

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-SEVEN  
("ADULT")**

# Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

*Very enjoyable read. Teenage daughters and Mom spanking  
always a fine combination. Regards.*

**Y.K.E.**

*Well, cruel, sexist and brutal - I loved it. But if it hadn't been  
for the twist I'm not certain this would have passed through  
the camel's eye. A nice and different story though, a nymph  
among pigs. Damn, that's some good money she is making.*

*Now if she is a spanko it would be an amazing win-win  
situation. Can we have some sequels of the further career?*

**G.L.A.**

*That's intense and stays inside Charlie's head wonderfully,  
without judgements other than hers. Am I right in thinking I  
should be visualising Joseph Cotten? Fantastic, disturbing  
story. If it is related to \_Shadow of a Doubt\_, it keeps the  
film's theme of betrayal & fascination brilliantly.*

**D.K.**

*Teenagers sneaking off in a dangerous place to go drinking...  
now what should really happen after their rescue? Like they  
say, it doesn't take a PhD. in spankology to figure that one out.*

**R.**

*Oh, that last line has me thinking very nasty spanky thoughts.*

**B.O.**

*Excellent story.*

**J.D.**

*Flogmaster always is a master at describing punishments.  
This is one of his best.*

**T.T.P.**

## **Selected Excerpts**

### ***From A Hard Man Is Hard to Find***

The heat swelled to boiling. Bethany's buttocks were like live coals, red-hot and steaming. Yet still the brush rose and fell, steadily peppering her ass with vigorous blows. It was so good it was bad. It was so bad it was good. Bethany wanted to die. She felt like she would live forever.

On and on and on the spanking went. It wasn't over quick like fucking where the guy was asleep two seconds after ejaculating. This was like a hundred orgasms in a row, each more spectacular than the last.

### ***From Back:***

Wow, did I get caned hard! Rick was merciless. I don't know if I'd say cruel. He was a lot like Dad. Just ruthless and determined. Thorough. He beat my ass like it needed to be beaten, vigorous strokes that left behind swollen lines that throbbed.

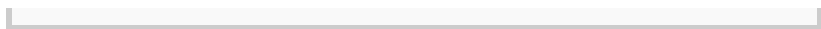
I started crying almost immediately, but after the third stroke I was doing better at handling it. The initial shock of the rattan on soft, vulnerable flesh was wearing off. The fourth and fifth strokes were painful, but bearable. My butt was starting to hurt all over. It took work, but I got through all twelve strokes without getting up.

### ***From Babysitting Jocko:***

Jocko was huge, bigger than her dad, and in his hands the thick pine board was like a giant hairbrush. He paddled way at her as she screamed and wiggled.

After just a few hard swats, her skirt had inverted, falling down her back, and the wood was landing right on her thin panties. They were practically thongs and the paddle against bare skin was like she was being scalded with a blowtorch.

She tried her best to get up, but there wasn't much she could do. Jocko had a palm in the middle of her back, keeping her down, and the devastating spansks of the paddle took all the fight from the babysitter.



## 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-SEVEN ("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

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## **A Hard Man Is Hard to Find**

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**★★★★, MF/F—Severe, consensual spanking, paddling**  
A girl finally finds someone to spank her properly.

## **A Real Woman**

---

**★★★★, M/FF—Severe, non-consensual and consensual caning**  
The canings of a woman and a girl are compared.

## **Babysitting Jocko**

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**★★★★, M/F—Severe, non-consensual spanking, paddling**  
A college girl babysits a grown autistic boy.

## **Back**

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**★★★★★, m/F—Severe, consensual spanking, paddling, caning, strapping**  
When a college girl's young stepbrother bails her out, he demands a heavy price she's happy to pay.



## **Bad Daughter, Bad Mother**

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**★★★★, M/FF—Severe, non-consensual switching**

When a mother brings her daughter for punishment, she also gets it.

## **Caned for Caning**

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**★★★★, mF/F—Severe, consensual and non-consensual caning**

When they're caught playing with a cane, it's the girl who suffers.

## **Excuses**

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**★★★★★, MMFM/F—Edgy, consensual spanking, paddling, caning, strapping, FF sex**

A lusty girl seeks punishments.

## **Irresistible**

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**★★★★★, M/F—Severe, semi-consensual spanking, paddling**

A man can't resist a sexy butt.

## **Penalties**

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**★★★★ , MMM/FFF—Severe, semi-consensual spanking, paddling, caning, strapping**

The girls always lose when playing a game of dangerous penalties.

## **Spank Spot**

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**★★★★ , M/F—Severe, consensual spanking, paddling, strapping**

When a widower dates a widow, spansks fly.

## **The Disciplinery**

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**★★★★ , Machine/F—Intense, semi-consensual spanking, paddling, caning**

When a woman finds a child's discipline robot, she can't resist playing with it.

## **Visiting Uncle John**

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**★★★★ , M/F—Severe, non-consensual spanking, paddling, caning**

When a college girl visits home, it's time for discipline.

# A Hard Man Is Hard to Find

**(★★★★, MF/F—Severe, consensual spanking, paddling)**

A girl finally finds someone to spank her properly. (Approximately 2,320 words.)

**T**he flat board whipped through the air and smacked hard into the girl’s naked buttocks. She gasped through clenched teeth, tossing her head up, her shining eyes wide. Her ass sizzled with fresh sting, the mounds warm with pink heat.

“Oh yes!” grunted Bethany. “Again! Harder!”

She shook her hips, the pert cheeks of her butt a clear invitation. But the boy threw away the paddle and frantically tore down his jeans and underwear. His thick

cock sprang into view and he immediately stuffed it between Bethany's writhing thighs.

"Hey wait! No, not yet. You do that *after*," she cried, but it was too late. The hungry cock was stabbing her private entrance, sliding inside, and he was fucking her. She moaned, then felt the splash of his release, and it was over.

"Come on, finish the spanking," she begged.

"Later, babe," sighed the boy. "I'm spent."

"Fuck," groaned Bethany, pushing herself off the bed. She padded into the small filthy bathroom and tried to view her ass. The firm round cheeks were only slightly stained with pink. The bastard had only gotten as far as seven swats before he had to come. Better than nothing, but way short of the punishment she craved.

She left without a goodbye and figured he wouldn't even notice. He'd gotten what he wanted; who cared about her.

It was always this way. Guys just didn't have what it took to spank a girl's ass properly. Her whole life Bethany had been dreaming of a man who'd make her feel properly punished. Now she was ready to concede that was just a fantasy. In real life, there were no men any more.

Even the studs and jocks she found who looked the part only wanted into her pants. Like this most recent guy. He'd been excited at the idea of spanking her, but once he got into it, he only wanted to fuck.

She sighed and took another sip of her drink. It was too early to be in a bar, but at least the place wasn't crowded and she wasn't constantly being hit on.

"You look down. Is everything alright?" said a voice.

Bethany turned and saw a beautiful black woman

standing nearby. She was elegantly dressed in a manner that spoke of sophistication and class. And money. The woman smiled and took the seat next to Bethany.

“I’m fine,” said Bethany.

“Boy trouble?”

“Something like that.”

“It must be serious to be drinking at this hour. Especially for a minor.”

Bethany looked at her in alarm. “What makes you think I’m a minor?”

The woman smiled. “Among other things, the way you held your breath while the bartender looked at your ID.”

“You’re really observant,” said Bethany. “You aren’t going to bust me, are you?”

“Of course not. Though it is naughty of you. Just one drink, though. No more.”

“That’s usually my rule. Which is why I’m making this last.” She took another tiny sip and grinned. “But today I thought I might break it.”

“That bad, eh?”

“Why do guys have to be so selfish?” Bethany groused. “They only think with their small heads. And I do mean small!” She laughed and took another swallow.

“So you’re not here because you were a bad girl?”

Bethany looked at the woman in surprise. “What do you mean?”

“I saw how you sat on that stool. Just the briefest hesitation, as though you were tender back there.”

The young girl’s cheeks flamed. “I don’t know what you’re talking about it.”

“Of course you do. Don’t be impertinent or I’ll have to put you over my knee myself!”

Bethany’s eyes widened and her breath caught. For a long moment, time stood still.

The woman smiled. “My name is Miss Gloria Charles. You can call me Miss Charles or ma’am.”

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The home of Miss Charles was a modest bungalow on the edge of town. It was neat and well-maintained, with lush green all around. Inside it was cozy, with large comfortable sofas and chairs. Miss Charles fixed Bethany a drink from her sideboard.

“You look like you need this. Now sit down and tell me everything.”

Bethany half-drained the drink for courage, but found it surprisingly easy to talk to the beautiful black woman. She still hadn’t figured out Miss Charles’ age—somewhere between 25 and 40, she guessed. She seemed young, but acted old.

“All my life I’ve longed to be punished. Really punished,” she said. “I don’t know why. I don’t know if it’s guilt from my mother dying when I was so young, or maybe something else. I’ve given up trying to figure it out. All I know is that I want it and no one will do it.

“I’ve tried to get my boyfriends to spank me, but they’re all inadequate. I’ve tried strangers, even paid services. All are more interested in sex than spanking. I don’t want sex. I want *punishment*.”

“For many the two are intertwined,” said Miss Charles softly.

“I know, but not for me.”

“Are you sure about that?”

Bethany looked at her and shrugged. “As sure as I can be. Does it really matter?”

“Not really. If you don’t want sex or think you don’t want sex, that’s your choice.”

“Exactly!” Bethany took another drink. Between the bar and here, she was starting to feel it. She looked at Miss Charles and her skin felt like it was tingling.

“Can I ask *you* some questions?” she demanded.

“You may. Just don’t be impertinent.”

Bethany’s ears burned at the slight rebuke. She pushed it off. “Who are you? I mean, tell me about yourself.”

Miss Charles smiled. “There’s not much to tell. I grew up around here, very normal childhood. I went to school, but never graduated. Not because I couldn’t, but because I didn’t care about a degree. I studied philosophy and other things that don’t translate well to the private sector.”

“So how do you afford this place? Do you have a job?”

“I have a small inheritance that I invested well. It lets me live satisfactorily, if I don’t spend much, which I don’t.”

Bethany almost said, “Must be nice,” but something quelled her tongue. She wasn’t quite ready to test Miss Charles.

Instead she asked, “Why am I here?”

“Because you came,” said Miss Charles. “And you want me to spank you.”

Bethany was trembling as she stood before the coffee table. The large cherrywood hairbrush on it was all she could see. That and the blinding sight of Miss Charles on the sofa on the other side, her lap looking wide and inviting.

“Turn around,” said the woman. She spoke normally, but her tone had the ring of authority and the expectation of obedience. Bethany didn’t want to obey. She wanted to rebel, to refuse, to be brazenly bad, but she didn’t dare.

Slowly she rotated. Her panties were skimpy lace, so sheer they were a second skin. They clung to each buttock mound as greedily as a man’s hand. Between the cheeks the fabric was sucked in to form a dark shadow in the crevice, curved mountains of flesh rising on either side.

“Beautiful,” said Miss Charles.

“Please, I’ve been so bad,” moaned Bethany. “I need to be punished. Hard. Don’t tease me. Just... hurt me.”

“Oh I will, dear. You can count on that. Miss Charles gives the hardest spankings, you’ll see. But once I start, I’ll only stop when *I* decide it’s time. Not you. No safewords. Do you understand?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Good. Now bring me that brush.”

Trembling, but with excitement, not fear, Bethany took up the heavy weapon and brought it to her new... friend? Enemy? Boss? Tormentor? Mother? Mistress? She didn’t know how to classify Miss Charles.

The woman’s thighs were warm and sturdy. Bethany felt like she’d crawled into a womb. She was home. Her bottom



was high and she felt claws dig into the waistband of her panties and slowly drag them down. It took more than a minute, inch by inch, the glorious buttocks revealed. Smooth and pale, the pink of the feeble paddling long gone.

Bethany was bare. The flat back of the brush, smooth and glossy with varnish, rubbed against her hypersensitive flesh. Bethany wanted to scream. She was ready to explode. She held her breath.

The first spank was stingy and hard. It pleased Bethany, but she'd been here before too many times. A few swats doesn't a spanking make. She ached for it to be long and hard, breathless and awful. She wanted to cry. She wanted to beg for mercy and not get any.

A second smack caught her left buttock right where it was the thickest. The blow was hard enough it felt like it smushed the cheek flat for a second. The burst of pain was so good Bethany felt dizzy with delight.

Then the spanking was a blur of deafening sound, heat and sting, tingling fire, sweat, gasps, shrieks, and tears. It went on and on, a delicious blend of heaven and hell. The pain was terrible, engulfing and overwhelming. But that was as it should be, and exactly what Bethany had been craving.

The brush was hard, the spanks were hard, and eventually Bethany was moaning. She wiggled across the firm lap. There was no escape, even if she'd wanted. Miss Charles held her steady with one steel palm to the middle of the girl's back. It effectively pinned her to the couch, while her legs churned rapidly in response to the steady walloping of wide brush to swollen buttocks.

"Ooh! Ow! Ah!" cried Bethany, the tears flooding down

her face. They were half tears of joy, for she'd finally found what she was seeking. She wanted to yell out "More! Harder!" but was afraid she might be obeyed.

The heat swelled to boiling. Bethany's buttocks were like live coals, red-hot and steaming. Yet still the brush rose and fell, steadily peppering her ass with vigorous blows. It was so good it was bad. It was so bad it was good. Bethany wanted to die. She felt like she would live forever.

On and on and on the spanking went. It wasn't over quick like fucking where the guy was asleep two seconds after ejaculating. This was like a hundred orgasms in a row, each more spectacular than the last.

Slowly Bethany was drained of energy. Her cries became weaker, her wiggles less frantic, her legs lying limp as she just took the sound paddling with hardly a quiver.

That's when Miss Charles knew the ending was near. She worked the brush all over the bottom twice more, then slowed for a fantastic denouement. The final spanks were terrible, hard blistering whacks to the junction between Bethany's upper thighs and her ass. The flesh there was already well-spanked, sore and swollen and painful red. The last salvo was just the perfect conclusion, a riotous mass of pain and blisters that left Bethany sobbing.

She was asleep before Miss Charles could carry her to the guest bed. She didn't stir as the woman laid her there face down, naked with her scarlet, inflamed bottom pointing at the ceiling. Miss Charles pulled a light sheet across the girl and left her, closing the door and turning off the light.

Bethany awoke in a strange place, but she wasn't frightened. She felt warm and comfortable, despite her nudity and a room she didn't recognize.

She got up and wandered out into the house naked. She felt no shame and she was warm and wanted no covering. She found Miss Charles in the little kitchen preparing something that smelled like heaven.

"I'm making stew," said Miss Charles with a smile. "You look adorable in your birthday suit. Are you hungry?"

"Famished."

"It'll be ready soon. How's your bottom?"

"The best it's been in decades," said Bethany. "Well-spanked and sore. You're a goddess."

She turned to show off her glowing rear, the pert cheeks still fiery red.

"You're happy?"

"Blissful."

"Good. Because you've got a lot more spankings coming. You've been a very naughty girl. Using a fake ID to buy alcohol. Very naughty."

Bethany blushed and nodded, grinning. "You can spank me as much as you want. I don't mind."

Miss Charles looked grim. "Don't you give me permission to spank you! I'll spank you whether you like it or not."

"Yes ma'am!"

"And most of the time, you won't like it. I'll make sure of that. There's a birch out back. You just wait until I have you cut a switch off that thing and I stripe your hide raw. You'll wish you'd been born without a butt, that's for certain."

"Yes ma'am."

“Now, as adorable as you are, I think some clothes are appropriate for supper, don’t you? Now get to your room. I put your things in the closet and dresser.”

“Yes ma’am,” Bethany nodded. She paused at the entrance to the hall. “Miss Charles? Am I... living here?”

The woman beamed. “For as long as you’d like, child.”

Bethany felt dizzy again, but this one was the happy kind of madness of finding out you’d just won the lottery. She fairly floated to her room.

**To continue reading, buy the full book at [The Flogmaster Bookstore](#)**

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## Also by The Flogmaster

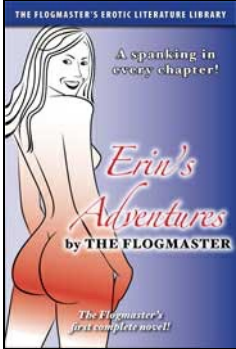
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### Novels

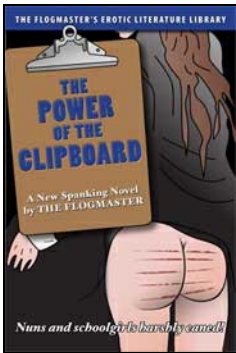
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#### ***Erin's Adventures***

(mostly F/f)

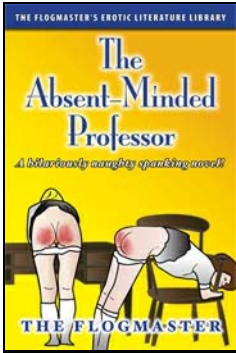
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



#### ***The Power of the Clipboard***

(mostly M/f)

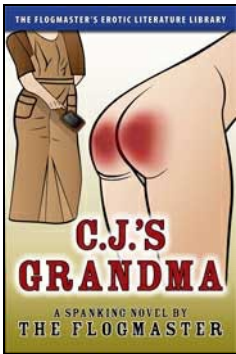
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



### ***The Absent-Minded Professor***

(mostly M/f)

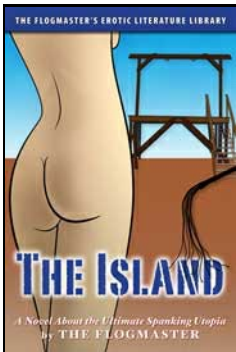
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



### ***C.J.'s Grandma***

(mostly F/f and f/f)

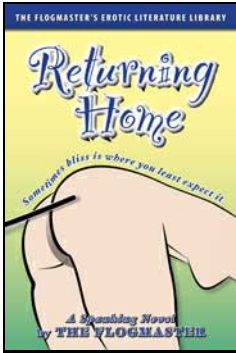
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



### ***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.

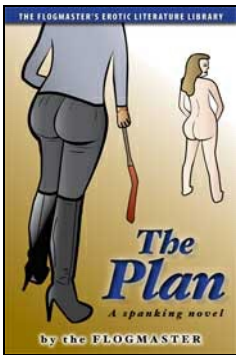


### ***Returning Home***

(mostly M/f)

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

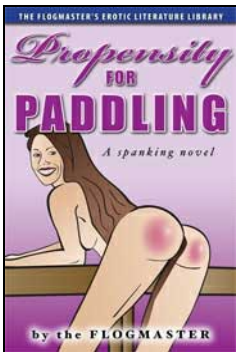
53,000 words.



### ***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)

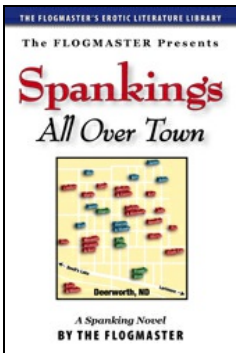
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



### ***Cutiepie***

(MF/f)

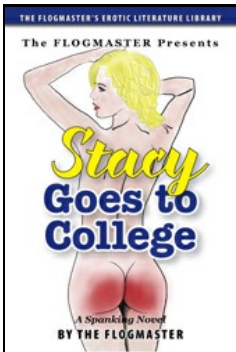
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



### ***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.

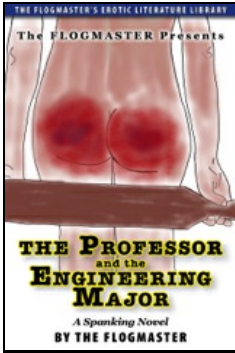


### ***Stacy Goes to College***

(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***

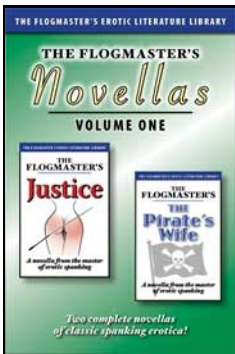
(M/FF)

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.

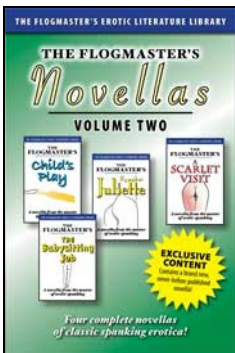
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## **Novella Collections**

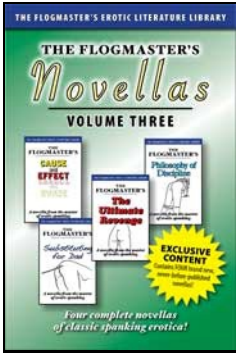
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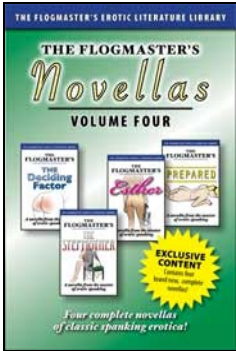
**Volume 1— *Justice*:** (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. ***The Pirate's Wife*:** (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



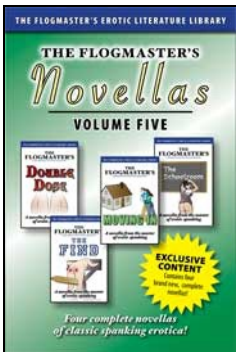
**Volume 2— *Child's Play*:** (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. ***Nymphet Juliett*:** (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. ***Scarlet Visit*:** (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. ***The Babysitting Job*:** (MF/f) A girl's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



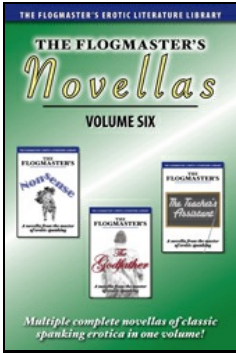
**Volume 3**— *Cause and Effect*: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline*: (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad*: (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge*: (MF/Ff) A girl plots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



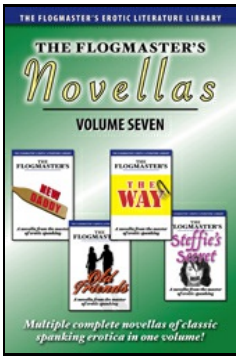
**Volume 4**— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



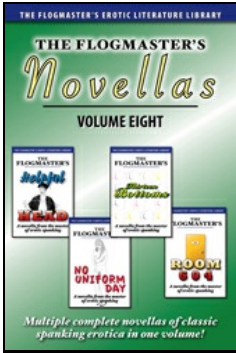
**Volume 5**— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and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



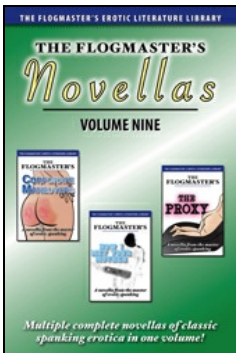
**Volume 6— Nonsense:** (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather:* (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant:* (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



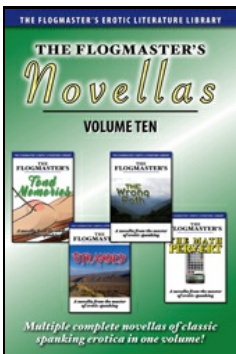
**Volume 7— A New Daddy:** (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends:* (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret:* (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way:* (m/f) A boy is trained to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



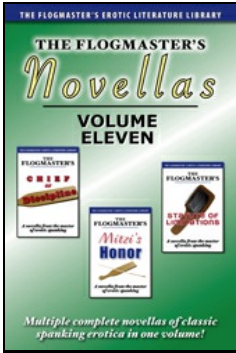
**Volume 8**— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



**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.



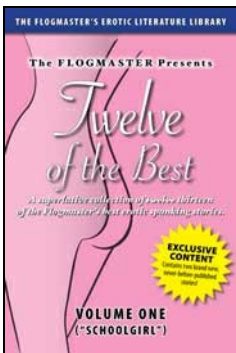
**Volume 12**— *Nurse Patty*: (F/f) A new girl at a strict school finds solace in a kindly nurse. *Brother and Sister*: (MF/fm) Orphaned twins are raised by strict step-parents. *Workaround*: (Mfm/fm) In the

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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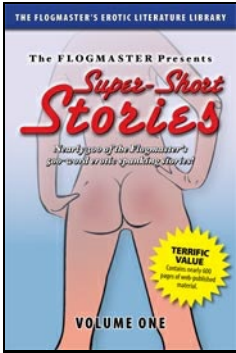
## Short Story Collections

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***Twelve of the Best: Volumes 1-38***

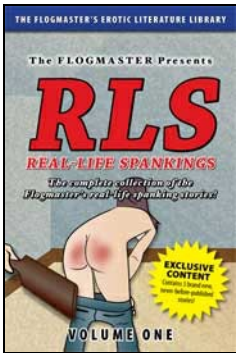
Over 450 stories divided in books focusing on the punishment of adults or children.



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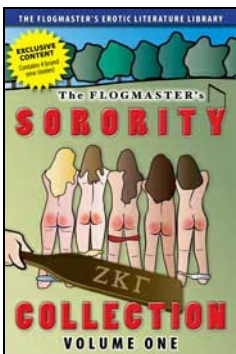
(Mostly /f or /F)



### ***Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1-6***

Spanking stories dramatized from real-life

experiences. (Mostly /f or /F)



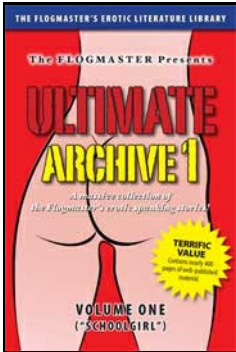
### ***Sorority Collection: Volume 1***

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***

The Flogmaster's free story website in four huge books!

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