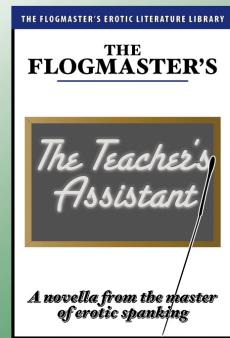
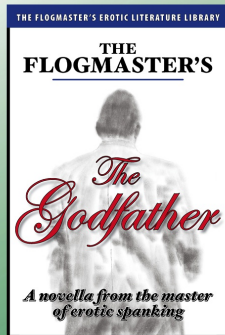


THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

THE FLOGMASTER'S  
*Novellas*  
VOLUME SIX



*Multiple complete novellas of classic spanking erotica in one volume!*

# **Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing**

*Love the mysterious nature of this one. Very yummy.*

**LANGAD**

*Nice story.*

**BARRETT HUNTER**

*Loved the ending. Funny, but not for Suzie!*

**OHIOMOM**

*I absolutely love that you gave this story two angles.*

**KAYKAT**

*Excellent, with a great twist of an ending.*

**SEBASTIAN**

*I just had to read this again, it is so full of emotion. A love story in the true sense of the words.*

**NIBRA**

*On the one to ten erection scale... this one is an eleven. Well done is an understatement.*

**TOMHOBBS**

## **Selected Excerpts**

### **From *Nonsense*:**

The door opened and Alex whirled in fear, clutching his heart as the Colonel strode in purposefully. “Let’s get this over with, boy,” he said grimly, removing his coat and rolling up his sleeves.

Ruefully, Alex lowered his trousers and bent across the footstool, his naked bum waiting for the pain. The cane was long and lean and lethal, the Colonel merciless, every stroke living fire. After six the Colonel paused, muttered, “That’s for missing dinner,” and then added three more for “slovenly appearance.”

### **From *The Godfather*:**

“Here you are, ma’am,” he said, presenting her with the stout rod, uncomfortably aware of the other stout rod pointing at her. It was over a yard long and heavy—the punishment implement, of course, he not being quite *that* endowed—and anticipation had his cock twitching embarrassingly.

Margaret flexed the cane menacingly. “You are certain about this, Henry?”

### **From *The Teacher’s Assistant*:**

“Why was this cane so much worse?” she asked as casually as possible, but inside she was dripping as she watched Tabitha furiously rubbing her sore bottom.

“This one was thick and heavy, and yet still quite flexible. It had plenty of whip to it, and Miss Long knows just how to maximize the power of every stroke. And, of course, she whacked me on the bare bum.”

Amy was astonished. Was Tabitha serious? She’d heard rumors of such a thing and of course had fantasized it many times, but she had never seriously believed that bare bottom thrashings were real.

## **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 SIX**

*Multiple complete novellas of classic  
spanking erotica in one volume!*

*The Flogmaster's erotic writing  
contains adult content, including  
the severe corporal punishment of  
adults or minors (consensual and  
non-consensual), sexual activity, and  
other politically incorrect topics.*

## About the Warning labels

Because spanking stories often involve extreme topics (S&M, sex acts, etc.), the Flogmaster labels his stories to give readers an idea of what might be included. Here's a sample:

***Paul Bunyan and the Great Lakes***

**(★★★★, M/Ffff—Absurdly Severe, nc ole fashion paddlin')**

A strange new twist on the ole yarn about how Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox created the Great Lakes. (Approximately 1,758 words.)

The stars are the Flogmaster's own ratings of his stories. They indicate *writing* quality, not necessarily eroticism. Five star stories are my very best.

Stories are marked with *mFmf* labels to indicate who is spanking whom. Capital letters represent adults and lower case are minors (under 18), and 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 24 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.

I try to indicate the overall severity level (Mild, Serious, Intense, Severe, or Edgy), as well as what types of spankings are included (i.e. caning, birching, hairbrush spanking, etc.). Stories may also contain other warnings and explanations. These are usually self-explanatory words like “sex” or “anal” (to indicate types of sexual activity). You may also see references to *cons* or *non-cons* (or *nc*). Those abbreviations refer to *consensual* and *non-consensual* spankings. (Punishment spankings, especially those of children, are usually *nc*.) Some stories are labeled *semi-cons*, meaning it's partially consensual (e.g. a reluctant wife submitting to her husband's discipline because she knows she deserves punishment).

The second line contains a brief description of the story. I 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*. There's also an approximate word count of the story.

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## Nonsense

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ , MF/mf—Severe, non-consensual caning, spanking

Two children love a puppy so much they endure fierce beatings to protect him.

## The Godfather

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ , F/Mfff—Severe, consensual caning

A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward.

## The Teacher's Assistant

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ , F/f10m5—Edgy, non-consensual and semi-consensual spanking, paddling, caning, strapping, pussy whipping, masturbation

When a teacher's assistant is required to escort naughty students to the school's disciplinarian, she discovers a hidden longing for her own correction.

# Nonsense

(★ ★ ★ ★ ★ , MF/mf—Severe, non-consensual caning, spanking)

Two children love a puppy so much they endure fierce beatings to protect him. (Approximately 18,506 words.)

**C**olonel McKinnon did not believe in nonsense. He had a specific rule against it, in fact. He had many rules, rules about what to do and what not to do. You were to show up to dinner with hands and face washed and wearing clean clothes and you were not to be late. You were to eat in silence and not talk with your mouth full and not put your elbows on the table and you didn't dare spill the milk. You were to clean your plate



completely, and you were not to complain that you didn't like certain foods or weren't hungry. You ate what was put before you. You did your schoolwork, completed your chores (to exacting military standards), and never, no matter what, under no circumstances whatsoever, did you disturb the Colonel in his office.

There were many more rules. Too many rules, according to Alex. Alex was twelve years old. He did not like rules. He and rules did not get along at all. He wanted to run and play and get his Sunday shoes muddy and climb trees and get pitch in his hair and chase squirrels and steal apples from the pantry when cook wasn't around and sneak a peek at those books in the library with the pictures he wasn't supposed to know about and put spiders in his sister's purse and go skinny dipping in the pond and play fetch with a hound. Alex *wanted* to do these things, but he never did. Alex never did because he valued his hide far too much.

Colonel McKinnon had but one remedy for the violation of any of his rules: six of the best with a sturdy bamboo rod. On more than one occasion Alex had found himself in the Colonel's office bent over a footstool with his trousers around his ankles and his pale buttocks shuddering with fearful anticipation as that rod thumped heavily into the mounds. Just one stroke was monstrous agony and yet it was never less than six. The Colonel never remitted a stroke.

That was one of his rules.

Even worse was the fact that the beating had to be taken in stoic silence. Yet another rule. The Colonel was adamant that McKinnons were “men” and didn’t “blubber.” Tears were permissible (though scorned), but vocalization of any kind was not. Neither was getting out of position, reluctance, arguing the sentence, putting hands behind, or any form of touching or rubbing post-discipline. Sometimes Alex thought bitterly that the Colonel had as many rules for conducting punishment as for the household proper!

Though Alex lived in terror of the Colonel’s cane (it loomed over his shoulder every waking hour and kept him up many a night) and it seemed to him he worked incredibly hard to avoid it, he somehow did not. All too frequently he was caught, arrested, tried, convicted, sentenced, and led to his execution in the Colonel’s study. Ten or fifteen minutes later he emerged, pale with crimson eyes, walking stiffly, his buoyant sense of humor stolen.

For twelve to twenty-four hours he’d be glum and quiet, wincing when he sat, somber when approached. His sister Emily would laugh her gay laugh and say, “It serves you right, silly boy!” Occasionally she would be more sympathetic, tussling his hair with a sigh and an affectionate: “Why do you keep doing these things, Alex? Don’t you know you’ll be whipped?”

Emily was fifteen and perfect. She was never beaten, of course. She and rules got along just fine. In fact, she seemed to thrive on rules. She was always on time, always properly dressed, loved to study and take exams and write long essays, hated “roughhousing,” was never rude, and wouldn’t

think of going outside without permission or staying awake past lights out at twenty-two hundred.

Alex resented his sister. Emily was the Colonel in delicate feminine form. Physically she was the opposite of his rigid and imposing six-foot-four: she was petite and dainty, with neat auburn hair that glowed rouge in certain light, bright brown eyes that shown with intelligence and good nature even when she was in a sour mood, tiny lips, and a cute little button nose. She was quite pretty when she smiled, which was not often, for she was a serious girl. There was a war on, she constantly reminded Alex. Never mind that it was a half a world away and that the Colonel was long retired: it was still up to them to do their part. She worked hard and insisted Alex do the same, and she was not at all opposed to reporting his failures even though it meant he'd receive the cane.

“If you'd been doing your sums instead of doodling pictures you wouldn't have a sore bum,” she'd tell him later. “It's your own fault, silly boy.”

Two days later Alex filled the toes of her shoes with horse manure. He almost didn't mind the beating, his mind enjoying the memory of her screams of horror and outrage. Worth the price, he told himself after, clutching his throbbing backside as he stood in the corridor outside the Colonel's study.

But she was ruthless after that, seeking out ways to get him in trouble, and life was most unpleasant. Whenever he could Alex slunk off alone, escaping to the attic or hiding in a tree in the woods. Sometimes this was merely a delay of the inevitable: he knew he'd be beaten when found, but at

least he had a few moments of solitude and freedom.

It was during one of these brief escapes that he made the discovery. He was down by the pond, contemplating a swim, though the water was cold, when he heard rustling. He quickly hid, surprised they'd tracked him so quickly, but then realized it was only Mr. Pearcy, the gardener. The man was not looking for the boy, but focused on his task of lugging a wriggling sack. With a deep grunt the old man heaved the bag as far into the pond as he could, watching with satisfaction as it quickly sank and disappeared. Then he turned and was gone, coughing and wheezing as he made his way back up the hill.

In a flash Alex had stripped bare and slipped into the chilly water. Like an eel he rippled and twisted, diving deeper and deeper, his breath straining, but he could not find the bag. He was forced to return to the surface, gulp air, and dive again. It wasn't until his third attempt that he spotted the still moving burlap bag. Urgently he clutched at it. It was heavier than he expected, and he was running out of air, but he did not dare drop his burden. Twice the load dragged him down, but he kicked and fought and finally burst from the water with a gasp. It was difficult to swim while carrying the bag, but somehow he did it, dragging it on to the muddy shore. The bag was no longer wiggling and he felt a horrible dread take over his body.

Furiously he tore at the strings binding the sack shut. They were secure and he wished he had a knife, but he did not, so he did the best he could with his nails and teeth, ripping until his fingers were bleeding, but he finally loosened the knots. He dumped the burlap's contents onto

the mud and his heart was pierced at the sight of three lifeless puppies and two large stones. The puppies were mongrels, not the purebred wolfhounds the Colonel preferred, and no doubt he'd ordered the gardener to destroy the useless animals.

Alex, who rarely shed tears any more at even the harshest thrashings, sank his knees into the mud and wept. He had no understanding of why he was so emotionally overwhelmed; he only knew that he was crushed, and the loss of the dogs meant a great deal to him. Exhausted and filled with despair, he lay down and slept.

His dream was bizarre and terrifying. He was being led into the Colonel's study for flogging. But this time instead of the cane there was a large burlap sack waiting for him. It closed over his head, trapping him in darkness. Then, strangely, his sister Emily was in the sack with him. They clutched at each other in fear and then she was licking him, her tongue hot and rough against his face. He tried to push her away, but she was insistent, laughing and giggling, and licking at his hands.

Then Alex sat up, realizing he was lying naked on the shore of the pond, and a small puppy was wriggling in his hands. The gray pup looked up at him happily and licked at his hands.

"You're alive!" Alex exclaimed. He petted the dog in amazement. The dog panted happily. Alex checked the others but their bodies were still and cold. Only one animal had survived, but the boy was thrilled. He hugged the little dog to him. For a few brief moments he was deliriously happy, happier than he could ever remember being since his

mother had gone to heaven.

The dog was ugly, his hair wet and matted, the twisted gray-brown hair the color of clay, his body rail thin and oddly proportioned, with skinny legs like stilts and large floppy ears. But Alex was overjoyed and loved the dog with all his being.

“You’re mine,” he said firmly. “Now what shall I call you? I rescued you. I could call you Rescue. No, that’s no good. You escaped death... Escape. No, still too literal. You need a good dog’s name, don’t you. Let’s see... oh I know: Dodge! You dodged death! You’re Dodge.”

He rolled around on the ground happily, the puppy wagging his wet tail ferociously sending droplets of chilly water everywhere. Dodge barked, a surprisingly deep yap for such a small dog, and Alex laughed. “You like it, boy? Dodge it is, then. Dodge it is.”

He played and petted the pup for several more minutes until he realized the animal was sucking on his fingers for a reason. “Oh, I bet you’re hungry, right Dodge? You’re probably starving. Mr. Percy wouldn’t give you a meal before he put you in that sack, would he. Why waste food?”

That’s when Alex began to realize the problem before him. The Colonel, you see, had a rule about pets. Working animals were fine: horses and pigs in the barn, cows in the field, dogs and cats outside keeping the rodent population under control. But the moment a cow’s milk dried up or a hen stopped laying eggs, it was time to send for the butcher. Useless animals were not permitted, as Alex had been reminded about on several occasions. If the Colonel learned about Dodge, the pup would be back in the pond for good

this time. Alex had to prevent that at all costs.

The boy shivered as he thought of the Colonel's anger, but when he saw the frolicking puppy at his feet his jaw tensed with determination and he knew he wouldn't allow fear to interfere. He would somehow care for Dodge and keep the dog safe no matter what.

"I'll go get you some food," Alex told the dog. He took another dip in the icy water to wash off the mud, then began to get dressed. But when he started for home he heard a desperate yelp and saw the puppy was trying to follow him, struggling to crawl through the rocks and bramble of the hillside. Alex explained he was coming right back, but the puppy didn't understand, so finally the boy used the string from the burlap bag to make a leash and tied the dog to a tree. He also decided it was best to get rid of the dead pups, so he put them and the rocks back in the bag and tossed it in the water.

Back at the house, he managed the slip into the kitchen at the back without being seen. But Bertha, the cook, saw him take the jar of milk from the icebox and shouted at him, so he had to run. He knew the theft would increase his punishment which was already dreadful, but he wasn't going to stop. He ran all the way back to the pond before he realized he hadn't brought a bowl or dish for Dodge to drink from.

"You're a fool!" he told himself, but improvised by soaking the tail of his shirt in the milk and letting the puppy suck it dry. It worked well, but the feeding was a slow process, and every time he stopped Dodge would whine and paw at him for more, so he kept going. It was after dark by

the time he returned home and every step increased his fear.

How many rules had he broken today? He'd argued with his sister—she'd been pestering him all afternoon to study his Latin—that was why he'd run off in the first place, despite the guarantee of a caning when he returned. Then he'd stolen the milk, ruined his clothes, and missed supper. The beating would be ferocious.

He hesitated with his hand on the doorknob, wondering if it would be any worse if he turned himself in tomorrow, but then one of the maids spotted him. She shouted, "Hurry up, lad, they be looking for ya!" With a mournful sigh he entered, the maid right behind. He heard the clink of silverware from the dining hall as the family was eating and then the maid was pushing him forward into the room.

"I found him, Colonel," said the maid, obviously eager for the credit.

"I was coming in anyway," argued Alex resentfully.

"You are filthy," said the Colonel coldly. "And tardy. Go. Wait in my study."

Alex's belly rumbled with hunger at the smell of the heavenly roast pheasant, but he did not argue. He waited in the dreadful room, the walls covered with expensive paintings and massive oak bookshelves filled with thick volumes of obtuse writing. The Colonel's large desk was neatly organized, with not a paper or pencil out of position. The man was working on his memoirs—had been for nearly ten years—but there was no sign of clutter.

The door opened and Alex whirled in fear, clutching his heart as the Colonel strode in purposefully. "Let's get this



over with, boy,” he said grimly, removing his coat and rolling up his sleeves.

Ruefully, Alex lowered his trousers and bent across the footstool, his naked bum waiting for the pain. The cane was long and lean and lethal, the Colonel merciless, every stroke living fire. After six the Colonel paused, muttered, “That’s for missing dinner,” and then added three more for “slovenly appearance.”

Alex didn’t dare move after the nine. His body was in agony but he knew there was more to come. What about the milk and his running away? And his studying? But there was no mention of these atrocities, perhaps out of ignorance; the Colonel merely ordered Alex to bed.

In his room he was naked, trying to examine the pulsing purple lines across his rump when there was a soft knock at the door. Before he could respond, the door opened, and Emily was there, quickly slipping inside with a tray. She shut the door behind her and then gasped when she saw Alex. He blushed and tried to cover himself with a pillow, but not before she saw the dreadful marks.

“Oh my Lord, he did beat you something fierce, didn’t he!”

Alex shrugged, wanting to pretend it was nothing, but his eyes were still raw with tears. He held the pillow across his front and couldn’t object as she moved forward to study the weals across his backside. She tentatively touched one with the tip of a slender finger and he gasped.

“Sorry,” she whispered. “I didn’t tell on you about the Latin, you know.”

“I figured. Thanks for that.”

“When you didn’t show for supper I decided you were already in enough trouble.” There was an awkward silence. She motioned to the tray she’d set on a table. “I bought you some food.”

“Did the Colonel say I could eat?”

Emily shrugged. “I didn’t ask. But I think it’s better if he didn’t know.”

Alex nodded. With a quick movement he dropped the pillow and yanked on his discarded trousers as quickly as he could, despite the aggravation to his wounds. He noticed his sister watched him with no attempt to look away and he blushed. Seated on the edge of his bed, he took the plate of food and began to eat. There were several thin slices of roast pheasant, a heaping serving of scalloped potatoes, some green beans, and a hunk of bread. He ate ravenously, suddenly starving. Even the green beans tasted good. Emily sat and watched. She seemed pleased.

“Is that enough? I got what I could without Maggie noticing. I helped her clear the table and set aside some for you.”

“Thanks, it’s great.” Alex wished she’d gotten him some of the berry cobbler he’d seen, but he couldn’t complain. He had thought he was going to have to wait until breakfast to get anything.

“I’d better take those dishes back. If Maggie finds them in here she might say something to Bertha, and then the Colonel might hear.”

Alex nodded, but Emily wasn’t leaving. She hesitated, then said, “Do you want some ointment?”

“What for?”

“For your...”

“Oh. Uh, I don’t know. What does it do?”

“It makes it heal faster. It’ll hurt less tomorrow.”

“All right.”

Emily grinned and after checking that the corridor was clear, disappeared with dishes. She was back in ten minutes, slipping in with a small pot of yellow cream. “This will make it feel better,” she said confidently.

“How do you know?” Alex said grumpily. “You’ve never been beaten.”

His sister blushed to her roots, her pretty face almost orange in the dim evening light. “It works for other things, so it ought to work for... for cane marks, I suppose.”

“Okay, okay.” He stretched out on the bed on his belly, blushing as he lowered his trousers. It felt strange to be naked in front of his sister, and even stranger as she carefully dropped dollops of the cream on each cheek and began to carefully work it into his sore flesh. It hurt but felt soothing at the same time. He didn’t want her to stop.

“I count nine,” she said softly after a bit.

“Yes.”

“Did it hurt?”

“Of course! It hurt like madness!”

“This one here, it’s thicker on the right, and so dark it’s almost black.” The mark she indicated with her fingertip was a low angled cut onto Alex’s upper thigh. He shuddered.

“That one was murder. He caught me low with the tip. Vicious.”

“Are all your beatings this bad?”

“Usually it’s just six, maybe eight if I’ve been really bad.”

Emily's voice trembled. "I'm sorry. I didn't know."

"You knew he caned me."

"But I didn't know it was this bad. These marks are brutal!"

Alex shrugged. "That's what a caning is, I suppose. Brutal."

"Why do you always get it, Alex? Do you like it?"

"Of course not! Don't be ridiculous. The Colonel just has too many rules, that's all. It's impossible to not break some of them sometime."

"I don't."

"Oh. Right. But you're perfect." The way Alex said that it did not come out as a compliment.

Emily did not say anything. She put away her pot of cream and left. Alex slept.

In the morning he was up early, slipping off before breakfast with a jar of fresh milk for Dodge. When he arrived at the pond, he saw no sign of the pup. The string was wound around the tree, but there was no dog. Right as Alex was about to burst into tears, there was a suddenly scrambling and Dodge emerged from the bushes. The string was still attached; he'd simply been hiding.

Dodge was wagging his little tail with excitement but Alex noticed the dog was trembling and seemed jumpy, looking around frequently and sniffing. This time Alex had brought a small dish and he let the dog drink the milk while he looked around. Near the water's edge he saw something that made his blood curdle. There were tracks there. They looked like those of a wild dog or perhaps even a wolf. Though it seemed unlikely there were any dangerous

animals this close to civilization, Alex suddenly realized how vulnerable the tiny puppy was, especially tied to a tree and unable to escape. Even small animals like raccoons could be vicious. It was not safe for Dodge to be left out here. Alex would have to find a better place for the dog to live.

Alex had to leave to go home for breakfast—after yesterday's thrashing he didn't dare be late—but he thought about the problem all morning. While there was room for the dog in the barn or one of the outlying buildings, there was too much traffic. Someone would see the dog and report it, and Dodge would be at the bottom of the pond again. Alex thought about building a small shelter of some kind, a sort of dog house. But that would take time, and making it secure enough that a vicious animal couldn't get inside might be difficult. Alex's own room was too near his sister's, and other rooms were frequented by the maids for cleaning. There was only one place he could think of that no one ever visited: the east wing attic.

The Colonel's room was on the west side, the children's on the east. The attic was mostly empty, except for a few items of storage, and other than a once-a-year cleaning, the servants stayed away from it. Alex went there frequently, however, as it was a good escape place. If he could get Dodge up there, he'd be able to sneak him food and raise him without anyone knowing.

Once decided, Alex put his plan into motion. The first chance he could he got away and slipped up to the attic to make preparations. There were two ways to get into the attic. The first was the main entrance, via a narrow staircase off a door at the end of the second story corridor. This door

was always locked, which was fine for Alex's usual purpose. He preferred the alternative entrance: a ladder hidden at the back of a closet in one of the unused guest rooms in the east wing. Alex had no idea why the ladder had been installed or who had put it there, but being a twelve-year-old boy, he didn't much care. It was there, and no one else seemed to know anything about it, and he wasn't going to tell them. The problem was that getting a wriggling puppy up that ladder would not be easy. The entrance was via a trapdoor in the ceiling of the closet, requiring quite a scramble just to get up to the ladder, and then the shaft that contained the ladder was scarcely more than a foot wide and quite narrow even for little Alex. No, it would be much easier if he had the key to the stairs.

The key was kept by the housekeeper, Mrs. Harris. Fortunately, that key was rarely used, so she didn't carry it with her, but kept it in her small office. Alex managed to slip away during her lunch, while she was occupied, and remove the key from the ring. Since it was so rarely used, it would be a while before she noticed.

Next he went to the attic and made a few arrangements. There were some old desks and dressers and a number of heavy trunks which he dragged into a sort of a square against one wall, forming a small room. He built it purposely so that if someone did happen to enter the attic, the trunks would just look like storage and nothing unusual. The only opening into the "room" was narrow and almost invisible, but the place made a nice pen where Dodge could hide if someone came up. Alex found an old blanket which he piled in one corner as a nice bed for the dog.

With everything set, the only thing remaining was bringing the dog. Alex was nervous about that, terrified he'd be caught—not for himself, but for Dodge. But it was a risk he had to take. He couldn't leave Dodge out in the woods again. He stole a burlap sack from the kitchen and headed off, and not long after that he was back, the puppy wriggling in the sack. He stared across the empty yard, wondering when he should make his move. Right when he was about to dart across the opening a maid came out the door carrying some refuse to the pig pens. Alex waited until she was gone, then hurried forward.

He was inside the house, using a little-used side entrance, and hoped he wouldn't run into a servant or his sister. He was so focused on trouble coming from the direction of the kitchen that he almost ran into Mrs. Harris.

“Woah, lad, where're you off to in such a rush?”

Alex gasped, nearly swooning in fear and surprise, but he was so accustomed to trouble that the lies came easily and unbidden to his lips.

“Just looking for my sister, Ma'am. I thought she might be in her room.”

The housekeeper frowned. “I believe she's in the library. Aren't you supposed to be studying also?”

“Yes Ma'am. That's why I was looking for her.”

“Oh. Well, get on with you.”

Alex took a few steps toward the library when her voice stopped him cold.

“What's in the sack, boy?”

Impulsively, Alex came up with a beauty: “I don't know, Ma'am. It's Emily's. She made me swear I wouldn't look. I

was just supposed to fetch it for her.”

His sister’s reputation saved him. Mrs. Harris hesitated, then shrugged and waved him on, figuring that if it was Emily’s, whatever it was couldn’t be too harmful. As soon as Alex was out of sight he hurried down the west corridor. It was a roundabout way to get to the east wing, and twice he had to hide as he spotted maids cleaning, but eventually he made it. Dodge was surprisingly quiet during this adventure, and when Alex finally set him down on his bed in the attic the dog opened his sleepy eyes rather grumpily as though he didn’t appreciate being woken up.

The risks were not finished, however, for Alex still had to fetch the dog milk for his dinner, and return the key to Mrs. Harris’ ring. These were managed, though not without a few heart-stopping moments where Alex thought he was caught. Once he was accosted by his sister, who insisted he go to the library to study, and he promised he would as soon as he visited the lavatory.

“You promise?”

“I do, I’ll be there in five minutes, I swear.”

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## Also by The Flogmaster

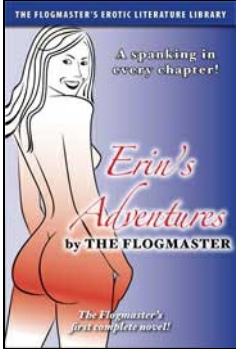
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### Novels

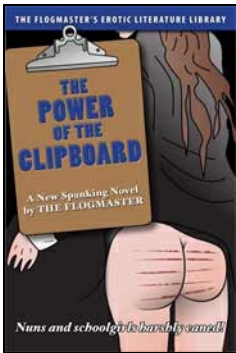
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#### ***Erin's Adventures***

(mostly F/f)

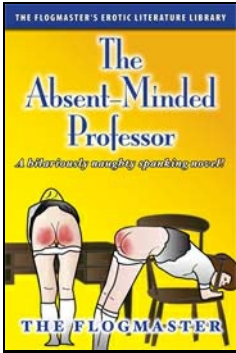
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



#### ***The Power of the Clipboard***

(mostly M/f)

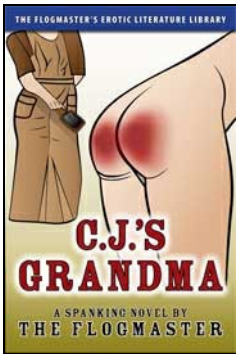
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



### ***The Absent-Minded Professor***

(mostly M/f)

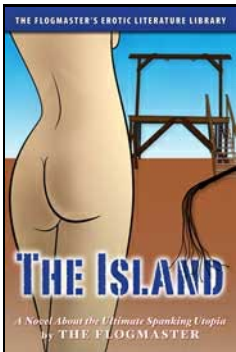
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



### ***C.J.'s Grandma***

(mostly F/f and f/f)

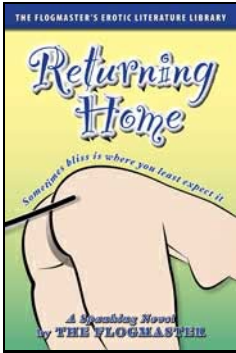
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



### ***The Island***

(mostly M/F)

A woman discovers a forbidden paradise when she visits an old friend on a remote island and learns the society's unusual lifestyle. 72,000 words.



### ***Returning Home***

(mostly M/f)

A college graduate returns home and discovers a new career in correcting naughty young ladies.

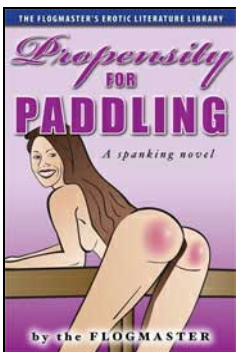
53,000 words.



### ***The Plan***

(mostly MF/f)

In the 1950s, divorce is a rarity, yet it is happening to Debbie, as her parents are separating. So she comes up with a daring plan to misbehave to reunite them—a plan that seems to be failing when her father hires a strict tutor. 34,000 words.



### ***Propensity for Paddling***

(mostly M/f)

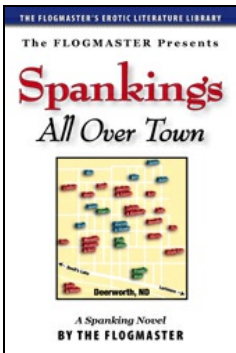
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



### ***Cutiepie***

(M/F/f)

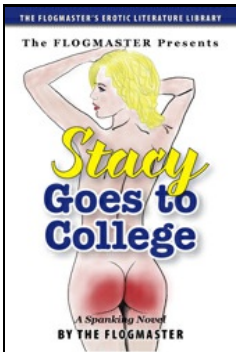
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



### ***Spankings All Over Town***

(M/Ff, F/M, F/F, f/f)

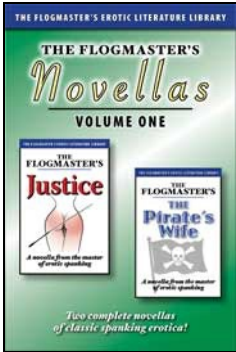
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



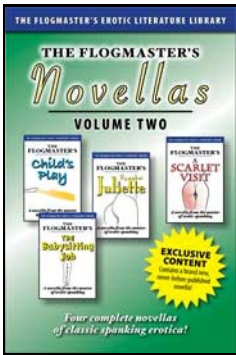
### ***Stacy Goes to College***

(M/F)

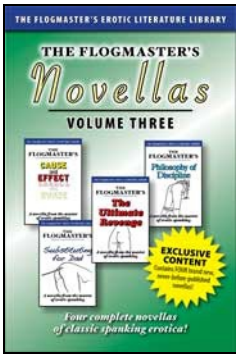
A girl goes off to college thinking she's too grown-up for spankings and learns the hard way that's not the case. 46,000 words.



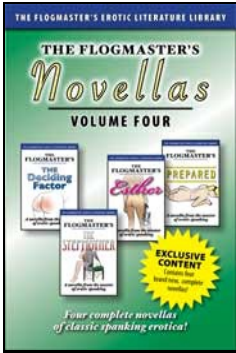
**Volume 1— Justice:** (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. *The Pirate's Wife:* (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



**Volume 2— Child's Play:** (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. *Nymphet Juliett:* (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. *Scarlet Visit:* (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. *The Babysitting Job:* (MF/f) A girl's babysitting gig comes with unexpected consequences.



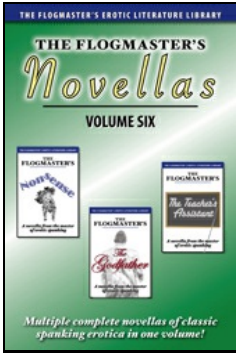
**Volume 3— Cause and Effect:** (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline:* (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad:* (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge:* (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get a teacher who caned her caned.



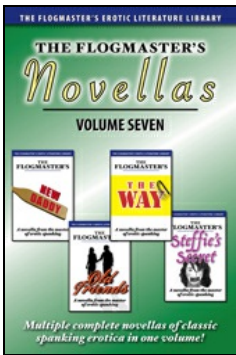
**Volume 4**— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting a new prefect.



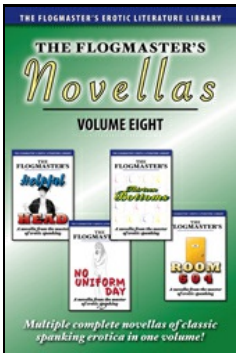
**Volume 5**— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays naughty games.



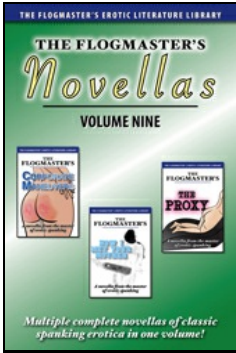
**Volume 6**— *Nonsense*: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather*: (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant*: (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



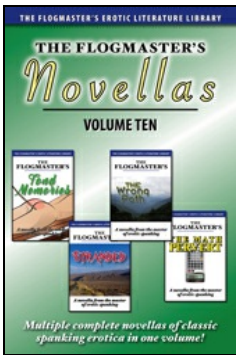
**Volume 7**— *A New Daddy*: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends*: (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret*: (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way*: (m/f) A boy is trained to cane.



**Volume 8**— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



**Volume 9**— *Corporate Maneuvers*: (M/F) An executive abuses a lower-level employee. *The Proxy*: (M/F) A girl goes to her late best friend's parents for severe spankings. Sad, tender moments. *How I Met Your Mother*: (F/FFFFM) A man reveals he met his future wife as part of a sorority punishment.

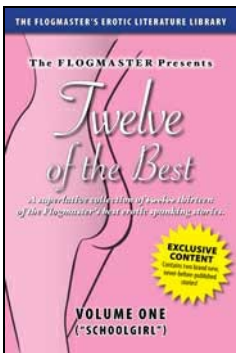


**Volume 10**— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't go.

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## Short Story Collections

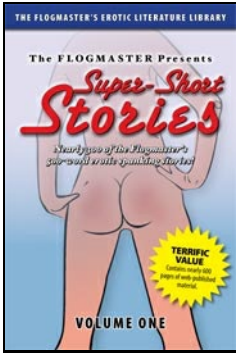
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### ***Twelve of the Best: Volumes 1-24***

Over 290 stories divided in books focusing on the punishment of adults or children.

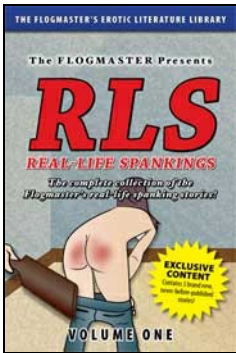




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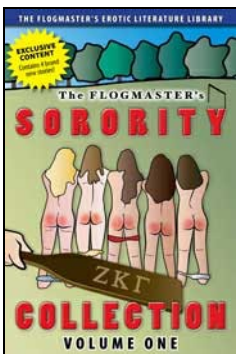
(Mostly /f or /F)



### ***Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1-5***

Spanking stories dramatized from real-life

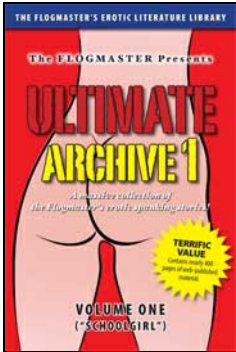
experiences. (Mostly /f or /F)



### ***Sorority Collection: Volume 1***

All of the Flogmaster's published sorority stories,

plus four new exclusives to this book. (Mostly /F)



### ***Ultimate Archive: Volumes 1-4***

The Flogmaster's free story website in four huge books!

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**The FLOGMASTER'S**  
*Novellas Six*

*For over a decade the Flogmaster has been one of the Internet's most prolific and talented writers of erotic spanking literature.*

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***Nonsense***

(MF/mf — Severe, non-consensual caning, spanking)

Two children love a puppy so much they endure fierce beatings to protect him.

***The Godfather***

(F/Mfff — Severe, consensual caning)

A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward.

***The Teacher's Assistant***

(F/f10m5 — Edgy, non-consensual and semi-consensual spanking, paddling, caning, strapping, pussy whipping, masturbation)

When a teacher's assistant is required to escort naughty students to the school's disciplinarian, she discovers a hidden longing for her own correction.

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