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The FLOGMASTER Presents

Twelve of the Best

*A superlative collection of twelve
of the Flogmaster's best erotic spanking stories.*

**EXCLUSIVE
CONTENT**

Contains 12 brand new,
never-before-published
stories!

VOLUME FOURTEEN
("SCHOOLGIRL")

Selected Excerpts

From *Domestic Discipline*:

Gloom enveloped the sorry trio like leaden weight. Albert marched behind, not displeased by the sight. The splendid figure of his wife, her well-built chassis swinging from side to side as she trudged forward, filled him with anticipation. Even through the white cotton dress and layers of underthings he could make out the irrepressible mounds of her hindquarters. The vision made him eager, and the two smaller figures plowing beside her, echoing her distinctive gait, did nothing to dissuade his body from liveliness.

From *Friday*:

At least Alison could amuse herself by admiring all the naked flesh around her. There was every body type imaginable. There were tall girls and short girls. There were big girls with thick waists and huge fat bottoms that shivered in the chilly hallway. There were tiny prepubescent girls with narrow hips like boys and modest breast-bumps. There were athletes with trim, tight bodies and girls like Alison with more curvy figures.

From *Trifecta*:

My breath caught at the glorious sight: her buttocks were perfect, absolutely perfect. The flesh was the color of brown butter, the cheeks swelling off the dipped back beautifully. Her thighs were slender and trim, emphasizing the fullness of her petite bum. The divide between the cheeks was pronounced and deep, clearly separating the two halves.

But even as I admired this beauty, my mind was whirling: I had not told Manuela to bare her bottom, so obviously this was how she was beaten at home. So she was beautiful and she was willing, two elements of the trifecta. The next question was, could she take a *hard* beating?

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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Twelve of the Best: Volume 14

A superlative collection of twelve thirteen of the Flogmaster's best erotic spanking stories.

Volume Fourteen ("SCHOOLGIRL")

by The Flogmaster

This collection of the Flogmaster's best writing contains stories dealing primarily with the corporal punishment and discipline of minors (usually female) by adults or peers, though some stories may contain sexual activities.

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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Domestic Discipline

(M/Fff—nc paddling, caning, anal impaling, pussy whipping)

A hard man thoroughly punishes his wife and two daughters.
Warning: brutal. (5,279 words.)

THE hilarity ceased abruptly, as if a spigot had terminated the flow of laughter. The three females stared aghast at the man in the foyer. The youngest, Eve, went chalk pale and looked like she was about to cry. Her elder sister, Marie, gulped and nearly fainted. Only the mother looked brave, her jaw

locked tightly in fierce toughness, but her pale blue eyes showed genuine fear.

“Why darling, what are you doing home?” she cried, stepping bravely forward. Her face wore a mask of a wide smile. She deftly passed off her parcels to her daughters and hurried to greet her husband. “I thought you were in Pittsburgh until Monday.”

Albert ignored his wife’s kiss and glared at the trio with ill-disguised fury. “And I thought you were assisting your dear sister with her injured knee this entire weekend. That is what you told me.”

Norma looked as rattled as if struck on the side of the head with a wooden plank, but her plastic smile never wavered. “Oh, Clara’s feeling much better and it turned out she didn’t need our help after all, so we went into town—”

The man’s gaze could have melted steel. Norma began to stammer, her voice faltering and drifting off into nothing. Finally she was silent, staring at the rug in despair. It was clear he’d already spoken to Clara and lie was out. There was no defense.

The silence was agonizing. Marie spotted a bead of sweat trickling down the back of her sister’s neck and imagined she could hear it. She wanted to scream just to hear the noise.

Finally Norma stiffed with resolve. She was an impressive woman, nearly as tall as her towering husband, though considerably more slender, and still lovely. She faced him boldly, her face wan. “It was entirely my fault. The children—”

“The children shall be given their due, do not worry about that,” snapped the man. “If I was you I would be far more concerned about the state of your own flesh.”

With regal disdain, Albert peered inside the sacks and packages his daughters bore. His grim countenance grew even darker and the two girls staggered back, moaning. Norma, as white as freshly laundered sheets, fell to begging.

“Please, my dear Albert, I take the blame. Punish me, if you will, but spare—”

“The girls are old enough to make their own decisions and reap the consequences. Do not upset me further, woman. Leave

your illicit purchases here. We shall attend to the barn at once.”

There was nothing left but to obey. Norma’s chin hit her chest as she gathered her trembling daughters and led them behind the house. Every step was disheartening, every movement awful. The pitch black of the night was an omen. There was no moon and the stars were blotted out by a thick blanket of clouds. A storm was coming. Norma and the girls shivered. Ahead, the solitary lamp in the barn glowed, but it wasn’t a cheery sight. Gloom enveloped the sorry trio like leaden weight.

Albert marched behind, not displeased by the sight. The splendid figure of his wife, her well-built chassis swinging from side to side as she trudged forward, filled him with anticipation. Even through the white cotton dress and layers of underthings he could make out the irrepressible mounds of her hindquarters. The vision made him eager, and the two smaller figures plowing beside her, echoing her distinctive gait, did nothing to dissuade his body from liveliness.

Once inside the mammoth building, Albert shut the large swinging door. He signaled Marie to hit the lights. Animals in their pens stirred. Pennysmith, the colt, neighing lightly at the sound of the girls.

A glance inside the tack room showed it to be perfectly ordinary. Harnesses hung from hooks on the walls and heavy leather saddles sat on their wooden mounts. The air smelled of leather and oil and the sweat of horses. Albert pushed at the rear wall, a hidden lever releasing a latch that caused the entire panel to swing inward revealing a private room. The trio of women looked distinctly uncomfortable entering this concealed chamber.

The room was spacious with a dirt floor like the rest of the barn. The assortment of equipment made clear the purpose of the place. Dozens of thick black leather whips and straps and a score of long brown rods hung from the walls, as well as an impressive array of wooden paddles of various sizes and shapes. Even more alarming to the women were the items of furniture: wracks and stocks for uncomfortable binding, a flogging triangle, a whipping post, a birching block, a punishment bench, and far more insidious devices of punishment.

Albert retrieved a long thin black switch which he flexed

menacingly as he studied his family. The vile black wand bent like a willow, sending shivers of terror down the supple spines and trembling buttocks of the watchers. It was the judgment hour. Slowly the man made his pronouncement.

“For conspiracy to deceive me, Marie and Eve, you are each sentenced to twenty minutes on carrots two years greater than your age.” Ignoring the girls’ gurgled protests, the man set his baleful eyes on his wife. “Norma, as the leader and instigator, you will ride the metal rail, heated, with weights, for thirty minutes.”

The mother’s expression did not change, though her body seemed to deflate slightly, as though the loss of hope had sucked a considerable measure of life from her being. She slowly licked her lips.

“What’s the work-off rate?”

“For you, the price is steep. I shall use the number two cane at a rate of four per minute. For each full minute you can maintain composure and position, I’ll eliminate two minutes of rail time.”

There was a deadly silence at this as the women slowly did the calculations. For Norma to eliminate all time on the bar, she’d have to endure fifteen minutes of steady lashes—an impossible sixty strokes, even with her stout fundament.

“And us, Father?” asked Marie tentatively, her voice vibrating despite her will to keep calm.

“I’ll be merciful and use the long-handled paddlebrush. But for you it will be five per cheek per minute, paid off at the same one-for-two rate as your mother. Three per cheek for young Eve.” Cold eyes swept across the three penitents. “I can also assure all of you that you will not enjoy the positions I will choose for your correction.”

Groans were the response, Eve shaking her head and trembling. “I can’t take the carrot,” she whispered to her sister. “Even one minute is too much and twenty is murder.”

“Why are you complaining? You only have to endure sixty with the paddlebrush to avoid the carrot,” muttered Marie. “I’m up for one hundred!”

“Enough gabbing!” scolded Albert. “Disrobe, all of you. I’ll begin with Eve in precisely three minutes.”

The young brunette began to tear at this news. She stared in

dismay as her father selected a massive number fifteen wooden phallus and mounted it to the seat of a stool. It jutted upward toward the ceiling like a fist, the girl's soul sinking at the dismal sight. The number seventeen placed next door was even thicker and taller, and the two stools waiting for occupants looked ominous indeed.

The stunned Eve had to be jostled into action by her sister, hastening to remove her dress and underthings until she was complete nude. She was a narrow-hipped girl, still young, with modest curves. She blushed as she looked on with admiration at her far more voluptuous older sister, for Marie had breasts the size of grapefruits and wide hips that mimicked their mother's. Norma, of course, dwarfed both girls in height and attributes, with large heavy jugs and a massive meaty behind.

But there was no time for Eve to admire her mother's buxom figure—Albert was waiting impatiently next to a small ankle-high step. In one hand he gripped the eighteen-inch handle of what had once been a sturdy bath brush but now served as a punishment paddle. The round head was no bigger than a teacup saucer, but Eve knew the incomprehensible pain that seemingly innocent device could impart. She struggled not to weep as she approached the narrow stool.

“On your knees,” Albert commanded. He set his pocket watch on a table near the wall where he could watch the sweeping second hand. Then he adjusted his daughter, positioning her so she was precariously balanced on the narrow plank no more than six inches off the ground. She was allowed to brace herself with her hands in the middle of the board, but the awkward stance meant her knees had to be shifted wide to the sides and she wobbled even before being tormented by the paddlebrush. The gap between her legs left her widely exposed, and the young girl had minimal fur to cover her deepest secrets.

Eve moaned, the hardwood already painful on her knees. Her bottom stuck out rudely behind her, making her face darken with hot shame, for it felt to her that she was lasciviously thrusting up her chubby rump. There was nothing she could do about it, however, for she was positioned like an inverted triangle, with her knees and hands fighting for space on the tiny bench.

Her father checked the watch. “Only full minutes count,” he reminded the trembling Eve. “You'll do your time on the carrot

with whatever you don't work off with the paddle. I suggest you endure the spanking unless you prefer being impaled."

Eve said nothing, concentrating on holding her position. She was facing the two stools with their waiting spears threatening her and her face was white with fear.

As the second hand crossed vertical, Albert began. The smooth back of the lean brush rapped sonorously against the bare left haunch of the teenager producing a high-pitched cry and a smudge of fiery pink. Ten seconds later the dose was repeated on the right chub. The spanking had begun and once it started, it didn't stop. The hard paddle was remorseless, smacking heartlessly into quivering pink meat.

Marie and Norma watched in dismay, their own buttocks tightening in nervous sympathy. If each hadn't known that in a few moments she would be in a similar position as Eve, she might have enjoyed the sight of the pretty girl wiggling so dramatically.

Eve's head flailed, the long pony tails draped on either side of her neck dancing wildly. Her plump bottom shivered and writhed, the milky skin blotchy with circles of angry scarlet. She gave voice to her pain with yelps and small howls. She kicked her feet frantically, frustrated by her inability to do anything to stop the pain. The steady, relentless pace of the paddling gave the girl no quarter, no chance to rest, fresh fire arriving every ten seconds.

Two minutes of agony slowly passed, then three. The buttocks were well-reddened now, the flat head of the paddle working over previously spanked flesh. Eve sobbed. Oh, this was impossible to bear! Only the awful sight of the imperious pillars waiting for her adornment kept her in position. She bent her head low, furiously determined to endure the pain, hot spansks radiating across her thrusting hinds.

She managed another minute, and then another. By her calculations she was half-finished, a full ten minutes knocked off her carrot time, but the ten left was much too much to endure. She *had* to cut it further. "Just another minute," she told herself. "Just six more spansks."

But her buttocks were scalding hot. She felt roasted behind and every fresh wallop made her want to jump out of her skin it hurt so badly. Worse, she was so exhausted that the momentum

of the paddle threatened to send her sprawling. She did not know how much longer she could endure. She was glossy with sweat. She could feel it on her back and tickling her arms. Even her palms were moist, making it difficult to hold her grip on the stool.

Then her father attacked her low, in the overhang just above her thighs. Her skin there was impossibly tender and every spank had her screaming. With a wail of dismay she tottered. Another spank caught her right flank. She twisted so far she nearly toppled. Then its twin caught her left cheek. Everything went red. Still she held on, clawing at the crude splintered wood of the stool, and then she was eating dirt, her face buried in the soft earth of the barn floor. She broke into deep sobs then, aware of her failure.

“You just made the sixth minute,” said Albert. “That’s twelve off your tally, so only eight on the carrot for you.”

It was still too much. Eve hated impalement more than anything. She staggered to her feet and ran to her mother, embracing her with shuddering sobs. Norma patted the girl briefly, then coldly set her aside, keenly aware of the stern eyes of her husband on her.

“Buck up, child,” she reproached. “Stand and learn from your sister’s example.”

Eve bravely struggled to her feet and wiped her eyes and watched with interest as the lovely Marie went forward. She looked stunning with her curly dark hair and soft pale skin. Her flesh was radiant, her curves sleek and feminine. Her opulent bottom glowed as she mounted the tiny stool where Eve had just knelt. Then she hinged at the waist, her top half diving so that her fingers gripped the underside of the plank. The round ball of her buttocks split obscenely, the cheeks flaring widely. Bent like this, without a stitch, she looked all ass.

Albert adjusted Marie’s feet to the outer edges of the narrow board, ensuring she was widely spread. Tendrils of wispy black hair emerged from between her legs, gathering in a petite clump at the base of her crotch. Eve could still see the pulpy pink lip of her sister’s sex, however, as well as the dark rosette centered deep between the plump hams.

With two-and-half years growth on Eve, Marie was fully a woman. Her buttocks were magnificent, plump and round, full

without being flabby. Her sturdy thighs were similarly endowed. Taller than Eve, with longer legs, when mounted on the stool and bent in half, her butt was perfectly positioned at Albert's midsection. He smiled grimly as he lined up the paddlebrush, one eye on the ticking watch. The wait for the second hand to arrive at a new minute was a long one, a nervous Marie shivering, her rump oscillating prettily as she anticipated the first wicked spank.

It finally came, shockingly hard and awful, a hot brand on her right sitter. A mere six seconds later the tingling burn was repeated on her left cheek, then back on the right. The steady pace of the paddling was devastating, for just as Marie caught her breath from one stinging the other mound was kissed. It was impossible to relax even for a second. The pain increased steadily with each heartless wallop, and after just twenty spanks, a mere two minutes into her torture, Marie was wavering on the stool.

"Oh Father, please!" she gasped, moaning loudly as the hardwood paddle crushed her right haunch yet again. "It's too fast, too much! I can't stand it!"

"Then you'll have the carrot. Only sixteen minutes—you've worked off four minutes so far."

Despite the speech Albert literally didn't miss a beat. The long-handled brush gave him tremendous leverage with minimal effort. The blows were shockingly hard, making Eve weep and Norma look ill. Marie wailed with despair and suffering. Every hearty smack of the paddle sent a meaty mound quivering like a molded gelatinous dessert. Albert spanked soundly and steadily, ignoring his eldest's frantic pleas for mercy.

It was clear she would not last long. After just four minutes Marie was a wreck, wobbling so much it was a miracle she stayed in position at all. Through sheer force of will she managed to get past the fifth and somehow endured another eight pops with the paddlebrush. Then, with her rumpcheeks approaching the color of eggplant, she stood up with a scream and grasped her ass with both hands, howling and dancing off the stool in utter defeat.

Albert shook his head gravely. "Foolish girl. Another two and you'd have saved yourself two minutes on the carrot. Instead you took eight for nothing. Still, you did passably well, knocking your tally to half. Ten minutes you'll have. Now go stand by your

sister while I attend to your mother.”

Marie staggered away, twin balls of purple following her, and threw her arms around her sister for comfort. Norma said nothing, her face dour. Her fleshy naked body shivered as she moved, yet she held her head proudly. Albert couldn't help but smile in admiration at her generous proportions. He rotated the petite stool ninety degrees and ordered her to stretch her body lengthwise with her toes in the dirt and her hands on the wood.

“Now get your legs wide, all the way, as wide as you can stretch them. Further than that.”

A long lean willow wand rapped the pale insides of her thighs, urging her to spread. Meekly she complied. Then the rod flicked at her heels, pressing her forward. She crab-walked awkwardly until she was nearly bent in half, her legs so wide she was an open vessel. Her weeping children eyed her with astonishment and horrified curiosity. Nothing was hidden from their eyes. Nothing could be hidden in such an ignominious pose.

Leaving her, Albert crossed the room to two wooden horses set six feet apart. A single beam spanned the space, held at each end by steel clamps. Deftly the man released the wooden bar and exchanged it for an iron one similar to a section of railway track. The top half was slightly rounded, though still narrow for its planned use.

Norma shuddered. She kept her worried eyes on her husband as he prepared the rail. She watched with alarm as he brought out a small stove filled with coals and lit it. In moments it was radiating heat upward at the rail above. Albert grinned at her.

“The longer you endure the caning, the more time the rail has to heat.”

“So I should give up now?” Norma said dryly.

“And ride the rail for thirty minutes.”

Norma shook her head. Her husband was diabolical. He knew how much she hated the rail. Even the wooden bar was torture beyond words. Hot iron? There wasn't even a question. The searing strokes of a white hot cane sizzling into her nether fat was heaven in comparison.

Albert approached her center person. She was thrust so far forward she was nearly doing a handstand. In this position her buttocks were her peak. He cupped each summit with a hand, his

The FLOGMASTER'S

Twelve of the Best: Volume 14

This collection includes the following: **Domestic Discipline:** (M/Fff – nc paddling, caning, anal impaling, pussy whipping) A hard man thoroughly punishes his wife and two daughters. **Warning:** brutal, **Friday:** (M/fx40 – nc strapping, paddling, caning) A girl experiences her school's unusual punishment system for each week's demerits. **Marguerite:** (M/f – nc caning, strapping) A man severely punishes his ward. **Only Three:** (F/f – nc caning, strapping, paddling) A girl is sent for a "mere" three strokes of the cane, but it's an experience she'll never forget. **Sisters:** (M/ff – nc spanking, strapping, paddling, switching) A wickedly over-the-top parental discipline story where the dad punishes his two daughters. Severely fun. **Taylor Made:** (M/f – nc paddling) A father makes a birthday paddle for his daughter's birthday spanking. **Teacher's Pet:** (M/f – semi-cons spanking, strapping, caning, a hint of implied sex) A schoolgirl plots to get herself spanked by a sexy teacher. **The Cane:** (M/f – nc caning) As her father flogs her, a girl finds her feelings about the cane confusing. **The Fear:** (M/f, M/F – nc caning, spanking) A woman remembers her childhood terror of the rod and learns to bear it as an adult. **The Substitute:** (F/f – nc caning) A schoolgirl figures out a way to take other girls' canings for cash. **Three Miserable Girls:** (M/fff – nc caning, paddling, strapping) Three schoolgirls are sent to the punishment shed. **Trifecta:** (M/f – nc spanking, strapping, caning, thigh and foot whipping) A headmaster writes about his discovery of the "trifecta," a schoolgirl who is beautiful, submissive, and has a high tolerance for pain.

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