

THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

# RLS

**REAL-LIFE SPANKINGS**

**VOLUME FIVE**



*A fresh collection of the Flogmaster's  
real-life spanking stories!*

# **Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing**

*No better way to motivate than with a paddle.*

**ROBERTSP21**

*Good atmosphere, and credible situation. Thanks.*

**CLIFFORDDORSET**

*Cute. It's not often a spanking comedy piece like this has such a great spanking description.*

**GUY**

*Excellent story.*

**JUDE**

*Very erotic!*

**KRICHARD**

*Such a misunderstanding... with a happy ending!*

**NJRICK**

*Excellent, with a great twist of an ending.*

**SEBASTIAN**

## **Selected Excerpts**

### **From *An Ornerly Girl*:**

My father's spankings were more painful, but I actually preferred them as I got older. With him I didn't have to take down my pants because he used a big wooden paddle that hurt right through clothing. His spankings were more formal, handled in the den with me kneeling on a footstool. He typically gave me my age in swats. He would vary the force according to my misbehavior. If I had been really bad, he might give me extras. Though I tried my hardest to not cry, his paddlings usually hurt so bad I could not help it.

### **From *I Liked It*:**

Now this was when things started to go a little strange. That little slap both *hurt* and *didn't hurt*, if you know what I mean. It stung more than I expected, but it really wasn't that bad. Right after the slap my bottom sort of glowed. It had a bright tingling feeling. I rather liked it. It made me very aware of my bottom and my nakedness. Both things were so forbidden (this was back in a day when even the word "butt" was considered naughty) that suddenly they became desirable. I *wanted* my bottom smacked. I *wanted* to be naked and shamefully draped over my grandmother's lap.

### **From *Spanked at Camp*:**

Bridget grabbed Jack—I think he was the closest to her—and sat on the bench and pulled him before her so he was standing between her legs. Then she fussed with his belt and I watched, astonished, as his pants sank to his ankles. He was wearing tighty-whities. I remember being frozen, unable to move or even breath, as she yanked those down to bare his bottom. Jack was a red-head with freckles across his nose and face. His skin was extremely pale. She bent him forward across her left leg, using her right to keep him pinned in position. Then she started to slap his bare bottom.

## **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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# RLS

**REAL-LIFE SPANKINGS**

## **VOLUME FIVE**

*A fresh collection of the Flogmaster's  
real-life spanking stories!*

*The Flogmaster's erotic writing  
contains adult content, including  
the severe corporal punishment of  
adults or minors (consensual and  
non-consensual), sexual activity, and  
other politically incorrect topics.*

## About the Warning labels

Because spanking stories often involve extreme topics (S&M, sex acts, etc.), the Flogmaster labels his stories to give readers an idea of what might be included. Here's a sample:

***Paul Bunyan and the Great Lakes***

**(★★★★, M/Ffff—Absurdly Severe, nc ole fashion paddlin')**

A strange new twist on the ole yarn about how Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox created the Great Lakes. (Approximately 1,758 words.)

The stars are the Flogmaster's own ratings of his stories. They indicate *writing* quality, not necessarily eroticism. Five star stories are my very best.

Stories are marked with *mFmf* labels to indicate who is spanking whom. Capital letters represent adults and lower case are minors (under 18), and 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 24 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.

I try to indicate the overall severity level (Mild, Serious, Intense, Severe, or Edgy), as well as what types of spankings are included (i.e. caning, birching, hairbrush spanking, etc.). Stories may also contain other warnings and explanations. These are usually self-explanatory words like “sex” or “anal” (to indicate types of sexual activity). You may also see references to *cons* or *non-cons* (or *nc*). Those abbreviations refer to *consensual* and *non-consensual* spankings. (Punishment spankings, especially those of children, are usually *nc*.) Some stories are labeled *semi-cons*, meaning it's partially consensual (e.g. a reluctant wife submitting to her husband's discipline because she knows she deserves punishment).

The second line contains a brief description of the story. I 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*. There's also an approximate word count of the story.

# Contents

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## Three Punishments

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★★★★, M/f—Severe, non-consensual paddling, strapping, caning

A girl remembers her Columbian father's punishments.

## An Ornery Girl

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★★★★, MF/f—Severe, non-consensual spanking, paddling

A girl gets spanked a *lot* and doesn't mind it.

## Bathroom Spankings

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★★★★, MF/f—Severe, non-consensual spanking, paddling, strapping

A girl tells about spankings in her home.

## Big Sister

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★★★★, F/f, M/F, f/m, m/F, F/M—Severe, non-consensual hairbrush spanking, paddling, strapping, brother-sister masturbation

A boy learns to love spankings via his sister.

## The Birthday Gift

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★★★★, mmmmfff/f—Intense, consensual yardstick birthday spanking

A boy's crush gets spanked on her birthday.

## Cheer Squad

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★★★★, F/ffff—Intense, semi-cons paddling

A woman recalls her high school cheerleading days.

## CYOP

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★★★★, M/ffmF—Intense, non-consensual paddling, caning, strapping

A girl remembers having to choose her punishment.

## How I Met My Wife

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★★★★★, M/f—Intense, nc paddling

A tutor falls in love with his naughty pupil.

## I Liked It

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★★★★, F/f—Intense, semi-consensual spanking with hand, hairbrush

A girl gets her grandmother to spank her.



## **Nicolasa**

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**★★★★ , M/f—Intense, non-consensual spanking, whipping**

A Hispanic girl remembers her father's punishments.

## **Paddle Dares**

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**★★★ , M/f—Intense, non-consensual paddling**

Schoolgirls settle arguments by daring each other to get into trouble.

## **Paddled All the Time**

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**★★★ , F/mff—Serious, non-consensual paddling**

A boy recalls his family's discipline methods.

## **Real BS**

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**★★★★ , FM/ffmm, ffmm/FM—Severe, semi-consensual spanking, strapping, paddling**

A girl describes her family's birthday spanking tradition.

## **Saw My Friend Spanked**

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**★★★★ , F/f—Intense, non-consensual paddling**

A girl watches her best friend get paddled.

## **Sister Switched**

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**★★★★ , F/f—Severe, non-consensual paddling, switching**

A boy watches his older sister paddled and switched.

## **Spanked at Camp**

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**★★★★ , f/mm, F/f—Intense, non-consensual spanking**

Two naughty boys are spanked by a junior counselor at camp.

## **Spanked Cheerleader**

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**★★★★ , fffffff/f—Mild, consensual hand spanking**

A cheerleader gets initiated.

## **Whenever, Wherever**

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**★★★★ , MF/fmmm—Intense, non-consensual spanking, paddling, strapping**

A girl tells about her family's style of punishments.

## **Christian Spankings**

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**★★★★ , MF/fmffm—Severe, non-consensual spanking, paddling**

Discipline in a loving home.

# Three Punishments

**(★★★★, M/f—Severe, non-consensual paddling, strapping, caning)**

A girl remembers her Columbian father's punishments. (2,110 words.)

**M**y father was very strict. He's from Columbia and they have a different standard there when it comes to the role of women. He did not think much of American women, who were too independent for his taste, and he did not want me becoming like them. My mother was very subservient to my father, exactly the kind of woman he wanted, and she never said anything against his discipline. She was of Puerto Rican descent

and believed that the husband and father was the ruler of the household. She never disciplined me herself, that I remember, but always left that to my father.

He had three punishments he would use. Supposedly there was a difference in severity between them, but they were all so horrible I didn't notice much of a distinction. The most common was a paddling. We had a narrow wooden board hanging on the wall above the kitchen door. When I was to be punished, Papi would say, "Get the paddle, mija," and I'd have to go and get the step-ladder and reach up to take down that paddle. Having to get it myself was one of the awful things about my father's punishments.

The paddle wasn't thick and heavy like a fraternity paddle. It was made of a light but dense wood and it wasn't very thick, less than a centimeter. But it stung very badly, especially on naked skin. When I brought the paddle to my father, I next had to go to the back of the sofa and bare my bottom. If I was wearing pants, that meant just lowering them and my panties, but if I had on a skirt or dress I had to take it completely off.

I would bend over with my legs well apart for balance and my arms stretched forward to the back of the couch. This left my bottom very bare. My father would stand behind me and swing the board very firmly. The paddle was narrow and didn't cover all my butt even when I was small. It burned like fire, though, and after two or three my whole ass was raging. But I got my age in swats. If I didn't

cooperate or Papi was really upset with me, I got even more.

Paddlings left my bottom bright red but not very bruised. Usually I was just pink the next day and by the next evening the coloring was pretty much gone, though my skin still felt tender, like how your skin is sensitive a few days after your sunburn is gone.

The paddling punishment was the most common. I got it two or even three times a week. Papi used it for the tiniest offense. If my chores weren't done just perfectly, I hadn't made my bed properly, or if I didn't arrive to a meal on time or hadn't washed my hands (or lied and said I had), he'd tell me to get the paddle.

For more serious offenses, such as not doing one of my chores at all, I got the belt. For that I went to my room and took off all my clothes. I lay on the bed on my belly and waited. My father would come in carrying the leather strap. It was narrow, about an inch wide I guess, but thick and heavy. Again I got my age in stripes. It really hurt. I can't say it was really worse than the paddle, though: more intense where it struck, but the paddle was wider and left more of my butt burning. Either way, it was miserable.

The third punishment I got was the cane. This was considered the most severe and I'd get it for grave violations such as missing curfew, talking back, lying, cheating, stealing, etc. My father would say, "Get the cane," and I'd have to go up to my room, strip off every stitch, and come back downstairs nude. I'd go to the closet where we kept the cane, a meter-long rod of wicked dimensions. I'd lay across the arm of the sofa for my caning. It was quite the ignominious position, for it kept my bottom high and

curved. Papi would thrash me half my age in strokes, but he was generous with the extras and often rounded up if I was at an odd age. Just like with the other punishments, if I made a fuss or didn't take it well, I'd get extras. By the time I was college age, it seemed I always got at least a dozen though I was only nineteen or twenty years old.

The cane was fewer strokes and seemed less severe in some ways, but it was the most intense pain, very focused and direct. It always left me breathless and wishing I had never been born. You'd have thought with just a few strokes it would be over quickly, except my father always took his time and beat slowly, perhaps one stroke per minute. Canings always felt like they lasted about an hour.

I started getting the belt and cane when I was about ten. The cane was more rare, perhaps every other month, but I bet I got the belt at least twice a month (in addition to my two or three paddlings a week). I could be wrong; my memory could be exaggerating things. But it sure seemed like I was getting spanked for something every few days.

As I got older the paddle was used less and less. By the time I graduated high school, I mostly got the cane and often got it *after* getting spanked with the paddle or belt first. The routine was exactly the same, however: strappings were always on my bed and canings in the nude downstairs.

A very common punishment for me was getting spanked for poor grades. I was actually a very good student, but I had to concentrate. My father was almost fanatical about grades; education was very important to him. I had to bring him all my homework and tests and every mark less than an A got me paddled. Report card time was even worse: there I

got paddled for every B, whipped for every C, and anything worse than a C was the cane. That was each class, so if I got several low grades, which happened from time to time, I got several spankings. Papi sometimes spread them out over several nights, but that was almost worse—for days I knew that every night I was going to suffer a strapping or caning and if I did something else wrong, I still got spanked for that as well.

Fortunately, I was a straight-A student most of the time, though I did go through stretches where I didn't do as well. (Particularly the year I was sixteen, when I discovered boys and was distracted from my studies.) In a way I think my father's strict discipline for my grades was a good thing, for it certainly motivated me, but it also caused some unexpected consequences. For instance, Papi really didn't understand the distinction between classes: Advanced Chemistry was no different from P.E or Remedial English. They were classes and I was to work hard and get a good grade or I'd be punished. That was it. Of course, it was much harder for me to get an A in an advanced placement or college-prep course, yet Papi showed me no mercy. Thus there were a few times where I was encouraged by my teachers to take harder courses and I even wanted to do so, but didn't dare, afraid I'd struggle and earn spankings. (Remember, I was punished for bad grades on homework and tests, too, not just the final grade in the class.)

After graduating from high school, I decided to work for a year and save up money before going to college. It didn't make sense for me to move out, so I lived at home and took advantage of the free rent. But Papi made it clear to me that



I was still subject to his discipline. I didn't like that, for I was nearly nineteen at the time, but I accepted it. My father was still as strict as ever, and he usually used the cane, giving it to me at least once a week and often more.

If I'd been really bad—like missing curfew or overspending—I'd get paddled or strapped and *then* the cane. I really hated that. The cane on a sore bottom was really awful. And as I mentioned earlier, by that age the cane was always at least a dozen strokes.

Saving for college was more difficult than I anticipated and I ended up working for two years before I had enough set aside that I'd be able to go to school without having to work, so I lived at home until I was twenty and I still got weekly punishments. It was humiliating, but I didn't dare argue as I had learned long ago that that just made things worse. My father wanted docility in his women so that's what I gave him, but inside I was seething and resenting having to bare myself before him and lay down passively for the whippy rod to cut into my bottom over and over.

I'm not sure how I feel about those punishments today. Looking back, I'm positive my father was abusive, for some of the things I was punished for were ridiculously trivial, but I don't think my father *intended* to be abusive. He wasn't cruel or strict because he enjoyed it; he was simply doing what he thought was the best way to instill his values into me. He loved me and I loved him, though there were times growing up when I believed I hated him.

The punishments had some positive effects. For instance, I'm not at all shy about my body. Nudity doesn't bother me and I know it's because I spent so much time naked growing

up. Having to bare yourself for punishment is embarrassing, but you aren't too focused on the nudity because you're thinking about the terrible pain to come. Nudity was never a big deal to me because of that.

Another benefit is that I learned to not be afraid of pain. I knew many girls my own age who were terrified of going to the doctor for a shot. I thought such fears were silly. When I broke my arm in a softball game the coach saw my arm hanging limp and clearly not the right shape and he asked me why it didn't hurt.

"Hurt? It's agonizing," I told him.

"You don't look it," he said, impressed. "You're tough."

I suppose that was true. I could internalize the pain and not show how much it bothered me. That's the way I always had to take Papi's spankings: he didn't like it when I screamed or made a fuss so I tried to take punishments in stoic silence.

It's an ability that both helps and hurts. Like since childhood I'd found dental visits unpleasant, because of the pain, though outwardly I never showed any sign of it being uncomfortable. After I got married, I complained to my husband once, and he told me I should tell the dentist. I resisted, but he insisted, and to my surprise on my next visit my dentist was able to make adjustments so I suffered virtually no discomfort.

"I didn't even know you were hurting," he told me. "If you communicate, I can find a way to do it with less pain."

So all those years of being stoic at the dentist had only caused me to suffer needlessly!

I should probably point out that my husband is

Columbian and in many ways is like my father. He, too, is old-fashioned and believes in strict discipline. So when he “insisted” I talk to my dentist, he did so with the application of a broad leather whip to my naked posterior. It hurt like hell, as it always does, though his punishments are received with less resentment than those from my father. After all, he told me how it would be before I married him and I chose the life so I have nothing to complain about.

**To continue reading, buy the full book at [The Flogmaster Bookstore](#)**

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## Also by The Flogmaster

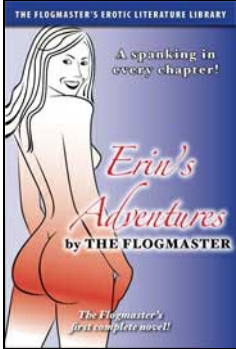
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### Novels

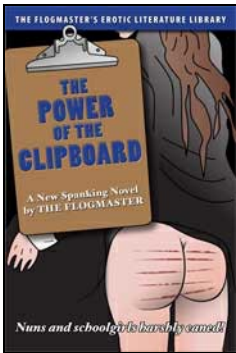
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#### ***Erin's Adventures***

(mostly F/f)

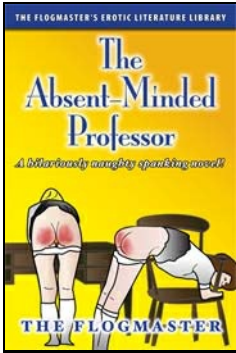
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



#### ***The Power of the Clipboard***

(mostly M/f)

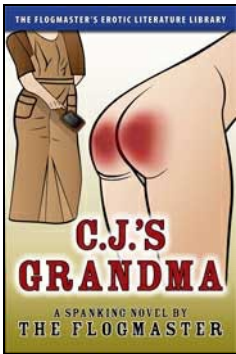
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



### ***The Absent-Minded Professor***

(mostly M/f)

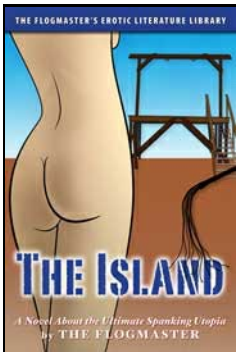
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



### ***C.J.'s Grandma***

(mostly F/f and f/f)

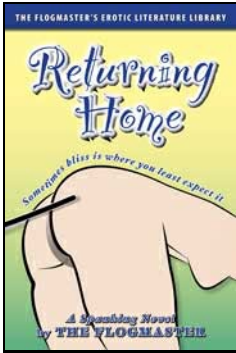
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



### ***The Island***

(mostly M/F)

A woman discovers a forbidden paradise when she visits an old friend on a remote island and learns the society's unusual lifestyle. 72,000 words.



### ***Returning Home***

(mostly M/f)

A college graduate returns home and discovers a new career in correcting naughty young ladies.

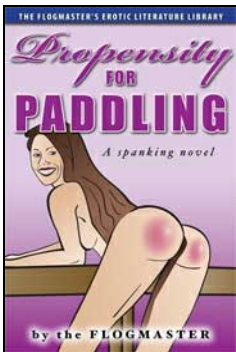
53,000 words.



### ***The Plan***

(mostly MF/f)

In the 1950s, divorce is a rarity, yet it is happening to Debbie, as her parents are separating. So she comes up with a daring plan to misbehave to reunite them—a plan that seems to be failing when her father hires a strict tutor. 34,000 words.



### ***Propensity for Paddling***

(mostly M/f)

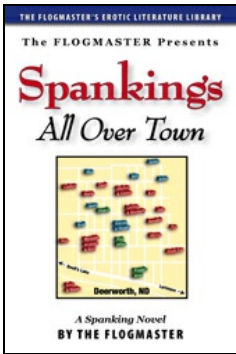
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



### ***Cutiepie***

(M/F/f)

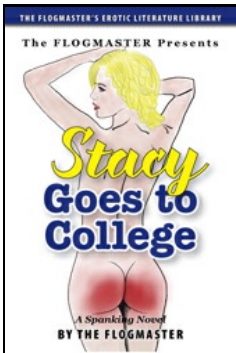
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



### ***Spankings All Over Town***

(M/Ff, F/M, F/F, f/f)

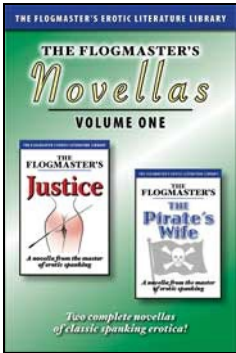
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



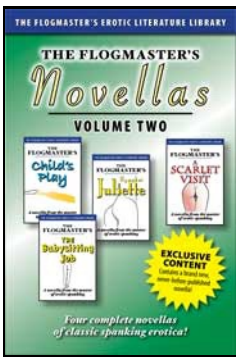
### ***Stacy Goes to College***

(M/F)

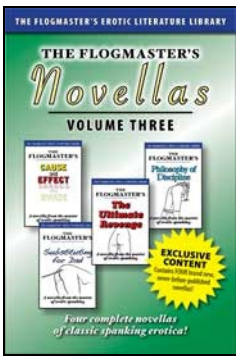
A girl goes off to college thinking she's too grown-up for spankings and learns the hard way that's not the case. 46,000 words.



**Volume 1— Justice:** (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. *The Pirate's Wife:* (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.

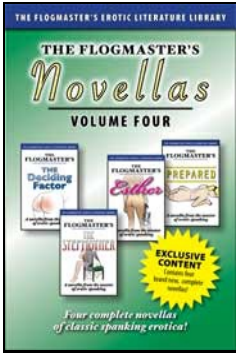


**Volume 2— Child's Play:** (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. *Nymphet Juliett:* (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. *Scarlet Visit:* (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. *The Babysitting Job:* (MF/f) A girl's babysitting gig comes with unexpected consequences.

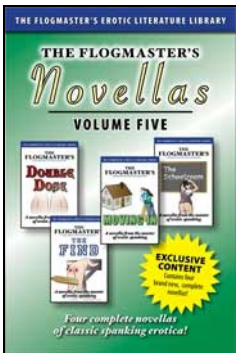


**Volume 3— Cause and Effect:** (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline:* (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad:* (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge:* (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get a teacher who caned her caned.

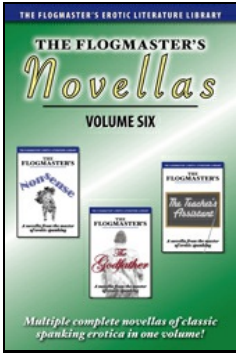




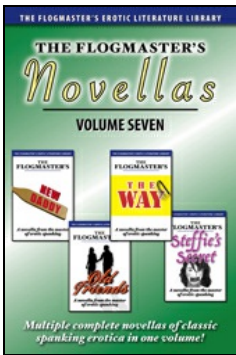
**Volume 4**— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting a new prefect.



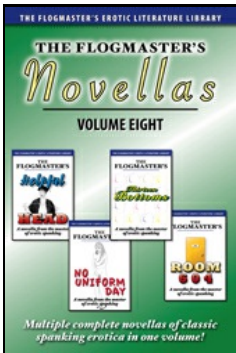
**Volume 5**— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays naughty games.



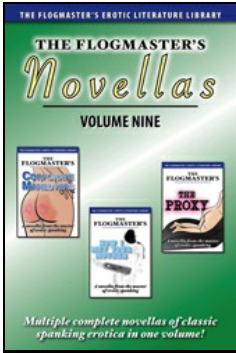
**Volume 6**— *Nonsense*: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather*: (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant*: (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



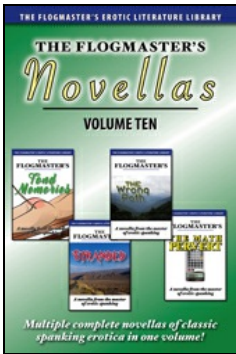
**Volume 7**— *A New Daddy*: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends*: (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret*: (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way*: (m/f) A boy is trained to cane.



**Volume 8**— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



**Volume 9**— *Corporate Maneuvers*: (M/F) An executive abuses a lower-level employee. *The Proxy*: (M/F) A girl goes to her late best friend's parents for severe spankings. Sad, tender moments. *How I Met Your Mother*: (F/FFFFM) A man reveals he met his future wife as part of a sorority punishment.

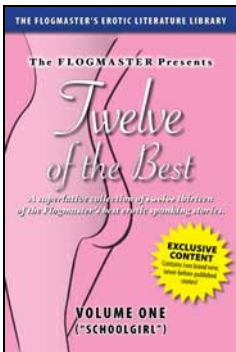


**Volume 10**— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't go.

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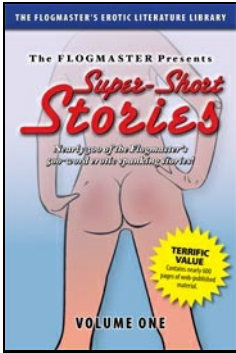
## Short Story Collections

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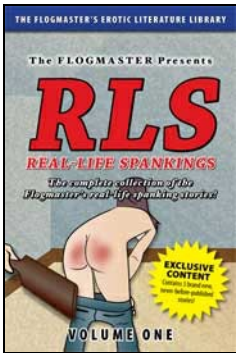
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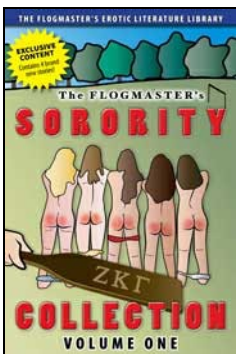
(Mostly /f or /F)



### ***Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1-5***

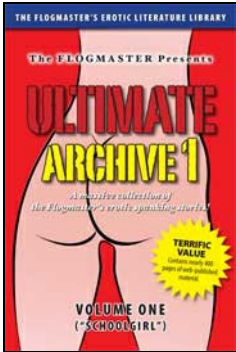
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experiences. (Mostly /f or /F)



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