

Chapter One

Spank a Cold, and Spank a Fever

"Nurse Amelia!" Dr. David bellowed from his office. "Nurse Amelia! Where is my schedule?"

Unaffected by Dr. David's dramatics, Nurse Amelia stepped into the office, went around the raving doctor and pulled his day planner out of his top left desk drawer.

"How did it get in there?" the doctor demanded.

"You put it there" she answered. "You put it there every evening."

Dr. David grumbled and sat down at his desk. He opened the planner to the day's page. "Anything new today?"

Nurse Amelia was straightening her knee socks.

"I said is there anything new today," the doctor repeated. "For heaven's sake Amelia, pay attention."

Nurse Amelia stood up and pressed down the skirt of her old fashioned white nurse's dress with her manicured hands. "Betty Madison is bringing little Corky in this morning. He has a bad cold, and she's worried that it's an infection. She thinks a night in the hospital is in order."

"I'll be the judge of that," said Dr. David. "This new generation of bigs is entirely too worried about a little cough or snuffle. In my day, we only saw a doctor if our lives depended on it."

"Yes, Doctor," Nurse Amelia answered absently. She had heard this speech many times before. She fluttered around the room, putting papers in order. "They'll be here in a few minutes, Doctor. I'll settle them in a room and let you know when we're ready."

Dr. David made a grunting noise that signaled his agreement, and Nurse Amelia tapped out of the dark room on her white high heeled shoes. The doctor busied himself with his calendar and grumbled to himself about the state of littles these days. He looked around the dark paneled room and nodded approvingly. He hadn't changed a thing in more than thirty years.

Dr. David thought back. He remembered when he had graduated medical school and decided to start his own hospital. He had always been a bit of an outsider, and considered

somewhat unusual by his classmates and coworkers. He had no family to speak of and had gotten through medical school on his superior intelligence and impeccable work ethic.

When David first found the old house on the hill, he knew instantly that the place was meant for him. He got it dirt cheap. No one wanted the rundown building. It was miles out of town and looked like it could crumble at any moment. When the Realtor heard that David was interested, she jumped on his first offer. He paid cash, and the home was his within a matter of a few weeks.

At first David had moved into the old house, where he began renovations himself. It was more convenient just to live there while he did the work. The doctor was handy with tools and able to negotiate a good deal for supplies at the town hardware store. He had the place fixed up in no time. Everyone in town would have been impressed except that no one in town ever went up the hill to the old house. There was no reason. In fact, most of the people in the town had forgotten the place even existed.

David had not told the Realtor or anyone else that he was planning to build a hospital. For one thing, he wasn't a man who liked to socialize much or share his visions with other people. He also didn't want to have to answer any stupid questions. What he was doing was meaningful to him, and that was more than enough. The concerns of others were irrelevant.

David worked long and hard to create the type of environment he had envisioned. He spent many hours making sure that each detail was perfect. Then he sent out the word that he was ready for patients.

The patients came. It was a trickle at first, but soon he had a steady stream. His hospital was the first choice for bigs and littles within driving distance and sometimes even further. Some of his patients even moved closer to the area just to have access to his very unique medical facility.

The doctor was very successful at what he did for a living. Better than that, it was fulfilling to him personally. He didn't care about the money, and he had never wanted a wife and children. He lived for the hospital.

Dr. David eventually built himself a little house on the property about a half a mile away from the hospital. He also created a path with concrete stepping stones and a little wooden bridge that allowed him to cross a small stream. Each morning and each evening, David walked the path from his home to the hospital and back again. He passed several trees that he had

planted as small saplings, and he marveled at the glory of nature. He passed the place where azaleas he had planted along the path bloomed pink and purple every spring.

Nurse Amelia had come to him only recently. His long time nurse, Becky, had met someone and wanted to spend all her time with him. Amelia had been a friend of Becky's, which was the only reason that David had considered someone so young. Many of the female bigs disliked Amelia because of her ample breasts and peppy attitude. David really didn't care about the breasts, but he found that her youth added some cheer to the hospital.

The night nurse's name was Esme. She only came in when there was an overnight patient, and sometimes there wasn't. She did very little in the way of actual nursing. Her main job was to page Dr. David if something was wrong. Dr. David owned a cell phone, but carrying a pager made him feel important. He insisted the nurse use it rather than his cell phone for emergencies.

David was busy thinking about the history of his hospital when Nurse Amelia's voice came over the ancient intercom system. "We're ready for you, Doctor."

Dr. David sighed and prepared to go see Betty Miller and her brat.

"Oh Doctor, thank you for seeing us so quickly," Betty gushed as soon as Dr. David walked into the room. "My Corky is just miserable."

The miserable Corky was sitting on the hospital bed in the middle of the room. He wore dark blue shorts with a striped shirt, and long, striped socks that reached nearly to his knees. He was a chubby person, and Dr. David had often told Betty that she needed to find a way to encourage him to exercise. Betty enthusiastically agreed with the doctor to his face, but then she told her friends that Corky was simply big boned.

Betty herself was a middle-aged woman who sported an outdated hairstyle and wore housedresses. Her panty hose were almost always bunched around her ankles.

"What seems to be the trouble?" asked Dr. David.

"Poor Corky has had the sniffles for days. He can't properly eat or sleep, and now he has a fever. I am so worried about him," Betty said, looking pale.

"Fever?" Dr. David looked at Nurse Amelia.

"99.2." Nurse Amelia reported.

The doctor nodded.

"I want a lollipop!" Corky screamed.

Everyone in the room ignored him.

"Did we give Corky a flu shot?" the doctor asked Nurse Amelia.

She checked her file. "Yes, doctor."

"I want a lollipop!" Corky cried out in a loud voice.

Betty turned to the nurse. "Corky would like a lollipop."

"We normally give lollipops at the end of an appointment," Nurse Amelia explained brightly.

"Well, Corky isn't feeling well. Couldn't you just give him his lollipop now?"

Betty pressed.

Nurse Amelia looked at the doctor.

"No, she could not give him a lollipop now," the doctor snapped. "The last thing he needs is a lollipop."

"Well, if you say so, Doctor," Betty said unhappily. She would not argue with the doctor the way she would the nurse.

"I want a lollipop!" Corky repeated loudly.

Betty looked at the doctor as if to say the outburst was his fault.

Dr. David turned to Corky. "Young man, if you don't stop screaming in my hospital I will take off those ridiculous socks and stuff them into your mouth."

Betty gasped, and Corky scowled. Nurse Amelia suppressed a giggle.

It was well known by everyone that Betty did not discipline Corky. For one thing, the little was much larger than his big, and Betty did not think she could physically control him. The other reason was that she never believed that Corky was doing anything wrong. Betty did have a male friend who would come over and spank Corky when Betty could admit that he had gotten completely out of control, although she did it hesitantly. Dr. David was the only other person who disciplined Corky.

Dr. David cleared his throat. "Corky has a case of the common cold."

Betty gasped.

"He has a cold, Betty. He is going to be just fine. He should drink fluids and get plenty of rest, and I'll be writing my standard prescription." Dr. David turned to Nurse Amelia, and she handed him a prescription pad. He scribbled something on it and gave it to Betty.

"Spank a cold, and spank a fever," Betty read out loud. She looked thoughtful. "I thought that was supposed to be something about food."

"Not at my hospital," said Dr. David. "At my hospital we spank a cold, and we spank a fever. Corky has both, so we double the spanking."

Corky protested loudly.

"Bring me the medium sized spoon paddle, Nurse Amelia," Dr. David said. He looked at Betty. "I'll apply the first dose today. Ask Mark to come over and spank him every evening beginning tonight for at least one week or as long as the symptoms persist."

"I don't wanna spanking!" Corky yelled.

"Lean over the bed, and pull down those shorts," Dr. David said.

Corky jumped off the bed with a thump. He was frowning but was afraid to disobey the doctor.

"Won't he need to spend the night?" Betty asked.

"I don't think that's necessary. As long as Mark is available to carry out the prescription, he can recover at home," said Dr. David.

Nurse Amelia had stepped into the large supply closet and found the paddle the doctor had asked for. She handed it to him.

Corky hesitated and then looked at Betty. "Mommy, I don't wanna spanking."

"Is it really necessary?" Betty asked Dr. David.

The doctor grinned. "Oh yes."

Betty patted Corky on the shoulder. "It's for your own good, darling."

"Do you want to leave the room?" the doctor asked Betty. She did not like to see Corky being disciplined even though she knew it was necessary.

Betty kissed Corky on the forehead and shuffled out into the hall.

"Now drop those shorts, Corky," said Dr. David. "Don't make me do it for you."

The robust Corky easily outweighed Dr. David, but the doctor was strong. He had previously discovered that while Corky might be large, he had no idea how to use his weight against another person. The doctor could easily control him.

Corky unzipped his shorts and then uneasily pushed them to his knees. He stood there in boxer shorts covered in pictures of cars.

"Take those down too," said the doctor, "and lean over the bed."

Corky looked like he might put up a struggle, but Dr. David gave him a stern look that had him pushing off his underwear and turning toward the bed. Corky then leaned over the side as instructed, and his large bottom made a perfect target for Dr. David.

"Now Corky, I don't want you to move one bit during this spanking. You can consider this a cure for your cold and flu as well as discipline for being a brat in my hospital," said the doctor. "If you squirm, Nurse Amelia will have to get the straps to hold you down. You don't want that, do you?"

Corky shook his head hard.

"Good," said Dr. David. He tapped the paddle against Corky's bottom, and Corky began to cry. Unlike most of Dr. David's patients, Corky didn't get a lot of spankings. The only advantage to that state of affairs, as Dr. David saw it, was that he was especially afraid when it did happen.

Dr. David slapped the paddle against Corky's right cheek.

"Ow!" he cried out.

Dr. David slapped the paddle down on the left cheek.

"Ow! Ow!" Corky screamed.

"Now we've hardly started," said the doctor. He landed the paddle hard at the base of Corky's crack.

Corky nearly jumped into the air. "No! No! No!"

"Hold still," directed the doctor. He smacked Corky with the paddle three times in the same spot right in the middle of his bottom.

Corky wailed.

The doctor slammed down the paddle in the same spot three more times.

Corky howled.

"Now we're getting somewhere," the doctor said. He stepped back to look at the angry red spot he had created.

He tapped the paddle against Corky's right cheek again and then brought it down with a thud. He began to spank faster, rapidly alternating cheeks with the swats.

Corky's screams turned into sobs as his bottom became a uniform shade of bright red.

Dr. David brought the paddle down once more, and the angry red became white for just a moment before turning a purplish color.

"Okay, Corky. Stand up," he said.

Corky stood, sniffing and crying. Nurse Amelia handed him a tissue, and he blew his nose loudly.

"Pull your pants up, Corky," said Dr. David.

Corky cried harder as he pulled his underwear and then his shorts up over his blazing bottom.

Nurse Amelia opened the door. "We're done in here, Betty."

Betty stepped back inside and took the crying Corky in to her arms. "Oh, my poor darling."

Dr. David looked at Nurse Amelia. "Put in a call to Mark. Let him know that I said not to go easy on Corky. I want his bottom burning when he goes to bed."

Corky cried harder into Betty's chest, and the woman had to brace herself to keep from falling over.

"Are you sure he shouldn't spend the night, Doctor?" Betty asked. "I'm terribly worried about him."

"I wanna go home!" Corky wailed.

"Okay, darling. Okay, we'll go home," said Betty. She took Corky's hand. "Say 'thank you' to the doctor, Corky."

Corky shook his head, his face still hidden in Betty's dress.

"Now Corky, be a good boy," said Betty. She looked embarrassed. "I'm so sorry, Doctor. He's just too upset to say thank you right now."

Dr. David dismissed them both with a wave. "Give him a lollipop, Amelia."

Then the doctor stalked out of the room.