

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-FOUR
("SCHOOLGIRL")**

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

I'd love to play this kind of game!
JESSIE0926

A splendid twist. Sex is, after all is said and done, all in the mind!
ZANDRAP

How did it jump from 10 to 24??? Oh right... Flogmaster doesn't give out spanks unless there is an eye-popping number of smacks...
DOS4EVER

This was absolutely hilarious. A TV commercial from a world many of us wish we could live in.
SNM

Extremely hot!
HENRY321

Love it. Love it. Sometimes we like to get what we can't ask for, and don't know we want. I do not enjoy stories where the spanker "forces" his way because he "knows she will like it." This cuts the balance nicely.
LANGAD

Lovely set up, and strangely I had no difficulty suspending disbelief until I got to the bit about the BBC providing a stipend of \$1,000.
OPB

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-FOUR ("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

Always

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ , M/f—**Severe, non-consensual hairbrush paddling**

A day with Chelsea's divorced dad turns into a day with a spanking. Again.

Best Friends

★ ★ ★ ★ , MF/ff—**Severe, semi-consensual paddling, hairbrush spanking**

Two girls make an unusual pact.

Both

★ ★ ★ , MF/f—**Severe, non-consensual paddling, caning**

A girl gets punished by both her parents.

First Time

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ , M/Ff—**Extremely Severe, non-consensual paddling, strapping, caning, blood**

In a brutal fantasy future, a mother and daughter are routinely disciplined every month by the state.

Guidance Counselor

★★★★★ , M/f—Severe, consensual spanking, paddling, stropping, caning

A guidance counselor helps a girl with practice spankings.

In Praise of the “Ordinary” Girl

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

A boy witnesses a girl’s spanking.

Motivation

★★★★★ , M/ffff—Intense, non-consensual paddling

A principal reveals his secrets.

No Worries

★★★★ , MF/f—Severe, non-consensual paddling, caning

A tough girl dreads the cane.

Not a Rat

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

A schoolgirl won’t tattle on her friends.

It's My Party and I'll Cry If I Want To

★★★★ , M/ffffm—Severe, semi-consensual strapping
A father discovers a naughty party.

Whatever

★★★★ , M/f—Severe, non-consensual paddling, switching
A careless girl likes to pretend switchings don't hurt.

Always

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

A day with Chelsea’s divorced dad turns into a day with a spanking. Again. (Approximately 4,021 words.)

“When we get home, you and I going to have a talk in my studio,” came the dire warning from the front of the car.

Chelsea gasped, throwing herself back against her seat, seething. Her cheeks flamed as she glared out of the window. Her heart raced. Half of her was kicking herself for her stupidity, while the other half blamed her father. Why did he have to be so old-fashioned and strict?

In her family, “talk” was code for “spank your bare bottom until you can’t sit down for a week.” It was ridiculous. She was seventeen years old now. Sure, only for a month, but still. Spankings just weren’t done any more. Sure, she shouldn’t have called her little brother an idiot—

even though he was—and telling her dad to “fuck off” was definitely not her smartest move, but that didn’t mean she needed to be treated like a child.

As the BMW made its winding way up the final drive to her father’s cabin at the top of Overlook Point, her anger gave way to fear. Tears glittered in her eyes, and Jeremy’s smirks and giggles whenever he looked at her—he knew exactly what was going to happen—made her blush and tremble. Oh, it was going to be bad. Her father’s spankings always were. Why did she keep doing this to herself? Did she have some sort of death wish?

Since her parents had split up three years ago, Chelsea didn’t get to see her dad very often. That wasn’t that different from when he’d been home, since he traveled all the time. He was a wildlife photographer and spent weeks at a time all over the world. Now she got to spend one weekend a month with him, if she was lucky. And every time those weekends involved her getting a horrible spanking.

Chelsea seemed to have a real knack for getting herself in trouble. Last January, after celebrating a late Christmas with her dad, she’d idiotically mentioned her poor report card. She knew how he felt about grades and yet she’d practically bragged about getting two D’s and an F in Algebra. Shit, he’d wore out the hairbrush on her ass!

Last month she’d told him about her boyfriend and let slip about the party with the booze... just dumb stuff. The visit before that she’d been tongue tied when he’d asked her how she could afford the designer scarf she was wearing. She’d stammered something about a discount store, but before she knew it she was confessing that she’d shoplifted

it. She just couldn't lie to her father, even if it meant another terrible spanking. What was wrong with her?

Gravel crunched as the car eased through the narrow gate and Chelsea's heart skipped a beat. They were home. It wouldn't be long now. She shifted her hips on the seat and wondered when she'd be able to sit comfortably again. She wished the driveway was longer, but all too soon they reached the little house on the hill.

Her father's photography studio was in the shed-like building behind and below the main house. It was just a single room filled with fascinating equipment—lights, a gazillion cameras and lenses, a giant iMac computer, and tons of artifacts and knickknacks he'd collected during his travels—and normally Chelsea loved spending time there. But now she knew it wasn't going to fun at all.

Thom pulled the car to a stop under the carport and Jeremy hopped out instantly. Chelsea reluctantly climbed out after her father. She didn't want to look at him, to see his grim face. She wanted to plead and beg for mercy, to apologize and hope he'd let her off, but she was afraid. She knew he wouldn't—he was a man of his word—but if *did* let her off? That would almost be worse. That would mean he didn't care. So she said nothing, following him with her head hanging.

He unlocked the house door for an impatient Jeremy, who cried, "Hurry up! I've got to pee!" The boy darted in as soon as the door was open. Thom closed the door and held out his hand for Chelsea. She took it, her hand trembling, and they headed down the stone path that led behind the house to the studio. Chelsea's heart thumped loudly.

How many times had she done this? The cabin had been her parents' first house before buying a bigger place near Portland about ten years ago, but they'd kept this as a summer cottage. He'd gotten it in the divorce. For as long as Chelsea could remember, the remote studio had been the place for spankings. She'd made this walk as a five-year-old, trembling and babbling apologies that earned her no mercy. After they moved to town she was spanked in den, which didn't have the same feel, and she actually looked forward to summers when the studio was nearby and she could go with her father out there.

For the last three years, since the split, she was only spanked here. Her mother didn't spank so Chelsea only had to worry about such punishments when she was with her dad. She should probably worry about them more than she did, since she always seemed to end up making this trek during every visit.

The walk only took two minutes, but it felt like just seconds. She wished it would last forever, for she didn't mind this part at all. It was wonderful walking with her dad, feeling his hand gripping hers so firmly. He seemed invincible, brave, unstoppable. She felt she could follow him anywhere.

Except they were heading for the one thing she hated more than anything: a painful session of a heavy wooden hairbrush paddling her bare butt until it glowed like the sun. Yet even that prospect couldn't take away her joy of these few seconds of intimacy with her father. Neither spoke, but she felt close to him at times like this. She could tell he was disappointed in her and that made her sad. Her

heart ached and she wished she could apologize, but he would have to spank that out of her. That's just how it worked.

He unlocked the door while she waited, dread gripping her heart. Her brain was assaulted with all sorts of choices: she ought to fall on her knees and beg for mercy, she could turn and run away, she could try and reason with him and explain that she was seventeen and spankings were so 1950, or maybe she could be stubborn and refuse to cooperate with this ridiculous charade.

She did nothing, of course. She simply followed him inside and watched, wordlessly, as he pushed the padded bench into the open and got the hairbrush from the drawer. God, she hated that thing. It used to be a smaller one, but when she hit her teen years and started developing, he'd exchanged it for a much bigger brush. This one really was like a paddle, a sturdy rectangle of wood with a smooth back and brushes on the front that had never been used. The thing was heavy and every smack burned like hell. Chelsea trembled as she saw it and once again she repressed the urge to burst into tears and beg for forgiveness.

He sat and patted his lap. "Let's get this over with, honey," he said in a dark voice.

Chelsea hesitated. This was the moment she hated worst of all. Except for the rest of it, of course. Hell, it was all bad, every second. She looked at him, his jaw tight. Would he let her off if she sobbed an apology? She didn't dare find out. She'd lose all respect for him if he did and she couldn't bear that. Better to endure a thousand spankings than that.

She was wearing tan shorts. They were longish, cargo

pants style, like the kind Jane Goodall might have worn on an African expedition. They had seemed appropriate for a tedious trip to the zoo with her little brother. She'd thought they looked sexy and stylish, showing off her blossoming hips and full derrière. Except now they emphasized a portion of her anatomy she didn't want noticed. Still, it hardly mattered, since her father insisted that spankings always be on bare skin. Always.

Her heart yammering, she silently undid the button fly and the shorts drifted downward. The panties were cute: white with pink trim, thin and snug, but full covering and modest, nothing too scandalous. They, too, would come down. She took off her shoes, as those tended to go flying when she started kicking during a spanking, and stepped out of the shorts, once again fighting with the temptation to flee or plead her case.

Then there was nothing for it but to lie herself across her father's broad legs. She felt the familiar goose pimples dotting her exposed skin and the butterflies in her stomach. Oh God, this was going to be bad. Her bottom swelled like a balloon, feeling much too prominent in this position. Her face went down, toward the hardwood floor. She put her hands there to brace herself. How many times had she studied this floor? She felt she knew every inch of grain intimately.

Her father's hands reached for the waistband of her underwear and began to wiggle the fabric down. Chelsea cooperated, lifting her hips to allow the panties to descend. *There's nothing quite like the feeling of panties coming down for a spanking*, she thought. It was simultaneously

terrifying and exciting, a bittersweet moment of dread and anticipation. It was somehow both wholesome and innocent and yet naughty at the same time.

Thom tugged the panties down to mid-thigh, where they constricted her legs and restricted her movements. She was a curvy girl, with short slim legs and wide hips. Her bottom was on the large side, the rounded cheeks meaty and thrusting upward. When he rested the flat blade of the wooden brush against the peak of her left cheek, Chelsea moaned. She wanted desperately to beg her way out of this, but she was too proud.

“I’m sorry about this, honey, but you know you deserve it.”

“Yes, Daddy,” Chelsea whispered, her voice as faint as though it had come from miles away. It was as though someone else had spoken, for she was scarcely conscious of it. She wiggled against her father’s legs, wagging her tail in dreadful anticipation, and adjusted her hands for better grip on the floor. With her head so low, her long dark hair had tumbled forward, blocking much of her view of the world. It was a familiar situation and it comforted her.

The brush rubbed her left cheek, then her right. Then it went away and she knew what was coming next. It always surprised her. Not just the timing, but the burning impact. It was always worse than she expected. It made no sense. She’d been spanked hundreds of times, and each spanking consisted of hundreds of spanks, and yet every spank always hurt more than she planned.

It was no different this time. She felt the pressure of the wood smashing her left cheek and heard the loud *whack!*

before she sensed the pain. Then it hit like a lightning strike, a sharp, penetrating burn of an area about the size of a cell phone. God it hurt. Chelsea cried out in dismay, as she always did. There was no way she could experience one of her father's terrible spankings silently.

Even as the sting was still rising from the first wallop, the brush was going up and coming back down onto her right side. The burn there was even worse, a fierce awe-inspiring tingle that threatened to overwhelm her.

"Ow!" she hollered, wiggling frantically. She needed her hands to brace herself, so she could only wag her hips and jerk her ass from side to side. It made no difference, of course, because the brush always found her. It peppered both peaks with loud, hard blows that stung like hell. Within seconds Chelsea's eyes were watering. "Oh! Ow! Oooo," she babbled. Her words were lost to her.

The pace was fast, the brush a blur as it rose and fell. Chelsea's pale skin quickly reddened, the pink blotch spreading from the summits outward. She gasped and moaned, and then came the tears. Scarcely a minute had passed, but she'd already received forty-some spanks and the fiery pain was too much to keep inside her.

She writhed, misery flooding her soul as the burn increased. The paddling was steady, ruthlessly efficient. *Whack-whack. Whack-whack. Whack-whack-whack.* Every blow was as hard as could be, or at least it felt that way to the poor girl. Warmth radiated from her backside. This was devastating. Of course, it always was. Her father was an expert.

On and on and on the spanking went. Chelsea had

already lost all sense of time. Three minutes, at least. Maybe five. It felt like it had to be much longer, but she knew from experience that her senses in this situation were deceitful. She longed to know how much more she had to endure and prayed that it would be over soon, but her pessimistic side warned that this was probably only the beginning. Her father's spankings were always horrendously long. He spanked until every inch of her ass had been paddled a hundred times—or so it felt to Chelsea.

Another grueling minute passed. The pain was terrible, her whole ass burning hot and every fresh spank hurt like blisters popping. Chelsea had been howling and crying from the start, but other than some natural writhing, she'd managed to be relatively composed. Now she lost it, thrashing like a hooked fish, twisting and clawing and kicking.

Her panties slipped down her legs, trapping her ankles. She felt a wild moment of panic as though she were underwater and unable to reach the surface as her lungs burst. The heavy brush walloped down hard, steady as a metronome. Chelsea screamed. That was one good thing about the studio: there were no neighbors nearby and the building itself was far from the house. She suspected her brother could probably hear her shameful shrieks, but right now she didn't give a damn. She just had to give voice to her agony.

Sobbing, she let loose completely. Somehow her panties came free of her legs and went flying. Free, she kicked like a swimmer, and almost managed to twist off her father's lap. Instantly his left arm gripped her tighter, pulling her

against him. Mercifully, he paused the spanking while he wrestled the squirming girl back into position. He swung his right leg over Chelsea's, trapping her. Her body made a U shape now, her butt high, her head low. It was miserable and shameful, but she could do nothing to stop it.

Gripping his daughter snugly, Thom raised the brush and brought it down viciously against Chelsea's right cheek. The pain was staggering. The room echoed with the raucous snap of hard wood against bare flesh. Chelsea shrieked. She tried to kick, but her legs were pinned. She couldn't even roll from side to side. Her ass was exposed and frozen, with nothing she could do but cry as the brush blistered her bare butt. It walloped in again and again. She was sure her father was spanking her even harder now, furious at the way she'd been kicking and squirming, but she couldn't help it. Pure terror flowed through her and she had no mind to control herself: she just let her voice go, her screams like a banshee in the night.

Chelsea had no view of her own bottom, but if she had she'd have been horrified. The flesh was nearly purple, every inch of the rotund surface mottled with crimson. Yet the flat wooden brush kept coming down, slamming hard into the shuddering mounds with no remorse at all. Even a light smack would have been hideously painful, but these were still full-force blows as though Thom was trying to burst the red balloon across his lap.

Still the man showed no sign of stopping the endless spanking. More than ten minutes of steady, almost non-stop torment had transpired, and Chelsea suspected that plenty more was to come. She felt her father subtly shift her body,

leaning her forward so he could work the brush against the underside of her butt, stinging the join between buttock and thigh mercilessly. It was awful and she sobbed and wailed as though her heart were breaking, until soon there were no more tears left and she could only sniffle and groan.

Whack-whack. Whack-whack-whack. Whack-whack. Whack-whack-whack-whack.

The steady pounding of Chelsea's butt continued and worry began to torture her. Just how long was this spanking to be? Surely it had to end soon. Surely she'd suffered enough. She couldn't even cry any more; she couldn't even struggle as she was far too exhausted.

"Please, Daddy!" she screamed. "I've had enough! I'm sorry!"

"That's good to hear," said Thom, not letting up on the spanking one little bit. He rolled Chelsea toward him and worked the outer side of her right cheek, landing the brush down in a long series of hard spansks. She groaned and hung limply, whining faintly when he rolled her the other direction and spanked her left side.

But Thom still wasn't finished. After a tiny pause for a gasp of air, he began one last dreadful salvo where the brush peppered every inch of his daughter's generous backside. It was a furious flurry of spansks that broke her down completely, leaving her breathless and moaning incomprehensible sounds.

It was nearly a minute before Chelsea even realized the spanking had stopped. At first she could scarcely believe it was true, that her torment was over, and she fearfully waited for the lull in the storm to pass. But then her father

patted her bare leg gently.

“There, honey, it’s all over. You can get up now.”

Chelsea staggered to her feet, her ass huge and swollen. Her hands went to it like iron to a magnet. Her palms cupped each chubby mound gingerly. She gave a loud moan of despair, for each cheek felt like a giant red-hot coal.

“Oh my God,” she sobbed, fresh tears somehow emerging. “I won’t be able to sit down for a week. For a whole month!”

Thom laughed. “Don’t be silly. You’ll be fine in a few days. Now go stand in the corner like a good girl.”

He gave her the mildest slap to her rear, and even though her hands still protected her tender bottom, she cried out as though cut by a bullwhip. She stumbled forward, naked from the waist down, and found her position by the window. She thought she saw movement outside and for a split second she panicked, thinking a visitor was out there. Then she remembered that her father had locked the gate and they were alone. No one was watching. She was being paranoid.

Chelsea reluctantly moved her hands to her head, leaving her bottom bare. It was embarrassing and she longed to comfort the still-blazing flesh, but she’d been taught well and wanted no more spanking today.

She stared at the wall, her breathing still ragged. Oh, that had been a terrible spanking. But then they always were, weren’t they. She wondered again how she always ended up in this position. She saw her father so rarely, lately it was not even once a month, and it seemed a shame to always ruin their visits with a trip over his knee. Yet she kept

doing it. In fact, the once or twice she *hadn't* gotten a spanking during a visit with him she felt guilty and dirty afterward, as though she'd deceived him and gotten away with something.

I just miss him, even his discipline, she thought. *Mom doesn't care what I do as long as it doesn't get in her way or bother her. At least Daddy cares.*

A shadow moved on the wall and she glanced to the window. She briefly saw her bother's curly head for a half-second before he ducked down, trying to hide. *Shit!* she thought. *Jeremy's been watching the whole time, the brat!*

For a moment she seethed, realizing that his haste to get into the house had been a ploy to distract them from his real mission of following them to the studio so he could spy on her punishment. She was about to say something to her dad, when she hesitated. Her father's rules were strict: no sound or movement while in the corner unless you wanted to go back over his knee. In theory this situation was an exception, but she couldn't be completely sure and her bottom didn't want to take the risk.

Chelsea decided it didn't much matter. It was too late to complain now. Her brother had already seen everything. Besides, did it really matter? Who cared? Later she might be embarrassed, but right now she was too sore and tired. *Let it go,* she told herself.

A while later her father came over to see how she was doing. She threw her arms around him and sobbed into his arms. "I'm sorry, I'm really sorry," she said.

"I know, honey. You're going to be fine. A little sore for a while and I'm sorry I had to be so firm with you, but you

know you deserved it.”

“And more,” nodded Chelsea, sniffing. “Do you really have to be gone for two whole months?”

“It may not be quite that long if we can get the pictures we need sooner. It’s South America, though, so who knows.”

“I hate it that you’re gone all the time.”

Thom nodded. “I know. You know what? I don’t want you to get your hopes up because it’s not finalized, but I’m in talks to do a book of my work. It’s a big project, and it would probably take six months, maybe a year.”

“What does that mean?”

“It means I’d be here for at least that long. I’d take some time off to write and produce the book. There might be a weekend trip or two to New York to meet with the publishers, but otherwise I’d be here.”

“Are you serious? When?”

“Right after I get back from Brazil. That’s assuming everything works out. Like I said, nothing’s finalized yet, but it’s looking good. There are just some details to work out.”

“Oh Daddy!” Chelsea began to cry again, this time with joy. She hugged him and didn’t even mind when he patted her tender bottom and insisted she stand in the corner for another ten minutes.

Her heart was soaring with happiness. Yes, he’d be gone for a couple of months, but then he’d be here all the time. She could hardly wait. She imagined all the fun they’d have: she’d stop by and see him after school, they’d go out to fancy restaurants together, see movies and shows, and he could even come watch her cheerleading competitions. She

could come and stay with him on the weekends, maybe even during the week if he'd let her.

Then a sobering thought struck her: since she *always* got a spanking every time she saw her dad, would that still happen when he lived here?

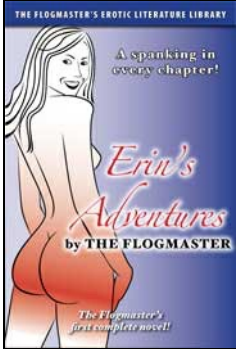
Hell, I don't care if he spansks me every week, she told herself. *It'd be worth it to have Daddy home all the time.*

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Also by The Flogmaster

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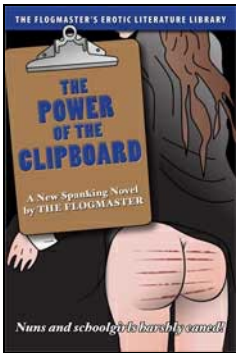
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

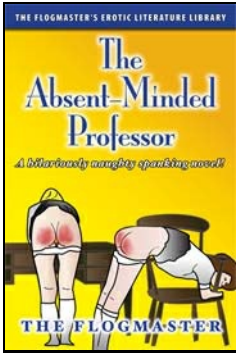
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

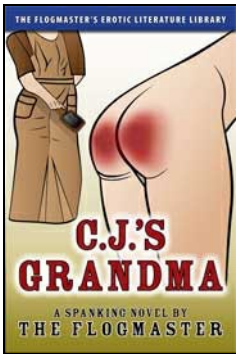
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

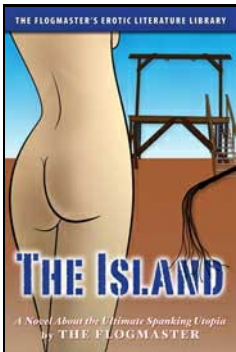
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

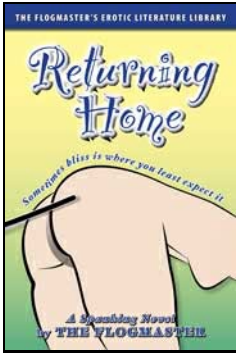
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



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.

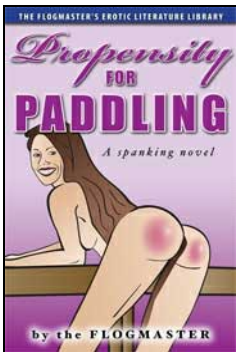
53,000 words.



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)

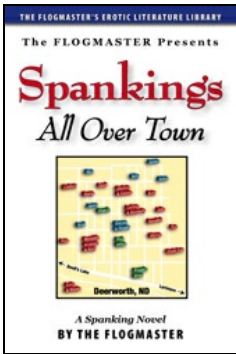
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(M/F/f)

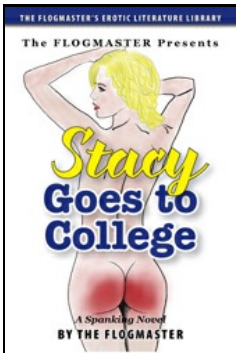
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



Spankings All Over Town

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

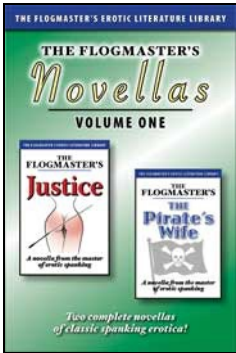
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



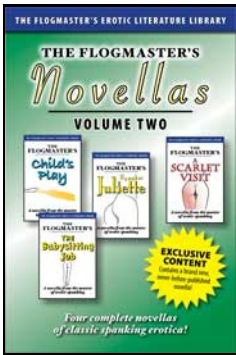
Stacy Goes to College

(M/F)

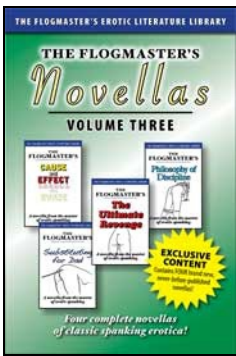
A girl goes off to college thinking she's too grown-up for spankings and learns the hard way that's not the case. 46,000 words.



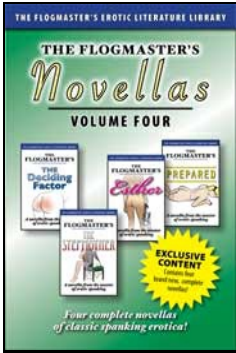
Volume 1— Justice: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. *The Pirate's Wife:* (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



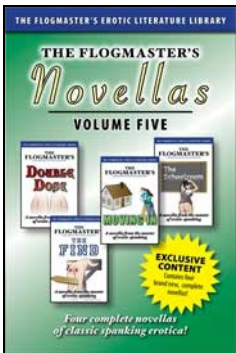
Volume 2— Child's Play: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. *Nymphet Juliett:* (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. *Scarlet Visit:* (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. *The Babysitting Job:* (MF/f) A girl's babysitting gig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



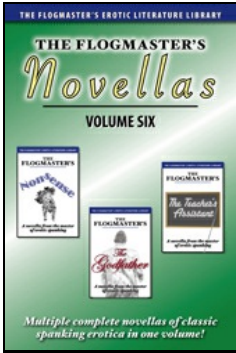
Volume 3— Cause and Effect: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline:* (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad:* (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge:* (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



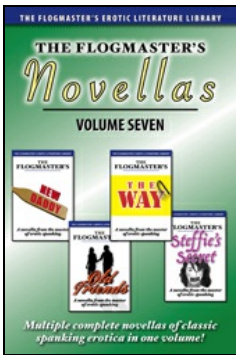
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



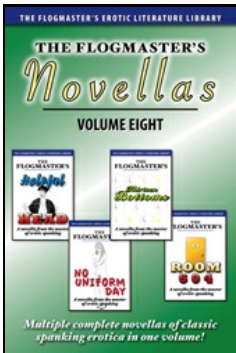
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



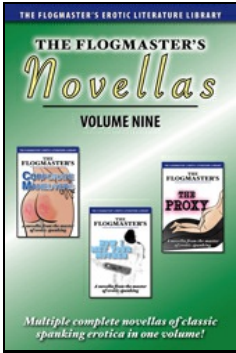
Volume 6— *Nonsense*: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather*: (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant*: (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



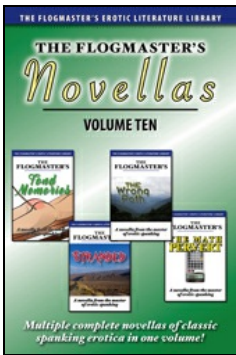
Volume 7— *A New Daddy*: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends*: (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret*: (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way*: (m/f) A boy is trained to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

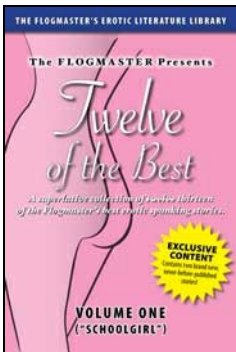


Volume 9— *Corporate Maneuvers*: (M/F) An executive abuses a lower-level employee. *The Proxy*: (M/F) A girl goes to her late best friend's parents for severe spankings. Sad, tender moments. *How I Met Your Mother*: (F/FFFFM) A man reveals he met his future wife as part of a sorority punishment.



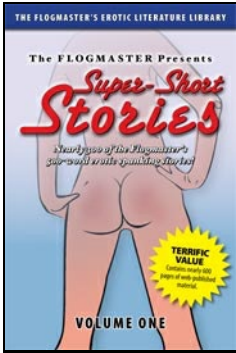
Volume 10— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't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

Short Story Collections



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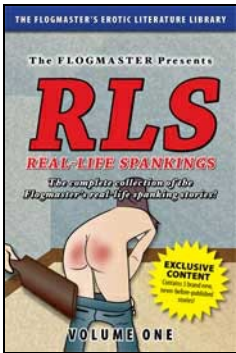
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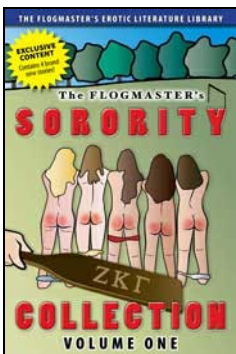
(Mostly /f or /F)



Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1-5

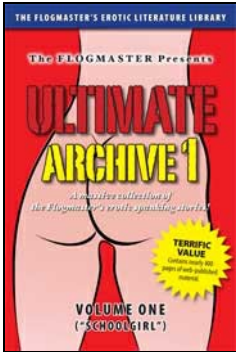
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