

The FLOGMASTER Presents

*Strange
Guest*

*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.

Strange Guest

MM/f — nc caning

A girl's father's friend canes her brutally. (3,171 words.)

SELINA ENTERED HER father's study in a sour mood. It was a lovely summer day. Couldn't she be off with her friends instead of cooped up at home waiting to meet some stranger? But she forced herself to smile and curtsy, and she looked up at the man with disinterest.

"Selina, this is Mr. Ian Crowley. As I've told you, he's an old friend of mine from school."

"Nice to meet you," the girl mumbled. The man was old, like her father. He was tall and good-looking, she supposed,

with dark hair turning gray and a sturdy jaw. He seemed strong and athletic but there was something ominous about his overly friendly grin. She looked away and stared out the window at the breeze fluttering the leaves in the giant Elm outside.

“Why she is darling, old boy,” cried the man. “So much like her mother.”

Selina’s gaze focused on the man. “You knew my mother?”

“Oh of course, dear. The three of us, your father, your mother, and myself, were chums in school.”

“Oh.” Selina felt the hot pang of loss and looked away again, her mutinous expression returning. She did not want to think about her mother. Why had this man brought her up? Didn’t he know how much that hurt?

But the oaf was continuing, oblivious, and her father was just standing there, letting him.

“Ah, your mother was a fine beauty, Selina. She had your same auburn hair with that hint of fire, that same elegant nose, those bright green eyes. She had your figure, too, a tiny thing, just like you, so graceful. Turn around, dear, let me get a good look at you.”

Scowling, Selina obeyed simply because it was easier than arguing. Besides, the man had placed his hands on her shoulders and was turning her before she realized it. He braked her when her back was to him and whistled loudly.

“Noah, old boy, now *that* is a back! Look at that fine figure! Such graceful curves. And that bum! Have you ever seen a cheekier backside? Except for your dear, departed Helen, of course. A little smaller, still maturing, but such an exceptional jut.”

Selina felt her face grow hot as she realized the man was openly discussing the shape of her bottom. How dare he! What an incredibly rude man!

But things got worse as the rude man reached out a hand and cupped Selina’s right buttock. He squeezed it as though handling an orange. “Oh, such tender firmness. Very springy, a fine, sturdy, healthy buttock, my lady.”

Turning around, Selina glared at the man, her face a vivid blush of crimson. She was so shocked she was speechless and could only throw furious daggers with her eyes. Mr. Crowley seemed oblivious to her resentment, however.

“Tell me dear, do you get your bottom smacked often? They use the stick at school? Take you touching your toes? With such fine fleshy globes, you’d hardly feel it, I’d think.”

Now Selina was blushing all the way to her ears. She looked to her father for salvation but he was smiling in mild amusement, as equally oblivious to his daughter’s discomfort as his guest.

“Turn around, let me see that bum again,” ordered the man, and Selina found herself staring at the wall, the hand

fondling her rear again. She was mortified but so bewildered by the strange man she couldn't decide what to do.

Should she turn and kick him in the shins? Slap his face for his cheek? Or merely run out the door and away? Any of those things would no doubt earn her the most dreadful thrashing later, when her deeds caught up with her, but she couldn't just stand there and let him grope her, could she?

But while she was frozen in indecision, the man said something that turned Selina's blood to ice.

"Has she done anything meriting correction? Surely she must have done something! Girls her age are irrepressibly naughty. Let me give her a dose, Noah. Come on, for old time's sake?"

Selina shivered and glanced over her shoulder at the man imploring her father. Surely she was misunderstanding the man's request. He couldn't be asking— Her father couldn't be considering—

But he was. Her father was nodding thoughtfully. "It has been a while," he mused. "No doubt there's a behavior or two that's slipped past my notice. And she's probably due a good thrashing for 'general principles.' Selina, get the rod."

The girl went pale and gasped. "Father!"

"Six, Ian?"

"Make it at least eight, old chap. With a bum like that I want some strokes to work with."

"Eight then."