

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-NINE
("ADULT")**

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

Excellent stories! Very well written!

G.B.B.

You write delightful stories.

I.C.

*Wow, well OTT I must say, the dear Father certainly enjoyed
himself and another meeting scheduled!*

S.M.S.

Super hot! And awesomely creative! Thank you!

M.L.A.

An excellent story very well told.

F.N.S.

Who would want a second act?

P.R.

*Cane first and ask questions later! Ah, that's the attitude that
built the Empire. First class!*

D.K.

Selected Excerpts

From *I Knead You*:

“What... what are you doing?” she whispered. She could feel Rusty rubbing his head on her left thigh. He was nestled between her spread legs and his furry ears were doing something *amazing* as they brushed across Melissa’s exposed pussy each time he dipped his head for another rub.

Rusty paid no attention to his guardian’s question. He was purring gently, rubbing his cheek along the smooth marble of the woman’s legs. When he reached the intersection of the limbs, he sniffed the moist pink skin exposed there. Then, before Melissa could react, he leaped up in a bound onto the plump cushions of her ass.

Melissa gasped. The sensation of a cat walking across her butt was exotic and fantastic. With her ass so sore, the feeling was magnified tenfold.

From *Marital Training*:

That night Sarah downloaded some spanking stories and read them in bed. She was surprised at how hot they got her. But there was one that she found amazing. It turned out to be a female-male story, with a woman paddling her husband. He was “in training,” so each spanking was harder than the previous, until he got so he could endure some fantastically hard paddlings.

The story fleshed out the idea Sarah had at the back of her mind. What she needed was practice—training—and then she’d learn to take the hard spankings of the kind Liam favored. It was a brilliant, though terrifying idea. But if she started small and worked her way up, it was feasible, wasn’t it? After all, the wedding was eight months away. Plenty of time for her to learn.

From *Rump for the Cane*:

“If I just gave you this car with no restrictions, no sacrifice, you’d enjoy it, but a part of you would feel like you’d cheated somehow. That’s why this car comes with a caveat.”

“What is it?”

“Pain. If you want the car, you’ll have to suffer for it. That’s your sacrifice.”

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-NINE ("ADULT")

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

About the Warning labels

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

Paul Bunyan and the Great Lakes

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

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

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

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

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

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

Contents

All Grown Up

★★★★, FF/FM—Intense, semi-consensual caning
Two adults learn each other's secrets.

Confession Is Good for the Soul

★★★★, M/F—Severe, cons paddling, strapping, caning, birching
A girl goes to Confession.

I Knead You

★★★★★, M/F—Intense, implied spanking, cat kneading
A spanked woman's cat tortures her.

Kali

★★★★★, M/F—Extremely Severe, consensual paddling
The wife gets punished.

Marital Training

★★★★★ , F/F—Severe, consensual spanking, paddling, caning, strapping

A woman prepares for her wedding with the ultimate gift for her fiancé.

The Perfect Punishment Process

★★★★ , ?/?—Serious, birching

An essay on the advantages of the birch.

Rump for the Cane

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

On her eighteenth birthday, a girl gets a special present.

Smile

★★★★★ , M/F—Intense, consensual spanking and first-time sex

A geek meets his woman.

Smile II

★★★★ , M/F—Severe, consensual spanking, paddling, switching

A loving couple incorporates their kink into their lives.

Ten

★★★★★, M/F—Intense, consensual paddling, hot sex
Girlfriend asks for a few paddle swats prior to intercourse.

The Slut

★★★★, M/F—Severe, consensual paddling, sexual activity

A naughty girl seduces her teacher.

When It Rains It Pours

★★★★, FFFF/F—Severe, non-consensual spanking, paddling, strapping

When a girl has an appointment for the cane after school, it throws off her whole day and she gets into constant trouble.

All Grown Up

(★★★★, FF/FM—Intense, semi-consensual caning)

Two adults learn each other's secrets. (Approximately 3,975 words.)

Elyse was 32 years old. She looked like a grownup. She was 5-10, robustly built, with mature hips and breasts. Certainly no skinny teen.

She was even dressed like a grownup. Right now she had on fire engine red designer slacks, heels, and a flattering alabaster white short-sleeved top that cost her a month's salary, back when she had a job. She had elegant earrings, a nice bracelet, and a cute silver locket hanging from her neck. She was dressed up without being too dressed up. She'd done her hair into a neat bob that made her look like a sophisticated twenty-something, and her teeth were white and clean.

So why didn't she *feel* grown up?

Elyse looked at herself in the full-length mirror in the

foyer. She looked good, at least as good as she could without losing weight and having plastic surgery. Not that she had plans for either. She'd long ago concluded that she was a big gal and was going to be happy with it. For her size, she wasn't fat. Just big-bottomed.

A half turn showed her that bottom, the smooth curves plumply filling out the back of her red pants. She clearly had a rump, no getting around that, but it looked nice. Full, yet shapely. That could be her motto.

The only thing she couldn't see were the lines on her ass. She knew they were there. She could feel them every time she moved. They were almost swollen enough to make ridges in the smooth fabric of her pants. She could feel them when she passed a palm across her butt, but that made the weals throb, so she didn't do that.

Unfortunately, she had to move, and moving also revived the pain. She'd just have to live with that. There was no way to go out on a date and not move. Sitting, either. She'd have to sit. For all she knew David had organized a romantic carriage ride, or maybe bumper cars at the amusement park. It was Murphy's Law that after a caning there were always lots of sitting activities. In the days after a caning Elyse always discovered new speed bumps she'd never noticed before.

She shifted again, the lines blazing to life. Damn her mother. She loved the woman, but why did she still treat Elyse like a child? She was 32 years old!

Of course, technically there had been just cause. For as long as Elyse had been alive, coming home after midnight had earned her a stinging bottom. It was just that she

hadn't realized such rules still applied to her now.

Well, that wasn't exactly the whole truth. The thought had actually occurred to her, but she'd dismissed it as absurd. Yet she had felt a twinge of guilt. She'd known how strict and intractable her mother was, and yet she'd stayed out late with her old girlfriends anyway. If she'd called and said she was going to be late, it probably would have been fine. Not smart to just waltz home after hours as though she owned the house.

Eight strokes. With the longer reformatory rod. When Elyse was a teen, the penalty had only been six with senior. It didn't sound like much of a difference, but eight with the reformatory was like a dozen with the senior, and eight with anything was twice as bad as six. And six with any of her mother's canes was bad.

Elyse flushed as she recalled the shame of bending over naked in her mother's study, and then the stinging cracks of the cane across her bare bum. It had been almost ten years since her last thrashing and she'd forgotten how much it hurt. (How could she have forgotten? It was seared into her skin!)

At least she'd taken it fairly well. There were some skills you didn't lose. She'd gotten enough extra strokes as a kid to learn early on that you didn't want them. Staying in position was vital. It had been harder than usual to hold still while her ass was branded with a red-hot iron, but she'd managed. Eight was enough.

Her mother hadn't lost her skill, either. Every stroke had been livid, full across both buns, with plenty of penetrating verve. She hadn't missed a one. Not a single stroke had been

easy, a sighter or a warmup. They'd all been dreadfully hard.

Elyse wondered if her mom had been keeping practice somehow. Whacking the neighborhood brats, perhaps? She smiled at the thought of local parents paying to have her mom cane their rebellious teens. She pictured a line of sullen young men and women flowing out the door demand was so high. Every so often a teary-eyed girl or boy would rush out of the building clutching their burning buns, blushing with shame. Watching parents on the sidewalk would clap in approval. Then the line would inch forward, the guts of those waiting clenching a little tighter as they knew their turn was that much closer.

Maybe they wouldn't even be all kids. Elyse imagined several glum-faced adults in the queue, including a few ladies she knew! Then her evil mind put herself in the line, oddly wearing the same outfit she had on now, fidgeting as she waited for her turn to bend over for the cane.

Crazy, she thought. *I've already been caned.* But she shifted her weight from foot to foot nervously as though another thrashing was imminent.

The doorbell rang and for a second, she was panicking. She wasn't even sure why. The bell had just sounded ominous, as though it sealed her fate. Then she realized David was at the door. She checked herself in the hall mirror once more, then rushed to let him in.

"Took you long enough," he said angrily. "I was about to ring again."

Elyse gasped, befuddled, and without realizing it her hands flashed to her bottom, covering it protectively. She stepped back, alarmed at the man's tone.

Then David grinned and laughed. “Just kidding!” he said, stepping inside and giving Elyse a kiss on the cheek. Then he pulled his hands from behind his back and produced a small bouquet of red roses. In the other hand was a box of fancy Belgian chocolates.

“You can only have one. You have to choose.”

“Wh-what?” said Elyse.

He laughed again. “Kidding! They’re both for you, of course. Are you ready to go?”

Since David seemed to be in a hurry, Elyse quickly put the flowers in an empty vase by the door. The chocolate she hid behind a photo frame in the foyer, for she knew her mother wouldn’t approve. The woman seemed to think that sweets were to blame for her daughter’s figure instead of the genetics she brought to the table.

Outside on the porch, Elyse turned to David. “Please don’t tell me we’re going on bumper cars.”

His eyebrows went up. “Never thought of that. Is that a thing?”

She shook her head. “Never mind. It’s a long story.”

They headed out, Elyse closing the front door and then realizing in the commotion she’d forgotten her purse. She ran back inside, finding her key, and carefully locked the door behind her. She’d been punished more than once for leaving a door unlocked.

She was halfway down the walk when she remembered her cell phone. She’d taken it out of her purse and put it on the kitchen charger since it was low. Her instinct was to rush back for it, but David was at the car holding the passenger door open and she didn’t want to appear to be a

dumb blond, forgetting her head that wasn't attached. She decided the cell wasn't crucial. David would have his if there was an emergency.

Once in the car, Elyse settled down. David's entrance had put her off her game. She'd really thought he was upset. His tone had been just like her mother's when she was angry. Elyse could hear the woman in her head using all three names to call her daughter—a clear sign that a bottom was about to be reddened.

The drive was pleasant, even though Elyse's bottom felt every crack in the pavement. She grinned at David and giggled at his jokes, which were many. He was in a good mood and kept complimenting her on her appearance. The flattery made her feel good. By the time they arrived at the expensive downtown restaurant, she was giddy as though she'd drunk too much wine.

David let the valet take the BMW and rushed to open Elyse's door and escort her inside.

"Oh David, I'm not dressed up enough for a place like this!"

"Nonsense. You look great. I love those pants!"

Their reservations were for seven and it was eight after, but their table was still available. David seemed relieved.

"This place was hard to get into," he said. "I had to pull some strings. Normally you have to place your reservation a month early."

"Wow. Is this a special night? Why'd you go to all the trouble?"

"It is special. It's our third date!"

Elyse wondered what that meant. Was she expected to

put out? Since the divorce, she hadn't dated much and was out of practice. She wondered if she'd missed a social cue and had agreed to something without realizing it.

Her worry must have shown on her face, even in the dim light of the restaurant, for David took her hand and reassured her.

"Hey, no pressure," he said. "I'm not expecting anything. It's just that our first date was coffee, and the second was a casual dinner. Since we're getting along so well, I thought we could splurge and do something special tonight. Are you okay with it?"

"Of course. And thank you. It really is lovely."

"Wonderful! Now get anything you like. My treat."

Elyse looked at the menu. She gulped. "David, there are no prices on here!"

He laughed. "Yup. It's that kind of place. If you have to ask, you can't afford it, as they say."

Once again, Elyse felt like a child. This time it wasn't because her mother was ordering her to take down her pants for a spanking, but because of the miserable state of her bank account. It had been tough since the divorce. For the last two years, she'd been scraping by. She wondered what David would think if she told him her net worth couldn't even pay for the tip in a place like this.

"Relax," David said. "It's really not a big deal. I can afford it. And I'm not trying to be an ass and show off. I don't do this kind of thing often. It's just I've heard great things about this place and I've always wanted to come. I didn't want to come by myself, or with someone who wasn't special. Think of this as a treat for me, okay?"

Elyse smiled. “Okay. I think I’ll go with the duck,” she said, pointing at the menu. “I’ve no idea how much it costs, but I haven’t had duck in years and it sounds delicious.”

“Excellent! You won’t mind if I have a bite? I’d just like to taste it. I’ll share my lobster and sea bass with you.”

“Of course!”

Their waiter arrived and they ordered, David also asking for a bottle of wine and a shrimp fondu appetizer. The first course soon arrived and they gorged. She dipped some bread in the cheese and shrimp and it was decadent. *This will go right to my hips*, she thought. But it was so yummy she didn’t care.

She was pleased to see David had a healthy appetite. She was certainly hungry. The thought flashed through her head that she always seemed to eat more after a caning, and that made her fidget on her cushion so she could feel the eight lines burning there.

Is it ‘feed a fever?’ she thought. I certainly have a fever down there. And it’s moving forward. God, I’m so turned on! David is amazing.

She had her mother to thank for the setup, as little as she liked to think about that. David was the son of a friend of her mom’s, and despite all her mother’s praises, when she finally met him, she thought he’d been undersold. He was tall and good looking without being pretentious, and he was polite without it being weird. He had an executive job at a helicopter parts maker. She hadn’t realized he was this well off, though.

More courses arrived. Elyse enjoyed her light salad, made with exotic lettuces and a delicate raspberry dressing

that was delicious. Then there was an eggplant soup she admitted sounded dreadful, but turned out to be amazing. She couldn't even taste any eggplant.

By the time her duck arrived, she wasn't feeling very hungry. But it was so good she ate every bite—except for the two pieces she gave David, made up for by a huge bite of his tender sea bass with roasted red potatoes and a chunk of his lobster drizzled in butter.

“New York Cheesecake for dessert?”

“Oh God, David. It sounds heavenly, but I really am stuffed. Maybe if we walk home and walk back I'll be able to eat a few bites!”

He laughed. “I know. I'll tell you what. I'll get it to go! Then you can enjoy it whenever you'd like.”

It was a great solution, but immediately Elyse had a vision of her mother discovering the cheesecake in the fridge and calling her to the study for an explanation. She wanted to refuse the offer, but she couldn't explain why to David, so she just nodded and thanked him.

Then they were driving along the coastline. She never even saw him pay the check he was so smooth. For a moment it amused her to think he'd skipped out on it and they were on the lam.

The moon was out and it was a wonderful night, almost as clear and bright as day. David parked on an overlook and they curled up together in the front seats and watched the waves down below. It was so comfortable being in his arms that Elyse felt like she'd known him for years. She barely noticed when the kissing started. When she became aware of it, it was to note they'd been doing it for a while.

She could feel the man's excitement and eagerness, but he was kind and gentle and patient. His passion was well-controlled and that impressed her, though a part of her was willing him to just tear her clothes off and have his way with her.

She pressed against him harder, her mouth against his. He tasted better than their expensive meal. She put a hand down low and discovered something hard and grinned at him. He was looking apprehensive.

"Listen, Elyse—"

"What's the matter? We're both consenting adults."

"Yes, and I'm very attracted to you, but—"

Elyse pulled away. "There's a but?"

"Yes, our mothers—"

"What do our mothers have to do with anything?"

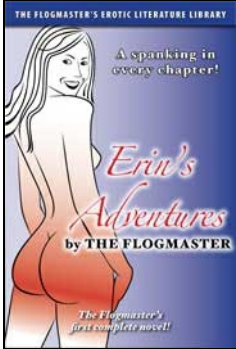
David sighed. "They're friends, you know."

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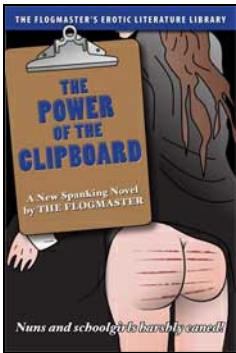
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

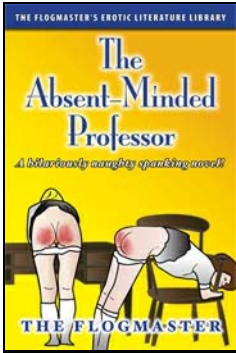
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

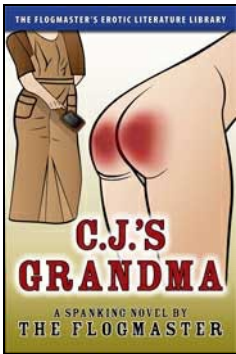
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

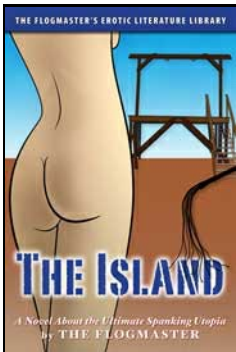
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

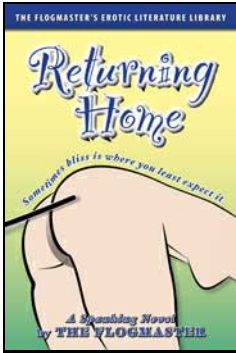
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



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.

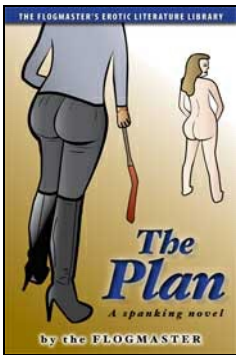


Returning Home

(mostly M/f)

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

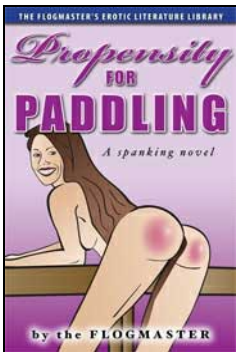
53,000 words.



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)

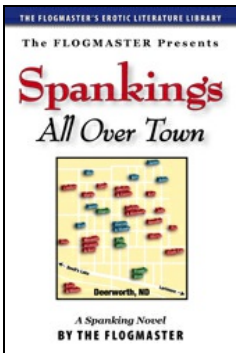
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(M/F/f)

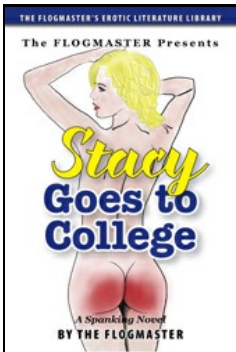
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



Spankings All Over Town

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

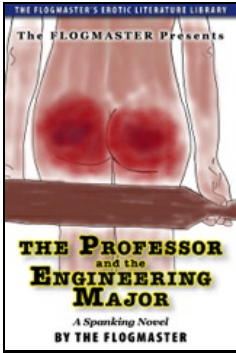
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



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.

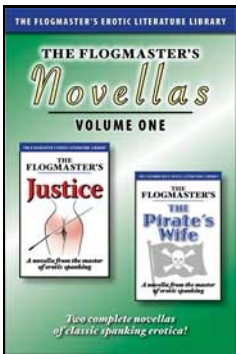


The Professor and the Engineering Major

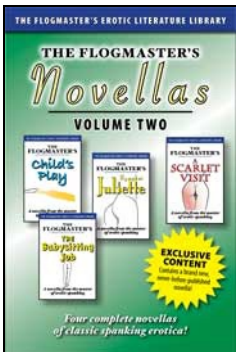
(M/FF)

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.

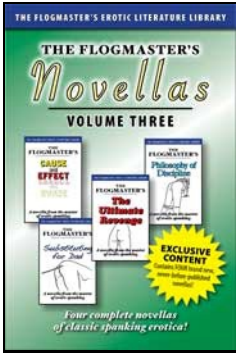
Novella Collections



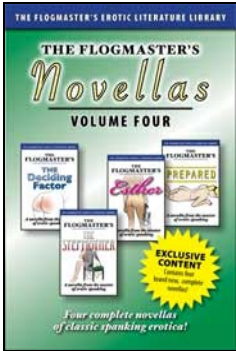
Volume 1— *Justice*: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. ***The Pirate's Wife*:** (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



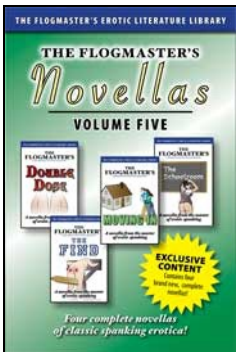
Volume 2— *Child's Play*: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. ***Nymphet Juliett*:** (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. ***Scarlet Visit*:** (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. ***The Babysitting Job*:** (MF/f) A girl's babysitting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



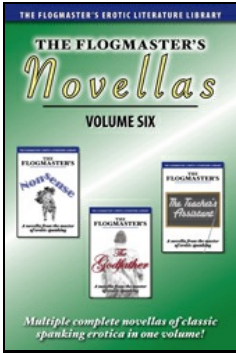
Volume 3— *Cause and Effect*: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline*: (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad*: (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge*: (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



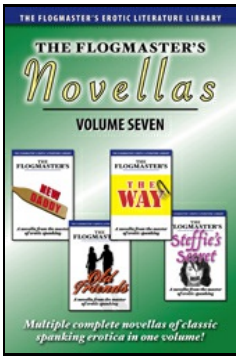
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



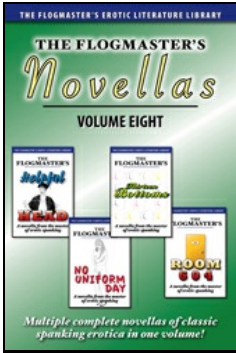
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



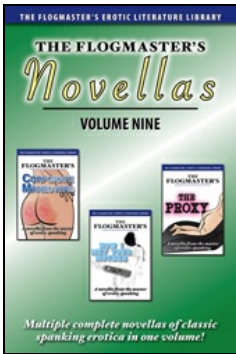
Volume 6— *Nonsense*: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather*: (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant*: (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



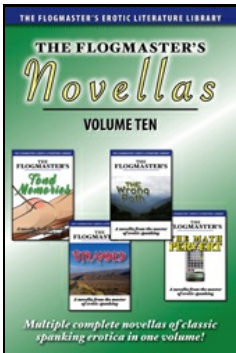
Volume 7— *A New Daddy*: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends*: (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret*: (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way*: (m/f) A boy is trained to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



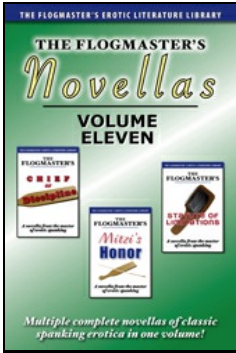
Volume 8— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



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



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



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*:

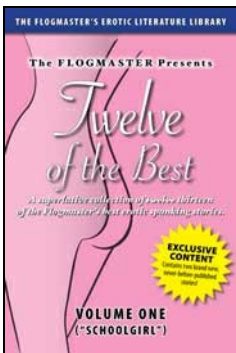
(M/FFFFF) Girls at a college are punished.



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

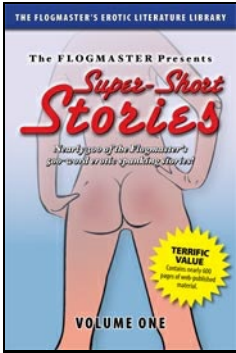
1940s, a girl and a boy sent to a disciplinarian, figure out a workaround. *The Devil Made Me Do It*: (M/fff) A 1950s lawman abuses his authority.

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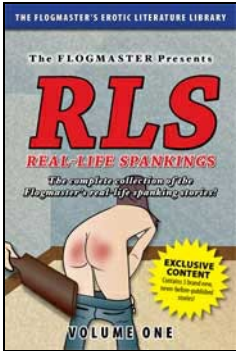
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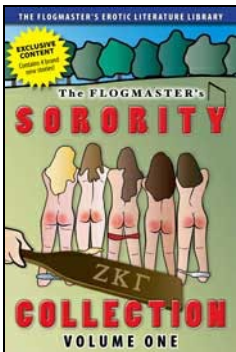
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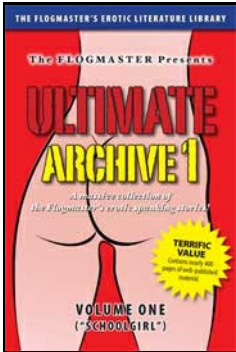
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