

THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

The FLOGMASTER Presents

Twelve of the Best

*A superlative collection of twelve
of the Flogmaster's best erotic spanking stories.*

**EXCLUSIVE
CONTENT**

Contains 12 brand new,
never-before-published
stories!

VOLUME ELEVEN
("ADULT")

Selected Excerpts

FROM *THE CANE*:

Throughout her teenage years she lived in dire fear of the rod and the awful order to “report to the Headmaster.”

She felt that cold fear now. It was absurd—she was here for a job interview, not a thrashing—but Mr. Grant did have a stick that looked remarkably like a cane, and the way he was carrying it and swishing it did not bode well for a nearby bottom. Her bum cheeks clenched in nervous anticipation and she felt that same sick feeling in her belly.

FROM *THE PERFECTIONIST*:

Hal straightened his back, his old gray eyes widening at the sight of the distant figure. Even from across the sound stage he could see the woman was stunning. She wore black slacks, a navy jacket, and a white shirt so crisp he imagined he could hear the crackling as she moved. The clothing did little to hide the voluptuous figure underneath. Hal was impressed. He whistled.

“Now that is my kind of woman,” he mumbled approvingly. “I’m old-fashioned, but that’s how a woman is supposed to be built, not the bony, thin-as-a-carrot-stick look most of these girls have. Look at the sway of those hips!”

FROM *WENDY*:

Inside, Wendy started tearing off my clothes the moment we walked through the door. She was so aggressive it turned me on. I knew then I was getting some—none of this will-she or won’t-she bullshit—and that gave me more confidence than I normally would have felt with a supermodel-class girl like her. I soon had her out of her clothes and we proceeded to attempt to set several world records in fucking: fastest, hardest, and in the most rooms in one go. She mounted me and I cupped my hands around that perfect ass of hers and hugged her into me with all my strength as I stumbled from room to room, looking for a good place to stop. She didn’t want to be put down, so I kept wandering, and we finally did it up against a wall, *Basic Instinct* style.

Disclaimer

This book contains explicit material of an **adult** nature. *Read at your own risk!* Anything offensive is your own problem. The content of this book is for *entertainment purposes only*, and it does *not* necessarily represent the viewpoint of the author or the publisher. All characters are *fictional*—any resemblance to any real person is purely coincidental.

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The Absent-Minded Professor

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Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1

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The FLOGMASTER Presents

Twelve of the Best

*A superlative collection of twelve
of the Flogmaster's best erotic spanking stories.*

VOLUME ELEVEN ("ADULT")

*This collection of the Flogmaster's best writing
contains stories dealing primarily with the
corporal punishment of adults (mostly female),
sometimes non-consensual, and some stories may
contain sexual activities.*

About the Warning Labels

The stories in this book deal with Spanking, Discipline, Punishment, S&M, BDSM, Love Slaves, and other extreme topics. Because some topics offend people, each story is labeled to warn you of its contents. If you are the sensitive type, watch the warning labels and story descriptions attached to each story. As an aid, here's an explanation of my warning system. First, here's a sample story title, warning label, and description:

Paul Bunyan and the Great Lakes

M/Ffff — ole fashion paddlin'

A strange new twist on the ole yarn about how Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox created the Great Lakes. (1,758 words. Written in 1996.)

Stories are marked with **MFmf labels** to indicate who is spanking whom. Capital letters represent *adults* and lower case are *minors* (under 18). Of course **M** refers to *Males* and **F** to *Females*. Under this system, anything to the left of the slash indicate a *Spanker* and anything to the right a *Spankee*. Therefore in the above example an adult male is spanking three girls and a woman. If there are a lot of people involved, sometimes this is abbreviated with a number, such as F6/f24, implying that 6 women spank 12 girls. Keep in mind that the label refers to the primary participants—sometimes, especially in longer stories—*there may be minor spankings of a different type included*.

Stories may also contain other warnings and explanations. These are usually self-explanatory words like “sex” or “punishment spanking.” You may also see references to **cons**, **non-cons**, or **n/c**. Those abbreviations refer to *consensual* and *non-consensual* spankings. (Punishment spankings, especially those of children, are usually n/c though this isn't always indicated for children stories.)

I keep story descriptions brief and try not to include any “spoilers” that would ruin the plot for you. The description should intrigue if you are interested in the subject matter, and warn you away if you are not. As always, read at your own risk.

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- The Perfectionist** **49**

M/F — semi-cons paddling, caning
A gorgeous newswoman's secret to remaining humble and perfect at her job. (3,732 words.)
- The Pizza Board** **59**

M/F — semi-cons paddling
A girl takes a job at a pizza joint and falls in love with the strict owner. (6,011 words.)
- Punished** **75**

M/F — nc caning, anal sex
A newly promoted woman watches the boss cane his wife. (3,645 words.)
- Retribution** **85**

M/F — nc caning, strapping, ice bath
A husband severely punishes his wife. (4,885 words.)
- The Apartment** **97**

M/F — cons spanking
A couple's new thin-walled apartment means no more spanking games, which might destroy their marriage if a solution isn't found. (2,924 words.)

The Pest **105**

M/F — cons paddling, caning

A pesky girl insists on going on a professor's exedition.
(4,041 words.)

Wendy **116**

**M/F — cons spanking, paddling, caning,
sex**

A humble man meets a glorious woman who introduces
him to punishment games. (5,391 words.)

The Cane

M/F — semi-cons caning

A young woman's job interview takes an unexpected turn. (3,670 words.)

NATALIE CAUGHT HER breath and her soul went to ice when she saw the limber yellow stick. To most people, that's all it was—a mere stick in the corner of an anonymous office. But to those who had tasted its bittersweet kiss, a rod like that represented the deepest of childhood nightmares. Her heart raced and for a moment she feared she would collapse in a faint. She clung to the back of a chair for support as the world spun around her. She smiled wanly at the gentleman eying her suspiciously.

“Is everything all right?”

“Of course.” Her knuckles were white against the gripped leather and she prayed he wouldn't notice. “May I sit down?” She moved to do so, but was stopped.

“I think not.”

“Excuse me?” Natalie stared at him in confusion. Mr. Grant was an intimidating man. He was tall and lanky and impeccably dressed in a tailored black suit and crisp white shirt. His silk tie was navy with a gold pin that matched his expensive diamond cufflinks. His dark hair was trimmed short and his mustache was a narrow charcoal line above his mouth. His bright blue eyes spoke of intelligence and his air of refinement suggested upper class. Natalie's heart fluttered like dove wings and she felt like a scolded child as she stood before him.

“I would prefer if you remained standing for the interview, if you wouldn't mind.”

“Oh. Uh, yes, of course.”

“You grew up in England?”

“Yes sir. My father was stationed there. Cardiff.”

“So you are an army brat.”

Natalie nodded politely, seething at the hateful term.

"I suppose your father understood discipline."

"He's a colonel, sir, so yes."

"He raised you in the military standards of behavior."

"Yes sir."

"Excellent. That gives me insight into your character. So let's talk qualifications."

Mr. Grant left the citadel of his massive mahogany desk and slowly walked before his book-lined cases. He went to the corner and paused before the rod, stopping Natalie's breath completely. Then, after a long delay, he grasped the stick. He somehow did this both casually and deliberately, taking the rod idly, the way a man might fidget with a pencil on his desk. Yet there was clear menace in his intentions, at least to Natalie, who felt like she was encased in a block of ice. The hairs on the back of her neck rose as Grant stepped behind her. She wanted desperately to flee, but couldn't move. Besides, the man was between her and the door. She was pinned.

Her gut churned as she remembered a similar scene not ten years prior. She had been a child of twelve, slender and petite, the miniature of her beautiful mother. She had the same dark hair and brown doe eyes, the same curved lips and neat white teeth. Though not yet a teenager, she was nearly so, and her body had already begun the womanly change. Her breasts were swelling apricots and her hips beginning to lose their tomboyish narrowness. Her bottom, especially, was inappropriately prominent, with pudgy bulges that thrust out the rear of her schoolgirl skirt in a manner that made her shy among men, like the intimidating Sir Thornton Illingworth before her. He was the Headmaster of Benchley Preparatory.

Illingworth wore the grim black robe of his office and loomed before her like some awesome judge. He seemed like a giant with his thick neck and arms and stout physique. In his powerful hands was a long narrow cane which he held bent across the front of his hips. At the time the American girl thought it merely a pointer, though she still shivered when the tip was placed a few inches from her nose as though he was going to run her through with the point. The man glared at her furiously.

"You dare defy me?" he roared. "I shall teach you proper respect!"

"Sir? What have I done, sir?" Young Natalie was baffled as to how she could have offended this man she'd never met, and within minutes of

arriving at her new school. The cane flexed and swished like a sword, the dry rasping sound soon to become as familiar and ominous to the girl as a recurring nightmare.

“Look at yourself! Wearing a skirt to my school! Do you think me a fool?”

“Of course not, sir.”

“Did you think I wouldn’t notice?”

“I... I didn’t think anything, sir. I wanted to wear slacks, but my father—”

“Blaming your fault on others, are you, Ortman?”

“No sir.”

“That’s not something we condone here at Benchley. Here we pride ourselves at taking responsibility. That’s what this institution is all about: responsibility!”

“Yes sir.”

“When you err, you own up to it immediately, do you understand? No excuses. Never!”

Natalie hung her bewildered head, her heart thumping like a drum. “Yes sir,” she whispered meekly, though she had little notion of what the man was talking about.

“I had my secretary find a spare uniform. It’s for a young boy, but it’ll have to do. An outfit for an older boy would be much too large. Put those on.” The pointer indicated the leather davenport at the far side of the room.

“Thank you, sir.” Natalie moved to the small pile of clothing. She gathered the items in her arms and took a step toward the door. The gravely voice halted her.

“Just where do you think you’re going?”

“Uh, to the lavatory, sir? To, ah, change?”

“Did I give you permission or instructions to leave?”

“No sir.”

“Then you will do as I say with all due haste, child! You have much to be corrected for and your sins are mounting the more you disobey!”

“I’m... I’m to change here, sir?” The color rose in her cheeks. She looked around frantically, but there was no place to hide in the spacious room.

“Is there a problem?”

The big man's glare was so menacing she didn't argue. Choking back a tiny sob of terror, she began to remove her jacket. Her top was next and she desperately wished she'd worn her training bra or at least an undershirt. She didn't really need a bra yet and hadn't been sure if it was appropriate for school. Now she ached for the protection. She carefully kept her back to the man, her face a sweating pink. The boy's brown shirt she found was too small and it made the tiny knobs of her tits obvious, but there was nothing she could do about it.

Her skirt was next. The heat on her face was like steam. She flushed crimson as her small white panties were revealed to him. As quickly as she could, she stepped into the narrow pants. They were tan and military in style, and like the shirt they were too small. She was gasping as she forced herself into them, drawing them up tightly around her waist and keenly aware of how they gripped the rear surface of her hindquarters.

"Blimey, those breeches are tight!" said Illingworth. His smile was like a crocodile's. The stick in his hands bent so much Natalie expected it to snap and was surprised when it didn't. It wobbled back into straightness when he released it.

He approached her, a leaden hand on her shoulder rotating her so he was staring at her back. Fingers pinched chubby protruding flesh and Natalie was too shocked to scream.

"Quite the pair on you. You're certainly no boy." The palm patted firmly. "You'll cut the same, I've no doubt. Over to my desk for correction, now."

A blackness began to descend over Natalie's vision. She wasn't understanding much about what was happening, but she felt in her bones that something awful was impending. She obediently went to the desk, Illingworth following.

The rod prodded her just below her shoulder blades, pushing her forward over the smooth mahogany surface. The desk was high and she was small, forcing her onto tiptoe to lie across it properly. The pose clearly accentuated her rearward assets and she suddenly had a grim understanding of what was to happen. At home, her father used an American pine paddle for discipline, and though it was infrequent, it was exceedingly memorable. Hot tears stung her eyes as she contemplated the indignity of physical correction—and on her first day, too!

“Please, sir! I didn’t know about the uniform, sir!” she cried, but her voice was a ghostly whisper, a hoarse croaking that sounded like no more than the gargling of a rushing stream. Even if he had heard, the Headmaster would have ignored her. She sensed that. He moved with a deliberateness that frightened her all the way to her soul.

“You will *not* rise up, is that clear?”

“Yes sir,” Natalie whimpered. She well-remembered the fiery sting of her last paddling and wondered if this would be as bad. It was certainly more embarrassing. She dared a look over her shoulder and saw the man lifting the yellow rod high into the air and she bit her lip in worry. Such a slender stick couldn’t hurt too much, she hoped. Nothing like her father’s brutal paddle which was bigger than her whole bottom.

The cane hissed like a rattler’s warning. The sound of the collision was an explosion lost in the chaos of blinding pain. The scalding stick sank deep into the rounds of her buttocks. It rebounded and drew away, leaving a throbbing line of outrageous stinging. Natalie couldn’t believe how much that one stroke had hurt. It was a red-hot wire slicing through her still. She couldn’t escape it no matter how much she writhed and wiggled. It was a brand upon her flesh.

Tears flowed silently, though she fought against them. The suffering was too intense, too sudden, too overwhelming for her to control her emotions. She wept out her confusion, her shock, her fear. She sensed the large man moving behind and her body tensed in terror. She looked back in horror and disbelief as she saw the long slender rod rising in the air. She opened her mouth to scream but nothing came out but a garbled grunt mixed with a yelp as fire assaulted her tender backside. The wave of agony was like nothing she’d ever felt. It dwarfed her experience of the first stinging blow. This one penetrated deeper, and it was even sharper, more intense. Her buttocks jumped and churned in frantic anguish, desperate to rid themselves of the aching burn.

“Oooh,” she groaned when she caught her breath. “Please, sir! Have mercy!”

“There’s no such thing.”

The stick whirred and thunked. She heard it this time, the impact thick and meaty, like a carpet beater into an impersonal rug. She could scarcely believe so much force could be used against a living being. It felt like she’d been sliced in half. Then the smart ballooned and took over, and

The FLOGMASTER'S

Twelve of the Best 11

For over a decade the Flogmaster has been one of the Internet's most prolific and talented writers of erotic spanking literature. Now, for the first time, his work is available in print.

This eleventh volume of the Flogmaster's best stories focuses on the corporal punishment of adults (mostly female). There are wonderfully sexy stories such as **Curves** (big-bottomed wife gets spanked), **Good Ass Day** (boyfriend films his girlfriend's spanking), **The Perfectionist** (a sexy newswoman's secret to her job), and the classic **Wendy** (hot girl introduces humble guy to punishment games). Even adults can relate to school-themed stories, so in **The Cane** a woman in a job interview remembers her childhood thrashings, while in **Mirror** a woman is punished at her son's school. In the twisted **Confusion**, a school disciplinarian is tempted by a gorgeous girl. We mustn't forget romance, so there's **The Pizza Board**, a gentle tale of a young lady who comes up with a crazy way to get her hot boss to notice her, while in **The Apartment**, a frustrated couple discover a novel solution to their marital woes. For those wanting more severe (but consensual) action, check out **Punished**, where a newly promoted woman watches her boss cane his wife, or **Retribution**, where a wife pays severely for her fault. Then there's fun with **The Pest**, about a pesky girl who just can't be dissuaded.