

THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY



The Plan

A spanking novel

by the **FLOGMASTER**

From *The Plan*:

The belt came again, an awful pain. “Fourteen,” came the count, as Debbie shuddered, her body writhing as she suffered. An incandescent bolt of lightning struck hard across her lower globes, lifting her to her toes. It made her eyes see red and she shrieked.

“Fifteen,” said her father, and he threw down the belt and collapsed on the sofa beside her. “That’s enough, dear. I hope you’ve learned your lesson.”

Debbie blinked at him through tear-dewed eyelashes. Not even waiting to dress, she threw herself into his arms, sobbing. He seemed taken back at first, and patted her back tentatively. Then he hugged her and he was crying himself. They clung like that for a long while, until Debbie became shamefully aware of the cool air wafting across her naked, blistered buttocks. She broke away and, her face flushed with fire, searched for her panties. When she found them, she hurried off to the bathroom to dress and dry her eyes. Donald was waiting for her with a soft smile when she returned.

“How about we go get a hamburger and milkshake?”

“Chocolate?”

“Of course!”

She grinned and threw her arms around him. It felt so wonderful. He didn’t need to explicitly say he had forgiven her. It was obvious just looking at his beaming face.

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 Presents

***The
Plan***

A spanking novel

by the FLOGMASTER

This novel contains the severe spankings and whippings of a female minor and female and male adults, both consensual and non-consensual, as well as erotic sexual activities.

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 **MFmflabels** 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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Chapter 1: The Separation

DEBBIE CLOSED THE DOOR to her room and crawled back to her bed, but she could still dimly hear the shouting downstairs. It filled her with dread. She hated it when her parents fought and lately it seemed like they couldn't be in the same room for more than five minutes without voices raising.

She smothered her head with the pillow, but the muffled sounds remained. She could hear her mother's shrill tones and her father's dull roar in response. The words were indecipherable, but Debbie hardly needed a script to follow along. The arguments always followed a predictable pattern: her father coming home tired, mother criticizing him for *something*, his outraged response, and then the two would exchange insults until things escalated to violence.

Almost in response to her thought, there was the tinkle of glass breaking and Debbie wondered what had been broken this time. A thrown coffee mug, perhaps? She hoped her dad hadn't broken one of her mom's collectible plates. She only had six left and they were her most prized possession.

From downstairs came a final bellow and a door slammed so hard the house shook. Debbie cringed. Tears flowed, and even from her bedroom she sensed the emptiness of the house. Daddy had gone again.



The next morning, as Debbie sat down for eggs and toast, she saw her mother's eyes were bloodshot and she looked strangely old.

Joyce Hall was only thirty-five and still a remarkably attractive woman. She had a round face with large blue eyes that contrasted well with her milky skin and jet-black hair. Debbie usually thought she used too much makeup, with her thick lips standing out too much in vivid crimson, making her look cheap, but on this day she hadn't used any, and after a night of weeping, she did not look pretty.

"Mom? What's wrong?"

Joyce sat the table across from her daughter. She had a cup of coffee, but no food. She looked exhausted.

"I don't think he's coming back this time," she said bluntly.

Debbie stared. Her heart pounded. This couldn't be happening, she thought. Divorce was unthinkable.

In 1952, divorce was a rare thing. Debbie only knew of two or three kids at her school whose parents had separated. There were plenty of widows after the war, and a few widowers, but hardly any divorces.

But the news didn't really surprise her. She wanted it to, but it was inevitable.

"You mean, ever?" she asked weakly.

Her mother nodded. "I'm sorry, Debbie, but we're separating. We just can't be together. It's not your fault. This has nothing to do with you. It's your dad and I."

This has nothing to do with me, sure, thought Debbie bitterly, but she didn't say anything. She finished her breakfast without tasting it and left for school.



Donald moved out that weekend. Debbie watched him go from her bedroom window. She had refused to say good-bye. He had laughed it off saying there wasn't a need for good-byes as he wasn't going far: just to an apartment on Fairfax, a mile from his office.

"It's just for a while," he told her through her closed bedroom door. "Your mother and I need time apart."

Debbie held her arms stubbornly folded in front of her maturing bosom and watched him walk the path to the new cherry red Pontiac Catalina he was so proud of—another source of contention with mom—and put luggage in the trunk. This was really happening. She still couldn't believe it. Tears dripped down her cheeks as he slammed the lid shut and drove off.

For as long as she could remember, she had adored her father. He was so big and strong and invincible. Now, at nearly fifteen, she knew he wasn't very tall. At five-nine he towered over her by four inches, but she was still growing. He wasn't exactly an athlete, either, unless you counted golf. He was reserved and quiet, as befitting his profession as an optometrist. The wireframe glasses he wore made him seem weaker than he was. But though she knew these realities intellectually, they didn't change how she felt. In her heart he was still her hero, still the strongest man in the world. She loved everything about him, except the way he and mother fought. Why couldn't they just get along?

The days after her father had left were especially hard for Debbie. She lost interest in school and her grades dipped, but she didn't care. She didn't go out with friends as before, finding their constant patter about boys to be tedious and boring. Her mother wasn't much company either. She pretended to be delighted by the change of circumstance, but Debbie noticed she drank far more often than before.

One day, perhaps two weeks after Donald moved out, Joyce announced that she was going back to work.

"I'm a teller at Clyde Savings and Loan," she said proudly. "I used to work at a bank, you know. Second Federal. I worked there two years, right after high school, when your father and I got married."

"Yeah, then I came along and ruined everything."

"Honey, don't say that. That's not true at all! I loved being a mother. Those were happy days. Your father... he was different back then. Attentive, kind. We were going to be so happy together. We had such a future planned."

Debbie didn't say anything as her mother gulped more sherry, lost in morose thoughts of the past. She actually thought the job was a good idea. It would keep her mom occupied during the day. Her father had forbidden it, but with the two living apart, he no longer had a say, at least according to Joyce. But it was still strange. Debbie didn't like the change.

Her father was changing, too. A month later she visited him at his new apartment. She didn't like the place. The neighborhood seemed busy and crowded compared to the sedate suburb where she'd grown up. The apartment itself was too modern and sleek. He had a room on the top floor of a small building with a big window and lots of light. There was an elevator and everything. But it felt odd, impersonal. Other than a small space which her father had converted into a hobby room where he could work on his model sailboats, there was nothing "him" about the place. The furniture was new and unused, and there wasn't much of it. It didn't feel like a home.

He'd changed his style of dress, too. Gone were the boring dark suits, replaced by sports jackets and tan slacks. He looked younger, handsome and healthy, and strangely, that annoyed Debbie. She wanted him to be sad and come back home. His obvious pleasure in his new surroundings as he showed off his place seemed inappropriate to her.

"There's a guest room back here, see? So you can come and stay over sometime if you'd like."

"Really? You think Mom would let me?"

"Sure she will. We've talked about it. We both agree that it's important we stay connected as a family. You're still my princess."

The words sounded wonderful, but Debbie wasn't sure how that would work with her parents living separate lives.

Such fears proved to have a foundation, too. Debbie's first stay-over was a couple of weeks later, a Friday night. It was just going to be her and her father, and it was going to be wonderful, the way things used to be. But it wasn't. It felt strange, just the two of them eating

take-out food in his cold kitchen. She told him about school, but he seemed to only be half-listening. She tried to ask him about work, but he shrugged it off as “boring as ever.”

“But weren’t you excited about those lenses that go right in the eye and mean you don’t need glasses?”

He shrugged. “They’re still making improvements. The new plastic contact lenses are far superior to glass, but still hard to wear for very long. I haven’t had many customers interested, especially considering the price. But it is fascinating technology.”

He said this latter bit in a tone that implied the opposite, and he kept looking at his watch.

“What’s the matter? Are you late for something?”

“I’m supposed to make a phone call at seven. You don’t mind, do you? There’s one in the diner across the street. I’ll just pop over and be right back.”

“I’ll come with you.”

He frowned, shaking his head. “No, that’s okay. You stay here.”

“But I’d rather be with you.”

He seemed anxious. “I’ll be right back.”

“So what’s wrong with me going?”

“I said no, all right? You stay here!”

Donald’s tone was sharp and Debbie looked at him in amazement. He realized his overreaction and softened. He hesitated. “Okay, I’ll tell you, but you must promise not to be upset. And you can’t tell your mother.”

“Be upset about what?”

“I... The phone call. I’m talking to a woman.”

Debbie’s mouth fell open. “You’re having an affair?”

“No, of course not. Nothing like that. She’s just a friend. A widow. You don’t know her. Her husband died last year and we started talking and though it’s not exactly the same thing, she understands what I’m going through, leaving your mom and all. We’ve both suffered loss.”

“But you and mom are going to work this out,” hissed Debbie urgently. “You promised! You told me this was just temporary. You just needed a little time apart.”

“That’s true, honey. Your mom and I are trying to reconcile, but I can’t predict the future. I’m not just going to stop living my life and neither is she.”

Debbie should have known that was just the beginning. Over the next couple of months, she noticed her father was frequently busy on weekends, too busy for her to visit. He would act strange when she asked, evasively suggesting a different night. He rarely stopped by the house to see her, and even when they did plan a day together, he was distracted and disinterested.

Once after school she took the bus to his work. He wasn’t there, which was odd. The receptionist said he’d taken the afternoon off. She walked to his apartment, which wasn’t too far, and it took him a long time to come to the door. When he did, he only opened it partway and appeared shocked to see her.

“Debbie! What are you doing here?”

From somewhere in the apartment a female voice called out, “Don? Who’s that? You got another girl?”

“Quite! It’s my daughter. Look, honey, this isn’t the best time—”

Debbie didn’t wait for more. She turned and ran. She walked aimlessly for hours, and when it got dark, she finally found a bus line and rode home. Joyce was furious when Debbie walked in.

“Where have you been? I’ve been worried sick! It’s after nine o’clock! I was ready to call the police!”

Debbie shrugged and went into the kitchen. She was starving, though she didn’t feel like eating. She found fried chicken leftover from dinner and took a drumstick and began eating it cold.

“Deborah Anne Hall! I am talking to you. Answer me. Where have you been?”

“Around. I was just walking, that’s all.”

“That’s all? You didn’t leave me a message. I was frantic. I thought something might have happened to you.”

“It doesn’t matter.”

“Doesn’t matter? Child, what has gotten into you lately?”

“Nothing.”

“You’re moody and sullen, you’re rude, you miss appointments. You’re doing poorly at school. I just got this letter from Mrs. Jackson at school. She says you’re failing math!”

“So?”

“So? That’s all you have to say is ‘So?’ If you weren’t nearly fifteen I’d put you over my knee!”

Debbie scowled. She suddenly had no appetite. She flung the half-eaten chicken bone at her mother. It missed and splattered bits of meat and bone and grease against the cabinet. “Leave me alone!”

“Debbie! You come back here and clean this up!”

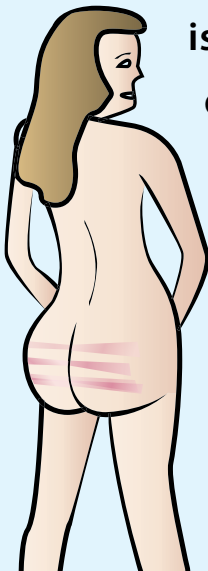
“Go to hell!” Debbie shouted and slammed the door to her room. She placed the chair back against the door to block it. Then she curled into a ball on her bed and cried herself to sleep.

The FLOGMASTER'S

The Plan

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 the 1950s, divorce is a dirty word. It's nearly unthinkable for teenage Debby Hall, but when her father moves out, it seems the likely outcome. She



is so distraught that when she discovers misbehavior brings her father back to discipline her, she concocts a crazy plan. It will cost her bottom dearly, but perhaps she can bring her parents back together!