

THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

The FLOGMASTER Presents

Twelve of the Best

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

**EXCLUSIVE
CONTENT**

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

**VOLUME TWO
("ADULT")**

Selected Excerpts

FROM THE COUPLE:

There was an awkward moment of silence after that comment and Jenna began to cry. “Can we never escape it’s shadow?” William whispered. He reached out and lifted Jenna’s chin so he could see her eyes. “Don’t cry, Jenna. I believe you. I really do. But if you did not want a divorce, what did you want from me?”

Jenna looked at him and dried her tears. “I had an idea. It’s a little radical. I don’t know if you will agree to it. But I want you to consider it, please. I think it might help both of us get through this.”

FROM THE BEAUTY:

“He had this wooden paddle about this big. He called it ‘The Reminder.’ I called it ‘Monster.’ It had holes drilled in it, I’m not sure why, and he’d give me ten or twenty swats with it—bare bottomed! Ouch, that thing really **hurt!**”

Wendy dramatically rubbed her pert tush with one hand, rotating slightly to show Rene the wounded body part in discussion, nearly putting him into a coma of suppressed desire. He gritted his teeth and nodded calmly, as though every day beautiful women patted their rumps in front of him and spoke of being spanked.

FROM MAID FOR SPANKING:

He opened the folder before him and froze. The blood drained from his face. Slowly he turned to Rebecca. Her eyes went wide with fear and she half-rose as though ready to bolt.

“This. Is. The. Tautenbaum. File.” He said slowly. He nodded in our directly. “These are the Tennysons. Do you not know how to read!”

Gulp. I was afraid Rebecca would pee in her panties she looked so frightened.

“Just get out,” Mr. Bernard growled. “Go to my office and wait for your punishment.”

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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Twelve of the Best

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

VOLUME TWO ("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 Affair** **11**
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- M/F — d/s, punishment**
A man, discovering his wife is having an affair, devises his own solution to the problem. (3,449 words. Written in 1995.)
- Cat Burglar** **20**
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- M/F — nc whipping**
One thief meets another and delivers his own brand of justice. (2,172 words. Written in 2003.)
- The Couple** **26**
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- M/F — punishment**
A young couple discovers the real meaning behind trust and commitment. An elegant explanation of what erotic spanking is all about. (6,153 words. Written in 1996.)
- The Courtship of a Goddess** **42**
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- M/F — some spanking, sex**
A lonely, middle-aged bachelor tells the bittersweet story of how he fell in love with the woman of his dreams. (8,064 words. Written in 1996.)

The Healing Pool **62**

MF/FF — cons whipping

A lonely, depressed woman, haunted by a terrible secret, searches for the elusive 'Healing Pool' she hopes will cure her ills. (8,136 words. Written in 1997.)

The Landlord **83**

M/FF — non-cons, severe spanking and paddling

Two college girls stay at a friend's apartment and run afoul of the stern landlord. *This is a new, never-published story, exclusive to this collection!* (5,361 words. Written in 2007.)

Maid for Spanking **97**

MF/F — paddling, caning

A couple seeks a spanking robot. (3,341 words. Written in 2004.)

The Scavenger Hunt **106**

FM/FM, F/f — public spanking, mast, teen daughter spanking

Several couples compete in an unusual scavenger hunt... for spanking implements! (5,748 words. Written in 1996.)

The Schoolroom **121**

M/FFMM — semi-public school discipline

A couple signs up for an unusual 'school' session. (3,246 words. Written in 1999.)

The Secret Life of Amelia Journey **131**

M/F — flogging, fantasy

A female Walter Mitty finds comfort in fantasy. (3,968 words. Written in 1998.)

The Tenderfoot

142

M12/F — humor, severe whipping

A group of lonely cowhands are astonished by the new female worker their boss hires, but she takes her initiation well. (5,858 words. Written in 1997.)

The Beauty

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M/F — semi-cons, spanking

A gorgeous girl moves in next to a geek. *This is a new, never-published story, exclusive to this collection!* (5,294 words. Written in 2007.)

The Wedding Day

171

M/F — cons whipping

A young man comes of age the night before his wedding -- by learning that family traditions are best honored. (2,553 words. Written in 1996.)

The Affair

M/F — d/s, punishment

A man, discovering his wife is having an affair, devises his own solution to the problem. (3,449 words. Written in 1995.)

JAMES LEFT THE house at seven that morning as planned. He kissed his sleepy wife Shelby good-bye. “See ya, honey. I’ll be back on Monday.” She nodded a half-asleep acknowledgement and he left.

But he didn’t go to the airport. Instead he stopped at the car rental and picked up an inconspicuous compact and made his way back toward home. He stopped at a drive-through on the way and picked up some coffee and breakfast. In the car he watched and waited. It wasn’t long.

At ten o’clock he saw a blue BMW identical to his own pull into the driveway. He focused his binoculars on the license plate and saw it was a rental. “Designed to blend in,” he thought bitterly. No one would notice a strange vehicle in the driveway.

A man got out of the car and quickly slipped over to the front door which opened a crack to admit him. The man was tall with dark hair. His clothes were nice, elegant even. Obviously wealthy. He moved too quick for James to catch a glimpse of his face, even through the binoculars.

It was late in the afternoon when the man left. James had spent the day debating with himself. A part of him wanted to break down the front door and throw the bastard out the second floor window. A part of him wanted to throw Shelby out too.

But another part wanted to find out more about the man. Who was he? How did he and Shelby meet? And the most self-destructing question: what did she find in him that she couldn’t find in her husband?

He started the engine and slowly drove after the BMW, trying to feel casual.



Shelby stood in the shower and let the warm water run over her body. She was trembling. A part of her was terrified that James would find out. But she was also exhilarated to a point of no return. Andrew had something about him she couldn't resist. James, dear James, always so formal, so calculated, had never brought her to such passion.

She directed the spray of the shower head at her crotch, blushing at the memories of her times with Andrew. Not just this morning, but many mornings, many evenings. Evenings and mornings of wild uncontrolled passion, of terror and excitement, of pain and pleasure and shameless delight.

Tonight would be special. Andrew would be here at eight o'clock and she had promised to leave the door open for him. She would be dressed for him and in position.

It was nine minutes after eight and Shelby was growing concerned. She suddenly wondered if she had made a terrible mistake and felt quite foolish. What if the house should catch on fire? What if James should come home early?

She shook these things off. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered. She was helpless. That was the point. She was putting herself completely at Andrew's disposal. She was in his power. She sighed and wished he'd hurry. She felt uncomfortable and afraid.

Then she heard it. The creak of the front door. He was here! Finally. She held her breath in hope and fear. It seemed to take him a long time to make his way down to the basement. She felt relief when she heard the door at the top of the stairs open.

Slowly James came down the stairs. The room was dimly lit. He heard heavy breathing and realized it was himself. He tried to calm himself down.

At the base of the stairs he turned and entered the den. He stopped in shock. It was nothing like he had expected. He had pictured a romantic little love nest with all of Shelby's little feminine touches. Instead he was faced with something a cross between a medieval torture chamber and a red light district sex shop.

Shelby was naked. A red cloth was bound tightly around her head and covering her eyes. She was positioned in front of a large wall mirror, her back to him. Her wrists were tied with loops of cloth and these were attached to leather straps dangling from hooks in the ceiling. Her ankles were bound to the wall with more strips of cloth.

James couldn't believe it. His wife of twelve years hung naked before him, trussed up tighter than a virgin's cunt. She was blindfolded and helpless. Slowly James began to smile.

Shelby heard him come in and stand behind her. She wondered what he was thinking. Her sex was wet just hearing him approach. She wondered if he was as excited to see her. She wriggled her ass a little to see if it would evoke a response. She heard him make a sound—a sort of gasp or grunt—she couldn't quite tell. Her sex felt wetter.

He moved around the room. He was selecting a toy. She felt her heart beat rapidly and she tensed, as always wondering and fearing his selection. What would it be tonight? One of the leather belts? A wooden paddle? The thin strap?

Her answer came as she felt the touch of the thin riding crop against her shoulder. Interesting. He'd never touched her there before. Slowly the crop made its way down her back, tracing delicate outlines against her smooth flesh. Shivers traveled up and down her spine and Shelby was astonished at how wet she was already.

The crop was getting closer and closer to her buttocks. Shelby knew what would happen when it got there and she both dreaded and relished it. It wasn't the pain she enjoyed—it was the feelings the pain awoke in her. The pain always made her horny, made her lose control. The pain, though difficult to endure, freed her to be herself without shame. In the pain she could be as dirty as she wanted without guilt, because the pain **was** the punishment. There was nothing further to fear.

Shelby felt the leather tip of the crop touch her bottom and slowly traverse her left buttock, sliding back and forth across the flesh and gently patting the underside of her cheek. Then it carefully caressed her right buttock the same way.

The slowness, the deliberateness, was new to Shelby, and drove her crazy. Her sex in the fierce agony of desire wished he would just smack her with the crop and get it over with. The suspense was frustrating.

But the crop now was being pushed into the crack of her buttocks, sliding down toward her sex. It slid upward between her legs and poked her sex with its tip, causing her to writhe to escape it. It brushed briefly against her clitoris and she was beside herself in desire.

“Ohhhhh! Come on, Andrew! This is torture. Get on with it! I can’t stand it!” she moaned desperately.

The crop left her sex suddenly, drawing forth a cry of protest from her lips. The leather tips slid up and down her legs, rubbing against her thighs. Suddenly it struck, a hard flailing blow across the backs of her thighs. Shelby squealed in pain and surprise and tears came to her eyes. It was a hard blow and it left a bright red stripe across her legs.

Shelby struggled against her bonds but they were solid. She moaned and pleaded with Andrew to have mercy. As if in answer he struck her hard across the buttocks, not once or twice, but several times, lightning strokes that left her writhing and crying, her buttocks alive with stings.

The crop now touched her belly and Shelby froze in mid-bounce, her heart stopped. She felt it circle her belly button and slowly approach her breasts. She began sobbing as she felt moisture trickling down her legs. She was positive there had to be a small puddle beneath her.

The deadly leather toy circled her left breast and then lifted it slightly, then more urgently. It played with the nipple a while, then gave the same series of treatments to the other breast.

Shelby was in agony. Her buttocks stung slightly but it wasn’t enough. Her sex was so hungry she wished he would whip her mercilessly until the pain blotted out the unsatisfied desire of her sex. She got her wish.

The first blow was on the side of her left breast and she screamed in shock. Then the right breast was struck and she was sobbing. The crop began spanking each breast in turns, striking the sides, then from below, and then the hyper-sensitive nipples. The blows were not hard. In fact, they were very mild. But the sensation was electrifying on Shelby’s tender breasts.

Then the crop returned to her buttocks and Shelby got what she had wanted. A hard series of strokes left her bottom covered with dozens of tiny red welts, each pulsing and throbbing independently. The thin

sheaf of leather struck her thighs and calves, leaving her legs tingling with sensations. She groaned and cried and begged but Andrew was a rock. He showed no mercy.

When he finally stopped she heard him rummaging through the pile of toys in the corner and she wondered if she could take much more. He had never treated her quite so harshly before. She found it invigorating, but exhausting. She was extremely tense. She tried to relax but was too nervous.

Suddenly there was a sound like gunshot and Shelby yelped in pain. Though her experience was relatively limited, she knew at once which toy he had chosen. It was a tiny paddle of stiff leather, approximately four by six inches with a three inch wooden handle wrapped in leather. It did not hurt as much as one of the larger wooden paddles, but it could pack quite a wallop. It was actually one of Shelby's favorite toys because it seemed so small and innocent but could inflict a phenomenal amount of pain. The main thing about it that annoyed her, however, was that it was too narrow to strike both buttocks at once. It was frustrating to have one buttock screaming in pain and the other feeling ignored.

Andrew certainly knew how to use that little paddle, Shelby thought. He walloped her left buttock until it felt bloated and swollen and she was begging him to spank her right side. He ignored her and continued to spank the same side, smacking her thighs with loud slaps that made Shelby gasp and left her breathless.

When he finally moved to her right side she was so grateful she cried. At first the blows felt warm and good to her, extremely satisfying. But soon the pain surpassed the throbbing of her left buttock and she was crying miserably again.

After her buttocks and thighs had been soundly paddled he paused and she thought he was finished. "That wasn't so bad," she thought. But suddenly his hand was touching her sex from the front. His touch was cold and she realized he was wearing a leather glove. His gloved fingers found her clitoris and pinched it roughly, the little paddle spanking her from behind, alternating cheeks with each blow.

The spanks were light but extremely annoying. As Shelby struggled to thrust her sex against Andrew's fingers the little paddle was a rude distraction, a light stinging that exhausted and weakened her. Her sex was

starving and she couldn't get any satisfaction. She whimpered miserably, ignoring the series of punishing spanks Andrew gave her thighs.

This time the spanking went on for a long time. Shelby's mind spun and drifted and everything went foggy. She couldn't think straight. Her body burned with stinging pain but her sex tingled so much it made her weep with frustration. Each time the delicate tickle between her legs seemed on the verge of exploding the gloved hand would slip away and the paddling would intensify. She couldn't stop crying and moaning even when she finally felt Andrew walking away. She dangled and panted and sobbed, wiggling her body frantically and begging him to let her go.

She thought for sure he'd take her at that point. He'd never punished so much before. It was invigorating but it was too much. Her mind couldn't handle all the sensations flooding through her body.

Then she felt the cold touch of the leather tawse across her shoulder. The twin tips dangled across her chest and just touched her breasts. A horrible shiver passed down her spine and Shelby convulsed. She began to cry.

"Please, Andrew, please! I've had enough," she begged. "Take me now, before I explode!"

But the strap was slowly caressing her body. It washed across her naked back, then brushed the blazing stripes across her bare ass. Shelby winced and tears came to her eyes. Then the tip of the strap was lightly flicked between her spread legs, the leather gently slapping her sex.

"Ahhhh!" screamed the girl, her body shuddering. It was too much. A powerful orgasm tore through her body. It was over in seconds, the intense waves of blinding pleasure leaving her drained and trembling.

Smack! The tawse struck her across her left thigh, the tips curling across the inside of her leg. The stinging pain made her want to grab herself there, but she couldn't. The tingling frustrated her and she felt herself growing wet again.

The tawse struck her right thigh, and then back to her left. Again and again it struck her, slowly increasing force and frequency. Then it attacked her buttocks. She wanted to scream. Soon her whole backside was throbbing.



James stared at the naked buttocks before him. The pale pink skin that was always so smooth was now red and welted. The tenderness turned him on. His cock was huge and he didn't know how much longer he could take this without relief. He decided not to wait.

Taking off his pants James approached his bound wife. She stood trembling in fear before him, every flicker of fear across her face visible to him in the large mirror. Slowly he slipped his hard cock between her legs, rubbing it against the thin welts on the insides of her thighs. She moaned and thrust her buttocks back against him, whimpering at the pain this caused her.

He took her then, not willing to wait. He thrust himself deep inside her, forcing himself to really work into her though he knew the pain this caused her sore buttocks, pressed against him. Almost immediately his cock began to spasm with surges of power and he spurted inside her.

He heard her gasp and begin to sob in terror. "How could you?" she shouted at him and he realized that her boyfriend must normally use a condom. He smiled as he thought of what she must be thinking, what agony she must be going through.

"Let her suffer," he thought with contempt. "The slut deserves it."

Shelby couldn't believe it. He had come inside her! He knew that was forbidden.. She had told him from the start that she wasn't risking pregnancy. He had to pull out or at the least, wear protection. If she wanted a baby it would be with James, not some part-time lover.

"You bastard!" she screamed at him, only to hear him go to the pile of "toys." She felt a smooth strip of cloth being wrapped around head and covering her mouth. He was gagging her! And without saying a word, no reprimand or scolding, just silence. Somehow this made her feel worse, as though she was less than human.

Her heart almost stopped when she heard the terrible smack of the wooden paddle. For a moment she saw nothing but blackness, then there was light, but everything was red. Then she felt the pain, a hot prickling across the surface of her skin. It confused and overwhelmed her, numbed her senses. When she finally was herself again, she realized he was paddling her. The stinging was ferocious, unlike anything she'd felt so

far. Her entire ass was blazing. Again and again the paddle smacked her, each blow jarring her whole body.

Tears poured down Shelby's face. She suddenly regretted her little evening escapade. This wasn't much of a game. He was really hurting her, as though he intended to punish her. She wondered what she had gotten herself into. Andrew had never been like this before, but then she really didn't know him that well. "I guess I deserve whatever I get," she told herself sternly.

Suddenly she wished she could talk to James. He might be a little stiff and boring, but he was a dear friend and a good man. He would never hurt her like this. She knew he loved her very much. It hurt her to think of him finding out about her secret, of how much heartache it would cause him. Shelby resolved at that instant, no matter what else happened, that it was over between her and Andrew. She would go to James when he got back on Monday and tell him everything, and beg him to forgive her.

Very slowly James began to untie his wife. He released her ankles, and then her wrists. The cloth loops had grown tight from her struggles but the binding was around the wrist joint so it had not cut off her circulation.

When she was free, Shelby made to remove her blindfold but James touched her arm. Obediently, she put her arms down and let herself be guided. He took her upstairs to the bathroom, her walking unsteady, tears still in her eyes. Her backside was a maze of welts and reddish bruises. She wept as he helped her into the shower and the first of the cold spray hit her chest.

Carefully and gently James washed his wife. He took a washcloth and soaping it thoroughly, he ran it over her body. He washed her breasts, careful to make sure the crop marks received plenty of moisture. He slipped the cloth between her legs and cleaned her thoroughly, playing with her slightly, and though she moaned and she did not attempt to stop him. Finally he turned her away from the shower and caressed her bottom and thighs with soap and water, both cooling and reviving her pain.

Her skin became wet and slippery as he cleaned her and James found himself dangerously aroused. Suddenly he slipped off the rest of his clothes and climbed into the shower with Shelby, her moans growing

louder. Taking her in his arms he ripped off the gag and kissed her on the mouth. Her moans grew frantic and suddenly she reached up and took off the blindfold, crying out “James!”

She began to cry then, not saying anything, the complex emotions running through her were too much for her to understand. No one but James kissed her like that. She fell against his shoulder and wept and he let her cry for a moment, and then he kissed her. After a few seconds she began to kiss back, and then passionately she took his cock in her hand and began to massage it.

As one the two coupled, James pressing his wife against the cold tile wall, cool spray showering them both, and he fucked her with an animal passion she had never seen or felt from him. It made her cry, it made her scream, and she herself wasn’t sure if it was from the myriad sensations exploding through her body or sheer happiness that at last she was experiencing the ecstasy she needed.

After a few excruciatingly blissful moments the couple crumbled to the bottom of the tub, water spraying them and gathering at their feet. They were exhausted. Shelby could not stop shuddering. She was too tired to cry. She hugged James in a grip of iron as though she would never let him go.

“I’m sorry, so sorry,” she finally managed, a soft, sobbing whisper in his ear.

“It’s okay,” he answered gently, his firm voice filling her with pride. “It’s over. It’s all over. I forgive you.”

Crying together, the two began to carefully fondle each other, soft smiles and gentle giggling replacing the wild passion of before. They slowly made love again and again until both collapsed in sleepy exhaustion.

In silence they slept, hugging tightly and awkwardly lying in the bottom of a bathtub, smiles on their faces. A gentle spray of cold water fell down on them but the couple didn’t notice. Dreams filled their minds at that moment, but those dreams could never match the reality of what they had just experienced.



The FLOGMASTER'S

Twelve of the Best 2

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 second volume of the Flogmaster's "five-star" stories focuses on the corporal punishment of adults (mostly female). We have classic husband-spanks-wife in ***The Affair***, ***The Couple***, and ***The Wedding Day***, but couples enjoy their spanking adventures together in ***The Scavenger Hunt*** and ***The Schoolroom***. For humor, ***The Tenderfoot*** (about a cowgirl), ***Maid for Spanking*** (a couple seeks a spanking robot), and ***Cat Burglar*** will make you grin. Don't forget the sweet fantasy ***The Secret Life of Amelia Journey*** and the naughty tenants in ***The Landlord****. Those interested in more serious literature will not be disappointed with the moving ***The Healing Pool*** and the love stories of ***The Courtship of a Goddess*** and ***The Beauty****.

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