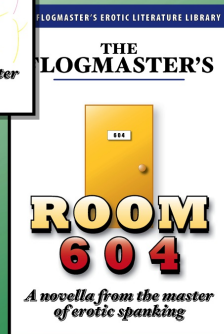
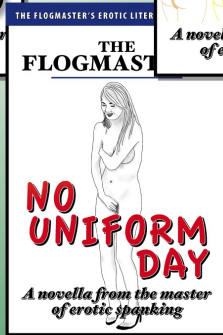
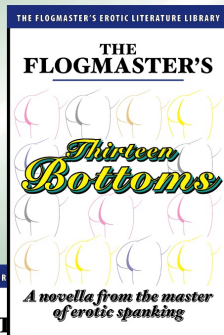


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THE FLOGMASTER'S  
*Novellas*  
VOLUME EIGHT



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

# Random Praise for the Flogmaster's Writing

*Oh, what a wet dream. Loved it. Wish I could live it.*

**GENTBB**

*Wow, nice job. I think they need a man to cane them when they fail.*

**ONEGAME**

*Oh, that last line has me thinking very nasty spanky thoughts.*

**BENDOVER**

*I have never read a story this intense before this moment. Whew! I can barely catch my breath. What a magnificent piece!*

**ISLANDCAROL**

*Enjoyed the story.*

**CANADIANS PANKEE**

*Great story as usual, really enjoyable.*

**LIZZYHAYES**

*I'll never view Peter Pan quite the same again. Now I'll always imagine Wendy with bottom bared. Perhaps surrounded by pirates?*

**BILLJAM**

## **Selected Excerpts**

### **From *Helpful Head*:**

“Oh, you poor dear,” said the headmaster gently. “Why are you so frightened of being spanked if you don’t even know what it’s like? Maybe it’s not as bad as you think.”

Molly looked astonished. “But spankings are *awful*!” She licked her lips. A hint of doubt crept into her voice as she added, “Aren’t they?”

### **From *No Uniform Day*:**

“Didn’t you get the cane for wearing jeans to school a couple of months ago?”

“Yes, Dad, but today is different. It’s ‘No uniform day.’ We can all wear whatever we want.”

“Really? That doesn’t sound like St. Martha’s,” said Doris, Eliza’s mother.

### **From *Room 604*:**

The woman opened a cabinet filled with thin canes, wooden paddles, and thick leather belts. She carefully selected one of the rods and removed it, shutting the cabinet door. Taylor stared, astonished and terrified.

“Ma’am, please! There must be some mistake.”

“No mistake. You’re to receive six of the best.”

### **From *Thirteen Bottoms*:**

“There’s only one test remaining.”

“What’s that?” Mark Porter flexed a cane, feeling strong and authoritative.

“This cushion is a simulation. It’s not bad for training, but striking real buttocks is a different experience. There are many subtleties you must master. The movement of the target, for instance. It’s odd, but girls don’t like to stay still for the cane! It is essential that your training include some real bottoms.”

## 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 EIGHT**

*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.

# Contents

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## Helpful Head

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**★ ★ ★ ★ ★ , M/f—Severe, semi-consensual spanking, wooden ruler, strapping, paddling, caning**

To overcome her fear of being caned, a headmaster “helps” a new girl grow accustomed to being spanked.

## No Uniform Day

---

**★ ★ ★ ★ ★ , F/fx6—Severe, non-consensual caning, paddling, rulering, slipping, strapping, spanking**

A schoolgirl who hates her mandatory uniform learns a severe lesson about pride and how to dress.

## Room 604

---

**★ ★ ★ ★ ★ , F/f—Severe, non-consensual paddling, caning, strapping**

A good girl gets repeatedly sent to the school disciplinarian by an anonymous faculty member for no discernible reason.

## Thirteen Bottoms

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**★ ★ ★ ★ ★ , M/Ffx15—Severe, non-consensual judicial-style caning**

A large group of girls are punished.





# Helpful Head

**(★★★★★, M/f—Severe, semi-consensual spanking, wooden ruler, strapping, paddling, caning)**

To overcome her fear of being caned, a headmaster “helps” a new girl grow accustomed to being spanked. (Approximately 15,352 words.)

## One

---

**M**olly was a pretty girl with shoulder-length black hair and a slender figure. She was shy and quiet, gnawing on her pink lower lip as she looked around the headmaster’s cozy study nervously. Dressed in the school’s mandatory navy blazer, white blouse, and trim black skirt, she looked as precious as a kitten.

When the girl rotated to take in all of the office, the Head

noticed something intriguing. The skirt was tight across Molly's haunches and revealed such a pert, jutting bottom that it aroused the headmaster's keen interest. The two sturdy hams were well-defined even through the dark fabric and showed such a perfectly bouncy shape that the man began to have unholy thoughts. He shook them off urgently.

"Please, come in and have a seat. Welcome to St. Bartholomew's."

"Thank you, sir," said the girl. She was just sixteen, though she looked older, and this was her first private school. Arnold knew that from her records, but even if he hadn't had those he would have seen it on her face. Everything was new and intimidating to her, so he smiled warmly and moved out from behind his oversized desk and guided her to a set of chairs in front of the fireplace.

"Let's sit and chat for a bit. I'm sure you have questions about the school. Let me allay your fears."

Hesitantly, Molly took the chair next to him. Her head was still swiveling around like a fan at a tennis match. He saw her gazing at his impressive collection of first editions, then wandering to his trophies and awards, and moving from them to his Alex Derousselle oil painting above the mantle.

"It's an original," he said with pleasure. "I got it an auction about fifteen years ago."

"It's... nice," she said, clearly just being polite. The seascape was grim, a tiny rowboat caught in a typhoon and about to be swamped by a giant wave, and most found it disturbing. Arnold thought it inspiring, an excellent reminder of mortality.

“Relax, Miss Simcox. Everything will be fine. If not, I’ll make it fine!” He grinned at her and she slowly grinned back. “What’s your trouble?”

“I don’t even know where to begin.”

“Start anywhere, then. You’ve settled into the dormitory? How do you like your roommates?”

“They’re okay, I suppose. But they’ll all been attending here for years. They’ve forgotten what it’s like to be new.”

“I suppose all our customs and traditions must seem odd and unsettling?”

“Yes sir. I’m— I’m always afraid I’ll do or say the wrong thing and make a fool of myself.”

“We’re all fools at one time or another, Molly. It’s nothing to stress about.”

She looked at him in surprise, her dark eyes bright with keen intelligence. “I never thought about it like that. I suppose you’re right: I’m making a bigger deal of this than I should.”

“Precisely, my dear! The only thing to fear is fear itself, I believe someone famous once said.” He winked at her broadly and she laughed.

“You need to relax,” he continued. “You’re very tense. I realize there is a lot of stress coming to a new school, especially one like this where you’re away from family and friends, and you may also feel ostracized because you’re here on a scholarship, but I assure that information will remain secret. No one will know that your parents aren’t incredibly wealthy. That’s why St. Bart’s operates with such old-fashioned rules: we ban cellphones and personal electronics, everyone wears the same uniform, makeup isn’t

permitted, and so on: we don't want anything to betray your economic level. That's no one's business but your own."

"But these other girls are so sophisticated!" cried Molly. "They talk differently than me, and they know everything about the school and I know nothing."

"It will take time. You have to give yourself permission to make a few mistakes, Molly. So what if you say the wrong thing or don't get a St. Bart's inside joke. It'll come with time. By this time next year you'll be a veteran."

"I suppose. But it's embarrassing right now. I'm always running late because I still don't know where all my classes are, the other girls won't tell me what they're giggling about, and I'm always worried I'll violate some unknown St. Bart's rule."

Arnold laughed, his big belly shaking. "That's *normal*, child. Everything takes time. Relax. What's the worst that can happen?"

Molly's eyes were still wandering the room, though slightly less frantically now. But suddenly as he said those words they froze, bulging as she stared at the wall. A wooden rack was mounted there that was similar to a device for holding billiard cues, except this one held four different sizes of thin, crock-handled canes.

"That," gasped Molly, pointing. "*That's* the worst that can happen!"

The headmaster turned to see what her shaking index finger was indicating. He laughed. "Oh, those canes? They're for naughty girls who are sent to me to have their bottoms striped!"

Molly moaned, her face bleach white as she trembled

violently. "Please sir, please! I can't be caned, I just can't! I couldn't handle it. I can't handle pain at all. I'm a total wimp, sir. I'm a coward. It's shameful, but I can't help it. There's no way I could bear such a punishment."

She began to cry and the headmaster frowned, realizing that the girl was utterly serious. He started to explain that the items were just props, leftover from the dark ages when corporal punishment was still practiced, but then he had a fresh vision of the girl as she'd entered his room, turning to reveal a marvelous rear that thrust outward in a way that cried out for physical discipline.

"What makes you think you'd ever be naughty enough to deserve the cane?" he said softly.

"Brandi already told me that you beat for everything here," said Molly, still sobbing a little. "I've been let off for being late to some classes because it's my first week, but starting next week I'm sure to get the cane for each violation."

Arnold wanted to laugh at the girl's exaggerated terror, but he refrained, both because it felt cruel to mock the girl and also because it suddenly occurred to him that he had been presented with a marvelous opportunity.

"Relax, Miss Simcox. Sit up straight and stop all that silly weeping!"

His slightly sharper tone alarmed the girl who looked up, stunned, and without thinking about it she stiffened her back and obeyed.

"Now, do you *want* to get the cane across your bare bottom?"

Molly gasped, her eyes the size of dollar coins. She shook

her head frantically, her eyes welling with fresh tears. “No, sir, definitely not!”

“Then you need to listen to me and pay attention. Can you do that?”

“Yes... sir.”

“Good. Now, we don’t use the cane often here at St. Bart’s....” Arnold reflected that much wasn’t a lie. “Your roommate was teasing you when she said that. You certainly will never be caned for being late to class. The worse you’d face is an hour’s detention after school.”

“Oh, thank you sir! That’s a huge relief.”

“Of course, too much of such minor wrong-doing *will* end you up in my office.” He nodded toward the cane rack, making Molly tremble. “But even then that doesn’t necessarily mean you’ll get the cane. There are all sorts of things I could spank you with: a wooden paddle, a leather strap, a ruler, even my hand. So I wouldn’t get too stressed out about the cane.”

“But I’ve never been sp-spanked at all!” whispered Molly, her voice cracking. She still looked queasy. “I know it’s normal for a private school and I guess my folks agreed to it to let me come here, but I’m really terrified of it. I’m so nervous I’m on pins and needles day and night!”

“Oh, you poor dear,” said Arnold gently. “Why are you so frightened of being spanked if you don’t even know what it’s like? Maybe it’s not as bad as you think.”

Molly looked astonished. “But spankings are *awful!*” She licked her lips. A hint of doubt crept into her voice as she added, “Aren’t they?”

“That depends on your attitude. Surely you’ve been

punished in some way during your life. Detention or lines at school, grounding at home, maybe a time out as a little girl?”

“Oh sure, of course.”

“Now were those so awful?”

“No. I wasn't too keen on them, but they didn't physically hurt me. Spankings *hurt*... don't they?”

“Of course spankings hurt. But you must have suffered pain in your life. A shot at the dentist or doctor, a sports injury, maybe a slap in a fight. Did that pain kill you?”

“No, but I didn't like it. I wouldn't *volunteer* for it.”

“But people volunteer for pain all the time. Athletes put their bodies through a grueling regime in order to force their muscles to grow and strengthen. We're often in discomfort when we work or study, but we do it anyway, because we know the long-term results are good for us.”

Molly frowned, her forehead creasing. “I don't see what this has to do with... *spankings*.”

“When you were punished for doing something wrong, did you resent the punishment? I don't mean did you not like it—it wouldn't be much of a punishment if you enjoyed it—but did you feel the punishment was deserved?”

“I guess so. A few times I thought the punishment was unfair at the time, but later I realized I did deserve it. I had been bad.”

“And that punishment you received was a form of pain as penance for your crime.”

“I see what you're getting at,” said Molly hesitantly. “But it still seems to me there's a lot of difference between some minor discomfort and the utter agony of a caning.”

Arnold sat back and didn't respond for a moment. The young girl looked at him expectantly. She was less nervous now, actively participating in the discussion, and listening intently to his every word. He waited another moment to give his comments more impact.

"Tell me, Molly, have you heard of emotional pain?"

"Of course. That's like grief or mental abuse."

"You've experienced it?"

"A few times, I guess."

"Tell me about one of them."

She thought for a moment. "When I was in sixth grade I entered a new school and I accidentally overheard some popular girls talking about me. They said really nasty things about me, all untrue. A girl I thought was my friend was with them and she didn't stick up for me and even laughed with the others. It hurt me terribly."

"That's a perfect example. I bet that pain didn't go away quickly, did it?"

"Oh no. I was miserable for weeks. I couldn't sleep, couldn't even look at my friend. At times I felt like I was going to die. It was an awful time."

Arnold leaned forward excitedly. "Now if I gave you a choice between say, a prick with needle, or suffering that emotional pain again, which would you choose?"

"Needle," Molly said instantly.

"Why?"

"Because it would only hurt for a moment. The other pain lasted for weeks."

"What if I upped the ante and said that instead of a needle prick it would be a single swat with a big wooden



paddle?”

Molly swallowed hard. “I’d still take the paddle for the same reason.”

“What if it was *ten* swats?”

“That sounds bad, but I guess it would still be better than the other.”

“But one involves intense physical pain... the other’s just in your mind. Surely you’d avoid the physical sensation.”

“But it wouldn’t hurt that much or for very long,” put in Molly defensively. “That other pain—I cried myself to sleep almost every night for weeks. I was miserable the whole time. Going to school was hell. I’d much rather take a little physical pain to avoid all that.”

“So there are circumstances where you’d willing choose physical pain. That’s very interesting, isn’t it?”

Molly nodded. “Yeah, I never thought about it like that before.”

“If you had a choice between being grounded and not allowed to watch television for a whole month, or a five minute spanking, which would you choose?”

“The TV ban. I don’t watch it anyway,” said the girl with a wicked grin. “But I know what you’re saying. I get it. But I’m still very frightened. Even if I *chose* a spanking over something worse, that doesn’t mean I’d be able to endure it. I’d probably shriek my head off and make a fool of myself.”

Arnold scratched his chin thoughtfully for a moment. “If I recall, you aren’t into athletics. Let’s see, you play the piano, right?”

“Yes, since I was six.”

“Did you play it perfectly from the start?”

“Of course not. I had years of training and practice.”

“So over time, with instruction and repetition, you became proficient.”

“Yes sir.”

“Perhaps that’s what you need in regards to corporal punishment.”

Molly’s forehead wrinkled in puzzlement. “I don’t understand. You’re saying I need to *practice* spanking?”

“Being spanked,” said Arnold. “Yes. Right now you’re frightened and nervous about it, and you won’t do well because it’s new. But with practice, you’ll get good at it, just like with the piano.”

“But... that’s crazy!”

“Why? It’s scientifically proven: practice makes perfect. If you want to be stoic and not make a fool of yourself during a spanking, you need to practice.”

“But I haven’t been bad. You’re saying I need volunteer for spankings I don’t deserve just for the practice?”

“Why not?”

“Because it’s... crazy.” Molly’s voice dropped off, sounding doubtful.

“Why is it so crazy? Wouldn’t you rather get your first spanking as part of a gentle instructional course instead of waiting until you’ve committed some fault and have to be corrected for real?”

“I guess, but... you’re saying this would be like a class? A ‘how to be spanked’ class?”

“Sure! That’s a perfect description. You’ll be trained, and by the time you graduate from the ‘class’ you’ll be able take even a harsh caning with one of those sticks up there

without sobbing your eyes out and embarrassing yourself.”

Molly’s dark eyes were wide, but she was nodding. “I’m still terrified, but yeah, training sounds good. It would start off easy, right? Like with piano lessons. Learn the basics, then over time add a second hand and more and more complexity.”

“Exactly!” beamed Arnold. “We’d begin very easily, a simple hand-spanking across my lap. It wouldn’t hurt much at all, but you’d get comfortable with the whole experience. Gradually we’d increase the pain, maybe switch to a ruler, and then eventually a paddle, and when you’re ready for it, the cane.”

“You’d really do this for me?” breathed Molly.

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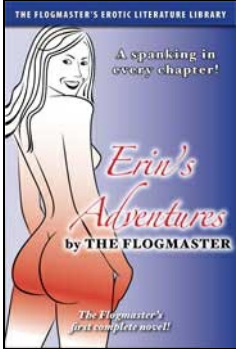
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### Novels

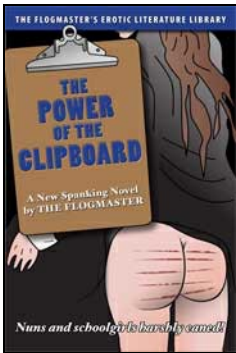
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#### ***Erin's Adventures***

(mostly F/f)

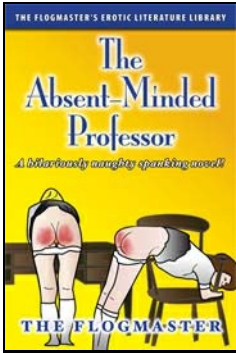
The Flogmaster's first complete novel, this follows the life of a girl from teen to adult as she discovers caning. 89,000 words.



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

(mostly M/f)

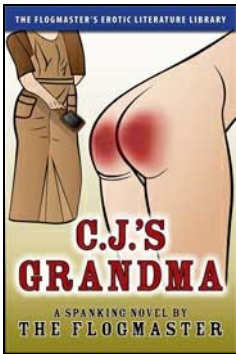
A monk arrives to judge a convent school's disciplinary methods. 38,000 words.



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

(mostly M/f)

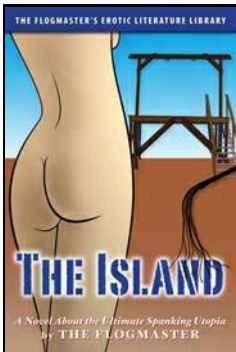
A crazy old coot of a teacher punishes his pupils ruthlessly. But is he really as crazy as he seems? 50,000 words.



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

(mostly F/f and f/f)

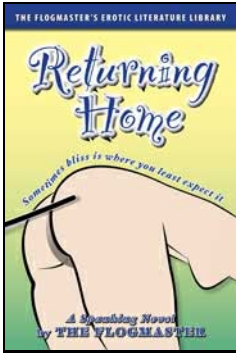
A strict grandmother moves in with her granddaughter and teaches her discipline. 71,000 words.



### ***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.

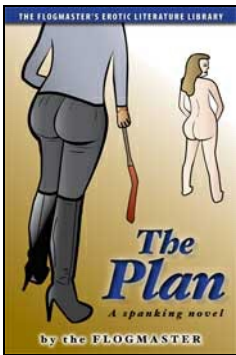


### ***Returning Home***

(mostly M/f)

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

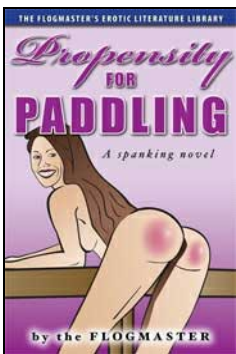
53,000 words.



### ***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)

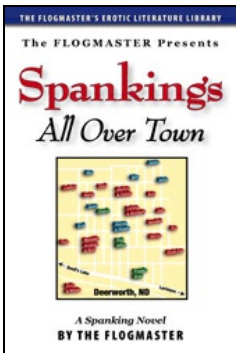
A rich girl gets caught shoplifting and ends up with a life-changing punishment. 36,000 words.



### ***Cutiepie***

(M/F/f)

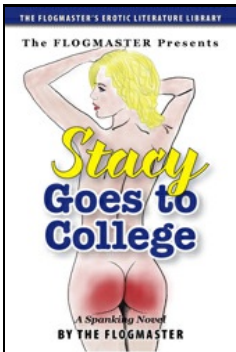
A spoiled beauty has the tables turned on her when a witch curses her. 28,000 words.



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

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

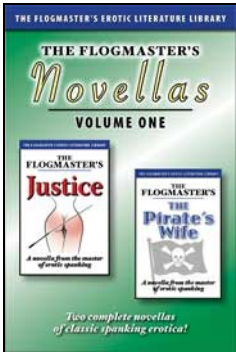
A lonely spankophile in a small town thinks there's no spanking in his area. He is very, very, wrong! A bit of every every type of spanking. 61,000 words.



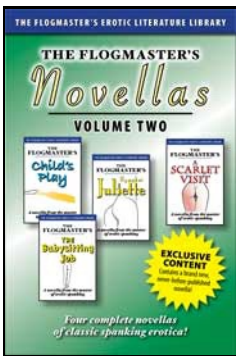
### ***Stacy Goes to College***

(M/F)

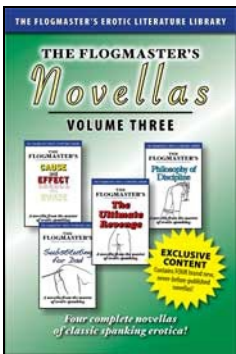
A girl goes off to college thinking she's too grown-up for spankings and learns the hard way that's not the case. 46,000 words.



**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.

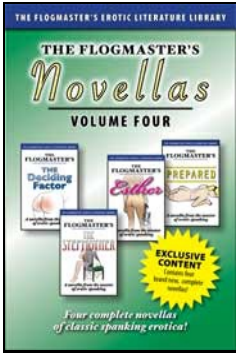


**Volume 2— Child's Play:** (Mmf/fm) A man remembers an eventful summer of his childhood. *Nymphet Juliett:* (M/f) An homage to Rosewood, in honor of his amazing 'Emma' series. *Scarlet Visit:* (f/m) A boy endures the beautiful babysitter from hell. *The Babysitting Job:* (MF/f) A girl's babysitting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

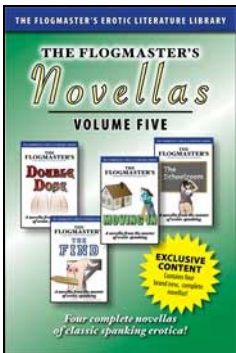


**Volume 3— Cause and Effect:** (MF/Ff) A package of cigarettes causes a chain reaction of discipline. *Philosophy of Discipline:* (M/f) A headmaster explains his discipline philosophy. *Substituting for Dad:* (m/Ff) A boy services his father's clients. *The Ultimate Revenge:* (MF/Ff) A girl plots to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

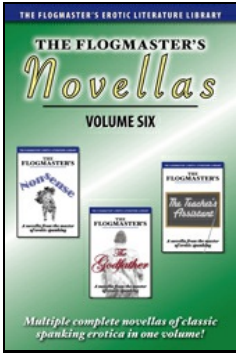




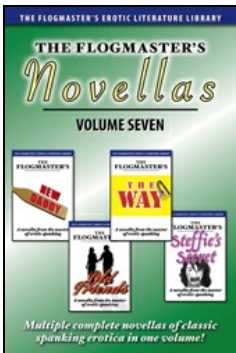
**Volume 4**— *Esther*: (F/ff) A jealous girl schemes revenge. *Prepared*: (m/f) A girl has her boyfriend to train her for her new school. *The Stepmother*: (F/m, MF/FF) A Victorian love story about a man's unusual upbringing. *The Deciding Factor*: (F/fx6) A Headmistress has an unusual approach to selecting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



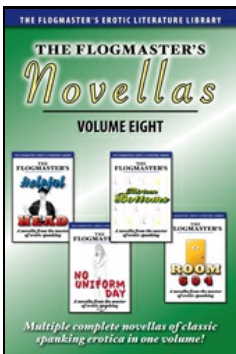
**Volume 5**— *Double Dose*: (MF/FFF) Twin beauties visit a dom for extreme punishment. *Moving In*: (F/FM) A couple meets a shockingly strict widow next door. *The Schoolroom*: (F/Fx5, Mx12) Two friends visit a schoolroom re-enactment. *The Find*: (MFx8/Fx7) A sorority group finds an empty house and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



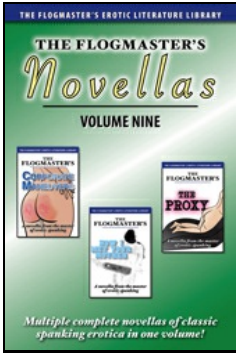
**Volume 6**— *Nonsense*: (M/mf) Two children endure fierce beatings to protect a puppy. *The Godfather*: (F/Mf) A man has himself beaten for lusting after his lovely ward. *The Teacher's Assistant*: (F/fm) A good girl discovers a hidden longing for correction.



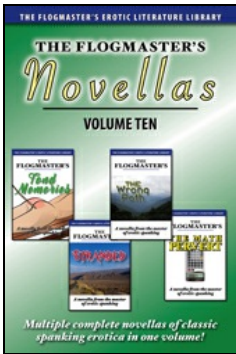
**Volume 7**— *A New Daddy*: (M/Ff) A teen manipulates her mother and her mother's boyfriend. *Old Friends*: (mf/fm) A man reunites with the childhood friend with whom he played spanking games. *Steffie's Secret*: (M/f) A German family hides a Jewish boy during WWII. *The Way*: (m/f) A boy is trained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

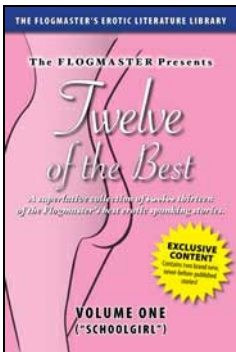


**Volume 10**— *Fond Memories*: (F/FFFF) Four women remember their strict schooling. *Stranded*: (F/MF) An unhappy couple finds strange comfort in a grandmother who punishes them. *The Math Pervert*: (M/F) A student needs her grade increased. *The Wrong Path*: (M/FF) Two pretty hikers go where they shouldn't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

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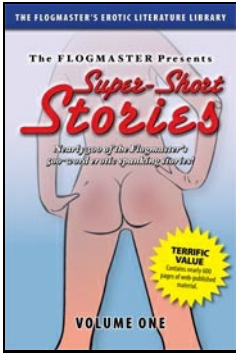
## Short Story Collections

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

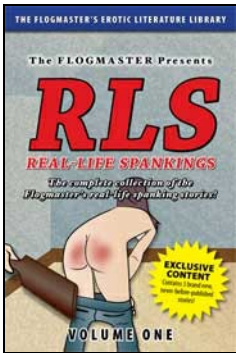
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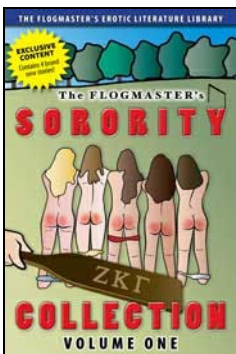
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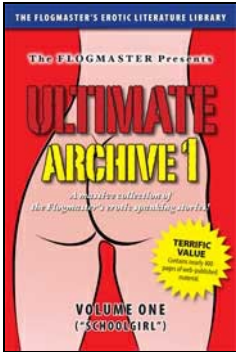
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***Helpful Head***

(M/f — Severe, semi-consensual spanking, wooden ruler, strapping, paddling, caning)

To overcome her fear of being caned, a headmaster “helps” a new girl grow accustomed to being spanked.

***No Uniform Day***

(F/fx6 — Severe, non-consensual caning, paddling, rulering, slipping, strapping, spanking)

A schoolgirl who hates her mandatory uniform learns a severe lesson about pride and how to dress.

***Room 604***

(F/f — Severe, non-consensual paddling, caning, strapping)

A good girl gets repeatedly sent to the school disciplinarian by an anonymous faculty member for no discernible reason.

***Thirteen Bottoms***

(M/Pfx15 — Severe, non-consensual judicial-style caning)

A large group of girls are punished.

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