

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-SIX
("SCHOOLGIRL")**

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

Sweet story. I don't normally care for canings, but this was just right.

J.D.

Om my! From where do these ideas come? I am stunned by your beautifully executed pieces based on wildly erotic ideas.

Wow!

I.C.

Poor girl, one cannot help feeling sorry for her. Will she be quite so fashion conscious in future or perhaps rather more restrained in the style she chooses?

P.T.X.

I would like to think that Suzy will mature into a true "bubble butt" and that others will have the duty to rectify her behaviour.

R.D.

Oof! A very severe punishment, expertly described from the point of view of the very brave and hearty young woman on the receiving end.

R.S.R.

Seems that the concubine's life is going to be a difficult one in this household. I'd have been tempted to include her in a threesome after her punishment though.

B.O.M.

That was an enjoyable story. I could feel the wife's keen embarrassment as I have been in a similar situation. Though how she kept the marks from her husband I don't know.

O.B.

Selected Excerpts

From *A Beautiful Day*:

Behind her, the long brown rod, lean and sinewy, tapped her buttocks impatiently. Even this light touch was ominous, for the little flicks hurt. Delia began to cry again, and held her breath. One of her friends had coached her, so she knew what to expect. But no words could have prepared her for the shock of that first stroke.

She heard the faint zip of the rod as it whipped through the air, followed by the crack as it struck her bottom. For a split second, she thought there was no pain, only pressure. Then the sting came at her with a vengeance, the delay making it twice as bad. It was as though the pain was so great her mind couldn't cope with it and it took a moment to register.

From *Clause 19*:

Once inside the box, her body artfully draped across the padded curved form, she confirmed her identity with the retina scanner. She winced as the cuffs tightened around her wrists and ankles. There was no going back now. The machine would work until her punishment was complete.

She heard the familiar whirring as the spanking arms moved into position, then gasped as one of the leather paddles slammed into her left buttock. Almost immediately her right cheek exploded with similar stingy pain.

She wiggled her hips frantically, but nothing she did could move her large bottom out of the line of fire. Within seconds her cheeks were in flames and before a minute had passed the tears were flowing.

From *Spanked Eight Times for One Thing*

Miss Peaches don't like me dressing like that. She wants me to wear a frilly dress like all the other girls. I have to, sometimes, when Ma or Pa has their way, but any chance I get I wear pants like a boy. Well, that made Miss Peaches angry and she really worked that board on my behind. Usually she spanks kids behind her desk so

you're screened from the rest of the class, but not me. Me she had bend over the side of her desk so the whole class got to see my spread hindquarters wiggle as she smacked it with that wooden slat. She gave me a lot more spanks than she gives most girls. I suppose that's because I'm not most girls. I'm tough. I might have said something smart, too. I don't rightly remember, since I was trying not to holler.

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-SIX ("SCHOOLGIRL")

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

About the Warning labels

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

Paul Bunyan and the Great Lakes

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

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

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

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

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

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

Contents

A Beautiful Day

★★★★★ , f/f, F/F—Severe, non-consensual caning, FF sex

A woman encounters her school bully.

A Serious Need

★★★★★ , F/f—Severe, semi-consensual spanking, paddling, caning

A headmistress tries to con a student into a caning.

Clause 19

★★★★★ , Machine/Fff—Severe, non-consensual paddling

Naughty girls are put into a spanking machine.

Dismal

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

A girl learns her new school is a dismal place.

Getting Around the Rules

★★★★ , M/f—Severe, non-consensual spanking, paddling, caning, tawsing, slipping, ruling, and more
An overconfident brat thinks six strokes is the maximum.

Placebo

★★★★★ , Ff/f—Intense, consensual spanking, non-consensual caning, masturbation
A girl shows that the cane isn't all that bad.

Rules Are Rules

★★★★ , F/f—Severe, semi-consensual caning
A tattletale prefect is called a hypocrite, so she changes her ways.

Spanked Eight Times for One Thing

★★★★★ , FMMMMF/f—Severe, nc paddling, spanking, strapping, switching
A tough schoolgirl in the Old West takes punishments in stride.

Spanked for Good

★★★★ , MM/f—Intense, non-consensual paddling,

caning

The school's "good girl" always finds herself at the wrong end of the paddle.

Spanker and Spankee

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

A teacher compares her student spanking with her own.

Technically

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

A know-it-all learns that she doesn't always have to be right.

The Old Ways Are Best

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

According to Grandmama, punished at school means triple at home.

A Beautiful Day

(★★★★★, f/f, F/F—Severe, non-consensual caning, FF sex)

A woman encounters her school bully. (Approximately 5,999 words.)

Delia should have known that a beautiful day in London meant trouble. Everything was going so well, too. The client had loved the designs she'd presented and given her a substantial deposit, so Delia's limping career as an interior decorator was finally getting going. Her diet and exercise routine had paid off as she'd hit her target weight, and her new boyfriend had actually remembered their one-month anniversary all on his own and presented her with flowers

and a lovely card. Everything, including the sunny weather, was going her way.

And then she saw Chastity.

There was no question it was her. Though she was older and a woman now, she looked the same as ever, only... even more intimidating. Her blond hair was piled up around her head in a fashionable style, her outfit was gorgeous, the tall man at her side was gorgeous, and the black Mercedes she emerged from was gorgeous.

Instantly Delia was back at Holy Tears, a petite girl of fourteen, awkward and gawky. Chastity was older, prettier, and ruled the school. Even the teachers seemed afraid of her. Her peers certainly feared her more than anyone in the administration, even the strict Mrs. McCaffey, the headmistress.

You never knew when it would happen, but it would happen. During the night you'd wake up and Chastity's minions would be there. They'd drag you off to their queen's lair. Chastity was always seated at her vanity, an appropriately named place, studying her face in the mirror as though it had all the answers. She might deign to look in your direction, usually via the reflection in the mirror.

"You didn't bow your head when you passed me in the hall this morning," she'd say. Or maybe it was "I got new boots and you failed to tell me how smashing I look in them," or "How dare you score two points better than me on the maths exam!"

Whatever the minor offense, to Chastity it was the world, and you had to be punished. One of her crew would

bring out the cane and set it on the bed and Chastity would snap her fingers for you to bring it to her.

Delia would never forget that first time, the icy terror in her soul, the thumping of blood in her brain, and the utter humiliation of bending before the blond goddess and presenting her with the implement of her correction. She'd been advised that if she cooperated and was appropriately humble, the bitch might let her off a stroke. That did not seem like much of a mercy to Delia then, before she'd tasted the sting of the cane, but in later times she would have volunteered to lick clean every toilet in the loo just to spare her arse the agony of a single cut of that diabolical rod.

If you'd really offended the queen, there would be no choice. Your night clothes would be stripped from your body and you'd be touching your toes nude. However, if Chastity was feeling magnanimous, she'd give you the option of preserving your modesty with a single layer of clothing to protect your body. The foolish opted for knickers; the experienced chose pajama bottoms, the thicker the better.

Keeping clothed was an extra stroke, but totally worth it. The vileness of the cane was truly evident upon bare skin, cutting and welting like red-hot wire. Over pajamas it still stung like the devil, but even paper thin cloth muted the cut enough to prevent the skin from breaking and made the torture almost bearable. That was despite Chastity's irritation at this choice and her even more enthusiastic beating. Delia quickly learned to always choose trousers.

That first flogging still gave her nightmares. It had been a mere four strokes—including the extra for the pajama bottoms—but she'd been barely fourteen and had never

been beaten before. The cane had been banned in schools for decades and her parents didn't practice it, so Delia had no reference.

She was also utterly terrified of the blond queen. The stories she'd heard turned her bones to mush, and she was sobbing before she even arrived in the girl's room. Her begging amused Chastity, who giggled with delight. Chastity stood up, tall and stunning, her flimsy silk nightgown providing gauzy hints of a flawless, womanly body, with large succulent breasts, a wasp waist, and elegantly curved hips. Delia wept on the floor and had to resist the urge to pee and truly humiliate herself.

"Strip her naked!" came the command, and though Delia shrieked in dismay and begged for mercy, she was nude in an instant. She stood trembling before the blond, feeling like an ant in front of a giant. Tears trickled off Delia's chin as Chastity studied and mocked her body. Her small breasts were labeled "insignificant," her kitty a "rat's nest," and her face a "cow's arse." Only her bum was given the slightest bit of approval, as the blond fondled the mounds and declared them "small, but cheeky, and amenable for beating."

Delia had actually felt grateful.

"Because I'm merciful I'll grant you one item of clothing for your thrashing. For an extra stroke, of course. Which is to be?" demanded the blond.

"Ho-how ma-many?" Delia gasped, the world swirling around her as though reality was going down a cosmic drain. She thought she might pass out from the horror.

"Three without, four with."

It was a generous offer. Delia had been told that many

were given more, but even a single stroke seemed unfair, to be beaten for no reason at all, simply because Chastity was the queen and Delia a peasant.

“My pa-pajama pa-pants,” mumbled Delia, her brain struggling to accept the knowledge that she was about to be caned. It was outrageous and barbaric, and it seemed unreal. In theory she could stop it. If she made enough fuss she’d wake the housemother and the authorities would put a stop to this balmy tradition. But she knew that wasn’t really an option. Chastity would ruin her in ways far worse than a mere caning.

When she had the pants on, Chastity insisted on yanking them even tighter. She pulled the back of the waistband until Delia thought it reached the back of her head. She mewed in vain protest as the thin fabric cut her in two. The crotch seam was so ingrained to her that it felt like it was up in her guts.

“Bend over,” came the cheerful tones, and Delia tried, flopping forward. She yelped as the action caused her pajamas to draw even tighter into her divide. She felt the seat of the pants stretch tautly across her posterior, the cloth so tight there wasn’t a wrinkle anywhere.

“Further! Tuck those fingers under those toes. Straighten those legs! Now hold that position until I tell you to get up unless you want a repeat of this thrashing tomorrow night.”

Delia sucked in air and struggled to comply with the demands put upon her. Her muscles strained and ached, and she worked as hard as she could to stay in position. She felt ridiculous, but was more afraid of what would happen should she disobey.

Behind her, the long brown rod, lean and sinewy, tapped her buttocks impatiently. Even this light touch was ominous, for the little flicks hurt. Delia began to cry again, and held her breath. One of her friends had coached her, so she knew what to expect. But no words could have prepared her for the shock of that first stroke.

She heard the faint zip of the rod as it whipped through the air, followed by the crack as it struck her bottom. For a split second, she thought there was no pain, only pressure. Then the sting came at her with a vengeance, the delay making it twice as bad. It was as though the pain was so great her mind couldn't cope with it and it took a moment to register.

Delia had heard all the descriptions of her experienced friends: "a thousand ants biting you at once," "a glowing branding iron," "a cut with a razor-sharp knife," "a flamethrower," "a searing burn," "being bathed in acid," and so on. The words had worried her, but as that intense pain sizzled into her she deemed them all inadequate metaphors. The reality was far, far worse.

Even more alarming, the pain didn't stop after the stroke, but grew more intense. Delia could feel it melting through her flesh, sinking deeper into her being. She let out a scream of anguish and fought to stay bent over, her hands gripping her toes with all her strength. She bent her knees, wobbling, and shook her arse, trying to get rid of the pain. From miles above she could hear Chastity laughing, the sound so grating she itched to tear the older girl's eyes out.

Of course, she didn't dare attempt that. That would be social suicide. Maybe literal suicide, as Chastity would

probably kill her. Instead Delia kept bent over and endured a second fierce lash of the rod, a sweeping stroke that cut under her rump and lifted her to her toes. The pain so sickened her she threw her head back and bellowed and nearly lost her grip. She grabbed at her ankles, holding onto them for dear life. Now that she knew how much just a single stroke of the cane hurt, she knew she couldn't afford any extras. She had to endure, to get through this torture, and then she could die in peace.

A third blaze of terrible hurt filled her. Though the rod was narrow and the mark it left was a thin line of throbbing horror, the pain somehow encompassing her entire buttocks. They were aflame with stinging, tingling, awful pain. She could feel the three welts glowing, but her whole arse hurt, as though the suffering spread to fill in the areas between the weals.

But she was still in position, bent over, offering up her sore arse for the rod. Chastity was pleased, expressing surprise at Delia's stoicism. "Usually the first-timers are weasels," she explained. "I take it you've been beaten at home."

Delia shook her head. "No, never." She wished the final stroke would land and this would be over, but she sensed that Chastity was enjoying this and wanted it to last, so she would just have to wait until the blond deigned to finish it.

"Remarkable. Well, you do have plenty of padding in this cute little arse of yours." Chastity palmed and caressed the full cheeks through the tightly drawn pants. The thin fabric was so molded to the curved seat that there were visible bumps where the weals from the cane were swelling

underneath. Delia sucked in her breath sharply at this touch and she whimpered, but resisted the urge to beg for mercy.

“I suppose we might as well get it over with. Unless you’d like to go to six?”

Delia shook her head frantically. “Four is more than enough,” she panted, her terror making her voice go high. It made the tall blond laugh with delight.

Then Chastity stepped back, took up the cane, and delivered the hardest stroke yet. Delia knew that because she heard the frantic whir as the very air seemed to scream to escape the cane. She heard Chastity grunt with the effort, and heard the loud thunderclap of cane to buttocks. She heard her own shriek of alarm as the sting shot through her. And she felt pain that made the previous three cuts seem as mild as love pats.

Delia didn’t even remember what happened after that. Somehow she was back in her room, naked on her bed, her bare rump a furnace exposed to the ceiling. Four angry, thumb-thick bars crisscrossed her bumcheeks, each brand aching like a burn. She sobbed into her pillow for hours, occasionally reaching back to gingerly feel the throbbing lines and renewing her weeping. She finally fell asleep out of pure exhaustion, and morning came much too early.

That, of course, was only the first time Chastity had whipped Delia. It was certainly not the worst. Over the years Delia lost count as to the number of times she was dragged to the older girl’s room for a beating. Sometimes she might go a whole month without and start to think the blond had forgotten about her, and other times it seemed like she was being caned every few days. It all depended

upon Chastity's moods, of course, and how much delight she took in caning your particular bum.

Apparently, she enjoyed Delia's arse very much. She liked Delia's stoicism, Delia's fear, and the fullness of the youngster's bum.

"You cane so beautifully," Chastity told her repeatedly. Delia didn't know if that meant her agonized reactions brought the girl pleasure, her bottom was particularly well-shaped, or if Chastity liked that her fair skin made the cherry-colored weals stand out so startlingly. Possibly it was a combination of all three.

Whatever the reason, Delia was caned hard and often. School was a nightmare place. For Delia the challenge was not the ruthless academics, the petty social order, or being so far from family, but the nightly horror that she might be summoned to Chastity's room for another excruciating flogging. There was never any discernible pattern; it was just the queen's whim. Every night before bed she'd pray that they wouldn't come. Most of the time they didn't, of course, though she still struggled for sleep. Too often they did come, sometimes seconds after lights out, sometimes much later, in the wee hours, when the dormitory was as quiet as death.

As Delia grew up, the canings became longer and fiercer, so that eight was her minimum. Twice in Chastity's final year Delia had been given a dozen on the bare bottom, a horror so unspeakable it still gave Delia the sweats all these years later. She'd never been more grateful to see anyone graduate. For years after, Delia still struggled for sleep, her mind tortured with the idea that somehow Chastity would

still manage to call her, and without warning she'd suddenly be touching her toes for the imperious blond again, cringing as flames stroked her naked bum.

Was it any wonder that the sight of Chastity emerging from the black car froze Delia in her tracks? It was a nightmare come to life, the Boogeyman real and concrete before her. She gasped loudly. This attracted the attention of the blond, who threw a glance in Delia's direction.

The eyes of the two met. Delia's were wide with childish fear. Chastity's widened with recognition and delight. "Why, I know you!" she cried joyfully. "We went to school together!"

Rapidly her boots rapped the pavement as she took several steps toward Delia. The smaller girl instinctively shied away from the warm embrace as though Chastity was radioactive. Chastity took no notice of this and threw her arms around her old school mate anyway.

"Why, you look wonderful," she purred, stepped back and studying Delia. "I love your hair, and that outfit is so... retro."

"I—" Delia stopped, not having a clue what to say. She wanted to slap the blond's face, to berate her for all those school tortures, to threaten retribution, to find a cane and thrash Chastity bloody, but she hesitated. She wondered if she were still afraid of the woman. It shamed her to think that after all these years she could still be so intimidated by another.

You're a grown woman, a professional, a success, she told herself sternly, but she still looked at the blond dumbly, a stupid grin frozen on her face.

“How have you been? Oh, we must catch up! Join me for lunch, please!”

“Well, I—” began Delia, but she couldn’t refuse, and found herself being escorted into a fine restaurant where the menus had no prices. Chastity snapped her fingers and the handsome male she was with disappeared, leaving just the two women seated in a private corner by a window overlooking a garden courtyard.

Haltingly, Delia told about her college years and her present career as an interior designer. Chastity was ecstatic and insisted on seeing her portfolio. Fortunately, Delia had some images on her phone, and soon she was more relaxed, discussing her work and why she’d made certain decisions.

“I must hire you!” exclaimed Chastity. “I’m always looking for help in that department. So many designers have their own ideas and refuse to hear what I tell them. I’m sure you and I wouldn’t have that problem.”

“I don’t know—” Delia said, her heart racing as she considered appalling the idea of working for Chastity.

“Super!” cried Chastity, and at that moment the stuffed mushrooms arrived and the two began to nibble at the delicacies.

Before she knew what was happening, Delia had given Chastity her card and promised to visit the blond the next afternoon. She put the address into her phone with trembling fingers, wondering what she was doing, and why she couldn’t say no to the queen.

“Wait! What are you doing right now?” Chastity asked. She’d only taken a single bite of the luxurious triple-chocolate cake she’d ordered for dessert and she pushed it

away as though it was repulsive. “Why not just come home with me now? I can show you my bedroom—that’s where I need the most help—and you won’t have to hassle with another trip later.”

“I don’t think—”

“Why not? My driver can take you home, after. Anywhere you want to go!”

Once again, Delia felt that helpless feeling that she was nothing but a leaf floating on a rapid river, going wherever the current took her. She settled into the leather seat of the Mercedes and pretended to listen to Chastity’s endless prattle about fashion and fancy people Delia would never meet.

She wasn’t even sure where they were, for when the doors opened they were in an underground parking garage and there was only an elevator nearby. The two zipped up to the penthouse, Delia weak in the knees when she saw how high they were and the skyline views that boggled the mind. The flat was huge, an entire floor of glass and steel and luxury. It made Delia’s modest two-bedroom seem like a doghouse.

“But come, you must see my room,” said Chastity, guiding the other down a long corridor as wide as a highway. The floor was Italian marble, the walls decorated with priceless works of art. Delia shivered as the two entered a palace.

The room was on the corner with windows forming two of the walls. Delia felt she’d grown tired just walking the enormous distance between bed and balcony. The place was bigger than her entire apartment, and she wasn’t even

including the giant bathroom and the walk-in closet, which was bigger than Delia's bedroom.

That's when Chastity showed her the *second* walk-in, which was just for her shoes. Delia nearly swooned. She looked around. The place was immaculate, the furniture minimal and tasteful, the decor flawless. She had no idea how to improve upon a thing.

"It's beautiful," she whispered, gazing in awe.

"It's hideous," snapped Chastity. "It's so sterile, the bed's all wrong, and there's too much sun in the mornings."

"We could put in blinds," suggested Delia, but watched as Chastity hit a button on her phone and pale brown cloth blinds suddenly descended from inside the double-paned windows.

"I've got blinds, but they're too much work." Chastity sighed and looked around. "I don't know. I just want something different. Fresh. You understand."

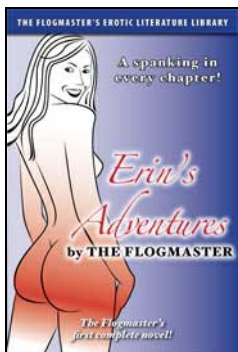
"How long have you had it like this?"

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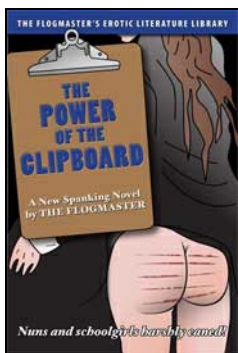
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

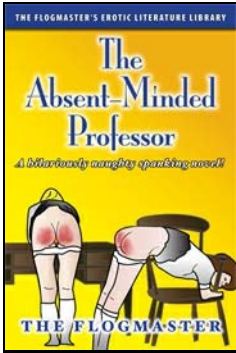
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

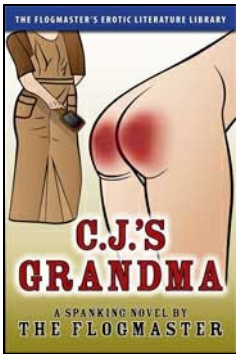
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

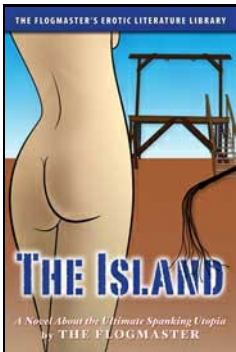
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

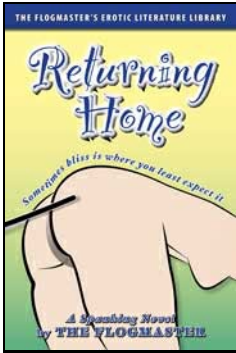
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



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.

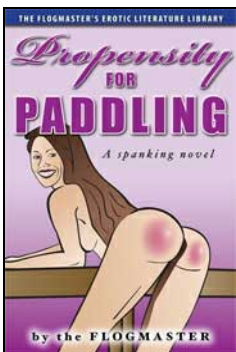
53,000 words.



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)

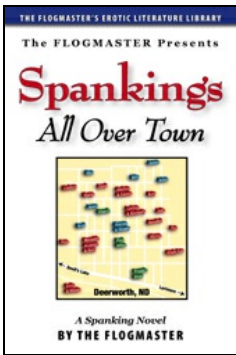
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(M/F/f)

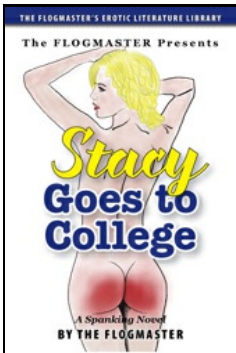
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



Spankings All Over Town

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

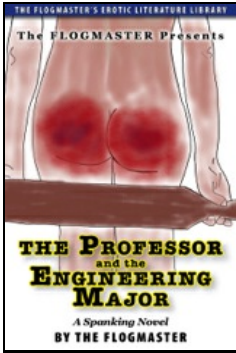
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



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.

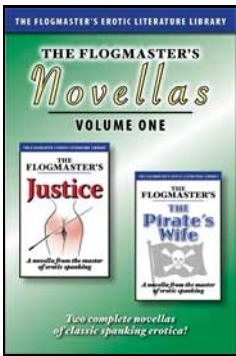


The Professor and the Engineering Major

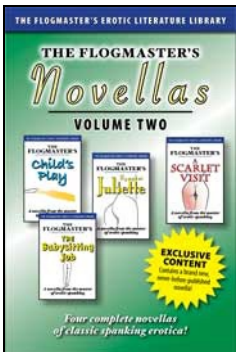
(M/FF)

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.

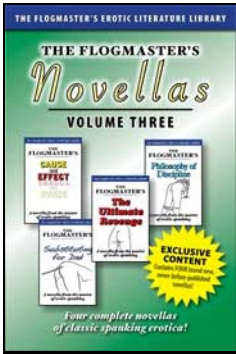
Novella Collections



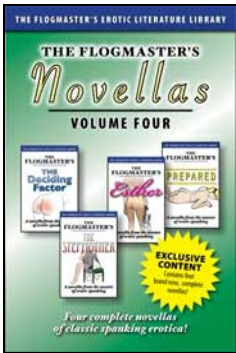
Volume 1— *Justice*: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. ***The Pirate's Wife*:** (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



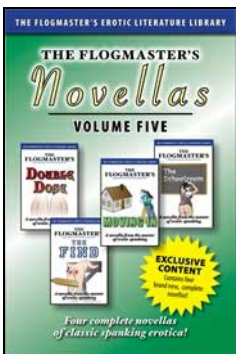
Volume 2— *Child's Play*: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. ***Nymphet Juliett*:** (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. ***Scarlet Visit*:** (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. ***The Babysitting Job*:** (MF/f) A girl's babysitting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



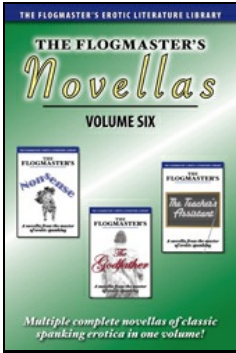
Volume 3— *Cause and Effect*: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline*: (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad*: (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge*: (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



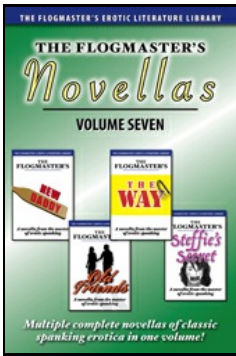
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



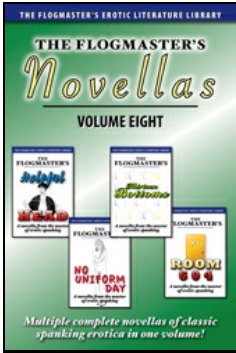
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



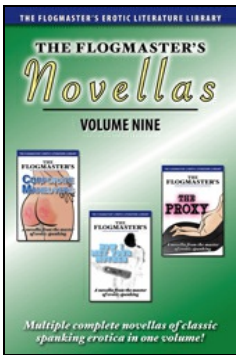
Volume 6— *Nonsense*: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather*: (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant*: (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



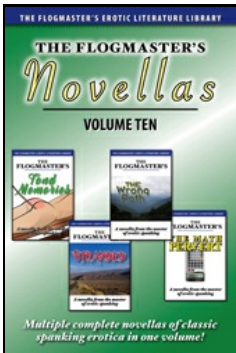
Volume 7— *A New Daddy*: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends*: (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret*: (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way*: (m/f) A boy is trained to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



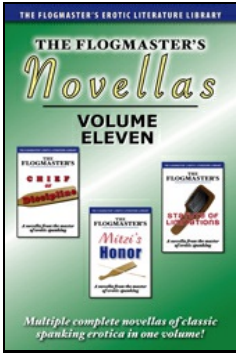
Volume 8— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



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*:

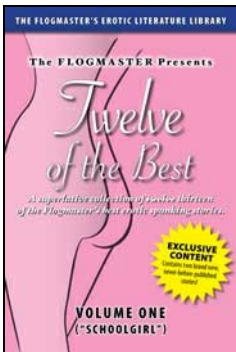
(M/FFFFF) Girls at a college are punished.



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

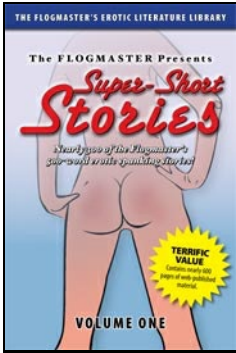
1940s, a girl and a boy sent to a disciplinarian, figure out a workaround. *The Devil Made Me Do It*: (M/fff) A 1950s lawman abuses his authority.

Short Story Collections



Twelve of the Best: Volumes 1-38

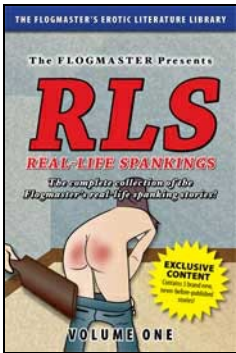
Over 450 stories divided in books focusing on the punishment of adults or children.



Super-Short Stories: Volume 1-3

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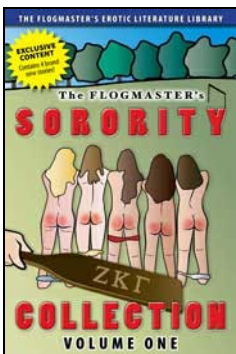
(Mostly /f or /F)



Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1-6

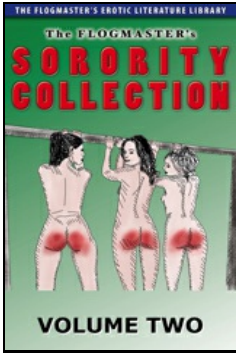
Spanking stories dramatized from real-life

experiences. (Mostly /f or /F)



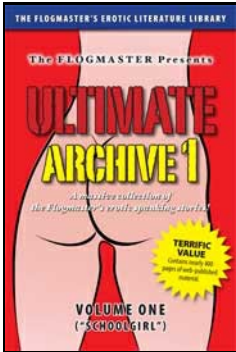
Sorority Collection: Volume 1

All of the Flogmaster's published sorority stories, plus four new exclusives to this book. (Mostly /F)



Sorority Collection: Volume 2

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



Ultimate Archive: Volumes 1-4

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The FLOGMASTER'S Twelve of the Best: Volume 36

STORIES IN THIS VOLUME:

◆ *A Beautiful Day* —A woman encounters her school bully. ◆ *A Serious Need* —A headmistress tries to con a student into a caning. ◆ *Clause 19* —Naughty girls are put into a spanking machine. ◆ *Dismal* —A girl learns her new school is a dismal place. ◆ *Getting Around the Rules* —An overconfident brat thinks six strokes is the maximum. ◆ *Placebo* —A girl shows that the cane isn't all that bad. ◆ *Rules Are Rules* —A tattletale prefect is called a hypocrite, so she changes her ways. ◆ *Spanked Eight Times for One Thing* —A tough schoolgirl in the Old West takes punishments in stride. ◆ *Spanked for Good* —The school's "good girl" always finds herself at the wrong end of the paddle. ◆ *Spanker and Spankee* —A teacher compares her student spanking with her own. ◆ *Technically* —A know-it-all learns that she doesn't always have to be right. ◆ *The Old Ways Are Best* —According to Grandmama, punished at school means triple at home. ◆

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