

THE SPANKING COURT



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Codes: bdsm mdom

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Preface

I am taking part in the Race to 2000 Spanks and this occurred to me; it's written from a male dominance perspective.

As ever, I love to hear feedback.

Thanks to Miss AJ from Cammies on the Floor blog for proofreading it. She is wonderful! :)

John D

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Web link: <http://www.johndstories.co.uk>

Twitter: @johndstories

Email: johndstories@gmail.com

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She looked so innocently radiant, dressed in a short plaid skirt and skimpy white blouse, and smiling virtuously at me. Her eyes were devoid of mischievousness and malevolence; she didn't look guilty. "You are accused," I barked. "Of being disrespectful to your husband."

She giggled and looked coyly at me. I felt my cock swell at her bashful expression and impish demeanour. "Me?" She asked.

I tapped stoutly on the oak desk. "You will speak when you are spoken to, unless you want contempt of the Spanking Court to be added to your charge sheet." She bowed her head respectfully as I picked up a piece of paper, reading it out in the small, intimate room. "It says that you wilfully told your husband to 'go and get it himself' when he asked you to bring him a beer from the kitchen."

"That's not true!"

"Your husband is a fine, upstanding man," I interrupted. "He would not lie." She bit her lip and smiled at me as I said this. "So how do you plead, guilty or extremely guilty?"

She gave a girlish titter and twirled her hair in her fingers. "I'm extremely guilty," she admitted with a laugh. My cock swelled a bit more as she licked her lips.

"Then as a punishment, twenty spanks of the hand, thirty spanks of the paddle and five ..."

"But ..."

"... no ten, strikes of the cane."

Her face dropped instantly and she shook her head. "I'll do a hundred spanks but please not the cane," she begged. Her eyes looked pleadingly at her sentencer but I shook my head unwaveringly by her pleas.

"Fifteen if there is any more insolence," I threatened and beckoned the young lady to my side with a wiggle of my index finger. She slowly shuffled to my side of the desk, head bowed, and I pushed my chair with the backs of my legs; she knew the rules of the spanking court and I pulled her over my outstretched knees.

She squawked as she landed on my thighs, her scarlet and green tartan skirt, riding up as my hand guided her onto my lap. A sense of power surged through me, executing a punishment onto the unspoiled rump of the lady underneath me, wriggling as I touched her.

I pushed her skirt above her waist and I gently rubbed her cotton coated bum, soft and peachy to the touch. She clenched her buttocks the moment my hands made contact, but I wasn't ready to smack her just yet. I adored the softness of her flesh, stroking and patting it for a few moments; it felt wonderfully sensual, but I had a job to do.

I tugged down her knickers painfully, causing her to squeal in discomfort as I roughly removed them: she should know to never turn up to my courtroom with underwear and I contemplated further hits of the paddle or cane as a punishment to serve as a reminder. "Only good girls wear knickers," I reminded the errant woman as hand came down on her left buttock. "And you're no good girl."

I didn't hit her hard, just enough to warm and blush the skin; it is never fair to hit the young ladies in my courtroom exceedingly hard: that's up to their husbands or partners in the bedroom. In all my years as Judge, only three women had ever received the whip that hung on the wall, guaranteed to strike fear in even the most uncontrollable of women.

She barely made a whimper: she knew that the twenty spanks of the hand would be easy

for her to take. I struck her right buttock equally as hard, before adopting a quick tempo on her unfettered butt, increasing in intensity as each strike of the hand met her skin with a loud smack that filled the room.

She squeaked in pain as I neared the end of the twenty, my cock filled with blood as I turned her skin a blushed red; I loved spanking this minx when she wriggled against my erection.

“Now hands on my desk,” I ordered in a dictatorial tone; it was important to be assertive with her and she grumbled as she steadied herself on the wall behind me.

“But, I’ve learned my lesson,” she begged. It was part of her game, she did this every time, but I ignored the pleading eyes and hopeful grin as I reached for the stout wooden paddles. I hesitated as I looked over my shoulders: there was a defiance in her body language that I needed to squash and my fingers reached for the widest paddle with a large split down the middle. “Oh no, please,” she begged, standing up to face me.

“Hands on the desk or I’ll double the amount,” I warned as I rubbed the paddle with my hand. It was a gloriously smooth implement of pain that I had used several times on her before; we both knew her bum would be tender all day and her eyes traced my forearm down to my grip and the paddle. She gave a little whimper.

“But I really have learned my lesson,” she pleaded. “I promise I won’t do it again.” I was not interested in her pleas; she knew the rules when she consented to be bound by the decisions of the Spanking Court and her cheekiness a few moments ago had disappeared. I grabbed hold of her shoulder and pushed her on the desk.

She squirmed and struggled against my hand, but I held her firmly in place while I put the paddle next to her and pulled her skirt, causing the fasteners to break: it had done that many times before and her repair jobs appeared to be getting less robust. “You make one move and I’ll treble the sentence,” I shouted, my calm assertiveness being tested.

I took a deep breath. It was not wise to issue punishments when my blood was up and I picked up my paddle, rubbing her exposed bottom with the paddle, stalling for time as I composed myself. “Don’t move a muscle,” I added, my left hand still resting on her back to remind her that I could and would force her into submitting if she made me.

The first few hits were always more gentle as even the most hardened of wrongdoers require easing into their punishment. She gave a gentle grunt as the first strikes landed, exhaling a gentle puff with each one as if she was letting the pain escape her body as she breathed out.

She steadied herself; she knew what was coming and instead of pulling the paddle back half-a-foot, I started bringing it back further and further. The sound reverberated in my court room as she squealed with every hit. Instead of being slightly red, her buttocks glowed with anguish as I alternated each side of her rump. She was suffering and I pressed down with my left hand on her body, to remind her that I was still able to hold her down if she resisted.

“Ten,” I called out to her and gently rubbed her abused rump with the paddle; she could use one of the court safewords if she needed to, but things had never gone that far. I knew where her limits were and I was nowhere near. Her hands relaxed as the paddle soothed her lightly ruddled skin: no longer squeezed into fists but open handed. “Breathe slowly,” I reminded her, watching as she took deep breaths.

“Ahhhh,” she squealed as I brought the paddle down on her rear, a bit harder than I had planned to. “Ahhh ... fuck, it hurts so bad.”

“It’s meant to,” I said with a smile on my face.

"But I promise I've learned my ... ahhh fuck!" Her hands were squeezed into tight fists as my paddle played a painful tune on my victim's backside. She squealed and begged me, my cock fully erect as she pleaded unsuccessfully to end her torment.

"And fifteen," I cried, hitting her harder than before. She struggled against my left hand, and I shifted my body weight, pinning her onto the desk. The little cock tease was desperate for me to end her punishment but she needed to be taught a lesson and I pounded her bum mercilessly.

The thump of the paddles on her clenched buttocks followed by her screams, carried around the room and outside my study door; they would intimidate anyone. My victim was screeching in pain, begging profusely as the paddle slapped angrily against her skin.

"And that's twenty-five," I called and gently rubbed her abused bottom causing her to flinch; it would be sore all day and I encouraged her to moderate her breathing. A bead of sweat had formed on my forehead and I realised just how much effort I had put into her punishment, not that she appreciated it. "Just a few more."

She grumbled something under her breath and I pretended I didn't hear anything. Instead, I brought the paddle down firmly on her skin, causing her to yell a profanity as her punishment continued. It was for her own good, I reminded the disobedient wife, swinging my weapon across her exposed rear for a 27th time. Her skin was radiant and it was clear to anyone that she had been punished, as if she was an errant schoolchild from the Victorian days.

She shrieked with number 28, landing squarely on her left buttock and took a deep breath: the last two hits of any paddling I had ever given her were always more intense and I brought the paddle down gently on her right buttock, causing her to flinch in expectation.

She breathed an audible sigh of relief as it gently rubbed her skin before I hit her left cheek mercilessly with force and vigour. Her screams filled the room, as she slumped forward on the desk, crying out in agony. Her behind was bright red, clearly exceedingly painful and burning with extreme tenderness but I stepped away and retrieved the stout wooden cane.

"Please, no!" She cried but I pointed to the desk as she scrambled away from me.

"Now," I demanded but she shook her head.

"Please, I promise I'll be a good girl. I won't do it again," she begged and the bottomless woman put a desk between herself and me. As with any good judge, I was not going to stand for that level of insolence and gave her one last chance to submit to her punishment.

"Can't do the time, don't do the crime." She rubbed her eyes and shook her head; I reminded her of the consequences of failing to finish a punishment and smacked the desk with the cane, menacingly. She gulped, taking little steps towards me, edging towards the final phase of her punishment.

I grabbed hold of her arm and pulled her towards me, causing her to cry out in pain. "That hurts," she moaned.

"Not half as much as the cane will." I pushed her against the desk and forced her torso against the wooden furniture. She resisted, begging me to stop, but the little minx was in trouble.

I waited for a few seconds to see if there was a safeword, but none was forthcoming: her resistance was part of her personality and I brought the cane down hard on her much abused rear. She screamed: the cane was excruciating, but it was necessary.

I needed to assert my authority over her: she was testing me with her resistance and I needed to show her that I was in control. I could not countenance such disobedience and I

would not brook any challenge to my imperium. She was in trouble.

The second stroke of the cane caused the struggling woman to yell abuse at me, the bright scarlet slashes across her rear glowing in the sea of soft crimson flesh. She pushed up with her body, desperately trying to free herself but I launched a third and then a fourth hit in quick succession. Her body convulsed with shock at the firmness of the strikes and I listened for a safeword between her yells.

I was kind and did not increase the power behind my next five hits, but the caning still caused her to squirm and shout as the thin wood struck her raw flesh.

She scrambled free of my grip as number nine landed on her buttocks and shook her head at me. "No more, please," she begged. I raised my eyebrows at her, pointing at the desk with the thin wood. "Please, I promise I won't ..."

I looked at her and grabbed hold of her arm, pulling the bottomless woman onto the desk. She wriggled free but I grabbed her forearm for a second time, and looked into her fearful eyes, pushing her across the desk roughly. Her butt was painfully red from the fierce thrashing it had received, but she needed to submit to the last strike of the cane.

She begged and pleaded, struggled, writhed and fought, desperate not to subjugate herself to my will. She kicked her legs and twisted her arms; even by her standards she was being lively in her resistance, but there was still no safeword.

I gave her a few seconds of thinking time, as I held her shoulder down with my left hand before leaning across her body to lightly tap her buttocks with the cane. "Number ten," I called and threw the cane onto the desk with a loud noise. She knew I was disarmed as I released my grip on her body.

She lay motionless for a few seconds, clearly spent from the exertion before rising to her feet. I pointed to the other side of the desk as I straightened my clothes, watching as her blouse barely covered her clearly punished bottom.

"Now, you won't be doing that again, will you?"

She shook her head as I sat down on the desk, my underpants soaking wet with pre-cum from my unaddressed erection. "No," she promised.

"And you will look after your husband, won't you?"

She nodded and smiled. "I'll give him a blowjob later," she promised. "To say sorry. And I'll gently rub my hands along his shaft and caress his lovely, smooth balls as my tongue tickles his bell end and ..." She smiled at my expression: I was already horny and she was deliberately teasing.

"Enough ... lewdness in court." I wondered briefly if I should issue a new punishment for her indecency in my courtroom but the coy look from made me relent. "That'll be all. Send in Mrs Jones," I demanded as the cheeky lady reached for the door to the oak-panelled room; there would be a plethora of women sitting outside my small study, awaiting judgement in my Spanking Court. She flashed a smile at me and nodded as I picked up the file of my next case: a wife who had refused oral sex to her husband, my neighbour.

"Sure," she muttered and flashed her bright red buttocks at me, and I watched with a smile, as my wife left my study to go to work.