

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-FIVE
("ADULT")**

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

That story is pushing the right buttons, at least for me.

Delicious.

S.W.B.

Great Story!!

T.C.

*What a feast of a story. Almost too rich, I may have to lie
down to recover!*

C.O.S.

*This is a truly odd story, even for the Flogmaster. [He] must
be superhuman.*

G.

Neat, imaginative... I love the ending.

S.M.

Played her well...got his jollies....

H.Y.M.

*It seems like the headmaster understands [her] very well,
maybe better than she understands herself.*

H.B.

Selected Excerpts

From *Getting the Cane*:

In a trice her skirt was up, exposing snug aqua-blue panties with polkadots. These were molded to the rich curves of her bum, sucking in deep between the mounds. A couple of inches of bare flesh was exposed at the bottom of each cheek, the panties not quite offering full coverage.

Donnelly took his time admiring the pert seat, eventually using a hand to pull the knickers tighter and smooth out any wrinkles. “A nice full bum we have here, Miss,” he said sternly, giving each half a slow slap that set the flesh quivering.

“Yes sir,” Katie said meekly, still a little startled at this sudden unfortunate turn of events. She was about to feel the new cane three days early!

From *Pranked*:

Miss Mira Pran was twenty-eight with long black hair, olive skin, and a voluptuously curved body built by the gods for sexual congress. She had a temper to match and was infamous for turning up her nose at all inferior males, which, apparently, included me, since all my attempts to woo her had been met with cold indignity.

I advised her to shut my office door. She did so obediently, turning away and giving me an eyeful of that wet dress plastered against her fine figure. Twin globes of incomparable beauty and firmness bobbed at her base, the fabric so taut across the spheres that every detail of their shape was broadcast. I saw the deep cleft between the mighty cheeks, the bulging mounds that wobbled as she moved, and even the inviting vee at the top of the crevice.

From *The Storage Room*:

The door was locked and Ursula stood facing one wall. The blond’s bottom was not quite petite, it being full and round with a pronounced jut. The cheeks were firm and bouncy, with a narrow deep cleft between the mounds.

Right now this bottom was exposed to the elements—and to the

greedy eyes of Mrs. Whitmore, who studied it with the air of one fit to judge such things.

“Barely pink!” she announced boldly. “Shame on you for trying to get out of your much-deserved chastisement with such a tall tale.”

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-FIVE
("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

A Fine Looking Woman

★★★★, M/F—Mild, consensual spanking

A man watches a beautiful woman.

A Mother's Example

★★★★★, M/F, F/f—Severe, non-consensual paddling, strapping, switching

A mother sacrifices for her daughter.

Getting the Cane

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

Fetching a cane brings an assistant trouble.

Missing It

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

A grown woman wants to relive her painful school years.

Pranked

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

When a teacher is pranked, she's the one punished.

Pranked Again

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

When a headmaster retires, his favorite “pupil” pays him a visit.

Quick Thinking

★★★★, M/F—Severe, semi-consensual paddling, caning

A headmaster comes up with a radical solution to keep his affair hidden.

The First Day of School

★★★★★, M/F—Severe, semi-consensual paddling, caning

Students are lectured by the principal.

The Outsider

★★★★, M/FF—Severe, non-consensual spanking, caning

Kara's mother has an unusual request for her daughter's

flogger.

The Storage Room

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

A teacher punishes a teacher.

Two Dozen

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

When a teacher is punished, the penalty is severe.

You Don't Mind, Do You?

★★★★ , M/F—Severe, semi-consensual spanking, paddling, strapping, caning, implied sex

A new teacher has to prove his ability to discipline.

A Fine Looking Woman

(★★★★, M/F—Mild, consensual spanking)

A man watches a beautiful woman. (Approximately 2,302 words.)

He knew her every curve. He'd been watching for months. She was an older woman, probably five years short of his age of 50, but still in fine shape. Slender, mature, and elegant, with graceful roundness about the hips, bum, and chest. She had long blond hair so pale it would eventually be white.

Her face was intriguing. Attractive, with alert eyes and a hint of a smile about those lips. But there was also experience there, wrinkles and a touch of sadness. This was a woman who had loved and lost, he thought with a pang.

She always dressed as though company might stop by at any moment, though he never saw anyone. He'd see her

through her windows at night, sitting on the sofa reading until late, curled up with her legs under her like a cat. She always looked so comfortable, even though she wore tailored slacks and man's style collared shirt.

He saw her often on her deck. She spent most of her time out there, sipping iced tea during the day, red wine at night. She'd read or doze or play with her phone. She'd tend her potted plants and flowers, of which she had many. She'd water and talk to them, stroking the leaves. He always wondered what she was saying.

His deck was behind and above hers, hidden by the woods all around, close enough to see and wave occasionally, but not hear unless you shouted. He'd found a spot in the corner where he was screened by trees and could use his binoculars to watch her unobserved. It helped that he was higher and could look down at her. He sure hoped she didn't know he was watching.

Like right now she was out on her deck in her bare feet, glass of red in her hand. Her white blouse was starched and stiff, immaculate, and her black skirt was so tight he could see the ball-like jut of her butt behind.

He sure liked that butt. It was a mature bottom, more wobbly than a teenager's firm cheeks, but it had a terrific shape. It thrust out aggressively and bounced as she walked. He loved watching her walk. The woman was slim with lovely legs that tapered to tiny ankles.

She bore an expression of beatitude, like that of a saint. She took a sip of her wine and studied her plants. She looked at the recliner on the deck but didn't stretch out on it. Her book was on the glass table, but she didn't reach for it,

either. She seemed lost in thought or pleasure. He thought she seemed content or at least pleased with her current situation, but he wasn't sure. There was something about her standing there that made him think she was bored.

Then she turned and looked straight at him. He froze, so stunned he couldn't even look away. It was eerie the way she stared at him, those bright eyes of pale blue full of intelligence that made him squirm.

He told himself that she couldn't possibly see him. He was within the trees, peering through a tiny opening between the thick foliage. He knew it was just a trick of the mind, an optical illusion, that made him think she was looking right at him, similar to the way eyes in a painting seem to follow you. She was really just looking out into the trees and only happened to be looking his way.

He kept telling himself that as she stood there looking at him. Sweat pooled and trickled down his neck. His throat went dry and he swallowed hard, the binoculars trembling in his hands. But he couldn't look away.

On the surface she was a woman who had everything. She was clearly refined, educated and smart, with fine hygiene and a taste for high-end fashion. He'd seen the ring on her finger, tan lines under it indicating she'd worn it a long time, but there was no husband. He suspected she was a widow, for divorced women were usually angry and she was more mournful. A widow made more sense. Since she didn't work, he guessed she had money; probably well off after her husband's passing.

This intimidated him, for he didn't want to compete with a dead husband, the love of her life. He knew she still loved

him: he could see it in her eyes, the leisurely way she walked, and her melancholy expression.

Yet she wasn't distraught or depressed. She smiled often, and he even heard her singing to her plants upon occasion, though the tune came to him so faintly he couldn't identify the song. The wind made it sound tinny and ethereal, like a music box from far away. Sometimes he wondered if he'd just imagined it.

She was still staring at him, keeping her eyes even with his as she drank more of her wine. He shivered, for it felt like she was looking into his soul, and though he told himself it was just an illusion, he wasn't sure he believed it.

Her eyes were a challenge. They were bold and aggressive, like that saucy bottom. She was daring him. *Come over*, they seemed to be saying. *Come over and see me.*

He didn't dare. She was out of his league by miles. He was old and decrepit, his spine broken and fused back together leaving him with a permanent disability. Sitting was uncomfortable. Standing was worse. Walking was intolerable.

And yet that's what he did. He couldn't help himself. He set down the binoculars and headed out the door. He stopped in his garden and though the pain was almost bad enough to make him pass out, he bent and picked several of the prettiest flowers.

He walked down the steep slope to her house, up the narrow walk, and rang her bell. It took her a while to get to the door, but he'd expected that. She was out of the deck. He wondered if she could even hear the bell.

Just as he was tempted to ring a second time, he heard a sound. Then the latch clicked and the swung door wide. Unlike most who might only open the door a notch, she drew it back all the way.

The wine was still in her hand, but she had shoes on now. Black strappy ones, with medium heels. Her smile beamed at him. It was the kind of smile that not only made her seem ten years younger, it made *him* seem younger, too. He smiled back.

“I wondering how long it would take,” she said softly.

“Excuse me?”

“For you to visit me.”

“You... know who I am?”

She smiled a knowing smile, then glanced toward his house and back at him. He blushed, not sure how much she knew.

“Would you come in?” she said, stepping aside.

He moved awkwardly, even more embarrassed by his gait.

“I heard you were a fireman,” she said. “You were injured?”

He nodded, wondering where she got her information. But then his story wasn’t a secret and he wasn’t her only neighbor.

“Second floor gave way,” he said. “I fell all the way to the basement. Broke my back.”

“That’s terrible. I’m so sorry.”

Her voice was filled with sincerity, but there was also admiration.

“Come,” she said. “Lets go out onto the deck.”

It was strange being where he'd only seen. Everything was the wrong angle here, inverted from the view he knew so well. Left was right and the trees were all different. Only the lady was correct, as elegant as ever, though even more beautiful up close.

He didn't know how she'd done it, but somehow she'd produced a glass of wine for him. He took it without realizing it, staring at her as she sat near him under the umbrella at the glass table.

"I've noticed you," he said softly, feeling the need to confess.

She nodded. "You watch me every day."

"You knew?"

"It's okay. I didn't mind. You weren't creepy about it. To be honest, I found it flattering."

"I don't see why you'd need to be flattered. You're gorgeous."

She grinned. "A woman likes to be reminded of that."

"No... husband?"

"Passed away a year ago. That's why I moved here. Too many memories in the old house. It was also too big. I thought I'd start over here, but I haven't done much."

"Why not?"

She shrugged. "I guess I'm not ready. I should be. Frank had cancer. It wasn't a surprise. I had years to prepare and it was still too soon."

He drank his wine, nodding. "I can't imagine. That's really tough."

"It is." Her smile blossomed. "Note I say *is*, not *was*."

"I noticed that. It doesn't end when he's gone, I

suppose.”

“No, it doesn’t.” After a moment she brightened and said, “And you? No wife?”

He shook his head. “She... things weren’t the same after the accident.”

“That was a long time ago, wasn’t it?”

Was it? The man thought. “I guess it was. Almost twenty years now.”

“And no one since?”

“No one worth remembering,” he said.

They were silent for a while, sipping the wine and enjoying the cool evening after the day’s warmth.

“You can spank me if you want,” she said suddenly.

The words hung in the air, so rich and full he could taste them. He stared at her. There was only the faintest blush around the cheeks. She stared back at him, unashamed of her kink.

“You know you want to,” she said. “I could feel you staring at my ass.”

“But how could you know—”

“It’s what all men want. Men are brutes, animals. It’s your instinct to attack, to hurt, to dominate.”

“I don’t want to hurt you,” he said.

“Yes, you do.”

“No, I’m not like that.”

She laughed, set her wine down, and stood. The skirt came off, revealing a trim waist, curvy hips, and a silky smooth bottom with pale cheeks that were full to bursting and aching to be smacked.

“You are like that,” she said. “All men are like that. At

least *real* men.”

The silk panties were small and lacy, the pert mounds peeking out so sweetly he just had to reach out for a squeeze. She groaned, sighing loudly.

“I do want to spank you,” he whispered hoarsely. “Really bad.”

“You want badly to spank me or you want to spank me badly?”

“Both!”

“I told you,” she said with a self-satisfied smile. “Spank me *hard*, really hard,” she added, throwing herself across his lap.

His hand cupped her bum so perfectly it was though the two were made for each other. He squeezed, feeling a shudder pass through the woman. He didn’t wait, but raised his palm and brought it down with a sharp loud smack.

Her reaction was one that reminded him of cat that liked to be stroked. It wasn’t much, but he sensed her relaxing, stretching out, and her bottom swelled upward.

He spanked her again, and then again, each time a little harder. As he got into the swing of things, he realized he was spanking her steadily, his hand naturally shifting from cheek to cheek and roaming all over her bottom.

It was a fine bottom. Better than he’d even dreamed. Petite but not petite, firm but not firm. It bounced and wiggled deliciously, the tremors through his hand exciting him beyond reason. He caressed and squeezed, spanked, rubbed, and slapped her harder.

Then, without warning, not even realizing himself what he was doing, he paused and wriggled her panties down to

her knees. She let him, raising up her hips to release the fabric from her loins, her bare buttocks jiggling bright pink before his eyes.

He attacked the generous hillocks with passion he didn't know he had. His hand was a blur. He realized with shock that the woman was groaning loudly, grunting with each slap, but when he paused she wiggled her bum frantically and muttered, "Come on, harder!"

The spanking was long and left his hand sore and swollen. She was much worse off with a bottom the color of a cooked lobster. The pert cheeks were stained scarlet, and they held an amazing heat.

She seemed delighted. Her panties had vanished and she made her blouse and bra disappear, too. She pressed against him and they wound up on the deck. The last concrete thought he had was that it was a composite material with no danger of splinters.

Their animal lust knew no bounds and hours passed in seconds. It was dusk out when they stopped and got dressed, she looking elegant and none the worse for the wear after. In fact, she had a cat-like look of contentment about her. He felt was discombobulated as if he'd come out of a tumble dryer. He was still trying to figure out what had happened. Had he really *spanked* this beautiful, sophisticated woman?

But he wasn't really worried about it. He felt more relaxed than in years. It was a distant problem, a mystery he didn't care if it was never solved.

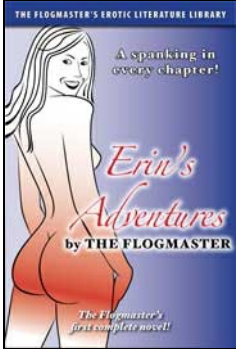
She smiled at him. "Hi, I'm Sarah," she said.

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full book at [The Flogmaster
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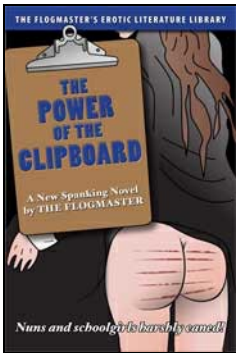
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

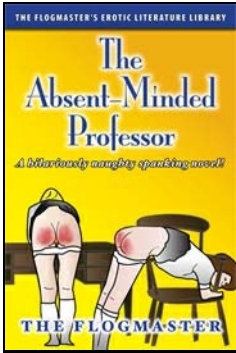
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

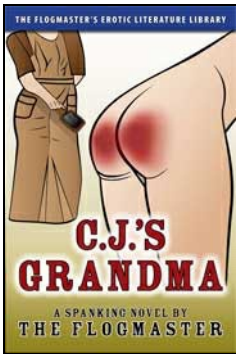
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

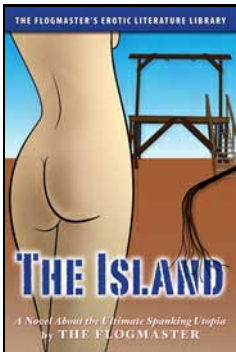
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

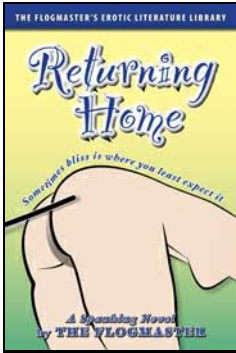
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



The Island

(mostly M/F)

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

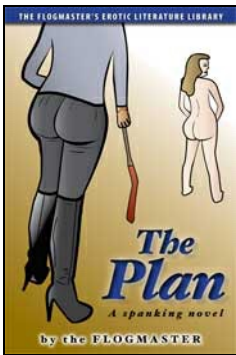


Returning Home

(mostly M/f)

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

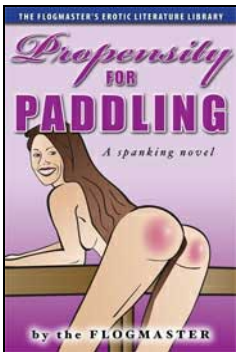
53,000 words.



The Plan

(mostly MF/f)

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



Propensity for Paddling

(mostly M/f)

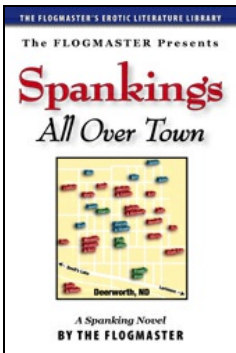
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(M/F/f)

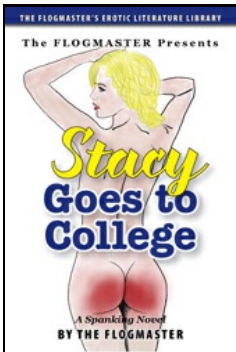
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



Spankings All Over Town

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

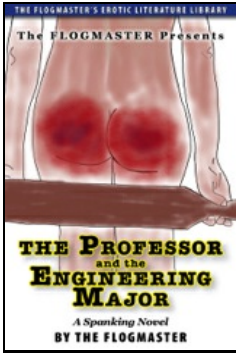
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



Stacy Goes to College

(M/F)

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

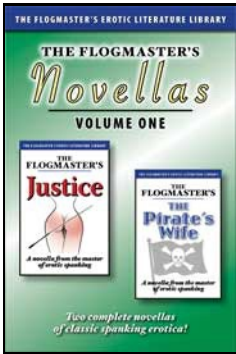


The Professor and the Engineering Major

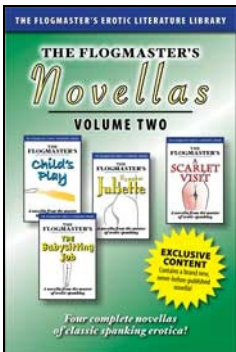
(M/FF)

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.

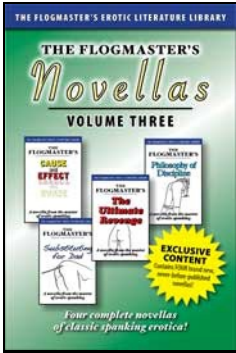
Novella Collections



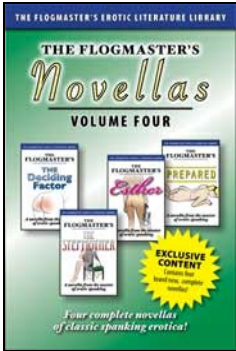
Volume 1— *Justice*: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. ***The Pirate's Wife*:** (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



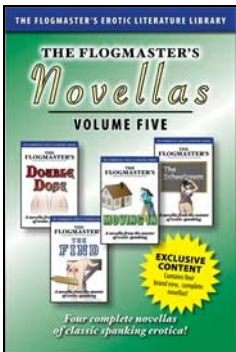
Volume 2— *Child's Play*: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. ***Nymphet Juliett*:** (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. ***Scarlet Visit*:** (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. ***The Babysitting Job*:** (MF/f) A girl's babysitting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



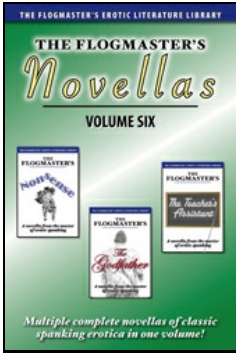
Volume 3— *Cause and Effect*: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline*: (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad*: (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge*: (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



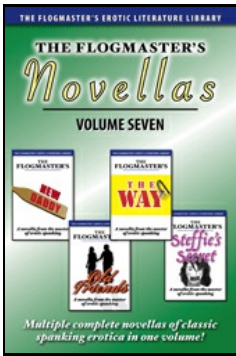
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



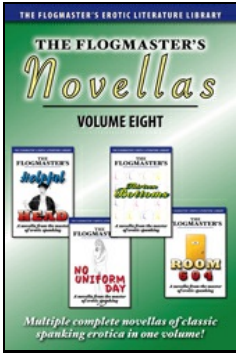
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



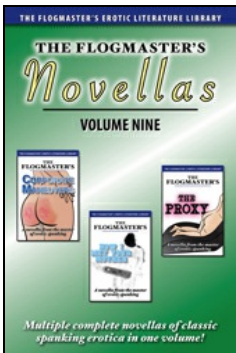
Volume 6— Nonsense: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather:* (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant:* (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



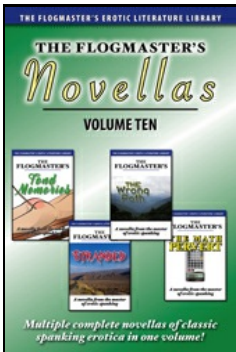
Volume 7— A New Daddy: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends:* (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret:* (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way:* (m/f) A boy is trained to cane.



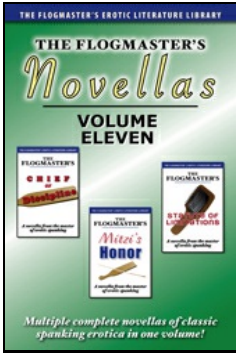
Volume 8— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



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*:

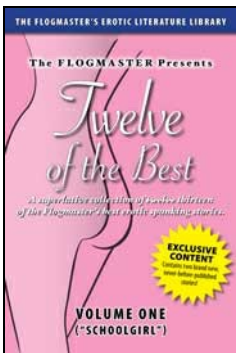
(M/FFFFF) Girls at a college are punished.



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

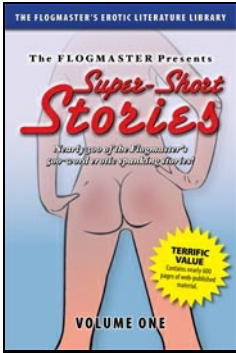
1940s, a girl and a boy sent to a disciplinarian, figure out a workaround. *The Devil Made Me Do It*: (M/fff) A 1950s lawman abuses his authority.

Short Story Collections



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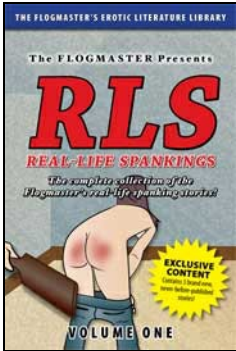
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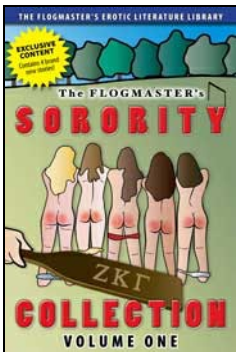
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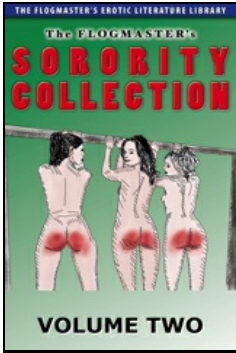
Spanking stories dramatized from real-life

experiences. (Mostly /f or /F)



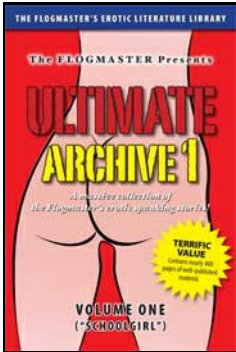
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- ◆

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