

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

Great story, scary and exciting. Enjoyed reading it.

L.H.

Awesome series. It should have sent up huge red flags of abuse, but instead somehow was sweet. I don't know how you did it.

J.D.

Really loved this story. Very clever, and her teenage bottom clearly deserved it. You can tell I'm old school. Great story!

B.B.

The Flogmaster does it again! Totally impossible, totally unfair for the students, but so devilishly clever!

G.

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

N.B.

I haven't read a Flogmaster story in years... and they're just as clever as they always were.

H.S.

A strangely hot tale of addiction and inner compulsion to obey.

O.B.

Selected Excerpts

From *Insurance Investigator*:

She checked her outfit again. The shorts were scandalous. Her papa would have taken to the woodshed just for wearing them. The denim cutoffs left half her ass hanging out. There was plenty of cheek there, too. Marla was fleshy behind, and didn't usually choose to emphasize that, but this Mr. Bishop clearly had a butt fetish.

Marla didn't have the same assets up front, but her tits weren't bad. She wore a pushup bra under a skintight Delta Delta Delta sorority shirt that was two sizes too small. It left her belly exposed, so she felt practically naked, but she prayed it would do the trick.

From *Streaker*:

Her blush was quite strong, perhaps because she was a redhead. "I've never done anything like this before. This is so embarrassing!"

"You've never been naked before or never trespassed?"

"Never at the same time."

"You know you'll have to be spanked before I can let you go," I said sternly.

She froze, those gorgeous eyes going even wider.

From *The Virginal Slut*:

Elena pushed me into the living room, her tiny nude form utterly dominating me. I found myself seated on a white sofa, the limber girl, cat-like, crawling across my legs. Her pale skin warm and soft and alive, her slight weight just enough pressure against my cock for me to feel it.

And then there was that ass. It was like two balloons in my lap. The curves were spectacular, as graceful as fine architecture, except these were quivering, trembling, living things. They bounced, wiggled, and shook before me as the girl giggled happily.

"Spank me!" she shouted gleefully. "I'm such a naughty, naughty girl!"

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-SEVEN
("ADULT")**

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

About the Warning labels

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

Paul Bunyan and the Great Lakes

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

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

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

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

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

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

Contents

Big Sister

★★★★, M/F—Extremely Severe, non-consensual bath brush spanking, paddling, strapping, caning

Twins watch their big sister punished.

Cornered

★★★★, MMM/F—Edgy, non-consensual paddling, semi-consensual sex and assault

High school jocks trap a new girl and abuse her physically and sexually.

Insurance Investigator

★★★★, M/F—Severe, consensual paddling, nudity

An insurance investigator will do anything to catch her fraudster.

Irony

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

A comparison of the past and today, and an exploration of what society would be like if they merged.

Keeping You Grounded

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

The secret reason why Hollywood has fewer divas now.

Midnight Encounter With a Hairbrush

★★★★ , M/F—Intense, non-consensual spanking

While visiting her friend, a woman gets an unexpected punishment.

MILS

★★★★ , M/FFFF—Severe, semi-consensual paddling, sex

A playboy discovers mothers he'd like to spank.

Panties

★★★★ , M/F—Severe, consensual caning

A girl gets her panties caned off.

Streaker

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

A caught streaker faces punishment.

The Afterthought

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

A third wheel goes off with a stranger and her horizons are expanded. Use this sweet story to turn the non-spankos in your life into spankos.

The Virginal Slut

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

A man meets an irresistible teenage seductress.

The Young Woman and the Dirty Old Man

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

An old man blackmails a woman into taking the cane.

Big Sister

(★★★★, M/F—Extremely Severe, non-consensual bath brush spanking, paddling, strapping, caning)

Twins watch their big sister punished. (Approximately 5,458 words.)

The voices were too soft and muffled to be understood. All the twins could gather was that their big sister was in trouble, but they knew that already. They'd seen Daddy scowling and pacing, and they'd heard the door slam and the angry shouts when Kara came home.

Now the tone was more civilized, but still grave. This was serious. It made the hairs on the backs of their necks rise with alarm. Jac—short for Jacqueline—felt like crying. She could feel the tears welling behind her eyes and she did her best to stay strong and tough, like her brother. Joel was tougher and rarely cried, at least not for emotional reasons.

He wept like a baby when spanked, but who didn't?

The siblings looked at each other. Though not physically identical, they were close, and often could communicate without talking. This was one of those times. Jac knew what he was thinking because she was thinking the same thing. She nodded eagerly. Though she was half-scared to death at being caught, her curiosity about their big sister was too much to resist.

Joel carefully took off the grate to the air vent and slipped inside. Her heart pounding, Jac followed. Once she was inside, she pulled the grate back over the opening. It didn't lock, but it was stable enough that it would stay unless someone touched it. Then she followed her brother into the darkness.

Kara was 12 years older than the twins and had been away at college for three years, so they didn't know her very well. She'd been an "early" baby, arriving when their mom was a teenager. The birth and upbringing had been difficult in many ways, so the hastily married couple decided to wait on more kids until life was more stable. Their reward had been twins.

Jac and Joel saw Kara on holidays and family functions, and she'd babysat them when they were small. They looked up at her in a sort of awe, because she was so physically mature and could do all the things adults could do, like drive and smoke and drink.

It was something about those things that she was in

trouble for now, though the kids were unclear as to exactly what she'd done wrong. Joel thought she'd driven too much, while Jac said she'd understood Kara had drunk too much, but neither of those made much sense. How could you drink or drive too much? And even if you could, why would that be so bad?

Jac remembered a time when she'd gorged herself on milk and chocolate chip cookies. She'd gotten sick and barfed half of it up later, which hadn't been fun at all. She'd been terrified she'd be spanked for making a mess, but her mother had merely sent her to bed saying that she'd hoped she'd learned her lesson. Jac thought she had.

But it didn't seem like Kara was going to be sent to bed. She was in Father's study, and the only time the children were allowed in there was when they were to be punished. It seemed unfathomable that a big girl like Kara could still be spanked, but Daddy had used his sharp "I'm reaching for my cane" voice.

The twins crept further through the dark vent. They moved slowly, both because they couldn't see and it was scary, but also to avoid making any noise. It helped they were in their pajamas and Jac had her slipper-socks on, the ones with the tread on the bottom to help her get a better grip on the floor. She could move as silent as the air in those, though they weren't as useful in the shaft.

Fortunately, they didn't have far to go. The vent they'd entered was just outside the study and they only had to crawl about 15 feet to reach the T-shaped intersection. There Joel took the left turn and in a few feet the two were huddled at another grate. This time they were looking out

inside of in, and through the tiny holes they could see the entire room as clearly as if they were standing in it.

The room was spacious with tall ceilings and walnut bookcases that almost reached the top. These were filled with countless leather volumes. Jac had looked at them once and they were all boring. Father was a lawyer and these were all books about the law. There were no pictures and the text was full of big words that made no sense.

The desk had its back against the windows, which were in elaborately-wrought iron frames. Beautiful stained glass decorated the topmost panes, and the green ivy outside blocked the view of the gardens through the lower ones. Usually Father sat in the large leather chair behind the desk as though it was a throne, but he was in front of the desk now, as was Kara.

She was nearly as tall as Father. She was a big girl, broad in the hip like Mother, and just as blond. But while Mother wore fine dresses and elaborate coiffures and expensive high heels, Kara wore blue jeans and a leather jacket and tennis shoes.

It was her “look” and Jac knew Father didn’t like it, for she’d often heard him complaining to Mother about it, but apparently it wasn’t bad enough for her to be punished for it. Kara was an adult and could wear what she liked.

Her jacket was off now, tossed onto a nearby chair. The shirt she wore was also black, tight fitting across the torpedoes on her chest. Jac marveled at those weapons and wondered if she would be similarly developed some day. It seemed impossible. She was so tiny.

Jac adored the way Kara looked. She was so pretty, with

her long flowing blond hair, superb chest, and magnificent hips. Those hips were so wide that Jac was convinced if she threw her arms around her sister she couldn't get her hands to touch on the other side. Of course, she'd never actually tried.

That was partly because Kara's bottom was so big. The cheeks thrust out like two giant watermelons. It was amazing to see a butt that big. Perhaps Mother's was, but it was harder to tell in the dresses she wore. Kara's jeans hid nothing, and Jac was both awed and intimidated by the big buttocks of her big sister.

Her own bottom was so little. Mother's hairbrush covered a whole cheek and Father's hand was similar in size. Jac was so frightened of the canes in the study as some of them were taller than her! At least Daddy only used the tiny one when he whipped her, but the little wand still hurt like blazes and she cried for hours afterward, the swollen red welts on her bottom throbbing.

Joel nudged her and Jac focused on the scene in the study. She almost gasped and had to clamp a hand across her mouth. She prayed Daddy hadn't heard. They'd be whipped for sure if he found them.

What had startled her was the sight of her father retrieving a sturdy oak paddle from the lowest drawer of his desk. He set this on the desk and closed the drawer, while Kara and the twins stared at the wooden board.

Jac had never seen anything so huge in her life. It was massive, a veritable plank. It had to have been two feet long including a sturdy handle, which was wrapped with brown tape for a better grip. It looked thick and heavy, too. She was

amazed Father could lift it so easily, but he was tall and strong.

There was no question as to the purpose of the board. Jac had seen paddles before and had been paddled, though they'd all been much, much smaller. She was usually spanked with Mother's hairbrush, and this was like the world's biggest hairbrush—one for a giant's daughter—though it didn't have bristles on the other side.

Father picked up the paddle in his right hand and patted it against his left palm. That was an ominous gesture and Jac felt that urge to cry again. She blinked back the tears fiercely, mainly because she didn't want to miss anything and it was hard to see when everything was blurred.

She was distracted enough to miss what Father said, but it hardly mattered, since he also gestured toward the desk and Kara shrugged and somberly positioned herself across the finely polished surface. She leaned over, letting her full weight rest on the table, her arms reaching for the far end.

This left her large round bottom poised at the edge of the desk, the cheeks swelling and bulging like great big balloons. Kara adjusted her feet so they were a yard apart, settling her belly onto the table. She looked strangely relaxed and comfortable, except that Jac had no doubt what was about to happen and it didn't look fun at all!

Father stepped forward, extending the long narrow blade of the paddle out until it covered Kara's butt. He held it there a moment, then drew back the wood. Jac was staring so intently she thought it might leave a mark. She looked at her sister's ass and thought it looked almost defiant the way it waited so patiently.

Then the denim-clad butt was gone, replaced by tan oak wood. A sound of thunder echoed through the study, low and loud. The board bounced away, leaving behind a twitching rump. Kara gave a desperate grunt, like a person straining to lift something heavy. Her ass shifted left, then right, and then settled down.

Jac blinked dully. Her heart was pounding in her ears. She sensed Joel stirring and realized she was clutching onto his hand so tightly it hurt. She relaxed, but the tension was still tremendous in her chest. Her little bottom itched so that she could imagine that huge paddle slamming into her butt as hard as it had hit Kara's. Just the *idea* of that much pain was terrifying.

Yet Kara was still alive and wasn't even crying. She was still bent across the desk, big butt sticking up, feet solidly on the floor, bracing herself for another swat. Before Jac was prepared for it the oak hit again. It was a blur of fury as it swept through the air and it struck like an explosion. Jac was dizzy just picturing the pain, while Kara only groaned.

She sure is tough, Jac thought in amazement. She nearly burst with pride at her sister, though she also felt a hint of shame at what a fuss she made over her own spankings. Jac never took discipline well, usually weeping before the first spank even landed, and failing to be obediently still for the correction. She couldn't imagine how Kara could just stand there sticking out her butt and waiting for the paddle to spank her.

Yet over and over the oak board slammed into Kara's poised bottom, the wood compressing the cheeks and undoubtedly leaving them red and sore. As the paddling

continued, Jac wondered if Kara's jeans were so thick they protected her from the worst of the wood, but then she saw that while her sister was taking the punishment admirably well, it wasn't completely without a reaction. After each swat she wiggled, shifted her feet, gasped, moaned, or grunted. Twice she gave a heavy sigh. Once she looked back over her shoulder and her eyes were intense with concentration, her jaw locked tight. Everything about her spoke of tension and suffering.

She really is hurting, thought Jac, feeling bad for Kara.

Just then, her father said something and Kara slowly got to her feet. Jac almost wept with relief that the paddling was over. She looked at her brother and saw his eyes were bulging out of his head. Puzzled, she turned back and gasped.

Kara had undone the button at the front of her jeans and was slowly peeling them down. They were so tight she had to shimmy left and right, wiggling her hips to get the pants down her thighs. She didn't take them completely off, but only drew them down to her knees, well clear of her butt.

Jac felt ice seep into her as she realized what this meant. *Kara's spanking isn't over!* Even more terrifying, the rest of the paddling would take place with only thin panties to protect her vulnerable skin.

Except even that wasn't the truth. Jac heard her father say, "Keep going," and after one rebellious hesitation, Kara obeyed, yanking her translucent sky blue underwear down to join the jeans at her knees.

Joel was grinning from ear to ear, his excitement at seeing a big girl's bare bottom too great to hide. Jac had

seen female bottoms before, bare and covered, but she had to admit that Kara's was special. Not only was her butt the biggest, but the cheeks were so round with such perfect curves Jac itched to caress the smooth globes.

Then there was the fact that Kara's ass wasn't the color of a normal bottom. Bottoms were usually pale, very white, like the moon at night. These were an amazing fiery pink, but not all over. The board had concentrated on the plumpest areas, leaving the middle of each cheek a darker crimson, while blotches of pink spread out like a lake flooding a plain.

Even Jac had never seen a bottom like that before, so she didn't blame her brother for staring. She was staring, too. Kara's rump had been interesting before, when inside her jeans, so now it was even more fascinating.

And then Kara leaned forward, bending back into position across the desk. Somehow her ass seemed even bigger then, the globes looming large like a beacon in the darkness. Jac could easily imagine the redness pulsing, throbbing like a lighthouse.

As the paddle raised up, Jac winced, realizing that now there was nothing to protect the vulnerable butt from the board. The bare skin would take the full impact, which would be terrible beyond words. How could Father be so cruel?

Yet Kara's reaction to the devastating blow that blistered her naked cheeks was oddly mild. She didn't scream, didn't leap up clutching her ass and run from the room. She merely breathed a loud "Oohph" and wiggled her hips frantically for a few seconds until she calmed down.

Jac saw that the buttocks were suddenly much more red, the paddle apparently marking the flesh more vividly without the denim to protect it. Being naked, the cheeks also bounced and wobbled a lot more, or at least Jac could see it. She wasn't sure why that was so interesting, but it was. Each blow from the board sent fascinating ripples through the butt, as though the ass was a pond with a stone dropped into the center. The sight made Jac want to giggle until she heard Kara's agonized moan and remembered that this wasn't a fun game, but serious punishment, and her big sister was in unbelievable pain.

Again the butt was spanked, and then again. Father used tremendous force, swinging the board much too hard from Jac's young perspective. She figured her sister agreed, considering the way she was squealing and wiggling, her ass wobbling and shaking as though on fire.

"Ooh! Ahh!" cried Kara, gasping at each whack and struggling to keep still across the desk. It was clear this was real work now. Gone was the calm nonchalance of before, with the big blond almost frantic from the stinging wood.

To little Jac this meant the punishment had to be nearly finished, for surely her sister couldn't take much more. But Father disagreed, continuing his steady discipline with the paddle, swinging the solid oak into the fat cheeks with no sign of slowing down.

The sounds Kara was making grew louder, as if in protest, and soon she was yelping and ouching and shaking her head. Finally she began to vocalize her displeasure, saying things like "That's enough," "I've learned my lesson," and "I'm sorry." Yet still Father paddled her.

How many times has Daddy hit her butt? Jac wondered in awe. She'd completely forgotten to count. She thought hard, guessing that there'd been at least a dozen, maybe twice that, over Kara's jeans, and even more on her bare bottom. That total was getting too high for Jac's limited math skills, so it might as well have been a thousand or a million. It was a huge mind-boggling number, and her respect for her big sister swelled.

She thought of her own hairbrush spankings and canings and shuddered. When Mother used the brush it was an eternity of steady whacks that each hurt like hell. Jac could never count the blows or even keep track of the time. The only way she had any idea of the length was by watching the clock during one of Joel's punishments, but since Mother varied the duration based on the crime, it was hard to compare two spankings and Jac wasn't sure her guess of three minutes was very accurate. It sure *felt* more than three minutes.

Jac had only been caned twice by her father, though he had spanked her with other implements, such as a leather belt, a rubber slipper sole, and a small wooden paddle. All were terrible, but the cane was the worst of all. It felt like a sword cutting her in two.

All these thoughts and memories of her own chastisements was depressing for Jac, and when she saw her father put down the big paddle she was relieved that her sister's punishment was over. Kara's ass looked like a tomato it was so red. Jac had seen her own butt in a mirror after many spankings and had a fair idea of how pain each stage of red color indicated. These cheeks were far more

scarlet than anything Jac knew—just thinking about how much that hurt made her dizzy.

Thus she was startled when Kara tried to rise and Father promptly snapped, “Don’t you dare move. We’re not even close to done!”

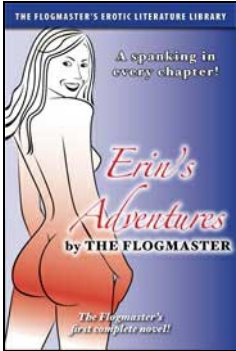
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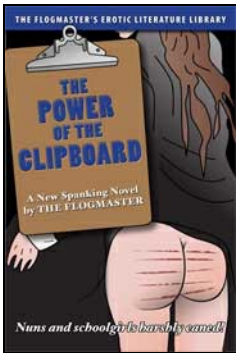
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

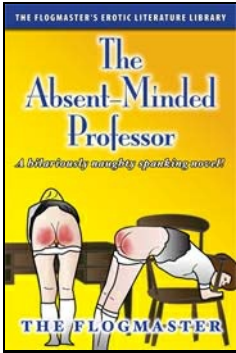
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

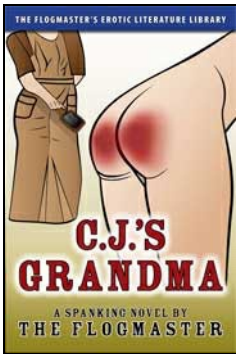
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

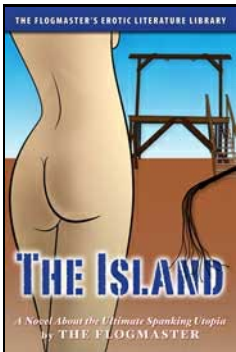
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

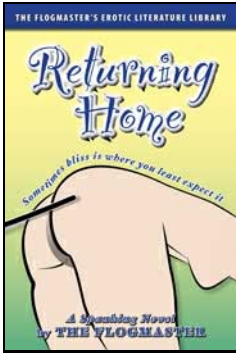
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



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.

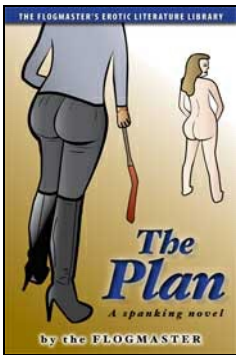


Returning Home

(mostly M/f)

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

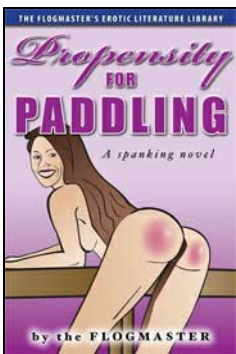
53,000 words.



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)

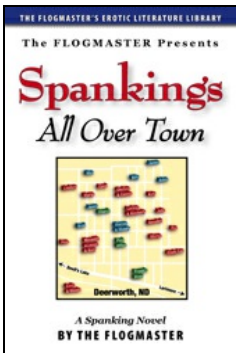
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(MF/f)

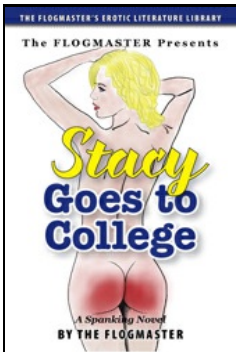
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



Spankings All Over Town

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

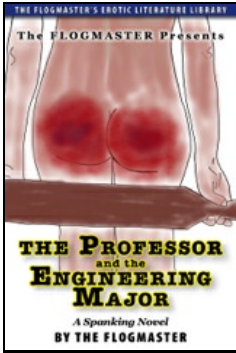
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



Stacy Goes to College

(M/F)

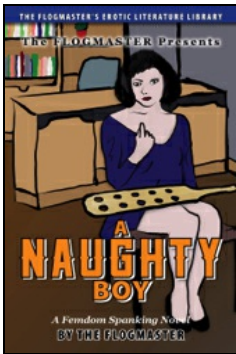
A girl goes off to college thinking she's too grown-up for spankings and learns the hard way that's not the case. 46,000 words.



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)

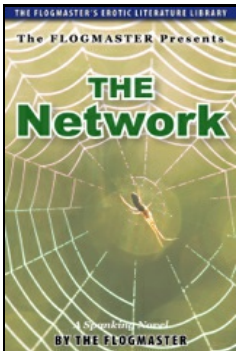
When bad boy Derek is caught trespassing at a girls-only school, he will have to face the lovely Headmistress Dour with her wicked cane and hardwood paddle, and her collection of cruel-minded female faculty and prefects for excruciating punishments and even worse humiliations. 46,000 words.



Scenes from a Riding School

(F/FFfx50, fM/F)

Various stories about a strict riding school instructor. 31,000 words.



The Network

(M/FF)

A teen's parents suddenly start spanking her and she uncovers the ominous reasons why. 31,000 words.

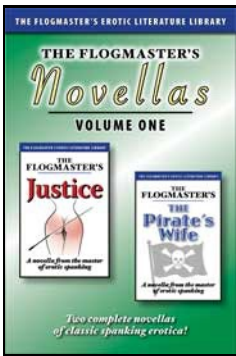


The Two-Year Engagement

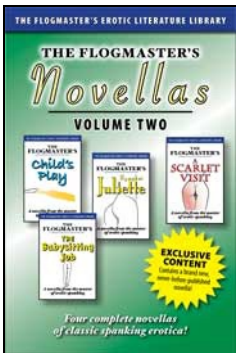
(MM/F)

When a girl wants to marry a religious boy, she discovers she's required to live with his family for two years and be subject to traditional discipline before they can be married. 35,000 words.

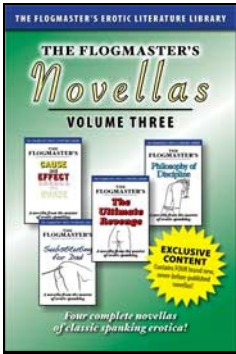
Novella Collections



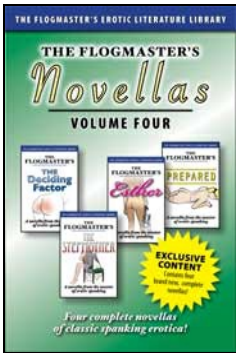
Volume 1— *Justice*: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. ***The Pirate's Wife*:** (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



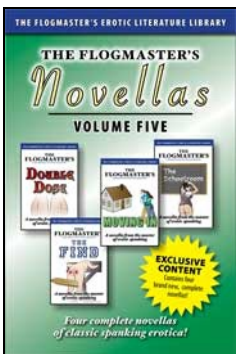
Volume 2— *Child's Play*: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. ***Nymphet Juliett*:** (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. ***Scarlet Visit*:** (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. ***The Babysitting Job*:** (MF/f) A girl's babysitting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



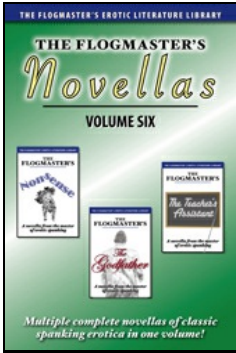
Volume 3— *Cause and Effect*: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline*: (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad*: (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge*: (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



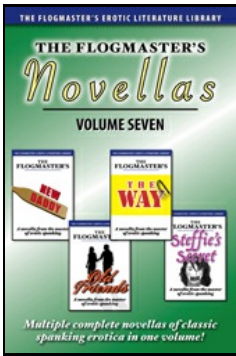
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



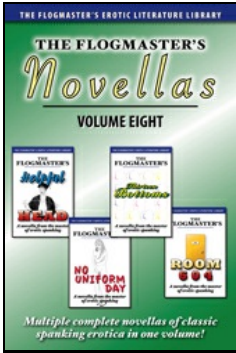
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



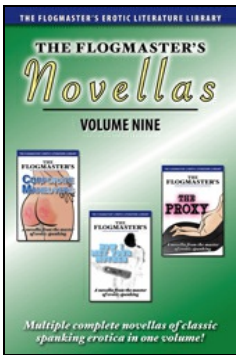
Volume 6— *Nonsense*: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather*: (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant*: (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



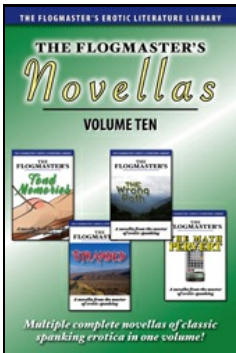
Volume 7— *A New Daddy*: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends*: (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret*: (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way*: (m/f) A boy is trained to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



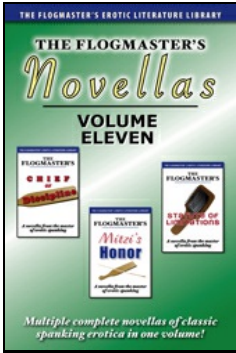
Volume 8— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



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



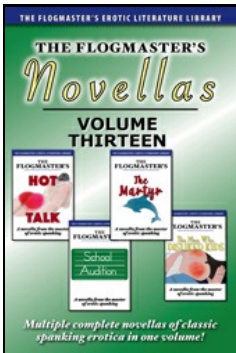
Volume 10— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't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



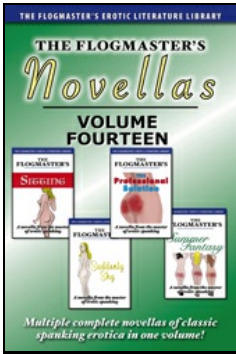
Volume 11— *Statute of Limitations*: (F/F) While visiting her mother, a woman reveals a childhood crime and is shocked when she's punished for it. *Mitzi's Honor*: (M/FF, F/MMF) Two professional contractors for rival mob families are assigned to take each other out. *Chief of Discipline*: (M/FFFFF) Girls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



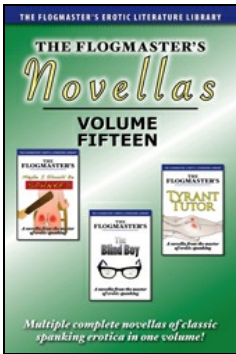
Volume 12— *Nurse Patty*: (F/f) A new girl at a strict school finds solace in a kindly nurse. *Brother and Sister*: (MF/fm) Orphaned twins are raised by strict step-parents. *Workaround*: (Mfm/fm) In the 1940s, a girl and a boy sent to a disciplinarian, figure out a workaround. *The Devil Made Me Do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



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.



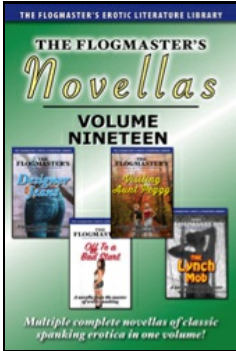
Volume 16— *A Painful Game*: (M/FFF) Three beauties compete in a billionaire's fantasy game. *Eve and the Head of HR*: (M/F) When a beautiful FBI agent goes undercover to catch a sleazy human resources executive abusing his position, everything that can go wrong goes wrong. *The Inheritance*: (MF/F)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



Volume 17— *A Helpful Student*: A boy manipulates a new teacher into spankings. *Back Home*: When a boy returns to his old hometown, he discovers his best friend's mom is just as strict as always—only this time he likes it. *Black Sheep*: A girl tries to figure out why her mysterious uncle isn't part of the family. *The Handoff*: A schoolgirl goes to her Head's house for extracurricular discipline, but gets a surprise.

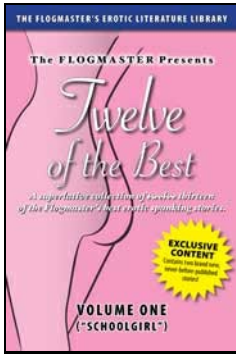


Volume 18— *Slumber Party Invitation*: A naive freshman gets invited to a cool girl's slumber party. *Sheer Innocence*: School officials don't buy a sweet girl's innocence. *Revenge Prank*: A pranked boy turns the tables on his cruel tormentors.



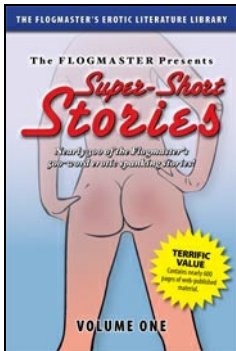
Volume 19— *Designer Jeans*: When a woman wears jinxed jeans that make her ass look awesome, she gets painful proof the curse is real. *Off to a Bad Start*: A woman starts a new job and everything goes wrong. *The Lynch Mob*: Women in a neighborhood visit a man for regular punishments... until their husbands find out! *Visiting Aunt Peggy*: Fifty-some years ago, two young ladies visit their spank-obsessed aunt and become addicted themselves.

Short Story Collections



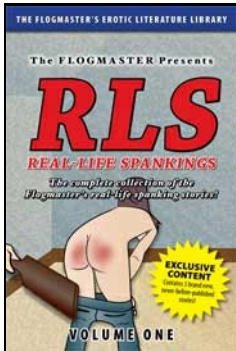
Twelve of the Best: Volumes 1-60

Over 720 stories divided in books focusing on the punishment of adults or children.



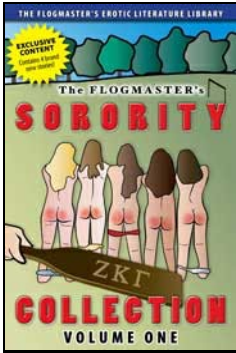
Super-Short Stories: Volume 1-6

Short and sweet: over 600 500-word stories.
(Mostly /f or /F)



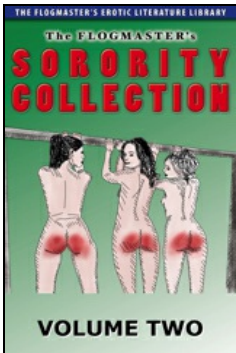
Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1-9

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



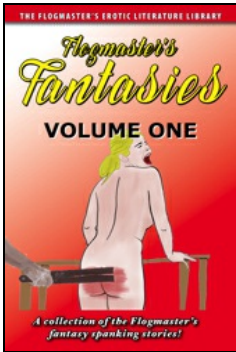
Sorority Collection: Volume 1

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



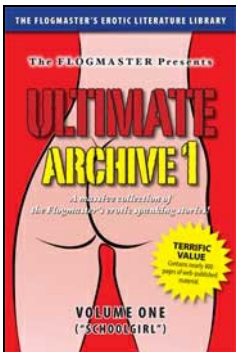
Sorority Collection: Volume 2

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.



Ultimate Archive: Volumes 1-4

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

Purchase these in print or PDF at the Flogmaster's Bookstore: <http://stores.lulu.com/flogmaster>

