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*A novella from the master
of erotic spanking*

Excerpt

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“Oh shit,” he muttered, and he began to run.

Due to Alex’s eagerness, we arrived a full twenty minutes early. That was fine, since we had to sign our permission slips and Alex insisted on reading the miniature contract—a half page of dense legalese—before we could enter the classroom.

“It just says they can whup our ass and we can’t sue,” I muttered, but he actually *read* the damn thing.

“Hey, this says we can’t leave until class is over,” he protested.

“Yeah, I know. Class is nine to midnight. So what?”

“Well, what if we change our mind?”

“No such thing, pal. If you sign that, they own your ass for the next few hours.”

“Fuck, I don’t know, Mark...”

At that moment, a beautiful young lady passed us and went into the classroom. She was a petite brunette and she wore tattered jeans and a rock band T-shirt. God, she was hot. Alex and I watched her pert ass roll from side to side as she headed through the doorway, pausing to hand over her signed contract.

We ran into each other trying to grab the pen and sign.

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 Presents

The Schoolroom

*A novella by the
master of erotic spanking*

About the Warning Labels

The stories in this book deal with Spanking, Discipline, Punishment, S&M, BDSM, Love Slaves, and other extreme topics. Because some topics offend people, each story is labeled to warn you of its contents. If you are the sensitive type, watch the warning labels and story descriptions attached to each story. As an aid, here's an explanation of my warning system. First, here's a sample story title, warning label, and description:

Paul Bunyan and the Great Lakes

M/Ffff — ole fashion paddlin'

A strange new twist on the ole yarn about how Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox created the Great Lakes. (1,758 words. Written in 1996.)

Stories are marked with **MFmf labels** to indicate who is spanking whom. Capital letters represent *adults* and lower case are *minors* (under 18). 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 12 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*.

Stories may also contain other warnings and explanations. These are usually self-explanatory words like “sex” or “punishment spanking.” You may also see references to **cons**, **non-cons**, or **n/c**. Those abbreviations refer to *consensual* and *non-consensual* spankings. (Punishment spankings, especially those of children, are usually n/c though this isn't always indicated for children stories.)

I keep story descriptions brief and 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.

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**F/Fx5, Mx12 — semi-cons spanking,
paddling, strapping, switching**

Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment that enforces real punishments. (10,501 words.)

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Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment that enforces real punishments. (10,501 words.)

“WE CAN JUST watch, right?” asked Alex, nervously.

I shook my head. “If we’re there, we’re subject the classroom’s rules. That’s the whole idea.”

He tried again. “But if we don’t break any rules, we won’t get whacked, right?”

“Dream on,” I thought, but I didn’t say that. Instead I laughed and diverted his attention: “Are you some kind of wimp?”

He blushed and boldly stuck out his chest. “No, it’s not that at all. It’s just... I mean, I’m just not into that kind of thing, you know. Now seeing a girl get it, *that* interests me. But my own ass? No thanks.”

“So is the risk worth it to you?”

“You sure there are going to be women there?”

“There always more men, probably a dozen or two, but there are usually at least five or six women.”

“Good lookers?”

“Oh yeah,” I nodded. “I was there one time and there was this young chick—she couldn’t have more than nineteen—man she was steaming. And she took a paddling you wouldn’t believe. I mean, her ass was *RED*. It got me so hot!”

“Oh God, wow!”

I refrained from telling Alex the rest of the story: that because of the girl’s excellent body, I’d become aroused, and though I tried to hide it, one of the “teachers” spotted my erection and *I* ended up bent over the desk for a butt blistering paddling. Honestly, it had been worth it.

The “schoolroom” was in an old warehouse on the south side of town. At this time of the night the industrial area was deserted, so we could safely enjoy our adventure.

I noticed a number of nice cars parked nearby so I knew we were at the right place.

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“Do you need to pee?” I asked as we approached the door.

“No, why?”

“Well, it’s a good idea to go before class starts. You know. Just in case.” He looked puzzled, so I expanded on the theme: “Do you really want to be sent to the principal’s office needing to pee?”

He blanched. We both made a quick detour to the lavatory and relieved ourselves.

Finally, we entered the classroom. It was a familiar sight to me: this was my fourth visit, but to Alex this was new territory. The room was made to look like a single room schoolhouse, similar to something you might see on “Little House on the Prairie.” There were a series of wooden benches with integrated desks, complete with empty inkwell holders. Several “students” were already in place, seated at the desks with chalk and slates before them. At the front of the room, on a slight stage, was a large teacher’s desk, behind it a blackboard. At the end of the blackboard was a stand with an American flag. Part of the blackboard, I noted, was covered with a list of rules, such as “No talking without permission,” etc.

“Wow,” said Alex. “It looks real.”

“It is,” I said, and I pointed. He gulped. Hanging from the side of the teacher’s desk was a rectangular wooden paddle. On the wall behind the flag there was a long leather strap fixed to a nail. And beneath it, on the floor was a wooden bucket full of liquid and inside it were a bunch of long, thin switches.

“Oh fuck!”

“Come on, let’s get changed. We *don’t* want to be late.”

“Changed? What are you talking about?”

I went into the men’s changing area, and heard Alex gasp as he followed me. The room was cross between a gym’s locker room and a theatre’s costume closet. There were several racks of hanging clothes on wheels. One contained old-fashioned

white shirts, another pants. Around us, in various areas of the room, men were stripping and putting on outfits.

“We’ve got to look the part of old-fashioned schoolboys,” I said, finding a pair of pants and a shirt. Alex selected some in his size and followed me, in a daze.

“I can’t believe someone would go to all this trouble,” he murmured.

“It’s got to be authentic,” I said, quickly dressing and putting on my costume. The short tan pants left a good deal of my ankles showing and the shirt was loose. “Part of the charge comes from the realism. Believe me, the punishments are sure real.”

Alex began stripping. “And this is all free?”

“Yup. It’s run by volunteers. A few donations help with expenses, but not charging helps keep the authorities from bothering anyone. Otherwise they’d be here trying to figure out what we’re up to.”

“And they do this how often?”

“Twice a month. First and second Fridays, nine to midnight.”

Suddenly Alex saw my bare feet. “Hey, no shoes?”

I shook my head. “Nope. Few boys back then could afford them. They’ve actually got a few pairs of patent leathers in the far corner, but they kill your feet. I’d just go barefoot.”

“It feels funny, dressed like this.”

“Feel like a schoolboy?”

“Yeah, sorta. I feel like I’m in a play.”

“Just don’t break character. Remember, you’re a schoolboy. If a teacher tells you to do something, no matter what it is, you obey. If not, you’ll just get it worse.”

Alex gulped and nodded.

We put our stuff in a locker, then I grabbed up a couple slates and several pieces of chalk from a table by the door. We went back into the schoolroom.

The room was almost crowded now. Scanning the area quickly, I saw there were over a dozen men but only four women. I was a bit disappointed with that latter number, but tremendously pleased to note that the number included the gorgeous brunette. She was now dressed in a simple sky blue cotton gown, her hair in a blue bonnet. I pointed her out to Alex, and we went over and sat in the empty row just behind her. An older dark-haired woman was sitting next to her, fidgeting nervously. The other two girls were across the aisle in two different rows. I recognized them from previous schoolroom sessions: one of them was the awesome nineteen-year-old I’d described being paddled to Alex.

Suddenly a tall woman in a tight black gown came marching up the aisle between the desks to the front of the room. I couldn’t help but notice the long black buggy whip she held tucked under her arm. She picked up a bell and rang it loudly. Instantly, the room fell silent. Those still standing

quickly found a seat. The door to the schoolroom was shut from outside with a firm thud by one of the organizers.

“My name is Miss Stephanie,” announced the woman. “I am your teacher. Until class is dismissed, you will do *exactly* as I say. If there is any trouble, I will send you to Mr. Williams, the school superintendent, for a severe thrashing. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Miss Stephanie,” said four or five voices in the audience. She frowned. “I said, ‘Is that understood?’”

As one, the entire room said, “Yes, Miss Stephanie!”

“I run a tight ship and I expect my students to behave. As you can see, I have the tools necessary to enforce discipline, and I shall not be hesitant to use them!” She flicked her whip toward the strap on the wall and the class was as quiet as a grave.

“If you misbehave, I expect you to take your punishment like big boys and girls. I want no arguing, no whining, no protesting, and no pleading or begging. You will come to the front and take your beating like men and women, not babies.

“All punishments will be administered on the bare flesh—no exceptions. This is in the interest of fairness, of course. I want no one cheating the system by stuffing a book down their bloomers! And ladies, please note that I make no distinction for the fairer sex. In my schoolhouse, punishments are the