

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 THREE  
("EDGY")**



## ***Selected Excerpts***

### **FROM THE PERFORMANCE:**

The man flipped up Amy's skirt revealing a pair of white panties that showed off her figure quite well. He began to spank her, really spank her, slapping her bottom loudly. Even in Paris this was an unusual sight, I guess, for the tables around me were all filled with hushed whispers of astonishment.

"He can't *really* be—" I started to think, and then the man pulled down Amy's panties. I gasped out loud. I couldn't believe this. But it was true. There, on the stage, not twenty feet away, was Amy, dressed as a child but with bottom bared and the large hand of a strange older man slapping her ass! It was unbelievable.

### **FROM THE RICH MAID:**

She turned on the floodworks. Her beautiful eyes opened even wider and brimmed with tears. Her lips curled in that delicious pout he loved so much. "Oh, sir, please! Can't we come up with another solution? I'll do anything, sir, anything!"

"Well... in the good old days of my great-grandfather, maids were subject to discipline by their masters. I suppose we could institute something along those lines, if you were willing."

"You mean... physical punishment!" The girl was horrified, her sensuous mouth hanging open.

"Yes. And for something as serious as this, a mere paddling wouldn't be nearly enough. This offense merits the cane."

### **FROM DISCIPLINARIAN:**

"I'll bet you remember this beating," grunted Ingrid. "It's going to hurt."

Carrie looked mournful as she draped herself over the bar. This was a waist-high metal pole that she could lean over. Another pole cut across her shins, and this was the one she was to grab and hold on to for dear life. Bent in position, her large bottom curved and presented itself magnificently, and Ingrid smiled as she flexed the cane. Even if she shouldn't make Carrie repeat, this was going to be a pleasure.

## **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 FLOGMASTER Presents**

# Twelve of the Best

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

## **VOLUME THREE ("EDGY")**

*This collection of the Flogmaster's best writing  
contains stories of an extreme nature. These stories  
can include severe corporal punishment (of adults  
or minors), abuse, rape, slavery, incest, bondage  
and submission, death, kidnapping, and other  
politically incorrect topics.*

## 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.

# ***Contents***

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<b>The Client</b>	<b>II</b>
<hr/>	
<b>M/F — severe, consensual</b>	
A discipline session with a female client affects a young man more than he planned. (4,800 words. Written in 1998.)	
<b>A Daughter's Love</b>	<b>24</b>
<hr/>	
<b>M/f — semi-cons abuse, edgy</b>	
A daughter recollects on her father's abusive punishments. (4,425 words. Written in 1999.)	
<b>Disciplinarian</b>	<b>35</b>
<hr/>	
<b>F/FFfff — severe schoolgirl caning</b>	
A teacher must thrash her students properly or suffer the cane herself. (3,226 words. Written in 2003.)	
<b>The Escort</b>	<b>44</b>
<hr/>	
<b>F/M, MF/FM — slavery, n/c whipping</b>	
A slave is tormented by another slave but soon the tables are delightfully turned. (4,785 words. Written in 1995.)	

## **The Final Spanking** **56**

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**M/F — nc severe switching**

A woman tells about the worst whipping she never got as a teen. *This is a new, never-published story, exclusive to this collection!* (2,666 words. Written in 2005.)

## **The Funeral** **63**

---

**M/f — spanking, memories**

A woman remembers the lessons taught by her late father. (2,683 words. Written in 1995.)

## **Lauren** **70**

---

**?/f — nc torture, debporn, edgy**

A girl waits in the basement for her beating. (2,378 words. Written in 1999.)

## **The Performance** **77**

---

**M/F — cons, severe, sex, love**

A man catches up with his long lost love. (5,560 words. Written in 1997.)

## **How I Got My Pulitzer** **91**

---

**F/f — semi-cons, nudity**

A photographer reminisces about his award-winning photo. (4,085 words. Written in 1999.)

## **The Rich Maid** **103**

---

**M/F, — cons**

A rich man hires a naughty maid. (6,114 words. Written in 1999.)



## **The Sacrifice**

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**I20**

**M/F — flogging, death, sex**

An introspective tale about the ritual sacrifice of a woman. Warning: contains death and philosophy; not for the squeamish or stupid. (8,461 words. Written in 1996.)

## **The Doll**

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**I4I**

**f/F — non-cons spanking, physical and sexual abuse, extremely grim with black humor**

Super-sick Twilight-Zonish story mixed with Toy Story perversions about a human doll. *This is a new, never-published story, exclusive to this collection!* (4,665 words. Written in 2001.)

## **The Virgin**

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**I54**

**mm/f — semi-nc torture, edgy**

Two young men kidnap a girl and attempt to torture her into having sex. (2,108 words. Written in 1997.)



## *The Client*

**M/F — severe, consensual**

A discipline session with a female client affects a young man more than he planned. (4,800 words. Written in 1998.)

**I** RECOGNIZED VIVIAN immediately—she was everything Uncle Reuben had described. She was supposed to be in her early thirties but he hadn't been kidding when he'd said she looked young. I'd have put her in her early twenties except for her rather forlorn expression which made her appear much older. Pretty, with long blond hair pulled up into a short stalk at the back of her head, and a soft 20-watt smile she rarely used. She stood off by herself, away from the others at the bus depot. She wore a conservative, pale blue, full length dress, and high heels that brought her up to the 5'6" my uncle had described. Her hands clutched a small black leather purse and a Macy's shopping bag as though worried someone would take them. The key, however, was the red ribbon pinned to her lapel.

I parked the Mercedes as close as I could to her. She watched me as I approached. Her face was clean and modern, with simple, rather plain features: faint eyebrows, nervous brown eyes, petite nose, tiny mouth. There was the suggestion of sadness in her expression. It made her look beautiful. It made me curious about her, wondering why she wanted this.

She bit her lower lip as I drew up to her. She ignored me until I spoke, then stared at me as though I were a mugger.

I made my face as dark and grim as I could, but retained a degree of civility and politeness for the others at the station. My voice was deep, not loud—but insistent and filled with urgency—nearly a hiss of barely restrained fury. (My father always said I should have been an actor. But I preferred Uncle Reuben's line of work.)

“So there you are, you little tramp! Trying to sneak out of town!”

“Sir?” The woman's face was blank.

I moved closer, grasping her arm. She looked like she was going to scream. “I warn you—don’t play games with me. You’re in enough trouble as it is.”

“Who are you?” said the woman. She tried to break free from me, but I held her tightly. Our eyes connected and the woman hesitated.

“Are you going to make a scene?” I murmured. “Do you really want me to take you over my knee in front of all these people?”

The woman’s mouth opened but no sound came out. She stood frozen, hands clutching her bags, her doe-eyes watching my every move.

“I will, you know.” My voice was soft but solid as doom. “I’ll pull you over my lap, yank up that flimsy dress of yours, and bare your ass to all these kind folks. And then I’ll spank your butt until it’s the color of raw hamburger. Is that what you want?”

The woman’s eyes darted about in terror as I spoke. She was good, this one. The best I’d ever done. Really into her part. I could feel her terror. It made me perform my role even better. I clutched her tighter, leering at her.

“Oh, don’t think they’ll help you, Princess. This is New York City. They watch muggers and beatings every day, and don’t do a damned thing.”

The woman shuddered, accepting the truth of my words. Her voice, when she spoke, was a harsh, guttural whisper—it made me cringe it was so raw and desperate: “What to you want?”

For the first time I softened my look. I gave her tender smile and gently touched the side of her face.

“I want you to come home, Princess.” I hesitated. “Daddy loves you very much.”

It was like I’d struck her. Her body seemed to collapse. She fell against me, trembling violently. Her eyes were wild, unstable, and her lips moved but she made no sound. Gently I guided her to the Mercedes, opening the back door and helping her inside. She shook her head and moaned, mumbling, “No, I can’t, I can’t,” over and over, but did not try to run away. I closed the door firmly and got behind the wheel.

“We’ll be home in a few minutes, Princess. You’ve been a naughty girl and Daddy is angry, but he loves you very much.”

The eyes in the rearview mirror were haunting. I tried not to look at them, but my heart kept drawing me back. The girl did not move but sat

frozen, eyes locked on the mirror so she could watch me. She seemed in a daze, or lost within a fascination she could not control.

Neither of us said a word, though the drive home took nearly an hour. I wanted to speak, to say things, but every time I looked into those eyes I forgot whatever I had planned to say. Those eyes said it all.

At the gate I entered the code and the metal grill opened, then closed behind us. The girl seemed to take no notice. I parked underneath the covered entryway and got out. When I opened her door she did not move, but sat there as though stunned. My first reaction was to physically move her, but something made me wait. I waited for a long time, just standing their patiently (and I'm an impatient man).

Suddenly the woman appeared to make up her mind, or come to a conclusion, because she hopped out of the car as calmly as if I'd just opened the door seconds earlier. She didn't look at me but waited while I shut the door, then walked with me inside the house.

My uncle's house is beautiful and elaborate. I'm not certain where he made his money—most of the family rumors are not flattering—but I don't really care. The fact is, he lives like a king, and now that I'm his assistant, I live like a king, too. And on occasion—like today, since my uncle's on business in Italy—I get to take over for some of his clients.

Inside the main entrance is a large fountain, dripping water day and night, lit with colored spotlights. It's directly in front of a huge picture window overlooking the courtyard. The courtyard contains a manicured garden and a long swimming pool. Since the house is U-shaped, nearly every room has a view of the courtyard.

Like most visitors, the woman was fascinated by the fountain, and then the courtyard. She walked in a daze, gazing at everything as though she were seeing things forbidden.

"It's amazing," she whispered. She stood at the window and stared at the elaborate garden.

"My uncle spared no expense. He's terrible with plants, but he loves nature. A gardener comes three times a week to maintain that area. It's actually a greenhouse. It's enclosed, see?"

"But it's so big!"

"Big is just money."

"Magnificent."

I realized with embarrassment that I was talking with the woman as an equal—I'd forgotten my role. It was understandable. The woman was really nothing more than a girl, weak and frail, and I felt my heart aching for her obvious pain. Whatever we were going to do—as severe as my uncle said she liked it—it was nothing compared to the pain she carried every day.

I hesitated. “What shall I call you?”

Reuben had told me clients often liked to use aliases rather than their real names—it made the illusion more real. It was Reuben's Rule Number Seven: Never refer to a client by their real name during a scene unless they have told you to do so.

The woman stiffened. “My name is Anna.”

“All right, Anna.” I whispered: “I know you've got a schedule, so we'll continue the scenario.”

I raised my voice, making it gruff. “Daughter, you have behaved disgracefully! Skipping school, slapping your mother, and attempting to run away—such things will **not** be tolerated in this house!”

The woman shuddered again, backing away from me, shaking her head and looking about for someone to save her.

“You will come with me to the Punishment Room.”

At those words the woman became frantic, but she seemed divided at what to do. She glanced at the distant doorway, beyond which was the Mercedes, the keys safely in my pocket, and she looked down the two hallways on either side of lobby where we stood.

I turned and began to walk with determined steps down the south wing. I didn't look back but walked calmly, listening. For a minute there was silence, my own feet dragging across the carpet the only sound. Then I heard it—soft, hesitant footsteps behind me. I turned.

The girl was at the entrance of the corridor, staring at me. Her pale face was a bizarre blend of confusion, terror, sadness, and desire. She looked at me blankly, then began to follow.

I turned forward again and walked, not slowing or turning to check on her. This was something she had to want, something she had to accept. I would not force her. I might encourage her, but it was her decision to make.

We passed the empty living and dining rooms, the library, the game room, the den, and a number of closed doors that represented various

offices Uncle Reuben used, depending on the task. Finally we reached the end of the long corridor. There was only one door left. Appropriately, it was closed.

I waited until I sensed the girl was behind me. I never once turned to look. For all I knew she had a knife and was preparing to stab me in the back.

“You must open the door,” I said firmly.

The girl did not move. Again, I was filled with a patience uncharacteristic of me. I waited. I could hear the girl’s breathing, harsh and urgent, filled with near panic. I did not move.

I’d almost gone into a trance myself when I felt a brush on my arm. Anna—since that is what she asked to be called—was moving passed me. She did not look at me, but approached the door. Her hand rested on the handle for a moment, then she turned it and pushed the door open.

At the movement, the lights in the room automatically snapped on. They were bright but subdued, so there was no glare. I watched as the girl froze at the sight of that room. According to Uncle Reuben she’d been here many times, but her performance was superb. If I hadn’t known she was pretending, I’d have thought she’d never seen anything like that room.

She stared at the furniture: numerous mounts and sawhorses and bondage stands, even a wooden X at the far end, next to the whipping post. Her head turned to the walls draped with black leather whips, chains, belts, thin wooden rods and canes, dozens of wooden paddles of all shapes and sizes, tawses, riding crops, multi-tailed whips and martinetts. She licked her lips and her eyes were wide with amazement. Uncle Reuben had everything. The girl was speechless with fear. I could smell her terror. It filled me with an excitement I hadn’t sensed in a long time. This girl was fantastic—she was so believable, so into her role it made the entire scenario seem real.

Gruffly I pushed her inside, closing the door behind us. With exaggerated motion I locked the door and pocketed the key. “Anna, my dear,” I said sternly in my “Daddy” voice, “you are here to be punished.”

She glanced at me, face calm, eyes frantic.

“Put your things down and come to sofa. We are going to begin with an old-fashioned spanking.”

I walked to the sofa and sat. Anna did not move. Her bag and purse were held tightly against her chest. Her act was becoming wearisome. I like realism, but there are limits. A scene's no fun unless it is clear all participants are enjoying it. Perhaps she just wanted some encouragement. She did look nervous.

"Anna!" I roared, rising. "Do I have to take a strap to your ass? Drop your things and get over here. NOW!"

Something shook through the girl. She shuddered, closing her eyes and looking at the ceiling. Then she turned and looked straight at me. Her eyes were electric, a fierce intensity and strength I had not expected from this frail-appearing girl. She threw her bags to the floor and walked to me.

"Anna," I said gently. "Have you been a naughty girl?"

She opened her mouth, licked her lips, looked around. "Look at me when I am speaking to you!" I snapped, and her head bobbed up instantly. She gulped and nodded frantically.

"Yes, sir!"

"You have broken numerous house rules. You have defied your mother and disobeyed your father. You will be severely punished."

Her head dropped. "Yes," she whispered, so faint I wasn't sure I'd heard it.

"What?"

"Yes, sir!" she said boldly, raising her chin, her flickering eyes meeting mine for a second. That was when I first saw it—a faint glimpse of humor in those bewitching eyes. She knew it was a game, but she was going to play along. It was clear in those eyes.

"Yes, what, Anna?"

"Yes, I will be severely punished," she moaned, her eyes closing briefly. Her breathing was heavy and ragged.

"Give me your hand," I ordered, and she obeyed. I led her across my lap. She stretched out without a sound.

For the first time, I had a clear glimpse of her body. The dress was a long, shapeless kind; it did nothing for her slender figure, fitting her no better than a potato sack. But lying across my lap I could see she had a fine body. Her ass was wide and round, perfectly designed for the punishments I had in mind. Her hips were slender but not bony. She was a gem covered with shit.



I placed my hand on her ass, feeling its heavy bulk and the shudder that passed through Anna's body at my first touch. She was really lost in her role. I rubbed her butt for a few seconds, then hauled back and let her have a sharp smack.

She gasped, her legs squeezing together suddenly. I spanked her again, enjoying the feel of her plump bottom beneath my hand. Her ass quivered lightly after each slap, and she wiggled her legs and body in mute protest.

But of course there was little I could do to such a distant target. I proceeded to bring it closer by lifting up her thin dress. She stiffened in response. Ignoring her, I studied her white silk panties. They were so pale I could see right through them, see the dark, mysterious crease between her asscheeks. Palming her bottom, the panties smooth and slick, I felt a faint warmth. I decided to increase it, and I began to spank her ass fast and hard.

Anna shook her body and moaned. She gasped and cried out, faint cries, so vague one couldn't tell if they were cries of delight or injury. I spanked on and on, thrilled by the sounds she was making.

When I stopped the silence was electric. Anna seemed too frightened to say anything. She seemed to have stopped breathing.

"Princess, I know this hurts, but you have been a very naughty girl," I scolded gently. "Now listen carefully: when Daddy finishes this spanking, you are going to go straight to that corner and stand. You are going to stand with your dress up, showing me your rear, and you *aren't* going to touch your bottom—no matter how much you want to, you aren't going to touch your bottom. Is that clear?"

There was silence from the girl. A loud smack to her ass changed that: an "Oww!" followed by "Uhh, yes, sir. Very clear, sir!"

"Good." I reached down and grasped the waistband of Anna's panties. There was a terrible cry from deep within her throat as I yanked them downward, exposing pale and pink flesh.

"Nooo!" Her hands flew back to save her bottom.

"None of that, now," I said firmly, grabbing her hands and pulling them into the small of her back. "You know all naughty girls get spanked on their bare bottoms—a spanking doesn't count unless it's on bare skin."

“Oh, God, please,” she moaned, but her hands had stopped struggling against mine. She lay half-sobbing, trembling, her plump buttocks completely exposed to my scrutiny. I studied the smooth curves, admiring her shape tremendously. I swear God made her body for spanking.

I did not spank her bare bottom very long—just a few dozen leisurely blows, but the girl quivered and danced on my lap as though this were her very first session. She did not cry, but I could tell from her subdued expression that this punishment was profoundly affecting her. She was changing before my eyes, slowly becoming more malleable even as she lost her shell and relaxed.

“To the corner,” I said finally, releasing her. She rose and went without an instant’s hesitation. She toe-walked to the wall, the panties around her knees preventing full steps.

“Don’t let that dress cover your tush,” I reminded, and she nodded grimly, her face hard with determination. She faced the corner and stood quietly, her breathing rapid and panicky.

I let her stew for about ten minutes, then I ordered her back. She approached cautiously, still holding up her dress and walking funny.

“Fetch me a paddle,” I said. The look of panic that flashed on her face was arousing to the max. She went pale and I wondered if she would faint. Talk about good acting!

But somehow she did it. She turned her back to me and gingerly hopped to the wall of paddles and stared at them. I knew what she was thinking. I had not told her which paddle to retrieve. I’d left the choice in her hands. There were the small light ones, usually made of stiff leather, the heavy oak fraternity ones that took two hands to swing, and everything in between.

“Come on, Princess—we don’t have all day.”

Quickly she made her final decision, picking one of the moderate leather ones, short and stiff, with a small circular blade. It was a fair choice. It wasn’t a wimpy balsa wood paddle, but it wasn’t a butt-buster either. The small blade meant it covered less surface area than most of the other paddles, but the whippiness of the leather meant it gave a distinct sting.

“Remove your dress,” I said to Anna. Her face showed she had expected this, though she didn’t seem happy about it. I watched as she hobbled to the corner and slipped the dress over her head and placed

it next to her purse and Macy's bag. Wearing only a white bra and the panties around her knees, she turned. She held the paddle over her crotch, hiding it from me. I frowned.

"You ought to be more ashamed of your disobedient behavior than of your body," I growled. "This is part of your punishment, Princess. Put your hands on your head."

Dark eyes gleaming at me, she slowly obeyed. Her pussy hair was pale and golden, nearly invisible in the right light.

"Very good," I said. "Now bring me the paddle." Trembling, she handed it to me. "You know what this is for?" I asked.

She nodded. "You are going to spank me," she whispered.

"That's right. Is it going to hurt?"

"Yessss," she hissed, her eyes going half-closed.

"That's also right," I said, reaching out and tugging her panties to her ankles. Without a word she stepped out of them, and I tossed them aside. I had her turn her back to me while I unclipped her bra. It followed the panties.

"Now go to that sawhorse there and bend over it. Yes, that one."

Anna went where I pointed. She seemed almost eager, bouncing and trembling with fear and excitement. I could see why Uncle Reuben valued her so much as a client—surely there could not be many woman so vulnerable and charming who enjoyed being disciplined as severely as she did.

Her ass bulged out at me, the cheeks round with swelling from her bent-over state. Between her legs I could see the diamond shape of her crotch—and within its dim recess the faint outline of puffy pussy lips. Anna was ready, and so was I.

What followed was a torture session I shall never forget, and I imagine Anna will remember it even longer. I paddled her ass with the little paddle until she began to cry. Then I switched to a big wooden one. Every stroke from that made her howl and dance in agony.

I strapped her ass and legs with a leather belt, and then started in with a multi-tongued whip. This had her weeping with terror. I bound her wrists and ankles to the X in the corner and whipped her thoroughly, as my uncle had instructed, leaving little of her body untouched.

With the lighter whips I did the insides of her thighs, then her tender pussy. She wept and moaned and even screamed, occasionally, but it was all part of the scene. I'd catch her eyes, waiting for the safe word, but

always, even when the smell of fear was greater than her sweat, her eyes contained that secret, that glow of humor that mocked me: she knew everything, she was fully conscious of what was happening.

Prior to the finale I let her dangle from the ceiling chain for a half hour, her legs pulled wide by a spreader bar, her pussy tormented with welts and an itching salve I'd coated it with. Five minutes after I left the lights automatically went out, leaving her in darkness, helpless and in pain.

When I returned she wept with gratitude, begging me to release her. For an answer I went my uncle's rack of canes and selected one of the longest: a four-foot finger-thick rod of ratan imported from England.

"Oh, God, no!" she moaned. "No more, I'm beat. I can't take any more, please."

"You must have the cane," I said firmly. "I insist. No punishment is complete without, say, a dozen of the best?"

The girl shuddered, watching me whip the rod through the air.

"Just think of that striking your ass," I said. "Think of the force as it swishes through the air and stops cold when it connects to your naked bottom!"

"Oh, please!"

"Perhaps two dozen?"

"God, no!" she screamed.

"Well, I'll give you a choice. Two dozen, bound right like you are, helpless to stop me... or a dozen accepted voluntarily, hands on your ankles."

I waited. The girl didn't speak for a long time, her eyes darting about incessantly. "Well? Which is it?"

She seemed to have been subdued. Her head fell forward and she shrugged. "Okay. Let me down and I'll take the cane."

"Excellent choice."

From my perspective the twelve did not take long: less than five minutes, I'd guess. From Anna's viewpoint, however, I'm sure the torment seemed to last forever. I took my time, aiming my strokes carefully, and delivering each with full force as Uncle Reuben had taught me. He would have been proud of that caning, too. The welts were regular and even, and Anna wept from start to finish.

An hour later, Anna had showered, dressed, and recovered. She looked radiant, the flush in her cheeks bringing her pale face to life. Her

dark eyes, once nearly hollow with fear, now gleamed with confidence and attitude.

“I’ve called you a cab,” I said. “It will be here shortly.”

“Thank you.”

“You have money for it?”

“Eh? Oh, of course.”

“You sure? It will be expensive, for such a long ride.”

“That’s okay. I’ve got it.” She turned to face me, her eyes nearly pushing me away with their power. Her smile was contagious, and I suddenly felt rather silly and shy. I blushed and looked away.

“My uncle is sorry he couldn’t make your session,” I said finally.

“Oh?”

“Yes. I know I’m just a substitute, and in training, but I hope I did well.”

Once more I saw that spark of humor in the girl’s eyes. She grinned. “Oh, you did well. Very well.” Her hand went back to rub her backside. “Perhaps too well. I won’t be able to sit for a week!”

“That will make the cab ride interesting.”

“Yes, I’ve been thinking about that,” she giggled, blushing. “I’m sure the driver will wonder why I keep fidgeting!”

“My mom always said fidgeting was a spanking offense...”

“Oh! Don’t mention spanking!” cried the girl, her face crimson, her hand going to her bottom again.

There was a soft bell tone. “That’s the cab,” I said, pressing the buzzer that released the gate. I stared at the girl. She was so beautiful. This morning I’d thought her pretty. I’d been wrong on that. She was far more than just pretty. She had a depth to her that was amazing.

“So, this is it?” I asked.

“I guess so,” she said. We could see the cab coming up the driveway. She turned to me suddenly. “Thank you.”

“For what?”

“For... everything. It was something I’ll cherish for a long time.”

I shrugged, uncomfortable with her praise. “It was your scenario,” I said. “To be honest, I’ve never been good at the ‘father’ roles.”

She laughed. “As a father, you were terrible.” My face fell and she smiled, pushing against me and kissing my lips. We held it for a few seconds, both ignoring the presence of the waiting cab out front.

She pulled back. “My father passed away last year. It’s been hard. You... well, let’s just say you made it a little easier.”

My mouth had gone dry and I couldn’t speak as the girl turned, and with one last gesture, kissed her hand and blew it to me. Then she was gone. The taxi went around the circle and out the main gate. I was alone.

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I didn’t even notice the machine blinking until late in the evening. There was one message. Someone must have called during the session with Anna. The playroom was soundproofed, so I wouldn’t have heard. Perhaps it had been Uncle Reuben. I pressed play.

“Hi, this is Vivian. This message is for Master Reuben. I know you were planning to send your nephew to meet with me this morning, but I have to cancel. Nothing personal — work’s called me out of town. I’ll pay the fee if it’s too late to cancel. Tell your nephew I’d like to meet him. Thanks. Sorry for the short notice.”

There was a click and the machine robotically announced “Tuesday, 10:45 a.m.”

I fell onto the couch in a daze. Later I started on the vodka, and morning found me on the floor with a massive headache.

For two weeks I’ve searched for the girl named Anna. I’ve nearly lived at the bus depot. It’s all been in vain.

I have nearly worn out the video of our session. I watch it every night, sometimes several times during the day. And every time I see something I never saw before, an expression on Anna’s delicate face that nearly breaks my heart, or a movement or graceful gasp that makes me want to weep with her.

The questions keep me awake nights. Who is she? Why did she come home with me? What kind of emotional pain could anyone harbor so deeply that they’d welcome an afternoon of physical agony?

I never mentioned the incident to Uncle Reuben. Without the videotape he’ll never know, and I certainly won’t bring it up.

Last week I met Vivian for the first time: a rather scrawny woman in her mid-thirties who looked nothing like Anna. I suppose to a guy like Uncle Reuben she would be considered young-looking, but to me she was

old. She was nice, and she did suffer a terrific thrashing from my uncle while I watched, but she wasn't Anna.

With Anna the pain had been real, not a game. In retrospect I saw it clearly on the videotape. She had wanted it to hurt so she could forget something that hurt her even worse.

I'll never know what Anna was running from, but there's a hole in my heart—no, a hole in my soul—that feels at least a little like she must felt.

Until she returns, I can only ache. Ache, ache, ache. Perhaps I need a session with Maria, Uncle Reuben's new companion he brought back from Italy? She's supposed to be an expert with the bullwhip. He swears by her.



**The FLOGMASTER'S**

*Twelve of the Best 3*

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