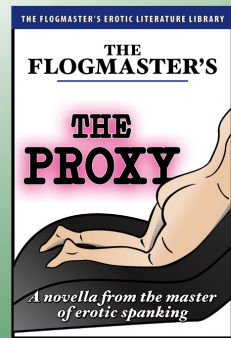
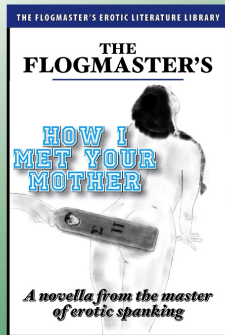
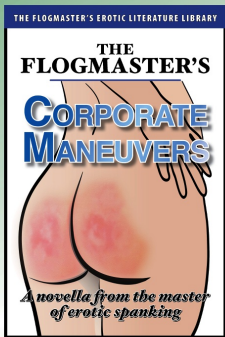


THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

THE FLOGMASTER'S
Novellas
VOLUME NINE



Multiple complete novellas of classic spanking erotica in one volume!

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

*Very erotic, and I didn't expect it to be what I read either.
Nicely done FM.*

BENDOVER

*On the one to ten erection scale... this one is an eleven. Well
done is an understatement.*

TOMHOBBS

*That's intense and stays inside Charlie's head wonderfully,
without judgements other than hers. Am I right in thinking I
should be visualising Joseph Cotten? Fantastic, disturbing
story. If it is related to *_Shadow of a Doubt_*, it keeps the
film's theme of betrayal & fascination brilliantly.*

DRKEATE

A good story about a perfect blackmail.

WESTVIKING

Wow, what a great series!!

BARB

*An amazing description of the punishment, and what was
happening in the agent's head. The cute ending earned a
surprised snort, but it would have been a fine story without it.*

GUY

*What a crazy fantasy, ice cream and paddles. So just where is
this place???*

SAMSLIPPER

Selected Excerpts

From *Corporate Maneuvers*:

“You’re not getting in my pants.” The blond glared at him fiercely. “I’d rather be fired or take the reprimand.”

“Enjoy your twenty whacks with the paddle.”

“No! Wait!” cried Brianne. She was standing up, moving out from behind the desk. Oliver saw that while she was slim, she wasn’t skinny. This babe had a bod! The black skirt was impossibly tight across widely curved hips and a butt that jutted out like a soap bubble about to burst. He felt his cock stir as she moved toward him.

From *How I Met Your Mother*:

Danica walked behind the pledge and stood to one side. She brought up the paddle and tapped the rump lightly. For a split second my heart sank with disappointment as I thought the paddling was merely symbolic. But that tap wasn’t the smack. Danica drew the board back and slammed it home with astonishing force. I heard—and even felt—the shockwave from outside the room. I caught a glimpse of board smashing butt and then a clear view of those tight blue panties bouncing and quivering as the board pulled back out of the way.

From *The Proxy*:

Aster looked up at Mr. Deaver. “Sir, do you know what she told me was her most beloved memory of you? It was when you’d walk her out to the barn for a whipping. She was scared and already sore from her spanking from her mother, but you held her hand and she knew you loved her so much. She told me she adored that feeling. Not quite enough to be naughty just to get a spanking, mind you. But whenever she deserved one, she knew you’d be there and that gave her great comfort. She said your whippings hurt like hell, but she didn’t mind them, because she knew you loved her.”

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

VOLUME NINE

*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.

Contents

Corporate Maneuvers

★★★★★ , M/F—Severe, non-consensual paddling, rape, anal sex

An executive abuses a lower-level employee.

How I Met Your Mother

★★★★★ , F/FFFFM—Edgy, semi-consensual paddling, caning, strapping, urtication, blowjob

A man reveals he met his future wife as part of a sorority punishment.

The Proxy

★★★★★★ , M/F—Severe, consensual hairbrush spanking, paddling, strapping, switching

In this extraordinary 6-star story, a girl goes to her late best friend's parents for severe spankings. Sad, tender moments: if you can read this without tears in your eyes, you're not human.

Corporate Maneuvers

(★★★★★, M/F—Severe, non-consensual paddling, rape, anal sex)

An executive abuses a lower-level employee. (Approximately 10,118 words.)

Chapter 1: The Repair Job

Oliver was in a terrible mood. He was exhausted. The whole day had been shit. It had started off with his computer freezing—on the eve of the biggest deal of his career, of course. Nothing would revive it and IT was too swamped to fix it right away, so he had to use the terminal in Tom’s cramped *cubicle* instead of his own plush office.

Then the deal had gone south when the client started

getting cold feet. It had only been through some heroic effort and a few inspired compromises that Oliver had managed to convince Parterman to stick with the plan. He'd had to spend the rest of the day putting together the new deal and it was now approaching midnight and he still wasn't done, but at least they hadn't lost everything.

He'd forgotten his jacket in Tom's cube and had lost his tie somewhere during the frenzy, but it didn't matter. Everyone important had gone home. He swiped his security card on his door and pushed into his office, his mind lost in the list of the things he needed to do. He was bleary-eyed and couldn't remember the last time he'd eaten. His plan was to crash on his sofa for a few minutes before getting back to work. He'd just laid down when a sharp voice snapped at him.

"Is that how you clean an office? No wonder this company's going to shit!"

Oliver sat bolt upright, stunned to see a gorgeous young blond sitting at his desk using his broken computer. His jaw fell open.

"Don't look so surprised. People other than maintenance work late, too, you know. Hurry up and empty the trash or whatever it is you do and leave me alone."

"Who... what the hell are you doing in my office? How dare you touch my computer!"

The woman frowned. "Your computer? Wait a second... are you Mr. Thornby?"

"Damn right. I'm Oliver Thornby and this is my office. How'd you get in here? Who are you? What's your employee number?"

“Oh!” The girl gasped, throwing a hand over her mouth. She looked abashed, and amazingly cute with pink blush flooding her cheeks. She had to be about his age, probably just out of school.

“I’m sorry, sir. I thought you were maintenance. You’re so young and you didn’t seem like an executive. I thought... I’m Brianne Turner, from IT. I don’t have an employee number yet. I’m just an intern.”

Oliver stared at the distraught girl. “Did you fix it?”

“What’s that, sir?”

“The computer, you dunderhead! That’s why you’re here, isn’t it?”

“Oh! Uh, I’m working on it, sir. Having to reinstall a lot. You really broke it.”

“You’d better not have deleted any of my files. There’s stuff I haven’t backed up yet. Critical documents.”

Oliver rushed to the computer, pushing the girl aside. He frantically brought up windows and scanned his documents. “Where’s the Parterman Project? It was right here! I was working on it this morning when the thing crashed.”

“You might have lost some of those,” said Brianne. “I had to restore from the last backup.”

“What the fuck— you’re not supposed to do that! Oh my God! I’m ruined! You’ve just shot a \$200 million project in the foot, you know that? There’s no way all the documents can be recreated in time. You are so fired!”

Brianne gasped. “What! No, that’s not fair! I didn’t know. I didn’t do anything wrong. I was just trying to get your system working again.”

“The number one rule of IT is to *not* erase a user’s data. You should know that.”

“I thought you have everything backed up. It does that automatically every hour.”

“Yes, but I’d just made a ton of modifications to the contracts when the thing crashed before the auto-backup could happen. I was worried about that. I specifically told IT in my work request to make sure I didn’t lose any files.”

Oliver ran his fingers through his hair and shuddered, thinking about all the changes he’d made. He still had his paper notes, but they were a mess. He’d removed the Post-It notes from the originals as he’d made the changes so he knew where he was in the process. He still had the notes, but they weren’t stuck to the page with the change. It was going to be a nightmare figuring out what went where. Doable, but he already had a full plate. He was going to be up multiple nights now.

Brianne was working rapidly on the computer. “You say you were working on those right when the computer froze?”

“Yes, the spreadsheet and the main contract are the two most critical.”

“It’s possible... yes!” She swiveled the screen toward him. “Does this look right?”

Oliver gulped and nodded, his heart tightening with forlorn hope. “I’ll have to double-check, but that’s one of the files. How’d you do that?”

“Temp files, sir. The programs save your work in temp files until you save it for real. I just recovered the temp documents. It should have all the changes you made this morning before the crash. You might have lost a few

seconds work, at most.”

“God, that’s a relief.”

Oliver collapsed back on the leather sofa. He was sweating. Such a close scare. He was still furious, irritated that IT had sent him a mere peon—a fucking *intern* for Heaven’s sake—and upset that the damned thing had broken in the first place.

“How long before I get my computer back?” he asked, rubbing his temples.

“It’s still doing some restoring and cleanup. Probably another hour.”

“Fine. Maybe I can get a nap in,” he said, but the scare and the presence of the woman had woken him and he knew he wouldn’t be able to sleep at all. “You’ll still be fired, you know. What you did was ridiculously irresponsible.”

“But... I got the files back! You can’t fire me.”

“You got lucky. What the hell are they doing sending me a rookie anyway?”

“The department’s understaffed. And there’s that flu bug going around. Half the techs are out sick.”

“Ridiculous. They ought to hire some people. *Real* people, not fucking interns.”

He gave her a sharp glance, appraising her. She was wearing a blue and white top with a deep vee down the front that revealed generous mounds of breasts on either side. He sat up straighter, studying her. Normally he refrained from work dalliances as they were too much trouble, but this bitch wasn’t on his floor. She wasn’t even a full employee yet, a mere intern. She’d probably give her left tit just to suck his cock.

Her face, he saw, was actually quite stunning. She had almond eyes of a bright blue and interestingly angled eyebrows that made her seem exotic. High cheekbones made her seem very classy, despite her lowly job classification. Combine all that with those terrific breasts and she was definitely worth fucking.

“How old are you?” he asked.

She looked at him sourly. “If you think I’m going to fuck you just to keep my job, you can go to hell.”

Oliver tightened his jaw. This bitch really needed a lesson in manners. “If I fuck you, it’ll be because you begged me,” he growled. “Now answer my question.”

“Why?”

“Because I’m trying to decide if I should put you down for a reprimand instead of termination, you stupid cow!”

“What does my age have to do with that?”

Oliver sighed. “How long have you been here?”

“Two months.”

“A three-month internship?”

“Yes. With the possibility of extending it to six, with pay, if I qualify. And maybe a full-time job after that.”

“I assume you’d like to stay on?”

“Yes, but I don’t want another reprimand. I’ve already had two and a third is... severe.”

Oliver almost laughed at the girl’s sudden nervousness. She was a real piece of work, emotions all over the place. One minute defying him to fire her, and the next begging for mercy. He’d have her sucking his cock in no time.

“What is it, five, ten, and then twenty?”

Brianne nodded. “Ten was pretty bad. I don’t know that

I could take twenty.”

“It would still be better than termination, wouldn't it?”

The blond squirmed in her chair. “Maybe. I don't know. Please, you don't have to do anything. I got your files back. I'm fixing the computer and it'll be working shortly. I didn't do anything worth being fired or reprimanded.”

“Other than being rude and a total pain in the ass?”

“Rude? I didn't know who you were. You're so young. I assumed Mr. Thornby would have gray hair and be wearing a suit.”

“I took off my jacket and tie earlier tonight. I've had a long day. But maybe I over-reacted. Maybe you shouldn't be fired, but you certainly deserve some kind of punishment.”

Brianne glanced desperately around the room. “Please, not a reprimand. Twenty... it's too much!”

“You could be nicer to me, you know,” he said softly.

“Fuck you! You're not getting in my pants.” The blond glared at him fiercely. “I'd rather be fired or take the reprimand.”

“Fine!” shouted Oliver. “I'll just put you down for that. Enjoy your twenty whacks with the paddle.”

“No! Wait!” cried Brianne. She was standing up, moving out from behind the desk. Oliver saw that while she was slim, she wasn't skinny. This babe had a bod! The black skirt was impossibly tight across widely curved hips and a butt that jutted out like a soap bubble about to burst. He felt his cock stir as she moved toward him.

“Please, I'm begging you. I'm sorry if I offended you and we got off on the wrong foot, but please. You have no idea how bad those corporate corrections are!”

“Please, do tell.”

“You... you’ve never been, right?”

Oliver’s smirk was bold. “I’m upper management. We’re not subject to physical discipline like mere employees... and interns,” he added.

“They tie you down. There’s a leather bench thing, with straps for each limb. It’s really horrible. Your head is down and your ass is pointed up at the moon.”

“You’re naked, right?” leered Oliver eagerly.

Brianne nodded bitterly. “Yes, for the second rep onward.”

“And the paddle? What’s it like?”

“Huge and beastly. Thick and heavy, like something out of a fraternity pledge’s worse nightmare.”

“Sounds like just what you deserve, considering your disrespect.”

The blond started to say something and thought better of it, biting her lower lip and looking at the carpet in shame.

“Sir, I beg you, some other punishment. I can’t have another rep on my record. I won’t get my internship extended.”

“Really? With just three reprimands?”

“That’s high for such a short period. Most interns are expected to get one or two, but more than that looks bad. My boss told me it puts me on the bubble. I’d rather not go there.”

“So what do you suggest?” Oliver’s grin was so lascivious and his tone so suggestive he might as well have unzipped his fly and pulled out his cock.

Brianne paled and shook her head. “I told you I’m not doing that, sir.” She licked her pink lips slowly. “There is

another possibility.”

She spoke so reluctantly that Oliver was intrigued. He leaned forward, the leather couch groaning. “What’s that?”

“There’s a room downstairs. In the basement. Very secluded. Private. It’s empty.” Brianne hesitated, and looked away from the eager Oliver. “I’ve heard that sometimes justice is handled there *discretely*, in an unofficial fashion.”

“What sort of justice?”

“The paddle. But off the record. Let’s say... ten swats.”

“You mean I’ll paddle you myself?” The man was fascinated. The more he thought of the idea, the more he liked it. He studied Brianne. She’d turned slightly away, as though in fear, and he could see a three-quarter view of her ass in the tight skirt. It looked like an overripe peach. The bulge, especially at the base, was profound. God the paddle would feel awesome slamming into such chubby butt cheeks.

“Why only ten? If I turn you in, it’ll be twenty.”

Brianne shrugged. “Then I might as well quit. If I’m not going to get the promotion anyway, there’s no point in taking the punishment. Besides, wouldn’t you rather punish me yourself?”

There was that. Oliver thrilled at the idea. He stood up. “Right now, before you change your mind.”

Chapter 2: The Paddling

She checked the computer. It was still processing. She nodded and he followed her to the elevator. They descended in silence. Oliver had never been in the basement. He wondered if his card would give him access, but he didn't even need it. Apparently there was nothing down here worth stealing.

The place was barren. It was deserted of people, too. Dim lights illuminated distant corridors, but wherever they walked the ceiling lights came on automatically. All he saw was boring concrete everywhere. Brianne knew where to go, however. Just as he was starting to get tired and suspicious, she stopped and pointed.

“There.”

It was a room like dozens of others they'd passed, but for some reason this one was special. He pushed open the door tentatively, half-expecting something bad to happen. Nothing did. The room was empty, a simple unused storage area. There was a long table along one wall, and some empty shelving, but no chairs.

Oliver thought of something. “We don't have a pad—” He stopped. Brianne was holding up a pale yellow slab of pine at least twenty inches long. It was a good half-inch thick with a smoothly molded handle on one end. Oliver took it,

marveling at the weight. “Where’d you get this?”

“It’s kept in the corner. As I said, others use this room for this purpose. An intern told me about it. Apparently some employees prefer to get justice here instead of on their official record.”

Oliver had never heard of such a thing, but it made sense. He couldn’t fathom the preference of pain over a crap job, but then he wasn’t a janitor or secretary. He made in a week what these peons made in a year. Maybe they really were so desperate for their pennies that they’d rather take bare butt paddlings.

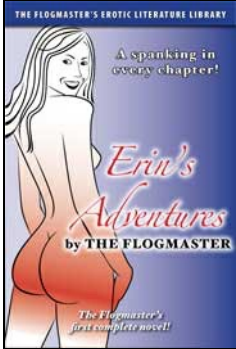
“Okay, let’s do this. You strip and stand in front of that table.”

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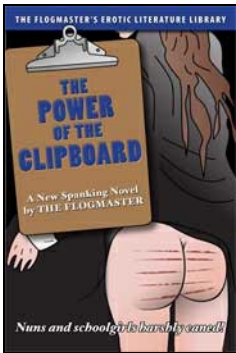
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

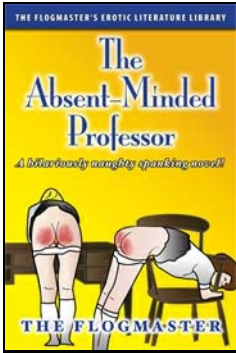
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

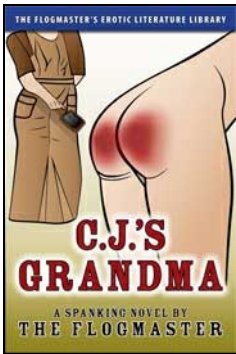
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

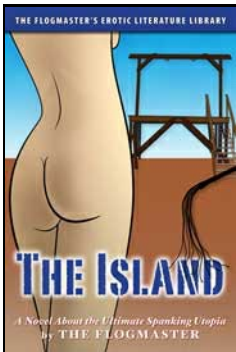
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

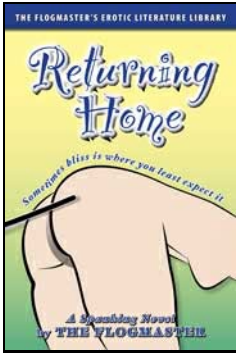
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



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.

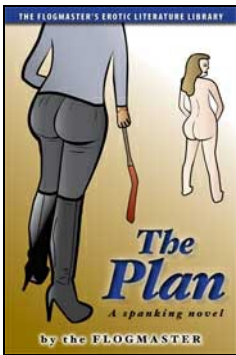


Returning Home

(mostly M/f)

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

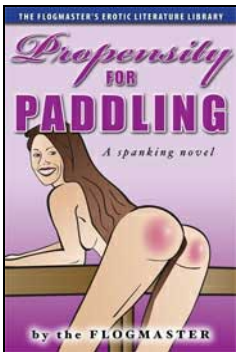
53,000 words.



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)

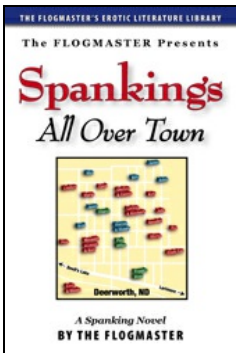
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(M/F/f)

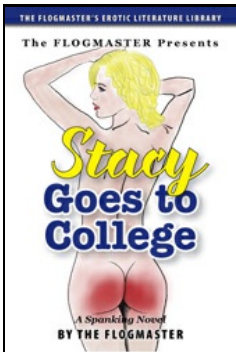
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



Spankings All Over Town

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

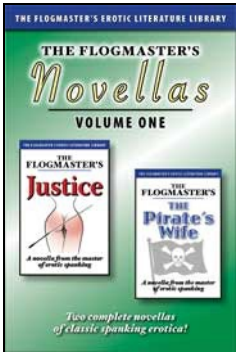
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



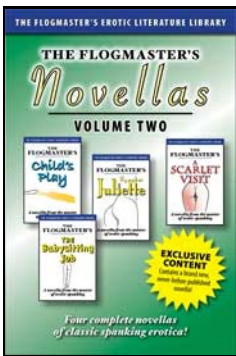
Stacy Goes to College

(M/F)

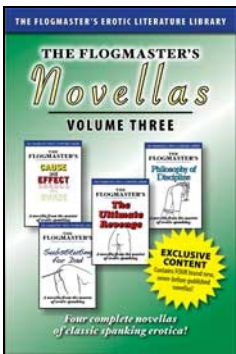
A girl goes off to college thinking she's too grown-up for spankings and learns the hard way that's not the case. 46,000 words.



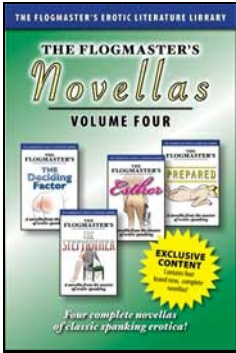
Volume 1— Justice: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. *The Pirate's Wife:* (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



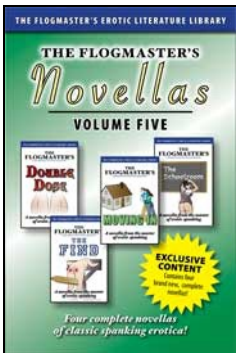
Volume 2— Child's Play: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. *Nymphet Juliett:* (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. *Scarlet Visit:* (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. *The Babysitting Job:* (MF/f) A girl's babysitting gig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



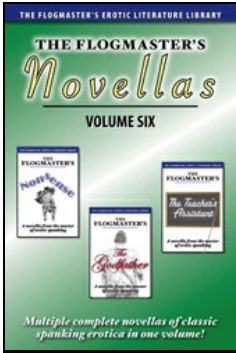
Volume 3— Cause and Effect: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline:* (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad:* (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge:* (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



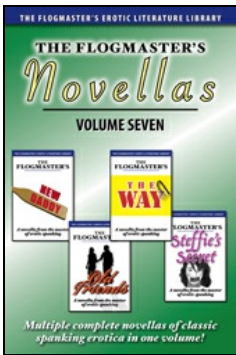
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



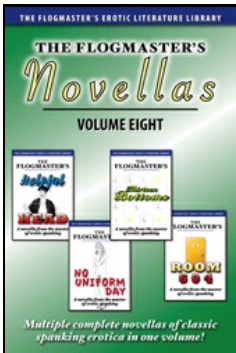
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



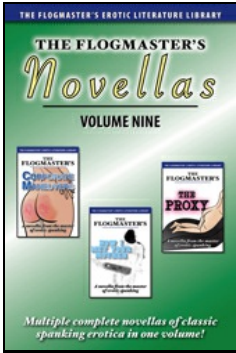
Volume 6— *Nonsense*: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather*: (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant*: (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



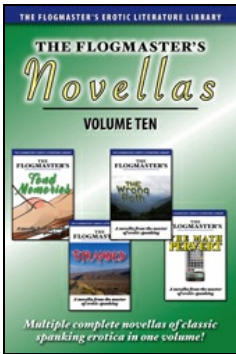
Volume 7— *A New Daddy*: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends*: (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret*: (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way*: (m/f) A boy is trained to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

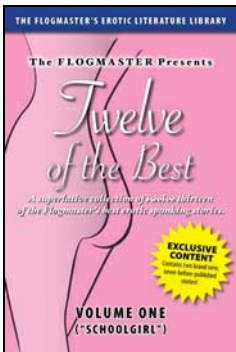


Volume 9— *Corporate Maneuvers*: (M/F) An executive abuses a lower-level employee. *The Proxy*: (M/F) A girl goes to her late best friend's parents for severe spankings. Sad, tender moments. *How I Met Your Mother*: (F/FFFFM) A man reveals he met his future wife as part of a sorority punishment.



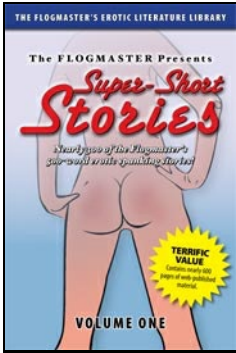
Volume 10— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't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

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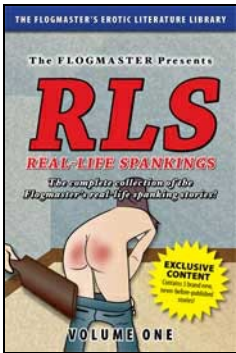
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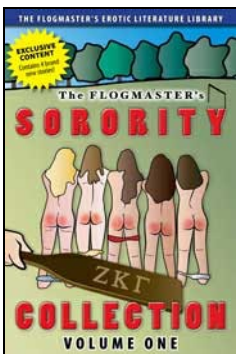
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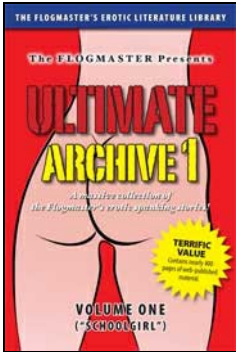
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