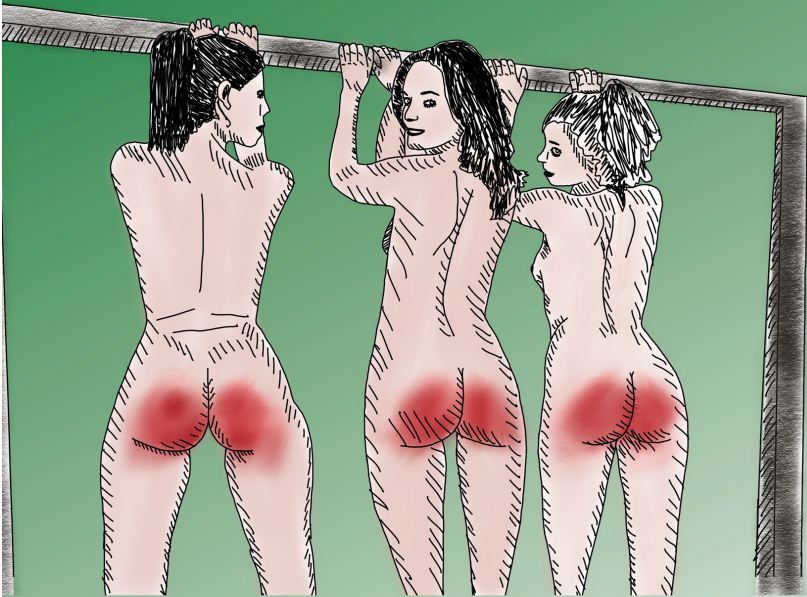


THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

The FLOGMASTER'S
**SORORITY
COLLECTION**



VOLUME TWO

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

Lots of tattoo puns here, but a nice quick story. The bum is the best place for a spanko to have a tattoo.

O.B.

One million spanks was bad enough, but then her sentence was effectively (and apparently arbitrarily) doubled. Given the crime, this is truly justice though.

G.

I've not seen the [TV show] either, but I like the story. I always had (and have) a strong fantasy about spanking in uniform (both ways) and this story is particularly credible. Thank you.

L.C.

Love this story. It's adorable. Kinda wishing that's how I met my boyfriend.

B.J.T.

A wonderful tale of erotic relationship, just beneath the surface. Wonderful narrative.

A.R.D.

No one does a severe story better than FM.

B.O.M.

I just had to read this again, it is so full of emotion. A love story in the true sense of the words.

N.B.

Selected Excerpts

From *College Girl*:

As she did at least every two weeks, she was at her Aunt Ellen's house. She was standing in the corner of the den and she was naked from the waist down. She had her back to the room and the longer she stood there, the bigger her ass seemed to grow. Depending on her aunt's mood, she might have to wait as long as an hour for her spanking, though usually it was ten minutes that merely felt like an hour. The time gave her the opportunity to think about her bottom, specifically the way it would be sizzling shortly. It was not a process of thought designed to bring her comfort.

From *Pledge Pain*:

"Hell Night is coming," Erica said as her sister closed the door behind them. "Donna and I need some practice. You're our volunteer."

"Practice what? What am I doing?"

Donna laughed. "You're our target!" She held up her big paddle.

"Let's see those big buns of yours."

From *Sorority Justice*:

After just four whacks, Melinda was convinced the jeans were useless. They must have been threadbare, she decided, or if they weren't before they were now. The sting of the large board just drove right through them like they weren't there. The twin balls of her buttocks tingled furiously as though on fire. She gritted her teeth as another blistering swat drove in, smashing her ass so hard it nearly knocked her over. She struggled to maintain her vertical orientation, her palms sweaty on her knees. Behind, she could feel her rump twitching, the muscles working on their own.

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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SORORITY COLLECTION

VOLUME TWO

*A fresh collection of the Flogmaster's
sorority 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

A Hearty Dose of Reality

★★★★, FF/F—Severe, semi-consensual spanking, paddling

Sorority girl learns her lesson.

College Girl

★★★★, F/F—Absurdly Severe, non-consensual hairbrush spanking, paddling, strapping

A college girl gets disciplined by her aunt and sorority.

The Costume Mistake

★★★★★, MMMF/FM—Severe, non-consensual paddling, spanking, caning

A good girl dresses naughty and pays the price.

Greed

★★★★, M/FF—Absurdly Severe, semi-consensual spanking, paddling, caning, strapping

A campus security guard punishes two sorority girls.

Just a Paddling

★★★★ , FFFFF/F, F/FFFF—Intense, consensual paddling

Pledges worry about a paddling they have coming.

Old Friend

★★★★★ , F/F—Ultra-Severe, semi-consensual paddling

Former sorority sisters have an unusual reunion.

Pledge Pain

★★★★ , FF/FFF—Absurdly Severe, non-consensual paddling

Sorority sisters practice spanking a pledge.

Punishment for Sexual Harassment

★★★ , FF/FFFF—Severe, non-consensual paddling

Four sorority girls are punished in front of frat boys.

Sorority Justice

★★★★★ , FFF/FFF—Extremely Severe, non-consensual paddling, caning

Three sexy sorority sisters punish three sexy sorority

pledges.

Sorority Practice

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ , F/F—Severe, semi-cons paddling

A sorority girl needs to get in spanking shape for Hell Night.

The Paddle is Waiting

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ , M/F—Severe, consensual paddling

A former sorority girl still gets the paddle.

The Sorority Paddle

★ ★ ★ ★ , m/F—Severe, consensual paddling

A depressed mother asks her son to paddle her.

Tiptoes

★ ★ ★ ★ , FF/FF—Severe, semi-consensual paddling

Two pledges have an unusual punishment for fighting.

A Hearty Dose of Reality

(★★★★, FF/F—Severe, semi-consensual spanking, paddling)

Sorority girl learns her lesson. (Approximately 5,088 words.)

For a pretty girl like Terry, getting preferential treatment was standard operating procedure. All her life people wanted to be her friend, share their lunch with her, and bask in her good looks. She was always allowed to cut in line, never had any issues when returning merchandise, and she was given the benefit of the doubt when there was no actual proof of her

misbehavior.

She hadn't expected that to change in college and it didn't. Guys flocked around her, all the sororities begged her to join, and even her teachers assumed she was smarter than she was just because she was so attractive and seemed mature. Life was great.

And then Terry came home late from a party. She'd chosen Kappa Mu Tau because it was the sorority with the best reputation among faculty and the school administration. Kappa girls were the elite of the campus, selected for all sorts of honors because of their impeccable sense of responsibility. They got great grades, had an amazing community outreach program, and yet were still popular among the boys. It had seemed like the perfect combination of fun and seriousness.

Vaguely Terry had heard the reasons for the girls' good behavior: housemother Mrs. Vanderveer. The woman ran a strict ship, and the sorority fully supported her authority. Mrs. V was authorized to use corporal punishment, something the lovely Terry had never experienced. (Unless you counted her initiation paddling, which she didn't. That had merely been typical pledge hazing, unrelated to her behavior.)

The truth was that despite her beauty and easy life, Terry was a good person. She rarely broke the rules or did anything wrong. She wasn't stuck up and thought of herself as just a normal girl. Everyone liked her and she liked everyone. She didn't even mind it when her Big Sister, Jacqueline, was hard on her. That was part of sorority life and Terry expected that. She didn't want to be treated any

differently than the other pledges.

So Terry had gone through the ice showers (no hot water for one week), cleaning detail, embarrassing silly games, and even the occasional spanking or bare bottom swats with her sorority paddle, just like all her fellow pledges. It wasn't the most fun, but it wasn't that bad. Jacqueline did spank pretty hard when she spanked, but she was fair and Terry didn't think her abusive.

Mrs. Vanderveer, however, was another thing. The woman seemed to think that Terry hadn't been punished enough in her life and vowed to change that. Just two days into Terry's pledging the woman had taken Terry across her lap for a thorough spanking. Terry didn't feel she'd done enough to deserve it, but Mrs. V said it was a good warning. She'd only used her hand and claimed it was "mild." It certainly didn't hurt like the ten licks with the paddle Terry got afterward from Jacqueline for requiring the housemother to punish her, but it certainly wasn't gentle.

There had been a couple of other spankings from Mrs. V in the month that followed, but Terry was a good girl and didn't give the woman many excuses. Terry had also figured out it was best to be scarce—being around the housemother seemed to give her ideas.

The night of the party, Terry's plan to be too good to be spanked failed miserably. The sorority doors were locked at ten on school nights, but midnight on Friday and Saturday. The extra time had made Terry careless. The two extra hours sounded luxurious, but they vanished in an instant. It was nearly one before she realized she'd way overstayed and when she got back the house, she had no choice but to buzz

the housemother to let her inside.

Mrs. Vanderveer was smiling coldly as she led the eighteen-year-old freshman pledge to her quarters on the first floor. This time, she announced, Terry wasn't just going to be smacked with a hand—she was due her first “real” spanking... with a stout walnut hairbrush!

Terry wasn't surprised at this news. She'd known her punishment would be severe, but as she'd never gotten the hairbrush before, she had no idea it was more like 10x worse.

She obediently took off her skirt and panties and left them by the door. Though embarrassed and worried about what was going to happen, she was grateful the punishment was in private. Some of the sorority paddlings were done in the common room in front of everyone—Terry had seen a few—and she thought that would have been the worst.

Bent across the stern housemother's lap, Terry endured a long and thorough spanking from the woman's hand. It wasn't enough to make the teenager cry, but she did wiggle her tush a great deal and gasp often. Her pert bottom was toasty warm and pink when Mrs. V reached for the hairbrush.

“Now for your proper spanking,” she said, and Terry moaned. Then she yelped as a hard whack of the brush stung her right buttock. Her blue eyes widened and swelled with astonished tears. Two more spanks to the right were quickly followed by a trio to the left, and Terry's brimming eyes overflowed.

“Oh! Ow! Mrs. V!” shrieked Terry, kicking her lithe legs and rocking on the woman's lap. “That *really* hurts!”

“Good,” said the woman curtly, and proceeded to spank away with the brush for the next several minutes.

Her hand rose high and came down hard, the smooth flat back of the heavy brush crushing Terry’s cheeks with every blow. Terry had never felt such pain. Sure, one swat with her big pledge paddle was worse than one with the hairbrush, but the she received six or even ten hardy spanks with the brush to each of the paddle’s wallops. It was maddening.

Worse, while a paddling was usually just ten licks, there seemed to be no limit to the number of spanks in a hairbrush spanking. Terry had long ago lost all ability to count and couldn’t even tell how much time had passed, but it felt like her ass had been smacked hundreds of times and there was no sign that her punishment was ending soon.

Mrs. Vanderveer did adjust her pace at times, occasionally slowing to deliver several deliberate extra-hard swats to each buttock, but this was only so that when she went into blitzkrieg mode, the nonstop, violent pounding was all the more devastating. Terry howled and sobbed, begged for mercy, and prayed for a miracle.

After five minutes of this torture, which to Terry felt like an hour, the woman paused. She rubbed the back of the brush slowly across the super-heated surfaces of the teen’s ass. Terry’s whole body shook with shudders and she wept in dread of more spanking.

“That’s the hairbrush,” said the housekeeper softly. “Do you understand now?”

“Oh God, yes,” cried the girl. “Please, no more. I’ll be good. I swear I’ll never be home late again.”

“Usually I spank a girl for at least ten minutes,” said Mrs.

Vanderveer. “You’ve had five. Which means we’re halfway done.”

“Oh my God. Please, no! I can’t take any more. I just can’t!”

“You don’t want five more minutes of the brush?”

“No, please, have mercy!”

“I’m going to give you a choice, then. Since it’s your first real spanking from me, I can either continue to use the hairbrush on your naughty bot for another five minutes, or you can spend the next thirty minutes out in the hall by my door with your nose against the wall and your hands on your head. Your skirt and panties, of course, will remain in here with me.”

Terry sucked in her breath. She trembled all over. Waves of heat rushed through her as she thought of how humiliated she’d be if she took the offer. She’d seen more than one girl standing outside the housemother’s room, bare from the waist down, with buttocks cherry red and glowing. A half hour of that? On display for everyone to see her? Unbearable.

“Please, I can’t do that,” she groaned. “It’s too shameful.”

“So you’d rather have five more minutes with the brush?”

“Oh God no!”

“Make a decision. One or the other.”

Terry groaned, sniffing and wiping her nose. She thought about how much the brush hurt and having to go through that much pain again was unbearable. But standing naked outside in the hall? Everyone would see her and she’d be humiliated. She didn’t know which was worse.

It was probably understandable that under the circumstances, Terry wasn't thinking clearly. She had drunk at the party, and the spanking had overwhelmed her senses. It was late and she was tired. She completely forgot that few of her sorority sisters were up at this hour, and hardly anyone was downstairs. Probably no one would have even noticed her standing in the hall with her spanked bottom on show.

But all she could think about was the humiliation. The decider was when she remembered that Jacqueline had promised to paddle her every time she got spanked by Mrs. V. Somehow Terry got it into her head that if she took the extra spanking she could return to her room unnoticed and Jacqueline would never know, but if she was naked in the hallway, the big sister would find out and Terry's ass would be spanked again.

"I'll... I'll take the spanking," she moaned. It wasn't an easy decision. She tried to tell herself that the hairbrush wasn't that bad—nothing like the slams of her big pine paddle—but soon the brush was peppering her butt with agonizing fire and she realized she'd made a dreadful mistake.

It was too late to change her mind now. Mrs. V wasn't about to give up. She spanked hard and fast, alternating cheeks for a terrible series of two dozen smacks, and then she concentrated on the lower portion of each buttock for ten slow blasts. After another rapid dose, she paused.

"We're about done. Just two minutes to go. These are really going to teach you a proper lesson about following the rules. Are you ready?"

Terry's grunt was apparently agreement and the blinding pain started and didn't stop for an hour. She'd thought her ass was hot before, but that was nothing compared to the sizzling she was enduring now. The temperature seemed to double. She wept until she had no more tears left, but the spanking went on and on. She couldn't believe the speed and force Mrs. Vanderveer was using. It felt like two hundred spanks a minute were raining down on her bare butt.

Then it was over. A sobbing Terry was released and allowed to stand. She stood there clutching and rubbing her still-steaming ass, barely hearing the words of the housemother's blistering lecture. All she was waiting for was permission to go to her room where she could cry herself to sleep.

Finally there they were: "You may go to bed," said Mrs. Vanderveer. "But your skirt and panties will stay here. You can retrieve them tomorrow."

"What did you say?" gasped Terry. Her clothes suddenly seemed like the most important thing in her life. "You can't do that! I can't leave here *naked*."

"Don't you tell me what I can and can't do, young lady. Would you rather go over my lap again for more of the hairbrush?"

Terry gulped and shook her head.

The housemother moved her head close to the teen's face. "Listen to me," she said carefully. "If you *ever* question one of my punishments again, I won't give you the courtesy of spanking you in my room. I'll spank you right out in the common room in front of everyone, guests and sisters alike.

Do you understand me?”

Nothing could be more horrible. Death itself would be preferable. Terry nodded frantically. “I’m sorry, Mrs. Vanderveer. I’ll never complain about your punishments again.”

“Good. Now you may go.”

Terry ran. She felt ridiculous, half naked, her face and hair wet with her tears, and her bottom beet red and hotter than the sun, but she didn’t want any more of that awful hairbrush.

Once she was outside and moving through the house, she realized how eerily quiet the place was and remembered that it was well after one o’clock now. Almost everyone was asleep. There were sometimes a few night owls studying, using headphones to listen to music or watch TV, and someone might come down to the kitchen for a drink or late night snack, but for the most part, the public areas of the house were deserted.

I’m an idiot, Terry thought, realizing that she could have spared herself the extra hairbrushing by doing time on display in the hallway and most likely gotten away without anyone seeing her. She’d imagined herself there while the common room was packed and people were coming and going, and she’d failed to remember how late it was.

Feeling foolish, she trotted up the stairs, every step jiggling her tender butt and stirring the throbbing sensations there. Like all the freshmen she was on the third floor and there was no elevator, so it was a workout to get to her room. She thought she was home free when she suddenly heard a whistle.

“Well, look at you,” drawled a voice softly.

Terry spotted a figure in hallway slumped against the wall. The girl had a laptop in front of her and was clearly writing a paper. She was probably working there so as to not disturb her roommate, though Terry did wonder why she didn’t use one of the desks downstairs.

“Oh! Hello... Andrea.”

Terry had been forced to memorize all the sister’s names, and even brief biographical details, as part of her initiation. The paddle had been used to encourage the memory, and she had done really well at the task, only earning two swats over her jeans. Almost without thinking about it she knew that Andrea Horchler was 19, a sophomore, an economics major, and was from Georgia. The two had never spoken before, but Terry had seen her around.

Though she was itching to continue down the hall to her room, Terry knew she didn’t dare be rude to an older sister. As a pledge, and the lowest of the low, she was to be extra-respectful. So she smiled as though she’d found a friend.

The blond studied her for a moment and then said, “Looks like you got into a debate with Mrs. V’s hairbrush... and lost.”

Terry tried to use her charm and gave a short laugh. “Yes, that sums it up.”

“Turn around and let me see.”

Flushing pink, Terry rotated to show the girl her well-spanked butt. She kept glancing over her shoulder, wondering if it was enough, but Andrea just drank in the sight of the punished cheeks with a smile. Finally Terry had

enough.

“Can... may I go to my room, now?”

“What’s the rush?”

“I’m, uh, tired.”

“You don’t look tired. You look wide awake to me.”

“I need to use the bathroom.”

“Your story is changing, pledge. Which is it?”

“Both,” said Terry quickly. “I’m tired and I need to pee.”

“Aren’t you suppose to tell your Big Sister about your spanking?”

Terry flushed, her heart racing. “She’s is asleep. I don’t want to disturb her. It can wait until tomorrow.”

“Are you sure? I would think she’d want to know. Who’s your Big Sis?”

“Jacqueline Dominic,” whispered Terry, her heart dropping.

“Really? I just saw her. There was a little poker game tonight. I didn’t play, but it only just finished. Jacqueline won big. I’m sure she’s still awake. Why don’t we go down and see?”

The girl set aside her laptop and got to her feet.

“Oh, I can go myself,” Terry said hastily, but it was soon clear she was getting an escort whether she wanted it or not. Tears glittered in her eyes as she thought about the paddling she was going to get. Maybe Jacqueline would be merciful and let her off until tomorrow, but that didn’t sound like the senior. She was by-the-book and the book hurt.

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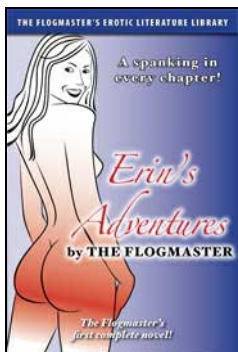
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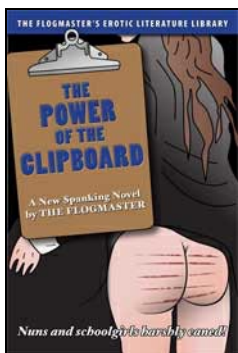
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

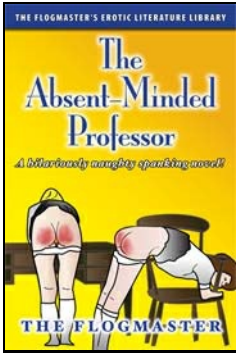
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

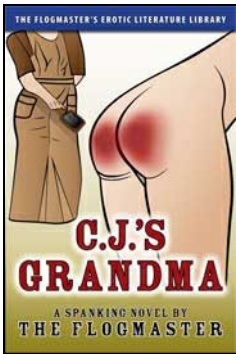
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

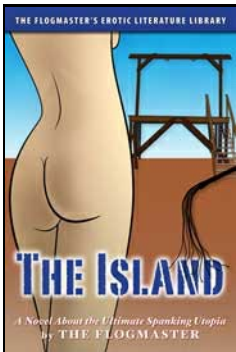
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

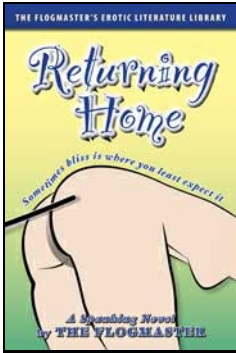
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



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.

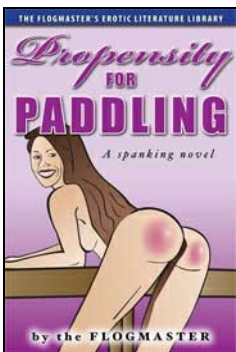
53,000 words.



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)

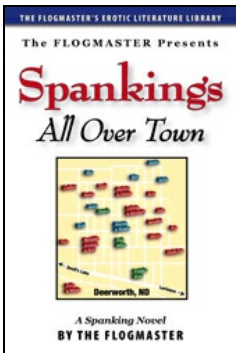
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(M/F/f)

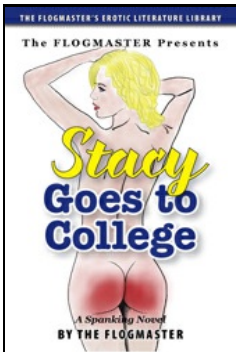
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



Spankings All Over Town

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

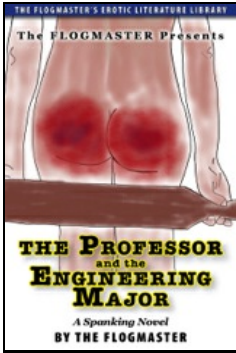
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



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.

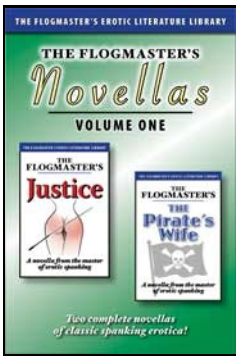


The Professor and the Engineering Major

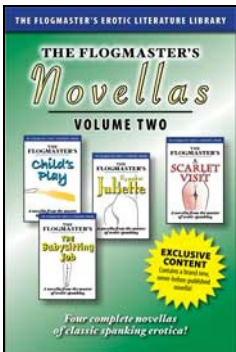
(M/FF)

When a depressed divorcee goes back to college in a tough major, she discovers that strict discipline is just what she needs to get her life back on track. 30,000 words.

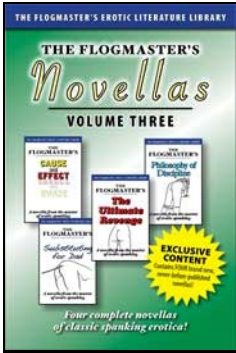
Novella Collections



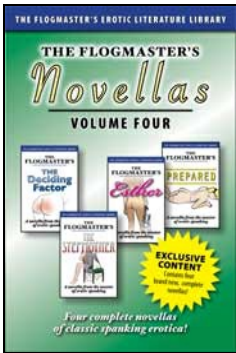
Volume 1— *Justice*: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. ***The Pirate's Wife*:** (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



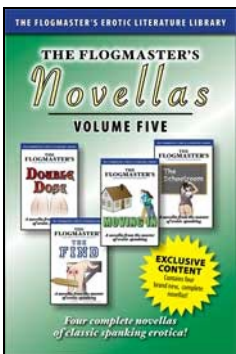
Volume 2— *Child's Play*: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. ***Nymphet Juliett*:** (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. ***Scarlet Visit*:** (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. ***The Babysitting Job*:** (MF/f) A girl's babysitting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



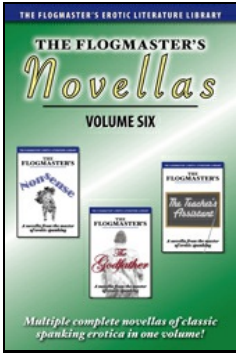
Volume 3— *Cause and Effect*: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline*: (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad*: (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge*: (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



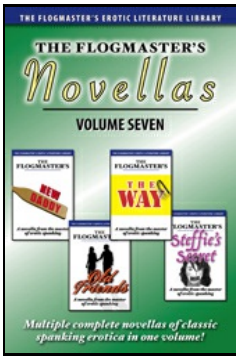
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



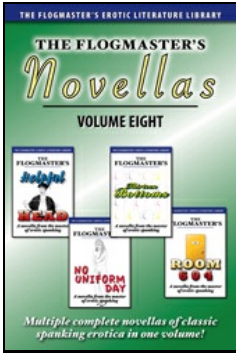
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



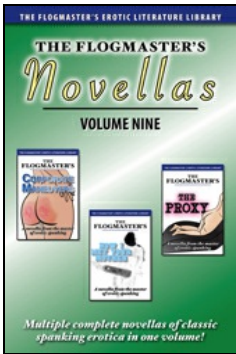
Volume 6— Nonsense: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather:* (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant:* (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



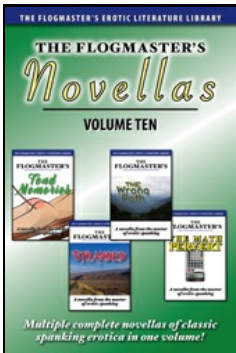
Volume 7— A New Daddy: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends:* (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret:* (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way:* (m/f) A boy is trained to cane.



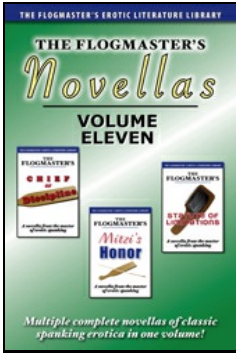
Volume 8— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



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.



Volume 11— *Statute of Limitations*: (F/F) While visiting her mother, a woman reveals a childhood crime and is shocked when she's punished for it.

Mitzi's Honor: (M/FF, F/MMF) Two professional contractors for rival mob families are assigned to take each other out. *Chief of Discipline*:

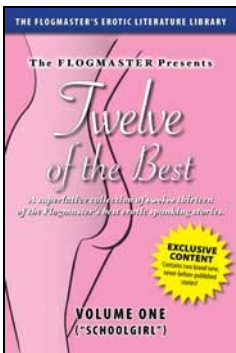
(M/FFFFF) Girls at a college are punished.



Volume 12— *Nurse Patty*: (F/f) A new girl at a strict school finds solace in a kindly nurse. *Brother and Sister*: (MF/fm) Orphaned twins are raised by strict step-parents. *Workaround*: (Mfm/fm) In the

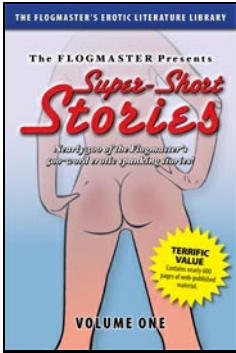
1940s, a girl and a boy sent to a disciplinarian, figure out a workaround. *The Devil Made Me Do It*: (M/fff) A 1950s lawman abuses his authority.

Short Story Collections



Twelve of the Best: Volumes 1-38

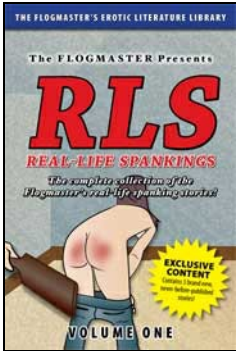
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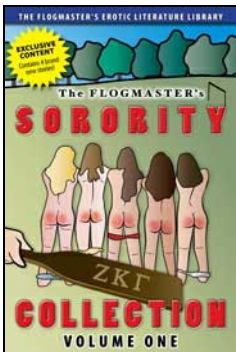
(Mostly /f or /F)



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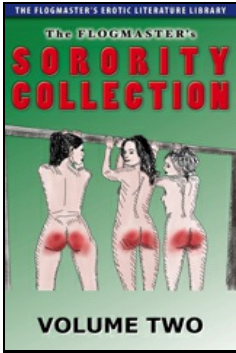
experiences. (Mostly /f or /F)



Sorority Collection: Volume 1

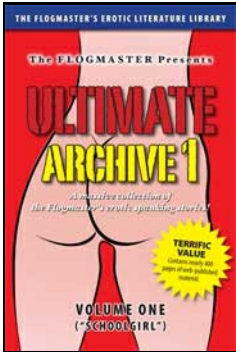
All of the Flogmaster's published sorority stories,

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Sorority Collection: Volume 2

Fourteen brand new Flogmaster sorority stories: *A Hearty Dose of Reality, Sorority Justice, College Girl, Costume Mistake, Greed, Just a Paddling, Old Friend, Pledge Pain, Punishment for Sexual Harassment, Sorority Practice, The Hairbrush or the Paddle, The Paddle is Waiting, The Sorority Paddle,* and *Tiptoes.* (Mostly /F)



Ultimate Archive: Volumes 1-4

The Flogmaster's free story website in four huge books!

Purchase these in print or PDF at the Flogmaster's Bookstore: <http://stores.lulu.com/flogmaster>

The FLOGMASTER'S SORORITY COLLECTION TWO

In this series, the Flogmaster spins spanking tales involving the ultimate male fantasy, sorority girls.

A Hearty Dose of Reality (FF/F) Sorority girl learns her lesson. ***College Girl*** (F/F) A college girl gets disciplined by her aunt and sorority. ***The Costume Mistake*** (MMMF/FM) A good girl dresses naughty and pays the price. ***Greed*** (M/FF) A campus security guard punishes two sorority girls.

Just a Paddling (FFFFF/F) Pledges worry about a paddling they have coming. ***Old Friend*** (F/F) Former sorority sisters have an unusual reunion. ***Pledge Pain*** (FF/FFF) Sorority sisters practice spanking a pledge.

Punishment for Sexual Harassment (FF/FFFF) Four sorority girls are punished in front of frat boys.

Sorority Justice (FFF/FFF) Three sexy sorority sisters punish three sexy sorority pledges. ***Sorority Practice*** (F/F) A sorority girl needs to get in spanking shape for Hell Night.

The Paddle is Waiting (M/F) A former sorority girl still gets the paddle. ***The Sorority Paddle*** (m/F) A depressed mother asks her son to paddle her. ***Tiptoes*** (FF/FF) Two pledges have an unusual punishment for fighting.

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