

THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

The FLOGMASTER Presents

# ULTIMATE ARCHIVE 3

*A massive collection of  
the Flogmaster's erotic spanking stories!*

**TERRIFIC  
VALUE**

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pages of web-published  
material.

**VOLUME THREE  
("ADULT")**



## *Selected Excerpts*

### **FROM *THE PHOTO ALBUM:***

They snuggled for a bit. “I think we need to give this house the Bed Test,” whispered the girl as she ran her hands across Don’s chest, unbuttoning his shirt.

“The Bed Test, eh?”

“Well, we must know how well this house is built. I mean, can it withstand an *earthquake*?” With that the naughty nymph leapt to her feet and dragged her exhausted but willing husband off to perform his sacred marital duty.

### **FROM *CINDY: A MODERN FAIRY TALE:***

“Please, Aunt,” she begged finally, “mightn’t I be allowed to go to the Ball if I finish all my chores? It’s just for a few hours.”

Her Aunt stared at her in astonishment and the sisters cackled. “But you have nothing to wear!” said Aunt finally.

“But I have made myself a dress!” Excited, Cindy raced to her room and returned with the dress, almost completely finished. It wasn’t fancy, but it was clean and elegant, and Aunt saw instantly the sparse material would show off Cindy’s delightful figure.

“Why it’s scandalous!” Aunt cried. “It will barely cover your bosom!”

Cindy looked crushed. “I’m afraid I ran out of cloth.”

### **FROM *THE DAREDEVIL:***

“Why have you come to me?”

Dana’s cheeks grew crimson. She stared at the floor for a minute before answering. “In all my years of wandering and nearly killing myself or being killed or eaten literally scores of times, there is one terror I will never forget. I’ve never felt anything like it. I don’t know if the memory is so intense because I was so young when I first experienced it, but I would like to try it again.”

Dana’s eyes focused directly on the headmaster’s without blinking. “I want you to cane me, sir.”

## **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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# **ULTIMATE ARCHIVE 3**

*A massive collection of  
the Flogmaster's erotic spanking stories!*

## **VOLUME THREE ("ADULT")**

*This collection of the Flogmaster's fiction 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 rich brat learns to accept responsibility. (5,796 words. Written in 1999.)

## **Afterglow** **32**

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**M/F — cons paddling, whipping**

A woman goes to work after a strenuous 'session' with her husband and finds it difficult to concentrate. (1,501 words. Written in 1996.)

## **The Photo Album** **37**

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**M/fm — childhood discipline**

A young couple discover each other's most personal secrets. (4,972 words. Written in 1995.)

## **Amalthea** **50**

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**M/F — slavery, prison discipline, torture, boring**

A prison colony is described. (2,405 words. Written in 1998.)

## **Amy and Isabelle** **57**

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**M/FF — slavery, discipline, sex**

Two young female slaves discover that an S&M weekend cane, I mean, can be seriously intense. (4,012 words. Written in 1995.)

**The Android** **67****M/F — s&m, slavery, science fiction**

The bored female pilot of a transport ship on a long lonely voyage makes use of a robot she discovers in the cargo hold. (10,130 words. Written in 1996.)

**Settling the Argument** **92****M/F — caning machine**

A wife teases her husband that he can't build a spanking machine, and he proves her wrong. (1,322 words. Written in 2003.)

**A Talent for Nothing** **96****M/F — implied discipline**

A girl with no skills discovers she has an unusual one. (948 words. Written in 2004.)

**The Bar** **100****M/F — paddling, spanking, sex**

A man visits a unique club in San Francisco. (6,833 words. Written in 2004.)

**Behind the Scenes at the Olympics** **118****M/F — cons paddling**

What was really behind the success of the U.S. volleyball team at the Sydney Olympics? (1,445 words. Written in 2003.)

**Betrayal** **123****M/F — wife caning**

A suspicious husband trails his wife to her secret rendezvous. (2,677 words. Written in 1997.)



**The Dominant Bitch** **131**

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The female narrator entertains herself with a young man but soon becomes the entertainment herself. (7,024 words. Written in 1996.)

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**M/F — nc paddling, caning, defecation/  
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An extremely severe judicial punishment session. (2,448 words. Written in 2006.)

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An eager young lady discovers an unusual gift in her Christmas stocking... (1,700 words. Written in 1995.)

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A fanciful retelling of the Cinderella story. (7,210 words. Written in 2003.)

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A young lady confesses to her priest and must do penance. (1,110 words. Written in 1995.)

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A young couple competes at beach games where there are literally sore losers. (4,005 words. Written in 1995.)

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### **M/F — cons whipping, caning**

A husband loves his outwardly prim and proper wife who's delightfully naughty in the bedroom. (2,034 words. Written in 2007.)

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### **M/F — cropping (duh!)**

A young lady is severely punished by her master. (2,015 words. Written in 1995.)

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A woman reflects on her master's new method of daily punishment. (551 words. Written in 1995.)

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A female daredevil who has spent the last thirty years cheating death goes for the ultimate thrill--confronting her old schoolmaster. (6,541 words. Written in 1996.)

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A young man goes on the wildest date of his wildest dreams. (4,193 words. Written in 1995.)

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A prisoner attempts to escape and is whipped. (1,725 words. Written in 2004.)

## **The Example** **247**

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**M/F — college girl caning**

A college professor disciplines a young lady on the first day of class as an extreme example. (1,587 words. Written in 1999.)

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**M/F — severe strapping, bondage**

A woman experiences the ultimate in corporal punishment. (5,516 words. Written in 2004.)

## **The Girl Who Cried Wolf** **267**

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**M/F — fable, humor**

A frustrated husband discovers the cure for his shrewish wife. (948 words. Written in 1999.)

## **Honey, I'm Home** **270**

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**M/F — paddling, sex**

After a hard day's work a husband must face the terrible duty of disciplining his beautiful wife. (1,572 words. Written in 1995.)

## **Incident at Fourth and Gresham** **274**

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**M/F — s&m**

An undercover officer goes all the way to do her duty. (1,161 words. Written in 1995.)

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**M/F — n/c strapping, caning**

An intern discovers the cost of her internship. (4,468 words. Written in 2004.)

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**M/F — severe caning**

A woman's secret is discovered. (2,445 words. Written in 2004.)





# *The Accident*

**M/F — nc spanking, paddling, caning**

A rich brat learns to accept responsibility. (5,796 words. Written in 1999.)

**THE CHAOS** THE night of accident superceded anything I had witnessed before, and I've been the Witmore's head of household since 1972. Brittany came in drunk, giggling, and panicked. She would not speak to me but insisted on waking her father. Soon the story was tearfully told, the entire building awakened, Dr. Scott telephoned, and the driver sent to fetch the body.

The hitchiker was alive, thank God, but he was seriously injured. Dr. Scott and I both tried to convince Seymour that the boy should be taken to a hospital, but the old man was determined to protect his silly daughter. We would care for the boy there, and no one would be the wiser.

Dr. Scott finally relented. He'd been the family doctor for so long he could not refuse. He stayed all night with the young man, bandaging him and giving him shots of morphine to let him sleep. The boy had a broken ankle, which the doctor set. In the morning he left early, indicating the young man would live.

Brittany showed little remorse for her actions of the previous night. She shrugged when I told her the boy would be all right, and complained that her head hurt.

"Get me some asprin, will you Charles, dear?" she asked, giving me her sweet little girl face.

"Yes, Miss Witmore," I said, but since I longed to give her something else. What would the brat do when her wealthy father was no longer around to solve all her problems for her?

The injured man's name was Brad Wiley. To our relief he did not remember the accident or anything leading up to it. He was out walking and he woke up at the Witmore's mansion.

The young man did not fit into the Witmore household by any measure, being brash and bold and prone to foul language and common tastes. He was hitching because he had no job or home, or any future for that matter. He did odd jobs, he told me, gardening, carpentry, mechanics, whatever. He never stayed anywhere long. I told him Mr. Witmore insisted he stay with us until he was better, which in the case of the ankle meant the boy would be with us for at least six weeks. Young Mr. Wiley did not seem to mind, though he was puzzled why we were being so nice to him.

"Mr. Witmore is a kind and generous man," I said.

"But why me? And why here, in his home? Wouldn't I be less of a burden in a hospital?"

"Mr. Witmore likes to do things his way. That's part of why he's been so successful in his business endeavors."

The boy took another bite of filet of sole and frowned. "Did the police find out who hit me?"

"There was no trace. By the time we found you the driver had long since left the scene. I'm afraid it's hopeless."

Brad looked me sharply, and then continued eating. He seemed to be thinking. I left, leaving him to finish his meal in private.

Two days later it became obvious the boy knew. He became arrogant, domineering, confident. He wasn't sure who was behind it, but he had figured out it was someone in the household who had hit him. At first he suspected Seymour himself. Then he hit upon Brittany. The two were seating in the parlor sipping iced drinks when I accidentally overheard their conversation.

"It's so hot," murmured Brittany, pursing her perfect lips and glaring at Brad. "I need another drink." There was an expectant silence, as though she was waiting him to leap up and hobble on his crutches to fetch her a drink.

"I think you've had enough," he said sternly. "Like the other night."

"What are you talking about?"

"The night you hit me. You were drunk."

"I was not!"

"You weren't sober. You would have seen me if you'd been sober."

"It was dark! You were wearing dark clothes." The incredibly stupid girl was sullen and angry, unaware that she was being played. A large smile came on Brad's face.



“So it *was* you...”

“No, I—“ the girl stopped, her cheeks flushed. She hastily stood and left.

I immediately went to Mr. Witmore and told him what I knew. He did not speak for a moment. “What does the boy want?” he asked.

“I don’t know.”

“Money? Offer him money.”

So I went to downstairs and found Brad, still seated in the parlor. “Do you enjoy it here?” I asked.

“It’s not bad.”

“Mr. Witmore is concerned that you are not happy.”

“I’m fine.”

“For now, yes. But what about in the future? Wouldn’t it be nice to leave here knowing that your needs were met?”

“Are you offering me money?” He spat out the word as though it was disgusting to him.

“Don’t you need money?”

“I’ve gotten along without it so far. I reckon I can continue.”

“There must be something you’d like.”

The boy studied me for a moment. “In exchange for what?”

I shrugged. “Your cooperation. You leave quietly, without a fuss. We want no trouble.”

“You’ve *got* trouble. Does Daddy think he’s going to buy his daughter a way out again?”

“That is a crude way to put it, Mr. Wiley.”

“It’s the truth. And it’s not going to work this time.”

“What do you want?”

“I want her to pay. It’s time she grew up.”

I nodded. “She has her own money. That would be fair.”

“I don’t want her money. I want her body.”

“Mr. Wiley!”

The boy laughed at my shocked expression. “Not like that, Charlie Boy. I have something different in mind.”

“I doubt Mr. Witmore will agree to it.”

“Why don’t I ask him?”

“I can convey your message.”

“No, this I shall do myself.” With that the irritating boy handed me his empty glass and left, heading up to Mr. Witmore’s office. Though I was still on duty I couldn’t help myself—I went and poured myself a drink.

His conference with Mr. Witmore lasted more than a half hour, and though I occasionally overheard loud voices, I could discern nothing specific. When Brad emerged, however, he appeared confident and pleased, and I suspected he had achieved whatever he intended.

“Fetch the girl,” he said bluntly.

“I beg your pardon?” I asked in my haughtiest voice.

“He wants his daughter in there now!”

“Oh. Yes, sir.”

Brittany was in the private swimming pool. She did not answer when I knocked several times, so finally I was forced to enter. As I suspected, she was bathing in the nude.

“What are you doing in here!” she screamed at me. “Get out, now!”

“Miss, your father wants you in his office immediately.”

“I don’t care. You have no right to come in here.”

I shrugged. “Yes, Miss Brittany. I will tell your father you refuse to come.”

“Uh, no, wait!” There was the sound of splashing and out of the corner of my eye I saw lithe form of the twenty-four-year-old scramble from the pool. “Throw me that towel, please.”

The towel was on the wooden bench near me. I lifted it carefully and attempted to pass it behind me. Brittany giggled. “Embarrassed, are you Charles? Didn’t you change my diapers?”

She was right, to an extent. I personally hadn’t changed her diapers, though I had observed the task. I certainly knew this girl inside and out but I still felt awkward now that she was fully grown.

Brittany felt no such shame. She wiped her face with the towel and paraded naked in front of me, her delicate breasts pressing close to me as she leaned forward and kissed my cheek. “Do you want to *do it*, Charles?” she whispered seductively in my ear.

“Awwk!” I lost all composure, sputtering in horror and backing away. The girl laughed and turned her backside to me, flaunting the soft curves of her arse as she dried her front.

The girl was shameless, an embarrassment to herself and her family. What she needed was an old-fashioned six-of-the-best while bent across

the headmaster's desk. "I wonder how cheeky she'd be with half-a-dozen weals across her rump?" I thought rudely, and then felt bad. The poor girl could hardly help being a brat—her parents had spoiled her rotten and never once made any move to discipline her.

Brittany put on her swimsuit (a light blue one-piece) and we left the pool. We went straight to her father's office where he impatiently ordered us inside. I turned to go.

"You may stay, Charles," said Mr. Witmore as I started to leave. "I want you to hear this. You can help ensure that Brittany keeps her agreement."

"What agreement?" asked Brittany, glaring at her father.

"The agreement I just made with our guest on your behalf," said her father sternly. "And you'd better listen and obey unless you'd prefer spending your next year in DeYalow Women's Prison."

"What!" gasped the girl.

"Indeed. Mr. Wiley knows all about the accident and he seems to have also learned that you are on probation. An incident like this will not be overlooked by the courts, I'm afraid. You'd do time for certain."

"But Daddy," whined the girl.

"Shut up! Now listen. Mr. Wiley has refused my attempts to compensate him for his suffering. He blames you and you alone for the accident, and insists you must pay."

"What do you mean?"

"He insists you must be punished."

"What? What gives him the right? I ought to—"

"You ought to shut up!" scolded the old man. The girl's mouth snapped closed and tears glistened in her eyes. "You *will* cooperate with him. You *will* allow him to punish you. Do you hear me? I will *not* allow you to embarrass the family name by exposing this scandal."

"But Daddy!"

"Be quiet. Here is what is going to happen. Brad and I have discussed this and while I still think it is far too severe a punishment, I have agreed to it."

The girl's eyes were wide and frightened. "What are you going to do?"

"He is going to do it, Brittany, not me. Starting tomorrow morning you will submit to a week of punishments from him."

“What kind of punishments?” Resentment and a touch of fear echoed from the girl’s voice.

“I’m afraid he insists upon corporal punishment.”

There was a stunned silence. The astonishment upon the face of the spoiled girl was indescribable. Her mouth stood open, her nose wrinkled in puzzlement, her eyes bright with fury. I could almost hear her thinking, “I can’t have heard that right. It’s a mistake. It’s got to be!”

Finally she spoke. “C-corporal pun-punishment?”

“Yes. He’s going to spank you. I’ve agreed to it.”

“You can’t be serious!”

“I’m completely serious.”

“I won’t do it.” The girl folded her arms over her breasts and glared at her father.

“You will do it,” said the older man, his voice ringing with steel and ice. Brittany crumbled before my eyes, bursting into tears. She fell to the ground at her father’s feet and hugged him, weeping and begging to be forgiven, to somehow get out of this. Her father ignored her and in a toneless voice told her what was to happen.

“For the next seven days Mr. Wiley will be in charge of disciplining you. I have agreed to the terms. Here is what will happen. Every morning, when you first get up, you will go to him and accept a ten-minute hand spanking across his lap. You will be completely naked during this spanking.”

Brittany sobbed and whined loudly but Mr. Witmore did not change his pace. “After your wake-up spanking you will shower and go to breakfast. During the day you will face three paddlings with my old wooden fraternity paddle, the severity determined by Mr. Wiley. Each paddling will be between 10 and 30 strokes with no more than 60 strokes in an entire day. Your first paddling will be just before lunch, your second just before dinner. The third paddling will be given whenever you choose, but you must go and ask for it, and you must take it before you go to bed at 10 o’clock at night.

“During these paddlings you may wear whatever clothes you’d like, but you must wear a different outfit for each paddling and you may only wear jeans to one paddling. Do you understand so far?”

“Daddy, please...” begged the girl.

## The FLOGMASTER'S ULTIMATE ARCHIVE 3

*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.*

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Do you find reading spanking stories on the Web challenging? The Flogmaster understands! He brings you his *Ultimate Archive* series. He's gathered a huge number of stories from his website and packaged them into a series of thick books. Each volume contains as many as 50 stories in a compact, economical format.

Volumes 1 and 2 contain schoolgirl-oriented stories; Volumes 3 and 4 feature the spankings of adults. The 31 classic stories included in this volume are:

*The Accident; Afterglow; The Photo Album; Amalthea; Amy and Isabelle; The Android; Settling the Argument; A Talent for Nothing; The Bar; Behind the Scenes at the Olympics; Betrayal; The Dominant Bitch; Buxom Babe; Chef Payne 01: Rump Roast; Christmas; Cindy—A Modern Fairy Tale; Confession; The Contest; Contrast; The Cropping; Daily; The Daredevil; The Date; Escapee; The Example; The Experience; The Girl Who Cried Wolf; Honey, I'm Home; Incident at Fourth and Gresham; The Intern; The High Cost of Internet Access*