

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 NINETEEN
("ADULT")**

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

*Love this story. It's adorable. Kinda wishing that's how I met
my boyfriend.*

BEREAJ26

*This was truly a great concept. Great story, F.M. Enjoyed it
thoroughly.*

BENDOVER

Love the mysterious nature of this one. Very yummy.

LANGAD

Extremely hot!

HENRY321

Interesting premise. Well-described. Great fun.

CATMAMA

As always, a quite original approach. Intense.

YARRA120

Great story, scary and exciting. Enjoyed reading it.

LIZZYHAYES

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 NINETEEN ("ADULT")

*This collection of the Flogmaster's best writing
contains stories dealing primarily with the
corporal punishment of adults (mostly female),
sometimes non-consensual, and 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

Absentee Father

★★★★★ , M/F—Severe, non-consensual strapping, emotional

A girl visits the father she never knew and learns a lesson.

Anger Versus Love

★★★★★ , M/f, M/F—Severe, brief non-consensual abusive paddling, semi-consensual loving spanking

Because she was abused as a child, a woman is afraid of fiancé's promised spanking.

Back to the Basement

★★★★★ , M/F—Severe, consensual paddling, masturbation

A woman relives the severe paddlings of her childhood.

Give Her What She Wants

★★★★★ , M/F—Intense, consensual caning

A woman wants a real school caning.

Sitcom Visitor

★★★★★ , M/F—Edgy, consensual paddling, caning, strapping, cunt whipping, extreme sex

A lonely man gets a special visitor for a weekend he'll never forget.

Spanked at Eighteen

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

A spoiled brat gets a new stepmother.

The College Student

★★★★★ , M/F—Mild, consensual spanking

A lost college student finds her salvation.

Three Angry Sisters

★★★★★ , F/F, F/F, F/F—Intense, semi-consensual spanking, public paddling, caning

Three women pay for virtual-reality spankings.

Twelve Days of Christmas

★★★★★ , M/F—Severe, consensual everything

A husband sings a song to his painlut wife.

Two Roads

★★★★★ , M/F, F/M—Serious, consensual caning

A man manipulates a girl. A story with two different endings.

Upward Prospects

★★★★★ , MMMF/F—Severe, semi-consensual caning

An ambitious girl will do anything to get ahead.

Wholesome Versus Wicked

★★★★★ , M/F—Intense, semi-consensual spanking, hairbrush paddling

A guy reveals why he likes sweet girls the best.

Absentee Father

(★★★★★, M/F—Severe, non-consensual strapping, emotional)

A girl visits the father she never knew and learns a lesson.

(Approximately 3,361 words.)

As Kate's father escorted her on the long walk to the barn, she still couldn't quite believe it was really happening. Her emotions were all over the place: a wild mix of fear, excitement, denial, shame, horror, confusion, and longing.

She glanced up at him and marveled. He was tall and very handsome, lean and strong from hard work on the farm, but he looked much older than a man of forty-four should. He was also a stranger. She knew the face—she'd seen it in photos since she was a kid—but the man himself was unknown.

Is he really going to whip me? she wondered. He had promised he would. When she'd brought up the idea of coming to stay with him for the summer, he'd almost guaranteed it.

"I run a strict ship, hon. If you come, you'll be held to high standards and if you fail, you'll be taking a trip to the barn for a good old-fashioned whipping. Are you sure you want to come?"

At first she'd thought it was his way of trying to get out of having his estranged daughter visit. But after a third mention, she realized he was serious, and he just didn't want Kate thinking that she'd have an easy summer of leisure.

"You'll work and do chores, and if you fail, it's a trip to the barn," he said sternly. "I don't want you thinking I'm a softie because I haven't seen you since you were a toddler. If you misbehave, I will whip you, and whip you soundly. You do understand that, right?"

"Sure, Papa," Kate had said, but she'd been lying. She didn't understand it all. It made no sense. Surely he felt guilty for being absent all those years—even if had been her Mama who'd done the leaving—and he wouldn't want to jeopardize what little relationship he and Kate had by spanking her.

Besides, she was eighteen and starting college in the fall. That was far too old to be punished like a child. He had to be bluffing.

Kate saw that the barn was growing perilously close, not more than twenty steps away. Her courage was faltering. The grim calmness of her father rattled her. He didn't at all

seem to understand what he was doing. Surely he knew that doing this would ruin them forever?

“Papa, I said I was sorry,” she blurted out. Her gait was awkward, her movements stilted. It was as though half of her was desperate to go in a different direction from the other half. “It won’t happen again, I swear it.”

“I hope not. If it does, you’ll make this trip again. I won’t have any daughter of mine coming in after curfew, especially not one dressed like that.”

Kate blushed. She didn’t think she was being provocative at all. Sure, the blue jeans were sausage-casing snug, and she wasn’t wearing a bra under her tight blouse, but those were trivial. Back home no one would have remarked on them, except to admire her pretty figure.

But this wasn’t busy Chicago. This was farm country, an old-fashioned land still steeped in traditional values. Here Kate’s outfit was scandalous. Good girls wore nice dresses on dates, not pants. Bras were *never* optional.

Suddenly Kate’s bottom felt overlarge in the tight jeans. She could feel the heavy mounds swinging as she walked. They were nearly to the doors now and her ass tingled as though sensing danger.

“Please, Papa, you can’t!” she yelled as his hand reached for the handle. He paused, looking at her in surprise.

“Please. I said I was sorry and that it wouldn’t happen again. Can’t you let me off this one time?”

“No,” he said gravely. “I told you what would happen and now it’s going to happen.” He threw open the side door and entered the barn, Kate coming along with the arm he gripped in a steel vise. The place smelled of hay and sweat

and dank animal odors and might have been comforting to some, but Kate was terrified.

“Please, Daddy!” she begged. She was ashamed to feel tears spilling from her eyes. “If you do this, I’ll hate you forever and I don’t want to hate you!”

“If you were going to hate me, you already would,” said the man calmly, shutting the door behind them. The old barn was dim, but not dark, with light creeping in from cracks between slats. Kate could easily see the thick leather strap hanging on the wall and shuddered as her father headed right for it.

His hand grabbed the handle and took the leather down. It was four inches wide and stiff, slowly bending into a U as he held it up.

“And if this is going to make you hate me, well then, I guess you’ll have to hate me,” he said with a sigh. “I can’t help that. I’ll be disappointed, of course, but this is the bed you made. You know I told you this would happen before you came. I gave you the rules and you broke them, so now your bottom has to burn. Don’t go blaming me for your own mistakes. It’s almost like you wanted to get whipped the way you defied me.”

“I didn’t mean it,” whined Kate. She felt tiny and young, way too young, little girl young. She could hardly stop crying and the whipping hadn’t even started yet. “I didn’t think you were serious. I thought you were like Mom. She’s always saying she’ll do stuff and she never does. I thought—”

“Quiet, child,” said the man gently, and Kate’s mouth snapped shut. She stared at him with her dark eyes wide, astonished as her instant obedience.

“Listen to me. I know you’re scared and you want to escape from the trap you caught yourself in, but that ain’t gonna happen. No amount of talk is going to change anything. I promised you a whipping and that’s what you’re gonna get. Now, be quiet. Take those jeans down and put your paws on that railing over there and take your medicine.”

Somehow Kate found herself at the railing. Her hands were fiddling with the button fly of her jeans, dawdling, playing for time. Her heart was bursting from her chest, her brain unable to cope with all the wild thoughts and emotions she was feeling. At this moment she truly regretted the decisions that had brought her here: her arrogance in thinking that her father was exaggerating, her foolish plan to milk him based on his guilt of being out of her life for so long, and her stupidity in staying out past the curfew he’d set. He was right: she did deserve this. That didn’t mean she wanted it, though.

“Please, Daddy,” she sobbed. “Let me at least keep my jeans on. I’m eighteen—that’s too old for you to see me in my panties.”

“Not to worry. Those panties won’t be on for long.”

Kate gasped. “What? You can’t be serious!”

The man gave a laugh that sounded like a cough. “A whipping is *always* on the bare, hon. No exceptions.”

“But Dad, I’m eighteen!”

“What does that matter? If you misbehave, you get the strap. Age has nothing to do with it. Now get ‘em down before I get irritated and put you over my knee for a spanking *before* your whipping.”

That horrible thought was too much for Kate. A whipping was one thing, but an over-the-knee spanking like a bratty child would be unbearable. And she'd get the whipping either way.

With bitter tears flowing, she undid her pants and slid the jeans downward. They stopped at mid-thigh and she had to bend over and force them to her knees. She felt ridiculous like that, and her panties were so skimpy she was blushing.

"Keep going," said her father sternly.

Kate gave a sob but obeyed, gritting her teeth and stubbornly pushing her panties down in a rush the way one might yank off a Band-Aid. She stumbled forward, her hands reaching for the railing. Then she was gripping it for courage, the tears hot on her face. She felt coolness across her bottom, reminding her of how naked and exposed and vulnerable she was back there. The smooth skin prickled and for the first time, she wondered just how much the leather strop would hurt.

"Don't you dare take your hands off that railing," admonished her father in a grim tone that sent shivers down her back. "As you keep telling me, you're eighteen and a big girl, so you should be able to take a whipping without a lot of fuss and fighting. It's gonna hurt, no question about that, but you stand there and take it because you know it's exactly what you need and deserve. If you put a hand back, you'll regret it."

Kate nodded, hating this sort of talk, wishing the whole thing was over. The fact that he hadn't said exactly what the penalty would be if she disobeyed and tried to protect her vulnerable bottom from the strap made the threat ten times

worse. Her imagination ran wild with crazy ideas: spanked across his lap with a fat hairbrush like her mother had threatened and never done, hung from the barn's rafters and flogged with a bullwhip, or taken naked out to the little pond and switched with a willow rod in front of God and country. Kate gripped the rail and resolved to hold on no matter how much it hurt.

She'd scarcely thought this when flames erupted across her rump. The pain was sharp and searing, a furious burning that made her gasp loudly and then scream even louder. For a moment she thought something had gone terribly wrong, that her father had cut her with a knife. Only dimly did she hear the echoing crack of leather against flesh and understand that she'd only been spanked with the heavy strap, but it had hurt far more than she could have imagined.

Even as she grew to understand the flaming pain, she couldn't cope with the idea that her father had really done it. He'd struck her. Not gently, and not even soundly, but vigorously, with real aggression. Out of the corner of her eye she saw his arm sweep up, impossibly high, well above his head. The strap loomed, thick and black, a mile above her. She saw it descend like a missile and though she tried to cringe, it caught her before she could react. The leather splatted across her bare bottom spreading scalding pain everywhere. Kate shrieked.

The force was so hard she was shocked. She'd imagined a spanking as being much gentler. She'd figured the swats would be like mild slaps. There'd be pain, but it'd be bearable. She remembered when she was back at home,

standing nude in front of her bedroom mirror, and patting her bottom with various tools: hairbrush, wooden ruler, pine paddle, and leather belt. She'd managed to give herself a few good pops, stingy blows that made her giggle they hurt so much.

Kate wasn't giggling now. Her father was whipping her like he was trying to murder her. She'd never dreamed that a spanking could be so violent. How could a man who claimed he loved her be so cruel? She sobbed, weeping as much in despair as from the pain.

Clearly her father didn't care for her at all. He was whipping her chubby buns to shreds with no hesitation or sympathy. All the nasty things Mom had said about him were true. She'd dreamed that he wasn't like that, that he was a good man, that it was her mother's fault he wasn't around. But no good man could be this cruel.

"Ow! Oh please, no more!" she screamed, clutching at the railing. She twisted and rolled her hips, vainly trying to escape the stingy strap. But the leather kept landing on her butt, burning ferociously. The build-up of heat was incredible. Kate was positive her ass must be glowing red like coals in a fire. She howled as another stroke blasted her.

Eons earlier, she'd vaguely wondered how many lashes consisted of a "whipping." Was it ten, a dozen, more? She'd meant to ask, but had been distracted and forgot. Now she realized she'd forgotten to count and didn't even know how many she'd already gotten. It felt like she'd been grilled, her ass on fire from dozens of terrible lashes, but she had no real idea. Ten was just as believable as fifty. The determined way her father was swinging the leather made it seem like

he had no intention of stopping any time soon. Icy fear crept into Kate's belly that her torment was far from over. For all she knew, this was only the beginning.

The only thing the young woman could really do was hold onto the railing, so that's what she did. She bawled like a crybaby and screamed like a horror film actress, but she didn't let go of the rough wooden beam. Behind her the wide strap kept rising and falling, every vigorous swing catching her buttocks and blistering the exposed flesh. The tears flowed and her shoulders shook with sobs. Her bottom was streaked with vivid red and maroon, the marks darker where they overlapped.

"Ow! Please, I can't—ow! Take any more. Oooh, ouch!" cried Kate, writhing in anguish as several more lashes fell across her bare haunches.

"You'll take exactly what you deserve," came the grim reply, the leather steadily making its intimate acquaintance with Kate's bare buns.

For several minutes there was little sound but the man's grunts as he worked, the sharp snap of leather, and the girl's high-pitched wails and sobs. Gradually things settled into steady weeping, the strop more deliberate, as though carefully seeking out minimally marked flesh to burn. Each stroke was still terrible, however, loud and deadly, and each renewed all the agonizing pain Kate was enduring.

"Please, I'm sorry," she finally panted between beltings. "You were right. I was testing you. I deliberately disobeyed. I wanted to see if you were true to your word and you were. You've whipped me so terribly. I had no idea it would be this bad. I'm so sorry, Daddy. I'll never do it again, I swear!"

“Hush, honey,” came the man’s surprisingly gentle voice. Kate had a hard time reconciling it with the man who was whipping her so hard. “You know you’re forgiven, but you also know that you deserve this whipping.”

“Yes, Daddy, I know.”

“I never got the chance to be a father to you,” said the man, his voice choking with emotion. “I hate that this is my first opportunity, but discipline is a parent’s burden. I can’t hold back.”

“I know, father. I understand.”

Kate did understand. It was strange. She’d expected to hate him. She wanted to hate him. She’d known that if he’d gone through with his threat to whip her it would make it so easy to hate him, to wipe away all hope in her mind of the ideal father she’d never had. But even though she was in severe pain, she didn’t resent him. He hadn’t done this. She had done this. It was her fault, not his. He was just doing his duty. He didn’t even want to do it—it was as onerous a task as taking out the garbage or paying the insurance bill—but he was doing it. He was doing it because he loved her. Because he was her father.

“Ten more,” he said softly. “Ten more, and I want you to count them.”

Kate shuddered. She wasn’t sure if it was good to know there were only ten strokes left or if she should feel devastated knowing her whipping wasn’t over. She sniffed and nodded and mumbled, “Yes sir.”

The blast came, hot and stingy, right across the crowns of her generous bottom. She flinched as pain shot through her, writhing as she struggled to recover. “One, sir,” she

finally coughed.

The next several minutes were a strange dream. The agony was consistent and constant, a new blow landing every thirty seconds. Kate would endure and then utter the count, each time getting slightly closer to her goal. Finally the last stroke arrived and she gratefully blurted out, “Ten, sir!”

There was a sudden, almost eerie silence. The barn creaked and groaned, the wind outside buffeting the structure. From somewhere inside she heard the restless rustle of an animal. She heard her father’s labored breathing, and then her own, which was ragged and harsh. But the leather was quiet. There were no more gunshot-like sounds of leather assaulting flesh, or the cries of a girl in agony. It was over.

Slowly Kate became aware that she was standing half-naked in a barn. Her ass was frightfully hot, steaming with pain, but she was alive and relatively unharmed. She could breathe again. She wiped her damp eyes. Slowly she reached down and pulled her clothes back up. It hurt, but she didn’t care. She deserved the pain.

“I’m sorry, Daddy,” she said again. One didn’t need a voice analyzer to detect that she was telling the truth. The fervor in her tone was all too clear.

“I love you, dear,” he said, and she burst into fresh tears. She threw her arms around him and pressed her face against his barrel chest and wept. He said nothing, just patted her head for a while, until she’d cried herself out.

“I know you do, Daddy,” she finally whispered. “You really do love me.”

“Of course I do. You have no idea how hard it’s been to be away from you all these years. I thought I was doing the right thing, sparing you the pain of the problems your mother and I had, but not a day went by when I didn’t think of you. I hope you know that.”

“I do.”

“I’m sorry I had to whip you.”

Kate’s smile was soft, her cheeks with a hint of pink. “I’m sorry I made you,” she said.

“You know this doesn’t change anything. If you misbehave any more this summer, we’ll come back here for another dose.”

“I know. And it’s okay. I don’t mind. I mean, it was awful and it hurt terribly, but I know you’re not being mean or cruel. You’re doing it because you love me, and that makes it okay.”

He leaned down and kissed her forehead then and Kate felt all the years of anger vanish. They were still there, she could see the memories in her mind, but the emotions associated with them were gone. She had her Daddy. He wasn’t the ideal father she’d fantasized about, but he was a good man, an honest man who kept his word, and that’s all she ever wanted. This man was strict and he didn’t shy away from unpleasant duty, but that only made her love him even more.

“I love you, Daddy,” she whispered, and her heart soared when he gave her a gentle squeeze. More words weren’t needed. He’d already said everything he’d needed to say.

She watched silently as he put the strap back up on the wall, her heart racing at the thought that someday he might

have to take it down again. But then, if he did, it would only be because she deserved it. She could deal with that.

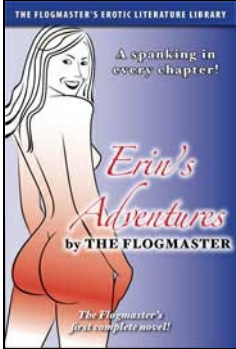
Just like they'd come into the barn, they exited, only this time the girl was clinging to the man's arm, and both were smiling.

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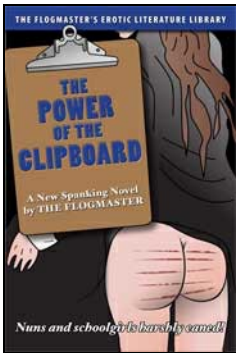
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

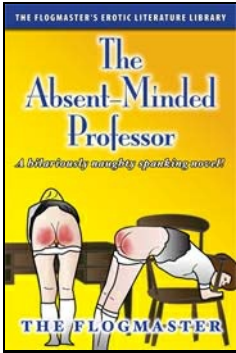
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

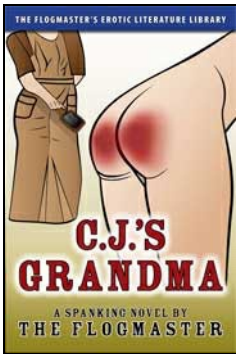
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

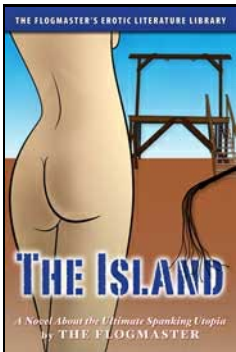
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

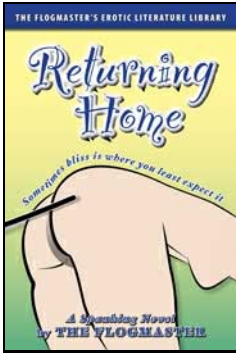
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



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.

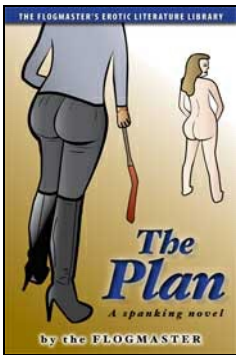


Returning Home

(mostly M/f)

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

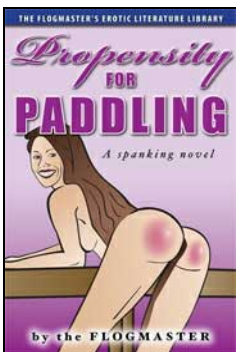
53,000 words.



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)

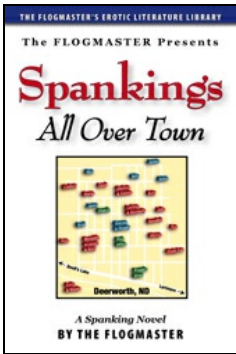
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(M/F/f)

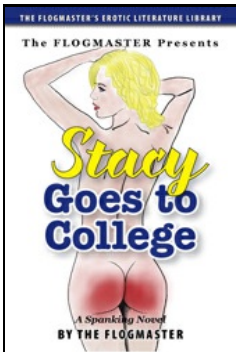
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



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.

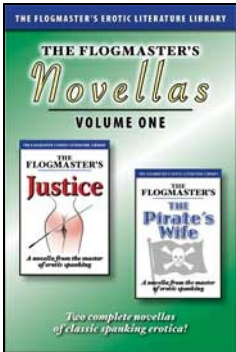


Stacy Goes to College

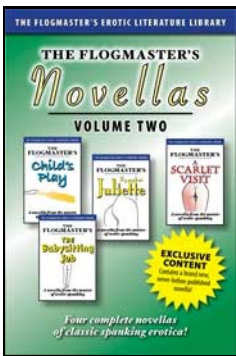
(M/F)

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.

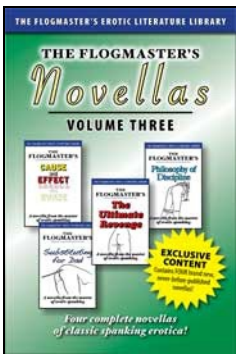
Novella Collections



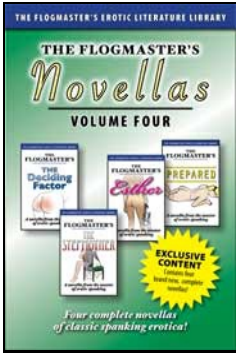
Volume 1— Justice: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. *The Pirate's Wife:* (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



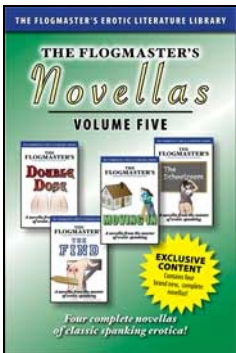
Volume 2— Child's Play: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. *Nymphet Juliett:* (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. *Scarlet Visit:* (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. *The Babysitting Job:* (MF/f) A girl's babysitting gig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



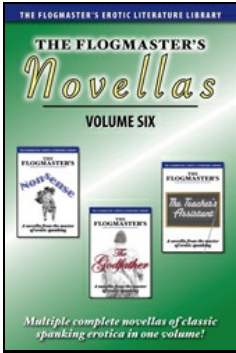
Volume 3— Cause and Effect: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline:* (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad:* (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge:* (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



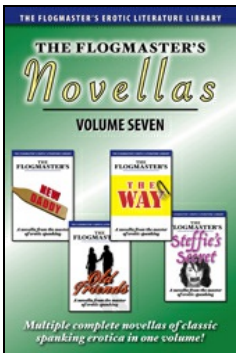
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



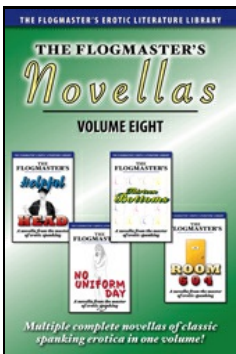
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



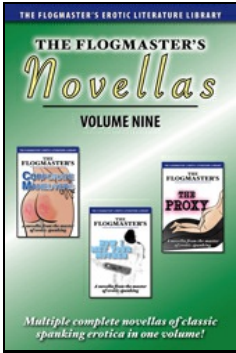
Volume 6— Nonsense: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather:* (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant:* (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



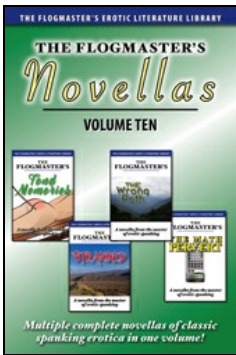
Volume 7— A New Daddy: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends:* (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret:* (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way:* (m/f) A boy is trained to cane.



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.

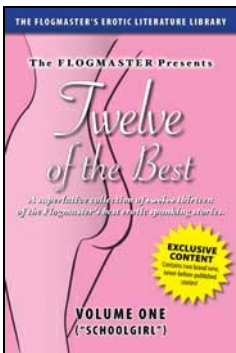


Volume 9— *Corporate Maneuvers*: (M/F) An executive abuses a lower-level employee. *The Proxy*: (M/F) A girl goes to her late best friend's parents for severe spankings. Sad, tender moments. *How I Met Your Mother*: (F/FFFFM) A man reveals he met his future wife as part of a sorority punishment.



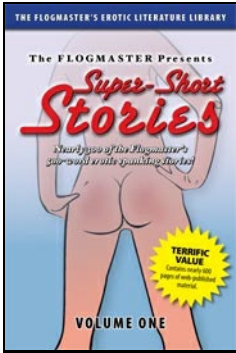
Volume 10— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't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

Short Story Collections



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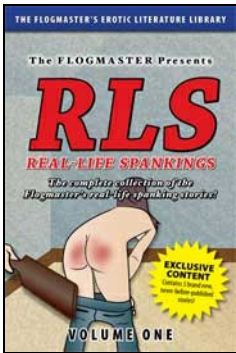
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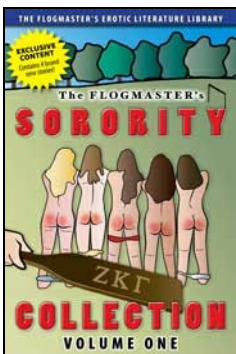
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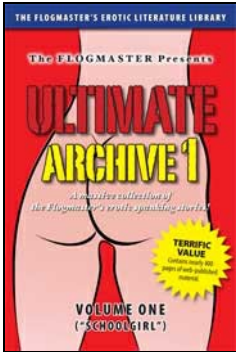
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