

DON PASCUAL

LET'S SPANNK!



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Imprint

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You Are Nowhere Alone (Or Vacationing with a Twist)

Towards the horizon, the blue sky became hazy, and the sun's blaze was somewhat less hot than usual due to a slight breeze coming from the blue-green sea. Waves were lapping the white beach, a suitable background to the children's yelling and the shouts of young men and women playing beach volleyball.

Further out, fast jet skis and parasailing boats were going about their business, offering any kind of entertainment well-heeled tourists could possibly want.

Dozing under our sun sail on comfortable beach cots protecting our skin – at any rate the parts not used to getting reddened – against this merciless afternoon sun and its effects, we relaxed on our Mediterranean vacation trip. The first bout against diarrhea had been victorious, shopping had proved to be less expensive compared to home, and we were already working on strategies to beat the German customs officers at catching as many smugglers as possible.

For a practicing spanker and bottom fetishist, the seemingly endless display of swaying and rolling near-bare bottoms passing our sun roof was a never-ending invitation to rank these orbs on a scale of 1 to 10 from

disgusting (1) to spanker's dream (10)! Naturally, we had chosen a position close to the wooden plank everybody had to use for walking towards the beach and bar.

Idly my wife, Marei, started wondering about the statistical probability of finding the one or other like-minded spanko among this multi-tongued throng of hotel guests, many of them coming from countries where the "vice" should be firmly established. Despite the heavy odds in our favor, there were no telltale traces to be detected, not even redness which possibly had been caused by more intimate treatment than the sun's rays.

Unconsciously, we were classifying bums, apple sized, pear shaped, with brown texture or light skin, deep clefts versus well separated orbs, not to mention those Barbie dolls from Russia with the improbably long legs, trim bottoms, large breasts, stub noses, pouting mouths and blonde curls, who could be accepted as "secretaries" if you wanted to be polite, or as red-light professionals taking a break from the daily grind, if you wanted to be more to the point. They were strikingly contrasted by their escorts, big, husky and ugly apes guarding their property.

However, in a five-star hotel, you should not be surprised by anything, we concluded, and let's face it: I would not object at all to having one of these smashers sharing my bed! Marei, most likely, would rather be put off by these muscle packages – after all, she had me!

Right now, one of the movie creatures was passing my sun bed, slim and practically naked orbs parted by a bikini thong. This new and stylish “garment” in fact provided uncounted opportunities to spankers for dreaming, fantasizing – and perhaps thinking about taking action?

Well, Marei on the next cot would probably object, or would she? On the other hand, the heavy stimulus provided by this daily flesh parade was not lost on her, and there were a few well-proportioned male specimens around I would hate to let near her.

The loud and uniform concert of uncounted ubiquitous cicadas populating virtually all park trees between beach and hotel, the strong efforts of the sun, and a recent lunch took us into a friendly but firm grip, and we dozed off.

Some time later, a loud and happy voice asked whether we wanted a drink; we were being wakened by one of these slim and petite girls hiding attractive breasts in white blouses and pert bottoms beneath black

pencil skirts. You could easily imagine that they might have been cloned. They were working on all levels of the hotel, behind the reception desk as well as in restaurants and administrative functions. The recruiting methods of the personnel office did not exactly project the principles of equal-opportunity employment, but the effects were a darn sight more acceptable than the pure theoretical concepts of political correctness.

We had been exchanging arguments about this obvious preference for petite women with cute bottoms and rather girl-child-like appearances. They most certainly were adults in all important aspects.

“Do you think it conceivable that they are spanked for misdeeds?” I had asked Marei a few days ago, and she had looked at me as if confronted by a demented lunatic.

Now, woken up by one of these child-girls, a little devil was taking over my sun-fried brain, and I fixed the girl with cold eyes.

“For that disruption of our afternoon nap, you clearly deserve a spanking!”

If I expected some outrage or total miscomprehension, not to mention a lack of a vocabulary containing the word spanking, I was hugely mistaken.