

THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

**THE
FLOGMASTER'S**

Esther

*A novella from the master
of erotic spanking*

Excerpt

Julia's target was a petite Italian girl named Francesca. Julia had bent Francesca twice the previous week and had been delighted to see the delicate girl mincing about afterward, holding her wealed buttocks and grimacing as she walked. The first time Julia had given her the wrong directions to her classroom, resulting in a demerit for tardiness, and the second time Julia had told Francesca she was late and better run to class—resulting in a demerit for running in the corridors.

Francesca was in the library, which made the situation tricky, for excessive noise was subject to demerits, so Julia couldn't do anything too elaborate else she find herself bent. But on the other hand, Mrs. Fox, the librarian, was liberal with demerits, so it wouldn't take much to get Francesca in trouble.

Julia leaned close to the girl's ear. "You know the library rules, correct? Then you aware that removing more than three books at time is forbidden?" She looked pointedly at the books in front of Francesca. "You have four plus the one you're reading. That's five!"

Fear and doubt crossed the girl's face. She vaguely remembered something like that, but couldn't get clear on the details. Terror gripped her as she thought of another demerit heading her way. Lord, she couldn't bear three whacks today, not with her sore bum! Yet detention had been awful, the paddle wicked, her hand still aching from copying scripture.

"I'll put two away right now! Please don't tell, please!"

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

Esther

*A novella by the
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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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Esther

F/ff — nc caning, birching

At an exclusive girl's school, a jealous girl schemes revenge on a classmate, framing her for an awful crime so she can be severely punished. (15,403 words.)

The Setup

YOU KNOW HOW some really expensive restaurants have no prices on the menu? Covington School for Young Ladies is like that—times ten. Of course you haven't heard of it. It's one of the most exclusive schools on the planet, if not the most. It's not a school for the daughters of millionaires: it's a school for the daughters of *billionaires*.

Not only is Covington fiendishly expensive, it's also extremely selective of who can attend. Just being accepted is an entrance to the highest levels of wealthy society. Young ladies who are interested in attending this most exclusive of secondary schools must pass a tough series of academic challenges, complete an essay on a topic assigned by the school, as well as undergo a grilling interview with the school board. Only four in ten prospects are accepted as the school maintains a strict attendance policy of exactly two hundred students, fifty in each grade level.

Covington is a four-year institution. Girls are accepted at age fifteen and attend through their eighteenth year. There are no exceptions. This is not like regular school where you can transfer in any time you'd like. At Covington, it's all or nothing. You have one chance to get in and if you don't make

it, that's it. And being that the school charges such extreme fees it is more than financially stable; attempts of bribery are guaranteed to fail.

Of course such exclusivity wouldn't succeed if there weren't equally positive benefits to attending. But not only does Covington have a two-hundred-twelve year tradition of producing the most refined debutants on any continent, skilled in elegant deportment, dress, and behavior, but these young ladies are also academically superior. Though Covington is billed as a secondary school, every student essentially has completed two years of college-level work by the time she graduates. Such studious accomplishment is highly valued by the parents of these young ladies because so few bother with further education: they are too busy enjoying their wealthy, no-work-required lifestyle. At least by attending Covington a girl is guaranteed some knowledge and not doomed to blonde ignorance like so many heiresses (a certain infamous hotel heiress shall not be mentioned).

There's an odd sort of trend among wealthy, exclusive schools: the more expensive the fees, the stricter the discipline. Covington is no exception in that regard, offering the modern millionaire heiress the same severe discipline that was offered over two hundred years ago. Back then the rule was "spare the rod, spoil the child," and that rule still runs the institution today.

Corporal punishment is such a part of Covington that among its exclusive alumni the name has become a verb. To “take a Covington” is synonymous with enduring a tough physical challenge. But it’s more than that. Covington girls perceive chastisement as a badge of honor. Great pride is taken in enduring a flogging bravely. Graduates of the school always look back at their beatings fondly, for while the punishment was severe, it was always fair.

Part of the reason for this attitude is that at Covington, corporal punishment is always optional. There are four types of possible punishment at Covington and a girl is always free to chose the one she’d prefer. The most severe is expulsion, something so nightmarishly awful that it is never even mentioned. After such a battle to be accepted into Covington, being denied its privilege is a humiliation too great to contemplate. No, expulsion, while technically available, is never an option.

Another punishment at Covington is work detail. Here a girl would put on the uniform of a servant and perform the most menial of manual labors, such a cleaning toilets, working in the kitchen, or helping the gardeners maintain the grounds. Shouldn’t it be obvious that within this class of young ladies this is not truly an option either? In Covington’s two-hundred-plus years of existence, only a handful of girls have ever chosen work detail as a punishment.

No, true Covington girls really only have two options: detention or the cane. Detention is the lesser of the two, though not by much. In detention the wooden paddle rules and one cannot escape detention without at least one application of the hardwood to your seat. Paddlings take place at the front of the detention room while everyone watches. Everyone is paddled during roll call, six swats the standard dose. Further misbehavior during detention merits extra swats, in lots of six, and the Detention Mistress is not shy about awarding paddlings for the slightest fault. Even permission to use the restroom must be paid for with three swats!

Detentions are always served on the weekends, in blocks of two hours, and are incredibly boring. Tasks within detention range from Silence—sitting upright and alert in your chair for the duration while making no sound or movement—to Lines, which involves writing out thousands of verses of the King James Bible by hand. Violations during Silence or poor handwriting or incomplete work for Lines result in extra swats. Swats are initially taken with skirts raised and over underwear, but if a girl is awarded extras, those are taken on the bare bottom.

The standard rate of exchange is three strokes of the cane for one detention, but a girl cannot earn more than seven detentions a week as fourteen hours is the maximum that can be worked off in a weekend (the detention room is only available for four hours on Sundays beginning at two o'clock).

It is rare that a girl doesn't have at least one caning or detention a week. Teachers at Covington expect the highest standards of behavior and performance and award discipline as often as deserved. A demerit is three strokes of the cane (or may be worked off in detention). A teacher may award up to three demerits at once, depending on the student's behavior. More severe transgressions are referred to the headmistress, who may award a caning or even a birching of any number of strokes she desires. Corporal punishment sentenced by the headmistress may not be exchanged or lessened for detention or work detail: the student must either accept the full punishment or leave the school.

Always it is the student who decides her punishment. She is free to decide among the four, the only exception being that if her detention card is maxed out she cannot use detention as an option. Detention hours must be worked off the same week they are assigned. Failure to work off detention results in the punishment doubling for the subsequent week. If those extra detention hours go over the fourteen hour maximum, the extra hours must be worked off with the cane or work detail.

Among Covington students, taking a caning over detention is always considered the braver of the two options. Girls who choose more than a detention or two are looked at as yellow by the others, so few take that option. A girl is said to have "pluck" if she'll take the stick over hours, and many girls

develop a reputation for their ability to endure beatings. Such girls are greatly admired. Even the teachers seem to respect young ladies who choose the cane and endure its sting with dignity.

At Covington, the cane *must* be endured with dignity. That is a key part of the education the school offers. You see, canings are administered by Justice—that's the title of the school's disciplinarian. This woman is an expert in afflicting corporal pain. She's actually required to *train* for her job. Canings are administered in the North Tower, a peak which overlooks the entire campus. The North Tower is covered but not enclosed, essentially meaning the caning takes place out-of-doors. That means that a girl's cries of pain, presuming she does not subdue them, will echo across the courtyard and throughout the school. Everyone will know she did not take her punishment with the stoic silence that is the Covington ideal. On the other hand, a bravely taken six or nine will also be known, enhancing the girl's reputation.

The only exceptions to Tower floggings are the introduction whipping and all-school birchings. The latter is a rare event for the most serious of offenses, a bare bottom birching in the grand hall before the entire school. The former is a strict set of eight, administered on the bare, within the private office of the headmistress when a girl first arrives at Covington.