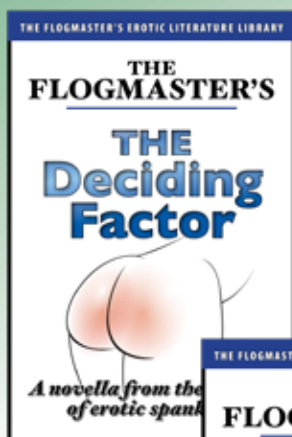


THE FLOGMASTER'S  
*Novellas*

VOLUME FOUR



**EXCLUSIVE CONTENT**  
Contains four brand new, complete novellas!

*Four complete novellas of classic spanking erotica!*



## *Selected Excerpts*

### **FROM *ESTHER*:**

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.

### **FROM *PREPARED*:**

At home, she admired her whipped bottom in the mirror. She'd certainly been caned! The crimson welts were fantastic. But she was disappointed to see that her marks were not nearly as vivid as Wanda's had been. Obviously canings at St. Andrews were a little more vicious than Dix's dose. She'd have to encourage him to beat her harder.

### **FROM *THE DECIDING FACTOR*:**

The beating was delightful. The humble girl mostly stayed in position, and the rotundity of her buttocks proved as delicious as the Headmistress dreamed. The hearty cane just sank into the thick flesh like a knife into pudding, leaving behind thick gorgeous weals of purple and black that no doubt stung ferociously. The Headmistress calmly welted the girl's entire rump, from the top of the crevice to the base and upper thighs.

### **FROM *THE STEPMOTHER*:**

I was nude, as usual, and the Lady looked astonishing in her finery. She wore her best riding outfit, the tan breeches tight across her hips and bum. Under her black jacket was a blouse of a white so pure it seemed supernatural, as though she was a divine creature with special dispensation to wear the garments of angels. Marching behind me in her knee-high leather boots and wielding a long riding crop, she looked formidable indeed. I trembled despite my resolve and waited for whatever horrors were to come.

## **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'S**

*Novellas*

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**VOLUME FOUR**

*Four complete novellas  
of classic spanking erotica*

*This collection of the Flogmaster's best writing  
contains stories of severe corporal punishment of  
both minors and adults.*

## 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. (15,500 words.)

**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 choose 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 as 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 a 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 introductory 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.

The introductory whipping serves two purposes. First, it’s a harsh welcome to the world of Covington that shows no mercy and helps the girl realize her new situation. Remember, all of Covington’s students are wealthy, and most have led sheltered, protected lives of luxury. Many are spoiled and soft. Covington is a great shock to such girls. The occasional one will find such discipline too much to bear and immediately withdraw, which spares the school of having to bother with a girl of such low character. Fortunately, such incidents are rare, for the school’s admission process is such that they choose only highly motivated girls of strength.

One young lady, a legend in Covington history, was extremely nervous about her introductory whipping. She’d never endured pain in her life and was afraid she’d screw up her chances of admission. Clever girl that she

was, she actually *trained* for the caning by having a friend cane her, on the bare, in the months leading up to her entrance exam. At first the pain was unbearable, but gradually she learned to endure and successfully passed her entrance whipping. Today this woman leads a Fortune 500 company and is one of the most successful businesswomen in the world, no doubt because she tackles all her obstacles with the same clever foresight.

The second purpose of this painful introduction is that it allows the girl to endure her first whipping in private, where she may scream and fuss with no shame to her reputation. It is almost inevitable that a girl's initial discipline will cause such a ruckus, for most likely it is her first experience with corporal punishment and she has not learned how to restrain herself. At the time, of course, she doesn't realize this is a mercy—she only knows she is being punished having committed no crime.

Thus a girl's first acquaintance with Covington is with its discipline. Her second is the demand by her new classmates to "show her stripes," for all know that she just received her introduction caning and wish to examine the marks. Imagine the mindset of a fourteen or fifteen-year-old girl heiress, fresh and naive from whatever country she is from, accustomed to the best of everything, suffering a stout caning immediately upon her arrival, quickly followed by the embarrassing process of lowering her knickers so a group of strangers can admire the weals across her bare bum! It is quite an initiation and forms immediate bonds and a lifetime memory. It is no wonder that Covington alumni remain so close-knit.

There is much more to tell about this unique school, but the above should serve as a fair introduction. More in due time.

It is within the exclusive walls of Covington that our story takes place. Our first character is that of Esther Barrett, a beauty so stunning as to steal your breath and mind. She is sixteen, in her second year at Covington, and is blossoming into a woman. She has long ebony hair that reaches to her waist, and startling blue eyes, large and perfectly round. She smiles frequently, for she is a happy child, and she loves everyone. She is only dimly aware of her beauty. Naively, she assumes she is like everyone else, for she finds every girl beautiful. Unlike most of the girls who attend Covington, she was not brought up in a world of intense female competition and has not learned envy or hatred.

Esther's father is an American real estate tycoon, a self-made man with an unassuming air, who values things like hard work and discipline.

His choice of wife was a shock to everyone in New York when he fell in love with an “ordinary” woman from his native Wisconsin, a young lady of old-fashioned values and plain speaking. Though she was nearly twenty years his junior, she and he were as good together as chocolate and peanut butter. It was Esther’s mother who taught her kindness and humility, and these humble qualities served to enhance the teen’s beauty.

But not everyone at Covington liked the American heiress. There were those who were jealous of her beauty, particularly one Julia Ann Forster, who secretly seethed every time the girl came near. Julia was your typical spoiled brat, arrogant to the point of nausea, with her pointed nose so high in the air it was a wonder she didn’t catch flies with it.

Julia was the youngest of three daughters, and the older two had failed to qualify to enter Covington. Her mother was not a Covington graduate, but knew that it was “the” school and insisted that all her daughters make the attempt. When Julia made it, she became her mother’s favorite, a position she desperately desired. Julia was determined to do whatever it took to please her mother.

The Forster’s were old money, fifth generation wealth, though it was her grandfather who had vastly increased the family’s holdings with his daring business dealings in the early part of the twentieth century. Since then the Forster men were cautious, tentative men, incapable of taking a risk. None wanted to be the one to lose the family fortune. The Forster wives were trophies, beautiful but empty, and Julia was rapidly following in the footsteps of her mother and her sisters.

Julia was not unattractive. She was a voluptuous blonde, a seventeen-year-old with the body of a college coed, a body bought and paid for by her mother. Her perfect even teeth were credit to her orthodontist and her cute button nose was due to the expertise of the renowned Dr. Huntworth in London. Julia had been working with her own personal fitness coach since she was eight and had put on a few pounds, alarming her mother who took immediate action. Now Julia was a slender 118 pounds, a weight she was trained to think was still too high, though true be told, she looked much prettier with curves.

Unlike the naive Esther, whose beauty was natural and unfeigned, Julia had to work for her figure, spending hours in the gym, charging a fortune to her credit cards for clothing that enhanced what needed enhancing and hid what needed hiding, and rising at least thirty minutes before anyone



else in her dormitory block to put on skin cleansers and makeup. All this work made the ease of Esther's beauty infuriating to Julia, who hated the younger girl with all the venom of a hissing cat.

What made the situation worse is that prior to Esther's arrival, Julia had been the unquestioned heir to the throne of the top girl in the Covington social priority. This was an unofficial but well-known position as the most beautiful girl in the school. Julia had been working toward this position since the day she arrived at Covington, and was on track to achieve her goal in her senior year when the current trophy holder, the elegant Phyllis Bishop, graduated.

But suddenly this unknown youngster—a mere sixteen—was widely rumored to be in the lead for the role. Julia was furious but unable to do anything about it, for she couldn't actively campaign against the popular Esther, who was so nice and friendly that everyone loved her.

Her seething might have been kept to a bloodless rivalry except for two fatal events. The first happened early in the term when Julia was amusing herself by "bending" a firstyear. This was the somewhat common practice among older girls of tricking new girls into thrashings. This was initially easy as newcomers didn't know the rules and could be fooled into innocently breaking them, but as they became more accustomed to how things worked, it was more of a challenge. Julia was a whiz at bending, and held the unofficial school record of bending sixteen firstyears in one day.

On this particular day 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. Naturally the firstyear was now wary of the pretty junior and Julia thrilled at the challenge.

Francesca was in the library, which made the situation tricky, for excessive noise was subject to demerits, so Julia couldn't do anything to 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.

**The FLOGMASTER'S**

*Novellas 4*

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