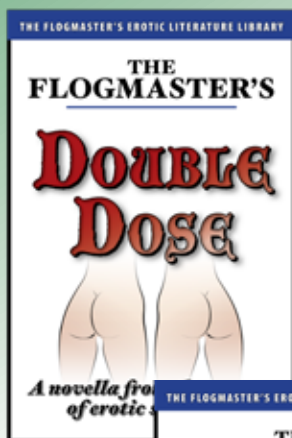


# THE FLOGMASTER'S *Novellas*

## VOLUME FIVE



**EXCLUSIVE CONTENT**  
Contains four brand new, complete novellas!

*Four complete novellas of classic spanking erotica!*



## *Selected Excerpts*

### **FROM *DOUBLE DOSE*:**

The twins obeyed, their perfect youthful bodies glistening with nervous sweat. They were bronze all over without any sign of tan lines; even their full breasts with sharply erect nipples poking out at me were the same honey hue.

I brought the cane up to just below Liane's tits, tapping the undersides warningly.

"Peyton, fetch me a set of nipple clamps and two five pound weights."

### **FROM *MOVING IN*:**

"What... what are you doing?"

"I am giving you the sound spanking you so richly deserve, Miss Not-Ready-On-Time."

The young woman gasped. "You can't be serious!"

A large palm descended from heights unknown and smashed hard into Eileen's right buttock. The stinging pain radiated as the cheek bounced and she yelped in surprise. Before she could say anything coherent, the palm rose and smacked her left cheek. The blows were shockingly hard, the sting making Eileen's eyes water.

### **FROM *THE SCHOOLROOM*:**

Suddenly a tall woman in a tight black gown came marching up the aisle between the desks to the front of the room. I couldn't help but notice the long black buggy whip she held tucked under her arm. She picked up a bell and rang it loudly. Instantly, the room fell silent. Those still standing quickly found a seat. The door to the schoolroom was shut from outside with a firm thud by one of the organizers.

### **FROM *THE FIND*:**

Misty held the board reverently. "The owner must have been in a fraternity." She grinned as she saw Paige's broad rump nearby, the cheeks nearly bare the sky blue panties were so inadequate. "I know how to warm you up!" She gave the butt a playful swat.

## **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*  

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**VOLUME FIVE**

*Four complete novellas  
of classic spanking erotica*

*This collection of the Flogmaster's best  
writing contains stories of severe corporal  
punishment of adults.*

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

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

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## **Moving In** **33**

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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.)

## **The Schoolroom** **65**

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**F/Fx5, Mx12 — semi-cons spanking, paddling, strapping, switching**

Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment that enforces real punishments. (10,501 words.)

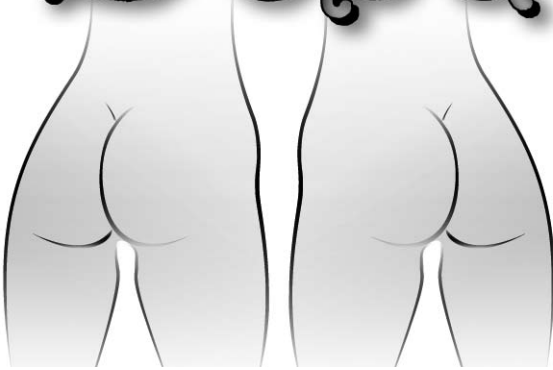
## **The Find** **93**

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**MFx8/Fx7 — semi-cons paddling, caning, back whipping**

When their van breaks down in the middle of nowhere, a sorority group finds a house and plays naughty games. (9,466 words.)

# DOUBLE DOSE





## 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 buttcheeks, 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 the client.) But she did not need to know that I was being unusually particular.

"Fetch me the number twelve wooden paddle."

Peyton blanched but was smart enough not to argue. This was a big fraternity-style paddle, over half an inch thick and as stout as a plank. It couldn't be used for many swats as it could do serious damage, but I planned to only give her a few pops.

"Legs apart, palms on the floor."

She obeyed, leaning forward, her feet over a yard apart. The back flap of the skirt was folded forward against her lower back, leaving her ass uncovered. Her butt was beautifully presented, taut and round, the cheeks bare and pale except for the thin black line of her thong running around her hips and through the divide, widening as it covered her pubis. I could see the bulge clearly, a few wisps of hairs emerging from under the taut cloth.

"It appears you need some grooming encouragement."

"Sir?"

"You haven't shaved lately."

She blushed furiously. I could see her face straining underneath. "I... I've been busy," she whispered. She said it in a dull tone of hopelessness, fully aware that there was no excuse.

"You'll have it fixed by Monday."

"Yes sir. Of course."

"In the meantime, here's a little reminder."

I slammed the paddle twice against those buns. Peyton's reaction was predictable but beautiful to watch. She screamed, writhing, wiggling her butt frantically. I could tell her hands itched to reach behind and massage the sizzling flesh but she was bent so far over that she needed both hands to brace herself. All she could do was weep and wiggle, and she did plenty of both. Her white butt quickly went pink and then gradually darkened. The swath of magenta was huge, covering the vast majority of both moons.

"That was for your grooming. This is for forgetting the plug."

WHAM! SMACK! WHAP!

Peyton howled. Tears streamed down her pretty face and her bottom gyrating wildly. She went up and down with her hips, twisting and dancing in a weird yet highly erotic manner. She continued her crazed writhing and sobbing well past the thirty seconds I usually allow for reaction and finally I had to scold her into calming down.

“Stop that driveling and get up.” I handed her the paddle. “Put this away and bring me the number seven leather switch.”

The girl had a discrete hand on her blazing butt, thinking I wouldn't notice, and stupidly pleaded with me. “Please, Master Jack, not the switch!”

“You need some welts. I was just going to give you six, but since you're being such a baby about it—and touching your ass to boot—I'm going to make it ten.”

Properly motivated, Peyton ran to the wall mount and hung up the paddle in its place and hurried for the switch. The number seven was thinner than a pencil, dreadfully whippy, and hard as wire. It was designed to cut flesh and in the wrong hands would easily cause bleeding. It hurt atrociously.

I had Peyton lay face down on a bench, her ass propped up by the center mound. I scooted her forward a few inches for I intended to work her thighs. Once she realized that her shrill cries hurt my ears.

“Shut up. It's now a dozen!”

That quieted her, at least until the first cut. But then she was just screaming and sobbing, not vocalizing, and that was pleasant to hear. I whipped her slowly, a cut a minute, lashing the back of her thighs from buttock to knee. Each stroke left a thin line of such a deep, angry red it looked like blood. But it was only a swelling welt, the fiery skin raised and furious. Just three of these hurts for an hour. Ten will throb for a day. Worst of all, these were not on her butt, but across her long, svelte legs where anyone could see if she wore a short skirt.

“Very good. That's enough for now, but remind me at five minutes to two to spank you. I'll spank you—with just my hand—until the twins get here.”

“Yes sir,” Peyton mumbled humbly. She was back on her feet, wobbly with pain, wincing with every step. She replaced the switch on its hook and this time I noted that she purposely did not attempt to massage her whipped flesh. She returned and paused before me in what I called “standing” position: eyes down, hands behind her neck, ankles together. She waited.

I let her stand for ten minutes while I read and answered some emails on my phone. One of the emails was a potential new client, so I finally ordered Peyton to prepare a new client package and mail it off. She duti-

fully went to the office computer and printed out an address label and put together an information kit, sealed it, and put postage on it. While she did this busywork I played Tetris, having little else to do.

I was interrupted right as I reached level seven and things were starting to get speedily difficult. “Ehm, sir, you, uh, wanted me to remind you at five to two?”

I glared at her, then reluctantly put away my phone. It was six minutes til, a little early, but I saw that she had not wanted to be late. It would mean a slightly longer spanking, but that was better than the alternative.

Seated on the leather sofa, I patted my lap and she slipped right over my legs, her slender body surprisingly sturdy. I flipped up the flap of her skirt and her pink bare bottom mooned at me delightfully. I squeezed the flesh gently, then roughly, causing her to tense. With a final rude squeeze I pulled my hand away and began to spank.

Now most people think a hand spanking’s a mild thing. It’s not really punishment, just embarrassing, right? Wrong. In all modesty those people have not been spanked my me. I am renowned for my hard spankings and I have many clients who come to me just for that. Spanking is deeply personal and more intimate than implements like paddles and canes, which place you at a distance from the bottom. Yet if the punishment’s not done hard enough, some clients are left unsatisfied. I spank very hard, hard enough to satisfy all but extreme pain sluts, and yet it is as intimate as sex. I’d never spanked Peyton before as I prefer to keep my distance from assistants, but this seemed like an excellent time to do it as I didn’t want to wear out her butt with a harsh implement. Besides, was there a better way to pass five minutes?

My palm smacked Peyton’s rump hard, flattening the smooth ball of flesh. It sprang back into rotund shape immediately and I promptly flattened it again. This process was repeated over and over again. Apparently this caused the girl some discomfort, because she gasped and wiggled and made odd whimpering sounds. I spanked her all over her ass, high and low, right in the center, and out wide, on the sides of her cheeks. Every slap was as solid as a wooden board and Peyton was sobbing well before the first minute was up. On and on the spanking went, with no letup. Peyton’s ass became a brilliant pink and it steamed, marvelous warmth flooding up from the reddening cheeks.

At two minutes to two, there was a knock at the door. I did not pause in the spanking but shouted out, "Come in!" I felt Peyton shudder beneath me, a loud moan of protest rising from her. I laid down a furious flurry of wallops that had her screeching.

Reece Kindall stepped in the room uncertainly. I flashed her a welcoming smile. "Don't worry, it's just my assistant," I said. "She was a little naughty. Come in, have a seat. Make yourself comfortable."

I was speaking loudly so my voice could be heard over the noisy slaps and Peyton's feeble groans and squeaks. Reece nodded at me but I saw her eyes were glued with fascination at Peyton's carmine bum. I paused, rubbing the girl's butt. "Beautiful, isn't she?"

Reece blushed and nodded. She was dressed elegantly, as always, this time in a stunning white dress. It was high-end casual, the kind of thing a gal might wear to lunch at the country club, with narrow shoulder straps and vee-shaped neckline that made sure her breasts were the center of attention.

I began to spank Peyton again. "Where's your sister?"

"She's... parking the car," Reece said breathily. "She'll be right in."

I looked at the clock which was seconds away from the hour and saw right through their plan. Liane had dropped Reece off to make it appear they were here on time.

"Not going to work, Reece," I said with a broad shake of my head. "You both have to be here, inside, on time."

She smiled glumly. "I figured you'd say that." She shrugged. "It was worth a try. Liane thought it might work. I told her you were too dev-, er... smart for that."

My hand froze on Peyton's hot butt. "What was that? What word were you going to say?" My tone was sharp and commanding, like the crack of a whip. Reece went pale and bit her lower lip. Then she winced and blushed and her head slumped forward.

"Dee... devious, sir. I was going to say devious. I meant it as a compliment, I really did!"

"Who said it isn't? I like it. Devious. I'm devious. Cool." I resumed spanking Peyton as the door opened and in stepped Liane. Her eyes went wide with excitement at seeing my half-naked assistant over my lap and she trotted over eagerly for a better view. Peyton groaned and shuddered, her butt wiggling like a fish across my legs.

**The FLOGMASTER'S**  
*Novellas 5*

*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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This fifth volume of the Flogmaster's longer stories brings you four *brand new* novellas.

***Double Dose*** — Lovers of the severe will adore this tale of a dom who receives a visit from his favorite clients, twin sisters who require *extensive* correction. M/FFF

***The Find*** — If you want a smoking hot story, what's better than a sorority of sexy girls stranded during a storm who find an empty home complete with a fully equipped dungeon and decide it's time to play? MFx8/Fx7

***Moving In*** — In this touching tale, a young couple move into a new home and discover their wonderful motherly neighbor can also dish out strict discipline when appropriate. F/FM

***The Schoolroom*** — In this realistic fantasy, two young men participate in a strict schoolroom recreation and suffer the best night of their lives. F/Fx5, Mx12