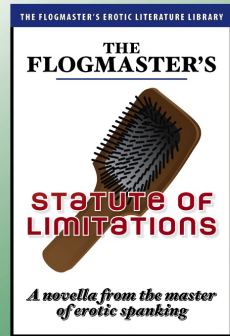
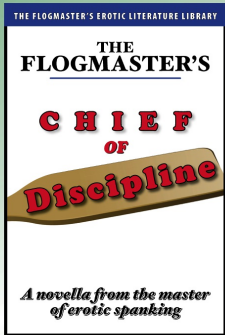


THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

THE FLOGMASTER'S
Novellas

VOLUME
ELEVEN



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

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

Nice story.

B.H.

Damn, that's hot!

S.Z.L.

As always, a quite original approach. Intense.

Y.A.T.

So...I accidentally stumbled upon this story, but decided to read it since I'd opened it. I found it enthralling, erotic and fascinating...I didn't want it to end...beautifully written!

J.A.

I was thinking that I wanted to see a part two, but upon reflection it seems that the story is complete in itself. It was nicely done without any severity, but with the promise of that to come which we can tease away at with our imaginations.

O.B.

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

G.

Loved the alternative endings. I think #1 was appropriate!!

M.S.F.

Selected Excerpts

From *Chief of Discipline*:

I flex the cane, whip it through the air a few times, and enjoy the way the sound gives her bottom the shivers.

Then I lash into that meaty ball of flesh with a thunderclap that sounds like the cane snapped in half. It didn't—it just bent and sprang back to straightness right after. Marta did the same, shrieking and rising up clutching her buns with both hands. Even between her fingers I could see the ruby welt rising.

From *Mitzi's Honor*:

"You're a bastard," she added as she began to wiggle out of the elegant dress.

Charlie leaned back in his chair and calmly watched the show. It was good. He could have sold tickets. Ernesto was pushing sixty, but his wife was half his age and gorgeous. She was slim except where she wasn't, which was in the tit and hip. Once she was down to panties and bra, he nodded at her to keep going. Glaring at him with eyes of defiant fire, she took off everything but her high heels.

From *Statute of Limitations*:

Lee took her position back at the table, her wet bottom, covered with welts, offered humbly. The first swing of the board sounded like a cannon going off. Amidst the flash of agony, Lee distracted herself by wondering if the kids in the neighborhood would come running to see the fireworks or if someone would call the cops assuming there had been a shooting.

It's only my ass that's been murdered, she thought with dark humor, gasping as a second blast caught her rump. It felt like the rounds of her butt had been smashed flat, but she knew from long experience with the old sorority board that despite the pine's solidness, it was no match for the plump resilience of her hindquarters. The mounds always sprang back, red and worn, of course, but still bouncy and firm and ready for another swat.

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

**VOLUME
ELEVEN**

*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.

Contents

Chief of Discipline

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

An elderly male disciplinarian writes about his job of punishing young women at a college for girls.

Mitzi's Honor

★★★★★, M/FF, F/MMF—Edgy, non-consensual spanking, paddling, caning

In this playful homage, two professional contractors for rival mob families are assigned to take each other out, but fall in love instead.

Statute of Limitations

★★★★★, F/FF—Extremely Severe, consensual spanking, paddling, strapping, switching, caning

While visiting her mother, a woman reveals a childhood crime and is shocked when she's punished for it. This starts a trend as the girl tries to come up with new excuses to be paddled.

Chief of Discipline

(★★★★, M/FFFFF—Severe, non-consensual spanking, paddling, caning, strapping)

An elderly male disciplinarian writes about his job of punishing young women at a college for girls. (Approximately 9,125 words.)

The introduction of corporal punishment to Banfield College was not without controversy. Part of this was my appointment to the role of head disciplinarian. Banfield isn't coed, of course, and the idea of a *man* punishing young ladies on their bare bottoms met with some resistance.

But it helped that I'm 62, happily married for 34 years, and I don't exactly look like Brad Pitt. I'm overweight, bald, and more of a grandfather figure than any sexual threat.

Even the upset students calmed down once they met me in person. I've always had that effect on young women. They see me as more of a friend and mentor, a father figure, and tell me all their dreams and secrets.

The first year there were some ups and downs. Initially the girls were cautious and afraid, and their behavior was angelic. The first few spankings I dished out were headline news all over campus. There was talk that I was too strict, that my punishments were excruciating. I pointed out that that was the whole point.

After a few naughty girls earned repeated visits to my office and didn't die, the controversy lost its appeal. Gradually more and more girls relaxed and misbehaved, and while overall things were vastly better than before, I was kept busy. By the end of the year, the majority of the students expressed positive thoughts about the program, preferring CP to other forms of discipline. Corporal punishment was a success.

During the second year things became routine. Girls understood the consequences and accepted them and there wasn't much fuss. They'd show up at my office for their appointment, not exactly happy about what was going to happen, and they'd leave in tears with a stinging, hot bottom. They were grateful it was over and vowed to reform their behavior, which was exactly what I wanted to hear.

As there is always some girl breaking a rule somewhere, it wasn't like I had nothing to do. I typically punish three or four girls a day, though Fridays and Mondays are busier. Just before and after any holidays are also prime times for punishment—I guess girls forget the rules after a break.

By the third year CP was so ordinary it was as though Banfield had always had it. The older students had probably tasted my cane or paddle once or twice in their time at the college and weren't so intimidated, while the new students came to the school expecting it.

What was most interesting to me was that despite my strictness, a surprising number of young women made regular appearances in my office.

At first I thought these young ladies were just incorrigible (or perhaps utterly stupid), but I soon came to realize that for a few Banfield girls, being spanked was actually enjoyable. They would never admit that openly, or might not have even consciously realized it. But either they needed the suffering to assuage some hidden guilt or they actually got a sexual charge from the agony.

I always punish harshly—I don't see a point in it otherwise—and no young lady leaves my office without knowing she was thoroughly punished. My preferred method is the cane. I have a number of them, all imported ratan, long and fiendishly thin. They sting like the dickens. If you can somehow still breathe properly after a stroke I haven't done my work right. The whole point of the cane is to provide a sharp intense dose of agony which only lasts a few unbearable seconds, followed by hours of throbbing ache as the swollen weal on your bum takes its time to cool. It's really the perfect punishment. A dose of six is usually sufficient to remind a girl she's been naughty.

I also use paddles. I have big and little ones, of various woods and thicknesses. Some have holes drilled down the blade which lowers the air resistance for a faster "pop" and

leaves circular marks on the butt. Paddles are more bruising than canes, and you have to be careful with them. They're definitely not appropriate for scrawny butts, but for girls with plenty of padding behind, they're extremely effective. The swats sting unbelievably bad and leave the ass red and hot and sore for hours afterward.

I try and vary my punishments so a girl doesn't always know what she'll get. I have some leather straps and I even will turn a girl over my lap and spank her bare bottom with my hand—or a sturdy wooden hairbrush—which is humiliating for a mature girl of twenty or so.

I should point out that all Banfield punishments are on the bare bottom. There are no exceptions for that. It's for the girl's own safety, as I need to be able to see what damage I'm doing and, if necessary, adjust my technique. The goal is not to harm anyone, but simply to impart some intense stinging that will cause her to reform.

Of course, baring her bottom is embarrassing for a young college student, and that's part of the punishment.

Still, some women seem to enjoy it. Like this morning, I had to punish one of my favorites, Marta Diaz. She's a real beauty. Not too tall or lean, but really curvy with a spectacular body. She's got a gorgeous face, with delicate lips and the cutest nose. Marta is a heartbreaker.

I see her every few weeks, usually for minor stuff like tardiness or parking violations. Today she showed up at 10 for a stack of overdue library books. The total of the fines was under \$30, but she chose to come to me for justice instead of the financial penalty.

She undressed slowly, blushing and pretending to be

embarrassed, but I could tell she was thrilled at my constant appraisal and at the way I looked at her with undisguised delight. She really has the perfect body: at only 18, everything is firm and smooth, with absolutely no sag. Her breasts are neat grapefruits with prominent pink nipples, and they jiggle just the right amount as she moves around. Her skin is the color of honey, a great combination of caramel and white. She has no tan lines at all, though her bottom is slightly lighter in color than the rest of her.

It's her bottom that makes me adore her. It's so full and round without being big. The cheeks are solid masses with the perfect amount of jutting goodness. They're a delight to spank.

I decided her crimes weren't too severe, so I had her lay across my lap for a little spanking. I started with my hand, which was, I believe, pleasant for both of us. The smacks I gave her stung mildly, but they made her luscious bottom bounce. She practically purred as she wiggled across my legs.

When her ass was a nice pink I switched to a medium weight hairbrush and that got her moving. She started to yelp and moan, and when the brush would whack down smartly she might squeal or let out a lovely cry of "Ow!" I couldn't let her think this wasn't an actual *punishment*, so I made sure to work those buns for a full quarter of an hour. By the time I stopped we were both hot and sweaty, and her bottom glowed like a setting sun.

With most girls, I might have stopped there, but I knew no session with Marta was complete without at least a taste of something more severe. I doubt she really *likes* the cane

or paddle, at least not while it's happening, but it's one of those things she craves despite the discomfort.

After ten minutes of her quivering in the corner with her red butt on display and her hands on her pretty head, I order her back in front of my desk.

“Do you think we're finished, young lady?”

“Oh please, sir, not the cane!”

“Don't you deserve it?”

Her head drops. After a hesitation, she reluctantly nods. There's really not enough of a protest. I can see her breasts heaving as she breathes hard. Her nipples are erect, stiff little nubs that tell me she's terribly aroused at the prospect of a hard caning. She knows I never go easy on anyone and the cane is never less than six stinging strokes that leave real weals she'll have across her bottom for days. She's terrified, but also excited.

“Fetch me a cane,” I tell her. I let her choose. Some of my canes are worse than others, but all of them are painful so it really doesn't matter. I find that if I let the girl choose, she'll often pick something worse than I would, either out of ignorance or subconscious desire for severity.

That was the case with Marta. Lengthier rods have more momentum in the tip and therefore sting more. Even a few inches makes a difference. Instead of selected a modest 30-incher, she chose a stout 34” cane that we both knew would smart terribly. Perhaps she knew she deserved some real pain.

She brought me the cane with a bowed head and almost panicked breathing. I've caned her at least half a dozen times and she knows how much it stings. Since her bottom

is so pert and full of flesh, I don't want her bending too tightly. I have her lean against the wall, hands at breast height, legs wide.

"Dip your back and thrust that bottom high," I order, even when she's in the right pose, just to unnerve her and made her really jut that butt. It works. I can hardly believe how gorgeous that ass looks hanging there, the twin mounds trembling in dread, the chubby flesh curling under as it seeks her solid thighs. She's got a slim, deep crevice, so tight I can barely see the dark dot of her anus, even though her legs are more than shoulder width apart.

"Six strokes," I say firmly, though she knows I never give less than that. I flex the cane, whip it through the air a few times, and enjoy the way the sound gives her bottom the shivers.

Then I lash into that meaty ball of flesh with a thunderclap that sounds like the cane snapped in half. It didn't—it just bent and sprang back to straightness right after. Marta did the same, shrieking and rising up clutching her buns with both hands. Even between her fingers I could see the ruby welt rising.

"Tut tut," I chide gently. "You know that's not permitted, Marta. I'm afraid that stroke isn't going to count."

She knows this and having been caned before, she should have been prepared for the fierce bite of the whippy rod. Was this her way of "asking" me for extra strokes? Was it a subconscious wish, perhaps? There was no way to know and it didn't matter: in my office, there's no way anyone's getting off even a single cut of the cane.

"Oh wow!" Marta gushed, still squeezing her buns as

though that might allow the pain to seep out. “That first one... it’s always so much worse than I remember. I thought it was going to be terrible!”

“Stop wasting time and get back in position. Unless you want *two* extras?”

She gives one last rub and then leans forward with her hands back on the wall. I get her to dip her back more and really push up her bottom. The streak of red spanning the cheeks is terrific, cherry red on the sides and pink in the middle. It’s swelling nicely.

I place the repeat right next to it, so close the weals touch. Marta yells and waves her hips around, but this time she keeps her feet still and her hands on the wall. She bellows lustily as the second wave of agony flows through her.

“Oh God,” she moans. “Please, not so hard!”

Naturally I make the next one harder. It’s an inch lower, far enough away for its pain to be distinct. I follow that same pattern for the next few cuts until she’s got fresh scarlet weals all the way to her thighs. The sixth—really the seventh—is right in the crease between leg and butt and is excruciating. I wait until she’s recovered, sweat on her brow and her eyes full of water.

“What do you say to two more?” I ask, bending the cane so she can see it and be intimidated.

Marta gulps, her eyes wide. “Just... two?”

“Unless you’d like another six.”

“No sir! Two is plenty!”

I take aim and “bar the gate.” One stroke is at an angle mostly across her right buttock, the other angled across her

left cheek. These weals cross the others with the tip of the cane landing low in the underbum. At each intersection of welt the skin puffs up more and turns such a dark ruby it's almost black. Marta weeps and shakes her ass wildly.

I leave her against the wall for ten minutes while I write up my report on her punishment. I don't *have* to do this. Officially all I need to do is record the number of strokes and factual details. But I keep a separate log for myself where I write down a more descriptive history.

For instance, here are both reports I made on a brat name Becca who I saw in January:

Official Report #696:

For vandalism: 14 with medium holed paddle (two extras), followed by 12 with 36" cane.

Unofficial Report #696:

Becca is petite, but with extremely wide hips and a large, full bottom. I decided on the medium holed paddle, spanking each buttock separately. I had her draped across the arm of the davenport, head toward the floor, and I paddled her vertically down each cheek. This meant the tip of the paddle caught the tender underside of the butt where the flesh is sensitive and the paddle does its best work. Becca seemed to find this excruciatingly painful and did not cooperate with her discipline. I had to give her two extra licks for wiggling.

Then I had her bend across my desk and I caned her a full dozen strokes with a 36" rattan. I went slow to drag out the punishment, making it last nearly ten minutes. She took these better than the paddling, though I'm sure they hurt much more (the weals were very dark and impressive).

I've seen this before: some girls find the cane unbearable, while others hate the paddle more. Maybe in this case it was because I didn't warm her up with a spanking first, but went right to a severe paddling. Perhaps next time I should cane her first and then paddle her, just to see if she only earns extras with the first implement. It would be a good experiment. In fact, I'm going to put in a request to the administration to put her down for a repeat punishment in one week's time. I'm sure they'll grant my request as they usually do, and in this case her crime of vandalism (writing on the bathroom walls) is serious, so it's fully justifiable.

Update: see #716 for the full details, but I thought I'd add a note here that I did repeat this punishment and Becca did indeed wiggle during the caning portion and earn extras. She seems to get tougher as the punishment goes on, so it's not the implement, but the timing.

As you can see, the official one is lacking in imagination and detail!

I like to make my notes right away, while the memory is fresh, and it helps having the inspiration of a beautiful, naked bottom before me in the corner, the buttocks all reddened and striped by my lovely implements.

In the case of Marta I nearly wrote a whole book, keeping her fidgeting for more than a quarter of an hour while I waxed poetic about the beauty of her scorched behind and cute tear-filled face.

When I finally let her dress and go, she gave me the queerest look. Her murmured apology and gratitude for punishing her seemed genuine. I can't be certain, but I think she really does get something extra out of our sessions. I decide to test this.

"Do you think you've been punished sufficiently, Marta? I'm going to put you down for a return visit in exactly one week. We'll see how you've been behaving since this today's lesson and decide if you need an additional incentive to behave."

Marta stared at me, her pretty eyes bold and clear. She didn't argue or question, but simply nodded humbly. "Yes sir. I'll be here."

We didn't say it, but we both know there's zero chance of her coming to see me and *not* getting some sort of spanking. She's probably hoping it won't be the cane, but if it isn't, I suspect a part of her will be disappointed. I don't think I'll disappoint her.

Marta's feelings might be ambiguous, but that's not the case for Kelly, who I saw later that same day. We have a standing 2:30 p.m. appointment every Thursday. That part was my idea, since I saw her at least once a week anyway, and she jumped at the chance. This way she doesn't have to actually break any rules to get a spanking, so it's better for the school. She's not really a bad girl—she just needs or wants a good hard spanking on a regular basis.

I certainly don't disappoint her.

Kelly's a lovely blond, sturdily built, with a large, round, full bottom that's made for the paddle. That's what she prefers, too. While I always give her a good paddling, I like to add to it with the cane and strap so it's actually a punishment.

When she arrives she strips off her lower clothes without any preamble or false modesty. This isn't because she's an exhibitionist. She's told me she's usually quite shy. When I first had to spank her she found it difficult to bare her bottom for me. But that was a long time and countless spankings ago. Now we're both comfortable with her nude body.

She goes right to my implement wall and takes down Big Mama, the largest paddle I have. It's over two feet long and as thick as a porterhouse. For most students it's just there to frighten them. It's the standard board for her. She brings it to me and leans against my desk, ass out, and I slowly give her ten hard licks. I take my time with 20-30 seconds between each one so this "intro" takes several minutes.

Kelly never says a word and neither do I. She takes the swats stoically, though they are agonizing. She grunts a few times and her body shows a lot of tension, confirming it's serious punishment. But she doesn't cry out or make a fuss, even when her butt is turning lavender.

After that she has a seat in front of me—bare ass on the chair—and reports to me about her week. Invariably she has confessions to make. Today it was that she'd smoked three cigarettes (she's trying to quit), cheated twice on her diet, and did poorly on her biology quiz.

"I'm going to have to paddle you for the ice cream," I tell her. "I'll use Holey Moley. Two dozen per cheek should be sufficient."

"Yes sir," she says.

"Why didn't you study for the quiz?"

"I didn't know it was coming. It was a pop quiz."

"So you're not keeping up with the material," I say, and she agrees she's behind.

"That'll be the strap, then. On the back of your legs."

She gasps and goes a little pale. She hates the strap there, which is exactly why I was doing that.

"Couldn't you just spank me?" she mutters.

"With the long brush?"

"Sure."

"I could, but you need to take your academics more seriously. And I'm afraid your bottom is going to be rather tender after I cane you."

The stiffens. "The cigarettes?"

"You know the penalty. Six strokes for each one."

"Fuck!" she mutters, but she knew before coming in I wasn't going to let her off that. For the last two sessions she'd managed just two cigs and only one the week before that. Three was movement in the wrong direction, so 18 with my long cane would see her regret that decision.

"What do you want first?" I ask.

"Can we split up the caning so it's not all at once?"

"Six now, then the paddling?"

"Yeah."

"Okay. Get me a cane."

Kelly knows to bring me a long one. She'd once brought

me a short one and I'd used it on her for twelve stingers, then sent her back for a "real" cane and gave her another dozen. She hasn't made that mistake since.

It's only six. Even she can handle that, though it's a struggle and she clearly doesn't like it. She grits her teeth and wiggles her broad hips a lot. I make it quick so it's over in less than a minute.

Then I have her bent over the davenport for the paddling. The paddle is small, about eight by twelve, designed for spanking one cheek at a time. It's made of plywood and is thick and heavy, with dozens of half-inch holes drilled across the surface in three rows. Since it's more compact, I can really swing it hard, and even Kelly isn't a big fan of Holey Moley.

I don't know if she's aware of how much she shows me between her legs during a paddling like this. I insist her legs be wide apart to better separate her cheeks and during the agony of a long paddling she presents me a view a gynecologist would appreciate.

Of course, this is just a little paddling, since I don't really agree that she's fat and needs to be on a diet. I'm probably old-fashioned, but I don't think it's healthy for girls to resemble sticks. But Kelly breaks her diet when she's trying to avoid cigarettes, so this really isn't as much about her overeating as a penalty for trading one bad habit for another.

I give them in batches of six swats, starting with her left buttock. This spreads them out and isn't too bad. When she's really been naughty I'll give her two dozen all at once to one side and that is rather painful, especially when it's

just the first round of many. This time she's just getting what for her is a warning. It's still a hearty whacking and leaves her buns a beautiful carmine color, with darker blotches from the holes. I can see she's glad when it's over, though her distress returns when she sees me picking up the cane.

For the second set of six I have her touch her toes. To her credit, she doesn't get up even once, though the caning is an exemplary one even by my standards. I then have her stay in the same pose for half her strapping. I lash hard and fast across her thighs, two dozen per leg. After two rounds, I order her to lie down on the davenport and I repeat the whipping.

Then I give her a rest in the corner. This is as much for me as for her, and I want her to anticipate the final six with the rod. Her thighs are as red as the sun, the burn going all the way to the backs of her knees. This has left her ass neglected, ready for caning. When it's time I have her lie across my desk and I cane her slowly, waiting a full minute between each stroke just because I know she hates that.

When everything is finished I ask her if she feels punished.

"Yes sir," she says quickly, still breathing heavy and lying across my desk with her hands grasping the other side of the table. She knows not to get up until I tell her she may.

"You don't think you need another round of Big Mama?"

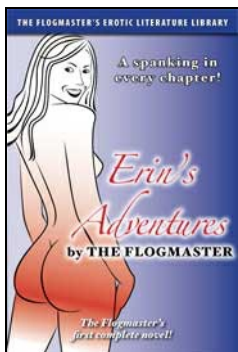
She gasps and flashes me a frightened look over her shoulder. I can see it's real. She's genuinely worried and that tells me it's just what she needs to finish her off and make this a real punishment.

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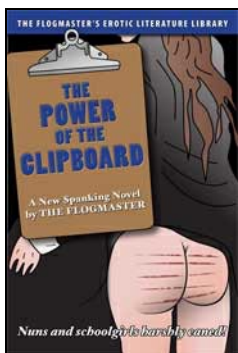
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

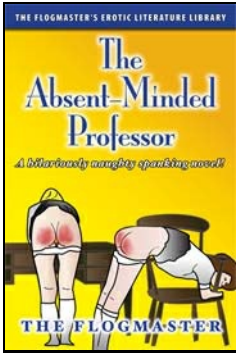
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

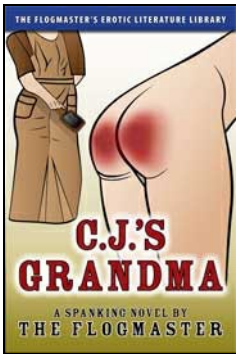
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

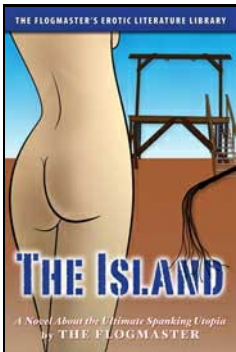
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

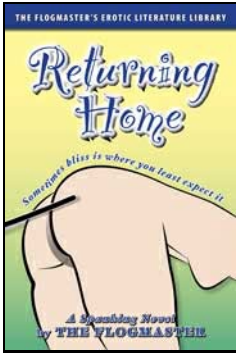
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



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.

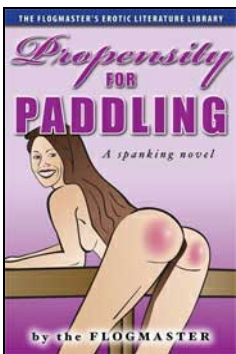
53,000 words.



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)

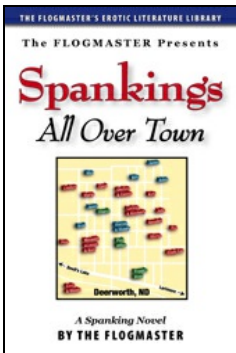
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(M/F/f)

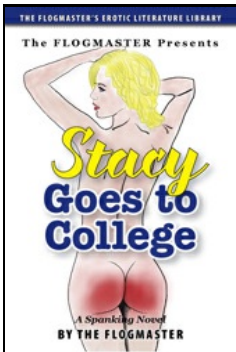
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



Spankings All Over Town

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

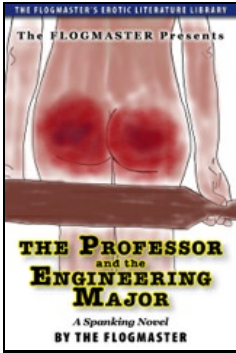
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



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.

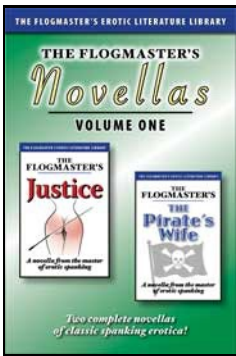


The Professor and the Engineering Major

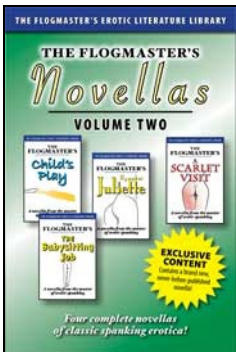
(M/FF)

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.

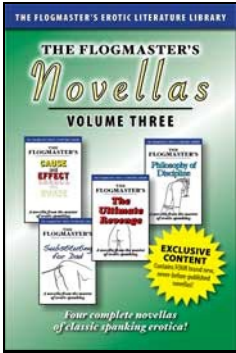
Novella Collections



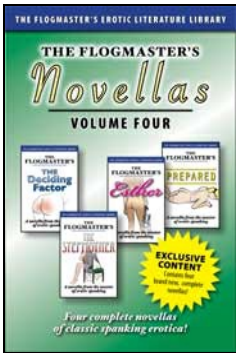
Volume 1— *Justice*: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. ***The Pirate's Wife*:** (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



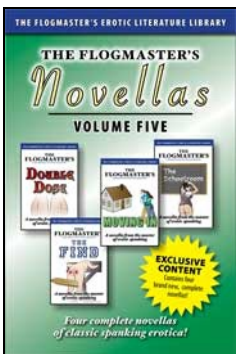
Volume 2— *Child's Play*: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. ***Nymphet Juliett*:** (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. ***Scarlet Visit*:** (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. ***The Babysitting Job*:** (MF/f) A girl's babysitting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



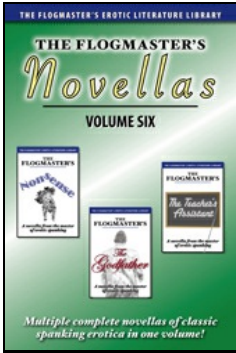
Volume 3— *Cause and Effect*: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline*: (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad*: (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge*: (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



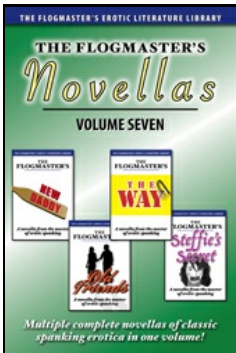
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



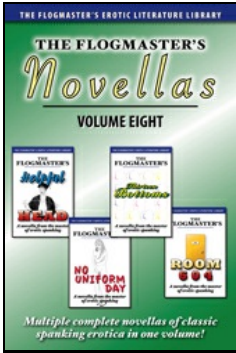
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



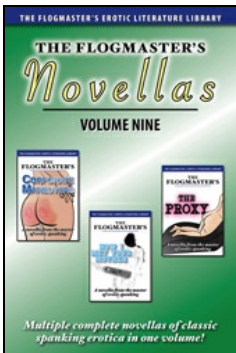
Volume 6— Nonsense: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather:* (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant:* (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



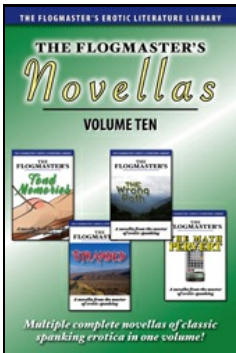
Volume 7— A New Daddy: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends:* (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret:* (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way:* (m/f) A boy is trained to cane.



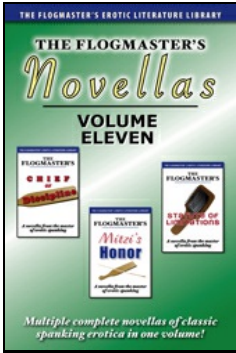
Volume 8— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



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:**

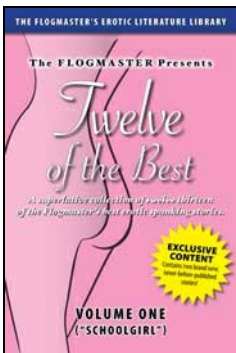
(M/FFFFF) Girls at a college are punished.



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,

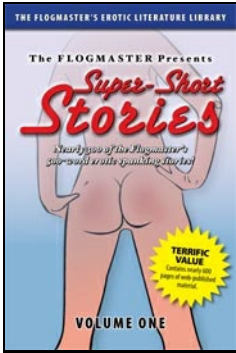
figure out a workaround. **The Devil Made Me Do It:** (M/fff) A 1950s lawman abuses his authority.

Short Story Collections



Twelve of the Best: Volumes 1-38

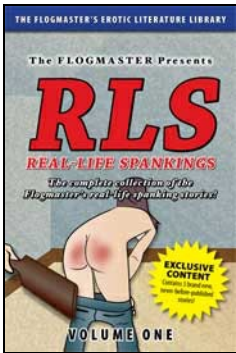
Over 450 stories divided in books focusing on the punishment of adults or children.



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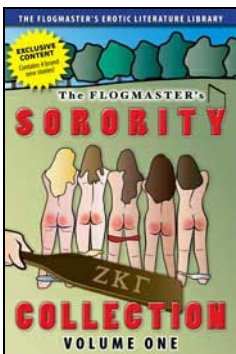
(Mostly /f or /F)



Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1-6

Spanking stories dramatized from real-life

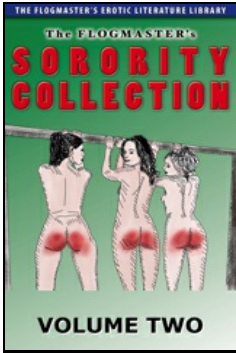
experiences. (Mostly /f or /F)



Sorority Collection: Volume 1

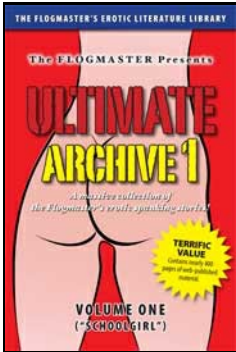
All of the Flogmaster's published sorority stories,

plus four new exclusives to this book. (Mostly /F)



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)



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Mitzi's Honor

(M/FF, F/MMF — Edgy, non-consensual spanking, paddling, caning)

In this playful homage, two professional contractors for rival mob families are assigned to take each other out, but fall in love instead.

Statute of Limitations

(F/FF — Extremely Severe, consensual spanking, paddling, strapping, switching, caning)

While visiting her mother, a woman reveals a childhood crime and is shocked when she's punished for it. This starts a trend as the girl tries to come up with new excuses to be paddled.

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