

THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

The FLOGMASTER Presents

# Twelve of the Best

*A superlative collection of  
the Flogmaster's best erotic spanking stories*

**EXCLUSIVE  
CONTENT**

Contains brand new,  
never-before-published  
stories!

**VOLUME SIXTEEN  
("SCHOOLGIRL")**

# Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

*Flogmaster is one of my favorite authors. His stories usually range from good to very good and are sometimes great. This is one of the great ones.*

**TIPTOPPER**

*It was a good story, if a bit harsh.*

**JENJEN**

*Lovely; the title intrigued me, and I wasn't disappointed.*

**OPB**

*I loved the concept. This was a fun story with a little math, my favorite subject in school. Thanks!*

**JTAYLOR75**

*Flogmaster, that was a hell of a tale. I wish I could join (sort of). I couldn't stop reading. Thanks.*

**GENTBB**

*I wish that I had grown up with such willing and obedient girls!*

**SPANKER380**

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

**WILKIN**

## **Selected Excerpts**

### **From *Happy Girl*:**

The girl laughed and perched her rump on edge of the coffee table and removed her sneakers. Then she jumped up and wiggled her brown jeans down. Her panties were frightfully skimpy, a gossamer-like cotton of pale white that clung to the chubby mounds behind. Her shirt barely reached her hips, leaving her lower half bare to her toes except for the scrap of fabric stuffed into the crack between the chubby buttock-halves.

### **From *Solidarity*:**

Trixy giggled. “You still get spanked, Lydia? You never told me that!” She brazenly marched toward the Sheriff, large high tits bobbing seductively. She wore only a tiny thong bikini bottom and flipflops to protect her feet. Her smile was lascivious.

“You can spank me anytime, Sheriff Davis,” she purred, arriving near him.

### **From *The Eulogy*:**

When she was six years old an odd notion had come into her head. She didn’t know if she’d overheard someone talking or had seen something on TV that inspired it, but somehow she’d come up with the idea that fathers who loved their daughters spanked them. After that, she was insistent that her father always spank her if she was naughty. Even as she grew older, she didn’t want groundings or other punishments. That wasn’t love. Love was a father disciplining his child with sternness and affection, and that’s what she wanted more than anything.

## 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**

# *Twelve of the Best*

*A superlative collection of  
the Flogmaster's best erotic spanking stories*

## **VOLUME SIXTEEN ("SCHOOLGIRL")**

*This collection of the Flogmaster's best writing  
contains stories dealing primarily with the  
corporal punishment and discipline of minors  
(usually female) by adults or peers, though  
some stories may contain sexual activities.*

## 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.

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★★★★, M/f—Edgy, non-consensual spanking, paddling, switching, stropping, whipping, caning, tit and pussy whipping, nettles

A man *strictly* disciplines his compliant ward.

## Envious

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★★★★, M/mf—non-consensual paddling, strapping

An always-paddled girl is jealous that her older brother gets the belt.

## The Eulogy

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★★★★★, M/f—Mild, consensual paddling

A woman tells of her departed father's love.

## Falling in Love

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

A woman watches her fiancé spank his daughters.

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A girl purposely gets herself sent to the Head for caning.

## **Habitual Spankings**

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**★★★★ , FM/ff—Extremely Severe, non-consensual spanking, paddling, caning, strapping**

Two daughters are *severely* spanked by a governess.

## **Happy Girl**

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**★★★★★ , M/f—Severe, consensual spanking, paddling, strapping, switching**

An uncle feels guilty about punishing his hard-luck niece.

## **Nooner**

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**★★★★★ , M/Ff—Severe, semi-consensual frat paddling**

A man takes his secretary home for a nooner and has an unexpected encounter.

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A new girl gets a demonstration of her school's discipline.

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A schoolgirl gets her first-ever school paddling.

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**Solidarity**

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**★★★★ , M/fff—Severe, non-consensual paddling**

A father paddles his daughter and her two friends.

# Don't You Think

**(★★★★, M/f—Edgy, non-consensual spanking, paddling, switching, stropping, whipping, caning, tit and pussy whipping, nettles)**

A man *strictly* disciplines his compliant ward. (Approximately 4,286 words.)

**J**essie sat in his favorite chair reading, but his mind couldn't concentrate on his novel. His eyes kept being drawn to his niece, stretched out on the floor nearby. The pretty seventeen-year-old was lying on her belly with her math textbook open beneath her chin. Her homework sheet was nearly complete, though at the moment she seemed to be doing more doodling on her scratch paper than solving equations.

She wore white headphones connected to her iPod and her body rocked slightly to her music. The snug blue jeans showed off a remarkably voluptuous rump, the denim stretched tautly across the meaty spheres. The cheeks thrust up into the air like swollen mountains. Jessie swallowed hard, unable to turn away from the enticing jiggling mounds as the girl shifted her hips, shaking her buns.

Forcing himself to return to his book, Jessie realized he had no memory of what he'd read the last ten minutes. With a sigh of resignation, he bookmarked his place and set the novel aside. Clearing his throat loudly, he brushed Wanda's foot with his toe to get her attention. She looked back at him with curious eyes, then popped out the earbuds.

"Yeah?"

"When was the last time I spanked you, dear?" Jessie said.

Wanda looked thoughtful. "A few weeks ago."

"So it's high time you got it again, don't you think?"

"But... but I haven't done anything!"

"Don't quibble. Of course you've done *something*. You just weren't caught. Girls your age just can't help but be naughty." Jessie rubbed his beard for a moment, then added in a serious don't-mess-with-me tone, "Fetch the hairbrush."

Wanda sighed and scrambled to her feet. She was back in a few minutes, the large walnut brush in her left hand. She passed it over without a word and silently began unbuttoning her jeans. The denim pants dropped to her ankles, revealing skimpy white panties that bulged tautly and couldn't completely contain the mighty rear cheeks.

The lower half and outer side of each buttock was completely bare, the flesh a creamy pale like fresh butter.

As she settled herself across her uncle's lap, Wanda asked, "Is this a *full spanking*... or just the hairbrush?"

"What do you think you deserve?" asked Jessie, running the smooth, polished back of the brush across the back of the teen's panties. The warning made Wanda shiver and her bottom shifted as she fidgeted. "Don't you think you deserve a *thorough* punishment?"

"I haven't been that bad, have I?" she mused. But then she added, "I suppose I have, though."

"I want you to think about every naughty thing you've done since I last spanked you. Get those memories right in your head and when you're ready, tell me to begin."

For several minutes nothing was said, a nervous Wanda deep in thought, the older man sitting comfortably with his niece stretched across his lap with her big, nearly-bare bottom poised at his right thigh. He patted the cheeks with the heavy hairbrush, rubbing the bare skin below the hem of the white underwear.

Finally Wanda sighed and said, "Okay, I'm ready."

Jessie promptly raised the brush and brought it down with a harsh *smack* right on the girl's right cheek. He struck full across the center of the mound, driving the polished wood deeply into rotund flesh. Wanda made a sour face and gritted her teeth, but said nothing. The blow was quickly repeated on her left side, and the spanking was on.

Uncle Jessie was an expert with the brush and knew just how to reduce even the most recalcitrant girl to tears. He started out at a steady pace with solid blows that he worked

all over the girl's big bottom. Each smack overlapped a previous blow just slightly, so that soon Wanda's bottom glowed a uniform pink. As the spanking progressed, however, Jessie began to concentrate the spanks on the meatiest portions of her buttocks, working the peaks of the mounds and the lower curves where the rump curved into the broad thighs.

Wanda took the spanking like a champ. Tears glittered in her eyes, and a few trickled down her face unbidden, but she said very little and only gasped or moaned occasionally. She was used to such spankings. She'd been her uncle's ward for nine years now and she'd have needed a calculator to count the number of times she'd been in this position having her bottom warmed. She was experienced enough to know that this was just the beginning and much worse was to come, so there was no point in wasting tears that were sure to flow later.

This spanking was an especially good one. Wanda decided she must have been naughtier than she remembered, for her uncle was most thorough. For a full spanking he considered the hairbrush a mere warmup and usually gave her two coats, going over every inch of her bottom twice, the second time with her underwear down. But this night he gave her a third, and then a fourth. Wanda's ass was absolutely roasted when he finally stopped. She got up and stood nearby, trembling a little, desperate to rub her blazing buttocks but resisting, knowing that would earn her an extra whipping.

Jessie got up off the couch and pointed to the end of the sofa, while he silently unbuckled his thick leather belt and

drew it out of the loops of his pants. His niece sighed and threw herself over the arm of the sofa, keenly aware of how this presented her butt high in the air. Her legs were on the short side, but she did her best to find a toe-hold in the carpet. She knew that during the whipping it was going to be tough to keep the position and if she kicked her legs, she'd expose everything between them, but, of course, Uncle Jessie had seen everything a million times already so that was nothing new. Bizarrely, it still made her blush, however.

The strapping was a two-part process. Jessie began on her left side, whipping her so that the tip of the belt caught Wanda's right cheek. He worked his way down her butt and legs until every inch of her exposed flesh was well-welted by the leather. Then the entire procedure was repeated from the other side, the belt stinging Wanda's left buttock and thigh.

The leathering was not that painful. Each stroke left a sharply burning sting that made the teen quiver and shake, but it was not the deep ache of a heavy oak paddle. Wanda didn't cry at all, though she couldn't help but wiggle like a worm on a hook, rocking and writhing across the end of the sofa, her legs frequently kicking upward as the intense sting made her jerk involuntarily. She knew these would cost her, but couldn't help herself.

"I counted twenty-six," said Jessie when he finished with the belt. While he looped it back on his pants, Wanda got to her feet. She pressed her burning heinie against the couch and kicked off her shoes and shucked off the jeans so tightly tangled around her ankles. This took her a few moments and the struggle pushed her raw butt deeper into

the couch, bringing forth watery eyes.

Finally Wanda was nude from the waist down. She trotted over to the fireplace mantle. Standing on tiptoe she could just reach the big oak paddle mounted there like a trophy. It was Jessie's pledge board from his fraternity days and he'd told her stories about its use that curled her pubic hair. It had certainly not been an instrument for show. It was thick and heavy—twenty-two inches of solid oak that knew how to make girl meat thoroughly regretful.

Jessie watched his niece as she retrieved the paddle. On her toes, her butt rounded beautifully, the broad cheeks naked and chubby, the skin already a wonderful magenta. Her face was a similar color as she brought him the board. He didn't even have to say anything: she promptly turned and went over with her hands on her knees in the proper paddling position.

"I want you to ask for these by number and thank me afterward," he reminded.

"Yes sir," Wanda said. After only the briefest of hesitation, the girl added, "Please give me lick number one."

*WHACK!*

The paddle roared. The oak flattened the broad rump, the wood stretching full across both cheeks and punishing the reddened flesh. Wanda gave a grunt and her hips jerked. Then she purred, "Thank you, sir... may I have lick two?"

The paddling took forever. Though Wanda was desperate for it to be over, it grew harder and harder to ask for her own demise. Her butt raged with pain. Deep down she could feel a pulsing ache that meant she'd be feeling this correction for days to come. Higher up, across the surface of

her ass, was an intense heat and sting. At first she was asking for each new lick within a few seconds of the previous, but gradually this interval lengthened to twenty seconds, then thirty. By the time the count was in the twenties, Wanda was waiting for nearly a minute before she could work up the nerve to ask for the next spank. She wasn't exactly aware of this—from her perspective the agonizing paddling was fairly steady—she merely asked for the next swat when she had caught her breath and was ready. The maddening burn of two or three licks in a row was something she abhorred, and though she wanted the punishment to be over, she just had to wait as long as she dared before asking for the next one. At least her uncle was patient and didn't rush her. He merely waited until she gave the command, and then swung the big board with an astonishing amount of strength.

The paddling left Wanda's butt the color of burgundy wine. The peaks of the cheeks had taken the brunt of the board, and the whole lower half of her ass was deeply bruised and sore. She felt it as she moved to the mantle and struggled to return the oak paddle back to its mount on the wall.

Despite her knowledge that this was to be a “full” spanking and therefore not even close to being finished, she still vainly hoped that her uncle would be merciful. One look at his face told her the fallacy of that dream, however.

“Better cut two switches,” he said. “It's been three weeks since your last.”

Wanda nodded. She went to the kitchen, every movement making her buttocks shift and sway, and



therefore ache. She found the paring knife in the drawer and headed out the sliding glass door at the back. It was good to be outside. The evening sun was setting but it was still light and warm. The grass felt wonderful on her toes. She was slightly self-conscious as she walked, not so much because she was naked from the waist down, but more because anyone who saw her would see her red-hot behind and know she'd been spanked like a toddler.

The property was large and the nearest neighbor a hundred yards away, but there were no fences to keep people out and the open space made Wanda aware that anyone could be watching. She hurried, blushing figuring that with her ass glowing bright red like a neon sign anyone who looked in her direction could see her a mile away and know exactly what was going on.

The grove of hazelnut trees were at the farthest end of the property, of course, so it took Wanda a good five minutes of trotting to reach them. She cut two hearty switches longer than her arm, trimming off the branches and trying to get the lean withes as smooth as possible. From experience she knew that the tiniest bump or knot would leave a painful mark on her skin. She tested the switches by swinging each through the air, the hissing sound as they cut making her heart skip a beat.

When she was satisfied, she hurried back to her uncle, her bottom still hot and heavy behind her. She presented him with the switches, hoping that the second was just a backup in case the first broke, but knowing that was likely a vain hope and that he intended to make this a real lesson and wear out both limbs on her backside.

The whipping took place outside, as all proper switchings do. That was part of the shame of a switching. Wanda had to work not to cry out lest she attract attention she didn't want. There was always the chance of some visitor coming over or a passerby who might misinterpret her cries and come running to rescue her, only to realize she was merely a young woman earning her due. Usually when that happened—for it had happened several times—the embarrassed intruder was strangely reluctant to leave, pausing to watch the conclusion of the punishment.

Wanda planted her bare feet solidly in the grass and pressed her palms against the rough bark of the big oak tree in front of her. The position had her bending forward so that her back was a forty-five degree slope, while her feet were close enough to the tree that her butt stuck out obnoxiously behind her.

Uncle Jessie took the first switch and began laying on fierce lashes all over the girl's butt and legs. The pinky-thin branch stung like fire, each stroke leaving a streak of bright crimson across the teen's bare skin. Jessie might have been an artist with the paddle and hairbrush, but he employed no such finesse with the switch. It was an instrument of quantity, not quality, and he simply whipped wildly at every bit of exposed flesh he could find.

Wanda gritted her teeth and tried not to scream as the razor thin switch left scores of tiny welts all over her legs and butt. The marks fell at all angles, some vertical and nearly the length of her thigh. Later crossing strokes were hell, as the intersection of the welts formed a blister that took days to heal.

After an eternity of lashes with the first switch, Jessie tossed it and began with the second. His niece wept silently, the tears flowing down her face. Her body shivered and shook at every strike, and though she did her best to keep quiet, occasionally she couldn't help but let out an agonized scream or pent-up sob.

When it finally ended, a week or so later, Wanda's backside was red-striped from tailbone to ankle. Every inch burned, especially when she moved or breathed, but she knew with despair that her correction was only half finished.

Still, she had to try. "Uncle Jessie, haven't I had enough?" she pleaded.

"Don't you want to be a good girl?"

"Yes, of course, but...."

"Are you still remembering all the naughty things you've done since your last spanking?"

Wanda nodded humbly. When prompted, she said, "There aren't that many, really. A few fibs, I was late to a few classes, and I sort of saw one of the answers on my history test. It was just the one answer, though, and I wasn't *trying* to cheat. I just saw it on Peggy's paper as I came back from the bathroom. She has really beautiful handwriting and it was as clear as day."

Jessie's voice was low and grim. "And don't you think those things deserve a full spanking?"

Wanda knew the answer. She hung her head. "Yes sir," she sighed. She headed for the barn, her uncle following.

Just the razor strop would have made a decent whipping, she thought. The way the leather burned was like nothing else. It felt like hot oil poured across her skin... but very

slowly, over and over again. Every lash was murder, yet Uncle Jessie always insisted on a full dose which meant every inch of her butt and legs had to feel the strop at least twice.

In the privacy of the barn, Wanda stripped off the rest of her clothes. It actually felt better, in a way, for walking around in just a shirt seemed more odd than being fully naked. But she really wasn't thinking much about modesty—not with a razor stropping on the agenda.

While her uncle got the strop, she climbed the railing of one of the stalls. With her feet on the bottom rail and her hands bracing herself against the top one, she was fully exposed for the lashing from the strop. This took a quarter of an hour as Jessie was in no hurry, whipping the wide strop across her naked flesh once every twenty seconds. Just as the frantic burn had started to ease, he delivered another one, keeping his niece in the peak of feeling for the entire flogging.

Though she didn't mind the strop as much as the paddle, it was an intense workout and Wanda was sobbing openly by the time her uncle put down the leather.

He threw the work gloves at her feet and she stumbled to get them, her bottom screaming when she bent over. She put the gloves on her hands and hurried out to the back of the barn. It was dusk, now, but Wanda had done this so many times she barely needed any light. The nettles were easy to find and it only took her a minute to gather a large bundle. Back in the barn, she tied it off with a string which her uncle provided. Though it was a challenging task with the thick gloves, she managed. Then she left the bundle and

the gloves.

Jessie put on the gloves and took up the nettles. “Hands on your head,” he said, and when his niece had obeyed, he began to rub the leafy tips of the nettles across the proud, jutting tips of her breasts. Wanda had lovely tits, thick and smooth and white, with deep red nipples that were always hard and sharp when she was punished. He rubbed the nettles all over those ruby tips and across the tops and sides of the breasts. Then he grunted and the squirming girl—for the nettles were making her breasts tingle like fire—grabbed the nips and raised the breasts so he could get at the undersides properly. She whimpered as he did this, for the itching was driving her crazy, but she wasn’t stupid enough to try and sooth the stinging.

Then came the part Wanda hated the most: Jessie began to lightly whip her breasts with the bundle. The strokes were mild in terms of force, but her tits were so sensitive that every blow felt as solid as one of his almighty whacks with the strop. Yet she had to stand there and not writhe away and even hold up her breasts so he could reach every inch. It was mortifying, painful, and yet even worse was to come. She wept as the nettle whipping continued. Soon all the skin of her breasts was a bright pink and covered with tiny bumps like a rash.

When Jessie had finished with her tits, he grunted, “Spread your legs,” and Wanda winced as she shifted her feet a yard apart. Before the first touch she was cringing and she nearly leaped a foot in the air at the first contact of the nettles with her sensitive sex.

“Settle down,” said Jessie, and proceeded to carefully

rub the stinging nettles all over the girl's crotch. He worked from the front for a little while, the nettle bundle protruding from between her legs and rubbing against the base of her butt, and then he moved to behind her, scraping the nettles all over her ass and making sure he got the nettles deep into the crevice between her buttocks. He had her lean forward and reach back to pull her buttocks apart so he could rub the nettles inside, especially across her sensitive rear exit.

After several minutes of such irritation, he started to flick the nettle bundle against the reddened flesh. This made his niece cry and her body jerk wildly. She was accustomed to this treatment but it never got any easier. The sharp stings as the nettles struck her most intimate flesh was like an electric shock and there was no way she couldn't react. However, as long as she didn't try and get away or attempt to cover up, her uncle didn't penalize her movements.

When her bottom was well-whipped, he began to strike her crotch, separating her legs even wider and striking upward with deft little flicks that made her gasp and moan. None of the blows were hard, but with her skin on fire from the nettles and such a sensitive target, they didn't need to be. Wanda shrieked and sobbed, but obediently kept in position so that she could receive still more of the stinging strikes.

Jessie gave his niece a few minutes of rest after that ordeal, while he prepared the barrel. He began with her bent over it backward, her arms pulled over her head and secured to the wall and her legs curled under and attached to the sides at the base. The whip he used was a bundle of leather thongs. Each was narrower than a finger, but fire-

hardened and heavy. At the tip were solid knots, adding weight and a punishing nodule. Each strand was of a different length, some as short as a foot, while a few were nearly twenty inches. He struck rather languidly, the whips spreading out as they struck bare belly, breasts, mons, and legs. Wanda wiggled but was well-tied and could do nothing but wince and moan as the whip reddened her entire front.

Of course, the whole time this was going on she was well aware that she still had her back to come. Sure enough, when Jessie was satisfied he flipped her over and whipped her back and ass and thighs. This was quite miserable after everything else she'd endured, and she wept constantly, not that that deterred her uncle who worked hard until every inch of exposed flesh was well-punished. The blows were not too severe, but stingy enough, and an exhausted Wanda was dripping with sweat by the time it was over.

Jessie let her hose herself off in a corner of the barn, while he went inside to the den. Wanda followed a few minutes later, taking deep breaths to prepare herself for the final part of her punishment. At least she prayed it was final part. Usually Jessie finished her spankings with the long cane, though if she'd been really bad, he might repeat an implement or return her to the barn for a whipping with the blacksnake.

She lay across the padded footstool with her bottom high and prayed it was only to be a dozen. Her wish was not granted. Her uncle was in a stern mood and gave her eighteen strokes, each falling deep into the pudgy meat of her ass and leaving behind a thick, pulsing, purple welt. It took all of Wanda's willpower to remain in position. She

couldn't stop crying out, however, yelling at every cut, though she was drained of tears and couldn't weep. When it over, she lay there, exhausted, her buttocks throbbing.

Uncle Jessie said nothing. He put the rod away, then ordered her to the corner. She stood there with her hands on her head and her naked, well-punished behind on display. "Think about your sins," he said, "and your atonement."

It was half an hour before he released her.

His kiss was gentle on her forehead. "Did you learn anything, sweetheart?" he whispered.

"Yes sir," she said meekly. "Thank you for disciplining me."

"Three weeks was too long."

"Yes," she nodded.

There was a long silence. Then Jessie growled, "Don't you think... don't you think we should do this *every* Saturday night?"

Wanda's heart trembled. "Even... even if I've been good?"

Jessie laughed at the absurdity. "Girls your age are never *good*. There's always *something*, isn't there?"

She nodded slowly. She shivered. A full spanking every Saturday. Wow.

"It's a good idea," she said. "A full spanking, every Saturday night. Just to keep me humble."

"That's my girl. Now go finish your homework."

Wanda nodded. Not bothering with clothes, which would have been agonizing, she lay on her belly on the floor and concentrated on her math problems. Her entire body



throbbed, but she felt cleansed. She hadn't told her uncle about shoplifting those French cut panties she'd been wearing, nor about letting Brad touch her boob. Or how she'd really intended to cheat when she'd copied Peggy's paper. He didn't need to know. She'd been punished enough for that, hadn't she?

*There's always next week, she thought with a pounding heart. And the week after, and the week after that.*

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## Also by The Flogmaster

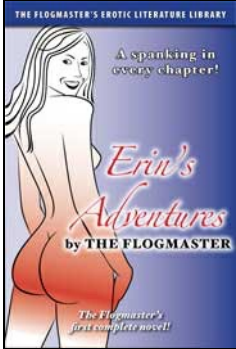
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### Novels

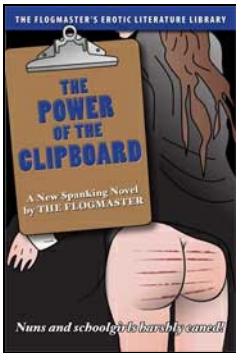
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#### ***Erin's Adventures***

(mostly F/f)

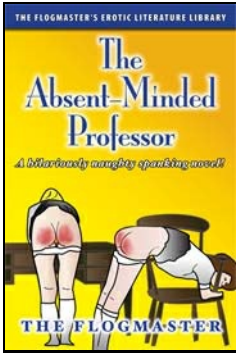
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



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

(mostly M/f)

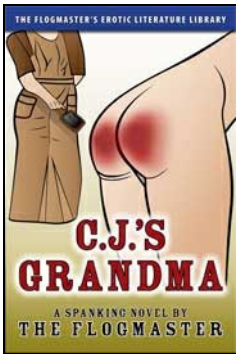
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



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

(mostly M/f)

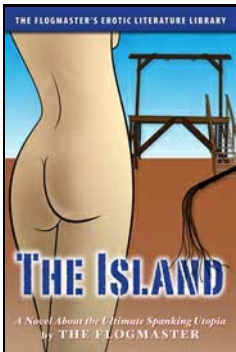
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



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

(mostly F/f and f/f)

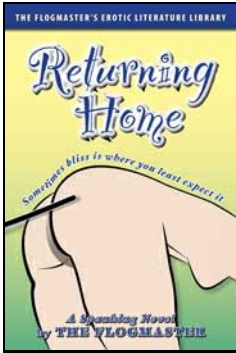
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



### ***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.

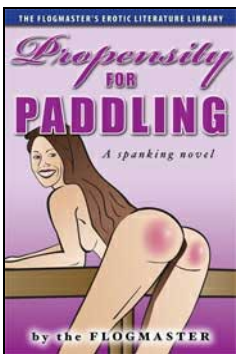
53,000 words.



### ***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)

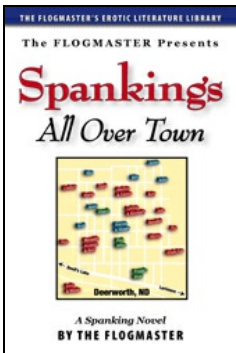
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



### ***Cutiepie***

(M/F/f)

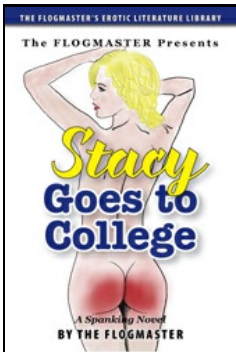
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



### ***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***

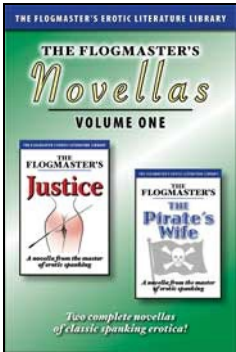
(M/F)

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.

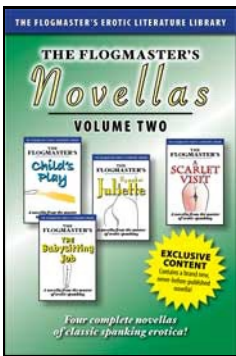
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## **Novella Collections**

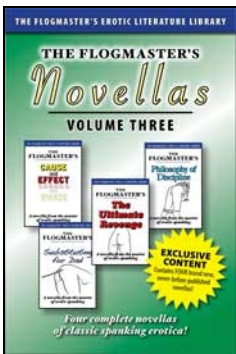
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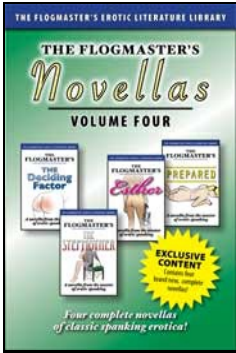
**Volume 1— Justice:** (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. *The Pirate's Wife:* (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



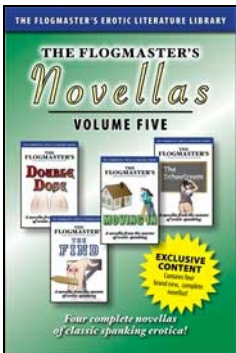
**Volume 2— Child's Play:** (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. *Nymphet Juliett:* (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. *Scarlet Visit:* (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. *The Babysitting Job:* (MF/f) A girl's babysitting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



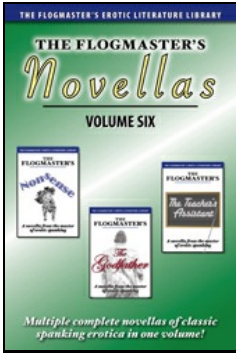
**Volume 3— Cause and Effect:** (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline:* (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad:* (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge:* (MF/Ff) A girl plots to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



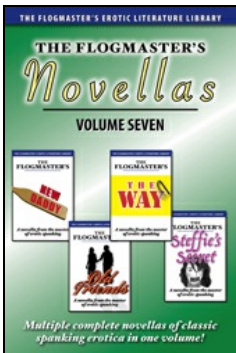
**Volume 4**— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



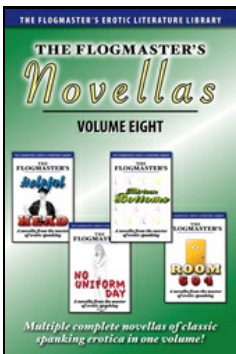
**Volume 5**— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and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

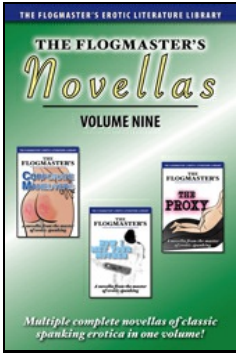


**Volume 7**— *A New Daddy*: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends*: (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret*: (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way*: (m/f) A boy is trained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

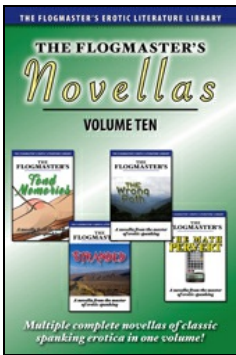


**Volume 8**— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.





**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.

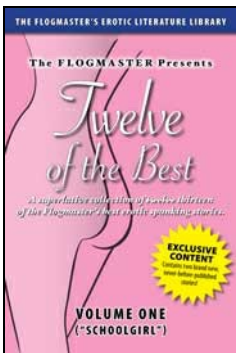


**Volume 10**— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't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

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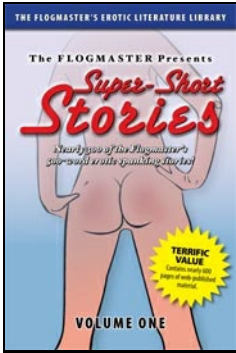
## Short Story Collections

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

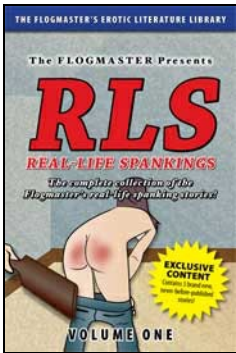
Over 290 stories divided in books focusing on the punishment of adults or children.



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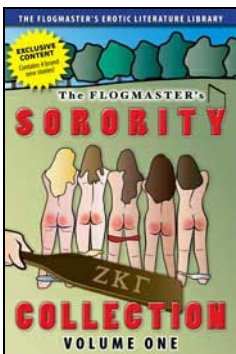
(Mostly /f or /F)



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

Spanking stories dramatized from real-life

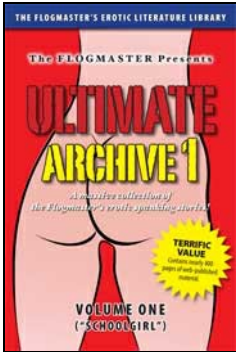
experiences. (Mostly /f or /F)



***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***

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STORIES IN THIS VOLUME:

◆ ***Don't You Think*** —A man *strictly* disciplines his compliant ward. ◆ ***Envious*** —An always-paddled girl is jealous that her older brother gets the belt. ◆ ***The Eulogy*** —A woman tells of her departed father's love. ◆ ***Falling in Love*** —A woman watches her fiancé spank his daughters. ◆ ***Foolish Girl*** —A girl purposely gets herself sent to the Head for caning. ◆ ***Habitual Spankings*** —Two daughters are *severely* spanked by a governess. ◆ ***Happy Girl*** —An uncle feels guilty about punishing his hard-luck niece. ◆ ***Nooner*** —A man takes his secretary home for a nooner and has an unexpected encounter. ◆ ***Pretty and Spanked*** —A new girl gets a demonstration of her school's discipline. ◆ ***The Shock*** —A schoolgirl gets her first-ever school paddling. ◆ ***Six or Half A Dozen*** —A girl tries to manipulate her chastiser for a less severe punishment. ◆ ***Solidarity*** —A father paddles his daughter and her two friends. ◆

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