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The FLOGMASTER Presents

# Twelve of the Best

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

**EXCLUSIVE  
CONTENT**

Contains 12 brand new,  
never-before-published  
stories!

**VOLUME NINE**  
**("SCHOOLGIRL")**



## *Selected Excerpts*

### **FROM *ALI*:**

“Let’s just get this over with, shall we? What did my father tell you? Six with the cane? Eight?”

I laughed. “In your dreams. No, he told me this was to be a ‘full flogging.’”

For the first time, Ali’s bravado faltered. She paled and licked her lips slowly. “He did not say that. He could not have said that!”

“He did. I am to strap you, cane you, and finish you off with the birch.”

### **FROM *THE DARE*:**

It was about one o’clock, shortly after their brief lunch break, that David made the discovery. “Oh my God! Catrina, come look at this!”

She came running, worry on her face. The machine was about the size of a large sofa. It was metal and so covered with dust it was hard to tell what it was. David brushed the nameplate with a rag and the etched metal insignia came into view.

Catrina was astonished. “It’s a Bumwhacker 3000! I don’t believe it! Didn’t they ban these, like, a century ago?”

### **FROM *THE TRICK*:**

Opening the door, Emmanuelle froze in shock. A small blonde girl was leaning across the headmaster’s desk. That was not remarkable. What was alarming was that her navy skirt had been raised up around her hips and her white panties lowered to expose the twin rounds of her bare behind!

If that wasn’t enough to traumatize Emmanuelle, there was the lean figure of Headmaster Bailey standing nearby flexing a long whippy rod. Without a glance in her direction, he suddenly swung the stick in a wide arc that concluded with the cane striking the exposed buttocks of the bent girl with a tremendous crack that seemed to shake the room. The noise was as loud and as startling as a gunshot in a chapel.

Emmanuelle gasped, utterly astounded at the amount of force used. This was no mere flick of the wrist but a full-blooded stroke that thudded into the waiting cheeks as though trying to slice the girl in two. Emmanuelle trembled violently, shudders of terror overwhelming her. Surely this was not what was in store for her!

## **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 twelve  
of the Flogmaster's best erotic spanking stories.*

## **VOLUME NINE ("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

The stories in this book deal with Spanking, Discipline, Punishment, S&M, BDSM, Love Slaves, and other extreme topics. Because some topics offend people, each story is labeled to warn you of its contents. If you are the sensitive type, watch the warning labels and story descriptions attached to each story. As an aid, here's an explanation of my warning system. First, here's a sample story title, warning label, and description:

### Paul Bunyan and the Great Lakes

**M/Ffff** — ole fashion paddlin'

A strange new twist on the ole yarn about how Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox created the Great Lakes. (1,758 words. Written in 1996.)

Stories are marked with **MFmf labels** to indicate who is spanking whom. Capital letters represent *adults* and lower case are *minors* (under 18). 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 12 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*.

Stories may also contain other warnings and explanations. These are usually self-explanatory words like “sex” or “punishment spanking.” You may also see references to **cons**, **non-cons**, or **n/c**. Those abbreviations refer to *consensual* and *non-consensual* spankings. (Punishment spankings, especially those of children, are usually n/c though this isn't always indicated for children stories.)

I keep story descriptions brief and 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.

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# *A Trip to the Attic*

## **M/f — semi-cons strapping**

A girl waits nude in the attic for her strapping. (6,482 words. Written in 2009.)

**IT HAD BEEN** a routine day, with nothing unusual, until Mia arrived home to find the note waiting for her on the kitchen table. Her stomach clenched as though she'd been punched in the gut and she looked around the empty house with a sick expression. Suddenly her entire world had gone gray. Just like that the entire day had turned to crap.

The note was simple. In her father's precise handwriting it read:

Mia. Wait for me in the attic.

A stranger reading the note wouldn't have understood anything unusual in that request, but Mia's heart sank and she began to tremble and tears glittered in her eyes. In the St. John household, the attic meant only one thing: punishment.

Mia couldn't think what she had done. The day had been routine. Her father hadn't said anything at breakfast, school had been normal, except for that boring assembly this morning with that anti-steroids speaker. There had been a pop quiz in biology, but she'd aced that. She was a good student. This was her senior year and she was working hard to maintain her B+ average in anticipation of college next year.

She had been planning on going to the mall with Cathy and some friends tonight, hoping they'd meet up with Ben and his pals, maybe go out. Technically she wasn't supposed to date without her father's permission, but how would he even know she'd been thinking of that? It wasn't even a real date, just some friends hanging out at the mall. Her father didn't care if she went to the mall as long as she kept her grades up. Surely he couldn't be planning to punish her for just *thinking* about Ben! What could she have done?

The note burned accusingly like fire in her hands and she dropped it as though it were hot. Just a month ago she'd come home to a note

just like that, but then she'd been expecting it, after being paddled at school. She'd had to take the paddling as a suspension would have shown up on her record and might interfere with her college plans. It had been a stupid reason to get paddled: she and Cathy were merely slow getting back on campus after lunch, but technically they were off-campus and unfortunately that was the Mia's third time this year and that was either a one-day suspension or four licks with the paddle.

Her mouth formed a scowl as she thought of those stingy pops in the principal's office. It had been over in less than a minute, four quick swats over her jeans, the brief pain nothing compared to the shame. But it was her father's punishment that she had dreaded. God, she hated that attic.

Slowly Mia walked up to her room. She threw down her bag of books and stared glumly at the bed. She'd be sleeping on her belly tonight. With her stomach twisting, she grudgingly undressed. It did not take long. Within a few minutes she was nude.

Mia was not a tall girl. She was slender and petite, just five-four and a smidge over a hundred pounds. But she was lovely. She had an elegant figure, with a narrow waist, widening hips, and small fist-sized breasts that turned up cutely as though looking for attention. Her face was beautiful, with large eyes, a tiny nose, and a gentle mouth. Her dark hair was short and serious. She looked like an intelligent, competent professional woman, which was how she thought of herself. Her ambition was to be an attorney, like her father, and though she didn't think of herself as unusually beautiful, she knew she was attractive and liked the way she looked for the most part.

Naked in front of the full-length mirror attached to her closet door, Mia felt small and vulnerable. She felt like a little girl, not an almost-eighteen-year-old. She turned and studied herself in profile, noting that the generous swelling of her ass did make her seem more like an adult. The chubbiness of the cheeks made her feel self-conscious when she was nude, but now she was much more depressed by the knowledge that soon that rounded butt would be blistered and raw. Tears glittered in her eyes. What had she done?

Posing nude in front of the mirror reminded Mia about her plans for the evening. She and Cathy had been talking about buying new swimsuits as spring was here and summer was coming. Trying on bikinis was both thrilling and embarrassing and she'd been both looking forward to it and

dreading it. She'd half-hoped they run into Ben and his friends early on and not have time to shop for suits. Truth be told, Mia was a bit shy when it came to exposing her body. She was still a virgin. It was entirely her choice—there had been several guys willing to help her with that problem—but Mia had career plans that didn't include getting knocked up in high school. Though she liked to flirt and dress in a way that hinted at sexuality, she didn't want to look like a complete slut.

Fishing in her purse for her cell phone, Mia quickly pressed Cathy's contact and waited while the phone rang.

"Yeah? Oh hey, Mia! How's it going?" Cathy's voice was bubbly and light, like champagne. "Denna and Jackie are going to meet us at the Orange Julius, okay?"

"Hi Cath. Uh, look, I'm sorry, but I'm not going to make it tonight."

"What? What are you talking about?"

"I'm sorry, but something's come up." Mia bit her lip, wincing.

"What? Just now?"

"Uh, yeah, it's a family thing."

Cathy laughed. "You got a hot date? Is that it? Ben call you up and so you dump me?"

"No, no, it's nothing like that. Like I said, it's a family thing. I got home and my dad... look, I can't go, okay? I'm sorry."

"Ah, bummer, Mia. You sure you can't get out of it?"

Mia saw the dreadful note in her mind's eye, the "Wait for me in the attic" phrase burning like a glowing brand. She shook her head. "Sorry, can't. Maybe tomorrow night?"

"I've got a date with Ted, remember? He's working tonight so we made plans for tomorrow."

"Oh, right. Well, we'll just have to do it some other time."

"Yeah. Bummer. I guess I'll still go. Denna and Jackie will be there. But it won't be the same without you. What do you want me to tell Ben if I see him?"

Mia sighed. "I don't know. Tell him I'm sick. No, that doesn't sound good. Tell him I'm on a date? Make him jealous? No, that's not good. Just tell him I'm home studying."

"Oh yeah, the guys love the bookworms."

"Shut up, bitch!" laughed Mia.

“Oh, my mom’s home. She’s got a stick up her ass about something. I probably forgot to start the dishwasher or whatever. I gotta go. Talk to you tomorrow, okay?”

“Yeah, bye.”

Mia felt even worse in the emptiness after the call. The house seemed cold and lonely. She shivered. Punishment was a strange thing. It was such a dreadful experience it begged for a good friend to share it with, and yet it was so humiliating that having a friend even know about it was the last thing Mia wanted. She was intensely grateful that Matt wasn’t here. Her little brother was off with his geek buddies this weekend, probably playing Xbox and getting fat and pimply on pizza and soda and Ding Dongs. If he’d been here she’d have never heard the end of it, and of course he’d be lurking around trying to get a glimpse of her naked, the perv. Last time he’d tried to take some digital photos of her, no doubt to sell to his perv friends (he was always entrepreneurial), but she’d fortunately noticed and he’d disappeared the camera before she could tell dad. Matt would have been on his way to the attic himself if he’d been caught.

The thought of her father had Mia looking at the clock. It was after four, already. He’d be home in an hour. If he kept to his schedule, that is. A few years ago, she’d been what, fifteen? Fourteen? He’d come home early without warning. She hadn’t been waiting in the attic as instructed and she’d gotten a whole extra whipping. Since then she’d been diligent about obeying his instructions to the letter. Waiting naked in the attic was part of the punishment, she decided. She didn’t like it any more than she liked the actual whipping, but it was better than earning extra strokes for disobedience. Reluctantly, with a deep sigh, Mia exited her room.

The house was old, built early in the last century, with old-fashioned architecture that made it quirky with character. It was a comforting house, usually, for Mia had lived here all her life, but it was a house with a personality. It creaked and groaned and sang, and now, as she walked the ancient floorboards along the corridor it felt cold and ominous and the squeaks of the wood under her feet seemed like protests or accusations. Mia desperately wanted to run to her room and bury herself under her blankets and pretend like this horrible thing wasn’t going to happen. But she didn’t dare. Experience had taught her that where her father’s punishments were concerned, it was far better to just accept them and move on. Arguing, protesting, or delaying only made things worse. Much worse.

She stopped at the bathroom on the way and relieved herself. This was a wise precaution, unfortunately learned empirically by that incident when she was nine. It was definitely best to pee *before* your spanking.

At the end of the hall was a tiny window. It was so high it was more of a skylight than a window. Above this was the opening to the attic. Mia reached up and grabbed the dangling pull cord with the plastic ball on the end. She drew it downward, the hinged door resisting at first, and then swinging down gracefully, the wooden ladder unfolding as the ceiling door opened. She helped it complete its journey and when the ladder was solid, she carefully climbed the steps.

It always felt strange going up the ladder naked. Walking the halls nude wasn't so bad: only a little different from walking around her bedroom or bathroom unclothed. But climbing the ladder felt weird. She felt so exposed, as though someone could be underneath her, looking up between her legs and seeing everything. Mia always climbed quickly, like a squirrel up a tree. The window also bothered her. It overlooked the side of the neighbor's house and though they had hardly any windows on that side, she still always worried that someone would see her naked ass as she climbed past the opening.

The attic itself was unimpressive. It was merely a large open space with a low, awkward ceiling. Even the middle area wasn't the height of a normal room, and along the sides of the rectangular area the ceiling slanted and dropped to just a few feet in height. There were some built-in bookcases along part of these low areas, but mostly there were just stacks of storage boxes and some old furniture covered with drop cloths to keep the dust off. The room was clean—Mia and her brother were required to tidy it up every few months as part of their chores—but it still had an abandoned feel to it.

At each end of the attic were windows. The south end, where Mia was facing, was bringing in the light of the setting sun. The windows were not large enough for such a big space and seemed tiny and inadequate, and yet in this situation, with Mia naked and waiting punishment, they seemed like giant eyes spying on her. She shivered as she walked toward the window.

Mia's body was bathed in the honey glow of the afternoon sun and if anyone had been watching, they would have seen her breathless beauty. She looked radiant, her youthful skin smooth and taut over her slender

body, her nakedness elegant and stunning in its natural simplicity. She paused before the window and stood quietly, her face glowing in the gentle light. Her large, expressive eyes glittered with moisture and her cute face developed a somber, glum appearance.

Hanging on the wall by the window was the heavy leather strap. It was as long as her arm and a little wider, and about a quarter of an inch thick. It hurt like blazes when applied to bare skin. Just two or three strokes would have Mia screaming. She always wondered if the neighbors could hear. That, supposedly, was why the attic was used for punishment. It was up high and isolated, and presumably any discipline noises would be muffled or distant. She sure hoped so as it was humiliating to think of others knowing she was being punished. Once again, Mia remembered her brother was away this weekend and was grateful. It would just be her father, which was bad enough.

Mia loved her father very much. Her mother had passed away when Mia was eleven—almost seven years ago now—and the remaining family was close. There had been hard times, awkward times. For a few years during her early teens Mia had been rebellious and angry. Her father sometimes said he'd seriously worried about losing Mia, that she would have run away or gotten into drugs or other evils, but somehow the family had struggled through those times. Mia wasn't exactly sure how. There hadn't been a single event that had changed things. She had just slowly come to accept her new life. Her career ambitions had helped, giving her something to focus on. She'd played soccer for a few years there, too. That had been a good outlet for tension. And she'd sort of had to be a mother to her little brother, not that he appreciated anything she did. Somehow things changed and Mia had survived.

Now Mia was grateful to her father. Yes, he was strict. Yes, he wielded a mean strap. But she knew without a doubt it was because he loved her so much. She knew her whippings were never undeserved. Her father was the definition of fair. In fact, she sometimes felt he was too lenient. He always punished her when she needed it, she never escaped that. But it was just that occasionally, when she'd done something she knew was really bad, it felt like he stopped the whipping too soon. Like she expected a dozen strokes and he only gave her ten. It was rare, but it had happened a few times, and she realized it was because he didn't actually *want* to punish her. It was merely his duty. That amazed her, for when she was younger



she'd always assumed that he was angry with her and the strapping was his revenge. Now she understood that he didn't hate her: he loved her. Her punishment was just what was required to teach her to behave.

With trembling fingers, Mia reached out and touched the strap. The black leather surface was oddly both rough and smooth, corrugated and bumpy, yet soft. Of course the whole thing was heavy and when brought down across bare ass the pain was like liquid fire. Mia shivered and put a hand back to caress her smooth naked bottom. Soon her flesh would be blistered and raw, whipped crimson by this strap. It would be unbearable, yet somehow she would bear it.

Her mind traveled back to countless punishments over the years. The familiar nude climb into the attic. The dreadful waiting. Crying and screaming as the strap lashed her buttocks unmercifully. When she'd been younger it had only been a few lashes. Now ten or a dozen was not unexpected. Just three left her panting and sobbing, her ass looking like she'd been horribly sunburned. A "full" whipping, as she called it, was even worse: her butt looked like she'd sat in flesh-eating acid.

What had she done? Mia pondered the question as she looked out the window wondering if anyone could see her. Though generally well-behaved, she was not an angel, and she knew she made mistakes or did teenage things. Yes, she used her cell phone at school at times, strictly against the rules. Sometimes she'd didn't tell her father all of the truth when he asked, like a couple weeks ago when she'd stayed at Cathy's and implied that Cathy's parents would be there. There was an incident or three with boys that Mia didn't want her father discovering, either.

But those things weren't recent. She couldn't think of any mistakes she'd made recently. Sure, last Saturday Mia had come in fifteen minutes after curfew but her dad had been asleep in the living room in front of the TV. She'd slipped right up to her room and been in bed twenty minutes later when he stopped by to check on her. He hadn't said anything and appeared not to have noticed. If he had noticed, why would he wait until Friday to punish her? Could Matt have said something? She wasn't even sure Matt knew she'd come in late, but he was a sneak, so who knew.

Mia racked her brains but the curfew violation was the only thing she could come up with. She speculated that maybe her father had waited until today specifically because Matt was gone. He'd never done that before—usually punishments were as close to the crime as possible—but

there was a first time for everything. At any rate, if that was the case, she was grateful, though she would have preferred a little warning. Couldn't he have told her privately that this was going to happen tonight?

How many would it be? At least a dozen, Mia reflected. Maybe more. Violating curfew was serious. She'd only been a few minutes late, so in normal circumstances probably not that bad. If she'd confessed it up front, she might have simply been reprimanded or grounded. But the fact that he'd waited a whole week to punish her did not bode well: it meant that he was angry at her for having deceived him. This was probably going to be a really serious whipping.

Once again Mia reached back to touch her bare bottom, caressing the silky skin, a grimness filling her as she thought of how battered that flesh would be in a little while. She carefully lifted each cheek, feeling its heft and bulk. After a whipping her bottom always felt huge, doubled in size. Just thinking about it made her feel even more naked and vulnerable, alone in the empty attic, waiting for the inevitable.

There was no clock in the attic and Mia wondered about the time. She'd taken off her watch with her clothes, and hadn't brought the phone up with her. Surely it was close to five already. Her father should be here at any moment. She went to the window, blushing despite the fact that it would have been nearly impossible for anyone to see her, but she couldn't tell anything from the sun. It seemed much too high in the sky for evening, but then she hadn't paid attention to it and had no idea of the norm.

For a little while Mia contemplated going downstairs to check the time or to get her phone. If she had her phone she could play a game, pass the time. Maybe she could get a book. But she decided she was too nervous for such distractions. It was irrational, but she worried that if she went to her bedroom she might get caught. That would just her luck, popping back to her room for a second and right then her father coming in. She decided it was better just to stay and wait. It wouldn't be long.

She moved so close to the window her naked breasts were almost pressed against the pane. She couldn't really see much. The position of the buildings was such that she could see the neighbor's roof with satellite dish, a huge oak tree, some power and phone lines, a glimpse of a yard or two, and not much else. She couldn't even see the street to see if her father's car was arriving. For all she knew he was in the garage now, coming up the stairs. She shivered and backed away from the window.

Mia didn't like the attic. It was dry and stale and smelled strange. Even the stuff up here—old furniture from when she was a kid—seemed foreign now. There, in the corner, that was her crib, wasn't it? The blanket had fallen off one corner and she could see the wooden bars on one side of the tiny bed. Matt had used it, too. She remembered it vaguely from when he was a baby. She remembered liking that he was in a cage and she was a big girl and had her own bed. But now, relegated to the attic, even the crib seemed unfamiliar and weird.

Tired of standing still, Mia wandered around the room. There wasn't much else to do. There wasn't even a place to sit, not really. There was an old trunk, she could sit there, but it seemed dusty. Besides, she was too full of nervous energy to sit. She wondered what was inside the trunk and opened it. It wasn't locked.

Her heart fluttered when she saw the contents. For an instant she almost slammed it shut, but then she hesitated. It was her mom's stuff. Some clothing, some papers, a few knickknacks, some closed boxes. It made Mia's heart ache and she slowly shut the trunk and sat on it as though that might keep the contents from escaping. At times like this, she missed her mom terribly. Not that mom would have spared her the whipping: she was in union with Mia's father in terms of discipline. But it just would have been comforting to have a mother right now.

Mia stood up and began to pace nervously. This waiting was the worst! All she could think about was memories, and not good ones. She remembered her mom, and that made her sad. She remembered the broken look on her father's face when he'd gathered her and Matt that awful night to tell them that mom wasn't coming home.

She remembered whippings in the attic. How many whippings? She couldn't even count. Surely not that many. A few a year, perhaps? More during those rebellious early teen years when she'd been such a brat. Then it seemed like she was up here all the time, sometimes several nights in a row. Each time she would vow it would be her last, but then her foolish mouth would get her in trouble and she'd be back the next day, intensely regretting her idiocy.

There was a sound from outside. She ran to the window but couldn't see anything. Surely that had to have been a car, right? Dad was home? She waited but there was only silence.

Nervously, she stretched. She touched her toes, did jumping jacks, practiced some dance moves. She wasn't much of a dancer, but she did like to move to music. She had no music now, though. She should have at least brought up her iPod. Again the idea flittered through her head to go downstairs briefly, but she hesitated. What if that had been father? Maybe he'd stopped from groceries and was unloading the car so it was taking him a little longer to come up here. She didn't know and couldn't decide and ended up just staying where she was.

It was a while later, she wasn't sure how long, that she distinctly heard the sound of a door shutting. She froze. Was it Matt, come home because he forgot something? Or was it her father?

Listening intently she was rewarded by faint but distinct footfalls. She couldn't tell if the steps were her father's or not, but they seemed heavier than her skinny wimp of a brother. She waited.

"Mia?"

It was her father's voice. Mia's heart pounded. She stepped to the opening where the ladder descended and shouted, her voice cracking awkwardly, "Up here, Dad!"

The footsteps grew louder. He was coming up the stairs, now down the hall. There was a pause near her bedroom door, then the steps continued and approached the ladder. Mia backed away and returned to the window, her back to the entrance. Her face was flushed, her eyes brimming with emotional tears, and suddenly she couldn't look at her father. She just wanted this to be over with, over and done so she could move on.

There was noise and rattling down below and then the ladder creaked. The sounds grew louder and then Mr. St. John poked his head up through the opening in the floor. "Mia?"

The hint of surprise in his voice was too much for Mia. She turned and ran to him as he climbed up, throwing her arms around him and sobbing.

"I'm sorry, Dad, I'm really sorry!"

"Mia! What did you do?"

"I was late, I know. It was only a few minutes but I should have told you and taken my punishment then. I'm really sorry, Daddy!"

For a minute Mr. St. John let his naked daughter sob into his arms. Then he shushed her gently and told her everything would be okay.

"I know you're mad, Dad, and I'm sorry, but—"

“I’m not mad. Calm down, dear. Just tell me what’s going on.”

Mia gasped for breath and tried to stop sobbing. Slowly she regained control of her wild, surging emotions and tried to speak rationally. “Daddy,” she said carefully, “I’m sorry I was late for curfew last Saturday. I know it was wrong not to tell you and I feel so awful and I know you’ve got to punish me and I deserve it fully, but I want you to know I really am sorry and I won’t ever do it again.”

“Shhhh, dear, it’s okay, it’s okay. I’m not mad. You couldn’t have been too late. I went to bed at 12:30 and you were already asleep.”

“I know, but I didn’t tell you, and that was wrong and I’m sorry.”

For a long time the two stood there, Mr. St. John’s broad arms encircling his petite daughter. Gradually her breathing slowed and the panic went away. Bravely she looked up at him.

“Are you going to whip me now?”

“That’s what you need, isn’t it dear.” It wasn’t a question. Mia nodded. Her throat was so choked up she couldn’t speak.

He released her and she went and got the strap off the wall. She brought it back to him, trembling. Oh this was going to hurt!

He kissed her, gently, on the forehead, and she began to cry again. Why was he being so nice? She couldn’t handle nice right now. She needed strict. She pushed the strap into his hands and stepped away.

“How many do you deserve?” he asked.

Mia froze. He’d never asked her that before. Was this a test of some kind? Was she supposed to pick a high number to prove her repentance? If she picked too low of a number would he be angry?

“I don’t know,” she moaned. “I suppose... at least a dozen.” She winced, holding her breath that he would think it enough.

But her father surprised her. “No, not that many, I think. Since you’ve confessed—which is a very brave thing to do, by the way, I’m very proud of you—I think six should be enough.”

“Six!” Mia was astonished. Why such a low number? Was this a trick of some kind? “Just six? Are you sure, daddy?”

“Six is plenty. They’ll be hard ones, don’t you worry. You’ll feel it.”

Mia knew that was true. His whippings were always awful. She gritted her teeth and stepped forward. Standing in front of him, she planted her legs a couple feet apart in a determined stance and interlocked her fingers behind her neck. Then she forced her bottom to relax and waited.

**The FLOGMASTER'S**

*Twelve of the Best 9*

*For over a decade the Flogmaster has been one of the Internet's most prolific and talented writers of erotic spanking literature. Now, for the first time, his work is available in print.*

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In this ninth volume of the Flogmaster's best short stories, he continues his exploration of his favorite genre, schoolgirl spankings, with twelve brand new tales of suffering. In ***Ali***, an intern flogs the boss' daughter, while in ***The Substitute*** a girl is punished by her father's friend. ***Strange Guest*** has a visitor do the caning. ***A Trip to the Attic*** is about a long nude wait for a punishment. If you like boys spanking their pretty teacher, you'll love ***Rewards***. There are fun stories, such as ***The Show***, where spying boys get a neighbor girl in trouble so they can watch her punishment, and ***The Dare***, where a teen couple discover a spanking machine. For those who like the dark side, the Flogmaster has created several deviant authority figures who take advantage of their power in ***The Trick***, ***Waiting for the Paddle***, ***Riding Lessons***, and the hilariously cruel ***The Slut***, where the warped Headmaster is so convinced a good girl is bad he misinterprets every innocent she says. Lastly we mustn't forget the tender side—in ***Premonition*** a good girl learns a priceless life lesson from a severe paddling.