

THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

The Absent-Minded Professor

A hilariously naughty spanking novel!



THE FLOGMASTER

Selected Excerpt

“**I HAVE** a note here... at least I thought I did. Wasn't I supposed to thrash you for something?”

“I don't think so,” breathed the girl gently. “I can't imagine that I've done anything wrong.”

Deborah used her most seductive voice and leaned in close so the man couldn't help but scent her feminineness. “Perhaps it was someone else? I believe you mentioned something about Amy Dawkins, if I remember correctly. Or did you already cane her?”

“Oh, you're right! I did forget about her caning. I shall have to remember that. But I'm positive I was supposed to spank you for something. I just can't remember what.”

Irritation flashed briefly across the young beauty's face, quickly replaced by a calm mask of neutrality. “You paddled me last week, don't you remember professor? You're probably just getting a little confused...”

“Last week? I did?”

“Oh yes sir. It was a sound one, too. Twenty whacks. Very hard. I was sore for two days.”

“You still have marks? Let me see.”

Deborah's buttocks were magnificent, mature womanly orbs that showed off her wide hips to perfection. The professor clucked his tongue disapprovingly.

“No marks,” he muttered. He ran a hand carefully over the flesh in question, squeezing and palming the cheeks, as Deborah wiggled nervously. “Obviously I did not paddle you hard enough. A good paddling ought to leave a bottom red for more than a couple days. No doubt that's why I was thinking I owed you a spanking.”

“But Professor, that was *last week*. Marks from a paddling aren't supposed to last a whole week!”

“Nonsense, child. I paddled you two days ago. I remember it clearly. And now your bottom looks as pale and smooth as though it just came from the womb. I went much too easy on you.

“I gave you twenty last time,” muttered the professor as he hefted the paddle. “Obviously that wasn't enough.”

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.

Also by The Flogmaster

Novels and Novella Collections

Flogmaster Novellas: Volumes 1-3

Erin's Adventures

The Power of the Clipboard

The Absent-Minded Professor

C.J.'s Grandma

Short Story Collections

Twelve of the Best: Volumes 1-7

Ultimate Archive: Volumes 1-4

Super-Short Stories: Volume 1

Real-Life Spankings: Volume 1

Purchase these in print or PDF at the Flogmaster's Bookstore:

<http://stores.lulu.com/flogmaster>

Text and artwork

Copyright 2009 by the Flogmaster (Frank Marsh)

All Rights Reserved

The Absent-Minded Professor

A hilariously naughty spanking novel!

THE FLOGMASTER

*This novel contains severe corporal
punishment of minors and adults, sexual
activity, and 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.

Contents

The Absent-Minded Professor

M/Fffff — nc paddling, caning

A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? (50,443 words. Written in 2009.)

Chapter 1 12

Chapter 2 38

Chapter 3 41

Chapter 4 43

Chapter 5 46

Chapter 6 49

Chapter 7 51

Chapter 8 53

Chapter 9 64

Chapter 10 67

Chapter 11 85

Chapter 12 91

Chapter 13 101

Chapter 14 106

<i>Chapter 15</i>	110
<i>Chapter 16</i>	117
<i>Chapter 17</i>	125
<i>Chapter 18</i>	134
<i>Chapter 19</i>	139
<i>Chapter 20</i>	146
<i>Chapter 21</i>	152
<i>Epilogue</i>	160

The Absent- Minded Professor

M/Ffff — nc paddling, caning

A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? (50,443 words. Written in 2009.)

Chapter I

AT THE FRONT of the room, the tiny round man with the disheveled wisps of gray hair, glasses pushed up on his prominent forehead, stood telling the story of the Battle of Cannae. As always when he was engaged in his favorite topic, he became a different person. Gone was the shy gnome. His pale blue eyes glowed and his hands became animated. His normal waddle was replaced by a light-footed dance of glee as he darted around the room, re-enacting the dramatic battle with himself playing all the parts.

“The Romans were too smug with their superior numbers and strength,” he cackled. “They thought they were invincible and would easily win. Strictly by numbers and battle training, they should have, but Hannibal was too clever. He didn’t want to fight the Romans on their own terms, but set his own. He devised a brilliant trap—”

At that moment, there was a loud knock on the door. The student audience gasped, for it was a known school rule that you didn’t interrupt one of Professor Beatabum’s lectures for anything.

The professor paused in mid-tale, confusion flooding his features. He opened his mouth, but said nothing. Half of him turned to the door, the other half seemed poised to continue the lecture. In his moment of hesitation, the door opened and in stepped Gloria Van der Kirk.

If anyone could have been said to have a personality the opposite of Professor Beatabum, it was Gloria Van der Kirk. She was tall, stunningly gorgeous, with long blonde hair and perfect gleaming teeth and a body carved by the gods. She came from a long line of wealthy jewelry merchants and the attitude to match. She was seventeen, a prefect, and

the Head's pet. She stared down her long royal nose at the little man as though he was a diseased frog she was forced to kiss.

"Ms. Cedric sends you her response," she said with reluctant effort, as though she was doing the teacher a great favor. She held out the small envelope and waited.

Professor Beatabum stared at her, bewildered. "Just who are you?" he growled, irritated. "And how dare you interrupt my class?"

"I am Gloria Van der Kirk." The girl's regal nose wrinkled with distaste that the man would have the gall not to remember her. "You sent a note to Ms. Cedric and I'm returning her response."

"I did no such thing and you should be ashamed of yourself, interrupting my class so rudely."

Gloria gapped in astonishment. "What? You just sent me not fifteen minutes—"

"I gave you permission to use the lavatory, not dawdle in the halls. Now fetch me the punishment strap."

At this the tall seventeen-year-old paled and stepped back. "What are you talking about? I was just doing what you told me..."

"For a girl about to be beaten, you are remarkably argumentative," mumbled the teacher.

"You can't strap me! I haven't done anything wrong."

Professor Beatabum's eyes gleamed fire. "You've interrupted my lecture. You took over fifteen minutes in the lavatory. Now you're wasting more of my time arguing!"

"Ms. Cedric's going to hear about this!" snapped the girl.

"I should hope so. You can trust that my report will be detailed and complete. Now are you going to fetch me the strap?"

Gloria's voice was suddenly softer, with hint of respect. "Sir, I have here Ms. Cedric's answer to *your* query"—she waved the envelope urgently—"and I suggest—"

"I suggest you fetch me the punishment strap before I change my mind and use the cane!"

The girl quailed. "Sir, I—"

"Would you rather Appeal?"

There was a stunned silence. Every student knew she had the right to appeal to the Disciplinary Board any correction awarded. The judgment of the Board was final. Failure meant a tripling of the original punish-

ment, plus whatever penalty strokes the Board deemed appropriate. This new punishment was held in front of the entire school during a Friday assembly, and it was designed to be unpleasant.

In the entire one hundred and fifteen year history of School of the Sacred Heart there had never been a successful appeal by a student, though many had tried.

Gloria's head fell forward as though slapped. Her chin quivered but she did not respond.

Trembling, her perfect lips curved into a delectable pout, the proud teenager obeyed. Fully aware that every girl in the class had her eyes on her, Gloria marched to the front of the room and took the heavy leather strap off the hook near the door.

In a flash the strap was in the Professor Beatabum's sausage fingers and the slender teen was bent across his desk, her fine bum pointing at her open-mouthed peers. They watched with considerably glee as her expensive lace panties were carefully lowered to her knees and her plaid skirt raised up over her bent back, exposing twin curves of considerable appeal.

"You were gone fifteen minutes so I think fifteen is a just punishment," said the professor.

"Fifteen!" gasped Gloria. "Sir, that's too much! That's outrageous. You... oh! Ouch! Eeeh! Ahhhh! Oh, no more! Oh!"

Each fiery slap of the wide leather belt across the pale orbs of her bottom caused Gloria to squeal and protest and wiggle obscenely before her delighted audience. After just a few seconds her skimpy panties were around her ankles, her long legs bare as she danced to the tune of the punishment strap.

It was a hearty whipping. Nothing too strict, but certainly stingy. Gloria's expensive buns did not appreciate it, however. They glowed fiery red as she stood in the corner holding up her skirt and weeping miserably, her fancy panties in a humiliating pool around her ankles. Her punishment continued as she remained in that embarrassing position while having to listen to Professor Beatabum's long history lecture.

Fortunately for Gloria, her humiliation was mitigated slightly when she was joined by a colleague. At least she wasn't alone in her misery. Abigail Miter was a gorgeously cute young lady who was silly enough to argue with Professor Beatabum—at least that's what he said.

He was right in the middle of a vivid description of Hannibal's Cannae victory and his elaborate pantomime had taken him to the left side of the class and near Abigail's desk. That's when someone farted.

It wasn't particularly noisy, but it was definitely audible—a quick blurt of sound that froze everyone in the room. Later, some girls claimed it was the professor himself. Certainly Abigail denied it and no one else claimed it, but the odd thing was that the professor didn't seem to recognize the sound.

He stopped speaking. "What did you say?" He whirled on poor Abigail, her glossy lips trembling in confusion.

"I didn't say anything," she said.

"I distinctly heard something," muttered the professor. "I just couldn't completely make out the words. You disagree with my assertion that Hannibal would have won even if the Romans hadn't split their calvary?"

"Uh, no, I didn't say that—"

"How dare you argue with your teacher. In the middle of a lecture, no less! Perhaps a dose of the cane will quiet your tongue!"

"What? Oh no, professor, that's not fair! I didn't say anything at all!" Desperately the beautiful teen looked around for a patsy, then frantically pointed to Deborah Steinbok, two desks down. They'd had a minor argument that morning about Deborah's hogging the hot water in the shower and Abigail was still a little peeved. "It was Deborah. She was the one!"

"I shall deal with Deborah later," said the professor ominously. "For now, it's your turn. Fetch me the cane!"

Depressingly aware that further arguing would only make things worse, the young girl got to her feet and made her reluctant way to the rack of rods hanging near the front door. She chose one, shivering with nerves as the slender stick of wood vibrated like something alive, like a long vile serpent.

Then the girl was bending over the professor's desk, the tiny flap of skirt flipped up, her pink and white striped panties sliding down her smooth, slender legs to gather around her delicate knees. Her pretty bottom was bare, the small but shapely cheeks exposed for everyone in the room to admire. The smooth creamy flesh of Abigail's buttocks was violated only by several fading brown lines from a previous caning, for sadly, Abigail was no stranger to corporal discipline, being a rather impulsive young lady.

The FLOGMASTER'S

The Absent-Minded Professor

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.

Professor Beatabum has an uncanny knack for corporal correction. He punishes the girls of the School of the Sacred Heart ruthlessly but has trouble remembering how many strokes of the cane he's given, or even that he's already spanked a girl. Whatever you do, don't distract him during a paddling!

With a unique blend of humor and ultra-strict discipline, the Flogmaster has created a tale of a classic character that will make you laugh and shiver with erotic delight.

