

Some Enjoyable Humor

(By: Kevin M.)

I've noticed quite a few people I've conversed with via E-mails who share a spanking fascination and who seem to have a very serious and stern tone in their communication. I've always been a little more of the light-hearted mindset, and I figured this would be a good opportunity to allow people to enjoy some enjoyable humor at my own expense. The story I'm about to relate is true, and it involves my early childhood fascination with spanking and some events that transpired over about an 18-month time span.

At age 9, my second cousin started visiting at my house almost every weekend. We had a 3-acre pond in our back yard located next to a small half-acre forest. He and I would frequently camp out on Friday and Saturday nights. I would ask him if he'd mind if we gave each other a spanking on our bare bottoms using our hand. He thought the whole idea was pretty stupid, but he did go along for about three months probably just to make me happy. I guess he always figured I might start saying I didn't want him to come over anymore, and he loved to fish and swim in the pond.

After about three months, though, he said, "I don't want to do this anymore." I asked him why and he said that it hurt. Nervously, I replied, "Well, maybe you could just spank me and I won't spank you." I really had no desire to spank him anyway. I was just doing it to keep it from appearing that I had this strange desire for him to spank me. He said that would be fine and he even started agreeing to use a ping-pong paddle on me which I would keep hidden in the bottom of my sleeping bag.

About a year later, my second cousin, who was 18 months older than me, entered junior high. He called me after the first day, and he was scared to death. He told me that the first thing every teacher did was to show the class his or her paddle. He even said the P. E. coach said everybody had to bring a bar of soap to school the next day for showers. He added that anybody who forgot his bar of soap was going to get three good licks with his paddle as he produced an intimidating paddle with holes drilled in it. I told my cousin to just relax and just remember to bring a bar of soap. He replied that he knew it was only a matter of time before he'd be paddled. I told him to stay calm and that it wasn't like they were going to execute him. My cousin was very lazy, and he dropped out of school before graduating from the 8th grade and that was after failing the 7th grade. Anyway, he had trouble even getting to class before the "tardy" bell would ring. Soon, he was telling me about how he got four "licks" or five "licks" that week.

I decided his experience could be put to some benefit on my part. I told him that maybe he could demonstrate on me what some of the licks were like so I would be ready for junior high (even though I knew full well I wasn't going to do anything to merit getting real licks from a teacher). He said he'd do it, but we had the problem of not having a paddle. One day we were standing on a small pier over the pond right next to the forest. He noticed a boat paddle which was broken in half on the part which would normally be in the water. The thing was about four and a half feet long. He suggested using it to

show me what a coach's lick was like. I responded, "You are out of your mind." I told him he could use a small board I had found, but he said it would be the boat paddle or nothing. I told him to forget it.

I went walking along the pond as he stayed behind at the pier. I kept saying to myself that it wouldn't kill me. Finally, after about 20 minutes of serious deliberating back and forth, I decided to go tell him he could do it. He grabbed the paddle and I started to nervously bend over. I was so nervous I couldn't even remember how he had told me the coaches wanted kids to bend over (touching the knees). He responded, "You know how you're supposed to bend over." I grabbed my knees. He started lining the boat paddle against my butt. It was obvious he was going to swing this thing like a baseball player. Well, he did all right, but he wouldn't have to worry about signing any major league contract. He pulled the paddle back so far and came down so intensely that he missed by butt by over a foot and caught me just above my knees. I fell down on the pier and I had lost all feeling in my lower legs. I literally could not get up for about 12 seconds. It took that long for the feeling to come back to my legs. I looked back at him, and all he said was, "You want another one?"

Even though I resented very much the way he swung that boat paddle at me, I couldn't help but still want him to paddle me in a less severe way. We went back to our more moderate pace. I distinctly remember one night while before going to sleep, I instinctively started rubbing my penis against the sheets of the bed thinking about our episodes. I had no idea what I was doing or why I was doing it. I only knew that, after about four minutes, something strange happened and I suddenly felt silly for even craving a spanking. I looked down and saw something wet on the sheets, and I thought for sure I had messed up and wet the bed. I also thought to myself that, if I had only known that's what it took to get those feelings out, I could have done it long ago. I thought to myself, "This is great. Now I'll never have those feelings again."

Well, of course, I did have the feelings again, and I continued to release them even though I still had no clue what was going on. When my cousin came over about two weeks later for another weekend visit, I told him, "Danny, I've found a new way to go to the bathroom." He asked how. I told him you just rub your penis against something for a few minutes and out it comes. I told him to try it. Of course, I didn't explain (nor did I really know) that you also have to mentally concentrate on something appealing to you. He did it about a minute and then responded that I was "stupid" and that there were only two ways to go to the bathroom. In hindsight, I guess I still find it a little funny that he was 18 months older than me and yet had apparently never masturbated.

Well, about five months after my first orgasm, my dad approaches me (with beer in hand) and says, "Son. Sit down. I'm going to tell you about how people come into the world." When dad had consumed a few beers, he could be quite direct and to the point, and he certainly was on this occasion. When he had finished, he could tell I had a little puzzled look on my face. He said, "Do you want to ask something?" I replied, "Dad. Do you have to place it inside the woman to do it?" From the look on his face, it was apparent he knew he was about five months late in his talk. He said, "No. Why do you

ask?" I told him that I had done it onto a towel or other object probably about 100 times already. He said, "Don't worry. I did it about 5,000 times before I met your mom, and I still do it occasionally."

Needless to say, after my eyes had been opened, I no longer talked to my cousin about getting spanked and certainly not about this "other way of going to the bathroom." I just kept my fingers crossed that he would never tell anybody (once he figured it out) that I was sexually aroused by him spanking me. To my knowledge, he never did.

Well, I hope everybody appreciated a little humor at my own expense.