

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

*It seems like the headmaster understands [her] very well,
maybe better than she understands herself.*

H.B.

*I would not want to be his lawyer when the case comes up in
the divorce court, but a nice fantasy in an evil sort of way.*

B.F.B.

A wonderful visualization of a woman front and back.

B.O.

Love the mysterious nature of this one. Very yummy.

L.A.

Intense. Very!

P.K.

*So...I accidentally stumbled upon this story, but decided to
read it since I'd opened it. I found it enthralling, erotic and
fascinating...I didn't want it to end...beautifully written!*

J.A.

Another good one. I always look for your new stories.

D.F.J.

Selected Excerpts

From *Bad Babysitter*:

Her ass was beautiful, twin orbs of generously rounded meat with silky pink flesh that begged for fondling. The man and the boy watching grew excited, but pretended impassiveness. The man gripped the small wooden cheeseboard paddle tighter in his hand.

Reluctantly, the lovely blond girl made her way to the man's lap. She draped herself across his legs. Her bottom blossomed, spreading wide and thrusting high, the full cheeks begging for spanking.

From *Honey Do*:

So Dave bought a paddle at a garage sale. It was small, not much bigger than his hand, and thin, but it stung horribly and saved his palm for the younger ones. Bethany hated it, of course, but not quite enough to change her behavior too much. But then she had her mother's plush behind, growing broader every day, and even the paddle had to work hard to properly redden every inch.

Soon Dina joined the teenage club and was promoted to the paddle. She was a plump girl, and despite being a year younger than Bethany, her bottom was nearly as big as her sister's.

From *Sweet Cheeks*:

Usually the reasons for her spankings were as flimsy as wet paper. Sometimes she was blamed for things she hadn't done, such as running in the hall or breaking something. Often she was just singled out because she was pretty.

"That rump of yours is just begging for it, honey," a man might say. "I'll just give it a little touch-up."

Many found issue with whatever Cara was wearing. If it was too tight and showed off her bottom, she'd get spanked for being a slut. But if she dressed like a nun, she'd then get spanked even harder for hiding her charms. She couldn't win.

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 FIFTY-TWO ("SCHOOLGIRL")

*This collection of the Flogmaster's best writing
contains stories dealing primarily with the
corporal punishment and discipline of minors
(usually female) by adults or peers, though
some stories may contain sexual activities.*

About the Warning labels

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

Paul Bunyan and the Great Lakes

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

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

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

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

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

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

Contents

The Class

★★★★, M/Ff6—Intense, non-consensual spanking
Trespassing gets a science class spanked.

Bad Babysitter

★★★★★, F/m, Mm/F—Severe, non-consensual
spanking, paddling
A boy has suspicions about his new babysitter.

Camilia Learns About Spanking

★★★★, M/f—Severe, non-consensual spanking,
strapping, paddling, switching, caning, bullwhipping
An orphan girl is taught about punishment at her new
home.

The Cane

★★★★, M/ff, MMF/f—Severe, non-consensual
spanking, paddling, caning, strapping
A schoolgirl gets the cane for the first time.

Gabby

★ ★ ★ , M/f, M/F—Edgy, consensual spanking, paddling, full-body whipping, sex

A boy punishes his pain Slut girlfriend.

Honey Do

★ ★ ★ ★ , M/f5—Severe, non-consensual spanking, paddling, strapping

A busy couple figure out a custom discipline system that works for their family.

Paddled in the Hallway

★ ★ ★ ★ , fff/f, F/ffff—Severe, non-consensual paddling

A girl gets paddled for being paddled.

The Sexiest Thing

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

A boy watches his gorgeous cousin caned.

Smart Girl

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

When an emotionless scientist girl is caned, she discovers a

whole new world.

Spanked at School Means Spanked at Home

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

A girl gets paddled at school and that means a whipping at home.

Spanked at Home Means Spanked at School

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

A quick spanking at home isn't enough, so a girl is paddled at school.

Sweet Cheeks

★★★★ , MMMFFF/f—Severe, semi-consensual spanking, paddling, caning, strapping

A pretty girl gets spanked by everyone.

The Class

(★★★★, M/Ff6—Intense, non-consensual spanking)

Trespassing gets a science class spanked. (Approximately 5,297 words.)

I woke up with the germ of an idea. It was vague, at the edge of my consciousness, like a song you can almost hear but can't quite remember. It ruined my breakfast as it nagged at me. I knew it was brilliant and needed to be captured while I was close to it, but it kept eluding me.

Frustrated, I decided to go fishing, an exercise that distracts me just enough for my subconscious to percolate such ideas. It was a beautiful day, sunny and warm—it would be hot later—and the trout were jumping.

I sat with my line in the stream, my thermos of hot

coffee, and a two-day old donut from town, and I tried to remember my dream. I was asleep in ten minutes. Not a deep sleep, but the drowsy kind, like just before you wake in the morning.

There was a woman in a bedroom. The floor was made of water, but this seemed to be intentional, part of the design of the place, like a flowing infinity pool with a bed and furniture above the surface.

She was speaking to me in French, but I couldn't understand her. I knew it was important, though. It was the idea I was seeking. There was something good here, a brilliant thought for a story, perhaps a novel. Inch-thick novels can be sparked from the tiniest of concepts, ideas of no more than half a sentence. This was one of those, I could feel it.

And then I heard the laughing. It was accompanied by loud shouting. This was not the important kind of shouting, the kind with a purpose, like calling for your lost dog. This was meaningless yelling, screaming just because you could. It was a cacophony, a rude interruption, and the woman and her words faded away.

I sat up, realizing the noise was nearby. My fishing spot is secluded by a grove of trees but the squeals and cries were definitely coming from upstream. It sounded like a whole gaggle of giggly geese, the brats scaring all the fish away and ruining any hope of a peaceful morning. I could see my novel idea flying away into nothing and I knew it was gone for good, just like the fish.

My shotgun was nearby as I never go anywhere without it. It was loaded with rock salt to scare off coyotes or

trespassers and I was tempted to use it. But first I wanted a glimpse at my target.

I upped the ridge and slipped through the grove to where the stream curved around on the other side. There's an empty field there, perhaps a dozen acres of grass and weeds, but it's still my property and clearly marked.

Half a dozen girls were lurking about the water. Two were at the edge, hands dipping to splash their friends, who screamed as though being pelted with red-hot lava. These girls ran away and then quickly returned, giggling, for the process to be repeated again.

Other girls were in the field, include several 50 to 100 feet away. They were all incredibly young and vapid, making a horrible racket for no reason at all, a terrible representation of the human race to the wild. My irritation grew.

I saw many of the girls were carrying butterfly nets, so apparently they were here on a mission. That was better than stupid tourists, but still trespassing. Why wouldn't they go to the state park a few miles up the road?

I sighed. My property butts up against the park so I'm often getting people using it for a shortcut. The whole reason I bought this place was for seclusion and privacy, so that doesn't make me happy. Fences and signs do little good. I have the sheriff on speed dial.

Pointing the shotgun in the air, away from the girls, I pulled the trigger and the *boom* spread out over the valley. The girls all froze, eyes up at me on the ridge. I let them get a good look: I haven't shaved since I moved out here, so the thick 8-inch mass of brown on my chin, along with my

typically grubby clothes, probably made me look like a madman. That was fine with me. I *wanted* to look intimidating.

I hopped down, still spry for 55, and waded across the stream and climbed up the bank on the other side. The nearest girls shrank away. I saw they were all mid-teen, several quite pretty, but clearly from the city. The ones in the field were running closer, frightened expressions on their faces, but still ready to defend their friends. I guess chivalry isn't completely dead.

I marched forward, lumbering like a bear, the shotgun across my chest. By then the whole group had gathered in the open area by the stream. One of the girls strode out from the rest, her hands outstretched behind as though warning the others to stay back.

With surprise I realized this wasn't a girl, but a woman. She was tiny, only an inch or two above five feet, and my thigh could have been her waist. She had black glasses on, fashionable frames that looked like they were made more for appearance than punctuality. Her hair was dark and tied into a loose tail which hung halfway down her back. I could see it bouncing around as she walked toward me, her expression grim and determined. I noted her jeans were slender and tight and I wished she'd turn around. I suspected she had a really nice ass.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" shouted the woman. She was ten paces away and coming fast, like a charging rhino. Pretty brave of her since I'm 6'4" and weigh as much as three of her—and I was holding a gun. Except for her furious expression, she was awfully pretty.

“You’ve frightened my girls half to death!” she screamed, now just five yards away. I let her come within three yards, and then pointed the shotgun at her chest. She stopped a yard from me.

“Lady, I have every right to blast a hole in you right now. You’re on private property and are trespassing.”

“You’re insane,” she snarled. “This is public land. I’m teacher here with my students on a field trip. We’re catching butterflies. Now put that thing away before I call the police!”

“I have Sheriff Parkins on speed dial,” I said. “I’d be happy to call him. I’m sure you’d all love to spend a night in jail. It might actually be for the entire weekend, since I believe Judge Banner is gone fishing today, so you wouldn’t be processed until Monday.”

“What are you going on about? You can’t just go threatening innocent children with a rifle like that—”

“It’s a shotgun, ma’am. And I only fired a warning shot to get your attention. Now, if you’d be so kind as to turn around and depart the premises?”

Two of the students had come up behind the teacher. They were both taller than her, stocky girls with mature breasts. They seemed older than some of the others.

“We’re not going anywhere,” said the teacher firmly. “We’re here to catch butterflies and that’s what we’re going to do. You can’t stop us.”

“I could shoot you,” I said coldly, wiggling the gun. “You’re on my property, so I have every legal right.”

The woman rolled her eyes. “You’re loony. This is a *state park*. It’s public land!”

I noticed the two girls behind the teacher exchanging

glances. Some of the others had come closer, too, and they were restless and nervous. But the woman saw none of this.

“You probably don’t even have a permit for that thing,” she shouted, pointing at my gun. “I’ll have *you* arrested and I’ll make sure they throw away the key!”

“Lady, I’m telling you for the last time, this is my property. You’re trespassing. I can’t make it any clearer. If you won’t go, I *will* call the sheriff.”

“I’ll call him! Where’s my phone? Kennedy? Oh, there you area. You have my bag? I need my phone!”

“There’s no signal out here, Miss Thomas,” said the girl. “I already checked.”

She was a stout blond, fully developed, and quite attractive. Unlike most of the girls who wore jeans, she had a short skirt that was very tight across her hips. When she’d turned at one point I saw a profile of a very nice round ass like a basketball cut perfectly in half.

“Wonderful!” groaned the teacher. She glared at me. “You bastard!” she shouted, as though it was my fault she didn’t have cell service.

“My sat phone works,” I said, tapping the bulky device on my hip “But are you really ready for all the trouble the sheriff will bring? I wasn’t kidding about you being locked up for the weekend. There’ll be fines and a conviction on your records, too. Seems a bit silly when all you have to do is turn and leave.”

“You’re the one in trouble!” said the teacher. “This is a state park and we have every right to be here!”

The girl named Kennedy, who was slight pale, mumbled an “Er, Miss Thomas,” and tapped the teacher on the

shoulder. The little woman shook it off, preferring to concentrate on yelling at me.

“Call the sheriff. Call him right now! He’ll put you right. I can’t *wait* to see you locked up!”

“Miss Thomas!” Kennedy was urgent now. Next to her a plump girl with brown hair in a bun was also trying to get the teacher’s attention. The teacher finally turned, frowning at the girls for interrupting.

“Miss Thomas, there’s, uh, something you need to know,” said the blond.

“What is it?”

“Uh, I don’t think this *is* the state park.”

“What are you talking about?”

“It’s true, Miss Thomas,” said the brunette with the bun. She shifted on her heels nervously. “We, uh, sort of told you we were there when we weren’t.”

“What!”

“We were in the car so long and Melody needed to pee,” said Kennedy. “We didn’t think it mattered. It looked like the park. And Janna saw butterflies.”

“There are no trespassing signs,” I said, inserting myself into the conversation. “You ignored those?”

The girls looked at me and the brunette nodded. “We, uh, sort of stood in front of the sign so Miss Thomas wouldn’t see.”

“We told her this was the south entrance to the park, less crowded, less popular,” added Kennedy. “Please, she didn’t know it was your place.”

By this time everyone had gathered together. I counted six girls, plus the teacher. The girls were looking a bit

embarrassed. Miss Thomas was suddenly at a loss for words. She didn't know whether to be mad at me or the girls. She turned and faced me.

"This... really is your property? We're not at the state park?"

"That's what I've been trying to tell you, ma'am. I'm Aaron Hall and I own everything south of the park. Close to 600 acres and I have a devil of a time keeping people like you out."

"I swear I didn't know!"

"Those girls pulled a mean trick on you," I said. "If they was mine, they'd be finding it mighty hard to sit tonight."

"It was a mean trick, wasn't it?" Miss Thomas suddenly figured out that it was the girls she should be angry with, not me. "How dare you all do that! You knew this was private property and you let me lead you all onto it. You should be ashamed of yourselves!"

"Maybe I should call the sheriff," I said. "A night in jail, fines, calls to their parents—it would teach them a valuable lesson. People think trespassing's a minor thing, but it's extremely serious. It's a real crime."

"Oh, mister, please, don't call the police," cried Kennedy. She was clearly the oldest and de facto leader of the students. "We're really sorry."

"I'm sure you are, and if you'd left right away when I asked, I'd just let this whole thing go, but now you've riled me up and someone needs to pay."

Immediately several of the girls began clamoring at once, various pleas for mercy and cries that they couldn't end up with a criminal record. One girl complained loudly that her

dad “was going to kill her,” and another agreed that hers would do the same.

“Mr. Hall—That’s your name, right?—it was my fault we didn’t leave right away,” said the tiny teacher. “I thought you were just bluffing, trying to scare us off public land. You can’t blame the girls for that. I agree they need to be punished and they will be, but a police record is not the answer.”

“Five minutes ago you were adamant I call the cops. Funny how you changed your mind so fast.”

Miss Thomas blushed. “I realize now I was in the wrong. I’m sorry.”

“You were not very polite or considerate. You did not set a good example for your students. What school are you with? I’d like to have a talk with your principal.”

“Oh sir, please, surely that isn’t necessary. I didn’t mean to be rude. I’m sorry!”

When I continued to glare at her, she blushed and muttered, “Caufield Girls Academy, sir. My principal is Alexander Tums. Like the antacid.”

“Thank you,” I said. “At least now you’re behaving like an adult instead of one of these bratty kids.”

“You’re right, sir. I was rude and I’m so sorry. There’s no excuse for it. I was just frightened by that gun and acted defensively and I attacked—” She stopped and blushed. “And there I go, making an excuse, right after I said there was none!”

I laughed. “You’re an interesting woman, Miss Thomas. How long have you been teaching?”

“Uh, it’s my first year.” She gulped. “That’s why I’d *really*

appreciate it if you wouldn't call Mr. Tums. I'm still on probation, see. If I get a bad report, I might be fired. For sure I wouldn't be hired back next year."

"Please," said Kennedy, the blond leader of the girls. "It was our fault, not hers. We misled her. You can't get her fired for that!"

"There's plenty of blame to be spread around as I see it," I said. "The girls definitely did a bad thing by lying to Miss Thomas, but she reacted without waiting for the facts, and she was extremely rude and condescending. I think *all* of you need to be punished."

The group hung their heads, even Miss Thomas looking like a scolded child. Which gave me an idea.

"Reporting this to the police is perhaps too harsh," I said. "You all sound like you're sorry. Maybe I can punish you another way."

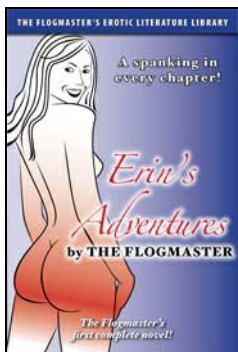
"What do you mean?" asked Miss Thomas. There was hope in her voice.

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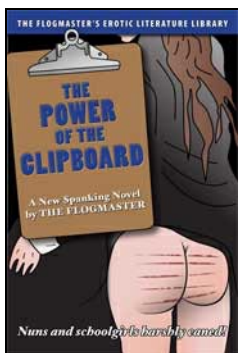
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

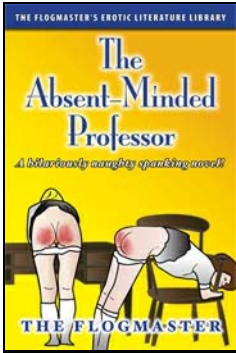
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

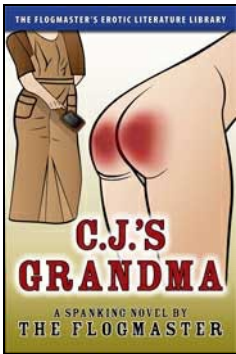
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

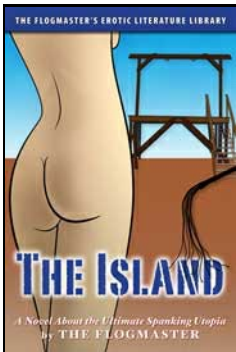
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

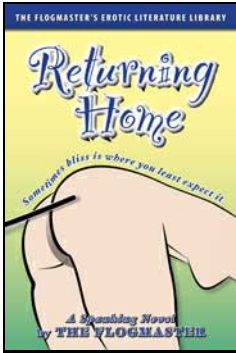
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



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.

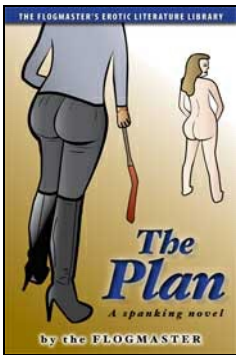


Returning Home

(mostly M/f)

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

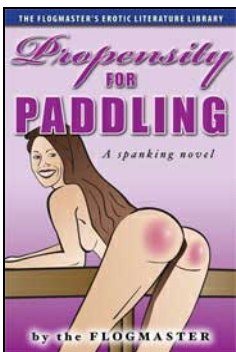
53,000 words.



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)

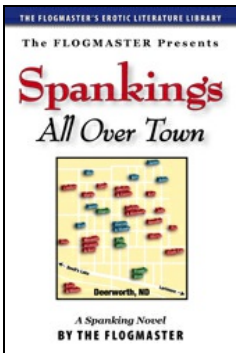
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(M/F/f)

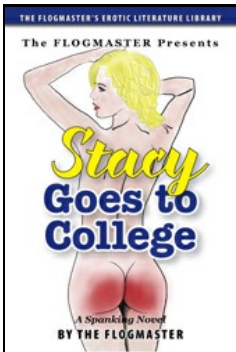
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



Spankings All Over Town

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

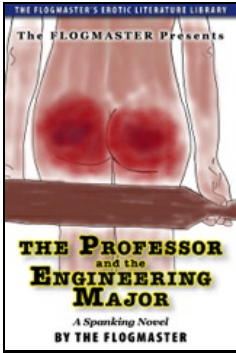
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



Stacy Goes to College

(M/F)

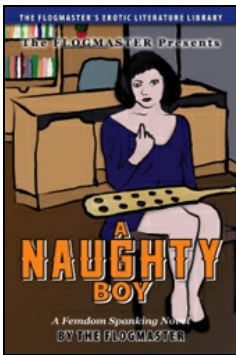
A girl goes off to college thinking she's too grown-up for spankings and learns the hard way that's not the case. 46,000 words.



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)

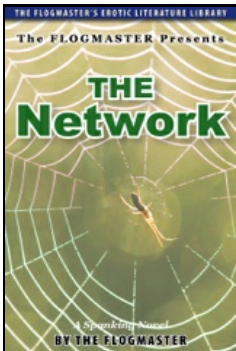
When bad boy Derek is caught trespassing at a girls-only school, he will have to face the lovely Headmistress Dour with her wicked cane and hardwood paddle, and her collection of cruel-minded female faculty and prefects for excruciating punishments and even worse humiliations. 46,000 words.



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.

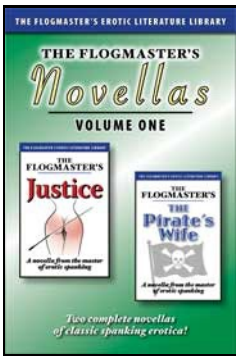


The Two-Year Engagement

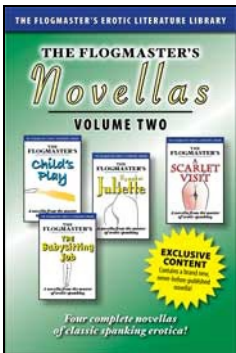
(MM/F)

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.

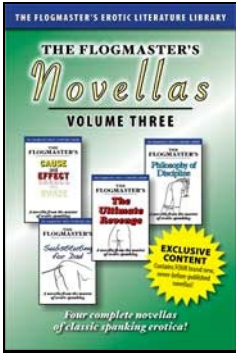
Novella Collections



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.



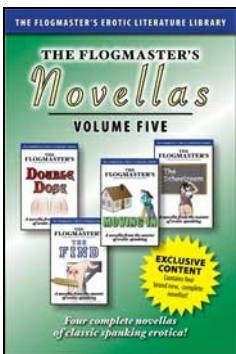
Volume 2— *Child's Play*: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. ***Nymphet Juliett*:** (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. ***Scarlet Visit*:** (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. ***The Babysitting Job*:** (MF/f) A girl's babysitting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



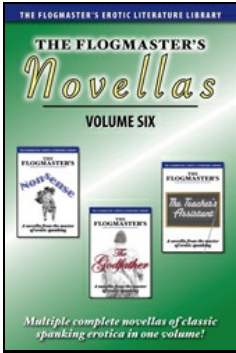
Volume 3— *Cause and Effect*: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline*: (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad*: (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge*: (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



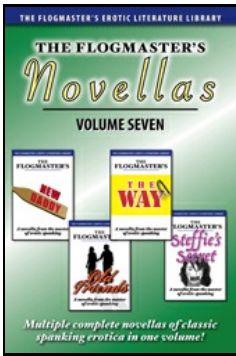
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



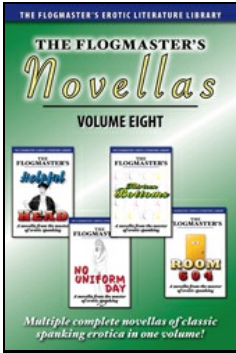
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



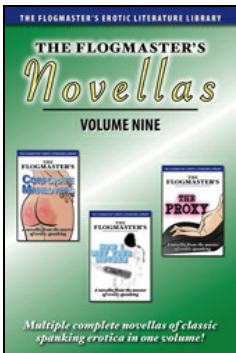
Volume 6— Nonsense: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather:* (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant:* (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



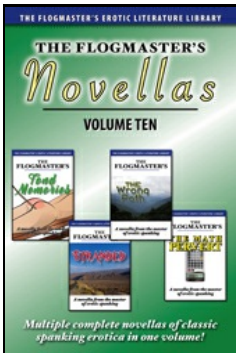
Volume 7— A New Daddy: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends:* (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret:* (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way:* (m/f) A boy is trained to cane.



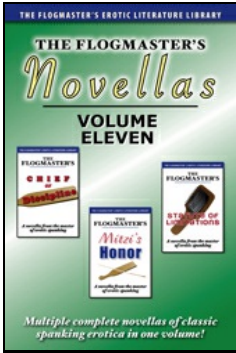
Volume 8— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



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.



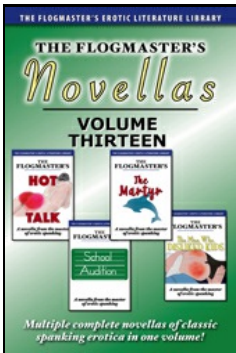
Volume 10— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't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



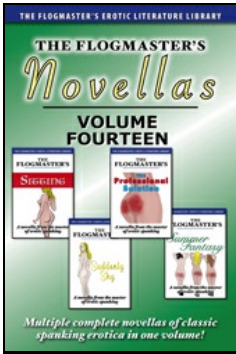
Volume 11— *Statute of Limitations*: (F/F) While visiting her mother, a woman reveals a childhood crime and is shocked when she's punished for it. *Mitzi's Honor*: (M/FF, F/MMF) Two professional contractors for rival mob families are assigned to take each other out. *Chief of Discipline*: (M/FFFFF) Girls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



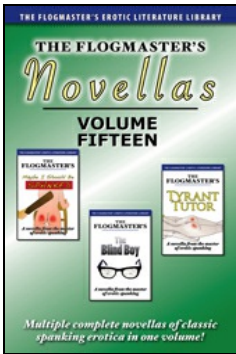
Volume 12— *Nurse Patty*: (F/f) A new girl at a strict school finds solace in a kindly nurse. *Brother and Sister*: (MF/fm) Orphaned twins are raised by strict step-parents. *Workaround*: (Mfm/fm) In the 1940s, a girl and a boy sent to a disciplinarian, figure out a workaround. *The Devil Made Me Do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

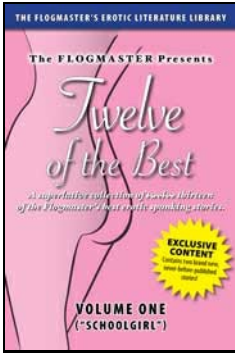


Volume 18— *Slumber Party Invitation*: A naive freshman gets invited to a cool girl's slumber party. *Sheer Innocence*: School officials don't buy a sweet girl's innocence. *Revenge Prank*: A pranked boy turns the tables on his cruel tormentors.



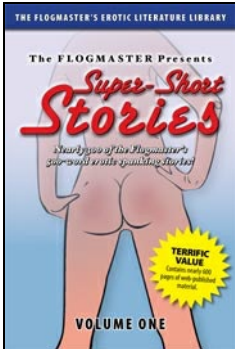
Volume 19— *Designer Jeans*: When a woman wears jinxed jeans that make her ass look awesome, she gets painful proof the curse is real. *Off to a Bad Start*: A woman starts a new job and everything goes wrong. *The Lynch Mob*: Women in a neighborhood visit a man for regular punishments... until their 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



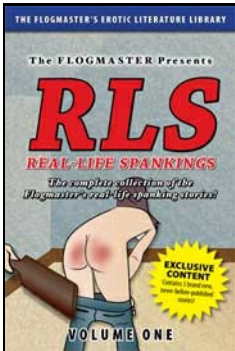
Twelve of the Best: Volumes 1-60

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



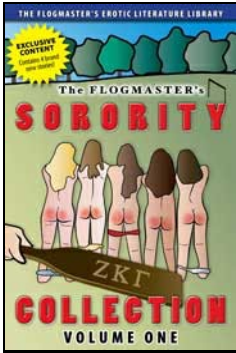
Super-Short Stories: Volume 1-6

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



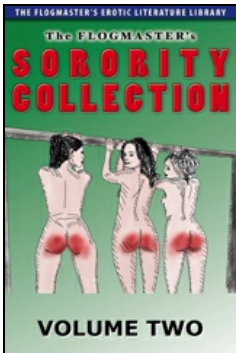
Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1-9

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



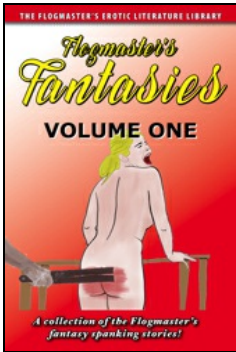
Sorority Collection: Volume 1

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



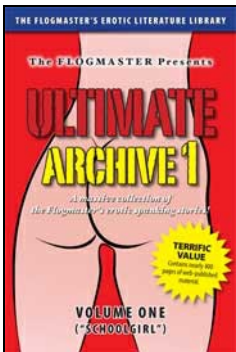
Sorority Collection: Volume 2

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!

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