

THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

The FLOGMASTER Presents

# Twelve of the Best

*A superlative collection of  
the Flogmaster's best erotic spanking stories*

**EXCLUSIVE  
CONTENT**

Contains brand new,  
never-before-published  
stories!

**VOLUME SIXTY-TWO  
("SCHOOLGIRL")**

# Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

*A wonderful description of the interview and of the introductory punishment. [Her] thoughts and feelings are very well depicted. Thank you.*

**D.L.H.**

*Wow, spanked at school, spanked \*twice at home! Another Flogmaster masterpiece, delightfully over-the-top. I liked Francesca's comparison of the American disciplinary tools to those she was used to getting at home or school in her own country.\**

**R.S.R.**

*This is a very hot and sexy story. Never read anything like this before and I really do love the content!*

**L.S.S.**

*Can't take this seriously. But a nice list of punishments in a row.*

**W.V.Z.**

*A great description both of the undressing and the punishment. The detail was so good one could almost have been present.*

**M.T.**

*What a wickedly well-written story!*

**I.C.**

*Outstanding story that deserves immortality.*

**K.S.L.**

## **Selected Excerpts**

### **From *Babysitter Fantasy*:**

“Everyone knows you can’t put metal in a microwave,” I said to her. “Are you nuts?”

“You can’t tell me what to do,” she countered. “*I’m* the babysitter.”

“I’m not so sure about that. You’re doing a bang-up job so far.”

“You take that back, Mark, or I’ll spank your bare bottom with a hairbrush!”

Now I was the one who was angry. “*You’re* the one who’s going to get the spanking when Dad finds out you broke our microwave!”

### **From *Paddled Sisters*:**

Anna was so shocked by what she’d done she didn’t resist. She was rolled over onto her belly, her jeans yanked down, and then the paddle was attacking her pantied-bottom. The yellow underwear did little to stop the sting, but it did block the view, and after just a few smacks Kasey tore the panties down so she could spank her sister’s bare bottom.

The younger girl’s screams were beyond what was necessary, but she was frightened and the paddle was hard and painful. Kasey wasn’t holding back, either, spanking her sister as hard as she could. Five blows, ten, then 15, and more. Her rage consumed her and she didn’t even notice the door open and a figure enter.

### **From *Watcher*:**

Monica selected a pine paddle the size of half a sheet of paper. Six large holes had been drilled across the surface. She patted it against her palm and Amber’s heart started to pound. Young Cyan was guided behind the blond reformatory student, where she had a better view of the big ass about to be spanked. Amber couldn’t see her any more, but knew she was there, and blushed furiously. It was one thing to be seen in this situation by guards or other inmates, but a civilian watcher was far more embarrassing.

## 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 SIXTY-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.

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

When a girl damages the car, she feels she deserves a sharp caning.

## Babysitter Fantasy

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

A boy spanks his babysitter.

## Chips

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★★★★, M/f—Severe, consensual paddling

When a girl begs for punishment, her horny principal obliges.

## Ganging Up

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★★★★, Fmm/f—Intense, non- and semi-consensual spanking, paddling, strapping

Two male cousins spank their girl cousin.

## **Girl Next Door**

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**★★★★★ , M/f—Intense, non-consensual strapping**

When a boy witnesses the girl next door getting whipped, he falls in love.

## **Grandmotherly Spankings**

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**★★★★★ , F/ff—Intense, semi-consensual ruler spanking**

Two girls find an elderly neighbor lady to spank them.

## **Hateful**

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**★★★★ , M/ff—Severe, non-consensual paddling, strapping**

A principal punishes two hateful girls.

## **Off to Grandmother's We Go**

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

A girl's grandmother is obsessed with discipline.

## **Paddled Sisters**

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**★★★★ , f/f, M/f—Intense, non-consensual paddling**



When two girls fight, both end up with hot bottoms.

## **Sleepovers**

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Two girls take the cane over parental notification and are shocked to learn they love it.

## **Three at Thirteen**

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**★ ★ ★ ★ , MMF/fff—Severe, non-consensual paddling, caning, stropping**

Instructions on how to spank growing girls.

## **Watcher**

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**★ ★ ★ ★ , F/ff—Severe, non-consensual reformatory spanking, paddling, strapping, caning**

A reform school inmate is disciplined as a lesson for another.

# Accidental Accident

(★★★★, M/f—Intense, semi-consensual caning)

When a girl damages the car, she feels she deserves a sharp caning.  
(Approximately 3,043 words.)

**C**harlotte couldn't believe it when she heard the crunch of metal. Her heart seized and she looked up in terror. She still couldn't see anything.

She'd instinctively slammed on the brakes at the sound and the bump. Now she pushed the gear into park and opened to the door to check. She ran to the back of the car.

The shopping cart was a dented mess, caught between her bumper and the metal railing of the cart rack. "What the hell?" she muttered, looking around.

She couldn't see anyone, but the cart hadn't been there when she'd gotten into the car. She was certain of

that. There was no way she could have put the groceries in the trunk and not noticed the cart. It wasn't hers—she'd put hers properly away in the area designed for them. Someone had left the cart next to her car while she was sitting in it!

Charlotte remembered that she'd been checking her messages on her phone for a few minutes before she drove, so it had to have happened then. She hadn't been paying attention to those around her. How could someone have been so stupid?

But the real problem wasn't the cart—it was her mom's car. She could see scratches and a huge dent in the bumper. There was no way to just buff that out and it was impossible to miss. Charlotte's heart sank.

When her parents found out she'd be punished. Her bottom clenched at the thought of her father's cane. The thing was long and thin and it burned like a branding iron when it was lashed across your bare buttocks.

*Maybe Daddy will understand*, she thought, but she knew this accident was still her fault. Sure, someone had left the cart, but she should have been aware. Even though she hadn't been using her phone while driving, it was still her responsibility to notice what was going on around her.

Sick with worry, she pushed the crunched cart out of the way and got back into the car. The damage was visual, not mechanic, so the vehicle worked just fine. She drove home slowly and carefully, her heart pounding the whole way.

Her parents weren't home—they were busy, which is why she was doing the shopping—so it would be a while before they saw what she'd done. She shuddered to think what her mother would say. The car was only two years old and in perfect shape, until now.

In addition to the caning, Charlotte could look forward to having her allowance docked until the damage was paid for, plus she'd probably be forbidden from driving for a couple of weeks. Maybe a month. This was a disaster.

Depressed, Charlotte took her time putting the groceries away. She tidied up the kitchen while she was there, and started supper. Her mother had mentioned pasta, so she got the water boiling and the noodles ready.

She checked the clock. Her mother was out with a friend, so her schedule was unpredictable, but her father would be home at 5:30. He was never late. That was one advantage to being a banker: his hours were fixed and consistent.

Of course, that wasn't good news for Charlotte's bottom. She found herself absently stroking said part of her anatomy, already dreading the tender way her cheeks would throb for the next few days. She adored her father, but he was godawful strict. Intellectually, she knew that meant he loved her, but it was still painful to endure.

Not for the first time she wonder if she was too grownup for corporal punishment. None of her friends were still spanked, though since that was an embarrassing topic, it wasn't like she or others talked

about it. Maybe some were and just hadn't said, but most talked of groundings and other punishments, so she suspected not.

A part of her preferred being caned to being grounded, except during the caning itself. That was always hell and in the midst of a thrashing she'd have done just about anything to make it stop. But at least a caning was over in a few minutes. Being grounded meant you suffered for weeks. Not the same kind of suffering, of course, but in some ways worse.

She rubbed her bottom again. At her age, with her mature body (her bottom was quite large and sturdy), she wasn't likely to be let off with just six strokes like when she was younger. Eight was usually the bare minimum now, and for something like crashing the car it might be ten or even a dozen.

That thought made her tremble and sweat. Just a single stroke with the cane was terrible, a searing agony that cut right through you. Several strokes built up that heat and fire until you felt consumed. It was a maddening sting, practically a torture, and a full dozen was unspeakably bad.

Just how did wrecking the car rank in the category of sins? Obviously if she'd done more than superficial damage, that would be worse, and the same if she'd been careless or driven illegally, like going through a red light. Those offenses would definitely be 12 strokes—possibly even more, though she'd never had that many.

In general, Charlotte was a good girl, contentious and

obedient, with perfect grades, and the most she'd ever gotten was ten strokes for "fighting" with a girl at school (an argument, really).

The thought of ten strokes again made her cry. It hadn't really been her fault, had it? She tried to tell herself the person who'd left the cart was the cause of the accident, but she knew she was lying to herself. She *had* been careless. Not drunk driving or no seatbelt careless, but careless nonetheless.

Charlotte had no thought of trying to hide the crime or not telling her father. For one thing, the damage to the car was too obvious. She might be able to hide it for a few hours, but not forever. But mainly such deceit just wasn't in Charlotte's nature. She was the type who owned up to her mistakes and despite the promise of a sound caning, she knew she couldn't lie and delaying the inevitable just made it worse.

She heard a sound outside, wheels on the driveway, and knew her father was home. Her heart dipped. She wanted to cry some more, but there'd be plenty of that later. She sat on the bench in the foyer and waited. She knew he'd be disappointed in her and that hurt worst of all. She also felt bad for greeting him with this. After a long hectic day at work, the last thing he needed was immediate bad news. But she didn't want to wait. She wanted this over with. She was already feeling so tormented she was ready to scream.

Her father entered, a medium-height balding man in a suit and rumbled coat. In many ways he was the

anonymous type, quiet and unassuming, harmless. But Charlotte knew he was kind and funny, with a dry sense of humor inherited from his father, and he loved her dearly.

His smile when he saw her showed her that. “Well, aren’t you a sight for tired eyes!” He hung up his coat and gave her an embrace.

“Hi Daddy.”

“You look down. Is something wrong?”

The tears couldn’t be held back any more. They exploded from her and she pressed her face against his shoulder and wept bitterly. It was a full minute before she could say anything.

“I smashed the car!” she finally blurted out. Slowly she relayed the whole story. She walked with her father into the garage to examine the car. He studied it critically and she saw his banker’s mind was already doing cost analysis.

“I’ll take my caning, Daddy,” she said, still crying a little. “I know what I did was wrong.”

“What are you talking about? This wasn’t your fault.”

Charlotte’s eyes went wide with confusion. “But I wasn’t paying attention. Someone left the cart there and I didn’t see it. I should have checked to see if there was anything behind me before I put the car in drive.”

“Honey, that’s what the backup camera is for. Obviously the cart was right at the corner of the bumper and it didn’t show up on the camera. And you were checking your phone *before* driving, just as we’ve taught

you. That reduces the temptation to check it while you're driving. You did everything right. It was just an accident."

"Oh Daddy, really? You're not going to cane me?"

"Of course not, dear. This could have happened to anyone. It's a shame, but really whoever left the cart is to blame."

Now Charlotte was crying with relief. She felt like she was soaring, elation making her lighter than air. She hugged her father and dribbled more tears on his suit.

They moved into the kitchen. He fixed himself a drink while she put the pasta in the now-boiling water. She set a timer and put a lid on the pot, cocking it so the steam could escape. She turned the vent fan on low.

As she worked, she realized something was still bothering her. She'd escaped, but it didn't feel right. It felt like she'd cheated.

In fourth grade there'd been a running contest. Charlotte hated running, but participation was mandatory. Everyone had to run three miles. The track ran on a path through the park. She'd taken a shortcut, not trying to win, but just to avoid the distance.

She'd mistimed her exit, however, emerging at the front of the pack and winning the race! She'd never felt more rotten than when she was standing bewildered on the podium, a gold ribbon on her chest, and everyone clapping.

Before they could give her the trophy, she'd confessed, sobbing out what she'd done. Her parents were ashamed of her actions, but Daddy said he was pleased she'd told



the truth. He'd caned her anyway, of course. Six agonizing strokes with a light rod. It had almost felt good, however, because she knew she deserved it. She'd cheated.

She felt like that now. It was odd; in all the hours since the accident she'd been dreading the cane, and now that the burden was lifted from her, she wasn't happy. It felt wrong. She *had* been careless.

Yes, her father was right that you couldn't see a small shopping cart through the rear window of the car and it hadn't shown up on the backup camera, and using her phone while parked was wise, but she should have still been aware of her surrounding.

Scarcely believing what she was doing, she went into her father's study. He was putting his briefcase down and going over some personal emails on his desktop computer.

"Yes, honey?"

Charlotte didn't use words. She just went over to the rack of canes and selected the worst one, the long senior rod, and brought it to him. Then she proceeded to unbutton her jeans and lower them.

"What are you doing, Charlotte? I said I wasn't going to cane you."

"No, you are. I need the caning."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

She looked at him over her shoulder, naked from the waist down except for her panties.

"Daddy, I *was* careless. I should have noticed the cart being put there. I was engrossed in my phone to a

dangerous degree, blocking out my surroundings. That's not good. Not healthy. Not wise. I deserve the cane. Maybe not as many as if I'd been really reckless, but I deserve a few strokes."

"Honey, I don't want to cane you."

"Please, Daddy. I feel guilty. I need to be punished."

He looked thoughtful. "You could pay for the damage. That'd be punishment."

"I think I'd rather have the caning," she said. "It'd take me months to pay for the car. Besides, you know how much I hate the cane. Choosing this is hard, but it's what I need in order to feel punished."

"Alright, Charlotte. I understand. But just four strokes."

That was a relief. She started to nod, but she felt that feeling of cheating again. She shook her head. "I'm 17, Daddy. It has to be at least six."

"Very well. Six strokes. I'll lay them on soundly, though. I don't want you to feel like I'm going easy on you."

"Thanks," Charlotte said with more conviction than she felt. As she shuffled over to the desk, she was wondering if her appreciation was sarcastic.

Leaning across the wood, the teen reached back and pushed her panties down. She felt her bare bottom blossom into the open as it was uncovered. The air felt slightly chilly. That wouldn't be for long.

Bent over, her bottom rounded out nicely for the rod. Her father stood to one side, positioning himself exactly

the way his father had taught him. He'd only lived in England a few years as a child, but his father had brought his caning tradition to American, and now he was continuing it with his daughter.

He tapped Charlotte's bum with the end of the rod. He knew with such a full backside that he couldn't really hurt her, not seriously, but the cane was such an implement that even a mild swing produced exquisite agony. He'd never forget his own experiences being caned while growing up. They almost felt nostalgic to him now; he wondered if Charlotte would feel the same way in 20 years.

The lean cane swept forward in a biting arc that took away the girl's breath. She opened her mouth to yell, but nothing came out. The searing line bisecting her cheeks was awful, a true horror, and she wondered if she were insane to insist upon this.

But even in her tears and anguished writhing, she knew it was the right decision. It was unpleasant, but life was often unpleasant, and making choices where you selected pain because it was the moral thing to do was something she needed to learn.

A second stroke drove into her bottom and this time she managed a sharp cry. Somehow this cut was worse than the first. But they were across the crowns of her butt, heading lower, and she knew the next few strokes would be across the tender undersides of her ass and would be terrible.

She was right. Flames licked at her underbum and

angry weals sprang up, livid and throbbing. She wept steadily as new lines were added. The last stroke was the lowest, right into the crease at the base of her bottom, almost across the tops of her thighs. It felt like she'd been slashed with a knife.

A moment later, lemon juice was poured into the open wound as she felt the pain peaking. She sobbed. Her whole ass flared. She could count all six stinging welts, each an inch apart and covering her entire bottom. She'd be sore and in misery for the next few days.

At least it was over. Charlotte slowly drew up her panties. It felt like she was putting on cactus shorts. The smooth nylon wasn't comforting, but prickling her everywhere. Her jeans were even worse, far too snug, but she felt so much better she didn't mind. Now her relief was real. She hadn't cheated. She felt clean and forgiven.

"Thanks, Daddy. God, that hurt, but it was what I needed."

He chuckled, handed her the rod to put away, and went back to his computer. Charlotte went into the kitchen to check on the pasta.

She was tasting one of the noodles to see how close to being done it was when her mother walked in. The woman sniffed. "Something smells good. Did you heat the sauce?"

"Not yet." Charlotte opened a jar and poured into a sauce pan and turned on the heat. She stirred it.

"Did you get all the groceries like I asked?"

She'd found the fresh baguette on the counter and had

cut it up. Now she was spreading garlic butter on the slices.

“Yes, Mom.”

“Good. The ladies from the committee will be here at noon and I want impress them with my pot roast. I need to get it seasoned and in the crock pot tonight.”

Horror hit Charlotte. She pictured herself in the grocery store, putting things in her cart, checking items off the list her mother had made. But she couldn’t remember a roast. She hadn’t put one away when she got home, either!

“Uh, Mom? I think I, uh, forgot the roast.”

“What! That was the most important thing!”

“I know, I just—”

“It was on the list, how could you miss it?”

“I don’t know, I—”

“Charlotte, honey, this is unacceptable. You know I’m swamped and I don’t have time to run to the market tonight! I’ve got the rest of the meal to prepare, as well as work on my presentation. This is very important—”

“I know, I’m sorry!” shouted Charlotte. “I’ll go back and get the roast first thing after supper.”

“What’s all the commotion?” Charlotte’s dad came into the room and he hugged his wife from behind, giving her a peck on the cheek. “Are my two best ladies bickering?”

“Your daughter has screwed up her chores,” said the woman crossly. “I am tempted to smack her bottom with one of those canes of yours, John, and see if that

improves her memory!”

Charlotte blanched at this, while her dad laughed. He grinned at her, his eyes bright with teasing.

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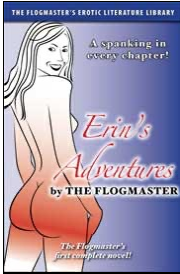
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### Novels

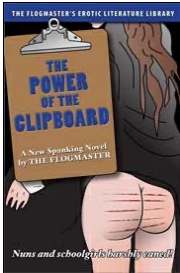
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#### ***Erin's Adventures***

(mostly F/f)

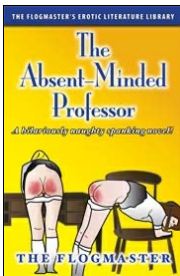
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



#### ***The Power of the Clipboard***

(mostly M/f)

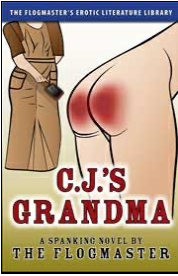
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



#### ***The Absent-Minded Professor***

(mostly M/f)

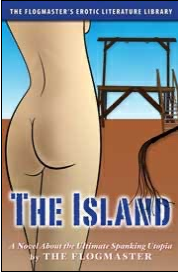
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



### ***C.J.'s Grandma***

(mostly F/f and f/f)

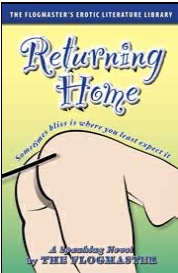
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



### ***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.

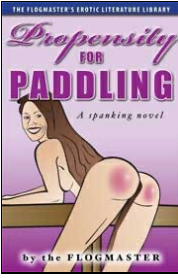


### ***The Plan***

(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.

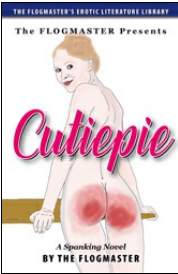




### ***Propensity for Paddling***

(mostly M/f)

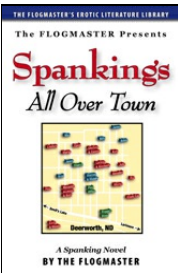
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



### ***Cutiepie***

(MF/f)

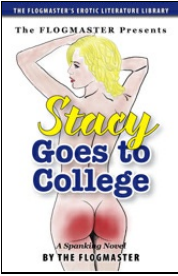
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



### ***Spankings All Over Town***

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

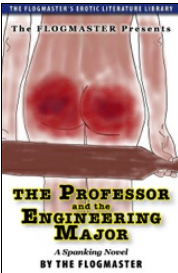
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



### ***Stacy Goes to College***

(M/F)

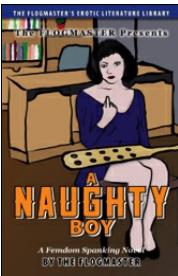
A girl goes off to college thinking she's too grown-up for spankings and learns the hard way that's not the case. 46,000 words.



### ***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)

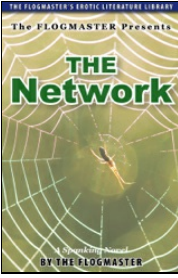
When bad boy Derek is caught trespassing at a girls-only school, he will have to face the lovely Headmistress Dour with her wicked cane and hardwood paddle, and her collection of cruel-minded female faculty and prefects for excruciating punishments and even worse humiliations. 46,000 words.



### ***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***

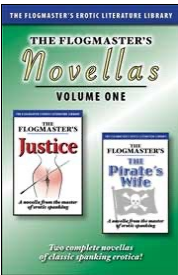
(MM/F)

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.

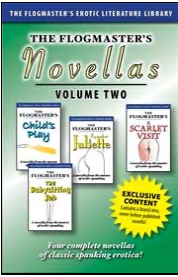
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## **Novella Collections**

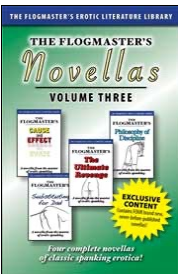
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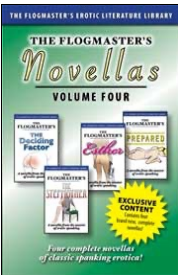
**Volume 1— *Justice***: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. ***The Pirate's Wife***: (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



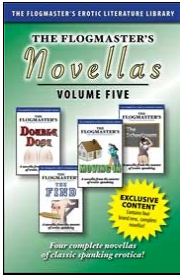
**Volume 2**— *Child's Play*: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. *Nymphet Juliett*: (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. *A Scarlet Visit*: (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. *The Babysitting Job*: (MF/f) A girl's babysitting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



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



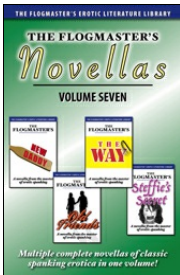
**Volume 4**— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



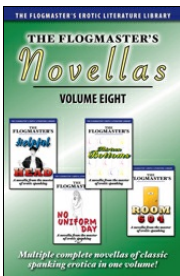
**Volume 5— Double Dose:** (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In:* (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom:* (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find:* (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



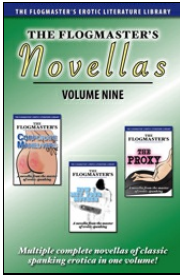
**Volume 6— Nonsense:** (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather:* (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant:* (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



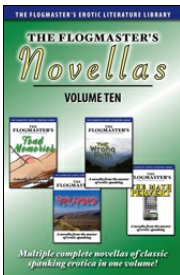
**Volume 7— A New Daddy:** (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends:* (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret:* (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way:* (m/f) A boy is trained to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



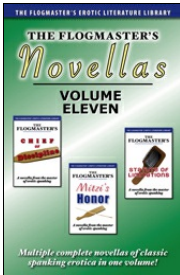
**Volume 8— Helpful Head:** (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day:* (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604:* (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms:* (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



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



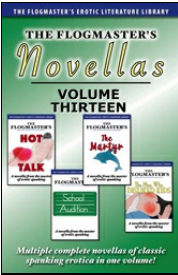
**Volume 10**— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't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



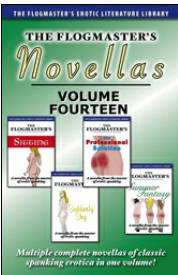
**Volume 11**— *Statute of Limitations*: (F/F) While visiting her mother, a woman reveals a childhood crime and is shocked when she's punished for it. *Mitzi's Honor*: (M/FF, F/MMF) Two professional contractors for rival mob families are assigned to take each other out. *Chief of Discipline*: (M/FFFFFF)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



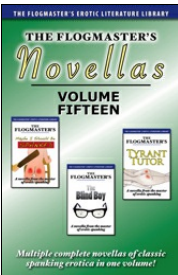
**Volume 12**— *Nurse Patty*: (F/f) A new girl at a strict school finds solace in a kindly nurse. *Brother and Sister*: (MF/fm) Orphaned twins are raised by strict step-parents. *Workaround*: (Mfm/fm) In the 1940s, a girl and a boy sent to a disciplinarian, figure out a workaround. *The Devil Made Me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



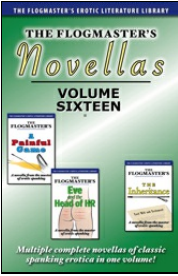
**Volume 13**— *Hot Talk*: (FFF/F, F/FMfm, FFM/f, MMM/f, MFF/f) Three biddies tell wild spanking stories. *School Audition*: (MMMFF/f) To attend an exclusive private school, a girl needs the approval of the Head and several teachers. *The Man Who Disliked Kids*: (M/Ff) In the 1950s, when a man marries a woman with a kid, he thinks it's a burden, but eventually discovers a new world of erotic discipline. *The Martyr*: (M/f) To support her radical cause, a brave schoolgirl will suffer any punishment.



**Volume 14**— *Sitting*: (mf/F) A college girl babysits two unusual twins. *Suddenly Shy*: (M/Fx6, Fx6/M) A man discovers his daughter's secret and concocts a wicked plan. *Summer Fantasy*: (FFFM/FFFFM) A college graduate spends an idyllic summer with four women. *The Professional Solution*: (M/F) An innovative solution to premature safeword use.



**Volume 15**— *Maybe I Should Be Spanked*: (MFFF/f) After suggesting a spanking, Kendra gets more than she expected. *The Blind Boy*: (F/FFfm) When an orphan boy with bad eyesight moves in with his aunt and her daughters, he discovers a new world of strict discipline. *Tyrant Tutor*: (Fm/f) A young boy becomes the tutor for his dream girl, and soon he's blackmailing her into taking spankings from him.



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



**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.



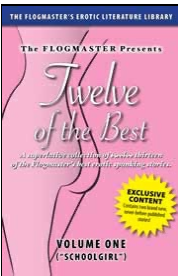


**Volume 19**— *Designer Jeans*: When a woman wears jinxed jeans that make her ass look awesome, she gets painful proof the curse is real. *Off to a Bad Start*: A woman starts a new job and everything goes wrong. *The Lynch Mob*: Women in a neighborhood visit a man for regular punishments... until their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

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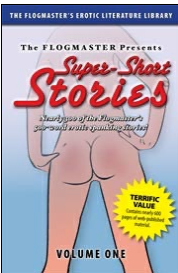
## Short Story Collections

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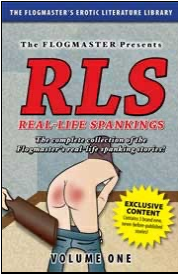
### ***Twelve of the Best: Volumes 1-70***

Over 840 stories divided in books focusing on the punishment of adults or children.



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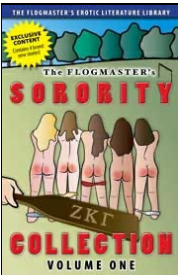
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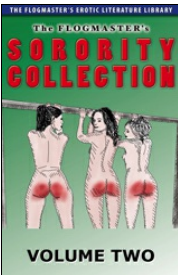
(Mostly /f or /F)



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four new exclusives to this book. (Mostly /F)



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Fourteen brand new Flogmaster sorority stories:

*Hearty Dose of Reality, Sorority Justice, College Girl,*

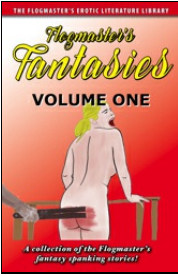
*Costume Mistake, Greed, Just a Paddling, Old Friend,*

*Pledge Pain, Punishment for Sexual Harassment,*

*Sorority Practice, The Hairbrush or the Paddle, The*

*Paddle is Waiting, The Sorority Paddle, and Tiptoes.*

(Mostly /F)



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(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

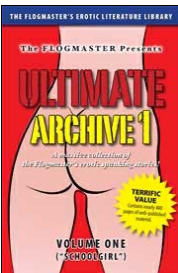
spanked. *Lorine* (M/F) A TV reporter imagines

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

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