

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 EIGHT
("ADULT")**

Selected Excerpts

FROM *BOREDOM BROWSING*:

“Have you ever been spanked before?”

“Nope.”

“Do you think it will hurt?”

“I suppose. I don’t know.”

“But you can take it.”

Cathy grinned. “I’ve got plenty of padding back there!”

“Cathy, how many spanks shall we set the machine to give you?”

“Uh, ten should be fine.”

Derek turns the dial so it points at 30.

FROM *DESPERATION*:

“Mr. McCarthy! I refuse to even consider the idea!”

“I’ll give you twenty-five dollars.”

Though Audrey knew it was a mistake and hated herself for doing it, she hesitated. Twenty-five dollars! It might as well have been a thousand. Such a sum was a fabulous amount in their desperate situation.

“It’s absurd. The idea is patently ridiculous.” But Audrey herself could tell that her voice was far from convincing.

FROM *THE HYPNOTIC PROFESSOR*:

“I couldn’t believe I was saying it, but I was agreeing that jeans were too much protection. He didn’t even do anything. I just reached down and unsnapped my pants and took down my jeans!”

“You didn’t!”

“I did. It was the weirdest thing. It just sounded like the thing I needed to do. It made sense at the time. So I’m standing there in my panties! You’ve seen my panties—you know they’re rather skimpy and tight, right?”

Dana nodded.

“That’s the style I prefer. They make me feel sexy and hot. But I would not recommend them for spanking. They don’t protect worth jack!”

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
of the Flogmaster's best erotic spanking stories.*

VOLUME EIGHT ("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 crafty professor somehow gets his students to agree to corporal discipline. (5,861 words. Written in 2008.)

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A man recalls his life and his unusual answer to eternal happiness. (3,027 words. Written in 2008.)

Auditions

M/F — semi-cons caning

A man auditions a potential wife. (3,921 words. Written in 2008.)

THE BELL RANG and I answered it. The girl was stunning: not particularly tall, but willowy. Her face was narrow with a sharp nose and large expressive eyes, and I loved the way her jet-black hair was cut level across her forehead but left waist long at the sides and back. She grinned at me and I saw her teeth were white and even, very pretty.

“Hi. I’m Samantha. Samantha Johnson.”

“Derek Smalls. Come on in, it’s great to meet you.”

We chatted for a couple minutes, useless stuff, like her admiring my home, the view of the valley from the picture window, and so on. I got her a drink (rum and Coke), and we sat on the white sofa.

“Listen, Samantha, I’m going to be extremely blunt. You know a few things about me: I’m forty-four, never married, I produce spanking videos, and I’m comfortably well-off. I don’t know much about you, which is fine. If we date I’ll learn. What I need to know is the most important thing, which is what we’ll find out in a minute.”

“What’s that?” She looked up at me with those large dark eyes of hers practically glowing. She was intrigued and excited, I could tell.

“In a minute. First you need to know that I’m looking for a wife. I’ll be honest: in my business I meet a lot of women, and I’ve had more than my share. I used to think that was awesome, but the last few years... I’m getting older. I’m ready to settle down. I want something permanent, a woman who I can grow old with, have a family with.”

“Oh, that’s good. I’m also looking for a relationship, not quick sex, Mr. Smalls.”

“Please, it’s Derek.”

“Derek.”

“Good. So at least we’re on the same page there. However...”

“Yes?”

“There is one thing. I’ve been on the Seekers dating site for a couple of years now and I haven’t had the best results. Oh, there are some fine women, some beautiful, wonderful women. But I require a special woman.”

“Special?”

“I’m not going to beat around the bush, Samantha. I like to spank and cane. If I’m going to have a wife, she’s going to need to share that interest.”

“Oh!”

“There’s more.”

“More?”

“Yes. I have standards of performance.”

Samantha looked shocked, her eyes swelling. “You mean you judge sexu—”

“No, no, I don’t mean *that* performance. I mean, I require a certain level of intensity. A caning needs to be strict. A mild caning actually turns me off. A mild caning with a girl making a huge fuss *really* turns me off. What I like is a girl who can take a solid caning in near silence. Screaming and whining and fussing just doesn’t interest me. Some guys get a kick out of it, but I don’t. I want the caning to be formal, dignified. The strokes need to be hard. Not brutal. I’m not into bloody welts. Just solid strikes that sting intensely. The girl needs to willingly stay in position and take the beating well. Perhaps not with a smile, though of course it’s ideal if she gets some pleasure from it. She also needs to be able to endure this frequently, probably several times a week.”

“Oh my!”

“I’m sorry if this is shocking to you, Samantha, but I must be honest. When I first started dating I thought the relationship had to come first and then we’d figure out the spanking stuff later, but that never worked. I’d find a girl I liked but then she couldn’t take a spanking right. It was awful. I had to dump her after we’d made a connection. It was hard for both of us. A few months ago I had a revelation: the spanking part must come first. So now I’m auditioning potential wives based on their ability to take a caning.”

The significance of this took a moment to penetrate and I watched as Samantha’s pretty face slowly figured out what I was saying. Her cheeks reddened and her eyes widened and she licked her glossy lips nervously.

“Are you saying—”

I nodded. “Yes. Before we go to dinner, you will take a hard 12-stroke caning. Right here, right now. If you succeed, we’ll go on our date and get to know each other. If you can’t handle the caning or don’t even want to try, then we’ll just part right now as friends. I’ll be disappointed, of course, as I find you very attractive, but I know my priorities. Our relationship just wouldn’t work if I can’t spank you to the severity level I need. Does any of this craziness make sense?”

Samantha smiled. “Actually, it makes a great deal of sense. I’ll admit, it’s shocking. It’s not at all what I was expecting. It’s sort of like testing out sex *before* the first date! But I totally see your point: why waste time dating a girl you know you’ll never marry?”

“Exactly. I’m delighted you understand.”

“I understand, but that doesn’t mean I’m willing.”

“Oh. I see. You’re bailing on me?”

“I haven’t said that. That is my initial reaction, of course. I’m still in shock and trying to get a handle on this. I, uh... I’ve never been caned. I’ve never even been spanked before.”

“Ah. Well, that’s a new one. Usually the women who contact me are somewhat into the scene.”

“Well, I’ll admit I’ve fantasized about being spanked. The concept excites me, but I’m not sure how I’d handle the reality. And caning...yikes! I’m not at all sure I could handle that.”

“I understand. Look, it’s okay. It didn’t work out. I’ll call a cab to take you home.”

“No, no, wait. I, uh... just how severe is this caning you have in mind?”

I stared at her, surprised. Still here after I practically guided her out? Maybe there was something here after all. I decided to give her a demonstration.

I flipped on the giant wall screen and brought up my digital media library. With the remote I scanned through my hefty supply of videos. I found one of my favorites, a tight caning of a cute girl in a school uniform. It was a dozen of the best, just what I’d promised Samantha, and each stroke was solid but not cruel.

I pressed a button and the clip started. It was just over two minutes long and we watched in silence. I kept my eye on Samantha. I saw her

eyes get larger and larger, and her breathing change. Her hand fidgeted, and she wiped them nervously on her skirt a few times. A couple of times she glanced at me, saw me staring at her, blushed, and looked away. She seemed terrified and fascinated by the caning. When it finished she didn't turn her head but merely said in a breathy whisper, "Play it again."

We watched it three times. She never said a word, just watched, her eyes absorbing the events on the screen. It was a terrific video: no story, just a girl stepping forward to have her skirt raised, her knickers lowered, and twelve hard cuts given across her full bottom. She takes it stoically, with only the occasional gasp, squeal, or moan. There's no silly protesting, getting out of position, putting a hand back, or begging for mercy. The strokes are hard, too: hard enough to make you wince a little watching it, wondering how she can stay still, but not so hard you're wondering if there's a medical doctor on scene to clean her up afterward. It gets me hot every time.

"Well? What do you think?"

"That is amazing. She's so... determined."

"Yes. That's what I find arousing. A girl who's willing to take that for me melts my heart."

Samantha nodded thoughtfully. "I can see why. It's the sacrifice. She's making a sacrifice for you. It's her gift to you."

I was astonished. For someone not in the scene, Samantha certainly understood a great deal. "You have insight," I said. "You're a deep thinker."

She giggled and shook her head. "No, I've just thought a lot about this kind of thing. I told you, I've had fantasies. I've had them since I was a little girl. There was a neighbor of mine. She was few years older and her parents were really strict and possibly a bit abusive. They spanked her all the time. I used to hear her crying in her room, and sometimes I'd hear the spankings. Once I saw her getting spanked in her back yard, and the whole thing just had me fascinated. It frightened me—I didn't really want it to happen to me—yet I did. I knew that was weird and I never told a soul, but I thought of it all the time. Later, when I was a teenager, I became fascinated by bottoms. Men's and women's, it doesn't matter: I just love watching bottoms. I used to hang out at the mall and watch bottoms go by. Or airports. Airports are great for bottom-watching."

“Samantha, I think you have the makings of a terrific sub! Have you ever considered doing videos?”

She blushed and shook her head. “I couldn’t do that. I’m not an exhibitionist. Getting spanked to me is a private, personal thing. In public, or in a movie—that would be profoundly humiliating. It goes too far for me.”

“I understand. It’s not for everyone. It definitely requires a certain personality. But I love the way you think about this stuff. You’ve got great insight.”

“Thanks.”

There was an awkward pause. I turned off the TV. “If you’ve never even been spanked, there’s no way you can take a caning like that. It takes practice. I’d love to train you, but I don’t think our dating is a good idea. I can tell you right now that you’re someone who could break my heart.”

“Couldn’t... couldn’t you give me a little test? Just to see? I mean, we don’t know until we try it, right? I may not even like it. I may hate it. I don’t really know. But we could try, couldn’t we? How else will we find out? What do we have to lose?”

“You really want to try it?”

“Yes I do. I very much do. I’m scared. I’m really scared, but I’m also really, really excited.” She hesitated, then giggled and blushed and whispered, “I’m dripping!”

“Then let’s try. Do you want a spanking first, just to warm you up? It can help, make you less sensitive. The shock of the cane is a little less of a surprise.”

Samantha looked relieved. “Yes please, thank you. Just a few slaps while I’m bending over for the cane.”

“Good. Now let’s see. How you kneel on this chair and lean over the back. It’ll be comfortable and less difficult than touching your toes like the girl in the video.”

She nodded and got into position. She was wearing a nice combination of white top and dark skirt. Not quite a school uniform, but surprisingly similar. I wondered if she’d selected it by accident, unconscious desire, or intentional choice? I approached the back of the skirt and lifted it onto her back. Her panties were white and translucent, barely hiding a gorgeous bottom. I’d been attracted to Samantha’s cute face but now

The FLOGMASTER'S

Twelve of the Best 8

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 eighth volume of the Flogmaster's best stories focuses on the corporal punishment of adults (mostly female). In these exclusive, never-before-published stories, we've got tender stories of loving couples, such as **Snowbound**, where a stranded couple entertain themselves, **Ups and Downs**, in which an old man writes about his secret to happiness, and the wicked **Natalie**, in which a woman gets off on her husband's cruel treatment. There are love stories: a man **Auditions** for a wife, a lonely perv finds his dream match in **The British Gal**, and in the emotional **Desperation** a wife sacrifices for her family. For pure cruelty, you'll enjoy **Five Lovelies** getting a judicial caning and the harsh punishment in **Nothing Personal**. There are fun stories, too, with a fantastic video prank in **Boredom Browsing**, a rich girl paying back debt in **The Bailout**, and the hilarious tale of **The Hypnotic Professor**, who can get anyone to take a spanking. Of course we mustn't forget one the Flogmaster's best stories ever, **The Encounter**, where a law intern gets to spank a man's beautiful wife after she destroys his work.