

THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY



**THE
POWER
OF THE
CLIPBOARD**

**A New Spanking Novel
by THE FLOGMASTER**

Nuns and schoolgirls harshly caned!

Selected Excerpt

“ARE YOU SUGGESTING I was too lenient with Gloria?”

“I am not suggesting it. I am declaring it. You were immorally lenient.”

A spike of ice shot down Marie’s spine and she trembled. Her mind sought an argument but it was so difficult to think while waiting naked in punishment position with the man flexing that awful cane. She didn’t agree that she’d been lenient, but she understood that leniency was a serious offense for a teacher, and she also knew that the elder’s word carried more weight than her own. She couldn’t think of appealing the situation. She would lose. Her only hope was not to debate the man but to pray he would be merciful. Perhaps she could convince him that it was a minor mistake and she had learned her lesson. Thus Marie decided to be as contrite as possible. She would accept her correction and hope that it wouldn’t be too severe.

“I understand, Father. I humbly apologize and beg your forgiveness. This was just a simple mistake and it will never happen again.”

A strange expression briefly crossed the face of the monk. Was it... pleasure? He certainly did not seem upset, though his face remained neutral. He nodded thoughtfully, as though considering her words carefully. Then, very softly, so she had to strain to hear the words, he murmured, “So... I must add deception to your sins.

“This is not a one-time mistake or misunderstanding of the rules. No, you have deliberately defied your superiors and applied your own warped standard of discipline instead of enforcing the standard set by the order!”

The nun’s head fell forward and she panted for air, her stomach so tight she could not breathe.

“There might have been quarter before, if you’d been honest, but your attempt to deceive means you shall face the full ration of what you deserve!”

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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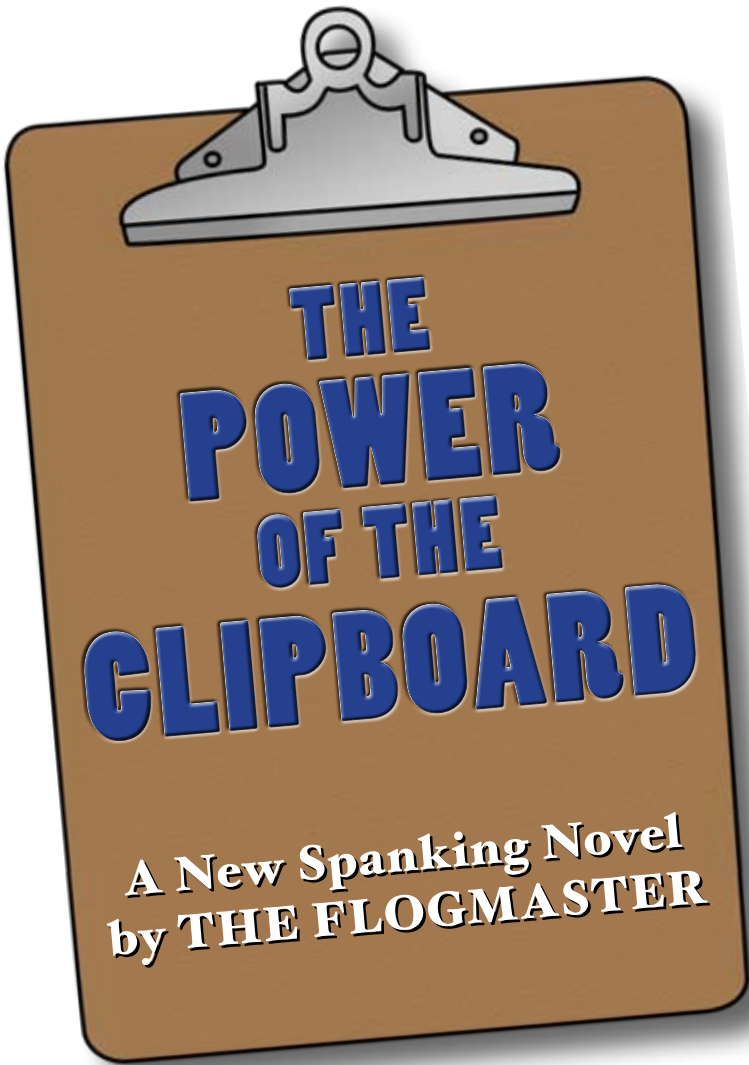
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This novel contains severe corporal punishment of minors and adults, sexual activity, and other politically incorrect topics.

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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The Power of the Clipboard

M/Ff — nc caning, flogging, convent setting

A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods.

(38,784 words. Written in 2009.)

I: Arrival

The novice peered at him suspiciously from behind the nearly closed door. “Can I help you?”

The man frowned and wrote on a page on his clipboard. “I am Father Manning. I have an appointment with Mother Superior.”

“Oh!” The young woman seemed surprised and confused. “I will tell her.” She shut the door. The man growled at the delay and made another notation.

Several minutes passed while the man idled. Behind the door, however, there was chaos. The novice with the news was the excitable Sister Rachelle and it took several breathless tries before she was even able to properly communicate the identify of the man outside.

Mother Superior Sarah was frantic. “Leslie Manning is a *man*?” she cried out. “And he’s here *today*!”

She rushed downstairs as soon as she could, her heart pumping wildly as her mind wrestled with logistics. Everything was set up for the inspection for tomorrow, not today. This was a disaster.

“Father, please come in,” she smiled welcomingly, hoping no trace of her worry showed on her face.

“Thank you, my daughter.” He kissed her hand gently, his kind smile reassuring her. “Surely you aren’t Mother Superior? You are so young!”

The woman blushed briefly, the flattery working for a moment before she composed herself. In truth she wondered how he could tell she was young: dressed in her full habit it was impossible to see much of her body and only her face was visible outside of her cowl. It was a pretty face, but one that had changed little in the twenty-four years Sarah had been at the convent.

“I am thirty-six,” she said. “Not so young.”

"Ah. And how long have you been Mother Superior here?" he asked.
"Almost four years."

"That long? I am impressed. You were young to be appointed."

The man's benign nature had relaxed Mother Superior and she felt comfortable broaching the delicate subject. "I thought—" she began, then hesitated. "Wasn't the inspection scheduled for tomorrow?"

"Of course. But it would not be much of an inspection if you knew when I was coming, would it?"

Sarah's heart sank. "So you are here early. You intend to complete the inspection today?"

"Absolutely." After the briefest pause, he added, "Is there a problem?"

"Of course not," she lied, and promptly felt guilty for her sin. "We just weren't expecting you until tomorrow."

"It should make no difference. I am only here to observe, not to interfere with your normal routine."

"Of course." She hesitated and he spotted it.

"Is there something else?"

She winced. "You are a man," she began, then realized that was tactless and rushed forward with, "I mean no offense."

"None taken. I am well aware of my sex."

Sarah blushed. "Are you certain... I mean, this is a girls' school..."

"I assure you, mother, I am perfectly capable of handling the discipline of either sex. I am an expert, in fact, with over twenty years of experience."

"Oh, I don't doubt that. I just meant... is it appropriate?"

The man was confused. "Appropriate?"

Sarah blushed as she tried to explain her concern. "Many of our students are young women. I doubt, er, they will feel, uh, comfortable... with a man observing..."

Again the man appeared confused. "Why should we be concerned with a girl's comfort? If she is embarrassed at being punished in front of a man, well, she ought to behave herself."

"Uh, I suppose, but..."

"But nothing. This is an irrelevant concern, I assure you." He flipped some pages on his clipboard and carefully made some marks.

Sarah watched him nervously, wondering if she had offended him. “I didn’t mean to criticize,” she offered tentatively.

The man was grim. “There are only two possible reasons for your worry: either you assume that because I’m a man I’m automatically sexually interested in your students and might do something inappropriate, which is insulting to me personally and professionally, or you are seeking to minimize the discomfort of your pupils, which is equally outrageous as we both know it is a sin to avoid punishment. So which is it?”

Sarah’s shame was tremendous. She stared at the floor and did not dare answer. Either answer was wrong and she could not think of a third option. There was only one thing she could do.

She bowed low. “Your honor, I ask your forgiveness. You are absolutely correct. I was indeed thinking of both of those ideas and it was sinful of me. I deserve punishment; I shall cooperate with whatever penance you deem appropriate.”

Her heart thudded as she spoke these words. She’d never been beaten by a man and the prospect terrified her, but she knew she had no choice but to offer her body for discipline. She would accept whatever punishment he suggested. It was the right thing to do for her crime.

Father Manning pursed his lips and nodded thoughtfully. “I will judge your repentance later,” he said. “Shall we say this evening, after I have completed my inspection?”

Sarah bit her lower lip and nodded, relieved that her punishment was postponed, yet filled with dread at what would await her later.

“Good. Then we’ll just administer a minor correction now, to remind you what you can look forward to later.”

Sarah was stunned, but could not disagree. “Yes, sir,” she murmured. “You have a suitable rod?”

She led him to the cabinet that held her personal collection of canes, paddles, and leather whips. She shuddered as he took one of the longest rods and flexed it menacingly. It was a particularly wicked one that had brought many a girl—and even the occasional novice—to tears. Sarah gulped in fearful anticipation.

“I suppose this will do,” he muttered, “since you don’t seem to have any adult canes.”

Sarah was shocked by his words. In her opinion several of the more severe rods were suited for adult use; she reserved them for the occa-

sions one of the sisters required penance. She wondered what kind of rod Father Manning had in mind and what he would use on her later.

He nodded at her and looked at the desk. She moved forward reluctantly. With a deep breath she lifted the back of her robe. Like all the sisters, she was nude underneath, and she blushed furiously as she exposed her bare flesh. She tried to tell herself that this was merely discipline and nothing to be self-conscious about, but failed utterly. She sensed his eyes as he studied her bare parts and her face burned. Gritting her teeth, she bent forward across the desk, feeling her buttocks round and swell with the new position.

Under normal circumstances Sarah knew she tended to be slightly vain about her rear view. It was a sin she often punished herself for, not that it mitigated her pride. Countless nuns had told her she had “lovely buttocks” and a bum “made for beating.” Her hips were wide and her cheeks full, the sturdy meat thrusting behind as though asking to be punished, the splendid rump all the more impressive when dramatically produced from beneath the shapeless habit. So she couldn’t help but wonder what Father Manning thought of her bottom. Did it please him as a man?

Oh such evil thoughts! She winced and wished he would hurry up and thrash her: she thoroughly deserved to be whipped raw. A part of her thrilled at the idea of a male admiring her lower person, but such vile thinking increased her shame. Her face steamed. Her embarrassment at her nudity was worse than the pain of the beating.

At least she thought that until the first stroke cut into her buttocks. “Ay ya yi!” she thought as she writhed on the desk, intense sting flooding her being. “This man knows how to use a cane!”

He seemed to hold nothing back but beat her mercilessly. It was only six strokes, but she felt every one keenly. Every blow was devastating in its cruelty. She was a sturdy woman and had experienced her fair share of penance, but this was a new level of agony. It made her painful monthly sessions with Sister Carrice seem like a party.

Sarah panted and moaned, gritting her teeth and wincing, and praying for strength to hold on. Finally it was over, and the throbbing was miserable indeed. She thanked him profusely, her heart trembling at the thought of her “real” punishment to come later. If that was considered

minor correction, she could scarcely contemplate what he had in mind for the evening. She was going to be a contrite woman, that was for certain.

The nun waited while Father Manning wrote extensively on his clipboard. Her face was hot as she assumed he was marking down the shameful details of her discipline, but she didn't dare ask what he was writing. What were her superiors going to think of his report? She'd started off this inspection badly; her only hope now was to do whatever it took to impress him. She resolved to be strict and merciless.

"Now I'd like to begin my inspection. I shall start by witnessing typical classroom discipline. I suggest we proceed alphabetically so I can observe each teacher in action."

"Of course," Sarah said, struggling to compose herself and pretend that her arse wasn't blazing with pain. She smoothed down her robe, wincing at her own touch, wiped her moist eyes, hoping her sisters wouldn't detect that she'd been subject to punishment, and guided him out of her office and down the corridor.

The FLOGMASTER'S
THE POWER
OF THE CLIPBOARD

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.

In this harsh and unforgiving novel the Flogmaster presents an intriguing setting: an orthodox convent school with an assortment of submissive schoolgirls and novice nuns ready for truly sound chastisement. When a mysterious monk arrives to judge the school's disciplinary methods, it means the entire school—and staff—are in for grim lessons they will never forget.

