

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 12 brand new,  
never-before-published  
stories!

**VOLUME SEVEN  
("SCHOOLGIRL")**



## *Selected Excerpts*

### **FROM *I LOVE MY JOB:***

I know most won't admit such a thing, demurely professing that they are just doing their job or arguing that any good feelings come from the successful correction of disobedient children. Bullshit.

The truth is that spanking is fun. It is sexy and exciting. There's nothing else quite like it. We can cover up the reality with whatever fancy words and studies we want, but the bottom line is that spanking nubile bottoms is fun.

### **FROM *NANOPANTS:***

The girl was stunning with an elegant triangle of a face. Her lips were graceful curves that highlighted her perfect teeth and high cheekbones when she smiled. Her nose was tiny and cute like a kitten's, and her eyes large pools of wondrous blue. Her hair was a mix of light brown with blonde highlights and she always wore it with a charming cut that kept her pretty face open and exposed.

But it was Jessica's body that had both women excited. Jessica was a sinful combination of slender and curvy. Her breasts were substantial, profoundly noticeable even in a plain school uniform blouse. Her hips weren't wide, but wide enough to flare off her pencil-thin waist. Her butt bulged in the opposite direction of her breasts, the cheeks full and round and impossibly firm. They positively jutted, creating a shelf for the pleated skirt.

The combination of sexy body and sophisticated face with Jessica's naturally wholesome appearance and modest dress was devastatingly tempting. She could have been a uniformed stripper or high-end whore. She radiated class with an undercurrent of naughty.

### **FROM *SHARED SPANKINGS:***

Myrtle was always getting spanked. Spankings didn't seem to bother her. In fact, if I didn't know better, I think she rather enjoyed them!

I know she enjoyed spanking the rest of us. She always had a smile as she patted her lap and held up the big hairbrush. She'd help me take down my pants, giggling at my shameful nudity, then paddling my rump like she was trying to put out a rug on fire.

## **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.

### ***Also by The Flogmaster***

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#### **Short Story Collections**

*Twelve of the Best: Volumes 1-7*

*Ultimate Archive: Volumes 1-4*

*Super-Short Stories: Volume 1*

*Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1*

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**The FLOGMASTER Presents**

# Twelve of the Best

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

## **VOLUME SEVEN ("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 woman pays for her daughter's discipline and gets more than she bargained for. (5,585 words. Written in 2008.)

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**M/FFff — nc paddling, caning**

A headmaster describes his busy day of discipline. (9,068 words. Written in 2008.)

## **Convergence** **49**

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**M/ff — nc paddling, caning**

A girl faces several punishments on the same day. (2,604 words. Written in 2008.)

## **I Love My Job** **56**

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**F/fff — nc paddling, caning**

A disciplinarian describes her punishment techniques. (4,456 words. Written in 2008.)

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A girl’s reluctance for the cane gets her into even more trouble. (1,616 words. Written in 2008.)

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Always cane the prettiest girl. (1,513 words. Written in 2008.)

## **Shared Spankings** **100**

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Siblings spank each other after a parental punishment. (3,103 words. Written in 2005.)

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**F/f — nc spanking, hairbrushing, belting**

A mother spans her naughty daughter in front of her friends. (3,462 words. Written in 2008.)

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**MMM/fff — nc implied paddling, spanking, caning**

A general organizes his troops for a vital mission. (1,511 words. Written in 2008.)



# *A Real Lesson*

**M/ff — nc paddling, caning**

A woman pays for her daughter's discipline and gets more than she bargained for. (5,585 words. Written in 2008.)

**“MY NAME IS...** Mrs. Smith,” said the woman. “Jenna Smith. This is my daughter, Sasha.”

I nodded like I believed her. People have such poor imaginations. Nothing more creative than Smith? Please. But she was quite an attractive 40-year-old blonde and her daughter was even hotter, though in a different way. Like her mother she was blonde, but her hair was long and in twin pony tails. Sasha was sixteen, tall and slender, with supple teenage curves. She wore tight black pants, an even tighter white shirt, and an iPod. She utterly ignored me, zoning out on her music.

I turned my attention to the mother. She was dressed in elegant matching black slacks and top, a black-and-white light jacket, dangly gold earrings, and vertigo-inducing high heeled black pumps. Obviously a woman of wealth and sophistication. She was slender and pretty, holding her age well. She gave me the impression of being a former model or beauty queen.

“What I can do for you, Mrs. Smith?”

“I understand you help people with problems like mine. I have one of your cards. You were referred to me by a friend of mine, Donna.”

“I know a Donna.” I glanced at the card she was showing me. It had my name, Joe Gibson, my title, “Problem Solver,” and my phone number. Nothing else. I handed it back to her, intrigued. My services are confidential. I never advertise and rarely take on new clients, and then only via referral. My job title is purposely vague as it allows me to weed out those who don't know what I do.

“Tell me about your problem.”

Mrs. Smith gestured at her daughter. “She's right there, Mr. Gibson. One hundred and eight pounds of trouble.”

“Elaborate.”

“Sasha is going through a phase. She’s been going through it for a while now, actually. She won’t listen to me, won’t do what I say, ignores my rules, pretty much just does what she wants. We fight constantly. She fights me on everything: curfew, getting up, homework, boyfriends. I’m at my wits end. I was complaining to Donna the other day and she said you’d worked wonders with her daughter, so I thought I’d give you a try.”

“You understand my methods?”

“I do.”

“You agree with them?”

She shook her head uncertainly. “I don’t know. I mean, I’ve never tried corporal punishment, but it sounds... extreme. But at this point, I’m ready for radical. I just need a solution. We cannot continue like this. We’ll kill each other.”

“How much did Donna tell you about what I do?”

“Not too much. I mean, she said you spanked Suzy and she changed her life around 360 degrees.”

“One-eighty, you mean,” I corrected.

“Huh?”

“One hundred and eighty degrees. Three-sixty is a full circle. That would put her right back where she started.”

“Oh. Right. Whatever.” She shrugged irritably, and I realized where her daughter got much of her indiscipline. “My point is that you changed Suzy. I need you to do that to Sasha.”

I stood up and turned my back on the woman, purportedly studying the books on my shelves but really my eyes were closed in thought. I waited four minutes, which no doubt felt like an hour to her. Then I turned around, shaking my head.

“I do not believe this will work, Mrs. Smith,” I said in a quieter than normal voice so she had to lean forward to hear. I wanted her paying close attention. “I require one hundred percent commitment. You are not ready.”

“What? But Mr. Gibson, no! I am committed, I swear I am!”

I looked at her dolefully. “If I were to agree to this, Mrs. Smith, you would have to do everything I say. Everything. No matter how repulsed you are by my methods, you’d have to comply. You are not ready for that. You have doubts.”

“No, I’m ready. I will do whatever you say.”

“A test, then. Please leave the room and wait in the outer hall. I wish to speak to your daughter alone.”

She stared at me, astonished. It was obvious every fiber in her being wanted to object, but she was intelligent—and perhaps desperate enough—to realize that objecting would sabotage her goal. Slowly she stood up. She looked as though I’d slapped her face. Haughtily, trying to maintain her dignity, she left my office. I locked the door behind her. She would probably try to listen in, but the room was soundproofed. As I mentioned, my work is confidential.

I walked over to Sasha and jerked the headphones out of her ears. Awful-sounding pop rock music emerged tinnily from the earbuds. I followed the wire to the music player and took it from her too. I hit the pause button and dropped the whole mess on my desk. Sasha was glaring at me like I’d just murdered a baby seal.

“Tell me about your mother,” I said, sitting behind my desk again.

“She’s a fuckin’ asshole bitch!”

“Lovely imagery. Now don’t just give me platitudes. Explain yourself.”

She frowned. “You’re sure a weirdo shrink.”

“I’m not a shrink.”

“Okay, *psychiatrist* then.”

“I’m not a psychiatrist either.”

“Therapist?”

“You can think of me as a counselor. Now tell me about your mother. Why are you fighting all the time?”

“I told you, she’s a bitch.”

“And I told you to explain. In detail. Come on.”

“She won’t let me stay out late, or stay at my friend’s house overnight. She hates all my boyfriends. She’s always going on and on about my grades. Like who the fuck cares about grades?”

“Not you, obviously. You don’t like school?”

“It’s okay. I just hate the way teachers are always on your ass, you know? Some of them are real assholes.”

“You resent authority.”

“Sure. I don’t like them telling me what to do. Why should they have the right? Isn’t this a free country?”

“Tell me about the last fight you and your mom had.”

Sasha thought for a moment. “We fought about coming here. I didn’t want to come and told her I wouldn’t, but she kept nagging me, and finally she said I could have my iPod back if I came.”

“She’d taken your iPod away?”

“Yeah. I’m supposed to be grounded. I got suspended from school a couple weeks ago.”

“Why?”

“Skipping, going off campus, a bunch of silly stuff.”

“Silly stuff.”

“Yeah.”

“Do you know why you’re here, Sasha?”

She shrugged. “So you can figure me out?”

“I hate to burst your bubble, dear, but there’s not much to figure out.” She missed the insult completely, so I moved on. “You are here to be punished.”

“This is punishment?” Sasha laughed. “You mean I have to come talk to you whenever I’ve been bad?”

“No talking. I’m all action.” I nodded toward a rack on the wall. “What do you see up there?”

“I don’t know... some sticks?”

“Those are canes.”

“Okay. So?”

“Do you know what they are for?”

“Helping you walk around?”

“Not those. Those are punishment canes. Their sole purpose is to swish through the air at blazing speed and connect to your plump buttocks.”

Sasha stared me as though I’d just sprouted an extra head. “Huh?”

“Punishment.” I stood and retrieved a rod. It was a light stick, more decorative than functional, but it served as an excellent demonstration. I showed her how it bent, and then how it wobbled in the air. It was thin and whippy, and I proved that with a swishing slash into a pillow on the divan. The sound was dull to my experienced ears, but Sasha squealed in horror and stepped away from me. Her face was pale and she looked nervous.

“You can’t be serious! You want to hit me with that?”

“I’m not going to hit you just anywhere, my dear. I’m going to strike your big fat bottom.”

“You’re a fucking lunatic! My mom would never allow—”

“But she has, Sasha dear. In fact, she’s going to pay me a great deal of money for the service.”

Sasha was backed up against the door, her hands protectively behind her, nervously guarding that sensitive and most obvious part of her anatomy. She stared at my determined face and seemed to understand her situation for the first time. Her tactics suddenly changed. “Please. Don’t do this,” she begged. “I’ll change. I’ll obey my mom. I’ll be good, I swear I will.”

“Of course you will. You’ll be a changed girl.” I paused. “Afterward.”

“No!” Her eyes were huge, the whites showing as she glanced frantically around, desperate for escape.

I replaced the cane on the rack, which seemed to reassure her. “Relax. Come, sit. We have more to discuss.”

Tentatively she obeyed. She sat cautiously on the edge of the seat, ready to leap away if needed.

“Here is what is going to happen. In a moment your mother will return. We will discuss financial arrangements. You will both sign contracts. Then we will go to my studio where you will be punished.”

Sasha stared. She shook her head and moaned, “Noooo.” But it had hopeless sound to it, as though she was already resolved to the inevitable.

“You will comply. You will do exactly what I say. You will cooperate and take your thrashing like a big brave girl. Do you know why?”

She shook her head and very softly, I explained. As I spoke her eyes grew wider and wider. They gleamed with excitement and a slow smile blossomed across her face and she nodded. “Yes sir.”

We shook hands and I unlocked the door. “Mrs. Smith? Please step back inside.” Jenna entered, glancing at her daughter, trying to divine what we had discussed.

“Good news, Mrs. Smith. I have decided to solve your problem.”

“Oh thank you, sir! Thank you!” She glared triumphantly at her daughter. “Mr. Gibson’s going to teach you a real lesson, young lady! A real lesson!”

**The FLOGMASTER'S**  
*Twelve of the Best 7*

*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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In this seventh volume of the Flogmaster's best short stories, he continues his exploration of his favorite genre, schoolgirl spankings, with twelve brand new tales. Strict disciplinarians reveal their techniques in *I Love My Job* and *It Never Gets Old*. A woman has her daughter punished in *A Real Lesson* and learns something herself. Principals and teachers plot in *The Imp\** and *Ruppert's Law*. Naughty girls learn their lessons in *Not Quite Eighteen* and *Reformed*. In another narrative, a headmaster has *A Very Busy Day*, while a teen suffers an awful *Convergence* of punishments. Siblings share their punishments with each other in the tender story, *Shared Spankings*, while *Spanked in Front of Friends* reveals all in the title. There's wonderful humor about a unique military mission in *The General*, and then there's one of the Flogmaster's favorites, *Nanopants*, in which a diabolical headmistress outwits the school charter with new technology.

\* Previously published story.