

**The FLOGMASTER Presents**

# *The Trick*

*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 Trick*

**M/Ff — nc caning, strapping, slipping**

A ruthless Headmaster punishes a beautiful girl.

(7,545 words.)

**I**F ANYONE HAD been watching, they would have been amused at the sight of petite Emmanuelle outside the headmaster's door. She was fraught with indecision and trepidation and kept making a move for the door, her hand raised to knock, hesitating, and changing her mind and pacing again. It was comical... as long as you weren't the girl with the appointment with the cane!

The watcher might have become aroused by the sight, for Emmanuelle was a striking girl and her mournful distress only

enhanced her beauty. Her lower lip trembled and her impressive breasts heaved with labored breathing. Her pretty ebony eyes brimmed with crystal tears and she squirmed her body sexily in frantic worry. Twice she actually put her hands back under her pleated skirt and checked to see if her bottom was still there and intact. No doubt her imagination was running wild with the possibilities of what was going to happen to her poor rear cheeks in a very short time.

As the clock inched closer to four, the girl's distress increased. She obviously did not want what was behind that door, yet she dare not be late for her engagement. Her nervous writhing increased and she bit her lip so hard she nearly drew blood. Finally, with a deep breath of courage, she rapped hard on the door once, looking like she regretted the action as soon as she'd done it.

Immediately a voice called out, "Come in!" and Emmanuelle had no more time to reconsider. It was time.

Opening the door, Emmanuelle stepped through the opening and froze in shock. A small blonde girl was leaning across the headmaster's desk. That was not remarkable. What was alarming was that her navy skirt had been raised up around her hips and her white panties lowered to expose the twin rounds of her bare behind!

If that wasn't enough to traumatize Emmanuelle, there was the lean figure of Headmaster Bailey standing nearby flexing a long whippy rod. Without a glance in her direction,

he suddenly swung the stick in a wide arc that concluded with the cane striking the exposed buttocks of the bent girl with a tremendous crack that seemed to shake the room. The noise was as loud and as startling as a gunshot in a chapel.

Emmanuelle gasped, utterly astounded at the amount of force used. This was no mere flick of the wrist but a full-blooded stroke that thudded into the waiting cheeks as though trying to slice the girl in two. Emmanuelle trembled violently, shudders of terror overwhelming her. Surely this was not what was in store for her! She couldn't endure that, she couldn't! Instinctively she took a step backward, her hands flashing to her rear to protect that vulnerable and sensitive part of her anatomy.

Emmanuelle had suspected she would receive the cane, but as it was her first visit to the headmaster she'd hoped he'd be merciful. In her worst nightmares she thought he might give her six strokes, though three or four was much preferred and she'd thought more likely. Now, all thoughts of such mercy were gone. She'd never seen such raw brutality before; if this was considered punishment she was in deep shit.

The cane cracked down again, just as hard and viciously, and Emmanuelle started to cry. She'd never seen anything that *looked* so painful. The huge welts blossoming across the girl's naked bottom were as thick as a man's finger and the color of an over-ripe tomato. The punished girl was clearly in serious distress, keening wildly in a wordless cry for mercy, but aston-

ishingly she did not rise up off the desk and Emmanuelle was stunned and amazed at her fortitude.

“I shall make an utter fool of myself,” she thought bitterly, and that made fresh tears flow. Though just months shy of seventeen, she already thought of herself as an adult, and if enduring such childish discipline was bad, humiliating herself in the process was infinitely worse.

“You must be my four o’clock,” said Mr. Bailey, pausing in his exertion to glance at Emmanuelle. She could only nod, too terrified to speak. “Have a seat. I’ll be with you in a few minutes. I first need to finish up with naughty Lindsey, here.”

Again Emmanuelle nodded. To avoid looking at the man, she moved to a chair near the door and sat, suddenly exhausted. She could hear the cane lashing into the bared chubs again and again, but she couldn’t bear to look. She didn’t know how the girl could stand such harsh whipping.

Finally the beating was done, or so Emmanuelle thought, for the headmaster put down his cane. She ventured a look and was horrified. The girl had not moved but stayed obediently over the desk. Her buttocks were a nightmare quilt of crisscrossed magenta bars. The lines were dark, almost black in places, and Emmanuelle found her mouth dry with fear.

“All right Lindsey, I want you to tell me, have you learned anything today?”

“Yes sir,” answered the girl at the desk.