

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

Excellent. I could not see where this was going, but when I finished I breathed a sigh of satisfaction.

S.M.

Om my! From where do these ideas come? I am stunned by your beautifully executed pieces based on wildly erotic ideas.

Wow!

I.C.

I have _always_ wanted to get taken to the woodshed, thanks for a great story.

T.J.

Very strange initiation. I was surprised at the twisted ending. I liked the way you created the need to hurry by keeping it very clipped and short. You set the perfect pace. Well done.

C.M.

Nice concept. A little intense and clinical for me, though. But LOOOOVE the writing, as always. Big fan of yours!

L.A.

This is a truly odd story, even for the Flogmaster. [He] must be superhuman.

G.

Such a nicely paced story, with no hint of anything apart from warmth of affection.

N.B.

Selected Excerpts

From *By the Book*:

The next day she went shopping. A wooden hairbrush was easy to find, and a cutting board made a fine paddle. The razor strop was trickier, but she managed. The cane required visiting a sex shop.

That evening she had Nina bare her cute bottom and tried out the various items. The book explained an over-the-lap spanking in detail. Though it sounded awkward, it worked well, providing excellent access to the plump globes for smacks with a hairbrush.

From *The Headmistress's Office*:

Instantly she was in a different world.

The room looked like something out of a historical novel. It was decorated with ancient leather-bound books, antique chairs, and an old-fashioned desk. There was wood everywhere, with hardly any sign of modern technology. Candles and lanterns lit the room, as did the crackling fire in the fireplace. Shannon wondered how on earth the headmistress got anything done. She couldn't see a computer anywhere, or even a phone. Didn't the old bat have one of those *corded* ones?

From *Spanked By Neighbor Ladies*:

What followed was a nightmare. My Mom pushed me forward, sort of throwing me to the wolves, and I was grabbed by the two women. Immediately I knew I was in trouble. Their grips on my arms were like steel. I was tough and strong, but only 12, and even Ms. Marks was an inch or two taller than me and fiercely powerful. With Ms. Chasten, I had no chance at all.

The two worked in concert, pulling me to the couch, yanking down my shorts and panties, and drapping me across the bigger woman's lap. I started to scream and struggle, furious as a wasp in a jar, but there was nothing I could do. I was trapped with my bare butt sticking up.

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-FOUR ("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

Both

★★★★, MF/f—Severe, non-consensual paddling, caning

A girl is bad enough to get both the paddle and the cane.

By the Book

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

An aunt learns how to be a mom.

Discipline Envy

★★★★, M/f—Severe, non- and consensual spanking, paddling, strapping, switching

A mother is jealous of her daughter's discipline.

Discipline

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

A tardy girl gets the ass-blistering of her lifetime.

The Headmistress's Office

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

A modern schoolgirl experiences severe discipline in the Headmistress's office of 100 years ago and it changes her forever.

Hide and Seek

★★★★ , m/f, M/F—Severe, consensual spanking, switching, tit and pussy torture

A girl grows up playing a naughty spanking game.

How I Got To Spank My Babysitter

★★★★ , m/f—Intense, non-consensual spanking, paddling

A boy frames his babysitter.

Just Because

★★★★★ , F/f, M/m—Severe, non-consensual spanking

A girl visits her boyfriend's family and finds a new mother.

Screen Time

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

A girl bargains for time on her phone.

Spanked By Neighbor Ladies

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

An injured mother gets help disciplining her rebellious daughter from two neighbor ladies.

The Wrong School

★★★★★ , MMM/f—Severe, non-consensual paddling, caning

A girl's first day of high school goes dreadfully wrong.

Too Many Choices

★★★★★ , M/fffff—Severe, non-consensual caning

A corrupt headmaster seeks targets for the cane.

Both

(★★★★, MF/f—Severe, non-consensual paddling, caning)

A girl is bad enough to get both the paddle and the cane.

(Approximately 3,146 words.)

Katie only had herself to blame.

She had been warned. It had been the ultimate sanction her whole life, but she'd somehow avoided it until now, on the eve of adulthood. She was turning 18 next month and presumably too old for corporal punishment. Perhaps it was fitting that she experience this before the spankings stopped forever.

Spanking made it sound minor, which it certainly wasn't. Her dad's paddlings were fierce things, terrible in

their own right. He was a big man and spanked hard. The paddle he used was a sturdy 18" model, polished oak with a dozen holes drilled through the surface for extra verve.

Paddlings terrified Katie. They left her butt as red and raw as if she'd been dragged a mile naked across a gravel road.

But then her mother's canings weren't much better. She gave out fewer strokes—six or a dozen were common amounts—but the thin rattan left angry welts that swelled up hot and tender and took days to fade.

Perhaps it was strange to grow up with both types of discipline, but Katie had grown up with that system. Her father was American and had met his British wife during four years working in England. Shortly after they'd married he was transferred back to the States where Katie had been born and they'd lived ever since. Imogen had brought with her the traditional discipline of England, the cane, while Katie's father preferred the paddle he'd grown up with. Katie hated both methods equally.

For minor issues of correction, Katie got the cane. Six or eight strokes was more than enough to remind her of the costs of disobedience. For more serious infractions, she might get a harder caning or a paddling from her father.

The ultimate discipline, however, was the threat of getting *both*. Katie had grown up with nightmares of that possibility as it was often used as a threat to get her to behave. Like the time at age 13 she'd been caught shoplifting: her mother pushed for both the cane and the paddle, but her father decided just the paddle was enough. That hadn't been much mercy. He'd laid her naked across

his lap and blistered her bottom twice her age in swats. She'd had trouble sitting for a full week and vowed to never steal again.

But this time Katie had done it. She still couldn't believe the trouble she was in, but she had to admit she fully deserved a double spanking. Underage drinking was bad enough, but to drive in that state was incredibly stupid. Katie knew better. Her only excuse was that the alcohol had impaired her judgement. Somehow driving had made sense at the time.

She sat in front of her vanity and looked sadly at her reflection. The pretty dark-haired girl looked physically mature, with a fine teenaged body. She was slim, though her hips were broad, and her breasts were good-sized. She liked that they were perfectly proportioned for her figure, not too big and not too small. They were Goldilock breasts.

The chair had a thin cushion on it and she reflected that this might be the last time she'd have a chance to sit here comfortably for a while. Not only was she in for *both* a paddling and a caning, but each would be a severe spanking on its own. At nearly 18, Katie couldn't be expected to be let off with just a few licks.

She stood and rotated, eyeing the generous jut of her backside in the mirror. She ran her hand along the denim curves, wishing she could keep her jeans on during the spankings. There was no chance of that. In her family, spankings were always on the bare bottom. Usually Katie only had to lower her pants and panties, but this time she'd been told her punishment would be with her fully naked. She couldn't exactly complain.

There was a knock at the door and her heart seized. “Downstairs in two minutes,” said a stern male voice and Katie knew it was time. She desperately wished this was a nightmare she’d wake up from, or that it was over and she was sobbing in her pillow, but neither was reality. She had to go through this.

Slowly she took off her shirt and bra, and then her jeans. She hesitated at the panties. Her father had seen her bare butt plenty of times, but today would be more revealing. It embarrassed her, but the guidelines had been clear: she was to come downstairs without a stitch on unless she wanted additional strokes.

She tossed the panties aside and took a deep breath. With one final look at herself in the mirror, noting especially the pale white smoothness of her full bottom, she headed for the door. Her bathroom was just across the hall and she’d skipped between the two rooms naked a few times. It always felt a little naughty, daring despite the minimal risk of being spotted, since she had no siblings and her parents’ master was on the ground floor. This time, though, she had to turn and go down the stairs naked and walk through the entire house.

Katie’s heart pounded so loudly in her chest it seemed like it was vibrations from it that caused her fist-sized breasts to bob and bounce, not her slow descent, step by reluctant step. It was hard work and she had to force herself to go. She felt like crying and wanted to return to her room and lock the door, or maybe run to her father and beg to be let off.

She knew neither option would work. She could hear her

father lecturing her, scolding her, telling her to be an adult and take her medicine like a grownup. She felt ashamed at her fear, but then who wouldn't be afraid? She was about to be paddled terribly and then severely caned. She had a right to be worried. This was going to hurt like nothing she'd ever experienced.

Her parents were waiting in the den. It seemed like a long walk to Katie, for it was at the other end of the house, but despite her reluctance, she got there way too fast. She stopped in the doorway, dizzy with dread. Her father, tall and broad, and wearing a grim expression, was waiting. The hated paddle was on the coffee table in front of him.

Nearby was Imogen, her mother. She was petite and pretty, her chestnut hair draped across one shoulder. She looked as stern as a nun. In her hands was a long narrow rod, yellow as corn. The thought of that thin stick cutting into her bottom made Katie's heart rate double.

"There's no point in discussing this," said her father, taking his seat on the sofa. "You know what you did and why you're being punished. Let's just get this over with."

Katie's nudity was forgotten now. All she knew was that awful paddle in her father's hand. She saw all the holes and knew they'd leave blisters on her ass. She wondered how many swats she was to get.

Somehow her feet propelled her forward. She navigated around the low table and reached her father's knees. Then she was pulled across them, draped like a sack of rice. With the sofa supporting her torso and legs, she was comfortable enough, but she was mostly aware of how her hips were across her father's legs and how her bare bottom thrust up

in the air. She normally felt her butt was overlarge and in this situation feeling was magnified tenfold. She felt ridiculous.

There was no warmup, no warning. Just the sudden burst of pain, an explosion of sound and fury. The first spank was outrageous, a hot fire that grew with each subsequent whack. After just ten seconds Katie had gotten three stingers and her butt felt crushed by the force of the blows. Sting and heat quickly spread across her haunches. She hadn't been able to cry out, the attack had been too sudden, and now she finally found her voice and let out a pathetic wail.

After a brief pause for her to feel the spanks, the board slammed down again, and then again. A sixth hit hard and she could feel the developing heat across her ass and knew she was already a well-spanked girl. She couldn't see her butt, but it had to be bright red already and the spanking had barely started.

Usually Katie got her age in licks with the paddle. She doubted she'd be so lucky today. Maybe it would just be 20, rounded up from 17. Even that seemed optimistic, though. Twenty-five was more likely.

By the time she'd gotten ten whacks, Katie was having trouble keeping track of the count. Her butt was on fire. It felt like a blowtorch was being used to burn her ass. Every inch was tingling and throbbing, and still the hardwood crushed her rump. No matter how much Katie wiggled or twisted, the board found her butt. It was pure hell. Her father held her down with his left arm on her back while his right slammed the paddle into her big bottom again and

again. Katie couldn't stop screaming and sobbing.

All rational thought vanished. Time didn't exist. All Katie knew was searing agony, her butt swelling to become the entire universe. She never even knew when she stopped struggling, exhausted and defeated, and lay docilely across her father's lap as the board pummeled her purple buttocks.

He stopped after the 34th whack. Double her age and the worst paddling she'd ever received from him. She continued to weep helplessly, not even aware her spanking was over. He helped her to the corner, propping her hands on her head where she left them obediently. She had no will of her own any more. It was several minutes before she even realize where she was.

Once the pain had eased from white-hot to a mere bonfire, she slowly came back to herself. Her ass throbbed miserably. Her throat hurt from screaming and she was desperately thirsty. She had few tears left. Her face was damp, her makeup smeared. Her hair was a rat's nest. She felt like she'd been spinning inside a cement truck. Slowly her heavy panting reduced to a steady breathing.

How long Katie stood there, she didn't know. It felt like hours. At some point her mother came over and smeared ointment on her bottom. It was a greasy substance that both soothed and held in the heat. Her mother's touch was heaven and hell. Imogen was gentle, but her touch still made Katie cry.

There was another long period of boredom after that. Katie itched to rub her bottom, but didn't dare. She'd been spanked often enough to know that was forbidden. The last thing she wanted was extra punishment.

Then it was time for the cane.

As usual before a caning, Katie felt her belly clench in apprehension and her bottom felt large, a massive target for the rod. This time she was so frightened she thought she might pass out, for her butt was already burning and she knew the caning would hurt even worse. If just her mother's caressing hand on her ass had hurt, what would a fierce lash of the rattan feel like?

She'd always been curious about a caning on a padded bottom, but now that it was about to happen, she didn't want to know. Unfortunately, she had no choice in the matter. She'd been dumb enough to earn this, so now the experience was to be hers no matter what.

There was a club chair in the den that was always used for Katie's canings. The back was low enough that she could bend over it. The chair normally sat in the corner, where Katie never used it as it was a bad omen for her, but now it was dragged to the center of the room.

At her mother's nod, Katie bent across the back and reached for the front lip under the cushions with her hands. It was a tight stretch, with her feet going to tiptoe and her fingers just curling under the seat. The chair's back jammed hard into her lower belly, but it was padded and not too uncomfortable. The real problem was that her head was down well below her bottom, her chin almost on the cushion. Her butt was completely exposed and vulnerable, as well as her bare thighs. If this was to be an extended caning, and Katie suspected it would be, she could expect some strokes on her legs. Normally she hated thigh-strikes more than anything, but with the current state of her

bottom, perhaps getting hit on the thighs would be better.

Like with her father's spanking, Katie was never eased into a caning. Her mother struck hard from the first, determined to make every cut count. This time it was even more terrible. Though her caning was just starting, it felt like she'd already been given a dozen and this was the second set. The strikes of the rod revived all the ache and burn of her paddling, so that even narrow weals made her entire ass flame.

Almost immediately Katie was struggling not to cry. Usually she could stoically get through a few strokes, but this was overwhelming. The intensity of the swishing stick took her to peak pain and kept her there, writhing across the back of the chair, her tears soaking the cushion.

Her bottom felt gigantic, miles of firm youthful flesh ripe for beating. She wept more out of fear of the future than the actual pain, knowing that her mother would whip every inch of her exposed buttocks. How many strokes would that be?

Time did strange things. Though she knew her mother wasn't rushing, it felt like the lashes were coming in every few seconds. As soon as Katie caught her breath and recovered somewhat from a stroke, a new one landed, starting the awful cycle all over again.

There'd be that first breathless moment when the cane hit and the sting was so bad she thought she'd die, followed by a sweet relief as the agony ebbed. Then the second wave of suffering would hit and though it wasn't as intense, it was more prolonged, more permanent, and she only *wanted* to die. Only when an eon had passed and that anguish had eased would the cane whistle through the air in another

devastating strike.

Damn her mother was good. Katie knew all her mother's stories about how she'd been brought up under the cane by her grandfather, a former headmaster who was an expert in the rod. Some of that knowledge, it seemed, had been passed on to the granddaughter, who now used it ruthlessly on her own child.

Counting while your bottom was being cut to ribbons was almost impossible. Instead Katie used some sort of sixth sense to judge the duration of the thrashing by subtle tones and feelings. Perhaps her mother paused for breath or changed some tiny aspect of her routine that Katie could only detect subconsciously, but whatever the reason, the girl had a fair idea of where they were in the beating: beginning, middle, or end. It wasn't an exact science, but it was close enough to be helpful.

Though she didn't know how many strokes she was due, Katie decided they were in the final third. She definitely wanted the beating to be over and had no idea how many more were coming, but she sensed a denouement.

Harder than ever the cane struck, the tip driving into her right buttock. Both cheeks shuddered. Katie could imagine a sizzling sound like a hot branding iron into her rounded flesh. She howled, but hung on to her pose on the chair. She was so inverted it was hard work to get up and she was exhausted, so she could do nothing but lie there and take it.

Then the rod cracked across the back of her legs. There was less chubbiness there, though her thighs were large, and the pain was like an electric wire. Several more spread the fire down her legs. Just as she thought she couldn't take

another stroke without passing out, the rod thumped into her neglected bottom with all the force of a bullet. The good news was that was the last one, and once Katie had settled down from her frantic flailing, she was allowed to get up and return to the corner for ten minutes of contemplation.

Usually she hated corner time, but it was such a relief to not be beaten that she sighed with pleasure. Her butt itched and ached terribly, but it was still better than being caned or paddled. She kept her hands on her head obediently and waited until she was released to go to her room.

When the order finally came, after her parents had studied her butt critically, commenting that she'd been well-whipped, Katie had to apologize to them and promise she'd never drink and drive again. She was utterly sincere in her words.

"Good," said her father. "Because if you do, I don't care if you're 30 years old, I'll whip you with a belt, paddle your ass purple, and your mother will cane you until you can't sit for a month!"

A trembling Katie closed to the door to her room and studied her ruined ass in the mirror. It looked like something out of a horror movie, perhaps a makeup student's wound creation final project. The cheeks were purple with bluish-red stripes all over. In some places the marks were so dark they were black.

Those bruises are going to be there for weeks, she thought. She sighed. *Oh well. I've been banned from driving for a month, so that's about right. I wouldn't want to sit much anyway.*

She gingerly stretched out on her bed, face down, still

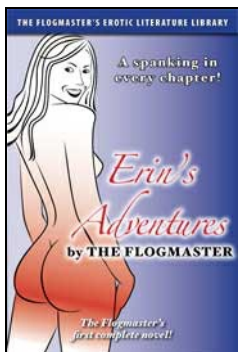
naked. Her butt screamed at the movement and didn't calm much until she'd been still for a minute or so. Katie thought of her dad's final warning and it chilled her to the bone.

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Also by The Flogmaster

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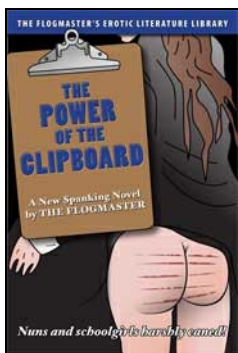
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

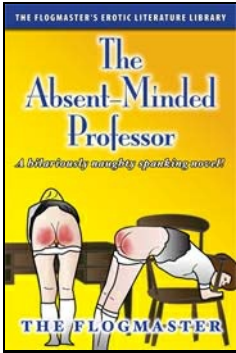
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

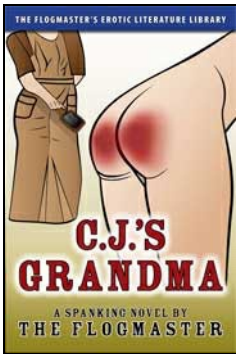
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

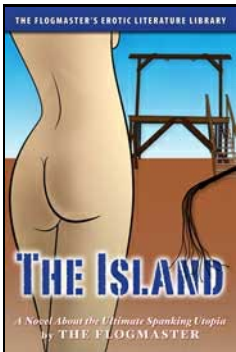
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

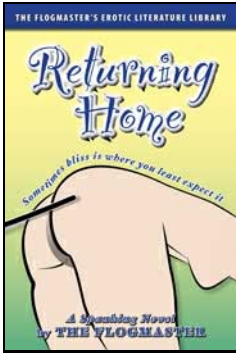
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



The Island

(mostly M/F)

A woman discovers a forbidden paradise when she visits an old friend on a remote island and learns the society's unusual lifestyle. 72,000 words.

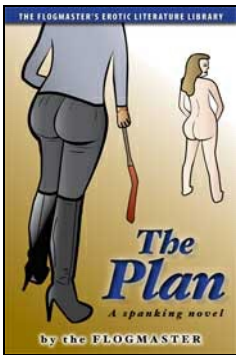


Returning Home

(mostly M/f)

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

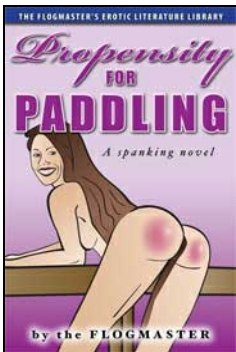
53,000 words.



The Plan

(mostly MF/f)

In the 1950s, divorce is a rarity, yet it is happening to Debbie, as her parents are separating. So she comes up with a daring plan to misbehave to reunite them—a plan that seems to be failing when her father hires a strict tutor. 34,000 words.



Propensity for Paddling

(mostly M/f)

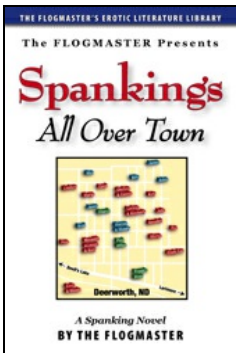
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(M/F/f)

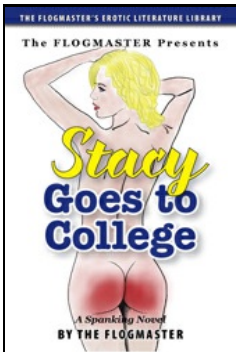
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



Spankings All Over Town

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

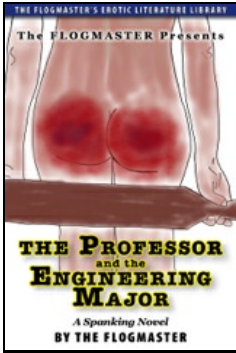
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



Stacy Goes to College

(M/F)

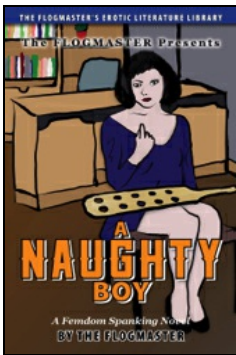
A girl goes off to college thinking she's too grown-up for spankings and learns the hard way that's not the case. 46,000 words.



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)

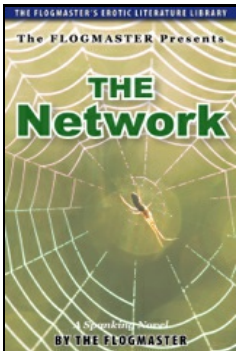
When bad boy Derek is caught trespassing at a girls-only school, he will have to face the lovely Headmistress Dour with her wicked cane and hardwood paddle, and her collection of cruel-minded female faculty and prefects for excruciating punishments and even worse humiliations. 46,000 words.



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.

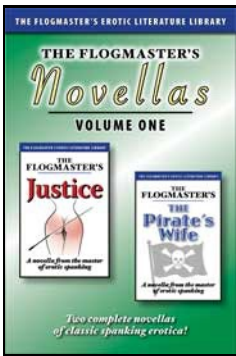


The Two-Year Engagement

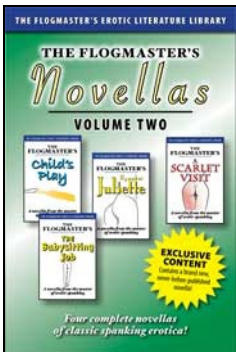
(MM/F)

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.

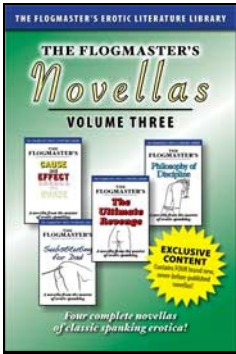
Novella Collections



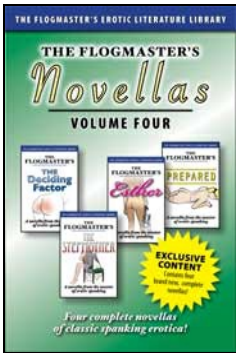
Volume 1— *Justice*: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. ***The Pirate's Wife*:** (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



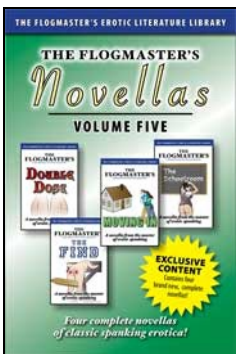
Volume 2— *Child's Play*: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. ***Nymphet Juliett*:** (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. ***Scarlet Visit*:** (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. ***The Babysitting Job*:** (MF/f) A girl's babysitting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



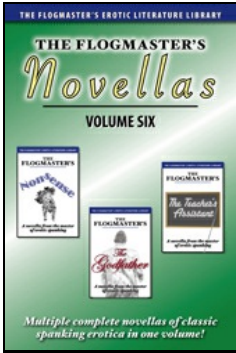
Volume 3— *Cause and Effect*: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline*: (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad*: (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge*: (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



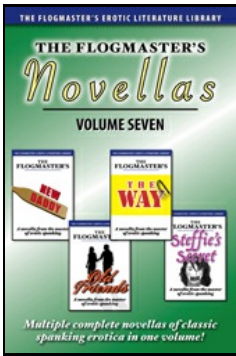
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



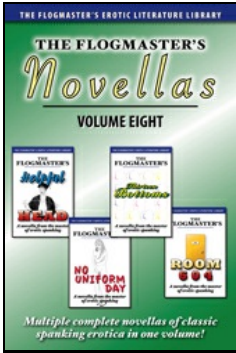
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



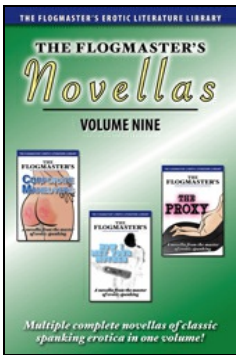
Volume 6— *Nonsense*: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather*: (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant*: (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



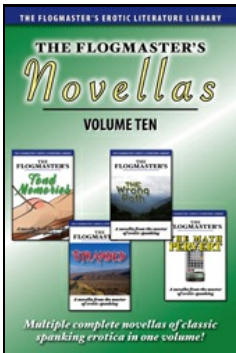
Volume 7— *A New Daddy*: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends*: (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret*: (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way*: (m/f) A boy is trained to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



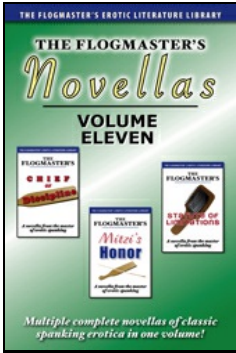
Volume 8— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



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.



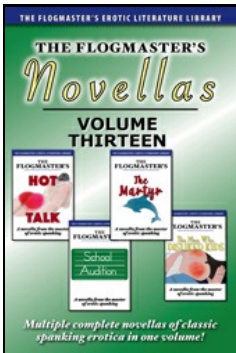
Volume 10— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't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



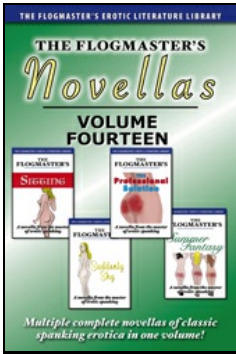
Volume 11— *Statute of Limitations*: (F/F) While visiting her mother, a woman reveals a childhood crime and is shocked when she's punished for it. *Mitzi's Honor*: (M/FF, F/MMF) Two professional contractors for rival mob families are assigned to take each other out. *Chief of Discipline*: (M/FFFFF) Girls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



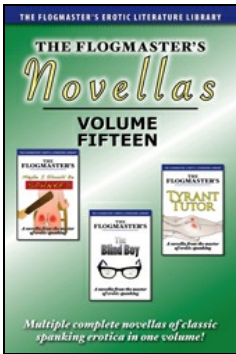
Volume 12— *Nurse Patty*: (F/f) A new girl at a strict school finds solace in a kindly nurse. *Brother and Sister*: (MF/fm) Orphaned twins are raised by strict step-parents. *Workaround*: (Mfm/fm) In the 1940s, a girl and a boy sent to a disciplinarian, figure out a workaround. *The Devil Made Me Do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

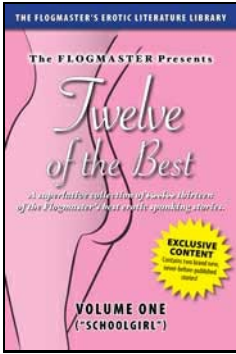


Volume 18— *Slumber Party Invitation*: A naive freshman gets invited to a cool girl's slumber party. *Sheer Innocence*: School officials don't buy a sweet girl's innocence. *Revenge Prank*: A pranked boy turns the tables on his cruel tormentors.



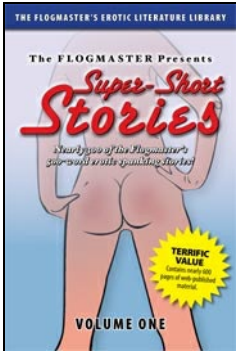
Volume 19— *Designer Jeans*: When a woman wears jinxed jeans that make her ass look awesome, she gets painful proof the curse is real. *Off to a Bad Start*: A woman starts a new job and everything goes wrong. *The Lynch Mob*: Women in a neighborhood visit a man for regular punishments... until their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



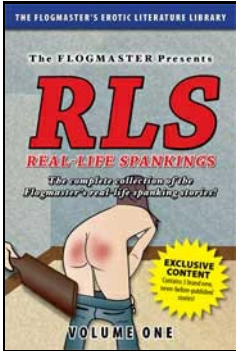
Twelve of the Best: Volumes 1-60

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



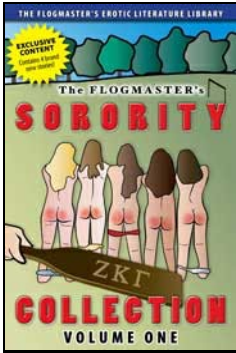
Super-Short Stories: Volume 1-6

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



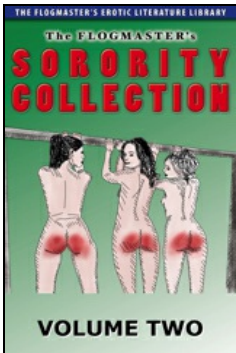
Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1-9

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



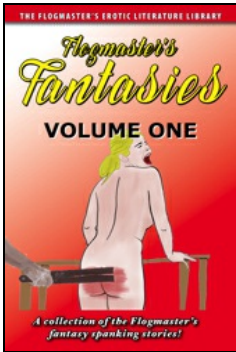
Sorority Collection: Volume 1

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



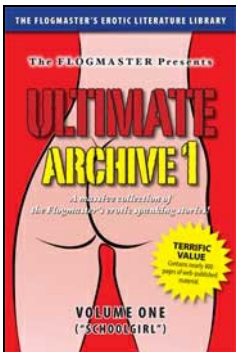
Sorority Collection: Volume 2

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!

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

