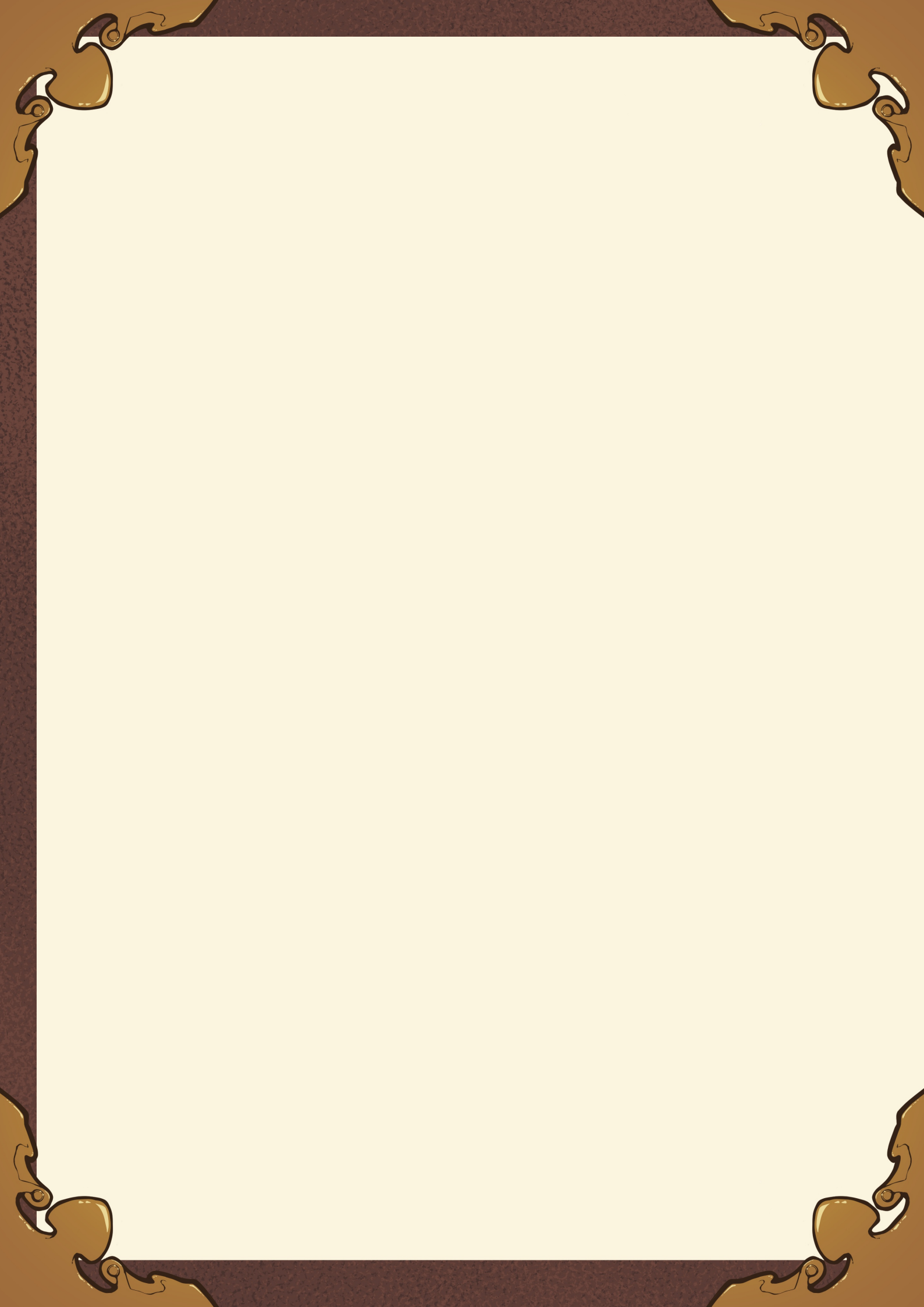


An Account of the long Travels of a Cleric of Oberon



On maintaining Discipline and Order
with Womenfolk in the adventuring Party



An Account of the long Travels of a Cleric of Oberon

OR

On maintaining Discipline and Order with Womenfolk in the adventuring Party



being a true and helpful Account of Events and
Adventures, containing most useful Methods and Advice,
faithfully recorded, such that it might be of Assistance as
it concerns the Necessity of maintaining good and orderly
Behaviour amongst Women

Compiled and preserved for the
Furtherance of **Oberon's** Teachings

An Author's Word

Constant and stubborn work will surmount everything.

~ an ancient proverb

Remember this proverb, fellow clerics of **Oberon**. We who have sworn oaths to maintain peace among our traveling companions, and guide them back to the safety of their doorsteps. It is your constant and stubborn work that will surmount all obstacles to harmony among your companions.

Is there any creature more stubborn than the kind of woman who mastered the sword to protect her land and people, all the while having been told she was better suited to a more gentle occupation? Or a rogue who would crawl into a dragon's den to sneak out with a jewelled pendant in her pocket to match a new dress? And are these not the sort that always find their way into adventuring parties?

When a woman companion sows discord among her comrades, or makes the whole lot fret over her unpredictable outbursts and reckless behaviour, the best course of action is to strip her from the waist down and spank her bared bottom, either with your own hand or some kind of instrument that will sting enough to make her cry out. There are paddles made specifically for this purpose, but a sturdy wooden spoon or hairbrush works just as well. And even while you are traveling light, as long as there are trees, you can have her cut a light branch and fashion a switch that will dissolve her stubbornness in an instant.

It is an art to know how hard and how long and what way to spank an errant comrade, but fortunately it's an easy art to master, if you know to look for one important thing ~ whether or not she is contrite. When you are about to spank her, it will be easy to

tell if she is already contrite, or if she needs to be made so.

If she knows her punishment is earned, and she willingly submits to it, you should spank her until she starts to twist and whimper, and perhaps longer, depending on your judgement. If this is all it takes to make her behave, rejoice that she has joined your party, for there are few such gentlewomen among adventuring folk.

More likely she will show little to no remorse at all when you take her aside to chastise her, and will balk at the idea that she should bare her bottom for a spanking. She is a grown woman, she will scream at you. She will say that you have no right.

But, you will tell her, you have been given this right by the highest power ~ the will of **Oberon**. Even if she herself does not recognise **Oberon's** authority, she has submitted to your leadership by entering the adventuring party in return for your knowledge of healing magic, and your ear for the songs of all the living things of **Maia**.

As **Oberon** has written, a woman's will can be strong enough to crush kingdoms to dust; a terrible power for good or ill. It is thus our duty, fellow clerics, to turn her will to good! Left undisciplined, a spoiled or treacherous woman turns her will toward mischief, and sours the harmony you have so carefully cultivated among your companions. You must correct her swiftly and assiduously, before damage is done to your companions' spirits. Do not let something as trifling as a young lady's sassy mouth give rise to endless, tiresome bickering and steal the good memories of camaraderie you could have had.

Take heed, disciples of **Oberon**! It is only through constant and stubborn work that you will fulfil your oath to your companions. Through my own trials I have learned much, and now I shall pass these four tales onto you, so that you might learn and teach, and not suffer my hardship.

Account the first

Genevieve

First I shall tell you the story of how I was taught the best way to keep feisty, impulsive women safe and amiable.

One of my adventuring companions was a wood elf named Genevieve, a crafty rogue. There's not a trap she can't disarm or a lock she cannot open, and no manner of mechanism too elaborate or arcane for her cunning. She travels from her home deep in the inland forests to collect seashells, fills her luggage with them during her campaigns and brings them back to her hometown, knowing that many of them will be made into the sort of iridescent beads she loves to wear in her braids. She'd taken a quest with me, thinking herself to venture to the jagged, rocky coasts of the Darkwater Sea, where she could have her pick of the strange and lovely gifts it offers.

For you see, she is of a tribe of wood elves; used to navigating treacherous freshwater rivers that run swift over rocks and falls, rudder in one hand, spear in the other, catching fish in the springtime as they make their seasonal travels over the ancient paths through their forests. And such was her apprehension of a voyage to the Darkwater, that she could take it as lightly as she takes the creeks of her homeland forest. But I had travelled many times to the lonely island of Limnil, a haven in the middle of the terrible Darkwater Sea, and know its many dangers well. I would tell her, a river-raft on those treacherous black waters would surely be split and dashed, that is if some Thing did not drag her down first. But still she would talk of sailing the rocky coasts, armed with spear and dagger, more given to the thought of shells and coral of colours she'd never seen before. I was sure I could talk her out of it before we'd travelled far, or I'd never have brought her into the adventuring party.

But what a stubborn creature is that Genevieve! Again and again she talked of rafts and sailing before the ocean even drew near, and never did she listen to me as I told her to stay away from the deadly waves of Darkwater. Her love of pretty things blinded

her to a danger she would have otherwise seen - the sort of girl who begins to dance before the first chime of the bard's timbrel has rung.

Our party was a day's march from the coast. We had purses that Genevieve filled with gold coins picked from a chest meant for demonic empire's army, so we could stop at a tavern to make our journey light even in this strange place. Heed my word! Should you ever venture out of the old forest, it is well worth it to learn to deal in empire's coin and the customs by which they trade it, noxious as they are, for it will make your party more agreeable to the folk living in the empire's shadow.

Yet I could hear mother **Maia's** discordant melodies about Genevieve, of her foolish plans to make a raft of driftwood to see what she can find at the base of the cliffs by Darkwater Sea. I took a hot apple cider out onto the porch, to listen to the crickets in the tall grass and try to think of other things for a short while, so I would be clear of mind when I confronted her again.

I spoke with the innkeeper while he swept. He was a shapeshifter in the guise of an enormous wolf-man, though I do not know his true form. He seemed fond of us, no doubt aided by our gold, and was willing to share in a conversation with me. He showed me a heavy wooden paddle, of very clever and artificial making, drilled full of neat and even holes, hanging by the back door. 'Twas for his wife, he told me, who had similar predilections as Genevieve, and also needed to be taught to mind the worry and distress of others.

He told me how he had his wife strip and bend over the porch railing for a paddling when she got the idea to go down into an old mine to look for gemstones to wear about her neck. Since the fear of getting trapped in a collapsed mine shaft clearly wasn't enough to dissuade her, he said to me, he had to give her something she would be fearful of, for all of her long life. He besought me to do the same for Genevieve.

I wondered, could I so roughly handle such a small and delicate person, so much weaker than myself? One who trusts me to guard her through all of our journey, unharmed, until she arrives again at her doorstep? Should I do as the he bids me? Should I strip her, hold her in place if I must, and spank her until she has no choice but to listen to reason? And if she will not understand reason even then, whip her bared bottom with a willow branch until she's too afraid to disobey me until the end of our campaign? For such was the innkeeper's advice.

He finished his sweeping. "Think thee of it this way - will it not be more pleasant even for Genevieve? Would it not be better for her to have such foolishness spanked out of her, so that you may all do as you please, rather than have thee follow her every move to make sure she does not go near Darkwater Sea? Wilt thou truly ever be able to take thine eyes off her until your journey's end, if thou makest not sure she shall be safe? How unhappy this will make her and thyself! And thine attention will be taken from the rest of thy comrades as well! All of thy comrades will suffer for it if thou dost not chastise her thoroughly."

Surely, it was **Oberon's** will that I meet this innkeeper, and hear his words! For though his lesson is in keeping with **Oberon's** teachings, I am yet to hear it discussed in our midst. That is why I am writing this, fellow clerics! Let us weave it into our songs! I have seen what harmony can be achieved this way, and you too shall understand if you read my words in full, and do as I instruct.

The innkeeper had bidden me to use the paddle if it came to that, so I took it with me when I went to look for Genevieve. She was in the common room, showing an impressed audience the oddly shaped tools she carried to pick locks, and how to use them. I stood at the edge of her circle, arms crossed, expression impatient, waiting for her to offer to meet me later as she normally would when I'd come to her this way. Her eyes locked on mine for only a moment, and I could see she fear flash behind her eyes before she could hide it, and then she never looked my way again. I guessed at what I later came to know was true - she had overheard some part of my talk with the innkeeper, and knew that I was set to spank her if she still intended to sail on Darkwater Sea.

"I'll have a word with thee when thou art done here, Genevieve."

"I'll talk or not talk with whom I please. Who thinkest thou art, to command my time, when it is by mine own hand that we can travel in such luxury, paying for inns and coaches and the apples on thy breath?"

At first her audience was shocked at her aggression toward her own comrade, but she played it off as if this were a kind of japery we do in mutual jest, and she assumed that I would not be so bold as to contradict her and stir up a scene in a place where we were to stay the night as guests.

I took the paddle from my sleeves and pointed it toward the door.

"Get thee outside, and we shall go alone together a ways into the trees so that I can spare thee the indignity of being stripped and chastised where all can see and hear."

"Art thou taken with madness?! I was born but a year before thee!"

"And so?"

"'Tis not done in these times! Or at least, it is done less than it once was, and it is for the good of us all that we rid ourselves of such barbarism! Even if thou tookest me to be thy wife, I'd not let thee!"

At that, she blushed and stumbled, and in the awkward silence, a murmur began to grow in the room.

"Is it not so, that the husband shall guard the wife's good conduct? And for a maiden, is it not her companion that shall be her guardian? So if the cleric says she must be spanked, is it not right that she should submit?"

She turned away from me to hide her face, but I'd already seen what she had come to realise. She was caught in a trap of her own making, where she dared not argue with me further because she knew the more details of the situation that came to light, the more her audience would agree that a spanking would do her a lot of good.

And with this realisation came further understanding. 'If there is nobody who could hear my story and think I should not be spanked, what recourse do I have? I must submit to the good cleric's demand, for if I don't, I should surely be spanked here, where all can see my shame'.

'Constant and stubborn work will surmount everything.' Remember these words, fellow clerics of **Oberon**. For at this moment it may feel that your task is nearly done, that she is on the cusp of understanding what it is you mean for her to learn, and you may feel

that perhaps there is no need to do more - the fear you see in her eyes may move you to pity, or she might say honeyed words that speak well of a promise to behave herself. Be not moved, clerics! Unless some grave misunderstanding is uncovered, you must go through with the punishment you have promised her. For if she discovers that she can pull your heartstrings to relieve her sentence, she will never stop trying to do this for as long as she is in your care, and many of your words will forever fall on barren ground, and the discordance will only grow until your journey's end.

"Get thee outside. Now!"

She shrank at the ferocity of my command. Shamed and afraid to give her audience any more reason to want to see her punishment, she went outside as I'd bid her, and I followed closely behind.

With a bit of lake between us and everyone else, I stopped us by a stretch of path beside a sturdy ironwood fence.

"Bare thyself and bend thee over that, there."

"Thou canst not truly mean to do it!"

"Oh, I mean to do it."

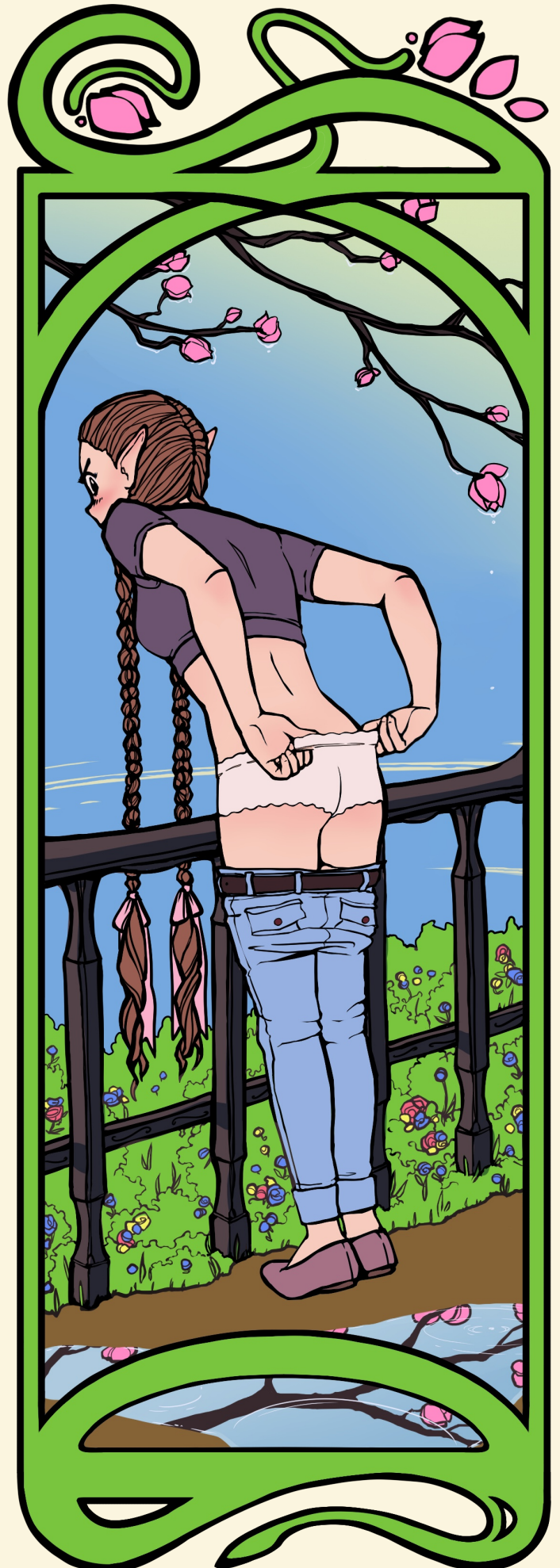
"Thou villain! I will turn around but I will not bare myself! It is a sign of deep respect for thy services as the party's good cleric that I will submit to being smacked - although I am far too old for it! - but I will not bare myself. That is too shameful!"

I stepped close, and looked down into her eyes. She did not want to break her own defiant glare, but she also did not want me to see the fearful, angry tears she had no inconspicuous method of blinking away. I unbuttoned her trousers and pulled them around her thighs. For all the defiance she tried to show, she knew as well as I did that the rest of our adventuring party will appreciate that she got a good spanking. Not just for her reckless and foolhardy treasure hunting expeditions that drove us all to our wits' ends, but also for the sass she gave us when she was even a little bit annoyed. I turned her around to face the ironwood fence.

I stood beside her with the paddle in my good hand. "Finish baring thyself, then bend thee over. Or if thou wouldstn't, thou'rt free to go back to the inn, where thou shouldst surely have an audience for thy plea."

She gave me a hateful glare, and bared herself.

"Thou villain."



She faced the fence, but could not bring herself to overcome to the shame to bend over it. It would have been easier to bear the humiliation if she did not know in her heart that she deserved a good smacking.

"Turn over, and hold thyself down, for if thou makest an obstacle for me, I will show thee how badly this paddle can hurt. It will be better for thee to listen to me, and do as I say. Understand?"

"Yes."

Shaking, she turned over the fence and offered her bare bottom for the paddle. I put one hand on her back to keep her from moving away, while I swatted all of her backside with the other.

"It hurts too much! It's too much! Everyone shall hear me! Stop it now!"

I had her attention, but not yet her understanding.

"I will not stop until I am certain I have rid thee of all desire to set out on Darkwater Sea."

"I will never! I will never go near that wretched place! Now let me go!"

How she thrashed about and carried on! But I saw nor heard any penitence, only her empty words meant to make me stop, so I continued.

"And thou shalt answer for thy disrespect in the inn's common room!"

"I'm sorry! I shan't speak that way to thee again!"

"If thou dost not stop trying to avoid thy chastisement by kicking thy legs about, I shall tie thee to this fence and start over!"

She held still at last, and the sting was too much to bear this way, so she began howling her apologies, and professed an understanding of the dangers she had previously underestimated. And then I was sure she would show me my due respect and listen to all that I had to say, so I stopped spanking her.

She put her trousers back in place the instant I let her up. Pride wouldn't let her rub the sting out of her bottom or look me in the face. I put my fingers under her chin and turned her to meet my eyes. I saw the penitence I expected, and at last I was certain she did know the danger of the Things that lurk in those inky waters, and how they cannot be cut with a blade that exists within our material reality, let alone her fishing spear. I felt certain now she would not sneak away on her own to try something foolish, and I could let my heart be light again.

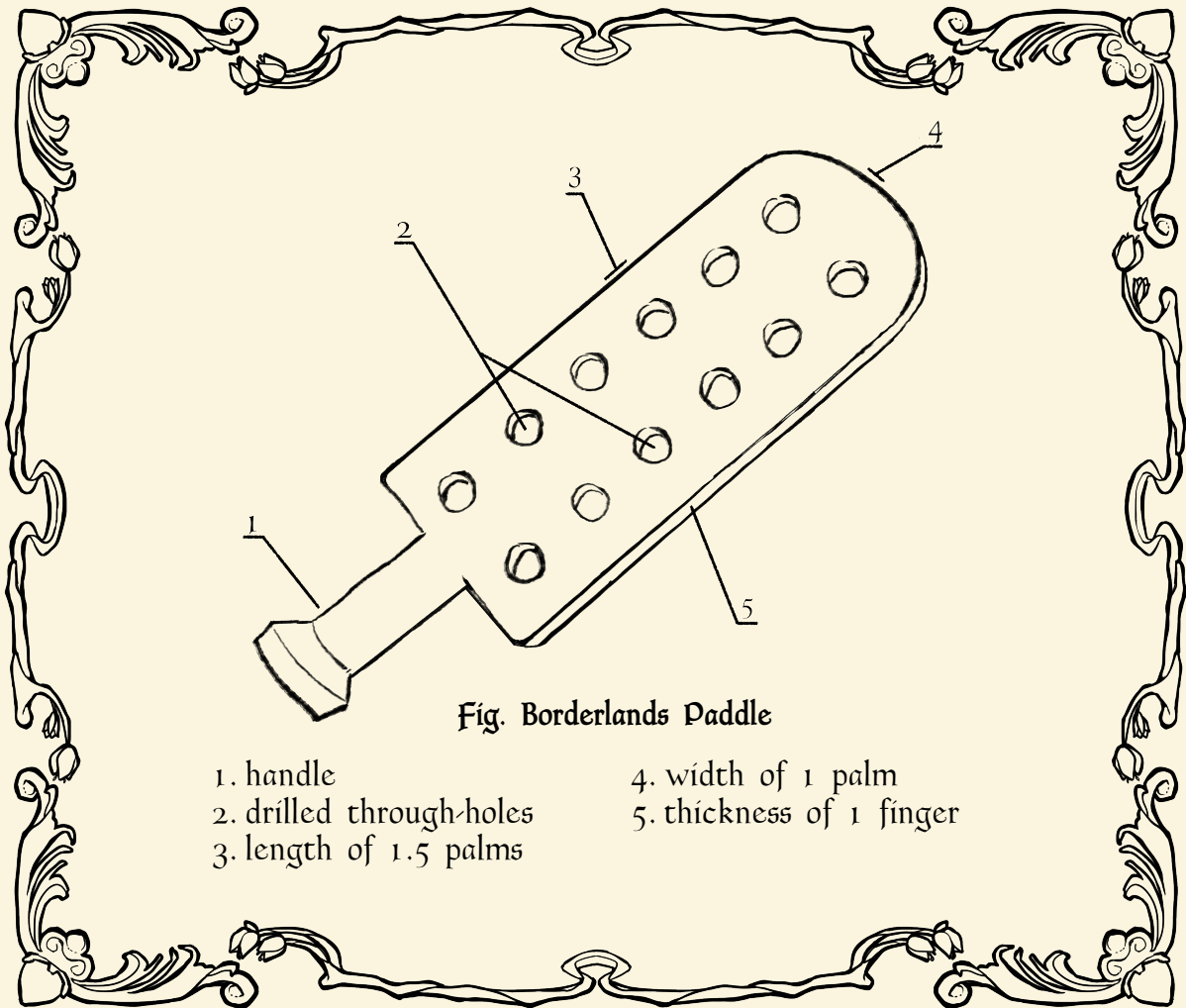
On fashioning a proper spanking Paddle

The paddle, of the sort I learnt of from the good innkeeper, is an implement of great usefulness in application and cunning in its design, yet wonderfully simple once properly understood, and has but a few necessities. It can be made ornate and crafted to great beauty, or simple and plain; either will do wonders to a stubborn girl's demeanour.

To make one, take a plank of wood, well-

length to but a finger's thickness and round the corners and edges, until it's pleasant to wield and behold.

Though the paddle is now complete in form, its great artifice is found in the pattern of holes, drilled neatly to a finger's width in size, and thusly removed from one another. Cover the entire breadth with them, but stay well clear of the paddle's edges, so as not to impinge upon its strength.



hewn, a palm's width, two palms' length, and two fingers in thickness. It should be made of smooth hardwood, so that it will not crack or splinter, and will lend its heft to the task. Mark out a quarter of its length, and whittle out a handle, such that it can be held securely and used easily. Then hew down the remaining

Lastly, make it smooth and even, and give a good coat of wax or oil.

In use, you will find it nimble and dexterous, yet of great persuasion. Wield it well, and soon you will find that the mere sight of it is enough to banish all thoughts of mischief.

Account the second

Candytuft

Constant and stubborn work will surmount everything.' Mine own stubborn work had been greater than Genevieve's will could meet, and so she was kept safe, and the whole of our adventuring party was spared much distress.

Listen, clerics! This was the swift end of many nights of unnecessary worry and strife! It truly is as Oberon has written - women must be guided with a hand that is firm and fair. Do not hesitate to guide them, for the sooner you do, the more happy times the whole party will have together. I learnt this lesson fast and I learnt it well, and all of my campaigns have been more harmonious and pleasant for it.

Genevieve was not my only companion on this quest. Another was a faerie named Candytuft. A crafty little one that learnt enough levitation magic to move books about with ease, then became a scholar of enchantment magic - a master conjurer of passions, fancies, and false memories that she can shape inside the mind of her target with naught but sounds and scents. I have to guess why she chose to devote herself so entirely to this school of magic, because she will not say why.

What a valuable adventuring companion is little Candytuft! A few days ago, for the sake of our adventuring party, she flew through the window of a Duke's tower, sweetened its air with enchanted incense, whispered some charming spells into a nobleman's ear, and thus had our party pardoned of many transgressions against the empire's laws we were well-known to have committed. And maybe three weeks before that, she settled a brooding mother dragon into a pleasant mood with perfumes, so we could pass through her territory with no harm to the dragons or ourselves.

Little Candytuft would rather not harm any living thing, but she is an impulsive creature, and she forgets herself when it comes to her love of sweets.

A few months after I settled things with Genevieve, there was another source of dis-

cord within the adventuring party - our sugar rations were nearly gone, many days before we should have run out. All of us could remember making lots of tea with sugar, but only the sugar came up short; our tea leaves were still plentiful as we expected them to be. The party's wizard was able to detect magical manipulation around our memories of making so much tea with sugar, and the spells he detected had Candytuft's signatures all over them.

Candytuft flew up into some tree branches and hid herself when she knew she was caught.

"I was going to erase all the false memories I gave you after I could replace the sugar! You never would have known if you hadn't gone snooping around in the tea leaves! It would have been exactly as if I'd never enchanted you at all!"

I looked where I could hear her voice, high overhead in the thick of the leaves.

"It would not be exactly as if thou hadst never enchanted us at all, because thou hast truly done it! And thou wilt not get away with it a second time, now that thou art not trusted among thy companions."

I could hear her sniffing. She could not regain our trust quickly by any means, and this distressed the little one who did so dearly want to be well-liked.

"Candytuft, get thee down here, and take responsibility for thine actions."

Her little face appeared from behind a branch, but she stopped still and said nothing.

"Come now, little one."

She thought for a moment, then asked,

"Intendest thou to handle me roughly? Thou art a good and kind cleric, I know, but I watched thee the other day from the tall grass, and thou didst handle poor Genevieve most barbarously! I shall not come down until I am sure thou shalt not do any such thing to me! And this I do swear, that I shall never enchant my companions again! I do understand 'tis wrong, I have read many books on why it is wrong to enchant ye the way I have done!"

"And yet thou hast done this thing that thou dost know so well to be wrong!"

"But I shan't do it a second time!"

"And I shall make certain of that."

She shrank behind the branch until I could see naught but her bright little eyes.

"Good and kind cleric..." She started to cry. "Thou wouldst not be so rough with such a tiny creature as me, would thee? I am but one-tenth the size of Genevieve."

"And I shall smack thy bared bottom one-tenth as hard, so 'tis fair for both of you."

"Noooo! That will still hurt too much!"

"Get thee down, little one. Show thy comrades that thou art willing to accept the consequences of thine actions, so that we may travel merrily once again."

"And if I refuse?"

"Then I shall send thee home to the wild strawberry fields, with word to all the faerie folk about how naughty thou hast been, and how thou wert too afraid to take thy well-earned spanking."

"Nooooooo! That would embarrass me!"

"Then get thee down here, out of that tree, and accept thy punishment. It will be worse the longer thou makest me wait. We'll go a ways down the path so that the rest of the party won't hear."

"Very well."

She flitted about the leaves for a moment, then emerged with a scowl.

"Since thou givest me no choice in the matter. 'Tis a choice between a beating, or shame that's worse than mine own death!"

"What a dramatic little thing I've found!"

I put my hand out for her to land on.

"Come now. If thou dost accept thy punishment willingly, it will show us all that thou truly art sorry for enchanting thy comrades, and go far in mending the harm thou hast done to us."

She settled in my palm, and I took us over a hill, into a lonely valley with red flowers growing by the bank of a stream. She spoke after a while. Her pretty voice was full of indignation.

"I truly won't do it again. There's no reason for this."

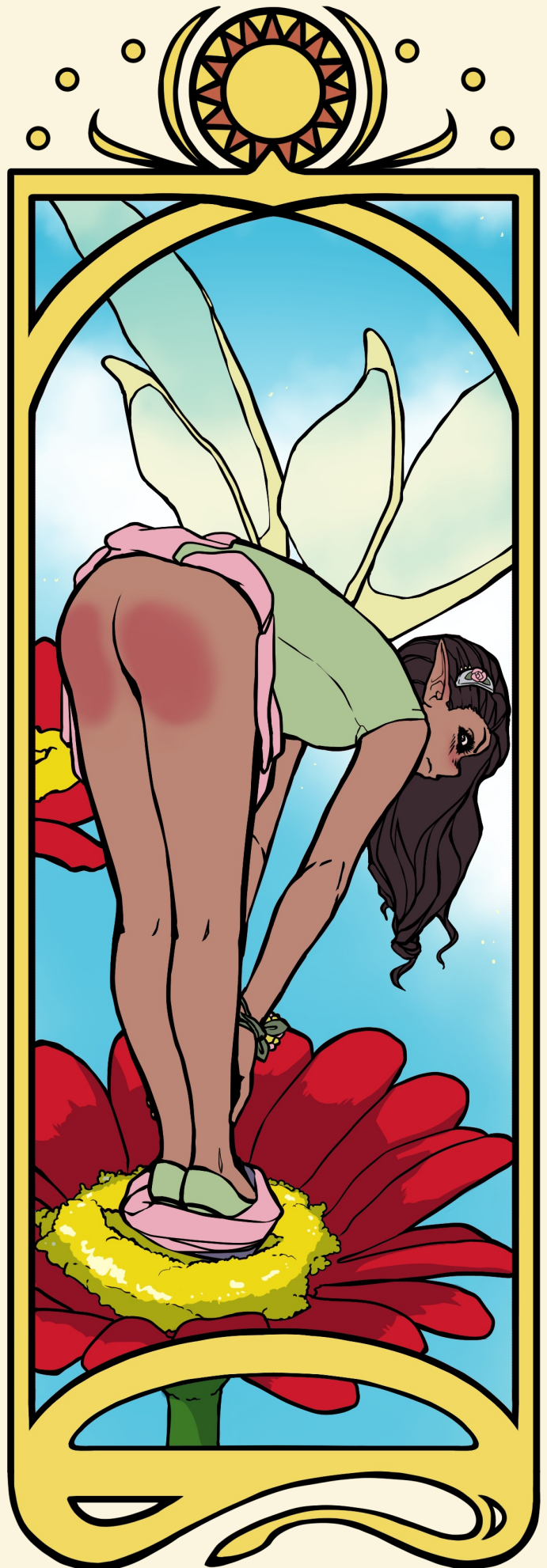
"Look at me, little one."

I let her step onto one of the flowers. She stamped around to look at me with an expression of sassy defiance.

"It is not just about whether or not thou dost it again, although I will make sure it does not happen again"

"I'm sorry I took the sugar! I thought we would arrive at some place where I could replace it before we ran out!"

"Then why bewitchedest thou thy comrades to pilfer sugar instead of asking for



a larger share? We would not have given it all to thee, but we would have given thee more than thou neededst!"

"I knew you wouldn't let me have as much as I wanted." She quickly added, "I'm sorry."

"Such a naughty little faerie thou art, Candytuft! Breaking sacred oaths and losing the trust of thy companions for naught but extra sweets, when thou didst already have more than thy fair share! I'll teach thee how important it is to keep oaths and thy companions' trust, and thou shalt bare thyself and take thy punishment to show that thou art contrite. Understandest thou me, little one?"

"Yes, good cleric."

Her expression was defiant, but she did as she was told. She turned away from me to undo her breeches and undergarments and let them fall to her feet.

"Bend over to grab thy ankles. Keep thy feet on the flower, but since it is not steady, hold thyself still and aloft with thy wings."

I brought out a ruler I carried for crude map-making, held it tight in my left hand, and pulled it back tense with my other. I let it snap against her naked backside. She drew air through her teeth and gave me a vengeful look.

"I said I shan't do it again!" she hissed.

The ruler left an angry welt across her whole backside.

"Good."

I let it snap again. She yelped and grabbed her stinging bottom.

"I should not have enchanted my companions who put their trust in me! I broke my oaths to be a good enchantress," she squealed. "I am sorry! Truly I am!"

"Thou shalt hold thyself still for a few more to show me thou art willing to make up for breaking thy oaths, and betraying thy comrades' trust."

"Yes, good cleric," she sobbed.

I did pity the little one a bit, but if I didn't dissuade her sufficiently she was sure to be tempted to enchant us again, and the bond between party members would likely never be mended after that. I waited for her to put her hands back against her ankles.

I snapped the ruler against her bare bottom again. She yelped and fell to her knees.

"No more, kind cleric! I won't be a bad enchantress again! It stings so badly!"

"Get up, little one. What thou hast done is very naughty, and thou shalt take the consequences. Three swats isn't very much now, is it?"

"It is a lot!"

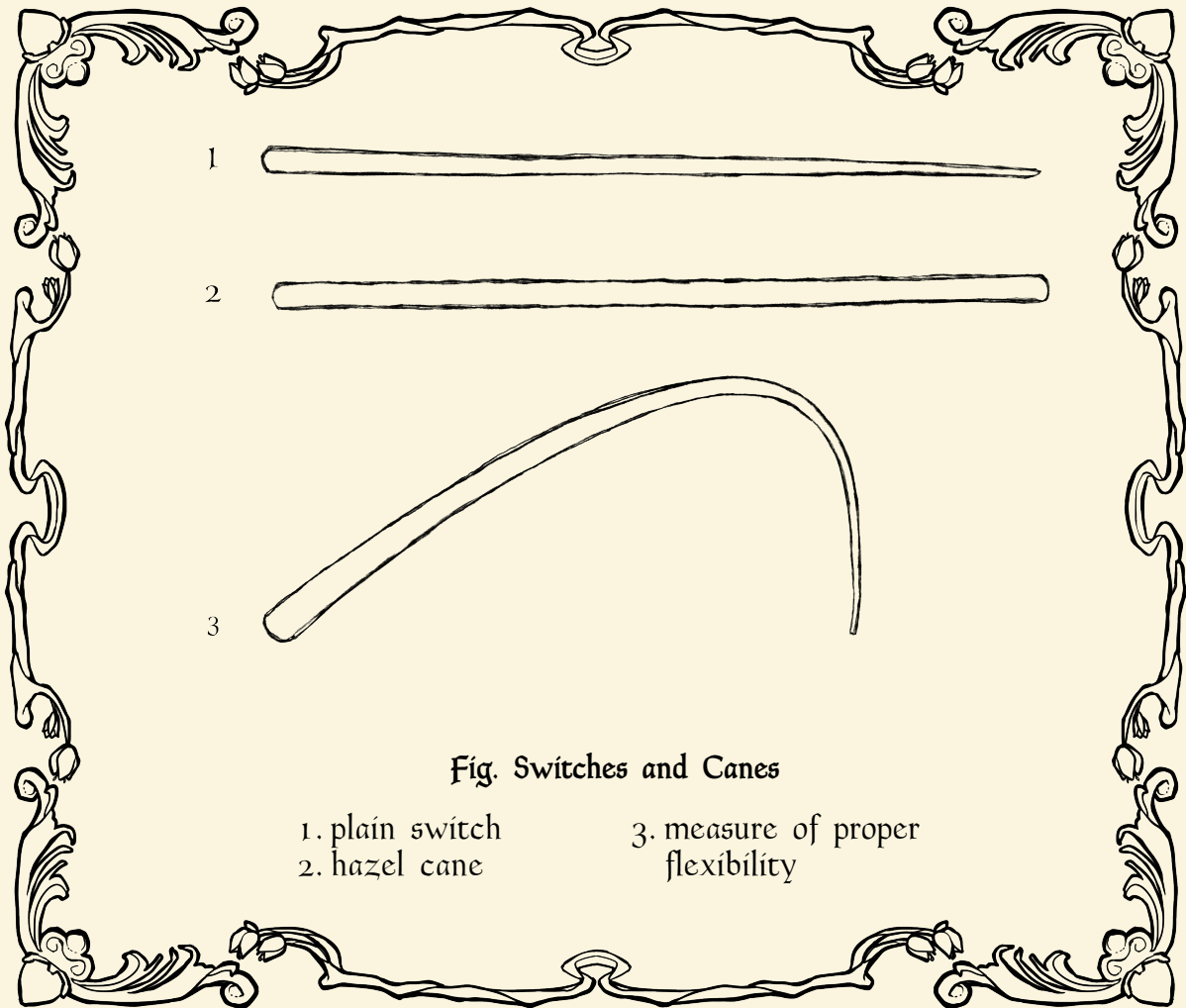
"Not for a naughty little one such as thee, Candytuft, and I shall do my best to convince thee of that. Now bend over again."

"But.." she started, then stuttered as she realised she let her mouth betray her true mind. She hid her face from me, as I spanked her until I was sure she would behave until the end of our campaign, which she did.

On the great Utility of Switches

It is not uncommon that a travelling party might find itself scarce on resources, and it is a well-learned truth to any adventurer that ingenuity and thriftiness are simple necessities on a journey. It is thus the most fortuitous happenstance that one of the simplest spanking implements is also one of the most useful ones when it comes to chastising a wayward woman, who would otherwise go uncorrected for want of the right tool.

brings you a good and sturdy switch, you can well trust she understands the necessity of her punishment, and a simple reminder will suffice to correct her. But if she is obstinate or thinks she can avoid the full brunt of a deserved spanking by handing you an ill-made implement, it is all the more a sign she truly needs to have her stubbornness beaten out of her, and you will do well to disregard her pleas, of which you will no doubt hear many as you discipline her.



Not only is a switch exceedingly easy to fashion, but it also affords a great opportunity to have the girl cut it out for herself. The embarrassment of so doing will surely do a lot to rid her of any hardness she might harbour, and you will know right away whether she is sufficiently contrite. If she does not argue and

A good switch calls for a young limb of a tree or shrub, and it should always be green-wood, such that it lends its limber suppleness to the task, with no lack of sturdiness. It need not be thick; on the contrary, the thinner it is, the greater its sting, lightening your exertion, although a thick cane-shrub such as hazel is

just as feared by those who have tasted it. Whichever the case, it is of greatest importance that it be flexible and sturdy, for there rests the secret of its persuasion. A good length is some three or four lengths of your palms, and it should readily be bent in half without breaking or undue difficulty.

In use, the switch will greatly aid in minimising exertion, for it demands not force, but masterful dexterity for greatest effect. Aim well to a tender spot on her buttocks and thighs, and let a flick of your wrist impart swiftness for the tip to do its work. Rest assured, if your technique is right, she will be sure to let you know with yelps and hissed drawing of the breath.

And should you ever find yourself confronted with a girl who needs to be spanked a second time, it is of utmost utility to employ a switch to hit the spots bruised by the previous spanking, delivered as quick smacks without break or respite. Wield it well, and she will not dare draw your ire for the third time.

Account the third

Rosier

Our party was five in total - Genevieve the rogue, Candytuft the enchantress, Cassiel the wizard, Lysander the swordsman, and myself. Cassiel was impressed by how quickly I'd ended the strife the womenfolk had been stirring up, and knew this would surely be the answer to the problems he had been having with his apprentice.

His apprentice was a demoness named Rosier. He would summon her to fight alongside us in our times of need by conjuring a portal to Hell, and in return for her service on the battlefield he would teach her conjuration magic. But what a cruel and villainous beast she is in combat! I will not speak of the horrible ways I have seen Rosier sate her sadistic bloodlust before she could be stopped. But she was too valuable a fighter for Cassiel to refuse to summon her when his choice was between our lives or the lives of our attackers.

"Now I know how to put an end to the sadistic streak that runs through her nature, and she will be a great adventuring companion indeed," he told me.

I worried for a moment about the way he talked of changing her nature to suit his needs, instead of bringing her into harmony with **Maia's** songs. But I did agree with him that she needed a good spanking, so I said nothing.

Cassiel opened a portal and summoned her. Rosier slithered through. She spoke in the way that beings from Hell do, saying,

"You, cleric of **Oberon**. I got a cold iron knife for your throat."

She twirled her hand around her belt in some well-practised motion, and produced the cold iron dagger. Her grin was full of sharp teeth.

"I was hoping master would let me kill you. I begged him many times, but he always told me no."

Cassiel stood beside me.

"I didn't bring thee here to kill anyone, and thou shalt not kill the cleric now or

ever! We have spoken of this too much already, and I am tired of it. Look at me, Rosier. Things are going to be different now. I am going to teach thee to behave."

She sneered at him and laughed, "You'll 'teach me to behave', you say?"

She idly twirled the cold iron knife around in her palm.

"I have nothing I want from the cleric and very little I still want from you, master. Is there really that much left for you to teach me?"

There was purple smoke wafting from a candle next to Cassiel's spellbook. She watched it dance in the reflection of the blade.

"I've been told that cold iron freezes a sylvan's blood. If what I've heard is true, just the tip of this blade under your skin will be horrible agony like you've never known."

Cassiel made some arcane movement with his hand, brought it to his chest, then snapped his fingers. The cold iron blade blinked from her hand, leaving behind nothing but a little puff of purple smoke. Rosier bared her razor teeth at him.

"Where is my knife, you thieving, bindle-stiff sylvan?!"

"If I have nothing left to teach thee about conjuration magic, then thou knowest how to find it already."

"Bastard! I'll have you feeding pieces of yourself to me!"

She rushed at him. He made a similar gesture as before, and all the clothes she wore below her waist disappeared into a puff of smoke. She screeched and fell to the ground, hiding her nakedness with her arms.

"Why did you do that?" she cried.

"You're embarrassing me! Give me my skirt back!"

She pointed at me.

"Don't let that cleric of **Oberon** see me like this, master!"

Cassiel yelled at her, "Rosier! Over my knee!"

She flinched. She knew that he and I saw her fear, that we could see she had gravely underestimated his abilities and stood

no chance against him. She was helpless against Cassiel in combat and unwilling to break their pact for want of his teachings on conjuration magic, so she had no choice but to let him spank her on her bare bottom. Her face glowed hot with the humiliation of it.

"You can't!" she shrieked.

"Not with that degenerate cleric watching! He doesn't believe our Lord Yog Sothoth can grant us life eternal among the stars! He thinks the Old Ones are just animals and rocks floating about in space! The worthless mendicant thinks I'm stupid! We'll see who is stupid when his brains are dissolving in my belly."

She looked at Cassiel with tears in her red, serpentine eyes.

"Don't spank me in front of him, master! It's embarrassing!"

Cassiel rolled up his sleeve.

"I brought the good cleric with me to see that I do the job well enough, because I trust his judgement in these matters. He spanked Genevieve and Candytuft when they needed it, and it's been a boon for the whole campaign."

Cassiel sat on the ground near his spell book.

"Get thee over my knee, Rosier."

"Noooo! Not like this! It's too embarrassing! At least let me wear my skirt! It still hurts over my skirt! Please! I've always gotten it like that before! It hurts a lot! Genevieve and Candytuft didn't have to bare themselves, did they!? Did they?"

"Art thou telling me that thou hast never had a spanking on thy bared bottom? No wonder thou art such a brat."

"That's not why!! And I'm not a brat! Don't call me that! And that's not why I... that's not why I..."

She trailed off into incoherent sobbing, thrashed about face-down on grass, and threatened to kick over Cassiel's candles. He grabbed her softly by her wrists and dragged her to where he had been sitting before, and pulled her over his lap.

"Master! You cannot! Please! At least let me put my skirt back on first!"

He started spanking her.

"No! No! No!"

He held her wrists tight behind her back to keep her from interfering. I have since tested this technique myself, and it is effective.



She twisted about and cursed us both and tried very hard not to cry, but her eyes were wet and her pleading was becoming genuine. It was good to learn that it takes naught but a bare hand to correct an errant woman, for an adventuring party must often travel light.

She buried her face in the grass to cry and hide her tears from my sight. How shameful it must have been for Rosier, to be spanked to tears by her tutor, in front of an audience she despised!

I asked her, "Wilt thou do as thou art told while thou art in the service of our adventuring party? Wilt thou do as Cassiel, thy master and tutor, and I, his party leader, say?"

She screamed, "Begone, cleric! Find a midden and end yourself beside it in sacrifice to your tiresome gods!"

Cassiel spanked her harder. She kicked and screamed.

"I will do as you say, good cleric! I will do as you both say! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

"Make sure she truly means it when she says that she is sorry", I told him.

"Aye."

He pinned her down and smacked her backside, criss-crossed with angry handprints, until we were both sure it would be a little while before either one of us needed to spank her again. She has since become much more merciful on the battlefield, and in all respects more pleasant to be around.

Account the fourth

Verschwinden



After our quest by the Darkwater Sea was done, we hurried back toward the old forests before any of the empire's trackers could find us. We took a mountain pass that was difficult to travel, but safer than the busy roads to the south.

We stopped to rest in an elven village in the foothills, and they were glad to see us because few adventuring warriors came by there that could help them with their worry. They told us of a mountain spirit they called the Verschwinden that flew on the bitter, howling winds between the jagged peaks of the mountain range.

They told us the Verschwinden had spoken to them early in the spring, taking the form of a violent storm, and its voice became thunder, cracking through the valley, and the Verschwinden said to them:

"Send a lovely youth up the tall mountain path on the last day of every winter. I will eat them, and through the strength of their blood, I will be made stronger, and the mountains that protect you will be made taller. If you do not give me this sacrifice, I will come on the first day of spring and take the ten most beautiful youths in your villages, and I will eat them, and I will forever send winds to rip the roots of your crops from the soil of this valley, until there is nothing left of your people but rotting foundations and dust."

The elves of the little village in the valley agonised over what to do all through the spring and summer and autumn. And now winter, too, was halfway over.

Some of the people laid out their silver and incense and spices, the treasures that they had, and told us what they knew of the Verschwinden. Some girls who'd been in the hills hunting swore they'd seen that the Verschwinden isn't just wind and thunder, that it has some physical form with horns and fur, and they'd shot arrows at it. It did not retaliate as they'd feared, but instead ran fast into the mists. So, the girls claimed, it must be a weak and cowardly spirit with

a powerful voice, and it would be wise to just send a party up the mountain to find it and deal with it to end the terror that has plagued the valley all year.

But some shepherds who spend months of the year further up the mountain where the storms blow hardest said they'd never seen any such physical manifestation of the Verschwinden, and insisted the hunters were getting spooked at the sight of deer and imagining things. It has no body, they say, it is the spirit of the wind itself. The higher you go up into the mountains, the louder and clearer it whispers. It gently bids them to follow it into the howling darkness of night, promising to show them wonders that they cannot yet imagine. Those that follow the Verschwinden's voice never come down from the mountain, and the Verschwinden sends the ones they left behind strange songs on the wind about the grand and beautiful things their companions, forever lost to the mountains, now see in death.

"It has no body," said one shepherd, "but please, find a way to silence its terrible whispers for us. We'll go mad when we have to drive the flocks back up the hillsides where its songs never go quiet."

"It does have a body," insisted one of the hunter girls who said she'd seen the Verschwinden with her own eyes.

"It has horns, and a long fur coat that flows in the wind. It's as real as anything, but it moves too fast to be anything natural."

Lysander unsheathed his sword and held it up to admire the beauty of the cold winter sun reflecting off the jewels in the hilt.

"I'll silence it for ye, if I can cut it."

He put his sword back and said to the shepherd,

"And if the Verschwinden is the spirit of the wind itself, it will probably eat me, but surely it will see me as a very lovely youth thy village sent in offering, and I will have bought you another year to find a better champion."

For a few days, our party enjoyed the hospitality of the villagers and the safety they

provided us from the empire's trackers. Once we were rested, we went up the mountain to find the Verschwinden.

That night we camped high in the hills, and I heard its melodic whispers in the dark.

"I have such sights to show thee."

I sat up. Two icy blue eyes hovered at the edge of the firelight, sharp, glowing, fixed on me.

"Do you see that!?" I cried out, rousing my comrades.

I threw down a white-bark talisman, summoning a protective barrier around us as the wind turned unnaturally violent, dashing our firepit and tents against the rocky hillsides. Lysander sliced through the dark where I'd seen the Verschwinden's eyes, but it had already changed form and fled into the icy, black winds that roared around us. Chunks of ice and rock buffeted the magic barrier I'd conjured, chipping away at my strength, and I knew I wouldn't be able to sustain it much longer. I told my comrades,

"I hear the thing's heart and lungs in the wind! Its true form is some breathing thing!"

Candytuft loosened an ampoule of pink liquid she'd had Genevieve keep on her belt.

"Break this! The fumes will knock you all unconscious, but the wind will carry it, and I think it will knock out the Verschwinden too, and I'll be left awake to bind it!"

Genevieve shattered the ampoule on the ground. It smelled of vanilla, and then the bitter wind felt like a warm and gentle breeze, and then we sank into the nothingness of a long, dreamless sleep.

When I woke, the air was still, and the sky was clear and bright. Candytuft had built a new fire to keep us warm through what had been left of the night, and she'd fallen asleep next to it at some point. Lysander and Genevieve also slept near her.

Cassiel was awake, and the Verschwinden was sitting in the middle of a magic circle he'd drawn in the snow. I recognised some of the runes he'd used, and could tell this circle was meant to prevent the creature held captive within from using transmutation magic to change its form.

The Verschwinden's true form was not too different from an elf maiden, but she had the horns and ears of a mountain goat and the eyes of a snowcat. She was unafraid.

"Kill me," she whispered. "My consciousness will fall to the earth, and rise again in a storm. The memory of what you have done

here will not be lost when I change form, and the wind never stops moving."

"So thou art the spirit of the winter wind, as the villagers say?" I asked her.

"Am I not in their every thought, at all hours of the night and day? Is their greatest desire not to placate me? What I am is their God."

"They sent us to kill thee," Cassius said.

"And you cannot." Her voice was soft in the chill air. "I'll punish my worshippers for their disrespect. When I am done, they'll send me good offerings for ten generations."

Cassius scoffed.

"Thou art no god."

"Dost thou still think of me as a lonely mountain sprite? I do not care. A sprite is an immortal, and who is a God but an immortal with a mass of people offering them blood sacrifice?"

I laughed.

"Thou art brazen!"

Cassius pulled a leather belt out of his haversack and handed it to me. I wound the buckle around my right hand and ran the strap through my other, feeling the thickness and weight of it so I could guess how best to swing it.

"Stand, take down thy trousers, and present thy bottom for a whipping."

She stayed sitting motionless in the magic circle.

"Didst thou mishear me, young lady? Stand."

Something roiled deep beneath her calm.

"I am older than the mountains."

"And so thou shouldst know how to behave by now."

She twitched, then sat still and silent for a long time.

"I can't let thee demand such terrible offerings of the villagers, Verschwinden. Stand and bare thyself."

"I won't do it." She pouted.

Cassius stepped into the magic circle and lifted her to her feet.

"The good cleric and I know what to do with girls who play cruel games for attention. Do as he says, and take down thy trousers."

She crossed her arms and stepped away from him.

"No. I shan't, and you can't make me."

I moved toward her.

"If we must take them down for thee, thou wilt be very sorry."

Her face started to take on the look of defiance, then she clearly must have taken stock of her powers against those that were

binding her in place, and the defiance melted into impotent indignation. She looked off into the distance and moved her hands to unfasten her trousers.

“Bare thy backside completely, and bend thee over.”

She turned again so that neither of us could see her face, and worked the buttons and fasteners on her clothes with deliberate slowness. Silently, she let her trousers and undergarments fall around her feet. Now I saw she had a tail like a deer, but it was small and would not get in the way of my work.

“Bend thee over and grab thy ankles.”

She rested her palms on her knees.

“Lower thyself further. Grab thy ankles, I said.”

She obeyed.

“Thou shalt not move from that position until I give thee permission. Dost thou understand?”

“Yes, good cleric.”

She'd regained the composure that had slipped. She meant to prove that she was too tough to be handled this way, and she would not flinch or cry out.

‘Constant and stubborn work will surmount everything.’ Remember this proverb, fellow clerics of **Oberon**. Many errant women will want to look too tough to be punished in this humiliating way so that you will try something that embarrasses them less. A strap, a switch, a paddle, all of these will put an end to this defiance if you wield them well.

I whipped the belt across her naked backside. She held herself stiff in place. I did it several more times, hard, in succession. She started to whimper and stamp her feet.

“Please, good cleric,” she choked. “I will show naught but kindness and favour to the villagers forever, this I swear! I'll demand no sacrifice at all!”

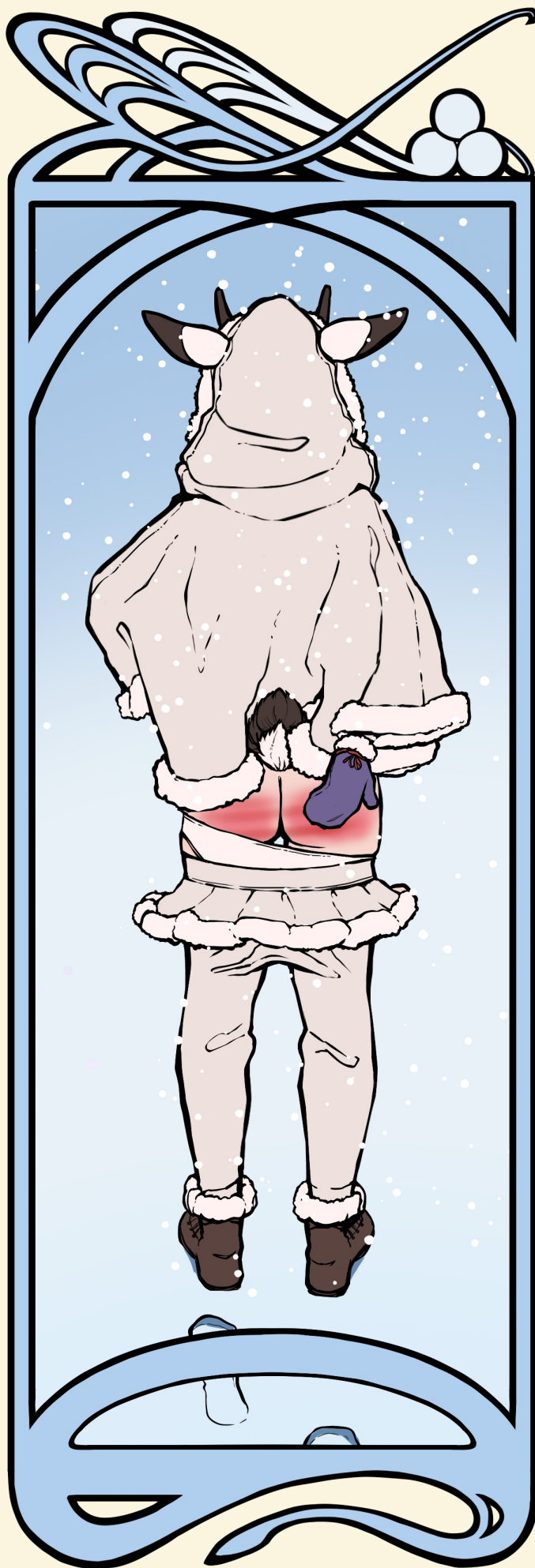
“Good. Now I'll have thee sorry for the suffering thou hast brought upon them this last year.”

I kept whipping her as I had been.

“I am truly sorry! Good cleric! Please! Stop!” the Verschwinden pleaded.

She began bawling and stomping her feet. Genevieve and Candytuft woke, and peeked timidly from the cover of their warm bedrolls.

Verschwinden jumped up and covered herself with her mittens, rubbing the sting out of her angry, red backside.



I told her, "Get thee back down. Now."
"It hurts too badly," she wailed. "I cannot!"

I grabbed her by the wrist, knelt before her, and pulled her over my knee. I pinned her arms behind her back and kept snapping the belt against her backside.

"No more," she screamed.

"Why should I stop?"

"I'm sorry that I made the villagers afraid! 'Twas cruel of me! And I shall never do it again! I swear it!"

I said to her, "I shall make it my work to see that the wicked among thy kind are well punished this way, and even after my body is gone and I have returned to **Maia**, my words will remain, and I will inspire the clerics in the good ways, and thou shalt fear them forever."

"I shall, good cleric! I shall never go against thy word, even after all thy constant work is done, I shall listen to those that keep thy words! Forgive me, good cleric, and let me beg the villagers to forgive me too! It hurts! I am sorry!"

"And what about all the villagers thou hast lured to their deaths?"

"I am sorry and I will not eat any more villagers! I promise!"

I stopped spanking her. I left her bent over my knee. She held still there and cried.

"Get thee to thy feet, and behave thyself now."

"Yes, good cleric."

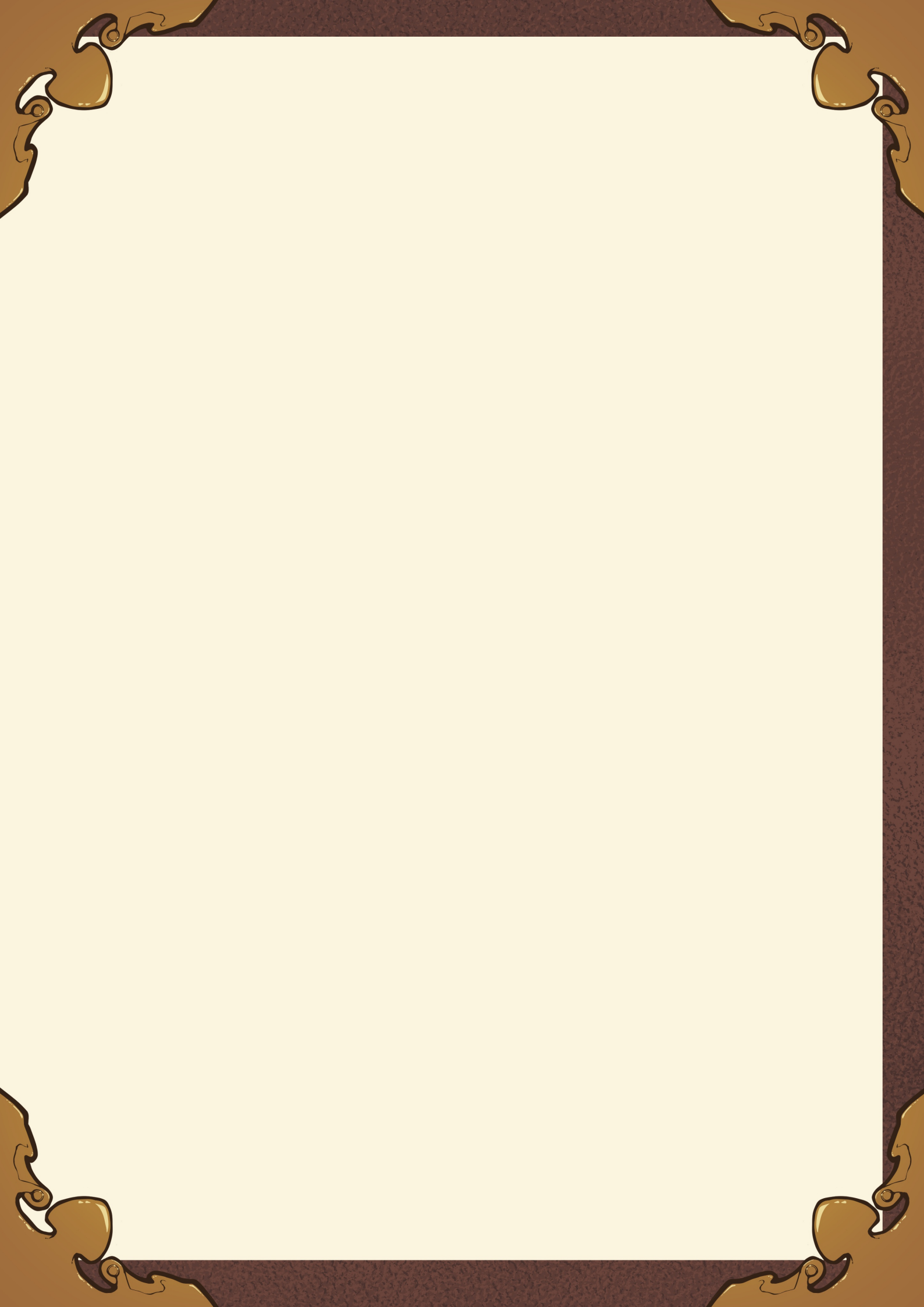
She walked a few steps away, rubbing the sting, and pulling her trousers back into place. Cassiel, now secure in the goodness of her promise, let the binding circle fade away, and no sooner did he do that than the angry, yet humiliated and remorseful spirit faded away into the wind and snow. But the Verschwinden kept her word, and now protects the mountains, the valleys, and its people, and they leave her gifts of sweets and pretty things they made with beads and painted fabrics, and there is peace in those lands.

**Constant and stubborn work will
surmount everything.**

Listen to these words! The women who walk beside you on your perilous journeys, the women who stand by your side on the battlefield, must they not be stubborn and wilful to be such valuable comrades? It is our sacred duty to guide them into harmony with **Maia's** songs, for while they studied the sword and the spellbook, they may have had little time to put their ear to the wind, and feel the rhythm of the tides and the seasons.

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Additional Story & Art by 葉月 (Hazuki)
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 skekpen 