

**The FLOGMASTER Presents**

# *The Belt*

*A story by the  
master of erotic spanking*

## **Disclaimer**

This book contains explicit material of an **adult** nature. *Read at your own risk!* Anything offensive is your own problem. The content of this book is for *entertainment purposes only*, and it does *not* necessarily represent the viewpoint of the author or the publisher. All characters are *fictional*—any resemblance to any real person is purely coincidental.

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## About the Warning Labels

The stories in this book deal with Spanking, Discipline, Punishment, S&M, BDSM, Love Slaves, and other extreme topics. Because some topics offend people, each story is labeled to warn you of its contents. If you are the sensitive type, watch the warning labels and story descriptions attached to each story. As an aid, here's an explanation of my warning system. First, here's a sample story title, warning label, and description:

### Paul Bunyan and the Great Lakes

**M/Ffff — ole fashion paddlin'**

A strange new twist on the ole yarn about how Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox created the Great Lakes. (1,758 words. Written in 1996.)

Stories are marked with **MFmf labels** to indicate who is spanking whom. Capital letters represent *adults* and lower case are *minors* (under 18). Of course **M** refers to *Males* and **F** to *Females*. Under this system, anything to the left of the slash indicate a *Spanker* and anything to the right a *Spankee*. Therefore in the above example an adult male is spanking three girls and a woman. If there are a lot of people involved, sometimes this is abbreviated with a number, such as F6/f24, implying that 6 women spank 12 girls. Keep in mind that the label refers to the primary participants—sometimes, especially in longer stories—*there may be minor spankings of a different type included*.

Stories may also contain other warnings and explanations. These are usually self-explanatory words like “sex” or “punishment spanking.” You may also see references to **cons**, **non-cons**, or **n/c**. Those abbreviations refer to *consensual* and *non-consensual* spankings. (Punishment spankings, especially those of children, are usually n/c though this isn't always indicated for children stories.)

I keep story descriptions brief and try not to include any “spoilers” that would ruin the plot for you. The description should intrigue if you are interested in the subject matter, and warn you away if you are not. As always, read at your own risk.

# *The Belt*

**?/F — nc punishment**

A woman is subjected to an automated punishment system. (1,387 words.)

**T**HE SURFACE OF the conveyor belt felt cool against Kristen's naked skin. Her breasts pressed against it rudely. She lay stretched out as the assistant pulled her right arm forward.

The belt was three feet wide. There were rings every six inches long both sides and it was to one of these that the man clipped her wristband. Another man on the other side did the same with her left hand, and then both moved down to her ankles and clipped them to each side of the belt.

The whole process had taken no more than ten seconds, bewilderingly fast. Kristen was utterly immobile, stretched taut to the point of breaking. Suddenly the back of her hair was pulled back and a small pillow shoved under her chin. At the same time a strong arm went around her waist and lifted her up and something was slipped under her hips.

As the arm released and she sank back down upon it, the thing under her began to inflate, swelling to lift her hips several inches higher and putting a strain on her tethered wrists and ankles.

A wide strap was suddenly pulled across the small of her back and fastened to the clips at the edge of the conveyor belt and pulled tight, pinning her flat. Now she was truly helpless.

Several feet in front of her Kristen could see the spread legs of another woman in a similar pinned position. She flushed as she saw everything between the woman's legs and realized that her own were equally spread and she was just as exposed.

The conveyor belt jerked and moved, grinding forward about ten feet, then stopped. Behind her was a commotion and Kristen realized that the men were strapping the next person in line.

It wouldn't be long now, she reflected. There had only been three behind her, and the men were efficient. The entire binding process had taken less than thirty seconds.