

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-THREE
("ADULT")**

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

I liked the plot, and the author did a nice job of telling his story.

M.B.B.

This is probably my favorite story of yours, having read it first a long time ago on your website. The description of the spanking and then the multistage caning is classic; both sadistic and erotic.

S.C.

Wow, that certainly covers several aspects. A well packed story, from well just about every angle, literally. Definately a case of do as you would be done by.

C.A.N.

*I thought the lady came around a bit fast, but after all it ~~is~~ a short story. And who can resist an ending where the guy gets the girl, whilst the girl gets both the guy and a sore bottom.**

G.

What a delightful little tale. Read aloud the soliloquy is a treat for the ears.

N.B.

A wonderful visualization of a woman front and back.

B.O.

Great story with a real humanity about it. The relationship between the two of them was very believable.

N.R.

Selected Excerpts

From *Carli's Big Mouth*:

Carli frowned, thinking that the Head almost sounded like she was being sarcastic, but it was a relief to see her stand up and put the awful cane away. Why it was the second from the top, the second worst cane of the lot! That would have been *horrible* to get whacked with that.

The brunette's eyes shot open. What was this? Headmistress Grey was reaching higher, grasping the top rod, which was the longest of them all, and bringing it down.

From *Mulligan Girl*:

"There's a limit of one per person per hole," Tom explained after he'd decided to redo his poor second shot on the second hole. "So you have to use them judiciously."

"And they cost a hundred bucks a pop," said Gary, but he really didn't care about the money any more. Not when he got to sting the gorgeous blond's succulent ass.

From *Results Guaranteed*:

Ryan drew a long narrow plank of wood from his case.

"Gotta give you a taste of Old Hickory. I won't work with anyone until she proves she's willing to accept my methods." His eyes went hard. "No exceptions."

Rachel felt a prickling moving down her spine and across her butt. For a split second, she itched to feel the board smacking her big cheeks... but she knew that was crazy.

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-THREE
("ADULT")**

*This collection of the Flogmaster's best writing
contains stories dealing primarily with the
corporal punishment of adults (mostly female),
sometimes non-consensual, and some stories
may contain sexual activities.*

About the Warning labels

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

Paul Bunyan and the Great Lakes

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

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

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

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

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

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

Contents

Anger Therapy

★★★★, M/F—Intense, consensual paddling

An unusual way to excise anger issues.

Caning an Elegant Lady

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

A former headmaster talks about caning his favorite “pupil.”

Carli’s Big Mouth

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

When a girl thinks she’s in trouble, she confesses.

Extra Credit

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

When a senior needs extra credit to graduate with honors, she bribes a teacher with paddlings.

Let Yourself Go

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

slippering, caning

A woman experiences CP for the first time.

Mulligan Girl

★★★★★, MM/F—Intense, consensual caning

Golfers take out their frustrations on a club-provided hottie.

Not Mom

★★★★★, F/F—Intense, semi-consensual spanking

After her mother's passing, a girl gets spanked by her mother's best friend.

Punishment Hall

★★★★, ?/ffmm—Intense, non-consensual spanking, paddling, caning

When a delinquent starts at her new reformatory school, one of her classes is not what she expected.

Results Guaranteed

★★★★, M/F—Intense, semi-consensual paddling

A college girl gets private tutoring.

Sweet Old Man

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

When a girl hits an elderly man with her car, she'll do anything to assuage her guilt.

Sweet Old Woman

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

A guilty man who craves punishment meets an elderly woman who promises to make him repent.

The Tables Keep Turning

★★★★★ , MFF/FF—Absurdly Severe, semi-consensual spanking, paddling, caning, strapping

Two roommates spank the hell out of each other.

Anger Therapy

(★★★★, M/F—Intense, consensual paddling)

An unusual way to excise anger issues. (Approximately 2,813 words.)

Carl's lawyer had prepared him for the worst. This wasn't his first offense, and attacking a motor vehicles clerk with his own stapler might be considered assault with a deadly weapon. Though pleading guilty worked in his favor, he still might have to serve time.

Then the miracle happened.

The day of the sentencing, Judge Hiroto arrived an hour late and in a furious mood. Carl felt his world closing in around him... until the judge apologized and explained he'd been stuck at the Department of Motor Vehicles trying to obtain a duplicate title for a car he was selling. The

bureaucracy had given him sympathy to Carl's plight, and instead of jail, he sentenced the man to therapy. Carl almost wept with relief.

"You'll have to attend a weekly counseling session," warned his lawyer. "You can't miss even a single one."

"Not a problem."

"And no more incidents. You got unbelievably lucky."

"I'll never lose my temper again, I swear!" gushed Carl. He was drenched with sweat at the close call. "Just tell me where to go and I'll go."

"I'll email you a list of some therapists. Pick one and start as soon as possible."

Carl took the next day off work. Instead of getting and drunk and celebrating like he wanted, he was responsible and went through his lawyer's list and researched therapists.

It was drudgery and he wasn't sure how to choose, when he got to the fifth name on his list. The name Jordan Denby didn't mean anything, but when he went to the website he was astonished to see a stunning blond smiling at him from the doorway of a well-appointed office. Her arms were out in welcome and her smile was confident and cheery.

His eyes dropped to see a well-appointed chest, tight waist, and curved hips encased in a snug navy skirt. God, she was gorgeous. He studied the picture for another full minute, noting every sexy detail. She was the epitome of wholesome goodness, with fine white teeth, golden hair, and sparkling blue eyes.

Then he noticed that the mahogany door next to her was so polished and shiny he could see the reflection of her ass

in it. The image was blurry, naturally, but it didn't disguise the meaty bubble thrust and flawless curves.

"Jackpot," he said, not bothering to read her bio. If he had to have a weekly session with someone, why not a beauty like her? He called the number and made an appointment for the following Monday.

Carl was nervous when he arrived. He'd shaved, gotten a haircut, and even bought a new suit. He wanted to make a good impression, and with his court record he knew he had an uphill battle. He need to make the woman think his outburst was a fluke and he was a regular guy.

Denby's office was in a downtown high-rise on the 30th floor. The place was full of professional establishments like lawyers and CPAs, all hidden behind glass doors and swanky receptionist desks. He went all the way to the end of the corridor to find her place, smaller than the others, but then she worked alone and didn't need much space.

He signed himself in on the iPad in the waiting room and sat. Promptly at four, the door opened and there stood the woman. She was shorter than he'd expected, despite her spike heels, and twice as cute. She looked to be in her mid-thirties, with the skin of a girl half her age. She moved languidly, her slender body rocking. Her green dress was obscenely tight, following every curve of her body.

"Mr. Pierce?" she asked. "I'm Jordan Denby."

"Pleased to me you. Call me Carl," he said, extending a hand. He shook hers and hoped his palm wasn't sweaty. He felt like he ought to kneel and kiss her fingers.

"Come on in," she said, turning and guiding him into the next room. His eyes widened at the sight of that green

round rump as it wobbled back and forth as she moved and he followed eagerly.

The room was larger than he expected and divided into two parts. One end was a traditional office with the neat desk he'd glimpsed in the website photo, but the larger half was more like a living room with couches and lounges and even a beanbag chair. Carl sank into one of the recliners and Denby took a seat opposite him on a sofa. She grinned.

"Now I've already gone over your file," she began. "The court sent it over. So I'm familiar with the basics of your situation. Just so you know, today is just a 'get to know each other' meeting. We won't do any real therapy until your next visit, provided we both agree that I can help you. Does that sound good?"

When Carl nodded, she grinned happily. "To start, do you have any questions for me about how all this works?"

"I've never had therapy. Is all we do just sit and talk like this?"

"Pretty much. There are no hard and fast rules. Everyone's situation and temperament is different. Sometimes we do other things, like role playing, and we might even have field trips, if I think such a thing is good."

"Field trips?"

"Sure, we go out into the real world so I can see how you interact with others. It could be as simple as getting a coffee or me watching you at work. A lot depends on where you have trouble. For instance, if you hate your boss and are always thinking about punching him, it might be good for me to meet him. But don't worry—we always come up with a cover story, so he would never know I'm your therapist.

We'd just say I'm your date or a friend of your cousin or something."

"Ah. Good." Carl could just imagine the jealous looks he'd get from his colleagues if he showed up with Jordan as his "date."

"And how long does this therapy last?" he asks.

"At least two years, though after six months I can adjust how often I see you."

"Time off for good behavior?"

She grinned. "Something like that. After the two years of mandated therapy, I'll still be monitoring you, but it could just be a few visits a year. That will depend upon my recommendation to the judge, which he has to accept."

"Okay. That sounds good. And everything we talk about is just between us, right?"

"That's right. What's said in here stays in here."

They chatted for a while, and Carl found Jordan easy to talk with. She was annoyingly cheery, but it didn't seem feigned. It was just who she was. He learned a little about her (most important: she was single and not in a relationship) and shared a good deal of his personal history.

The hour passed swiftly and when her watch beeped and she said they had just five minutes left, he was astonished. "So what do you think?" she said, beaming her smile at him. "Are we a good fit?"

For a second he was thinking she meant romantically and his heart pounded, but then he realized she was talking about therapy.

"Oh yes, I think so," he said. He really didn't know much about her qualifications or expertise, but decided that didn't

matter. The main thing was that they got along and he could talk to her.

“So I’ll inform the judge that you’re seeing me once a week,” Denby said, making a notation on her tablet. “Is this time convenient for you?”

“Monday’s at four? Sure. It’s great.”

“Perfect. I’ll put you on my schedule.”

Jordan stood up and shook his hand. “I look forward to helping you, Carl. I’m sure we’ll make great progress and we’ll get to the bottom of your anger issues.”

At his next session, Denby was wearing a blue dress. The cut was different and the hem shorter, but it was just as tight as the green one, and he marveled at the perfection of her butt. He was glad she was sitting because he found it distracting and couldn’t really talk while she was walking around.

That happened twice as she got him water from a cooler in the corner, standing half-bent with her bottom to him while she filled his glass. When she handed it too him, he was so flustered he almost dropped it in his lap.

That session they explored some of his frustrations in life, which she suspected were the root cause of his anger.

“It wasn’t the clerk that you were upset with,” she said. “It was what the clerk represented. He wasted your time, which reminded you of how you think you’ve wasted your life.”

“That’s right! That’s exactly it.”

Soon he was spilling his guts about his failed career dreams and bad luck with relationships. He’d wanted to run his own company, not be a peon in a huge corporation. And

he was still haunted by the heartbreak of his high school sweetheart who he'd planned to marry.

There was much to cover and it took several sessions, each time Carl revealing more about his past. He'd never done much self-inspection before, so this was new and rather exciting, though he often felt ashamed at revealing his pathetic life to the lovely therapist.

After about a month, Dr. Denby questioned him about punishment. "Did you parents spank you?" she asked.

He blushed, but she seemed perfectly calm and serious, the red pen in her hand touching her pink lips as she studied him thoughtfully.

"Sure, when I was bad," he said. "But nothing major. I wasn't abused or anything."

"When was your last spanking?"

Carl had to think about that one. "I guess I was about twelve. My friend Matt and I tried to steal strawberries from a farm. We were hired to pick them, but we set aside about half what we picked and planned to go back later and get the berries and sell them. We didn't realize the place counted the cartons they gave out, so when we turned in half the boxes we'd taken, we were busted."

"And you got spanked?"

"Whipped. Dad used his belt." He blushed. "I had to take down my pajama bottoms and get it on the bare ass. It hurt like heck. I vowed never to steal again. And I haven't," he added with a grin.

"So it was effective."

"Definitely."

"Do you think spanking might be helpful in your current

anger situation?”

Carl nearly fainted. His ears rang. Had he heard right? Surely the woman wasn't suggesting— He couldn't even finish the thought.

“What... what do you mean?” he asked, buying time.

Dr. Denby stood up and walked over to a cabinet on the wall. Inside she pulled out a sturdy wooden paddle about a foot long. She brought it to him.

He stared at it like it was from another planet. It burned his hands like a hot potato. He itched to hand it off to someone else, but Jordan didn't seem to want to back. He held onto it, his breathing ragged.

“I don't understand,” he moaned, though he did. His neck was sweaty, his collar strangling him, and the thought of going over the gorgeous blond's lap for a paddling almost too much to contemplate. His brain wouldn't process.

“I want you to excise some of that anger,” Jordan said. “Get it out of your system.”

Instead of sitting back down on the sofa, she climbed onto it with her knees and leaned against the back. She looked back at him over her shoulder, her butt bulging obviously in her tight skirt.

“Spank me, Carl. Spank me hard.”

It took a moment for the words to penetrate. Carl was about to cry out, “No! I don't want—” when he realized what she said. He closed his mouth, which felt way too dry. He reached for his glass of water and gulped about half of it down.

Across the way, her bottom aimed at him, Jordan waited patiently. Her smile was beatific. He stared at her, then

looked around for the hidden cameras.

“Is this some kind of prank? Are you setting me up?”

“Of course not, Carl. Everything that happens in here stays in here. This is a safe place. Now, are you going to spank me or not?”

The butt was so round, so shapely, so inviting, Carl almost complied. But the situation was too weird, too new, and he wasn't comfortable.

“I don't understand,” he said. “Why should I spank *you*?”

“It's good therapy,” Jordan said. “You've got anger and I've got a big round bottom that needs punishment. It's a perfect match. Come on, take out your rage on my ass!”

It was too tempting. Carl found that he was standing up, the wooden paddle in his hand. He stepped forward until he was next to Denby's high heels as they stuck out off the end of the couch. He raised the paddle. Then he swung.

The *whomp* of the wood against padded bottom was deeply satisfying. He could have hit a cushion, but it wouldn't have had the same feel. This was resilient, the girl grunting and twisting, shaking her long blond hair as she coped with the penetrating sting. This was a cushion that reacted, that felt what he did.

Without thinking about it, he raised the wood and spanked the woman again. This time it was harder, and the plank caught both cheeks squarely. Denby grunted through gritted teeth.

“Ah, yes, that's it,” she hissed. “More, just like that. Spank me hard. Let me have it. Get rid of that anger.”

Carl did. For the next five minutes he spanked that

bouncy butt, slamming the paddle harder and harder into the quivering seat. Jordan soon yelped and cried, wiggling frantically, but he refused to let her go. He put his left hand on her back to keep her steady and he used the board on her fine, shapely rear end.

Jordan grinned and laughed, encouraging him to hit harder, and she wiggled her fanny to goad him. “That’s great, you’re doing good. Give it to me hard!”

He spanked harder and harder, almost frantically. He was out of breath, his arm aching with the effort, yet his stiff cock and the woman’s wagging tail drove him to continue. Finally, after a last hearty swing, he dropped the paddle on the floor and followed it, collapsing in exhaustion.

“Not too bad,” said Jordan, getting up off the couch. She rubbed her ass through her skirt, kneading the soft cheeks. “You’ll get better with practice.”

“I don’t understand. This is therapy?”

“For both of us,” Jordan said. “Don’t you get it? I’m one sick puppy. I can’t get enough of ass-spanking, and so I started an anger therapy clinic where guys can take out their rage on my butt. It’s good, isn’t it? You feel better?”

Carl did. It didn’t make much sense, and a dignified part of him felt ashamed for hitting a woman, but he had to admit that it had felt awesome. Denby had been asking for it and she seemed no worse for the wear, so maybe it was okay. Maybe he wasn’t an asshole bastard for giving into his baser instincts.

“Are you all right?” he asked.

“Never better.”

“You’re not... sore?”

“A bit. But that’s good. That’s the whole point. I *want* to be sore. I want you to give me a red-hot ass. We both got something out of it. It’s the perfect symbiosis.”

“So this will happen every session?”

“When we both need it,” grinned Jordan. “My ass isn’t made of iron and you’re not my only client. But often enough. There’s lots of kinds of spanking, too. Some more severe than others.”

“And it qualifies as therapy?”

“It’s just one technique. But it’s most effective. Don’t you feel better? More relaxed, at peace?”

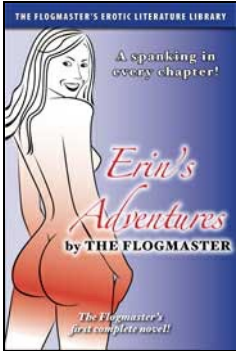
“I do,” marveled Carl. “It’s crazy, but I do.”

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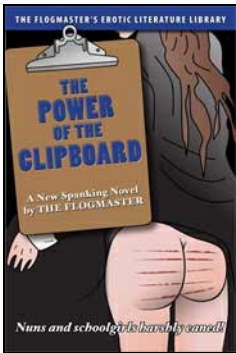
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

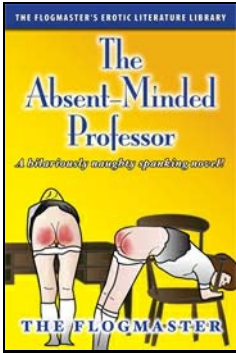
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

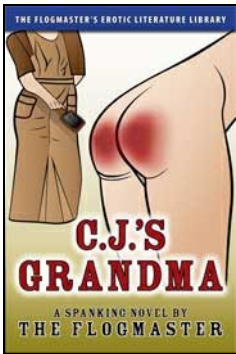
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

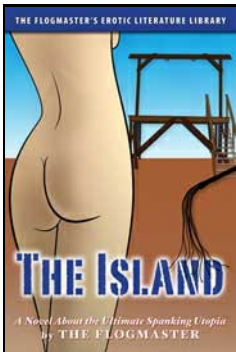
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

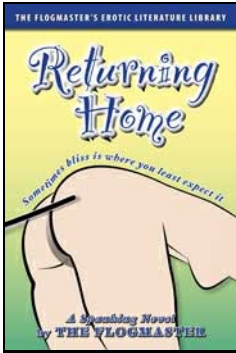
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



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.

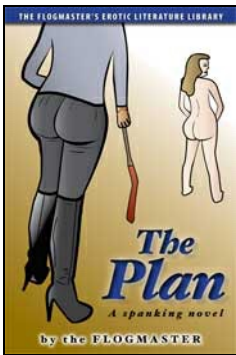


Returning Home

(mostly M/f)

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

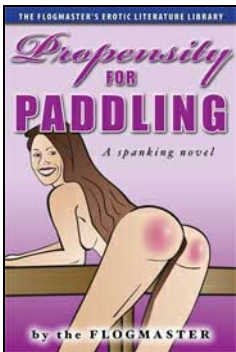
53,000 words.



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)

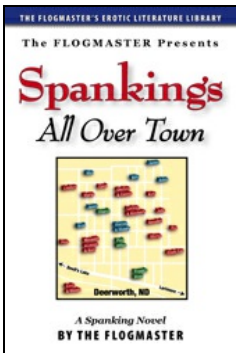
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(M/F/f)

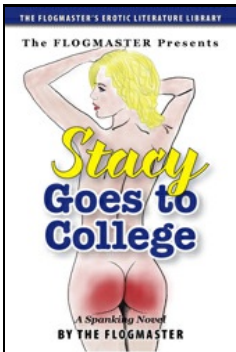
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



Spankings All Over Town

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

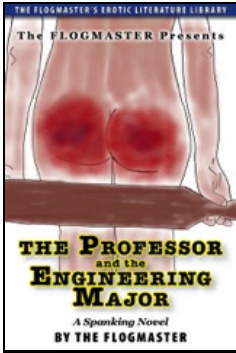
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



Stacy Goes to College

(M/F)

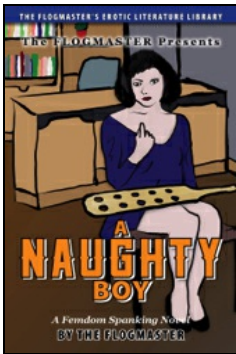
A girl goes off to college thinking she's too grown-up for spankings and learns the hard way that's not the case. 46,000 words.



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.

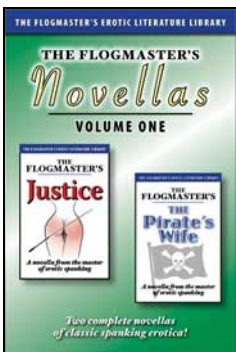


A Naughty Boy

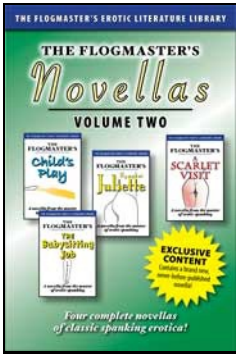
(FFff/MFFff)

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.

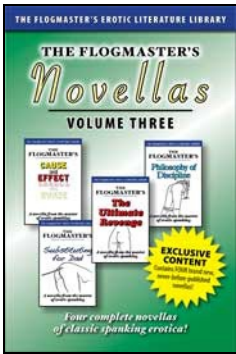
Novella Collections



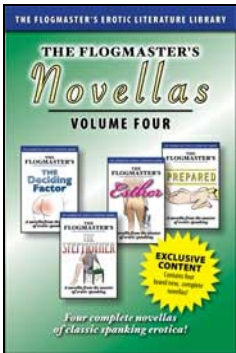
Volume 1— Justice: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. **The Pirate's Wife:** (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



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.



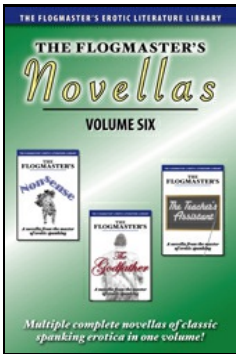
Volume 3— *Cause and Effect*: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline*: (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad*: (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge*: (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



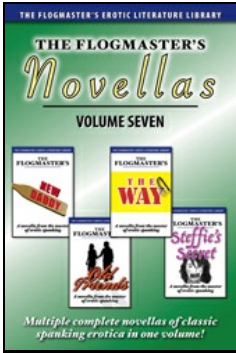
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



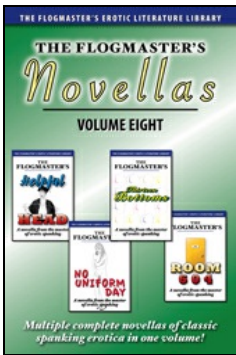
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



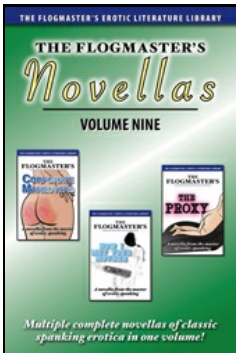
Volume 6— *Nonsense*: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather*: (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant*: (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



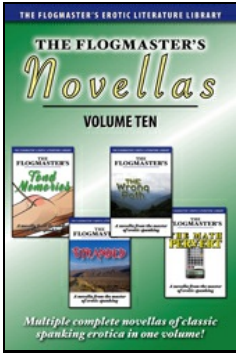
Volume 7— *A New Daddy*: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends*: (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret*: (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way*: (m/f) A boy is trained to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



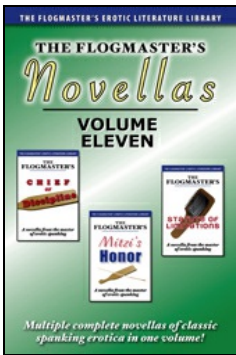
Volume 8— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



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.



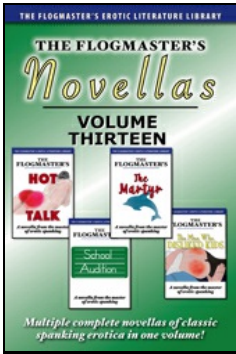
Volume 10— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't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



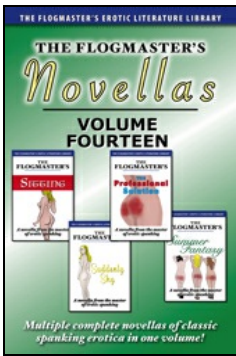
Volume 11— *Statute of Limitations*: (F/F) While visiting her mother, a woman reveals a childhood crime and is shocked when she's punished for it. *Mitzi's Honor*: (M/FF, F/MMF) Two professional contractors for rival mob families are assigned to take each other out. *Chief of Discipline*: (M/FFFFFF)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



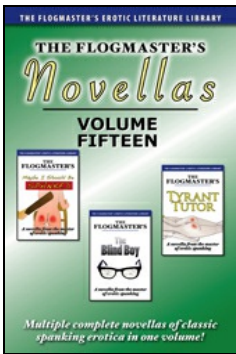
Volume 12— *Nurse Patty*: (F/f) A new girl at a strict school finds solace in a kindly nurse. *Brother and Sister*: (MF/fm) Orphaned twins are raised by strict step-parents. *Workaround*: (Mfm/fm) In the 1940s, a girl and a boy sent to a disciplinarian, figure out a workaround. *The Devil Made Me Do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



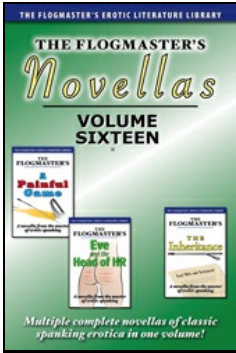
Volume 13— *Hot Talk*: (FFF/F, F/FMfm, FFM/f, MMM/f, MFF/f) Three biddies tell wild spanking stories. *School Audition*: (MMMFF/f) To attend an exclusive private school, a girl needs the approval of the Head and several teachers. *The Man Who Disliked Kids*: (M/Ff) In the 1950s, when a man marries a 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.

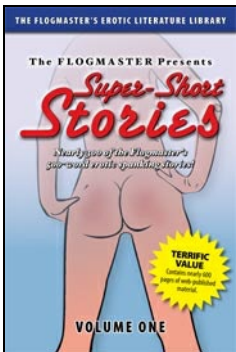


Volume 16— *A Painful Game*: (M/FFF) Three beauties compete in a billionaire's fantasy game. *Eve and the Head of HR*: (M/F) When a beautiful FBI agent goes undercover to catch a sleazy human resources executive abusing his position, everything that can go wrong goes wrong. *The Inheritance*: (MF/F)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

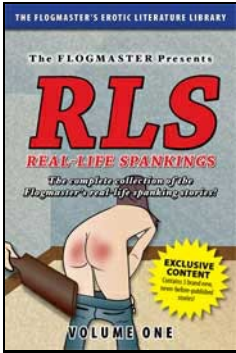
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Over 540 stories divided in books focusing on the punishment of adults or children.

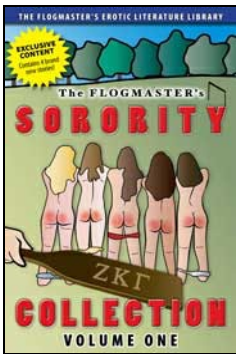


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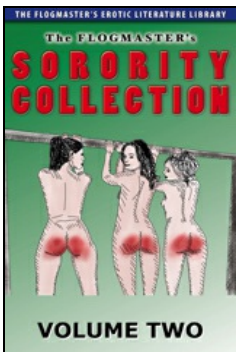
Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1-9

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



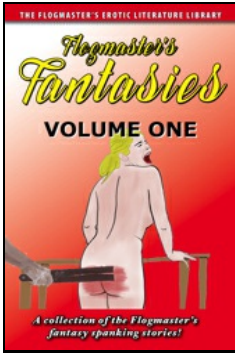
Sorority Collection: Volume 1

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



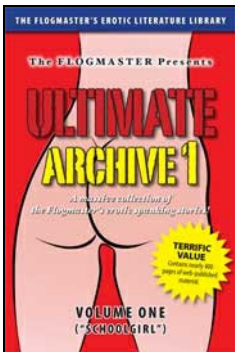
Sorority Collection: Volume 2

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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best friend. ◆ ***Punishment Hall*** —When a delinquent starts at
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tutoring. ◆ ***Sweet Old Man*** —When a girl hits an elderly man
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