

THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

The FLOGMASTER Presents

An illustration of a woman with blonde hair, seen from the back, leaning on a wooden ledge. Her buttocks are marked with two large, circular red areas, suggesting a spanking. The title 'Cutiepie' is written in a large, pink, cursive font across the middle of the image.

Cutiepie

A Spanking Novel
BY THE FLOGMASTER

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

I always like these types of stories, father/daughter. Good story.

SEBASTIAN

Nice quickie. A lot said in a few words.

SINGLEMALT8

Great story as usual, really enjoyable.

LIZZYHAYES

This was well done, brief to the point of terse, with no back story to entertain us we had to concentrate on the issue in front of us: that of those perfect buttocks being thrashed. Lovely.

OPB

Great story, even though I normally only like F/M.

STRAPPEDBOY

Sexy, sultry, and full of intrigue. All this with a twist. Lovely!

ISLANDCAROL

Love this story. It's adorable. Kinda wishing that's how I met my boyfriend.

BEREAJ26

Selected Excerpt

“Oh please, sir. I’ll do anything. Just don’t call the cops.” Taylor was a loss at how to seduce the implacable man. He didn’t seem to respond at all to her normal flirting. The only time he’d shown life was when he talked about spanking her.

Wait a second, she thought suddenly. Maybe that’s the approach.

Looking contrite, she dropped her eyes demurely and purred, “You’re absolutely right, sir. I do deserve a whipping.”

“Stop the act, blondie.”

“I’m serious, sir, I am. You’re right. I’m an awful, awful person. I deserve to be punished.” The tears flowed easily, but the man just glared at her.

“Those aren’t real tears. If I paddled you, *then* you’d shed real tears!”

“Then do it!” gasped Taylor, desperate. “Spank me like you think I deserve, only don’t call the police!”

For the first time, the man hesitated. “Are you serious?”

“Totally,” Taylor lied.

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.*

License

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each person you share it with. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then you should return it and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of the author.

Copyright

©2016 by the Flogmaster (Frank Marsh). All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this book, or portions thereof, in any form. No part of this text may be reproduced, transmitted, downloaded, decompiled, reverse engineered, or stored in or introduced into any information storage and retrieval system, in any form or by any means, whether electronic or mechanical without the express written permission of the author. The scanning, uploading, and distribution of this book via the Internet or via any other means without the permission of the publisher is illegal and punishable by law. Please purchase only authorized electronic editions, and do not participate in or encourage electronic piracy of copyrighted materials.

The FLOGMASTER Presents

Cutiepie

A Spanking Novel

BY THE FLOGMASTER

The Flogmaster's erotic writing contains adult content, including the severe corporal punishment of adults or minors (consensual and non-consensual), sexual activity, and other politically incorrect topics.

About the Warning labels

Because spanking stories often involve extreme topics (S&M, sex acts, etc.), the Flogmaster labels his stories to give readers an idea of what might be included. Here's a sample:

Paul Bunyan and the Great Lakes

(★★★★, M/Ffff—Absurdly Severe, nc ole fashion paddlin')

A strange new twist on the ole yarn about how Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox created the Great Lakes. (Approximately 1,758 words.)

The stars are the Flogmaster's own ratings of his stories. They indicate *writing* quality, not necessarily eroticism. Five star stories are my very best.

Stories are marked with *mFmf* labels to indicate who is spanking whom. Capital letters represent adults and lower case are minors (under 18), and 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 24 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.

I try to indicate the overall severity level (Mild, Serious, Intense, Severe, or Edgy), as well as what types of spankings are included (i.e. caning, birching, hairbrush spanking, etc.). Stories may also contain other warnings and explanations. These are usually self-explanatory words like “sex” or “anal” (to indicate types of sexual activity). You may also see references to *cons* or *non-cons* (or *nc*). Those abbreviations refer to *consensual* and *non-consensual* spankings. (Punishment spankings, especially those of children, are usually *nc*.) Some stories are labeled *semi-cons*, meaning it's partially consensual (e.g. a reluctant wife submitting to her husband's discipline because she knows she deserves punishment).

The second line contains a brief description of the story. I 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*. There's also an approximate word count of the story.

Contents

Chapter One: Cursed

Chapter Two: Punished at Church

Chapter Three: Investigating

Chapter Four: Punished at School

Chapter Five: Thursday Meeting

Chapter Six: Finding the Witch

Chapter Seven: The Witch

Chapter Eight: Revenge

Chapter Nine: Final Confrontation

Epilogue

Chapter One: Cursed

Most teenage girls, caught in the supply closet with their mouth around the wet, swollen shaft of a boy, would have reacted with shame or at least an expression of guilt. Some might have tried to bolt or pretend they were doing something else. But not Taylor Ford. She just glared up at the teacher, growled a “Do you mind?” with a sweet smile, and went back to work as though the woman wasn’t there.

Mrs. Davis was so startled by this reaction she hesitantly closed the door and went on, actually unsure if she’d seen what she’d thought she’d seen. “I must have been imagining it,” she told herself. “Sweet little Taylor wouldn’t be doing *that!*”

Far from being a rare and odd event, this was typical in the life of the petite blond. She was genetically blessed with such an innocent face that scarcely anyone could believe she

was guilty of anything. With her flawless pale skin and platinum gold hair—in delicate ringlets around her round head—she was angelic in appearance. Her eyes were obsidian black, creating a striking contrast, and made her seem intense and interesting. Her nose was tiny and on the flat side, but it was her mouth that was the most unusual. It was like a miniature version of Jack Nickelson’s Joker’s smile except it wasn’t makeup or a disfigurement. It was merely the cutest smile possible: tiny with a little dip in the center of the upper lip and narrowing into up-curved slits on each side like some perfect line drawing of a grin. The plump cheeks were topped with disgustingly cute dimples and Taylor Ford’s rosy face was complete.

Just looking at Taylor’s face you’d be hard-pressed to guess her age—somewhere between twelve and twenty. In truth she was just turned eighteen and had the body to prove it. She was small, but those short stocky legs led up to the roundest rear end you’ve ever seen. She was generous in the hips and her ass was as plump as a swollen Ballpark hot dog. Such a low center of gravity was made more obvious by the narrowness of her tiny waist. Her single flaw, at least from her perspective, was that she was shallow in the chest. Her breasts were tiny like the rest of her, a fact that irritated her tremendously—but in truth this added to her elf-like appeal and made her seem more innocent and less mature. It was a key aspect of her Teflon nature.

Taylor could smile sweetly at just about anyone and get them to do whatever she wanted. Grown men saw those tiny lips and either saw their own daughters and sympathized, or they imagined how rude she’d look with that small mouth

ensconced around their thick, pulsing member. Boys saw a smoking hot girl and just wanted to be near her, to see her pleased with them, and would do anything she asked.

Women saw a darling girl perfect for their sons, or were desperate to recognize themselves or their own daughters in her beauty, while fellow girls found it hard to be jealous of such a friendly smile and just wanted to be her friend and trade sweaters and makeup tips.

Yet despite appearances, Taylor was decidedly not a nice girl. She was vain, cold-hearted, and an expert manipulator. For her entire life she'd done whatever she wanted and gotten away with it. She stole money from her mother's purse and justified it with a smile. She came home three hours past curfew and kissed her bewildered father on the nose, his fury mysteriously vanishing. She skipped classes, hung out with boys of all types and ages, smoked, drank adult beverages, partied, shoplifted, and never once paid a speeding ticket. She didn't do her homework and failed tests but still managed a 3.5 GPA via special extra credit assignments teachers were delighted to offer her. Taylor could brim her eyes with tears in an instant, and it would take a far stronger constitution than she'd ever met to resist that sad puppy dog pout, and she knew it. Taylor ruled the world.

At least that was the case until that fateful Saturday when she met the witch.

It was such an inconsequential event Taylor never even realized it happened. She was pulling into the packed mall parking lot with three of her girlfriends in her new red Volkswagen Beetle when she spotted an SUV's brake lights

go on in the next aisle over as it prepared to depart. Quick as a flash she slipped down that lane, going against the traffic direction arrow, and snagged the spot the moment the SUV had backed out. She and her friends flooded out of the Bug like fleeing mice, Taylor noticing the furiously muttering woman in the Prius who'd been patiently waiting for the opening.

Taylor first realized that something was wrong came an hour later, when the saleswoman at the Gap blocked her from leaving. "Excuse me, Miss, but you have to pay for that top."

"Huh? What are you talking about?" Taylor beamed her most powerful Helpless Little Girl smile.

"That's our sweater under your coat."

"No, no, I bought this last week."

"It still has the tags on it."

"I haven't taken them off. I'm still testing it."

At that moment a mall security guard showed up and Taylor knew she wasn't getting away with it. *Stupid bitch*, she thought.

"I was going to pay for it," she told the woman sweetly. "I just forgot."

"Sure, honey."

Taylor looked for her friends and was shocked to see that she was utterly alone. As the guard escorted her away, she looked up and down the mall and didn't see Ashley and the others anywhere. She'd been deserted!

In the guard's office, Taylor went on full assault. The man was heavy with greasy hair and crooked teeth: he'd be no match for her charms. Her smile was dazzling and she

touched his hand and shoulder several times as she spoke in a low, soothing voice. She told him it was just a silly misunderstanding, how she was with her friends and she'd thought Ashley had paid for the sweater with her purchase, and couldn't the man help a poor girl out? She blinked her wide eyes and grinned cutely.

"Set yer ass down," growled the man rudely, pushing her into a chair. He sat behind a desk and began to fill out paperwork. Taylor's heart fluttered with confusion. What the hell was happening? Was the guy gay or something? She'd never had this happen before in her life. By now the guy should have been a drooling idiot ready to pay her to keep the sweater!

"What are you doing?"

"Got to file a report."

"A report? You mean, like the police?"

"Of course. And your parents."

"Oh come on, please. This was all just a mistake, as I explained! Can't you just let me go? I'll pay for the sweater! I've got my credit card right here." She reached for her purse, the purse the man had confiscated and placed on his desk. His meaty paw caught hers.

"Don't you move, young lady. You're in real trouble."

"This isn't fair! I didn't do anything."

"Anything but steal."

"Please, I'll pay for it. Just don't call the police." Taylor was becoming desperate, practically throwing herself upon the repugnant man, conspicuously sitting herself on the desk in front of him and moving the papers aside with her butt. She put her hands on the man's poorly-shaved face and

looked at him earnestly, pleading with an exaggerated frown.

The guard was stone, however. “Remove that stolen garment, Miss. It’s evidence for my report.” He gently pushed her off his desk.

Taylor stood, aghast, and angrily removed her coat and the offending sweater. Inspired, she kept on going, removing her shirt as well, and playfully pretending it was accident. She noticed him ogling her tiny tits in the push-up bra and decided to forego all subtlety.

“Like what you see, mister? I can lose the bra if you’ll be my friend....”

“Miss, does your father know you’re behaving like this? If you were my daughter I’d—” He stopped.

“You’d what?” In just her bra and jeans, Taylor was feeling sexy and desperate. She arched her back and rotated her butt toward the man, patting the generous ball of flesh and giggling. “You’d *spank* me?”

“That’s precisely correct, you little tramp. I’d whip your ass watermelon red!”

“You wouldn’t dare!”

“It would be just what you deserve,” said the man grimly. “But I’ll just have to let the cops deal with you.”

“Oh no, please, you can’t! I can’t have a criminal record. It’ll ruin my chances for college!”

“You should have thought of that before you stole that sweater.”

“Oh please, sir. I’ll do anything. Just don’t call the cops.” Taylor was a loss at how to seduce the implacable man. He didn’t seem to respond at all to her normal flirting. The only

time he'd shown life was when he talked about spanking her.

Wait a second, she thought suddenly. *Maybe that's the approach.*

Looking contrite, she dropped her eyes demurely and purred, "You're absolutely right, sir. I do deserve a whipping."

"Stop the act, blondie."

"I'm serious, sir, I am. You're right. I'm an awful, awful person. I deserve to be punished." The tears flowed easily, but the man just glared at her.

"Those aren't real tears. If I paddled you, *then* you'd shed real tears!"

"Then do it!" gasped Taylor, desperate. "Spank me like you think I deserve, only don't call the police!"

For the first time, the man hesitated. "Are you serious?"

"Totally," Taylor lied.

"It would have to be a *real* spanking. Not pretend or play. It would hurt. You'd cry."

It was Taylor's turn to hesitate. What was she getting herself into? Perhaps she should take her chances with the cops. She usually could talk her way out of anything. The cops would have to be better than this creep. But Taylor's usual infallible confidence was weakened by her encounter with the repugnant saleswoman and this guard. She suddenly wasn't quite so sure. Besides, if she was arrested, wouldn't that show up on her record even if she convinced the officer to let her off? Maybe it was better to just let this perv do what he wanted and spare herself the risk.

"Yes sir," she said slowly. "I understand. I'll take the

spanking if you don't call the police."

"Hmmm. Unorthodox, but you would be getting punished. Probably worse than the slap on the hand the cops would give you. Okay, I'll do it. But you'd better cooperate or I'll just go back to filling out this report."

That's how sweet-looking young Taylor found herself draped over a strange man's desk with her jeans and panties down around her ankles. Only this time it wasn't to spread her naughty pussy lips to some dude she barely knew, but to present her bare ass for the man's heavy leather belt. That leather stung like a mother, too. Taylor squealed and yelped, hissing angrily at the guard and begging him to go easier on her. The fiery blasts of the belt ignited her entire butt and after just a few blistering slaps her eyes were watering and she was regretting her situation.

"Ah! Oh! Ouch! Oooh, please! Not so ha-arrd! Ahhhhh!"

"Stay still. Stop wiggling, you disgusting tramp! You're just getting what you deserve."

The belt licked and kissed and bit. Taylor squirmed, wiggling her ass like she hadn't since her freshman year when she'd dared belly dancing at senior Scott Worstle's party during "Truth or Dare." She knew she was giving the guy a show, but couldn't help it. The belt hurt too much for her to just lie there and take it. Her bare flesh was flushed with crimson blotches that looked just awful when she glanced back at her ass, craning her neck to glimpse the blistering skin.

Guys always loved Taylor's butt and though it seemed chunky for her tastes, she rather liked it when it was fondled, pinched, or even smacked a little. This, however,

was no teasing spanking but real punishment. She wept and these weren't the easy tears she conjured up to manipulate some poor sap. These were hardcore sobs that made her search her soul. Did she really deserve this? Did *anyone* deserve this? Her butt was on fire! This was insane. She was tempted to call it off, but she remembered the man's promise to go back to the report if she reneged. If she was arrested now, she would have taken the spanking she'd received so far for nothing. So she gritted her teeth and endured the miserable whipping.

It went on and on, dozens and dozens of strikes, and Taylor lost track of time. It seemed like she'd been whipped for days, centuries even. Had there been a time when her butt wasn't dipped in acid? She ran out of tears and her shoulders just shook with dry shudders and heaves. She lost the power of speech and her cries and mumbles and pleas shrank to urgent screeches, moans, grunts, and nonsensical curses. The only constant was the frantic wiggling of her ass, and she had no control over that, each bite of the leather lash sending her body into wild contortions.

Finally it was over. Taylor still continued to wriggle and writhe, much to the guard's amusement, but he seemed satisfied that justice had been served. "I'd better not see you in here again," he said sternly. "Next time, I won't go so easy on you."

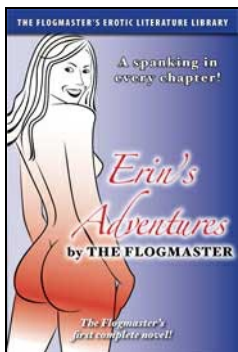
Taylor gapped at him incredulously. She felt flayed to the bone. How could she be punished *worse*? She had no interest in finding out. Meekly she bowed her head and found her voice, whispering a hoarse, "Yes, sir. I won't ever steal again, sir!"

**To continue reading, buy the
full book at [The Flogmaster
Bookstore](#)**

Also by The Flogmaster

Purchase these books in print or PDF at the Flogmaster's Bookstore
<http://stores.lulu.com/flogmaster>

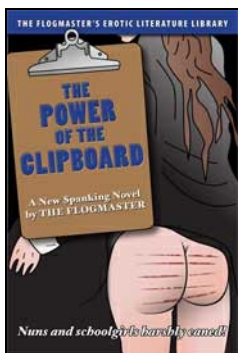
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

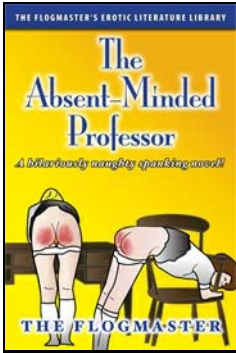
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

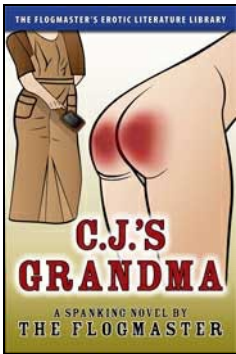
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

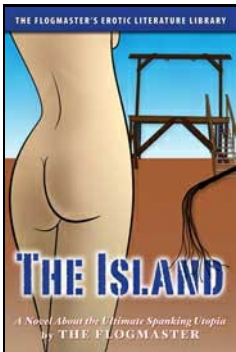
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

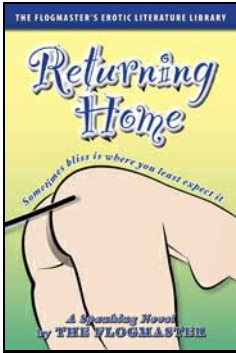
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



The Island

(mostly M/F)

A woman discovers a forbidden paradise when she visits an old friend on a remote island and learns the society's unusual lifestyle. 72,000 words.

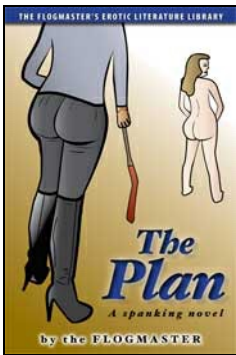


Returning Home

(mostly M/f)

A college graduate returns home and discovers a new career in correcting naughty young ladies.

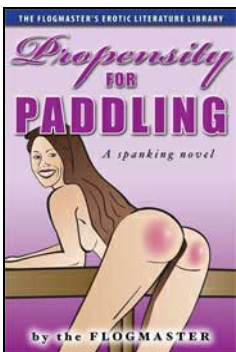
53,000 words.



The Plan

(mostly MF/f)

In the 1950s, divorce is a rarity, yet it is happening to Debbie, as her parents are separating. So she comes up with a daring plan to misbehave to reunite them—a plan that seems to be failing when her father hires a strict tutor. 34,000 words.



Propensity for Paddling

(mostly M/f)

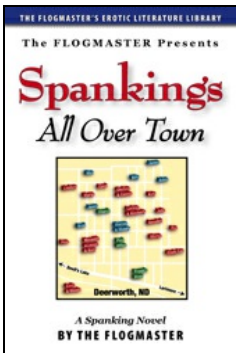
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(M/F/f)

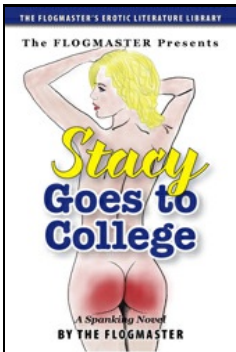
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



Spankings All Over Town

(M/Ff, F/M, F/F, f/f)

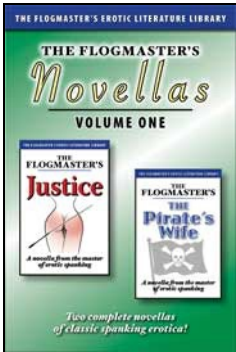
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



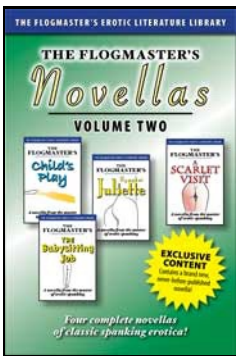
Stacy Goes to College

(M/F)

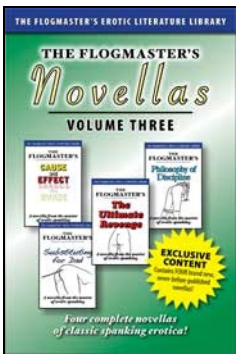
A girl goes off to college thinking she's too grown-up for spankings and learns the hard way that's not the case. 46,000 words.



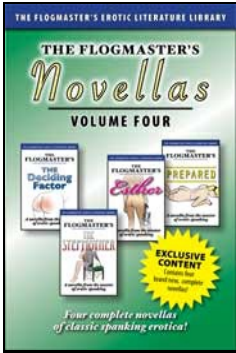
Volume 1— Justice: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. *The Pirate's Wife:* (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



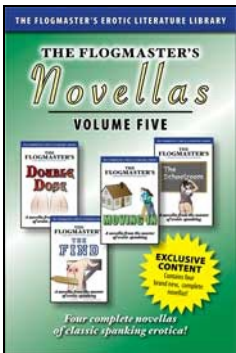
Volume 2— Child's Play: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. *Nymphet Juliett:* (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. *Scarlet Visit:* (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. *The Babysitting Job:* (MF/f) A girl's babysitting gig comes with unexpected consequences.



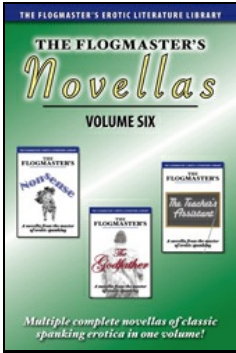
Volume 3— Cause and Effect: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline:* (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad:* (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge:* (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get a teacher who caned her caned.



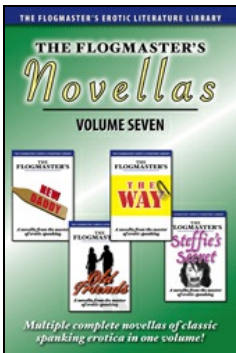
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting a new prefect.



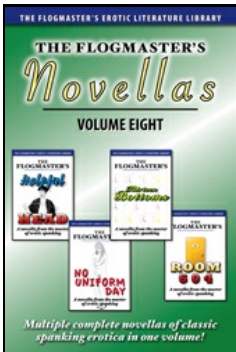
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays naughty games.



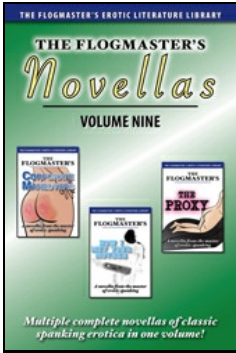
Volume 6— *Nonsense*: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather*: (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant*: (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



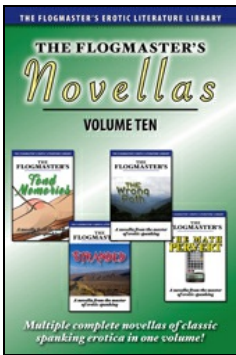
Volume 7— *A New Daddy*: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends*: (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret*: (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way*: (m/f) A boy is trained to cane.



Volume 8— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.

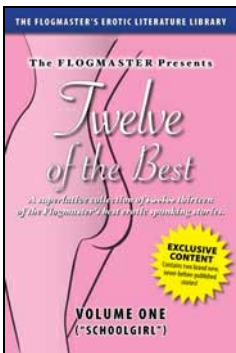


Volume 9— *Corporate Maneuvers*: (M/F) An executive abuses a lower-level employee. *The Proxy*: (M/F) A girl goes to her late best friend's parents for severe spankings. Sad, tender moments. *How I Met Your Mother*: (F/FFFFM) A man reveals he met his future wife as part of a sorority punishment.



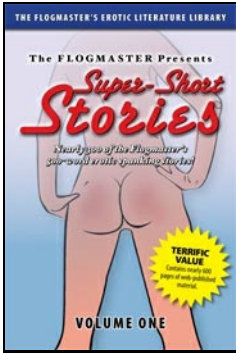
Volume 10— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't go.

Short Story Collections



Twelve of the Best: Volumes 1-24

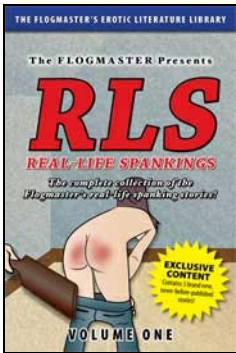
Over 290 stories divided in books focusing on the punishment of adults or children.



Super-Short Stories: Volume 1-3

Short and sweet: nearly 500 500-word stories.

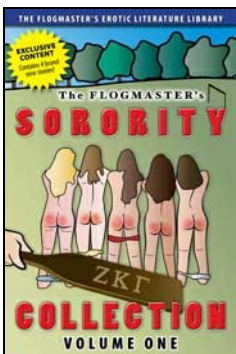
(Mostly /f or /F)



Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1-5

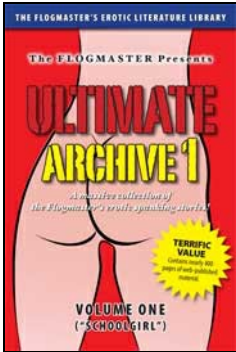
Spanking stories dramatized from real-life

experiences. (Mostly /f or /F)



Sorority Collection: Volume 1

All of the Flogmaster's published sorority stories, plus four new exclusives to this book. (Mostly /F)



Ultimate Archive: Volumes 1-4

The Flogmaster's free story website in four huge books!

*Purchase these in print or PDF at the Flogmaster's
Bookstore: <http://stores.lulu.com/flogmaster>*

The FLOGMASTER'S

Cutiepie

MMMF—Severe, non-consensual paddling, strapping, switching, caning, magic. 28,000 words.

Taylor Ford is hot and she knows it. Her whole life she's been pretty, and she's been able to use that to manipulate everyone around her.

But one day pretty Taylor is rude to a witch.

The witch curses her.

And Taylor has lost her superpower. Instead of her beauty getting her *out* of trouble, all it does now is make everyone she meets want to bare her lovely bottom and spank her rosy red!

Suddenly the spoiled girl is constantly being whipped, switched, paddled, and spanked by parents, teachers, her pastor, and even complete strangers. Nothing she does gets her out of any punishment—trying only makes it worse.

Will endless spankings reform the blond beauty? Or will she figure out a way to remove the curse?

Read *Cutiepie* and find out!

**Over 600
free stories at**

FLOGMASTERSTORIES.COM