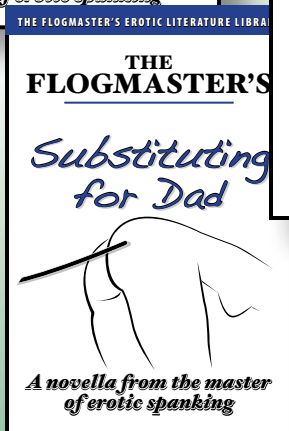
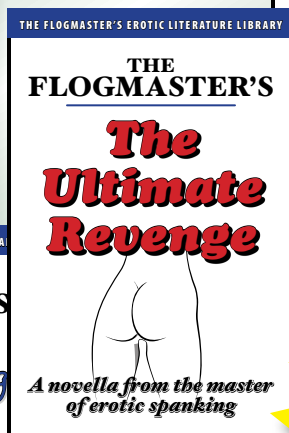
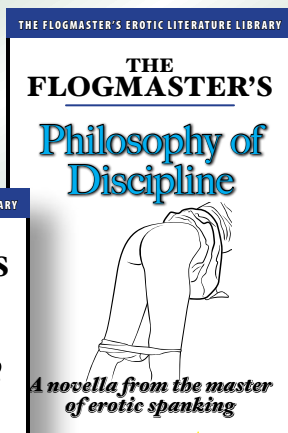
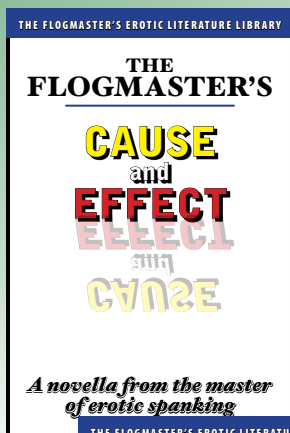


THE FLOGMASTER'S
Novellas

VOLUME THREE



Four complete novellas of classic spanking erotica!

Selected Excerpts

FROM *CAUSE AND EFFECT:*

Nine came in, a wicked laser right across the back of her cunt hairs and she screamed and shot up, leaping and grabbing her ass as though someone had jammed a hot poker up there.

“Three extra for getting out of position,” growled the implacable Jack.

“Have mercy!” sobbed Judy, but she knew she wouldn’t get it. It was one of the things she loved about the man.

FROM *PHILOSOPHY OF DISCIPLINE:*

“Did you rub the liquid soap in your eyes to make you cry?”

“Oh yes,” answered Martha. “It worked perfectly. I had a little on my fingers and a quick rub after that first stroke and my eyes were watering like mad. See how red my eyes are? I put on such a good show today that I think the Head actually felt sorry for me! The last two were mere taps.”

FROM *SUBSTITUTING FOR DAD:*

“Take my panties down.”

Mike stepped forward and grasped the thin elastic waistband and pulled the cloth downward. He stared at the bared buttocks in amazement. He wasn’t sure what he felt, his mind was whirling so much, but he did know that even if he’d never seen a bare bottom before in his life, he’d have known that these buns were special. They were huge, the bulbous cheeks very round, and the crevice between was deep and dark. The lady’s skin was smooth and the color of pale cream.

FROM *THE ULTIMATE REVENGE:*

“Adrianna, this won’t happen again, correct?”

“Of course not, sir!”

“Good. Because if I hear of you ever caning my daughter again, I’ll come down here and thrash you myself!”

The teacher’s pale skin went pink with embarrassment. “Sir, that won’t be necessary. Now that I understand the situation, it won’t happen again.”

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 THREE

*Four complete novellas
of classic spanking erotica*

*This collection of the Flogmaster's best writing
contains stories of severe corporal punishment of
both minors and adults.*

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

Cause and Effect **9**

MF/Ff — nc caning

A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *This is a new, never-published story, exclusive to this collection!* (21,048 words. Written in 2007.)

Philosophy of Discipline **65**

M/f — nc caning

A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy with plenty of illustrative examples. *This is a new, never-published story, exclusive to this collection!* (14,108 words. Written in 2007.)

Substituting for Dad **100**

m/Ff — cons/nc caning, paddling

With his dom dad out of town, a boy services his father's clients. *This is a new, never-published story, exclusive to this collection!* (14,296 words. Written in 2007.)

The Ultimate Revenge **137**

MF/Ff — nc caning

A girl plots to get a teacher who caned her caned. *This is a new, never-published story, exclusive to this collection!* (16,025 words. Written in 2007.)

Cause and Effect

MF/Ff — nc caning

A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *This is a new, never-published story, exclusive to this collection!* (21,048 words. Written in 2007.)

IT IS SAID that giving in to temptation opens the door to all sorts of trouble, and that was never more true than for sixteen-year-old Rebecca Watts. For weeks she'd been harboring a crush for the new bad boy in the neighborhood, a certain "Chaz" Dominguez (19, high school dropout, leather jacket, biker punk). To get him to notice her she started wearing slutty clothes: black leather micro-skirts, tight blouses without a bra, skintight jeans. She'd spend hours in her driveway, washing her BMW wearing only her pink string bikini, and making sure she got deliciously wet and soapy. Even a blind man had to notice.

Naturally her parents grew concerned and warned her: she was not to see Chaz and he wasn't to see her. Of course that only made the romance illicit, which made the rebel all the more attractive. Soon Rebecca and Chaz were an item. A secret item, but an item.

Rebecca's prim and proper upbringing quickly went downhill as she followed the rebel's lead. When he offered her a cigarette one day, she couldn't look "uncool" in front of his friends; she had to accept it. Soon she was smoking regularly, and popping mints to keep her mom from smelling it on her breath.

In retrospect, getting caught was inevitable. With the risks Rebecca was taking, it was going to happen sooner or later. The event finally came to pass one afternoon when her mom was at her bridge club. Unfortunately for Rebecca, Sally Perkins' daughter had the flu and bridge was cancelled at the last minute, so Mrs. Watts returned home early.

Rebecca had snuck Chaz in for a major make out session in her bedroom. Things got steamy quickly, and soon sweet little Rebecca was

down to just panties and bra and servicing Chaz's stiff erection when there was the sound of the garage door opening.

The distraction went unnoticed by Chaz, who was about to pop and did, spurting all over the bewildered Rebecca's face. Horrified, she grabbed tissues and tried to clean herself off and get dressed again, while trying to get Chaz out and yet remain cool and not let on to him just how desperate she was for him to leave.

It was Chaz's pack of cigarettes that ruined everything. She'd gotten him out the window safely, but when she turned around she spotted them right in the open on her bed. She could hear her mom coming up the steps, so she snatched them and shoved them in the nearest hiding place—her school backpack.

"Hi mom," Rebecca said casually as her mom passed. "I thought you were at bridge."

"Oh, it was cancelled. Things okay with you, honey?"

"Oh sure! I was doing my homework."

At that moment, just as Rebecca was congratulating herself for escaping, the idiot Chaz poked his head in through the window. "Yo, B, I forgot my C's, man."

Mrs. Watt's smile vanished, replaced with a grim look of determination. Rebecca's smile went stiff and artificial. But the truth—or a significant part of it—was out, and now Rebecca had to face the music.

Chaz was banished. Mr. Watts was called and he immediately telephoned his attorney. By five o'clock there was a restraining order for Eduardo "Chaz" Dominguez forbidding him to get within 100 feet of Rebecca. Meanwhile, a serious Mr. Watts headed home to deal with his recalcitrant daughter.

The dealing, it turned out, to be mostly involving the teen's pert rump, which was bared and soundly spanked. Mrs. Watt's had her go first, paddling the girl's shapely bottom a bright pink with a stout ivory hairbrush. Then it was her father's turn. He used a long strip of heavy leather and painted five or six dozen crimson blotches across Rebecca's naked buttocks. Rebecca spent her time howling and kicking, wiggling her burning ass, and vowing perfect behavior if only the spanking would end.

It was a quite somber Rebecca who went to school the next day. The very idea of Chaz was wiped from her memory; he seemed vague, like

something from long, long ago. Her bottom was still blotchy with red and very sore, and she had no desire at all to reacquaint herself with her father's heavy strap any time soon.

The evil pack of cigarettes, which Rebecca would have blamed for the entire mess if she'd remembered about them at all, sat forgotten in the bottom of her bookbag, and it was several days before she noticed them. Unfortunately for her, she wasn't the only one who noticed them, for they fell out of her bag when she pulled out her history textbook. The whole class saw them, including the teacher, Ms. Judy Joskins.

"Rebecca! How dare you bring cigarettes to school!" cried the woman, and promptly confiscated them. She placed them in her desk drawer and then fetched a very long and dreadful white cane, intending to teach the teen a severe and public lesson.

"Oh no!" moaned Rebecca, cursing ever meeting Chaz and even having seen a cigarette, but there wasn't much she could do. Her guilt was clear. Reluctantly she bent forward across the teacher's desk. The hem of her short schoolgirl skirt raised up, revealing smooth pale thighs. The bulge of her buttocks presented a lovely sight to the watching class, who observed in breathless anticipation.

Ms. Joskins rolled up her sleeves and flexed the long cane, preparing herself. With the tip of the rod she caught the lower end of Rebecca's skirt and flipped it up, revealing the teen's sky blue panties. Rebecca blushed furiously and couldn't resist a quick wiggle to adjust her position. It was a move that only brought more attention and focus to her posterior, the opposite of what she was wanting. The twin round cheeks, so tightly encased in the blue panties, bulged outward obviously, as though eager to meet the rod.

"It is forbidden to smoke on campus," snapped Ms. Joskins. "I can't prove that you did, as I didn't catch you in the act, but I can assume that since you had the cigarettes you intended to smoke them."

"But they're not even mine!" cried Rebecca.

"No way to prove that either. It's no matter. Your bottom will now pay for your mistake. Class, I want you all to watch and observe what happens to naughty girls with filthy habits like smoking."

The cane tapped the waiting rump. "This is going to be severe, my dear. Four for potentially smoking, and eight for bringing cigarettes on campus."

There was a collective gasp from the students. Rebecca's head swam and she wanted to pee. Twelve strokes! Heavens, this was not going to be fun.

There was a deadly whirl of air and the rod sliced downward. Though not tall, Ms. Joskins was a fit young woman of twenty-five. She'd played tennis in college and still managed the occasional match on weekends. She swung that cane as though attempting a ninety-mile serve. The whippy rod literally wrapped itself around the obstruction of Rebecca's buttocks, plowing in where resistance was less. It was a stroke known as "full-blooded," which meant the thick weal that immediately sprang up on Rebecca's bottom was blood-red and ready to burst. It took a few seconds for the immense pain to sink through the girl, then she fell into spasms of quivering and shivering. She gritted her teeth and closed her eyes to keep in the tears. It was embarrassing enough to be beaten in front of her friends; at the very least she had to take her thrashing with dignity.

Unfortunately, dignity was long gone by the third stroke. Rebecca lay sprawled across the desk, her legs kicking uncontrollably. She writhed in misery, waving her stinging bottom back and forth. The tears came unbidden and flowed against her will. There was nothing she could do to stop the howls and screams of pain that burst from her lips with each agonizing stripe of the cane.

Ms. Joskins spanked with a will. An ex-smoker, she found the tempting habit particularly vile, and she took out her irritation on the girl spread in front of her. After six she was sweating, and by nine she had to pause to catch her breath. Rebecca, the recipient of her anger, didn't mind the pause at all, except that it prolonged the punishment and she just desperately wanted her caning to be over. She lay gasping and moaning, itching to reach back and rub her scalded nates but not daring to do so as the consequences would be highly unpleasant.

Finally the teacher was ready to continue. The final three strokes were masterpieces. Each was low, right above the sulcal fold, where the skin is ridiculously tender and the flesh curvishly plump. The overlapping weals were dark blue in places, a deep maroon in others. Poor Rebecca couldn't stop howling.

Ms. Joskins put away the cane with satisfaction. Technically, she ought to have turned the girl into the Headmistress, but there was no question in her mind that the girl had more than learned her lesson. Besides, having

the others observe the caning not only made Rebecca's punishment more embarrassing and therefore effective, it also was the ideal way to remind all the other students of the high cost of smoking.

Young Rebecca was ashen with fear as she limped home that afternoon. Her belly was in turmoil. Would her parents find out about her thrashing? If she'd been sent to the Headmistress there was no question her mother would have been called. But with Ms. Joskins handling the matter in the classroom, perhaps it would be considered a routine beating and not worthy of parental notification.

Rebecca dreaded what would happen if her parents found out. They were strict and firmly believed that school thrashings were followed by further discipline at home. This presented a dilemma for the teen. If she failed to report the caning and her parents found out, she'd be in even worse trouble. But telling was basically asking for another spanking and her poor bottom was already thrashed to ribbons—she just couldn't bear another stroke. What was she going to do?



Jack Parr drove his red convertible to the front of the school and parked. It was after hours so there weren't many cars. He hopped out and went inside. His girlfriend, the lovely Judy Joskins, was a teacher here. He glided down the corridor to her classroom in the east wing. Not bothering to knock, he opened the door.

Judy gave a gasp of alarm and guiltily threw something white behind the desk. She stood up, smiling nervously at Jack.

"Oh Jack, honey! You're here!"

Jack frowned, ignoring the blonde's embrace. "What were you doing?" He passed her, peering behind the desk.

"Nothing!" cried Judy. She rushed forward as he bent and picked up the slender cigarette. "It's not mine, I swear! I confiscated it from a student today, that's all."

Her eyes became wily. "You should have seen her, Jack. Petite little thing with a splendid round rump just begging for the stick. I gave her a dozen right there, in front of the whole class, real scorchers. She really felt them tool. Practically wet herself. I wish—"

"Judy, you told me you quit."

"I did, I swear I did. I wasn't smoking it. It's not even lit."

“And I suppose that lighter there is for candles?”

“I wasn’t going to, I swear!”

Jack was grim. “You had this between your lips. You may not have smoked it yet, but you were going to. If I’d been five more minutes, you’d have been smoking like a forest fire!”

“Oh Jack!” wailed Judy, for the tall man was heading for the bin of canes near the door.

“You know the drill.” He selected the longest rod and swished it through the air.

Judy looked sick. “Not here, Jack. Please. This is where I thrash my students, for Pete’s sake!”

“I can’t say you’re behaving much better than the naughty girls you cane every day,” murmured Jack. “Now come on, dear. Let’s get this over with and we can go out to dinner and forget it ever happened.”

Tears glittering in her eyes, but rueful determination in her stride, Judy stepped forward to the desk. She was a beautiful woman. Her legs were short but sturdy, and she had a wonderfully full can. As her skirt fell to the floor to leave her bum clad only in skimpy white lace panties, more than half her buttocks were exposed. The panties were not thongs, but might as well have been, so much of the material was lost in the deep crevice between her cheeks.

Judy started to bend over, but Jack shook his head. “Oh come on,” Judy hissed, but she knew there was no point fighting it. Jack always caned on the bare bum and she knew it. Reluctantly, the panties came down. She loathed doing it. They didn’t provide anything more than psychological protection, but it just seemed to hurt ten times worse on the bare. Naked, her smooth ass was totally vulnerable, the twin balls of flesh completely exposed for punishment.

“How many?” she breathed, wondering if she was wise to ask.

“I think the twelve you gave your naughty student would be justice.”

“What? No Jack, please!”

There was no supportive desk for Judy. As an adult, she was expected to take her punishment like one, so it was touching toes all the way. Rising up without permission was an extra three, so she usually stayed down. Usually.

She hinged her lithe body downward, grabbing her ankles and holding on with all her will as the rod began to raise plum lines across her taut

buttocks. It was agony. Jack was strong and knew how to use a cane. Her kept most of the strokes low, lacing her deep into the fat of her lower portions. Slowly the beating progressed and the pain intensified. After four Judy was finding it difficult to breath. Six had her sweating worse than a hot summer day. After eight she was struggling to keep her hold.

Nine came in, a wicked laser right across the back of her cunt hairs and she screamed and shot up, leaping and grabbing her ass as though someone had jammed a hot poker up there.

“Three extra for getting out of position,” growled the implacable Jack.

“Have mercy!” sobbed Judy, but she knew she wouldn’t get it. It was one of the things she loved about the man.

Bending back over was one of the hardest things she’d ever done, but somehow she managed. The hot slices continued. Ten, eleven, twelve. That’s what she’d given Rebecca, she reflected, remembering how sweetly the teen had writhed. Now it was her own turn. Her aching buttocks trembled as she waited for the next stroke.

These were the extras, and Jack made them the worst of all. He insisted she bend over further, until her ass was as taut as a drum. The rod quickly chewed into the curved ball of flesh, leaving behind richly-hued weals as thick as fingers. Judy could only close her eyes and pray it would be over soon.

Finally Jack was there, massaging her butt. “That’s it, baby. That’s it.”

With a deep sigh and an even deeper whimper, Judy rose. She felt weak and exhausted. She was drenched with sweat. She threw herself into Jack’s strong arms.

“I’m sorry, honey, I’m sorry. I’ll do better, I swear.”

“Of course you will.” He kissed her forehead. “Come on. Get dressed and let’s go get some dinner. And when we get home...” He gave her bottom a tender pat that sent shivers of desire through her entire body. She wanted him so badly right at that moment, but she knew it was best to wait. For one, he wanted his dinner, and for another, she actually needed time to recover a little. There’d be plenty of time for love-making later.



The FLOGMASTER'S
Novellas 3

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 third volume of the Flogmaster's longer stories brings you four *never-before-published* novellas. These are *exclusive* to this book and not available anywhere else!

Cause and Effect — This is a harsh caning story about how one crime can inspire many whippings. Follow the spidery tale as schoolgirls, wives, teachers, sorority pledges, and many others suffer cruel strokes of the rod, belt, and paddle.

Philosophy of Discipline — A headmaster explains how he came up with his infamous discipline methods.

Substituting for Dad — With his father called out of town, a boy inadvertently takes over his discipline service.

The Ultimate Revenge — A schoolgirl comes up with a diabolical plot to get the teacher who thrashed her caned, but the teacher ends up with the ultimate revenge.