

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 new,
never-before-published
stories!

VOLUME SIX
("ADULT")

Selected Excerpts

FROM ROOMMATES:

She watched as a slim pair of white panties with frilly edges slid up the slender legs and hugged the round bottom. They were high-cut and left generous amounts of side-cheek on display and Jenna bit her lower lip to keep from grinning with delight as Kerry decided to run around the room with just the panties on, ass and naked breasts bouncing all over.

“Have you seen my hair clip?” she asked breathlessly after returning from the bathroom. She hardly waited for Jenna’s shaken head and she was in the closet, only her half-naked buttocks and bare legs visible as she searched through the drawers in the built-in dresser.

FROM THE INTRUDER:

I was about to get stern when she threw off the large overcoat she was wearing—though it was close to 80 degrees out it was raining—and I was presented with the a completely different girl. This girl was slim and feminine with the skimpiest short-shorts I had ever seen. They were glued to her ass as though they’d been sprayed on. And what an ass it was! Totally scrumptious, tight and round and springy, twin balls of quivering blubber that thrust outward at me impudently, demanding the same reaction, which they received in spades. In a second I was hard, my erection painful I was so aroused.

FROM ALL-AMERICAN GIRL:

With a sigh Katie stood. Her buttocks flared and she longed to reach back and massage the welted flesh but she didn’t dare. The far end of the gym was a mirror and she studied her slender form. Her breasts were modest but she had a willowy waist and prominent buttocks that were her most attractive feature. Now, however, the smooth curves of her ass were crisscrossed with crimson lines. Several of the welts were purple and darkening to black. She was quite astonished for usually he didn’t leave marks like that until much later in the session. Her belly began to flip-flop in nervous fear but her sex pulsed with heat and dripped moisture as she imagined the punishments to come.

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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Novels and Novella Collections

Flogmaster Novellas: Volumes 1-3

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Short Story Collections

Twelve of the Best: Volumes 1-6

Ultimate Archive: Volumes 1-4

Super-Short Stories: Volume 1

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 SIX ("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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A couple goes to a special taste testing. (1,735 words. Written in 2007.)

A Wonderful Life

M/F — nc spanking

A wife describes her public punishments from her husband. (1,347 words. Written in 2008.)

IT WASN'T THE spanking that bothered her. Oh sure, the spanking hurt—the stinging was quite ferocious at times, and she hated it when the same spot was spanked over and over until she wanted to scream for it to stop—but the pain was mixed with a warmth that flooded her loins and wasn't all that bad.

No, what bothered her was the shame. The embarrassment of having her panties pulled down, her bare bottom exposed, and her naked cheeks slapped into a rosy glow. She was 27 years old. Wasn't that too old for spanking? She was an adult, a woman, not a child. It was humiliating to still be punished like a little girl.

When it was just the two of them she could handle it. She didn't particularly like it, but at least no one was watching. It was private, a personal matter.

What she dreaded worst of all was when the spanking was in front of other people. In a public spanking the pain disappeared, lost in the haze of red-faced shame, and all she could think about was the humiliation. Her instinctive reactions made it worse, or she could not help but kick her legs and flail helplessly, writhing in misery and pain and shame. She'd throw her hands back in a vain effort to protect her bottom from the slaps and she would howl and cry like a baby. It was awful. She hated it. And it happened so often.

It seemed like she was always putting her foot in her mouth, saying the wrong thing, embarrassing her husband in front of an important client, or inadvertently being rude to the wife of an investor. Frederick did not put up with such nonsense. If she misbehaved, he punished her right then and there. Over his lap she would go, squawking and screeching and begging

for mercy, while he would calmly and ruthlessly pull up her dress and drag down her panties and begin to slap her wiggling bottom.

It did not matter who was watching. It could be an intimate dinner with a few selected guests, or perhaps it was a party with dozens of invitees. The room would go quiet for a moment, glasses frozen in mid-sip, eyes widening with surprise at the sight of an adult woman being spanked like a child. Then, as the spanking continued, normal conversations and chatter would resume. That actually made the situation worse—it was as though what was happening to her was not even important enough to notice.

While she hated the spanking itself, at least she was distracted by the pain and her humiliating position, and at least her head was down and her vision obstructed by her long hair so she could imagine that she was alone with him. But when the spanking was over, she had to resume her normal activities. That was the worst.

She had to right herself, pull her panties back up, smooth down her dress, and smile prettily at everyone as though everything was fine. It was awful. Her face was flushed, her hair disheveled, her makeup ruined, her clothing in disarray, and her bottom throbbing and hot. How was she supposed to pretend she was fine? She desperately wanted to run away and hide in the bathroom, but he would not allow that. No, she had to face her audience and stare into their eyes, eyes that knew her situation, eyes that had just watched her spanked like a little girl.

It was her job to be the proper hostess, to serve the drinks and make sure her guests were happy. For the rest of the evening she was humiliated constantly with the knowledge that everyone there knew what had happened and had witnessed her shame.

Sometimes she would be spanked several times in the course of an evening. The first spanking was always the worst, of course, but the nightmare of additional spankings was always on the horizon and terrified her. Having to endure additional punishments was dreadful and she would've thought that the embarrassment would be lessened but it was always much worse. The guests reacted more casually to additional spankings, and sometimes grew bold enough to even make suggestions.

“Don't neglect her left cheek!”

“I should hire you to discipline my daughter.”

“Ouch! She is really feeling that. I'm glad I'm not in her shoes.”

“When do I get a turn?”

“That bum is hot enough to cook eggs!”

Later, the comments would be directed to her personally, sometimes whispered with an ominous pat or pinch, or boldly stated in front of others for the comic reception of the group. She could only smile politely and nonchalantly as though she was unconcerned about what they thought. Inside, though, she seethed with rage and frustration at her helplessness.

She knew not to provoke them or encourage them, for that usually resulted in her going over her husband’s lap for another spanking. She’d once been rude to a guest and her husband had not only spanked her again, but allowed the guest to take a turn. That had been unspeakably awful, the most humiliating thing she could imagine, and she had been polite to guests ever since.

The strangest thing was that the experience—no matter how awful—always turned her on. Each spanking or threat of spanking left her wet and hungry for satisfaction. The more her bottom burned the more she needed to be fucked. She knew when the evening was over she and her husband would fuck like rabbits, and that in itself excited her, but the torture of having to wait was excruciating. The longer the party, the worse it became.

She worried others would see her arousal. Would they notice the moist stain on her panties? Would they see her sex glistening with lubrication? Perhaps they would think she enjoyed the humiliation! By the end of the evening she was usually frantic with desire and so wet it was dribbling down her stockings.

As soon as the final guest had departed and the door was shut she was on him, embracing him, kissing him, riding his crotch as though he were a high-powered motorcycle and she was desperate for a spin. Their sex was always frantic and wild, passionate to the extreme, and left them both panting and wanting more.

By the time they were in bed she had usually orgasmed two or three times and was ready for another. Often he would spank her again. She would be totally naked across his lap and be begging him to hurry and finish so she could have him. But he never rushed. He always took his time and made sure she was well-spanked and her bottom was gloriously red and sore before he would satisfy her.

The sex was fantastic, powerful beyond words, so pleasurable that she did not regret one instance of the entire evening. Whatever had happened, whatever her shame, whoever had witnessed her, she no longer cared. It had been worth it. It would have been worth far more just for those few seconds of bliss.

In the morning he always rubbed oil on her bottom, soothing away the pain. Then he spanked her again and they would have sex again. This time it was always slow and gentle and romantic and she loved it.

Unfortunately—or perhaps it was fortunate?—in her husband's line of work he entertained constantly, two or three times a week. It was vital for his business and though she tried hard, getting spanked at a party was almost inevitable. On non party nights she was just as likely to get a spanking for some minor infraction, but at least that was private.

Her life was blissful horror—waiting in dread the next punishment and relishing the heat and pleasure of the last. At least she was never bored. No matter how many spankings she received they never grew routine, and she never got used to the shame and humiliation. It was a wonderful life.



The FLOGMASTER'S

Twelve of the Best 6

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 sixth volume of the Flogmaster's best stories focuses on the corporal punishment of adults (mostly female). These are all brand new, never-before-published stories that can *only* be found in this volume. These stories span the gamut from romantic couples to judicial discipline. There's an older couple remembering fond punishments in ***A Wonderful Life***, a vibrant couple experiencing ***The Tasting***, and a wife endures public humiliation in ***The Punishment Dinner***. In ***The Silencer*** a wife tests her husband's new invention, ***Harmless Fun*** has a boy introducing his girlfriend to spanking, and in another kind of coupling, a girl has a crush on her female roommate in ***Roommates***. Proving that spanking can be consensual, a young lady asks a retired headmaster for a caning in ***The Request***, a girl demands her new neighbor punish her in ***The Intruder***, and a woman auditions for a harsh caning video in ***Impassive***. For those who want their discipline strict and gory, there's unusual judicial punishment in ***GDay***, a housekeeper punishing a maid in ***The Switch***, and the Flogmaster's favorite, an ***All-American Girl*** visiting her cruel Disciplinarian.