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The FLOGMASTER Presents

ULTIMATE ARCHIVE 1

*A massive collection of
the Flogmaster's erotic spanking stories!*

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pages of web-published
material.

**VOLUME ONE
("SCHOOLGIRL")**

Selected Excerpts

FROM BITTER APPLE:

“The trick, my dear girl, is to let the dog get a good taste of Bitter Apple *before* you begin using it. See, you can’t get enough of the spray on a pair of slippers to actually annoy a dog. It’d be like finding your coffee slightly bitter—you wouldn’t notice it. It certainly wouldn’t change your behavior. But if you fill the dog’s mouth with Bitter Apple first, he’ll develop an absolute disgust for the stuff: thereafter, if he smells even the slightest hint of Bitter Apple on anything, he’ll stay miles away. Guaranteed. Works like a charm.”

“Oh,” said Jill, nodding.

“Now that first dose of Bitter Apple, when your dog hasn’t done the slightest thing wrong, may seem harsh or cruel, but in the long run, it’s the best thing for the dog. Do you understand where I’m going?”

Jill felt the hairs at the back of her neck going up in alarm. He was warning her somehow. A blow from left field was heading her direction, she could feel it. She couldn’t quite put her finger on it, but she knew he’d gotten her. She looked at the headmaster with a degree of respect. He wasn’t as dumb as he seemed.

FROM JESSIE AND James:

“Would you spank me?”

The question startled—no, shocked—the sixteen-year-old boy. The little girl was ten years his junior, the neighbor’s brat. Her name was, uh, Jessie, that was it. He looked at her now. She was a cute little thing, with blonde hair and big blue eyes and tiny white teeth bursting from a friendly grin. It was nearly ninety out and she wore a tiny two-piece bathing suit and James could see a faint sheen of sweat on her upper arms. The suit didn’t conceal much, not that there was much that needed concealing. She was much too young for breasts but she did have a cute chubby bottom. A bottom that she was showing him now, offering him.

“Let me get this straight,” said James, trying not to laugh. “You’re asking me to spank you?”

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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ULTIMATE ARCHIVE '1

*A massive collection of
the Flogmaster's erotic spanking stories!*

VOLUME ONE ("SCHOOLGIRL")

This collection of the Flogmaster's fiction 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

The Twenty Dollar Bill **17**

M/mmfff — teen punishment

A number of teenage children face regular fatherly discipline until a missing twenty dollar bill is found. (3,469 words. Written in 1995.)

Accidents Happen **26**

F/ff — nc schoolgirl spanking and paddling

Fighting leads to hot bottoms. (1,427 words. Written in 2003.)

A Day of Spankings **30**

M/fffff — nc spanking, paddling, strapping, cropping

A family accumulates a bunch of spankings and has to pay for them all in one day. (3,600 words. Written in 2006.)

After School **39**

M/f — semi-nc caning, mf sex

A girl and her male teacher use discipline as an excuse to meet alone after school. (1,505 words. Written in 1997.)

A Miserable Lesson **44**

FF/fffff — nc caning, blood

A series of *extremely* severe canings at a strict educational institution. Lots of blood, so don't read if you're the sensitive type. (5,329 words. Written in 2004.)

Anticipation **59****M/f — teen punishment, sex, masturbation**

A girl gets excited at the concept of severe punishment. (5,315 words. Written in 1998.)

Asha **73****MF/f — nc whipping, caning, birch to breasts and pussy**

A liberal Indian girl is severely punished by her traditional-minded parents. (2,248 words. Written in 2004.)

A Visitor **80****M/F — college age girl, semi-nc, sex**

A professor entertains a young lady. (6,181 words. Written in 1998.)

A Trip to the Basement **97****F/ffff — nc schoolgirl caning**

A naughty schoolgirl takes her first trip to the basement where punishments are given. (1,393 words. Written in 2003.)

Bedtime **101****M/f — nc severe schoolgirl paddling**

A "good" girl is caught in mid-scam and must face the music. (2,391 words. Written in 2003.)

The Billiard Lesson **108****Mff/ffM — cons paddling**

Two young ladies are given sharp lessons in pool sharking. (3,010 words. Written in 1997.)

Bitter Apple **115**

M/Ff — nc caning

A teacher returns to the school she attended as a student.
(3,282 words. Written in 2006.)

The Boarding School **124**

M/fff — schoolgirl, nc

A headmaster remembers disciplining his charges. (7,520 words. Written in 1999.)

Coach Licklater **142**

M/ffff — intense schoolgirl paddling

Paddle swats from the big male coach -- ouch! (5,129 words. Written in 2003.)

Curtains **156**

M/fm — nc severe caning

Two students are publicly caned by a committee of headmasters. (1,362 words. Written in 1998.)

A Dar(l)ing Brat **160**

M/ff — nc schoolgirl slipping and caning

A schoolgirl who thinks spankings don't hurt finds out otherwise. (1,417 words. Written in 2003.)

One of Those Days **164**

MMFM MMMF/f — n/c teen punishment

A naughty teenage girl gets her just desserts... again and again and again and again... (2,340 words. Written in 1995.)

Decisions **170**

M/ffff — nc severe schoolgirl

A headmaster explains his punishment techniques. (2,880 words. Written in 1999.)

The Director **177**

M/f — paddling

A Hollywood movie director has the opportunity to show his beautiful young star the meaning behind the story. (2,825 words. Written in 1995.)

It's a Dirty Job But . . . **185**

M/f72 — teen paddling

A man takes a job at a girl's school as the head disciplinarian. (7,555 words. Written in 1996.)

Discipline **203**

M/f — nc caning, anal sex

A headmaster severely punishes a sexy student. (3,147 words. Written in 2004.)

Edna #1: 4-11-94 **211**

M/ff — n/c spanking, paddling, strapping

Part one in a series of letters by a conservative, traditional woman to her sister detailing incidents of corporal punishment. (2,383 words. Written in 1995.)

The End, and a Little Bit More **217**

FM/f — nc, severe schoolgirl caning

A father knows just how to punish most effectively -- to the end, and a little bit more. (2,340 words. Written in 1997.)

The Escape **223**

M/f — strapping

A girl thinks she's getting away light punishments. (2,470 words. Written in 1995.)

An Experience to Remember **230**

F/f — nc caning

A prefect endures punishment. (1,308 words. Written in 2006.)

The Favor **234**

M/f — teen caning

An American teenager visits a British friend prior to her entrance to a strict London school and receives an unusual favor. (4,530 words. Written in 1996.)

The Fight **246**

ff/ff — nc slipping, caning

Two schoolgirls are forced to spank each other. (1,881 words. Written in 1999.)

First Time **252**

M/f — severe caning

A girl is caned for the first time. (5,457 words. Written in 2004.)

The Flogging **266**

M/f — severe caning

A daughter must submit to a severe whipping. (2,613 words. Written in 2004.)

Foreign Student **273**

MMF/ff — paddling, strapping

A foreign exchange student is punished. (1,527 words. Written in 2004.)

Fornication **278**

m/f — cons, humor, pro-abstention arguments

Two children are caught... (1,226 words. Written in 1999.)

Getting the Willies **282**

MF/f — nc caning

A naughty schoolgirl describes her school's punishment system. (2,092 words. Written in 2006.)

The Greeting **288**

M/f — n/c paddling

An Uncle must do his duty and punish his naughty niece. (884 words. Written in 1995.)

Growing Up **291**

M/f — sensitive, paddling

A teenager has to grow up quick when her favorite babysitter teaches her adult things. (4,135 words. Written in 1998.)

Haunted by the Past **302**

M/f — nc paddling

An innocent schoolgirl's naughty history earns her severe punishment. (1,792 words. Written in 2006.)

In For It **307**

M/fff — schoolgirl switching

A group of teens are punished by the principal. (997 words. Written in 1999.)

Innocence **310**

M/f — nc caning, religious fanaticism

An innocent girl is *severely* thrashed by a religious fanatic. (2,111 words. Written in 2006.)

Island of Susans **316**

M/fffff — teen paddling

An incomplete story, this tells of a scientist who creates a private island full of naughty girls that need spankings. (3,566 words. Written in 1995.)

The Janitor **325**

M/f13 — n/c schoolgirl

A schoolgirl is selected to be one of the creepy janitor's nightly victims of discipline. (3,169 words. Written in 1997.)

Jessie and James **334**

m/f — spanking

A sweet tale about a childhood spanking relationship that blossoms into true love. (5,170 words. Written in 2007.)

Jump Street **350**

M/Fff — teen school discipline

A young cop gets more than she bargained for when she goes undercover at a private school. (2,787 words. Written in 1996.)

Katie **358**

M/f — severe schoolgirl caning

A sweet young thing is profoundly thrashed. (2,985 words. Written in 2004.)

The Lake **366**

M/f — n/c caning

A young lady picks an unfortunate time to go skinny dipping and pays the price. (1,544 words. Written in 1994.)

Lakemont I

371

F/f — n/c schoolgirl

A girl tells of her discipline experiences at a strict girls' school. (1,532 words. Written in 1997.)

Lakemont II

375

FF/ff — n/c schoolgirl

Set at the same school as Lakemont I, two girls are caught cheating and face a Saturday of serious lesson-learning. (4,378 words. Written in 1997.)

Laura

386

F/f — nc little girl discipline

Written for Laura Werner, this is more about love than spanking. (2,784 words. Written in 1998.)

The Twenty Dollar Bill

M/mmfff — teen punishment

A number of teenage children face regular fatherly discipline until a missing twenty dollar bill is found. (3,469 words. Written in 1995.)

IT WAS THE beginning of summer, the fresh spring air becoming warm and luxurious, just begging for a long slow swim in a cool pond. But we had to work, of course. A farm is pretty busy during the summer. I had my children helping, such as they would. There's four of them: Scott and Susan, the twins, who just turned seventeen last month, Elly, who's fifteen, and Steve, who's fourteen. My niece Stephanie had come from Chicago to stay with us that summer, and as she was the same age as Elly, the cousins got along famously.

Now, teenagers on a farm are almost as much of hindrance to work as they are a help. On the one hand they physically are capable of almost as much work as an adult, but their inexperience and natural mischievousness lead them to frequent bouts of inactivity. I tried to be generous and give them as much free time as I could, but they never ceased to grumble at having to do any sort of work at all.

Financially things were really tight for us at that time. We were really saving money for the twins, hoping they could go to college in a year, so we didn't have a great deal of money to spare on frivolities. When the fair came to town the kids begged and begged me to let them go, and I was reluctant, because we really didn't have the money. But they had been working very hard for the past couple of weeks, so I finally relented.

So early Friday morning I sat in the living room and counted my money. I had very little cash. I remembered I had given most of my money to my wife for the groceries a few days earlier, so I went and asked her if there was any left.

"I'm gonna take the kids to the fair," I told her. "They've been working pretty hard. They deserve a holiday."

"I think there's a twenty or two in my purse," Sally said. "It's on the bed." She was using our bathroom so I found her purse but there was only one twenty in it. I took it. As I had left my wallet in the other room and she was occupying our bathroom, I headed back to living room, stopping by the main bathroom and using the toilet on the way. I set the twenty on the counter for a minute while I relieved myself.

A few minutes later all the kids were up and I gathered them together and told them to get ready, that they were taking a holiday. I told them I'd give each of them \$5 to spend at the fair. Everyone was excited and the house became quite chaotic for the next half-hour as everyone rushed to finish their chores and change clothes for a trip to town.

I guess in the confusion I just forgot about that twenty, because when I dropped the kids off in town the twenty was not in my wallet. There were cries of disappointment as we raced back home for the twenty, everyone cursing my stupidity. At home, however, I discovered to my horror that the twenty was gone. I looked everywhere, but couldn't find it.

"Who used the bathroom last?" I asked, and finally it was revealed that while everyone had been in and out of there, Scott had been the last one.

"I never saw a twenty," he said, slightly sullenly, as though I was accusing him of a crime.

"Did anyone else see it?" Most said no, but a couple said yes, but no one admitted taking the bill, which I now figured had been what happened.

"All right, kids, one of you took that bill. If he or she doesn't own up I'm just going to have to give *all* of you a sound spanking!"

There was a chorus of protests and groans to this announcement, but no guilty individual emerged. "Everyone out to the barn," I said sternly. "I'll be out in a minute."

As the kids reluctantly went out, their dream of a day at the fair suddenly turning to a nightmare of a hot bottom, I went into the kitchen and found Sally washing up the breakfast things and watching one of those damn soap operas on the television. "Those damn kids!" I cried out. "One of them stole my twenty dollars!"

"You're kidding," Sally said in a rather vague tone, and I saw she wasn't really paying me much attention.

“The guilty one won’t confess,” I continued, “I guess I’m gonna have to whip it out of them.”

“Uh huh, she said, but again she was too absorbed in her soap to hear much. I went off, letting a good half hour go before I went out to the barn. The kids were all there, looking rather sullen and unhappy, but when I posed the question none came forth with a confession.

“All right,” I said. “Let’s get this over with. You’re all gonna get a sound spanking!” I sat myself down on an old wooden stool and ordered Scott to step forward. He did reluctantly, looking frightfully embarrassed when I told him to drop his pants.

“I’m certainly not gonna wear out my hand on those jeans,” I shouted. “Now bare your butt and get over my lap or I’ll fetch the hairbrush!”

That did it, and it was a red-faced seventeen-year-old boy that stretched himself across my lap, holding himself up with his hands so his naked bottom was right between my legs. Without any preamble I began to slap his bottom thoroughly, as hard as I could, until his whole rump was a even shade of red. His eyes were teary but he didn’t make a sound the entire time, preferring to tough it out. “Does anyone want to confess?” I asked, but no one said anything, so I stood Scott up and made him go stand against the wall with his reddened bottom on display.

“Next!” I cried, and a teary-eyed Susan approached. A beautiful young lady, she nonetheless was obedient and gentle, and though her face turned crimson, she calmly lifted her dress and laid across my lap. I immediately jerked down her white panties and she squealed desperately and struggled. A hard slap across her bottom calmed her down and I scolded her, saying, “You are all getting it bare, my dear, so just lie there calmly and take it!”

With that I began to blister her bottom with my hand, spanking her as long as Scott and just as hard. She was weeping when it was over, and she went and stood next to her brother, her panties around her ankles and holding her dress up to keep her bottom exposed.

Elly was next, and received the same treatment as her sister, though not quite as long, and a few minutes later all five children were standing along the wall and fidgeting, a pretty row of sore red bottoms.

Still, no one confessed, so I gave out work assignments and we spent the day laboring hard. That evening I asked the children again to confess, and when no one did, we all went out to the barn and repeated the process, me giving each of them another sound spanking, this time

harder and longer, until even Scott was crying a little. But there was still no guilty individual.

Saturday evening I decided to take things to a more serious level. It was obvious my methods weren't severe enough for these kids. I thought about using the strap and giving them each a real licking, but then I'd be punishing the innocent just as hard as the guilty. So I purposely held back so that I could save the strapping for the guilty one.

Instead I tried the hairbrush. Immediately after supper I took the kids out to the barn and one by one they went over my knee for a good long hand spanking, and then stood and waited with their red bottoms exposed to everyone else. Then I had them each come back again for a long session with the hairbrush, really reddening those rumps soundly. There wasn't a dry eye in the place afterwards, including me, as I was furious that no one had confessed.

"All right kids. Tomorrow night you'll all be out here again and this time it will be the wooden paddle! It's obvious I'm being to gentle with you."

The kids protested and begged me to stop, that they'd had enough, that they'd even all work extra and pay me back the twenty, but I was too angry at the arrogance of one who would steal so brazenly and told them that I was planning on giving them a whipping every night until someone confessed. The kids left very sad and downtrodden and I felt sorry for them and resolved that the guilty one was going to receive double whatever I had to dish out to the all the innocent kids. "Perhaps I'll even let the innocent ones punish the guilty one," I thought. "That would be very appropriate!"

Sunday evening it was a subdued group of teenagers in front of me in the barn. I had asked everyone to wear jeans, this time, and promptly ordered everyone to strip from the waist down. There were protests, but they weren't loud. Everyone could see I was really angry at how far things had escalated. I lined everyone up so that I had five naked bottoms facing me, the flesh of each having already returned it's normal paleness, the mild previous punishments not being severe enough for the marks to carry over. This time I determined that they would be feeling the effects of this punishment the next day.

The FLOGMASTER'S ULTIMATE ARCHIVE 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.

Do you find reading spanking stories on the Web challenging? The Flogmaster understands! He brings you his *Ultimate Archive* series. He's gathered a huge number of stories from his website and packaged them into a series of thick books. Each volume contains as many as 50 stories in a compact, economical format.

Volumes 1 and 2 contain schoolgirl-oriented stories; Volumes 3 and 4 feature the spankings of adults. The 46 classic stories included in this volume are:

The Twenty Dollar Bill; Accidents Happen; A Day of Spankings; After School; A Miserable Lesson; Anticipation; Asha; A Visitor; A Trip to the Basement; Bedtime; The Billiard Lesson; Bitter Apple; The Boarding School; Coach Licklater; Curtains; A Dar(l)ing Brat; One of Those Days; Decisions; The Director; It's a Dirty Job But . . .; Discipline; Edna #1: 4-11-94; The End, and a Little Bit More; The Escape; An Experience to Remember; The Favor; The Fight; First Time; The Flogging; Foreign Student; Fornication; Getting the Willies; The Greeting; Growing Up; Haunted by the Past; In For It; Innocence; Island of Susans; The Janitor; Jessie and James; Jump Street; Katie; The Lake; Lakemont I; Lakemont II; Laura