

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-THREE
("ADULT")**

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

The progression of physical punishments has led to the intrigue of this adventure. The introduction of the paddle into the plot was exciting for the reader.

C.P.

All Presidents need a good whipping, some more than others.

P.R.

That is funnier than hell!!!

G.B.B.

My, rather a special variation of the well-known dating game.

A.R.D.

Nice story.

B.H.

I am not to thrilled on futuristic stories, but this story was real good.

S.B.

Writing in the first person very effectively communicates that she likes it!

S.B.G.

Selected Excerpts

From *Instructions for the Head*:

Tara's eyebrows rose. "Mrs. Carlisle caned you more than once?"
"Oh, many times! I was in here nearly weekly during my first year."

"But you're so well-behaved!"

Sydney smiled and nodded. "Now. I *amn*ow."

From *Revenge Is Best Served HOT*:

Delores eyed me coldly. "I also had to take a note home to my folks. The note said I'd been paddled for vandalism. How do you think that went over?"

"My mama put me right over her knee, that's what! She spanked me with her hand and then a hairbrush, and it wasn't a brief spanking. She nearly wore out that brush on my butt. And then I had to stand in the corner with my skirt up and my pants down until my father came home. And you know what he did? He took off his belt and whipped me until I couldn't sit down for a week!"

"Sheesh," I muttered. "That's terrible."

From *The Wake-Up Call*:

"Whipping?" gasped Jill. "That's... that's crazy! You're not whipping me!"

"It's the law."

"I'd rather pay the fine," Jill said.

"I told you, there is no fine. Two years ago the Supreme Court ruled that fines are discriminatory. The poor can't afford to pay them and the rich aren't hurt by them, so they aren't a punishment. But everyone has a bottom that can be whipped. I doubt you qualify for a medical exemption—you look very healthy."

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-THREE
("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

Fast and Frequent

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

Bratty Katie gets spanked. A lot.

I Bought a Prison

★★★, MMFF/FFFFMM—Severe, consensual paddling, caning, strapping

Female and male inmates suffer authentic prison floggings.

Instructions for the Head

★★★★, FF/FFFFF—Severe, semi-consensual caning

A new headmistress gets instructions on how to cane.

Jelly

★★★★, M/F—Severe, non-consensual strapping, caning, lots of sex

A woman is jealous of the women her husband canes.

Officially Painful

★★★★ , MM/F—Severe, non-consensual paddling, caning

Court mandated punishment is administered. Sort of.

Perfect Maid

★★★★ , M/F—Severe, non-consensual caning, rape

A lord does what he wants with a maid.

Revenge Is Best Served HOT

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

A crime from long ago is unveiled and steaming hot justice is applied.

The Gray Tights

★★★★★ , M/F—Intense, consensual spanking, sex

Skintight tights provoke a man.

The Tree

★★★★★ , m/F—Severe, consensual strapping

A boy finds a naked woman hugging a tree.

The Wake-Up Call

★★★★★, M/F—Intense, non-consensual strapping

An aimless rich woman discovers a new lease on life.

Tourists

★★★★, M/FF—Severe, semi-consensual whipping, caning, birching

Two American tourists in Britain re-enact a painful moment in history.

Wheel of Variety

★★★★, M/f7m4—Extremely Severe, non-consensual, a dozen different implements

A tough farm family has an unusual punishment system.

Fast and Frequent

(★★★★, M/F—Absurdly Severe, non-consensual spanking, paddling, strapping)

Bratty Katie gets spanked. A lot. (Approximately 4,411 words.)

Katie had a problem. She was a gorgeous girl, slender with a figure that turned heads—both male and female—and an angelic face that would have been at home on a magazine cover. That wasn't her problem. The problem was that she was 18 and still in high school. A *junior* in high school, to be precise.

That meant she had another whole year to spend in purgatory, and since her birthday was in September, she'd be 19 most of that time. She was college age, for fuck's sake! What was she doing stuck in a remedial home for *children*?

It was all her father's fault. His military career had so interrupted her schooling when she was a kid that she missed a whole year. At the time it hadn't been a big deal. Katie rather liked being the oldest back then. But now she was chaffing at being an adult while still being treated like a child.

Katie hated rules. Her father, naturally, adored them. He was a rule-maker and rule-follower. Katie was a rule-breaker. She'd never seen one she wasn't tempted to circumvent. The only rule her father ever broke was the wooden one he'd snapped across her bare bottom once.

Yup. Major Anderson was a spanker. Not just any kind of spanker, either. But the worst kind. The *enthusiastic* kind. As in the kind who wouldn't think twice about paddling his little girl for the most trivial of offenses. He'd spank her anywhere: in a store's changing room, at a rest stop, or on their front lawn with all the neighbors gawking. Hell, he'd once spanked her in the food court at the mall for the love of heaven!

If Katie needed spanking, her father didn't hesitate. It didn't matter if she was 12 or 21. When she broke a rule, her bottom paid the price.

It was her *bare* bottom, too. Major Anderson was a stickler for that little detail. A spanking wasn't a spanking if you couldn't see what you were doing. It'd be like reading a book with it sealed shut in a box. The only way to judge it was to unwrap it and read it.

In the case of Katie's bottom, that was more like *red* it, since he assessed the effectiveness of a spanking by how sore and inflamed her skin became. You couldn't do that

through jeans or even thin panties.

Katie had recently argued that she ought to at least be able to wear a thong when she was spanked. She actually put one on to show him how it protected her modesty and left her cheeks bare.

His response was that she knew she was forbidden to wear such trashy attire... and he put her across his knee for a sound paddling. *After* he'd confiscated the offending garment, of course. And then he whipped her good for buying the forbidden thing!

The one good thing about Major Anderson was that he didn't believe in drawing things out. He prided himself on efficiency. So his spankings were quick. The time from sentencing to execution to aftermath was measured in just a few minutes. Katie always felt discombobulated after a spanking, as though she'd been spun around in a tornado and gently set back down right where she started.

The bad thing about Major Anderson's spankings was that though each one didn't last long, he wasn't shy about awarding them. It wasn't at all unusual for Katie to get several spankings a day! They were so frequent her bottom was in a perpetual state of throbbing.

Now you might not think a fast spanking could be much of a spanking, but then you don't know Katie's father. He was an expert. He could bare her bottom and have her across his lap in five seconds flat. Then he'd grab up a wooden paddle and whack those chubby sitters so hard that Katie figured her *babies* would be born with blisters.

It wasn't just a few smacks, either. When he was in the mood, he could deliver a swat to *both* cheeks in less than

one second. Even a one minute spanking—over almost before it started—left Katie as raw as a peeled potato, her buttocks blasted with over a hundred vigorous spansks.

Of course, it wasn't often that Katie only got away with a measly one minute spanking—usually it was at least three. The way her father spanked, that was hell itself, an order of magnitude worse than a “quickie.” She hated those fast spankings, but when she was getting a longer one, a one minute bout sounded like heaven.

Though Katie didn't like getting spanked, she was just as much of an expert at receiving them as her father was at giving them. Both had been doing it for most of her life. This didn't mean that Katie had some sort of spanking immunity or a bottom of rhinoceros hide. No, she felt the pain intensely. But half of enduring a spanking was mental, and she had that down. She wasn't *afraid* of a spanking. She thought of them as something to be avoided, like an unpleasant chore.

That attitude, combined with her tendency to leap without looking and her current teenage rebellion, meant that Katie was in trouble more often than not. She also had a bad habit of making it even worse for herself, with stubbornness, pouting, and out and out defiance.

Remember that scene in *The Breakfast Club* where Judd Nelson's character defies the principal and keeps literally asking for extra detentions? Katie was like that.

Except she wasn't getting detentions—she was getting spankings. She always regretted her stupid big mouth later, but her father never let her off one, even if she apologized.

“You earned it,” he would say. “Now take your

medicine.”

She sure hated that phrase.

In a typical scenario, Katie would commit some minor crime—wearing an “inappropriate” outfit (i.e. one that revealed her sexy teenage body)—and her father would tell her she’d earned a spanking.

“Oh come on!” she’d grouse, and then she’d roll her eyes, which would naturally escalate her from the hairbrush to the medium paddle. That would get her angry and she’d stomp her foot and maybe even mutter an obscenity.

Her spanking would be doubled.

When she protested that, her father would say something like, “Would you like to make it *two* spankings?”

And she’d say “Why not make it three?” or something equally idiotic.

Her father would agree, and Katie, instead one quickie for a low-cut blouse, was suddenly in for three or four extensive workouts.

She wouldn’t necessarily get them all at once. Sometimes he used different implements right in a row, like a strapping after the hairbrush over his knee, but other times he’d spread them out. It could be one per hour, one per mealtime, or one every day for a week. Whichever he chose, Katie didn’t like it.

Too many spankings in a row was terrible, but so was knowing you had spankings scheduled in the future. It was one thing to be punished for something naughty you just did, and quite another to know that on Saturday at noon your ass had a hot date with a paddle.

Saturdays were supposed to be fun days, days to go to

movies and the mall and out on dates with hot boys, not paddles. Having a spanking in the middle tainted all the other fun. Not that Katie let it bother her too much. She regarded it as a bad thing, like finding an unpopped popcorn kernel in your microwave bag—not exactly the end of the world.

The problem was that Saturday fun usually meant Sunday punishment. Coming home late, having hickey marks or smeared makeup or disheveled clothes, smelling of booze or cigarettes, overspending on the “emergencies only” credit card, or a dozen other infractions, would earn Katie a spanking right then and probably another one in the morning. If she’d been really bad, there’d be a longer one after church.

Sundays were already bad enough without adding spankings in the mix.

And don’t get her started on Mondays. Having to get up at dawn and go to school sucked, and at least twice a month she overslept and got her ass bopped for failing to rise.

Then there was her homework. You know, the stuff she was supposed to have been working on all weekend? The stuff she told her dad was “under control” usually wasn’t, and if he investigated like he did occasionally, she was likely to be driving to school on a butt lined with scarlet lashes.

If she hadn’t gotten it before school, her odds of getting it after were high. Mondays (and Fridays) seemed to be the time when teachers would send home warning letters. For most kids they were just that—a warning about a poor grade or study habits or disruptive behavior. For Katie, they were a death sentence for her behind. If she was lucky, it was only

one spanking. Unlucky, and it might be a paddling every day after school that week.

Tuesdays were usually better. They were like Thursdays: a bit invisible and forgotten. Katie could sometimes get away with stuff on those days.

Wednesdays were the opposite. Bad stuff always happened on Wednesdays. It was long enough into the week for her to be slightly restless and let down her guard and say or do something wrong. She might hang with the girls or visit a boy and forget the time or lie to her dad and say she was at the library, knowing there was a high chance he'd check her story.

Often she was just in a mood and would "sass" him, whatever that meant. Wednesdays were when a lot of chores were due, and Katie didn't like chores. A wrinkled nose, loud sigh, or mere muttering was likely to get her bottom smacked. If she complained, which she usually did, she'd get another at bedtime.

Fridays... well, you might as well put her down for a spanking right now for Friday. Usually the morning was safe enough, as Katie was excited for the week to be over and looking forward to the weekend. But school on Fridays was terrible: quizzes and tests were scheduled then, as well as large projects like research papers and essays and oral reports.

After school she just wanted to go to the mall and shop and eat greasy food and party, while her dad wanted a blow by blow account of her whereabouts and what she was doing. Most of her friends, despite being younger, had curfews later than her 11:30 p.m. It was hard to leave

parties early or come up with excuses to go home on time that didn't sound chickenshit. She usually didn't bother and just took the curfew flogging.

If she had more than one thing on her naughty list, she might get two spankings or have one scheduled for early Saturday. Her dad liked that. Nothing quite like having to get up at 6 a.m. on your sleep-in day to get your bare ass reddened. Even if Katie was dead on her feet before the punishment, she was wide awake after. Going back to sleep with a butt steaming with pain was impossible and set the whole day on a bad note.

Yet despite the constant risk to her backside, Katie was an adventurous girl. She was accustomed to punishment and took it in stride. It was a just a bump in the road, like rain on a picnic day. A bummer, but just bad luck. It rarely occurred to her that she could have avoided quite a few of her spankings, if only she was more obedient and less rebellious.

Perhaps she felt it was her duty to complain. She certainly wasn't a wallflower and about to accept a whipping without a protest. Even when her whining cost her, she at least had to make it clear that she disagreed with her father's decision.

A typical example of the situations she got herself in was what happened a few months ago when she was shopping for jeans. She was in a changing room and admiring her booty in the sleek new pants. They were tighter than tight, and really made her ass look good. She had a nice ass, not that tall, but much wider than her slim waist, and it really popped down low, jutting out like two round scoops of ice

cream. The jeans had no back pockets and the denim material just hugged her curves like a second skin.

These particular jeans were amazing, and Katie knew all the boys at school would be drooling. The problem was that she hadn't been paying close attention to the price tags. The other jeans she'd selected to try on were under \$40. This pair, which naturally, she now *had* to have, were \$119.

For some wealthy girls that was nothing, but Katie was on a tight financial leash. She just couldn't afford them. She tried to think what she could do. Shoplifting wasn't an option. Not because she was morally opposed to it or worried what her father would do, but because the jeans had one of those alarm tags clipped to the hip. Even if she made it past security, she had no way to remove the bulky tag.

That's when Katie had a brilliant idea. She swapped the price tags with the \$39.99 pair of jeans. Still expensive, but she thought she could afford it if she didn't eat out for the next week. Switching the tags wasn't easy, as they were attached with tiny strings. She had to untie the microscopic knots and retie them after the swap.

Everything was going great. As Katie had hoped, the girl at the checkout counter barely looked at the purchase, just zapping the barcode and ringing up the sale. But nervous about the jeans being her only purchase, Katie had thrown in a bra she didn't really care about, and that prompted the teen behind the register to mention the store's sale.

"If you buy one more, you can get a third one for free," she explained.

Katie was already overextended, so she shook her head. "No thanks. This is fine."

“Are you sure? It’s only a few dollars more and you get one for *free*.”

“Just this, please,” Katie said icily, grinding her teeth. The girl was just sixteen. She hardly needed a bra herself. She was probably still enthusiastic about them, proud of her tiny goose egg titties. When she got older, she’d learn bras were more hassle than cool.

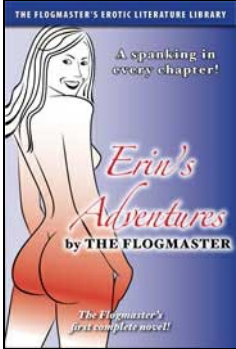
The girl seemed a little put out by Katie’s rebuke. She got out the tag removal gun and started to remove the security device from the jeans, when she hesitated. She cocked her head at the label on the back of the pants.

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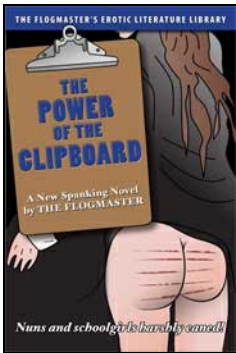
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

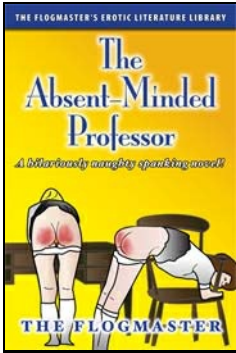
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

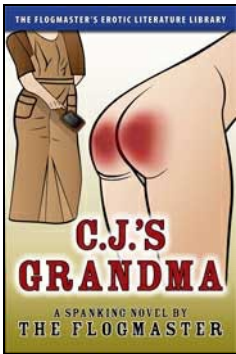
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

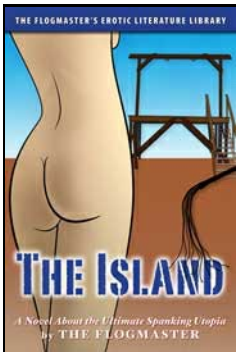
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

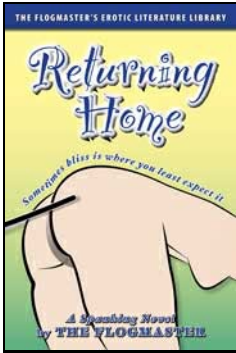
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



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.

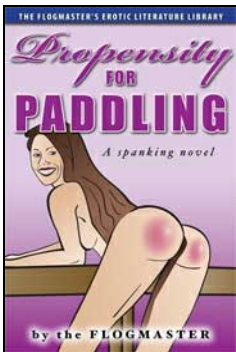
53,000 words.



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)

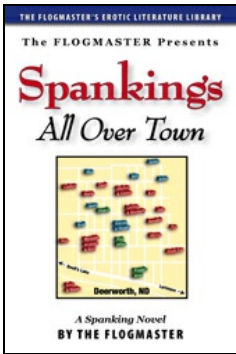
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(M/F/f)

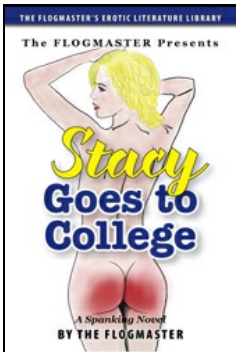
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



Spankings All Over Town

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

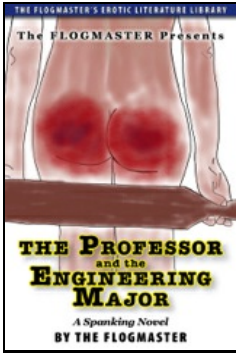
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



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.

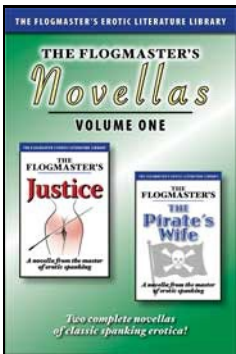


The Professor and the Engineering Major

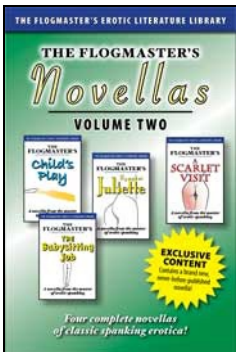
(M/FF)

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.

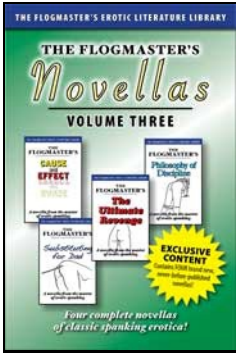
Novella Collections



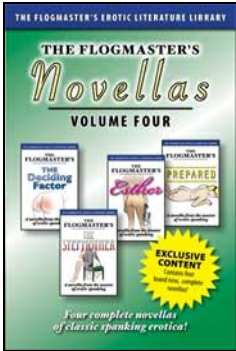
Volume 1— *Justice*: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. ***The Pirate's Wife*:** (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



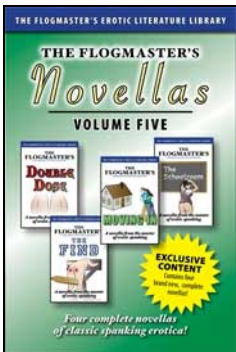
Volume 2— *Child's Play*: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. ***Nymphet Juliett*:** (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. ***Scarlet Visit*:** (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. ***The Babysitting Job*:** (MF/f) A girl's babysitting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



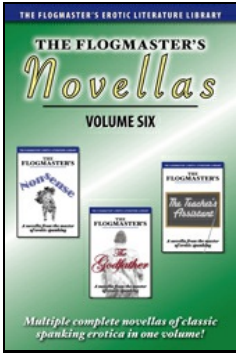
Volume 3— *Cause and Effect*: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline*: (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad*: (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge*: (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



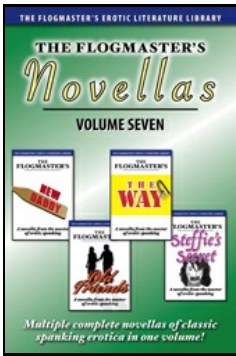
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



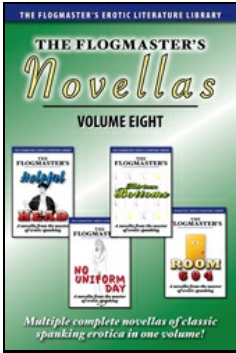
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



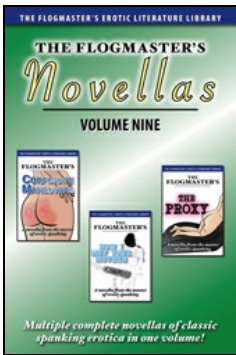
Volume 6— Nonsense: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather:* (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant:* (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



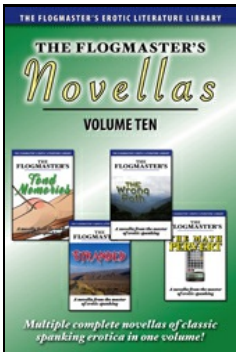
Volume 7— A New Daddy: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends:* (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret:* (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way:* (m/f) A boy is trained to cane.



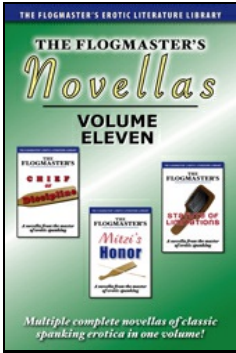
Volume 8— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



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.



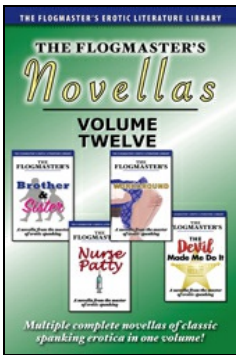
Volume 10— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't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

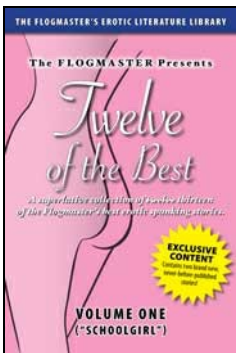
(M/FFFFF) Girls at a college are punished.



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

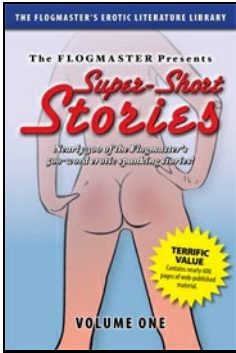
1940s, a girl and a boy sent to a disciplinarian, figure out a workaround. *The Devil Made Me Do It*: (M/fff) A 1950s lawman abuses his authority.

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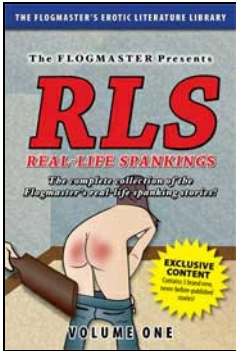
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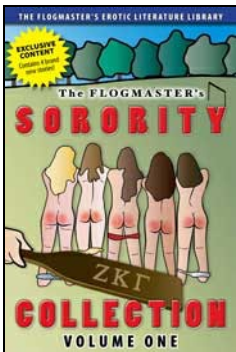
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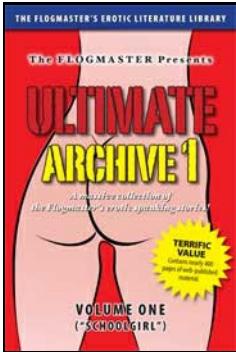
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