

The FLOGMASTER Presents

Premonition

*A story by the
master of erotic 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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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.

Premonition

M/f — semi-cons paddling

A good girl learns a priceless life lesson from a severe paddling. (6,278 words.)

DO YOU EVER think about the future? Do you wonder about fate and the nature of choices and consequences? I find it fascinating.

I'm a sports fan but I rarely have time to watch stuff live, so I record games to watch later. That's the worst, because often I'll hear the scores or details from some idiot at work or a news broadcast or email or website. Later, when I bring up the game on my DVR, there's a weird feeling of power: I

already know the final score. I know about a dramatic event that happens a quarter of the way into the game.

Yet the players—and I watch them carefully—don't seem to have a clue. The losing team comes out of the locker room with a swagger and confidence, not realizing that they are about to suffer humiliating defeat. Even seconds before a player makes the crucial mistake that will cost his team he has no inkling of what is about to happen.

I find that fascinating. It seems like one should be able to sense what's going to happen. Perhaps not the specific details, but at least the tone or direction. Shouldn't we have a sense of foreboding, a sort of premonition that something bad is going to happen? Yet there is nothing.

That Friday morning I was oblivious. I vividly remember my morning shower. You see, I was in a good mood. There was this guy I had a crush on. His name was Eric. He was on the baseball team—he played shortstop—and just a dream. The previous day we'd chatted and I had gotten the feeling that he liked me and wanted to ask me out. I was so hoping to run into him during the day and see if I couldn't get him to ask me out that night. I had been thinking a lot about Eric during the night and that morning I was aroused and hot. So my shower took a little longer that morning, if you get my drift. Okay, a lot longer. I must have come two or three times. When I finally got out I was a prune with wrinkled fingers.

I remember studying my naked body in the mirror. Keep in mind this was back when I was just sixteen and only newly a woman. I had some self-esteem issues. I was a bit of a late bloomer and my breasts had only become noticeable that summer. For the previous two years I'd worn ugly metal braces on my teeth and even though now my teeth were fine, I was still shy about smiling. Though intellectually I knew I was good-looking, I didn't really believe in my heart. I tended to be overly critical of my flaws and self-conscious. Like my big butt: I hated it and thought every guy I met was staring at my ass.

On this Friday, dripping wet from the shower, hot and horny from my imaginings of what Eric and I would do together, I looked my body quite critically in the mirror. I especially remember looking at my butt, trying to convince myself that the cheeks weren't too full and heavy, that I wasn't fat, that some guys liked girls with "junk in the trunk."

I was not very successful, doubting myself. For five minutes I tried various poses, hoping I could find a more flattering angle or a position that would make my ass less prominent. I clenched my cheeks, stood up straight, tried to straighten my back, but nothing worked. My obvious "bubble butt" was still embarrassingly distinct. It was frightfully easy to do the opposite: just bending over a little or dipping in my lower back to thrust my ass out made it seem twice as big. But nothing I did reduced the appearance of those meaty

cheeks. For about the millionth time I wished about half that ass flesh could have been up front, in my boobs. Why did I have to be so lopsided?

The significant thing about my ass-studying that morning, what makes it so memorable for me, is how I had no inkling of what was going to happen to my ass that day. How could I not have known? How could I have stood there running my hands over all that smooth, velvety flesh and not known that within a few hours that same butt would be purple and red and covered with blisters?

Of course in retrospect such criticism is silly. Why should I have known? How could I have known? It does seem coincidental that I happened to study my naked butt in the mirror that morning, but in truth I probably did that nearly every day. I was a teenage girl with low self-esteem. My body was changing and growing and I was overly sensitive. I examined myself all the time, wondering and wishing. I probably spent time that morning looking at my tits, too, but I just don't remember that because they didn't get spanked. If nothing had happened that Friday I would never have remembered that morning ritual. It would have been a routine day like any other. But considering what did happen, and how my butt was transformed from smooth pale cream to raw hamburger, suddenly that ordinary self-study magnified into something far more dramatic and significant.