

The FLOGMASTER Presents

The Slut

*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.

The Slut

M/f — semi-cons paddling, caning

A girl tries to get into an exclusive prep school.

(2,732 words.)

ON PAPER **JULIE** was a good girl. She had a perfect 4.0 GPA throughout high school, was vice president of the Future Business Leaders club, served as yearbook editor, was considered the best right winger on the soccer team, and went to nationals in dramatic reading. As a sophomore she had the lead in the spring musical, won second place in the science fair for her botany experiment on the effects of air pollution, and she volunteered in the library after school on Tuesdays and Thursdays. She was a leader in her church youth

group and had conducted several successful fundraisers and spent every other Saturday helping out at a care center for the elderly. She was fluent in Spanish and had visited Mexico twice and lived in Guatemala the summer before her junior year as part of an exchange program.

Julie even looked like a good girl. She was a slender and fit seventeen, not overly voluptuous, with straight blonde hair and blue eyes. She had a heart-shaped face and a white-toothed smile so charming she could convince a starving crocodile not to eat her.

In short, Julie had everything: talent, intelligence, generosity, popularity, beauty, grace, and was even modest to boot.

But Dick Simmons was skeptical. He knew all about girls like Julie. He had been an educator for nearly forty years and could see right through such disgusting facades. As she sat primly before him, dressed in a pink blouse and a pair of those too-tight modern jeans, looking for all the world like an innocent teen, he knew the truth.

“Tell me about boys,” he said.

“Boys?” Her eyebrows arched.

“Yes, I’m sure you’ve heard of them.”

“You mean, my dating life?” When he nodded, she continued. “Well... I don’t have a serious boyfriend right now. I date, but not exclusively. It’s just a social thing. I don’t believe it’s appropriate for a woman of my age to be exclu-

sive. It's not like I'm going to be getting married soon. For now I'm concentrating on my academic interests."

So she was a slut, then. Giving it up for a whole slew of boys instead of just one. Disgusting. He couldn't keep the disdain and coldness from his voice. "I see."

"I wear a chastity band," she said, holding up her wrist so he could see the colored bracelet. "It says I'm waiting until marriage for sex."

Dick resist the urge to smile. As if he'd fall for the old chastity con! Teens just did that to lure adults into complacency. He nodded as though impressed.

"I prefer group dates. There's less pressure on the relationship and more emphasis on just having a good time."

Wow, so she's into group sex, thought the man grimly. At her age! Obscene.

"So why do you want to attend Alderman Prep?"

"It's the best private school in the state and if I want to get a scholarship to Harvard, there's nothing better on my application."

"You realize that this is a traditional school with strict standards of behavior?"

"Of course."

"You don't have any issues with that?" She shook her head. "You don't think your past behavior will conflict with Alderman standards?"

She appeared puzzled. “I don’t think so. Have I misbehaved in the past?”

Dick ignored the question. “You also understand the Alderman methods of correction.”

“Uh, you mean corporal punishment? Yes, Alderman is one of just sixteen schools in the state that still uses such traditional methods of discipline.”

“You will not be exempt.”

The girl’s cheeks went pink. “Of course not, sir.”

“Have you been spanked in the past?”

“Never at school. At home... I can’t remember. Perhaps when I was little.”

“So how do you know you’ll be comfortable with the Alderman approach?”

“Sir?”

The man sighed. “If you’ve never been corporally punished, how do you know you’ll be able to endure Alderman punishments?”

“But sir... I don’t plan on being punished!”

Dick’s laugh made the room seem too small. “Don’t be ridiculous, child! *Everyone* tastes the board and rod at Alderman. It’s part of the curriculum. To imagine you’ll attend here and *not* get punished is the height of arrogance. And arrogance, at Alderman, is severely punished.”

“Oh.”