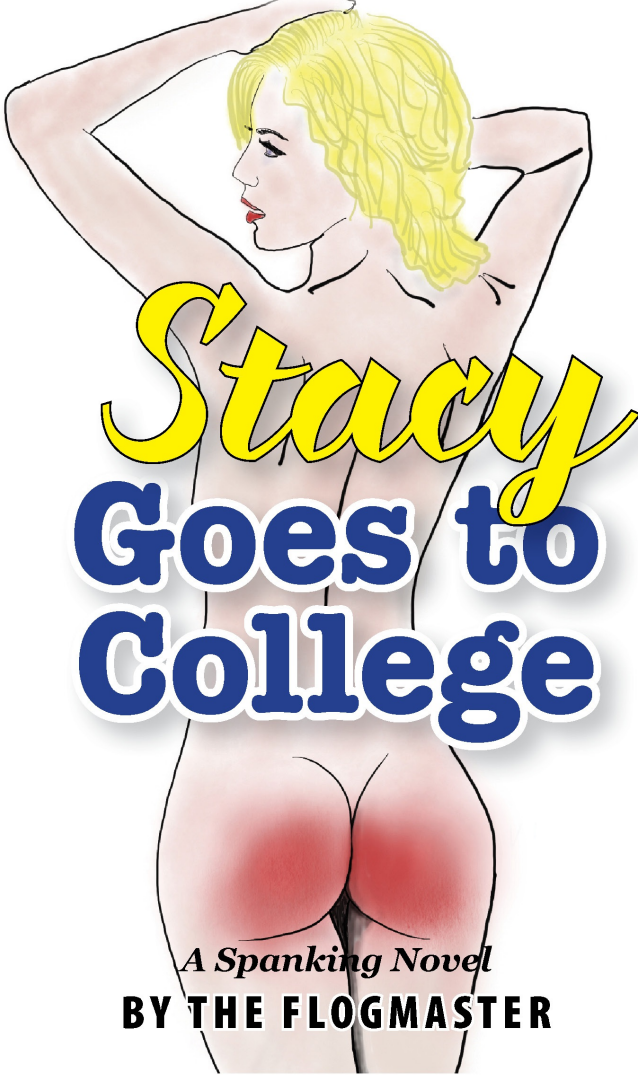


THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

The FLOGMASTER Presents



A Spanking Novel

BY THE FLOGMASTER

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

This story is very funny and hot at the same time.

KOSMONAUT

The title alone told it all. Even those who never experienced a trip there knew what it meant. You came through beautifully.

JUDE

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

ARSDIGITA

This girl is going to have one sore bottom.

BENDOVER

Poor girl! Love all the teachers' rude names, though.

PHILK

What a delightful story.

CATMAMA

I loved the concept. This was a fun story with a little math, my favorite subject in school. Thanks!

JTAYLOR75

Selected Excerpt

Stacy winced as she studied the sore flesh. Her normally smooth pink skin was ravaged into a swirling sea of magenta, crimson, and lavender. She could see the overall pinkness, generated by her mother's long hand-spanking, but that was overlaid with the darker purplish blotches caused by the heavy wooden hairbrush. There were streaks of scarlet from her father's leather belt, and then the entire mess was overwhelmed with a batch of ruby blisters from the big oak paddle. The skin felt leaden and hot, and it throbbed relentlessly, though Stacy had to admit that the intensity had cooled from the magma rock level of earlier.

She blushed as she thought of how she'd looked just minutes ago, howling and kicking like a three-year-old across her mother's lap. Spankings were so undignified and humiliating. Wasn't she an adult? Why did she still have to endure such childish punishments? At least, she reflected with a sigh, this would be her last spanking for a long, long time. Hopefully forever, but knowing her parents, that might be too optimistic. But soon she would be far from their reach for a while.

In three days Stacy would be leaving for college. She'd been accepted at Ohio University. It was still in state, as her parents had insisted on that, but it was about as far from Cleveland as she could get! She grinned as she thought of all the fun she was going to have. College was going to be a blast. Stacy needed a break, and she was going to have fun!

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.*

License

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each person you share it with. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then you should return it and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of the author.

Copyright

©2016 by the Flogmaster (Frank Marsh). All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this book, or portions thereof, in any form. No part of this text may be reproduced, transmitted, downloaded, decompiled, reverse engineered, or stored in or introduced into any information storage and retrieval system, in any form or by any means, whether electronic or mechanical without the express written permission of the author. The scanning, uploading, and distribution of this book via the Internet or via any other means without the permission of the publisher is illegal and punishable by law. Please purchase only authorized electronic editions, and do not participate in or encourage electronic piracy of copyrighted materials.

The FLOGMASTER Presents

Stacy
**Goes to
College**

A Spanking Novel

BY THE FLOGMASTER

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

Chapter One: The Final Spanking

Chapter Two: The First Spanking

Chapter Three: More Spankings

Chapter Four: Even More Spankings

Chapter Five: The Girlfriend

Chapter Six: Seeking Attention

Chapter Seven: Revenge

Chapter Eight: Consequences

Chapter Nine: Contrition

Chapter One: The Final Spanking

A tearful Stacy winced and grimaced as she mounted the stairs to her room, every movement antagonizing the raw, ruined flesh of her buttocks. She was keenly aware she was naked, and even more keenly aware that her butt was the color of a fire engine and as hot as a grill on the fourth of July.

She also knew that the whole world—well, the entire Collins household, at least—were getting a fine view of those aforementioned crimson cheeks as the broad staircase was along one side of the great room with the thirty-foot ceiling. Stacy’s father was an architect and the elegant glass staircase he’d designed was a key feature, but unfortunately it did nothing to hide the young lady’s nudity, nor did the glass balcony she had to walk along next.

Stacy finally reached the privacy of the corridor and a

few steps down arrived at her room. She gratefully slipped inside, firmly closing the door behind her, and flung herself on her bed—face down, of course—for a long self-pitying sob. When her tears were gone she got to her knees and grabbed some tissues from the box by her bed and noisily blew her nose and dried her eyes and face.

This was not an unfamiliar situation for Stacy Collins. For as far back in her eighteen years as she could remember, she'd been subject to her parents' strict discipline. They were spankers and believed in old-fashioned values like hard work and children obeying their parents. Stacy thought such things were a bit ridiculous in this day and age. Who spanked any more? Wasn't it outlawed? *If it wasn't, it sure ought to be*, she thought miserably.

Of course, it had been entirely her fault. It always was. Her parents were very clear about the rules. Stacy knew when she stayed out past curfew it would mean a spanking, but somehow at midnight, hanging with Richard and Darla and the gang, it had seemed like a distant and far-fetched possibility. She also had to admit she'd been a little buzzed. It was a good thing her parents hadn't known she'd been drinking or her butt wouldn't have any skin left.

That thought reminded her to check on the condition of said anatomy. With a groan at the pain the movement caused, Stacy walked over to the full-length mirror at her closet and looked at herself. She was pleased with what she saw. She was no Jennifer Aniston, her favorite star, but she wasn't bad looking. She was on the tall side at five-nine, and sturdily built. Not fat at all, for she was on the basketball

team and an active athlete, but she was certainly solid. Her breasts were large and required a sports bra when she exercised, and they tended to embarrass her, since they made her feminine sex so obvious. When she walked into a room, all the men would stare. They were admiring stares, but they made Stacy feel self-conscious and awkward. She was still a tomboy at heart.

Stacy flipped her long rod-straight golden hair over her shoulders and studied her face critically. When her self-esteem was low, she thought herself as too bland. After all, she was an ordinary blue-eyed honey blond and there was little distinctive about her. But when she was in a better mood, she noticed subtle things that made her special: the delicate lips, strong brow, and the tiny dimples that blossomed on her high cheeks when she smiled, all features inherited from her lovely mother. And at least she had only received a portion of her father's royal nose. Hers was strong and not exactly dainty, but it fit her face well, better now than it had in her early teens when it had dominated too much. She had to admit that her deep blue eyes were rather spectacular, a vivid cobalt that glowed like fine glass.

But Stacy still thought her face had too much little girl in it. She was cute like a young Elisha Cuthbert, but she wanted to be beautiful and elegant and be treated like an adult. At least she finally had the body of a woman. There was no way anyone could mistake her for a little girl with sweet grapefruit-half tits like hers.

She rotated her hips and shoulders so her backside was curled toward the mirror and stared at the horrible sight. The butt itself was much too large for her liking, her wide

hips and short stocky thighs giving her an embarrassing big-bottom look, but what was there was all natural: there wasn't an ounce of unnecessary fat, for her cheeks were as firm and solid as hams. Just like her proud breasts made her feel all tits in front, she felt all ass from behind, and it didn't at all help when her butt was a giant purple blob, as it was was right now.

She winced as she studied the sore flesh. Her normally smooth pink skin was ravaged into a swirling sea of magenta, crimson, and lavender. She could see the overall pinkness, generated by her mother's long hand-spanking, but that was overlaid with the darker purplish blotches caused by the heavy wooden hairbrush. There were streaks of scarlet from her father's leather belt, and then the entire mess was overwhelmed with a batch of ruby blisters from the big oak paddle. The skin felt leaden and hot, and it throbbed relentlessly, though Stacy had to admit that the intensity had cooled from the magma rock level of earlier.

Stacy blushed as she thought of how she'd looked just minutes ago, howling and kicking like a three-year-old across her mother's lap. Spankings were so undignified and humiliating. Wasn't she an adult? Why did she still have to endure such childish punishments? At least, she reflected with a sigh, this would be her last spanking for a long, long time. Hopefully forever, but knowing her parents, that might be too optimistic. But soon she would be far from their reach for a while.

In three days Stacy would be leaving for college. She'd been accepted at Ohio University. It was still in state, as her parents had insisted on that, but it was about as far from

Cleveland as she could get! She grinned as she thought of all the fun she was going to have. College was going to be a blast. Away from her parents and all their damned rules, finally free to hang out with guys without feeling guilty, Stacy had already decided that her first year in college was not going to be focused on academics. She'd had enough of that with her parents' strict standards throughout high school, checking her progress constantly and insisting she spend half her life with her nose in books. No, Stacy needed a break, and she was going to have fun!

A warm glow of happiness filled the teen as she thought of her upcoming independence. It took her mind off the ache of her buttocks and she drifted, only long minutes later realizing with a sharp blush that her hands had found their way between her legs and she'd been actively rubbing herself. She was totally hot all over, her body alive with desire, and she gulped as she felt moisture trickling down her thigh. She felt guilty as she looked around the room, taking her sticky, dripping hand away momentarily, but she was alone. She straightened, feeling bold and confident, telling herself that she was an adult now, almost a college girl, and if she wanted to masturbate than she'd damn well masturbate! She thrust her fingers back inside herself with a daring grin and gasped at how good it felt.

The sudden rapping at the door hit her like a sledgehammer. For a long moment in the haze she couldn't identify what it was, and then her body panicked and she flew to her bed, flinging herself under the covers, her face crimson with embarrassment. She just made it as the door opened tentatively, her mother's pretty blond head poking

her way in.

“Stace? You awake?”

“Yeah, Mom, come in.”

The door swung open completely and in stepped both her parents. Stacy bit her lower lip, for her body was in a ridiculous state. Her heart was pounding at two hundred beats a minute, she was covered with sweat and her internal juices, and her ass throbbed as her cheeks pressed into the mattress. Worst of all was the unsatisfied hunger between her legs she'd only just started to fulfill, and though the unexpected sight of her parents had muted her arousal, it had not completely eliminated it.

“We need to talk to you, Stacy.”

“About college,” nodded her father. He shut the door behind him and Stacy felt a stab of fear strike her heart.

“What? Oh no! You can't change your mind!

Everything's planned, everything's in place. I'm enrolled, the tuition's paid, everything's done. I leave in three days!”

“Shhhh. Hush dear, it's nothing like that. You're still leaving on Wednesday as planned.”

“Oh.” Stacy gulped air and felt her heart slow as her panic ebbed. She licked her dry lips. “Then what is it?”

Roger glanced at his wife, then back at Stacy. “Your mother and I are concerned. I know we agreed to let you choose your school, but we're uncomfortable with you being so far away.”

“Hey, I'll be fine.”

“Will you? This latest episode of yours doesn't have me convinced. I thought you were growing up, finally taking some responsibility for yourself. We gave you additional

freedom, extending your curfew to midnight this summer, and what do you do but stay out partying until three in the morning! That is telling us that you're not ready to be on your own."

"Dad, that was a one-time thing. I told you, the guys were just giving me a going-away party. I lost track of time, that's all."

Claudia Collins shook her head at her husband. "We've already dealt with that, dear, so let's not discuss it any further. Go on, just tell her."

"Tell me what?"

Roger pulled the chair from the desk at the corner and sat in it facing his daughter. His wife perched herself on the end of the bed. "Stacy, you need discipline. You are a rambunctious, impulsive girl, and without guidance and discipline, we're worried you're going to get into serious trouble."

"Dad, I'll be fine! I told you, this was a one-time thing. Come on, I'm eighteen!"

"That's why we're worried. At eighteen, you should know better. The fact that you don't tells us you still need proper discipline."

Stacy rolled her eyes. "So what, you're going to move to Athens to keep an eye on me? You want weekly video reports? Am I going to have to wear an ankle bracelet like those paroled prisoners? Are you going to implant a GPS chip in me so you'll always know where I am? God, you guys are pathetic!"

Roger Collins frowned. "Young lady, I do not like your tone," he growled in an ominous voice, and Stacy shut her

mouth and bit her lower lip muttering, “Sorry.”

“Now listen to us. Your mother and I are of one mind on this and there is going to be no discussion. If you wish to go to Ohio University you will comply with our plan or you can live here and go to Cleveland State. Those are your only choices.”

Stacy shuddered at that prospect. Living at home would mean one thing: spankings. She’d have to study and keep to all kinds of awful rules or face having her bottom blistered like it was right now. *No way*. There was no fucking way she was going to put up with that for another four years!

“Fine. What is this plan of yours?”

“Do you remember an associate of mine named Anthony Harley?”

“You mean Tony? He was your intern a couple of years ago.” Stacy felt her face reddening slightly and hoped her parents wouldn’t notice. She desperately worked to keep her voice neutral. She’d been sixteen and had a horrible crush on the college boy. She’d come up with many excuses to visit her father at his office just to see Tony, and she initially loved it when on several occasions he’d come home with her dad while they worked over a weekend. That was until... Stacy quickly put the awful thought from her mind.

“Yes. Well, Tony’s developed into a quality architect. He’s part of a small firm down in Athens, Faxon and Associates. Good company. He’s actually done some work for OU, in fact. He knows the dean.”

“Really.”

“I found this out a few weeks ago when I was talking with the dean. I called up Tony and we chatted a bit. He was

delighted to hear you were going to be moving down there for school.”

Stacy felt dizzy. She wasn't sure how she felt about Tony. He was dreamy and handsome and she still felt all hot and bothered when she thought of him, but then he knew her awful secret. He'd been here at the house that horrible weekend. He *knew*.

“I called Tony this morning,” continued Roger. “After your behavior this weekend, I thought I'd see if Tony would be interested in helping out. He said he would.”

Stacy looked at each of her parents warily. She could sense a trap of some kind closing in, but she wasn't sure what it was yet. What was going on?

“How's Tony going to help?” she asked cautiously.

“Tony is going to be your tutor,” said Claudia Collins gently.

“My tutor? I don't need a tutor!”

“Yes. You do. And you're going to get one.” Roger's voice was iron and Stacy felt a shiver of despair shoot through her as she knew that tone well. This was going to happen. There was nothing she could do about. Her only other choice would be to stay at home, and that wasn't a choice at all. Still, she had to try.

“Ah, come on, a tutor? Why do I need a tutor?”

“Tony will do more than just monitor your academic work and keep you on track. I have spoken with him about your discipline and he's agreed to fulfill that function as well.”

Stacy gasped. It felt like someone had just dumped a bathtub of ice water over her head. Dismay crossed her face

and she let out a pathetic cry of “Nooooo!”

The teen’s mind flashed back to that awful weekend two years earlier. It had been a Saturday. She’d been so excited to see that Tony was spending the day at their house as he and her father worked on a project. But that had been before she and her sister had gotten into an argument about who spilled the shampoo in bathroom. Stacy had done it, of course, but she was in a desperate hurry to catch Tony before he disappeared into her dad’s home office and she hadn’t wanted to take the time to clean it up, so she’d tried to blame it on Carrie. That disagreement had escalated into slaps and scratches. The result had backfired horribly, as Mrs. Collins had decided both girls needed sound spankings. She dragged the girls down to the kitchen where she’d have the spanking space she needed, and who was there drinking coffee and eating cereal, but but the young, handsome Tony Harley!

“Excuse us, Tony, but I’ve got some parental discipline to administer,” Mrs. Collins had said, and Stacy had thought she would die on the spot as her mother fished out a giant wooden spoon from a drawer and approached the girls. She naturally grabbed Stacy first, as the oldest, and proceeded to wallop the girl’s butt through her jeans. Stacy had been mortified. To be spanked like a child in front of her crush? Could anything be more humiliating? Of course, no one knew she desired Tony—she’d worked hard to keep her infatuation a secret—but it was by far the worst thing that had ever happened to Stacy.

Fortunately Tony had politely excused himself before her jeans came down, but not before making some remark to

Claudia about “glad to see some parents still believe in proper discipline.” Afterward Stacy had fled to her room never to emerge until Tony had left, and after that she avoided him at all costs, and a few months later he’d finished his internship and moved away.

The memory of that event flooded Stacy’s mind as the words of her father tried to sink in, but she resisted. She had to have misunderstood. He couldn’t have meant what she thought he meant, could he? He couldn’t, he absolutely couldn’t. But her father promptly burst that bubble.

“Yes, Stacy, I have authorized Tony to spank you when you need it. He comes from a family with similar beliefs as our own. He and I had a little talk about you a few years ago. You may not remember this, but I believe one of you girls were in for a spanking while he was here one weekend. I guess he overheard it. He mentioned it to me and we had a chat. I was pleased to learn that he fully agreed with strict discipline. His parents were stern with him and he told me that he’d even been in charge of his younger siblings on many occasions. He’s seven years older than his brother and sisters, you know, and when his dad died while he was in college he helped out his mom by disciplining his siblings. I remember being very impressed with him. He was such a mature young man.”

Stacy could not breathe. The air in the room was hot and stifling, and her heart was thumping and she felt dizzy and confused.

“When I spoke with Tony this morning, I explained the situation, and he was in completely agreement. He understands that you need a strict hand and he said he’d be

willing to keep an eye on you while you're at college. So you're going to meet with him regularly. He'll help you with your schoolwork, if you need it, for he is a capable tutor, but his main job will be to keep you in line behaviorally."

"Daddy, please, you cannot be serious about this!"

"I told you before, there will be no discussion. The decision has been made. If you're going to Ohio University, this is what will happen. It's your choice, of course. If you'd rather stay home, you may. But if you move to Athens, Tony will be your tutor."

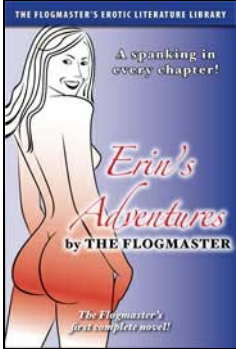
Claudia moved closer to her daughter and added gently, "Tony understands our rules, dear. He's an honest and fair man. If you behave and keep up with your studies, he'll have absolutely no reason to put you over his knee. I honestly hope he never needs to do that, but that will be entirely in your hands. If you don't want him to spank you, you'll just have to learn to behave."

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

Also by The Flogmaster

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

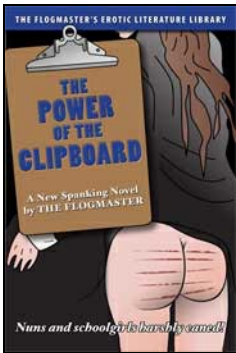
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

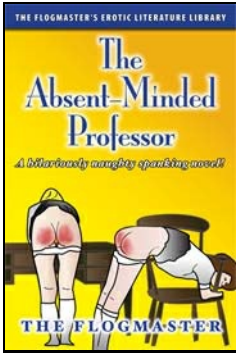
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

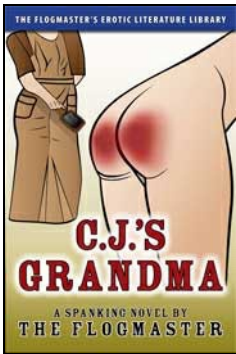
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

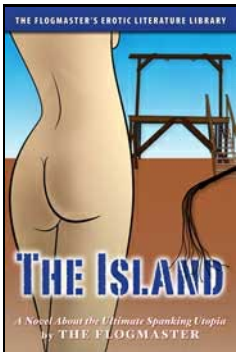
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

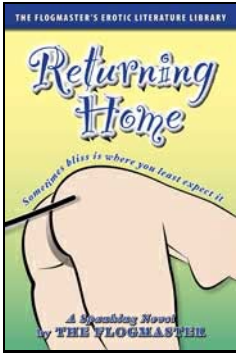
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



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.

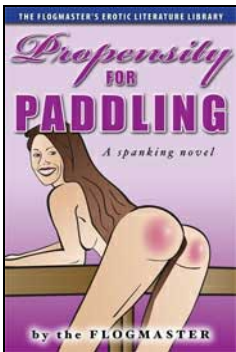
53,000 words.



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)

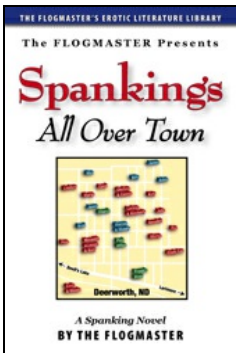
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(M/F/f)

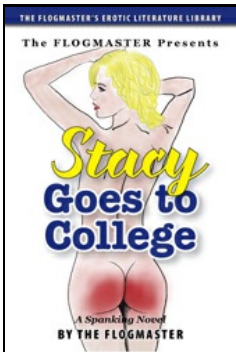
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



Spankings All Over Town

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

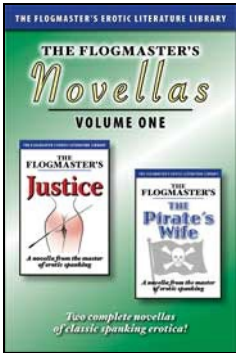
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



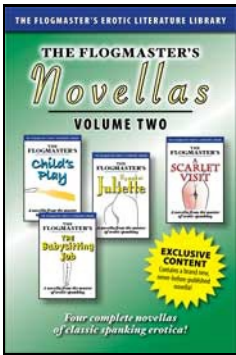
Stacy Goes to College

(M/F)

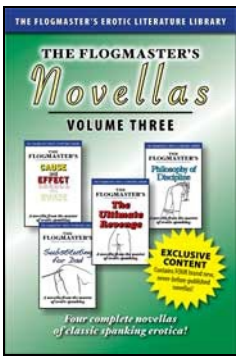
A girl goes off to college thinking she's too grown-up for spankings and learns the hard way that's not the case. 46,000 words.



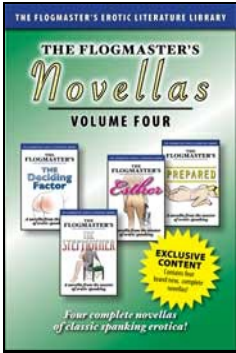
Volume 1— Justice: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. *The Pirate's Wife:* (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



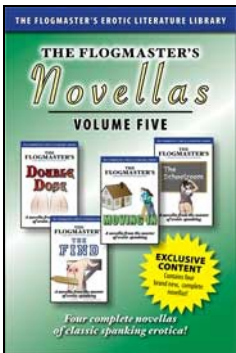
Volume 2— Child's Play: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. *Nymphet Juliett:* (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. *Scarlet Visit:* (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. *The Babysitting Job:* (MF/f) A girl's babysitting gig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



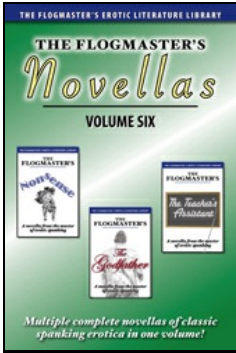
Volume 3— Cause and Effect: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline:* (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad:* (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge:* (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



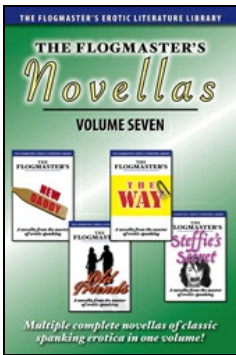
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



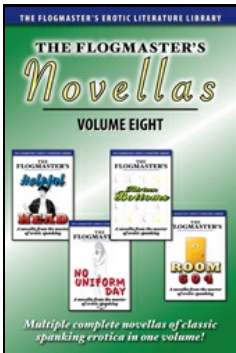
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



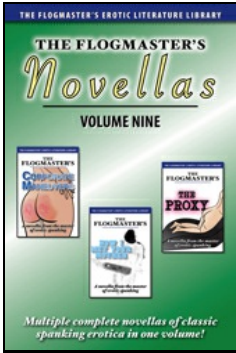
Volume 6— *Nonsense*: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather*: (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant*: (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



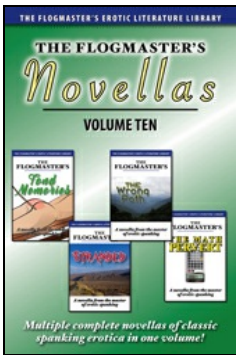
Volume 7— *A New Daddy*: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends*: (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret*: (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way*: (m/f) A boy is trained to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

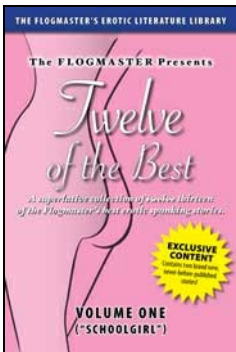


Volume 9— *Corporate Maneuvers*: (M/F) An executive abuses a lower-level employee. *The Proxy*: (M/F) A girl goes to her late best friend's parents for severe spankings. Sad, tender moments. *How I Met Your Mother*: (F/FFFFM) A man reveals he met his future wife as part of a sorority punishment.



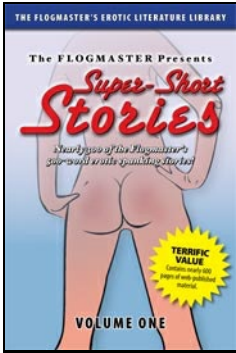
Volume 10— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't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

Short Story Collections



Twelve of the Best: Volumes 1-24

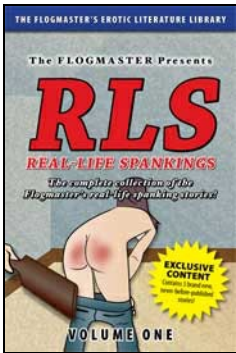
Over 290 stories divided in books focusing on the punishment of adults or children.



Super-Short Stories: Volume 1-3

Short and sweet: nearly 500 500-word stories.

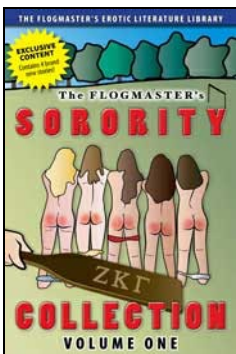
(Mostly /f or /F)



Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1-5

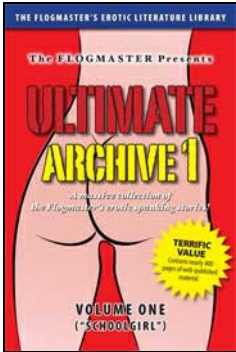
Spanking stories dramatized from real-life

experiences. (Mostly /f or /F)



Sorority Collection: Volume 1

All of the Flogmaster's published sorority stories, plus four new exclusives to this book. (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
Stacy Goes to College

M/F — Severe, non-consensual paddling, spanking, razor stropping. 46,000 words.

Eighteen-year-old Stacy goes off to college thinking she's too grown-up for spankings and learns the hard way that's not the case.

Her parents hire her a tutor, and horror of horrors, it's her dad's former intern, a young man she had a terrible crush on when she was young. And now he's been given authority to paddle her bottom if she misbehaves!

Stacy resents this treatment and hates her new regime. In a fit of childish jealousy, she sabotages her tutor's work. The repercussions are life-changing, and she comes to realize that as an adult, actions have real consequences worse than any spanking. Gradually Stacy learns to understand the benefits of discipline and to take responsibility for her conduct.

Over 600
free stories at

FLOGMASTERSTORIES.COM