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THE FLOGMASTER'S



MOVING IN

*A novella from the master
of erotic spanking*

Excerpt

“Fred’s going to have a heart attack when he sees this. He won’t believe you didn’t do it.”

“I didn’t do a single thing.”

“But he knows I can’t cook like this.”

“Darling, I won’t hear you talk like that! Do I need to get my ruler?”

Eileen was confused. “Your ruler?”

Marilou laughed. “For smacking your naughty bottom, dear.”

The younger woman blushed. “Oh!”

“No need to be embarrassed. Even good boys and girls need a sound spanking every now and then.” Marilou gave Eileen a gentle hug and patted the woman’s bottom.

Eileen gave a hollow laugh, echoing with uncertainty, her eyes darting wildly for a distraction from the awkward moment. She moved to the front window and peered out. “No sign of Fred, yet.”

“He’s probably just trying to avoid more unpacking,” said Marilou. “I know how naughty little boys think.”

“Oh no, Fred’s not like that.”

“What? He’s not a naughty little boy?”

“Of course not. He’s a grown man.”

“Just like you’re a grown woman? A grown woman who doesn’t even know how to cook a proper meal for her husband?”

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

*Moving
In*

*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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F/FM — semi-cons spanking, hairbrush

A young couple moves into a new neighborhood and meets a kind but shockingly strict widow next door who takes their education in hand. (11,102 words.)

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F/FM — semi-cons spanking, hairbrush

A young couple moves into a new neighborhood and meets a kind but shockingly strict widow next door who takes their education in hand. (11,102 words.)

IT WAS TEN minutes past nine when Marilou heard the rumbling of the moving truck. She raced to the front window and peeked through the curtains. Sure enough, the truck had come to a halt across the street in front of number 404. Since the “For Sale” sign had disappeared two weeks ago she’d been impatiently waiting to discover who would replace the Dacostas after they’d retired to Florida.

Marilou watched as a man dressed in jeans went to the back of the truck and unlatched the door and slid it upward. Mid-thirties, she decided firmly. Clean-cut and handsome, a professional of some sort. He was small and delicate, not robust, but definitely a man.

The man was in the process of drawing out a long ramp when a small blue BMW slid up behind him and pulled into the driveway. A woman hopped out. She was attractive and

moved with the grace of the young and naturally active. She had long curly black hair and a big white-toothed smile as she glanced around the manicured suburban neighborhood. She smiled at the man and threw her arms around his neck and kissed him excitedly.

She was also in her thirties, Marilou decided. Younger than her husband, but no longer college age. She looked like a young mom, except Marilou didn't see any signs of children.

The man handed the woman something and she ran toward the house. Marilou was impressed by the girl's figure, which made her envious. She was slender and fit, but definitely had hips and a quite prominent bottom, especially in the skin-tight jeans. The woman unlocked the front door and disappeared inside, while the man began unloading boxes from the back of the truck. He stacked things up in the driveway and on the lawn.

The two were a splendid couple and Marilou was excited. She ran into the kitchen and began throwing ingredients into a mixing bowl. Within ten minutes she was dropping spoonfuls of dough onto the cookie sheet and sliding the tray into the oven. She added her secret ingredient of sliced almonds into the second batch; they took her chocolate chip cookies from a delicious treat into something the gods would have forbidden. Most people vastly preferred the second version, but some people were allergic to nuts, so she had to be careful.

Within an hour Marilou was ready with a platter of hot cookies and a glass jar of fresh milk. She looked and saw the couple were busy moving in and out of the house, hauling boxes and small items of furniture from the back of the truck. It was approaching ten-thirty and a good time for a break, she thought. The man was already sweating, his shirt damp against his chest.

“Hello, neighbors!” she called out, trotting across the street with her basket. “That must be exhausting work. How about a little break? I’ve just made some of my famous chocolate chip cookies. They are out of this world, trust me!”

The man turned, looking surprised, and then pleased. His wife was nearby and she set down the box she was carrying. “Why thank you!”

“That’s mighty friendly of you, ma’am. I’m Fred and this is my wife Eileen.”

“Pleased to meet you. I’m Marilou Trowbridge. Everyone just calls me Marilou.”

“Would you like to come inside? It’s quite warm out here in the sun.” The woman indicated the house and the three went into the building.

“I’m sorry, but there’s no furniture or anything,” Eileen said with a sigh as they entered a spacious dining room stacked with unopened brown boxes. Then she stopped. “Oh dear, I don’t even have plates or glasses or anything! Everything’s still in boxes somewhere.”

“Don’t you worry about a thing,” said Marilou. “I figured on that so I brought everything we need. Look here: paper plates, plastic cups, milk, coffee, napkins.”

“Wow, you’ve thought of everything.”

Marilou spread out the goodies on the kitchen counter and the trio took up plates and piled on some cookies. She pointed out the almond cookies that were packaged separately, just in case anyone couldn’t have nuts, but Fred and Eileen said they were fine with them.

“Oooh, they’re still warm,” gasped Fred. “The chocolate’s all melty.” He took a huge bite, rolling his eyes with bliss. “Oh, soooo good!” He grinned at Marilou. “You made these yourself? If I wasn’t already married...”

Eileen giggled and playfully kicked at him and everyone laughed. Marilou feigned a blush and cocked her head to one side as though shocked. “Why Fred, I’m twice your age!”

“You can’t be!” gasped Eileen. “You’re so beautiful!”

“Why thank you, my dear. Oh, I envy you your youth. Such fine, supple skin, everything firm and in the right proportions.”

It was Eileen’s turn to blush and she glanced at her husband, unsure how to react to the woman’s praise. Fred grinned and gave her a hug. “Isn’t she a doll? I knew I was going to marry her the moment I first saw her.”

“How long have you been married?”

“Just over two years,” said Eileen.

“Oh, you’re practically newlyweds!”

“What about yourself? You have a family?”

Marilou shook her head gently. “I’m afraid my husband’s gone. It’s been three years now. Cancer. My three kids are all grown up and moved away. Darryl, my oldest, is in medical school back east. Jennifer’s a paralegal in Chicago. Jamie’s my youngest. He’s in the army. Stationed in Germany.”

The young couple exchanged a quick yet communicative glance. It was obvious that the neighbor woman was lonely. She was alone and eager for company, hence the welcoming committee act.

“Damn, these cookies are to die for,” muttered Fred. “Do you mind if I have some more?”

“Of course not, they’re all for you. Eat ‘em up. I’ll make more.”

“There’s probably a bajillion calories in them but they really are fantastic,” said Eileen, taking another bite from her second cookie.

“Hey, we’re getting plenty of exercise unloading that truck,” said her husband. He glanced at his watch. “Speaking of which, I’d better get back to work. There’s a ton of stuff to unload.” He gulped down his milk and wiped his lips with a napkin and sighed contentedly. “You ladies stay here and gab. I’ll continue unloading.”

Eileen looked relieved. “Thanks, hon. I’ll get back to it after I rest a bit.”

“You look exhausted,” said Marilou. “Are you feeling okay?”

“Oh, nothing that a full night’s sleep wouldn’t cure. We’ve been up for days. Drove here all the way from Atlanta, and we’ve been packing for weeks. This move was a last minute thing. Not a lot of notice. We even bought the house unseen, over the Internet.”

“Your husband get transferred?”

“New job. He’s in advertising and a big firm downtown made him an offer he couldn’t refuse. It’s really a wonderful opportunity, but the timing’s tight. He’s got to start first thing Monday.”

“Yikes, that’s not much time.” It was Saturday, Marilou reflected. Just two days to unpack a moving van and get settled in a new home? “Is there anything I can do to help? I’m not much for moving heavy boxes, but I can help you put away stuff in the kitchen.”

“Oh my! How kind of you, but I wouldn’t dare impose.”

“It’s no imposition, dear. I’m delighted to do it. Now let’s see... you have labels on your boxes?”

“Uh, well sort of. The labels looked a lot clearer at home, when we were packing them. Now that we’re here it seems every box is labeled ‘miscellaneous!’”

Marilou laughed. “Here’s a good tip for the future: mark your boxes for the room they go in, like ‘bedroom,’ ‘living room,’ ‘bathroom,’ ‘kitchen,’ ‘garage,’ and so on. Getting

boxes into the general area is a huge time saver. Now it looks like we'll have to do some sorting."

The widow was a good organizer and within minutes she had both Fred and Eileen hopping to her orders. She went out the truck and analyzed the contents and quickly figured out the most efficient method of unloading.

"First we move in the upstairs stuff, then the downstairs stuff. That way there's room in the house to move. Otherwise you're trying to haul boxes while stepping over stuff in the hallway!"

"That's a good point," nodded Eileen. "I was already doing that and it was a pain."

Marilou had Fred pile stuff up on the lawn, while Eileen separated the boxes into upstairs and downstairs sections. Then Fred started hauling the boxes upstairs, while the women worked sorting the downstairs boxes. It was hot, sweaty work, but the couple were in their early thirties and fit, and the presence of Marilou seemed to motivate them. By noon both were amazed at the progress they'd made. Marilou already had half the kitchen stuff unboxed and organized into cabinets and drawers.

"I'm starting to believe we just might get this done," said Fred in amazement. "You're a dynamo, Marilou. We really appreciate all your help!"

"It's nothing. Now I don't know about you two, but I'm starving. Cookies are no substitute for a proper lunch. So