

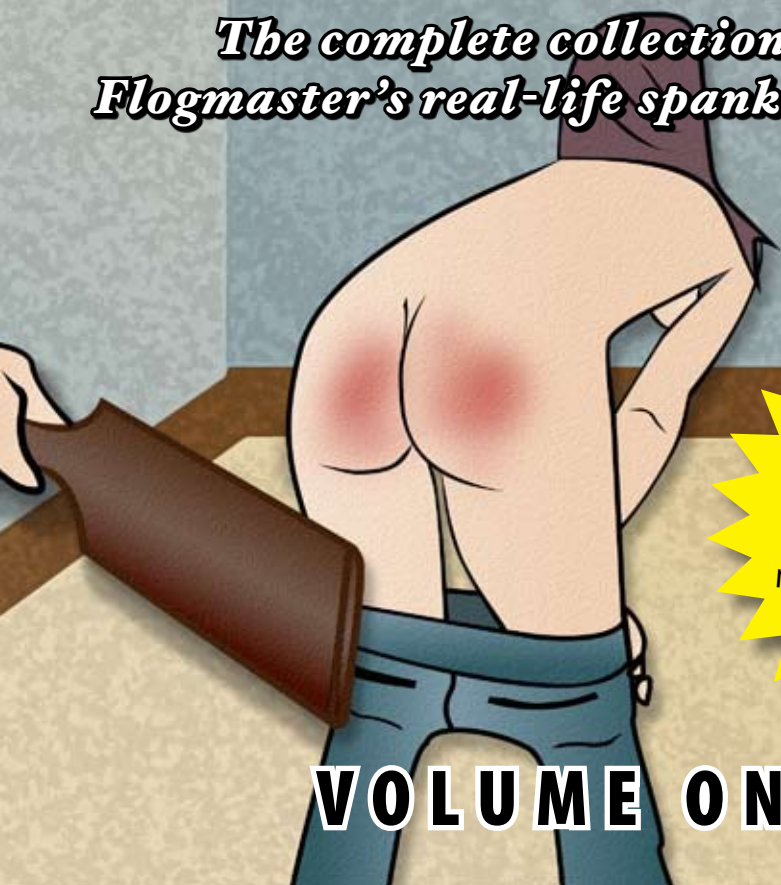
THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

The FLOGMASTER Presents

RLS

REAL-LIFE SPANKINGS

*The complete collection of the
Flogmaster's real-life spanking stories!*



**EXCLUSIVE
CONTENT**

Contains 3 brand new,
never-before-published
stories!

VOLUME ONE

What is the RLS Series?

Real-Life Spankings are events retold by the Flogmaster. Names and places have been changed to protect the naughty. The stories are based on the personal memories of individuals and are written in the first person. Literary license may have been taken for a more dramatic presentation. Treat these as fiction and do not assume that the characters are based on anyone you know!

Selected Excerpts

FROM *THE PADDLE CLUB*:

I was so wrapped up watching the girls that it took me a full minute to realize that Monica was standing and staring right at me. I actually looked around before I realized that there weren't likely to be that many people hiding in her shrubbery.

"M-Monica," I said slowly, stumbling out of the bushes.

"You were snooping!"

"No! I wasn't... I—"

Suddenly Monica grabbed me by the ear and dragged me to her lounge. She pushed me onto my hands and knees. Reaching behind me she flipped up my skirt and before I could move she had pulled down my panties.

"Quite wet, I see," she murmured, her hands exploring between my legs. My face was so flushed it hurt.

FROM *SHOCK TO THE SYSTEM*:

The rod stretched out, pulled back, and whipped forward. I saw it impact the broad buttocks. I heard the hiss as it swept through the air and the rude snap as it caught bare flesh. The sound was loud, the impact harsh. I cringed as my mind whirled with imaginations of the pain. Erica thrashed her head and let out a choked whimper. A thin white line divided her bottom in half. As I watched, Erica tensed to keep her body still, and the line darkened.

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

RLS

REAL-LIFE SPANKINGS

*The complete collection of the
Flogmaster's real-life spanking stories!*

VOLUME ONE

*This collection contains fictionalized accounts
of the real-life spankings of minors and adults
(usually female and non-consensual). Some
stories may contain 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 **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

Neighbor Watching **15**

M/f — n/c paddling

A man watches his neighbor's daughter being punished.
(2,088 words. Written in 1995.)

The Recital **21**

M/f — n/c paddling

A woman remembers her first--and final--piano recital.
(974 words. Written in 1995.)

The Apple Orchard **24**

M/f — n/c strapping

A tomboy gets caught with her pants down. (1,522 words.
Written in 1995.)

African Customs: Whipping My Sister **28**

m/f — n/c punishment

A transplanted African tells about the discipline customs
in his own country, particularly those involving his sister.
(2,815 words. Written in 1995.)

Horse **35**

M/f — n/c cropping

A girl loves horseback riding so much she disobeys her father, and must pay the price. (1,793 words. Written in 1995.)

Model **40**

M/f — n/c caning, masturbation

A teenage model tells about a memorable caning and her unusual experiences afterward. (4,578 words. Written in 1995.)

Girlfriend **51**

F/f — n/c caning

A young man tells about the caning one of his girlfriend's received when he was in school. (2,683 words. Written in 1995.)

Birthday Spanking **58**

M/f — spanking

A college-age girl, away from home for the first time, recalls birthday spankings from her father. (1,255 words. Written in 1995.)

Police **62**

F/M — thrashing

A successful businessman discovers himself on the wrong side of the law. (2,074 words. Written in 1995.)

Music Lessons **68**

M/ff — n/c spanking

A woman recollects her childhood music lessons... and the severe consequences of mistakes. (1,168 words. Written in 1995.)

The Paddle Club **72**

F/Fff — paddling

A simple, beautiful tale of a woman craving more excitement than her marriage allows--and the club that makes her dreams come true. (4,456 words. Written in 1995.)

Uncle **83**

M/fm — young children

Two naughty younguns beg their naive uncle for their well-deserved spankings. (1,882 words. Written in 1995.)

The Tractor **88**

M/f — n/c strapping

An impulsive young lady makes a big mistake trying to show off to her boyfriend--and ends up showing him how well she can take a strapping! (3,117 words. Written in 1995.)

The Exchange **96**

m/f, f/m — cons paddling

A variation of the old 'I'll show you mine if...' story, with a CP twist. (2,329 words. Written in 1995.)

The Warm-Up **102**

M/f — n/c strapping

A young lady remembers her father's unusual punishment ritual. (2,441 words. Written in 1995.)

Sisters **108**

Mf/ff — n/c paddling

A girl discovers that spanking her sister can earn her some of the same medicine... (870 words. Written in 1995.)

Love **111**

M/f — school paddling

A man remembers the price of True Love--what his girlfriend paid--and the important lesson he learned. (3,779 words. Written in 1996.)

Best Friend **120**

M/f — strapping

A woman tells about seeing her best friend receive the strapping of her life--and the strange way watching it affected her. (3,215 words. Written in 1996.)

Gramps **128**

M/f — strapping

A woman remembers the worst strapping she ever received--at age sixteen, from her loving Grandfather. (2,380 words. Written in 1996.)

Mommy **134**

M/F — public strapping

A stern father remembers a time when his law applied to the _whole_ family, not just the children... (1,505 words. Written in 1995.)

Camping **139**

M/F — cons whipping

A woman tells about her strange obsession with camping-
-and her arousal at being flogged outdoors. (2,672 words. Written in 1995.)

Grace: Remembrances of My Sister **146**

M/f — n/c paddling

A woman recalls the sacrifice her sister made years ago. (927 words. Written in 1995.)

My Little Brother **149**

m/f — perverted

A woman remembers the torture from her brat of a brother. (2,645 words. Written in 1997.)

Assistant **156**

M/ffm — teen paddling

A young man babysits some teenage brats and gets asked a favor. (2,398 words. Written in 1998.)

My Education **163**

M/ffmm — teen caning

A boy remembers attending a strict school. (4,405 words. Written in 1998.)

The Den **174**

M/f — father/daughter, tender

A woman has flashbacks to her father's unique use of the den. (990 words. Written in 1998.)

Gym Teacher **177**

F/f — schoolgirl punishment

A woman remembers a series of vicious punishments from her gym teacher. (2,040 words. Written in 1998.)

The Paddle **182**

f/f — teen paddling, cons

Two girls test out a paddle. (2,671 words. Written in 1998.)

Twins **190**

FM/fm — children punishment

A brother and sister make a big mistake -- and pay the price. (4,333 words. Written in 1998.)

Cousin Rachel **202**

F/mf — children paddling, switching

Cousins share an unforgettable experience. (5,164 words. Written in 1999.)

The Treehouse **215**

F/f — mild child spanking, love

A father must discipline his lonely daughter. (2,395 words. Written in 1999.)

The Riding Crop **222**

M/f — nc cropping

A girl recalls a severe whipping with a crop. (2,573 words. Written in 2007.)

Egg Timer **229**

M/f — nc spanking, strapping

A woman remembers her family's spanking tradition. (3,554 words. Written in 2009.)

Shock to the System **238**

F/f — nc caning

A girl witnesses a thrashing. (3,219 words. Written in 2009.)

Choices **246**

M/f — nc strapping, switching, paddling, etc.

A woman remembers her father's unusual discipline method. (1,542 words. Written in 2009.)

Neighbor Watching

M/f — n/c paddling

A man watches his neighbor's daughter being punished. (2,088 words.

Written in 1995.)

July 7

I think my neighbor just gave his daughter a paddling. I was out back working in the garden when I heard shouting next door. Mildly curious and perhaps a little concerned, I went over to the hedge and peeked through the branches. I saw Joe and his daughter Melody arguing in their back yard. I couldn't quite catch what they were saying, but I watched them enter the house and the door slam shut. Melody seemed extremely upset.

I didn't think much about it. Melody is seventeen, a tough age for any teenage girl, but she seems to be taking it harder than most. She is fiercely independent and she and her dad often argue. He and I had even spoken about it a couple of times.

A few minutes later I was returning some tools to the garage and I had to pass close to the hedge that separates our houses. I heard what sounded like a distant gunshot, and then another and another. It seemed to be coming from the second floor of Joe's house. I couldn't believe it. Unmistakable. Someone was being paddled, I was certain of it. It didn't take much to guess who.

I didn't know that Joe believed in corporal punishment. As far as I knew, he'd never spanked any of his kids before. But this one was a doozy, if I could judge. I must have stood out by that hedge and listened to some thirty or forty smacks, hard and fast ones with no pausing, before it became quiet. And who knows how long it had been going on before I got there?

July 8

Joe definitely paddled Melody. I saw her today. She was taking out the trash. She nodded at me and smiled rather shyly and hurried back inside. She was very quiet and subdued. Very cowed, the opposite of her normal rambunctious, wild spirit. I also noted she walked rather slowly and gingerly, as though her tight jeans were uncomfortable.

July 20

He did it again. This time I must confess that I encouraged it. I've heard them arguing several times over the last few days, so I've been watching. Last night I saw Melody did not go out but stayed in her room with the lights on late. She was being punished. Tonight I saw her doing the same thing. But later, at about ten-thirty, I saw her sneak out. She climbed out her window and down the trellis.

I was watching from my upstairs window when I was surprised to notice a second figure in the shadows. Together the two moved away from the house and I recognized the Davidson's boy. Apparently an illicit meeting was going on.

I waited until the two had been gone for several minutes and then I dialed the Reynold's number, making sure I had covered the telephone mouthpiece with a washcloth. I spoke in a much lower voice than my own and said, "This is Mr. Jenkins from the High School. Sorry to bother you at this late hour, but could I speak with your daughter Melody? It's really very important."

How could Joe refuse? Several minutes passed and then I heard an embarrassed Joe say, "I'm terribly sorry, sir, but Melody seems to, uh, have disappeared somewhere. I'll have to have her call you tomorrow." I could hear the controlled tension in his voice. He was furious.

At about midnight I saw Melody finally returning. She climbed up the trellis easily and tried to open her window. It was locked. She struggled with it, but finally gave up and climbed to the ground. As she turned to descend I caught a glimpse of her face. She was very concerned. Something was dreadfully wrong. I almost felt sorry for the naughty girl.

The second she opened the front door I saw the living room lights go on. The Reynold's have a large picture window overlooking their porch and I had slipped downstairs and through the hedge so that I could see

through the window. I saw two silhouettes, one tall and male, one slim and obviously female, both waving their arms and walking about.

As I watched I saw Joe grab Melody by the arm and drag her to the couch. She was struggling to escape but he was firm. He pulled her onto the couch on her knees and pushed her head over the back of the sofa. I couldn't believe I was watching this as I saw him lift up a large wooden paddle. He kept one hand on the small of her back, holding her in place, and with the other he pulled the paddle back and smacked her ass hard.

Melody was wearing jeans, as usual, and on the couch she was right in the light from the lamp and I could see her very clearly. She seemed to stop struggling and just held herself in position as her father spanked her. He paddled her hard. After the first twenty I was wondering how she was taking it so calmly, but he just kept right on going.

By this time I was incredibly aroused, my dick hard as a broom handle, and almost as long (ha ha). Joe kept paddling that girl faster and faster. I noticed that now she had risen so she wasn't bent over so much but basically standing on her knees on the couch with her gorgeous rump sticking out behind her. She was jerking her head and body upwards with each blow, apparently writhing in pain.

I had counted over fifty strokes and Joe still hadn't shown any sign of slowing down. At sixty he stopped and I thought it was over, but he was speaking to her. She turned her head slightly and answered; I saw her face was streaked with tears. But now Joe stepped away from the couch and took the paddle in both hands. As I watched he drove that wooden board as hard as he could into her ass. I actually heard her cry out. It wasn't loud, and I was nearby, but it still unnerved me a bit.

Again he spanked her, and again. I counted ten of those ultra-hard two-handed blows that made my own butt ache and then he stopped. It was over. Melody was crying. Joe put his arms around her and led her upstairs. I went back home hoping no one had seen me.

July 22

Her bottom's still red. I saw Melody out sunbathing today. Apparently she isn't allowed to leave the house. She was stretched out on a lawn chair in her back yard wearing a delightfully tiny two piece swim suit. It wasn't a thong, unfortunately, because it covered her ass well. But I had taken

the opportunity to “prune” my peach tree and so I was twelve feet off the ground at the top of my ladder when I saw Melody rubbing her bottom. As I watched she briefly glanced around—her family had gone to town for a few hours—and she pulled down her bikini bottoms and craned her neck back to look at her butt. It looked badly sunburned, but I knew the redness wasn’t caused by no sunburn.

July 29

You’d think teenagers would learn. I have no idea what she did this time, but her dad was furious. I’ve never seen him so angry. It wasn’t even eight o’clock in the morning when I heard the Reynold’s back door slamming. Then the shouts. I went to my window and watched, intrigued. Sure enough, it was Joe and Melody again. Her mom was there too, this time, shouting something about “damned slut!” and rushing back inside.

Melody was in her pajamas, a pink, paper-thin blouse and pants combination. Even from my window I could see she wasn’t wearing a bra. She was also barefoot. She obviously was attempting to leave in that condition, and her father was attempting to restrain her. They were near the peach tree that crosses our property when I saw him reach up and tear off a branch. Still holding her, he stripped the branch the best he could and held up a stout switch.

I couldn’t believe my luck. I grabbed the video camera from the closet and had it on and recording when I returned. Joe had dragged Melody closer to the house and seemed intend on pulling her inside, but she was resisting. My cock did a leap when he swatted the back of her legs with that switch. With those thin pants it must have stung her like hell, but she didn’t budge.

He tried several more times, but she wouldn’t move. Suddenly he turned her away from him and began to thrash her. She was crying, perhaps more from fright than the whipping, because she was wiggling so much he wasn’t having much luck getting clean shots. I zoomed in with the camera and even from my upstairs window I could clearly see her face and the switch lashing down across her legs and rump, her long blond hair thrashing back and forth as she struggled to escape.

Joe seemed to become fed up at that point. He pushed her to the ground and with one swoop of his hand pulled down her pajama bottoms.

I almost dropped the camera I was so shocked. She was not wearing any underwear. Her pale bottom seemed suddenly vulnerable against her tanned legs. I zoomed in closer as Joe began to thrash her soundly. She was flat against the ground and he leaned on her heavily so there was no way she could escape. Her arms were pinned under her so she couldn't even reach down and pull her pants back on.

I watched the peach switch smack her rump again and again, each stroke leaving a thin red stripe. Soon her ass was covered with stripes and he took out his anger on her thighs, pulling her pants further down so he could really tan her skin. He thrashed her evenly, leaving her welted but never breaking the skin. By this time I doubt she even felt the pain. She merely lay there, shivering, her buttocks quivering with each stroke. But she'd remember this whipping for a long time, that much was obvious. I doubted she'd be able to sit for a few days, and even a week from now she'd be uncomfortable.

August 14

It's been over two weeks and as near as I can tell Melody hasn't gotten another whipping. Perhaps she had her fill and decided to mend her ways, I don't know. She does seem to be a much more well-mannered, polite girl now. She smiles at me and even talks to me occasionally. She offered to help me with my tomatoes and I told her to come over in the morning.

August 15

I found out what happened to Melody. She and the Davidson boy broke up. She came over and helped in the garden this morning. I gave her some vegetables to take home. We talked, and I asked her about Timothy. She looked embarrassed. It took a while, but I finally got her to admit that neither her parents or Tim's much liked them going out. Tim's much older, a college boy. Anyway, it seems that Tim's dad threatened the twenty-year-old with a whipping if he so much as spoke to Melody. The older boy took this to heart and decided to see someone his own age. Melody looked rather annoyed when she told me that. "I can't believe he's such a wuss!" she exclaimed. "Scared of a little whipping!"

"Would his dad really do that?" I asked.

She nodded rather reluctantly. “Yeah, I guess he would. He’s kinda strict and into that discipline stuff. Kinda got my dad into it too, now.” I saw a flash of resentment go across her pretty face.

“Oh?” I tried to keep my face calm and voice neutral.

“Yeah, my dad keeps threatening to paddle me over just about every little thing I do now. Imagine that. Friggin’ ridiculous! I’m seventeen!”

I shrugged and thought of the video tape I have up in my room. I watch it every few nights and it gets me hot, old and crotchety as I am. I watched the girl bounce back to her house and shook my head. Man, if I had a girl like that I’d whip her every day, just to keep her attitude in shape.



The FLOGMASTER'S

REAL-LIFE SPANKINGS 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 the RLS series, the Flogmaster uses his artistic talents to retell real-life spanking stories. Relive the memories as boys and girls, and the occasional adult, tell about a particular spanking experience. The 35 stories included in this volume are:

Neighbor Watching — The Recital — The Apple Orchard — African Customs: Whipping My Sister — Horse — Model — Girlfriend — Birthday Spanking — Police — Music Lessons — The Paddle Club — Uncle — The Tractor — The Exchange — The Warm-Up — Sisters — Love — Best Friend — Gramps — Mommy — Camping — Grace: Remembrances of My Sister — My Little Brother — Assistant — My Education — The Den — Gym Teacher — The Paddle — Twins — Cousin Rachel — The Treehouse — The Riding Crop — Egg Timer — Shock to the System* — Choices*.*

* New, never-before-published story *exclusive* to this volume.