

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 FORTY
("SCHOOLGIRL")**

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

Well told and rather funny.

C.S.

*This Laura is very versatile oriented. Does all the partners
know each other well?*

A.R.D.

Good story as usual. A very fine writer.

A.K.

*Flogmaster is one of my favorite authors. His stories usually
range from good to very good and are sometimes great. This
is one of the great ones.*

T.T.P.

Neat, imaginative... I love the ending.

S.M.

I always enjoy your stories. This one wasn't a disappointment!

K.K.

*Great story, Flogmaster. I love the ones with a touch of love
and caring. This was one of them.*

B.O.

Selected Excerpts

From *Blossoming Bottom*:

Slamming the long wooden board into that bare flesh produced sharper cracks that sent chills down his spine. Emily reacted with more vigor as well, jerking and twisting and gasping. Her big butt bounced and wobbled and turned a furious pink after just few whacks. Vickers loved it.

From *Naughty Little Hacker*:

Jaz sighed. She rotated. She was big in the hip area, with a full bottom made fuller by the narrowness of her waist. The tight jeans slowly peeled off and slipped down. With zero shyness, the girl's skimpy white panties followed. The round pale cheeks that bulged were not even pink according to Uncle Ezra, who shook his head dolefully.

"Not good enough, Jaz," he said firmly. "We had a deal about consequences."

From *Spankings for Christmas*:

Lily did have a naturally swollen bottom, a ripe little ball of flesh that plumped up nicely when draped across her grandfather's lap. It was this he cupped with his hand for a moment, and then began to spank.

His slaps were not gentle. He spanked hard and soundly, and within seconds Lily was making teeth-gritted sounds of protest. She wiggled, gasped, and moaned. Then she started to yell and beg him to stop.

From *The Bus Driver*:

The tan wooden board looked so innocuous as it emerged from the bag that it took Cliff a moment to recognize what it was. It was four inches narrow, half an inch thick, with a sturdy handle. The board itself was long, perhaps twenty inches, and the large Greek letters burned into the surface clearly indicated it was a traditional sorority paddle.

“This belongs to Coach Walford,” Stacy said quietly. “She, uh, uses it to keep the squad in order.”

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 FORTY ("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

Addicted

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ , M/f, f/Mf—Extremely Severe, non-consensual spanking, caning, strapping, sex and masturbation

In this period piece, a rich girl seeks revenge for getting flogged for flogging a servant without permission, but it won't be the last time.

Blossoming Bottom

★ ★ ★ ★ , M/ff—Intense, non-consensual paddling

Does a girl's rump blossom when regularly spanked?

Double Punishment, Part 1

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

Two female soccer players are punished for peeping.

Double Punishment, Part 2

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

The punishment of the peepers continues.

Halloween Spanking

★★★★ , MMF/f—Severe, non-consensual spanking, paddling, strapping

When a girl wears a sexy Halloween costume to school, she pays a serious price.

Naughty Little Hacker

★★★★★ , Machine/f—Severe, semi-consensual paddling

A hacker's niece hacks herself into punishments.

Spankings for Christmas

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

Two girls are spanked for Christmas.

Sturdy Young Butt

★★★★ , FM/f—Severe, non-consensual spanking, paddling, strapping

A young girl is regularly punished.

The Bus Driver

★★★★★ , M/fx12—Severe, non-consensual paddling

In this fantasy, a driver paddles a whole school bus of cheerleaders.

The Consultant

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

A salesman visits a girl's private school and gets more than expected.

The Whipping Season

★★★★★ , M/f—Severe, non-consensual slippering, caning, flogging

End-of-term times at a girl's school in olden times.

What a Great Whipping

★★★★★ , FFMM/ff—Extremely Severe, non-consensual spanking, paddling, caning, strapping, switching

Best friends earn punishments together.

Addicted

(★★★★★ , M/f, f/Mf—Extremely Severe, non-consensual spanking, caning, strapping, sex and masturbation)

In this period piece, a rich girl seeks revenge for getting flogged for flogging a servant without permission, but it won't be the last time. (Approximately 4,371 words.)

The first time it was by accident. Millie's bottom was still sore and sensitive and despite her father's frequent glares she couldn't help but fidget throughout the sermon. Afterward, he hissed that she would pay and her heart fluttered with terror. She begged and apologized, but Orville was a mule of a man and once his mind was set getting him to change it was like redirecting

a river.

She knew he would see once she disrobed and she pleaded with him to allow her to keep on her drawers. She would take double the strokes, triple even. But he wouldn't have any of it.

"If you don't shut your trap, I'll give you double anyway—on your bare bum!" he snapped.

There was nothing more to be done. Millie lowered her drawers, exposing her fulsome backside.

"What's this?" he cried when he saw the vicious marks. "Who beat you?"

Millie sobbed and couldn't lie. "Lady Adelaide," she whimpered.

Orville was furious. "By what right?" he roared. "If there's beating to be done, I'll do it. What did you do?"

But Millie didn't dare say, so she merely shrugged. She'd hoped her father's anger would cool after her flogging, but he only said she had a valid reason for wiggling in church and threw down the leather belt.

Then he dragged her to see the Earl.

Adelaide was in a splendid mood after her ride. Her mount was Jasmine, her favorite, and the glorious spring afternoon had been made for riding. The air was fresh and sweet with no winter in it. She'd ridden an hour longer than usual and wasn't surprised to see Griffin, the stablemaster, pacing nervously when she returned. The man was a wart on her side.

“I am fine,” she told him superciliously. “It was such a wonderful day I went an extra few miles.”

“Your father has called for you, my lady,” he said urgently, taking the reins and assisting her dismount. “You must go to him immediately.”

“But I must change.” Adelaide indicated her tan riding breeches and muddy boots, but the man insisted that his instructions had been to send the young woman to her father the moment she arrived.

“He sounded grim, Miss. Perhaps you should obey.”

Crossly, Adelaide did. She assumed her father was in his study and he was, but she was horrified to see the caretaker and his daughter with him. An ominous feeling began to churn in her belly. It grew worse when she saw her father’s dark expression.

At his nod, the traitorous Millie lifted the back of her dress. She wore nothing underneath and the dozens of cruelly scarlet weals that crisscrossed her heavy buttocks were the testimony that convicted. Adelaide was young but clever, and she knew there was no sense denying the charge.

“I did a fine job, wouldn’t you say, father?” she said boldly.

Forest Chase frowned, his countenance dark with fury. “You think because you’re an Earl’s daughter you have the right to flog my workers’ offspring?” he growled. “What did she do to deserve such treatment?”

Adelaide winced slightly at the intensity of her father’s displeasure, but forced herself to remain strong. She immediately deduced that since her father didn’t seem to know why she’d whipped Millie, he clearly didn’t know the

whole story. The girl was keeping her secret. Useful, that. So instead of telling the truth, Adelaide merely shrugged.

“She deserved it. She’s nothing but a servant girl. That’s all they understand.”

The Earl’s face blackened even further, and without a word he strode to a wall and removed a lethal-looking rod from a rack of three such implements. He swished it like a sword and it sang a sharp song that sent shivers down Adelaide’s slim back.

“Let us see how *you* understand the rod,” he said sternly, tapping the edge of his desk with the cane.

Adelaide went pale. She glanced at the two guests in the room, the beady-eyed caretaker in his grubby clothes and the pretty figure of the full-bodied Millie, still standing with her dress up in back. Neither made any move to leave, nor did her father dismiss them.

“I’ll take my beating, but in private,” she said firmly.

“You’ll take your beating any way I choose to give it to you!” returned her father, parting the air with slashes of the wicked cane that froze the young woman’s blood in her veins. He pulled her forward to the desk, and peered down at her rounded backside. The breeches were as taut as drumskin over her haunches, and he grunted.

“You may keep your trousers on for the first six,” he said.

Adelaide was horrified. *First six*? There was to be more? And those would be *without* the protection of her pants? She shuddered.

Yet she was a well-trained girl. Though only fourteen, she was blossoming into a young woman, and she understood duty and her family’s honor. Therefore she

didn't protest or make a fuss, not even when the snip Millie was allowed to cover her own whipped rump and stand beside her father to watch the proceedings. Adelaide simply got into position and vowed to be stoic.

It was a difficult challenge. Her father was a tall man, as strong as an ox, and his thrashings were always horrendous. This time he used a heavy rod fueled by his anger. The results were more agonizing than usual. Adelaide felt every cut keenly, despite her pants. It was all she could do to endure the strokes in dignified silence.

Then came the awful command: "Lower them."

Adelaide knew what meant and she didn't want to do it, but she did it. The tight breeches peeled off and revealed pale upper-class skin, already stained with six double-barred weals of burgundy.

"No drawers?" roared her father, his face pink.

"They're too bulky and won't lay smooth and flat under my jodhpurs," explained the girl. "That makes it lumpy and uncomfortable when I ride."

It was better to make him think it was an question of fashion, she thought. She didn't dare reveal the truth: that the tight pants rubbing against her quim as she rode gave her the most pleasurable sensations.

The Earl harrumphed, but said no more of it, merely continuing the correction. Though his daughter didn't have nearly the girth of the older Millie, she was growing in the hip and had quite splendid curves. Her buttocks were full and meaty, and the man didn't spare her at all, thrashing her no less than he would a clumsy serving maid. Adelaide dripped miserable tears onto his desk, but didn't complain

otherwise, using all her willpower to suffer in silence.

“In the future, if Millie needs a thrashing, report her to her parents or myself. Don’t take justice into your own hands.”

“Yes, father,” Adelaide said sullenly, nursing her wealed haunches. The fierce glare she threw at the older girl might have killed a lesser woman, but Millie was too drunk on the delight of seeing the rich girl beaten. She knew it would cost her later, but at that moment, she didn’t care.

It was two weeks before Adelaide was up for revenge. By then her wounds had healed so that she could walk without hissing in pain at every step, but her backside was still sensitive enough to remind her that she had a serious score to settle.

She found Millie outside her father’s cottage and dragged the girl to the barn. “How could you tell on me, you little rat!” she spat. “When I get through with you, you won’t have an arse left to sit upon!”

“I had no choice, Adelaide, I swear it. Father was going to punish me and he saw the marks. What was I supposed to tell him?”

“Tell him anything. That you got whipped at school, or a constable did it, or your lover Adam.”

“I couldn’t do that!” gasped Millie.

“Anything would have been better than telling your father that *I* did it. You’re going to get every stroke I got times two. No, three. No, times *five!*”

Millie shuddered, falling to her knees and shaking her head. “Please, Adelaide, have mercy.”

“Would you rather I tell your father about you and Adam?”

“No, my lady,” the seventeen-year-old said to the fourteen-year-old.

“Then you’ll take the beating I give you and thank me for it!”

“Yes, Miss.” Millie hesitated. “What about Adam?”

“What about him?”

“Does he have to be beaten again, too?”

Adelaide hadn’t considered this, but she’d enjoyed punishing the young man just as much as Millie, if not more. So she nodded.

“Of course. This is all his fault as much as yours. If he hadn’t seduced you—and you hadn’t succumbed to his charms—none of this would have happened. I wouldn’t have had to cane you and you wouldn’t have gotten me in trouble with my father. Both of you will pay dearly.”

“When?” asked Millie weakly.

“Tomorrow afternoon. The servants are off and father has plans in town, so we’ll be alone. Come to the manor promptly at two. Prepare for it to be an extended punishment. I doubt we’ll be finished before tea.”

“Yes, Lady Adelaide.”

Millie bowed and ran off to find her boyfriend and let him know of their gruesome fate.

For next twenty-four hours, three minds were focused on the upcoming event, though of vastly different perspectives. Adelaide, of course, was eagerly anticipating her revenge, laying out an assortment of weapons she intended to use and carefully planning everything from her scathing speech to her costume (she'd settled on her riding outfit, both for ease of movement and for the regal appearance the heeled boots gave her).

Adam and Millie, were not in such grand spirits. The boy had taken the news that he was to be thrashed yet again by the Earl's daughter with annoyance and disdain. As he was a tall, strapping lad of nearly twenty, he shrugged it off as a minor inconvenience.

"I've had worse beatings at school," he scoffed. "But I worry about you, my love."

Millie was flattered and touched, and felt guilt at having included him in the plans. The truth was that she found the cane so much easier to bear when he was there. She'd scarcely felt the strokes last time, thrilling at the fact that Adam had been beaten beside her. He took it so calmly it made her stronger. She boldly assured him she would be fine.

"Let the little witch have her fun," she said. "As long as she doesn't tell my father about you, I can endure anything."

Of course, when the afternoon arrived, both were more apprehensive than they let on. They walked to the manor together, and Adam knocked at several minutes to two. The willowy blond was there instantly, throwing open the door and ushering them inside.

Millie, as always, felt awe at being inside the great house.

It felt wrong, like she shouldn't be there. She'd only been a few times, almost always with her father. She was grateful when they went straight to the library. The room seemed vast and she'd never known there were that many books in the universe, let alone collected into one building.

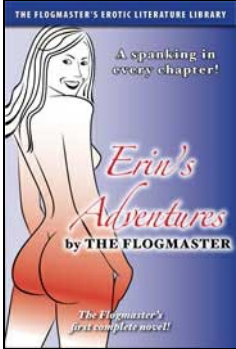
But then Adelaide presented a table laid out with paddles and canes and whips, and Millie's heart fluttered. She stared at the assortment with dismay, while even Adam looked glum.

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

Also by The Flogmaster

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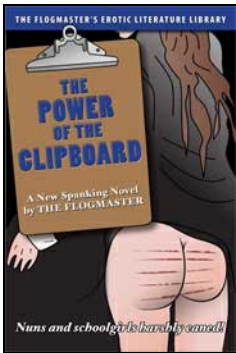
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

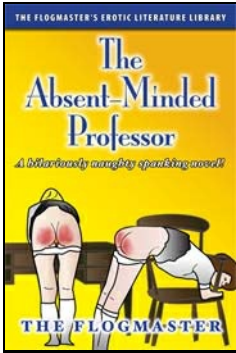
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

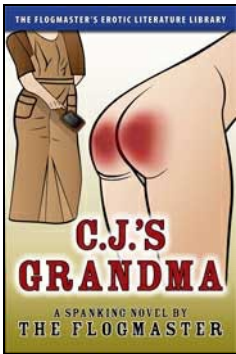
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

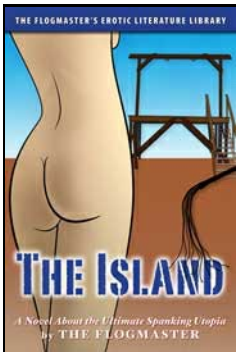
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

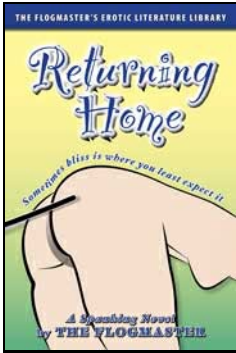
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



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.

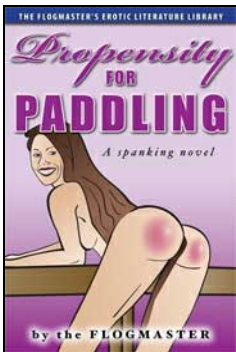
53,000 words.



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)

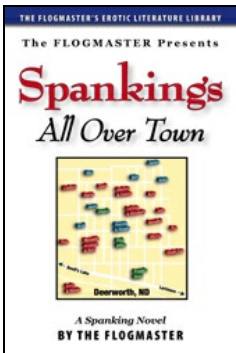
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(MF/f)

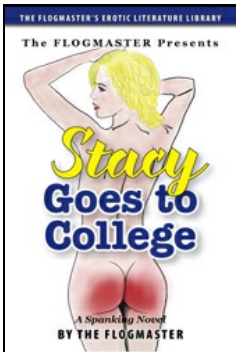
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



Spankings All Over Town

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

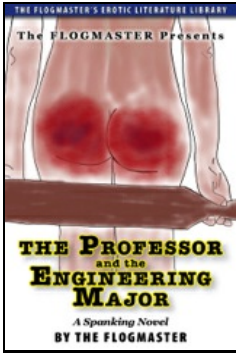
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



Stacy Goes to College

(M/F)

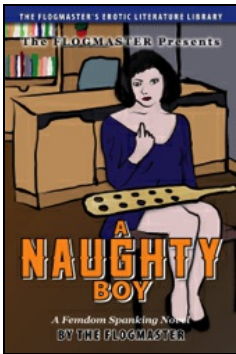
A girl goes off to college thinking she's too grown-up for spankings and learns the hard way that's not the case. 46,000 words.



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.

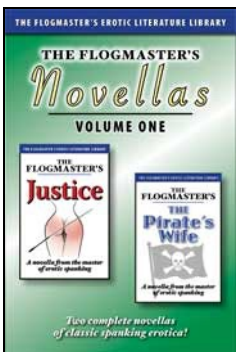


A Naughty Boy

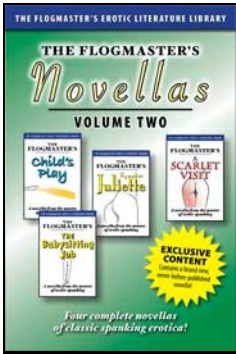
(FFff/MFFff)

When bad boy Derek is caught trespassing at a girls-only school, he will have to face the lovely Headmistress Dour with her wicked cane and hardwood paddle, and her collection of cruel-minded female faculty and prefects for excruciating punishments and even worse humiliations. 46,000 words.

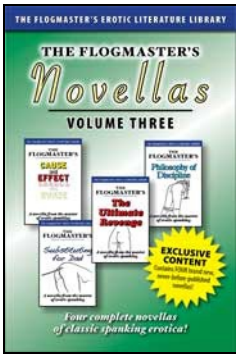
Novella Collections



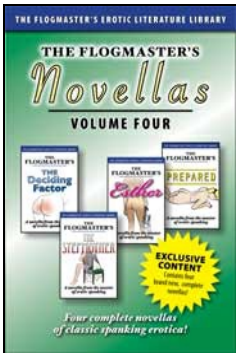
Volume 1— Justice: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. **The Pirate's Wife:** (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



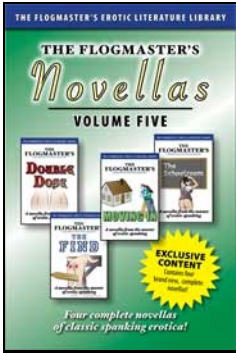
Volume 2— *Child's Play*: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. *Nymphet Juliett*: (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. *A Scarlet Visit*: (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. *The Babysitting Job*: (MF/f) A girl's babysitting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



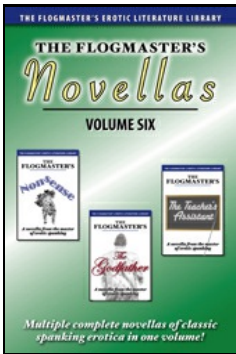
Volume 3— *Cause and Effect*: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline*: (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad*: (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge*: (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



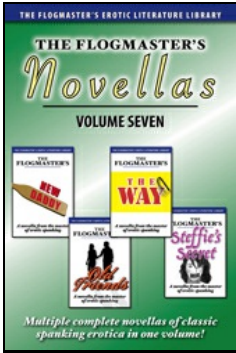
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



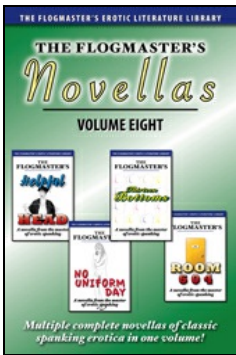
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



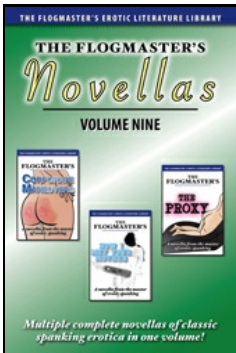
Volume 6— *Nonsense*: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather*: (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant*: (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



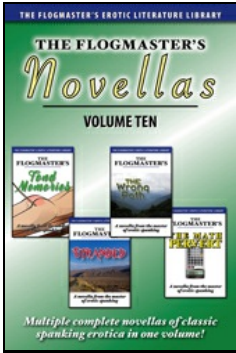
Volume 7— *A New Daddy*: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends*: (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret*: (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way*: (m/f) A boy is trained to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



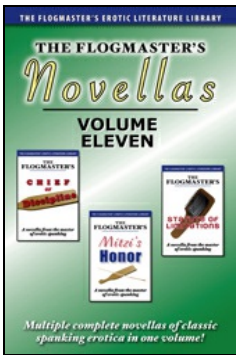
Volume 8— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



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.



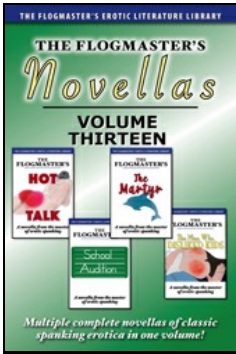
Volume 10— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't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



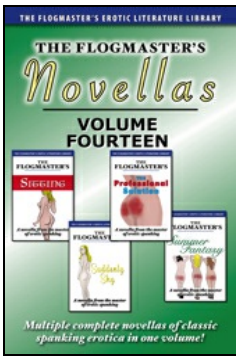
Volume 11— *Statute of Limitations*: (F/F) While visiting her mother, a woman reveals a childhood crime and is shocked when she's punished for it. *Mitzi's Honor*: (M/FF, F/MMF) Two professional contractors for rival mob families are assigned to take each other out. *Chief of Discipline*: (M/FFFFF) Girls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



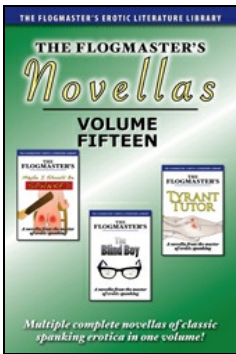
Volume 12— *Nurse Patty*: (F/f) A new girl at a strict school finds solace in a kindly nurse. *Brother and Sister*: (MF/fm) Orphaned twins are raised by strict step-parents. *Workaround*: (Mfm/fm) In the 1940s, a girl and a boy sent to a disciplinarian, figure out a workaround. *The Devil Made Me Do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



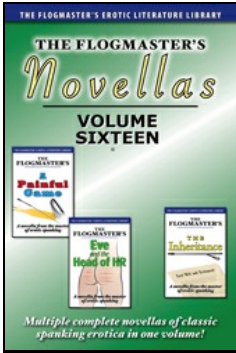
Volume 13— *Hot Talk*: (FFF/F, F/FMfm, FFM/f, MMM/f, MFF/f) Three biddies tell wild spanking stories. *School Audition*: (MMMFF/f) To attend an exclusive private school, a girl needs the approval of the Head and several teachers. *The Man Who Disliked Kids*: (M/Ff) In the 1950s, when a man marries a woman with a kid, he thinks it's a burden, but eventually discovers a new world of erotic discipline. *The Martyr*: (M/f) To support her radical cause, a brave schoolgirl will suffer any punishment.



Volume 14— *Sitting*: (mf/F) A college girl babysits two unusual twins. *Suddenly Shy*: (M/Fx6, Fx6/M) A man discovers his daughter's secret and concocts a wicked plan. *Summer Fantasy*: (FFFM/FFFFM) A college graduate spends an idyllic summer with four women. *The Professional Solution*: (M/F) An innovative solution to premature safeword use.



Volume 15— *Maybe I Should Be Spanked*: (MFFF/f) After suggesting a spanking, Kendra gets more than she expected. *The Blind Boy*: (F/FFfm) When an orphan boy with bad eyesight moves in with his aunt and her daughters, he discovers a new world of strict discipline. *Tyrant Tutor*: (Fm/f) A young boy becomes the tutor for his dream girl, and soon he's blackmailing her into taking spankings from him.

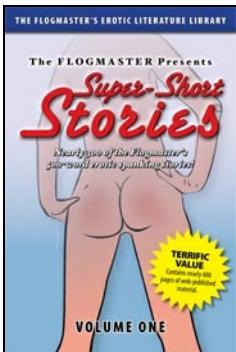


Volume 16— *A Painful Game*: (M/FFF) Three beauties compete in a billionaire's fantasy game. *Eve and the Head of HR*: (M/F) When a beautiful FBI agent goes undercover to catch a sleazy human resources executive abusing his position, everything that can go wrong goes wrong. *The Inheritance*: (MF/F) In this crime drama, there are schemes within schemes, as everyone pulls cons and scams for money.

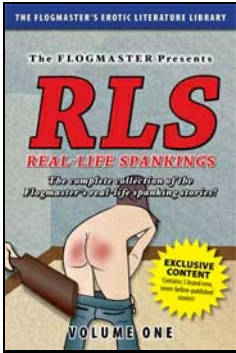
Short Story Collections



Twelve of the Best: Volumes 1-45
Over 540 stories divided in books focusing on the punishment of adults or children.

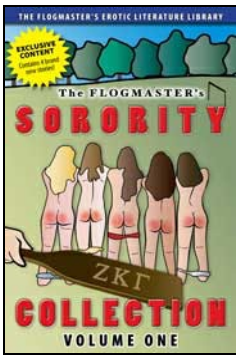


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(Mostly /f or /F)



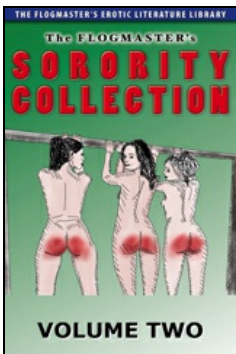
Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1-9

Spanking stories dramatized from real-life experiences. (Mostly /f or /F)



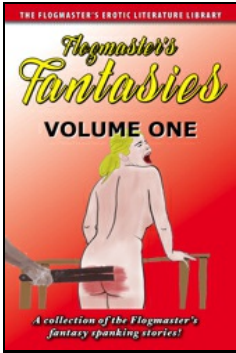
Sorority Collection: Volume 1

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



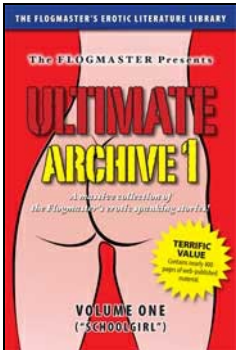
Sorority Collection: Volume 2

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)



Flogmaster Fantasies: Volume 1

21 classics plus 15 brand new stories for this Collection: *George* (M/F) A female bank executive is a man's sex slave. *Joan* (M/f) A girl wants regular spankings. *Timothy* (M/F) A girl attends a weekly punishment. *Danica* (M/F) A birthday girl's birthday fantasy. *Jackson* (M/f) A teen asks to be spanked. *Becca* (F30/F) A girl dreams of pledging to a sorority. *Jason* (M/F) A biker meets a gorgeous girl. *Stefanie* (M/F) A woman swaps her body with a teen. *Andre* (M/F) What a man wants in a foreign girl contracted to serve him. *Jill* (M/F) A nurse dreams of a doctor punishing her. *Kenneth* (M/F) A man would love to see his fiance spanked. *Lorine* (M/F) A TV reporter imagines broadcasting with a red hot bottom. *Morris* (M/F) A man wants a tiny wife. *Haley* (M/F) A woman wants to be spanked during a fancy party. *Max* (M/f) Men pay to watch judicial discipline.



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