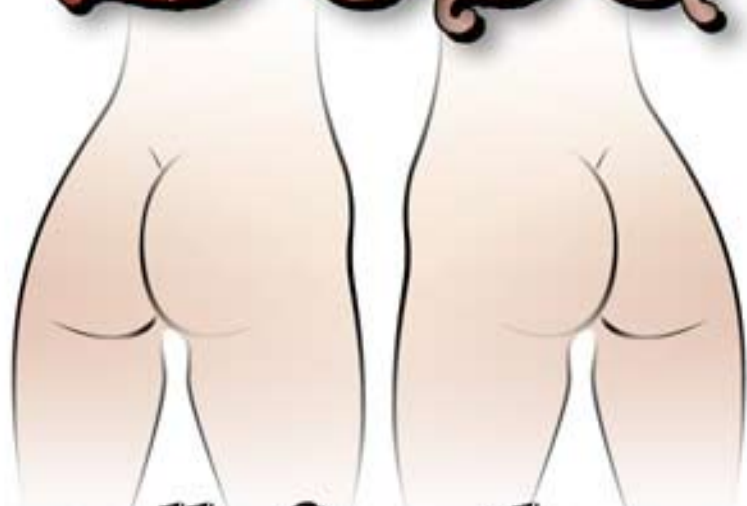


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THE
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**DOUBLE
DOSE**



*A novella from the master
of erotic spanking*

Excerpt

Years ago I'd set a standard for myself that with my assistants I would play it straight: legitimate punishment for legitimate mistakes. No funny business.

Of course that was long before I met Peyton. If there was a girl who could tempt me to change my ethics, it was her. Just a fabulous willowy body with spectacular curves. A tad on the thin side, but that was the fashion these days. Nice tits, though. Long straight black hair that came down to those tits, the pert tips peeking through the strands. Then there was Peyton's sweet face, innocent and pretty, with huge pale blue eyes that made you want to fall in love. She was sweet, too, though tougher than most would expect and there was a hint of cruelty I was cultivating. She was generally docile and obedient, eager to please. I wondered if she was that way in bed, too. Damn my rules!

"Is something wrong?"

I looked up, startled. I guess I'd been scowling and she'd noticed. An idea came to me. "Just thinking that in sixty-nine seconds you're going to be tardy."

She went pale, her eyes flashing to the wall clock. "But I'm here!"

"You're not in uniform."

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

Double Dose

*A novella by the
master of erotic spanking*

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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caning, whipping**

Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. (8,790 words.)

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Double Dose

MF/FFF — semi-cons hard spanking, caning, whipping

Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. (8,790 words.)

MY CALENDAR HAD two red circles around Friday the thirteenth. The appointment had been set months earlier and as the day grew near, I began to anticipate the session. Several times during the week I'd noticed it and my heart beat faster and my mood improved. I'd worried the girls might change their mind, but they hadn't called, and when on Wednesday I emailed Reece to remind her, she responded back that night that they were still planning to come.

Friday arrived and I awoke early and did my five miles. I might have crossed fifty, but I still keep fit. I walk more than jog, sometimes, but that's just because of my knees. I fixed a healthy breakfast heavy on the fresh fruit and nuts, and did some paperwork for a while. I'd purposely left the morning clear as I wanted to conserve my energy and save my best for the twins. Lunch was light: a salad with tuna, kidney

beans, and sliced avocado, and then I went to the workshop to prepare.

Unfortunately, there wasn't much to do: everything was immaculate, as usual. All the canes were in the right bins, the paddles hanging in numerical order, the furniture all cleaned and disinfected of sweat or other body secretions. Other than moving an item or two out of mere aesthetic preference or sheer boredom, there was nothing I needed to fix. That's one advantage of being a dom: my assistants are highly motivated to do top notch work. Peyton had done an excellent job, which was sad, as she's a lovely thing, just nineteen and delicious as pie, and absolutely terrified of physical punishment. So much fun to spank!

Peyton arrived a few minutes before one o'clock. Again I was disappointed, since I'd been hoping she'd come a minute or two late so I'd have an excuse to chastise her. Of course I could make something up, but Peyton isn't a client: she's actually working for the money. That doesn't mean she isn't into occasional discipline, but it's not her primary role. Years ago I'd set a standard for myself that with my assistants I would play it straight: legitimate punishment for legitimate mistakes. No funny business.

Of course that was long before I met Peyton. If there was a girl who could tempt me to change my ethics, it was her. Just a fabulous willowy body with spectacular curves. A tad on the thin side, but that was the fashion these days. Nice tits,

though. Long straight black hair that came down to those tits, the pert tips peeking through the strands. Then there was Peyton's sweet face, innocent and pretty, with huge pale blue eyes that made you want to fall in love. She was sweet, too, though tougher than most would expect and there was a hint of cruelty I was cultivating. She was generally docile and obedient, eager to please. I wondered if she was that way in bed, too. Damn my rules!

"Is something wrong?"

I looked up, startled. I guess I'd been scowling and she'd noticed. An idea came to me. "Just thinking that in sixty-nine seconds you're going to be tardy."

She went pale, her eyes flashing to the wall clock. "But I'm here!"

"You're not in uniform."

Peyton looked aghast and hesitated, but realized there was no time for arguing. Nor was there time for modesty. She normally changed in the small bathroom at the back, but with a frantic glance at me and then at the clock, she just began stripping desperately. She was wearing laced boots and they took time to get off, and her black jeans were skintight. As quick as she was, she was down to fifteen seconds left by the time she got them off. She ripped off her shirt, her naked tits bouncing. Then the white panties descended. Nude, she trotted over to the cabinet. I watched her lovely bottom jiggle as she moved. Damn she was hot!

She looked at the clock and despair came over her. There was no way she was going to make it and she knew it. It was almost one o'clock on the dot by the time she got to the cabinet where she keeps her uniform.

She glanced back at me nervously, biting her lower lip, but she did not stop dressing. First on was the thong, yanked up screaming tight into her crotch, and topped with the skimpiest black leather mini-skirt, no more than a flap over her buttocks, leaving the lower moons exposed. The leather brassiere was next. It was complicated and took time. As each second ticked by I could see her becoming more and more frantic, trembling with tears of frustration glistening in her eyes as she struggled with clasps and hooks. Finally it was on and she quickly fitted the collar around her neck and stepped into the black leather sandals.

Peyton faced me, blushing and nervous, but when I didn't say anything she murmured, "Sir? I am ready."

"No, you are not. You forgot your plug."

"Shit!" she cursed, rushing to the cabinet and finding the thick rubber mushroom. She hated the thing, which was half the fun of me making her wear it. It wasn't particularly large, but large enough, and putting it in dry was an ordeal. Her eyes pleaded with me and I shrugged.

"You may moisten it."

Eagerly Peyton slipped the tip inside her glistening sex. She rooted it around there but seemed in little hurry to

leave until I cleared my throat in warning and she reluctantly removed it and began to worm it into her rear hole. It took some work and she was whimpering and wincing, but finally got it in. She'd taken down her thong to put in the plug and now the bulge stretched the thong even tighter, the gusset sinking deeply between the lips of her sex.

She waddled now, the plug obviously uncomfortable, and the mortified look on her pretty face was priceless.

I shook my head sadly, waving at the clock. It was approaching six minutes past and Peyton began to cry. "Please, sir, have mercy," she whimpered.

I smiled and her weeping increased.

"You have much to answer for," I said sternly. "You're six minutes tardy, you forgot your plug, and look at those clothes you've left everywhere!"

With a desperate cry Peyton began to rush around, gathering up her jeans and boots and shirt and putting everything neatly away in the cabinet. It was fun watching her work, especially knowing it was in vain. I had no intention of mitigating her punishment.

To be fair, I did not punish her too harshly. After all, I was in a gray area: I'd never before considered her tardy if she wasn't in uniform at the scheduled time and of course we had an hour before our clients would arrive so there was no harm in her being late. (I always had her scheduled to come early in case she was late or there was any preparation required for