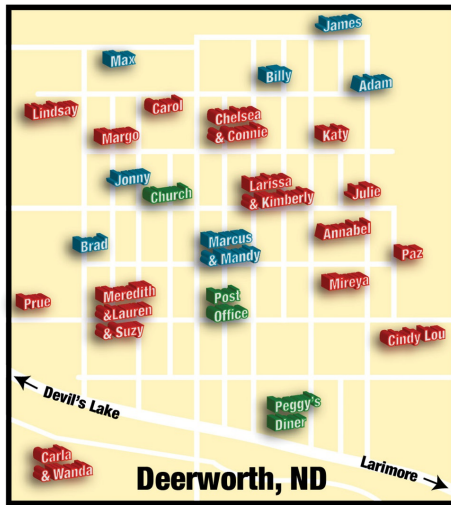


THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

The FLOGMASTER Presents

# Spankings

## *All Over Town*



*A Spanking Novel*  
**BY THE FLOGMASTER**

# **Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing**

*Love these short stories. Very well done.*

**JUDE**

*A great story about a classic rite of passage.*

**ARSDIGITA**

*Oh, what a wet dream. Loved it. Wish I could live it.*

**GENTBB**

*Wow. Dark stuff. Reminded me of Dances With Werewolves...*

**ZANDRAP**

*I was rivited when reading the story to see how this was going to work out. I like Flogmater's stories. He's one of my favorite authors, and I think that this is one of his best.*

**TIPTOPPER**

*Such a nicely paced story, with no hint of anything apart from warmth of affection.*

**NIBRA**

*Wow! What an idea! I'm in!*

**ISLANDCAROL**

## **Selected Excerpt**

Brad was a serious spankophile. Nothing else got him going as much or as easily. He liked spanking women and he even enjoyed being spanked, as long as the woman was suitably stunning. She had to be so gorgeous he felt intimidated, and then she could treat him like dirt and he loved it. He'd known a few in Manhattan and had spent many a night in luxurious agony, being tormented and punished by a top-class dom.

He spent the evening fantasizing about the girl. It was dangerous—and pointless—but he did it anyway, imagining where the girl worked, what her boss looked like, how she flirted with him. She probably wore those tight pants deliberately, knowing how big they made her butt look. He imagined her boss finally getting fed up with all her little mistakes—obviously deliberate on her part—and dragging her over his lap for a long, thorough spanking. He'd start off with a few loud swats over her pants, then, once he had her full attention, order her to stand and drop trou.

From that point on Brad had trouble concentrating. The story took all sorts of different turns, from bare bottom hand spanking to a brutal paddling with a principal's paddle. He mentally spanked the girl a hundred times in a hundred different ways, and when he finally stumbled off to bed at midnight, frustrated and hung over (despite limiting his beers), he felt worse than ever.

“Fuck this town,” he mumbled. “I just want a girl I can spank. Is that too much to ask?”

## **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.*

## **License**

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each person you share it with. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then you should return it and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of the author.

## **Copyright**

©2016 by the Flogmaster (Frank Marsh). All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this book, or portions thereof, in any form. No part of this text may be reproduced, transmitted, downloaded, decompiled, reverse engineered, or stored in or introduced into any information storage and retrieval system, in any form or by any means, whether electronic or mechanical without the express written permission of the author. The scanning, uploading, and distribution of this book via the Internet or via any other means without the permission of the publisher is illegal and punishable by law. Please purchase only authorized electronic editions, and do not participate in or encourage electronic piracy of copyrighted materials.

**The FLOGMASTER Presents**

# Spankings *All Over Town*

*A Spanking Novel*

**BY THE FLOGMASTER**

*The Flogmaster's erotic writing contains adult content, including the severe corporal punishment of adults or minors (consensual and non-consensual), sexual activity, and other politically incorrect topics.*

## About the Warning labels

Because spanking stories often involve extreme topics (S&M, sex acts, etc.), the Flogmaster labels his stories to give readers an idea of what might be included. Here's a sample:

***Paul Bunyan and the Great Lakes***

**(★★★★, M/Ffff—Absurdly Severe, nc ole fashion paddlin')**

A strange new twist on the ole yarn about how Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox created the Great Lakes. (Approximately 1,758 words.)

The stars are the Flogmaster's own ratings of his stories. They indicate *writing* quality, not necessarily eroticism. Five star stories are my very best.

Stories are marked with *mFmf* labels to indicate who is spanking whom. Capital letters represent adults and lower case are minors (under 18), and 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 24 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.

I try to indicate the overall severity level (Mild, Serious, Intense, Severe, or Edgy), as well as what types of spankings are included (i.e. caning, birching, hairbrush spanking, etc.). Stories may also contain other warnings and explanations. These are usually self-explanatory words like “sex” or “anal” (to indicate types of sexual activity). You may also see references to *cons* or *non-cons* (or *nc*). Those abbreviations refer to *consensual* and *non-consensual* spankings. (Punishment spankings, especially those of children, are usually *nc*.) Some stories are labeled *semi-cons*, meaning it's partially consensual (e.g. a reluctant wife submitting to her husband's discipline because she knows she deserves punishment).

The second line contains a brief description of the story. I 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*. There's also an approximate word count of the story.

# Contents

---

**1: The Post Office Girl**

---

**2: Lindsay is Late**

---

**3: Wanda Gets Paddled**

---

**4: Cleaning Up in Housecleaning**

---

**5: A Strict Grandmother**

---

**6: Cheerleader Games**

---

**7: Mistress Audrey**

---

**8: Spanked for Cash**

---

**9: Sunday Spankings**

---

**10: The Attack That Changed Everything**

---

**11: The Value of Discipline**

---

**12: Spankings All Over Town**

---

**13: Whipped Crimson**

---

## **1: The Post Office Girl**

---

**A**ll his strategies for an efficient post office visit fled Brad's mind the moment he entered the small building. He slowed, suddenly with all the time in the world.

A girl was at the counter chatting with the postmaster. He noticed her the way he always noticed attractive women, even those half his age. This one was a tall healthy specimen. He caught a glimpse of blond hair and a youthful face. She wasn't a knockout, but she wasn't ugly. Her body, though, was killer. She wore tight tan jeans that showed off a fulsome butt. It was so thick and meaty that Brad couldn't help but mentally line up an imaginary sorority paddle with the seat and picture the girl taking a sound swat. The idea made him sweat.

He looked at her face to distract himself and discovered that she was prettier than he'd originally thought. Not quite a kid, either. Could be college age.

Brad didn't want to be caught staring, so he studied his mail and pretended to be bored with the wait. The girl was chatty. He listened with half an ear, wondering if he dared



attempt a clandestine cell phone photo of the girl's butt. It was tempting. He could pretend he was checking his email. But of course if he was caught... God, he couldn't live through another scandal. The girl might turn out to be thirteen or something. They grow them big in the Dakotas. Around here they'd probably lynch him just for looking.

"So, what's the damage?" the girl asked the postmaster. "About fifteen?"

He checked his register. "Eighteen dollars even. At least it's under twenty."

The girl giggled. "Oh, good! I guess that means I won't get a beating from my boss, then."

"Oh? Your boss will beat you?"

"Oh yes, he's very strict!"

Brad stared, his face draining of blood. Sweat trickled down the back of his neck. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. His heart was pounding and his palms were slick with wet. He felt dizzy.

The postmaster, a kindly elderly man with a twinkle in his eye, grinned at the girl. "You must tell me when the next one is so I can come watch."

"So that's how it is. I think I'll go to the Larimore post office next time!"

"No, don't do that," said the postmaster. "I was just teasing."

Brad couldn't help it. He had to insert himself into the delicious conversation. He quickly blurted, "Without your business he won't make his daily quota and his boss will give *him* a beating!"

The girl turned and looked at him, eyes shining. *She is*

*really quite beautiful*, he thought. She started laughing.

“Oh, then I *must* do that.” She looked at the postmaster. “Tell me when your boss is coming so I can watch *you* get beaten!”

“So that’s how it is. You want to cheer him on?”

“Oh yes, I’d encourage him. ‘Beat him harder! Go for the knees!’”

The old man put on an exaggerated grumpy expression and growled, “Get out of here, you scamp! With business like yours, I don’t need enemies!”

The girl laughed gaily. “See ya, Dan.”

“Bye Dolly. What can I do for you, sir?”

For a moment Brad had no idea. He couldn’t even remember why he’d come to the post office or what planet he was on. His mind was on the girl. Should he chase after her? What would be the point? She couldn’t be much beyond eighteen. She had a job which hopefully meant she was older, but she wouldn’t give a forty-four-year-old geezer like him the time of day.

“Uh, I brought these to mail,” he stammered and dumped the load of envelopes on the counter. The postmaster started ringing them up, whistling a little tune. Brad wondered if he should casually ask the man about the girl, perhaps find out where she worked. Dolly was her name? Cute. Though it didn’t really fit such a big girl.

Brad paid his bill and left the post office without asking about Dolly. He was sweating just thinking about it. He could just imagine the old man frowning, suspicion all over his face, saying “Now just why do you want to know that, mister?” He probably had a shotgun behind the counter and

would pull it out and point it at Brad's nose!

Deerworth was too small a town for secrets. For all Brad knew, the postmaster and the girl were old friends or even relatives. No, it was better this way. Lonelier, true. But safer.

Just two years earlier Brad had been a king in Manhattan. He was a rising executive at Liberty Insurance Services, sure to be named vice president before the end of the year. He had a six-figure salary, two assistants *and* a hot secretary, and he had been about to put down a deposit on a summer beach house. The world was at his feet and he'd stupidly thrown it all away.

If being caught by your boss after hours in the copy room spanking a half-naked intern wasn't bad enough—Brad had topped it with his poor selection. Nineteen-year-old Amie just happened to be CEO Gordon Ingersoll's niece. It didn't matter that she was fully consenting to having her bottom warmed. Brad was toast. Only his outstanding performance record and the company's desire to hush up a scandal had allowed him to survive. If you could call it that.

The settlement meant he wasn't sued out of existence and he still had a job, if running a bureau in distant Deerworth, North Dakota was considered a worthy endeavor. At least Brad was autonomous. He worked his own hours and even with minimal effort had succeeded in making the branch very profitable. But he wasn't even permitted a secretary. The firm was terrified of a lawsuit and it was a condition of his employment that he run the entire unit solo. Any scandals or screw-ups in his personal life were firing offenses as well.

Brad parked his pickup in his little driveway and headed inside. The house was modest, only about fifteen hundred square feet—less than half the size of his Manhattan apartment—yet it was still more than he needed. He'd bought it outright when he first moved to Deerworth thinking it was just temporary, a place he'd live in for a year or so until he had time to find something better. He'd actually toyed with the idea of finding a wife and settling down.

Becky had been the first, a sweet divorcee from Larimore he'd thought might be the one. But the first time he'd taken her over his lap—in playful fun—she started cussing him and made such a fuss he had to let her go. It turned out her ex hadn't exactly been the nicest guy and anything excessively physical brought back painful memories.

Then there had been Barbara. She was nearly Brad's age, a bit on the hefty side, but still quite attractive. Twice married, she had nearly grown kids she was raising. When he hinted at spanking, the horrified look she gave him was enough to shame him from ever looking up from his toes again.

There had been a couple of others, not counting young Cindy Lou, who Brad still saw on occasion. She was a cute waitress at the Peggy's Diner and she didn't mind coming home with a gentleman if the tip was generous enough. She was even partial to having her bottom smacked a little... but only a little. Anything more than pink and she started having second thoughts.

"This just isn't a spanking town," Brad thought to himself forlornly as he threw some leftover chicken in the

microwave and set the timer for three minutes.

In New York he'd been spoiled. Not only was just about every chick he met hot and heavy into the kinky stuff, but there were plenty of alternative avenues if you were willing to pay for it. Out here in the middle of nowhere there was nothing. People thought him perverted just for bringing it up. Lord knows what they'd think if they knew the *real* cravings in his heart!

Brad was a serious spankophile. Nothing else got him going as much or as easily. He liked spanking women and he even enjoyed being spanked, as long as it was by a suitably stunning woman. She had to be so gorgeous he felt intimidated, and then she could treat him like dirt and he loved it. He'd known a few such women in Manhattan and had spent many a night in luxurious agony, being tormented and punished by a top-class dom.

As the chicken and rice reheated, Brad relived the conversation of the girl at the post office. Had that really happened? The girl had spoken so casually. She had to be a spanko, didn't she? Did one make jokes about beatings without being at least a little bit into them?

Maybe she didn't even realize it. Out here she might not even realize spanking was a "thing." Maybe she had a secret crush on her boss and fantasized about him taking her over his knee without understanding what it was about. Her frustration at her dreams being unsatisfied had come out in the form of a joke to the postmaster, a harmless old man from the girl's point of view.

Brad spent the evening fantasizing about the girl. It was dangerous—and pointless—but he did it anyway, imagining

where the girl worked, what her boss looked like, and how she flirted with him. She probably wore those tight pants on purpose, knowing how big they made her butt look. He imagined her boss finally getting fed up with all her little mistakes—obviously deliberate on her part—and dragging her over his lap for a long, thorough spanking. He'd start off with a few loud swats over her pants, then, once he had her full attention, order her to stand and drop trou.

From that point on Brad had trouble concentrating. The story took all sorts of different turns, from bare bottom hand spanking to a brutal paddling with a principal's board. He mentally spanked the girl a hundred times in a hundred different ways, and when he finally stumbled off to bed at midnight, frustrated and hung over (despite limiting his beers), he felt worse than ever.

“Fuck this town,” he mumbled. “I just want a girl I can spank. Is that too much to ask?”

**To continue reading, buy the full book at [The Flogmaster Bookstore](#)**

---

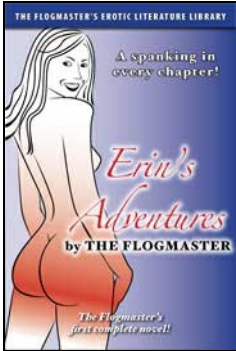
## Also by The Flogmaster

Purchase these books in print or PDF at the Flogmaster's Bookstore  
<http://stores.lulu.com/flogmaster>

---

### Novels

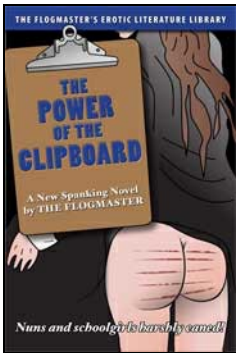
---



#### ***Erin's Adventures***

(mostly F/f)

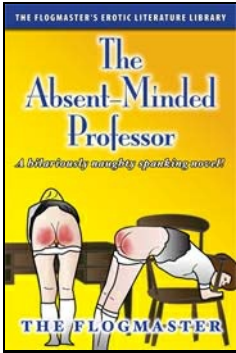
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



#### ***The Power of the Clipboard***

(mostly M/f)

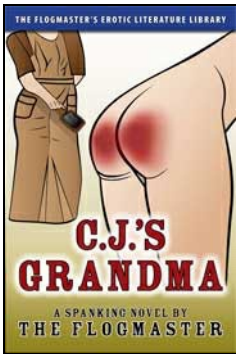
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



### ***The Absent-Minded Professor***

(mostly M/f)

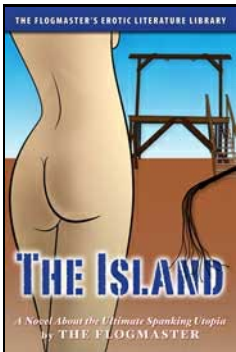
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



### ***C.J.'s Grandma***

(mostly F/f and f/f)

A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.

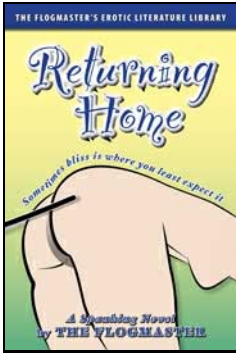


### ***The Island***

(mostly M/F)

A woman discovers a forbidden paradise when she visits an old friend on a remote island and learns the society's unusual lifestyle. 72,000 words.



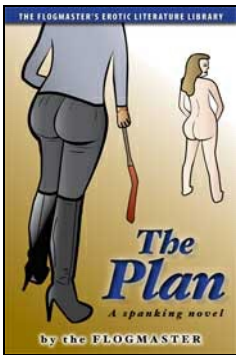


### ***Returning Home***

(mostly M/f)

A college graduate returns home and discovers a new career in correcting naughty young ladies.

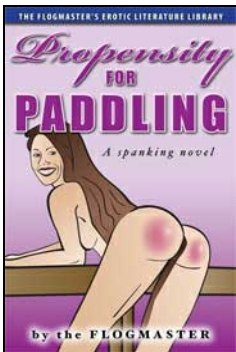
53,000 words.



### ***The Plan***

(mostly MF/f)

In the 1950s, divorce is a rarity, yet it is happening to Debbie, as her parents are separating. So she comes up with a daring plan to misbehave to reunite them—a plan that seems to be failing when her father hires a strict tutor. 34,000 words.



### ***Propensity for Paddling***

(mostly M/f)

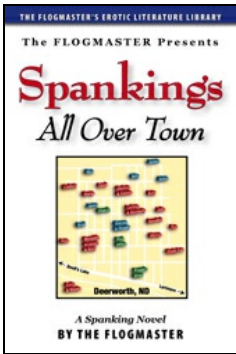
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



### ***Cutiepie***

(M/F/f)

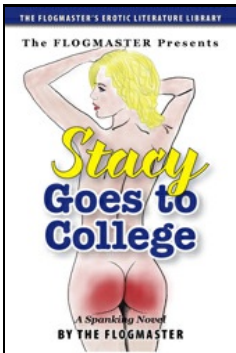
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



### ***Spankings All Over Town***

(M/Ff, F/M, F/F, f/f)

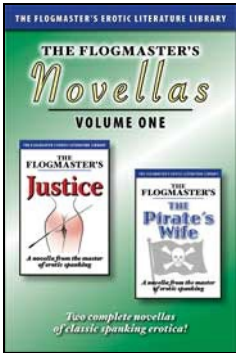
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



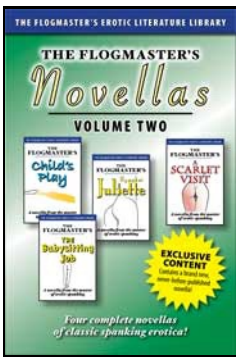
### ***Stacy Goes to College***

(M/F)

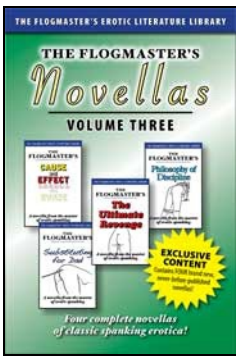
A girl goes off to college thinking she's too grown-up for spankings and learns the hard way that's not the case. 46,000 words.



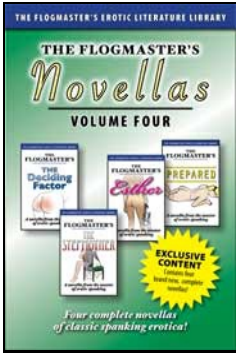
**Volume 1— Justice:** (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. *The Pirate's Wife:* (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



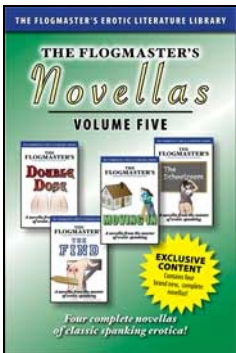
**Volume 2— Child's Play:** (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. *Nymphet Juliett:* (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. *Scarlet Visit:* (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. *The Babysitting Job:* (MF/f) A girl's babysitting gig comes with unexpected consequences.



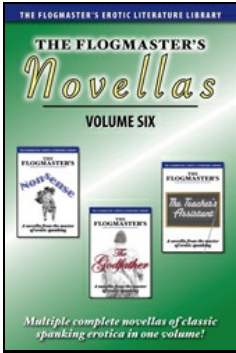
**Volume 3— Cause and Effect:** (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline:* (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad:* (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge:* (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get a teacher who caned her caned.



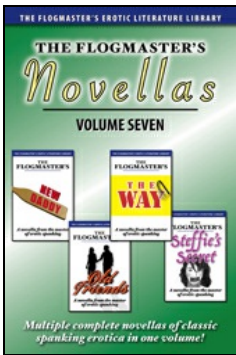
**Volume 4**— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting a new prefect.



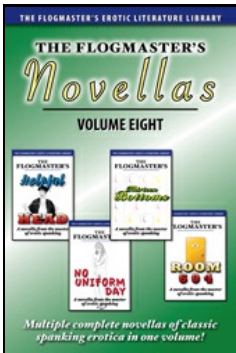
**Volume 5**— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays naughty games.



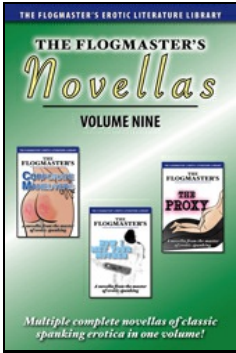
**Volume 6— Nonsense:** (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather:* (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant:* (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



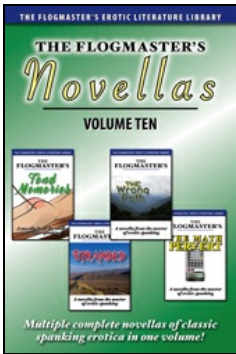
**Volume 7— A New Daddy:** (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends:* (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret:* (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way:* (m/f) A boy is trained to cane.



**Volume 8— Helpful Head:** (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day:* (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604:* (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms:* (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



**Volume 9**— *Corporate Maneuvers*: (M/F) An executive abuses a lower-level employee. *The Proxy*: (M/F) A girl goes to her late best friend's parents for severe spankings. Sad, tender moments. *How I Met Your Mother*: (F/FFFFM) A man reveals he met his future wife as part of a sorority punishment.

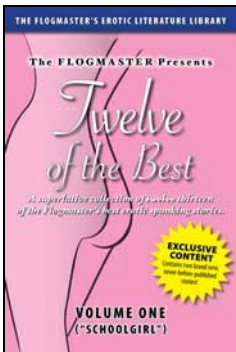


**Volume 10**— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't go.

---

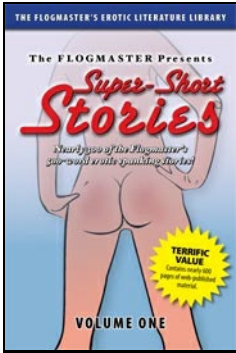
## Short Story Collections

---



### ***Twelve of the Best: Volumes 1-24***

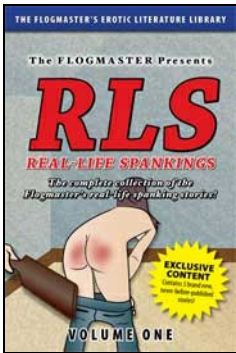
Over 290 stories divided in books focusing on the punishment of adults or children.



### ***Super-Short Stories: Volume 1-3***

Short and sweet: nearly 500 500-word stories.

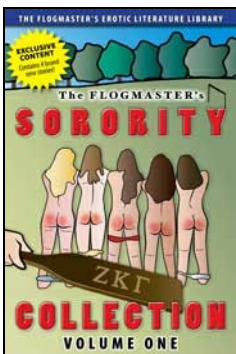
(Mostly /f or /F)



### ***Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1-5***

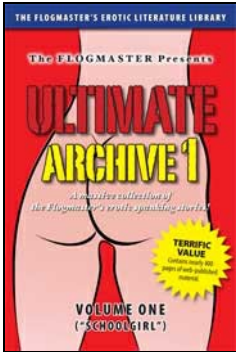
Spanking stories dramatized from real-life

experiences. (Mostly /f or /F)



### ***Sorority Collection: Volume 1***

All of the Flogmaster's published sorority stories, plus four new exclusives to this book. (Mostly /F)



### ***Ultimate Archive: Volumes 1-4***

The Flogmaster's free story website in four huge books!

---

*Purchase these in print or PDF at the Flogmaster's  
Bookstore: <http://stores.lulu.com/flogmaster>*



## The FLOGMASTER'S *Spankings All Over Town*

*FM/ff, FM/FFF, F/F, f/f, M/F, FF/M* — Severe, nc spanking, paddling, strapping,  
caning, punishment enemas, masturbation, sex. 61,000 words.

**A**fter a scandal, Brad Pelf, a disgraced insurance executive, is exiled to a tiny town in North Dakota. There he lives a quiet, lonely life of depression, thinking there's no spanking in his area.

In this masterwork, the Flogmaster takes us deep into the hidden world of small-town America. We peek into the private bedrooms of couples, watch as naughty children and teens are punished, and encounter just about every spanking scenario ever imagined!

- A Lesbian couple, where a woman paddles her pretty roommate
- A young girl who will take her classmate's spankings for money
- A dominatrix who flogs a man bloody, yet leaves him begging for more
- A quiet girl who spansks herself in secret
- Two cheerleaders paddling each other
- A sexy maid who gets paid extra for being bad

These are just a few of the *hundreds* of awesome spankings that you'll find in this incredible novel. Every chapter is packed with spankings, some voluntary, some not. There's something for every taste, all described with the Flogmaster's inimitable style and breathtaking detail.

Even more impressive, this is a true love story, of how lonely Brad, who thought he was a freak in town full of straights, discovers he's not alone. See how he meets the woman of his dreams and it's love at first spank!

**Over 600  
free stories at**

**FLOGMASTERSTORIES.COM**