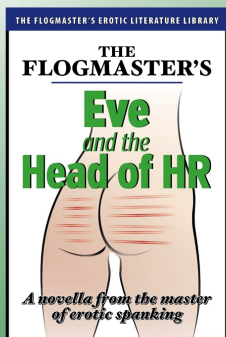
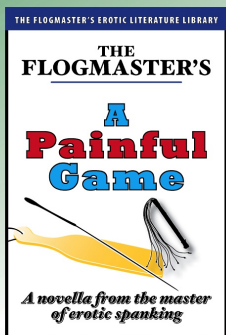


THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

THE FLOGMASTER'S *Novellas*

VOLUME SIXTEEN



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

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

Pretty steamy and very nicely done!

I.C.

This was a very well worked story. The tension in the room as the boy cowered from Miss Jones after only a couple of strokes was excellent, and the unexpected competition introduced a much greater interest in the story. I loved his guilt at the way he'd caned her and her descriptions of what it means to be able to take a caning. Very well done.

O.B.

Great story. I had no idea of the twist in the tail. Very erotic.

M.J.

A good, sound twenty-minute spanking certainly will prove to be much more effective if delivered atop a half-dozen blazing-hot caning weals, won't it?

C.K.

Excellent. Thanks.

V.R.

Love sorority stories; even short ones.

G.B.B.

Who would want a second act?

P.R.

Selected Excerpts

From *A Painful Game*:

Adam lined up the long stick across Reiko's tight, ball-like ass, drew back, and flicked the rod down. It snapped ruthlessly into the rotund flesh, indenting it briefly, and leaving behind a chalky mark that instantly began to redden. Reiko's face flickered with a spasm of suffering, and then she carefully closed her eyes. Her hips jerked and her buttocks quivered. Then she was still, her breathing steady.

From *Eve and the Head of HR*:

Eve followed the man into an adjacent room. Her heart was racing. This was it! She could hardly believe she'd made it this far. It had been easy, really. Men were such puppies. A pretty girl could make them do whatever she wanted. She wished she could examine the camera on her belt and confirm it was working, but it was too late for that now. She just had to hope it captured the proceedings and then they could bust Culix down to rubble.

From *The Inheritance*:

Catalina healed quickly. Too quickly. The marks from the crop were red, but they didn't weal the flesh the same as the cane. At St. Ignatius, her bottom almost always bore fading lines. Some took a week to fade.

But within two days, Catalina's ass was almost white. Only a few deeper cuts still showed as grayish bars. She worried that if Brie saw her bottom was healthy again, she'd arrange another thrashing. Without her official ID, Catalina would have to submit.

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
SIXTEEN**

*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

A Painful Game

★★★★★ , M/FFF—Extremely Severe, consensual paddling, caning, bull-whipping, pussy and titty whipping

Three beauties compete in a billionaire's fantasy game.

Eve and the Head of HR

★★★★★ , M/F—Edgy, semi-consensual paddling, caning, strapping, whipping, sexual arousal

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—Severe, non-consensual caning, flogging, breast- and pussy-whipping, forced sex acts, murder

In this crime drama, there are schemes within schemes, as everyone pulls cons and scams for money.

A Painful Game

(★★★★★, M/FFF—Extremely Severe, consensual paddling, caning, bull-whipping, pussy and titty whipping)

Three beauties compete in a billionaire's fantasy game.
(Approximately 10,280 words.)

The framed plywood board was the size of a picture window and pinned to it were at least two hundred grapefruit-sized balloons in a rainbow of colors. Adam held up a needle-tipped dart.

“The rules are simple. You throw a dart at the board and hopefully pop a balloon. Inside each balloon is a piece of paper. It’s either a reward or a penalty. For instance, you could win \$100 or strokes off a future penalty. If it’s a penalty, it will just be the name of an implement, such as ‘junior cane’ or ‘leather paddle.’ You get ten strokes with the implement. You can see all the implements on this table.”

He pointed to a long table where more than a dozen whipping implements were spread out. The girls saw paddles, whips, and canes. Except for a few milder items, such as a wooden ruler and rubber-soled slipper, most appeared quite serious.

“Of course, rewards are by their nature rare. That’s what makes them special. Most of the balloons contain punishments. But once you throw the dart, you *have* to take the punishment. If you want to quit, you do it *before* you throw. If you refuse to take a penalty, you forfeit every dime you’ve accrued. Does everyone understand that?”

The three women nodded uneasily. Reiko raised her hand. She was a slender woman of about thirty with Asian heritage in her dark, narrow eyes, though her skin was very light. She was elegant and extremely beautiful, like a porcelain doll.

“What happens if you don’t hit a balloon with your dart?” she asked.

“Ah! Very good question. There are two possibilities there. If you miss the board completely, then it’s an automatic ten stroke penalty with the senior cane. If you hit the board but miss a balloon, then your next penalty will be doubled. If you miss several times in a row, it’s doubled each time, increasing your risk of a really serious punishment.”

“But what do we get out of it?” asked Mindy. She was a pretty brunette, the youngest of the trio at just nineteen. She had a killer body and a cute face, but had no inkling of just how gorgeous she was. “If the rewards are so rare, why should we take the risk?”

“Well, there’s the adventure of it,” said Adam with a

laugh. “But you also get paid. A hundred bucks for the first dart you throw, \$200 for the second, \$300 for the third, and so on. If you want to play the game, you’ve got to commit to at least five darts. That’s a minimum of \$1500, guaranteed. If you get some rewards or play longer, you’ll get even more. There’s a strong possibility you could get out of here with five grand for a few hours of your time and a little pain.”

Mindy’s brown eyes glowed with greed as she tried to do the math. “Is there a limit to how many darts we can play?”

“Not really. You can play until all the balloons are popped if you want. The game ends then or when all of you quit.”

“Cool.”

“Oh, one other thing. Though you’re not competitors, per se, there is a \$2,500 bonus for the girl who plays the most darts, but only if you play at least ten darts.

“There is one more little twist.” Adam pointed to a smaller board divided into a grid. Inside each cell was a number. There was a zero in the very center and it was surrounded by four 20’s and a slew of 19’s, 18’s, and other big numbers. This pattern was repeated all over the board, so that low numbers were always near bigger numbers.

“Remember how I said that you get ten strokes with the implement? That’s not exactly true. That’s the default amount, but if you want, you can throw a dart at this board and pick the number of strokes you’d like. If you’re a good shot, you can get it lower, but if your aim is poor, you might get more than ten. It’s all up to you if you want to take the risk.”

He looked around at the women. “Any questions?”

“Yes,” said Paloma. She was an extremely curvy Hispanic woman with skin the color of iced tea. “How do we know we’ll actually get paid?”

“I have the cash right here.” Adam opened a metal lock box. “Inspect it if you’d like. There’s twenty-five grand there in brand new hundreds. There’s more in the safe if we need it.”

Paloma peered into the box. She reached in and flipped through the bills as though expecting that the ones underneath would be newspaper, but they appeared to be real.

“I assure you, my employer is honorable. This is a legitimate business arrangement, though it’s all paid in cash and what you tell the government about it on your income tax form is your own business.” He winked broadly so they’d understand his meaning.

“You’ll all need to sign a contract for your services.” He opened a briefcase and took out several stacks of paper. He passed one to each girl. The women looked through the pages of dense legalese. Mindy only pretended to read it. Paloma and Reiko studied it carefully.

“What’s this about video recording?” asked Reiko.

“The game is being recorded by several high definition digital cameras. But don’t worry: as it states in the contract, this is exclusively for the personal viewing of my employer. It will *never* be released to the public or shown to anyone else. There’s a clause that states if by some means out of our control it is leaked, say by a hacker, my employer will pay each of you the sum of one million dollars as a penalty. But

you're not permitted to sue for more than that for any reason. That's part of the contract."

Paloma raised her hand. "Who is Mr. Jones? Is he famous?"

"That is not his real name, of course. He wishes to keep his identity secret. But trust that he is a legitimate businessman and very wealthy."

"Is he here now, watching us?"

"He is. That glass you see on the wall over there is a one-way viewing window."

"Can we meet him?"

"No. He will observe you, but you will never meet him. Sorry, but he values his privacy." Adam looked around. "Any other questions about the contract?"

"Just how hard are these punishments?" asked Reiko.

"Hard. This is a game, but it's a serious one. The strokes hurt, especially with the senior implements. But we're not trying to wound you. There won't be any permanent damage. You'll be sore. There'll be redness and bruising, swollen welts if you get the cane or bullwhip. There's the possibility of cut skin, though I'll do my best to avoid that."

"You'll be administering the punishments?"

"I will." Adam carefully looked each girl in the eye for a few seconds. "I know you've all experienced corporal punishment before, so this shouldn't be a completely foreign experience for you. Paloma, you had a boyfriend who spanked?"

The Hispanic nodded. "Two, actually. One just used his hand, the other liked to use a belt or cane. I didn't like that much. He got carried away sometimes."

“Did you tell him to stop?”

“He wouldn’t listen. He liked it when it really hurt me. I don’t mind a little pain, but he went too far.”

“And you, Mindy?”

“My stepfather used to use his belt on me.” She looked sour. “He liked it, the bastard. Just wanted to see me naked. I was only fourteen when he started. What a creep. I couldn’t wait to get out of there.”

“Did his whippings hurt?”

Mindy shrugged. “Not that much. I never remember them being that bad. I just hated him and the process. It was so humiliating and he made me feel dirty.”

“What about you, Reiko? You were corporally disciplined as a child?”

“Yes, that’s correct.”

“Your mother or your father?”

“Father. Very strict. Very formal. He used something like that long cane over there. I got my age in cuts.”

“Ouch. Sounds painful. This should be a piece of cake for you.”

Reiko smiled confidently. “I could use the money.”

“Well, if you take more than the other two, there’s a \$2,500 bonus for you.”

Adam smiled at the women. “I think we’re ready.” He produced a pen and handed it to Mindy. “You can each sign each other’s contracts as witnesses. Use an initial for your last name if you have privacy concerns.”

Mindy quickly signed hers, then waited as Paloma carefully signed hers. Reiko was thoughtful, skimming through the contract one last time, and then she put her

signature on the page. Then the girls traded contracts and signed as witnesses. Adam collected the contracts and put them back in his briefcase.

“Excellent. You’ve all committed to playing at least five darts, so let’s get started. You can get undressed over there and leave your clothes and personal belongings on that table. Please silence any cell phones. We don’t want any interruptions.”

“We have to be naked the whole time?” said Mindy. “I thought that was just for the, uh, punishments.”

“It was in the contract,” said Reiko. “The game is played in the nude.” She wore a black suit that showed off her slender legs and trim figure. It came off surprisingly quickly, revealing a slim woman with small delicate breasts and a petite, but nicely rounded rear. Her sex was clean-shaved, and except for a small Chinese symbol tattooed on her ankle, her skin was flawlessly smooth and free of blemishes or defects.

Paloma stepped out of her tight skirt and removed her top. Her breasts were huge and heavy, really needing the support of the bra that she dropped on top of her pile of clothing. Her panties were black thongs. Her waist wasn’t as narrow as Mindy or Reiko, but it looked thinner, for her hips were wide. Her buttocks were tall ovals, like generous rounds of fresh bread dough. Her bush was thick, a forest of ebony hair at her crotch, but trimmed neatly along the bikini line.

Mindy watched the others a little nervously, then shrugged and pulled off her sneakers. Her jeans and tank top followed. She wasn’t wearing a bra, though she probably

should have been as her tits were substantial. The nipples stood out boldly on the pomegranate-sized boobs. Her panties were skimpy lace-trimmed things, such a pale white they were nearly transparent. Her bush was neatly trimmed to almost invisibility, leaving a modest patch of fur leading to her crotch. Her ass was glorious, more ball-shaped than Paloma's ovals, and much larger than Reiko's tiny tight rounds. She had hips, too, though nothing like Paloma's.

"You're all lovely," complimented Adam. He was in his mid-thirties and so blandly handsome that he was nondescript. Average height and build, not fat or especially athletic, he seemed like the perfectly anonymous butler or junior attorney. His friendly, non-threatening demeanor relaxed the women, who followed him over to a strip of white tape on the floor fifteen feet from the balloon board.

"Let's go in alphabetical order, by first name. Mindy, that means you're up first."

The college co-ed looked surprised, but more excited than nervous as she accepted a sharp dart from the man. She stepped up to the line, taking in his warning that even a toe over the line would invalidate her throw and be a mandatory ten with the senior cane just as if she missed the board completely.

"I'm warning you," she said. "I used to be good at darts when I was a kid. I played with my brothers and kicked ass."

Of course, all the balloons looked alike, except for color, and color didn't indicate what was inside. She took a deep breath and let the metal dart fly. It landed in the third row down in the middle, a red balloon disappearing with a pop as a white piece of paper dropped to the ground. Adam

hurried forward to retrieve it.

“Hand,” he read. “That means you get spanked with a hand. Do you want the ten slaps or do you want to try the number board?”

“I’ll go for the number,” said Mindy. She picked up another dart from Adam’s table. She watched as he picked up a logbook and wrote \$100 next to her name. He waited as she stood in front of the white line, aimed, and threw. For a moment it looked like the arrow was heading right for the zero, but then it dropped and struck several rows below.

“Twelve,” said Adam. “Not bad. You’re only an inch from the six.”

“So how do we do this?” asked Mindy. “Do I go over your knee like a bad girl?”

“That’s up to me to decide, but that’s not a bad suggestion. Come over to this chair.” Adam sat in a straight-backed chair that had no arms. Mindy easily flopped across his legs, her generous butt swelling up before him. The cheeks were very solid and sturdy and Mindy hardly seemed phased by the spanking. He quickly and efficiently slapped each mound six times, alternating. The brunette gasped a little and wiggled, but was grinning when she was let up. She rubbed her tush and made a face as though it had been painful and the others were laughing at her antics.

“You got off lucky,” said Adam in a warning tone. “Next time you might get the bullwhip.”

Paloma came forward to get her dart. Her throw was wild, without any attempt at aiming. It almost missed the board, hitting the outer left edge. A green balloon popped, however, and a paper fell out.

“Hairbrush,” said Adam. “Do you want ten or to try the number board?”

“I’ll try the numbers.”

Another dart flew. “Fourteen,” reported Adam. He went back to the chair and patted his lap. In a moment the huge ass of the Hispanic woman was balanced across his legs. Mindy’s butt had looked big there, but compared to Paloma’s generous hindquarters, it seemed small. Adam rested the smooth back of the wooden hairbrush across the peak of her left buttock. The big brush seemed inconsequential, but once the man began to paddle the cheeks, the solid weight of the brush proved devastating.

Paloma yelped and writhed and kicked her legs. The brush really stung as it walloped hard into a fleshy mound. He gave her five to the left cheek, then five to the right. After the second round, the skin had a ruddy tone to it. The final four he dealt out slowly, alternating sides and landing them low where the oval ass was the fleshiest. She groaned and cried “Ow!” at every spank.

“There we go. Looks like it’s Reiko’s turn.”

The slim beauty took a silver dart and gracefully tossed it toward the balloons. It went straight for a red one and popped it. Adam retrieved the paper. “It’s your lucky day,” he said. “You just won \$200.” He went to the ledger and wrote in \$300, Reiko’s \$100 for her first dart and the \$200 prize she’d won.

Mindy seemed excited to see that Reiko had won cash and eagerly threw her second dart. Her joy faded when her balloon was traitorous and coughed up a dose with the fraternity paddle. “Ah, fuck,” she muttered.

“You’re in college, so this shouldn’t be too foreign for you,” Adam said. “Are you in a sorority?”

“No. I’ve been to a couple parties and there were some paddles and some joking about spankings with them, but no one actually did anything. I’ve always been curious what it feels like.”

“Now you get to find out. Will you take the ten?”

Mindy looked at the number board, then at the long paddle board, and suddenly every cell in the grid seemed too high. She nodded. “I’m not gonna press my luck,” she said. “Just give me the ten.”

“Over to the trestle.”

The big bottom bloomed. The co-ed looked stunning as she wrapped her willowy figure across the heavy wooden stand, the orbs of her breasts dangling free. Her arms gripped the rests on either side as she braced herself for the discipline. The mild hand-spanking she’d gotten earlier was essentially gone, leaving her generous hinds pale and ready for chastisement. The heavy frat paddle, nearly two feet long, spanned both cheeks. A tiny vee-shaped cleft appeared above the board and the ends of two pertly curved cheeks peeked out below the slab of wood.

Then the paddle was gone, the naked buttocks shivering. The board came down in a sizzling blast and the rump squashed and then rebounded. Mindy shrieked and threw her hands back, rubbing at the blistering sting furiously. Her hips quaked back and forth as she rocked on the trestle.

“Oh my God!” she cried. “That burns!”

“Stay down, I don’t want to have to add extras,” said Adam sternly.

“Extras?” whimpered Mindy weakly. “What are you talking about?” Her fingers dug deep into her pinked cheeks, squeezing the still-tingling flesh.

“Didn’t you read the contract?”

“I didn’t see anything about extras.”

“I’m authorized to go above the count if you don’t cooperate. Now get those hands out of the way so I can paddle those buns.”

Reluctantly, Mindy obeyed. She put her hands back on the pole grips on the side of the trestle and held on tightly. Her blushing buttocks exploded with fresh pain as the wood walloped her ass. She cried out and moaned, but kept her hands away from her burning bottom. Twice more the board found her buns and Mindy hissed, her eyes watering.

“Much better,” said Adam. “Mr. Jones prefers it when you cooperate and take your punishment like a big girl.”

A fifth lick stung the cheeks and Mindy roiled, her big cheeks churning. They were already scarlet and on their way to crimson.

“I can’t believe sorority girls used to go through this,” muttered the college girl. “I thought they were wimps. This really hurts!”

Solid blows of the board kept landing at a two-per-minute pace, keeping the girl in a peak state of anguish. Her eyes were wet when she finally got up, blowing heartily.

“Wow! That... hurt.”

“But you survived and your ass is only a little pink,” said Adam, lying blatantly about the last bit, for the cheeks were suffused with a deep magenta.

“Yeah, sure,” said Mindy, wrinkling her tiny nose. Her

hands touched her tender buns gingerly.

“You’ll be pleased to know you’ve already earned three hundred bucks,” Adam said, writing in his ledger. He looked up at Paloma. “It’s your turn now.”

The naked Hispanic woman took up a dart and threw it. It was the hand and she took the ten slaps. Adam didn’t try to put her over his lap, but spanked her right there on the throw-line, just having her lean forward a little with her hands on her head. Though his palm was good-sized, it made minimal impression on such generous cheeks. He went for the ledger and nodded at Reiko to go.

The slim, dainty woman took up her dart, picked out a particular balloon, and threw. A blue one popped and she glided over to get the paper, bending gracefully and showing everyone her tiny, flawless bottom. Her face showed no emotion as she looked at the paper.

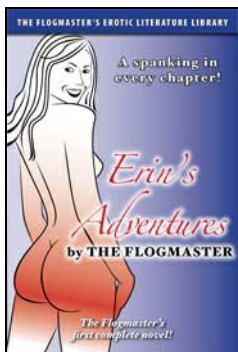
“The senior cane,” she said. “I’ll try my luck on the other board.”

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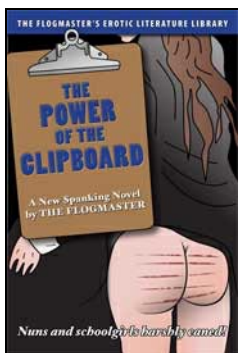
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

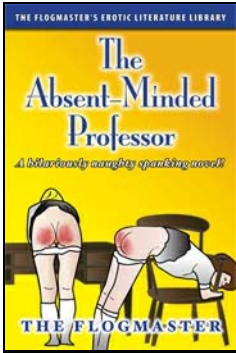
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

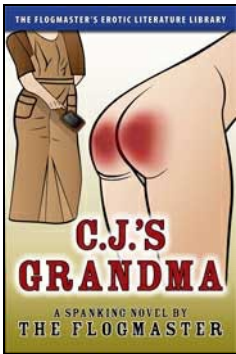
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

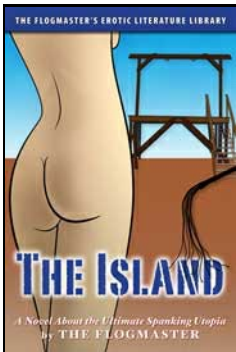
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

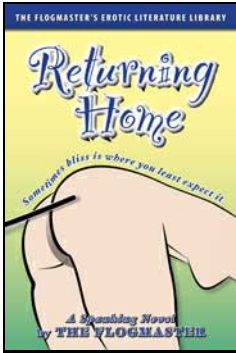
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



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.

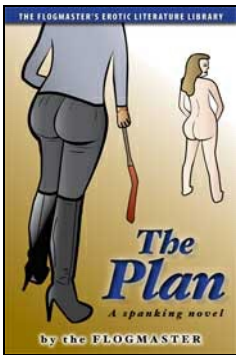


Returning Home

(mostly M/f)

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

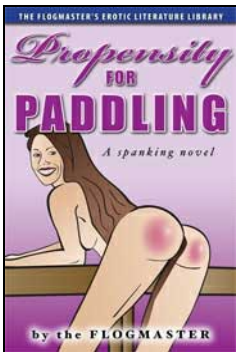
53,000 words.



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)

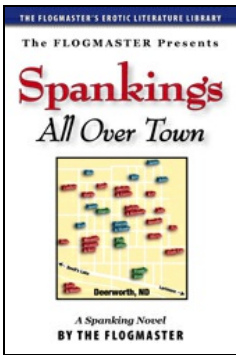
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(MF/f)

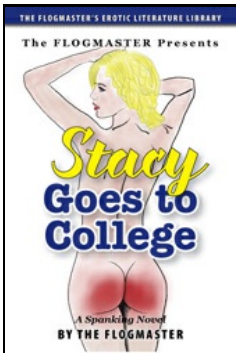
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



Spankings All Over Town

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

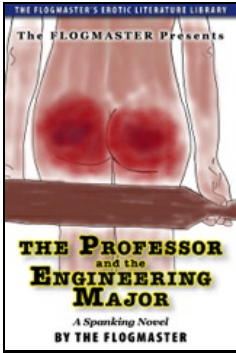
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



Stacy Goes to College

(M/F)

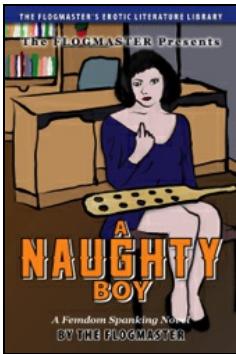
A girl goes off to college thinking she's too grown-up for spankings and learns the hard way that's not the case. 46,000 words.



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.

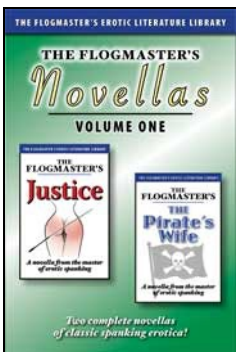


A Naughty Boy

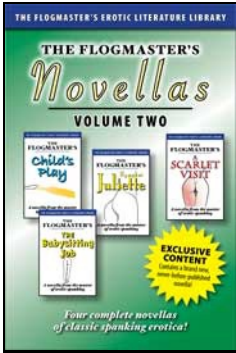
(FFff/MFFff)

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.

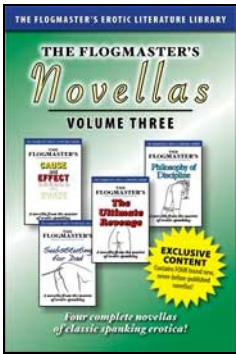
Novella Collections



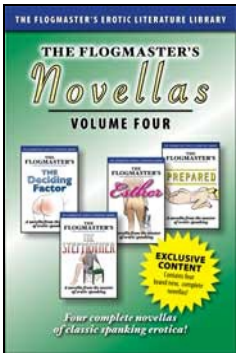
Volume 1— Justice: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. **The Pirate's Wife:** (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



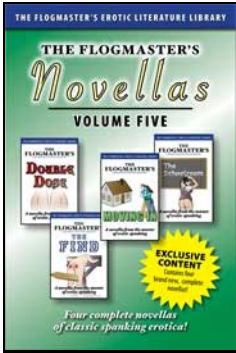
Volume 2— *Child's Play*: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. *Nymphet Juliett*: (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. *A Scarlet Visit*: (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. *The Babysitting Job*: (MF/f) A girl's babysitting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



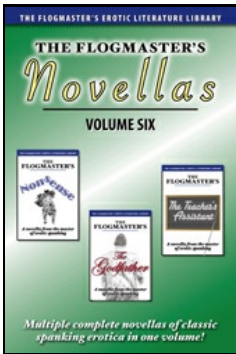
Volume 3— *Cause and Effect*: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline*: (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad*: (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge*: (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



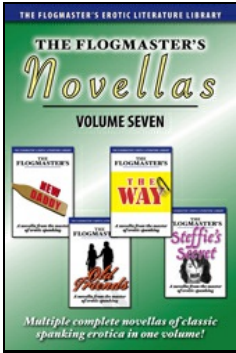
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



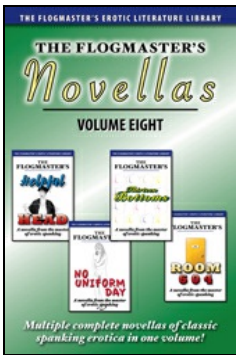
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



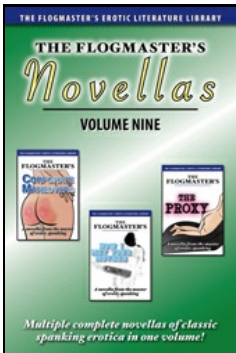
Volume 6— *Nonsense*: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather*: (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant*: (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



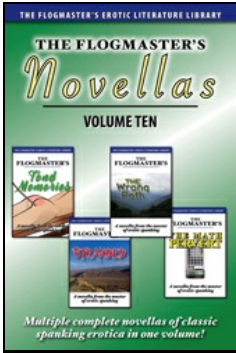
Volume 7— *A New Daddy*: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends*: (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret*: (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way*: (m/f) A boy is trained to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



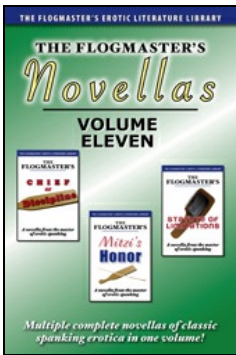
Volume 8— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



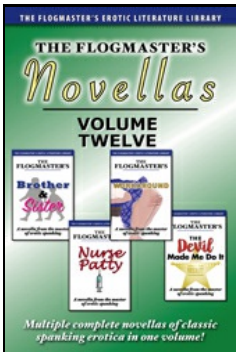
Volume 9— *Corporate Maneuvers*: (M/F) An executive abuses a lower-level employee. *The Proxy*: (M/F) A girl goes to her late best friend's parents for severe spankings. Sad, tender moments. *How I Met Your Mother*: (F/FFFFM) A man reveals he met his future wife as part of a sorority punishment.



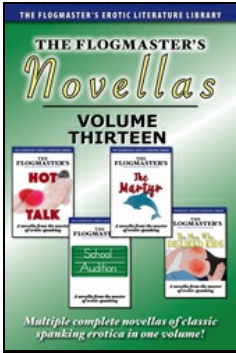
Volume 10— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't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



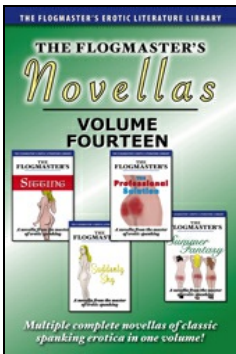
Volume 11— *Statute of Limitations*: (F/F) While visiting her mother, a woman reveals a childhood crime and is shocked when she's punished for it. *Mitzi's Honor*: (M/FF, F/MMF) Two professional contractors for rival mob families are assigned to take each other out. *Chief of Discipline*: (M/FFFFF) Girls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



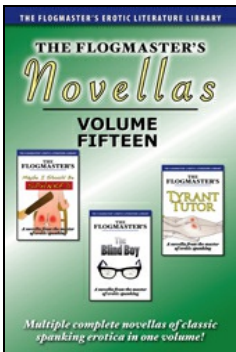
Volume 12— *Nurse Patty*: (F/f) A new girl at a strict school finds solace in a kindly nurse. *Brother and Sister*: (MF/fm) Orphaned twins are raised by strict step-parents. *Workaround*: (Mfm/fm) In the 1940s, a girl and a boy sent to a disciplinarian, figure out a workaround. *The Devil Made Me Do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



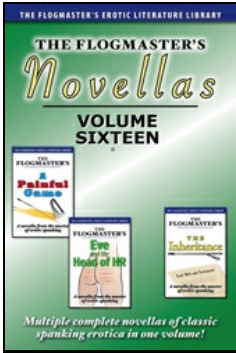
Volume 13— *Hot Talk*: (FFF/F, F/FMfm, FFM/f, MMM/f, MFF/f) Three biddies tell wild spanking stories. *School Audition*: (MMMFF/f) To attend an exclusive private school, a girl needs the approval of the Head and several teachers. *The Man Who Disliked Kids*: (M/Ff) In the 1950s, when a man marries a 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.

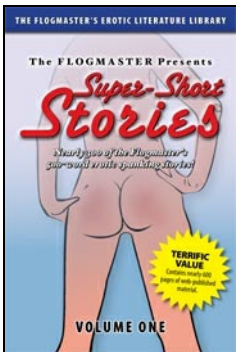


Volume 16— *A Painful Game*: (M/FFF) Three beauties compete in a billionaire's fantasy game. *Eve and the Head of HR*: (M/F) When a beautiful FBI agent goes undercover to catch a sleazy human resources executive abusing his position, everything that can go wrong goes wrong. *The Inheritance*: (MF/F)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

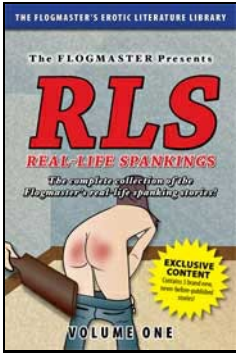
Short Story Collections



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

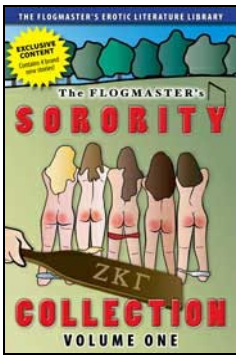


Super-Short Stories: Volume 1-5
Short and sweet: over 500 500-word stories.
(Mostly /f or /F)



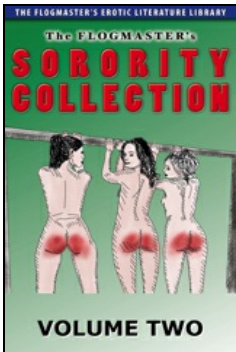
Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1-9

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



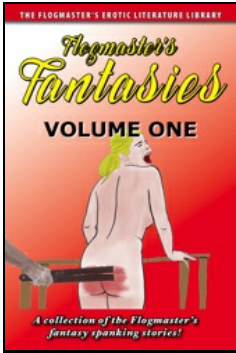
Sorority Collection: Volume 1

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



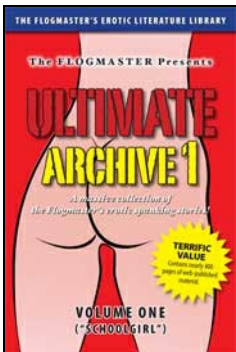
Sorority Collection: Volume 2

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

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Three beauties compete in a billionaire's fantasy game.

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When a beautiful FBI agent goes undercover to catch a sleazy human resources executive abusing his position, everything that can go wrong goes wrong.

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