

**The FLOGMASTER Presents**

# *Auditions*

*A story by the  
master of erotic spanking*

## **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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## 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.

# *Auditions*

**M/F — semi-cons caning**

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

**T**HE 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?”