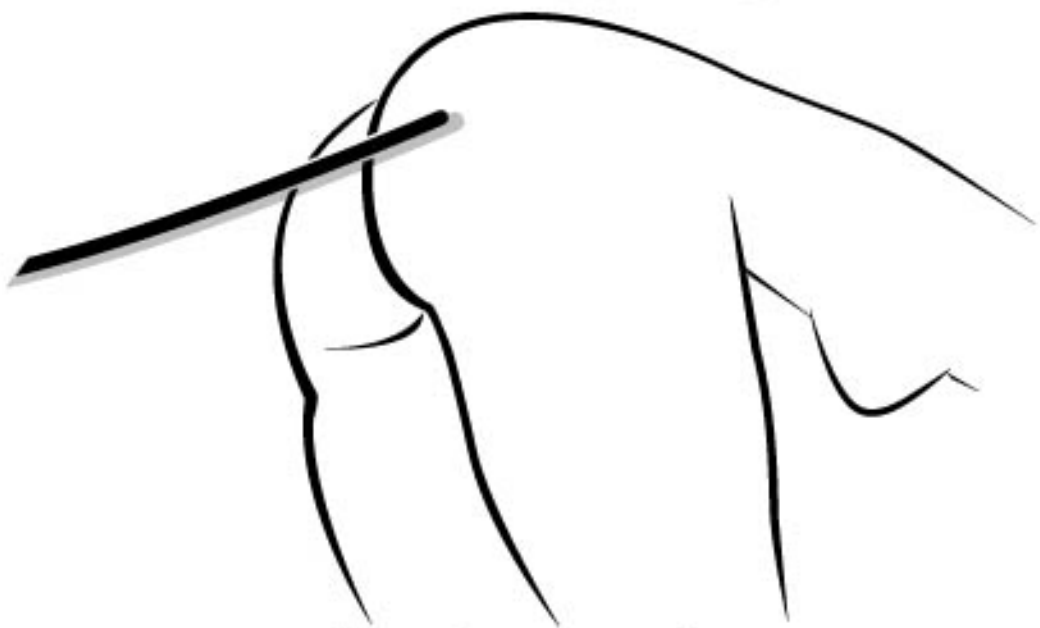


THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

**THE
FLOGMASTER'S**

*Substituting
for Dad*



*A novella from the master
of erotic spanking*

Excerpt

“You seem to know a lot about your father’s work. Surely he’s trained you?”

“Well, sure,” Mike fibbed. “A little. But never with a real client.”

“There’s a first time for everything. Can you be strict with me?”

“I guess.” He remembered how his father was with the women in their sessions. His normal jovial personality was replaced by a stern taskmaster who got angry easily and beat the women hard, the way they seemed to like it. “Yes. I can do that.”

“Let’s do it.” Lucky clapped her hands together in enthusiasm. “You don’t have your dad’s arm, or his experience, but I bet you can do it. And any caning is better than none!”

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

*Substituting
for
Dad*

*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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Substituting for Dad

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m/Ff — cons/nc caning, paddling

With his dom dad out of town, a boy services his father's clients. (14,296 words.)

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m/Ff — cons/nc caning, paddling

With his dom dad out of town, a boy services his father's clients. (14,296 words.)

“MIKE, WAKE UP. Wake up. Listen, there's an emergency.

I've got to go!”

“Huh? Dad? What's going on? What time is it?”

Eleven-year-old Mike sat up groggily, rubbing his eyes. He glanced at the window. It was light out. The clock read 8:19.

“Aw, dad, there's no school today, you were supposed to let me sleep in!”

“Son, there's been an accident.”

“Huh?”

“Look, everything's fine. Your grandfather's in the hospital. The tractor flipped and he was injured. I've got to go.”

Mike was wide awake now. “Is he gonna be okay?”

“Yeah, yeah. He'll be fine. But things are a bit of a mess there. I need to home and help out my mom. She's a bit freaked out. Needs me there.”

The boy slipped out of bed and began dressing. “What about your clients? Didn’t you tell me someone important was coming today?”

Jim Ibsen nodded. “That’s what I wanted to talk to you about. I managed to call a couple and cancel, but there are several I couldn’t reach. I’ll keep trying, but I can’t call from the air and who knows what things will be like in Indiana.”

“So if people show up, I’m to explain.”

“Yes, exactly. Can you do that, son? It’s really important.”

Mike stood to his full, unimpressive height of four-foot nine and saluted. “Yes sir!”

His dad grinned. “Seriously, son. These clients are very important. It’s really terrible of me to just abandon them, but it is an emergency. I’m sure they’ll understand, but you need to explain to them the situation.”

“You can count on me, Dad.”

“Sorry to ruin your day off with this. You’ll have to stick around here all day. You can’t go anywhere.”

“That’s okay.” Mike didn’t reveal that he hadn’t planned to go anywhere anyway. Non-school days were his favorites because he could watch his dad while he worked. Now he was just disappointed because he wouldn’t get to see the sessions.

Jim checked his watch. “Oh shit. I’ve got to be at the airport in an hour. Security’s gonna be a bitch. Come, let

me show you the schedule.” He headed down the hall to his office, Mike traipsing behind.

At his desk Jim opened a datebook and showed it to his son. “I crossed out the two clients I talked with. The others will show up and you’ll have to explain the situation.”

Mike studied the book. The notations were curt and cryptic. For instance, at 10 a.m. it read:

H - KC sg sev c

“My clients like their privacy, so I can’t use names,” Jim reminded his son. “I use codes.”

“I remember. You showed me this once before.”

“Do you remember what the other notes mean?”

“Uh, the ‘H’ is a half-session, right?”

“Uh huh. ‘F’ is full. I book Fulls for two hours. See the one at five today? That’s an ‘Fx2’—that means a double full session. Four hours. That’s my very special client. I only see her two or three times a year. I’ve been trying to get a hold of her, but she hasn’t been answering her cell.”

“If she shows up, I’ll tell her about Grandpa.”

“Do you remember what the other notes mean? Like the ‘sg?’”

“That’s ‘schoolgirl,’ right?”

“Good, you remember. The ‘sev c’ is for severe caning. This client wants a schoolgirl caning session.”

“Yeah, p for paddle, w for whip. I can figure it out.”

Jim checked his watch again. “Well, those are just session notes for me, so you don’t really need to know what they mean. All you need is the appointment time and if you can, reschedule them for next week. Just copy the same codes to the new appointment, okay. Can you do that?”

“Sure. Easy.”

“Make sure you don’t cram the appointments too tight. I prefer 30 minutes between sessions, so Half-sessions need a 90 minute slot, Fulls need 150 minutes.”

“Okay.”

“Good. Now I’ve got to fly. There’s plenty of leftovers in the fridge and here’s... let’s see... forty-four dollars. It’s all I’ve got on me. But you can order pizza tonight if you want.”

“When are you gonna be back?”

“I hope tomorrow night, but we’ll see how it goes. I might have to stay the weekend. Will you be all right? I had no time to schedule a sitter, but I could call Marian and see if she’s available.”

“Dad, I don’t need a sitter! I’m almost twelve!”

Jim ruffled his son’s hair, making the boy blush. “My boy’s growing up, isn’t he,” he laughed. “Come and help me pack.”

Ten minutes later, Jim was driving to the airport and Mike was alone. The house felt strangely empty. Mike had been alone there many times while his dad was out, but this felt different. He supposed it was knowing his dad wasn’t coming back for at least a day or two. Mike wanted to be brave and

grown-up, but if he was honest, he was a little nervous about being by himself overnight.

In the kitchen, he fixed a bowl of cereal and watched TV while he ate, but there wasn't much on other than boring news and talk shows. He checked the clock. It was a little after nine, so he had an hour until the first appointment. He ran back to his dad's office to double-check the datebook.

There were three uncanceled sessions scheduled for today: the half at 10 a.m., another at one, and a full at five. He studied the notations, puzzling out the shorthand. He decided "H - DW dad mod sp" meant a client who wanted a "daddy" scenario with a moderate hand-spanking.

The five o'clock session was more challenging: "Fx2 - PL xsev pun p, w, c, b" and it took him a while to figure out that the "x" meant "extra," indicating that the client wanted an extra-severe punishment session with what looked like a number of instruments.

Mike was only eleven, but he'd been fascinated by his dad's job since he was little. He'd grown up with it and had never thought it strange or unusual until he went to school and found that no one else had a dad who whipped people for money. Now as he studied the appointment book, he wondered about the sessions and tried to imagine what they were like.

Unfortunately, though Mike's dad had always been honest and upfront with his son about what he did for a living, he

didn't allow Mike to participate or observe the sessions. This was to preserve the privacy of his clients, of course.

However, a few months earlier, Mike had made an incredible discovery. During a big clean-up project that summer Mike had been recruited to climb into the storage space over the garage and stack boxes and organize things. While doing this he noticed light coming from a corner. The attic was a dark and creepy place, with shadows and dust and spider webs, so light coming up through the floor was unusual. Curiosity made him check it out.

Arriving there Mike found a tiny slit in the flooring. Most of the attic had rough plywood boards nailed across the floor joists, but this was deep in an corner with just two feet of clearance, so it had been left unfinished. The gap was a slit in the drywall of the ceiling below. Peering through it, Mike realized he was looking into his father's studio. Of course at the time it was boringly empty, but later, when his dad had taken a client back there, Mike remembered the gap and crawled up into the attic and spied on the session.

What he had witnessed had been a revelation. Though Mike didn't know much about sex, especially about sexual feelings, he did know that girls were intriguingly different from boys, and nudity was fascinating. What initially drew him to watch was the discovery that his dad's clients were usually nude for their session. Later, as he learned more about

the whippings and spankings, the discipline side of his dad's job began to appeal to him as well.

Since that first peep, Mike had been watching his dad's sessions every chance he could. The summer had been the best, since he was out of school with plenty of free time. After school had started the opportunities were fewer: just the occasional school holiday, weekend, or evening session. But Jim was a committed dad and tried to schedule his work as much as possible during Mike's school hours so he could spend time with his son, and Mike had been frustrated lately. He'd been looking forward to this day for weeks: it was a teacher conference day, not a regular holiday, so he was off and his dad was working. It was to have been a perfect day for spying.

Except Grandpa had ruined it. With his dad gone, there would be no sessions, no chance to see beautiful women undress and have their bare bottoms spanked, paddled, whipped, and caned. His mind wandered to the visions he'd seen. His brain played back a montage of mental video footage of naked women yelping and weeping at cane strokes, girls howling as their bare bottoms were smacked across his dad's lap. One woman was bound with her hands overhead to a wall and her back and buttocks flogged with a multi-tail whip.

The sound of the doorbell interrupted Mike's thoughts and he stared at the clock in surprise. It was nearly ten already!