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C.J.'S GRANDMA

A SPANKING NOVEL BY
THE FLOGMASTER

Selected Excerpt

THE MAIN THING, C.J. explained, was that the rules needed to have severe consequences and there needed to be enough rules so that everyone could get in trouble quite frequently.

“For instance, Alesha dad’s in the Rotary Club and he gets fined for any little thing; being late, not wearing a tie, whatever. We’ll do the same thing here, but spank instead of fine.”

By two o’clock most everything was finalized and the group broke for lunch: Cori had brought lemonade and Tiffany had made sandwiches. Everyone was pleased with the club’s progress.

“With rules like these someone should be getting spanked at every meeting,” laughed Jessica as she ate her sandwich.

“Speaking of which, maybe we need a rule about talking with your mouth full!” said Cori.

There was a quick chorus of agreement, much to Jessica’s chagrin. “You’re just trying to trap me,” she mumbled, but she was careful to swallow first.

“I think that’s a t-b punishment,” said Alesha.

“Sounds perfect. Let’s make it retroactive,” grinned C.J.

Tiffany and Cori agreed, and all eyes turned to Jessica, whose cheeks were turning pink. “Hey, come on, that’s not fair! I didn’t even know!”

Her protests were useless, as everyone ganged up on her to pull down her pants and bare her bottom.

“I’m first,” cried C.J. “Second,” called out Alesha. The others quickly got in line, all eager to dish out discipline to their friend.

“Cheer up,” C.J. said to Jessica with a big grin, “you’re making history. This will be the Hairbrush Society’s first official 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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C.J.'S GRANDMA



A SPANKING NOVEL BY
THE FLOGMASTER

*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.

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C.J.'s Grandma

F/ffff — nc spanking, paddling, caning

A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. (71,235 words. Written in 2009.)

I: Grandma Moves In

“IT’S NOT FAIR!” shouted the girl, distorting her usually pretty features with a furious grimace. Her lower lip was rolled outward in a sullen pout and her crystal blue eyes brimmed with tears. She stamped her foot angrily. “This is my *junior* year. I’ve got the prom, the drama club, I’m finally a lead cheerleader, all my friends are here, *everything’s* set. You can’t make me miss it all!”

Harold Dennis flushed. He looked at his wife and sighed. “We know, C.J. We’re really sorry. But you’ve got to admit this isn’t an opportunity your Mom and I can pass up.”

C.J.’s parents were biologists at Phoenix University. Their dream was an excursion down the Amazon. They’d applied for the grant thirteen years in a row and had never been accepted. Then out of the blue the money was available. Harold had snatched at the chance. The idea that six months in the jungles of the Amazon would interfere with his daughter’s year of high school had never occurred to him.

“Just think of the educational value of such a journey,” murmured Maude.

“Who gives a shit!” screamed C.J. “Don’t you get it? My life is here. I don’t want to go to fucking South America!” She turned and ran to her room, slamming the door so hard the house rattled.

Harold looked at his wife. “What do we do now? We’re supposed to leave in three weeks.”

The woman shook her head. "I don't know. I thought she would get used to the idea, but she hasn't." She hesitated. "We could call my mother."

There was a long moment of silence. Harold shook his head. "Come on, we dismissed that idea months ago."

"We didn't seriously consider it."

"Your mother... well, your mother's a bit old fashioned."

"She's harmless."

"I'm not so sure." Harold smiled at his wife's disapproving glare. "I suppose. I don't like it, however. She never follows our instructions."

"She's just got her own ideas about child-rearing, that's all."

"She ignores all the modern studies on what's appropriate for children."

Maud smiled softly. "I'll admit she's rather strict, but I can't say it did me all that much harm."

"You told me you hated it."

"At the time, certainly. There's nothing pleasant about a spanking."

Harold shuddered, closing his eyes in horror. "What a barbaric method of punishment. Why not use the tongs and firebrands of medieval torture chambers?"

"Come on, it's not that dramatic."

"You're defending her!"

"I am not," protested Maud. Then she blushed. "Maybe a little. But what choice do we have? Either we allow C.J. to stay here with my mother, or we drag her to the Amazon against her will. And you know it'll be hell living with her there, pouting and fighting every day."

The big man sighed heavily. "I don't like this, I really don't. Perhaps we can talk to your mother, set a few restrictions...." He shook his head even as he spoke. "Never mind. I'm talking crazy. Getting your mother to change her mind is like—"

"Don't you say it!"

"Say," Harold brightened, "do you think C.J. would even *want* to stay if she knew the only choice was living with Grandma? I mean, we could remind her of some of your mother's weird rules... and the consequences." He laughed. "She'll probably beg to be allowed to join us!"

Maude didn't look so sure. "We'll have to ask her."

“Bye. I love you both,” whispered C.J. She broke away from embracing her mother and gave her father a hug.

“We’ll miss you very much,” said Maude.

“I’ll miss you, too. Take care and don’t let the mosquitoes bite!”

Seconds later, the airport van was gone, and already C.J. felt a strange emptiness in her belly. Slowly she walked into the house. It too felt uncomfortable, as though something wasn’t right. Then she heard sounds from the kitchen.

Grandma was there, setting a plate of homemade chocolate chip cookies and two tall glasses of milk on the table. She smiled at her granddaughter.

“Sit, girl. I’ve got just what you need.”

C.J. grinned and pulled out a chair and sat. The cookies were still warm, the chocolate runny. She gulped down half the milk and sighed deeply. “Thanks, Grandma. That was perfect! How’d you know?”

“I’ve had my share of good-byes, dear. They’re never easy.”

C.J. nodded solemnly, wondering if her grandmother was talking about Grandpa, who’d passed away several years earlier. At least, she thought, her parents were coming back. It was funny how much she already missed them and they’d been gone less than a half hour!

Grandma proved to be a wonderful caretaker. She was a fantastic cook, kept the house spotless, and sympathized with C.J.’s troubles with her boyfriend, Brad, with plenty of freshly baked muffins and cakes. After the first few days C.J. thought she’d never had it so good.

Then she missed curfew.

She’d told Grandma she was studying at the library with her friend Alison. Really she was making out with Brad in his new Ford Mustang. The time slipped by faster than she’d expected, and she arrived home at ten thirty, well past her ten o’clock limit.

Grandma was not amused. Outwardly she was still the same smiling matronly woman of the day before, but she was determined that young C.J. learn a lesson in obedience. C.J. couldn’t quite believe it.

“But Grandma, no one gets *spanked* any more. It’s the twenty-first century!”

“Young lady, while you’re under my authority you’ll do as I command. And if you don’t, you *will* be spanked, whatever the century!”

C.J., brought up under modern rules of child-rearing, had never been spanked. She wasn't even sure what to expect, except that it was supposed to hurt. In her mind she had a vague idea of a few swats to the tush from Grandma's hand. It didn't sound so bad. So she resigned herself to the inevitable and cooperated.

"Okay, Grandma. I guess you're right—I deserve a spanking. So how do we do this?"

"What? You've *never* been spanked?"

"Never."

"Not even once?"

The teenager shook her head.

"Your parents have severely neglected your education, child! I shall begin with the basics. Come here, and lie across my lap."

Blushing at the silliness of the exercise, C.J. obeyed, crawling across the couch to stretch across her Grandma's lap. The odd position sent emotions whirling through the young girl's body. When her grandmother placed a hand against C.J.'s rump, the girl shivered violently. Only Brad had ever touched her there before, and Grandma's slowly rubbing hand strongly reminded her of her boyfriend. For a brief moment C.J. envisioned Brad taking her over his knee. Strangely, the image was a powerfully exciting one. C.J. felt her body becoming alive.

"Spankings are never done over all these clothes," murmured Grandma, and before C.J. could protest, she felt her shorts being pulled down. She squawked and tried to grab them, but they were already down to her knees, leaving just her white panties protecting her backside.

"Oh Grandma!" gasped C.J. "You don't have to take down my shorts!"

"I most certainly do, child. In fact, in a moment, I'll be taking down your panties. Spankings are always given on the bare bottom."

C.J. had never imagined such a thing—it caught her so much by surprise she couldn't even respond. It wasn't until she felt Grandma's hand land heavily against her right cheek and the resulting surge of stinging pain that she cried out in protest.

Grandma ignore her cries, however, and proceeded to spank her soundly. C.J. yelled and yelped, writhed, and kicked her legs, but Grandma held her firmly and her large palm went up and down and never once failed to connect with C.J.'s wiggling cheeks.

“Oooh! Ohhh!” gasped C.J. “That stings! Oh my, ouch! Please stop, please stop! OUCH!”

Finally Grandma did stop, but she wasn't close to finished. She paused only long enough to tug C.J.'s panties down to join her shorts. C.J. couldn't believe it. Her bottom throbbed with warmth and all she could think of was wanting to rub herself between her legs. Images of Brad seeing her half-naked like this only spurred her excitement. She suddenly wished Grandma would spank her harder so the pain would distract from her libido.

Well, Grandma did just that. She smacked her hand down across her granddaughter's quivering bottom again and again and again. The creamy naked flesh quickly turned magenta.

C.J. was in a daze. It hurt, yes, but it wasn't anything like the hurt she'd expected. It was a contradictory combination of pain and pleasure, like when Brad pinched her ass. The warmth seemed to engulf her entire lower half, especially between her legs. C.J. didn't know what to think.

Then it really was done. C.J. stood shakily to her feet, her nakedness forgotten. She grabbed her burning asscheeks and squeezed. All she could think about was rushing to her bedroom for some privacy. She was astonished to discover she was crying freely.

“See, that wasn't so bad now, was it?” said Grandma.

“No, Grandma, it wasn't,” sighed C.J. “It was very different than I expected, though.”

“Well, that was just a little sampler. A starter spanking, if you will. Since it's your first one I didn't want to go too severe. Tomorrow I'll give you a good strapping with the belt.”

“What! No, you can't!” C.J. felt horror at the mention of the word “belt,” yet there was an undeniable surge of desire between her legs.

“Don't take that tone with me,” said Grandma sternly. “If I say you're going to get a strapping, you're going to get a strapping!”

“But you just spanked me!”

“Like I said, that was just an introduction. Your real spanking for breaking curfew will come tomorrow night. Unless you'd rather have it now?”

C.J. massaged her sore bottom and felt the unbearable stirrings in her crotch and shook her head firmly. “No, I'd rather go to bed now, Grandma. I'll... I'll try to be brave and take my strapping tomorrow.”

"That's a good girl," said Grandma. She kissed C.J. good night.

Upstairs, in her room, C.J. spent an hour sleepily playing with herself. She couldn't believe how aroused she was. Just thinking of the spanking excited her. Touching her naked buttocks, still warm and a bit sore, was nearly enough to make her orgasm. C.J. had always known she had a sensitive bottom. She loved it when Brad touched her there. Often when they walked together with his arm around her he'd drop his hand to rest on the crest of her butt. That always made her feel especially sexy.

The next day, at breakfast, Grandma asked C.J. how she was doing. "Is your bottom sore, dear? I'm sorry I had to spank you, but remember, tonight you'll get your first real spanking."

C.J. shivered in fear and excitement. Weren't spankings supposed to be something awful? So why was she intrigued at the prospect of another? Why did they fascinate her so much? She couldn't stop thinking about it all day, and even Brad commented on her acting strange. C.J. didn't tell him about the spanking—it was too weird.

Grandma didn't say anything about the spanking when C.J. got home from school, and though she wanted to, she was too shy and nervous to bring it up herself. A belt would surely hurt a great deal, she thought. Perhaps Grandma will forget about it.

But after supper, as C.J. cleared the table and loaded the dishwasher, Grandma reminded her of her appointment with the leather belt. C.J. felt her stomach tighten and her sex shiver in anticipation. It was almost time!

Grandma was waiting for her in the living room. On the coffee table was a huge leather belt. C.J. couldn't take her eyes off it. It was thick and wide and looked heavy.

"Come across my lap for a warmup spanking," said Grandma. C.J. felt a deep sense of relief. She was afraid of the belt, but Grandma's hand was familiar and comforting. Since she was wearing jeans this time, C.J. took them off before climbing onto the couch. It felt strange standing in the living room in just her underwear and T-shirt. No, C.J. decided upon reflection, not strange—sexy. "If Brad could see me now he'd cream his pants," she thought naughtily.

The spanking was a harder and longer one than the previous night's. C.J. didn't have a lot of experience judging spankings, but she was positive

of this. Her bottom was pink and very sore when she rose from Grandma's lap. She sniffed and wiped a few tears from her face.

Grandma beamed. "You took that very well, my dear. I'm proud of you."

C.J. blushed but she couldn't help grinning. It felt wonderful to have Grandma proud of her. But she knew there was still the belt to come. The thought of it connecting with her hot skin was incredibly arousing. She hesitated, then went for it.

"How do we do the strapping, Grandma?"

"The belt's too awkward to use across the lap," answered Grandma. "Why don't you bend over the end of the couch?"

"Okay." As C.J. got in position she realized how silly the panties around her knees made her feel. She slipped them completely off, not caring about her nakedness. The action gave her a deep thrill, as though she was undressing for her lover. She bent across the arm of the sofa, leaning forward so her rump was well up in the air.

"Excellent," commented Grandma. "I've got plenty of room to swing and your bottom is in the perfect position."

C.J. felt her face flush at the praise and warmth flooded her body. Then there was a soft swish followed by a loud slapping sound. The snap of the leather against her skin took her breath away. Sharp pain assaulted her. The smart was astonishing, far more intense than Grandma's hand. C.J. felt her buttocks quivering as she shook her ass and danced the sting away.

"Yeooooow!" she yelled. She reached back to grab her burning butt and Grandma slapped her hands away.

"Keep those hands in front unless you want your palms strapped!" scolded the woman. "Now get back in position and stay there and take your punishment like a big girl."

Sniffing and crying a bit, C.J. obeyed. She could plainly feel the thick burning welt across the right cheek of her ass. It was joined by another, slightly lower, and then another.

"Ooooooh! It's too much!" she cried, but Grandma didn't let up. She brought the belt down again, this time primarily across the left cheek. C.J. gasped and bit her lip to keep from screaming. Between her legs she was on fire. She'd never been so excited. The feeling dwarfed her arousal of the night before. She wished the strokes didn't come quite so quick

because they came too fast to savor. She had no idea that Grandma was going slowly, waiting half a minute between each stroke.

After ten minutes and more than a dozen strokes, Grandma put down the strap. C.J.'s buttocks were well-marked, the puffy dark-red weals crisscrossing to cover the exposed cheeks completely. C.J. touched them gingerly, fingering the tiny lumps and ridges with astonishment.

"No doubt you'll remember this for a few days," laughed Grandma, and C.J. nodded.

"I don't know how I'll sit through school tomorrow."

"You'll be fine. You watch: by morning, the redness will have faded, and though you'll still have some welts and soreness, it's not altogether unpleasant."

C.J. continued rubbing as she strained to look at her butt over her shoulder. Grandma smiled. "Come over here." She guided the teen to the closet. The back of the door had a full-length mirror on it, and she positioned C.J. so the girl could see her backside.

"Oh my God!" gasped C.J. "Look at my ass! Are those blisters?"

Grandma knelt down and studied the girl's bottom carefully. "Maybe a few. The skin's not broken, though. With such a wide belt it's hard to break the skin. We'll put some cream on there and you'll be fine."

"It sure looks painful," murmured C.J.

"Doesn't it hurt?"

"Not really. I'm mean, it's sore, but it's nothing like how it felt *while* you were strapping me."

"Yeah, it's the getting them that's most painful. I never minded strap-pings so much when they were done."

C.J.'s eyes went wide. "*You* got strapped?"

Grandma laughed. "Why of course! My father was a military man, don't forget. I grew up on military bases, and Daddy took advantage of every form of corporal punishment he could find. When we were in France he found the martinet. In England, the cane. And of course he never forgot the good old American paddle and razor strop."

"So you got spanked a lot?"

"Oh yes. Daddy was quite strict. I'd guess I got spanked several times a week by the time I was your age."

"I always thought spankings were for kids," said C.J.

“Oh, I’d never spank kids,” laughed Grandma. “They’re much too young to really benefit from it.”

“How old were you when you got your last spanking?”

“Twenty-three.”

“You’re kidding!”

“No. Keep in mind back in those days girls were under their parents’ authority until twenty-one. I stayed at home for a couple extra years while attending college. Daddy’s rule was that if I was there I was under his authority, and that meant getting spanked if I deserved it.”

C.J. closed her eyes, imaging being of college age and still being bent over the sofa for a bare bottomed strapping. The concept thrilled her. She took a deep breath. “I think I’d like to go to bed now, Grandma.”

“Sure, dear. I’ll follow you up and put some cream on your bottom.”

As she massaged the cool ointment into C.J.’s sore flesh she warned the teenager, “You’d better be a good girl or I’ll introduce you to some of my father’s discipline tools.”

“You mean you still have them?”

“Yes. That was my father’s belt you felt tonight, and I also have his martinet and cane and wooden paddle.”

C.J. shivered and her mouth went dry. “I’ve never been paddled or caned. Does it hurt worse than the belt?”

Grandma laughed. “Oh, child, it’s impossible to tell which is worse. They’re different pains. Is a stomach ache worse than a skinned knee? I always like to say that the worst pain is whichever you are currently experiencing.”

“The cane,” murmured C.J., “isn’t that what that American boy got in Singapore?”

“Yes. Serves him right, too. We wouldn’t have a vandalism problem here in the States if we caned vandals.”

“That caning sounded awful. Your father caned you like that?”

“Not quite like that, but it was certainly painful.” Grandma paused in her rubbing. “I’ll tell you what. I really didn’t strap you as hard as I should have for your breaking curfew. Breaking curfew is a serious offense and I should have really thrashed you....”

C.J. stiffened and held her breath, wondering where her grandmother was going. She licked her lips and said softly, “Yes, I suppose you’re right.”

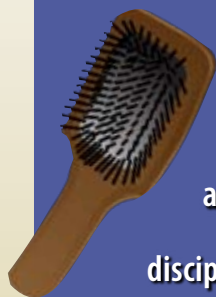
“Then why don’t I finish your punishment on Saturday?”

“F-finish?”

“Sure. What I’ll do is introduce you to all of my father’s punishment implements: the cane, the paddle, the martinet, and others. After all, you’re an active teenage girl—I’m sure I’ll be required to punish you a number of times while I stay here. It’s important that you know what to expect. After all, what good is threatening you with a caning if you don’t know what to fear?”

The FLOGMASTER'S
C.J.'S GRANDMA

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.



When faced with the choice of moving to a remote country far from friends or living with a grandmother with old-fashioned ideas of discipline, teenage C.J. chooses life with Grandma.

Her world will never be the same. Soon bare-bottomed spankings, hardwood paddlings, and agonizingly strict canings are a routine part of daily life.

But C.J. can't get enough of the rod and leather strop. Her passions are awakened and she must introduce her girlfriends to Grandma's hairbrush. But into what dangerous territory will their naughty games lead?