

THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

The FLOGMASTER Presents

Twelve of the Best

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

**EXCLUSIVE
CONTENT**

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

**VOLUME ONE
("SCHOOLGIRL")**

Selected Excerpts

FROM *A BEAUTIFUL Girl*:

Mr. Jones grabbed a cane from the bin by the door and held it up like a sword. “Lying is against school policy, Miss Lola. If you lie I shall be forced to administer immediate punishment. Six of the best!”

“But I’m not lying! I am *not* beautiful, I am UGLY!”

“That’s it. You just earned yourself a sound thrashing, young lady. Over my desk, right now. I will give you something to cry about.”

FROM *THE DLARY*:

I got my first whipping a short time ago. Daddy took me out to the stables and whipped me with a long leather strap. I don’t know if I can describe it. It was soooo amazing! The feelings that coursed through my body with each explosion of pain—it was marvelous. I am still giddy with delight.

It wasn’t what I expected, exactly. It was far better. Over the years I’ve seen Daddy whipping Mom or my sister and I’ve only been able to stand in the shadows and watch, too young to join in. But not any more. I’m sixteen! I’m a woman!

When Daddy took my hand and winked at me, I knew where we were going. I was so excited I could hardly breathe. I glanced around the room at all the birthday party guests and everyone was laughing and smiling and waving at me. They all knew my time had come. They all knew it was my first, and the first time is always the most special.

FROM *THE VISTOR*:

“In a moment we shall enter my private discipline chamber and I shall flog each of you. Trust that I whip for the glory of the motherland, not for any misdeed on your behalf. This will be a difficult challenge for you, but I know you will not fail to represent yourself, your school, or your country well. Be brave and show the Major that Lugeburg is not only the strictest school in the region, but has the toughest and most intelligent students as well.”

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

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

VOLUME ONE ("SCHOOLGIRL")

*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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An ugly duckling learns about real beauty. (3,550 words.
Written in 2004.)

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tenderness, humor**

The Flogmaster wonders if this isn't his best story ever.
(2,542 words. Written in 1998.)

Anything But the Switch **29**

F/f — nc schoolgirl switching

A teen gets switched by her grandparents. (4,390 words.
Written in 2003.)

A School Spanking **40**

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Two randy teens discover love as they suffer the rod and
strap at school. (5,348 words. Written in 2003.)

The Price of Beauty **54**

M/f — schoolgirl spanking, teacher-student lust

A schoolgirl learns it's painful to be beautiful. (9,018 words. Written in 2000.)

Breaking Out **78**

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A shy geek tutors the most beautiful girl in school in more than just geometry. *This is a new, never-published story, exclusive to this collection!* (4,575 words. Written in 2007.)

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If spankophiles lived in a perfect world, this is what it would be like. (6,712 words. Written in 1998.)

Discipline for Rebecca **106**

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A girl learns about discipline. (2,291 words. Written in 2004.)

The Governess **112**

m/F — paddling, manipulative boy

A clever boy manipulates his new governess. (4,013 words. Written in 2004.)

Miss Jones **125**

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A beautiful teacher helps a shy boy become a man. (6,183 words. Written in 2006.)

The Psychology Student **I41**

F/m — schoolboy, surprise

A legendary student recollects what really happened way back when. (4,239 words. Written in 1999.)

Six Is Nothing **I52**

Ffff/Ffff — semi-cons severe caning

Three girls learn what it takes to be queens of the school. *This is a new, never-published story, exclusive to this collection!* (5,359 words. Written in 2004.)

The Visitor **I68**

F/fff — severe schoolgirl caning

A major visits a school to see if their discipline standards are high enough. (4,828 words. Written in 2004.)

A Beautiful Girl

M/ff — nc caning

An ugly duckling learns about real beauty. (3,550 words. Written in 2004.)

THE LITHE BLONDE squirmed nervously before the teacher's stern glare.

"Lindsay, I asked you a question. Did you complete the assignment?"

"No sir, I'm afraid I did not."

The silence was so loud the room rang with it. Mouths dropped open throughout the class.

Mr. Jones' voice was ice. "You know what this means?"

"I expect you'll have to beat me, sir."

The teacher took a moment to respond. "Very well. You will see me after class."

"Yes sir." Lindsay's head slumped down in a picture of dejection, but the moment the man's back was turned she flashed her friends a triumphant grin. Sue and Hil stared back, amazed.

"You're wicked!" hissed Hilary, shaking her head.

"Crazy," added Sue.

In the seat behind Lindsay sat an invisible girl. Her name was Lola. She watched and saw everything Lindsay and her friends did, but they never saw her. That was because she was not cool. She was ugly and fat and awkward. She didn't listen to the right music or watch the popular TV shows. She liked horrible subjects like science and hated fun things like fashion. She had no friends. She quietly existed, preferring the role of observer over observed.

Lola was silently processing the previous events, trying to make sense of what she'd witnessed. It made no sense. The beautiful, popular Lindsay, queen of the school, had practically begged to be thrashed. Even stranger, she seemed to be pleased by her actions. Was this Upside-Down-Land? Did the girl *want* to be caned? Lola didn't understand at all.

When the bell rang, eyes rotated to Lindsay. She sat calmly while everyone else stood quickly to go. She did not move while the room emptied. Outside the classroom, Sue and Hil waited, look at each other nervously. Neither noticed the dark-haired girl watching them.

From inside the room came a sound like a distant gunshot. After a pause the sound was repeated twice more. A final fourth crack was followed by the strangled cry of a young girl in considerable pain. A moment later the door opened and a teary-eyed but smiling Lindsay emerged.

“Well?” asked Sue, breathless.

Lindsay beamed. “He said I had a lovely bum!” she crowed. She glanced around suspiciously, not noticing the lurking Lola. “Come on.”

The trio disappeared into a nearby restroom, oblivious to the trailing shadow. There Lindsay quickly posed, leaning forward and lifting the back of her skirt.

She wore thong underwear and the sleek curves of her buttocks were revealed, twin hams of attractive shape and structure. Crossing both cheeks were four dark ruby lines, finger-thick, swelling with rage.

“Wow!” muttered Hil. “Ouch!”

“Did it hurt?” asked Sue.

“Of course it bloody well hurt!”

Lindsay sighed deeply. “But it was worth it. Mr. Jones is such a dream!”

Suddenly things made sense to the peeping Lola. Mr. Eric Jones, Creighton Academy history teacher, was twenty-seven years old, single, and absurdly handsome. Every girl in school had a crush on him. Lola had to admit even she was not immune to the tall man’s strong jaw and intense dark eyes. When he passed near her, she couldn’t breath properly. Of course he barely knew she existed, but if getting caned was a way to get his attention, that wasn’t a bad price to pay. Damn, Lindsay was crazy like a fox.

“He thought your ass was cute?” Hil was saying.

“Oh yes! He made me bend over his desk and lift my skirt and when he saw I was wearing a thong I thought he might hesitate but he didn’t. He just said, ‘That’s a lovely bum to show the world, Miss Lindsay,’ and proceeded to thrash me blue!”

“Oohhh,” moaned Sue, putting a palm to her forehead. “That’s soooo cool!”

For weeks after her caning, Lindsay was insufferable—at least from Lola’s perspective. The girl flaunted before the handsome teacher and didn’t care who noticed. She would constantly drop things—pencils, books, erasers—and have to bend over in front of Mr. Jones’ desk to pick them up. She always bent slowly, with her butt to the teacher, wagging her tush back and forth as she pretended not to be able to find what she was looking for. It made Lola ache to crack a cane across those pert haunches herself.

The worst part was that her ploy was working. Mr. Jones did notice Lindsay, his eyes following her when she moved, and the two seemed to have developed some sort of secret language. The words were normal school English, but extra meaning was hidden beneath the routine phrases.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Jones,” she’d say, coming into class with a jaunty hip shift.

“Good afternoon, Miss Lindsay. I trust you’ll find *sitting* more to your liking today?”

“Not a problem, sir. My *seat* is very *comfortable*.”

“Ah yes. Nicely padded, it is.”

“Oh dear, I dropped my pencil. Now where did it go? Ah, there it is. I can almost reach it... if I stretch... ah, got it!”

“Please *sit* down, Miss Lindsay. Or I shall have to take *strict measures* to encourage your *obedience*.”

“Yes sir! Right away sir.”

Even the simple act of sitting down was elaborated, giving the male teacher every possible opportunity to notice the sexy teenage girl. Lindsay’s wide eyes were oh-so-innocent but the hint of a smile played around her lips. She had fooled no one, especially not Lola, who thought the whole thing was just ridiculous.

But Lola couldn’t help being jealous. It was so unfair. Lindsay was so pretty and thin and had such fabulous hair and all the other girls thought she was just so cool. And now she had Mr. Jones wrapped around her miserable little finger. It was just unfair.

It was about a month after her first caning when Lindsay openly defied Mr. Jones in class.

“This is fucking stupid!” she cried, tossing her textbook on the floor. “Why do we have to learn all these stupid dates and shit anyway? It’s all ancient history and pointless!”

She was given eight strokes on that occasion, enough to make her walk strangely when she emerged from the classroom, eyes red from crying.

“Oh my poor bum!” she wailed, gripping her rear cheeks and running straight to the bathroom with Sue and Hil and the invisible Lola trailing. In the bathroom she tore off her skirt and placed wet paper towels against her burning nether cheeks. “Hell that *hurt!*” she groaned when she deigned to notice the others.

“Your bottom looks like a hot grill!” exclaimed Hilary, running up to study Lindsay’s battered cheeks from close-up. “My God, look at those weals! He really tore into you, Lin.”

“Tell me something I don’t know.”

Sue pushed her way forward. “I thought you said he liked you.”

“He does,” sighed Lindsay. She shivered. “Today was the most awesome experience of my life. It was like he was telling me how much he loved me with every stroke of that cane!”

“What are you talking about? Look at your ass! You won’t be able to sit for a month!”

Lindsay smiled condescendingly at her friend, arrogant teacher to stupid pupil. “Of course he beat me hard. That’s because he loves me!”

Even Hil was stunned. “Huh?”

“You fools wouldn’t understand. It’s a connection we have. He said I have the most beautiful ass he’s ever caned. He told me he was going to thrash me *really* hard, and I told him to do whatever he felt was necessary.”

“But—”

“Shut up and let me finish. He only canes the beautiful girls, you know. The more beautiful the harder he canes. Each of these lines is a love poem, a witness to how much he loves me.”

In the dark corner, unseen, Lola sucked in her breath. Oh how she wanted a love poem written on her flesh! To have a strong handsome man like Mr. Jones beat her soundly, beyond endurance, telling her with each stroke of agony how much he loved her!

When the girls had left, Lola stared at herself in the mirror. She rarely bothered with such a pointless activity, but today she was desperate. She stared in disgust at the figure in the mirror. The hair was dark and stringy, lifeless and tangled. Her face was full, the petite eyes, nose, and mouth too small for such a large face. Her eyes were like raisins in a ball of dough, she thought.

Then there was her figure, such as it was—or rather wasn't. A big bag of lumpy potatoes, shapeless and awkward, that's what she was. Her ass was a huge ugly mass of flesh, not a sexy little basketball butt like Lindsay. Who was she kidding? There was no way Mr. Jones would want to cane her. He didn't even want to look at her.

Lola went back to her stall and began to weep. She wept silently for a long time, until she heard the janitor whistling on his rounds. School was long over and she needed to get home.

She waited until it was quiet in the hallway and opened the door, looking both ways. No one was there. She didn't know why she was being so careful. It wasn't like anyone would notice her anyway. She trotted toward her locker.

“Staying late are we Miss Lola?”

The voice froze her blood. Lola didn't need to turn to know who it was. There was no mistaking that stern baritone. It was Mr. Jones.

“Miss Lola, what are you doing at school after hours?”

Lola's tongue dried up. Her eyes stung with tears. Why him? Why now? She was so ugly. How could he even bear to talk to her? Her head went down.

“Uh, sir, I, uh, I...”

A strong hand reached under her chin, lifting her head upward. Lola almost panicked, terror flooding through her as her eyes met the teacher's. But his eyes were kindly, his tone gentle teasing.

“Have you been up to some sort of mischief?”

“I...”

“Wait a minute. Have you been crying?”

“Oh no sir! I, uh—”

“Come with me. Into my office.”

The room was only a few steps away. Lola was pulled into it as though by an invisible force. The door shut behind her and Mr. Jones pushed a chair behind her.

“Sit.” The command was like a fact, indisputable. Lola sat.

“Now relax. Take a deep breath. Tell me what’s going on. Why were you crying?”

“It’s nothing sir.”

“I’ll be the judge of that. Now speak.”

Lola tore her eyes from the carpet and glanced up at the man. He was behind his desk, tall and commanding, comfortable and in control. He was smiling kindly. He looked so handsome her heart did a little jitter. For a moment, she almost forgot the image of herself in the mirror. For a moment, she almost thought she was normal.

“Is something wrong at home?”

“No sir, nothing like that.”

“Then it’s something at school. Did you do poorly on an exam? Break up with your boyfriend? What happened?”

She shook her head. “No, no, it was nothing...”

Boyfriend? He was mocking her, of course. Didn’t the whole world know she was the only girl at Creighton Academy who *didn’t* have a boyfriend? Who had *never* had a boyfriend?

“We are going to stay here until you tell me, Miss Lola. All night if necessary. You will find I am a very stubborn man. I always get what I want.”

Lola looked toward the door. It appeared to be very far away.

“I was just... sad, sir,” she blurted out finally.

“Sad? What on earth would a girl like you have to be sad about?”

Everything? thought Lola, but she didn’t say it. Instead she raised her head. “A girl like me?”

“Yes, an intelligent, talented, beautiful girl who attends the best prep school in the country and has her pick of any Ivy League college she wants. The future’s in your pocket, Miss Lola. What on earth would make you sad?”

Lola was bewildered. She couldn’t have heard correctly. “I am not beautiful,” she muttered.

“Excuse me?”

She shrugged, not repeating the phrase. But Mr. Jones had apparently heard it.

“What makes you think you are not beautiful?”

Lola’s cheeks burned. She stared at the books on the wall.

“Miss Lola, look at me.”

Slowly, like a team losing at tug-a-war, her head rotated. She kept her eyes down, then that strong hand was at her chin again, lifting her to stare into those beautiful ebony eyes.

“You are a beautiful girl. Listen to me, Miss Lola. You are a beautiful girl. I want you to repeat that. Come on, say ‘I am a beautiful girl.’ Say it.”

Tears streamed from Lola’s eyes in an unexpected burst and she tore her chin from his hand, staring at the carpet as her emotions went out of control.

“I can’t!” she cried. “I can’t!”

“Because you don’t believe it.”

“Because it’s not true!”

“That’s a lie!” roared Mr. Jones leaping to his feet. His anger was astonishing. Lola was so shocked she stopped crying.

“That is a **lie**,” snarled the teacher furiously. “You are a beautiful girl, a wonderful, talented human being, and I don’t want you to ever forget that!”

Lola didn’t know what to say. She shook her head. “But—”

“If you lie again I shall thrash you!”

Lola gasped.

Mr. Jones grabbed a cane from the bin by the door and held it up like a sword. “Lying is against school policy, Miss Lola. If you lie I shall be forced to administer immediate punishment. Six of the best!”

“But I’m not lying! I am *not* beautiful, I am UGLY!”

“That’s it. You just earned yourself a sound thrashing, young lady. Over my desk, right now. I will give you something to cry about.”

It was like a dream. Somehow Lola found herself bent across the teacher’s desk. She felt him raise her skirt, tucking it into her waistband to hold it up and leave her bum exposed. Her face was hot with shame. Oh God, he was staring at her ass!

Bent over, her butt felt obscenely huge. Surely her panties couldn’t contain all that blubber. Wouldn’t they burst at the seams? Oh Lord, this couldn’t be happening. This was impossible, absurd. Surely—

“Ahhhh!” Lola’s scream of anguish dwarfed the snapping sound the cane made as it connected with her plump flesh. Before she could react,

the rod swished down again. Twin lines of fire throbbled across her bottom. Lola hissed and writhed across the desk.

“I can see I’ve gotten your attention,” said Mr. Jones, his voice stern and cruel. “Good. Now stay in position and don’t get up unless you are enjoying this and want extras.”

Crack! Snap! Whack!

Lola couldn’t believe the intensity of the pain. The thin wooden rod seemed to cut right into her flesh and bury itself there. At first there was nothing, only the pressure against her butt. A fraction of a second later there was a horrible burn, quickly followed by a stinging that continued to escalate in intensity. After a few seconds the pain reached a peak and settled into a throb.

Swish-CRACK!

“Ahhhhrgggggg,” moaned Lola, writhing helplessly against the desk. Her buttocks were burning, the meat of her cheeks sizzling as though she’d sat on a hot grill. She clutched frantically at the edge of the desk, struggling to hold herself in position.

There was a long pause. Lola panted, staring at Mr. Jones’ empty chair in front of her. She waited for the next stroke.

“You have a lovely bum, Miss Lola,” said a gentle voice behind her.

Lola shook her head, tears flowing. “Stop mocking me!”

“Six more then!” growled Mr. Jones angrily.

The rod whistled through the air, arriving to a crushing stop against the soft flesh of the sprawled teenager. Lola grunted, moaning at the stinging impact. The cane rebounded, then returned, harder than before.

“Ahh! Please, sir! Have mercy!”

Snap! “You are a *liar* Miss Lola. Liars at Creighton Academy are severely punished.” Whack! “Here you will learn to speak the truth or suffer the consequences.” Crack! “Are you learning, Miss Lola? Or do you need further lessons?” Swish-CRACK!

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!”

“As I said, Miss Lola, you have a lovely bum. So round and full. I bet this bum can take a lot of punishment. I could cane you all day and all night. I enjoy thrashing beautiful bottoms, little Miss, and I tell the truth when I say it’s an honor to cane magnificent cheeks like yours. Shall we continue with six more? I promise I shall make them hurt, draw some really tender purple lines across those perfect orbs.”

Lola could only moan, wiggling her tender haunches in her agony. Her vision was blurred by tears, and her mind was growing confused. This hurt so awfully yet it felt so good! Her buttocks blazed but she didn't really mind, not if what Mr. Jones said was true. Did he really like her bum? Would he really like to cane her all night long?

She had to admit, her buttocks felt alive right now. For that matter, *she* felt alive. Her whole body was alive with experience. This was something she'd never felt before and would never forget. The tremendous pain made her problems seem petty and insignificant. So she was a little overweight, big deal. So she didn't have the Barbie perfect 10 figure, so what? It wasn't like she aspired to be a model or movie star or something silly like that.

"I'm waiting for an answer," said Mr. Jones, tapping the tip of the cane against Lola's tender seat. She squirmed frantically. "Six more or are we done?"

"Sir, please I—"

"Are you beautiful?"

"Sir please!"

"Are you beautiful?"

When Lola didn't answer immediately, Mr. Jones let the cane do the talking. The rod rose and fell, thick weals blossoming across the taut buttocks of the teen. Lola quivered and moaned and cried out as the cane painted her buttocks crimson and purple. She was sobbing when he stopped.

"You've taken eighteen strokes, Miss Lola. That's the most I've ever given any girl in my charge. You're either the most stubborn or most beautiful girl I've ever thrashed!"

Suddenly Lola's mind was clear. The fog vanished. Lindsay's earlier words came back: *He only canes the beautiful girls, you know. The more beautiful the harder he canes. Each of these lines is a love poem, a witness to how much he loves me.*

Lola stood up, astonished. Her tears were forgotten. The furious throbbing of her buttocks was forgotten. She stared at Mr. Jones. "You think I'm pretty?"

"I don't think, I know. You are beautiful."

"But I'm nothing like Lindsay. She's so... so thin, and she's got such nice eyes and hair..."

“Lindsay Montgomery is a scrawny, talentless, manipulating bitch,” said Mr. Jones firmly. “She’ll marry into money, probably a guy from Harvard her family sets her up with, and within a few years they’ll be divorced and she’ll take half and end up drunk and strung out. By thirty she’ll be addicted to plastic surgery in the vain hope of keeping her looking the way she did at twenty because that’s all she’s got. Take away her looks and she’s air.”

Lola had to work not to smile widely. “And me?”

“You? You’ll graduate from Stanford with honors, make a dozen key discoveries that will revolutionize multiple fields of science, and go on to win the Nobel prize. You’ll marry a genuinely nice man, a fellow scientist, you’ll have four kids, all geniuses, and you’ll die at 98, successful, wealthy, admired, and deliriously happy, with twenty-seven great-grandkids.”

“Really?”

“I never lie, Miss Lola.” He held up the cane to make his point.

Lola nodded, a tremor of fear coursing through her thrillingly, her hands going to massage her steaming ass.

“I believe you,” she whispered. “I *am* beautiful.”

“You have eighteen lines to help you remember that.”

“And if I ever forget?”

Mr. Jones’ raised his eyebrows. “Well, you can always return to me for a refresher. I never tire of whipping a beautiful bottom.”

Lola blushed, but her heart beat faster. Beautiful bottom. What a lovely phrase! Her beautiful bottom was sore and throbbing, but she didn’t mind at all. With every movement the soreness reminded her of how beautiful her bottom was.

She stopped at the door. “Sir?”

“Yes?”

“Thank you.” For more than you’ll ever know, she thought. Tears glistened in her eyes. Mr. Jones smiled at her, the genuine smile of a friend.

“You be good, Miss Lola. I shall see you in class tomorrow.”

“Yes sir.”

Lola left, her heart singing. To hell with Lindsay and her silly games. Mr. Jones had give her eighteen strokes, more than any other girl! She was special, unique, not a cookie-cutter blonde like Lindsay. Her heart warmed when she thought of it.

Someday Lola would find her own Mr. Jones, a handsome, kind man with a firm hand and a loving heart, who'd make sure she didn't forget how special she was.

Lola could hardly wait.



The FLOGMASTER'S

Twelve of the Best 1

For over a decade the Flogmaster has been one of the Internet's most prolific and talented writers of erotic spanking literature. Now, for the first time, his work is available in print.

In this first volume of the Flogmaster's "five-star" stories, he explores his favorite genre, classic schoolgirl spankings. As you might expect there are corporal punishment stories like ***Anything But the Switch*** and ***Discipline for Rebecca***, but dig deeper and you'll find wonderful coming-of-age stories in ***Breaking Out****, ***The Psychology Student***, and the classic ***Miss Jones***. There's the love story of ***A School Spanking*** and the wonderful ***The Price of Beauty***. Spankophiles will enjoy the humor of ***The Diary*** and you'll love the way a little boy outwits ***The Governess***. And there's the touching ***A Beautiful Girl*** and the tender ***Acceptance***, which the Flogmaster thinks might be his best story ever. Those who want raw severity aren't forgotten as you'll enjoy the extreme punishments inflicted by ***The Visitor*** and in ***Six Is Nothing****.

* New, never-before-published story *exclusive* to this volume.