

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 EIGHTEEN
("SCHOOLGIRL")**

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

*That story is pushing the right buttons, at least for me.
Delicious.*

SWEETBEAST

This story is so clever and I loved it.

CINDY2

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

BOHEMOND

*I bet there was about to be a puddle under her desk, too. LOL. I
loved the ending, F.M*

BENDOVER

*I love the story. The reader wonders as much as the narrator.
Great story!*

TAJMAHAL

Amazing style, original perspective, wonderful descriptions.

MALCATRAZ

*This little story was so... good. A story of pure pleasure.
Canning night must be a great event for the person doing the
punishment.*

SEBASTIAN

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 EIGHTEEN ("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.

Contents

Beauty's Cost

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

The prettiest girl in schools finds herself repeatedly punished for no reason.

A Change in Regime

★★★★★, M/f—Intense, non-consensual slipping, paddling

A new headmaster turns the tables on a spoiled girl.

Fiery Top to Bottom

★★★, F/f—Severe, non-consensual paddling

A rebellious teen can't stop sassing mom.

The Hacker

★★★★, M/f—Absurdly Severe, semi-consensual spanking, paddling, strapping, caning

A software program dictates punishment amounts.

Iceberg

★★★★ , M/f—Severe, semi-consensual razor stropping

In the late 1800s, a farmer's daughter lies to escape a whipping and ends up with a mountain of 'em.

Intelligence

★★★★ , M/f—Intense, non-consensual caning

A young girl watches her big sister's caning.

Letter From the Board

★★★★ , M/?—Mild, implied spankings, discussion of sexual arousal

The school board encourages traditional methods of discipline.

Olivia

★★★★★ , M/f—Serious, non-consensual spanking, paddling; emotional

An uncle has to spank his young niece for the first time.

A Problem and a Solution

★★★★★ , M/f—Intense, consensual spanking

Two actors figure out an unusual solution to a problem scene.

Texas Girl

★★★★★ , MFM/fF—Severe, non-consensual paddling, switching, stropping, whipping, sorority paddling

A tough girl describes the strict upbringing of her home state.

The Spanker

★★★★★ , M/f—Intense, semi-consensual paddle

A girl visits the neighborhood spanker.

You Cane Too Hard

★★★★ , F/f, M/F—Severe, non-consensual cane, tawse

A girl complains that her teacher canes too hard, and learns she's wrong.

Beauty's Cost

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

The prettiest girl in schools finds herself repeatedly punished for no reason. (Approximately 3,156 words.)

When Stacy Scott, the most beautiful girl in the entire school, knocked at his door, Principal Davenport stood up with a loud, exasperated sigh.

“Come in Miss Scott. You know the drill.” He stood and reached for the narrow wooden paddle on the wall.

“Oh no, Mr. Davenport, I’m not—”

“What is it this time?” growled the principal tiredly.

“Putting on makeup during class? Texting? Inappropriate attire?”

He turned and eyed her outfit, which was surprisingly casual, consisting of designer blue jeans and frilly top. The strings holding the blouse to her shoulders were tiny and

the thing left little doubt that she was a stunningly mature young woman, though a heavy amount of golden curls came down on either side of her head and covered up some of the cleavage. He shook his head sadly and pointed to the stool with the board.

Stacy yelped in alarm and shook her yellow head frantically. Her hands unconsciously sought her rather generous hindquarters, cupping the protruding mounds protectively. “Mr. Daven—”

“Come on, girl, I don’t have all day and I’m not in the mood for games. It’s not like you’ve never been paddled before. You’re in here nearly every day. You know what to do.”

“But I’m not here—”

“Of course you’re here! What on earth are you babbling about? Enough of this nonsense. If you’re not in position by the time I count to three, I’m adding licks.”

“Mr. Davenport, please!” moaned the girl, her pretty face taking on an exaggerated look of despair.

“That’s it, young lady! Another word out of you and it’s extras!”

“But Mr. D—”

“That’s *three* words!” roared the principal. “Two swats per word, and since you’re such a smart ass, we’ll make those bare licks.”

Stacy gasped, her hands still fondling her bottom.

“One!” snapped the man, and that was enough of a warning for the teen, who stumbled forward to the stool and reluctantly leaned across the waist-high piece of furniture. Her hands expertly reached for the bars on the far side and

she gritted her teeth in dreaded anticipation. The back of her jeans rounded, presenting an impressive bottom for the paddle to punish. Stacy might have a pretty face, but she was considered the hottest girl in school because she was pretty all over.

With a dull “whomf!” the board walloped the pertly curved rear, producing a gasping moan from the girl. She grunted as the paddle smacked her a second time, and then a third. “Oh!” she managed after the fourth, her voice going into a high-pitch as a fifth scalded her. She held on with genuine effort as the wood landed a sixth time.

“All right. That should be enough for whatever it was that sent you here.”

“Sir, but that’s the thing, I—”

“Quiet, Miss Scott! You still have your six extras and if I hear any more sounds out of your mouth, I’ll make it *ten*. Now get those pants down immediately.”

Sobbing a little, the pretty girl quickly obeyed, unbuttoning the front of her jeans and wiggling the tight denim downward with bewitching jerks of her hips. The pale pink panties were dreadfully skimpy with frilly white trim. The back was wedged tightly between the plump cheeks of the girl’s ass and she had to yank the underwear out of the crack.

Mr. Davenport couldn’t help but smile, for the color of the girl’s bottom barely changed with the removal of the blushing attire: the paddle was only mildly effective over jeans, but it had imparted a gentle rose glow to the skin and it almost exactly matched the shade of the panties.

“Come on, back over the stool.”

The blond obeyed, her face mimicking the hue of her bottom and undergarment. She was sixteen years old and the prettiest girl in the school: it was humiliating for her to always end up in this position, bottom up over the high stool in the principal's office. Why was she always being spanked? It had to be because her teachers were jealous of her beauty. It wasn't like she was *that* naughty. Sure, she had trouble with rules, especially the stupid ones (which was most of them), but that didn't mean she deserved to be treated like this!

The board slapped the bare nates with a loud smack that echoed around the small room, but Stacy didn't hear it. She was too busy trying not to scream at the incredibly sharp sting that was tingling across her buttocks. She gripped the stool's crossbar until her knuckles were white and she wiggled her hips frantically, shifting her butt left and right as she struggled to contain her screams. The paddle hurt so much more on the bare butt! Hot tears flowed down her flawless face and she reflected glumly that she was going to have to redo all her makeup after this.

Five more times the wood connected with her solidly-fleshed rump, each searing through her like a laser. The sting was awful and she wept openly, but choked back her cries. It was embarrassing enough to be spanked like a child; she didn't need rumors of her screaming like a baby circulating all over school.

"There, now I hope that's taught you a valuable lesson. Now you get back to Mrs. Krumholz's class. That's who you have right now, isn't it?"

Stacy stood and squeezed her fiery buttocks with her

hands and nodded, biting her lip. She wanted desperately to say something, but between her tears and the man's strict injunction against speaking, she was too terrified to open her mouth. She figured if she did she'd start sobbing and he wouldn't understand her anyway. She pulled up her panties and jeans and hurried down the hall to the restroom, where she spent several minutes drying her eyes and reestablishing her face the best she could without her makeup bag.

When she entered Mrs. Krumholz's room, the tiny wizened face of the woman looked at her expectantly. "Well? What did Mr. Davenport say?"

"He... he didn't," said Stacy. "I, uh, didn't get a chance to ask him."

"What? What have you been doing all this time? You've been gone nearly a quarter of an hour!"

Stacy thought fast. She didn't want to be accused of dawdling—that was certainly a paddling offense—so she blurted out, "He was busy."

"Why didn't you wait? I need an answer now!"

"Uh, I did, but I didn't want to wait too long—"

"Get back there and come back with an answer! Hurry up! The class is waiting."

Stacy stumbled back out of the classroom, her face burning. She headed back to the principal's office, her bottom tingling nervously. When she knocked on the door, her face sank as she saw the man's furious expression. He didn't even wait for her to open her mouth, but grabbed the paddle off the wall and pointed.

"Please, Mr. Davenport, let me explain!" she cried out

even as she stumbled forward to the stool.

“You can explain being sent back to me not five minutes after I paddled you?” growled the man. “Get those pants down!”

“But I *can* explain. Mrs. Krumholz sent me—”

“I know she sent you! What else would you be doing here? And I don’t care why! You’re incorrigible, that’s what you are! Obviously I haven’t been paddling you nearly hard enough, so this time you’re getting the strap as well.”

“What! But Mr. Daven—”

“Over the stool, young lady. Just take those pants and panties completely off. You’re going to be here for a while.”

“It’s not fair!” howled the girl. “I’m just here to—”

“Quiet! I am sick and tired of all your excuses, complaints, and whining. It’s your own fault you’re here and no one else’s. So just shut your trap and take your medicine. Unless you’d like me to bring out the cane? We haven’t had to use it in *decades* and it’s only there for the truly recalcitrant, but you definitely qualify for that award, Miss Scott!”

The tall man pointed to the lethal-looking stick on the wall. It was a yard long and as thin as a finger. “A stroke with that would leave your precious bottom wealed for a week, Miss Scott. Is that what you want?”

“No, sir, but—”

“Then strip off. Everything! I don’t want to hear another sound out of your mouth today. Is that understood? Just nod your head.”

Obediently Stacy nodded, tears glistening in her big brown eyes. The man waved his hand at her outfit and she

began to cry as she grudgingly stripped. Off came the pretty blouse and sturdy bra, despite its delicate lace, and then the shoes, pants, and underwear. Soon she was completely nude and looking prettier than ever.

The paddling was quick and extremely painful: ten solid blows which Principal Davenport called a “warmup” given in less than a minute. Stacy barely had time to cry the spansks came so fast, one right after another, leaving her breathless with an ass on fire.

Then the man started in with the strap: a wide strip of leather that burned like holy hell with every swipe. He whipped her naked thighs as well as her bottom, and he lectured and narrated as he punished her.

“I reserve the strap for severe lessons like this,” he explained. “It hurts badly but doesn’t mark the bottom the way the wooden paddle does, so that means I can give quite a few more strokes. See? I’ve given six stripes to your left thigh and it’s merely pink. A few dozen with this will have you paying a lot more attention to your behavior, Miss Scott!”

The teenager groaned, weeping a little, and wiggled her hips. Though she was well-experienced at receiving corporal punishment, she was used to it being over quickly. A few pops with a paddle and it was done, uncomfortable and embarrassing, but not the end of the world. This, however, was a new experience. Not only had Stacy been harshly paddled already today, but the strapping was taking forever. Worse of all, she still wasn’t sure *why* she was being spanked. She hadn’t done anything wrong! She suspected the man just wanted to see her naked, but since

complaining about it only made things worse, it was better to just cooperate and get it over with.

After a dozen to each leg and at least that many to her butt, Principal Davenport paused to catch his breath, admiring the coloring he'd achieved. He could see from her wiggling and tiny cries that the punishment was having the appropriate effect.

"Don't worry," he sneered. "I know you prefer the paddle and so I'll give you a nice sound paddling before you go!"

Stacy frowned at this news, her heart racing. She wanted to protest what felt like unfair treatment, but the man's warning about the cane was heavy on her mind. She could see it on the wall above her head and she knew she didn't want that! She bit her lower lip and said nothing, her red bottom twitching as though impatient for the whipping to continue.

It did, and it turned out it wasn't even the halfway point as the principal worked the girl's legs for two dozen more strokes and added a few more good cracks to her buttocks. Then, after a long pause to admire the well-whipped figure, he exchanged the leather for the wood and kept his promise to paddle her. The blows were loud and hard, each making Stacy sob, and this time it was six brutal smacks to each cheek leaving her burning from crack to the back of her knees.

"All right. Get dressed and don't let me see you here again today or it *will* be the cane. Do you understand?"

Stacy nodded, dressing as quickly as she could. She hurried to the bathroom and worked on her face, though there wasn't much she could do. Fortunately, she didn't look

nearly as bad as she felt. Once she washed the tears off her face, only her reddened eyes showed she'd been crying. Her hair felt a mess, but it had a gift for always looking cute no matter what she did.

Glumly, she returned to geography, dreading her confrontation with her teacher.

"Still no answer?" snapped Mrs. Krumholz the second she'd opened the door and shook her head at the teacher's query. "What on earth's the matter with you, girl?"

"He won't let me ask!" cried Stacy, nearly ready to cry. Her face was bright red and she didn't dare look at her staring classmates. "He... he thinks I've been sent there for punishment and he won't let me ask him!"

"Why that's the silliest thing I've ever heard! Just ask him if he'd watch my class. It's an emergency. My son needs me."

"Please, I can't go back. Don't make me!"

Mrs. Krumholz stared at the pretty girl in amazement. Stacy Scott was always so bold and confident and strong, yet now she seemed ready to weep at the simple task of a teacher's errand. The woman frowned, suspicious that something else was going on. Was the girl being arrogant? Defiant? Or just lazy? It was curious. Just what had the girl been doing all this time? Clearly she was up to no good. It was always the pretty ones who thought they could get away with it.

"I shall write you a note to give Mr. Davenport," she said grimly, grabbing a pen and her pad and scrawling out a message. She folded it and handed it to the trembling girl. "Be back in five minutes with an answer or I *will* send you

to Mr. Davenport for punishment!”

Stacy gulped, nodded, and ran away. This time when she knocked on the principal’s door, the first thing she did was hand him the note. She didn’t say anything, but just looked at him pleadingly to read the paper.

“What’s this?” asked the principal. “You’re delivering messages now?” He opened the paper and read. Then he looked Stacy grimly. “Wasting time, are you?”

“Excuse me?”

The man sighed. “What did I tell you I would do if you came back to me today?”

“But sir, I—”

His voice sharpened. “*What* did I tell you?”

“Uh... you said you’d c-c-cane me...”

“That’s correct. So what do you think is going to happen now?”

“But I was just bringing you this note from Mrs. Krumholz!”

“Yes, and she says you’ve been lazy and wasting time all day and suggests I discipline you. Since I’ve already paddled and strapped you, that leaves only the cane.”

“But sir—”

“Your complaints are so tiresome, Miss Scott. Do they ever work? Have you *ever* gotten out of a punishment? Of course not. Now, I’m going to give you to the count of three to get your bare bottom in position over that stool and for each count over that you’re getting an extra stroke of the cane, so I suggest you hurry. One. Two.”

Stacy squealed. She didn’t have time to waste arguing. She just ripped down her pants and panties and threw

herself over the stool. Principal Davenport was up to four when she was there and he had the cane in his hand. “Five,” he said, adding, “You’re not in position yet.”

Hastily the blond reached down with her hands and pulled her body taut. Her naked buttocks swelled up against the lip of the stool, the round moons in ideal position as a target for the cruel justice of the lean cane.

“I was going to give you six, so plus the two extras for dawdling makes eight. Don’t get up, Miss Scott, unless you want more than eight scarlet lines across your bottom.”

The thin stick hissed and struck like a serpent. Stacy screamed. Across her crimson buttocks a new purplish mark appeared. It was finger-thick and already swelling nastily. She squirmed violently, rocking the stool. “Oh my God!” she howled. “That’s... that’s *horrible!*”

“No, that’s one. Seven more to come. Don’t move, Miss Scott.”

There was another swish and crack as the stick crashed into the girl’s naked flesh. She yelled loudly, bursting into frantic sobs. She no longer cared who heard her shameful cries. The intense burning of the narrow rod was like a red-hot bar of iron being pressed into her skin. She was certain she’d be branded for life.

Principal Davenport did not waste time. He quickly thrashed the pretty blond soundly. The eight strokes took less than three minutes to deliver, and that included a longish pause somewhere in the middle when he stopped to squeeze the girl’s buttocks and ensure that the punishment wasn’t damaging her too severely. The gory lines covered the young girl’s rump completely when it was over, a nice

ladder of slowly reddening stripes.

This time Stacy was given no chance to use the restroom. The principal went back to class with her, which was his answer to Mrs. Krumholz that he would take over her classes for her so she could go be with her hospitalized son.

“I hope he’ll be okay, Mrs. Krumholz.”

“I’m sure. It’s just his diabetes causing trouble again, but I really should be there. His wife is in New York visiting family. She won’t be back home until tomorrow.”

The teacher departed in a rush and Stacy attempted to slink off to her seat unnoticed, but the principal spotted her and gleefully pointed her out to everyone. “Class, if Miss Scott has trouble sitting today, that’s because I just had to cane her naughty bottom.”

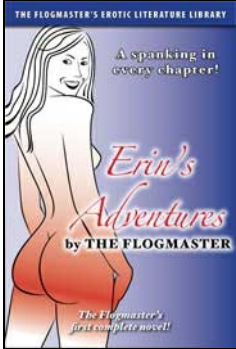
Stacy wanted to drop through a hole in the floor and never be seen again. Her face went flame red and she didn’t dare look at anyone. She could feel every eye in the room boring into her—and quite a few were staring at the shapely back of her jeans and imagining what her bottom looked like with fresh cane stripes. Everyone watched her sit and she had to work hard to not wince and prove how sore she was. Her makeup felt awful on her face, streaked and runny, and she was certain she looked hideous.

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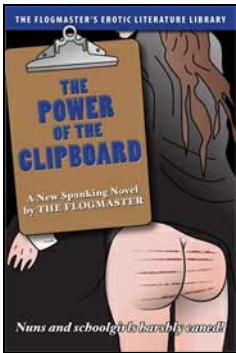
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

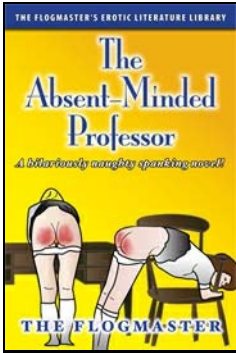
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

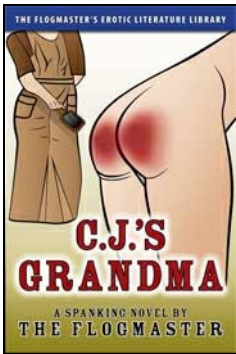
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

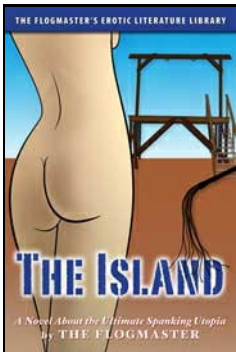
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

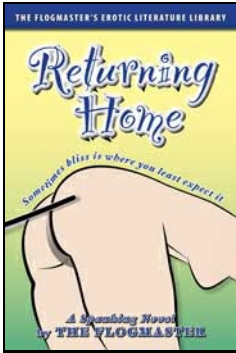
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



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.

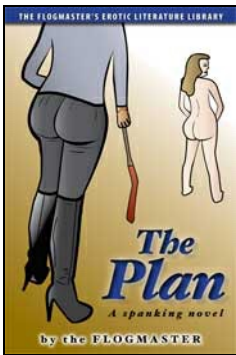


Returning Home

(mostly M/f)

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

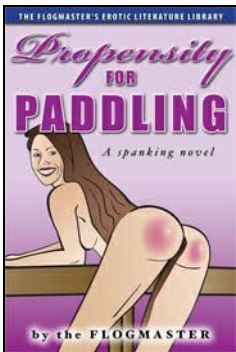
53,000 words.



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)

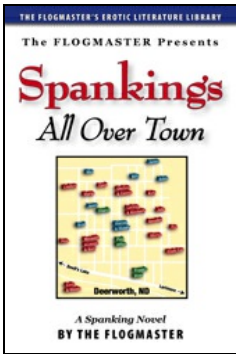
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(M/F/f)

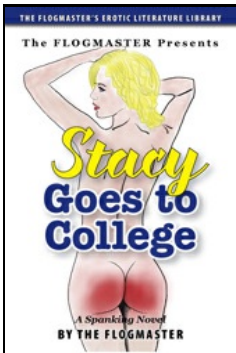
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



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.

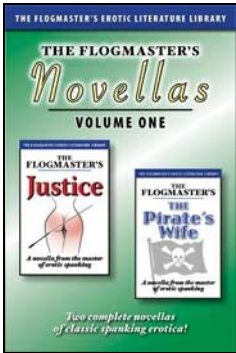


Stacy Goes to College

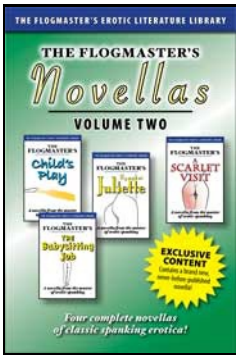
(M/F)

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.

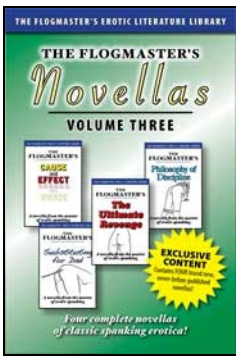
Novella Collections



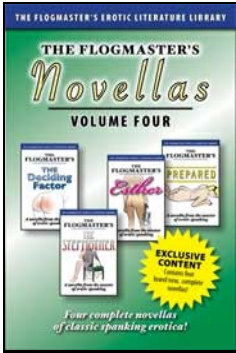
Volume 1— Justice: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. *The Pirate's Wife:* (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



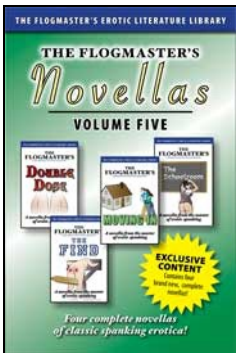
Volume 2— Child's Play: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. *Nymphet Juliett:* (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. *Scarlet Visit:* (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. *The Babysitting Job:* (MF/f) A girl's babysitting gig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



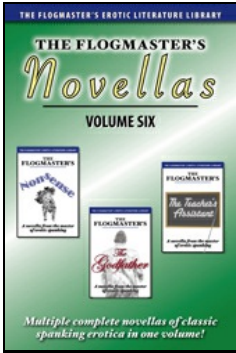
Volume 3— Cause and Effect: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline:* (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad:* (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge:* (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



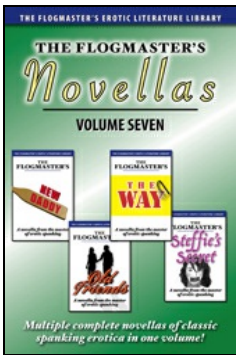
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



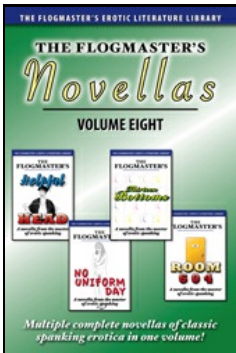
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



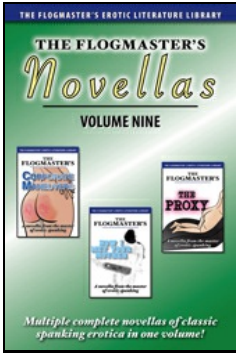
Volume 6— Nonsense: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather:* (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant:* (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



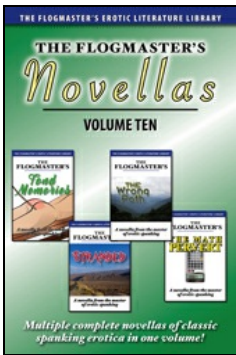
Volume 7— A New Daddy: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends:* (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret:* (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way:* (m/f) A boy is trained to cane.



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.

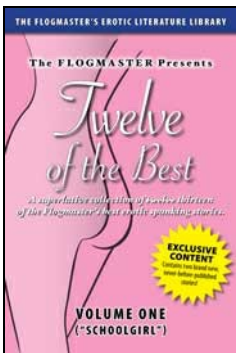


Volume 9— *Corporate Maneuvers*: (M/F) An executive abuses a lower-level employee. *The Proxy*: (M/F) A girl goes to her late best friend's parents for severe spankings. Sad, tender moments. *How I Met Your Mother*: (F/FFFFM) A man reveals he met his future wife as part of a sorority punishment.



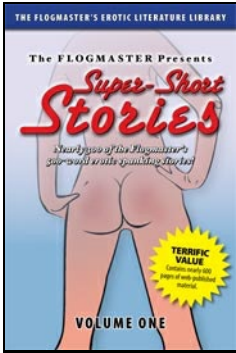
Volume 10— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't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

Short Story Collections



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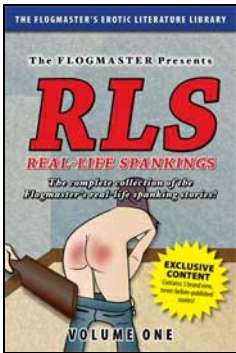
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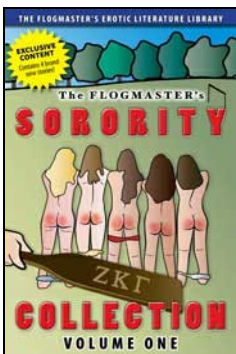
(Mostly /f or /F)



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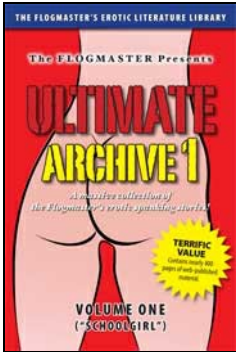
experiences. (Mostly /f or /F)



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