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CONTENT**

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new stories!

The FLOGMASTER's

SORORITY



COLLECTION

VOLUME ONE

Selected Excerpts

FROM *AN IMPORTANT LESSON:*

Twelve dripping girls stood shivering. They looked glumly out at the glaring lights. Water gurgled down a nearby drain in the floor, but not a single pledge moved to leave. Camilla nodded and two giant sisters, top volleyball players with biceps the size of dinner hams, stepped into the view of the pledges. Each sister held an aching long paddle-board of polished maple, the back decorated with the sorority's Greek letters in blood-red scarlet.

The watching pledges gulped in fear at the awesome bottom boards. The icy bath was forgotten as every girl knew she'd be warm enough in a moment.

FROM *SAVE OUR SORORITY:*

We'd watched the "Red Bottomed Pledges" tape earlier and laughed and some of us felt nostalgic that such initiations were of the past with the modern paddling ban. Charlene scoffed at the "wimpy" paddlings on the tape. "A real initiation would be so much harder," she said.

I think it was Julie—this angel-faced sweet little girl—who questioned why the actresses on the tape did the movie. "I get why we pledges would take paddling to get into a sorority, but why do those girls do it?"

"They get paid, dummy," said Mindy.

"Really? How much?"

"I don't know. Quite a bit, I suppose. I mean, those boards *hurt*. You ain't gonna do that for peanuts."

Someone—it might even have been me, things are vague in my memory—then dropped the bomb. "Why don't we make a video?"

"What the hell are you talking about?" Mindy said.

"To raise money to save the sorority."

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

SORORITY COLLECTION

VOLUME ONE

***The complete collection of the
Flogmaster's sorority spanking stories!***

***This collection contains fictionalized
accounts of the sorority spankings of
minors and adults (usually female and
sometimes non-consensual). Some stories
may contain sexual activities.***

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 **MFmflabels** 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

An Important Lesson **10**

FF/Fx12 — semi-cons paddling

A shy sorority pledge learns to be bold. (1,913 words.)

My Visit to Delta House **16**

M/FF — sorority paddling, games

A high school boy visits his older brother's frat house at college and gets his eyes opened as to the benefits of modern education. (12,287 words.)

The Final Cut **52**

F/F — sorority paddling

A girl discovers the price of joining a sorority. (1,221 words.)

The Final Initiation **57**

F/F8 — sorority paddlings

Young ladies learn the true cost of joining a sorority. (3,268 words.)

The Fratority **68****MF+/MMMFFF — semi-nc, fratorority paddling, humil**

Several pledges vie to become members of a fratorority. (12,193 words.)

Pledge Games **107****Fx15/Mx8, Fx6 — semi-cons paddling, fellatio**

Sorority and fraternity pledges are paddled in a vicious initiation game of sucking cock. (3,527 words.)

Save Our Sorority **118****Fx5/Fx5 — cons paddling**

Sorority pledges come up with a costly plan to raise money for their troubled sorority. (9,781 words.)

Sorority Dreams **145****F/Fx6, F/M — semi-cons paddling**

Six nervous sorority pledges each dream about what Hell Night will be like. (16,656 words.)

Sorority Girl #092 **196****F/F — sorority paddling**

A sorority sister remembers paddlings. (1,239 words.)

Sorority Plots **200**

F/F — sorority paddling

A guy tricks his girlfriend into getting sorority paddlings.
(2,535 words.)

Spank Me, Please! **209**

M/F — sorority paddling, sex

A young lady faces a difficult sorority initiation and asks the narrator for his astute assistance. (3,381 words.)

An Important Lesson

FF/Fx12 — semi-cons paddling

A shy sorority pledge learns to be bold. (1,913 words.)

THE ROW OF NEARLY naked girls, dressed only in bras and panties and dark hoods over their heads, made quite a sight. There were twelve of them—the latest batch of pledges to the Pi Alpha Rho sorority—shivering nervously as they stood on the cold tile floor of the basement rumpus room.

President Camilla gave the signal and the hoods were torn off, leaving the pledges blinking wide-eyed and confused in the glare from a bank of bright lights pointed right at them. The spotlights meant they could only sense and not see the crowd of sisters watching them.

Suddenly several hoses began to blast the girls with icy water. The pledges screamed and howled, pressing against the tile wall in a vain attempt to escape. Panties and brassieres were quickly soaked and became transparent, showing smooth skin, dark furry bushes, and the stubby knobs of erect nipples.

“Welcome to Pi Alpha,” cried Camilla as the hoses were shut off. “Tonight you begin your pledging. We’re not going to be easy on you, but trust me, the rewards will be worth it. However, if you’ve changed your mind, now’s your chance to leave.”

There was a long silence as twelve dripping girls stood shivering. They looked glumly out at the glaring lights. Water gurgled down a nearby drain in the floor, but not a single pledge moved to leave. Camilla nodded and two giant sisters, top volleyball players with biceps the size of dinner hams, stepped into the view of the pledges. Each sister held

an achingly long paddle-board of polished maple, the back decorated with the sorority's Greek letters in blood-red scarlet.

The watching pledges gulped in fear at the awesome bottom boards. The icy bath was forgotten as every girl knew she'd be warm enough in a moment.

"We're going to begin with a little welcome spanking." Camilla's pretty mouth was wide in a crocodile's smile. "Who would like to be first?"

When no one moved, she made a small notation on her pad. "No volunteers?"

The pledges exchanged solem looks. Breasts heaved nervously as the young women panted. Feet shifted. Several throats undulated with gulps and hard swallows.

Camilla made another note. "Please don't tell me I'm going to have to select someone." After a slight pause, she added in a mild but somehow intimidating tone, "You will not like it if I have to choose."

Among the terrified teenagers on display, one tall red-headed girl flung her wet tresses from side to side and bravely stepped forward. She took a deep breath and breathed, "I'll go first."

Camilla's smile was sunshine. She waved, and the pledges noticed for the first time the wooden box she indicated. The lower portion of the L-shaped frame included foot mounts which the redhead bravely mounted. She leaned forward over the top of the podium, her hands reaching down to the wooden handles on either side. Two sisters quickly wrapped her wrists and ankles with wide strips of Velcro, rending her immobile and pinned to the box. Now the redhead's eyes were wide with fear as Camilla approached.

"Since you were first, you will be known as Pledge Number One. You will not have a name until you're accepted into the Sisterhood." She draped a string necklace over the head of the bent pledge. At the base of the string hung a black square with a white "1" in the center.

Camilla's eyes went to the remaining pledges. "Which of you is second?"

After a brief pause, a girl stepped forward. She was petite and plump, but spunky, and she grinned at the sorority pres with a big smile. "I am Number Two!"

"Good. Stand over here. Who's next?"

Slowly girls took their places in line behind the bent redhead. One short and stocky girl held back. Her name was Emily and she was notoriously quiet and shy. The clothes she wore never flattered her figure and proved she knew nothing about fashion. Yet now, naked except for full bra and lacy panties, she was surprisingly attractive with a trim waist and wide, rounded hips. Instead of appearing chubby, she looked sexy. She had no inkling of this, however, and was still filled with the same social awkwardness she'd had throughout her high school years. Her glasses were splattered with water droplets and she blinked at the glaring lights like a lost owl. She had never been paddled in her life and the concept terrified her. She certainly didn't attempt to lead, but fell to the end of the line and ended up in the last position.

Sisters brought each pledge a necklace with her number, and the waiting pledges held hands for support as they watched their bravest take her licks. The two athletes with the paddles stood on either side of the presented rump. Camilla used a long pair of shiny scissors to snip off the redhead's bra and damp panties, laughing at the pledge's plaintive protest. She tossed them into a pile in the corner.

"Number One, this should have been a mere token punishment: just two swats. But since you took so long to volunteer, it will now be ten licks. Begin when ready, Sisters, and think on the penalty of your reluctance, pledges!"

The redhead's butt was lovely, full and pert. She was a slender girl with modest hips, but her bent position emphasized her rear and presented her audience with smooth pale orbs of splendid definition. With a tall sister on either hip, the heavy wooden boards went to work,

the sisters working in tandem to land blows with scarcely a pause between them.

Jaws of the watching pledges dropped in shock and horror at the tremendous force of the spansks. The paddles walloped into the meaty butt as though attempting a grand slam. If she hadn't been so thoroughly restrained, the redhead would have run screaming from the room. Instead she just writhed and screamed and jerked vainly at her bonds. Her buttocks instantly went pink and then to a virulent red, but the boards continued to smack her cheeks until the full dose of ten swats had been delivered.

She lay sobbing as the ankle and wrist straps were torn off and then she stood up clutching her reddened buttocks ruefully, panting and wincing. A sister guided her to the side where she could watch her fellow pledges take their turns on the trestle.

Spunky Number Two's round face was pale and she was trembling as she was locked into position and her undergarments trimmed off. She tried to smile bravely. Her buttocks were large and mooned the audience like a small beach ball.

"Because you were more reluctant to volunteer, you'll receive two extra swats," said Camilla in a voice like honey. Her blue eyes gazed at the waiting pledges, who shivered, but none realized the significance of her words. All were focused on the big spunky butt shivering before them, pale as white cheese, the owner already sniffing back tears in terror.

Then the boards began to slam into the big bottom with furious power, the muscles of the two athletic sisters getting a workout as they pounded relentlessly. There was no time for poor Number Two gather her wits or courage. The pain was simply an assault, and it built up to dangerous levels of outrage within just seconds. The spunky eighteen-year-old howled and writhed, her buttocks bouncing, but there was nothing she could do to avoid the stinging pain. The wooden

The FLOGMASTER'S SORORITY COLLECTION I

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.

Who doesn't love a sexy sorority story? Nubile coeds behaving badly, daring and embarrassing initiations, and of course, bare bottom paddlings. The Flogmaster has gathered all his best sorority stories—including four brand new ones—and put them all in one convenient book. Yes, you are welcome. The eleven stories included in this volume are:

*An Important Lesson**; *My Visit to Delta House*; *The Final Cut*; *The Final Initiation*; *The Fraternity*; *Pledge Games**; *Save Our Sorority**; *Sorority Dreams**; *Sorority Girl #092*; *Sorority Plots*; *Spank Me, Please!*

* Brand new, never-before-published story, exclusive to this volume.