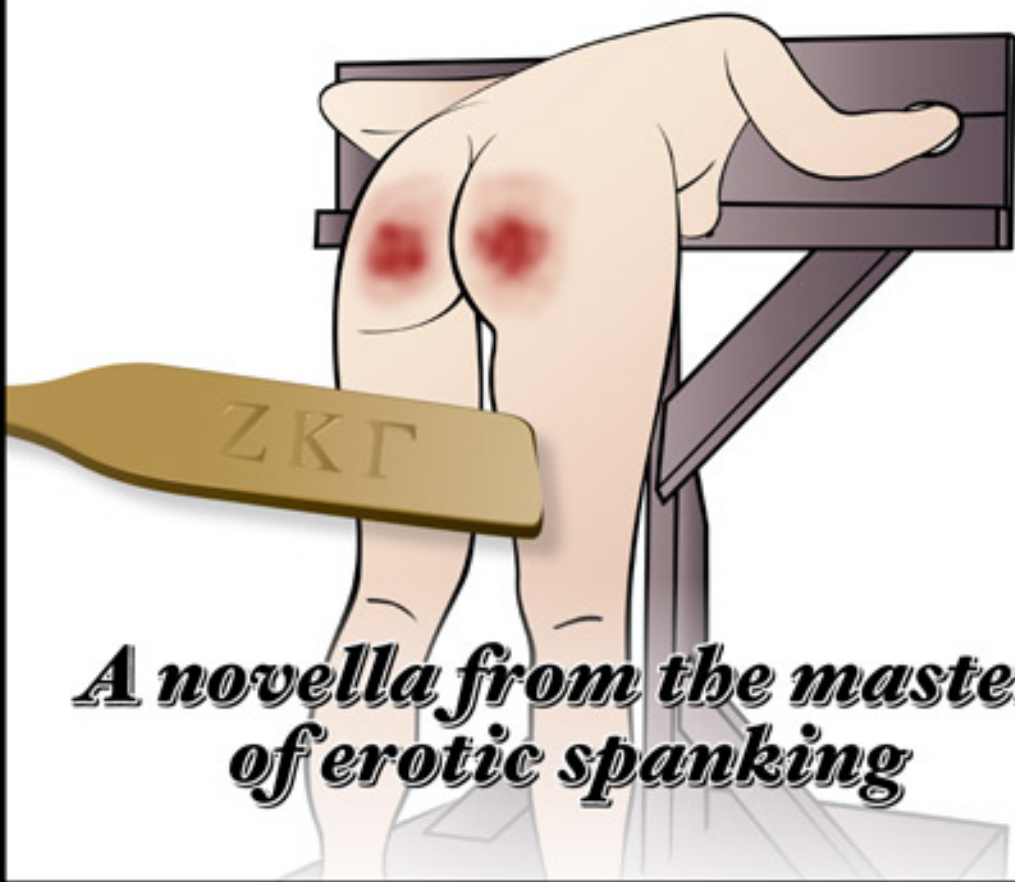


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THE FLOGMASTER'S

THE FIND



*A novella from the master
of erotic spanking*

Excerpt

That's when Misty saw the paddle on the mantel. It was a heavy frat board with the greek letters Epsilon Eta Epsilon engraved on the front.

She held the board reverently. "The owner must have been in a fraternity." She grinned as she saw Paige's broad rump nearby, the cheeks nearly bare the sky blue panties were so inadequate. "I know how to warm you up!" She gave the butt a playful swat. But the board was heavier than she realized and her strength compensated by using more energy and the result was a sharper-than-intended sting.

Paige yelled, clutching her ass frantically as though stung by a wasp. "OW! What the hell!" She whirled, saw the paddle, and her jaw dropped. "What was that for?"

"Sorry, your buns were just so cute I couldn't resist!"

"That really hurt!"

"You really got her, Misty. Her ass is actually red!" said Julie from behind.

"Come on, that's not fair!" Paige complained to Cassandra. "She can't just hit me like that. I should get my turn to swat her back!"

"That's a good point. Misty?"

"What? I was just kidding around. I wasn't trying to hurt her!"

"Come on, it's only fair. You have her a swat, now she gets to give you one."

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 Presents

The Find

*A novella by the
master of erotic spanking*

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.

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**MFx8/Fx7 — semi-cons paddling, caning,
back whipping**

When their van breaks down in the middle of nowhere,
a sorority group finds a house and plays naughty games.
(9,335 words.)

The Find

MFx8/Fx7 — semi-cons paddling, caning, back whipping

When their van breaks down in the middle of nowhere, a sorority group finds a house and plays naughty games. (9,335 words.)

THE GIRLS FROM the Zeta Gamma Kappa Sorority were in full voice, with only 42 bottles of beer to go, when suddenly the van's engine sputtered and died.

"Damn!" cursed Cassandra as she coasted to a stop along the side of the lonely road.

"What's wrong?" asked Paige.

"I don't know. It just stopped." Cassandra banged on the dashboard in frustration and the gas gauge dislodged and dropped right to empty. "Oh, shit! The needle was stuck. We're out of gas!"

"Fuck, we're like a million miles from anywhere," groaned Julie, looking outside at the dark and forbidding countryside.

“I’ll call Triple A,” put in Devon, whipping out her cell phone. “Aw shit, no signal. I guess we’re too far from a cell tower.”

As if in a perfectly timed response, thunder rumbled and lightening flashed in the night sky and the wind picked up, rattling the branches of a large oak nearby.

There was silence for a moment, then Eve spoke. “We passed a town about ten minutes ago.”

Misty, the school’s volleyball star, laughed. “You call that a town? There was a ten-seat diner and grocery store the size of my dad’s garage!”

“But they’d have a phone. And there had to be a gas station.”

“How fast were you driving?” asked Devon.

Cassandra shrugged. “Sixty, sixty-five. The road’s deserted.”

“So that town’s at least six miles back, maybe more. That’s a long hike in the middle of the night with a storm coming.”

Amber spoke for the first time. “Perhaps we should go forward. How far to the campground?”

Cassandra shook her head. “Another hour. I doubt there’s anything until Crooksville and I figure we’re a half hour from there.”

“Maybe a car will come by,” muttered Eve. She looked out into the darkness with distaste and a hint of fear.

“I haven’t seen a car since we got on this road,” sighed Cassandra.

Devon opened the glove compartment and found a flashlight. The beam was incredibly bright. She pointed it outside, the light flashing through the trees along the road. “Come on, someone’s got to live around here. Let’s find them.”

“What? Go out there?” Julie looked nervous.

“Sure.” Devon slid open the side door and hopped out. The wind was chilly and the flashlight made the night seem even darker.

“Hell, this is like the beginning of a bad slasher flick,” groaned Paige, but she followed her friend.

Misty laughed. “Yeah, maybe we’re in a movie and the audience is shouting ‘No! Don’t get out!’ and we’re not listening.”

“Hell, I’m game,” said Cassandra, opening the driver’s door and coming around to join the others. “Anything’s better than sitting around doing nothing.”

“Are you just going to leave us here?” cried Julie, grabbing at Amber for support.

Amber shook her off. “I’m not staying here. It’s creepy.” She climbed out.

Eve and Julie were the only ones left in the van. Cassandra put on her president’s voice and said, “All right. You two stay here, keep the doors shut as we don’t want to run the battery down. We know what’s behind us, so we’ll go forward. We’ll

walk one hour, and if we haven't found anyone, we'll come back. So we'll be back in two hours max. If someone drives by, stop them and get them to pick us up."

"Wait, I'm coming too," cried Julie.

"Julie, don't leave me by myself!" shrieked Eve.

"You'll be fine," said Devon. "We've already established there's no one around for miles."

"There could be wild animals, bears or something," muttered Eve.

"You're safe in the van."

"No way. Julie, stay with me, please. I don't want to go out there."

After a bit of persuading, the group decided to stick together. There was safety in numbers, after all, and no one wanted to be left alone (or near alone) in the van. So Cassandra locked it up, left a note on the windshield in case someone stopped by, and the girls headed off into the darkness.

Devon switched off the flashlight. "Hey, what are you doing? It's dark!" cried Eve.

"We've got to save the batteries. Besides, in the dark we'll be better able to see the light of any homes we pass."

"But I can't see!"

"Just stay on the road."

The wind swirled and thunder growled in the distance and Eve shuddered and clutched Amber's hand. The girls walked along the middle of the road in small groupings—there wasn't

any traffic danger to worry about. For city girls, the rural area was absurdly quiet.

“It’s creepy. I don’t like it,” whined Julie.

“Maybe we should sing,” suggested Misty. But when they tried it, it was worse. Their noise seemed magnified, too loud for the quiet, like a riot in a library.

They walked in silence for a while. Periodically Devon flashed the light into the surrounding area but all they saw were ominous trees and empty fields. Soon legs began to tire and feet to ache. “I’m tired,” muttered Julie.

“My feet are hurting,” added Eve.

“You should have worn sneakers,” said Misty, trotting along in her Adidas.

“Ewww. Gross.”

“We’re going camping,” laughed Cassandra. “Are you telling me you dressed up for camping?”

“Of course not. But that doesn’t mean I have to look shabby.”

“Hey, look. It’s a road.” Devon was pointing ahead at a small dirt turn-off from the highway.

“That looks like a driveway!” said Cassandra. “Let’s check it out.”

Whatever it was wound around for a while, slowly heading up the hillside. The girls followed it for a quarter mile when Cassandra called the group to a halt.

“I don’t think this is going anywhere. For all we know, this could be an old logging road or something long since abandoned.”

“No, it’s still used regularly,” said Devon. She was shining the light at the path. “This is motor oil. Recent. No more than a day or two.”

“So someone’s around here!” cried Julie eagerly.

Cassandra looked reluctant. “I don’t know. I don’t like us leaving the highway. I think we should go back.”

The flashlight was still highlighting the dirt road when a huge droplet of water splashed. Immediately the girls felt the cold rain as water began to pour from the sky. It came in buckets, hard and sudden, and it was icy cold. Sorority sisters began to squeal and scream in alarm. Within a minute, everyone was soaked and shivering. They stared at each other miserably.

“Fuckin’ great! Now what?” mumbled Eve.

“Wait!” Devon held up her hand. She pointed the flashlight which seemed far less powerful now that the storm was raging around them. It mostly served to light up the glistening raindrops falling. But in the distance loomed a black area against the slightly lighter-colored trees. “I think that’s a building.”

The others squinted. It was fifty yards away and hard to tell, but it definitely was some sort of structure and not trees.

“Oh, I see it!” cried Paige. “There’s a roofline. It’s definitely a building!”

“Looks like a house,” added Amber.

“A *big* house,” Misty cried eagerly. “It’s probably some wealthy person’s summer cabin.”

“I hope someone’s home,” said Cassandra. “I don’t see any lights. Come on!”

They ran, hurrying to escape the freezing rain. The dirt road was now mud that soaked their shoes and made walking difficult. Devon kept the flashlight on so they could see where they were going. Around the bend they arrived at a ten-foot black iron gate. It was closed and locked, with an electronic keypad on a short pole in front.

“Fuck! Anyone know the code?”

Cassandra pressed the talk button on the box and called out, “Hello? Anyone home?”

“I don’t see any lights at the house. I don’t think anyone’s there.”

“Come on,” said Misty. “I’m not waiting. We’ll die of pneumonia out here.” She leaped up onto the gate and in five seconds had made her way to the top and was over. The others watched, astonished. Then Paige shrugged and began to climb, and Cassandra joined her. The others followed, Eve complaining that she was ruining her dress.

“You shouldn’t have worn a fucking *outfit* on a camping trip!”