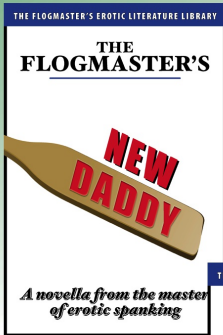


THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

THE FLOGMASTER'S  
*Novellas*  
VOLUME SEVEN



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

# Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

*Severe, yes, but a thrilling story of the punished-teacher genre.*  
**BOHEMOND**

*No better way to motivate than with a paddle.*  
**ROBERTSP21**

*A good story about a perfect blackmail.*  
**WESTVIKING**

*Heartiest congratulations on this fine story. You make good use of specific detail. I especially enjoy stories that push the envelope.*

**CURMUDGEON**

*A nice variant on the usual theme, well thought out.*  
**WILKIN**

*Quite clever writing and premise! Enjoyed it greatly. Thank you for another wonderful fic.*  
**METROPOLIS93FAN**

*\_Wow\_! Carol sure got her bottom warmed. Sometimes it just doesn't pay to be the comforting big sister.*  
**BETH83**

## **Selected Excerpts**

### **From *New Daddy*:**

“Why don’t you give me my spanking so that I can get going on my math homework?”

“You mean... now?”

“Would you, please? I really don’t want to have to wait until Mom comes home. I’ve got an essay to write and my algebra takes time.” Steph added, “You can spank me extra-hard, I won’t mind.”

### **From *Old Friends*:**

But the key for me, being a bottom-man, was seeing a glimpse of that butt. The panties didn’t completely cover each cheek and bulge of each buttock was pronounced, exposing a lovely curve at the top of each leg column. It was amazing. I probably drooled. I know I couldn’t stop looking, though I told myself it was wrong.

### **From *Steffie’s Secret*:**

Magda looked at the stiff leather whip in her hand and then at her daughter. “The soldier expects me to beat you,” she whispered. “I’m sorry, but I’ll have to give you a few strokes so he doesn’t get suspicious.”

“It’s okay, Mama,” said Steffie with more courage than she felt. The whip looked more vicious than the thin cane Fräulein Lehmann at school used at the slightest excuse, or the thicker rod her father had only used on her once. But this was for Hugo. Steffie obediently raised the back of her dress. “Make it hard, Mama, so he hears, and I’ll cry a lot.”

### **From *The Way*:**

“Paul, you have a lot to learn about women. You think that hurting Rose will make her not like you, but the opposite is true. Women only fall in love with the men that hurt them the most. It’s the way women are wired, son. They don’t respect a man that won’t hurt them.”

## Disclaimer

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

## License

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

## Copyright

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

**THE FLOGMASTER'S**  
*Novellas*  

---

**VOLUME SEVEN**

*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

---

## **New Daddy**

---

**★ ★ ★ ★ ★ , M/Ff—Severe, semi-consensual spanking, paddling, caning, strapping**

A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend to get them to marry.

## **Old Friends**

---

**★ ★ ★ ★ ★ , mf/fm—Severe, consensual spanking and switching, pre-teen nudity and spanking and masturbation**

A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games.

## **Steffie's Secret**

---

**★ ★ ★ ★ ★ , M/f—Severe, semi-consensual caning**

A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII.

## **The Way**

---

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

A girl and a boy graduate to adulthood in a unique ceremony.





# New Daddy

**(★★★★★, M/Ff—Severe, semi-consensual spanking, paddling, caning, strapping)**

A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend to get them to marry. (Approximately 15,453 words.)

## One

---

**C**arson knocked on the door once, then popped it open and entered, calling out, “Hello! I’m here!”

Though he’d been dating Priscilla for over two years now, he still didn’t feel comfortable just walking into her place without warning. He wasn’t sure why, exactly. It just seemed polite.

On this day, even though he’d knocked, he wished he’d waited until someone had answered the door, because the first thing he saw made his face flush hot and pink.

“Oh my God! Uh, oh—”

Standing in one corner of the living room, on blatant display, was Priscilla's fourteen-year-old daughter, Stephanie. What was shocking was that the girl's purple cheerleader skirt was lifted up in the back and her matching panties were down around her knees.

Carson couldn't help but stare: he'd never seen such a marvelous bottom. The cheeks were a blinding white, and so round and pert he couldn't help but instantly become aroused. The butt was bigger and more mature than he expected on someone so young, too. He knew Steph was a beauty—she was her mother's daughter after all—but this little thing already had hips and that ass just wouldn't quit! He felt dizzy and confused, embarrassed over his clear physical reaction, and unsure what he should do.

"Oh hi Carson," Steph said calmly, turning to smile at him over her shoulder. Her tone was so mild it was as though she didn't even realize she was standing half-naked in front of a man. "Mom's not home yet. She called and said she won't be here until six-thirty or so."

"Really? But she emailed me to be here at five." Carson checked his watch, then blushed again as he realized he was doing what Steph was doing—not mentioning the 800-lb. gorilla in the room.

"Now hold on, Steph—just what the hell is going on? Why are you—" He couldn't even finish the sentence, or look at her without blushing, so he turned his head away and waved his hand up and down indicating her unclothed body.

"Oh, it's no big deal. I'm to be spanked, that's all." The petite beauty wrinkled her nose and sighed. "I got paddled

at school today and you know Mom, ‘Spanked at school means spanked at home.’ Of course, she’s not going to be home for hours, so this is really tedious having to stand here like this. I really should be doing my homework.”

“Your mother, er, always makes you, uh, stand like that?”

“When I’m to be spanked? Oh sure, it’s SOP.” She giggled. “Standard Operating Procedure. Of course, it’s been a while since I got paddled at school. Let’s see... I think the last time was in fifth grade. I got it for putting blue paint in Tommy Myerson’s hair!”

“Really? I always thought you were so well-behaved.” Carson glanced back at the girl, hoping she’d at least covered up her bottom, but she hadn’t moved at all and seemed oblivious to the fact that he could see her bare ass. He looked away again, studying Pris’ crystal collection on the far wall, his face glowing.

“Me? Well-behaved? I guess I try, but if I am it’s only because Mom’s so strict. I get spanked all the time, you know.”

“You do? I— I never knew that. I would have thought you too grown-up for, uh, that sort of thing.”

“Ha! Mom says as long as I’m living under her roof I’m subject to her discipline, and that means even if I’m in college. So I don’t think I’ll be getting out of any spankings for quite a few years yet.”

Steph half-turned, looking at Carson with excitement. “Say, I just realized, when you and Mom get married, that means you’ll be my new Daddy and you’ll be the one spanking me!”

“What? Oh, I, uh, I don’t think, I mean, I don’t know if that, uh...” Carson’s voice trailed off uncertainly. Since she was addressing him, he’d been forced (right?) to look at her and now her beauty hit him like a sledgehammer.

Stephanie Aaronson was five feet tall, slim, athletic, and very blond. Her face was adorable, with flawless symmetry. With her golden curls, crisp blue eyes, perfectly arched eyebrows, tiny upturned nose, snow-white teeth, and dainty lips she was everything a cheerleader was supposed to be. And though she looked like a china doll, she wasn’t an airhead: she was smart as a whip and got top grades. Even more amazing, despite her gorgeousness, she wasn’t full of herself. She was kind and thoughtful of others and never had a cross word for anyone. Carson had often thought she was just too good to be true, but now he suddenly wondered if this goodness was just a side effect of her strict upbringing. He’d never realized Pris was so stern, but with Steph so well-behaved and grown-up they hadn’t really discussed child rearing.

“What’s the matter?” Stephanie asked. “Didn’t you spank your own kids?”

“Well, sure, but...”

“So what’s wrong?” Her voice took on a note of panic. “Is it me? Don’t you like me? I thought you cared about me, too. Or am in the way of you and my Mom?”

“Oh no, it’s nothing like that! You know I adore you, Steph.”

“So what’s the matter? If you care about me, you’ll want to spank me and keep me on the straight and narrow, right?”

“Well, yeah, I guess....” Carson gulped, the sight of the teen’s chubby snow-white bottom too much for him. It was rotting out his brain and he couldn’t think straight. He looked away, blushing. “Your mother and I... I haven’t even proposed.”

“Yeah, but that’s just a formality, right? You’ve been dating for two years. You talk about getting married all the time.”

“Sure, but—”

“But what?”

Carson sighed. “It’s complicated.”

“Don’t you love each other?”

“Definitely.”

“Then I don’t see why it’s complicated.”

“Your mother went through a very painful divorce. You should know that better than anyone.”

“Mr. Bradley, you are *nothing* like my dad.”

“That’s good, but your mom... she’s still fragile.”

Stephanie laughed. “Mom? Fragile? Do you know her at all? You should see how she spanks me with a hairbrush. Or swings that big paddle on the mantle in the basement—you wouldn’t think her fragile then!”

The man had to shake the delicious images that were assaulting his imagination. He could so easily picture the lovely Pris with her young and pretty daughter draped over her lap as she walloped that firm, up-thrusting butt with a big black hairbrush....

“I mean *emotionally* fragile,” he said stubbornly. “I don’t want to rush her.”

“It’s been two years! Does that sound like a rush? And

Dad left nine years ago. I think she's gotten over him by now."

Carson sighed. "You'll understand when you're older. These things are complicated."

"But you *are* going to marry her, right?"

"Well, yes, at some point, when we're both ready—"

"So basically you're my new Daddy. If that's the case, why don't you give me my spanking so that I can get going on my math homework?"

"You mean... now?"

"Would you, please? I really don't want to have to wait until Mom comes home. I've got an essay to write and my algebra takes time." When the man hesitated, Steph added, "You can spank me extra-hard, I won't mind."

"Why would— No, it's... Can't you just go ahead do you homework? I'm sure your mom would understand."

"Oh no! She has very strict rules: when I've gotten in trouble at school I'm to wait just like this until she comes and home and spanks me. I'll get a double-caning if I disobey."

"That doesn't sound good," muttered Carson.

"The way Mom canes? I'll say it's not. She leaves stripes I can feel for days. One caning is plenty, believe me!"

Carson was suddenly very aware of how the teenage girl was ruefully rubbing her bare bottom as she spoke. It was unconscious, of course, but it made the iron bar in his pants stiffen like a fireplace poker. His voice was harsh and gravely it was so suddenly dry.

"Well, maybe I—"

"Oh, you will Mr. Bradley? You'll spank me?" The blond

rushed to throw her arms around his neck and she kissed him repeatedly on both cheeks. “Oh thank you, thank you so much!”

“Hold on, I didn’t say—”

“You’ll have to make it an extra-hard spanking, because you don’t want Mom thinking you went easy on me. I’ll show her my butt when she gets home and as long as it’s bright red and toasty, she’ll be satisfied that justice was done. I bet she’ll be relieved to have you do it. She’s always complaining about having to spank me. Says I wear her out.”

“You... get in trouble that often?”

“No, not that often,” said Stephanie with a shrug. “Not more than two or three times a week, I guess. Of course, there are my Sunday Spankings, too.”

“Uh, Sunday spankings?”

“Haven’t you ever wondered why Mom won’t let you stay over Sunday night?”

“She always says it’s because she’s got to work early on Monday.”

“No, it’s because that’s when I get my Sunday Spanking and she wasn’t sure you’d approve. I told her you’d be fine with it, but she didn’t want to bother you with our domestic problems.”

“You get spanked every Sunday? What if you haven’t done anything wrong?”

“I still get spanked. She’s calls it Discipline Maintenance. If I’m bad, I get it even worse on Sunday, but I always get a pretty good spanking. I don’t really count the Sunday ones, though. They’re just routine unless I’ve been *really* naughty that week.”

“I see,” Carson said, though he really didn’t. He was amazed by Stephanie’s calm attitude toward physical correction. When he’d been a kid he couldn’t even *say* with word ‘spanking’ without feeling fearful. His own kids hadn’t been too keen on the subject either.

“Do you want to do it here or in my room?”

“What?” The pretty girl was facing him, looking up expectantly, her perfect features perfectly calm and accepting.

“My spanking. Here or in my room?”

“Hmm, I’m not sure—”

“Maybe it’d be better in my room. I’ve got all the spanking supplies there. Do you know what you want to use?”

Carson was beginning to feel like an idiot from the “duh” sounds he kept making. He shrugged and followed the girl up the stairs to her bedroom. He wasn’t sure if it was appropriate for a middle-aged man to be alone in a room with such a pretty teen, but once she started to walk he couldn’t resist trailing that swaying tail. The perfect bottom shifted so gracefully from side to side as the girl moved in mincing steps due to the purple underpants still around her knees. When she mounted the stairs, the way the swelling hips swayed... Carson’s erection was physically painful. He had to discretely adjust his pants, praying that the girl didn’t notice.

Stephanie’s room was the first one off the stairs. It faced the back of the house and was quite roomy with a wide window that overlooked the back yard. The bare bottomed girl went right to a long dresser with a giant mirror above it



and bent over, giving Carson such a scandalous view of her ass—and even a glimpse of the secrets between—that he turned bright red and tried to study the overhead lighting fixture. The girl pulled out the bottom drawer and began rummaging and his curiosity got the better of him and he had to peek.

The drawer was full of spanking implements. There were big fat hairbrushes, wooden paddles of various sizes and shapes, leather belts and straps, and four or five lengths of rattan cane. Carson stared in amazement.

“I really should throw about half of this stuff away,” Steph said. “Most just isn’t appropriate for a girl my age.” She held up a small hairbrush as an example. “As if this could hurt!”

“That sure looks like it would hurt,” Carson said, pointing at a paddle that would have been at a home in the toughest fraternity on the planet. The thing was half an inch thick and two feet long.

“Oh, is that what you’d like to use?” She pulled the big board from the pile and handed it to him, despite his protests.

“No no, I didn’t mean that!”

“It’s actually not that bad. It looks terrible, but your butt gets pretty numb after the first dozen or so. It’s not as bad as the canes. If you think I deserve it, you can use one of those.”

For reasons he didn’t understand, Carson felt fascinated by the rods. He carefully drew one out of the drawer. It was thirty inches long and about the diameter of his pinky. It bent easily and made a sharp hissing sound when he drew it

casually threw the air.

“I was afraid of that,” Stephanie said somberly, wrinkling her cute little nose in distaste. “I knew if I told you about the canes you’d want to use one!”

“No, I didn’t say that. I was just curious.”

“It’s just a stick. A special kind Mom orders from the Philippines or Malaysia or someplace, but still just a stick. They sure sting, though. But I guess I do deserve it.”

“You... you said you got, uh, paddled at school? Whatever for?”

“Well, it wasn’t an *official* punishment. You have to promise you won’t go blabbing about it.”

“What do you mean?”

Steph’s eyes got big and serious and she looked around conspiratorially and whispered: “Coach Jenkins found two empty beer bottles in the back of the cheerleader’s van. We all denied knowing anything about it. She said it had to be one of us because we’re the only ones who use it, but she couldn’t prove it. Still, if she reported it to the principal, we’d all be expelled since the school has a zero-tolerance policy on such things. So the squad decided to take a paddling from her instead. She gave us each four licks. She didn’t even make us take down our panties, can you believe it?”

Carson frowned. “Did you know anything about the beer?”

“No, I didn’t. I swear I didn’t! You believe me, don’t you?”

“Yes, I do.” He grew dizzy thinking about what he’d just heard. “So the coach paddled the entire cheerleading

squad?”

“Yes sir.”

“Even though you didn’t really do anything.”

“We couldn’t prove the bottle wasn’t ours.”

“They couldn’t prove it was,” countered Carson. “Seems blatantly unfair.”

“No, it was fair. We all agreed to it. You can’t say anything to anyone. Please!”

Having such a beauty beg him was too much for Carson, who could never resist a beautiful woman. “Okay, fine. I guess what’s done is done. No sense rocking the boat now.”

“Whew! Thanks. You’re the best, Carson!”

“But since you didn’t really do anything, there’s really no point you getting another spanking now.” He dropped the cane in the drawer. He noticed there was an even longer one, so lengthy it had to be stored in the wide drawer at an angle.

“What? But no, you said you would!”

“But you didn’t even deserve to be paddled at school.”

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

---

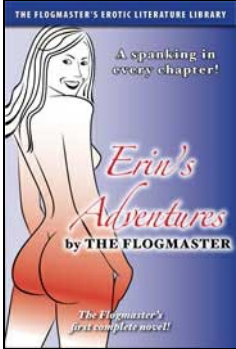
## Also by The Flogmaster

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

---

### Novels

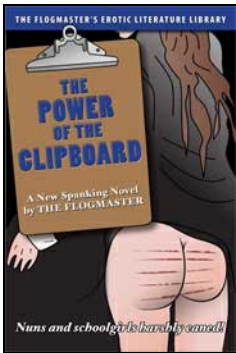
---



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

(mostly F/f)

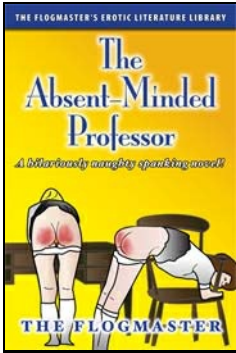
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



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

(mostly M/f)

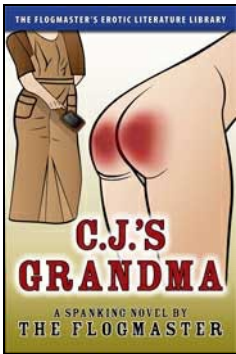
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



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

(mostly M/f)

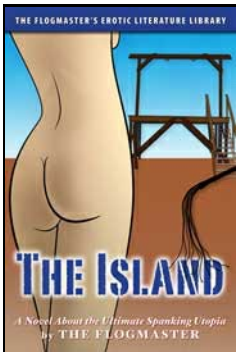
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



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

(mostly F/f and f/f)

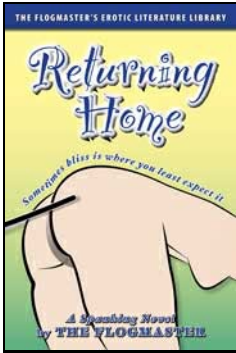
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



### ***The Island***

(mostly M/F)

A woman discovers a forbidden paradise when she visits an old friend on a remote island and learns the society's unusual lifestyle. 72,000 words.



### ***Returning Home***

(mostly M/f)

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

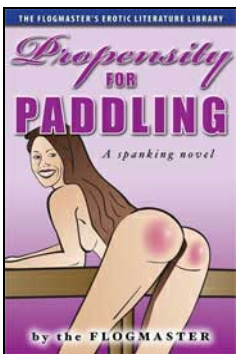
53,000 words.



### ***The Plan***

(mostly MF/f)

In the 1950s, divorce is a rarity, yet it is happening to Debbie, as her parents are separating. So she comes up with a daring plan to misbehave to reunite them—a plan that seems to be failing when her father hires a strict tutor. 34,000 words.



### ***Propensity for Paddling***

(mostly M/f)

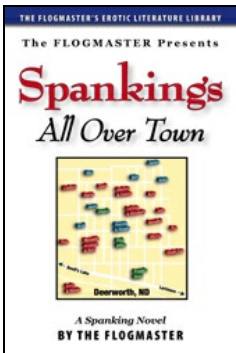
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



### ***Cutiepie***

(M/F/f)

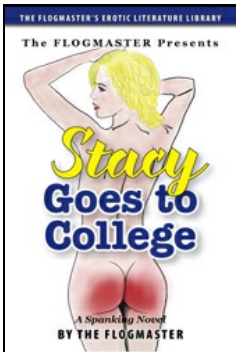
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



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

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

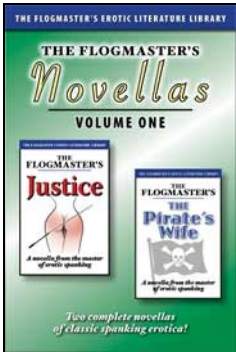
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



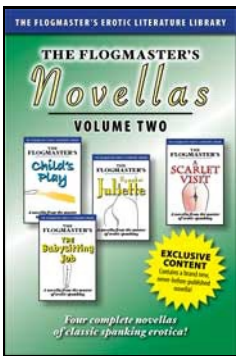
### ***Stacy Goes to College***

(M/F)

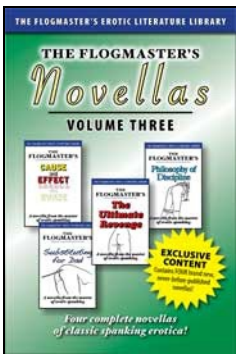
A girl goes off to college thinking she's too grown-up for spankings and learns the hard way that's not the case. 46,000 words.



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

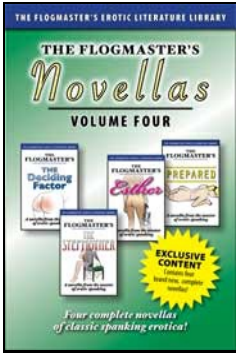


**Volume 2— Child's Play:** (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. *Nymphet Juliett:* (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. *Scarlet Visit:* (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. *The Babysitting Job:* (MF/f) A girl's babysitting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

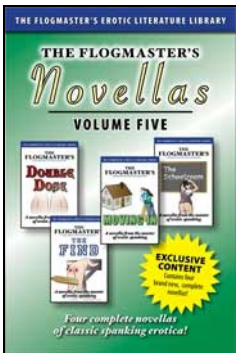


**Volume 3— Cause and Effect:** (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline:* (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad:* (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge:* (MF/Ff) A girl plots to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

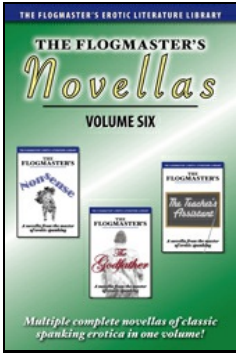




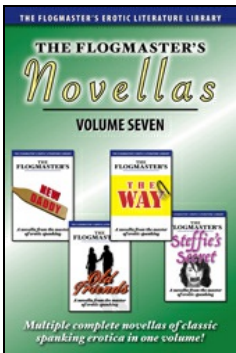
**Volume 4**— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



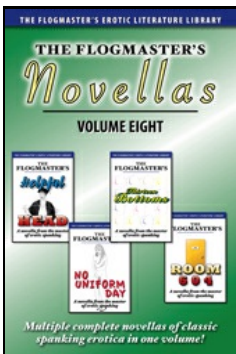
**Volume 5**— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and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



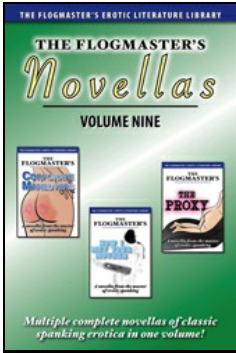
**Volume 6**— *Nonsense*: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather*: (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant*: (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



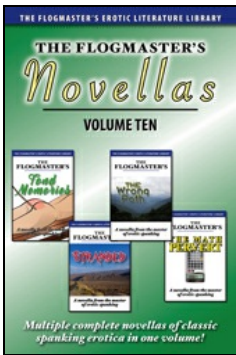
**Volume 7**— *A New Daddy*: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends*: (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret*: (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way*: (m/f) A boy is trained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



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



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

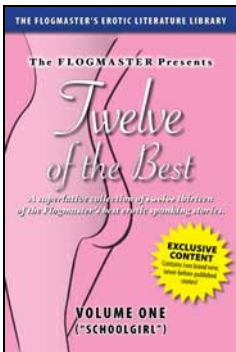


**Volume 10**— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't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

---

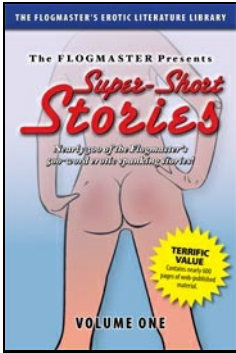
## Short Story Collections

---



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

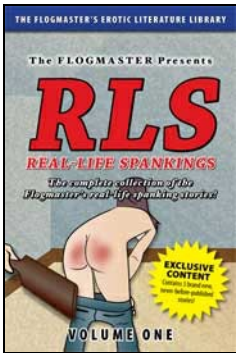
Over 290 stories divided in books focusing on the punishment of adults or children.



### ***Super-Short Stories: Volume 1-3***

Short and sweet: nearly 500 500-word stories.

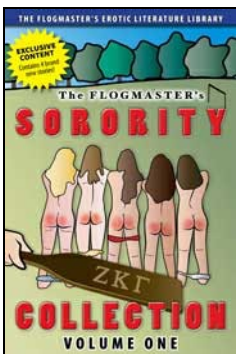
(Mostly /f or /F)



### ***Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1-5***

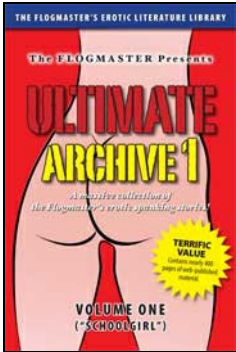
Spanking stories dramatized from real-life

experiences. (Mostly /f or /F)



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

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



### ***Ultimate Archive: Volumes 1-4***

The Flogmaster's free story website in four huge books!

---

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

**The FLOGMASTER'S**  
*Novellas Seven*

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

---

***New Daddy***

(M/Ff — Severe, semi-consensual spanking, paddling, caning, strapping)

A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend to get them to marry.

***Old Friends***

(mf/fm — Severe, consensual spanking and switching, pre-teen nudity and spanking and masturbation)

A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games.

***Steffie's Secret***

(M/f — Severe, semi-consensual caning)

A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII.

***The Way***

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

A girl and a boy graduate to adulthood in a unique ceremony.

**Over 600  
free stories at**

**FLOGMASTERSTORIES.COM**

