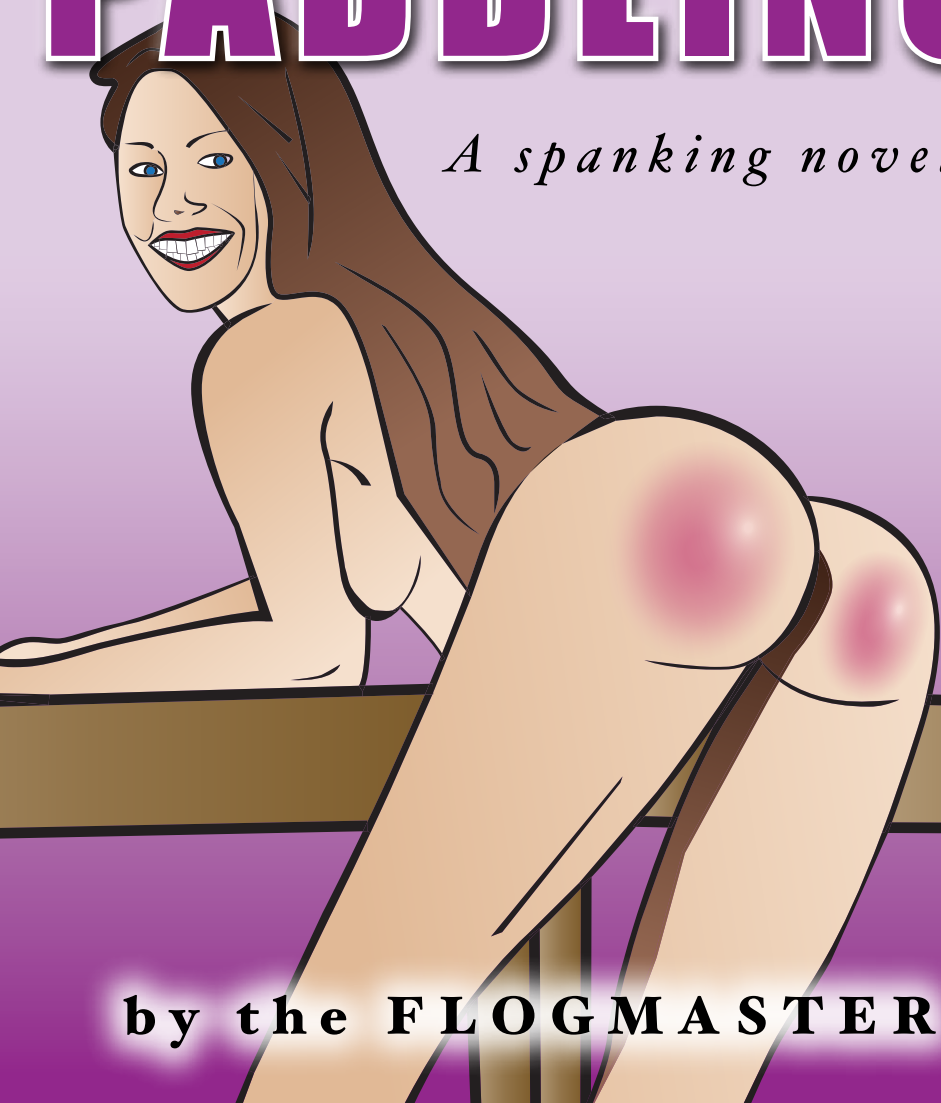


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*Propensity*  
FOR

**PADDLING**

*A spanking novel*



by the **FLOGMASTER**



## **From *Propensity for Paddling*:**

Gary's face went black. "I think two naughty girls need an attitude adjustment. I'll meet you both in the barn in fifteen minutes."

Both girls blanched, then their cheeks went rosy as they protested and pleaded. Every word they said just made their father's expression more grim, however, and they soon lapsed into silence. Ten minutes later they drifted off, faces woeful and wan.

"What was that about?" whispered Zoe to her father.

He grinned. "Something you know nothing about: discipline."

She frowned, not getting the joke, and not understanding what was going on with the twins. Only after the Larsens and Aunt Jeanie had left did her father get a chance to explain.

"In this part of the country they still believe in old-fashioned values and methods of correction."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, those two brats got a good whipping in the barn!"

Zoe's mouth dropped open as though unhinged. "You mean they were hit? Like with a belt?"

"Probably a razor strop. It's wider and much thicker than a belt. Stiffer leather, too. Hurts like swarm of bees stinging you all at once."

"How would you know?"

"I got my share growing up. Mom and Pop weren't shy about taking me to the barn when I needed it."

"No way! You were... beaten!"

"Actually it's called a 'licking' and you don't have to look so outraged. It's not a crime or anything. Just good old-fashioned discipline."

"It sounds barbaric. I'm glad I didn't grow up here!"

"Don't knock it. It's not that bad."

"I'd rather be in a Turkish prison," Zoe sniffed haughtily. "At least they follow the Geneva Convention."

## **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**

*Propensity*  
**FOR**  
**PADDLING**

*A spanking novel*

*by the FLOGMASTER*

***This novel contains the severe paddlings of female minors, 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 One: Problems*

**PATRICK CALERO** HAD A headache. Though calling it a mere headache was an insult to headaches. It felt like there was jackhammer under his skull working away on his brain. This was worse than the hangover he had after joining Delta Omega and waking up in women's panties in a tree outside the Creton Hall dorm rooms the next morning. This was worse than when he'd crammed for 72 hours straight for the bar exam—and somehow still passed.

This was even worse than the two years of hell when he and Alexia had divorced and that shark lawyer of hers had gone looking under every rock he could find for spare change he could claim for his greedy client.

For two decades Patrick been the man with the golden touch, the man who could do no wrong, and suddenly everything was failing. The factory in China was beset with production problems. The investment in Iraq that had looked so promising a few years earlier was now looking like it wouldn't pay for many years, as things were still troubled there and the rebuilding was going to be much slower than he'd anticipated. Now the partnership with Zimmer Investments had fallen through at the eleventh hour.

Patrick couldn't quite understand how it had all gone sour. Sure, he'd made some bad decisions, both personal and professional, but the economy wasn't his fault. He'd had some bad luck, like that "sure-fire" investment in the new nuclear power plant in Japan just six months before the big quake and tsunami had wiped out everything. It would be a decade before he'd see a dime out of that fiasco. If he was lucky.

He stared at the balance sheets, the numbers terrifying. Did he have a single business venture in the black? He rubbed his temples, the shooting pain behind his eyes making him want to stab himself with scissors just to halt the agony. He felt dizzy and sick. He hadn't slept a full night in weeks. He couldn't remember the last time he'd had a proper meal.

"We need capital," he said to Marvin Kolk, his right hand. "There's got to be something."

"You've drained everything liquid. The only thing left is to start selling."

"Fuck!" Patrick roared. Even his rage felt weak and enfeebled. Outside, to the public, he could still manage to smile and pretend everything was fine. But in here, in front of his best friend and colleague of nearly twenty years, he couldn't hide his fatigue and fear.

"With the economy the way it is and the shape of these businesses, it's the worst possible time to sell. I'll lose millions."

Marvin nodded. "Yes."

The senior executive was a blunt, no-nonsense man. Patrick had often thought Frank would have been a better name for him. He pulled no punches and was as honest as the sun. He was the polar opposite of Patrick, thoughtful instead impulsive, quiet instead of loud, shy and reserved instead of charming and bold. The two men even looked like opposites: Patrick was slim and tall and as handsome as a 40-year-old Robert Redford, while Patrick was short, heavy-set, and completely bald.

They made the perfect team.

When Patrick went off on his wild schemes, it was Marvin who brought him back down to earth and kept him anchored. Yet on his own, Marvin would have never amounted to much beyond a routine businessman. It was Patrick's vision and passion that had fired the company to greatness. The balance between the two extremes was what was necessary.

“You talked to Marcia Davis at Chase?”

“It’s a no go.”

“Damn it! After all the business we’ve given them.”

“The banks aren’t lending to anyone now, especially on real estate.”

Patrick got to his feet feeling ancient. He wandered to the glass wall that made up one entire side of his office and he looked down at Chicago. It was past ten and the city at night usually cheered him, but now he just wondered how much longer he’d be living like this. Maybe in a year he’d have to sell, move to a cheaper location, his tail between his legs. The concept galled him.

“What about the Rawlinson project?”

Marvin frowned, thought for a moment, then slowly shook his head. “It’s at least six months from being in any shape to sell. Right now all you’ve got is vague promises of contracts and a big hole in the ground. With more time, some of the construction started, and more leases signed, maybe we could find a buyer to take it over, but you’d get pennies on the dollar now.”

“Damn it, there must be something!”

The vice president hesitated. “There is one thing.”

“What?”

“It’s not much money. Ten million, maybe a little more. I haven’t looked at it in detail.”

For the first time that night, Patrick’s eyes glowed with hope. He started thinking about what he could do with ten million in cash. A million would stop the rot in the Anchorage deal. Two or three would buy the new equipment Freiburger insisted the Elgin plant needed. They were losing contracts every month to competitors. Hell, he could throw half a mill at Rawlinson just to grease the wheels and get his investment back faster.

It pained him that a measly ten mill was even an issue—it seemed absurd when he controlled assets of nearly four hundred million—but

that was the predicament he was in. He'd overextended and this was the situation. All the water in the world and not a drop to drink.

"Talk to me, Marv."

"You're not going to like it."

"Just tell me!"

"I'm thinking of your property in Twin Falls."

"The farm? I can't sell that. That belonged to my family!"

"There's more than just the farm. You bought a small strip mall there, remember? There's a block of office buildings, too."

"That's got to be worth more than ten mill!"

"Real estate's in the crapper, Patrick."

Patrick considered things. He knew Marvin was usually conservative with his figures, so he hoped his friend was low-balling him. "Could we even get a buyer?"

"Actually, that's why I mentioned it. We have an offer. Well, interest. No hard numbers yet."

"Really? Who?"

"About two weeks ago I got a call from a lawyer representing a local businessman named Michael Newborn."

"Mike Newborn? No way!"

"You know him?"

"Know him! I went to school with him. We were best buds in high school. We've lost touch, but I think he took over his father's clothing store or something like that. He's the one who wants to buy my property?"

"If it's the same one. He apparently owns a couple of malls in Boise and quite a bit of property in Twin Falls. A big department store, some restaurants, a hotel. He's looking to expand."

"Wow, that's awesome. Good for him. God, I'd love to see him."

"Why don't you?" Marvin saw his boss hesitating and pushed forward with his idea. He rarely got excited, but when he was convinced of something, he could be persuasive.

“Think of it, Patrick. He’s your old friend. Who better to negotiate the terms of the sale?”

It was a good point and Patrick knew he’d get a better deal out of Mike than anybody, especially if he showed up in person to handle things.

“But what about everything going on here? I can’t possibly get away right now.”

Marvin’s usually grave face was even more grave. “Honestly, old friend, there really isn’t anything you can do. We just need time. The market will spring back and we’ll be fine. We’ve got a lot of irons in a lot of fires and we’ll be making big bucks once some of these deals go through. But we need fresh capital to hold us out for a year or so. Ten million would certainly help.

“Besides,” he added, “you look like hell. You need a vacation. Don’t you have family back there?”

“Just an old aunt of mine. She must be eighty. She still lives on the farm, I think. With the Larsens, the caretaker couple that runs the place.”

“Perfect. Go for a visit, relax, make the deal, and come back refreshed and ready to work. It shouldn’t take more than a few days, a week tops. You’ll be back by next weekend.”

Patrick was nodding, rubbing his hands together in excitement. Already his mind was working out the details of the negotiations with Mike. He needed to do a ton of research, find out everything he could about his old friend’s assets. He was about to bark out orders when suddenly he stopped.

“Wait a sec—this week? I can’t do it. It’s my turn with Zoe.”

“The Brat? I thought she was in Europe. Geneva?”

“Nope. Got expelled. Again!”

“Damn. Can’t she stay here? Isn’t she almost an adult?”

“She’ll be eighteen next summer. But there’s no way in hell I’m leaving her alone. Last time I tried that she locked her chaperone in

the wine cellar and went off partying with her buddies and crashed my Carrera! Cost me a pretty penny to bribe that judge to get her a reduced sentence, too. She still lost her license and bitches about it constantly. Now I have to pay for a driver to take her everywhere.”

Marvin frowned and shook his head. “We can’t wait on this, Patrick. This needs to be quick. We’ve got a loan payment due on the 17th of next month and I don’t know where we’re going to get the cash, not without it really costing us. With you handling this I’m sure it’d be much quicker than if we send the lawyers, but you’ll have to go right away.”

“Maybe I could take her with me,” Patrick said thoughtfully. “She’ll scream bloody hell about going to a backwater like Twin Falls, but it’ll serve her right.”

“Tell her it’s part of her punishment for getting expelled.”

Marvin’s growl was light, but there was an edge to it. Patrick knew the man was old-fashioned and disapproved of the way he handled his daughter. Marvin thought the girl was a spoiled brat and he was absolutely right, but Patrick didn’t have the heart to be strict to her. With the battles with his ex, he had enough troubles without Zoe’s whining adding to his misery. It was usually easier to just scold the girl and buy her something pretty.

Patrick laughed, but it was uneasy, as truthfully his daughter’s behavior was becoming more and more of an embarrassment.

“You know, it might be good for her to see where I grew up.”



It was after midnight when Patrick’s town car arrived at his estate by Lake Michigan. While his driver, Carlos, punched in the security code and waited for the iron gate to roll aside, Patrick was jotting notes and reminders on his smartphone. There was so much to do. Marvin had made arrangements for the corporate jet to be ready by noon, so

tomorrow was going to be busy. Patrick already had a file on Mike Newborn (as usual, Marvin had done his homework, already having the man investigated), so Patrick had a lot of reading and thinking to do.

His headache still throbbed, but at least it was in the background now, not quite so prominent. When the car stopped and Carlos opened the door, Patrick got out, barely looking at the man.

“Looks like you’re having a party, Mr. Calero,” said the driver good-naturedly.

Patrick looked up and stopped short when he saw the turnaround contained a dozen vehicles, all high-end sports cars and SUVs, several blocking his path to the garage.

“What the hell!”

He glanced up at the house and the windows glowed with light. Even from here he could feel the thumping vibrations of heavy rock music, no doubt destroying his \$200,000 worth of Goldmund speakers.

“Damn that Zoe, I’m going to kill her!” he roared, and charged into the house.

The main room looked like a scene from a raunchy fraternity movie: girls and guys in bikinis and swimsuits dancing and drinking beer from red plastic cups, the hot tub on the huge deck filled to overflowing, and pizza boxes and garbage strewn everywhere. At least a few people were smoking and they didn’t smell like cigarettes.

Patrick shut off the sound system and the party came to an abrupt halt. Just one look at him and people began to flee like scurrying mice. Within five minutes, he was alone with his sulky daughter. She slouched on the couch, looking rebellious.

Zoe was a stunningly beautiful young woman. Her mother, Alexia, had been a famous model before Patrick had married her (a key factor in their settlement, as she claimed she gave up her career for him). Zoe had inherited the best from both her parents. She had her mother’s long dark hair and flawless skin, her father’s strong jaw and temperament. Though only seventeen she could easily pass for college age,