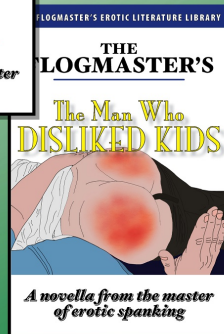
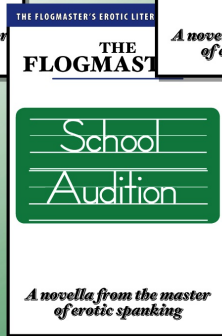
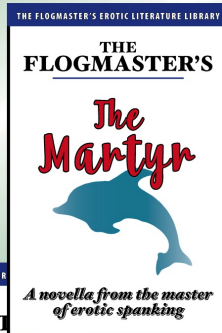
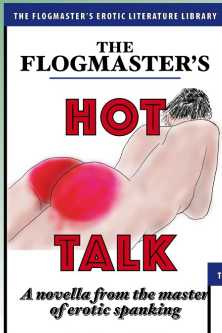


THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

# THE FLOGMASTER'S *Novellas*

## VOLUME THIRTEEN



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

# Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

*Excellent. A really hot coming-of-age story. I just wish we got to witness the belt getting used on them together as well >:-)*

**R.S.R.**

*I would like to think that Suzy will mature into a true "bubble butt" and that others will have the duty to rectify her behaviour.*

**R.D.**

*Hot, hot story!*

**H.W.D.**

*Somewhere along the line these people always end up out of the frying pan and into the fire ... voluntarily at times.*

**B.O.**

*This Laura is very versatile oriented. Does all the partners know each other well?*

**A.R.D.**

*A nicely paced and entirely twist-free story which relied on nice phrases like the "walnut of dread."*

**O.B.**

*A good story about a perfect blackmail.*

**W.V.**

## **Selected Excerpts**

### **From *Hot Talk*:**

Miss Birch was infamous for the length of these spankings. While most of her contemporaries were content with a mere smack or two, perhaps with a wooden ruler, Miss Birch felt that for chastisement to be effective, it had to be arduous. A child across her knee couldn't fail to be weeping there for less than ten minutes, until the snow-white buttocks were as pink and vibrant as a spring carnation.

### **From *School Audition*:**

She bravely looked straight ahead and slipped her pants down. The small black panties, snug across her broad bottom, quickly followed as she scissored her thighs to help them descend. Then she leaned across the headmaster's desk with her forearms resting on the polished wood. She waited, almost impatiently, while the man fiddled with his rods.

### **From *The Man Who Disliked Kids*:**

Lloyd clicked his tongue in reproach and proceeded to give his stepdaughter the spanking of her life. The hairbrush was heavy with a broad rectangular shape that covered most of one cheek each time it slammed down into her buttocks. The stinging pain imparted was tremendous, a furious burning that grew worse with each additional whack. Lloyd didn't just give Sabrina a few token slaps like her mother, but whaled on her ass for nothing short of ten whole minutes of non-stop blistering.

### **From *The Martyr*:**

"One more thing, Miss Davis." He tapped the polished wooden plank ominously displayed on his desk. "If detention doesn't work, there are more aggressive forms of discipline. I trust I won't see you in my office for this kind of thing again."

## **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**

©2018 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'S**  
*Novellas*

---

**VOLUME  
THIRTEEN**

*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

---

## Hot Talk

---

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ , FFF/F, F/FMfm, FFM/f, MMM/f, MFF/f—  
**Severe, non-consensual spanking, caning, paddling, sex, sodomy**

Three biddies tell wild spanking stories.

## School Audition

---

★ ★ ★ ★ , MMMFF/f—**Severe, semi-consensual spanking, paddling, caning, strapping**

To attend an exclusive private school, a girl needs the approval of the Head and several teachers.

## The Man Who Disliked Kids

---

★ ★ ★ ★ , M/Ff—**Severe, non- and semi-consensual spanking, paddling, caning, consensual sex**

In the 1950s, when a man marries a woman with a kid, he thinks it's a burden, but eventually discovers a new world of erotic discipline.

## The Martyr

---

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

To support her radical cause, a brave schoolgirl will suffer any punishment.



# Hot Talk

**(★★★★★, FFF/F, F/FMfm, FFM/f, MMM/f, MFF/f—  
Severe, non-consensual spanking, caning, paddling,  
sex, sodomy)**

Three biddies tell wild spanking stories. (Approximately 14,088 words.)

## One: Heat and Stories

---

**T**he heat wave was in its third month. Even the trees were sweating. The grass was gray and brown, and the breeze was so faint it tricked you into thinking it was just your imagination.

Silver-haired Mrs. Applebaum panted and waved a well-worn copy of *Life* magazine at her damp face in a vain effort to stir up a breath of coolness.

“My Lord in Heaven it’s hot,” she groaned. She was a

small, dainty woman who had gathered weight in her southern region in her latter years. It made her appear ungainly, an odd combination of spry and heavy. The temperature approaching three digits didn't help matters. She looked haggard.

Her friends were not in much better shape. Mrs. Whipple was tall and stout, looking more like a linebacker in a pale blue dress than a 64-year-old widow. The heat plastered the once-elegant garment to her body, the starched collars gone limp.

The third member of the group was Mrs. Zwack. She was the youngest at a mere 60, and her hair was still dark and abundant. She was a great round woman, shaped like a potato. Her gown fit her like a shower curtain on an elephant. Unlike the others, she didn't seem to mind the heat, her ball of a face split with a huge smile.

"Let's play a game while we wait for tea," she said excitedly.

"What sort of a game?" said Mrs. Applebaum grumpily, gazing toward the house for the maid. The rear screen door remained obstinately closed.

Hannah Zwack giggled. "The heat always makes me indulgent, as you know. But it's too hot for exertion, so why don't we tell some of our favorite bawdy stories?"

"We've heard them all already," said Mrs. Whipple. "There's nothing new under the hot sun."

"I'm sure there must be a few we haven't told each other. And at any rate, even a familiar story, if it's a good one, is better than baking in this oven moaning about the weather!"

There was truth in that, and Applebaum sighed and

nodded. "I propose a reward for the best tale," she said.

Mrs. Zwack squealed in delight. "What sort of reward?"

"My niece is visiting next week. She's bringing along her daughter, who I hear is an adorable little minx of thirteen. A real rebel, a handful, I gather."

Whipple grinned. "So there will be plenty of opportunities to upturn the little brat over your knee, I take it?"

"It is a certainty," assured Emily Applebaum. "And I propose the winner of our competition be the first to delight in the youngster's corrective measures."

The woman reached for her glass of iced tea, which was now sadly more water than tea. "Where is that lazy Emma?" she muttered crossly. "Doesn't she know we're melting out here?"

"She's always slow with the sandwiches," said Zwack.

"That's only because Emily is so picky," put in Darlene. "If there's even a hint of a crust or a crooked cut, the poor dear is in for it." Mrs. Whipple was grinning like a cat in cream as she spoke, without the slightest reproach.

Mrs. Applebaum sighed again. "The state of help these days. They just don't educate young people like in the old days. That reminds me. Have I ever told you about Miss Birch?"

"I don't believe you have."

"That doesn't sound familiar," said Hannah, shaking her round face. Her eyes were bright. "Do tell!"

The silver-haired woman perked up. She sipped the last of her watery tea, glared toward the distant house, and leaned forward to begin her tale.

## **Two: Mrs. Applebaum's Tale**

---

**M**iss Birch was, by all accounts, a remarkably pretty woman. She was very small, with delicate features. Fair hair, intense blue eyes, and a slender form. Yet she never appeared to be petite. In fact, most who described her after meeting her assumed she was much taller and larger, for she had an incredible presence. She dominated a room like no other, and it was said that a glare from her hurt as much as the lash of a whip!

This all happened a number of years ago, late last century, in the great state of Colorado. Miss Birch was a schoolteacher in a small town—I don't recall which and it's not important to the story. What is critical is that she was expected to govern a host of unruly brats of all ages, big farmer boys of up to 18 or even 19, and small lads and lasses of six or seven.

For many teachers in those days this was a difficult task, especially for a woman, and even more so for a small pretty one, in the wild west. But not for Miss Birch. She had an

unusual talent for coercing obedience from the most recalcitrant pupil. This was no doubt due to her methods of discipline which were invariably described as draconian.

For the youngsters, she'd drape them over her lap while she sat at the front of the room, she'd raise up skirts or lower trousers, and she'd give a long and hearty spanking upon the squirming bare posteriors!

I should place special emphasis on the word *long*, because Miss Birch was infamous for the length of these spankings. While most of her contemporaries were content with a mere smack or two, perhaps with a wooden ruler, Miss Birch felt that for chastisement to be effective, it had to be arduous, and that meant such a prolonged trip over a lap that the pupil on the receiving end would despair of it concluding and ever thereafter would live in trembling terror of a repeat session. A child across her knee couldn't fail to be weeping there for less than ten minutes, and often it was much longer, until the snow-white buttocks were as pink and vibrant as a spring carnation.

What truly made Miss Birch's punishment technique unique, however, was that she was at heart, an excellent teacher. She could correct and teach simultaneously. So though her punishments were achingly long penance for the sinner, the rest of the class did not have to suffer, for as she slapped and whacked, she continued her lecture on the Revolutionary War or guided students in their sums or listened to a young woman recite her poetry reading.

The astute might wonder how studying was possible, with all the noise a whipped child can make, but Miss Birch had a solution for this as well. Children to be punished,

regardless of age, were made to hold a raw, undamaged robin's egg in their mouths for the duration of the chastisement. If, at the conclusion, the egg emerged intact, their punishment was over. If the egg broke, the child was forced to swallow the raw egg, shell and all, and put down to stay after school for an extensive session with the hickory stick.

As you can imagine, screaming and caterwauling with a full mouth is difficult under the best of circumstances, and doing it while concentrating on not breaking an egg is even more challenging. It doesn't mean the punished children were silent, but they certainly were much quieter than they would have been in other circumstances.

I'm sure you're wondering about the older boys and girls, however. Miss Birch punished them in a more adult manner befitting their grown-up status. For routine classroom discipline she favored two flat paddles, one of maple, and one of oak. The maple one was small, about the length of her forearm, and not too wide or thick. The oak was half an inch of heavy board, much longer, and would reduce even a grown man to tears and trembling.

If she determined a pupil had failed to meet her behavioral or academic standards, she'd call the boy or girl to the front of the class. Miss Birch was famous for not sparing her own sex in her corrections. She punished girls just as ruthlessly as boys. Some said she was even more severe with girls, and spanked females just as often as males. Regardless of the sinner's sex, he or she had to bare his or her posterior to the class. Miss Birch was insistent upon that. She *always* punished on bare flesh, citing that it

was for the safety of the child as much as for the increased humiliation and sting.

So boys would lower their trousers and drawers, and girls would raise their skirts and petticoats and have their panties taken down. You can imagine the shame this brought mature young men and women of teenage years. The first time it happened to one it was no doubt mortifying, but I assure you that after experiencing Miss Birch's paddle, the student was thereafter far more worried about the paddling.

The smaller board was used for smaller children and minor crimes, but the woman didn't mince effort. She paddled long and hard. It was never a few token swats, but a prolonged torment that left the penitent weeping and his or her buttocks utterly carmine. Miss Birch would continue to teach as she paddled, sometimes giving the child a terrible series of five or six spanks in a row, fast and furious, and sometimes walking around the room with the paddle in her hand as she lectured, the punished child still waiting with bottom bare at the front of the room for the next blow, which might not come for several minutes. Thus she was able to draw out a paddling for a quarter of an hour or more, the sinner suffering terribly all the while, both in shame and pain.

For the bigger boys and girls, or those who presented serious disobedience or impertinence, the oak board was used. This was a fierce implement that left the buttocks bruised and purple. Many a tough farmer's boy was reduced to sobbing after just a few mighty wallops with that paddle, yet Miss Birch never gave less than a dozen and twenty was

a far more common number.

That oak paddle produced such agony that it was almost a guarantee that the boy or girl would eat the egg in their anguish, thus earning a date with the hickory. This made the big paddle doubly-feared.

Those hickory lickings were no joke, either. Scarcely a day passed without one or two glum faces remaining seated after the final bell, and often there were four or five. They were of all ages, though usually the bigger boys and girls. For these after-school punishments Miss Birch would require the divestment of all clothing below the waist. For young ladies, this was especially challenging, as if a girl wore a dress she was obliged to remove it completely.

All this undressing (and eventually redressing) took considerable time, and Miss Birch often had other school matters to attend to immediately after the bell, so it was usually not until thirty minutes after the end of school before the physical punishments began. Those to be punished were required to sit on their naked bottoms and do sums on their slates or write lines while they waited.

When it was time, Miss Birch would line up the entire array of bare bottoms at the front of the room. She would then proceed to administer lashes to bare flanks with a stout hickory stick. For the young ones, a single stroke might be sufficient, but the older and naughtier would receive two or three welts, or even more.

Once she'd reached the end of the row, Miss Birch would return to the beginning and repeat the process. There were many rounds—a dozen was not uncommon. Thus some of the bigger bottoms might be lashed three dozen or more



times, though the beating was conveniently spread out with the miscreant having to wait between each set for the others to receive their due. If there were several children in that session, this meant the discipline could take some time. Miss Birch was never in a hurry, despite the anxiety of the pupils to get the correction over with.

Remember, this was not a school in a city. This was in the country, where the majority of the students were the sons and daughters of farmers, and those farmers depended on their children, especially the older ones, to help with the crops. Staying after school for a whipping meant arriving home late, and less work accomplished. Most of the fathers and mothers regarded this as a grave fault. Such children were whipped again that night, usually before bed, typically with a leather strap or quirt.

In such a situation, you can imagine a sturdy young boy of 17 or 18 who fails to complete his homework for the third day in a row, and instead of a small paddling, he's sentenced to the big oak board. Now he must endure 15 or 20 agonizing swats that leave his buttocks blistered and raw. After a particularly grueling blow, he opens his mouth to cry and drops the egg onto the dusty floor. Miss Birch makes him suck up every drop and announces he'll stay after for the hickory. Later he's walking home, his buttocks swollen and red, striped with dozens of vivid scarlet welts, the whole time knowing and dreading his father's whipping for having to be punished at school!

Of course, not all parents were happy with the way Miss Birch treated their children. This was not because of the whippings, though some felt she was too strict, but because

they didn't like her keeping their boys and girls at school and away from the farmwork. The heart of this story is about one farmer couple and how Miss Birch addressed their complaints.

I don't remember the year or the couple's name, so I'll just call them Mr. and Mrs. Farmer. Their children shall be Angela and David, though they don't figure much into the narrative. They were willful children of 16 and 17, respectively, the girl lost in thoughts of a particular boy she dreamed of marrying, and the boy tall and grownup and resentful of authority. Both were punished often, and frequently ended up staying after school.

One fall during harvest, when the Farmers really needed the labor of their children, both were kept after school for a hickory beating. This was the second time that week for David, and Mr. Farmer was furious. On Sunday at church he and his wife confronted Miss Birch, dragging her aside and voicing their complaints. Miss Birch listened for a quarter of an hour without a word, simply smiling and nodding as though she agreed with everything said.

By the time both of the Farmers had said their piece, the church was deserted, everyone hurrying home for Sunday dinner. A few were still gathered outside, but the sanctuary was empty except for the three. A subdued Angela and David were waiting by the front door, listening to the confrontation inside.

"So, you disapprove of my methods," said Miss Birch thoughtfully, when the two had finished. She led them to the front of the room. Since the church and the schoolhouse were the same building, the parents were effectively in her

domain. Only the pulpit and the arrangement of the seating was different, the children's desks moved to the walls leaving just the benches for the church service. Miss Birch's own desk was still in the corner, and hanging on the front were the two paddles and several long hickory sticks.

"The fault in this matter is clear to me," said the woman in a loud firm voice. She opened a small box on her desk where she kept a collection of robin's eggs. "The two of you have been severely neglected in terms of your upbringing and discipline!"

When Mr. and Mrs. Farmer's mouths opened in shock at this announcement, Miss Birch quickly popped an egg in each mouth. "Don't you *dare* break those eggs or spit them out," she snapped. She was so forceful that the couple responded with silence, neither daring to disobey.

That's when Miss Birch picked up the large oak paddle. She motioned for Mr. Farmer to step to her desk. She was so assured of herself that he had done what she asked before he realized what he was doing. Then she slipped a hand to his front and had his belt undone before he could stop her. His trousers slid to his ankles.

He mumbled something unintelligible, his mouth full of egg, but they were clearly words of protest. Miss Birch responded by yanking the man's drawers to his knees!

At the sight of his hairy, naked ass, Mrs. Farmer gulped in surprise and swallowed her egg. She squawked in dismay and began protesting on her stunned husband's behalf. Her words were cut off with a slap that left her breathless and speechless. Miss Birch's demeanor was so stern that Mrs. Farmer meekly accepted another egg and stood there

silently. She didn't even speak when her Sunday dress and petticoat was raised behind and pinned to her shoulders, and then her underwear lowered to her knees.

Mr. and Mrs. Farmer were now standing at the front of the church-schoolroom half-naked, with their bare bottoms on display. But so magnificent and fierce was Miss Birch that neither was inclined to argue the matter. They simply stood there, blushing.

That's when the teacher, raising the oak board, delivered a tremendous wallop to the naked rump of the man. While he gurgled and groaned, Miss Birch moved to Mrs. Farmer and spanked her just as hard.

Both of them were in such shock and pain they didn't know how to react, but when the teacher began to remonstrate against them, scolding like only she knew how, they bowed their heads as meek as schoolchildren, blushing and obeying her every command.

The man obediently put his hands on the teacher's desk, leaning forward to expose his bottom, and his wife immediately followed suit. Neither said a word as the paddle began to regularly visit their hindquarters. Each splattering stroke left them in utter anguish, their buttocks reddening with bruising pain, but neither argued. Tears soon streamed down their faces while Miss Birch lectured them on the neglected discipline of their children and continued to spank their bare behinds.

Finally the man could take it no more, crunching up the egg in his mouth and swallowing it. While his wife grunted from another paddle swat, he croaked out, "Please, Miss Birch, have mercy! We're just trying to eek out a living and

we need the help of our children!”

“How dare you speak!” cried the imperious teacher. She promptly delivered five powerful wallops of the board to the butt of the man in the span of ten seconds. Mr. Farmer cringed and wept and was soon was begging for her to stop.

“It looks like you’re both getting a taste of the hickory after this,” said Miss Birch firmly.

“Ah, no, please!” cried the man. Then he paused, staring at his wife’s large behind, which was now scarlet all over and mottled with purple. He watched, open-mouthed, as the wood smacked her behind and the fleshy orbs bounced and shook. Instantly he went into a manly state, flushing as he was unable to control himself or hide his enlarged organ. Mrs. Farmer saw it and her eyes went wide with lust despite her considerable pain.

“You mock me?” screamed Miss Birch. “How dare you!”

She then began a furious assault on both bottoms, drumming each several smacks and then alternating. How long this lasted is anyone’s guess, but the reports of their children suggest it was numerous rounds. David and Angela, you see, couldn’t resist stepping back inside and peeking. They were terrified they’d be next, of course, and certainly would have been if caught, but they were helpless to resist the prospect of seeing their parents spanked like children.

When Miss Birch’s anger was satiated and Mr. Farmer’s erection was somewhat diminished, the teacher snatched up her most formidable hickory and began to beat the couple. She forced them over onto their toes, naked bottoms stretched tautly, and wealed them dozens of times. She

scolded them the entire time until both were screaming that they would whip their children daily and punish them soundly whenever they deserved it, if only Miss Birch would stop the thrashing.

“If you’d properly raised your little brats in the first place they’d be better behaved at school,” said Miss Birch, delivering another stroke to Mrs. Farmer.

“I’m sorry!” the woman squealed.

“We’re sorry!” gasped the man as another stinging cut sliced his tender bottom.

“It won’t happen any more, I swear it,” said Mrs. Farmer. “We’ll raise them right from now on, with plenty of whippings to keep them in line.”

Mr. Farmer shuddered in anticipation as a series of four sharp snaps of the stick greeted his wife’s ass. “And we won’t complain if you have to keep them after school, we swear it.”

“Keep them as long as you like,” howled Mrs. Farmer. “Just stop beating us!”

But Mr. Farmer received his set of four, the strokes coming so fast he couldn’t even catch his breath between. A final set of six for her and six for him finished off the long lashing, and then Miss Birch was standing watching the bent-over couple.

“Have you learned your lesson?” she asked sternly.

“Oh yes, ma’am!”

“Yes, Miss Birch. Please don’t beat us any more. We’re sorry!”

“If I have to do this again, you had better believe it will be worse. Much worse.”

The Farmers paled, shaking their heads. They tearfully got dressed and tried to make their way out of the schoolhouse cum church with as much dignity as they could, their faces nearly as beet red as their behinds. They gathered their two children and hastily hurried home, walking beside their wagon while their children rode!

Miss Birch never had any more trouble with the Farmers, and when word of what she had done spread, most of the others with similar complaints didn't dare voice them. Someone later asked Mr. Farmer why he'd allowed her to do that and he had no answer.

"It just happened," he said with a shrug. "You clearly don't know Miss Birch. There's something overwhelming about her. You just have to obey."

Miss Birch worked as a teacher for many decades, not just in Colorado but all over the west, and, as far as I know, she never retracted or changed her methods.

## **Three: Tea and Spanking**

---

**T**he air seemed even warmer when Mrs. Applebaum finished her tale, but this had little to do with the sun. Even Hannah Zwack was fanning herself desperately, her small mouth open in frantic panting.

"Oh, what a wonderful story!" she cried, giggling. "I can

just picture all those naughty schoolchildren getting their naughty little bottoms soundly smacked. And that farmer couple getting paddled in their Sunday best after church. Priceless!”

“It truly was excellent,” agreed Darlene Whipple. “But it has left me parched.” She gazed at her empty glass where even the ice was all but melted.

Emily Applebaum snatched up the silver bell from the table and rang it noisily. Almost instantly there was a frantic crashing from the house, the screen door on the back porch opening. Out came a slender young woman of nineteen in an unusual costume.

Emma Sass was wearing what appeared to be a tiny black dress with white highlights. As she came closer, it was clear the lacy white blouse was under a tightly drawn black corset, and the skirt, if it could be considered such, was so tiny and projected so adroitly off her hips that glimpses of her black panties were visible as she stepped across the brown lawn. Her long legs were bare except for black mesh stockings, and on her feet were black stiletto heels of such height that she could scarcely walk. Her ankles wobbled with every step as though she were standing on dessert gelatin.

The maid was in a quandary for she didn't dare spill the heavy pitcher of sweet tea she was carrying, yet she could also see the three women glaring at her to hurry. If she was too slow she'd be punished, and if she tripped and spilled the tea she'd be punished even worse. The situation made her pretty brow furrow with worry.

“Hurry up, you lazy slut,” called out Mrs. Applebaum.



“Can’t you see we’re parched? And where are the sandwiches?”

“Almost ready, Ma’am,” panted the girl, sweating with the exertion of walking awkwardly in the grass in high heels. She managed to reach the table and set the pitcher down gratefully. It was a great big glass thing, heavy without anything in it, and filled with cubes of ice and tea it made her arms ache.

But she had to lift it again and poor, serving Mrs. Applebaum’s guests first, and wondering if that was the correct protocol.

Mrs. Zwack gulped at her tea thirstily, sighing as coolness filled her. “Ah, that’s really good. Thank you. Emma, isn’t it?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“How old are you, dear?”

“Nineteen, Ma’am.”

“You’re sure a pretty thing. That corset looks to be strangling you. Just how tight is it?”

“Down to 18 inches, Ma’am,” said the maid meekly.

“So you’re not naturally so skinny. I hate you a little less now,” grinned the fat woman.

“She’s certainly not skinny where it counts,” said Mrs. Whipple, peeking at Emma’s behind as the girl bent to refresh Hannah’s glass. The maid’s tiny black skirt lifted obligingly, offering a view of elegant rounded buttocks charmingly bulging out of tight black panties.

**To continue reading, buy the**

**full book at [The Flogmaster Bookstore](#)**

---

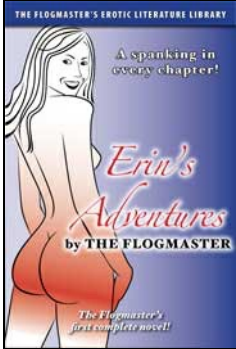
## Also by The Flogmaster

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

---

### Novels

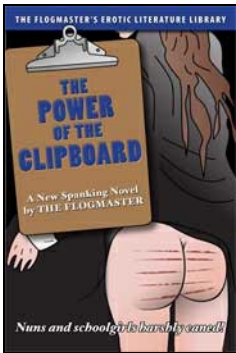
---



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

(mostly F/f)

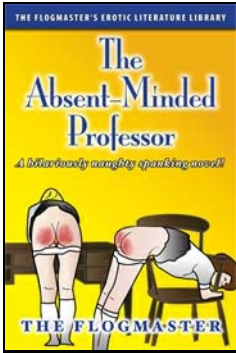
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



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

(mostly M/f)

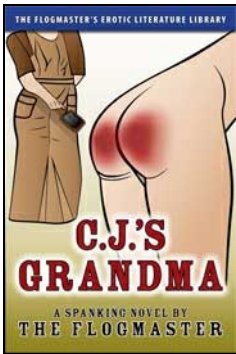
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



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

(mostly M/f)

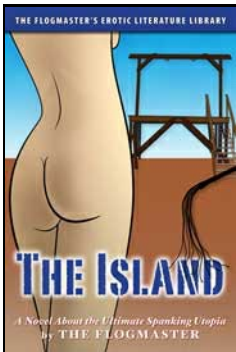
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



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

(mostly F/f and f/f)

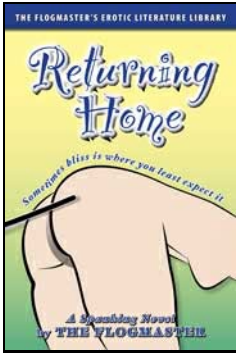
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



### ***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.

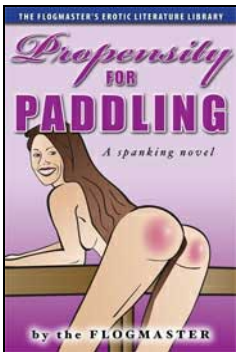
53,000 words.



### ***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)

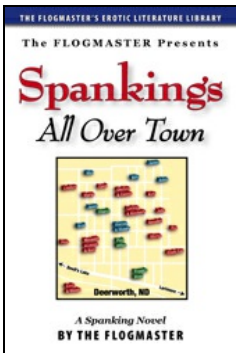
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



### ***Cutiepie***

(M/F/f)

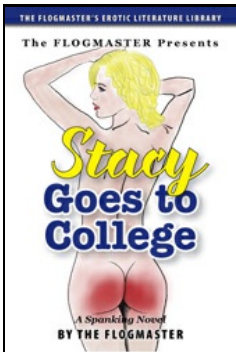
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



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

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

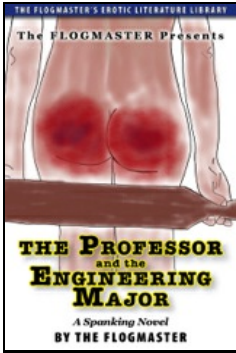
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



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

(M/F)

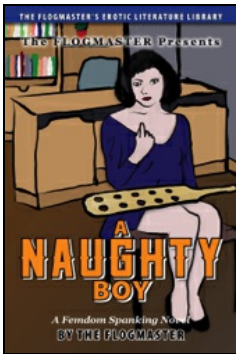
A girl goes off to college thinking she's too grown-up for spankings and learns the hard way that's not the case. 46,000 words.



### ***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.



### ***A Naughty Boy***

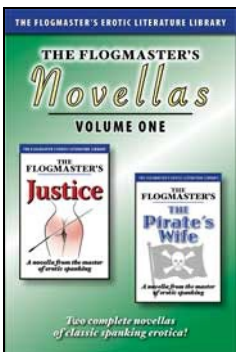
(FFff/MFFff)

When bad boy Derek is caught trespassing at a girls-only school, he will have to face the lovely Headmistress Dour with her wicked cane and hardwood paddle, and her collection of cruel-minded female faculty and prefects for excruciating punishments and even worse humiliations. 46,000 words.

---

## **Novella Collections**

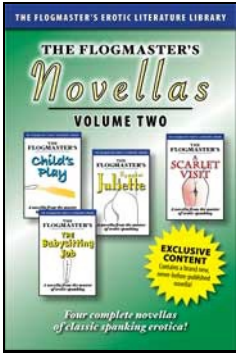
---



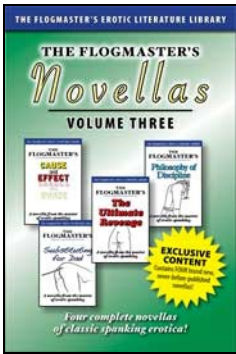
### ***Volume 1— Justice:*** (F/F)

A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. *The*

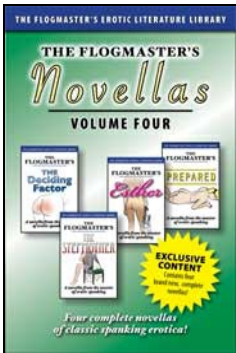
*Pirate's Wife:* (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



**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. *A 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.

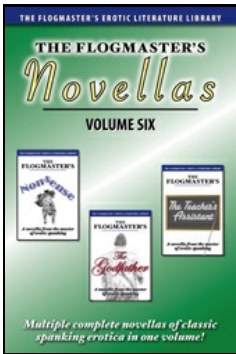


**Volume 4**— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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

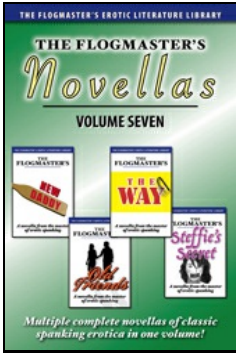




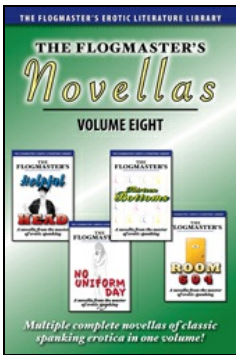
**Volume 5**— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and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



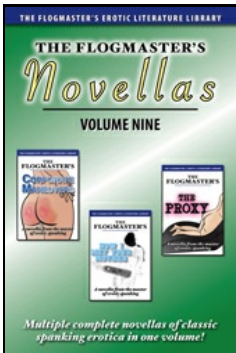
**Volume 6**— *Nonsense*: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather*: (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant*: (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



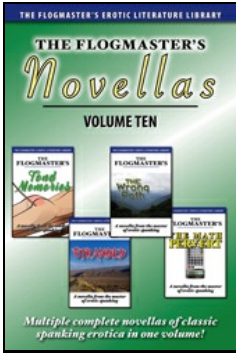
**Volume 7**— *A New Daddy*: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends*: (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret*: (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way*: (m/f) A boy is trained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



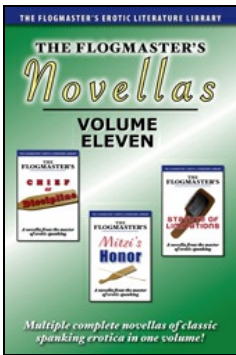
**Volume 8**— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



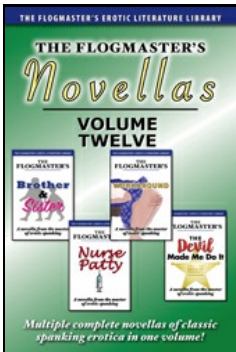
**Volume 9**— *Corporate Maneuvers*: (M/F) An executive abuses a lower-level employee. *The Proxy*: (M/F) A girl goes to her late best friend's parents for severe spankings. Sad, tender moments. *How I Met Your Mother*: (F/FFFFM) A man reveals he met his future wife as part of a sorority punishment.



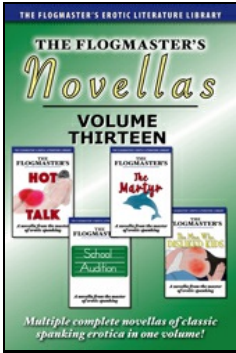
**Volume 10**— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't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



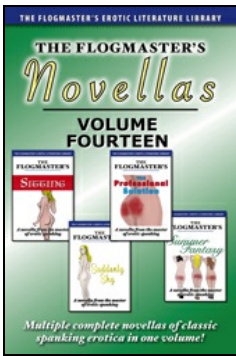
**Volume 11**— *Statute of Limitations*: (F/F) While visiting her mother, a woman reveals a childhood crime and is shocked when she's punished for it. *Mitzi's Honor*: (M/FF, F/MMF) Two professional contractors for rival mob families are assigned to take each other out. *Chief of Discipline*: (M/FFFFF) Girls at a college are punished.



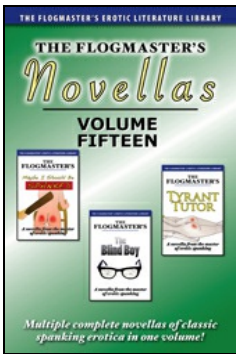
**Volume 12**— *Nurse Patty*: (F/f) A new girl at a strict school finds solace in a kindly nurse. *Brother and Sister*: (MF/fm) Orphaned twins are raised by strict step-parents. *Workaround*: (Mfm/fm) In the 1940s, a girl and a boy sent to a disciplinarian, figure out a workaround. *The Devil Made Me Do It*: (M/fff) A 1950s lawman abuses his authority.



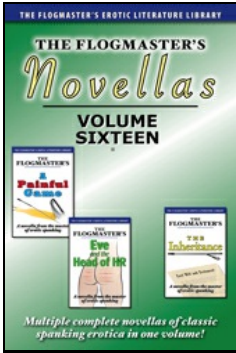
**Volume 13— Hot Talk:** (FFF/F, F/FMfm, FFM/f, MMM/f, MFF/f) Three biddies tell wild spanking stories. *School Audition:* (MMMFF/f) To attend an exclusive private school, a girl needs the approval of the Head and several teachers. *The Man Who Disliked Kids:* (M/Ff) In the 1950s, when a man marries a woman with a kid, he thinks it's a burden, but eventually discovers a new world of erotic discipline. *The Martyr:* (M/f) To support her radical cause, a brave schoolgirl will suffer any punishment.



**Volume 14—Sitting:** (mf/F) A college girl babysits two unusual twins. *Suddenly Shy:* (M/Fx6, Fx6/M) A man discovers his daughter's secret and concocts a wicked plan. *Summer Fantasy:* (FFFM/FFFFM) A college graduate spends an idyllic summer with four women. *The Professional Solution:* (M/F) An innovative solution to premature safeword use.



**Volume 15— Maybe I Should Be Spanked:** (MFFF/f) After suggesting a spanking, Kendra gets more than she expected. *The Blind Boy:* (F/FFfm) When an orphan boy with bad eyesight moves in with his aunt and her daughters, he discovers a new world of strict discipline. *Tyrant Tutor:* (Fm/f) A young boy becomes the tutor for his dream girl, and soon he's blackmailing her into taking spankings from him.



**Volume 16**— *A Painful Game*: (M/FFF) Three beauties compete in a billionaire's fantasy game. *Eve and the Head of HR*: (M/F) When a beautiful FBI agent goes undercover to catch a sleazy human resources executive abusing his position, everything that can go wrong goes wrong. *The Inheritance*: (MF/F) In this crime drama, there are schemes within schemes, as everyone pulls cons and scams for money.

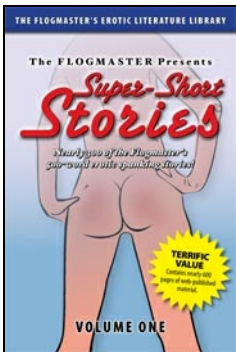
---

## Short Story Collections

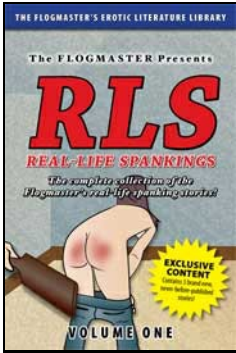
---



**Twelve of the Best: Volumes 1-45**  
Over 540 stories divided in books focusing on the punishment of adults or children.

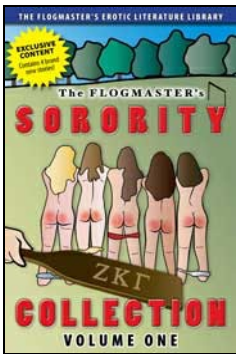


**Super-Short Stories: Volume 1-5**  
Short and sweet: over 500 500-word stories.  
(Mostly /f or /F)



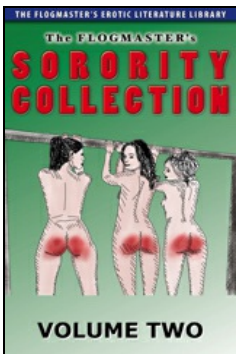
### ***Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1-9***

Spanking stories dramatized from real-life experiences. (Mostly /f or /F)



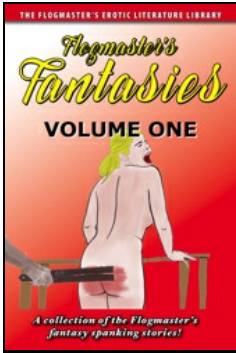
### ***Sorority Collection: Volume 1***

All of the Flogmaster's published sorority stories, plus four new exclusives to this book. (Mostly /F)



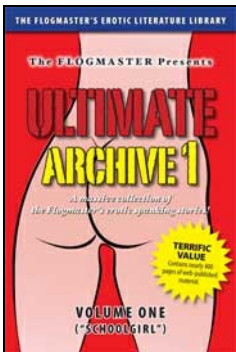
### ***Sorority Collection: Volume 2***

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)



### ***Flogmaster Fantasies: Volume 1***

21 classics plus 15 brand new stories for this Collection: *George* (M/F) A female bank executive is a man's sex slave. *Joan* (M/f) A girl wants regular spankings. *Timothy* (M/F) A girl attends a weekly punishment. *Danica* (M/F) A birthday girl's birthday fantasy. *Jackson* (M/f) A teen asks to be spanked. *Becca* (F30/F) A girl dreams of pledging to a sorority. *Jason* (M/F) A biker meets a gorgeous girl. *Stefanie* (M/F) A woman swaps her body with a teen. *Andre* (M/F) What a man wants in a foreign girl contracted to serve him. *Jill* (M/F) A nurse dreams of a doctor punishing her. *Kenneth* (M/F) A man would love to see his fiance spanked. *Lorine* (M/F) A TV reporter imagines broadcasting with a red hot bottom. *Morris* (M/F) A man wants a tiny wife. *Haley* (M/F) A woman wants to be spanked during a fancy party. *Max* (M/f) Men pay to watch judicial discipline.



### ***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**  
*Novellas Thirteen*

*For over a decade the Flogmaster has been one of the Internet's most prolific and talented writers of erotic spanking literature.*

---

***Hot Talk***

(FFF/F, F/FMfm, FFM/f, MMM/f, MFF/f — Severe, non-consensual spanking, caning, paddling, sex, sodomy)

Three biddies tell wild spanking stories.

***School Audition***

(MMMFF/f — Severe, semi-consensual spanking, paddling, caning, strapping)

To attend an exclusive private school, a girl needs the approval of the Head and several teachers.

***The Man Who Disliked Kids***

(M/Ff — Severe, non- and semi-consensual spanking, paddling, caning, consensual sex)

In the 1950s, when a man marries a woman with a kid, he thinks it's a burden, but eventually discovers a new world of erotic discipline.

***The Martyr***

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

To support her radical cause, a brave schoolgirl will suffer any punishment.

**Over 600  
free stories at**

**FLOGMASTERSTORIES.COM**

