

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 THIRTY-TWO
("SCHOOLGIRL")**

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

Sounds like a fun game for a spanking party!

H.W.D.

Wooof! Ms Lakley decided to deliver an unmistakable message to that young lady.

G.

As always, a quite original approach. Intense.

Y.A.T.

A sad story, but like life, with a flavour of happiness. Nice writing.

N.B.

What a dream of a story. He was a very clever boy. He got his wish.

S.B.

That is funnier than hell!!!

G.B.B.

I really enjoyed the writing style and the story. I look forward to reading more of your stories.

C.U.

Selected Excerpts

From *A Delicate Balance*:

She knew exactly where to place her feet, standing about twenty inches from the desk so that when she leaned forward, her rear bulged up and out sweetly as though inviting the paddle to slap it. She put her palms flat on the table and waited.

“I wish I could give you more than three licks, Mastrianni.”

The girl froze. “Uh... sir?” she panted, staring straight ahead, her cheeks on fire. “You, uh, you... could. If you want. I mean, I deserve it. I’ll take four, or five. Whatever you think is fair.”

From *Lookie-Loos*:

Beth was used to attention given to her ass. In fact, she’d come to rather enjoy it. She’d long ago realized she couldn’t do much to hide her hindquarters—even the official school skirts hung outward like a shelf behind, prompting more than one instructor to cop a feel back there to ensure the girl wasn’t “padding,” and Beth had endured several canings for having skirts too short until she realized the girth of her behind was raising the hem.

But she’d never experienced anything quite like this. The whole school was talking, for no one had ever heard of anyone taking eighteen with the cane before. She blushed as her skirt was raised and her panties lowered. Her audience gasped and oohed and ahed.

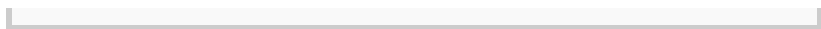
From *Powerplay*:

“There’ll be three rounds of punishment,” the college boy explained. “First round is over your clothes. Second round is over underwear. The final round is nude.”

“Shit!” muttered Jaz under her breath.

Brad ignored the profanity because he realized she was cursing her fate, not arguing against it. In other words, she was still willing to take the paddling over being reported. He was more worried about Darla, as she was so conservative. But she just nodded and handed the paddle back.

“I bet that really hurts on the bare,” she said.



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 THIRTY-TWO ("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

A Cure for Guilt

★★★★★, M/f—Severe, semi-consensual caning
Punishment makes her feel good.

A Delicate Balance

★★★★★, M/f—Severe, consensual paddling, strapping
A girl tries to get paddled.

Along for the Ride

★★★★★, MMM/ff—Severe, non-consensual spanking,
paddling
Two girls get in trouble, but only one pays the price.

Escalation

★★★★★, M/F, FF/f—Severe, non- and consensual
caning
A grown woman remembers how she came to love the cane.

Lookie-Loos

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

strap

A schoolgirl tells her peers about her terrible punishment.

More Than She Bargained For

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

A cheeky girl isn't afraid of a spanking... until she gets one.

Powerplay

★★★★ , M/fff—Absurdly Severe, semi-cons paddling

Brad blackmails three girls into taking a *really* hard paddling.

Punish Her Just Like Your Own Daughter

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

Two best friends are spanked together.

Teacher's Pet

★★★★ , F/f, M/F—Severe, nc and cons caning

A schoolgirl returns as a teacher.

The Secret to Success

★★★★★, M/f—Severe, consensual caning

How a girl gets perfect grades while having a social life.

The Third Beating of the Day

★★★★★, MMM/f—Intense, non-consensual caning

A schoolgirl has a fateful day.

Well-Trained

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

A schoolgirl gets a more severe punishment than she expected.

A Cure for Guilt

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

Punishment makes her feel good. (Approximately 3,497 words.)

The guilt was eating Olivia alive.

She was a good girl, studious and kind, and she'd never been in trouble. She'd never been physically punished, at least that she could remember. It was possible she'd been spanked as a small child, because she had a deep-seated, healthy respect for the word *spanking* that turned her knees to jelly and made her heart pound like a trip hammer, but she had no conscious memory of the event.

It was therefore truly a crisis of conscience that made

her tap on the Head's door that Saturday afternoon. She'd never been so afraid in her life, but she also knew she couldn't live another minute with the awful guilt.

Since it wasn't a school day, she was dressed casually in sky blue jeans and a forest green sweater. She still came across as utterly adorable. Her long corn-yellow hair was bound in a neat single tail that descended between her narrow shoulders. The dip of her back was profound, sweeping in at the base and then swooping out in a jutting rump that strained rear of her pants. The butt was petite, but very round and perfectly symmetrical. The cheeks were solid and toned from hours of yoga and running, for Olivia was a firm believer that a healthy body was just as important as a healthy mind.

Her face was heart-shaped with a tiny nose, plump cheeks that dimpled when she smiled, and snow-white teeth. Her dark brown eyes, normally wide and round and soulful, now brimmed with tears. A small slim girl, she looked even smaller as she stood with bowed head and sobbed out her story to Headmaster Brookfield.

"I swear I didn't use the answer key myself, but I was given a copy, and I know I should have reported it at once to Mrs. Harrison. I didn't, and for that I deserve to be severely punished."

She continued on, detailing the plot, but refusing to name names. Brookfield listened calmly for ten minutes without a word, until Oliva's weeping was so great that she became unintelligible.

"You realize that if you do not name the cheaters, Mrs. Harrison will have no choice but to invalidate the results of

the entire mid-term?”

“Yes sir.”

“You’re prepared to take your punishment for your role in this crime?”

“Absolutely, sir,” replied the terrified pupil. “I didn’t steal the answers or have anything to do with the plot, but I didn’t report it and I deserve punishment for that.”

“Very well. Remove your trousers and everything beneath and lean against my desk. You will receive twelve strokes with the senior cane.”

Olivia gasped. “My... pants?” she moaned. “Sir, that can’t be— I can’t take down my pants!”

“Canings are traditionally given on the bare bottom, Miss Rowe.”

“I didn’t know!” cried the little blond. Her face was as red as a peony. She shook her head. “Sir, I can’t do that. I just can’t!”

“If you won’t, then I can beat you over your jeans, but the punishment will be doubled. Two dozen strokes.”

“Yes sir. That’s fine, sir,” the girl quickly responded.

Headmaster Brookfield stared at her in surprise. No one ever took that ridiculous option. It was just there to encourage naughty students to accept canings on the bare.

“Are you certain?” he asked. When she nodded, he shrugged. “Very well. But standard rules of comportment apply.”

“What does that mean, sir?”

“You will remain across my desk for the duration of the beating. No getting out of position, putting your hands back to protect your bottom, or any other shenanigans. If you

violate these rules or fail to cooperate fully in your punishment, the stroke won't count and I'll add on an extra stroke."

Olivia winced and nodded. "I understand, sir."

He motioned to the desk, but she was too busy watching him fetch the cane to move. She saw the rack of rods and noticed he skipped the smaller ones on the bottom and reached for the longest and most severe-looking cane at the very top. When he took it down, he flexed it with both hands and then swished it through the air. It made a dreadful hissing sound that was ice on Olivia's bones. She shivered.

"Over the desk, please," he grunted. "Stick out your bottom nice and high."

Olivia blushed as she obeyed. The position was strangely lewd, with the hem of her sweater rising as she leaned across the table so that her bottom was fully revealed. At least she still had her jeans on, though she wasn't sure they protected enough of her modesty. They were extremely snug and with no rear pockets, the pale blue fabric was satin smooth and revealed every curve of her rump. It was embarrassing to have that rather private portion of her anatomy so on display, but she couldn't even imagine how much worse actual nudity would have been. She congratulated herself on her wisdom of choosing the extra strokes.

Something touched her bottom. She tensed as the stick tapped her ass several times in warning. *I wonder how much this will hurt?* she thought distractedly. She took a deep breath and held it.

There was a blur of sound and violence. Raw, white-hot

pain assaulted her. The cane seemed to slice through her like a sword. She'd never felt such agony in her life. With a shriek she rose to her feet, her hands flashing to her bottom to grip the throbbing cheeks. She squeezed big handfuls of flesh, wincing as incredible feeling shot through her. She heard distant screaming and realized it was her.

"Miss Rowe, that was disgraceful," said the Head sternly. "You are to remain in position for the duration of the correction!"

"I'm sorry, sir. But it *hurt*." Hurt was the understatement of the century. Olivia had never felt such an intense pain. There was a throbbing band of swollen anguish across both cheeks blazing even as she tried frantically to squeeze and rub the pain away.

"That is the intent. Back in position. That stroke won't count and I'm adding one penalty stroke to your punishment."

"Yes sir," Olivia whimpered. She released her bottom and reluctantly leaned back over the desk. She gripped the far edge with all her strength, determined to not let go no matter how much her bottom burned.

That was easier thought than accomplished. The cruel cane cut into her bottom a second time and for a split second, she thought she was dying. If anything, it was worse than the first stroke. She couldn't believe anything could hurt so badly. No wonder girls tried to avoid the cane.

The third stroke came in and suddenly her bottom was hurting all over. She could feel the three glowing welts across different areas of her rear, but they were so close together they seemed to merge and she was mainly aware

that her entire backside was on fire.

The fourth cut made her yell. She heard it crack incredibly hard into her and then she was howling. She somehow managed to hold her position, but she was rocking on her heels and wiggling her ass frantically. It was awful.

With five the pain reached a peak that was too much. The stick drove low into her butt, almost across her thighs, and she was standing and clutching before she realized it. Her sobs increased when she heard the Head say the stroke would be repeated, plus he was awarding her with another extra.

During the next few strokes Olivia began to realize that she was in a marathon. This wasn't about the agony of a particular stroke—this was about enduring a punishment to the very end. Suddenly twenty-four blows with a cane sounded like an impossible burden. How could she have been so stupid as to request this? Not only had she confessed to a crime that would have gone unnoticed if she'd kept her mouth shut, but she'd doubled her punishment by refusing to take down her pants.

At nine she couldn't hold her position and put one hand back on her haunch before she'd realized it. She cursed herself, but it was far too late.

"You now have three extras when we're finished, and the main count's up to twenty-seven," said Headmaster Brookfield.

Olivia groaned, weeping at this news. She gripped the desk harder, more determined than ever to withstand the searing assault. But the cane was truly evil, a vile

punishment device that hurt without wounding. That meant the pain could always escalate. Her bottom was on fire, but it wasn't burning up, so more fire could be added. Each new stroke hurt still more, the burn spreading wider and penetrating deeper.

She felt the pulsing of the lines painted across her bottom. Her jeans felt much too small, her rear cheeks swelling from the beating and putting an even greater strain on the thin fabric. She began to worry that the pants would burst and she'd be exposed after all!

Somehow Olivia held on through twelve, but thirteen was unlucky. It was a low cut, just down from the incurve of the base of her bottom, and she was up dancing without control. The streak of fire coursing across her rump was just too much. She sobbed and begged for mercy.

"This is getting tedious, Miss Rowe. Not only does that stroke not count, but I'm now adding two penalty strokes every time you get out of position!"

Sobbing, Olivia forced herself back over the desk. She was feeling overwhelmed and defeated now. If this was a marathon, she was already at her breaking point. She wondered how much more she could take.

Unfortunately, unlike a marathon, this was happening to her, instead of her doing it. It would happen regardless of her cooperation. The only thing that her lack of stoicism brought her was an extension of the punishment. She'd totally lost count by now, but figured she'd was due well beyond the original twenty-four—and now that she'd tasted the cane, that two dozen seemed beyond awful.

Fourteen, then fifteen came. She held on. Sixteen was

terrible, then seventeen. She writhed, the tears flowing steadily. Her bottom was nothing but pain, her vision a blur of red.

Eighteen. A stern cut that took her breath away. For a split second she almost lost it, but just managed to keep her cool and stay down. But then the next stroke came so fast it was unexpected and she was standing and trying to pluck the pain out of her bottom.

“We’re now going to twenty-nine,” said the Head grimly. “And you’ve got seven extras coming to you.”

Olivia panted. Her muscles ached as she grabbed the desk. She felt like she might collapse. She wished she could faint into unconsciousness, but the pain raging through her buttocks was keeping her wide awake and keenly aware of all the agonies she suffered. She held on as the lean rod pasted fresh welts across her round bottom.

She almost made it. It felt like an eternity of steady beating, and in a way she couldn’t believe she lasted as long as she did. But the tension kept building and building and eventually her willpower gave way. Stroke twenty-seven didn’t count and she was awarded two more penalty strokes.

Fortunately, after the twenty-seventh that didn’t count, she only had to endure three more. The pain was awful, but she did it, sighing with relief when the thirtieth blow throbbed across her buttocks.

“Now for the nine extras,” said the Headmaster.

“Oh please, I can’t possibly take another nine!” sobbed Olivia.

“These will definitely need to be on your bare bottom.”

“What? Oh no! I can’t!”

“You’d really rather have eighteen more instead of nine?”

Olivia shuddered. Eighteen sounded like a billion. It was nearly as much as the two-dozen she’d started with. There was no way she could go through that again. Baring her bottom hardly seemed like such a travesty any more, not compared to the pain of nine more strokes.

“I’ll... I’ll take down my pants,” she sobbed, rising and fiddling with her fastenings. Almost desperately the jeans descended, quickly followed by the tiny white silk that was her underwear. Bare, her bottom felt the cool air of the room and she blushed.

Yet there was a tiny thrill in the exercise. *She was showing off her bare bottom to a man!* A part of her realized that she felt shame not because she was truly ashamed, but because it was how she was *supposed* to feel. Good girls were to be modest and blush when their pants were taken down. Perhaps she was not a good girl after all.

“The same rule about staying in position applies, Miss Rowe. Except I’m upping the penalty to three extras per violation.”

“Oh sir, at this rate, this will never be over!” she cried. If she rose up just twice—quite likely with nine to go—she’d be looking at eleven plus six, a terrible toll that would surely be extended even further when she stood up during those extras!

“I could tie you down.”

Under normal circumstances that was a nightmare prospect, but now Olivia welcomed the idea. “Wonderful, sir. I’d appreciate it.”

“We’ll round it to twelve strokes for the privilege,” said the headmaster. Olivia was not in a position to argue. She merely shrugged.

She followed the Head to a straight-backed chair, shuffling with her pants and panties about her ankles feeling terribly naughty and delighting in it. She said nothing as her legs were separated and strapped to the chair’s legs on its right side. Then she was bending over the seat with her hands braced on the rungs between the left legs. He fastened her wrists to the chair and she was trapped, unable to rise or interfere with the punishment. Such helplessness should have terrified her, but she found it dangerously thrilling. It was so exotic, so different from her normal life where she had to be in control of everything. This was true punishment.

Brookfield stepped behind her and extended the long cane. Olivia shuddered, knowing how much it hurt, and yet she was strangely excited. Her bottom felt large, the soreness of the caning so far warm and good, the heat therapeutic.

Then the stick hissed and white-hot agony shot through her. The pain was sharper and cleaner without the jeans to protect her. The odd thought that occurred to her was that it was... *better*.

She felt the rod sink deep into the chubby base of her bottom and it excited her. It hurt terribly, of course, but bizarrely she wished it would hurt even more. She was both delighted and horrified when the cane caught her again in the same area, welting the skin and making the flesh shudder.

Her ass felt plump and womanly. She could feel air between her legs on her private parts and wondered what the man could see. There was nothing she could do stop him, of course. Her legs were bound apart to the chair so she couldn't squeeze her thighs together. She was forced to expose herself—surely that wasn't her fault. She wasn't being deliberately lewd. But then why did she feel such shameful delight? Was she *hoping* the man was looking?

But Headmaster Brookfield seemed utterly focused on delivering searing pain to her buttocks. He beat methodically, lashing the rod down with real venom, each snapping stroke driving the air from her lungs and making her toss her hips and dance wildly, restricted by the tethering of her limbs.

Olivia was astonished when the Head suddenly commented, "Two more," and proceeded to deliver a fierce cut low in the join of buttock and thigh. She yelped and moaned, writhing as the intense pain slowly eased. She couldn't believe there was only one stroke left. The dozen extras had gone by in a flash. Her ass was on fire, throbbing all over, but she was almost disappointed that the punishment was over.

The final slice was the worst of all, of course. It had to be an exclamation mark, a triumphant finale to an excruciating correction. Olivia couldn't breathe for a few seconds after the wicked cut, and then she was left with a profound burning that seemed to consume her entire rump.

It's over, she thought with amazement. She felt like a completely different person than she'd been when she stepped into the office so long ago. Had it been minutes or

days? She was fundamentally changed. She didn't understand how or why, and couldn't have explained the differences, but she knew she was new.

Brookfield began to untie her bonds. He wasn't in a rush and she didn't encourage him. She stood there calmly naked, her hot, raging bottom twitching with prickly pain, and waited until she was free. Then she drew up her panties and jeans, which were uncomfortably tight.

"Thank you for punishing me, sir." Olivia's heart soared. She felt free like she hadn't in all her years. It wasn't just that the guilt over the cheating scheme was gone—guilt for a dozen other tiny sins had also been erased. She felt calm and relaxed. She wasn't worrying about her next exam, her college essay, her GPA, and a million other concerns that normally consumed her life. Those things were still important to her—but she didn't need to obsess over them.

"You do realize that if you'd just taken the original dozen on the bare skin as most girls do, your punishment would have been far less severe?"

Olivia blushed as she realized what the man was saying. How foolish she had been! Just to spare her the indignity of showing off her naked butt she'd endured thirty with the cane over her jeans, and then she'd gotten twelve bare anyway as a penalty!

"I'm sure I deserved it, sir," she said coolly. "Perhaps next time I could be bound from the start?"

"There'd be a higher price for such generosity. Half the purpose of a caning is to teach you self-control. You can't do that tied up. I let you off with just three this time because you'd already been beaten quite a bit."

“If I did want to be bound from the beginning, what would be the price?”

“Double the strokes.”

Olivia’s breath was ragged. “So a twelve stroke bare caning becomes twenty-four?”

“That’s the price.”

Might be worth it, she thought. Out loud she found herself saying, “Maybe... I should come back next Saturday. I didn’t actually cheat, but my reluctance to tattle wasn’t just because I didn’t want to be a snitch. A part of me seriously considered taking a peek at that answer key. I put off reporting it because I thought I might want some extra help on the exam.”

“So you *might* have cheated. You were tempted.”

“Yes sir.”

“Perhaps another caning or two is due, in that case. Saturdays are a good time for me,” said the Head. “I’m usually doing boring paperwork in the afternoon.”

“You wouldn’t mind?”

“Of course not. Caning a naughty girl’s bottom is no trouble.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“Your punishment may require several sessions.”

Ice traveled down Olivia’s spine. She nodded. “Yes sir. I understand, sir.”

The man’s eyes were thoughtful as he studied her. “It might also behoove you to have a little warmup. Perhaps a dose of the paddle-board, and maybe a little spanking.”

“What... ever you think is best, sir,” Olivia said weakly. Her bottom twitched as though it knew it was the center of

discussion.

“It’s settled then. I’ll see you at this time for the next few Saturdays. You can count on at least a sharp dozen on the bare with my best cane, plus some spanking.”

Olivia left the office in a daze. Her bottom ached. Just the weight of her steps joggling the heavy cheeks brought tears to her eyes. She didn’t understand what had happened at all. Somehow she’d talked herself into repeating this experience not just once, but several more times.

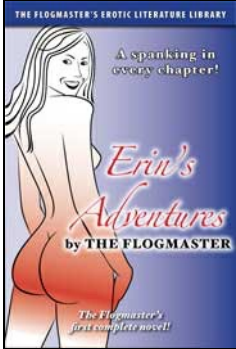
That didn’t bother her, however. She knew that deep down she was a bad, bad girl. She deserved lots of punishment, and it sounded like she was going to get it!

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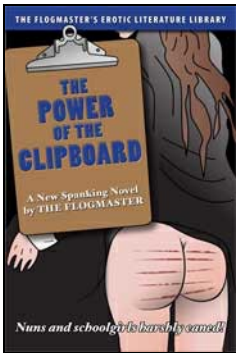
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

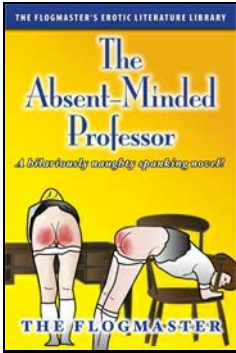
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

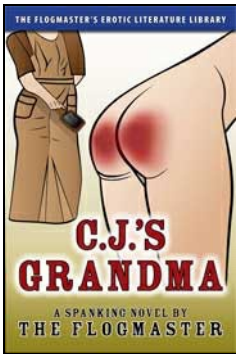
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

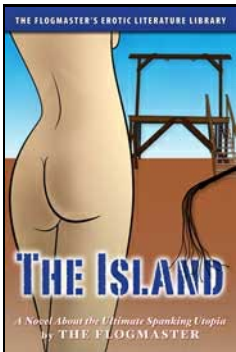
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

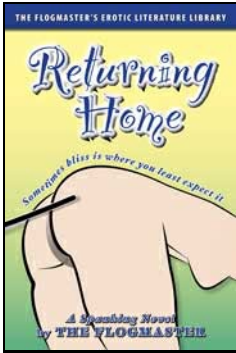
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



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.

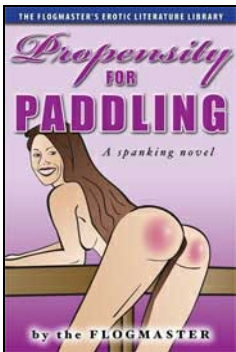
53,000 words.



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)

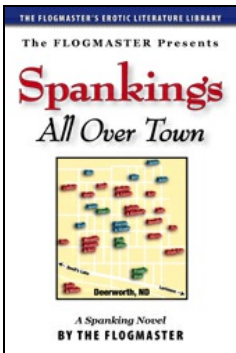
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(M/F/f)

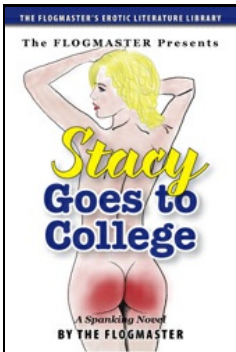
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



Spankings All Over Town

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

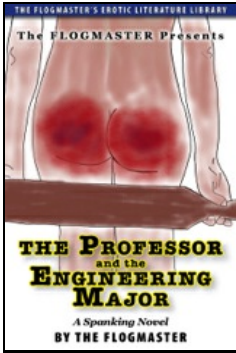
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



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.

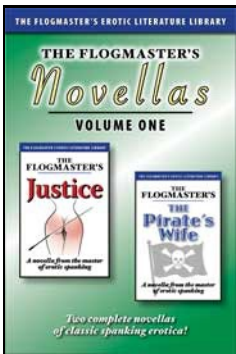


The Professor and the Engineering Major

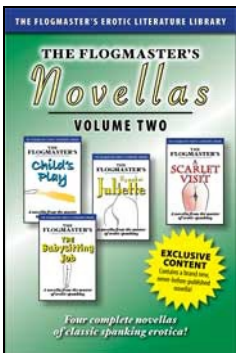
(M/FF)

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.

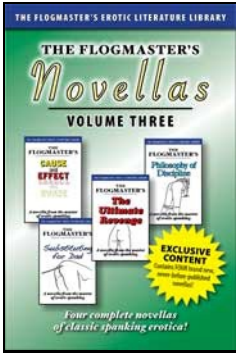
Novella Collections



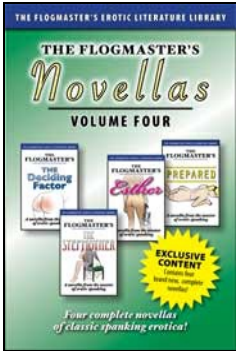
Volume 1— *Justice*: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. ***The Pirate's Wife*:** (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



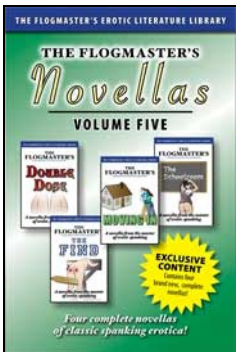
Volume 2— *Child's Play*: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. ***Nymphet Juliett*:** (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. ***Scarlet Visit*:** (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. ***The Babysitting Job*:** (MF/f) A girl's babysitting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



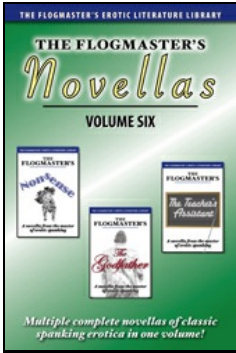
Volume 3— *Cause and Effect*: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline*: (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad*: (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge*: (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



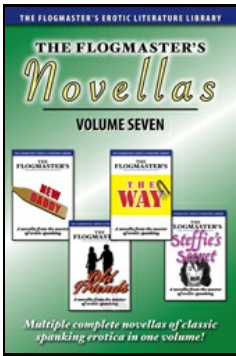
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



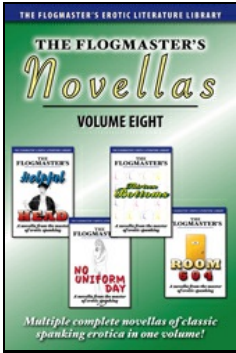
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



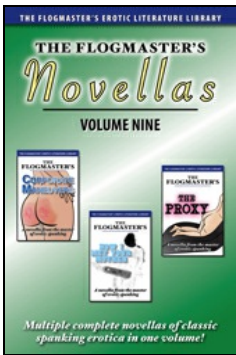
Volume 6— *Nonsense*: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather*: (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant*: (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



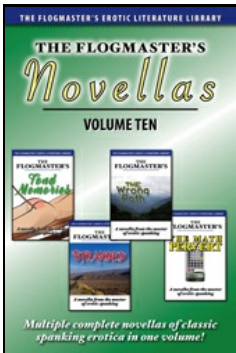
Volume 7— *A New Daddy*: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends*: (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret*: (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way*: (m/f) A boy is trained to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



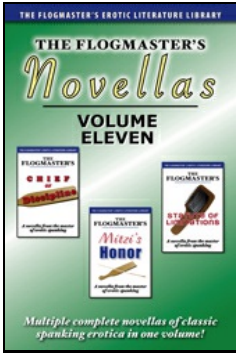
Volume 8— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



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.

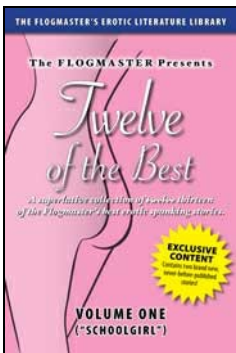


Volume 11— *Statute of Limitations*: (F/F) While visiting her mother, a woman reveals a childhood crime and is shocked when she's punished for it. *Mitzi's Honor*: (M/FF, F/MMF) Two professional contractors for rival mob families are assigned to take each other out. *Chief of Discipline*: (M/FFFFF) Girls at a college are punished.



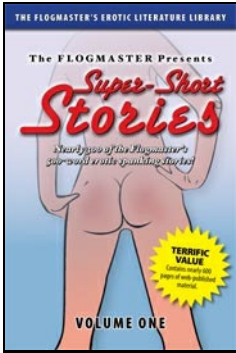
Volume 12— *Nurse Patty*: (F/f) A new girl at a strict school finds solace in a kindly nurse. *Brother and Sister*: (MF/fm) Orphaned twins are raised by strict step-parents. *Workaround*: (Mfm/fm) In the 1940s, a girl and a boy sent to a disciplinarian, figure out a workaround. *The Devil Made Me Do It*: (M/fff) A 1950s lawman abuses his authority.

Short Story Collections



Twelve of the Best: Volumes 1-38

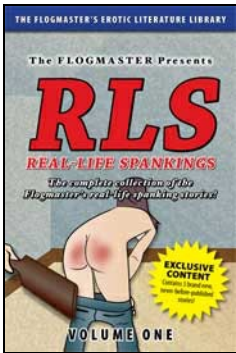
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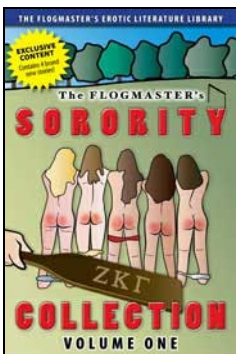
(Mostly /f or /F)



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Sorority Collection: Volume 1

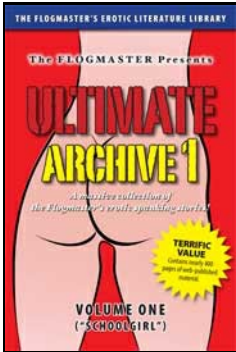
All of the Flogmaster's published sorority stories,

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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)



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- ◆ *A Delicate Balance* —A girl tries to get paddled. ◆
- ◆ *Along for the Ride* —Two girls get in trouble, but only one pays the price. ◆
- ◆ *Escalation* —A grown woman remembers how she came to love the cane. ◆
- ◆ *Lookie-Loos* —A schoolgirl tells her peers about her terrible punishment. ◆
- ◆ *More Than She Bargained For* —A cheeky girl isn't afraid of a spanking... until she gets one. ◆
- ◆ *Powerplay* —Brad blackmails three girls into taking a *really* hard paddling. ◆
- ◆ *Punish Her Just Like Your Own Daughter* —Two best friends are spanked together. ◆
- ◆ *Teacher's Pet* —A schoolgirl returns as a teacher. ◆
- ◆ *The Secret to Success* —How a girl gets perfect grades while having a social life. ◆
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