

LAMBDA  
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*Imelda Stark*



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Lambda House Rules:  
A Novel of Erotic Initiation  
By  
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ISBN: 978-1-950910-51-9  
A Pink Flamingo Ebook Publication  
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ISBN-13:

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About The Author

Imelda Stark is the *nom de plume* of a teacher and practitioner of psychotherapy at a major East Coast medical school (hence the need for a pseudonym). She has been exploring the psychologically complex realm of BD/SM for over forty novels now. Imelda strives to combine the eroticism she feels around challenging things happening to willing bottoms with an exploration of how we aficionados of these painful pleasures got to be the way we are. She welcomes and will respond to email at [imeldastark1@gmail.com](mailto:imeldastark1@gmail.com).

## Chapter One

Amanda Dunston smiled as she heard the tentative little knock at her office door. Her smile was a slow, broad, subtly predatory expression, a low-key version of that worn by the proverbial cat closing in on its hapless prey. Her mien reflected her genuine belief that she had found her perfect place in the world, one that gifted her with many crystalline moments like the current one. Precious moments in which she had carte blanche to do exactly what she most enjoyed with an at least nominally willing subject.

That subject was an absolutely gorgeous blonde college Freshwoman named Erica. She was a member of the school's cheerleading squad, and had a strong dose of hero worship for Amanda. The tall brunette was the team's beautiful if imperious Director. She was also the House Mother of Lambda House, the dorm in which team members were required to live. Of course the worried blonde had the taut trim perfect body required at the University for that role. For while the school was a very conservative place, that did not mean that the staff and alumni didn't appreciate the sanctioned display of the feminine charms of the Pep Squad. After all, the ladies in the stands were welcome to discreetly enjoy the muscular handsomeness of the athletic teams. Who would deny the males in the audience an equal opportunity to let their eyes linger on the youthful perfection of the cheerleaders? Especially as their contortions caused short skirts to flip up to reveal optimally sculpted thighs and derrieres.

Amanda had a good deal to do with the maintenance of that bodily perfection, leading her charges in the rigorous workouts necessary to performing at the level she demanded. She had been a Head Cheerleader herself at that very same school two decades earlier, and had slipped seamlessly into the role of Director once she graduated. This promotion was in no small part due to her fervent embrace of the values underlying the culture of the



University. It was a place that stubbornly extolled old-fashioned virtues, flaunting its conservative ethos unashamedly. This meant that young ladies were housed in female only dorms fiercely protected by powerful House Mothers. These formidable doyennes exercised their 'in loco parentis' roles quite literally, following the biblical injunction that to spare the rod was to spoil the child.

All students who enrolled signed a behavioral pledge including the granting of permission for designated authorities to inflict corporal punishment as the prescribed consequence of infractions of the campus' many rules. When Amanda had been Head Girl in Lambda House in her senior year, her own House Mother had noted with grim approval how strictly the lovely young woman administered her own punishments on the unhappy bottoms of miscreants in her charge. This led to her recruitment as the Director of the Pep Squad which came along with an Instructor slot in the PE Department. There she would also teach dance and general fitness classes. And eventually her House Mother retired and the trim brunette beauty slipped ably into that role as well. She had earned the hard way by enduring countless spankings herself the right to be called 'Mother' by the girls submitted to her not-always-tender mercies.

By the time our heroine had reached the beginning of our account, she had been in the two jobs for ten very satisfying years during which she also earned a Master's Degree in Psychology at the U's small graduate school. The source of that deep satisfaction was the unspoken perquisite that all of those in her role at the University enjoyed. No one ever acknowledged it openly, but the reason certain kinds of people were willing to accept the low pay and hard work that the U demanded of its junior faculty was their almost unlimited access to undergraduate rear ends to spank to their hearts' content.

Why, the perspicacious reader might ask, would young adult students be willing to submit themselves to such antiquated discipline? After all, weren't their cohorts around the country having free sex and intimidating their teachers into careful political correctness? The answer to these good questions was in the careful recruitment strategy in which the U proudly proclaimed its rejection of all trappings of liberation. Students who sought enrollment came from conservative homes in which many if not most had grown used from earliest memory to having their bottoms bared and belabored when they misbehaved. Their parents rested easy knowing that their collegiate offspring would be subjected to the same rigorous discipline on campus that they had received their entire lives. And as we will see, certain special students came to find that there were significant benefits to be reaped from their submission to authority.

There can be no doubt that those who coveted the positions of authority at the U that gave them carte blanche to administer corporal punishment found their task to be sexually gratifying. There was apparently no shortage of otherwise qualified men and women who would accept the low pay in order to take covert pleasure in the baring and chastising of beautiful young buttocks. But among the Houses, there was a secret but well-understood hierarchy of the degree to which corporal punishment was routinely eroticized. And Lambda House was at the extreme salacious end of that spectrum. Girls who opted to live there did so with the oft confirmed suspicion that after their bottoms had been properly chastised for their wicked ways; erotic rewards were available to those who wanted them.

Petite blonde Erica had been identified by Amanda as a candidate for just such attentions during the previous evening's routine Lambda House meeting. These were conducted by each House Mother several nights a week. After announcements and exhortations to good behavior

and proper Lambda spirit, these sessions consisted primarily of a roll call of each coed's demerits. Once a certain threshold was exceeded, that unlucky student was in for painful and embarrassing consequences for her backside before the meeting would be adjourned. Demerits were reported in by classroom teachers and school administrators or staff for misbehavior (such as failure to do homework, talking in class, flirting, rebelliousness, or cutting class). Public punishments were conducted in the residential Houses by the House Mothers for the girls and the House Masters for the boys. This avoided the erotic spectacle of watching the opposite gender's buttocks being bared and chastised. Of course, no one would acknowledge that bisexual or gay or lesbian students actually existed on campus. So any homosexual titillation from observing public spankings was not discussed and therefore presumed not to exist.

Each House had a large living room where students tended to congregate when not hard at work in their dorm rooms. And each of these rooms, in addition to comfortable couches, had a small sturdy 6-inch elevated dais at one end on which the House Mother and Head Girl would sit when addressing their minions. Each of these raised platforms also sported a peculiar item of furniture unique to the U. Legend had it that their Founder has designed and constructed the first prototype with his own hands. They were called Punishment Horses, and were constructed in the campus workshop out of fine hardwood. Patterned after standard saw or saddle horses, each had a 4-inch diameter cylindrical cross bar 4 feet long, into each end of which were countersunk two inch-thick 3 foot long legs whose feet were secured by brass screws to the wood of the dais. Each of those feet had a small hole drilled in it through which a 2-foot length of soft nylon rope was strung. This was used to secure each miscreant's wrists and ankles once she was



bent over the crossbar so she would not be tempted to interfere with her punishment.

So by the end of each House Meeting, there would be a line of blushing coeds to the left of the dais, each unconsciously patting her derriere in anticipation of its impending public ordeal. For the Founder had decreed, and the House Mothers and Masters fervently agreed, that God had Intelligently Designed that part of the human body quite perfectly to receive punitive attention. That attention was delivered, at least in public settings, with a black leather paddle consisting of an oval business end perhaps the size of a man's hand that extended into a six-inch handle of the same two-ply finished cowhide.

This implement was necessary in order to forestall any inappropriate contact between the flesh of the punisher's hand and the rather intimate region targeted by the punishment. When Amanda had been promoted to Head Girl her Senior year, her predecessor had passed down to her the paddle that went with that role. This was done, of course, after that very implement had been used one last time to belabor our heroine's perfect buttocks. These had been a weekly target of painful attention in spite of the brunette's best efforts at good behavior. The older girl had taken a special shine to Amanda, not only because of her trim muscular derriere, but due to the way her bottom reacted to its inevitable ordeals.

Head Girls and House Mothers paid close attention during routine public punishments to the telltale organ between the legs of penitent girls. (No doubt the leaders of the male dorms had parallel observations of their charges, though those less subtle signs tended to 'stick out like a sore thumb'). A certain small fraction of the female beneficiaries of their untender mercies would demonstrate a telltale engorgement and lubrication of their genital flowers. These were secretly termed 'Dirty Girls', and were especially prized by those in charge of them for many reasons. Most of

all would be the sheer sport of privately punishing and pleasuring students who were already wired to eroticize having their bottoms bared and spanked. But secondarily, these were the potential recruits for the next generation of inhabitants of the dominant role. They were to be carefully cultivated to pass on the tradition to generations of successors.

Public spankings were routinely delivered by the House Mother and Head Girl together, each paddling one side of the miscreant's derriere. After each girl in line had her demerits read out and enumerated, she would be prescribed a number of 'Our Fathers' she was to receive. This was also a tradition that the Founder had begun, making the recipient of corporal punishment call out one word of The Lord's Prayer after each painful intersection between the hard leather and soft buttock flesh. This would mean a total of seventy spansks, regarded to be a good minimum dose to effectively discourage basic infractions. Of course, if a girl was too upset to keep her count and choke out the proper word of the prayer, her chastisement would start over from its beginning. Punishments would increase in integer increments of that prescription, though it was rare to see a public spanking exceed two or three Our Fathers. Of course, what the House Mothers and Head Girls got up to in their private sessions with their favorite Dirty Girls was a different matter entirely.

So when each miscreant girl was called up, usually already blushing and sometimes even premonitorily shedding a few tears, she would be led to the Punishment Horse in the center of the dais. There she would be helped by her stern leaders to face the crossbar and bend over to have her wrists firmly tied to the back feet of the device. No desperate hands were to be able to come between her naked buttocks and their torment. Then her pleated plaid midi uniform skirt would be raised and deposited carefully over her torso. There it would stay no matter how