

THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

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 TWELVE  
("SCHOOLGIRL")**



## ***Selected Excerpts***

**FROM** *A Simple Beating:*

“That’s two extras for dawdling!”

The magic phrase prompted the too-tight corduroys to quickly descend, sliding across plump hemispheres that shook with fatty tremors as the young girl shuddered in dreaded apprehension. She bit her lower lip to whiteness, dark eyes as wide as chunks of coal, and stood with nothing covering her skin between navel and knee.

**FROM** *Getting Away With It:*

Shari’s bottom began to tingle. Suddenly her head shot up in alarm as the prickling became a dull burn. It reminded her precisely of the way hot sauce felt on the tongue, mild at first and then unbearable, except this was all over her hips and lower region. She squirmed, twisting, as the penetrating fever flushed halfway down her thighs and even between her legs.

The headmistress laughed. “Are you feeling it, dear? It’s a mild caustic. Totally harmless, of course, but the agitation, when combined with hearty weals from my trainer, is quite unpleasant.”

**FROM** *Inga from Denmark:*

“Come in, Inga. Come in,” he said welcomingly, watching her glide gracefully inside. She turned, offering him a profile of her fabulous body. She wore a pink flower skirt and a low-cut red sweater top that clung to every luscious curve. He caught a glimpse of the rounded mounds of her rear and sucked in his breath in a gasp at the perfection displayed. She was magnificent.

He forced his voice to be casual, almost bored. “Mr. Clark isn’t here, but I can get you started. Have you been spanked yet?”

## **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  
of the Flogmaster's best erotic spanking stories.*

## **VOLUME TWELVE ("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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A girl gets her princess cousin caned. (3,615 words.)

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**M/f — semi-cons spanking, paddling**

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## **The Witness**

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**M/Ff — nc switching**

A woman watches her neighbor switch his daughter. (3,351 words.)



# *A Simple Beating*

## **F/f — nc caning**

A teen learns the new housekeeper is strict with the cane.  
(1,503 words.)

**“TAKE THOSE RIDICULOUS TROUSERS** down,” commanded the matron, reaching for the mile-long yellow stick.

Contrite Lucy was aghast. “But ma’am!” She squirmed, the cane looking even longer in the stout woman’s arm. “I... I’m always beaten over pants. That’s why I put them on!”

The woman’s mocking laugh was a cross between a grunt and a cough. “Don’t be a silly child! You’re a sturdy girl of nearly fourteen. It is time for punishment appropriate to your age.”

“But I—” Lucy’s ears went scarlet, her cheeks burning. “You don’t understand, ma’am. I’ve... I’ve got nothing beneath!”

“I thought those treading were snug. All the better, though. Less to remove. Now hurry up. That’s two extras for dawdling!”

The magic phrase prompted the too-tight corduroys to quickly descend, sliding across plump hemispheres that shook with fatty tremors as the young girl shuddered in dreaded apprehension. She bit her lower lip to whiteness, dark eyes as wide as chunks of coal, and stood with nothing covering her skin between navel and knee.

Her face was as flushed with pink as her opposite end was pale. The meaty orbs were smooth and unblemished, causing the veteran nurse to cluck her tongue reproachfully. In her venerable opinion young ladies should always be wearing a few fading stripes.

She palmed one side with a heavy squeeze, Lucy squealing in alarm and rising to tiptoe in a vain attempt to escape the digging digits that probed inside her cleft.

“You’ve definitely a woman’s arse,” muttered Mrs. Mayfield, pleasure in her voice, and Lucy’s blush deepened to mauve.

“I take it you know how to conduct yourself?”

“I’ll try my best, ma’am,” came the whimpered response, full of sorrow and self-pity.

“See you do. I’m not shy at bestowing additional if you’re wiggling and ruining my aim. I like nice straight marks. If you value this fat backside, see to it you don’t fidget and keep your mouth clamped shut.”

The lithe rod flicked chubby underbum in an encouraging tickle and with a choked cry, Lucy went forward. Fingers strained toward toes and a youthful back arched in a graceful curve. Heavy bumcheeks protruded roundly, jerking with a spasm as though eager for a smack. The matron obliged, slapping each ham with a searing half-dozen, “just to get you in the mood.”

Lucy gasped, hot tingle burning both halves, and she shifted her feet for better stability. She wanted desperately to weep, she was so ashamed at this unprecedented treatment, but sobbing would only increase her humiliation and she stubbornly resisted.

Then the hard pole was nudging her rump, a series of light taps telling her precisely where the cane would strike, and she gritted her teeth and tensed in preparation. Naturally the woman waited an eternal minute before scything the rod down from her shoulder, catching the teen at her most vulnerable time, right as she exhaled and began to relax.

The scorching band of fire that lit up Lucy’s backside was unlike anything she had ever experienced. She had thought over-trouser beatings were unpleasant, but this was the difference between a flea bite and a sword through the gut. For a long moment she couldn’t catch her breath to scream. When she finally regained the ability to gasp and pant, she was too busy breathing to cry out. She could squirm her backside, however, and did so with enthusiasm,

writhing and wiggling the exposed seat in ways that would have made a new bride blush.

“Settle that arse down,” cautioned the housekeeper and Lucy froze, hot water boiling from her eyes. The salty liquid flowed uncontrollably as a glowing wire lanced her lower buttocks. She writhed slowly, struggling to be still, the frantic shaking of her bum bringing a smile of amusement to the one credited for the torment.

The plump rounds bore two distinct weals of ruddy scarlet, one already hinting toward purple. The expert applicator playfully touched one with the tip of a knobby finger, sparking a tiny cry and further twisting of the tail.

The rod soon swished again, blossoming a third beauty mark an inch below the others. The crisp crack of the stick echoed throughout the confined space of the bedroom, dwarfed only by the shriek from the girl.

“Ma’am, please!” howled Lucy, somehow cringing while maintaining her bent posture. Her entire body shook with the effort of not rising up.

“Hush, child. Such fuss over a simple beating! We’ve hardly begun.”

Lucy’s groan of despair was overwhelmed by the deadly snap of the whippy stick wrapping underneath her being. The searing swish left her lurching and her resistance fell away as she leapt upward with an inhuman gargle, fingers digging ruthlessly into ruined flesh behind. She scratched frantically at her own arse as though she might pry away the source of anguish.

Mrs. Mayfield was not impressed. “Shame on you girl! Get your naughty hands off that bum! Back over you go. If you rise up again, I shall tie you down, and if you trouble me to do that, I shall use more than a mere stick to beat you! Would you like a full flogging with a cartwhip?”

“N-n-nooo, ma’am! Please have mercy. That cane hurts abominably!”

**The FLOGMASTER'S**  
*Twelve of the Best 12*

*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.*

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This twelfth volume of the Flogmaster's best short stories includes twelve brand new tales of strict schoolgirl correction. There's pure punishment in the elegant **A Simple Beating**. Schoolgirls' schemes backfire in **Getting Away With It** and **Leather Pants**. A girl learns that even a light cane hurts if used **Everyday**. While a princess and her cousin suffer the cane in **A True Princess**, in an ancient culture a whipping girl learns her trade in **Genetically Designed**. A good girl makes a painful decision in **I'll Take the Cane**. There's painful tenderness in the somber **Happy Family**, while there's wicked fun in several stories of manipulation, such as **Inga from Denmark** (exchange student conned), **The Spanking Man** (a too-curious little girl), **The Trap** (a man tricks his son's pretty girlfriend), and **The Witness** (a woman wants what a daughter gets).