

The FLOGMASTER Presents

Desperation

*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.

**Text and artwork
Copyright 2010 by the Flogmaster (Frank Marsh)
All Rights Reserved**

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.

Desperation

M/F — semi-cons spanking, paddling

During the Great Depression, a modest woman agrees to allow a rich man to spank her. (8,548 words.)

THE SOUP WAS thin and watery. There was no meat, and even the vegetables were meager ones: celery and cabbage leaves, an onion, half a potato, and a few carrot shavings for color. Sammy complained, of course. He was only eight and didn't understand these things.

Audrey gave him the last of the bread from her own plate. She thought her heart would break as she watched her son poke at his food. He was listless lately. He used to be bubbly

and high-energy, but the lack of proper meals was taking its toll. He was too thin, she thought bitterly. She'd lost weight herself, but she could afford it. Sammy could not. He was a growing boy and needed food.

George ate without speaking, his head buried in the newspaper. He was frowning. Obviously the news regarding the economic recession was not good. She'd heard rumors it might last the decade, well into the forties. Things did not look good, though George kept arguing that it was just a minor setback and things would be back to normal any day. But the bank had been closed for nearly nine months now and the family's savings were almost completely gone.

Audrey thought about saying something, reminding him of his duty to his family, telling him that any job was better than no job, and his pride only hurt his family. But she kept silent. He already knew. If she brought it up it'd only make him defensive, and the whole thing would turn into a horrible row.

For the hundredth time, she wondered if there wasn't anything she could do. But she had no real skills. She was twenty-six, a mom and a housewife. She didn't know how to type or take dictation. She'd never worked a day in her life. Was there a job where she could wear pretty dresses and makeup? Because that was all she knew: how to look pretty.

That thought reminded her of the offer from the man downtown. Earlier she'd dismissed it as absurd. Her, become a

dime-a-dance girl? George would be scandalized. He wouldn't take a job below his station himself, so how would he feel, not just about his wife working, but working such an immoral trade? He'd rather starve.

Audrey looked at Sammy. He was sitting quietly listening to the radio. He looked lifeless and her heart ached for the old Sammy, noisy and boisterous, hardly able to sit still for a minute. In that moment she knew what she had to do. George didn't have to know. She'd take that job as a dime-a-dance girl. It was just dancing, after all. Harmless.



The man's name was Frank McCarthy. Susan had told her he was extremely wealthy. He'd bought all of Audrey's tickets and monopolized her all evening. He wasn't a bad sort, handsome in a gruff way, in his early forties, starting to bald a little. He seemed the gentleman, but there was something dangerous about him that made Audrey wary. She couldn't put her finger on it, but it was something about the way he looked at her. It made her feel unclean.

She'd been dancing for several weeks now. It hadn't been easy. Most of the girls were much younger, and Audrey was shocked that a few were willing to do more than just dance. There was fierce competition between girls for the best men. Audrey was unused to competing, and uncomfortable being

around the men. She was a married woman. It was totally inappropriate.

But the money was good. Excellent, in fact. In just a few hours she was able to earn a day's wage. She couldn't work often, just a night or two a week lest George get suspicious, but even that small money helped. She was able to buy a little meat, and with some clever provisioning, could make it last the whole week.

Frank was a good tipper. She didn't want to accept money from him. It felt like a violation of some sort. She worried he'd want something additional for his payment. But she had to accept the cash, for Sammy was starving and she couldn't let that happen.

"Hey, watch that hand," she hissed at him. For the fourth time that evening, Frank's hand had strayed from her waist to the upper slope of her bottom. She reached back and pointedly shifted Frank's hand upward, glaring eyes of fire at him. He just smiled, unconcerned, and not the least bit remorseful.

"Apologies, my lady," he whispered. "You've such a lovely backside it's impossible for me to resist."

"You'd better figure out a way, because if it happens again, our dance is over for the night."

"You can't do that. I bought all your tickets."

"I don't care. Dance tickets don't give you the right to grope me."