vacuum cleaner. Did he imagine it or was Pauley wriggling his slender hips and pert buttocks provocatively? His blue jeans clung to the contours of his body.

“Nearly finished,” Pauley cooed, “Just the hallway to do now.”

With that he disappeared from Gerry’s view.

“Oh dear. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear.” Pauley in the hallway was a little over-dramatic.

“What is it?”

“Come see.”

Gerry’s head was crashing; he was in no mood for this.

“Oh, heck!”

“Yes. A problem don’t you think.”

The game was up now. Gerry would be found out and he was going to get one fine whipping.

There was a scratch about an inch long in the hallway table. It was no ordinary table, but a family heirloom, that had been handed down from Gerry’s grandmother after she passed on a few months previously.
Pauley ran his finger along the line in the dark shiny wood. “It’s not very deep. Maybe you can get it fixed.”

“Get it fixed!” Gerry was in despair and losing his temper. “How can I get it fixed? Who can fix it?”

Gerry’s eyes moistened and Pauley thought his new-found friend was about to break down sobbing.

“I know!” Pauley’s face lit up and he clicked his fingers in an exaggerated fashion. “Yellow Pages!” he grinned, his white teeth once again shining.

“Yellow Pages?” Gerry did not understand.

“Yes, Yellow Pages,” it seemed that Pauley was always smiling, “Let your fingers do the walking,” he sang the jingle from the commercial that constantly aired on radio.

“We have a copy in the other room.”

Gerry watched Pauley’s buttocks disappear into the kitchen. The boy emerged moments later with the big yellow phone book in his hands. He was already turning through the pages.

“Here. Furniture restorers.” He ran his finger down the page. “There are quite a lot, actually.”

He handed the directory over. “Here call one of these. You should be OK.”

While Gerry made his calls, Pauley disappeared into the bathroom. By the time he emerged, Gerry
had arranged for a Mr. Fisher to attend urgently. Gerry’s hide might yet be saved.

“Good luck then,” Pauley opened the front door, but paused before leaving. For what felt to Gerry like an hour, but was only a few seconds, the pair stood not quite looking at each other.

Once again, Gerry coloured-up unable to hide his embarrassment. Who was this new friend? He knew nothing about him, not where he lived or how he came to be at the party. Did one of his friends bring him?

He wanted to rip the boy’s shirt off right now. But, then what? Gerry had no idea, but he knew he would regret it forever if he did not make a move. He should at least arrange another meeting. They could go to a ball game or something.

Pauley beamed, “See you then!” but his grin faded a little when he saw a flicker of regret in Gerry’s eyes.

“I’m Katie’s brother,” Pauley winked and sashayed his tight ass out the door.

Katie’s brother? Katie Albright from school! Gerry skipped to his room and unzipping his jeans he lay on his bed. There were twenty minutes before Mr. Fisher was due to call, plenty of time to dream of Pauley and Gerry.

He was brought back to real life by the insistent ringing of the doorbell. Gerry had never met a
furniture restorer before, but he imagined they probably all looked like Mr. Fisher. He was aged somewhere between thirty-five and fifty and wore faded brown corduroy pants and a buttoned up beige cardigan. He had a florid face from being in the sun, but the skin had not tanned. A pair of round glasses gave his fleshy face the appearance of an owl.

He carried a black leather bag, rather like the ones family doctors were seen with in the movies.

“Good afternoon, I am Mr. Fisher,” he spoke in soft tones.

“Thank you for coming at such short notice,” Gerry hoped he did not sound as desperate as he felt.

“Here is the table, can you fix it?”

It took no more than a five-second appraisal. “Yes, of course I can.” Mr. Fisher was a little irritated by this youth, who doubted his expertise.

“Thank you, thank you so much.”

Gerry’s tone intrigued Mr. Fisher. The youth was far too anxious about a little scratch on a table. There was something he had not been told.

“So,” Mr. Fisher said, as he opened and delved into his bag, “How did this happen?”

Gerry blustered, he did not want to tell. It was none of this stranger’s business.
“If you could hurry up please, I have to go out soon.” It was already past four in the afternoon. His parents would be calling him from the airport at about six for him to collect them; there was no time to lose.

Mr. Fisher was not to be deterred. He was a professional and he had agreed to do this emergency job, even though it was his day off. He had a successful business and did not need the fee the work would bring. But, he had been intrigued by the youth’s call and his desperation.

Mr. Fisher sized up the situation. “Are your parents here?”

Gerry blushed yet again. “Eh, no, they …” the sentence trailed off.

“Let me guess,” Mr. Fisher was stern. “They are away and you had a party without permission and this valuable table was damaged by one of your houseguests.”

Mr. Fisher had got it in one. Gerry remained silent. If Mr. Fisher had been a cop the boy would be invoking the Fifth Amendment: say nothing and do not incriminate yourself.

“Yes, I thought so,” Mr. Fisher sounded like Gerry’s father. Gerry knew he would get a stern lecturer from dad if he found out about the party. Then the lecture would be followed by a damn good hiding.
“What would your father do if he found out about this?” Mr. Fisher was sure he already knew the answer.

“Sorry?”

“You heard me young man. What would your father do?”

Gerry’s heart raced. There was no way he was going to tell Mr. Fisher the truth.

“I don’t know.”

“Don’t know! Then why have you called me in at such short notice?”

Gerry stared down at the polished floor tiles. He did not like the way this conversation was going.

Mr. Fisher was determined to get an answer.

“What would your father do?”

“He would be very angry,” Gerry mumbled, his eyes still cast downwards.

“What would he do!” Mr. Fisher’s anger was apparent.

Gerry croaked, “I don’t know.”

“Yes you do, young man,” Mr. Fisher’s tone of voice alarmed Gerry. The furniture restorer was not going to let up on this and he was not about to give him an answer.

Mr. Fisher broke the silence. “What you need is a damn good spanking and I am sure that is what your father will give you when he finds out.”
When he finds out, was Mr. Fisher going to tell him?

“But ...” Gerry started, but did not know what to say.

“Do I have this right? Your parents are away on a trip and they left you at home alone. They told you to behave and that you must look after the house and that there must be no parties while they are gone. You disobeyed your parents and last night you had a party at which alcohol was drunk and cigarettes smoked. This morning you discovered this table had been scratched and now desperate to keep the party secret from your parents, you want me to repair it and to cover up your disobedience.”

Gerry stared at the floor.

Mr. Fisher concluded, “Is that correct?”

“Yes,” Gerry, head bowed, mumbled into his chest.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, that is correct.”

“Yes Sir!” Mr. Fisher barked.

“Sorry, Yes, Sir,” Gerry was scared. Mr. Fisher had been correct in every particular. His father had been very strict: no parties. Gerry had clearly and deliberately disobeyed him.

“What are you going to do?” Gerry asked mournfully, and then hurriedly added, “Sir.”

“What do you wish me to do?”
Gerry had not expected this. “Please don’t tell my parents.”

“Why shouldn’t I?”

Gerry had no answer for this, but he tried. “They will be very disappointed in me.”

“That’s no answer. They should be disappointed in you; you have abused their trust.”

“I’m sorry,” Gerry was miserable. There was no way to escape a whacking, now. It had been a great party and he would be popular at school for a while because of it. He did not feel guilty about disobeying his parents; he did it all the time, but rarely got found out. Now that he had been discovered he would have to suffer the consequences. It was the pain and humiliation of a spanking that worried him, not his guilt.

“Pah!” Mr. Fisher exhaled. “Sorry. Yes, you should be sorry. You deserve a sound spanking, young man!”

“I’m nineteen; I’m too old to be spanked.”

“You are not too old. You do not become an adult until you are twenty-one. And if you so deliberately disobey your parents you should be spanked.”

Gerry had not expected to get away with it. His father had said much the same thing last month when the boy had been caught drinking beer with friends. One of them had a fake ID and they had
bought a few six-packs. Gerry was soon across his
dad’s knee for a bare-arsed paddling. His friends’
dads took similar action. They all got it; they lived
in that kind of community.

Mr. Fisher had a plan. “I shall spank you, but I
will not tell your parents.”

Gerry had not expected this; his head still ached
from drinking too much beer and he could not think
quickly enough. So he said nothing.

“What does your father use when he spanks
you?”

“He doesn’t spank me.”

“Come, come. Please don’t tell lies.”

Confused and unsure where this would all end,
Gerry muttered something about “a paddle.”

“Where does he keep the paddle?”

“Don’t know.”

“Come, come, you are lying to me. Where does
he keep the paddle?”

“In there,” Gerry nodded towards the cupboard
in the hallway.

“Please fetch it for me.”

Miserably, Gerry moved the few feet to the
cupboard, opened the door and extracted the wood.

“Hand it to me please.” It was a typical paddle,
the kind used in schools up and down the state. Mr.
Fisher held it in his right hand and read the
inscription written on the blade: ‘Board of
Education.’ Did anyone ever find that funny? he wondered to himself.

Gerry was no stranger to the paddle. His father believed in both discipline and punishment. If Gerry behaved and did as he was told, he would be fine. But, if he disobeyed the rules, or disrespected his parents or any other adult, the board would be fetched. Gerry knew what paddle pain was like and he did not relish having to suffer a dose from Mr. Fisher.

He had no choice, he reckoned. Whatever happened he would get a hard spanking. If he let Mr. Fisher take the paddle to his butt, that would be the end of it. If his father found out, not only would his buttocks be blistered, he would never be allowed to stay alone in the house again.

“Come let us go into the next room,” Mr. Fisher spoke quietly as he caressed the paddle, almost reverentially.

Despondently, Gerry followed the furniture restorer into the lounge room. It was the first time Mr. Fisher had been in the room but he quickly appraised the situation. It was a large space with a dining table and chairs, all of which would be good for the boy to lean across to offer up his butt for a whipping. But better, was the leather couch. It was the perfect height to take Gerry’s lithe body.
“There,” Mr. Fisher pointed with his paddle to the dark brown couch. “Stand there.”

Gerry was resigned to his fate. He had to let matters take their course.

“Take down your jeans. You may keep your underwear on.”

It was a result of sorts. Gerry’s father would have insisted on a bare-assed spanking and this way Gerry was not forced to show his crack and hole to a stranger. Gerry’s jeans were so tight he had to wiggle to get them down. His butt went this way, then that, and back again. Slowly, inch by inch, the jeans descended to his knees.

“Bend over.”

Gerry took a deep breath, fell forward and curved himself across the arm of the couch. Despite his many spankings, he had never been in this position before; his father preferred to take his son across his knees. Gerry felt the thin cotton of his underwear ride up a little and a cool breeze brushed against his naked thighs. He gripped the cushion of the couch as if his life depended on it.

Mr. Fisher did not say a word until it was all over. Gerry heard him approach from behind and then felt his strong hand grip at the waistband of the underwear. He tugged and smoothed at the cotton until the briefs fitted Gerry’s butt like a second skin.
Gerry’s ass was ready: ready for chastisement, but not necessarily for contrition.

Then, Mr. Fisher took a pace back, raised the wood to above his shoulder and brought it smacking down across the centre of both cheeks.

It knocked all the wind out of the boy. He panted to catch his breath. The pain was incredible; Mr. Fisher had whacked him ten times harder than
Gerry fell forward and curved himself across the arm of the couch
his father ever had. Of course, Gerry who had always been spanked across the knee, did not yet appreciate how much more power could be put into a swat if the punisher was standing up, and whacking it in from some distance away.

Ten hard swats landed one after another, rhythmically. Swat! He felt the force of the blow reverberating through the flesh, sending waves of pain cascading through his buttocks. Crack! Both cheeks shook with the impact. Snap! He felt another stripe of pure agony appear, this one farther down than ever before.

Mr. Fisher paid no heed to Gerry’s gasps as they turned to yelps and then yells, until finally as the last two swipes crashed into his cheeks, he screamed. Real tears streamed down the boy’s face and his body heaved, gasping for air. His throat, full of phlegm made him gag and he feared he might choke.

Each lick of the paddle seemed to set his entire buttocks aflame, pain pouring across the skin and coursing through each cheek. He stamped his feet up and down like a soldier on ceremonial sentry duty and his jeans fell and bunched at his feet. If he had not been wearing baseball boots, he would have kicked the denims across the room as he thrashed about.
“That’s over,” Mr. Fisher was himself a little breathless with his exertions. “I shall leave you now and go and get on with my work.”

Gerry was still across the arm of the couch, gasping for breath and shaking, like a goldfish that had been taken out of its bowl.

Slowly, painfully, he rose. His butt was so raw it felt like he had been forced to sit on a lighted coal fire. Gingerly, he rubbed at the seat of his briefs. Then, he tugged at the elasticated waist so he could observe the state of his flesh. Both buttocks were bright red and there were clear outlines of the paddle where it had sunk into his flesh. Bruises were forming on the far edges of his globes. The pain, once agonizing, was subsiding now. Gerry knew from past experience that soon it would change from agony to become a warm glow. His buttocks would be tender to the touch for some considerable time and the bruises would probably last for many days; but the worst was now over.

Carefully, he pulled his jeans up. He regretted they were so fashionable and fitted tightly across the buttocks. He left the room and went into the hallway. Gerry passed Mr. Fisher who was hard at work and did not say a word as the teen ascended the stairs to the bathroom to wipe his face and to change into looser fitting pants.
Fifteen minutes later, Mr. Fisher’s work completed and his bill paid (it took most of Gerry’s savings from his job at the grocery store) the telephone rang.

“Hi mom, no everything’s fine here. No problems. Your plane’s in? OK, I’ll come and pick you up.”

Gerry put the phone down and went into the den to collect his dad’s car keys.

Then he saw it. How had he and Pauley not noticed it before? Darn! That was it; he was done for now. He would get the severest thrashing of his life, much worse than the one Mr. Fisher had just delivered. His already tender bottom throbbed in anticipation of the whipping to come.

On the far wall, in its pride of place, was a formal portrait photograph of his recently-passed grandmother and some fool had drawn glasses, a moustache and pointed ears on her face with an indelible marker pen.

Author’s note. This story was inspired by a Yellow Pages TV commercial.
4 Illegal drinking

“ALRIGHT CHARLIE, THIS is the second time in two or three weeks that you have been caught drinking alcohol and you got a spanking the last time and obviously it was not enough.”

We were in the kitchen and dad was mad as hell. In his hand he held a wooden paddle.

“So, this time it’s time you got a GOOD spanking.”

It was a hot humid morning in summer and I had been hanging around the house since I got out of bed dressed in nothing except some skimpy running shorts.

I stood upright as dad went through his routine.

“I’m not going to put up with that. Come here.”

Dad sat down on a kitchen chair and I obediently walked to a spot about a foot from him.

While he continued to scold me, he placed the paddle on his lap and using his two hands he gently tugged at both sides of my shorts lowering them to the floor.

I was completely naked, but I didn’t feel embarrassment or shame. Dad always spanked on the bare so he had seen me in my glory many times before. Indeed, you might say that over the years he had an unusual way of monitoring my growth to manhood.
He continued recapping my misbehaviour. Some friends and I had managed to get hold of a few six packs of beer and we’d taken them to Johnny’s home. His parents were away for the day, so we knew the coast was clear. But, they returned home unexpectedly early and we got caught. In this state it’s illegal to drink alcohol until you’re twenty-one, so not only had we done something our parents disapproved of, at eighteen, we’d broken the law.

Johnny’s parents made a few telephone calls and I reckon in this part of town there are five other guys also having confrontations with their fathers. Butts will be blistered, for sure. We live in that sort of community.

“You’re too old for this kind of thing,” dad said, as he sat back in his chair and lifted the paddle from his lap and waved it at me.

It was a homemade paddle, about a foot or so long and a couple of inches wide. I don’t know if dad had made the paddle himself, it had been around the house for as long as I could remember. If he did make it, it was probably the only bit of carpentry he had ever done in his life.
“It was a home-made paddle. I don't know if dad made it himself.”
“You should know better, and I think it’s time you and the paddle had a little discussion about this drinking business. Now, get across my knee.”

I did as I was instructed without question. I was totally naked. I’m probably about the same height as dad, but much leaner and lighter. I stretched my hands in front of me and placed my hands palm down on the floor. My bare bottom was raised above his left knee and my legs, were bent slightly so that my toes rested on the floor tiles behind me.

Dad put his right arm across my back the better to hold me in position across his knees.

“This is something you have deserved for a long time. It’s time you got your little bottom blistered.”

Six slaps hit me squarely in the middle of my ass, hitting both cheeks equally. They weren’t vicious swipes, but they hit home. I let out a quiet groan as each whack! struck the target.

I wanted to take my punishment without fuss, but with each blow I found myself wriggling across dad’s knee.

He carried on whacking me in the centre of my buttocks. He kept up a steady rhythm with the strikes. After about ten or twelve hits I was beginning to lose a little control. I was writhing across his legs and my legs kicked out behind me.
Dad was undeterred. Whack! Whack! One every three seconds or so. Whack! Whack! Whack! I wasn’t in tears but the pain was getting to me. I kept my palms flat on the floor, but my shoulders and back were writhing with the blows.


Dad was right. I did deserve my spanking. I had disobeyed him about drinking. I’d been caught before with beer and I’d got a sound hand spanking them. I’d promised never to drink alcohol again, but I’d gone back on my word.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

“I’m sorry.”

Dad was not impressed. He just carried on with the rhythmic blows. I was losing my breath as each successive blow winded me just a little bit more.

His next dozen or so whacks were a little harder than those that went before. The pain was growing in my ass, and travelling down my legs. I struggled harder to break free, but dad just held me tighter around my body closer to his knees to make sure I wasn’t going anywhere.

Whack! Whack!

“Ouch! Aaah!” I couldn’t help it. I just had to let out the cries of pain.

Whack! Whack!

“You’ve needed this for a long time.”
Whack! Whack!
“I’m sorry. Ouch! Owwww!”
The blows came harder still and I was losing some control. “Owwwwwwww! I’m sorry.”
But, dad had heard it all before. Last time he spanked me for drinking beer, I’d said exactly the same thing. I’d probably meant it too: at least at the time.

Another six whacks: some on the left cheek; some on the right.
“OK, OK, Please. Sorry.” I was still struggling to break free but dad was winning that little battle.
Whack! Whack!
“Have you learned something from this experience?”
“Yes, Sir!”
“Are you going to drink alcohol again?”
“No, Sir!”
“Are you sure?”
“Yes, Sir!”

But, dad couldn’t have been convinced because he just kept on whacking my bare bottom with that goddam paddle.
“You’d – better – not,” he carried on talking while still whacking, one blow falling in time to every word he spoke.
His blows were harder and my “ouchs!” were louder. I still tried to free myself. Later, looking
back on my spanking I was a bit ashamed of this. I knew I deserved the spanking I was getting and I should have taken my licking like a man. But, I tried to console myself my bucking over dad’s knee was probably a reflex action by my body to the pain that was being inflicted on me.

“Alright. Stand up.” I didn’t need telling twice I was on my feet in a heartbeat. My ass was on fire. I knew it. Dad knew it. That’s what a spanking is supposed to do: make the naughty boy very sore, so that he learns his lesson and he will think twice if he feels like breaking the rules again.

I turned around to inspect the damage: my bottom was red raw.

“Get dressed.” I found my shorts which I had kicked off during the spanking and pulled them on. The nylon felt cool against my raw flesh.

“OK, go to your room. And no more beer.”

OK, dad, I thought, I won’t drink again. And I meant it, of course – until the next time.
5 The mailman delivers

HERB SCHNEIDER HAD been a postal worker for nearly twenty years and he thought he had seen it all until one day he stopped to deliver a parcel at the MacDonald residence. Even as he walked up the path he knew something was wrong; he could hear the yells of a young man coming from inside the house.

By the time he reached the front door it was obvious to him: the cries were coming from the living room. Without thinking, he peered through the window and his suspicion was confirmed.

Mr. MacDonald was sat on the couch and face down, stretched across his legs, was his son. The boy was easily as tall as his father, but not as heavy and Herb could tell, not as strong. The boy lay flat on the couch; his legs bent a little at the knees behind him: in front he clutched a scatter cushion to his chest. His bottom was raised over his father’s lap, in the perfect position to receive swats from a shiny wooden paddle.

The wood crashed into the seat of the boy’s jeans. He wore a wide brown leather belt which his father had gripped to tug the denim tightly across the bottom. Even at this distance Herb could see the
His bottom was raised over his father’s lap to receive swats from a paddle
outline of the boy’s underwear. The boy’s t-shirt had ridden up his back a little where his father held his own strong arm across the boy’s middle to hold him firmly in place.

As each swat connected with his buttocks, the boy screwed up his eyes, puffed wind through his mouth and wailed.

Did fathers still spank their sons, Herb wondered. Was it even legal? Should he be calling the police or social services?

MacDonald released his son who shot up to his feet, his face as beetroot as his backside probably was. He performed the spanking dance, hopping from one foot to the other while rubbing at his buttocks. His father said something, Herb couldn’t hear and the boy raced from the room.

“I hate you!” Herb could hear that as the boy stomped up the stairs to his room.

The postal worker was embarrassed, should he say something? Was it any of his business? He rang the bell and within seconds MacDonald answered.

“Sorry about that,” Herb might have been embarrassed, but MacDonald was not. “You shouldn’t have had to witness that.”

Herb handed over the parcel. He should say something. But what?

“I didn’t think people beat their children anymore.” He regretted it immediately; it was a
confrontational thing to say and probably none of his business.

MacDonald flushed. “I do not ‘beat’ my sons, I spank them. It is not the same,” he said indignantly.

Herb’s silence encouraged him to say more. “I do not flail the living daylights out of them. When it is necessary, I give them a short sharp wake-up call.”

Herb had never before engaged in a philosophical debate with a customer and he wished he had kept his mouth shut this time.

There was no stopping MacDonald, “Boys, especially teenagers, need guidance; they need to have rules explained to them. They need to know where the boundaries are.”

“But, I thought we were supposed to let our children grow and develop as they want to, so they became happy individuals,” Herb said, trying to remember where he had heard that.

“Nonsense, if you do that they spend all their time seeking pleasure. They could end up as drunks or drug takers. It is our responsibility, our duty even, to teach them how to behave.”

Herb wondered if MacDonald had a point. He wasn’t sure, but he thought his own son Ryan might be taking drugs. Would a spanking cure him of that?

“We should not try to be our sons’ friend,” MacDonald was on a roll, “We are their parents and
we have to act like that. And, when necessary that must mean we have to discipline them.”

“But, spanking?” Herb was not convinced that he would have the nerve to punish Ryan like that.

MacDonald was certain in his conviction. “Not only spanking. We have to show them that we love them. We give rewards when they behave well and we discipline them when they do not. It isn’t necessary to spank them often. I’ve spanked Baz a few times but only when he knows he has overstepped the boundaries and he has been warned about the consequences.”

Herb was still not convinced. He assumed Baz was the youth he had just seen paddled. How old was he anyway? Eighteen? Nineteen? “Isn’t Baz too old to be spanked?” he asked.

“No, not if he continues to misbehave. Kids are kids and from time to time they are going to push you to see how far they can go. When Baz does that, he goes over my knee.”

MacDonald was warming to his theme. “He still needs that maintenance spanking now and again, but it wouldn’t be right to smack him on his bare bottom. I got the paddle on the Internet, it works wonders. It’s heavy enough to do the job without my having to take down his pants.”
Herb could testify to that, it certainly looked like the teenager had been in some pain after his paddling.

MacDonald lapsed into silence as if expecting the mailman to respond, but anxious to be gone Herb simply collected a signature and hurried back to his cart.

Herb couldn’t get the incident out of his mind. He wasn’t too concerned about the teenager. MacDonald had been right he hadn’t flailed the boy; it was a good old-fashioned spanking; of the kind he would have gotten from his own father if he acted up back in the day.

Herb was more concerned about MacDonald’s certainty that not only was spanking the right thing to do; it was a father’s duty to lay down boundaries for their children and to punish them, with a spanking when necessary, when they defiantly overstepped them.

It niggled at the back of his mind; his own son Ryan, who he supposed was about the same age as the MacDonald boy, was off the rails. He was hardly ever at home and he skipped school. And he was probably dabbling in drugs. Herb loved the boy and he knew he needed to help Ryan, but he had no idea how.

He had never spanked the boy ever; not even a little slap. It had never occurred to him to do such a
thing. Even though his own father wasn’t shy at whacking Herb’s butt and he knew most of his friends had suffered the same punishment, but now as a father himself he didn’t know any other parents who used corporal punishment.

Driving home, he tuned into Talk Radio and was astonished that the topic of the hour was “Should we spank our kids?”

An eighteen-year-old kid calling himself Andy was on the air. “I have broken the school rules and will probably be suspended but when my parents find out I know they won’t punish me in the proper way,” he was saying. “I really deserve to be given a paddling instead of just a grounding which mum won’t stick to. In a day or so she will let me off and it will all be forgotten. I think my dad should deal with me the old fashioned way. A proper spanking is what I need.”

Was this kid for real? Did he really want his dad to whack his ass with a wooden paddle to make him behave?

Herb never got to find out; he turned the corner and parked outside his home, silencing the radio as he switched off the engine.

But that wasn’t the last he heard on the subject. That evening “spanking” was all over the news programs. It seemed the local board of education was debating bringing back the paddle in school. If
the TV news was to be believed, eighty percent of parents who answered a poll wanted it. A judge who was soon coming up for election jumped on the bandwagon making a speech calling for juvenile delinquents to be “spanked”. He made it sound like hardened thugs would be taken across a warder’s knee for a slapped butt.

Later, when Herb went to the bar for a beer he found friends and co-workers looking at the story in the local newspaper and comparing experiences. If they were telling the truth they had all spanked their kids at one time or other and some still did.

Herb had been quite wrong, corporal punishment was much more widely used than he had realised. MacDonald wasn’t the only customer on the mail route who blistered the backside of his sons. Well, who would have thought it? You never knew what went on behind the drapes in respectable houses.

The discussion on spanking was short-lived. All his drinking buddies agreed; bring back the paddle. Now, what about the chances of those Patriots in the Pennant?

There was bad news waiting for Herb the following day when he returned home from work. Ryan had been suspended from school for fourteen days. He had not been attending school, so they decided to make him stay at home as a punishment.
Herb never considered himself to be an intellectual, but even he could see that didn’t make sense. Maybe if they did bring back the paddle the school principal could swat the boy’s butt and that might bring him to his senses, Herb hoped.

Herb’s wife Mary was not a happy woman. She had despaired of her son’s behaviour for years and was at her wits’ end figuring out what to do. She had even asked the advice of the family’s pastor. Given the chance the pastor would have taken the boy to the woodshed himself and whipped a razor strop across his bare ass, but he couldn’t tell her that. In his experience mothers were always reluctant for their sons to be spanked, regardless that the Good Book said, “Spare the rod and spoil the child.” Was it any wonder the children grew up to be thugs, when mothers spoilt them like that?

Mary’s shame at her son’s behaviour and his suspension was real. What, she thought, would the neighbours say? Herb was embarrassed too, but this was mostly because he had no idea what he should do with Ryan.

“We should ground him for a month,” his wife said, “longer even.”

Those words pulled Herb up sharply. “Ground him.” That was what that kid said on Talk Radio. He had said his mother would ground him but she wouldn’t stick to it. “I think my dad should deal
with me the old fashioned way. A proper spanking is what I need,” he had said.

Things could not go on like this. Ryan was wasting his life. He was lazy, disrespectful, and now he had brought disgrace to the family. Something had to be done. But what?

“You must speak to the boy,” his wife told him.

“Yes, alright,” he replied with great irritation. Why was he the one who had to do this? “But what am I supposed to say to him?”

Herb was expected to have a man-to-man talk with his eighteen-year-old son. He must tell him he had behaved badly and needed to be punished. Should he treat him like an adult and ask Ryan what punishment he thought he deserved?

What if he agreed with that kid on the radio? Herb blushed scarlet at the thought of it. He was too embarrassed to have that kind of conversation with his son.

The ringing of the telephone interrupted his thoughts. It was Matt McMillan calling to ask a very personal question.

Matt was the father of Dwight McMillan, Ryan’s best buddy. It was news to Herb, but Dwight had also been suspended from school with Ryan. Matt told him the two boys had been skipping school and the rare times they were in classes they were a disruptive influence.
“What are you going to do to Ryan?” Matt asked. Herb understood the question, but pretended not to.

“I think Dwight needs a warm whipping, but what do you think? Is he too old? I don’t know what to do,” Matt asked, genuinely wanting help.

Herb’s mumbling was no reply at all, so Matt continued, “I’ve whopped his ass in the past. I think it worked most times. But, I’m not sure now. He’s way out of line. Maybe he needs another trip over my knee. What do you think?”

Herb did not know what he thought and he wished Matt wasn’t asking him these questions. He hardly knew the man. They met sometimes at a bar or occasionally in church, that’s all.

Matt rang off the phone, still unsure what to do. Herb’s wife poured him a cup of coffee and went into the next room to watch her program on TV.

As he sipped the hot coffee, Herb recounted in his mind the past day or so. It had never once occurred to him to spank his son, but he was not sure why. He had supposed that nobody did that kind of thing these days and everyone thought it was unacceptable to punish children that way. He had learned a lot recently. Rather than be the norm, he now realised he was the one out of step. They all spanked their kids and they all thought it was not only acceptable, but it was their duty to make sure
they grew up to become respectable adults and good citizens.

He was coming round to the idea that maybe just this once he ought to spank Ryan. He would do it too, he told himself without much conviction. But Ryan was getting to be a big boy; would he submit himself to his father’s will? If he would not and it came to a fist fight there could be only one winner: Ryan.

An hour later the telephone rang: it was Matt McMillan back again. He seemed a bit breathless as if he had been on a long run. Herb imagined sweat was pouring off the man’s body.

“I gave him a switching,” he said, still trying to regularize his breathing.

Why are you telling me this? Herb kept his thoughts to himself, but he really did not want to hear this.

Mr. McMillan had cut a switch from the back yard and confronted Dwight with it. Dwight knew that what was to happen next was inevitable and he gave no resistance. That was how he came to be dressed in his pajamas, in the bedroom, kneeling on the bed with his chin on the mattress and his butt pointing to the sky.

His father would have liked to have whipped Dwight’s bare ass, but his son was clearly a man now and a degree of modesty had to be observed.
Matt McMillan’s own father had no such scruples. He knew that a bare-assed switching was a very effective punishment even for the older teen. So like father, like son. Matt had himself once been an out-of-control jock always trying to impress his friends and the girls. One night he stole his dad’s car – he didn’t even have a drivers’ license – and raced it around the town at high speed, executing handbrake turns at every corner. The inevitable happened, he was doing eighty and lost control and smashed into a tree.

He came away unscratched, but he didn’t stay that way for long. When his dad found out he cut a long switch and with the eighteen-year-old sprawled across the kitchen table he lashed into the boy’s naked buttocks. “You could have been killed! You could have been killed!” his father wailed as he cut into the boy’s flesh.

Matt thrashed his own son with less emotion, but he hoped the beating would be equally effective.

It took Herb another day to pluck up the courage to talk to Ryan. The boy had been away from the house for hours and had just returned from who-knew-where. They sat at the kitchen table sipping juice.

“Did you know Dwight’s father gave him a switching last night?” Herb did not know how he had plucked up enough courage to ask such a
question. If the boy answered where might this conversation end?

Ryan grunted and sipped at his drink some more.

“Dwight was suspended from school with you. You were both in trouble for the same thing,” Herb looked intently at his son, hoping for some reaction from him so that he did not have to finish his sentence.

Ryan was in no mood to help out his father.

Herb’s heart was racing; he was entering unchartered territory. “If that’s how Dwight was punished. How do you think you should be punished?”

Ryan had spent much of the day with Dwight and had inspected the thin welts on his bottom. There were a dozen clear cuts; it would take weeks before the lines cleared. Ryan’s mum had only grounded him for a month: he knew he had gotten off lightly.

Ryan thought the world of Dwight. They were best buddies in the way that only teenaged boys could be. Dwight had chewed him off all day about that grounding. It was not a proper punishment and he said Ryan was scared to take a whipping.

They wrestled a bit over that, but it was only pretend fighting. It was not his fault, Ryan said, that his father never spanked him. It had always been
like that. The worst Ryan got from his parents was a scolding before being sent to bed early. Ryan would like to prove himself to his buddy, but it was not his fault he father did not believe in spanking.

“So how should I punish you?” Herb asked again, trying to keep this one-sided conversation going.

He would wish that he had kept quiet.

Ryan spoke for the first time, very quietly. “I really deserve to be given a paddling instead of just grounding. A proper spanking is what I need.”

Herb spluttered into his juice. That was exactly what that kid had said on the radio. Could it be? No, Herb tried to reassure himself; Ryan never listened to anything except music radio.

“I don’t have a paddle,” Herb’s voice was a soft as his son’s.

“I could cut you a switch.”

Herb could not meet this son’s eye. Some strange reversal of roles had taken place. He should have been the one talking about switches.

“All right then, son.”

Ryan scrapped back his stool and still not daring to look at is father, he slowly walked the length of the kitchen. He had made his decision hours ago; nothing now should make him change his mind. He opened the door and went into the back yard.
A couple of minutes later he returned with a freshly-cut switch in his hand. Herb could see it was about three feet long and quite thin. His heart rate quickened and his mouth was drying.

Ryan walked through the kitchen and out into the living room next door. Herb took this as his cue to follow.

Still without speaking Ryan handed his father the switch. Herb’s hand shook slightly as he took hold of it, immediately noticing both its suppleness and whippiness.

Ryan face was flushed. If Herb had been a more astute man he would read his son’s inner turmoil. Ryan knew he had to do this for the sake of his friendship with Wayne, but he was not sure, now at the last minute, that he could go through with it. He too had noticed the springiness of the switch. As he was cutting and shaving it, he got the measure of the little beast. It might not look much, he thought as he had swished it through the air, testing its suitability, but it would leave an impressive cut. Wayne’s sliced buttocks had been testimony to that.

Ryan took a deep breath. “You should give me twelve,” he said as he unbuckled his belt, before unfastening his jeans and dropping them to his knees. Then, turning his back on his father, Ryan bent across the back of the couch presenting his ass to his father for his first-ever spanking.
If Ryan had passed his point of no return, Herb had not. There was still time to call this off. He ran his fingers across the length of the switch at the same time observing how his son’s tight briefs highlighted the round curves of his buttocks.

Herb was not sure what was happening here. His son on his own initiative was offering up his backside for severe punishment. He wanted, no probably needed, to make penitence for his misbehaviour. Did Herb have any right to deny him this?

Ryan’s buttocks twitched nervously, waiting for the first cut. He had never been beaten before, but he expected the pain to be awesome. Years of fingering Wayne’s wounds had taught him that.

Herb was not sure he could go through with this. Perhaps, he should call Matt McMillan and ask his advice.

But ask his advice on what exactly?

Damn it Herb, be a man, he told himself. Get on with it.

He had never whipped a boy with a switch before, but how difficult could it be? He stood to Ryan’s left and tapped the rod across Ryan’s two buttocks. Instinctively he knew that if he was going to beat the boy, he needed to do it with some force. He raised the switch and slashed it down right across the centre of Ryan’s bottom. The teenager let
out a gasp and stamped his legs. Yes, Herb recorded, that one had stung.

He lashed down again and again until twelve thin stripes ranged across Ryan’s globes. Mercifully, for both of them, Ryan managed to stay reasonably calm and steady throughout, so no strokes missed the target by too much. A slash across the back of the boy’s naked thighs could have put him in hospital.

As soon as number twelve landed, Ryan removed himself from the back of the couch. Herb could see he was breathing heavily and he must be in considerable pain. His eyes were moist, but no tears were flowing.

He pulled up his jeans and tightened the belt, clearly in much discomfort. Ryan clenched and unclenched his fists in an attempt to manage the pain that was coursing through his body. He desperately wanted to rub his buttocks, but not in front of his father. It was obvious to him that welts had formed and he suspected some of them might be bleeding.

Neither man knew what they were supposed to say now. “Thank you,” Ryan whispered, it seemed the right thing to say.

Herb mumbled something that could have been, “OK.”
Ryan took that as a cue to go to his room. Once upstairs, he inspected he damage. There were twelve clear lines criss-crossing the buttocks. Herb’s aim had not been so good after all. Some were turning from cherry red to blue. There were spots of blood where cuts intersected, but a damp facecloth dealt with those. The agony had receded, but they were very painful to the touch. Soon the throbbing would turn to a warm glow, but the marks would stay for many days to come. Ha! Ryan exclaimed, now he would have something to show off to his buddy Wayne.

Downstairs, Herb stood alone in the living room, still holding the switch, unsure what to do next. Five minutes must have passed before he went and threw it in the trash can.

The motion to reintroduce paddling in school was passed by a huge majority: public opinion had won. The next time Ryan and Wayne acted up at school, the principal could whop them himself and for that Herb was extremely grateful.
6 Caught in their underpants

MR WEST WAS in for a shock when he opened the front door to his house. Discarded on the floor was a white school shirt, obviously belonging to his eighteen-year-old son. Further inside was a green-and-yellow striped tie, this time abandoned across the back of a chair. A pair of grey trousers lay in the doorway between the hall and the living room.

What on earth was going on here? But, Mr. West had a sneaking suspicion. He knew his son was untidy but he had never behaved like this.

It was the middle of the day and Richard should be at school, but instead he was at home and his clothes were scattered across the house.

Voices coming from the boy’s bedroom confirmed his suspicions. This was disgraceful, Mr. West fumed; he had a girl in there. Without hesitating he marched through the house, approached the bedroom, turned the handle and threw open the door.

And there was Richard and his pal Des, dressed only in their white cotton underpants.

The boys blushed scarlet and Mr. West coloured up too – with rage.

What was going on here? Mr. West was speechless. He didn’t ask the obvious question: he was too afraid to hear the answer. Two eighteen-
year-old boys in the bedroom in their underwear, in the middle of the day: you didn’t need much imagination to work out what was it was.

Sheepishly, they stood, like naughty schoolboys caught in an act of misbehaviour. What had they been doing? If he had arrived five minutes earlier what act would he have caught them in? Or maybe they hadn’t yet started and he needed to be five minutes later to discover the full horror.

Mr. West found his voice, but he still didn’t ask the pertinent question. Instead, meekly, he inquired, “Why aren’t you two at school?”

Both boys stared at the carpet and shuffled their feet in embarrassment.

Mr. West looked at the two lads: they could easily be mistaken for brothers. They were both not much more than five feet seven inches tall and slim. They both had the severe short-back-and-sides haircuts demanded by their school. Otherwise they were quite hairless, but Mr. West could see from the bulges in the front of underpants that puberty had arrived. He tried not to notice that Richard’s pants were a little too tight, while his partner’s were slightly too large.

The boys remained silent, still blushing profusely.
Mr. West didn’t know how to handle this situation. He was sure he had caught the boys committing an act of abomination.

To give him time to think, he ordered the boys to get dressed.

Five minutes later they stood miserably in the living room, dressed in the white shirts and grey trousers of their school uniform. Neither boy had bothered to put on his tie.

Richard and Des had been friends forever. Mr. West knew they did everything together; but he had never thought for one second they also did this kind of thing.

He had a predicament; he had already decided to give his son a sound thrashing. He was eighteen years old. It wasn’t too late to beat the sin out of him. But, what about Des: Mr. West had no jurisdiction over him. Should he send him on his way unpunished? For all he knew this boy was a devil who had seduced his own son into this act of immorality.

Mr. West was not a man of the world. He could never talk to his son about sex and he had no words to express his disgust at the boy’s behaviour. He knew what the boys had been doing when he came into the house and he knew that they knew that he knew. Perhaps that was enough. Richard would
know why he was being thrashed without having it spelt out to him.

“Why are you not at school?” Mr. West returned to safer ground. He knew they had truanted and had been caught red-handed. Tearfully, they confessed this crime.

Mr. West would use this as his excuse for a spanking but Richard would know he was really being punished for something more serious.

But what was he to do about Des? Then Mr. West had an idea. The boy’s mother was a widow and she had enough to worry about without having to deal with her son’s immorality.

“Des, what would your mother say if she knew what you had been up to today?” The boy continued to stare at the floor, hoping he wasn’t really expected to answer this question.

“Don’t you think she would be ashamed?”

Still no sound from Des.

“Do you want me to tell her?”

A response at last, “Oh, no please Mr. West, please don’t tell my mother.”

Mr. West had hoped he would say this. Now he could put his plan in operation.

“I am going to thrash the pair of you to within an inch of your lives. And, Des I will not tell your mother.”
The boy sobbed quietly. Richard, who until now had scarlet cheeks, turned a deathly white.

Mr. West removed a stout plastic Lexan-type paddle from a hook on the kitchen wall, where it was kept as a constant reminder to his sons of the penalties for misbehaviour.

“Now boys, stand behind the couch.” Unnecessarily for there was only one, Mr. West pointed to a double-seated couch, furnished with dark blue cushions. It was a perfect height for eighteen-year-old boys to bend across to offer up their backsides for punishment.

Miserably, Richard and Des shuffled to the expected spot. Mr. West was an expert in corporal punishment; he had a great deal of experience beating the bottoms of miscreant boys. He knew that boys hated to be thrashed, of course they did, but Mr. West fervently believed they benefitted from the experience. He also believed in the ritual of corporal punishment: not for him the taking of a boy across his knee to be followed by a succession of swift slaps into his upturned bottom.

No, Mr. West was a man who liked to take his time. He began with a short lecture, “I am going to
Mr. West kept a stout plastic Lexan-type paddle in the kitchen,
beat you slowly and thoroughly with this paddle. You may cry out, but if you fail to maintain your position and present your bottom properly for me you will earn yourself additional penalty strokes.”

Richard gulped and felt sick. He had been thrashed by his father several times before, he knew what to expect: it would be agony and the bruises might last for weeks, but the ordeal would not kill him.

He wasn’t so sure his pal Des could take the thrashing so well. This was not helped by the appalled look on Des’s face. Richard knew his friend was never spanked at home but he had been beaten in school; there was hardly a boy who hadn’t, but seeing the look on his face made him realise that what was about to happen was going to be nothing short of dreadful for the boy.

With his little sermon out of the way, one by one the boys were instructed to prepare themselves.

“You first Richard. Please stand closer to the back of the couch and then take down your trousers and underpants.

Des watched mesmerized as Richard went over to the couch back. He admired how well his friend’s buttocks filled out the back of his grey worsted school trousers. He stared, his throat drying up, as Richard slowly unzipped his trousers and then
pulled them down until they could fall to the floor around his ankles.

Then equally as slowly, he placed his thumbs into the waistband of his underpants and pulled them down over his slim hips, past his thighs and as far as the knees.

“Now, please lean forward and bend over the couch. Place your hands on the seat cushion and keeping your legs straight push your head down as far as it will go.”

It wasn’t too difficult to comply with the order. He was just the right height.

“Legs further apart, please.” Des’s heart skipped a beat as he saw his friend’s buttocks tighten as the flesh stretched. The bum was so small, but perfectly formed. One swat from the big Lexan paddle would easily cover both cheeks at once.

“Now, you please Des.” Richard was staring face down into the soft cushion of the couch so could not see Des make his preparations. But, he would have been proud of his friend.

Guided by Richard’s example a moment ago, he had his trousers and pants at his ankles in seconds. Then, in one move that would have delighted a professional swimmer diving into the pool, he was positioned alongside his friend, with
his bared buttocks exposed to perfection for whatever Richard’s father had in store for them.

Both boys were aware of the other’s close proximity but they tried to ignore one another, instead staring ahead awaiting the first stinging swat from the plastic paddle. Richard could smell the sweet breath of his friend and recounted the taste of peppermint he had enjoyed moments before his father burst into the bedroom.

Mr. West continued with his ritual, “I expect you to stay in position until I am finished. If you move I will repeat the stroke. Understood?”

Silence, except for the heavy breathing of two eighteen-year-old schoolboys about to have their bared bottoms blistered.

“Richard, do you understand?”
“Yes.”
“Yes, what!”
“Yes, Sir!” came the required response.
“Des, do you understand?”
“Yes, Sir!” said boldly. Richard was feeling very proud of his partner-in-crime.

Mr. West took up position. In all the years punishing boys he had never been presented with four buttocks at the same time. Usually, he dealt with troublemaking teenagers one at a time, but for reasons he couldn’t quite articulate he thought it
was most appropriate for this crime for the boys to be dealt with simultaneously.

The first swat of the paddle on Richard’s naked flesh was wickedly loud and accompanied by a pitiful: Owww!

Des shrieked loudly and was admonished by Mr. West, “Shut up and take it like a man!” as the first of his swats landed and felt as if it had burned a hole through both his bum cheeks.

Both boys were screeching with pain after the third whack roasted their buttocks and enormous welts were beginning to rise. Each boy had the pattern of the Lexan emblazoned across his scorched rump.

It went on like that relentlessly until each boy had received a dozen swats. Not one inch of their exposed flesh escaped; from the top of the buttocks near the base of the spine across the poor boys’ globes and into their thighs. Neither boy had much flesh in their rear end and the paddle soon raised dark blue bruises.

So it was that two eighteen-year-old friends were thrashed to “within an inch of their lives.” Perhaps, not literally so, but the flogging would have a profound effect on them, but not in the way Mr. West might have wished. Instead it brought them closer together than he might have feared, even in his worst nightmare.
Illustrations and photographs

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