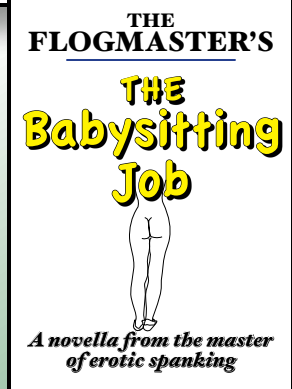
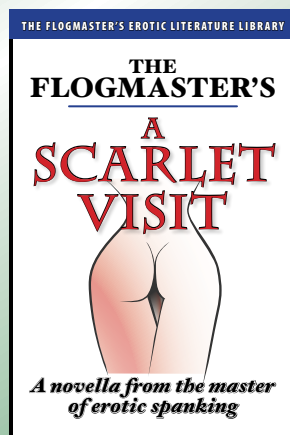
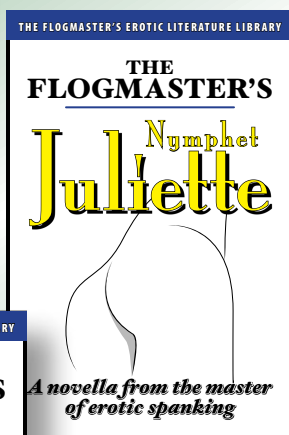


THE FLOGMASTER'S
Novellas

VOLUME TWO



*Four complete novellas
of classic spanking erotica!*

Selected Excerpts

FROM *CHILD'S PLAY*:

Sometimes Karen would be the Mommy and Amy would be my little sister and we'd both get spanked. I liked that. Amy never got spanked as hard as I did, though, which wasn't fair, but the girls said that she was a girl and therefore didn't need to be spanked as hard. Sounded like weird logic to me. I'd have thought the opposite.

FROM *NYMPHET JULIETTE*:

Juliette followed the man blindly, sniffing and miserably wondering what he had in mind. She found out soon enough. In the stock room behind the store she watched him take a long leather strap from a hook on the wall.

"Ten strokes," he said softly. "Twelve if you don't cooperate. Or I can just telephone your father..."

FROM *A SCARLET VISIT*:

Scarlet was back, carrying something behind her. I trembled. I opened my mouth to plead but my tongue wouldn't move when I saw her slowly draw out my father's cane from behind her back. I could only gurgle in protest.

"Yes, we're going to start this weekend with a good *thrashing*," said Scarlet, intense pleasure obvious in her voice.

FROM *THE BABYSITTING JOB*:

The woman, her dark eyes flashing bright, leaned so far forward her ass was almost off the sofa. "Hayden, have you been spanked?"

The silence was deafening. Hayden could feel the hot blush stealing over her cheeks. Her chest heaved with deep breaths of near panic. She squirmed, her ears hot. Her heart thudded heavily and she felt trapped by the couple's stares.

Morgan's voice was gentle. "It's nothing to be embarrassed about, Hayden. Spankings are a part of life. Yes, they are humiliating, and painful, but discipline is important. It teaches us just as we gain wisdom and education from books and teachers."

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'S
Novellas

VOLUME TWO

*Four complete novellas
of classic spanking erotica*

*This collection of the Flogmaster's best writing
contains stories of corporal punishment of minors
and may contain 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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Mmf/fm — n/c children/teen spanking, sex, etc.

A young man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood where he becomes 'educated' in the ways of women and men. (19,299 words. Written in 1996.)

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Child's Play

Mmf/fm — n/c children/teen spanking, sex, etc.

A young man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood where he becomes 'educated' in the ways of women and men. (19,299 words. Written in 1996.)

Introduction

To a child of ten there is something magical about the summer. It represents freedom, independence from rules, adventure, and fun. It's a time of wildness, of growing up, of taking chances, of learning about life. Such was a summer of my youth.

We traveled that summer. We visited relatives and family friends. At each place I met new people, learned about life, about others, about myself. At the time those experiences were simple children games, exploratory learning. Only years later did I realize the profound impact those adventures would have upon my being....

Chapter 1: Vermont

One of the first places we visited was my mom's sister Ruth in Vermont. Aunt Ruth and Uncle Mitch had a daughter named Karen. Karen was twelve and rather bossy, though she was kinda cute. We became good friends right away, with her kinda mothering me and taking me under her wing. She volunteered to take care of me and show me everything and both our parents were pleased with her plan and gave her plenty of leeway.

The first couple of days weren't too eventful. We played with her pet rabbits and went on bike rides with her best friend Amy, who was eleven and lived just two houses up, went swimming in the pond down at the bottom of the hill. Pretty tame, ordinary stuff.

On the third day it rained and we had to play indoors. We were confined to the attic playroom and Karen came up with a new game for us to play. This quickly became their favorite game and soon part of every day was spent in the attic playing "House."

"Aw, I hate playing house," I'd whine, and the two girls would just giggle and I knew they had their minds made up.

"Would you rather play 'Doctor?'" Amy would ask.

"Can I be the doctor?"

"No."

"Then let's play house," I'd say with a sigh. I didn't like house but it was better than doctor. I didn't like their "cures." When they played doctor I always ended up naked, with them poking me in all sorts of private areas and sticking popsicle sticks and pencils where they didn't belong. They'd do things with tape and glue (and one time honey) that I didn't especially appreciate, and once their "cure" involved placing a wooden clothespin on a particularly sensitive part of my anatomy.

So we'd play house. I was always the naughty boy and they were the parents. Even if they hadn't come up with something naughty for me to have done I'd inevitably do something pretty soon, like spilling the invisible "tea" or disobeying them. If too long went without me misbehaving one of them would whisper in my ear, "Do something naughty!" and for some reason, though I knew the consequences, I couldn't help but immediately throw a temper tantrum or say a naughty word.

Then the eyes of both girls would go wide with shock and horror and they'd immediately grab me and scold me. Then they'd spank me.

Now these weren't the same kinds of spankings I'd get from Mom or Dad. When Mom tried to spank me I'd run wailing from the room and she'd have to catch me and drag me kicking and screaming to her lap. No, these spankings were "pretend" ones, so I had to cooperate and get over "Mommy's" or "Daddy's" lap like I was told. Then they'd scold me and tell me what a bad boy I was and rub my bottom and tell me how sore I was going to be, that I'd be sorry I had been such a naughty brat, and I'd remember to be good next time.

These scoldings always made me feel rather queer inside. I felt nervous about the spanking to come but I also felt ashamed and rather eager to get it over with. But Karen and Amy would drag this out forever, teasing me, until they finally would give me a slap or two. It didn't really hurt that much but I felt quite embarrassed and of course they made me act like a little boy and cry out and beg them to stop and promise to be a good boy. This would make them giggle.

After a while of this, perhaps a couple dozen swats in three- or four-swat sections, they would begin the real spanking.

"Come on, naughty boy. Get those pants off!"

It was embarrassing but I complied. In reality I was too ashamed to admit that I liked it—there was something magical about undressing before the girls. They would take my pants off and play with my underpants, patting my bottom and taking turns spanking me lightly. Then I'd have to take my underpants off. They would giggle at my weewee and scold me and make me get over their laps for more spanks.

It was here that the spanking actually began to hurt. Everything before this point was just playing, but now the slaps really stung. Sometimes I got tears in my eyes. I'd put my hands behind me and try to block the blows and they would just giggle and tell me what a naughty boy I was and how I couldn't even take a little spanking without acting like a baby. Naturally this last would wound my pride and so I'd tough out a few extra-hard swats wincing and whimpering and trying not to cry. They'd pause often and rub my bottom and take turns so it wasn't anything like a real spanking which just went on and on and never stopped and hurt really bad. In fact, it was kinda fun, though it did hurt, especially when they gave me several hard spanks in a row.

Sometimes Karen would be the Mommy and Amy would be my little sister and we'd both get spanked. I liked that. Amy never got spanked as hard as I did, though, which wasn't fair, but the girls said that she was a girl and therefore didn't need to be spanked as hard. Sounded like weird logic to me. I'd have thought the opposite.

A couple of times Amy was Mommy and Karen and I were the kids. And one time, the day before I left, I got to be the Daddy and the two girls were my naughty daughters. The two girls decided I had been a good sport and it really wasn't fair for me to be the naughty boy *all* the time.

That's the day I liked best. I pretended they had both come home late on a school night and needed sound spankings. I gave them a few swats over their skirts and scolded them and swatted them some more. They didn't really say anything much yet, but stayed in character and pretended I was their Daddy.

"Oh, please, Daddy, not so hard!"

"No, more, Daddy! We'll be good!"

But I'd be stern and shake my head and pat my lap and one by one they'd come squirming over, very reluctantly, and I'd lift up their skirts and spank them over their panties. This got more of a reaction from them. Lots of delightful squeals and wiggling.

Then I made them pull down their panties. I didn't have them take them off but just pull them down to their knees. This was awkward and really embarrassing. I gave them a few smacks over their skirts and *then* bared their bottoms for the spankings.

Finally, when both their bottoms were a rosy pink I pulled out my trump card: a wooden ruler. This brought forth the appropriate gasps and cries of terror and coverings of bottoms. But I was determined.

"You have both been very naughty!" I scolded. "I must spank you very hard!"

This frightened them and they protested but I saw they stayed in character and tried to talk me out of it. "Just a few swats," I told Karen as I pulled her across my lap. "Don't be a baby now."

She lay across my lap, her bare bottom exposed to my ruler. I brought it down hard with a loud slap! She squealed and frantically began kicking. I saw her face and tears were in her eyes. That had really stung!

"Are you going to be a good girl?" I asked.

"Yes, Daddy! Please, no more Daddy," she begged.

"Just three more just like that," I said firmly, and I thought she wouldn't let me but she did. After each wallop she wiggled more and protested more and I saw her eyes were more wet, but she did not try to stop me. When I had finished I could actually see red ruler marks across her bottom!

Amy was next. She had watched me spank Karen and was terrified. But soon she was across my lap and waiting. Whap! She "owwwed" and "ooouched" and kicked her feet. I told her to settle down or I'd have to

spank her harder, and so she quieted. Her bottom was a nice pink when I finished, a line of red warmth across her butt.

Of course afterwards they both had to try out the ruler on me, and I got it much worse than them, but they figured I was a boy and deserved more. Still, I had enjoyed spanking them a lot. It was fun watching them squirm in my lap, seeing their white bottoms turning pink, and even their tears were pretty.

Chapter 2: New York

Next we went to New York state where my father's uncle lived. Dad hadn't seen him in years. I thought this was going to be a boring visit as Uncle Jack didn't have any kids, but boy was I wrong!

Right next door to Uncle Jack's lived a beautiful young girl. She was twelve, like Karen, but not at all bossy. Now I wasn't much into girls at age ten, but Suzy treated me very nice and since there weren't any boys around to make fun of me I treated her nice too.

Her room was all prissy and neat and filled with pink girlie things and I didn't like it much, but her Dad had a really cool den in the basement. It had all sorts of hunting rifles in a case on one wall, a pool table, and even a little refrigerator just a kid's size. It was really cool and Suzy and I played down there all the time.

We played board games, mostly, and when I won I got to touch her anywhere I wanted. When Suzy won she would kiss me as her reward. I pretended I didn't like it much (she was girl, after all), but secretly I liked it. I liked her touching me. I suggested we play "doctor" like Karen had showed me but Suzy said that was kids stuff.

"Well, what do *you* do then," I asked, hurt and sad that she hadn't liked my idea.

"I'll show you," she whispered. "If you are brave enough."

"Of course I'm brave enough."

"It's really naughty..."

"I'm very naughty," I said with a grin.

"We'll get spanked if we're caught..."

"I ain't afraid of a little spanking!"

So she showed me. It was in the bathroom. We had to wait until her parents were gone one afternoon to do it. She filled a plastic bag full of warm water and said she'd do it to me first, and then I could do her once I knew how. That sounded fair.

In the bathroom she made me take off all my clothes. She took all of hers off too, just to be fair. (She was nothing like Karen!) Once I was naked, she sat on the toilet seat and told me to get across her lap. I thought she was going to spank me and I wanted to tell her that *that* was childish, but I didn't cause I was afraid she wouldn't do it. And I *really* wanted to spank her!

But she didn't spank me. She showed me the plastic bag full of water and the long plastic hose. "What is it?" I asked, puzzled.

"It's called an enema," she said with a giggle. "My Mom gives them to me when I am bad."

"Must be bad, then," I said.

"It is," she said with a wicked grin. "It feels really strange. See, I put the hose down here and it fills you up. You have to keep it in you for five minutes and then you can poop it out."

I gasped when she touched my hole. I'd never heard of putting anything up there! Except... well, Mom did take my temperature down there once and I sure hated that. I guessed it wouldn't be any worse than that.

Suzy plugged the hose into me and soon I felt liquid entering me. It was the strangest sensation I'd ever felt. Sort of like going to the bathroom backwards. Slowly I was filled up and soon I was squirming and I felt I really needed to go to the bathroom badly. But Suzy wouldn't let me go. "Wait until you've got the whole bag," she said.

"I can't," I whined. "I've got to go now!"

"Don't you dare! If you do that you'll make a real mess. I'll make you lick it up!"

That sounded really terrible and I tried my hardest to hold it in. Finally the five minutes was up and she had me stand, telling me to be sure I didn't release until I was on the toilet. I nodded, my insides hurting something terrible.

When I sat on the toilet I suddenly realized she was watching me. I blushed. "Please, I need to go."

"Well, then go."

“But you’re watching me.”

“So?”

I was embarrassed. “I can’t go while you’re watching.”

“Then don’t,” she said, and sat her naked butt down on the floor in front of me. I stared at her for a moment but I knew I couldn’t hold it any longer. I released.

It gushed out of me, splashing into the toilet bowl. My face felt hot and I couldn’t look at Suzy who was watching me closely. When I had finished she had me turn around and to my horror she took toilet paper and carefully wiped me dry. I had tears in my eyes I was so ashamed.

“My turn now!” cried out Suzy, clapping her hands together happily and bouncing up and down. In a moment she was across my lap and I was trying to insert the hose into her buttocks. I wasn’t very good at it and it took me some time. I had to stick my figure up there to get it open and ready for the hose, but finally I had it in. Then the warm water started to trickle in. Suzy giggled and wiggled and told me it felt wonderfully strange.

“Do you like it?” I asked.

“Not exactly,” she said. “But at least my bottom’s not burning after a hairbrushing the way it usually is when I get an enema.”

As though she had called out to the gods her request was granted, for at that instant a shadow fell over us and there stood Suzy’s Mom in the doorway, eyes bulging in astonishment at seeing her naked daughter with an enema hose sticking out of her butt laying across the lap of a naked boy.

“So you want an enema, do you!” shouted the woman, and Suzy squealed in alarm. “You’ll be getting one every night for a week, young lady, but right now I’m going to warm your bottom good!” And with that I found myself unceremoniously pushed aside as Suzy’s Mom took my place on the toilet and drew her daughter across her lap.

Her hand started flashing so fast it was a blur, and the slaps certainly weren’t restrained at all. I began to feel sorry for Suzy immediately, though I enjoyed watching her bottom turn pink. She squirmed a lot, too, and it wasn’t until several minutes of spanking had passed when I realized that Suzy had never emptied her bottom yet! She was still half-full of her enema and was trying to hold it in while getting her bottom spanked!

Twice I tried to warn Mrs. Peabody but she told me to shut up. Finally, it happened. Suzy burst into tears and released and the enema flowed all over her Mom's lap, soaking her dress with the vile liquid. The woman was incensed. She popped Suzy into the shower right then and hosed the girl off and then ordered her to fetch the hairbrush.

Suzy passed by me dripping wet, crying, and returned in just seconds with a large ebony hairbrush. The back was flat and smooth and I knew it would really hurt. Sure enough, the hard wallops of that brush brought screams to Suzy's lips and she was soon howling and struggling uncontrollably. Her skin was still wet, which I'm sure didn't help, and she yelped and hollered at every smack.

Finally it was done and Suzy slowly stood up. Her hands went to her bottom but her Mom slapped them away and told her to stand straight and keep her hands on her head.

Then Mrs. Peabody motioned for to me go across her lap. That was a shock. I guess when I had first seen her I had figured I'd be getting a spanking, but I had thought it would be from Mom or Dad. Then I got so distracted watching Suzy get spanked I forgot about my own situation. I didn't want to get spanked by this strange woman, but on the other hand, if I cooperated maybe she wouldn't tell my parents.

"Are you going to tell my parents?" I asked.

"Not if you take your spanking like a man," she said firmly. "Now get over here!"

I moved forward and quickly found myself bottom up, that hairbrush spanking me without any preamble. I howled and kicked and struggled just like I did during one of Mom's spankings, and it did just as much good: it didn't help at all. The only thing good about the spanking was watching Suzy standing nearby, shifting her weight from foot to foot and crying. I could still see her naked bottom, blood red from being paddled, and though I knew my butt was rapidly taking on the same hue, it still comforted me to know I wasn't alone. In fact, I was kind of glad we got spanked together. I never liked getting spanked (for real anyway), but it sure was easier to bear with a friend, especially a pretty female one with a naked red bottom.

After my spanking Suzy was put back across her Mom's lap and given a dozen wallops to "warm her up" and then given an enema, and I noticed

that Mrs. Peabody made the enema much hotter and soapier than we had.

Suzy had to stand while I received my enema, and then we both had to wait in the corner for ten minutes while our insides longed to explode. Finally we were each given another dozen swats and then allowed to release ourselves. I had to wait while Suzy was spanked and emptied before I could go, and every moment was agony.

When it was all over I went back to Uncle Jack's and I never got to speak to Suzy again, though I did get to wave goodbye.

Chapter 3: Connecticut

Our next stop was in Connecticut. We were only here for a few days, staying with friends of my Mom's. I think the lady and Mom went to college together. Her husband was involved with construction and I hardly saw him as he was always working. Anyway, the lady's name was Millie, and when she and Mom got together they'd talk all night if no one stopped them. They mostly ignored me.

I figured I'd be bored here, too, because the Berg's only had a little girl named Dani. She was eight and real brat. The first time I met her she took me to her room and showed me her sissy girl toys and promptly told me I couldn't play with any of them 'cause I was a boy. I told her I didn't want to play with any of her stupid toys and she began to cry and went and told her Mommy that I'd yelled at her and my Mom came and swatted my bottom a dozen times or so to remind me to "be nice." No one believed I hadn't done anything. I saw right away that I was going to have to watch my step around this girl.

That evening I let Dani boss me around. We played the games she wanted and she had to win or she'd go and tell that I'd hit her. I played along with her game but I was getting really tired of it. The next morning I went outside to play in the yard by myself, but she soon found me.

"How'd you like your spanking yesterday?"

"What spanking?"

"The one your Mom gave you."

"That wasn't a spanking," I said looking superior. "A real spanking is much hard and longer and always given on the bare bottom."

The FLOGMASTER'S *Novellas 2*

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 second collection of the Flogmaster's novellas, he explores the sexual awakening of children through corporal punishment.

Child's Play —During a summer of travel, a boy grows up as he learns that spankings can be fascinating.

Nymphet Juliette —Juliette is a schoolgirl so cute that everyone who meets her insists on giving her a spanking.

A Scarlet Visit —A boy suffers cruel and humiliating punishments from his dream girl, the babysitter from hell.

The Babysitting Job* —Young Hayden gets the perfect babysitting job: the clients are nice, the work is easy, and the pay is high. Of course there's a catch....

* New, never-before-published story *exclusive* to this volume.