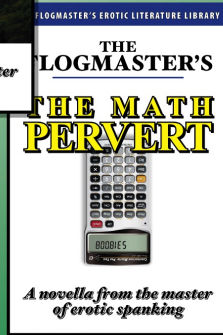
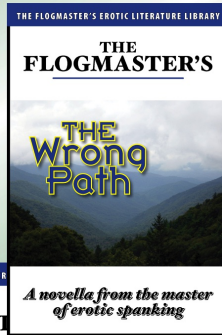
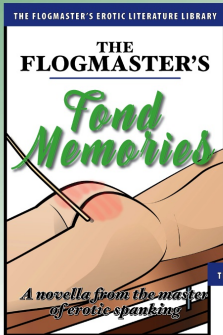


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THE FLOGMASTER'S  
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# Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

*A great narrative regarding [her] emotions .*  
**ARSDIGITA**

*It is always more fun with a friend. ;-)*  
**LANGAD**

*I have to say you captured the essence of the story so well.  
Much appreciated and just as good read the second time  
round. Thanks for a great story.*  
**PLATYPUS**

*This is a truly odd story, even for the Flogmaster. [He] must  
be superhuman.*  
**GUY**

*Wow! What an idea! I'm in!*  
**ISLANDCAROL**

*This little story was so... good. A story of pure pleasure.  
Canning night must be a great event for the person doing the  
punishment.*  
**SEBASTIAN**

*That was an enjoyable story. I could feel the wife's keen  
embarrassment as I have been in a similar situation. Though  
how she kept the marks from her husband I don't know.*  
**OPB**

## **Selected Excerpts**

### **From *Fond Memories*:**

“It’ll be the cane,’ she warned, but by that time, I didn’t care. I agreed to it wholeheartedly, thanking her—actually thanking her—for her mercy. She still hadn’t told me how many, but I was telling myself that even if it were fifty I’d take it.”

### **From *Stranded*:**

Before the two guests realized what was happening, both were running up the stairs, the old woman alternatively slapping one butt or another, whichever was the slowest.

“Now just what are you two miscreants doing!” She smacked Richard’s firm rump and then Samantha’s broader, cushier one. “Get a move on. It’s past your bedtime!”

### **From *The Math Pervert*:**

Her eyes went right to the sturdy maple Greek-lettered paddle on one shelf and the thirty-two inch curve-handled brown cane next to it. The man watched the pale white flesh of her throat move as she swallowed hard. Then she looked at him, intense eyes pleading. Her gaze dropped to his crotch and she licked her lips in an exaggerated motion that made her silent suggestion clear.

### **From *The Wrong Path*:**

“It’s just a rumor. I can’t vouch for it myself, but there’s supposed to be a guy down that way, got a large farm near the border, up in the mountains. Prichard’s the name.” He pronounced it with a hard C. “His nickname is Whipper Prichard. Hates tourists and hikers and trespassers. Got warning signs up all over. You take you chances on his land and he catches you, he takes a bullwhip to ya. Strips ya and flogs ya, so I hear, and sends ya on yer way naked as a baby.”

## **Disclaimer**

*This book **contains explicit material of an adult nature**. Read at your own risk! Anything offensive is your own problem. The content of this book is for entertainment purposes only, and it does not necessarily represent the viewpoint of the author or the publisher. All characters are fictional—any resemblance to any real person is purely coincidental.*

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**THE FLOGMASTER'S**  
*Novellas*  

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**VOLUME TEN**

*Multiple complete novellas of classic  
spanking erotica in one volume!*

*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.

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**★★★★, F/FFFF—Severe, non-consensual paddling, caning, F/f flashbacks**

Four women remember their strict schooling.

## Stranded

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**★★★★★, F/MF—Severe, non- and semi-consensual spanking, paddling, strapping, switching**

An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them.

## The Math Pervert

---

**★★★★, M/F—Severe, semi-consensual paddling, caning, consensual sex**

A student must pay the price to get her professor to increase her grade.

## The Wrong Path

---

**★★★★, M/FF—Severe, non-consensual paddling, strapping, bullwhipping, sex**

Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't go.





# Fond Memories

**(★★★★, F/FFFF—Severe, non-consensual paddling, caning, F/f flashbacks)**

Four women remember their strict schooling. (8,249 words.)

**I**t was a reunion. The four had kept in touch, but hadn't actually met in person in years. Their lives had started out together and then diverged in different directions.

Jessie was the U.S. marketing consultant for a company based in Singapore. Morgan was a flight attendant for United Airlines and spent most of her time traveling between the coasts. Sarah had married and settled down as a housewife, though she had a studio in her garage and claimed she still painted occasionally. Francesca hadn't married a billionaire, as expected; instead she was running her own real estate company in Miami and doing extremely well.

"I can't believe we're finally together again! It feel just

like old times,” said Morgan happily.

Francesca winced as she sipped her mediocre cappuccino. “This place hasn’t changed. Unfortunately.” Her dark eyes took in the modest cafe, the majority of the tables empty.

“Oh come on,” protested pretty Sarah. “We used to come here all the time as kids. I thought it would be a fond memory.”

“Not so fond,” grunted Jessie. “I seem to remember a few shellackings I got for being here when I was supposed to be on campus.”

There was a brief moment of silence as each remembered. Life at Culver Hall had been the best, but the school was strict. Not one of the girls had failed to experience at least one trip to the office of the Headmistress, Madame Borgini.

“Damn, but we did get it at times, didn’t we?” laughed Morgan. “I think I got it worse than any of you. Seemed like I was always in Madame B’s office.”

“What? No way you got it worse than me!” cried Jessie. “I was a holy terror!”

Sarah giggled. “I think we *all* got it, back then. I know I did.”

“Not Francesca. She was always perfect.”

All eyes went to the tall, dark-haired beauty who had the decency to turn bright pink. “Hey, don’t look at me. I got my share.”

There were mock gasps of disbelief.

“Princess Francesca got spanked?” laughed Sarah. “I don’t believe it!”

“Of course I did. Maybe not as often as Morgan, but I did end up in Madame B’s office on a few occasions.”

“When? You never told us!”

The beauty blushed more. “I was too embarrassed.”

“Embarrassed? We were *roommates* for four years. We shared everything!”

“Not everything.” Francesca hesitated. Embarrassed, her graceful features looked even more radiant than usual. “You remember Peter Cole?”

“Your boyfriend for two years. You were going to marry him come graduation.” Jessie stated this the way one might read numbers off a spreadsheet.

“Yeah, whatever happened to him? Why did you break up?”

“Well, to make a long story short, we got caught.”

There were gasps, real ones this time. “You mean... you and he...”

“Yeah.”

“Where?”

Francesca’s classical cheeks were hot pink, now. “In the shed behind the lake.”

“Oh my God!”

“Wow!”

“You slutty bitch!”

This last came from Morgan, who was grinning madly. Sarah was stunned. “You really did it with him? In the shed?”

“No, we were interrupted.”

“By who?”

“Mr. Radley, the groundskeeper. I had my shirt off and

he got quite an eyeful.”

“The old bat!”

“Dirty old man.”

“What happened?”

“He sent Peter packing and dragged me off to B’s office.”

“Uh oh.”

“Yup. I was terrified. I’d been caned twice before—”

“What! No way!”

“Shhh. Don’t interrupt.”

“It was just six, both times. It hurt like bloody hell, but I knew this was going to be infinitely worse. I thought she might even expel me.”

Morgan grunted. “How many’d you get?”

“Shut up! Let her tell it,” said Sarah.

Jessie agreed. “Yeah. Don’t rush. Tell us what it was like, what you felt. Don’t leave anything out.”

Another blush deepened the pink of Francesca’s cheeks, but this time it was the flush of excitement. Her naughty grin was contagious, infecting the others. Everyone leaned forward to hear better.

“It was late Sunday afternoon. Campus was deserted. Everyone was napping or studying, or had gotten permission to go away for the weekend. No one saw Mr. Radley and I, and I remember feeling such relief. I was dreading someone noticing and having to explain.

“I had to wait in Madame B’s office for nearly an hour before she showed. It was horrible. I kept thinking worse and worse thoughts. I could see that big paddle she keeps above the mantle and that rack of horrible canes by the door and my gloom just got worse and worse. I just knew she was

going to beat me awfully and I couldn't bear it, I couldn't. I knew I would break down and cry and I just abhor being so emotional."

"Prim and Proper Francesca," grunted Morgan.

"Shut up. Continue, Fran. Ignore her."

"Well, Madame Borgini finally got there. It must have been close to five. I was a nervous wreck, actually glad to see her. She gave me a blistering lecture. She must have scolded me for ten minutes straight. By the time she was done, I was *praying* she'd beat me!

"Then she made it sound like she was going to have to expel me. She talked about how disappointed she was in me, and how I'd ruined the reputation and honor of the school. I felt it coming and I pleaded with her.

"Oh please, ma'am, I'll take a beating, I will, I swear I will. Only please don't expel me. I couldn't stand that. All my friends are here and I love Culver Hall. I couldn't imagine not living here.' There was plenty more like that, but you get the drift.

"It'll be the cane,' she warned, but by that time, I didn't care. I agreed to it wholeheartedly, thanking her—actually thanking her—for her mercy. She still hadn't told me how many, but I was telling myself that even if it were fifty I'd take it.

"Then she had me take off all my clothes. 'Everything?' I asked, and she told me to hurry up. So I had to strip. It was embarrassing. I mean, I was completely naked and she was dressed, and I could feel her eyes on me, studying me. I felt so vulnerable. I was terribly conscious of my bottom. It felt twice as big as normal, like she was looking at it through a

magnifying glass. I was mortified.”

Francesca’s dark eyes were wide and horrified as she told her tale, her somber, self-pitying expression of woe tragic enough to soften the cold heart of a miser. Her friends looked concerned. Even Morgan seemed sympathetic.

“Madame Borgini had me bend over a high stool. I laid my belly on it and my head and arms hung down toward the carpet. My legs were spread wide, exposing myself, but it was my ass I was worried about.

“The first stroke was a nightmare. I’d never felt such agony. It cut right through me and the pain kept building. It started out as this sharp sting and then it built into a burn and then it was a hot iron eating through me. I screamed. I couldn’t help it. I somehow didn’t get up off the stool, but I think it was more because I was overwhelmed and shocked than willpower.

“Just that one stroke seemed worse than the six I’d gotten before. I realized then that she was striking me with all her force. The six I’d had before were routine, a sound but not serious punishment. This was a different level. It really, *really* hurt. I wasn’t crying, but that was because I was so shocked it hurt so much. Just six at this intensity seemed unbearable—I didn’t know what I’d do if she wanted to give me more than that!

“But I wasn’t in a position to argue. My head was down, my ass up, and she was lashing that stick into my rump as hard as she could. It was unbelievable. I started crying, weeping, really. My whole body was shuddering. My ass was on fire. I think three or four strokes came down during that time. It was a bit of a blur. It felt like just continuous agony.

I couldn't really tell the individual strokes—I just felt the pain surge at times. It was overwhelming.

“I remember thinking that this was unbearable. The cane kept slicing into me agonizingly and I kept yelling and crying, but the pain... well it must have reached its peak. Oh don't get me wrong. I was in agony. I wanted the strokes to stop as soon as possible. But whereas early on each new stroke was a giant leap in total pain, now the new strokes were just keeping the heat hot. I suddenly knew I could bear it.

“Madame Borgini gave twelve cuts that day. I walked out of there with buttocks that felt like they'd been whipped off. I never *ever* did anything to get myself caned again, I can assure you of that!”

“And you never told us!” chided Jessie.

“I was too humiliated. I knew you guys got the stick, but I was supposed to be the good girl who never did. I thought... well, I guess I worried you'd think less of me.”

“We'd *never* do that!” said Sarah, giving Francesca a hug.

“Of course not,” said Jessie.

“Actually, I'm rather impressed by it,” said Morgan. “I mean, I got whacked all the time and it always annoyed me that you never had. Or at least, I thought you never had. Now I find out you were caned three times, one of them a nice dozen. That's not bad.”

“Thanks, Morgan.”

“Of course a dozen's not a *severe* thrashing, but it sounds like it hurt you a bit—”

“It was *hell!*”

“Come on, it couldn’t have been that bad.”

Francesca’s lower lip curled downward in a pretty pout.

“That’s just because you have a butt made of iron.”

“You think my canings didn’t hurt? I’ll have you know, I got some real beauties!”

Jessie laughed. “Yeah, we remember you always showing off your marks in the showers afterward.”

“War wounds,” added Sarah.

“Remember that time you got it twice in the same day?”

Jessie shuddered. “Damn, your butt was a mess.”

“That was just two sixers,” protested Francesca. “Not the same as taking twelve in a row.”

“Good point,” said Sarah.

“Actually,” corrected Morgan, “the second thrashing was eight. It should have only been six since all I did was miss a detention, but Madame B was irritated at having to beat me twice in one day and gave me two extras.”

“May I make a confession?” said Sarah quietly. The others looked surprised, but nodded. She continued, speaking softly, “This may sound odd, but I always *liked* seeing those marks on your butt, Morgan. You have the most beautiful bottom... and it looked even better all pink and hot and covered with crisp purple lines!”

The pretty stewardess blushed. “Really?” She laughed nervously. “That’s probably because that’s the only way you ever saw it!”

“I must confess I liked seeing your bum all striped also,” giggled Francesca. “Probably mostly because I was so glad it wasn’t mine!”

“Is that what makes a striped bottom so interesting?”



asked Jessie. “When we see it, we’re just glad it’s not us sporting those stripes? I mean, remember how in school it was the cool thing to show off your marks.”

“Everyone except Francesca,” said Morgan.

The tall beauty sighed. “God, you have no idea how hard it was for me to hide them! For weeks I was getting up before dawn to shower alone.”

“Wait a second,” gasped Sarah. “Was that when you had that early morning tutoring?”

“Yeah. No tutoring, I’m afraid. I was just getting up early so none of you would see my whipped ass.”

“You bitch!” hissed Morgan. But she was laughing.

“I got fifteen once.” It was Jessie. The others looked at her in surprise.

“Fifteen!”

“Yup. Worst whipping ever.”

“Tell us about it,” said Sarah.

The redhead leaned forward. “It was my sophomore year. I was going through a rebellious period. I even tried smoking.”

“Uh oh! Madame B *hated* smoking.”

“Uh yeah. I found that out.”

Morgan frowned. “But smoking’s only twelve. How come you got fifteen?”

“Well, my cigarette wasn’t a normal cigarette.”

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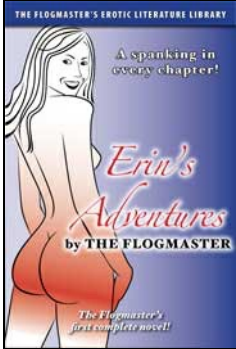
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### Novels

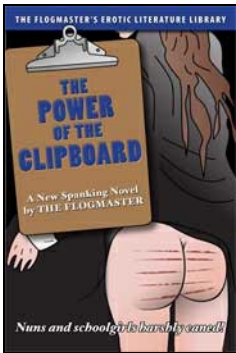
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#### ***Erin's Adventures***

(mostly F/f)

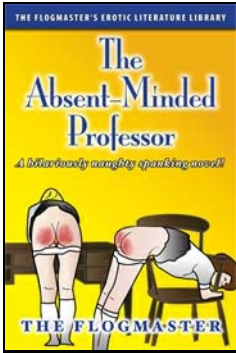
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



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

(mostly M/f)

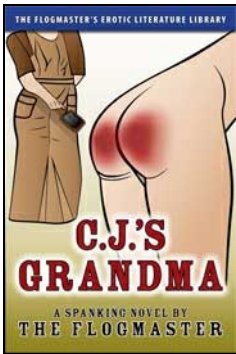
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



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

(mostly M/f)

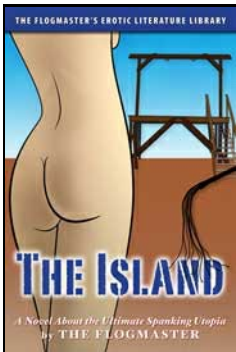
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



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

(mostly F/f and f/f)

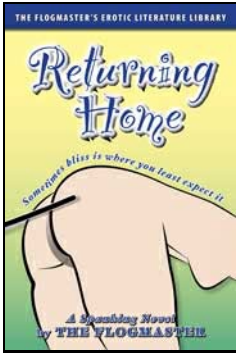
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



### ***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.

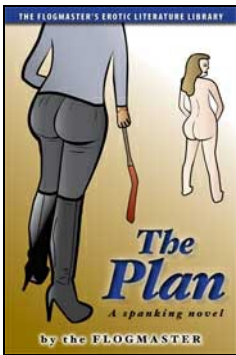


### ***Returning Home***

(mostly M/f)

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

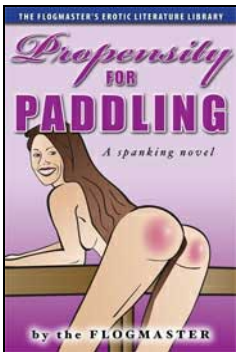
53,000 words.



### ***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)

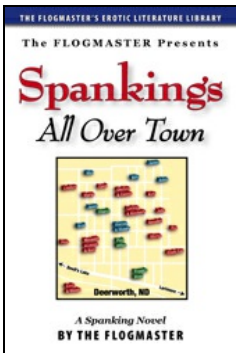
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



### ***Cutiepie***

(M/F/f)

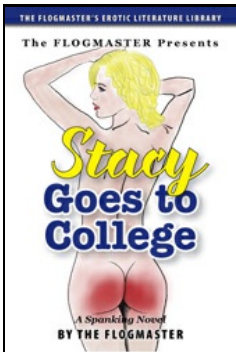
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



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

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

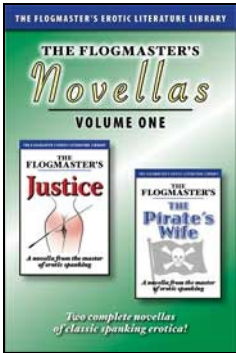
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



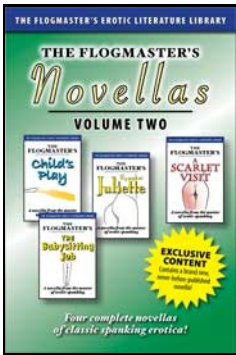
### ***Stacy Goes to College***

(M/F)

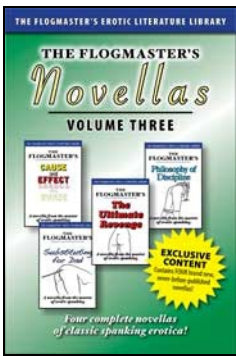
A girl goes off to college thinking she's too grown-up for spankings and learns the hard way that's not the case. 46,000 words.



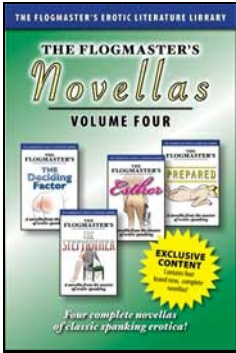
**Volume 1— Justice:** (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. *The Pirate's Wife:* (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



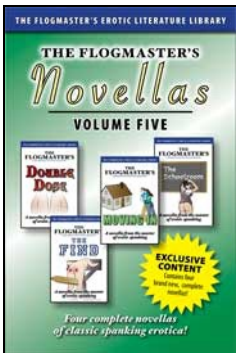
**Volume 2— Child's Play:** (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. *Nymphet Juliett:* (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. *Scarlet Visit:* (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. *The Babysitting Job:* (MF/f) A girl's babysitting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

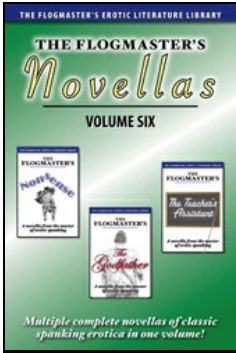


**Volume 4**— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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

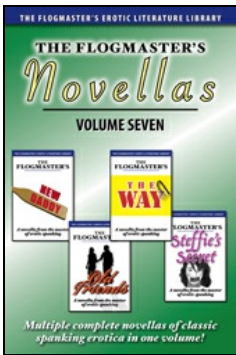


**Volume 5**— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and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

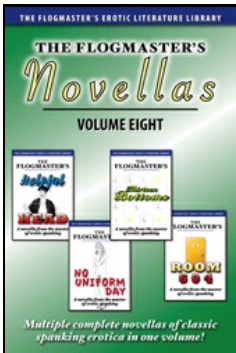




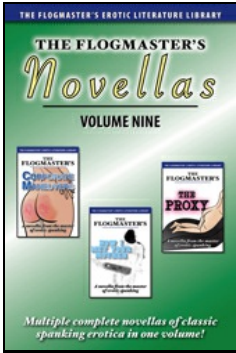
**Volume 6— Nonsense:** (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather:* (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant:* (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



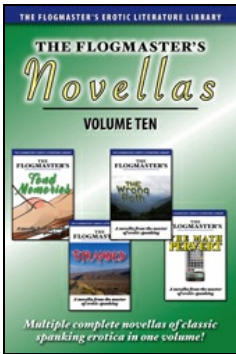
**Volume 7— A New Daddy:** (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends:* (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret:* (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way:* (m/f) A boy is trained to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

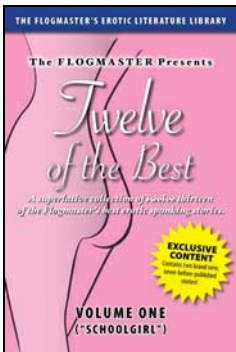


**Volume 10**— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't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

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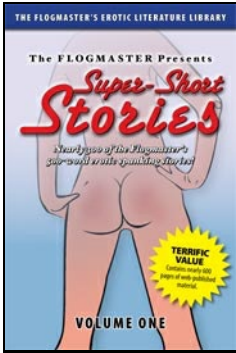
## Short Story Collections

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### ***Twelve of the Best: Volumes 1-24***

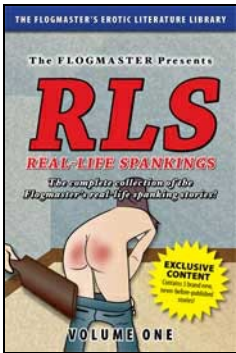
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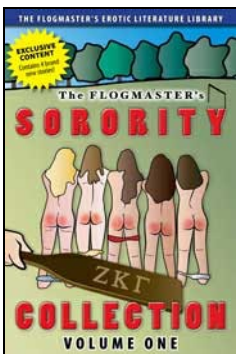
(Mostly /f or /F)



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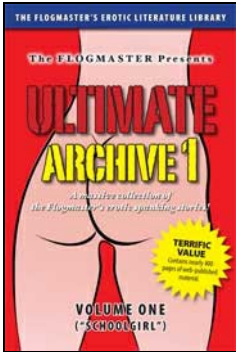
experiences. (Mostly /f or /F)



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***Fond Memories***

(F/FFFF — Severe, non-consensual paddling, caning, F/f flashbacks)  
Four women remember their strict schooling.

***Stranded***

(F/MF — Severe, non- and semi-consensual spanking, paddling, strapping, switching)  
An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them.

***The Math Pervert***

(M/F — Severe, semi-consensual paddling, caning, consensual sex)  
A student must pay the price to get her professor to increase her grade.

***The Wrong Path***

(M/FF — Severe, non-consensual paddling, strapping, bullwhipping, sex)  
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