

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-SIX  
("SCHOOLGIRL")**

# Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

*A truly beautiful story. Would you consider collaborating on a story with me?*

**I.C.O.**

*I do not normally wait for six episodes before I pause to comment on a work, but I was so mesmerized by the complexity and darkness of your plot, I could not tear myself away and risk breaking the spell. I am there in that magnificent house, dining, witnessing the beatings even when you do not describe them. The perplexed master, confused Miss Janey and the twisted, wicked, pitiful mistress confound me. You are a master at creating tension between your mysterious characters, and sating your reader's senses with your sumptuous settings and descriptions of pain and punishment. Bravo!*

**I.C.**

*Lovely story.*

**A.R.D.**

*I love this story. Especially how Brad helps Brittany become a better person.*

**L.B.T.**

*I have \_always\_ wanted to get taken to the woodshed, thanks for a great story.*

**T.J.**

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

**J.T.S.**

*I love how the emotions of the watcher are described!*

**W.V.T.**

## **Selected Excerpts**

### **From *Museum Exhibit*:**

In short order the teen's bubble bottom popped into view, the snow white knickers following her jeans to her ankles. She blushed at the knowledge that her bare butt was on show, which was silly, since this had happened countless times before and would happen countless times again, but she couldn't help how she felt.

Then she was in that familiar position across the robust woman's lap. Being slim and petite, Kayla was like a fly in the arms of a large spider. She hated the sensation of helplessness, of feeling like her fate was out of her control. But it only took a few vigorous wallops of the stingy brush to remind her of much more pressing concerns....

### **From *Familiar Face*:**

"Now just wait a second, Molly. Are you understanding what I'm saying? You *want* me to make a paddle to spank your bottom?"

"I'm a bad girl. I deserve it."

### **From *Promise Not to Tell*:**

The punishment forms were quite simple, with lines for the student's name, offense, and how many paddle swats he'd given. There was also an area where the parent or guardian of the student was to sign before the form was returned to the principal.

Grinning mischievously, Lauren reached across the desk and snagged a handful of the slips of paper. She envisioned a great prank of sending a few forms to the parents of a few mean girls she knew—how would they react when they learned that their precious princesses had gotten paddled by Burlly?

## 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-SIX ("SCHOOLGIRL")**

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

## About the Warning labels

Because spanking stories often involve extreme topics (S&M, sex acts, etc.), the Flogmaster labels his stories to give readers an idea of what might be included. Here's a sample:

***Paul Bunyan and the Great Lakes***

**(★★★★, M/Ffff—Absurdly Severe, nc ole fashion paddlin')**

A strange new twist on the ole yarn about how Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox created the Great Lakes. (Approximately 1,758 words.)

The stars are the Flogmaster's own ratings of his stories. They indicate *writing* quality, not necessarily eroticism. Five star stories are my very best.

Stories are marked with *mFmf* labels to indicate who is spanking whom. Capital letters represent adults and lower case are minors (under 18), and of course, *M* refers to males and *F* to females. Under this system, anything to the left of the slash indicate a Spanker and anything to the right a Spankee. Therefore in the above example an adult male is spanking three girls and a woman. If there are a lot of people involved, sometimes this is abbreviated with a number, such as F6/f24, implying that 6 women spank 24 girls. Keep in mind that the label refers to the *primary* participants—sometimes, especially in longer stories—there may be minor spankings of a different type included.

I try to indicate the overall severity level (Mild, Serious, Intense, Severe, or Edgy), as well as what types of spankings are included (i.e. caning, birching, hairbrush spanking, etc.). Stories may also contain other warnings and explanations. These are usually self-explanatory words like “sex” or “anal” (to indicate types of sexual activity). You may also see references to *cons* or *non-cons* (or *nc*). Those abbreviations refer to *consensual* and *non-consensual* spankings. (Punishment spankings, especially those of children, are usually *nc*.) Some stories are labeled *semi-cons*, meaning it's partially consensual (e.g. a reluctant wife submitting to her husband's discipline because she knows she deserves punishment).

The second line contains a brief description of the story. I try not to include any “spoilers” that would ruin the plot for you. The description should intrigue if you are interested in the subject matter, and warn you away if you are not. As always, *read at your own risk*. There's also an approximate word count of the story.

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## A New Perspective

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**★★★★ , M/Ff—Intense, consensual and non-consensual caning**

To help a frightened pupil, a former student demonstrates how to take a caning.

## Creeper Teacher

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

The sad story of an evil teacher that got girls to let him spank them.

## Details Matter

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

Melissa learns how her new stepdad spansks.

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**★★★★ , F/f—Intense, non-consensual and consensual spanking, paddling**

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Could slipping be a good luck charm?

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Children are repeatedly spanked.

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Living in paradise with four naughty young ladies.

## **Pretty Little Thing**

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

A school principal enjoys his job a little too much.



## **Promise Not to Tell**

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**★★★★ , mMMF/f—Severe, consensual spanking, paddling**

Lauren figures out how to get herself spanked.

## **Unofficial Option**

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Two girls volleyball players are offered a deal.

## **Wanting It**

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

A good girl dreads the cane... until she gets it.

# A New Perspective

**(★★★★, M/Ff—Intense, consensual and non-consensual caning)**

To help a frightened pupil, a former student demonstrates how to take a caning. (Approximately 3,078 words.)

**M**iss Debbie Swan worked to keep from smiling at the amazingly glum expression on the young girl inching into the office. She didn't even need to ask why Peyton was there or notice the pink punishment paper—it was written all over her face.

“Have a seat over there, Peyton,” she called out, waving to the row of chairs along the wall. “I’ll tell Mr. Pearson you’re here.”

The slim blond sank into a cushioned seat gratefully, not taking her eyes off the carpet. Her cheeks were pink with

shame, making her look even more beautiful than usual. Only fourteen, this was her first visit to the Headmaster and she was utterly terrified.

The secretary went to the instant message window with her boss and typed out:

Peyton Wickersham to see you. Pink slip.

The response was quick:

Give me fifteen minutes and then send her in.

Debbie did smile at that. She knew the man wasn't in a meeting, nor on the phone, so this was merely a ploy to keep the girl on edge. Waiting was a punishment in itself, especially for a first-timer like Peyton. She'd be praying she could avoid the cane, and that hope would keep her on pins and needles.

The secretary could well remember her first time visting Mr. Pearson for punishment. She'd been about Peyton's age, though without the stick figure build. Even then she'd had her trademark broad hips and heavy chest. All the attention had bothered her then. Now, at 22, Debbie accepted voluptuousness with pleasure. It went with her red hair.

She'd been so full of dread while she waited, probably in the very same chair where Peyton now sat. She'd gotten a few smackings at home, but nothing recent, since she "developed," and the thought of touching her toes for strokes of the cane was terrifying.

When the call finally had come for Debbie to go into the man's office, she was too petrified to move. He finally came

to his door to see what was keeping her. She had looked up at him in awe.

He was a slender man, thin haired, strong-nosed, with grimness about the jaw. He had less gray back then, but still the same fierce personality. At the time she'd thought him cold and official. Now, after being his secretary for nearly a year, she understood that this was merely a cover. He felt deeply for his pupils and being formal was simply a way to ease the tension.

She mentally fast-forwarded through the awful lecture, being forced to admit what she'd done (throwing a milk carton in the refectory), and her sentencing: a dreadful six strokes of the cane. What she recalled vividly was the feelings of shame and horror as she raised her skirt, leaned forward, and reached for her toes. Then came the pain. There was nothing like the sting of the cane. It took your breath away, made your eyes water no matter much you resisted, and it left a swollen, burning brand that throbbed for hours.

Six was a lot for a fourteen-year-old. Debbie hoped that poor Peyton was only due three or four. That was still extremely painful, but might be bearable

Debbie half-smiled again at the memory of her last caning. It had been just a few years ago, when she was eighteen. She'd tried to impress some friends with a prank on one of the teachers and it had backfired, resulting in serious damage to a car and a dozen of the best across Debbie's broad arse. Sometimes at night she thought she could still feel those strokes. Mr. Pearson hadn't been gentle or forgiving. It had been his car she'd smashed.

She was so lost in these memories that the ping on her computer startled her. She saw that nearly twenty minutes had gone by and she'd forgotten to send in Peyton. The headmaster was wondering what was going on.

"You can go in now, Peyton," Debbie called out quickly. She watched as the girl struggled to her feet and took hesitant steps toward the headmaster's door. She might have been entering a cave where a dragon lurked.

Once the girl was gone, Debbie grinned openly. She'd felt like that many times. How many visits had she made to the man for the cane? Even at times these days she felt that familiar squirm in her belly when she approached that door. It was ridiculous—she was the man's secretary and just doing her job—but too often she felt like a little girl again, going to the Head for the stick across her bum!

Debbie wiggled said bum in her comfortable steno chair. No stripes now. She almost missed them. Getting them was hell, of course, but later they were strangely fascinating, like the weird pain when you hit your funny bone.

She listened for the familiar swish and crack of the rod, but heard nothing. Mr. Pearson must be in fine lecture mode. That did not bode well for Peyton. She must have done something serious.

Suddenly the computer beeped again. Please come here said the message. Debbie frowned, puzzled as to why she was required. But she obediently got up and went into the Head's office.

Peyton, who should have been touching her toes for the cane, was crouched on a davenport in the far corner curled into a fetal ball and sobbing. Her eyes were as big as bowling

balls and she looked scared out of her mind. Debbie felt an intense pang of sympathy and had to fight the urge to rush over and embrace the poor girl.

Mr. Pearson was standing by his desk. The lean brown cane was still in his hands as he absently flexed it.

“Sir?” Debbie said, closing the door behind and approaching him. He nodded at her to step closer.

He leaned his head down to hers. “It’s her first time. She’s overcome with fear. I can’t get her to cooperate at all.”

“Let me talk to her, sir.”

Debbie went over to Peyton and sat beside her. She spoke softly, murmuring sweet nothings like “It’ll be all right” and “It’s not so bad, you’ll see.” But nothing she said made the slightest difference. The girl continued to sob and shake her head.

For the next ten minutes the secretary did her best to console the teen. She felt she understood Peyton’s fear, but she was at a loss at how to get through to her. It was natural to be nervous, but this reaction was over the top. Debbie wondered if she’d been abused or was merely extra-sensitive.

After a while, the headmaster caught her eye and she went over to him. Her report was not positive. Peyton was so distraught it would be cruel to force her to take the cane. Besides, the whole point of caning was to teach self-control and discipline. The canee had to actively participate and cooperate to show contrition and repentance.

“I have a radical idea,” Mr. Pearson said, scratching the faint stubble on his chin.

“What is that, sir?” Debbie asked softly.

“I’m not sure you will like it, but you don’t have to agree. Consider it a favor, however. To help Miss Wickersham over there.”

“I’ll do anything I can to help.”

“She’s never been caned and only has the horrors of her imagination to understand what it’s like. I was thinking... what if we showed her that a caning isn’t traumatic or devastating?”

For a moment Debbie didn’t respond. She wasn’t sure she was understanding the man, for it seemed like he was suggesting... but he couldn’t! She was 22, a grown woman, and it had been years—

“You have had plenty of practice,” said the Head gently. “I lost count how many times I thrashed you when you were a student here. Surely a mere six, at your age, would be a trivial thing.”

“Of course,” Debbie said, her heart racing. “It’s nothing.”

“So you’ll do it?”

She was nodding before she could stop herself, only thinking she was mad once it was too late to stop.

Mr. Pearson called. “Peyton, I’m going to prove to you that a caning is nothing to fear. Why it’s such a mild thing that Miss Swan has volunteered to take six strokes to demonstrate to you that you’ll survive this ordeal.”

For the first time, the slim blond stopped her crying and some of the tension went out of her body. She put her feet back on the floor, sitting up, and looked at the couple in disbelief. Her skeptical eyes mostly fell on Debbie, so the secretary stepped forward, nodding.

“It’s true, honey. I attended here and was frequently in

this office touching my toes for Mr. Pearson's cane. I'm not going to lie and say it didn't hurt, because it does. But it's not deadly agony. It's just stingy and intense. It's over in a minute, however. You'll see. Would you like to watch?"

Slowly the wide dark eyes shrank back to normal size as the teen nodded. She chewed on her lower lip nervously as she watched.

Debbie reached for her skirt. It was too snug to raise, so she decided it was easier to just remove it. She slipped it down and stepped out of it, placing it on a nearby table. She was trying not to blush, telling herself that Mr. Pearson had seen her in her knickers countless times, but these weren't school knickers—these were much skimpier, a dainty black pair she liked because they made her feel sexy. More than half her bum was bare, but then she hadn't known she was going to be caned when she dressed for work this morning.

Diving over to grab her toes was familiar. It was a pose Debbie had always struggled with, and with her adult girth she didn't even try—she just grabbed her ankles instead. Holding the position was going to be the challenge. It was hard enough when your ass wasn't burning with hot lines.

Mr. Pearson stepped behind his secretary and flicked the cane in the air. It made a whirring sound that caused Debbie's stomach to clench, but she held herself frozen. The rod then tapped her bottom, right across the middle. She held her breath.

There was a whoosh and a crack like a thunderbolt. Sharp sting shot into Debbie's nearly bare bum. She gritted her teeth to keep from gasping. She'd forgotten just how much a stroke of the cane hurt. And she still had five more



to go!

It wasn't until the third that she grew more comfortable. The pain was still intense, the burning seeping through her entire body, but at least now she knew it had reached a peak and wouldn't get too much worse. Further strokes just prolonged the torment.

She wiggled, wagging her big arse from side to side as she adjusted her feet. She stayed bent over and flashed a big grin at Peyton to let her know that everything was fine.

Then came four, a real sizzler down low, where Debbie's butt connected with her thighs. For a few seconds it was too much, but then she was over the hump and could think again. She held herself still for the fifth, taking it stoically.

The last one was always harder. She braced herself both physically and mentally. The hiss of the stick was incredibly loud, a vibrant whirr that warned of anguish to come. Then the rattan was wrapping itself across her rump, a crisp new line swelling up almost instantly. It was only pink at first, rapidly morphing into red and near purple.

Debbie let out her breath in a whoosh and stood up. She allowed herself a grimace away from Peyton, and then turned her face to the girl and smiled bravely. Behind her, her ass throbbed miserably. It felt twice as big as usual.

"See?" she said triumphantly. "There's nothing to it. It stings, but you'll survive. It's not that bad."

Peyton was staring open-mouthed. "Can— can I see?" she asked, reaching out a hand toward Debbie's bum.

The secretary nodded, rotating to show the girl her backside. Peyton got up and knelt by the woman, her hands carefully touching Debbie's heavy thighs. At first she just

stared at the reddening weals left by the cane, the marks pink inside with crimson edges. Then she tentatively touched one with a fingertip.

It was all Debbie could do not to yelp and move away. She forced herself to be stoic.

“It’s just a little welt,” she said. “It’ll be gone in a few days.”

“Doesn’t it hurt?”

“I feel it. But it’s not bad now. Stings on impact, though. Intense. You have to be brave, but the worst only lasts a few seconds.”

Peyton shook her head. “I’m not brave,” she said in a tiny voice. “I’m a coward. I can’t bear pain.”

“You’re stronger than you think,” said Debbie. “Trust me. I was very much like you. After my first caning from Mr. Pearson I thought I’d never experienced anything so awful and I vowed I’d never do anything naughty again. I think it was just a month later I was back. It was only for four that time, and though I was nervous, I knew what to expect and it wasn’t so bad. I got through it. I was caned a number of times after that. Got my last one just a few years ago, when I was eighteen and about to graduate. Fully deserved, of course. But definitely uncomfortable.”

“But you’re so much older than me. Of course you can take it. I’m just a kid.”

“I was fourteen when I got my first caning. Just like you.”

“Did you cry?”

“I think I did. But not because it hurt so bad. I was just afraid. Later I wondered why I’d made such a fuss. My fears

made me think it was worse than it was, you see?”

“It’s really not so bad?” whined Peyton.

“It’s going to hurt. There’s no getting around that. But you’ve experienced pain before. You get through it. You don’t seek it out, but it’s bearable.”

“I suppose,” sighed Peyton.

Mr. Pearson’s deeper voice rumbled. “Are you ready to take your caning, Peyton? It’s only four strokes.”

“It’ll be done in a jif,” said Debbie with an encouraging grin.

Peyton’s tongue was stuck in her throat and she couldn’t answer, so she nodded.

She allowed Debbie to help her with her skirt. The teen’s was loose and easily lifted. The older girl was amazed when she saw how plump Peyton’s backside was. Despite her thinness, she had jutting cheeks with plenty of padding for the rod to sting.

“You’ll be just fine,” Debbie said, giving the girl’s bottom a pat as she guided her into bending over. “Now don’t get up until all four strokes have been administered. You don’t want extras, do you?”

“No!”

Debbie stepped aside, allowing Headmaster Pearson to take her place behind the girl. The caned tapped, lined up, and then drew back. When it snapped forward, there was a shriek from Peyton who rose up, hands furiously clutching and squeezing her bum.

“Peyton, you can’t get up. I’ll let that go this time, but no more,” warned Pearson sternly.

“I’m s-s-sorry, s-sir,” cried the girl, rubbing her bum

frantically.

“You’re doing great,” said Debbie. “Not so bad, was it?”

“It really hurt!”

“Past tense. The worst is over quickly.”

Peyton gave a nod and bent back over. Her cute little bottom blossomed, widening and bulging. This time she tried much harder not to get up and almost succeeded. She at least resisted putting her hands back, though she did get almost vertical before recovering and bending back over.

Debbie pleaded with her eyes to Pearson and he shrugged and let it go. He lined up the rod just below the two red marks visible on the outskirts of the panties, and swished in it good and hard. The crack was loud in the small room.

“Ah! Ooh!” cried the blond, writhing and gasping. But this time she stayed down completely. She was weeping a little, tears trickling down her pretty face.

The fourth stroke was the hardest, a real beast down low, and Debbie stepped forward to help hold the girl’s frantic shoulders so she wouldn’t get up. Then it was over, the worst of the sting fading and Peyton, still weepy, was sighing.

“That’s it,” said Pearson, putting the cane on his desk. “I hope that taught you a lesson about punctuality.”

“Y-yes, s-sir,” sniffed the girl, wiping her face with the back of her hand. Her little bottom, only half-covered by the fallen down skirt, twitched. “I’ll never be late again, I swear!”

“Good. Next time it will be six.”

Peyton nodded somberly. She faced Debbie, impulsively

throwing her arms around the buxom secretary in a deep hug. “Thank you,” she said. “I’d never have gotten through that without your help.”

Wincing, she reached back to rub her bottom. “I can’t believe you took six for nothing!”

“It *was* nothing,” said Debbie, laughing. She believed it now, the vivid pain of the earlier thrashing replaced by warm heat that was not just pleasant, but pleasurable. She put a hand on her own bottom, enjoying the tender raised lines. Then she blushed as she realized she hadn’t put her skirt back on and was standing around in her tiny panties. She quickly got dressed.

As she and the teen departed, Debbie glanced back at the Head, catching his eye. They didn’t speak, but she grinned confidently at him and felt he understood. His radical experiment had worked and a dangerous precedent had been set. Debbie had the distinct feeling that this wouldn’t be the last time she got the cane!

**To continue reading, buy the full book at [The Flogmaster Bookstore](#)**

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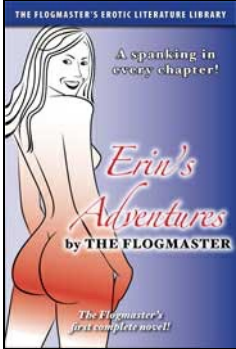
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### Novels

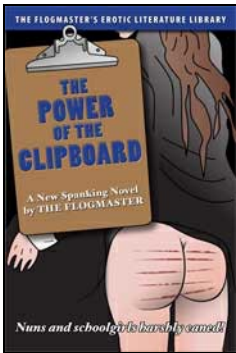
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#### ***Erin's Adventures***

(mostly F/f)

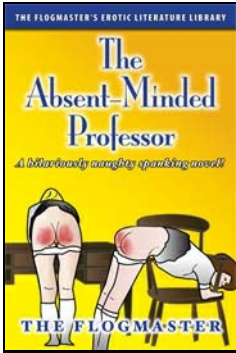
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



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

(mostly M/f)

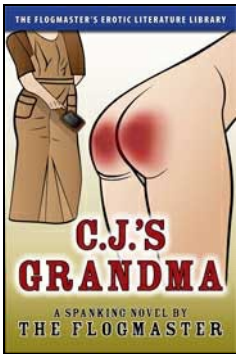
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



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

(mostly M/f)

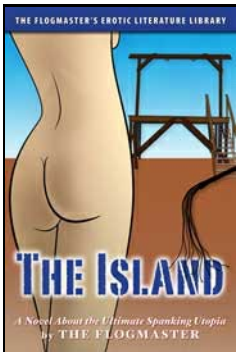
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



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

(mostly F/f and f/f)

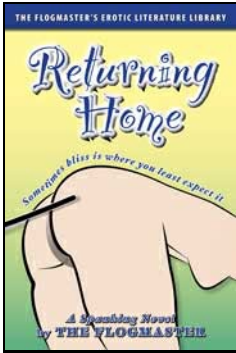
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



### ***The Island***

(mostly M/F)

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

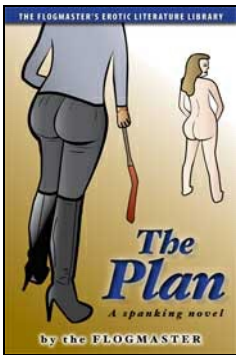


### ***Returning Home***

(mostly M/f)

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

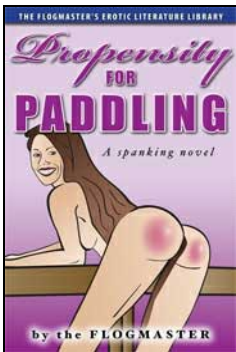
53,000 words.



### ***The Plan***

(mostly MF/f)

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



### ***Propensity for Paddling***

(mostly M/f)

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

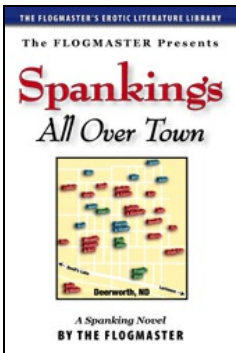




### ***Cutiepie***

(M/F/f)

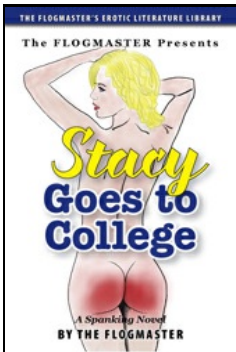
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



### ***Spankings All Over Town***

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

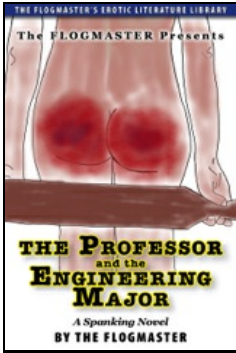
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



### ***Stacy Goes to College***

(M/F)

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



### ***The Professor and the Engineering Major***

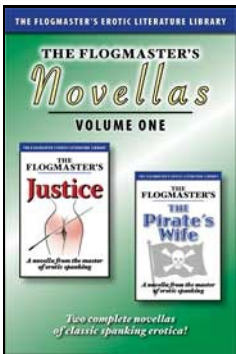
(M/FF)

When a depressed divorcee goes back to college in a tough major, she discovers that strict discipline is just what she needs to get her life back on track. 30,000 words.

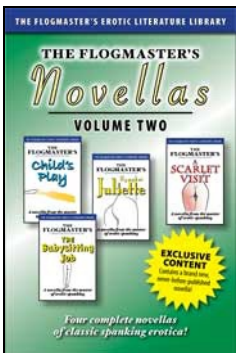
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## **Novella Collections**

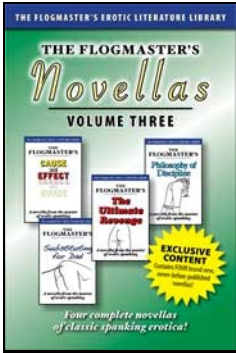
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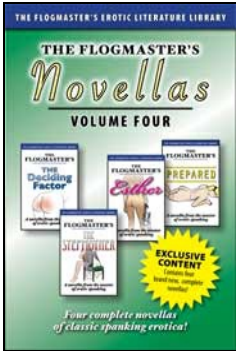
**Volume 1— *Justice*:** (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. ***The Pirate's Wife*:** (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



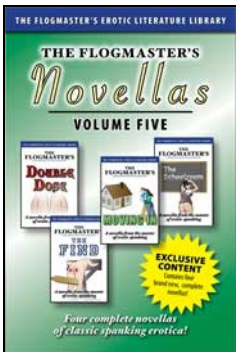
**Volume 2— *Child's Play*:** (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. ***Nymphet Juliett*:** (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. ***Scarlet Visit*:** (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. ***The Babysitting Job*:** (MF/f) A girl's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



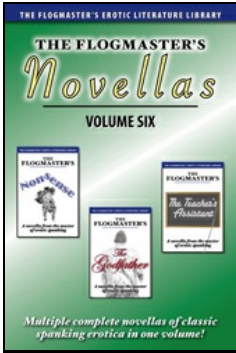
**Volume 3**— *Cause and Effect*: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline*: (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad*: (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge*: (MF/Ff) A girl plots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



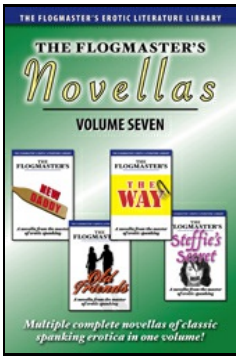
**Volume 4**— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



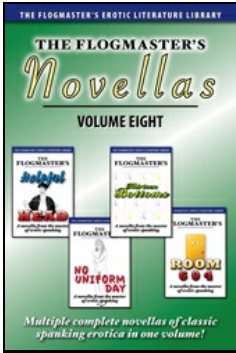
**Volume 5**— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and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



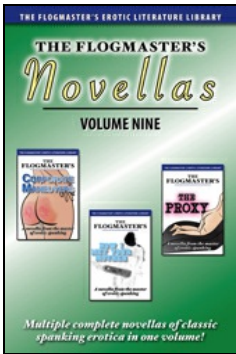
**Volume 6— Nonsense:** (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather:* (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant:* (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



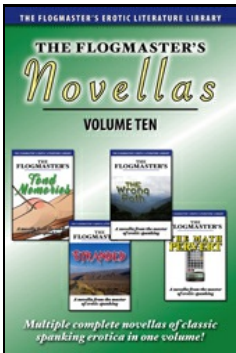
**Volume 7— A New Daddy:** (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends:* (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret:* (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way:* (m/f) A boy is trained to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



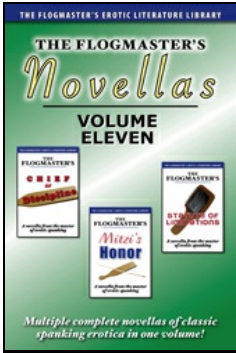
**Volume 8**— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



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



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



**Volume 11**— *Statute of Limitations*: (F/F) While visiting her mother, a woman reveals a childhood crime and is shocked when she's punished for it.

*Mitzi's Honor*: (M/FF, F/MMF) Two professional contractors for rival mob families are assigned to take each other out. *Chief of Discipline*:

(M/FFFFF) Girls at a college are punished.



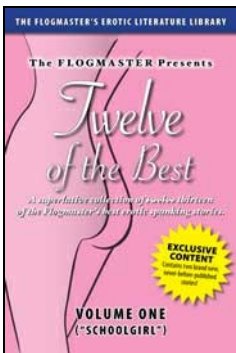
**Volume 12**— *Nurse Patty*: (F/f) A new girl at a strict school finds solace in a kindly nurse. *Brother and Sister*: (MF/fm) Orphaned twins are raised by strict step-parents. *Workaround*: (Mfm/fm) In the

1940s, a girl and a boy sent to a disciplinarian, figure out a workaround. *The Devil Made Me Do It*: (M/fff) A 1950s lawman abuses his authority.

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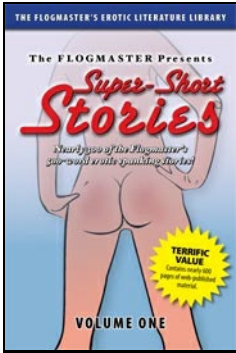
## Short Story Collections

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### ***Twelve of the Best: Volumes 1-38***

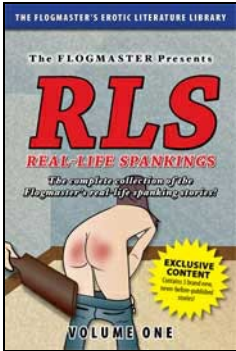
Over 450 stories divided in books focusing on the punishment of adults or children.



### ***Super-Short Stories: Volume 1-3***

Short and sweet: nearly 500 500-word stories.

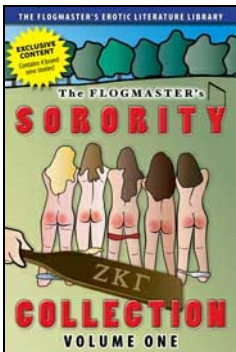
(Mostly /f or /F)



### ***Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1-6***

Spanking stories dramatized from real-life

experiences. (Mostly /f or /F)



### ***Sorority Collection: Volume 1***

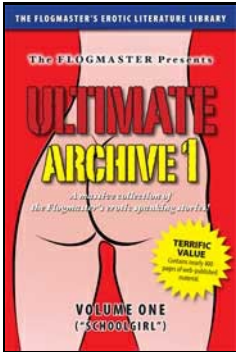
All of the Flogmaster's published sorority stories,

plus four new exclusives to this book. (Mostly /F)



### ***Sorority Collection: Volume 2***

Fourteen brand new Flogmaster sorority stories: *A Hearty Dose of Reality, Sorority Justice, College Girl, Costume Mistake, Greed, Just a Paddling, Old Friend, Pledge Pain, Punishment for Sexual Harassment, Sorority Practice, The Hairbrush or the Paddle, The Paddle is Waiting, The Sorority Paddle,* and *Tiptoes.* (Mostly /F)



### ***Ultimate Archive: Volumes 1-4***

The Flogmaster's free story website in four huge books!

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## The FLOGMASTER'S Twelve of the Best: Volume 26

STORIES IN THIS VOLUME:

- ◆ ***A New Perspective*** —To help a frightened pupil, a former student demonstrates how to take a caning. ◆
- Creeper Teacher*** —The sad story of an evil teacher that got girls to let him spank them. ◆
- Details Matter*** —Melissa learns how her new stepdad spansks. ◆
- Down a Peg*** —Teenage actress gets maintenance spankings to avoid becoming a spoiled brat. ◆
- Familiar Face*** —A horny teen craves punishment from her friend's father. ◆
- Good News*** —Could slipping be a good luck charm? ◆
- Museum Exhibit*** —Children are repeatedly spanked. ◆
- My Girls*** —Living in paradise with four naughty young ladies. ◆
- Pretty Little Thing*** —A school principal enjoys his job a little too much. ◆
- Promise Not to Tell*** —Lauren figures out how to get herself spanked. ◆
- Unofficial Option*** —Two girls volleyball players are offered a deal. ◆
- Wanting It*** —A good girl dreads the cane... until she gets it. ◆

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