RedTails : The Ringtailed Terror - Chapter 1

By Scarletdown

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Calypso, a young Furling Raccoon secretly witnesses her best friend getting spanked.

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RedTails : Awakenings The Ringtailed Terror By Scarletdown Chapter I - A Lunchtime Lesson Calypso huffed indignantly, pacing up and down the dirt path which meandered through the schoolyard's colorful garden. The swishing of her bushy, ring-striped tail betrayed her impatience as she clasped her dainty paws behind her back and grumbled to herself. "What's the holdup, Koney? We have a Kalah game to finish before lunch break ends." She paused to gaze longingly at the game board sitting abandoned on the log table among the bright fragrant flowers. Only five minutes, Koney had assured her. Her daddy needed to talk to her about some little matter and then she would be back in no more than five minutes. "Hah! Five minutes my ass," the young Furling growled, "Humans have a twisted sense of time. Been almost five minutes and forty seconds already. At this rate, I'll be nearly twelve by the time we finish our game!" She stared again at the unfinished game as if planning what her next move. The little green, red, amber, and blue tokens lay in their shallow pits, glittering like little gemstones as the light of the midday sun touched them. Her bright green eyes narrowed with righteous indignation as she finally declared, "Two more minutes; that's all I'll give her, then I let Koney have it." Ten seconds later, the feisty Raccoon was stalking up the path, heading around to the front of the schoolhouse to find her overdue friend. "And I was winning this time too," she grumped. Calypso partially concealed herself behind a bush a few paces away from the headmaster's window and craned her neck so she could see inside. Sure enough, there was her friend standing in the

middle of the room and the headmaster sitting behind his desk. Judging by Koney's stance; feet spread, hands clasped behind her back, and head bowed submissively, the Raccoon guessed that the headmaster must be doing most of the talking and Koney doing most of the listening, acknowledging with the occasional nod of her raven-hair veiled head. "Oh," Calypso mused to herself, softly so as not to be overheard. She understood now why her girlfriend was running late, "Looks like Koney got herself into trouble again. I wonder what she did this time?" She was unable to ascertain what the two of them were saying. They were speaking just a little too softly for her to hear more than a low murmur. With her curiosity getting the best of her, Calypso made to move in closer. As she was creeping out of her place of concealment, she was forced to pause and make sense of what she was now witnessing. "What the hell?" she asked no one in particular, "Now what are they doing?" It looked like they were finished in there, but instead of dismissing Koney so she and Calypso could finish their Kalah game, the headmaster stood up and removed the riding paddle hanging on the wall behind him. He walked solemnly around to the front of the desk, sat down on its smooth hard surface, and patted his knee. "This must be some sort of Human ritual," the entranced Raccoon deduced as her girlfriend nervously approached the desk and positioned herself face down across her daddy's lap, "Prolly some sort of religious rite." She continued her quiet observation, strangely fascinated by the proceedings unfolding before her eyes. The headmaster waited a moment or two for his daughter to make a few minor adjustments for comfort, at least as much comfort as her present position would allow. He then he folded up the skirt portion of her tunic, and tucked the hem into her belt so her smooth, plush bottom was exposed. Calypso's eyes went unbelievably wide when he next placed his free hand firmly against the small of Koney's back and brought the riding paddle up high over his head. He held it there for a brief yet interminable moment. Then in one swift motion, the paddle traced a graceful arc down through the air, coming abruptly to rest on the girl's bare butt with a resounding smack, striking evenly across both cheeks. As far as the stunned Furling could determine, Koney reacted with barely a flinch, "They must do this ritual on a regular basis," she thought. The paddle descended a second time, landing solidly on the right side of Koney's behind and followed by a matching blow on the opposite flank. Calypso rubbed her own furry rump in sympathy as she watched this bizarre, mysterious rear assault her best friend was submitting herself to. "That's gotta really hurt. Koney must have alotta discipline to take that without squirming or screaming." She kept her gaze fixed on the action focused on her friend's south end. The headmaster's paddle struck again and again, assuming a slow and steady beat, with the resounding slap of bonsai wood against bare, furless flesh echoing throughout the calm midday air. Wholly entranced, Calypso found herself counting the swats as they came down. The headmaster wielded the riding paddle like an artist with his brush and his daughter's soft ass his canvas. He tirelessly alternated left, right, and across the middle, letting the board rest for a brief moment on the point of impact before bringing it up for the next smack. On the stroke of ten, Koney was finally starting to squirm on her daddy's lap, "Impressive," Calypso whispered, "Didn't think she would last that long before starting to struggle. Must take alotta endurance." The fifteenth and final swat, noticeably harder than the previous fourteen, at last elicited an audible whimper from the girl. "Whatever this ritual means, I bet Koney just

racked up some really good khaea." The ritual ended with the headmaster gently and affectionately patting Koney's sore bottom and then releasing the hem of her skirt from her belt. He helped her to her feet and gave her a strong fatherly hug, wiping tears from the girl's soft golden-tan face. After a minute or two, he walked Koney to the door and with one final swat of the riding paddle, sent her walking stiffly out to enjoy the remainder of the midday break. Calypso quickly returned to the forgotten Kalah board, her mind swimming with questions. However, she had a feeling that what she just witnessed was intended to be a private affair, and Koney would probably be highly embarrassed if she knew that her friend had secretly watched her get her butt beat. "About bloody time you got back," Calypso scolded as her friend hobbled down the flower-lined path, "I was starting to think you were gonna blow the entire break yakkin' with yer dad." Koney gave the uppity Raccoon a pained smile and brushed back a stray lock of hair from her face, "A score of apologies, Calypso-Chan," she offered, her voice soft and carrying an underlying natural gentleness enhanced by her Nasheenese accent, "I did not suspect that I would take so long. Daddy had some important issues he needed to address." "Issues he needed ta address on yer butt, you mean?" Calypso translated, forgetting her decision moments before to not embarrass her friend. "What was that all about anyway?" Koney was caught completely off guard by her young friend's rather personal question. She blinked then blushed as Calypso's words hit her, "Oh, blaze," she moaned, burying her face in her hands to conceal the reddening forming in her cheeks, "You saw me get spanked?" Calypso nodded, "Spanked? Ya mean that thing yer dad did with the riding paddle?" she innocently combed her fingers through her hair as she confessed to watching the entire ordeal, "I always wunnered why he kept that thing on his wall behind the desk." Koney uncovered her face and smiled sheepishly at her young furry friend, "Yes, Calypso; that is what it's for. Daddy always uses that particular riding paddle whenever he summons me for a spanking. It has actually been in our family and handed down to the first born for countless generations. I suppose you might call it a family heirloom," she added. "Or in this case," Calypso corrected her, just barely managing to stifle a girlish giggle, "a family rearloom." "Tushé, Calypso. Tushé," Koney laughed, countering pun with pun. "But seriously," the Raccoon girl pressed on, eager to learn more about this phenomenon, "What is the story behind this...what did you call it...spanking? Is it a religious ritual of sorts?" Koney laughed again amused at her young friend's naivety, "No no no, it's not a religious activity, although there are several orders where the members practice spanking in various forms, revering it as a blessed event." "Then it's more of a family tradition," was Calypso's next guess, her confusion and curiosity still unsated. Koney nodded thoughtfully, "Yes, I suppose it could be viewed in that light. However, daddy does not spank me merely for the sake of tradition." The Raccoon, listening intently, gave Koney her full undivided attention as she began an impromptu lesson in familyology. "When daddy paddles my bottom," she explained, "I am being disciplined because I misbehaved in some fashion. In this case, he spanked me because I was fifteen minutes late for school this morning." "And is that why he struck yer butt fifteen times?" Calypso asked, "once for each minute you were late?" "That is a very good guess," Koney replied, "You seem to be quick to pick up on obscure patterns." Calypso was beaming; feeling quite pleased with her powers of logic and deduction, "Thankses. I thought it was obvious." "As I was saying," Koney continued, "That was a

very good guess. However, it was a very wrong guess as well. The fifteen had a deeper significance than just the number of minutes late." "Uh-huh," Calypso nodded, still listening intently to her friend. You see, normally when a student is late for class, she is bent over my daddy's desk and is given five swats, plus one for every three minutes she was late." "Which means," Calypso added after doing some quick mental math, "had it been me instead of you, the paddle woulda hit ma butt ten times instead of fifteen." "Not only are you quick with logic, Calypso-Chan," Koney laughed again, "I see you are quick with math as well. Anyway, when daddy spanks me, he always gives me a bare minimum of fifteen swats because of my age. This is a tradition which he initiated three years ago with my sisters, my brother, and myself, one swat for each year." "Which means next year, the least you can expect is sixteen," Calypso concluded, stating the obvious only to help her keep all the information she was absorbing in order. "Daddy believes that as we get older," Koney continued, "that we should take on more responsibility and maturity. So when our behavior is immature and irresponsible, then we can expect the consequences to increase in intensity." Calypso had still more questions to be answered before her curiosity could be sated, "But why spanking?" she pressed on, "Why does your daddy whack your bare bottom instead of giving you more useful punishments like extra chores or more homework?" "He does that too," Koney assured her, "But no matter what punishment he declares, the paddle is always included as part of the package." "So you get punished twice each time?" Calypso shook her head, "That doesn't seem fair." "It is all one punishment," Koney corrected her, "But it is administered in two parts. The spanking, which is painful yet harmless, gives us something physical that we would want to avoid; and that fear helps keep our behavior good. The other part of the punishment, the extra work or confinement helps to keep you busy so that you stay out of further trouble for a period of time. The second part may also include a loss of some privileges as well, which would be a lesson in responsibility." "That part I understand," Calypso cut in, "That is how my daddy deals with me when I've been bad. The amount of freedoms I have depends on how responsible or irresponsible my behavior has been." "Exactly. When you are younger, you are kept on a shorter leash so to speak. As you get older and take on more maturity and responsibility, the leash is lengthened and you get to do more of what you want to do. But when you are older and don't act it, the leash gets reeled in and you are treated at the same age level presented by your behavior." "That makes perfect sense," Calypso agreed, "But I get the feeling that there is more to this spanking ritual that I do not yet unnerstan. Is there more that you can tell me?" Koney nodded and thought about it for a moment, "I will try. First, and this may confuse you even more when I say this; when daddy spanks me, he spanks me because he loves me." Calypso blinked twice and scratched her head, "You're right, Koney. You did confuse me more. How can pulling you over his lap, lifting your skirt and beating your bare bottom with a riding paddle be translated to mean I love you? You Humans sure have some strange customs." She shook her head in disbelief. "Well...it's not quite the way it sounds," Koney paused, searching for the most accurate explanation she could put together. "As an analogy, does your daddy ever give you a loving pat on the rump?" Calypso nodded. "How does that make you feel?" After several moments thought, Calypso said, "Hmmm... I would hafta say that he makes me feel calm and safe when he does that. Like when mama dis'peared I was very sad and scared. Daddy

had me talk it out at him, and then when I was done, he gave me a big hug and several patpats onna rump. At that moment, when I felt his strong paw tenderly caressing my bottom, I felt a overwhelming sense of peace, an I knew then that mama was going to be found safely an everything was going ta work out inna end." "Yes," Koney said, "That is called a love pat. No one is absolutely certain why it works the way it does, but most believe that your bottom is one of the most intimate areas of your body. It's a territory that most people allow very few others to touch at will, normally limited to family, close friends, and lovers." "Oh, that's sumthin I never thought about before," the Raccoon said, "Now that you mention it, the only people who ever pat or squeeze my butt are daddy, grammie, grampie, you and Breckke; the five people I'm closest to and trust the most." Koney nodded agreement, as her friend began catching on to the direction this unplanned lesson was going, "Now spanking is a similar concept," she went on, "Just like the love pat, getting spanked is a highly personal and intimate experience." "But your daddy spanks other kids in his chamber," Calypso pointed out, "yet I don't s'pose he gives them pats onna rump like he does with you?" "Okay, so spanking isn't quite as personal an experience as a love pat," Koney shrugged, amending her previous statement, "But it is still moreso than other forms of disciplining. Also, there are differences between the way daddy spanks me, my brother and sisters, and our mother and the way he spanks other peoples' kids. And before you ask, yes; since daddy is the head of our household, mom is just as susceptible to the paddle as the rest of us." "For some odd reason, that does not surprise me," Calypso said, "So then, would the amount of cover or lack of cover be one of the differences? I noticed that before he paddled you he first pulled up your skirt to expose your bare butt." "Actually no," Koney replied, "whether or not your bottom is bared when you get paddled depends primarily on the reason you are getting it in the first place." "Well," the inquisitive Raccoon pressed on, "what if your butt is normally bare anyway, like myself and many other Furlings who prefer to not wear clothing?" She innocently turned around, raised her tail, and bent over to show her girlfriend her furry, yet unclothed rear end for emphasis. Koney giggled, giving Calypso's exposed behind a couple patpats and a squeeze, "Then that is how you would get spanked," she said matter-of-factly, "Daddy doesn't keep a tunic or skirt in his desk for kids to wear just so they can be paddled with a covering on." It's a good thing then that us Furlings have fur there then to provide some padding," Calypso said, standing back up and turning to face her friend. "So then, what are the differences?" "For one thing," Koney began, "daddy sometimes just uses his open hand to spank us, sort of similar to a love pat." "Only harder," Calypso finished the thought for Koney, "And he always spanks other kids with the paddle only?" "Oh, not at all," she corrected her, "The paddle is only one, and the mildest, of several spanking tools he might use. If you ever get sent to his chamber, you could find yourself on the receiving end of a leather strap, riding crop, bonsai wood switch, one of several different types of whips, or even a shock wand if you have done something really bad." Calypso winced at the painful possibilities her friend just rattled off to her, "So then as part of the punishment, does he make you choose your means of doom?" "He does sometimes," Koney replied, "but normally, what determines the tool is the same as what determines the number of swats you get and whether or not your bottom is bare or covered." "In other words," the perceptive Raccoon concluded, "The tool he uses on your ass is largely determined by the reason

you are being punished in the first place. And some of the tools hurt more than others, I would assume?" "Uh-huh," Koney nodded,"gingerly rubbing her still sore behind, "Each different tool leaves its own distinguishing mark on your butt, and each one delivers a different caliber of pain; both upon the initial strike as well as afterward. Both the visible effects and the lingering soreness can sometimes last for hours, serving as a long term reminder of what you did to get punished." "I see what you mean," Calypso remarked, whistling softly in wonder as she lifted her girlfriend's skirt and touched her fingers to Koney's reddened rump. "Calypso!" a very surprised and embarrassed Koney gasped, "What are you?..." "Wow! That's hot," Calypso said. She looked up at Koney, then back down at her rump, "and it matches the color of your face right now too." Koney blushed even deeper, "Calypso, you shouldn't be doing that. That's rather rude, y'know." "But Koney, just a coupa minutes ago you were saying that I could pat your butt any time," the once again confused Raccoon argued, paraphrasing the older girl's earlier words. "Close friends and all, y'know?" "Uhm, yes," Koney conceded, "But out here in public where any passersby can look and see that I've been spanked," she looked around to make certain no one was around, "That is just far too embarrassing." "So is embarrassment a part of the punishment as well?" Calypso asked. She released Koney's skirt, letting it drop back into place over her hot crimson bottom. Koney nodded again, her face returning to its normal light tan shade now that her south end was no longer exposed for all to see. "And does it still hurt?" the inquisitive Raccoon continued her interrogation. "Oh yes," Koney replied, "It hurts a lot right now. In fact, sitting will probably be an uncomfortable task until well after toady’s classes are finished. She rubbed her ass again then said, "We better get ready to go in soon, or we will both be paying a visit together to daddy's chamber." The two girlfriends began packing up the unfinished and forgotten Kalah game, placing the gem-like stones in the draw stringed leather pouch hanging from Koney's belt. Calypso picked up and folded the game board, securing it under her arm, and then the two girls headed up the path, ready for their afternoon class session. "Any other differences?" Calypso asked as they walked together. The little Raccoon's curiosity seemed incurable. "Only one," Koney replied, "The position you assume when you get spanked. Other kids either brace themselves against daddy's desk or bend over in the middle of the room." "But his own kids always go over his lap. Right?" Calypso concluded. "Almost always," Koney corrected her. "That personal contact thing again?" "Yes, it is that personal contact thing again." "And all of this, this entire ritual, all this pained attention focused on your bottom; it's all because your daddy loves you?" "Exactly," Koney replied, as if it was plainly obvious. She put her arm around her furry little friend as they walked together down the hall to their classroom. "It is all because daddy loves me."

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