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The FLOGMASTER Presents

RLS3

REAL-LIFE SPANKINGS

*A fresh collection
of the Flogmaster's
real-life spanking
stories!*

**EXCLUSIVE
CONTENT**

Contains 20 brand new,
never-before-published
stories!

VOLUME THREE



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 Excerpt

From *Spanked at a Friend's House:*

The man was tall and lean. He had short dark hair, a stubble of beard along his jaw, and he wore glasses with small round wireframes. I thought he was very handsome, especially when he smiled and looked me right in the face as though he really saw me.

“As a guest in my house, you are subject to all my rules. Do you know what happens if you disobey?”

“I’ll be punished?”

“Correct. And in this house, we punish by spanking. If you have an issue with that, you probably shouldn’t stay.”

“I’ve never been spanked. Is it awful?”

“Of course not. Are spankings so horrible, Lisa?”

Lisa shrugged. “They’re not that bad, I guess. Some are worse than others. The hairbrush is pretty awful and I really hate getting whipped with the belt.”

He looked at me and grinned. “Lisa gets a sound spanking every Sunday night whether she needs it or not!”

“Really? Every Sunday?”

The fact that Lisa got spanked so often made me think that they couldn’t be that bad. So I said to Mr. Reynolds, “I guess I’m okay with having to be spanked if I misbehave while I’m here.”

“That’s good,” he said, “because the two of you have already earned spankings!”

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

RLS3

REAL-LIFE SPANKINGS

*A fresh collection of the
Flogmaster's real-life spanking stories*

VOLUME THREE

*This collection contains fictionalized accounts of
the real-life spankings of female and male children,
both consensual 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 **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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MF/fm — nc switching, stropping

A boy gets his cute cousin punished. (7,083 words.)

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Caned by Boy Cousin **45**

m/f — cons caning

An American girl gets her British cousin to cane her.
(1,644 words.)

Cat **51**

M/f — cons spanking

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Siblings wager with the loser getting spanked. (1,677 words.)

Family Spankings

 64**MF/fffm — nc spanking, paddling, caning**

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 90**M/f — nc caning**

An American exchange student watches her British friend caned. (2,401 words.)

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A girl is blackmailed by her cousin. (1,639 words.)

A Mean Thing

MF/fm — nc switching, stropping

A boy gets his cute cousin punished. (7,083 words.)

THIS ISN'T A STORY that makes me proud, but it happened, and I have to live with my actions. In my defense, I was a horny sixteen-year-old and Erica was frickin' hot. I can't imagine too many guys in my situation would have acted differently.

The events happened one summer when I was sent to live with my grandparents. This was sort of a punishment. I'd been getting into trouble that year and my parents weren't too happy with my choice of friends and were worried what mischief I'd get into in the months without school. My grandparents lived on a small horse farm up north in Tennessee. They'd long since retired and only had a couple of horses left, but the place still required a lot of maintenance and Grandpa was getting forgetful and could use some assistance as Grandma was ill and needed his help. It was decided that months of manual labor would do me good and the isolation meant I couldn't get into much trouble.

I wasn't too excited about this plan, as you can imagine, and I was even more depressed to learn that I'd be stuck with my cousin Erica as well. She was fourteen or fifteen and the last time I'd seen her several years earlier she reminded me of Ugly Betty: short, plump, braces, shy, wild dark hair, and annoying pesky do-gooder attitude. She was a pest and I mainly remember her reporting me to my parents every time I did the slightest thing wrong and getting me switched.

What I didn't know until later was that Erica had blossomed. Not only was she now a gorgeous young woman, but she was well into her

teenage rebellion. Like me, she was in trouble in school a lot and she was being sent into exile for pretty much the same reasons as me.

The idea was that Erica would cook meals and keep house, while I did the outdoor work, and Grandpa could focus on attending to Grandma. Neither of us kids were happy about the situation, but there wasn't much we could do about it. Physically Grandpa was in great shape. He was a big burly man, strong as an ox, something I remembered well from a few whippings he'd given me in the past, and my parents made it clear that he had full authority to take me to the barn if I gave him any excuse. At nearly seventeen I thought I was much too old for switching and I decided it was best to just behave and stay out of trouble.

My cousin was from Minnesota. I'd only seen her a few times in my life. She was the daughter of my mom's much older brother, who she wasn't particularly close to, and with the distance we didn't see them often. She was the youngest of four children, with her older brothers already off in college. I think that was part of the reason she started acting up, for suddenly she was the only kid in the house. She was a bit spoiled, being the only girl, and had been quiet under the shadow of her brothers. With them gone, combined with getting her braces off and developing physically, she was suddenly popular at school and came out of her shell.

She, of course, thought I was a country doofus. From my perspective, she was barely a cousin. My other cousins all lived nearby and I saw them at least a few times a year. It was easier with them to think of them as relatives. With Erica it was more difficult. The moment I saw her that summer I started developing a crush. She was stunning. She wasn't particularly tall, sort of squat with short dumpy legs, big hips, and a big butt, but her breasts were magnificent, huge melons that I ached to kiss and caress. It was hot that summer and she wore little, traipsing around the house in cutoffs and tight tank tops, those huge

tits shaking like jellies. I barely noticed her face, though she was cute, with nice even white teeth and big brown eyes.

We got along about as good as a cat and a dog. Both of us were unhappy to be there, though we tried not to show it too blatantly, and thus our displeasure was expressed via a generally sour disposition. We couldn't be mad at our grandparents; this wasn't their fault. Grandma was as sweet as honey and we both felt terrible that she was so ill. She spent most of her time in bed, often in great pain that the meds did little to alleviate. Grandpa stayed by her side, reading in the corner and ready to help if she needed anything. At the time I wasn't even told what was wrong with her, but later learned it was a slow form of cancer. She would pass away the next year.

Erica and I ended up spending a lot of time together. There were no other kids in the area—my grandparents' farm was isolated—and I wasn't allowed to use the truck to go to town except for once a week for groceries and supplies. Erica had to go with me on that trip, which mean two hours in close quarters, and at home we ended up fighting over the remote control for the house's only TV, reading in separate corners, or trying to play board games without it escalating into an argument.

In truth, I don't think we hated each other or anything. I know I secretly adored her, but she was young and I thought myself too old and mature for her and the last thing my pride could handle was her knowing how much I liked her. So I was aloof and she showed me disdain. Our squabbling was mostly misplaced anger at our situation, stuck far from our friends and our exciting summer plans ruined.

I have no idea how things would have gone had the incident not occurred. Perhaps we would have come to some agreement and settled into a sort of friendship. Maybe we would have become genuine enemies. Who knows? But Grandpa changed all that.

It happened one Thursday, about three weeks into our stay. We'd settled into a routine by that point, and that afternoon Grandpa caught

Erica smoking behind the barn. I knew she did this as I'd bummed a few cigarettes off of her, on the condition that I buy her more on the next trip to town, which I had done. But Grandpa hates cigarettes and smoking within a mile of a barn is a huge danger to a paranoid farmer who has seen a few fires in his day.

I was in the barn when I heard the shouting and came out to see what was happening. Grandpa was trying to get Erica to cut a switch, but she didn't know what that was and he was baffled by her ignorance and convinced she was stalling. I mentioned earlier that he was in great shape physically, but his mind wasn't as sharp as it used to be. He was becoming red in the face and I thought he was going to hit Erica he looked so annoyed. That was when I stepped in. I didn't even think much about it. I just saw a problem and wanted to resolve the situation.

"Calm down, Grandpa, I'll cut the switch for her," I said. I dragged Erica with me and she came, eager to escape his fury.

"What are we doing?" she asked as I took out my pocketknife and began trimming off a long hazel branch.

"You're getting a whipping."

"What? What are you talking about!"

"I'm sorry," I said, and I genuinely was. Switchings were nasty business and just thinking about them made shivers go down my spine. "Grandpa's an old-fashioned guy. You were smoking and your ass is gonna pay."

Now Erica looked distinctly worried with a gray pallor to her face. "Are you serious? You can't be serious! A whipping? That's... that's barbaric!"

Like I said, Erica wasn't from the south and didn't know our ways. Here kids learn about switchings from about five or six, when you see your siblings getting it, and you get it yourself starting around eight or nine. It's as natural as the air or skinny dipping. I was slightly amused by

Erica's traumatic reaction. It seemed over-the-top to me. A switching wasn't fun, but it wasn't *that* big a deal.

I shrugged. "You're the one dumb enough to get caught. Why'd you let him find you smoking? He's easy to fool."

Erica frowned. "I didn't know he'd be that upset. Is he really going to... whip me?" She seemed about to cry, which I thought was foolish, since she'd be crying plenty later.

My answer was to hand her the switch, which I'd trimmed and shaved off all the twigs and knots to make a smooth and limber rod tapering from middle finger to pinky thickness. She took the switch and held it with awe, as though she couldn't comprehend such a thing. She seemed incapable of movement, so I guided her back into the barn where an irritated Grandpa was waiting.

"Took you long enough," he growled, snatching the switch from the terrified girl. "Now get 'em down and let's get this over with!"

My instinct had been to leave. That's usually the attitude of anyone in the vicinity of a switching: you don't want to be caught in the cross-fire. There's always the possibility you'll be next. Besides, switchings bring back bad memories of your own punishments. I've never liked watching someone else get switched, even my sister or female cousins. It's like watching someone get drilled at the dentist and you hearing that horrible grinding sound and the whimpering cries and groans of the victim. Not fun at all.

But in this case, something made me stop. I believe it had to do with Erica's tight cutoffs and Grandpa's curt instructions for her to take them down. Switchings, of course, are always on bare skin. A switch is useless over clothing. I'd seen my sister get it a few times and one of my girl cousins, who was almost a sister, but I barely considered them women. Erica, on the other hand, was gorgeous, a distant relative, and someone I very much desired to see naked. (In fact, I'd already attempted several times to discretely see her in shower, but had failed, as she always kept the door solidly locked.) The idea of those

shorts descending made me stop and loiter near the barn door, hoping for a glimpse.

If the switching itself was a shocking concept to Erica, baring her bottom was a violation of federal extremes. She started to argue, which I could have told her was a huge mistake, for Grandpa doesn't condone disobedience. If you're awarded a switching, your best bet is just to take it as quickly and quietly as possible, for any stalling or arguing will only mean you get it worse.

Erica was refusing to cooperate which made Grandpa furious. I'd like to think it was compassion or altruistic motives that made me step forward to assist, but it was probably just greedy lust. I hissed at Erica that she'd better obey if she valued her skin and tried to calm Grandpa down, explaining that Erica wasn't from our area and didn't know our customs.

"Give her a moment, Grandpa, and she'll cooperate. She's just never had a switching before."

"Never been switched! Why don't be ridiculous, boy! Stop talking such nonsense."

"No, it's true, Grandpa!" babbled Erica, jumping on the slim chance for mercy. "I've been paddled with a hairbrush a few times but I've never been switched. And *never* on the bare bottom. You can't ask me to do that!"

"Switching's always on bare skin, girl, now get 'em down before I lose my patience. Help her, boy!"

Thus I found myself assisting in Erica's first old-fashioned barn whipping. She was mortified by my presence and no doubt didn't want me helping her, but she was too overwhelmed to protest, and I was too quick. In a lick I had her shorts down, exposing a slender vee of pale pink panties. These quickly descended as well, Erica shrieking and wiggling as I eagerly drew them down, but her fumbling attempt to stop me was much too slow and unfocused.

I had a brief look at Erica's dark bush, and then at Grandpa's instructions I was holding her hands and pulling her across a bale of hay. She was already crying and howling, her stream of words meaningless as she railed on about unfairness, mercy, and promises to never smoke again. Grandpa ignored her as though he was deaf, and stepped behind that fabulous bottom and began to lash her squirming rump with the lean stick.

I was standing in front of Erica, pulling her taut across the hay bale, so I couldn't see much of Erica's secrets, but I had a great view of her lovely bottom. It was huge and full, pale as fresh milk and so round and bouncy it reminded me of her big tits. Prior to that day I'd been a breast man. That vision transformed me, and since that day I've been a butt man. Watching those fabulous orbs wiggle and bounce, tightening and relaxing as she squirmed, was heaven. The switch left glorious scarlet stripes across the quivering mounds, and instead of being horrified or sorry for poor Erica, I was delighted, excited, and actually hoped Grandpa would whip her harder and longer.

By any standard, it was a terrific whipping. Grandpa wore out that switch and didn't stop until it stopped, falling to pieces in his hand. It was more severe than just about any switching I've received, but Erica only had herself to blame as by not cooperating she'd made Grandpa furious. She'd learn.

After Grandpa left, Erica just lay over the bale sobbing, and I knelt beside her and tried to comfort her. Again, I'd like to think I was being compassionate, but I think I just wanted to be near her nakedness. She was too overwhelmed to realize she was still nude from the waist down and I got a great closeup look at that trembling ass. It was thoroughly stripped with vivid red lines. In the past such a sight had filled me with trepidation; now it made my dick hard.

I got some water and a rag and carefully mopped cool water across Erica's ass. She groaned, but also sighed, appreciating the gesture, and didn't seem in a giant hurry to pull her pants up. However, a few

minutes later she did pull them up, to my keen disappointment. She wouldn't look at me but ran to her room in the house, and I didn't see her until she came out around five o'clock to start supper.

Grandma was feeling well enough to come to the table that night, so it was the four of us for a change (often it was just Erica and myself). Things were awkward at first, with Erica pale and silent, and to break the tension I made a poor joke about Erica not planning on smoking again any time soon.

"Oh yes, that reminds me," said Grandpa in a grim voice, glaring at Erica sternly. "You and I have a date in the barn after supper."

"Wha-what?" gulped Erica, confused.

"Don't let me forget. I'm going to give you a good old-fashioned switching. There'll be no smoking around here, young lady. Especially not near the barn."

"I know, and I won't ever do it again!" cried Erica.

"Of course you won't. Not after I switch you."

Erica and I exchanged puzzled looks. I frowned and gently said, "Grandpa, you already switched Erica this afternoon. Don't you remember?"

It was his turn to look baffled. "I did? Oh, that's right, I did. Well, I hope you learned your lesson, young lady!"

"Yes sir. I did."

Nothing more on the topic was said, but the incident had me thinking. I'll admit it wasn't my brain doing the scheming, but my dick. I hadn't gotten enough of Erica's nakedness and I totally wanted to see her switched again. I'd been taking advantage of Grandpa's poor memory in subtle ways all summer, using it to score the occasional beer or make him think I'd finished some chores when I hadn't. But if he'd actually forgotten a memorable event like Erica's first switching so easily, perhaps I could take advantage of that?

Like I said earlier, I'm not proud of this story, but I was a horny teen. Not that that's an excuse for what I did, which was awful, but at

least it shows my mindset at the time. I did have the decency to wait a few days. I'd once been switched twice in two days and I knew how much worse a switching was on top of previous lines, so I gave Erica time to heal.

It was nearly a week later that I put my plan into action. I remember it was Tuesday, and I'd tried to catch a glimpse of Erica in the shower that morning, but only managed to see her scoot from the bathroom to her bedroom with a towel wrapped around her middle. It almost didn't cover the bottom of her bottom as she seemed to have taken more care to cover her breasts, and I thought I'd seen the briefest flash of curved underseat as she blushingly darted past me. The flesh was white and probably just my imagination, but it inflamed me, and I promptly went to Grandpa and mentioned something about Erica's smoking behind the barn.

"That was a terrible thing she did, wasn't it, Grandpa."

"Yes, it was. Everyone knows fire and barns don't mix."

"What would your Pa have done if you'd done that?"

"Why he'd have whipped me into the next county, boy! I wouldn't have sat for a month!"

"Then why'd you let Erica off so lightly? Just a scolding, Grandpa? Isn't she old enough for a real switching?"

To my surprise, Grandpa got so riled up I had trouble preventing him from fetching Erica right that moment, but I distracted him with a question about one of the horses, and he went out with me to check on the mare and forgot about the switching for a while. During lunch, though, I told Erica, "You look *smoking* hot today in those shorts," and I saw Grandpa's eyes glow as his brain struggled to recall what provoked his emotion. He suddenly remembered.

"Erica, don't forget, we've got an appointment in the barn first thing after lunch!"

"In the barn?" Erica was clueless and puzzled.

"Your switching, dear. Don't tell me you forgot!"

The FLOGMASTER'S

REAL-LIFE SPANKINGS 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.

In the RLS series, the Flogmaster uses his artistic talents to retell real-life spanking stories. Volume Three focuses primarily on the spankings of children (mainly teenage girls). There are school paddlings, initiation ordeals, spanking games, blackmail schemes, and of course, tales of traditional parental discipline. The 20 brand new stories included in this volume are:

A Mean Thing; Blackmailed; Caned by Boy Cousin; Cat;

Dared to Take Spankings; Family Spankings; First

Love; Foreign Exchange; The Good Girl; Got a Girl

Paddled; How I Became a Spanko; I Prefer the

Paddle; Initiation; Overheard; Paddled at

Christian School; Quiz Show; Saw Girlfriend

Paddled; Spanked at Friend's House;

Visitor Witness; Worst Spanking

