

THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

The FLOGMASTER Presents

Twelve of the Best

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

**EXCLUSIVE
CONTENT**

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

**VOLUME FIVE
("SCHOOLGIRL")**

Selected Excerpts

FROM *A SESSION WITH MR. BURKE:*

The cane swished through the air in a practice stroke and Daisy flinched slightly, her buttocks trembling. Then the cane cracked down across the full cheeks for real. It was not a particularly hard blow—nothing more than a stinging flick—but it drew a sharp gasp of alarm from the bent girl.

“Oh sir!” she breathed.

“Did you feel that?”

“Definitely, sir. Very sharp and stinging.”

“Good. Then here’s another.”

FROM *DESIRE:*

She felt horribly vulnerable and exposed, and the experience sent an unexpected shot of adrenaline through her loins. She was creaming as her panties slid down and she bent over the arm of the sofa, her buttocks thrusting up high and bared behind.

She loved this feeling. It was ridiculous. There was nothing sexual about to happen and she was showing her bare ass to her mother, not her boyfriend, but that apparently didn’t matter to her body. The shame heightened her sensitivity, making her infinitely aware of every aspect of herself. She could feel the tiny hairs on her buttocks shifting in the cool air, she could feel the heat between her legs almost steamy with the dripping moisture there, her cunt hairs damp with dew. Her whole body was alive, her heart pumping heavily, her breathing near panic as a confusion of fear and excitement flowed through her.

FROM *FRESH MEAT:*

I placed my left hand in the middle of her back, forcing her down, which had the effect of rounding out her hips and thrusting her bottom up slightly. The simple action took beauty and turned it into art. She was stunning, with the most magnificent spankable bum I had ever seen. I brought my right arm from well behind me in a forward arc and walloped the heavy slipper full across Amelia’s left buttock. It was a size twelve slipper, but even it wasn’t big enough to cross both such impressive cheeks. But it seemed to work, judging by the teen’s reaction.

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

Twelve of the Best

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

VOLUME FIVE ("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.

Contents

A Session With Mr. Burke **11**

M/f — semi-cons caning

A girl chooses to suffer a long caning. (2,525 words. Written in 2008.)

Bored **18**

mf/mf — cons paddling

Bored kids play a paddling game. (2,167 words. Written in 2007.)

Desire **25**

F/f — semi-cons caning

A girl dares to taste the cane. (1,637 words. Written in 2008.)

Fresh Meat **30**

M/f — nc slipping, paddling, caning

A cruel teacher delights in tormenting a gorgeous new student. Extreme to the max and a Flogmaster classic! (10,021 words. Written in 2008.)

Janitor Power	55
<hr/>	
M/f — nc spanking, nudity, bj	
A girl is blackmailed by the janitor. (2,368 words. Written in 2008.)	
Proof	62
<hr/>	
m/f — nc caning	
In this period piece, a girl must show her father proof that she's been flogged. (879 words. Written in 2004.)	
Proof 2	65
<hr/>	
FF/Ffff — nc caning	
In this period piece sequel, a girl's father seeks the lad who caned his daughter so well. (2,219 words. Written in 2004.)	
Temptation	72
<hr/>	
M/f — nc caning	
Told from two points of view, the story of a headmaster's unusual wager with an about-to-be-caned schoolgirl. (2,264 words. Written in 2007.)	
The Late Sitter	79
<hr/>	
M/f, f/f — nc spanking, caning	
A devious brat asks her babysitter to cane her. (3,028 words. Written in 2005.)	
The Popular Choice	88
<hr/>	
M/f — semi-cons spanking, paddling, strapping, caning	
A popular girl will suffer any punishment to go to the school dance. (4,908 words. Written in 2007.)	

The Wait

102

M/f — nc belting and switching, sex

A girl's boyfriend watches as she's whipped. (2,093 words. Written in 2005.)

Three Part Harmony

108

FFF/fff — nc paddling, strapping, caning

At St. Edith's School of the Holy Trinity, everything comes in threes, including punishments. (1,465 words. Written in 2005.)

A Session With Mr. Burke

M/f — semi-cons caning

A girl chooses to suffer a long caning. (2,525 words. Written in 2008.)

THE BELL RANG at the conclusion of the hour and the class began to disperse. One young lady, Daisy Hart by name, dropped her pencil and knelt to retrieve it, delaying her departure. Then she had to rearrange the papers in her notebook in preparation for carrying to her next class. Thus she trailed the others and was the last to leave the room.

As she reached the door, there was a low clearing of a throat, and a heavy male voice sternly growled, “A moment, Miss Daisy.”

She paused, her face flushing and her heart thumping. With a graceful turn she spun on a heel and arched a delicate eyebrow at the teacher. “Yes, Mr. Burke?”

The man was grimly sorting a stack of papers. “I do not seem to find your essay. Did you turn it in?”

The girl’s face fell and she hung her head shamefully. In a quiet voice she squeaked, “No sir.”

“What is your excuse?”

“I have none, sir. I... I just didn’t finish it. I ran out of time.”

The low voice was dangerous. “You know what this means.”

An imperceptible nod. “Yes sir.”

The teacher checked his notebook. “Four o’clock, then. Do not be late.”

“Yes sir.” The despondent schoolgirl slumped away, but someone watching her closely might have noticed a slight grin on her face and a happy leap to her step. These were subtle, masked by her somber expression of doom, but an observant spy would have noticed that she was not at all unsatisfied with her situation.

Promptly at four o’clock Daisy was at Mr. Burke’s door. The large man was seated at his desk and he gently mulled his beard as he studied

the girl. "This is the third time this semester I've had to cane you," he said slowly.

Daisy flushed and stared at her shoes. "I'm sorry, sir."

"I have made inquiries with my colleagues and they tell me you are an exemplary student, never in trouble, always prompt with your work. None have had occasion to punish you. Yet in my literature course you consistently give me cause. Why is this?"

The schoolgirl shifted nervously, her face revealing alarm. "I... I dunno, sir."

The man sighed and stood, taking down a slender rattan rod from the top of a metal cabinet in the corner. "If I didn't know better, I'd almost think you enjoyed being thrashed." His scoffing laugh echoed in the narrow room.

The girl started, shock on her face, but Mr. Burke's back was turned as he fetched the rod and he failed to see her expression of guilt. By the time he faced her again she was composed, her face a mask of dread and worry.

"I believe you know the routine," he said dryly, pointing to his desk.

"Yes sir." She stepped forward and placed her forearms flat on the desk, dipping her back low and presenting a surprisingly generous curve to the teacher. Her pleated schoolgirl skirt hung well away from her thighs, the roundness of her bum holding up the material.

Mr. Burke gently raised the cloth and carefully tucked it into the waistband. He took his time and made sure the skirt was secure before stepping back to admire the firm round bottom in the skin-tight underwear.

"Ah, once again you have worn non-regulation knickers," he scolded gently.

"I'm sorry, sir."

"It is no matter. You will have to be punished additionally, of course, and these pants are their own punishment as they are silk and extremely thin, providing much less protection than traditional cotton underwear." He rubbed his beard thoughtfully. "It is odd that you wore these today, knowing you'd be in this position, bent for my cane. Or did you think I wouldn't notice your missing essay?"

"I'd hoped you wouldn't realize it was missing until Monday," said Daisy quickly. "Then I'd have the weekend to finish it and maybe you wouldn't have to beat me."

“You know I never forgive a beating offense.”

Daisy’s head slumped. “Yes sir.”

“But you will bring me the finish essay on Monday.” The thin rod tapped insistently against Daisy’s rump and she bit her lip and nodded furiously.

“Yessir!”

“Well, let’s get this over with, shall we?”

The cane swished through the air in a practice stroke and Daisy flinched slightly, her buttocks trembling. Then the cane cracked down across the full cheeks for real. It was not a particularly hard blow—nothing more than a stingy flick—but it drew a sharp gasp of alarm from the bent girl.

“Oh sir!” she breathed.

“Did you feel that?”

“Definitely, sir. Very sharp and stingy.”

“Good. Then here’s another.”

Again and again the rod stung her bottom. The blows were never truly solid, but stung atrociously and made Daisy’s rounded bum wiggle and dance. She gasped and hissed and oohed and ahed and writhed beautifully, occasionally pleading with the teacher with cries of “Go easier!” and “Not so hard!”

The cane itself was light. It was the weight of a junior cane, though it had the length of a senior, and it was thin, making it fiendishly whippy. Mr. Burke hardly had to swing the thing, allowing the rod to do most of the work, the little stings and cuts adding up to a ferociously hot bottom. Soon Daisy was gasping and moaning, and begging for mercy.

“How many was that?” the man asked suddenly, and Daisy groaned.

“I have no idea!” she snapped rather crossly, squirming her bum deliciously, and earning her a quick slicing cut across her upper thighs that made her squeal in alarm.

“If you haven’t been counting, than I haven’t either. Therefore your punishment hasn’t even started yet!”

“No! That’s not fair!”

“I suggest you keep track, young lady, or we’ll be here all night!”

Daisy groaned, shifting against the desk, her head so low and her bum so high it was above her head, presented so challengingly it was almost as though she welcomed the stinging rod. The taut cheeks rounded them-

The FLOGMASTER'S

Twelve of the Best 5

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.

This fifth volume of the Flogmaster's best stories includes twelve brand new, never-before-published tales of schoolgirl discipline. In this incomparable collection, you'll meet naughty young ladies who get just what their juicy bottoms deserve. Like Daisy, who plots to get her teacher to cane her in ***A Session With Mr. Burke***, or Kaley, whose warring desires cause her to tempt fate in ***Desire***. You'll find humor in ***Bored***, where a teenage couple play a spanking game with unusual consequences, and fans of period pieces will enjoy ***Proof*** and its sequel, ***Proof 2***, where a man searches for whoever flogged his daughter so perfectly. For strict discipline, check out ***The Popular Choice***, where a girl will suffer anything for popularity; ***The Wait***, where a girl has her boyfriend watch her whipping; visit an unusual school in ***Three Part Harmony***; and discover the tempting choice an evil headmaster gives Veronica in ***Temptation***. Then there's the unforgettable twists of ***The Late Sitter***, where everyone is plotting, and the dirty old man of ***Janitor Power***. But the classic of this collection must be the dreadfully cruel ***Fresh Meat***, where a despicable teacher abuses the new girl.