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**THE ISLAND**

*A Novel About the Ultimate Spanking Utopia*  
by **THE FLOGMASTER**



## *Selected Excerpt*

**K**ATHERINE SAT DOWN at the table with a sigh. “Surely that was a show. You can’t tell me this wasn’t planned, that this is a normal, average day.”

Pamela looked surprised. “You think I staged her beating to amuse or impress you?”

“Didn’t you?”

“Of course not. This is just life on the Island. I keep telling you, corporal discipline is a routine part of daily life here.”

“So that wasn’t anything unusual?”

“Happens every day. Not necessarily to Gladys, of course. We’ve got half a dozen servants. Someone’s always getting it.”

“You weren’t... cruel?”

“Oh but that’s what Island life is all about! She’d never have respected me if I’d gone easier on her, trust me.”

“You mean she *wanted* you to do that to her?”

“Want’s a strong word. I doubt anyone would truly want such a thing, but they might desire it.”

Katherine frowned. “Isn’t that the same thing?”

“Want is of the moment. Desire is of the soul. Volunteers desire the lifestyle of the Island. There’s a thrill in knowing that your life is out of your hands, completely in the control of others. Gladys gets off knowing that she’s a lowly maid, subject to discipline at my whim. She desires that at the core of her being.”

## **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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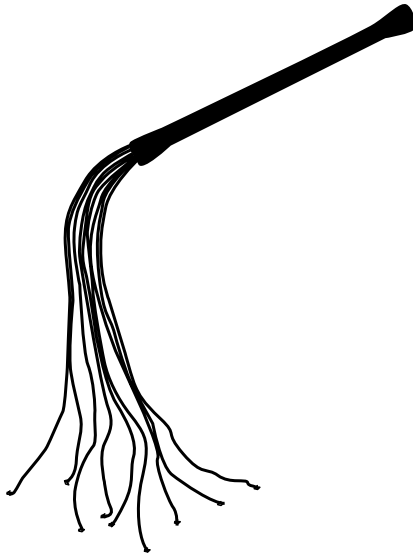
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# "THE ISLAND"



*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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# *One: Arrival*

**“DON’T TELL ME** you’ve never had a whipping! Not even a little one?”

Katherine shook her head. “My parents didn’t believe in it.”

“Hurmph!” snorted Pamela. “Damned progressives! Makes it sound like Santa Claus or the Easter Bunny. Well, here on the Island, there’s no choice in believing or not believing. Floggings happen whether you want them to or not, that’s just the way it is. It’s the way it has to be, not that you understand that just yet.

“As a Visitor you’re immune from most of our punishments. If you violate a law they’ll just expel you. The rest of us: well, we have to suffer the proper consequences. Say, I’ve got to whip Wendy this afternoon. Why don’t you observe?”

“Uh, is that appropriate?”

“Of course! An audience will make Wendy suffer more and I can’t say she doesn’t deserve it, the little brat.”

“What did she do?”

“She farted.”

“What?”

“Yup. During the all-school assembly, can you believe it? Right in the middle of the principal’s address.”

“But surely it was an accident.”

“Accident or not, it earned her a sore bottom at school, and she’ll get another whipping when she gets home.”

Katherine’s jaw fell open. “You mean she gets *two* whip... whippings for the same offense?”

“Of course. Whipped at school, whipped at home, as they say. She also gets a demerit.”

“What’s that?”

“A black mark. That’s her chart over there, on the fridge. She’s already got three this month. Payback’s going to be a bitch, I’m afraid.”

“What happens?”

“At the end of the month, she has to pay off her marks. Each black mark is three strokes of the birch and one stroke of the cane.”

“So that’s... twelve strokes of the birch and four of the cane.”

“Good math skills, Kate!” Pamela took a sip of her coffee. “And today’s only the seventeenth. Wendy will get a couple more demerits before the month’s over, I’m sure. It’ll be a tender end for her this month.”

Katherine stared at her scone with little appetite. “You talk about all this... beating... so casually,” she sighed. “One would almost think you enjoy it.”

“Well of course!”

“Huh?”

“Oh, not the whipping itself—that’s always hell and you can’t wait for it to end. I mean, it *hurts*, right? But it’s the before and after that’s cherished.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, before a whipping, you’ve got this wonderful sense of dread. It’s positively ominous. It’s this sword hanging over your head. It’s just dreadful. It heightens your senses. You’re

aware of everything. The bird twittering out there on that branch. The wonderful sea breeze. The whole world seems ignorant of your plight, which is strangely disconsoling.

“And then it comes. The whipping itself is awful, beyond imagining, really. It’s always worse than you expect, always worse than you remember. But after? Oh, that’s sweet bliss. Your body is deliciously sore but you feel such relief that the whipping is over that you don’t mind at all. And then there’s other pleasures....”

“Other pleasures?”

“For some unknown reason the body is especially sexually primed after a whipping. I think it must have something to do with the body trying to distract you from the pain. Whatever the cause, it’s a wonderful reward. The slightest touch will get you off. Just thinking about it has me damp right now!”

Katherine blushed and quickly gulped some coffee to mask her embarrassment. She didn’t dare reveal that despite her revulsion of the topic, her fascination was turning her on something fierce. She was practically a waterfall down below!

Pamela continued. “My point is that after a whipping your body is alive for pleasure. Whether it’s self-inflicted or you have a partner, it’s Orgasm City. I lose track of the times I come. Dozens, I suppose.”

“You mean, *you’ve* been whipped like this? It’s not just your daughter?”

“Of course, dear. My husband takes care of me whenever I need it. This is the Island. Everyone is beaten here.”

“Everyone?”

“Well, all the Residents, of course. Visitors are exempt. And it’s just the females, of course. The men aren’t whipped.”

“Why?”

“Because that’s the way it is. Because men rule and women suffer. That’s the natural order of things.”

“That’s ridiculous!”

“Oh no, it’s logical. Look at childbirth. The woman suffers terribly. There’s the pain of carrying the child, the agony of delivery, and then the burden of child-rearing. What does the man suffer? Nothing. He experiences pleasure in procreation and that’s it!”

“It’s unfair.”

“Perhaps, but it’s reality. It’s the order of things. But look at things from another perspective: women are compensated.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, sure we suffer more, but our bodies were designed for that. We have been gifted with a higher pain tolerance than men. Men are wimps for pain. And then, of course, we can experience multiple orgasms!

“I tell you, Kate, that right there makes it all worthwhile. Once a guy’s come, he’s worthless. He goes soft, the slightest pain is horrid to him, and he can’t get ready for more pleasure without extensive stimulation, and even then it takes time. A woman, as I’m sure you know, can come and come and come and come again. It’s bliss!”

Katherine was blushing again. She took a deep breath and whispered, “I’ve never had more than one orgasm.”

“What!”

“Not in a row, I mean. With Jack, I’m lucky to just get one.”

“Is it that bad?”

“Well, it hasn’t been good. It used to be pretty nice, when we were first married.”

“But even then you didn’t come more than once?”

Katherine shook her head. “Jack’s always been, uh, a little on the quick side, you know? He sperms, rolls over, and is asleep.”

“Men!”

“I usually, uh, have to, uh, bring myself...”

“There’s no shame in that, dear. If men knew how to work us the way they did their cars or power tools, we’d never leave the marriage bed, I assure you.”

Pamela signaled to one of the maids to bring fresh coffee. The two watched as the slender girl, dressed in an absurdly short black skirt with a tiny white apron, carefully refilled the cups.

“Didn’t spill a drop,” murmured Pamela in disappointment.

“Yes ma’am,” nodded Gladys, the maid. “I’m sorry. I just got it last night and—”

Pamela’s eyes narrowed. “Is that an excuse, dear?”

“Oh no, ma’am!”

“That sounds awfully close to an excuse.”

“No ma’am, it’s just that I’m sore and—”

“Any reason why we shouldn’t add on more?”

The maid’s head fell forward. Trembling slightly, she shook her head. “No ma’am.”

“Let’s take a look, shall we?”

“Yes ma’am.”

Gladys gave a quick curtsy, then turned away from the two women. She bent lithely at the waist, then reached behind and flipped up the skimpy flap of black material. Katherine gave an audible gasp.

The first thing that she noticed was a twinge of jealousy, for the maid’s rump was decidedly fine. The cheeks were full, the hips nicely rounded, and the crevice between the two

profound. It was an impressive rump, nicely fatted and curved, yet as firm and youthful as a teenager, which is what Gladys was for a few months yet. She'd be twenty in December.

All this Katherine absorbed in a glance. But it was her second look that caused her gasp. For the beautiful cheeks were severely marked. For a second the woman thought there was a deformity or skin problem but then realized the crimson horizontal lines were artificial, made by a thin instrument of pain that had lashed the cheeks severely, welting the smooth skin. Carefully Katherine counted eight distinct lines, each a finger-thick swollen welt of red and purple fire. It looked agonizing.

Without thinking, Katherine reached out a hand. Her fingers had almost reached the girl's bottom when she caught herself and froze.

"Why have you stopped?" asked Pamela. "You want to feel her marks? Go ahead. She's just a maid. She has no say."

Katherine blushed and shook her head, but didn't take her hand away. Then, heart pounding, she moved her hand forward. The girl's skin was silky smooth, the taut buttocks warm and sleek and strong against her hand. Her fingers found a ridged welt and tingles of feeling shot up Katherine's arm. The welt was thick and hard and rough, and very warm. No, hot. Heat radiated from the wounded flesh. Quickly Katherine placed the sensitive back of her hand against the collection of welts and felt an amazing glow of warmth. The injured flesh was pulsing lightly, as blood flowed through the tender area.

"Wow," was all Katherine could say.

Gladys, the maid, did not move or say anything. She just hung there, bent over, her bare buttocks presented for the study of the women.

“Looks like a decent whipping,” said Pamela casually. “Did Cook do this?”

“Yes ma’am,” answered Gladys.

“Hurt much?”

“Excruciating, ma’am.”

“Describe it for our guest. And be generous with the details!”

Gladys didn’t move, but told the story bottom bare and bent, with a fascinated Katherine fondling the tender weals across her ass.

“I was tardy coming back from my break last night. It was less than a minute, but Cook’s a stickler. She noted it and before bed, she made me strip completely naked there in the kitchen. She bent me over the kitchen island and lashed me with a cane. It was a very long one, over three feet, and really whippy. She lashed me six times and every stroke was horrid agony. I thought I wasn’t going to be able to hold it. It really hurt, ma’am. It’s a new cane, really vicious. I didn’t like it at all. I guess I fidgeted too much for Cook decided I needed a couple extra to learn my lesson proper, so she added those two low ones. Nearly across my thighs. They *really* hurt. I think they hurt more than all the others together.”

Pamela grinned at Katherine. “Well? What do you think?”

The visitor shivered, but she didn’t take her hand off the fascinating bottom. “I can’t believe that in this day and age this can happen. I mean, didn’t the beating of maids go out in the Victorian era?”

“Not on the Island. We’re independent, our own entity. We have our own laws and justice. Everyone knows the rules—and the penalties—when they move here. Isn’t that right Gladys?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“You moved here voluntarily, didn’t you?”

“Oh yes ma’am.”

“In fact, you were desperate to come here.” Again the maid agreed. Pamela continued, “How long a contract did you sign?”

“Twelve years, ma’am.”

When Katherine looked puzzled, Pamela explained. “All the help on the Island are volunteers. They sign a contract for servitude. They work for a number of years and at the end of that time, if they wish, they can remain as free Residents. Not a bad trade—twelve years of work for the rest of your life in paradise.”

“That sounds like slavery.”

“Not at all. It’s completely voluntary and Gladys can leave at any time, if she wishes. Do you wish to leave, Gladys?”

“No ma’am!”

“What if I were to suggest awful punishment. Would you take it or leave?”

The maid’s head bowed low and her voice was trembly. “I-I’d do my best to take it, ma’am.”

Pamela’s long finger traced a thick, purple weal on Gladys’ butt; she scratched at it with a fingernail, drawing a hiss from the nervous maid. “Even if I were to add to these fresh stripes right here? Right now?”

“Oh please, ma’am!” moaned the girl. “Have mercy!”

“There’s no mercy on the Island. You know that.”

“Yes ma’am.”

“And I think our guest would like to see your bottom thrashed.”

Gladys’ head sank forward with despair. “Yes ma’am,” her voice moaned throatily.



“Now fetch me a nice cane, dear. Actually, let’s make it that same one you were beaten with last night. That sounded positively dreadful.”

With a quick pleading look the girl rose and departed, her face ashen and her bosom panting as she trotted away on her disagreeable errand.

“You... you’re really going to beat her? After what she’s already gotten?”

“Oh come now, Kate! She’s barely been scratched. Besides, that was yesterday, and she needs a good thrashing today.”

“But—” Katherine fell silent, unable to fathom such a concept. She shivered. She couldn’t help but put herself in Gladys’ place, bent over and waiting for the cane. How would it feel? How much did those weals burn? It was awful, and yet Katherine was entranced. She couldn’t explain it—she didn’t understand it yet—but she was drawn to the spectacle of beating, the horror of the pain arousing her intense interest.

Gladys was back, a long tan rod in her hands. She curtsied as she handed the instrument to Pamela, who flexed it menacingly and swished it vigorously through the air. Katherine watched in cringing horror and drooling fascination.

“Assume position one,” snapped Pamela. The maid promptly bent over and tucked her fingertips under her toes, her knees perfectly straight. The bottom, still covered by the flimsy flap of black skirt, jutted out poignantly. “Would you do the honors, Kate?”

It took Katherine a few seconds to realize what was demanded of her. Trembling as though she was the one to be beaten, she walked over to the bent maid. Carefully she lifted the skirt up, revealing the lovely bottom with the grim criss-cross of vivid pain etched across its bare flesh.

“All right. Gladys, you’re getting this for making such a fuss over your little spanking from Cook yesterday. The way you went on about it, you’d think she’d tried to murder you. Perhaps a sound thrashing will remind you what real pain is all about. And I think I’ll ask Cook to beat you before you go to bed tonight. A little refresher, give you something to ponder as you sleep.”

“No mercy, ma’am,” the maid whispered softly, a touch despondent.

“Now you’re getting it. That’s the Island spirit. Now where should I flog you?”

Gladys licked her lips. Her voice was low but urgent. “If it pleases you, ma’am, it would hurt me the most if you’d flog my right cheek, down low. It’ll be murder there, where the tip dug in so deeply before. The skin there’s like raw beef.”

Katherine watched, aghast, as Pamela pointed the rod right at the indicated area, drew the tip back over her shoulder, and snapped the stick with astonishing strength into the bulge of bare flesh. The thwack of the cane was loud and Katherine paled at the energy put into the stroke: she had not expected a beating would be so *hard*. It was painful to watch; she couldn’t imagine enduring such a stroke.

The attacked flesh writhed as pain rippled through the curved mound, rebounding to its original shape after a few seconds of quivering agony. Katherine blinked in alarm as she wondered if she were imagining it or if the collection of crimson weals in that area were suddenly enlivened, brightening to magenta. The angry lines pulsed and rippled like living snakes.

THWACK! The cane descended again, right into the same sulcul groove, and this time Katherine had no doubt:

the mass of flesh was bulging with pain, the crimson cords of veins purpling as a new stroke assaulted them.

The petite maid shuddered, her hips jerking slightly as she struggled to hold her difficult toe-touching position. The fat of her buttocks trembled as she wiggled, a faint mewling cry escaping from her lips. The softness of the sound made it all the more poignant and alarming to Katherine, for she could sense how much the girl ached to scream.

For the third time the long rod whistled through the air and cracked across the broad hips of the slender maid. The tip buried itself cruelly into the lower right buttock and came away wet as the skin split and droplets of bright crimson fluid oozed down a creamy thigh.

“Ah, I’ve drawn,” muttered Pamela with mixed satisfaction and disappointment. “Only three strokes.”

Poor Gladys was in a frantic state. Her wide eyes dripped tears and every muscle strained with tension to keep herself still. It wasn’t quite enough as her buttocks vibrated slightly as spasms shot through the fatty flesh.

Pamela poked the buttocks with the dull tip of the rod. “Did you feel those Gladys?”

“Y-y-yes m-ma’am!”

“Good and hard?”

“Oh, the hardest ma’am!”

“Learn you a lesson?”

“Definitely ma’am. Thank you for educating me. I’ll do my best to profit from it.”

“Shall I educate you further?”

The cane tapped the waiting buttocks impatiently. The question was a taunt, something the poor maid could never answer correctly, but she did her best.

“Whatever madam desires I am ready to receive,” purred the girl, but it was obvious from the twisted expression on her face that she did not relish further chastisement.

“Hmmm. Good answer. Have you anything to say to our guest?”

Gladys wavered, her fingers straining to her toes. “Oh yes, Miss Schuler. Thank you for observing my chastisement. I pray that it wasn’t an inconvenience to you and I apologize for the indignity of having to gaze upon my lowly naked buttocks.”

Katherine pinkened, embarrassed. “No problem,” she murmured.

The cane flicked out, catching the maid’s left thigh with a stinging blow. “What do you offer our guest for your offenses?”

“Oh!” Gladys twisted, her buttocks undulating as she moved. “Miss Schuler, I beg you, if you so desire, to whip my lowly, undeserving, naked buttocks.”

Pamela offered the cane to Katherine, who demurred. “Oh, I couldn’t.”

“She is begging. Aren’t you Gladys?”

“Oh yes ma’am! Please, Miss Schuler, I beg you to beat me soundly. Take that c-cane and thrash me *b-hard*.”

“But I can’t!” cried Katherine. “For one thing I don’t know how and for another... oh it’s too beastly. I just can’t do it. I won’t.”

Pamela smiled at her friend and sighed. “Well Gladys, I guess you escaped that one. You shall be in Miss Schuler’s debt: every day that she is here, you shall ask her to beat you, and if she ever decides to accommodate you, you’ll thank her profusely for her kindness in disciplining you.”

“Yes ma’am.”

“All right, you may go. Get yourself cleaned up. Take care not to get blood on your uniform or on my carpet.”

“Yes ma’am.”

With a final shudder of naked flesh, the maid rose and departed, being extremely diligent to hold her skirt up as she walked so that it wouldn’t flop over her bloody bottom and stain.

“As you can see, crimson tide has a different meaning here on the Island,” commented Pamela, nodding at the departing buttocks. “She’s a cute little thing, isn’t she though? Takes punishment well, eager to please.”

Katherine sat down at the table with a sigh. “Surely that was a show. You can’t tell me this wasn’t planned, that this is a normal, average day.”

Pamela looked surprised. “You think I staged her beating to amuse or impress you?”

“Didn’t you?”

“Of course not. This is just life on the Island. I keep telling you, corporal discipline is a routine part of daily life here.”

“So that wasn’t anything unusual?”

“Happens every day. Not necessarily to Gladys, of course. We’ve got half a dozen servants. Someone’s always getting it.”

“You weren’t... cruel?”

“Oh but that’s what Island life is all about! She’d never have respected me if I’d gone easier on her, trust me.”

“You mean she *wanted* you to do that to her?”

“Want’s a strong word. I doubt anyone would truly want such a thing, but they might desire it.”

Katherine frowned. “Isn’t that the same thing?”

“Want is of the moment. Desire is of the soul. Volunteers desire the lifestyle of the Island. There’s a thrill in knowing

**The FLOGMASTER'S**  
**THE ISLAND**

*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.*

**RECENTLY DIVORCED AND ALONE**, Katherine desperately needs a vacation, so she visits her old college roommate. Pamela and her family live on a remote island in a unique community. Katherine is shocked to discover an environment of harsh discipline: servants who submit to severe canings, police with the power to whip, and public floggings in the town square for crimes as insignificant as littering. Even Pamela and her daughter are not immune from correction. Katherine's initial horror turns into fascination, and then obsession.... Does she dare give permission to become subject to the Island's exotic punishments? *Find out in this remarkable masterwork of erotic literature from the Flogmaster!*