

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 TWENTY
("SCHOOLGIRL")**

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

I always enjoy your stories. This one wasn't a disappointment!

KAYKAT

Great story, Flogmaster. That's Chinese medicine at its finest.

CINDY2

You write delightful stories.

ISLANDCAROL

Good story and a surprise ending.

SEBASTIAN

What a vivid image this little story provides!

JEFESSE

Best story I've read in a long time!!!!

MOJO71

Girls with high libidos are the most fun.

TIPTOPPER

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 TWENTY ("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

Any Other Option

★★★★, MF/f—Severe, non-consensual paddling, mouth soaping

A desperate girl agrees to a week of daily spankings.

Beach Canings

★★★★★, M/ff—Severe, non-consensual spanking, caning

A father disciplines his daughters in a unique manner.

Brotherly Love

★★★★, M/f—Severe, non-consensual belt, paddle, bellyflops

A brother blackmails his sister into taking punishment from him.

CP Engineer

★★★★★, M/F—Mild/Serious/Intense/Severe/Edgy, non-consensual paddling/caning/strapping

A description of the story goes here.

Dentist Day

★★★★★, MFMM/f—Severe, non-consensual paddling, hairbrush spanking, switching, strapping

A girl has a hell of a bad day.

Fat Girl

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

A computer tech paddles a fat client.

Gym Class

★★★, F/fm, m/f—Intense, non-consensual paddling

A boy gets turned on by a strict gym teacher who paddles.

Minx

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

A schoolgirl is frequently caned.

Mirroring

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

A naughty girl can't figure out how her father always finds out about her sins.

Miss Todd

★★★★★ , F/m, M/F—Severe, consensual paddling, stropping, switching, sex

A troubled boy's life is changed by one special teacher.

Perfect for Paddling

★★★★★ , M/f—Severe, semi-consensual paddling, teacher-student sexual arousal

A girl thinks her big butt is ugly until a handsome teacher shows her she's beautiful.

Symbiosis

★★★★ , M/f—Edgy, semi-consensual whipping, paddling

A vampire girl comes up with an unusual survival scheme.

Any Other Option

(★★★★, MF/f—Severe, non-consensual paddling, mouth soaping)

A desperate girl agrees to a week of daily spankings. (Approximately 2,153 words.)

Veronica and her mother were arguing again. This wasn't unusual or new, but par for the course. Veronica was seventeen and feeling her oats and *everything* her mother did drove her crazy, and the reverse was also true. Every command was debated, every restriction the end of the world. The two couldn't agree on anything.

On this day, however, the teenager went too far. There was a line and she crossed it, blurting out the F-word and

throwing a soda can like a three-year-old in a tantrum. The can was empty and she'd tossed in the general direction of the recycle bin, but that didn't matter. Such a burst of temper wasn't permitted and they both knew it.

Elizabeth's voice was icy. "Fetch the paddle and a bar of soap," she said after the briefest pause to add emphasis to her words.

The pretty dark-haired was immediately contrite, begging for mercy, though if pressed, even she would have admitted she didn't deserve any. Her pleas fell on rocky ground and a few minutes later a sullen, though still strikingly attractive, young woman grudgingly presented her mother with a length of plywood. An eight-inch handle had been carved onto one side and securely wrapped with layers of black electrical tape for padding and grip.

"Mom, please, I'm almost an adult."

"Where's the soap?"

"Please! That's so childish!"

"You're already up to twenty-five. Do you want to make it thirty? And those will be bare-assed, too!"

Veronica went pale and shook her head. Gnawing on her lower lip, she dove under the kitchen sink to find the package of Ivory soap bars.

With Veronica on her knees and her head and shoulders under the cabinet, her mother got a good look at the girl's swelling behind, the stone-washed jeans faded and taut over the shapely rounds of her daughter's buttocks. *Those are going to be good and sore tonight*, she thought firmly, gripping the paddle.

A moment later Veronica had the brand new soap bar

opened and after a final pleading look at her mother was rejected, stuffed it horizontally inside her mouth. It was a tight fit, requiring her to open her mouth wide and bite into the soap. The taste was awful and an expression of disgust came over the girl, but that was coupled with dismal fear as she leaned over the kitchen island. She was on tiptoe, her butt curved plumply right on the edge of the counter, in the perfect position for the paddle to warm her bottom cheeks.

Elizabeth wasted no time. Like their bickering, this was also not an unfamiliar situation for either of them. In fact, many of their most heated debates ended up just this way, for Elizabeth was strict and Veronica foolish and stubborn. The kitchen rang with whacks of wood against jean-covered flesh. The sting penetrated right through the fabric, Veronica grunting and shaking her agitated hips.

After ten licks the teen's water-filled eyes overflowed, tears streaming down her face. She was still relatively calm, however, but a few more blistering whacks had her sobbing. Her big bottom bounced to the noisy spanks, the intense burning causing her to howl in protest. Her jaw worked at the soap bar, her teeth sinking deeper and deeper into the mushy white substance. Drool trickled from the edges of her mouth and a foamy puddle formed on the counter beneath her chin.

A normal dose of the board in the Halstead home was the spankee's age in swats. Veronica had plenty of practice at that quantity and usually held up well, but by the time they got to twenty she was sweating and extremely unhappy. Every subsequent blow was agony, felt double because it seemed excessive to her. Her bottom blazed and

she broke down completely, clutching the narrow island with a hand on either side to hold herself in position. She certainly didn't want the whole paddling repeated the next day due to non-cooperation!

Finally it was over, the twenty-fifth smack the loudest, its raw sound echoing throughout the kitchen. At the command of dismissal, Veronica rushed to the sink to spit the soap bar out violently. She'd bitten completely through it, ejecting it in chunks. She continued to try and get the taste off her tongue.

"God that's awful," she muttered.

"I hope it teaches you to watch your language."

"My ass is roasted!" groaned the girl, her hands reached back to tenderly cup and caress her swollen buttocks. "You didn't have to give me so many, or so hard."

"You know, I really don't like your attitude, young lady. You seem to think you're too grown up for spanking. I think we should bring back Sunday Spankings."

"What? Oh no, Mom, you can't!"

"Of course I can. We should never have stopped Sunday Spankings."

"But we have an agreement! You promised!"

"That was conditional on your behavior. The whole point of them was to remind you to control your attitude and lately you've been insufferable. We'll turn them back on until graduation."

"Mom, no, please!" begged the teen. "I'm sorry. I'm really, really sorry. I'll behave, I promise. I'll control my temper. I will. You can paddle me again, right now. Another twenty-five, even. Hell, you can paddle me every day for a

week, just don't start me back up on Sunday Spankings again!"

Elizabeth stared at her daughter. She'd never seen the girl so agitated. It pleased her to see Veronica begging.

"Just what is so bad about Sunday Spankings? They're not even that hard."

Veronica blushed. "But they're in public, in the living room. Bare. I'd ten times rather take a harder spanking but in private, so my brothers don't see."

"What's the problem? You see them every week and they've seen you spanked countless times."

"But I was little. It's different now."

Elizabeth made a dismissive snorting sound.

"Mom! Please. I'll be good. Anything but Sunday Spankings again, okay?"

"I really like this new cooperative attitude. I should have reinstated Sunday Spankings a long time ago."

"No! I'll do anything you want, just not that. Come on. You can paddle me again, right now. Bare, even." When Veronica saw her mother shaking her head, she became desperate. "Please! Anything. Spank me every day for a week!"

Elizabeth hesitated. "You'll take a whole week of spankings?"

"Yes!"

"Paddlings like you got just now."

Veronica winced, but nodded eagerly. "But no soap and no Sunday Spankings."

"Twenty-five licks each time, on the bare."

"Oh come on, can't I keep my jeans on? It hurts way

more bare—” Veronica cut off, ending her protest when she realized the alternative. “Twenty-five on the bare is fair. But in private. Not in front of others.”

“If I have to spank you every day, it’s going to have to be when it’s convenient for me. I can’t promise your brothers or your father won’t be around.”

“But we can do it your bedroom, not out here.”

“Fine.” Elizabeth looked at the calendar. “Today’s Tuesday, so we’ll start your paddlings tomorrow. Seven days worth.”

“Doesn’t today count?”

“Of course not. Today was for sassing me and using bad language and throwing that can. Speaking of which, go put it away.”

“Geez, that’s eight days in a row,” muttered Veronica, but she went off to find the can she’d tossed.

The next afternoon there was lull when her brothers were away and her dad went out to the garage. Veronica brought the paddle to her mother. “Can we get it over with now? I have plans tonight.”

“Sure, honey.”

The jeans went down, the spacious butt still faintly pink from the previous day’s punishment. This time the blows were louder, and the tears, when they came, more copious. Elizabeth eyed the scarlet-blotched cheeks afterward, shaking her head.

“A week of this is going to be hard on that ass.”

“Still better than six months of Sunday Spankings,” said Veronica with a rueful sniff.

“This just stops them this time, you know. If you start

giving me lip and showing a bad attitude again, I can always start them up again.”

“No, I’ll be good. I swear I will!”

For the next few days the routine continued. Veronica watched her brothers and father closely and the moment she was alone in the house with her mom, she went and asked for her spanking. Each night her bottom grew a little more red, and by Sunday it was a dusky pink before the first spank.

Unfortunately for Veronica, there was no chance to be alone. Her dad was napping in the living room with golf on TV, while her brothers were goofing off in the game room. She kept waiting, but she knew that once evening came no one would be leaving, not with school the next day. She reluctantly went to her mom to ask her for the paddling in the master bedroom, in private.

She’d hoped her brothers would be too distracted to notice, but the booming board caught their attention. When she emerged ten minutes later, tears still glittering in her eyes and her ass throbbing, they were waiting in the hall.

“Ha ha, guess who got spanked!”

“Does it hurt much?”

A rubber band, smartly shot, caught Veronica’s right cheek when she turned away. The sting wasn’t that bad, not after what she’d just gone through, but it infuriated her.

“Listen to me you little fuckers!” she snarled. “I’m gonna —”

“You’re gonna what?” interrupted a stern voice.

Veronica paled, turning to see her father standing there. His expression was grave. “Fetch the paddle and a bar of

soap.”

“Dad, please!”

“You know the rules around here. I know your mother’s been working on your attitude, but clearly you need a sterner lesson. Obey me now unless you want a double dose.”

There was nothing Veronica could do. Five minutes later she was bent over in the living room, crying before the first spank. Her jeans and panties were down around her ankles, her bright red ass already glowing from her mother’s spankings. Her brothers had been ordered out of the room, but that didn’t mean they couldn’t glimpse the proceedings from a distance. They hid behind the banister and watched through the bars as the wooden paddle slammed against their big sister’s naked ass more than two dozen times.

Veronica made quite a fuss. Though her dad was merciful and didn’t even swing as hard as her mother had, the burning was intense. She jumped around a lot, and even put her hands back, twice, earning two repeats. She thought it was almost worth it for the relief the massage gave her, since her dad let her rub for a minute before resuming the spanking.

Afterward, though, he wouldn’t let her spit out the bar of soap in her mouth. She had to go stand in the corner with her blistered ass on show for ten minutes. She couldn’t rub, either, having to keep her hands on her head, which meant all she could think about was the bitter taste in her mouth and the fiery mounds of her swollen ass cheeks.

Monday’s paddling was at least private, but terrible. Veronica’s butt was incredibly sore before they even got

started, and it took nearly fifteen minutes to get through the spanking, with a few extras thrown in for touching her bottom.

When Tuesday evening rolled around, Veronica was beyond caring that her brothers were hanging around. She just wanted the whole thing over with. When her father suggested the final session ought to be in the living room with everyone watching, she meekly agreed. It was bad, really bad, and she gave her brothers quite a show. She earned five extras, three for rubbing and two for fidgeting too much. There was corner time, too, a full thirty minutes, with her bare ass on show, but at least she didn't have soap in her mouth.

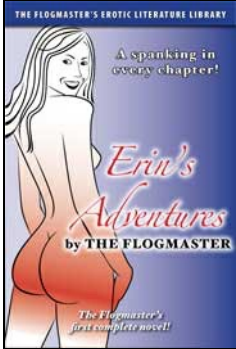
The following Sunday morning she watched her brothers, shamefully draped across her mother's lap, getting their bare bottoms spanked with a fat wooden hairbrush. The spankings weren't that harsh, not compared to her paddlings, but the punishment was so childish that she smiled with pleasure that she'd escaped that embarrassing fate.

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<http://stores.lulu.com/flogmaster>

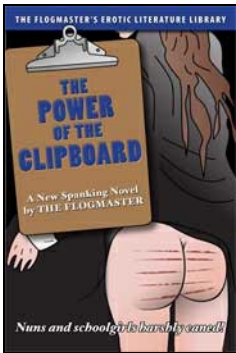
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

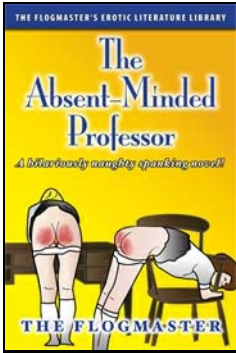
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

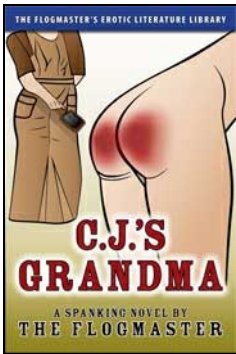
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

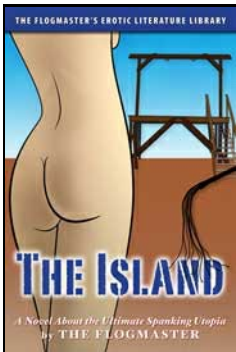
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

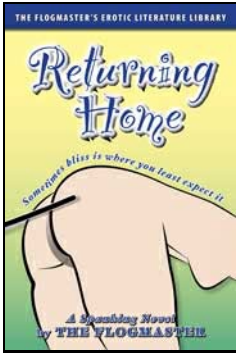
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



The Island

(mostly M/F)

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

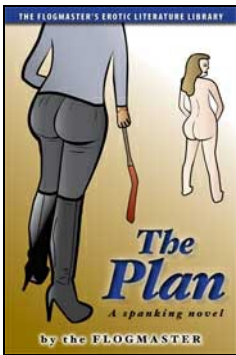


Returning Home

(mostly M/f)

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

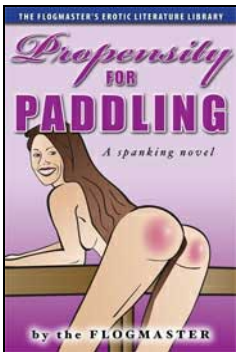
53,000 words.



The Plan

(mostly MF/f)

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



Propensity for Paddling

(mostly M/f)

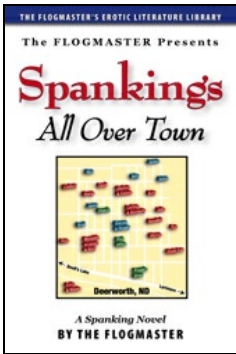
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(M/F/f)

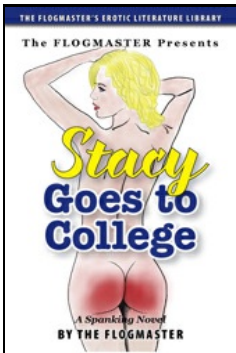
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



Spankings All Over Town

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

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

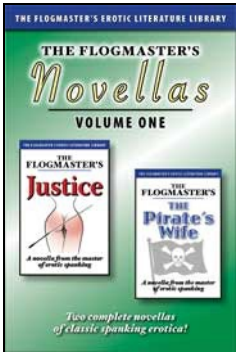


Stacy Goes to College

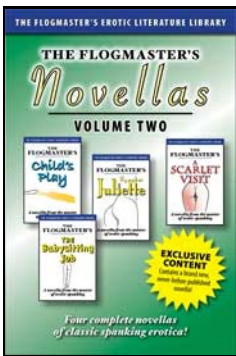
(M/F)

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

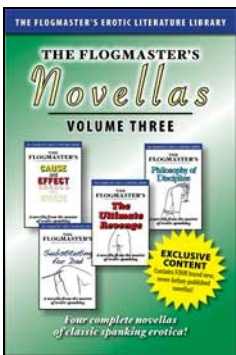
Novella Collections



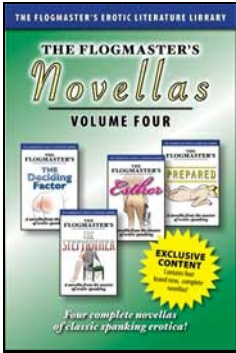
Volume 1— Justice: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. *The Pirate's Wife:* (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



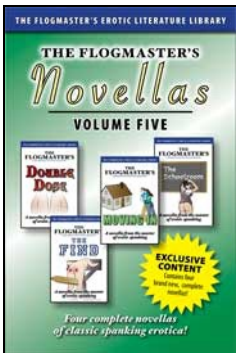
Volume 2— Child's Play: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. *Nymphet Juliett:* (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. *Scarlet Visit:* (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. *The Babysitting Job:* (MF/f) A girl's babysitting gig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



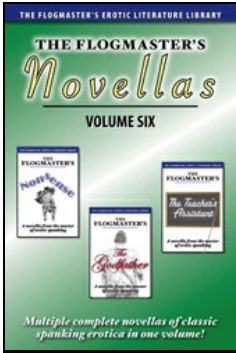
Volume 3— Cause and Effect: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline:* (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad:* (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge:* (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



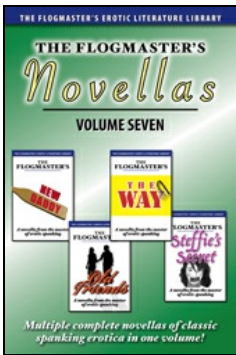
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



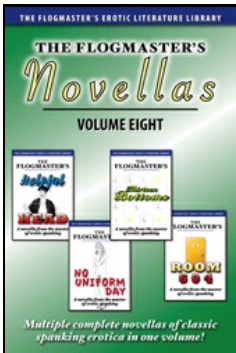
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



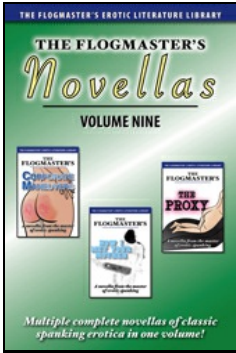
Volume 6— *Nonsense*: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather*: (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant*: (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



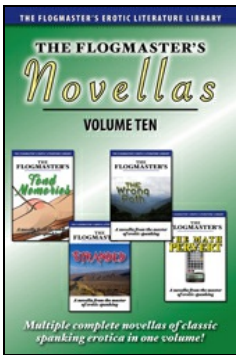
Volume 7— *A New Daddy*: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends*: (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret*: (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way*: (m/f) A boy is trained to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

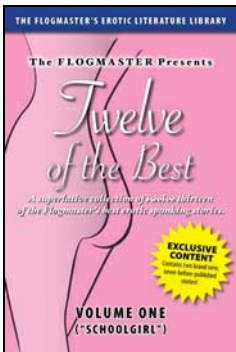


Volume 9— *Corporate Maneuvers*: (M/F) An executive abuses a lower-level employee. *The Proxy*: (M/F) A girl goes to her late best friend's parents for severe spankings. Sad, tender moments. *How I Met Your Mother*: (F/FFFFM) A man reveals he met his future wife as part of a sorority punishment.



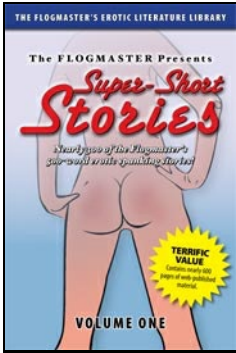
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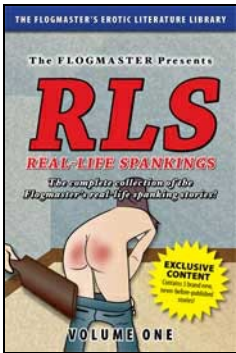
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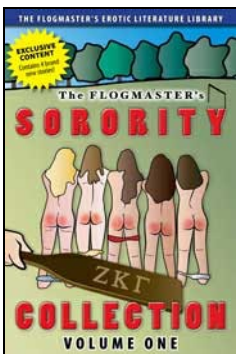
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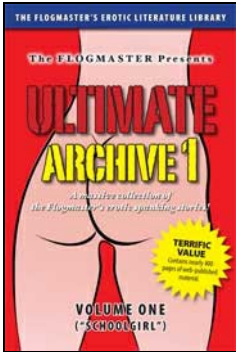
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