

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-FIVE
("ADULT")**

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

Writing in the first person very effectively communicates that she likes it!

S.B.G.

Super hot! And awesomely creative! Thank you!

M.L.A.

A short and sweet story of old times. Thanks.

D.L.H.

I'd love to play this kind of game!

J.Z.

I have never read a story this intense before this moment. Whew! I can barely catch my breath. What a magnificent piece!

I.C.

Now, if we could just figure out a tweet version.

K.S.L.

Right out of Edgar Allen Poe there, F.M.

B.O.

Selected Excerpts

From *Curiosity Spanked the Bottom*:

It was a nice body, too. Meg wasn't particularly voluptuous, but she had a pretty face with golden-brown hair and blue-green eyes. Her breasts were lovely, just about the size of Chad's fist. Her bottom was pertly rounded and not too big—just right for her petite, slim figure, according to everything she'd read and been told by others. Chad was getting a nice feel of that body, too, his hands gripping Meg's ass as they kissed.

"Chad Andrew Davis! *This* is what you call 'studying?'" demanded a loud female voice. The door was open and there stood his mother, the hairbrush still in her hand.

From *Overdraft Protection*:

The room was the same size as Mr. Martello's office, but since it was nearly devoid of furniture it seemed much larger. The walls and ceiling were all white and the floor was a tough gray linoleum, giving the place a cold, institutional feel. In the center of the room was a sort of podium with a padded area for leaning over. Much more intimidating were all the various paddles, leather straps and whips, and long narrow canes on the far wall. Porsche stood nervously staring at everything.

From *Visiting Her Parole Officer*:

Reluctantly, her heart pounding, she drew down her panties and raised the back of her dress. She leaned forward across the punishment stand, blushing a little at the exposure. She wondered why she was always embarrassed—Mr. Burly had seen her bare ass every week for three months now, and since her probation was for a year, he was going to see it at lot more in the future.

She was thinking back to the 50 licks she'd gotten when she went to prison and the 50-whack "good-bye" paddling. Both of those spankings had left her sore for more than a week. Next Friday's session had better just be five!

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-FIVE ("ADULT")

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

About the Warning labels

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

Paul Bunyan and the Great Lakes

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

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

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

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

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

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

Contents

Caught in the Act

★★★★★, M/F, F/F, self/M—Intense, semi-consensual spanking, paddling, belting

Secrets abound between two couples as a lie opens up their sexuality.

Curiosity Spanked the Bottom

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

When a girl curious about spanking gets a chance to experience it, what does she do?

Dinner Out

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

A woman gets a remarkably hard beating.

Former Student

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

When a former student goes to work for her former school principal, she learns about her secret desires.

Never Had the Paddle

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

A British babe tastes the paddle for the first time.

Overdraft Protection

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

When a woman overdrafts her bank count, she's got "insurance" to bail her out.

Step 9

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

An addict makes amends.

The Paddle Is Waiting For You

★★★★ , FM/F—Severe, non-consensual paddling, strapping

When a college girl returns home, she's gleeful thinking the paddle set out is for her brother. It's not.

The Piano Teacher and the Psychologist

★★★★★ , m/F—Intense, consensual caning
A piano student is rewarded for hard work.

Two Tails

★★★★★ , MF/F, M/M—Severe, non-consensual paddling, stropping, birching
Two young people are punished for their indiscretion.

Visiting Her Parole Officer

★★★★ , M/F—Severe, semi-consensual judicial paddling
A parolee goes in for her week paddling.

Young Mother

★★★★ , MF/F—Severe, non-consensual spanking, paddling
A mother is spanked for her son's crimes.

Caught in the Act

(★★★★★, M/F, F/F, self/M—Intense, semi-consensual spanking, paddling, belting)

Secrets abound between two couples as a lie opens up their sexuality. (Approximately 5,608 words.)

Alan stepped out of the shower and stood dripping on the mat, listening. The house was quiet. He was nervous, however, and ran naked through the bedroom to the window and peeked outside. Sherry's car was still gone. He was alone.

His heart racing, he went back into the bathroom. The long-handled bath brush was hanging there in the shower. It was a wicked instrument, as the leverage meant even a mild swing produced vicious sting. It was even worse wet, and he purposely hadn't dried himself.

The first blow to his right cheek made him hiss. He gave

himself another, and then another, and practically screamed at that one. So stingy! Then he worked on the left buttock. The smack was so loud in the small room it made him nervous and he wished he'd thought to turn on loud music. But then that also would drown out other sounds, such as his wife's car pulling up.

After five to each cheek, his bottom was warm and tingling. His sleepy cock was awake, stirring with excitement as he imagined various punishment scenarios. He was a naughty boy sent to the Headmistress and she had to paddle him. He was an orphan boy and the cruel housemother was going to put him over her knee. He was a frat brother sent to their sister sorority for discipline. The three sorority girls were all gorgeous, as sexy as hell, dressed in high heels and skimpy lingerie, and each carrying a dreadfully long pine paddle.

The vision nearly made him come, but he held out. He didn't get much time alone, and it had been weeks since he'd been properly spanked. Gritting his teeth with determination, he vowed that he would give himself ten whacks per cheek as hard as he could. He really wished he had someone else to do it, of course. It was so difficult to do it to himself, both logistically and mentally. But there was no way he could let anyone know his secret. Sherry would freak out. She was so conservative.

Alan began the hard spanking. It was awful. It was ecstasy. The brush walloped down so loud and so hard he gasped every time and it took a lot of courage to force himself to swing the brush down again. A few spanks were weak and he didn't count them, determined to make this as

real as he could. A real mistress wouldn't give him any mercy. He was a bad boy and needed to be punished severely.

An extra-hard wallop to his left cheek had him seeing stars for a few seconds. Wow, that had hurt. The brush was an evil, evil thing. As he panted to catch his breath, he suddenly heard a sound from downstairs.

"Hello? Alan, you home?"

Instantly the erection was gone. It was worse than gone—in a panic Alan's cock had not only shrunk, but shriveled up inside himself as though escaping into a cave.

Holding his breath, Alan placed the bath brush on its hook in the shower and frantically ran the towel across his body to dry himself. He went to the door and shouted, "Be right down, Jim!"

Then he rushed to step into pants and threw on a shirt. In less than two minutes he was dressed, including combing his hair. No time for deodorant, but he'd just come out of the shower. His heart raced as he closed the bedroom door and headed down the stairs. What the hell was Jim doing there? Had he heard anything suspicious?

"Hey, buddy, what's up?"

Alan tried to keep his voice casual, but inside he was wondering what the hell had possessed him to tell the guy he could come in without knocking if the door was unlocked. They were best friends and next-door neighbors, so it was reasonable, but it was stupid of Alan to forget to lock the door.

"Just brought back that brownie pan. You gotta thank Sherry for me. Those were *delicious*."

“There was no rush. You could have brought the pan back on Friday.”

Jim grinned. “I already ate all the brownies, so I thought I might as well bring the pan back. Besides, I was gonna see if you recorded last night’s game.”

“Yeah, it’s on the DVR. I already watched it, but you can undelete it.”

“Sweet.” Jim picked up the remote and turned on the TV. As he manipulated the menus, finding the show he wanted, he glanced at his friend. Then he looked upstairs.

“Everything alright up there?”

“What... do you mean?” Alan said, his heart stopping.

“I thought I heard slapping or clapping or something. Sounded odd. If you and Sherry had a kid, I’d have thought he was getting a spanking!”

Alan worked hard to not blush. He tried to act normal, but the blood was pounding in his head and he couldn’t think. The whole world slowed to a sluggish crawl. He felt like he was going to suffocate. *What do I say, what do I say?* he thought frantically.

In a panic, the lie came out so easily it was as though he’d practiced it for weeks.

“Oh, that was just me giving the wife a little discipline,” he purred smoothly, his voice low as though he didn’t want to be heard.

Jim’s jaw dropped. “Are you serious? You just... spanked... Sherry?”

“Don’t let on that you know, man! She’s sensitive. It’s supposed to be our little secret.”

“Oh my God, man. I had no idea. That’s... wow, that’s

radical.”

“No biggie. She can be a little rambunctious.”

“You really spanked her?” Jim asked in awe. He glanced upstairs, as though he might be heard. “With your hand or did you use something?”

“A hairbrush.”

“Ouch. And Sherry puts up with it?”

“When she’s done wrong, she knows enough to submit to the correction she’s due.”

“Wow. You guys seem so... normal.” Jim threw himself on the couch. “I’m just gonna fast-forward for the highlights. Liz has dinner almost ready so I don’t have much time.”

Alan was relieved by the change of subject. He still couldn’t believe he’d nearly been caught, or the lie he’d told. He sure hoped Jim would keep his word and not tell anyone. “I gotta go, man. Go ahead and watch the game if you want.”

Jim couldn’t even concentrate on the game. His head was spinning. He kept looking up toward the bedroom, wondering what Sherry was doing. He pictured her spread out on the bed facedown, her bright red ass mooning the ceiling. It was a delicious image, for Sherry had a prominent bottom, large and delightfully fleshy. Jim had discretely admired it for years. It was crazy that Alan had *spanked* that bottom. With a hairbrush, too. Just like a naughty little girl!

He tried to imagine Sherry as a bad girl, but it didn't work. The woman was just too sweet. There wasn't a bad bone in her body. What on earth could she have done to deserve a spanking? Maybe she put in 99 blueberries in those heavenly muffins of hers instead of the required 100.

When Jim's phone buzzed, the text from his wife saying that dinner was ready, his thoughts went to her. What would she say about Sherry getting spanked? She'd probably insist they call the police for wife-beating.

But he had to admit that Liza had a sweet can. It wasn't quite as deep as Sherry's, and it was definitely broader, but he'd always been attracted to her ass. Mentally he brought a hand down on his wife's plump cheeks. God, that was a naughty thought, but so tempting!

Over the next few days, that idea haunted Jim. Every time he looked at his wife from behind, he started thinking about what it would be like to slap that ass. Of course, he didn't actually try that, though he did pat her rump a few times and even gave her a pinch.

Then one evening Liza was in a romantic mood. She was dressed in a dainty little negligee and barely there panties that peeked out of the bottom. Jim got excited and after they made out for a few minutes, he couldn't resist giving that tush a little slap. When Liza giggled, he smacked her harder—hard enough to make her eyes widen and her mouth shape a perfect “Oh!”

“Have you been a bad girl?” he growled. “Perhaps you need to go over my lap for a *real* spanking!”

Liza stared at him like he was possessed. Jim held the grim look for a few seconds, but just as he'd decided to

laugh it off as a joke, Liza suddenly said, “Are you... you want to *spank* me?”

He blushed and nodded. “Yeah. Crazy, right?”

“You’ve never expressed an interest in that before.”

Jim hesitated. He was surprised that Liza didn’t seem alarmed by his suggestion, only curious and a little puzzled. If he said the right thing, maybe she’d actually go for it. That made him cautious, but also excited.

Haltingly, he told her about what had happened at Alan’s a few days prior. “He was giving Sherry a spanking. A real good one, from what I could hear. I was downstairs and they sounded like cannon shots. He said he used a hairbrush.”

“Are you serious? Sherry? Wow, I never would have thought— She seems so... so vanilla.”

“I know, right? Alan I can almost see, but not Sherry.”

“Well if Sherry’s into it, it can’t be that bad. I suppose it’s worth trying at least once.”

Jim stared at his wife. “What are you saying?”

She grinned and then pouted like a little girl. “I’m sorry, sir. I didn’t mean to steal the candy bar. Please don’t spank me!”

Jim froze. Now he was the confused one. What was going on? Was Liza into this? He got the answer when she blushingly laid herself across his lap. She pulled the negligee up, exposing that fine caboose.

He didn’t hesitate then. He raised his palm and brought it down with a firm slap. The cheeks rippled, the flesh bouncing. Liza grunted out a “whoa” and wiggled her hips in a way that was incredibly sexy. Jim grinned, his cock

surging into stiffness. Eagerly he smacked the other cheek, and then the first one again. Back and forth, harder and harder.

Liza gasped and gave cute little cries of “ouch” and “ah” that he couldn’t tell were real or playacting. He decided if she was really uncomfortable, she’d say something or move away. Right now she was still docilely lying across his legs.

Then she glanced back at him sexily. “Please, sir, don’t take down my panties!”

He reached forward and pulled the panties down. It was fun seeing the round cheeks burst into view, their color a faint pink from his spanking so far. He squeezed the mounds with both hands, rubbed, and then attacked the ass with aggression. Liza squealed as the spanking became real, but she still didn’t call a halt or try and run away.

For next several minutes Jim spanked his wife. Every thirty seconds or so he’d pause and fondle her flesh, and each time he noticed that her breathing was more erratic and the dew between her legs was shinier. Clearly she was aroused.

“Are... are you going to use the hairbrush?” she asked.

Jim wasn’t sure if this was part of the act or she was really asking him, so he decided to pretend it was in the script. “Don’t you deserve a dose of the brush?” he growled.

“I... I suppose, but not too hard. I’m really sore. You spanked me *so hard!*”

On the dresser was one of his wife’s hairbrushes. It was an old-fashioned wooden one. Not that big, but the back was smooth and the piece was solid. It would hurt. “Go get me the brush!” he commanded, pointing to the dresser.

“Oh no! Not the brush!”

“Now, young lady, unless you want extra smacks!”

Liza shook her head and got up and ran to the dresser.

Jim admired the bobbing pink bottom, especially considering that his wife hadn't pulled up her panties so the skimpy things were in a loop around her thighs. It made walking difficult, but she managed, and he loved the view of her wobbling bare ass. She was back in a few seconds, handing him the hairbrush. She chewed her lower lip and really did look nervous.

Then he patted his lap and she flopped back across his legs, her bottom nice and high. He knew Liza well enough to tell that she was fiercely aroused, despite her worry over the pain of the brush. He decided to be gentle and brought it down with a light smack on her right cheeks. The sound was louder than he'd expected and Liza yelped even louder.

“Ooh, wow that stings!” she cried.

“It serves you right, naughty girl,” he said cruelly, and he used the brush on the other buttock.

Within seconds he was going to town, the brush dancing from one chubby cheek to the other. The blows became harder and harder, until he was really spanking her.

But instead of acting like it hurt, Liza spread herself wider across him like she was melting. She was purring like a cat, writhing against him, her ass bright red.

Jim couldn't wait any more. He tossed the brush aside, tore off his clothes, and climbed onto Liza from behind. She squealed in surprise—and delight—and he found himself pressed against her steaming ass and having the best sex he'd had in years.

It wasn't just him, either. Liza was on the same wavelength, grunting and moaning, noisier than she had been during the spanking. He couldn't believe how hot she was, or how turned on he was, even *after* a terrific come.

They made love twice more before both were drained, and then they fell asleep like the dead.

Over the next few weeks, Jim spanked Liza. He couldn't believe how much his wife liked it. Sometimes she was sore and he just used his hand and only a few swats got both of them as horny as dogs. Other times she would pretend she was really bad and needed the spanking to be severe.

He could tell this, because it instead of her pretending to be a schoolgirl or teen shoplifter, she'd be a criminal in prison up for punishment for kicking a guard in the nuts. She'd even set out one of his old leather belts for him to whip her with. It was nothing like true judicial discipline, of course, but it definitely hurt more than a mere spanking.

One day Liza met Sherry for lunch at a new cafe they'd been wanting to try. They sat on the patio since the weather was warm. Sherry was already there, waving to Liza to come have a seat. When Liza's ass made contact with the metal outdoor chair, she suddenly rose up with an "Ouch!"

"What happened?" asked Sherry. "Is there a nail?"

Liza laughed and eased herself down more gently. "Nothing like that, I'm afraid. It was a problem you're familiar with. Jim gave it to me pretty good last night."

The conservative blond blushed. Though she and Liza

were good friends, they didn't usually talk about sexual things. "Oh," she said, a bit shocked at the information, and even more shocked at the casual way Liza was talking about something like that in public.

She dropped her voice. "I didn't know you were into that kind of thing."

"Well, it hasn't been that long," said Liza. "It also helped when I found out you like it."

"Me! What?"

Liza put a hand over her mouth. "Oh, that's right. I'm not supposed to know. Forget I said anything. Please, don't tell Jim, he'll paddle me purple for blabbing."

"Paddle you!" Now Sherry was truly stunned. She stared at her friend like she'd been replaced by an alien. She felt like she didn't know Liza at all. Who was this woman?

"Yeah, I got him one for his birthday last week. Brilliant of me, huh? He couldn't wait to use it, so I got *his* birthday spanking!"

"Oh my Lord!"

"Is something wrong, Sherry? You're looking pale."

"It's all this... talk... We're in a public place, Liza. What if someone overhears?"

"Oh, right. You're pretty square, aren't you. I don't mean that as an insult or anything. I get it. Private stuff should stay private. I'm a blabbermouth. You ought to spank me yourself."

Liza took a long gulp of her water, almost draining the glass. "You know what? Why don't we go home. I've got some leftover pizza we can eat. We can try this place another time. You really look pale. I think you need to lie down."

She threw a five dollar bill on the table and put her water glass on it to keep it from blowing away. “That should cover your iced tea. Come, let’s get you home.”

Ten minutes later, Liza was helping Sherry to her bedroom. “You’re sweating, honey. Let’s get you out of these clothes.”

Sherry, as usual, was fully dressed despite the heat wave. She had on dark slacks and a long sleeved blouse buttoned up to the collar.

“Oh no,” she moaned, as her friend undid her top and removed it. “Please, I can do it.”

“You just rest. You looked like you’ve seen a ghost.” Liza undid the snap at the waistband of Sherry’s pants and slid them down the woman’s legs. Then they were off and the blond lay there in tight panties and a bra.

Sherry saw her friend looking at her and blushed. She rose up to put on something, padding over to the closet. Her big hips swayed and her marvelous bottom jiggled as the tan panties struggled to contain all those luscious curves.

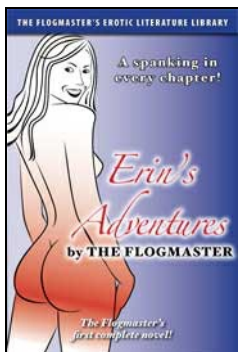
“Alan is a lucky, lucky man,” whistled Liza. “Just look at you. Wow, what a figure!”

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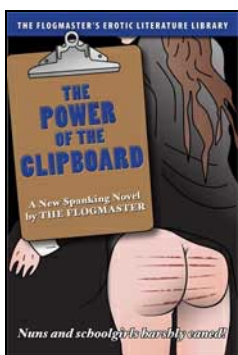
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

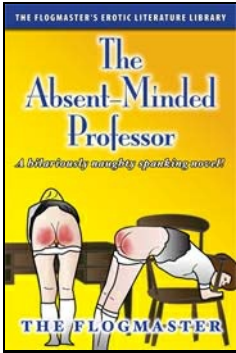
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

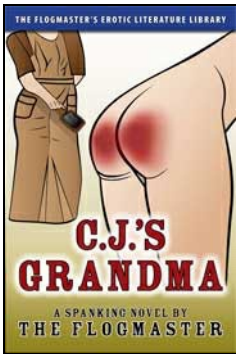
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

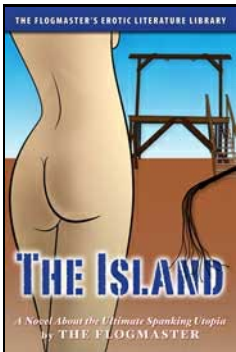
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

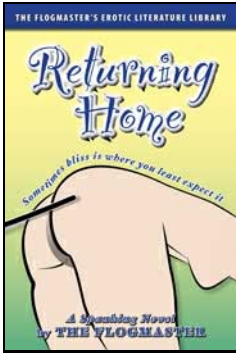
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



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.

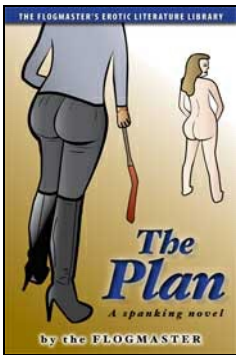


Returning Home

(mostly M/f)

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

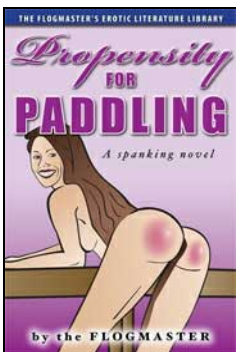
53,000 words.



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)

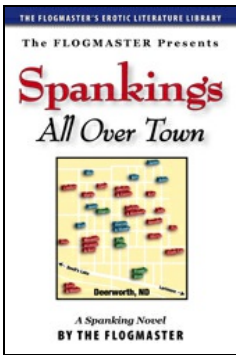
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(MF/f)

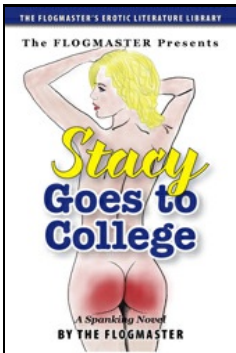
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



Spankings All Over Town

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

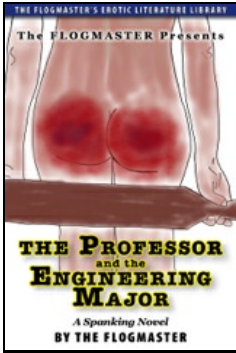
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



Stacy Goes to College

(M/F)

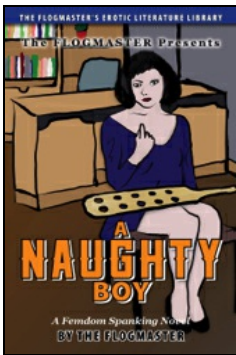
A girl goes off to college thinking she's too grown-up for spankings and learns the hard way that's not the case. 46,000 words.



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.

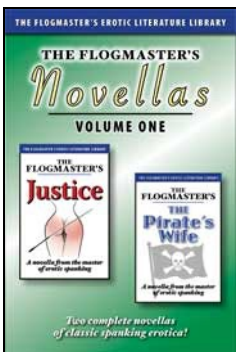


A Naughty Boy

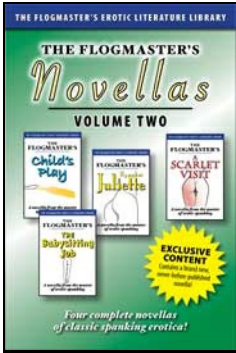
(FFff/MFFff)

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.

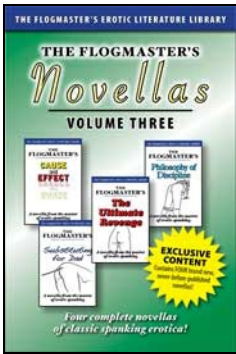
Novella Collections



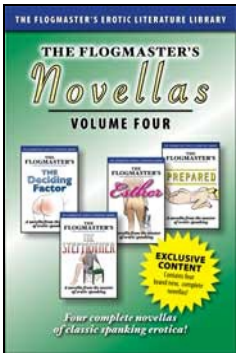
Volume 1— Justice: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. **The Pirate's Wife:** (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



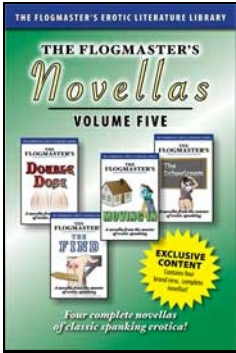
Volume 2— *Child's Play*: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. *Nymphet Juliett*: (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. *A Scarlet Visit*: (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. *The Babysitting Job*: (MF/f) A girl's babysitting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



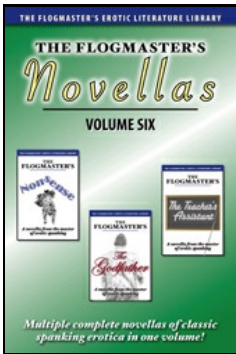
Volume 3— *Cause and Effect*: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline*: (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad*: (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge*: (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



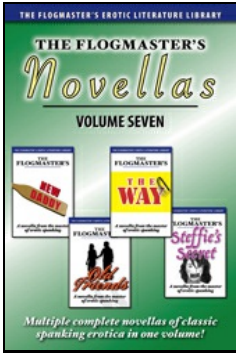
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



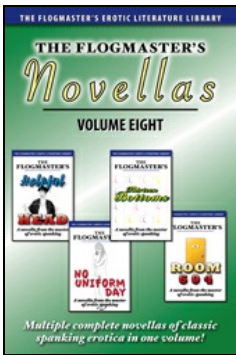
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



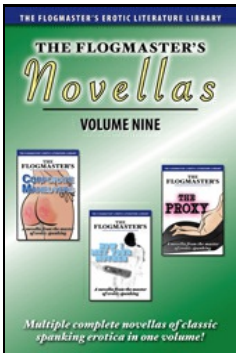
Volume 6— *Nonsense*: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather*: (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant*: (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



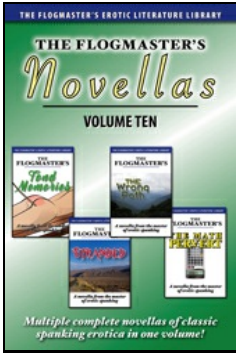
Volume 7— *A New Daddy*: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends*: (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret*: (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way*: (m/f) A boy is trained to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



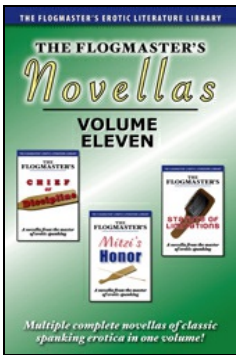
Volume 8— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



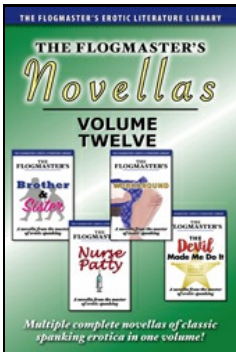
Volume 9— *Corporate Maneuvers*: (M/F) An executive abuses a lower-level employee. *The Proxy*: (M/F) A girl goes to her late best friend's parents for severe spankings. Sad, tender moments. *How I Met Your Mother*: (F/FFFFM) A man reveals he met his future wife as part of a sorority punishment.



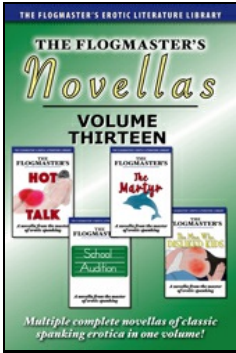
Volume 10— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't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



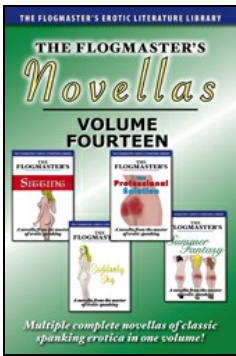
Volume 11— *Statute of Limitations*: (F/F) While visiting her mother, a woman reveals a childhood crime and is shocked when she's punished for it. *Mitzi's Honor*: (M/FF, F/MMF) Two professional contractors for rival mob families are assigned to take each other out. *Chief of Discipline*: (M/FFFFF) Girls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



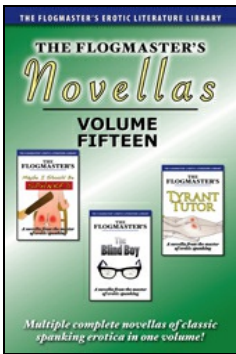
Volume 12— *Nurse Patty*: (F/f) A new girl at a strict school finds solace in a kindly nurse. *Brother and Sister*: (MF/fm) Orphaned twins are raised by strict step-parents. *Workaround*: (Mfm/fm) In the 1940s, a girl and a boy sent to a disciplinarian, figure out a workaround. *The Devil Made Me Do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



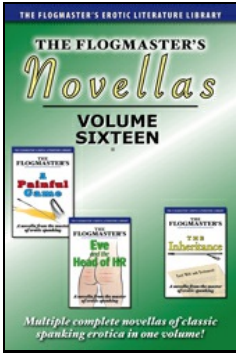
Volume 13— *Hot Talk*: (FFF/F, F/FMfm, FFM/f, MMM/f, MFF/f) Three biddies tell wild spanking stories. *School Audition*: (MMMFF/f) To attend an exclusive private school, a girl needs the approval of the Head and several teachers. *The Man Who Disliked Kids*: (M/Ff) In the 1950s, when a man marries a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

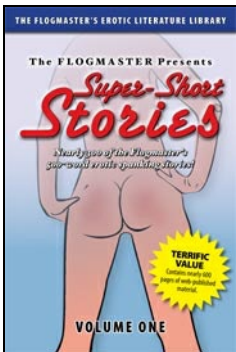


Volume 16— *A Painful Game:* (M/FFF) Three beauties compete in a billionaire's fantasy game. *Eve and the Head of HR:* (M/F) When a beautiful FBI agent goes undercover to catch a sleazy human resources executive abusing his position, everything that can go wrong goes wrong. *The Inheritance:* (MF/F)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

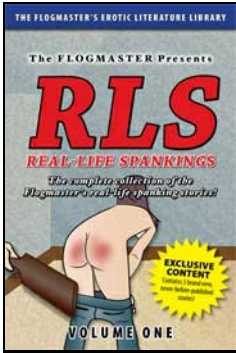
Short Story Collections



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

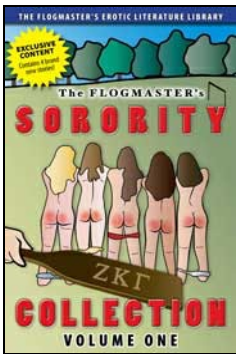


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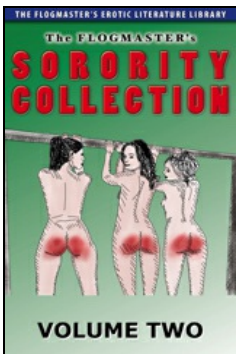
Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1-9

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



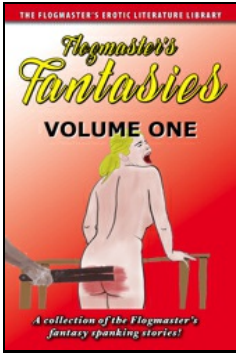
Sorority Collection: Volume 1

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



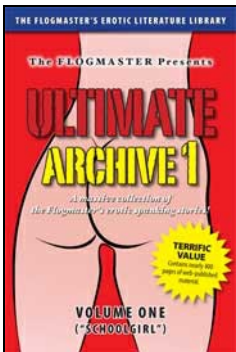
Sorority Collection: Volume 2

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.



Ultimate Archive: Volumes 1-4

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