

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-FIVE
("ADULT")**

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

This is a quick read. It has the feel of a story told over a beer.
G.

A good story with a surprising ending.
F.C.

I have to say this is the oddest I have yet read. Great story, very entertaining!
S.M.S.

The title caught my eye, as it promised description of specific clothing which regulations stipulate must be worn for punishment. The story did not disappoint.
S.L.T.

I liked the creativity of the type of punishments and the fact that they kept increasing.
D.S.D.

Okay, this is strictly into the "fantasy only" category. I'm pretty hardcore, but this was a little harsh. Doesn't matter though, it makes for good fantasy.
K.K.

Wonderful teacher. Wish I could have had one like that.
K.S.L.

Selected Excerpts

From *An Awkward Moment*:

Kendra peeked and saw three open doors. The master was the largest with a king-sized bed where Louis was sitting. In front of him was a tearful Mattie, her pants down around her ankles.

“Please Daddy, don’t spank me, I’ll do better,” she was saying, but he grimly grasped her and flipped her across his lap. With one yank her panties came down and she squawked like she’d been slapped.

From *Maggie’s Bottom*:

I wondered if should tell her the tea was spiked with peach brandy. Just a hint, but over three tall glasses it was having an effect on the youngster. She soon confessed stuff to a total stranger she wouldn’t have told her best friend.

“They *spank* me,” she blurted out. “I’m 19 and I still get spanked like a child!”

From *Would You Mind?*:

“I said, would you mind if I spanked you?” The old man’s sparkling grin showed her that he knew exactly how outrageous his proposal was, so he wasn’t senile or a lunatic.

“Listen, I know what I’m asking is unusual,” he continued in a more serious tone. “And I apologize for being blunt, but at my age I don’t have time to beat around the bush. If I see something I want, I ask the price, simple as that. No games. You have an incredibly beautiful bottom and I’d like to spank it. If you’re not into it, I understand. But if the idea appeals to you, we can discuss the terms.”

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-FIVE
("ADULT")**

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

About the Warning labels

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

Paul Bunyan and the Great Lakes

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

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

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

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

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

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

Contents

A Painful Ploy

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

A girl goes to great lengths to win her man.

An Awkward Moment

★★★★★, M/Ff—Intense, non- and semi-consensual spanking

When a girl crushing on an older man sees him spank his young daughter, she's strangely aroused.

Forty

★★★★★, m/F—Severe, consensual paddling

On her 40th birthday, a woman is feeling her age and depressed, when circumstances prompt her teenage son to spank her out of her funk.

How I Got Married

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

In this sequel to “How I Fell in Love,” a schoolgirl pursues

her future husband.

Keeping Her In Line

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

A wife takes control of her husband's pretty new secretary.

Maggie's Bottom

★★★★★ , MMFF/F—Severe, non- and consensual spanking, paddling, caning, strapping, sex

A man befriends a college girl and takes over her discipline.

My Daddy

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

A woman tells about how her "Daddy" spansks her.

Prepayment Discount

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

A girl prepays for coming home late.

Reversed Roles

★★★★★ , F/F—Intense, non-consensual paddling

When a mother acts immature, it's the daughter who disciplines.

Round and Tight

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

A guy meets a gal with a great butt.

The Stand-In

★★★★ , F/F—Intense, consensual spanking, paddling, caning, strapping

An older woman looks for a girl to take her spankings.

Would You Mind?

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

An old man offers to spank a college girl.

A Painful Ploy

(★★★★, M/F—Severe, semi-consensual caning)

A girl goes to great lengths to win her man. (Approximately 2,753 words.)

The problem was that Jackson had a girlfriend. But she didn't care about him the way Danielle did. He was just a trophy for Jenna, a handsome guy she could tote on her arm and make her feel like a queen. In contrast, Danielle actually *loved* him. But how to make him see that?

She knew he was a good guy. If she threw herself at him, he'd reject her out of loyalty to Jenna, even if that fidelity wasn't returned. That was how it worked between them. Jenna could hang out with tons of guys, even make out, but Jackson wouldn't even look at another girl.

For months Danielle ached and schemed and prayed and plotted. She hoped the two would break up, but their fights only lasted a few hours or days and their makeups were so passionate they were hard for her to take. Seeing the two all cloying and affectionate was horrible, especially since she could see right through all Jenna's phoniness, even if Jackson couldn't. The boy was cute, but he was clueless when it came to understanding women.

Danielle tried a few things. She spread rumors, sabotaged the couple's dates, and even once borrowed Jackson's phone and changed some appointment times to get him in the doghouse with his girlfriend. It was all temporary. For reasons she couldn't fathom, Jackson always went back to Jenna.

Then came the opportunity. Danielle could hardly believe it. She praised God for the termites. It meant Jackson's home was tented for three days while the infestation was fumigated. His parents moved in with relatives, but there wasn't room for Jackson. Danielle had overheard him complaining to Jenna about having to sleep on a sofa.

You'd have thought his girlfriend would have jumped at the excuse to have her man in her house, but she didn't. Danielle did. "You can stay with us," she offered. "We have a guest room and we're just down the street from you. It's perfect."

She knew her parents, though conservative, were soft-hearted and wouldn't object. Her father did warn her,

however. “No hanky-panky,” he said sternly, and his eyes went to the hall closet where his flogging canes were kept.

Danielle shivered despite herself. At seventeen with the body of an adult woman, she shouldn’t have been frightened of a little discipline, but she was. Her father flogged hard. He was ruthless when it came to beatings and whipped her bottom until it was more red than white.

That was exactly what Danielle was counting upon.

She waited until the second night. The timing was tricky. Her parents left their door ajar. Her father was a light sleeper and rather paranoid. He’d been raised in the old country and was suspicious of the world. He liked to hear and be ready.

Danielle carefully nudged his door open a few more inches. It wouldn’t wake him immediately, but hopefully soon. Then she made her way down the hall to the far end where Jackson slept. His door opened silently and she made her way in.

She stood at the foot of his bed and watched him sleep for a moment. He looked good. Even under the covers you could tell he was tall and strong, a man.

Danielle trembled. She’d adored him since she was 12, watching him mow the neighborhood lawns without a shirt. What she was doing was crazy. It might not even work. But she had to take the chance.

She made some noise, bumped the bed, and turned on the side lamp. The glow was bright in the night. It was a flattering light, she hoped. She had a good figure, she thought, and a pretty face. She had no shortage of

interested guys, just not the one she wanted.

Jackson stirred. He turned. Some sixth sense alerted him to the presence of another and he suddenly sat upright, his eyes at the ghostly figure at his feet. The gauzy white nightgown she wore was more veil than robe. It hid little. He stared.

The gown fell away, leaving Danielle completely nude. She stood smiling, not saying a word. Jackson stared. He wiggled uncomfortably. She watched his hands pushing the blanket down to better cover his midsection. She grinned in triumph, knowing exactly what he was trying to hide.

For a boy scout like him, an erection at the sight of another girl was a betrayal of Jenna, not a natural physiological response. His face went hot with blush.

But he didn't look away, not really. He bowed his head, but his eyes were still seeing. He couldn't take his eyes off Danielle. She could feel them on her naked breasts, on her smooth flat belly, caressing her narrow waist, the swell of her hips, and eying the dark thatch between her legs.

While she was drinking in the pleasure of Jackson's shameful lust, she wondered what was keeping her father. Surely by now his open door would have awakened him. It was an unusual thing, something different, something odd. His senses would have gotten him up. If he looked in the hallway, he'd see light from the guest room. He might check and notice Danielle's bedroom door was also open. He'd come to investigate.

But there was no sound in the hall. The house was dark and quiet. She could hear Jackson's panting breath. "What... what are you doing, Danielle?" the man breathed.

It was a silly question. He knew the answer, of course. It was obvious. But he didn't *want* to know the answer. He didn't want to admit it to himself. He wanted her to say it, not him. Perhaps he hoped she'd have some other explanation, some other reason to be wandering the house naked, to appear at his bed silent and seductive.

"I was watering the plants naked," she could say. Or maybe her nightgown had gotten snagged and come off accidentally. Perhaps she'd wandered into the wrong room in the dark, forgetting that Jackson was their guest. She could pretend to be sleepwalking and he could go along with it and they'd forget all about this as some strange night hallucination.

"What's the matter, Jackson?" she said, choosing another path. "Cat got your tongue? Like what you see?"

"Oh Danielle, I can't! I have a girlfriend!"

"You're not married," Danielle said with a shrug that jiggled her breasts. "Besides, you'll be broken up by Friday. You've never gone more than a couple of weeks without breaking up."

She spoke in a normal voice at a normal volume. Shouting wouldn't have played right, but speaking made sense and would carry down the hall and wake her father all the same. *A few more seconds*, she thought. Her bottom was covered with goose pimples at the thought.

She wished it was Jackson touching those globes.

“I can’t,” whimpered Jackson, his voice weak and indecisive. He shook his head, but he was still staring at her nudity. He huddled by the pillows in the bed, moving as far from Danielle as he could get. She hadn’t moved, yet still seemed a threat. It was amazing the power a naked girl had.

Then she heard the thump. Faint and distant, it caused a surge in her breast and a shiver down her spine. “Take me, quickly,” she hissed. She crawled onto the bed, knees on the spread. Jackson gasped and looked as uncomfortable as a nun in a whorehouse.

The footsteps were coming down the hall. Marching. Soft and quiet, but with determination. Danielle felt triumph as a figure burst through the door. She felt a hand on her shoulder, spinning her away.

“Ah!” she cried out, as though shocked. She threw herself against the wall, naked body looking even more soft and vulnerable in the dimness. She’d carefully positioned herself so that the rounded curves of her bottom projected toward the angry man... almost as though she were submitting herself for punishment.

“How dare you!” roared her father. He glanced toward the bed, noting the still-clothed figure of the crouched young man, half under the blanket. His turned his fury to his daughter. “This is all you,” he growled. “Don’t move!”

Then he was gone so quickly and completely that for a few seconds, both Danielle and Jackson wondered if they’d imagined him. But just as they started to stir, he

was back. Danielle was alert and saw the long thin cane in his hand. It was her personal cane, the one kept in the nook behind her door in her bedroom, used for discipline there.

This was what she'd hoped for. She'd feared he might fetch a more severe cane from downstairs or drag her elsewhere for the punishment. She'd hoped his rage would fuel the demand for immediate justice and that seemed to be the case. He didn't want any delay in attacking her bottom.

Without even being asked, she moved into punishment position, palms up against the wall, legs wide, bottom thrust out. Danielle knew this pose showed off her figure and that encouraged her to adopt it more eagerly than she normally would. She hoped Jackson was appreciating what he saw.

"You disgusting slut!" growled her father, and he lashed the cane hard into her buttocks.

There was a hiss as the thin rattan cut the air—it sounded to Danielle like what happened when red-hot metal was plunged into cold water. Perhaps she only thought of that because the cane felt like that red-hot metal, a glowing rod pressed into her skin like a branding iron.

She gasped, writhed, and it took everything to hold herself steady. She wasn't normally this stoic during a thrashing, but she wanted to impress Jackson. She didn't want to break down and sob and carry on like a baby. She wanted to be a grownup.

It worked for a while. She managed to take three more strokes in relative calm. She jerked and twisted and yelped, but stayed in position and didn't shriek or freak out. For her, that was a record. She normally became quite childish when caned.

But her will couldn't hold out forever. The piercing pain of the cane was too intense. It *demand*ed you react, screaming or fighting, and trying to pretend it didn't hurt only made it more agonizing. Her tears flowed and at the next vigorous stroke she cried out, a frantic plea for mercy.

Her father ignored her and struck her again. Danielle's bottom was on fire. She knew her cheeks were relatively small. She was a petite girl, slim and delicate and pretty, and her tush, despite the breadth of her hips, was tiny. The orbs weren't much larger than grapefruits, though they were juicy ones. There wasn't room for many strikes of the cane to hit without overlapping previous welts and after just a dozen lashes, her bottom was completely covered with glowing red lines.

No doubt her father considered it a mercy to spread the strokes across the back of her legs. Perhaps he made up for this with additional blows or harder ones; either way all she knew was that the cane stung horribly all across her thighs and bottom. In no time her resolve to be brave and stoic had vanished and she was yelling and sobbing.

For a moment, she forgot that Jackson was there, watching. For the first few cuts she'd wondered, but then

the pain had gotten to a level that consumed all her attention. Soon her entire world was that pain, with nothing else existing. Only after a few dozen lashes, her father panting and slowing, and her starting to become accustomed to the burning marks all over her backside, did she remember she and her father weren't alone.

Pretending she was fidgeting from the sting, Danielle twisted her body around so she could get a good look at the boy in the bed. He was sitting exactly where he'd bed at the beginning: hunched up near the pillows with his knees drawn up and the blanket covering his midsection.

Even his expression was the same: one of disbelief and astonishment. Before he'd been shocked by Danielle's nude offering. Now he was stunned her her nude beating. There was a hint of horror there, some sympathy, she thought, or maybe she hoped, but there was a lot of fascination, too.

This worried her as she returned her attention to trying not to scream. Her ploy was to hope that Jackson would come to her rescue. The worse the thrashing, the more sympathetic he'd be. But if he *liked* seeing her caned, she was doomed.

The thin rattan struck her again, across the middle of her thighs. Then again, low into the crease at the base of her bottom. Danielle yelled heartily. It helped with coping with the pain. Another was dead center into her butt where it blended with all the other agony suffering there.

"Hey, please, she's had enough!"

It was the voice of her hero. It stopped the rising rod,

at least for the moment.

“She deserves it,” said Danielle’s father. “Coming to you *naked* in the night. Did you ask her for this?”

“No, I didn’t, but she’s had enough. Look at her bottom. She’s practically bleeding.”

“She can take more.”

“Please, sir. I beg you. I know she was wrong to do what she did, but she knows that, now. She’s been punished enough.”

Jackson’s voice was strong, bold, and persuasive. The cane wobbled in the air, hesitating. Then it came down. Not sharp and quick, but slowly.

“Have you learned your lesson, child?”

Danielle cringed at the awful degrading word, but nodded. “Yes sir. I’m so sorry, sir. I... I want to apologize to Jackson, too. My actions were inexcusable.”

Her father grunted, tossed the cane on the floor, and stomped off. As usual, once the nasty business of beating was done, he had no taste for the aftermath. He loved her, in his way, but it felt wrong to comfort when she deserved suffering. Later he might express condolences, but not now.

Danielle stopped weeping and sank to her knees. Her body throbbed, but she scarcely felt it. She’d risked a glance toward Jackson and had seen the look in his eyes. Compassion, yes. But more than that. Admiration, wonder, and... desire. She wasn’t imagining that. Despite his loyal to his girlfriend, Jackson had finally noticed her. For real, not a casual glance.

“I’m sorry,” she said to him. She looked up shyly. “I shouldn’t have come to you like this. I’m so embarrassed!”

“It... it’s okay,” he said. “You made a mistake, that’s all.”

But it hadn’t been a mistake. It had been a calculation. An expensive price on a longshot, but Danielle was still hoping it would pay off.

“My father is old-fashioned,” she said. “He takes my modesty seriously.”

“I can see that. Wow, he really whipped you hard.”

Danielle wobbled like she might fall and was pleased when Jackson rushed to catch her. He laid her carefully on the bed, tender bottom up.

“Oh, I’m so sore,” she moaned. “Would you... would you mind? There’s a bottle of ointment in the hall bathroom. The cabinet under the sink. It’s a green jar.”

He disappeared, eager to help. A moment later he was spreading the goop across the marks on her bottom and thighs. It was slow work as he didn’t want to aggravate her injuries and it required him to be close and intimate. She could hear his ragged breathing.

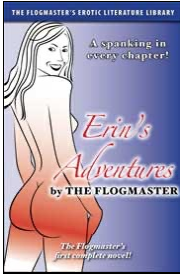
Danielle knew she had him then. His tender heart combined with her war wounds were going to bring them together. It wouldn’t happen right now. She was too sore right now. But eventually. His next break-up with Jenna would be the last one. She could feel it. He wanted her and he knew she wanted him.

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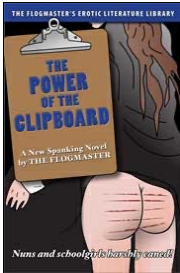
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

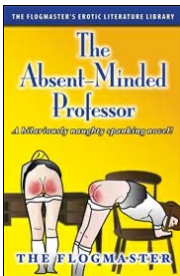
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

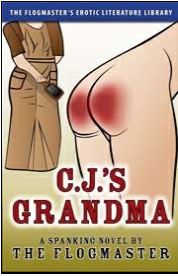
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

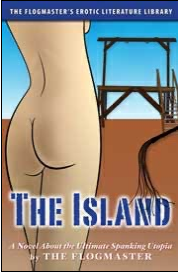
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

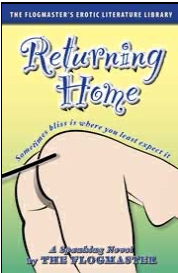
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



The Island

(mostly M/F)

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



Returning Home

(mostly M/f)

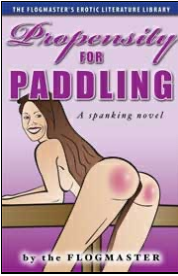
A college graduate returns home and discovers a new career in correcting naughty young ladies. 53,000 words.



The Plan

(mostly MF/f)

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



Propensity for Paddling

(mostly M/f)

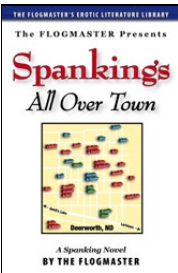
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(MF/f)

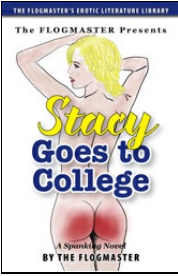
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



Spankings All Over Town

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

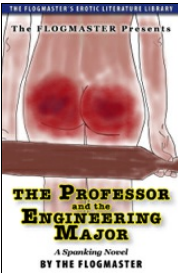
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



Stacy Goes to College

(M/F)

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



The Professor and the Engineering Major

(M/FF)

When a depressed divorcee goes back to college in a tough major, she discovers that strict discipline is just what she needs to get her life back on track. 30,000 words.



A Naughty Boy

(FFff/MFFF)

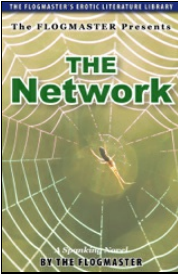
When bad boy Derek is caught trespassing at a girls-only school, he will have to face the lovely Headmistress Dour with her wicked cane and hardwood paddle, and her collection of cruel-minded female faculty and prefects for excruciating punishments and even worse humiliations. 46,000 words.



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.

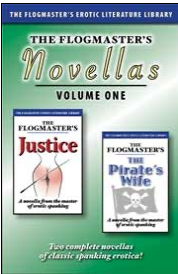


The Two-Year Engagement

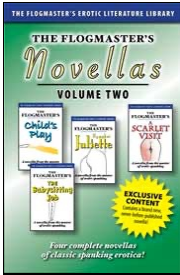
(MM/F)

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.

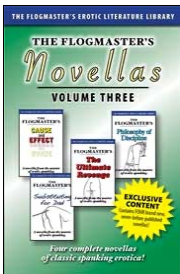
Novella Collections



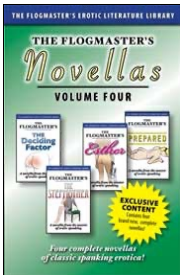
Volume 1— *Justice*: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. ***The Pirate's Wife***: (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



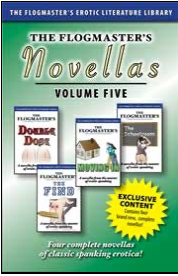
Volume 2— *Child's Play*: (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. *Nymphet Juliett*: (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. *A Scarlet Visit*: (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. *The Babysitting Job*: (MF/f) A girl's babysitting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



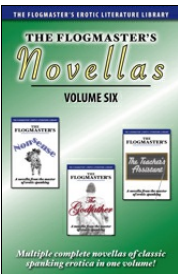
Volume 3— *Cause and Effect*: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline*: (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad*: (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge*: (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



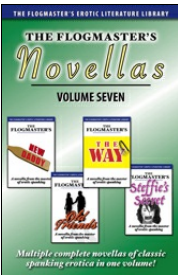
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



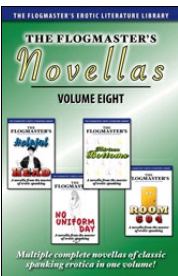
Volume 5— Double Dose: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In:* (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom:* (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find:* (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



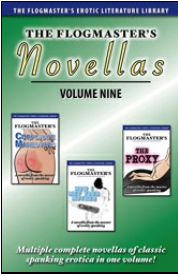
Volume 6— Nonsense: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather:* (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant:* (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



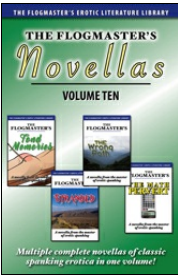
Volume 7— A New Daddy: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends:* (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret:* (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way:* (m/f) A boy is trained to cane.



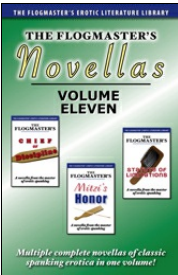
Volume 8— Helpful Head: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day:* (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604:* (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms:* (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



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.



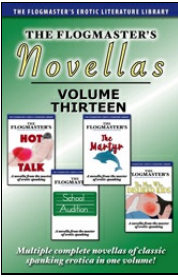
Volume 10— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't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



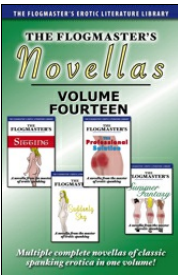
Volume 11— *Statute of Limitations*: (F/F) While visiting her mother, a woman reveals a childhood crime and is shocked when she's punished for it. *Mitzi's Honor*: (M/FF, F/MMF) Two professional contractors for rival mob families are assigned to take each other out. *Chief of Discipline*: (M/FFFFFF)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



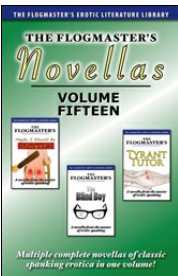
Volume 12— *Nurse Patty*: (F/f) A new girl at a strict school finds solace in a kindly nurse. *Brother and Sister*: (MF/fm) Orphaned twins are raised by strict step-parents. *Workaround*: (Mfm/fm) In the 1940s, a girl and a boy sent to a disciplinarian, figure out a workaround. *The Devil Made Me Do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



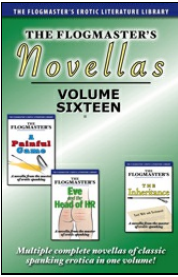
Volume 13— *Hot Talk*: (FFF/F, F/FMfm, FFM/f, MMM/f, MFF/f) Three biddies tell wild spanking stories. *School Audition*: (MMMFF/f) To attend an exclusive private school, a girl needs the approval of the Head and several teachers. *The Man Who Disliked Kids*: (M/Ff) In the 1950s, when a man marries a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

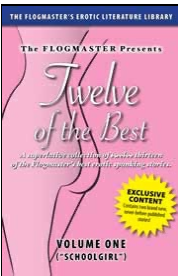


Volume 18— *Slumber Party Invitation*: A naive freshman gets invited to a cool girl’s slumber party. *Sheer Innocence*: School officials don’t buy a sweet girl’s innocence. *Revenge Prank*: A pranked boy turns the tables on his cruel tormentors.

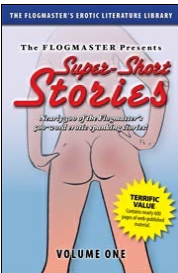


Volume 19— *Designer Jeans*: When a woman wears jinxed jeans that make her ass look awesome, she gets painful proof the curse is real. *Off to a Bad Start*: A woman starts a new job and everything goes wrong. *The Lynch Mob*: Women in a neighborhood visit a man for regular punishments... until their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

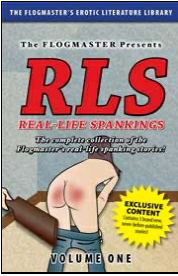
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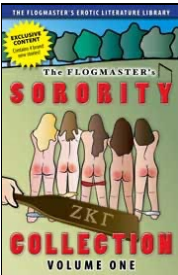
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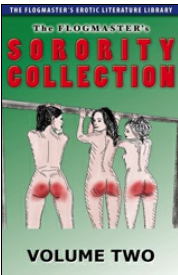
(Mostly /f or /F)



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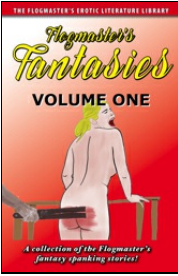
Costume Mistake, Greed, Just a Paddling, Old Friend,

Pledge Pain, Punishment for Sexual Harassment,

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Paddle is Waiting, The Sorority Paddle, and Tiptoes.

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woman swaps her body with a teen. *Andre* (M/F) What

a man wants in a foreign girl contracted to serve him.

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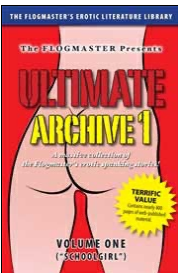
spanked. *Lorine* (M/F) A TV reporter imagines

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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