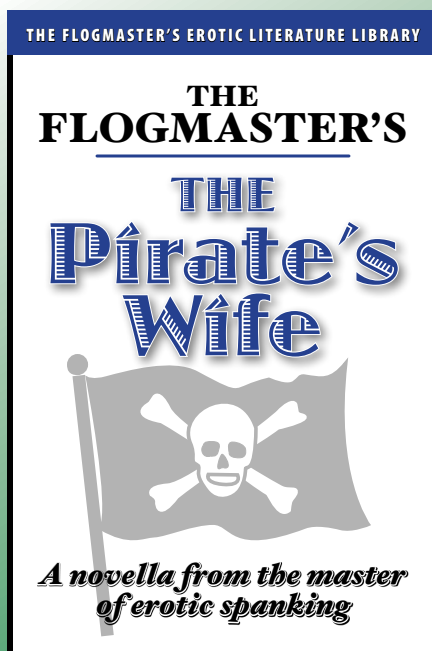
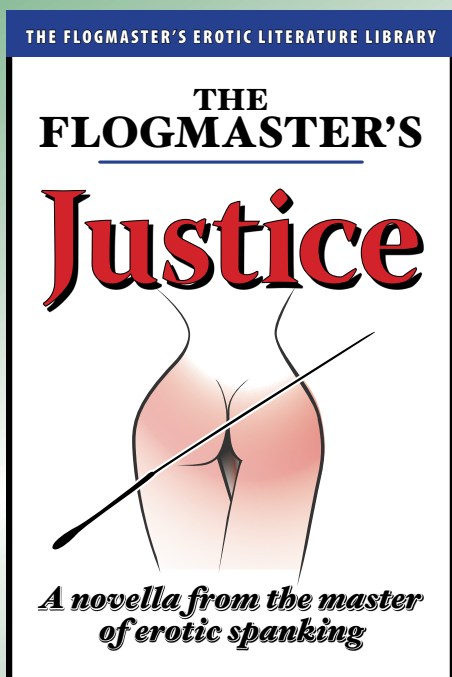


THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

THE FLOGMASTER'S
Novellas

VOLUME ONE



*Two complete novellas
of classic spanking erotica!*

Selected Excerpts

FROM *JUSTICE*:

I lay sprawled in shame across the sofa arm, my naked buttocks and legs exposed for everyone, the Mistress standing tall and dark and fearsome beside me, the deadly leather strap in her hand as she smiled at me, caressing my cheek with it softly, and then she leaned forward and whispered, "Are you ready naughty one? This is going to hurt, I can assure you. You deserve every stroke ten times over, little bitch! I will see that you are thoroughly punished on a regular basis after this. Do not let this be your first and last whipping by any means. You've got a fine bottom and it will look lovely covered with thick, red stripes!"

With that, I knew I was doomed. There was no way I was going to get away with a few token strokes to appease her guests or her own evil desires. No, I would be taken the full distance, given a long, thorough whipping that I would not fail to remember for days. And most likely there would be more tomorrow, and the next day and the next. I knew now the Mistress was finished playing with me. She meant to hurt me now, really hurt me, and in the future she would leap at any excuse to do so again.

FROM *THE PIRATE'S WIFE*:

I was trussed at the foot of the mast, ropes binding my arms behind me. It was dark and I vaguely saw a large man standing before me. He was wearing a beautiful red cape with black trousers and vest. A thin rapier hung free at his side, and I could see a pistol and a several daggers on his belt.

His face was narrow and thin, his red hair heavy around his head and face, his beard a well-trimmed goatee and a bushy mustache. His eyes gleamed at me and he smiled triumphantly as I awoke. He was quite handsome I thought, with some hope to my fate. Could a handsome man be cruel?

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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THE FLOGMASTER'S
Novellas

VOLUME ONE

*Two complete novellas
of classic spanking erotica*

*This collection of the Flogmaster's best writing
contains stories of an extreme nature. These
stories can include severe corporal punishment,
abuse, rape, slavery, incest, bondage and
submission, death, kidnapping, 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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F/F — servant discipline, ff themes

FM's Masterwork. A real novella of over 37,000 words. This tells the story of a female servant whose new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. (37,051 words. Written in 1996.)

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THE PIRATE’S WIFE

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Justice: A Novella in Nine Parts

F/F — servant discipline, ff themes

FM's Masterwork. A real novella of over 37,000 words. This tells the story of a female servant whose new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. (37,051 words. Written in 1996.)

Part I—Arrival

I arrived at the DeMarcco mansion in late August. Summer was already fading into fall as winter comes early in such a northern province. I found the castle cold and dark and foreboding, despite the presence of the Master, who was young and handsome and extremely wealthy. He and his pretty bride were renowned for their lavish parties and generosity, and anyone in the country, including the Duke of Kennington, was always pleased to receive an invitation.

I viewed my change of employers as a tremendous advancement, for a recommendation by the DeMarcco's would secure me a position anywhere I wanted. I felt eminently grateful to dear Molly Wells for recommending me, our childhood disagreements forgotten and forgiven with this single generous gesture. Had I known the true nature of her generosity, however, I would have rewarded her face with a slap from my palm.

On just the third day in my new position I had the opportunity to witness for myself the situation I had instilled myself into. It was a cold, blustery morning, with a touch of fog settling over the hills. I had started a fire in the kitchen before dawn and was helping the cook prepare the breakfast when I heard a shriek of pain and horribly angry voice shouting.

I glanced at the cook but she continued her work unabated, and I looked nervously behind me as the sounds came closer. The door burst open and to my surprise it was the Mistress herself who entered, her sleeping garments covered with a thick robe, cruelly dragging a weeping, red-faced girl by the earlobe. I recognized the girl as one of the chambermaids, Mary, by name. She was rather vapid and dense, if I recalled her correctly, and smitten with one of the groomsman.

The Mistress strode angrily into the kitchen and ordered the cook to fetch her “the strap and be quick about it!” The cook obeyed instantly, heading across the room, while the pitiful girl began to wail and beg for mercy.

“Shut your mouth you lazy whore!” scolded the petite lady, her black eyes flashing brightly with arrogance and fury. “How dare you enter your Mistress’ quarters without knocking!”

“But I *did* knock, Ma’am,” sobbed the girl. “I knocked three times, and loudly, too, you *must* ‘ave ‘eard!”

“The impertinence!” screamed the Mistress, her mouth shaping into a snarl that distorted her graceful lips into something quite repulsive. “How dare you call me a liar! You shall get the cane for that! Cook! Bring me the cane instead of the strap! This sorry thing needs a taste of real discipline.”

The cook obeyed, replacing the just removed strap back on its hook and returning with a long, white, crock-handled cane, slightly bent from years of use. I watched, petrified with terror, as the cook handed this terrible instrument of punishment to the furious lady who took it in her hands with a look of relish that frightened me beyond motion or thought.

I’d never been beaten by an employer before, though I knew it was an accepted practice. My last Master had been an old gentleman in Furth, and while once, when I was much younger and wilder, he had threatened me with a dose of the leather, I had never given him cause to use it. As I child, of course, I’d had my share of whippings, and I had seen children in school take the cane, it had always frightened me beyond belief. I watched helplessly as the Mistress took the weeping girl and bodily shoved her across a counter and lifted the girl’s skirts up and took down her knickers.

The caning was mercifully brief but unendurably cruel. The Mistress must have delivered a dozen cuts across the backs of poor Mary's legs and half that again across her bared bum. None drew blood but many came close, leaving huge red weals that looked fit to burst at any moment.

"Now go stand in the parlor until after the noon meal!" ordered the Mistress, licking her lips and panting, and I watched with horror as the sobbing girl lifted herself and awkwardly managed to walk out of the kitchen, tightly clutching her skirts up to keep her backside on display. I was later to discover that she was to stand like that, buttocks and legs bared, during the entire course of the noon meal, so the Master and his guests (there were some at almost every meal) and any passing servants could witness the girl's disgrace and humiliation.

"And just what work are *you* contemplating so intently?"

I awoke from my stupor to discover the white tip of the cane pointing at my nose, the snarling face of Mistress DeMarcco glaring at me with undisguised fury.

Gulping with haste I raced back to my duties, performing them with such rapidity and motivation that the Mistress seemed pleased and mollified, and I had never felt such relief as when I heard her order the cook to replace the cane on its peg. My whole backside tingled with feeling as I worked, my heart pounding just at the thought of that cane striping my bottom. It terrified me beyond words. My hands trembled as I worked, tears swelling in my eyes. There was no way I could possibly endure such humiliation. If such was the standard practice at the DeMarcco estate I should have to leave immediately. I resolved to ask the Mistress about it later, when she had calmed down and was in better spirits.

It was a full two days later before I was given the opportunity to talk to the Mistress. In the meantime, I was kept impossibly busy, running errands for the cook and assisting the housekeeper. At the end of the second day I was exhausted. I had never known that I could work so hard and I've been working since I was nine years old. I'd been in charge of an entire household, with a dozen servants at my command, and yet I found it difficult to keep up with even the Mistress' menial laborers, most of whom I discovered had been employed by the DeMarccos for years, and were apparently used to such a pace. I had never seen maids of such energy and stamina. When I mentioned this to the cook, a harsh but

well-respected woman, she warned me that my lack of initiative was sure to earn me punishment by the Mistress.

“Surely not!” I cried out in distress. “Have I not performed my duties adequately?”

“Aye,” she whispered, her eyes warning me to keep my voice down, “but the Mistress, she don’t care for adequate; she demands perfection. She insists her household staff perform beyond the call of duty.” I redoubled my efforts at those words, determined to make a good impression on the Mistress, rising first and going to bed last.

Another chambermaid was flogged by the Mistress that evening, for what I never heard, though rumor said it was for the failure to dust beneath a large vase mounted on the Mistress’ mantel. Thankfully I was spared the watching of the punishment as I was stationed in the kitchen that night, but I could hear the sound of the lash, and laughter and jeers of the guests mixed with sobs of pain on the part of the punished maid. Terror swept through my soul and I trembled and dropped several pots, earning a thorough scolding and threatening by the cook.

The next day I was ordered to make an appearance before the Mistress.

Though I desired to speak with her regarding my position, I was now terrified. First, I was uncertain as to why she had asked to see me. Had I committed an offense? Was there a grave error on my part that required punishment? Second, I was unsure how to approach the woman and ask to be let go. I had been thinking about this since I had witnessed Mary’s caning and resolved to leave, and now I was hesitant to depart. Where would I go? I had no other prospects. Surely I couldn’t expect a fair recommendation from Mistress DeMarcco after just three days!

Thus, chewing my lip with nervousness, I approached the Mistress’ chamber door with great fear and trepidation, my heart in my throat, the throbbing making it difficult to breathe. I knocked. There was silence. I knocked again. And then a third time. My nervousness was now manifest by physical perspiration. I had overheard Mary, the evening of her caning, whispering and grumbling to another maid that she had indeed knocked many times and very loudly too, but that the Mistress had obviously ignored her specifically to gain an excuse to punish her. Under no circumstances could I open that door of my own accord.

I knocked again and again and waited. The waiting made me frantic, and tears of frustration came to my eyes. This was woefully unfair of the Mistress. How could she be so cruel? Didn't effort and a willingness to serve have any meaning for her?

Suddenly the doorway opened before me, and there stood the Mistress. She was small and dainty, as I have mentioned, and as pretty and pale as a delicate flower. Her long dark hair fell in waves over her shoulders, a select few curls escaping to descend across her face, giving her a wild, unpredictable look. Her face was slightly puffy and round, eyes large and oval, the pupils black and sparkling, her nose thin and narrow and just a shade too pointy. Her lips were beautiful, thick, lush, graceful curves that when they blossomed into a smile melted your heart and brought a blush of inadequacy to your face.

There was something familiar about her face, a haunting feature, something reminiscent of someone I once knew, but I could not place it. I thought at first she resembled my mother, or one of my cousins, but on a closer look I saw those similarities were only superficial, like the color of her hair. There was something deeper, something crucial, but I could not see it, only sense it, and it frustrated me.

Her body overflowed with feminine vitality. Though she was petite, it was only her frame that gave this impression, her slender arms and slight height. Her bosom would have been impressive on a large woman; on her it was magnificent. Her waist was naturally narrow, her hips just as naturally wide and curved. I could not see her legs, but from what I had witnessed of the woman's energy and the way she carried herself, I had no doubt her legs were short and stout and extremely fit, for she was an active woman, always scurrying, always moving.

Undoubtedly the Mistress was a striking and attractive woman. Physically, no doubt, she could arouse any man. But it was equally obvious her personality distorted her features to such an extent as to make the body almost unusable. Even now, as she stood before me, eyes cold and hard like glittering stones, her mouth did not smile but formed an ugly thin line, like the edge of a knife. Her body swelled with the promise of youth and physical pleasure, and yet she marched like a statue, glaring and cold, and silently seated herself before me, watching me with those dark, impenetrable eyes. I trembled, waiting, wondering.

For a long while she said nothing, her eyes staring at me, a tiny curve on the edge of her lip showing me she enjoyed my discomfort, my terror. Then she spoke.

“So, Miss Janey, what excuse do you have for your appalling performance in your duties these past few days?”

The question caught me by surprise. I stared in astonishment. I opened my mouth but no sound emerged. I was silent.

“No excuse, eh?” she growled. “Good. I abhor excuses. They mean nothing and excuse nothing. Performance is what counts, my dear. I realize you are new to the DeMarcco estate, Miss Janey, and I am prepared to grant you some tolerance as you learn to adjust to your new position, but I will *not* have you shirking your duties and promoting laziness among the other maids!”

My heart seemed to have stopped beating during this speech. My mouth was completely dry and an earthquake could not have provoked motion to my feet in that instant. My mind could not even function. To say I was stunned would be a gross understatement. For the past three days I had practically exhausted myself to death for this woman, rising an hour before expected and going to bed an hour after the scheduled time. I had done the work of three women, scrubbing and washing and fetching until my legs and the backs of my hands ached and my eyes were throbbing with pain. Twice I had forgone meals in order to assist the tasks of others who were less capable than I, and several times I had caught and corrected the mistakes of others. And now, after all those sacrifices she dared to accuse me of sloth and incompetence!

A slow, dull burning began in my belly, rumbling dangerously. Heat came to my face and wrath filled my body. Trembling with rage I glared at the petite, self-satisfied woman before me. In that instant I knew I hated her. I knew that she delighted in breaking people, in making them submit to her by whatever method would work, and in my case nothing I could ever do would satisfy her, because that was exactly the gratification I sought, the fulfillment I needed. She was playing with me like a I was a little doll, nothing more than toy to be tossed aside when the amusement was over.

“How dare you!” I exclaimed, a dark cloud of doom hanging over my head. I knew I sealed my fate with those words but I could not have stopped uttering them if the Devil himself had been waiting in the

doorway with ball and chain and manacle, an evil welcome on his lips. Indeed, being chained to the Devil would have been preferable to the Mistress DeMarcco, for she was the queen of demons, a beautiful woman who took pleasure in evil. Even then she sat primly, a soft, cruel smile distorting her lips, listening to my outrage with delight, for she knew the price of my pride, and eagerly assisted me in leaping into her prison and almost laughing with joy as I took the key myself and threw it away into the vile blackness of a bottomless pit.

“Welcome to the DeMarcco estate,” she whispered quietly, when I had finished.

“Bitch! Satan’s whore!” I hissed, my fury past control. But she only smiled, the self-satisfied smile of child who’s conniving has finally triumphed over the indolent adult, and it was not pleasant, it was not pleasant at all.

Part II—Life

It is winter now, the November winds bringing thick white snowflakes from the north, and blanketing the world in white glistening coldness. I feel old and tired. My body aches in places I never knew I had feeling, and I work like a slave from before dawn to after dusk. I am a slave, in fact, if not in legality. Mrs. DeMarcco’s power was far greater than my own, and though I knew it to be hopeless, I did seek other employment. I was so desperate I even investigated other occupations, but there was nothing. Every door was slammed in my face, old friends smiling wan, empty expressions and turning away, shaking their heads sadly. There was nothing for me except the torment of the DeMarcco hell, and there I returned, to work under the gaze of the bland, self-satisfied Mistress’ face, my every gesture one of pain to me.

I was frequently beaten; don’t let me lead you to believe otherwise. But it developed that the beatings were not the worst of it for me. I am a strong woman of independent means and I had always valued my freedom, and I bore the belief that hard and honest work would enrich and prosper me, which, when coupled with my determination to better my condition, all worked against me now. Here at the DeMarcco’s I was a slave, not a

The FLOGMASTER'S

Novellas 1

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.

In this first volume of the Flogmaster's novellas, he explores the nature of domination and submission and love.

Justice — Set in the days when servants could be treated as slaves, this is the story of a girl who becomes the maid of a strict woman. She suffers the woman's cruel punishments and gradually changes, and eventually finds a way to turn the tables on her mistress.

The Pirate's Wife — Another period piece. In this novella a girl is kidnapped by cruel pirates and falls in love with the strict pirate captain. Similar in tone to Anne Rice's *Beauty* series.