

THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

The FLOGMASTER Presents



THE PROFESSOR
and the
ENGINEERING
MAJOR

A Spanking Novel

BY THE FLOGMASTER

Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

Houston, we have a problem!

M.J.T.

Such a misunderstanding... with a happy ending!

N.J.R.

Well thought-out scenario of a fascinating dilemma!

R.M.O.

Pretty steamy and very nicely done!

I.C.

I absolutely love that you gave this story two angles.

K.K.

Yes, it was a swell story.

R.R.B.

Good story. Not sure what was going to happen next.

I.S.

Selected Excerpt

“Why didn’t you come to me for help?”

“You!” Dany blurted out the cry without thinking. She almost laughed. Professor Gibson was the last person she would have gone to for help.

“I am your faculty advisor. You think because I’m hard on you I don’t want you to succeed?”

That’s exactly what I thought, thought Dany.

“I’m hard on you *because* I want you to succeed. This isn’t an easy major. Many people don’t make it. Most, even. But you don’t have to do it on your own. There is help if you need it. All you have to do is ask.”

“I’m sorry. I— I thought you’d just use it as an excuse to kick me out.”

Professor Gibson shook his head sadly. “If I kick you out, it’s because you’re not trying. Asking me for help is a sign that you *are* trying.”

Dany blinked. The man made sense. She almost smiled. “Okay. I need help,” she said.

“I wish you’d said that to me two months ago,” he said. “It’s a bit late now.”

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

THE PROFESSOR
and the
ENGINEERING
MAJOR

A Spanking Novel
BY THE FLOGMASTER

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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Chapter One

Even at 38 Dany still thought of herself as young and attractive, until she arrived on campus and saw all the hot 18-year-olds in skimpy shorts and tight jeans.

What the hell am I doing here? she asked herself, suddenly feeling her age. Her own daughter was almost as old as her fellow students.

“Are you the new English teacher?”

Dany turned and discovered an extremely young-looking man peering at her. His eyes were wide with excitement and his grin was sassy, his eyebrows raised in an expectant leer. Subtle, he was not, but clearly he didn’t find her repulsive, which made her feel better.

“Actually, I’m a student,” she said boldly. “I’m looking for Hayden Hall. Do you know where that is?”

“No shit?” said the boy, clearly amazed that such an elderly woman could get out of bed, let alone attend college. “Wow. Uh, Hayden’s the engineering college. You don’t want that.”

“I don’t?” It was Dany’s turn to raise her eyebrows

suggestively.

“Uh, well, I mean, you’re a girl. I mean, a woman. You —”

“I have a class with Professor Gibson starting in fifteen minutes. Do you mind pointing me in the right direction? I don’t want to be late on my first day.”

“Uh, sure.” The boy pointed, and Dany set off, pleased with the feel of the kid’s eyes on her ass.

She wondered how long he’d stare after her. It made her self-conscious, for her butt was broad and not compact like so many of the tight little tushes she saw around her. But then she was fully grown, had pushed out a 6-pound baby, and had some Hispanic heritage that gave her a voluptuous figure men adored.

Alfonso had certainly admired her backside. He always said it was her best feature. Dany felt a pang in her chest that she hated. How could she still have feelings for him after everything he’d done? It had been nearly a year since the divorce and still she hurt. She wanted desperately to move on. Not quite into dating—she was done with men for a while—but at least to not feel such ridiculous longing for a man who was far removed from the one she’d married 18 years earlier.

Hayden Hall was a huge rectangular building shaded by giant oaks. Dany headed up the path and marched up the cement steps, her heart twitching nervously. For a split second she was compelled to turn around and forget the whole thing, but pushed on, knowing that she needed this. She didn’t quite know why, for it wasn’t like she was going to start an engineering career at her age, but it was just

something she felt she had to do.

She'd quit college halfway through her degree to marry Alfonso, what she now thought of as a huge mistake, so perhaps this was a way to turn back the clock and rectify matters. Whatever the reason, she was going to graduate and accomplish *something*. Maybe she just wanted to prove to herself that she could do this without a man.

Just as she thought this she found her classroom and realized it was 90% men. She saw only two girls out of perhaps 30 men in the room. Almost all of them turned to look at her as she entered, most with puzzled or amused expressions as they tried to figure out what she was doing there. She knew it was the right room—she'd triple-checked her schedule.

She found a seat toward the back and made a point of hauling out her thick textbook and placing it on the desk in front of her so that everyone could see she was a student and not a teacher. She settled in and waited, wondering what the professor would be like, and trying to ignore the whispers and stares of her classmates.

Fortunately, she didn't have to wait long. After just a few minutes a tall, lanky gentleman entered. He was in his forties, with dark hair liberally sprinkled with gray. He was dressed in a fine dark suit with a white shirt and a gray tie. His jacket was fully buttoned despite the warm fall weather. His face was narrow, handsome in a stern manner, his beard full and surrounding his mouth, though it was neatly trimmed and nothing like a caveman look. Dany thought he looked distinguished, just like a professor should.

Professor Jacob Gibson gazed around the room as he

straightened his materials on his podium. He checked the clock and compared it to his watch, frowned, and crossed over to the door to shut it firmly.

“My name is Professor Gibson and this is Linear Algebra and Differential Equations. If you’re not supposed to be here, please leave. Be aware that I do not tolerate tardiness. If you’re not here on time, you’re not here, as far as I am concerned. Unlike the courses of some of my colleagues, attendance to my classes are mandatory. If you are not here you will receive a zero for the day and attendance is ten percent of your grade.

“I do not grade on a curve, there are no makeup tests, and I don’t offer extra credit, so don’t even ask. This is a tough course. I won’t lie to you about that. A third of you will fail and be repeating this next semester. That’s not my problem. For an engineering degree, understanding basic algebra and differential equations is critical. I take this course seriously and so should you.

“If you don’t like anything I’m saying, you might as well leave right now.”

There was a long, nervous pause. Heads were turning as students looked at each other. Finally one young man, his face reddening, got up and scrambled away. He rushed to the door and departed, clearly intimidated by the teacher’s foreboding lecture. Dany wondered if she should follow him. But she needed this course. She stayed put.

“Very well. If everyone—” Professor Gibson paused. Dany looked up, wondering why he’d stopped speaking, and discovered the man’s dark eyes were boring into hers.

“Excuse me, miss. But aren’t you in the wrong

classroom?”

“No sir,” said Dany, her heart beating faster and her face growing slightly warm. She nervously held up her textbook to show she knew what class she’d signed up for.

“How old are you?”

Dany flushed. “That’s none of your business,” she mumbled defensively.

“It is my business if you’re just here to waste my time. Are you auditing? I don’t permit that.”

“No, I’m a real student.” Dany took a deep breath. “Not that it’s any of your business, but I dropped out of college a, uh, number of years ago and now I’m back. I want to finish my engineering degree.”

“Really.” Sarcasm dripped from the man’s chin. “*You* want to become an engineer?”

Dany bristled. Suddenly she didn’t like this man, regardless of how good-looking he was. She straightened her shoulders. “Yes. I’m majoring in Multidisciplinary Engineering, if you must know.”

“What is your name?”

“Dany Palmira.”

The man frowned. “I approved you, but I didn’t realize you were—”

“What, *old?*” snarled Dany. “A *woman?* That’s none of your concern, Mr. Gibson. I have every right to take this course, just as much as any man!”

“I was going to say I didn’t realize you’d been out of school for so long, Miss Palmira. How long has it been?”

“It’s Mrs. Palmira, and I don’t see what difference it makes how long I—”

“It makes a tremendous difference, *Mrs. Park*,” interrupted the professor. “Engineering is not a static profession. I’m not even sure the courses you took 20 years ago even qualify for the prerequisites. Plus, if you haven’t studied the material in 20 years, I doubt you’re ready for a class such as this.”

“It’s only been 18 years, and I have been brushing up. I still had my old textbooks and I went back through them and I think I’m ready.”

Professor Gibson looked skeptical, but shrugged. “Very well, *Mrs. Palmira*. But don’t expect preferential treatment from me. I will demand the same from you as I demand of all my students.”

Dany slouched in her seat as the man turned away from her. He flipped on a projector and adjusted his laptop to show a slide of the course syllabus. As he began going through the material, she began to sweat. Her boast of having caught up wasn’t entirely true. She had found the textbooks, but that was it. She’d intended to study them, but had run out of time. Now she realized that Professor Gibson was speaking a foreign language. She was woefully behind.

Maybe I should have started with something basic like Analytic Geometry or Calculus, she thought. It seemed a step back, since she’d taken those first-year courses years ago, but how much of them did she actually remember? The more Professor Gibson talked, the more she realized she was behind.

But she couldn’t back out now, not after bragging that she could handle his class. She would show the bastard. She

would ace his class and serve him up some humble pie!

She seethed as she tried to take notes. After years of living as an adult, it was a shock to be treated like a child. She didn't like it, and decided that after class she'd have some words with Professor Gibson. It wasn't fair for him to single her out just because she was a little older.

As the two-hour class finally ground to a halt, Dany had almost forgotten her plan. She was busy trying to figure out how she was going to get all her homework done in addition to her other classes and trying to catch up with her basic algebra. As she gathered her notes and textbook, students around her rapidly departing, she was startled when Professor Gibson called her name.

"Mrs. Palmira. Would you remain behind for a moment?"

Dany waited until almost everyone had left and slowly made her way down to the floor where the professor was erasing his whiteboard. By the time she got to him, they were alone, which was a relief. She felt tension in her chest and shoulders, positive he had plans to berate her.

Up close, she was troubled by how tall he was and how he looked even better than she'd thought. Confusion flooded her. She wanted to hate him, but also she wanted to like him.

"You wanted to see me, Professor Gibson?"

"Yes. I noticed you were handwriting your notes. Don't you have a laptop?"

"Is that a requirement?"

"No, but it's helpful. I go at a rapid pace and I'm not sure you can keep up handwriting everything. Plus, there's

supplemental material that's available online. You can look at it later, of course, but sometimes referring to such information during the class is helpful."

"I... I'll think about it," said Dany. She felt slightly embarrassed that it hadn't even occurred to her to bring a laptop. When she was in college everything was done by hand. Times had changed.

The man studied her somberly. "What exactly are you planning on doing with your degree, Mrs. Palmira?"

"You think I'm too old to start a career in engineering?"

"Did I say that?" Professor Gibson frowned. "You certainly like putting your words into other people's mouths."

"I didn't mean—" Dany began. Then she stopped, flustered. "Honestly, I don't know what I'm going to do with my degree. Maybe nothing. I know I'm old for a new career, especially in a field like engineering, but I still want this. Isn't that enough?"

"You tell me. Just how badly do you want this? Because it's not going to be easy."

Dany responded defensively before she considered her situation. "I can do it," she said confidently, almost immediately realizing that she should have told him the opposite and asked for help.

He nodded, coolly. "Do you at least have a final field of study? Multidisciplinary engineering is broad."

"I don't know yet what I'm most interested in. I am concerned about the environment, but I also like visual design. I know I don't want to do mechanical or electrical or computer science engineering."

“I see. You do realize that I am head of the College of Engineering? I am, in fact, your faculty advisor?”

Dany felt like she'd been stabbed in the heart. She tried not to let her disappointment show. “Oh, uh, right,” she muttered. She felt real horror at having this man as an obstacle before her. He could and probably would try and derail her every chance he got.

“As your faculty advisor, Mrs. Palmira, I have some advice for you: quit right now. At least quit trying for an engineering major. If you want a degree, go for a bachelor's in English or theatre or art.”

Dany opened her mouth in protest, but the man put up his hands before she could speak.

“Let me guess. You're recently divorced?”

“How'd you know that?”

Gibson sighed heavily. “I've seen it all before, Mrs. Palmira. Women your age end up alone, get bored, and decide to go back to college. Then, once you realize how difficult it is, you quit. I'm trying to spare you and me the waste of time. Just drop the course today. You can even get your money back.”

“I don't care about the money,” said Dany angrily. “I want to get my degree and I need this class to get it! Why are you so fucking determined to get me out of your class?”

There was a long pause while the man studied her, his expression neutral. Finally he shrugged.

“Very well, Mrs. Palmira. You can take my class. But you'd better not quit on me. I'm going to be watching you carefully. If I see you slacking at all, I'm going to eject you before you drag the whole class down with you. I mean even

one tardy, and you'll be out on your ass!"

"You can't do that!"

"As your faculty advisor and the head of the department, I can. I have utter autonomy when it comes to who the college of engineering accepts into our programs. Just give me any excuse and I'll see you're kicked out."

"That's so not fair."

"It's entirely fair. If you want an engineering degree, you're going to have to earn it just like every other student. That's the way the system works. This program is for serious students, not bored housewives who are just looking for something to occupy their time."

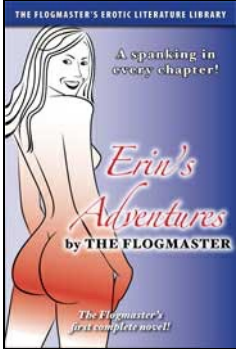
"I told you, I'm a serious student," Dany said stubbornly. But secretly she wondered if she was lying.

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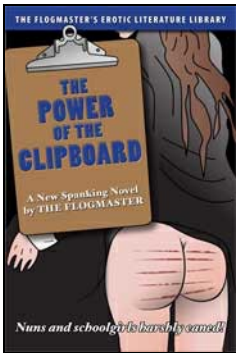
Novels



Erin's Adventures

(mostly F/f)

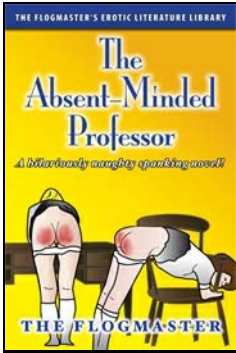
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



The Power of the Clipboard

(mostly M/f)

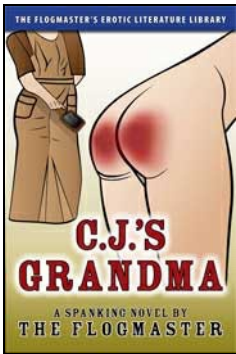
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



The Absent-Minded Professor

(mostly M/f)

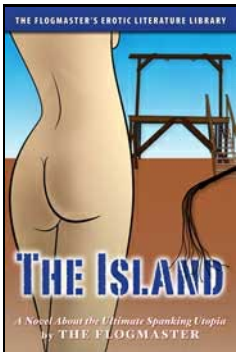
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



C.J.'s Grandma

(mostly F/f and f/f)

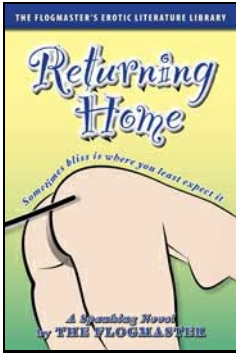
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



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.

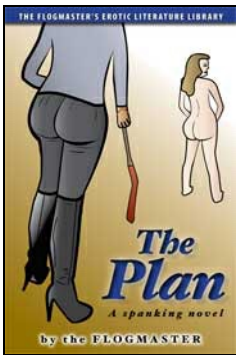


Returning Home

(mostly M/f)

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

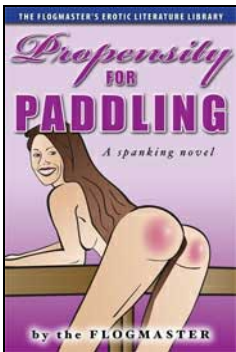
53,000 words.



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)

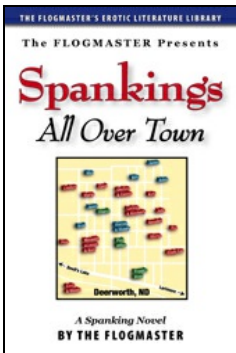
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



Cutiepie

(M/F/f)

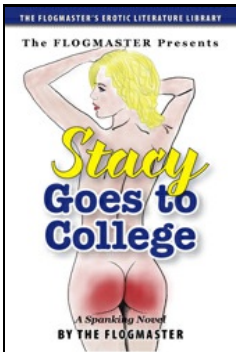
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



Spankings All Over Town

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

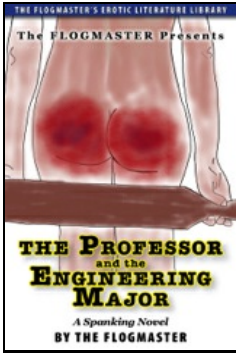
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



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.

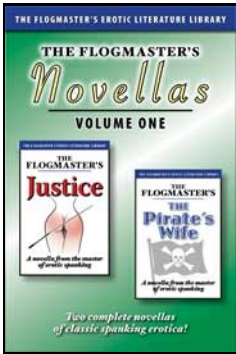


The Professor and the Engineering Major

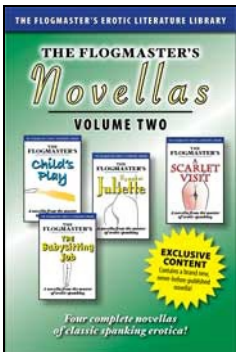
(M/FF)

When a depressed divorcee goes back to college in a tough major, she discovers that strict discipline is just what she needs to get her life back on track. 30,000 words.

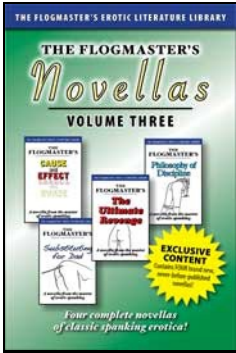
Novella Collections



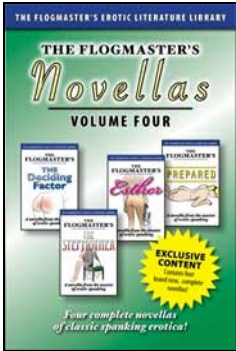
Volume 1— *Justice*: (F/F) A female servant's new mistress turns out not only to be extremely strict, but to have a mysterious secret in her past. ***The Pirate's Wife*:** (M/F) A kidnapped young woman falls in love with the cruel, mysterious pirate captain.



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.



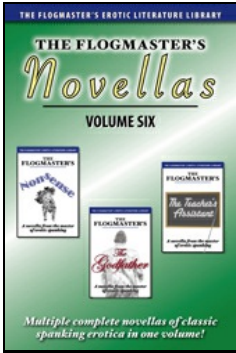
Volume 3— *Cause and Effect*: (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline*: (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad*: (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge*: (MF/Ff) A girl plots to get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



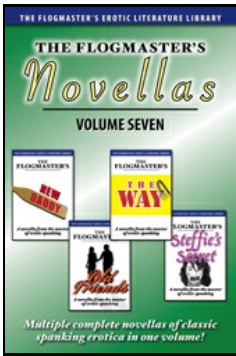
Volume 4— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



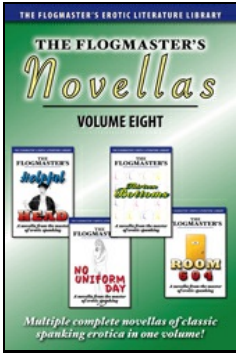
Volume 5— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and plays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



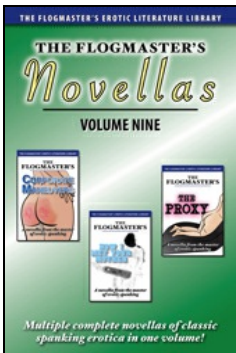
Volume 6— Nonsense: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather:* (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant:* (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



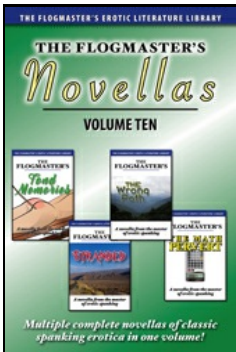
Volume 7— A New Daddy: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends:* (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret:* (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way:* (m/f) A boy is trained to cane.



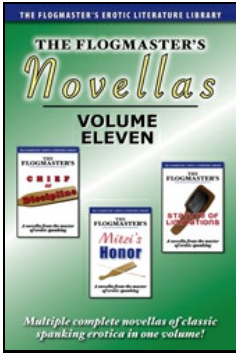
Volume 8— *Helpful Head*: (M/F) A description of the story goes here. *No Uniform Day*: (F/ffff) A schoolgirl hates her mandatory uniform. *Room 604*: (F/f) A good girl is repeatedly sent to the disciplinarian. *Thirteen Bottoms*: (M/Ffx15) A large group of girls are punished.



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.



Volume 11— *Statute of Limitations*: (F/F) While visiting her mother, a woman reveals a childhood crime and is shocked when she's punished for it.

Mitzi's Honor: (M/FF, F/MMF) Two professional contractors for rival mob families are assigned to take each other out. *Chief of Discipline*:

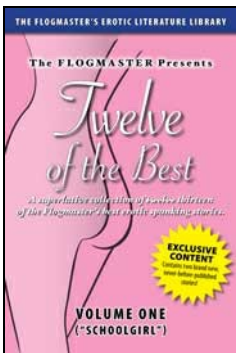
(M/FFFFF) Girls at a college are punished.



Volume 12— *Nurse Patty*: (F/f) A new girl at a strict school finds solace in a kindly nurse. *Brother and Sister*: (MF/fm) Orphaned twins are raised by strict step-parents. *Workaround*: (Mfm/fm) In the

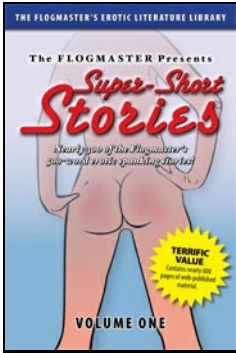
1940s, a girl and a boy sent to a disciplinarian, figure out a workaround. *The Devil Made Me Do It*: (M/fff) A 1950s lawman abuses his authority.

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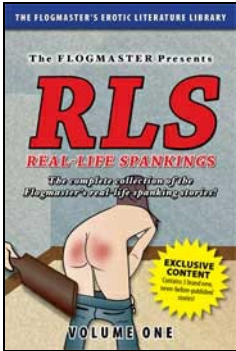
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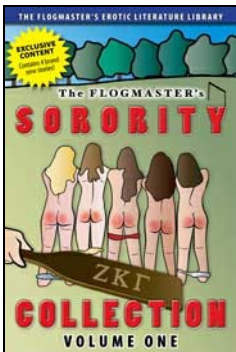
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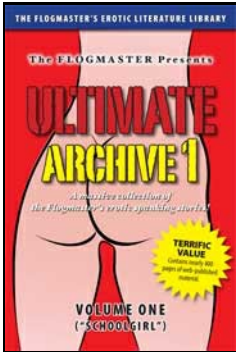
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