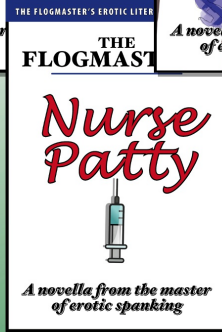
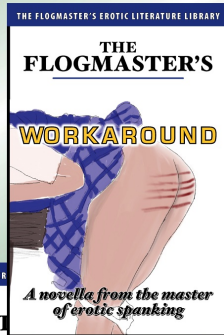
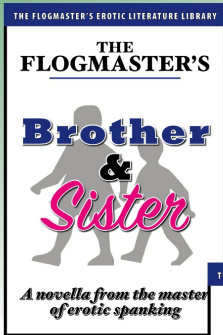


THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

# THE FLOGMASTER'S *Novellas*

## VOLUME TWELVE



*Multiple complete novellas of classic  
spanking erotica in one volume!*

# Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

*I'd love to play this kind of game!*

**J.Z.**

*What a novel concept. This story is a prime example why you have been one of the truly prime authors of the entire CP scene for many years now.*

**S.C.**

*Oh boy; poor Elly! Oh well, she's a big girl; she'll be alright; especially if Billy gives her another massage with the cream!*

**T.S.**

*The way the spankings were administered in a rotation was an excellent idea. And seeing how it's described from his POV gives an interesting angle. The penetence of the children really showed that he punished them well.*

**T.B.S.**

*I can hardly wait to read the next chapter. I feel as if I am actually there right in the middle of the story. Fantastic read!!!*

**V.L.F.**

*Now that was some story. So.....good in every way. A wonderful M/f (t) story.*

**S.B.**

*This really is a good story. Both of them embarrassed about their histoy, however willing to share. Very well put down in writing!*

**W.V.Z.**

## **Selected Excerpts**

### **From *Brother and Sister*:**

The first whack with that thing made me see stars. My ass just exploded with pain. The stinging burn was outrageous, so fierce I couldn't breathe. I couldn't believe it. For a minute, I really thought Cal was killing me. It just didn't seem possible to my 12-year-old brain that someone could endure that kind of pain and not die.

### **From *Nurse Patty*:**

On that field of whiteness were four vermillion streaks of color, each as thick as a little girl's finger. The weals swelled up angrily, each coarse mark full of blood, especially on the right where the color deepened to nearly purple. The tip of the cane always drove in worse there, especially with the weighted rods so often used at St. Etienne's.

### **From *The Devil Made Me Do It***

Though she couldn't have been more than 16, she already had a woman's broad hips and a big bottom. Since she was lying on her belly and the pants were so tight, he could see every detail of the chubby cheeks jutting upward. Both mounds were well-defined, with a deep vee between the orbs and even a tight crease at the base where the buttock joined thigh. It was practically obscene. It gave the man terrible ideas, not to mention a hard-on like he hadn't had in years.

### **From *Workaround*:**

What was really creepy was the atmosphere. With so many children, the room should have been buzzing with life. Instead it was as cold and silent as a mausoleum. Children eyed her balefully, eyes glum and downcast. There were no smiles of recognition or welcome, only a troubling leer from Boyd. There was no movement. Everyone sat as still as a stalking tiger, frozen before pouncing. Charlotte had the eerie feeling that something explosive was about to happen, and that whatever it was, had been about to happen for ages. When it did happen, it would be catastrophic.

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## 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'S**  
*Novellas*

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**VOLUME  
TWELVE**

*Multiple complete novellas of classic  
spanking erotica in one volume!*

*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.

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## Brother and Sister

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★★★★, MF/fm—Severe, non-consensual paddling, strapping, switching, sibling sexual activity without intercourse

Orphaned twins are raised by strict step-parents.

## Nurse Patty

---

★★★★★, F/f—Edgy, non-consensual caning, paddling, birching, strapping, F/f masturbation

A new girl at a strict school finds solace in a kindly nurse.

## The Devil Made Me Do It

---

★★★★★, M/ffF—Dark and Edgy, very non-consensual spanking, paddling, strip search, forced sex, death

A 1950s lawman abuses his authority, flogging innocent teens and raping women.

## Workaround

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★★★★★, Mfm/fm—Severe, non- and semi-consensual caning

In the 1940s, when a girl and a boy are sent to a disciplinarian, they figure out an exotic workaround... that



eventually backfires.

## Brother and Sister

**(★★★★, MF/fm—Severe, non-consensual paddling, strapping, switching, sibling sexual activity without intercourse)**

Orphaned twins are raised by strict step-parents. (Approximately 11,722 words.)

**M**y brother and I had an unusual upbringing. We're twins that look like utter opposites. Miles is blond, thin, and almost delicate. He's more pretty than handsome. I'm taller with jet-black hair and unusually bright blue eyes. (Miles has the same eyes.) People always assumed he's my little brother, which annoys him, as he's actually a few minutes older than me. But I developed early, with breasts starting when I was nine.

By the time I was twelve, I looked closer to fifteen.

Our mother died when we were very young (we don't remember her) and when we were ten, Dad was killed in a car accident. Those experiences brought us close together. Though we don't look alike, we have that twin-bond you hear about. Nothing psychic, but we often just know what the other is thinking or feeling.

Our parents came from small families, so there weren't a lot of relatives to look out for us. For a while after Dad died we were in foster care (three families in six months), but finally a cousin of my mother's was found and took us in. Carla was nice enough, but it was soon clear that she was much more interested in access to our trust funds than us.

A big bummer was that we had to move to a southern state, about 900 miles from where we used to live. That was a lot of change for troubled eleven-year-olds. Both Miles and I were depressed and sullen.

Then things got worse as Carla's husband, Cal, laid down the law. He was from an old-fashioned background and believed in "traditional values," along with their traditional methods of enforcement. He wasn't particularly religious, though he'd had a religious upbringing, and he'd often quote out-of-context bits of scripture as a justification for his actions. (The old "spare the rod and spoil the child" was a classic.)

The bottom line (sorry about the pun) was that we were abruptly introduced to spanking. Cal and Carla were strict with a lot of rules, and after everything we'd been through,

Miles and I weren't exactly eager to cooperate. The result was lots and lots of spankings. It seemed like almost every day one or both of us was getting spanked for something.

I should point out that Cal and Carla weren't monsters. They were just ordinary people. Carla was a part-time nurse, and Cal was a carpenter and built custom furniture, cabinets, and stuff like that. If you met them you'd probably like them. They certainly didn't put on airs. You got exactly what was on the label.

Financially things were tight as work was inconsistent, but they made do. They had no kids of their own, so suddenly inheriting two pre-teens couldn't have been easy, though cash from our inheritance certainly helped. But honestly, I don't think they knew anything about raising kids.

They had weird ideas about behavior and assumed that spanking was the way to make us obey. Both of them were very precise people and had to have everything in the house just so. Like Carla would freak out if a spoon got mixed up with the forks in the silverware drawer. I once got spanked for throwing away a half-used paper napkin!

"Mira, the other half was still perfectly good," Carla lectured me as she spanked. "Don't be wasteful."

We had to do our chores *perfectly* and any mess was a guaranteed hot bottom. Basically, kids just didn't fit with Carla and Cal's lifestyle.

I don't remember my first spanking. You'd think that would have been memorable, but it was probably so traumatic I blocked it out. Miles remembers something, but it may or may not have been his first spanking. Neither of us

had been spanked by Dad, who was a kind-hearted man and tended to spoil us.

What I do remember is that after living with Cal and Carla for a while, the spankings were such a routine part of life it was hard to imagine a time when we hadn't been getting them.

I should probably describe some of those early spankings. Again, I'm not sure how they started, and it's possible the earliest ones were different, but over time a routine was developed. One key that was consistent was that spankings were always on the bare bottom. At first Miles and I just had to take down our pants, but eventually we had to get fully naked.

I suppose those first few times baring our bottoms must have been awkward, but I think we were too scared and intimidated to protest, and after a few times, it was just standard. I actually thought *all* spankings were bare until I spoke to a girl at school who seemed to think that they were unusual (she got spanked over panties or pajamas).

Anyway, those early spankings were not severe. Just a few hand slaps on bare butts. The skin got pink and the experience was shameful, but it certainly wasn't abusive. Even though we got spanked often, I doubt it would have troubled a social worker, if one had been around to monitor our situation.

The problem was that our behavior didn't improve. Miles and I were angry kids, upset at everything that had happened to us, and frankly, we were spoiled. The spankings didn't tame us. We rebelled. Especially me. You might have thought the boy would get spanked more than

the girl, but with us it was the opposite. I was the leader, as stubborn as an ox, and after a while, I rarely even cried during spankings.

This infuriated Cal and Carla, who assumed they weren't doing it right. So they began to refine their spanking techniques. By this time we were twelve years old, and as I mentioned, I was looking pretty adult. My tits were already the size of grapefruits. I actually got mocked at school for them (ironic, as those same teasing boys would be drooling for them in a few years), and I was developing broad hips. I think that my physical maturity made Cal think I was more grown-up than I was. He decided that hand-spankings weren't severe enough, and he started experimenting with various implements.

I vividly remember my first hairbrush spanking. At the time it was the worst thing ever, but compared to later years, it wasn't that bad of a spanking. I have no memory of what I did to earn the punishment—but I doubt it wasn't deserved. Cal and Carla were strict, and their rules were sometimes petty and absurd, but at least at that time they didn't spank indiscriminately.

I remember going into their bedroom, my heart pounding, because I was going to “really get it,” according to Cal. (He did most of the spankings, by the way. Carla was usually around watching, and sometimes assisting, but Cal did the bulk of the work.) He'd showed me the hairbrush and it was a big wooden thing, as big as his hand, but much harder and heavier. I knew he often complained about his hands hurting from having to spank us so much, and sometimes he claimed that he cut a spanking short and let

us off because it was hurting him more than us, so I was already figuring that with a hairbrush he could spank me all night long if he wanted and I was nervous.

It must have been summer because I was wearing shorts. I had to take them completely off, my panties, too, and I stood there in nothing but a shirt. (I should have been wearing a bra, but I often didn't, thinking that they added to my top bulk and at the time I was shy and wanted to minimize my tits.) I was frightened, but stubborn and angry, and I remember being defiant.

Then I was drawn across his lap. Cal was a big guy, and though I was tall for my age, I was still a small girl. I fit across his legs easily and he held me down with just his left arm. He warmed my ass up with his hand for a few dozen smarting slaps—by this time that was probably a quarter of a normal spanking—and then he picked up the brush.

The first whack with that thing made me see stars. My ass just exploded with pain. The stinging burn was outrageous, so fierce I couldn't breathe. I couldn't believe it. For a minute, I really thought Cal was killing me. It just didn't seem possible to my 12-year-old brain that someone could endure that kind of pain and not die. I was a pretty sheltered kid, really, and had never suffered much. I had thought the hand-spankings were bad, but with just that single spank with the hairbrush my perspective changed forever and I realized everything I'd experienced before was nothing. This was *real* pain.

I started to cry right from the beginning, which no doubt impressed and pleased Cal, as by this time I could take a pretty good hand-spanking without tears. It also sealed my

fate, because it told Cal that the hairbrush was effective. I was never to get another hand-spanking after that. The hairbrush was the new minimum.

I remember the second strike coming down on my other cheek with just as much outrageous sting and I shrieked and screamed. Now both my buns were tingling with spots of fire, and I just couldn't believe it.

That's when I learned a very important lesson: *Spankings can always get worse*. I don't think you can learn that from a hand-spanking. Maybe if you're really young. But hand-spankings just don't escalate the way a spanking with an implement does. A fifty-smack hand-spanking is not much different from a twenty-swat or hundred-swat one, except in terms of the duration of the discomfort. Sure, more spansks means a hotter bottom, but it's not proportionally worse. With the hairbrush or any other implement, doubling the strokes is far worse than double the pain—the suffering goes up exponentially.

I probably only got a dozen or so spansks per cheek that first hairbrush spanking. As I said, not that bad of a spanking. But man, did I think it was terrible. I was absolutely burning up at the end, both my buttocks scalded and steaming, and I was sobbing and actually begging Cal for mercy. I hadn't done that in months.

I lived in terror of spankings after that. I saw then that the hand-spankings had been more shameful than painful, but once Cal started using implements, spankings became real punishment.

The problem was that it was impossible to live in that household without getting spanked. There were just too



many trivial rules, too many arbitrary standards, and I was young and impulsive and foolish. I'm pretty sure the number of spankings I got went down once Cal started using the brush, as I tried really hard to avoid punishments, but it wasn't long before I was back to getting several spankings a week.

It wasn't that the brush didn't hurt me as much—I still thought it was terrible and was desperate to avoid it—but it was just too much work to be good all the time. With foolish kid logic I used to think things like “A spanking would be better than having to clean my room!” That is, until I actually *got* the spanking, and then I'd be howling at the moon, begging Cal for forgiveness, and swearing up and down that my room would never be messy again. Kids just live in the moment and it's hard for them to put the future into the right context.

Somewhere around the time Miles and I turned thirteen Cal started exploring other punishment implements. He obtained a small paddle—the blade was about a foot long—and he converted an old leather belt into a whipping strap. Neither was very effective, though they were as intimidating as hell. The paddle was not quite big enough for my broadening behind, as it could only be used on one cheek at a time. The belt was too light and though it stung, it didn't penetrate.

That failure started Cal on a quest for better solutions, though, and soon he replaced those first attempts with a bigger board and a heavy razor strop. He also introduced the hazel switch, very common in the area.

Those things hurt like hell. They clearly were ideal for

more serious offenses, so the hairbrush was used for “regular” spankings and the big paddle, strop, and switch for “serious” spankings. Those happened less often, probably about three times a month.

As Cal tested out various tools on our bottoms, he realized that the classic over-the-lap position didn’t work as well, so he started varying the way our spankings took place. Soon he’d established new methods.

When either Miles or I was to be punished, we had to strip fully naked in our bedroom and walk nude to the den for our spanking. There we started things off with fifteen minutes of corner time, to help us anticipate and appreciate the upcoming punishment.

This was a new experience, part of a “shaming” trend that Cal thought would be a good deterrent. Prior to this Miles and I were usually punished separately, in private. (When we’d both done something wrong we were spanked together, but those were rare.) So not only were we suddenly fully nude for punishment, but we got to watch each other’s spankings. In fact, Cal encouraged and even insisted on that, thinking that watching the other’s correction would encourage better behavior.

I suppose that made some sense, but Cal got the timing wrong. This happened right when I was starting to blossom sexually. I’d been physically developed earlier, but I hadn’t been really interested in boys. Right as I started becoming curious about them, Cal decides it’s time for nude public spankings. So suddenly my handsome brother is naked before me. Not only that, but he’s getting his ass spanked bright red, which was powerfully erotic in many ways, and

this was happening on a regular basis—sometimes several times a week!

Then I was also showing off my own naked body to him. I was being spanked, too, my big butt getting all sore and red, and I could tell that Miles thought that was fascinating. He was just starting to get interested in girls and I was definitely a girl.

I mentioned earlier how close the two of us were. It was an even stronger bond than just brother-sister. Our early life experiences had pushed us together, and the frequent spankings after we arrived at Carla and Cal's had helped us bond even tighter. We shared a small bedroom, which meant we were together all the time, often in intimate situations. We'd never undressed in front of each other—that seemed weird—but we certainly had seen each other skimpily dressed, in underwear or half-naked.

Once Cal started the public spankings, Miles and I saw each other naked all the time. That made it silly to be shy in the bedroom, so we started changing clothes in front of each other. It wasn't a thought-out plan. It just sort of worked out that way. I remember once feeling Miles eyes on me as I changed and how much I liked it. It felt good to be admired. I'm sure he felt the same way when I spied on him undressing.

After a few months, I decided to start sleeping in the nude, and Miles quickly followed suit. The weather was hot and I liked the feeling of being naked and it felt sort of naughty being naked with Miles in the same room.

We didn't tell Carla or Cal that we were doing these things. I don't remember hiding it, exactly; we just didn't

mention it and they didn't bring it up. As long as we were at breakfast on time, they didn't pay attention to our wake-up process, and they certainly weren't the type to tuck us into bed!

The bottom line is that during my early years of sexual development, I was exposed to my brother's nudity and him to mine, and that was tied in with physical punishment. Was it any wonder that two of us would start to develop sexual feelings for each other?

In retrospect, it is very interesting that right as my brother and I started to associate spanking with sexual excitement, Cal began adding new implements and coming up with new and more severe ways to punish us. Again, I don't think this was anything intentional on Cal's part; it was just an accident. But it had some serious consequences on our development.

I actually consider this to be lucky. If I hadn't been sexual aroused by spanking, many of the punishments I endured would be considered abusive, but I actually enjoyed them and sought them out.

It took me a while to figure out that I enjoyed being spanked, however. At first I just started noticing feelings of excitement when I was promised punishment. I assumed it was fear, but then I realized that I was looking forward to the spanking.

I first noticed this one time when I did something at breakfast—probably spilling my orange juice or complaining about my toast being burnt—and was promised a spanking that evening. I had all day to think about the punishment to come, and it was great. I couldn't think of anything else. My

feelings were a weird mix of dread and lust, for already I was imagining myself walking down the hall nude, my brother watching, and bending over the sofa back for a terrible paddling.

The odd thing was that in my mind the punishment was extremely severe, much worse than real life, and yet I craved it. I must have lived through that spanking a hundred times in my head and by the time it happened for real, I barely felt it. I don't remember the pain at all. I felt something, but I wouldn't call it pain. Call it "sensation." I wanted more of it. I wanted to *really* feel it, to have it overwhelm me. It did a few times and I loved it. I loved it when it really, really hurt.

Kids at that age—I was close to 14 by then—aren't famous for being deep thinkers. I wasn't particularly introspective. I didn't try and analyze my feelings. I just felt. If I'd stop to think about it, I would have said that liking spankings was crazy, but I didn't stop to think. I just felt. I couldn't have explained it, and it was a while before I admitted it even to myself, but I *loved* being spanked.

There was nothing quite like that combination of pain, dread, and shame produced by a spanking. It was profound and soul-filling, memorable and exotic. It was as elusive as an orgasm. I would lie awake a nights and relive spankings after they happened, and I could dread and fantasize about the next one.

I was still confused in that stage. Though at times I was genuinely naughty or disobedient, in most cases I tried to be good, so I still thought of spankings as "bad." My new feelings were therefore bewildering, giving me tremendous

guilt. How could a spanking be punishment if I enjoyed it? Was I doing something wrong by enjoying my punishment?

Another factor was that I felt similar feelings when Miles was to be punished. I enjoyed his nudity and I loved watching him writhe in pain and his bottom grow bright red. Of course, that seemed wrong, so I felt guilty about that, too! There didn't seem to be a way to win.

One evening, which I remember vividly, a few weeks after we turned fourteen, Miles was due a spanking for getting in trouble at school. He was with some other boys when they egged some cars and he got caught along with them. The punishment was going to be an extra-hard one. Cal had promised him the big paddle *and* a strapping, and Miles was naturally apprehensive.

He was in our room, already naked, pacing nervously as he waited for Cal to call him. The anticipation and dread was turning him on and he developed a huge erection. I do mean huge. He was not a large boy, being slim and delicately formed. His penis was narrow and long. On this day it grew as stiff as a poker. Usually it reminded me of a pencil, but he was growing up and this time the thing looked like a length of hose. On his small frame to looked monstrous. My eyes actually got wide as I stared at it.

"Miles, what are you doing?" I said. "Cal and Carla aren't going to miss that! You've got to get rid of it."

"I'm not doing anything," he said. "I can't help it. It just happened."

"Well make it go down. You'll get it worse trouble if they see that!"

He was in a near panic, tears in his eyes, telling me that

the more he tried to make it go away, the bigger and stiffer it became! “What am I going to do?” he asked me.

Now I was naive about sex at that age, but I’d picked up a few things. Carla and Cal had certainly not told us anything. I suppose they assumed that was something we’d be taught at school. It just never occurred to them that they needed to explain such things. All we got from them was lectures on what was bad about sex, such as not being slutty, not dressing provocatively, the evils of lust, and so on.

I’d never actually seen Miles (or anyone else) ejaculate before, but I vaguely understood the concept. I knew he masturbated at times, as I’d heard him do it at night, under the covers. I’d seen the stains on the sheets the next day and helped him try to hide them (if Carla saw the sheets, she’d spank him). Once I’d even come into the room unexpectedly and found him beating off. He’d been so embarrassed his erection had vanished, though.

This time I did something I’d never done before. I supposed I could argue that I was trying to help but brother, but really I was just fascinated by that giant cock. I reached out and touched it. Miles was so stunned he didn’t move, just let me do it. I gripped the shaft in my fingers, marveling at the silky feel of the flesh and the rigidness of the organ, and within seconds of handling it, it jerked wildly and shot gouts of white goop into the air.

It was horribly messy, but exciting as well. We grabbed tissues and cleaned it all up, giggling the whole time. I thought it was delightfully naughty, while Miles was just relieved that his erection was going down. It would have been so embarrassing for him to have to walk down the hall

with that cock sticking up and out like a flagpole. Neither of us could imagine what Cal and Carla would have thought.

“Thanks,” Miles whispered to me. He showed me how his dick was now half the size of before.

“You really can’t control it?” I said, baffled at how the male anatomy worked.

“No, it just happens.”

“You can’t control that... that spurting, either?”

“No. It builds up and up and then there’s like a little explosion. It feels so good.” He blushed as he looked at me.

That’s when I started connecting how I felt at night, rubbing myself “down there.” It was similar, but I didn’t have a cock that showed my arousal.

Suddenly there was a bellow from Cal: “Get your scrawny ass out here, boy!”

It was time for my brother’s spanking. He gulped in fear and I looked at him. We both knew this one was going to hurt. We could hear the fury in Cal’s voice. I felt a twinge of guilt, for I was actually excited to see Miles spanked extra-hard. But I realized the pleasure my touching him had given him and suddenly I saw a way to pay him back.

“Don’t worry,” I said. “You’ll get through this. I’ll do that again, after. So you can spurt. It’ll feel extra-good after your spanking.”

He got excited. “Really, Mira? You mean it?”

“Sure, of course.”

“Cool, thanks!”

I couldn’t believe his change in attitude, going from despair to joy in seconds, just because I’d promised him a trivial thing like me rubbing his penis. That’s when I first



had an inkling of the power of my sex.

I followed him to the living room and watched his spanking with more enthusiasm than ever before. Because I was going to reward him with pleasure afterward, I lost my guilt and I was able to really enjoy his spanking. I watched his worry as Cal held up the big wooden paddle. It was a real fraternity board he'd gotten at a college bookstore and it packed a major wallop. I'd felt it on two occasions, just ten pops each time, and so I knew how much it hurt. I don't think Miles had experienced it yet, so his eyes were the size of eggs. But he obediently got into position and presented his cute little tush.

The paddle just blasted him. It must have hurt like hell, but though I loved my brother, I didn't care. I wanted it to hurt even more. I wished it was *me* getting the board. I could almost feel the sting flowing through my own ass, but imagining it wasn't the same thing. Miles' face was covered with tears as he wept, but he didn't scream. He wasn't silent—he grunted and moaned and sometimes said “Oh!” or “Ow!” But he took it bravely. He's actually quite tough, despite his delicate appearance. He's stubborn like me.

Cal gave Miles fifteen whacks with that board. His age plus one more “just because” and when he stopped, my brother's behind was so covered with purple-red that it looked like he'd sat in wet paint. It was amazing.

But then, as Miles moved to lie down on the sofa for his whipping, I saw something even more amazing. His cock was large again. It wasn't the monster I'd seen in our room, but it certainly wasn't a golf pencil. It was quite obvious it was an erection, for it stuck out and bobbed as he moved. I

couldn't believe it. Even at that naive age I knew he shouldn't get an erection during a spanking, especially one that hard.

I found out later that my promise had stimulated Miles, and he had figured out that he could rub his cock on the back of the sofa as he was paddled and it made the pain easier to bear. He did even more of that during the strapping, trying to disguise his humping with gyrations caused by the sting of the leather. I noticed that, but wasn't sure exactly what was going on.

The strapping was long and hard. Cal was angry as he thought egging cars was "stupid-dumb" (as he liked to say), and he really let Miles have it. I should have felt sorry for my brother, but I didn't, relishing his pain and thinking that if his cock was so hard, he must not be in too much pain.

Miles later told me the corner time afterward was the worst, because he wasn't allowed to touch either his burning bottom or his starving cock. He had to stand there with his hands on his head and show off his blistered behind. Cal had worked over every inch of buttock and thigh with the strop, leaving all the skin scarlet. Across the peaks and lower slopes of the butt-cheeks there were blotches of purple bruises from the paddle. It looked terrible, which meant I thought it looked amazingly good.

Afterward, Miles went to our room. I discretely followed a few minutes later, not wanting it to look like I was in a hurry. Miles was still naked, his hands on his penis and pumping away when I entered. He didn't even turn to look at me, just continued pumping. His face was still wet with tears, but he was he smiling grimly.

“Wait!” he hissed, and then suddenly he grabbed a tissue and covered his cock with it. Almost instantly the Kleenex darkened with splashes of moisture as he came. When he was done, he wiped himself off, grinned at me, and said, “Okay, now do what you said.”

So I took his penis and immediately felt it surge with power. In my hand it stiffened and grew. It was marvelous. I couldn't wait for him to spurt, and yet I knew that our fun would be over when he did, so I hoped he'd be a while. I began exploring his body, especially the cock and balls. I did so with no shyness or secrecy, for I was so excited I didn't care if he saw how intrigued I was.

At the time, it didn't even occur to me that what we were doing was wrong. I mean, I knew it was, in a way. It was sexual, intimate and private, and I knew enough to keep it hidden from Cal and Carla. But I wasn't thinking that what we were doing was actual sex. Sex was something different, putting a cock inside a girl and making a baby. This was just naughty fooling around, exploring our bodies, a more advanced form of “playing doctor” (which I'd only heard about). At no time was I thinking of something like incest or I would have been grossed out. I suppose the nearest equivalent that I can think of is of giving a friend a back rub. This was clearly more intimate and sexual than that, but Miles and I were so close and we'd grown comfortable in our nudity, so this didn't feel that much different. I was just helping him out.

Miles had his head back and his eyes closed and was lost in orgasmic bliss. His cock had gotten big again. Not as big as the first time, before the whipping, but much bigger than

after the paddling. On a whim I used my other hand to reach behind him and feel his hot bottom. I'd always wanted to do that. I rubbed there and he gasped. Tears came from his eyes, but he didn't tell me to stop, so I rubbed more and harder, and I felt his cock surging and growing. The pain was turning him on.

It took a few minutes for him to come. I have no idea how long, but it was a while. (It was his third in less than an hour.) We were both lost in our pleasure, Miles' mixed with pain as I massaged his blistered butt. Then suddenly I felt him tense and I already knew what was going to happen. I watched carefully as his cock twitched and then spurted the strange white cream. It smelled musky and exotic and I remember being curious about what it tasted like—an idea that revolted and fascinated me at the same time.

“Wow, that was worth getting spanked for,” Miles told me after, his eyes shining.

“Really that good?” I asked.

“You've no idea. That one was even better than before. It lasted forever, I suppose because I'm so sore from the spanking, and when it exploded, it was just the best.”

That began a new tradition. After that, Miles wanted me to touch his cock all the time. In particular before and after spankings, of course, but at other times, too. I didn't mind. I liked it. It was cool to see him reacting to my touch. Sometimes it felt like I could just wiggle my little finger and he'd come. That made me feel powerful.

Not long after this, I got an extra-hard spanking. It was good one, with the big paddle. I think it was 15 also, though I might be remembering wrong. Whatever the case, my butt

was red all over and sore. When I got back to our room, Miles was already there. He was jacking off, his cock long and hard. He looked up at me guiltily, but he didn't stop what he was doing.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It's just you looked so hot. Your ass is so *gorgeous*. It's so big and round and pretty, and when the paddle hits it in goes flat and bounces and it turns all pink and red. It makes get so hard."

"You don't have to be sorry," I said. "I like that my butt gets you hard. It makes me glad I got spanked. I wish I'd gotten it harder."

"Really? Didn't it hurt?"

I shrugged. "Yeah, but I don't care. I like it when it hurts. It's better. I'm all wet down here."

I showed him my pussy and the juice leaking there. He was astonished. After I'd played with his cock and made him come, it had only seemed fair to show him my equipment. He'd been mildly curious, but not as intrigued as I was about his cock. Now he seemed more interested.

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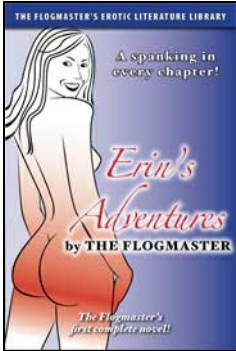
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### Novels

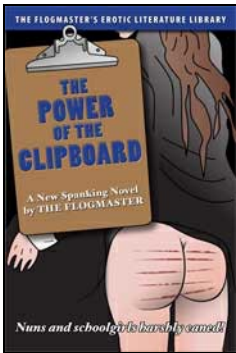
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#### ***Erin's Adventures***

(mostly F/f)

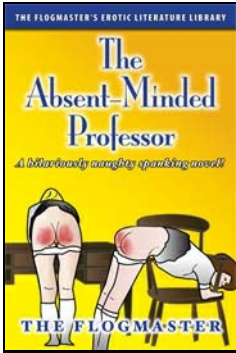
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



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

(mostly M/f)

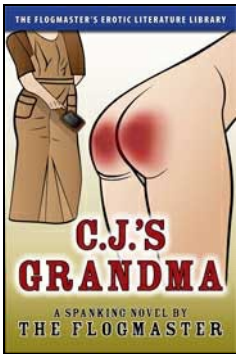
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



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

(mostly M/f)

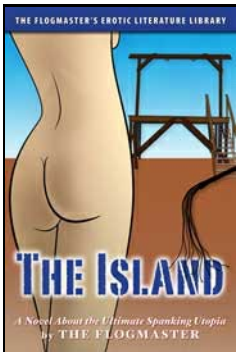
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



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

(mostly F/f and f/f)

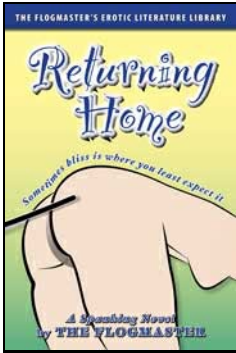
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



### ***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.

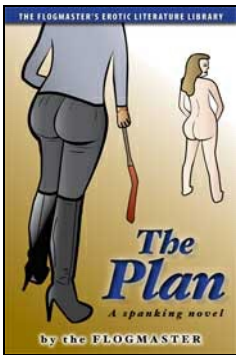


### ***Returning Home***

(mostly M/f)

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

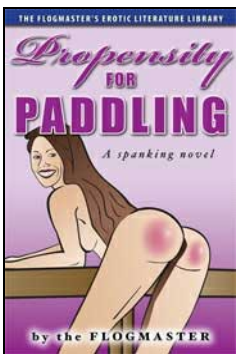
53,000 words.



### ***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.

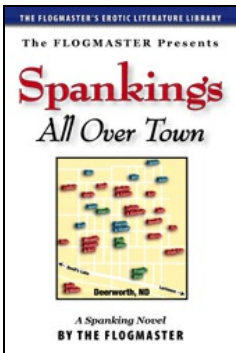




### ***Cutiepie***

(M/F/f)

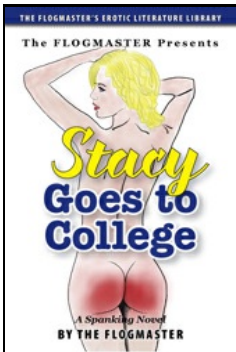
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



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

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

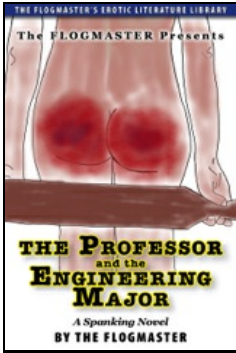
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



### ***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.



### ***The Professor and the Engineering Major***

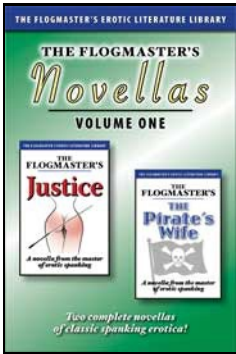
(M/FF)

When a depressed divorcee goes back to college in a tough major, she discovers that strict discipline is just what she needs to get her life back on track. 30,000 words.

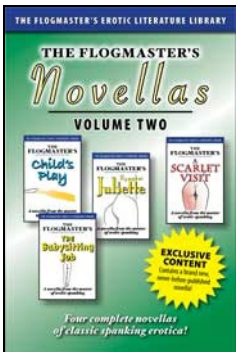
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## **Novella Collections**

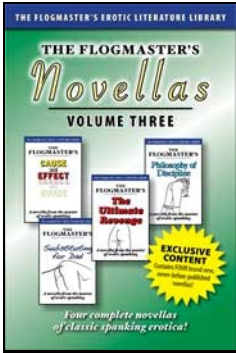
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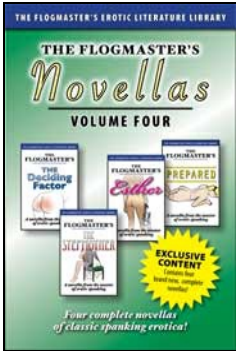
**Volume 1— *Justice*:** (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. ***The Pirate's Wife*:** (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



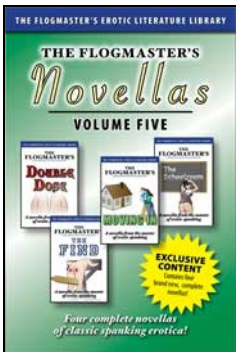
**Volume 2— *Child's Play*:** (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. ***Nymphet Juliett*:** (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. ***Scarlet Visit*:** (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. ***The Babysitting Job*:** (MF/f) A girl's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



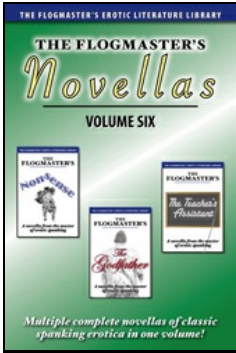
**Volume 3**— *Cause and Effect*: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline*: (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad*: (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge*: (MF/Ff) A girl plots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



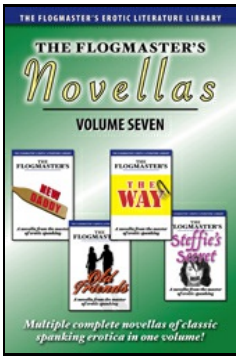
**Volume 4**— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



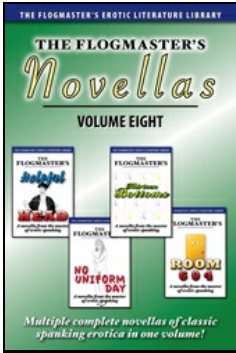
**Volume 5**— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and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



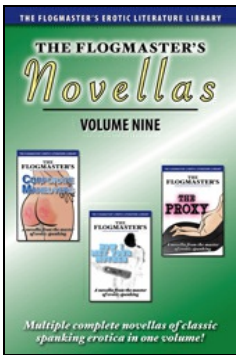
**Volume 6**— *Nonsense*: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather*: (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant*: (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



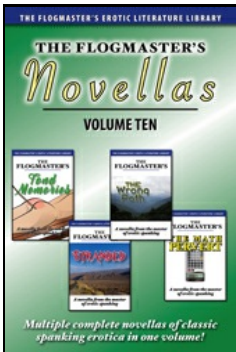
**Volume 7**— *A New Daddy*: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends*: (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret*: (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way*: (m/f) A boy is trained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



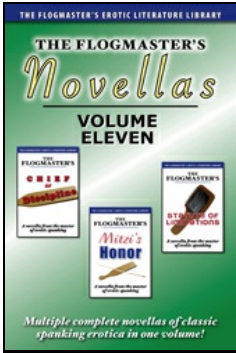
**Volume 8**— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



**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.



**Volume 11— Statute of Limitations:** (F/F) While visiting her mother, a woman reveals a childhood crime and is shocked when she's punished for it.

**Mitzi's Honor:** (M/FF, F/MMF) Two professional contractors for rival mob families are assigned to take each other out. **Chief of Discipline:**

(M/FFFFF) Girls at a college are punished.



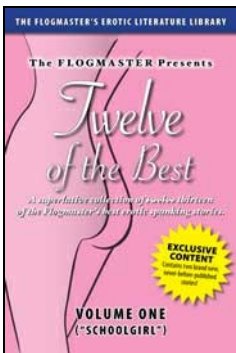
**Volume 12— Nurse Patty:** (F/f) A new girl at a strict school finds solace in a kindly nurse. **Brother and Sister:** (MF/fm) Orphaned twins are raised by strict step-parents. **Workaround:** (Mfm/fm) In the 1940s, a girl and a boy sent to a disciplinarian,

figure out a workaround. **The Devil Made Me Do It:** (M/fff) A 1950s lawman abuses his authority.

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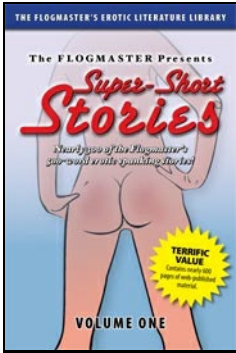
## Short Story Collections

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### **Twelve of the Best: Volumes 1-38**

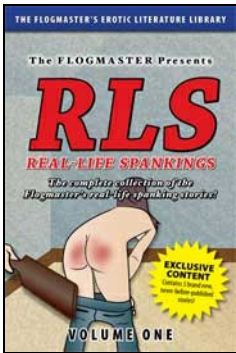
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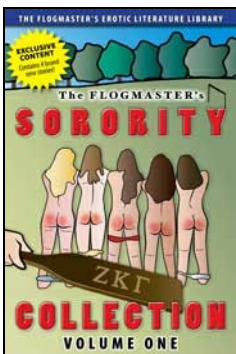
(Mostly /f or /F)



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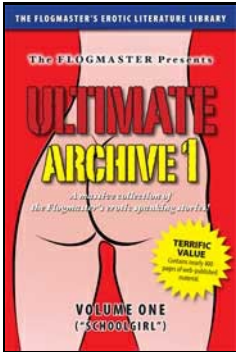
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(MF/fm — Severe, non-consensual paddling, strapping, switching, sibling sexual activity without intercourse)

Orphaned twins are raised by strict step-parents.

### ***Nurse Patty***

(F/f — Edgy, non-consensual caning, paddling, birching, strapping, F/f masturbation)

A new girl at a strict school finds solace in a kindly nurse.

### ***The Devil Made Me Do It***

(M/ffF — Dark and Edgy, very non-consensual spanking, paddling, strip search, forced sex, death)

A 1950s lawman abuses his authority, flogging innocent teens and raping women.

### ***Workaround***

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