

THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

A spanking in  
every chapter!



*Erin's  
Adventures*  
by **THE FLOGMASTER**

*The Flogmaster's  
first complete novel!*



## *Selected Excerpt*

I knew the boys could see everything, including things I'd never shown a boy before. But there was nothing I could do about it.

Jack went down the line and bared Jessica's and Mary's bottoms. Then I heard him swishing that cane around for practice. The sound made goose pimples rise all over my flesh. As I waited for the punishment to begin I thought it couldn't get any worse. I was wrong.

"What's the meaning of this outrage!" shouted a bold voice and cold fear chilled my bones. We were caught!

But the bushes parted and it was only Eric Wyler, the cheeky boy that took the caning so lightly. He was grinning like he'd a cat by the tail and he laughed at all the glares headed his direction.

"I almost thought you were going to start without me," he said with a wounded look at Jack.

Jack grinned back and it was obvious the two were good friends. "Eric! I thought you were still teasing old Masters."

Eric shook his head. "The old man's wore out. Didn't want to give him a heart attack. Poor guy couldn't wack the dust out of carpet let alone the mischief out of a boy. Besides, I wouldn't miss these lovelies for anything."

If I thought I was embarrassed before I was wrong. *Now* I began to blush a furious red that threatened to catch the grass on fire. Just the thought of that boy two feet behind me and staring so admiringly at my naked ass sent me into quivers of delight and shame. I couldn't bear it and yet there was nothing else I could do. I wanted to run and hide but that would have been even more shameful. I wished that Jack would just hurry up and cane us.

"Lovely arses," murmured Eric over and over again as he walked up and down behind us. He stopped behind me. "Give this one a lovely stripe right heeere," he said. "Wouldn't that be peachy?" Everyone agreed that it would, of course, and Jack said he would do it. I wondered exactly where Eric had pointed, but I didn't have long to wait.

## **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 1995-2008 by the Flogmaster (Frank Marsh)  
All Rights Reserved**

*Erin's*  
*Adventures*  
by **THE FLOGMASTER**

*A complete novel with a  
spanking in every chapter!*

*This novel contains severe corporal punishment  
of minors and adults, sexual activity, and other  
politically incorrect topics.*

## 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.

# ***Contents***

---

## **Erin's Adventures**

---

**13**

### **MF/f — teen caning**

A girl discovers caning. (88,779 words. Written in 1998.)

<i>1: The Cane</i> .....	13
<i>2: It Had to Happen</i> .....	14
<i>3: Boarding School</i> .....	18
<i>4: Stripes</i> .....	19
<i>5: A Meeting With the Prefects</i> .....	21
<i>6: Game Day</i> .....	24
<i>7: Finally!</i> .....	28
<i>8: Sneaking</i> .....	31
<i>9: The Choice</i> .....	33
<i>10: Tardy</i> .....	37
<i>11: Chosen</i> .....	40

<i>12: Birthday</i> .....	44
<i>13: Home for the Holidays</i> .....	48
<i>14: Back to School I</i> .....	50
<i>15: Back to School II</i> .....	52
<i>16: Riding Lessons I</i> .....	54
<i>17: Riding Lessons II</i> .....	59
<i>18: Ariana Misbehaves</i> .....	63
<i>19: Vengeance</i> .....	66
<i>20: Private Lessons</i> .....	67
<i>21: Miss Arler</i> .....	70
<i>22: Business as Usual</i> .....	79
<i>23: The Summons</i> .....	81
<i>24: Extra Lessons</i> .....	83
<i>25: In Public</i> .....	88
<i>26: Good-bye</i> .....	90
<i>27: Promotion</i> .....	92
<i>28: Prefect Duties</i> .....	93
<i>29: Miss Arler Again</i> .....	96
<i>30: More Miss Arler</i> .....	103



31: <i>Mutiny I</i>	110
32: <i>Mutiny II</i>	115
33: <i>The Fall from Grace</i>	117
34: <i>Graduation</i>	124
35: <i>University</i>	128
36: <i>Professor</i>	132
37: <i>Heidi</i>	136
38: <i>Roommates</i>	143
39: <i>My First Job</i>	147
40: <i>Oops!</i>	152
41: <i>Jealousy</i>	156
42: <i>The Shopping Trip</i>	158
43: <i>More Education in Business</i>	164
44: <i>A Hard Thing</i>	168
45: <i>A Visitor From the Past</i>	171
46: <i>Crash!</i>	174
47: <i>Heidi Gets a Boyfriend</i>	181
48: <i>A Business Client</i>	184
49: <i>Tables Are Turned</i>	191

<i>50: A Slave of My Own</i>	195
<i>51: Domingo</i>	198
<i>52: More is Better</i>	207
<i>53: A Model of Jealousy</i>	210
<i>54: Artist and Lovers</i>	216
<i>55: A Realization</i>	218
<i>56: Back to School</i>	221
<i>57: A Sad Farewell</i>	223
<i>58: Graduation</i>	226
<i>59: A Complete Circle</i>	231
<i>60: Home at Last</i>	233





# Erin's Adventures

## MF/f — teen caning

A girl discovers caning. (88,779 words. Written in 1998.)

### *1: The Cane*

---

CRACK! The sound was like a rifle shot. It sent such terror through my body that I nearly piddled in my panties.

Again came the dreadful sound, followed by a stranger and somehow even more frightening one: my brother crying.

My brother is much older than me. I was about five at the time of his first caning; he must have been ten or eleven. I have always looked up to him, and he has always been protective of me. The thought of big tough Tommy crying made me begin to weep.

Then the door opened and I saw Tommy stumbling out of my father's study. He was sobbing and holding onto his bottom as though afraid it would fall off. He ran toward his room. My father loomed in the doorway, tall and foreboding, a long bamboo rod in his hand. His expression was stern and as he turned to go back inside his study, his eyes caught mine. He did not smile but only stared at me. I could not move. His eyes bored into me and I stopped crying. I could only stare at him in horror. I couldn't understand why this man I loved so much would hurt anyone, especially me or Tommy.

As soon as the door was shut I ran to Tommy's room. Though I knew he did not like me to enter without knocking, I did so anyway. He was standing in the middle of the room, naked, and looking at his butt in the mirror. When he saw me he was furious.

"Get out of here, Erin! Bloody pest!"

I did not speak or move, but only stared at his bottom. Where it normally was white skin was an angry series of weals. Some looked dark and purplish. I began to cry again.

“Oh, sis, it’s okay,” said Tommy, becoming compassionate. “Pop just had to give me the stick, that’s all.”

This only made me cry harder.

“Here, you want to put some cream on me?”

I nodded, sniffing. Tommy laid face down on the bed and I got to smear lotion on his sore bottom. There were six welts, each about as thick as a man’s finger. They were whitish on the insides and dark red along the edges. They reminded me of railroad tracks.

It was strange. The welts both fascinated and repelled me. A part of me wanted to run away. Another part wondered what they felt like. The part that frightened me the worst was that I suspected it wouldn’t be too long before I found out. I resolved then and there to become a good girl. I swore to myself I’d never be naughty again.

That night as I lay in bed I saw the face of my father as he stood at the door and stared at me, that awful cane in his hand. I began to cry. Finally I got up from bed and went into Mum and Pop’s room and got into bed with them. They were both very sleepy and didn’t say much, though I could tell they were surprised. I was just happy that my Daddy didn’t have the cane with him. He looked normal then, and I snuggled up in his arms and fell right to sleep.

## ***2: It Had to Happen***

---

As I grew older my fear and dread of the cane did not lesson. I saw that it did no permanent injury to my brother, even when he was fiercely beaten several times for fighting at school, but I was still in awe of the marks it left. I did my best to be good, which wasn’t saying much, for I had a short temper and an even shorter memory. I must have gotten the slipper every week or so as a child, and the older I became the longer and harder the slipperrings became.

One day when I was ten years old I went off to play with some friends. It was a beautiful Saturday, and I was in the mood for adventure and fun. We had recently moved to a new neighborhood and I was wanting to impress my new friends, so the entire day I behaved rather recklessly and impulsively. I made rude jokes and insulted shopkeepers and generally

made a royal ass of myself. The kids adored me, and thought I was cool. I remember wishing I could feel so envied all the time.

I did not come home at the time I had promised my mother I would. I was having too much fun. When I finally came home well after six o'clock Mum was waiting for me in front of the house.

"Where have you been, young lady!" she screamed. My face flushed and I scowled. I sensed my friends stopping and turning to watch. I was horribly embarrassed. This wasn't fair at all!

Mum began scolding me for being late and threatened me with a spanking. That did it. She was treating me like a baby, and here I was almost an adult. I told her to bug off, and I used a few words so choice that I didn't even know what they meant. I was still high from my exciting day and I wasn't thinking rationally.

Mum just stood there, jaw agap, and then pounced on me. I don't know how she moved so fast. One second she was six feet away and the next she was dragging me into the house by my ear. I was screaming in protest and trying not think of my friends watching when she said something that chilled my blood and sobered me up real quick.

"You just wait until your father gets home, young lady! You're old enough for the cane now, and your father's going to give you six of the best! Now get inside and go to your room!"

It was as though a black cloud had settled over the world everything was dim. I forgot about my friends outside, I forgot about everything, and I fell to ground at my mother's feet and begged her not to tell Daddy. She literally dragged me inside. I couldn't stop crying. The horror of the cane petrified me. She couldn't be serious! Not the cane, surely not the cane!

Suddenly I had a brilliant idea. It was wild and unconventional, and it went against all my instincts, but I did it. I ran upstairs to my parents' room and found one of Mum's heavy slippers. I brought it back down to her, still crying and sniffing.

"Here, Mum," I said bravely, though I was very frightened. "I know I was bad. I won't do it again, I promise. Please slipper me."

Mum looked at me and her eyes softened a bit. Then her face grew hard. "Erin, my dear, you are a piece of work." With that she dragged me across her lap, flipped up my skirt and began to whale on my bottom with the slipper. It hurt very much and I wanted to struggle and run away but

I knew I deserved it and I couldn't help but think how much better this was than the cane.

It was a long and painful slipping. Mum spanked all over my bottom. It felt like my bottom had swollen to double its normal size when she'd finished, as I stood crying and rubbing it. She made me go to the corner then, and "wait for your father."

I didn't know what to think about that. Was she still planning on having him cane me? Surely not!

It wasn't long before my father came home but it seemed like forever. When I saw him my heart leapt and dropped at the same time. He knew immediately what had happened.

"What did you do now, Peaches?" he asked, using the nickname he's called me since I was a baby.

"I came home late," I said. "Mummy slipped me good." I made a big show of wiping away my tears and pretending I was still sore.

Daddy clicked his tongue and shook his head. He went into the kitchen and I heard low voices rising and falling and intense words. A moment later he was back. "Go to my study, Erin."

My knees nearly buckled. "Oh, please Daddy! I—" I froze when I saw his face. I'd seen that face before. It haunted my dreams. It was his "Don't Argue With Me" face—a stubborn soldier's face, immovable, impassible, unchangeable.

My heart dragging on the floor, I obeyed. There was no getting out of it. I stood in my father's study—normally a place I loved to visit as it was warm and cozy and crowded with papers and books and items—and I was terrified. I could hear my father's heavy footsteps echoing faintly around the house as he changed clothes and all too soon his feet approached the study door.

"All right, Peaches, let's get this over with." Daddy came in and without glancing at me went straight for the cupboard where I knew he kept his canes—three of them, long and fearsome. He took out one—the shortest one, thank God—and approached me.

"Your mother has told me what you did and said, and I must say, I am very disappointed in you. It's one thing to behave childishly and irresponsibly, but it's quite another to be arrogant and rude about it. That is why you are to be caned, Erin. You are growing up. Your attitude must be kept



in check or you shall turn into a horrible brat of a child.” He paused. “Do you understand?”

“Y-yes, Daddy,” I sobbed. “Please, I’m very sorry. It won’t happen again.”

“I know it won’t, dear. Now be brave. This won’t take but a minute. A canning is very different from a slipping. There is no one to hold you in place and keep you from squirming. You must hold yourself still and steady and ask for each stroke. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Now bend over. I shall lift up your skirt, like so, but since this is your first time I will not take down your knickers.”

“Thank you, Daddy.”

“Keep yourself stretched tight—that’s it. Good girl. When you are to be caned this is the position you must take. Remember it, for in the future your punishment will be worse if you do not cooperate. Now ask for the first stroke.”

“Oh, Daddy, please!”

“Come on, girl. Ask for it.”

I took a deep breath and wetted my lips. My body was taut and I was terrified. My head was down near my knees and I could not see anything, though I sensed my father behind me, ready to hurt me terribly. “Please, sir, may I have the first stroke?”

There was a light swish, far softer than I would have thought. Something bit into my butt then, and I forgot everything. The pain was red hot, blindingly hot. I howled and tears burst from my eyes. I must have gone running around the room because the next thing I remember was my father, pulling me away from the door and making me get in position again.

“Do that again and the stroke will not count!” snapped my father, very angry. I glanced back at him and saw he was legitimately upset, and I felt bad. Though I didn’t want to all, I got in position and politely said, “Please, may I have the second stroke?”

This time I heard the CRACK as the cane sliced into me. The white hot pain was unbearable, especially to one so young. I sobbed and screamed, but I did not get up. I stayed down. It must have been a minute before I was calm enough to talk. “Number three, please.”

This time I was ready for it. I knew what to expect. But it blew me away. The pain was so sharp it surpassed everything I had ever known. It made me sick to my stomach just thinking of how badly it hurt. I imagined the weals across my arse and I shivered. “N-number four, please,” I said in a tiny voice.

The answering CRACK took my breath away. I was weeping full-time now, unable to stand still, though I did not get up. This last blow was very low, striking near my thighs, and it especially hurt my right cheek. A certain spot throbbed and my whole arse ached.

“You may stand up, Erin,” said the voice. I could scarcely believe it was true.

“T-that’s it?” I said. “Four strokes?”

“Do you want more?”

“No! I mean, er, no, sir. I will be a good girl from now on.”

“I know you will be. You *are* a good girl.”

My father hugged me then, and after kissing my forehead he put the cane away and left. I stood without moving for several minutes. My bottom was sore but bearable. My hand trembled when I held it up. I was shaking all over. I couldn’t believe I had survived my first caning.

### ***3: Boarding School***

---

After my first caning I avoided more for almost two years. I was afraid of it, and for good reason: I knew how much it hurt. But at the same time there was less mystery about it, less unknown. I knew it hurt and it was to be avoided, but my fear was no longer irrational terror.

When I was thirteen I began my teenage rebellion. It was a mild one compared to some children, but for my strict parents I was out of control. I received several canings that year, and by the time I was fourteen it was developing into a habit. It was not one I particularly sought out or enjoyed; it just seemed I was always in trouble. Failing to do my school-work, being rude in class, or performing my household chores with less than perfect attention—these were but a few of my shortcomings.

When I turned fourteen it got worse. I started hanging out with a group of older girls and boys, and we got in trouble at school and with the law. Nothing serious—minor vandalism and things like smoking and

kissing in the hallways—but it upset my father terribly. He caned me frequently during that year—at least a couple times a month—but it did little good. I only got to show off the marks to my girlfriends and enjoy their admiration.

Finally my father had enough. When Sally Mae and Donna and I were caught snitching from the local sweet shop they called the coppers on us. Soon enough I found myself in my father's study, sweating over a dozen of the best.

These weren't mild strokes with the little girls' cane either, but brutal stingers with the senior boys'. I wasn't allowed the dignity or protection of my knickers either, and at least psychologically that made it seem far worse.

But Daddy didn't stop at the expected dozen. He kept right on going—giving me a full eighteen. That's when I knew something was seriously wrong and I really broke down and sobbed.

"Erin, I cannot deal with you any more. I'm sending you to boarding school."

"What?!"

"You heard me. It's a place up north called St. Esther's School for Girls. I've already spoken with the headmistress and made all the arrangements. You'll be up there by the end of the week."

"But Daddy!"

The man I loved more than any other shook his head firmly. "This is for the best, Erin. You need to be in a place where you can be controlled, watched, and disciplined as needed. You have too much freedom here—you have not learned how to control yourself within it."

I tried to talk my father out of his wicked plan, but there was no reasoning with him. Like me, he is very stubborn. I suppose I get mine from him. Later that week I shipped out for my confinement at St. Esther's.

## ***4: Stripes***

---

I was prepared to hate the place long before I arrived. Imagine my surprise when the school turned out to be a beautiful place, with large

clean buildings filled with awe-inspiring history and wonderful green lawns and gardens. I felt small and insignificant in the light of such dignity and I soon learned that the girls of St. Esther—regardless of why they were there—were a close-knit group that were proud of their school and their heritage.

The other girls treated me with a mixture of curiosity and distance that was appropriate for a new girl, especially one entering in the middle of the term as I was. I approached things cautiously, nervous about how things were done at the new place, and fearful of getting myself in too deep too quickly. I resolved to behave, at least as much as I could, and try to stay out of trouble.

On my first night at the new school I got my first taste of the discipline of St. Esther. Fortunately it was a taste by proxy.

I had been assigned a bed in one of the dorms, a large room with about ten other girls. I had my own chest of drawers and I shared a closet with two other girls. My things had been put away and I had been taken on a tour of the grounds by a senior girl named Michelle who unfortunately wasn't very talkative about the school but had all sorts of questions for me about myself and why I was sent to St. Esther. I did not tell her the truth, but made up a story of how my father had always wanted to send me to boarding school but couldn't afford it until my rich uncle died and left the family some money.

After the brief tour I separated from Michelle and headed back to my bed. It was evening, rather cool and lovely, and I enjoyed the walk. Entering my dorm, however, I immediately sensed trouble. A number of girls were gathered around a single bed and everyone appeared startled and afraid when I showed up.

"Uh, hi. What's going on?"

One of the girls I had met earlier, a brunette named Mary who shared the closet with me, came over to explain. She rolled her eyes back behind her and said, "Cathy got the stick."

"What?" I asked, puzzled.

"The cane. Cathy got caned. She's showing off her stripes. Come look."

I followed Mary as she pushed her way through the crowd. A large blonde girl was lying face down on the bed, her skirt flipped up and her knickers nowhere to be seen. Her bare bottom was striped with huge red

lines that were much darker than those my father had always given me. I couldn't help but touch my own bottom with my hand and feel the rough remnants of my last caning as I watched poor Cathy squirming as girls alternately teased and comforted her.

"What'd she do?" I asked Mary.

"She failed to turn her in lines. She had three hundred due this afternoon and only had two-fifty done. Miss Chalkers tore up those and sent Cathy to the head. Now she's got five hundred due first thing Monday morning!"

This news made me very nervous and showed my wisdom in waiting to test the waters before getting into trouble. I couldn't believe that St. Esther was as strict as my father had led me to believe, but I wasn't going to take any chances. Here in front of me was evidence that St. Esther's School for Girls did not fool around with mild punishments.

## ***5: A Meeting With the Prefects***

---

My second day was the beginning of my initiation to the ways of St. Esther's. It was Saturday, so I missed seeing the typical routine of the school. Most of the girls were engaged in various activities such as outdoor games or studying in the library

My day wasn't boring, as everything on campus was new and different to me, but it wasn't unusual. I ate breakfast in the dining commons, met with Madame Thornley, the headmistress, to establish my class schedule and go over a rulebook which outlined what one can and cannot do at St. Esther's, ate lunch (ham and cheese sandwiches), met teachers in the afternoon, and then had a light supper (a tasty vegetable-beef soup).

The headmistress was large woman, tall and broad, and her mood went from cheery housewife to angry prison matron in a fraction of a second. After seeing her suddenly turn and furiously scold a girl whose uniform was slightly soiled, I decided I would be wise to stay away from Thornley's cane.

But my real adventures didn't begin until Saturday evening just before lights out.

During lunch of the girls in my room told me that I would be introduced to the prefects tonight. She said with an ominous air and much

glancing about her as though she feared being overheard and naturally I was somewhat uneasy. But it wasn't until almost bedtime that this was mentioned again.

I was in my night clothes and ready for bed when my new friend Mary came to me. She was also dressed for bed. "They sent me to fetch you," she said.

"What is it?"

"You're to meet the prefects."

She acted nervous, and I wasn't too confident myself. The whole affair was so mysterious and secretive that I was becoming curious as to what this was all about. I soon discovered the reasons behind the hush-hush.

St. Esther has a long tradition of prefects. Prefects are usually older girls, and each prefect is in charge of about twenty girls. There are eight prefects in all. One is required to obey a prefect regardless of whether or not she's your own. Prefects are not allowed to cane but they can slipper you, and they can send you to the head for more severe punishment. They have a great deal of authority, but if you have a conflict you may go to the headmistress for mediation. If the head decides the prefect was correct, you are punished double—once by the prefect and once by the headmistress. It is my understanding that few girls challenge a prefect's rule.

All this I had learned from the rulebook Madame Thornley had given me that morning. I was soon to learn that certain critical parts of the book were inaccurate.

Mary led me downstairs to the boiler room. This was an unused room often used by the prefects for private meetings and gathering. We were met at the door by a young blonde girl who carefully opened the door and led us in. She kept watch through the glass porthole in the door.

The boiler room was dark, rather noisy, and far from the rest of the building. It was certainly private and secluded. A tall girl with very dark hair and pale skin stood at the front of the room. She was holding a long thin white cane.

"Welcome, Erin O'Grady," she said with a smile. "I am prefect Jennifer. Before you are Prefects Denise, Katherine, Lydia, Janice, Karen, Ariana, and last but not least, Prefect Anna. Don't worry—there will be time for personal introductions shortly.

"As a new student at St. Esther's it is important you understand the traditions that prefects represent here. Many modern schools are aban-

**The FLOGMASTER'S**  
*Erin's Adventures*

*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 is the Flogmaster's first full-length novel. It tells the exciting tale of a girl's initiation into the world of corporal punishment. We follow her adventures in a strict private school where she eventually becomes prefect and learns to wield the cane as well as suffer it. Along the way she meets lovers and wonderfully strict disciplinarians, and eventually Erin finds what she's seeking.

