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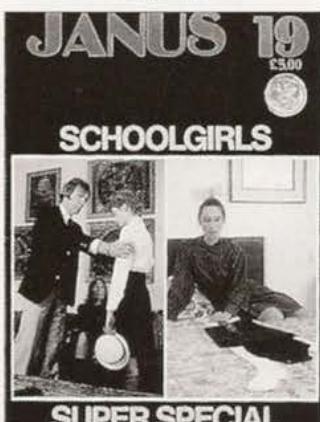
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SHE HAD TO TELL HIM EVERYTHING, AND SHE HAD TO ACCEPT HIS SOLUTION. HE COULD EXORCISE HER GUILT THROUGH HUMILIATION AND PUNISHMENT.

Extract taken from
Carrie's Confessor.

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Hitting **THE HIGH NOTES**



IHEAR a song coming on... What was the price of fame? For Melanie Lane it was soon to prove not merely the cost of the singing lessons she was taking with Rob Scott. Sure, she looked fantastic; sometimes she even sounded fantastic. But Rob knew that Melanie needed to work a good bit harder if she was really going to get anywhere in the crowded, cut-throat world of pop.

Quite a few of his female students seemed to get crushes on Rob on account of his musical talents and positive, forceful character. All very flattering to a man already turned forty, and it certainly made one of his more unorthodox teaching methods easier (and, let's be honest, a lot more fun) to apply.

But — ah! — Melanie Lane. If only she fancied him, even a little. Essentially, Rob was a lonely man. 'I don't care what it takes,' she'd said, eyes shining in the most innocently provocative way. She knew her powers all right, did Melanie — or did she? Woman, the eternal mystery. 'I want to get to the top, Mister Scott.'

'Rob. Call me Rob.'

'Not opera —' (here a sweet smile and arch look) — Rob, I'm not so stupid as to think I have that good a voice. But pop songs: the new ones, the old ones. I've been taking drama classes for three years, and I've had dancing lessons since I was a kid. My great ambition is to make records and sing and act in musicals in theatre and films. Teach me, teach me toni-i-i-ight.'

Oh, but the girl was exquisite! She was fresh honey, vintage cham-

pagne! Her laugh itself was a symphony to him, and the way she moved filled his mind with sweeping strings plus a pulsing throb of oboe.

Now the delectable Melanie Lane was with him in his apartment for the extra tuition in her singing she'd asked him to provide. Not, as he ruefully knew, to attempt to ingratiate herself or make a move in his direction (as certain nubile students had occasionally done); Melanie was here simply because she knew he was one of the best teachers around. 'You've got a promising voice with a good potential range,' Rob told her, wishing he didn't sound quite so formal and starchy. 'It's warm, it's rich, it's sexy. But your weakness is the high notes.'

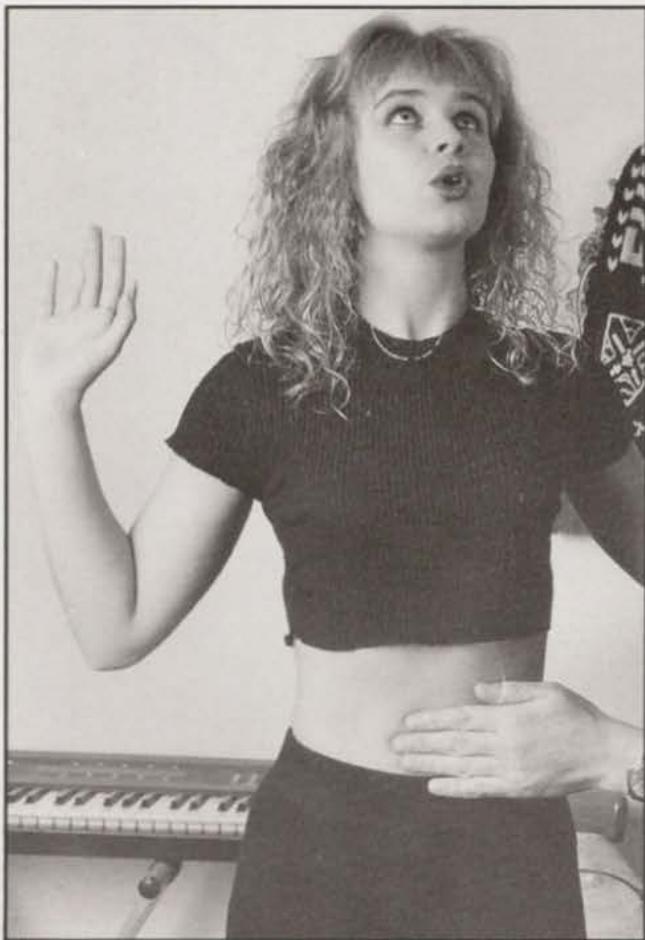
'I know, I know,' Melanie sighed. 'Please help me.'

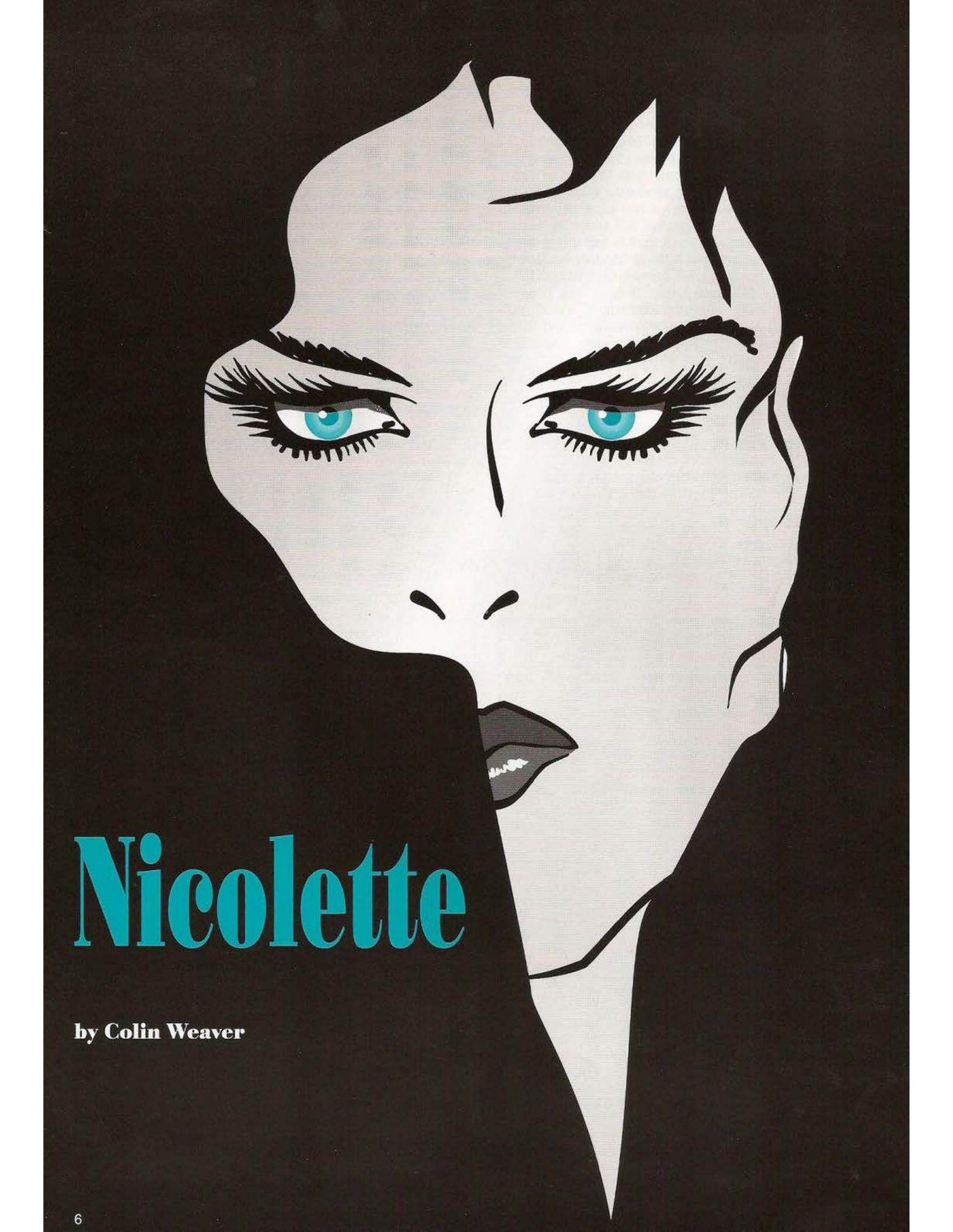
Seated at the piano, Rob ran his fingers up the scale again. Melanie's voice climbed with the notes until, as the top was neared, her voice cracked, losing force, and fell from the heights like a shot bird. Rob inhaled her perfume. Her trim, light figure in its clinging black skirt and top was so intensely desirable to him that he hardly dared look in her direction.

Dammit, this was no way for a mature man to be behaving!

'The, er, problem, I think you'll find, is in your breathing, Melanie,' he said, getting to his feet and crossing to her. 'Your posture needs looking at,' he added — as if he hadn't been looking at it, and everything else about her, from the moment she'd come in. 'Straighten up. I'm going to put

photo fantasy





Nicolette

by Colin Weaver

I looked round the classroom with the sinking feeling that this was going to be yet another wasted Tuesday evening. As usual, half a dozen of the desks used by the kids during the day had been pushed together to make a communal writing surface around which the members of the Peartree Writers' Circle could sit.

Mr. Hardy, the dry, fiftyish tutor provided by the local education authority, a long suffering minor author with enough published work to his credit to justify his position and a basically good-natured disposition soured by long exposure to conceited and talentless amateurs. Mrs. Persinger, the smooth-faced elderly widow with a startling taste for bloody and violent crime fictions. Mr and Mrs. Blunt, a plump, jolly, middle-aged pair who were planning a joint attack on Mills and Boon. Desmond and Neville, the fuzzy-bearded, left-wing teachers, such good friends, peeping coyly round the door of the closet but not quite ready to emerge. Half a dozen others of no particular interest; it was not easy to remember everybody's name even now. And finally, thank God, Nicolette.

Nicolette was originally, she told us, from Syria. She'd come to this country as a student, dropped out after the first year, and got married.

'Not a great romance,' she shrugged. 'I wanted to stay in England and Michael was obliging. It's all over now.'

Now, in her mid-twenties, she had a good job as a tri-lingual P.A. with a firm exporting to the Middle East. Her mixed French and Arab lineage gave her an exotic charm. One noticed first the big, liquid brown eyes, the neatly arched black brows. Then the straight, slim nose and wide, humourous mouth, the flawless golden skin. Her figure, while not spectacular, was slender and shapely. She probably had good legs, but since she invariably wore trousers that could only be speculation.

Though Nicolette featured regularly in my private fantasies, I was not wistfully dreaming of seduction in the usual sense. I was not vain enough to think her eager to

jump into bed with an unremarkable man twice her age. In any case I am happily and faithfully married.

So what were my secret 'if only...' thoughts as I listened to her reading her neatly-crafted poems or making crisp, perceptive comments about the work of others? As I gazed upon the lovely Nicolette I felt a simple, sincere and deeply earnest desire to take her knickers down and tan her arse. I wanted to have her squirming and squealing across my knee while I gave her a damned good spanking. I wanted to make her bend over the back of a chair or across a bed to have her backside leathered with a tawse. I wanted to have her touching her toes, tearfully counting each stroke of a supple, swishy cane as it sizzled across her unprotected rear.

This was not such an unlikely ambition as it might seem. For one thing, I didn't need to conceal it from my wife. Angela and I have been enthusiastic followers of the correction scene for over twenty years and she had no objection to someone else sharing the assorted chastisement which would otherwise descend upon her own buxom bottom.

So we are always alert for possible recruits to our form of recreation. I don't mean that we set out to "corrupt" anyone; in fact, I don't think you can. Unless there's a natural inclination to begin with, it's probably a waste of time trying to talk someone into equating punishment with pleasure. But if the taste, the tendency, does exist, there seems little harm in encouraging it. Together or separately, Angela and I have belonged to dozens of small groups devoted to various blameless activities. If we meet anyone who looks promising we get to know them better and cautiously introduce the concept of punishment for pleasure. Most of the time we draw a blank, occasionally we get an adverse reaction which makes it wise to quietly disappear from that group, but now and again, often enough to make the pursuit worth while, we meet someone who is unmistakably "one of us".

Nicolette was the most delightful

prospect I had come across for a long time, but I was about ready to give up. For the past two months, given a chance of private conversation with her, I had gone through my well-practised routine of hint, suggestion, innuendo and loaded question. She had shown no marked interest; on the other hand there had not been the uneasiness, the obvious distaste, which is a clear warning to back up and forget it.

The meeting got under way. Although Hardy is nominally the tutor he does very little actual teaching. It's easier to let the group members read out the work they've brought, invite the rest to comment and sum up with a few words of experienced advice.

So Mrs. Persinger gave us three thousand words of blood and guts. I counted two rapes, one castration, a very messy torture scene and five straightforward killings. The Blunts gave us a chapter apiece of sugar and spice from "Love among the Islands". Desmond and Neville, as usual, made excuses for not producing anything; 'We've been so busy!'

My contribution was a historical article which aroused little interest.

Then it was Nicolette's turn. I thought it would be another poem, but instead she produced a fair-sized manuscript. 'I thought I'd try a short story this week,' she said, 'if nobody minds.' Nobody did. You can say that for the P.W.C.. It contains some awful bores, but they're ready to be bored right back.

'I've called it,' said Nicolette, 'The Sting in the Tail'.

That brought thoughtful looks to some faces and I'm sure mine was one of them. Then she began to read. The story wasn't particularly well written but we followed with rapt attention the misfortunes of her main character, Sally. Sally was spanked on the first page. She was spanked on the third, caned on the fifth, and by the time the story had reached a rather breathless conclusion Sally had been pretty thoroughly walloped.

There was a dazed silence after Nicolette put down the manuscript, then Hardy said in a very



my hand on your diaphragm and we'll try it again — this time without the piano.'

Ah! Rob felt the tender midriff with his hard-palmed hand and briefly caressed the young soft skin, affecting to be testing the vibrations as Melanie deeply inhaled and expelled the notes. He knew this touch was as close as he was likely to get to any form of intimacy with such an angel, however much he might wish it. The darling's voice duly climbed, reached the heights and warbled promisingly, but without quite being fully in control of the note.

Suddenly Rob wanted to smack her. Smack her smartly on that deliciously curvy bottom jutting beneath the taut black skirt. Were he to actually do such a thing, however, he had little doubt that she would go running out gulping tears of shocked distress, and very likely return with a policeman.

'You're still standing wrong,' he said a little tetchily. 'You're a singer, your body is a musical instrument. You have to stand properly if it's going to perform efficiently! Get your shoulders back so your lungs can fill fully. Here — like this.'

Rob rested his hands on the lovely girl's shoulders and forced them back. He could feel her subtly vibrating like a fiddle-string under tension, and couldn't understand why.

'Are you cold?' he asked.

'No, not at all. In fact... it's really quite warm in here.'

He put a hand on her midriff once more.

'Now!' he urged. 'Up to the high "C" - try again.'

Melanie took in air and sang it out. Up, up, up, almost there — there? Not still not quite. Dammit, the girl wasn't tone-deaf! She could do it if she really tried — she could, she could. Rob hardly realised what had happened until he felt the soft stinging jarring against his palm and the sound of a muffled slap. He had smacked her bottom.

My God!

Melanie Lane gave a startled shriek — well, not really a shriek: the sound shrilled forth, high and clear, hitting the high "C" smack in the centre.

Rob froze. Christ, now he'd done it!

To his astonishment, instead of gathering up her things and walking tensely out, Melanie hung her pretty head. 'I did it,' she whispered. 'I hit the note. Get cross with me — I think it's what I need. Get cross with me, sir. Please, I'd rather call you "sir". Whatever you feel is right, please do it.'

The shackles fell from Rob Scott: it was suddenly he who sucked in air and expelled high notes. 'Very well, Melanie,' he said tartly, clutching his brow in the growing exasperation he'd been trying, from the start of the lesson, to suppress. 'Let me tell you what I really think. You've had it too soft up till now! Everyone tells you what a pretty, clever girl you are — how nice and dainty and oh-so-lovely. But you're lazy, aren't you? You're an idle, over-cosseted loafer. Everything's been too easy for you in your life so far. If you're ever going to succeed in show business, you're going to have to toughen up a great deal, my girl — and the first thing I'm going to do to start this process is to give you a thundering good hiding.'





on that soft, pampered little bottom of yours!"

Melanie stared up at him, shaking, eyes shiny-wet with unshed tears. No one had ever talked to her like this, yet it thrilled her appallingly, making her heart race and her nipples stiffen.

"What must I do, sir?" she whispered.

"Do?" shouted Rob. "You'll get your skirt up and kneel on that piano stool, that's what!"

Melanie made little pleading moans as he seized the hem of the said garment and hoisted it up around her hips. Sleek black panties on round pert cheeks teased his senses, bare thigh-tops enticing, suspenders and stockings.

"I'm sorry, sir," she whimpered. "You're right — I haven't tried hard enough. I never do. Punish me, sir — make me work harder!"

Rob's trusty black paddle was seldom far away. This was happening so quickly he felt he must be dreaming, but the very real feel of its stiff handle as he grasped it brought him back to earth. Melanie Lane was kneeling up on the stool, elbows resting on the piano top, arching her spine so that her gorgeous bottom jutted out. Was that a dream?

"Spank me," she was saying. "Spank my bottom hard, sir — I've been so naughty..."

Dream? As Rob tugged the wispy panties into the divine divide to expose both full, creamy bottom-cheeks, feeling the dewy girl-flesh, scenting perfume mixed with female arousal, he knew that this was not so much a dream as a dream-come-true.

Splat. The paddle slapped down. Melanie's beautiful buttocks pancaked for a flash of a second and





she squeaked — yes, squeaked — in sheer shock.

Splat-splat-splat. The paddle's hard surface sped and jolted to a stop against the soft, smooth flesh; sped and jolted, sped and jolted. Loud, echoey smacks cracked through the air as her bottom quickly reddened.

'Ooh!.. ooh!.. ooh! sir...' For Melanie, the very act of kneeling up like this and half exposing her bottom-cheeks to a man's eyes (let alone his hand or anything else) was shiveringly exciting, deliciously wicked. But the pain of the searing flame-hot impacts was something she could not have anticipated. Whatever he was using, it hurt.

So her gasps and pleas and startled yelps were genuine as she felt her tender young bottom burn and jump under the steady succession of paddle-strokes, slamming against her buttocks with sufficient force to drive her hips forward each time with little jerking wriggles.

'Ah! Ahh! Ooh! No! Aaagh! No more, sir — please no more!'

Rob paused. He almost smiled. Even if this little minx had been taking acting lessons, her performance needed polishing. He knew it must be hurting that dainty rear like hell, but her pleas for 'no more' lacked a certain desperation of delivery.

'Your bottom's over too tight,' he said, and moved the girl so that she was kneeling upright on the stool. The next blow of the paddle struck deeper now that her buttocks were presented more fully and roundly: struck with spurts of red-hot heat deep into her bottom.

Splat! Splat! Splat! Splat! Melanie's body jerked and swayed under the loud, firm, hard strokes. Fists drumming on the piano top, she yowled and cawed and gurgled inarticulate cries, primitive cries. To Rob the sound was extremely arousing, for his very soul seemed to respond to the calls.

He needed to get closer to her. A change had come over Melanie Lane since the start of her punishment: the held-in, tautly composed, bud-tight little madam had opened, blossomed. For the first time in her life since babyhood, perhaps, the girl was really expressing herself.

Yet Rob knew that he could take her further. What a lesson this was turning out to be! As the girl quivered and whimpered, he helped her down from the stool so that she stood, shuddering and sniffing, before him.

'I'm not finished with you yet, young lady,' he said, keeping his voice low and firm. 'Take off your skirt and top.'

'Yes, sir,' she breathed. Melanie hung her lovely blonde head with every evidence of shame and submissiveness as she obeyed, dragging off the black top, pushing down the skirt and kicking it away.

'The bra and panties, too.'

'Yes, sir.' Rob watched, hot-eyed, as she unclipped her bra. Ripe bare breasts shook free. Then she pushed down her panties and stepped from them.

Miss Melanie Lane, sensational songstress-to-be, stood in willowy, wonderful nakedness before him, her shame-pained face shrouded in golden hair as she dipped her head and awaited his next requirement.

'Come here, girl. Get across my knee.'





She turned around, lifted her skirt, and sure enough, the lower curves showing beneath the neat white briefs were a pretty shade of pink.
'That,' I said, will get much more attention later on, I promise you.
Just now, the next bottom to be warmed will be Nicolette's.'

continued from page 7 ➤

odd voice, 'Comments, anyone?'

'It would make quite a good crime story,' said Mrs. Persinger.

'If Sally was kidnapped by gangsters to make her tell where the treasure is, and they threatened to . . .'

'Oh no!' interrupted Mrs. Blunt. 'Sally sounds like such a sweet girl, really, and if she met a nice young man . . .'

'Well I thought it was a *disgusting* story!' said Neville, shrilly. 'I'm sorry, Nicolette, but *really* . . .'

'And in any case,' pouted Desmond, 'you could never sell it. No magazine would *touch* it!'

Heigh-ho, I thought, boat-burning time is here.

'I can think of several which might,' I said. 'It would need some polishing up and toning down but it has possibilities.'

'Perhaps,' said Nicolette with a wicked smile, 'you could help me with it.'

That more or less finished the meeting and soon afterwards Nicolette and I were walking towards the nearby car-park.

'I don't think,' I said, 'that either of us can go back to the Peartree Writers' Circle.'

'I don't think,' she said, 'that either of us particularly wants to.'

'You gave everyone quite a shock with that story,' I said. 'Including me.'

'It was you I was aiming at,' said Nicolette. 'I realised what you had in mind at least a month ago, but your indirect approach was taking too long. I suppose I could have spoken frankly to you in private, but it was more fun to read that story to the group. So — what happens now?'

By this time we had reached my car. 'Now,' I said, 'I take you home to meet my wife.'

Angela was surprised but pleased when I walked in with Nicolette. She had listened with impatience to my weekly no-progress reports, and she laughed delightedly as she heard how Nicolette had forced my hand.

'Quite right too, Nicolette,' she said. 'Ross can be too cautious. Afraid of getting his face slapped, I suppose.'

'Afraid of appearing in the muckier Sunday papers if some girl turns nasty,' I said. We were sitting, comfortably relaxed, in our living room, each with a drink in hand.

'I must say,' remarked Nicolette,

'this is not at all what I expected.'

I grinned at her. 'You thought it would be tacky and furtive and don't-tell-the-wife?'

'Something like that. I'm glad it's not though. It's much nicer this way.'

'What experience have you had, Nicolette?' asked Angela. 'A good smack-bottom if you were a naughty girl?'

Nicolette shook her head. 'No! I had to come to England to find out what a sore bottom felt like.'

'From Michael?' I asked.

'Yes. For the first time in my life I was living with someone who wouldn't let me have all my own way. Soon after we were married I lost my temper and smashed a few plates. In a matter of moments I was across his knee getting the first spanking of my life!'

Nicolette laughed softly. 'It was a terrific shock but it did me the world of good! After a few more spankings I realised that there was a lot of pleasure along with the pain. I bought some of the magazines you were talking about and learned about canes and tawses and so on. Michael would never use anything like that, though.'

'Do you *want* to be tawsed and caned?' I asked her.

Nicolette didn't answer at first but stared thoughtfully at her glass. Then she glanced up, almost shyly, and said, 'Yes. It's hard to say why. Judging by the stories and letters in the magazines the tawse and cane must hurt like hell, but . . . but . . .' she hesitated, then went on. 'I know it's silly to talk without experience, but I should think it's rather like those terrifying rides they have in amusement parks. First the anticipation when you're committed, it's too late to change your mind and the car is climbing. Then, at the top, you see the track in front of you and you know there's absolutely nothing you can do to stop what is going to happen. Then there's a really shattering few minutes of raw physical and emotional experience, and finally the mixture of relief and regret when it's over.'

Angela laughed. 'That's not a bad comparison, Nicolette. Although they'll *never* invent a ride which gives you the physical and emotional equivalent of a good hiding! Believe me, when I've had a red-hot few minutes of strap or cane on my poor bottom I feel more relief than regret when it's over.'





**I've known girls
who can take a
good spanking and
hardly move a
muscle or make a
sound. Thank
goodness Nicolette
wasn't one of
them. She gasped
and yelped and
wriggled across
my lap while I
methodically
smacked her
cheeky little bare
bum, and when the
fiery sting in those
glowing cheeks
became really
painful she said so,
loudly...**

'Is Ross very severe with you?' asked Nicolette, giving me a reproachful look.

Angela shrugged. 'Ross has been making my bottom sting since I was sweet seventeen. He knows what I can take by now, though it's rare that he takes me to the limit. He *can* be severe, but my God! what would I want with a wimp who let me get away with anything? Not,' Angela added, 'that I need to misbehave. Ross is quite capable of roasting my rear end just because he feels like it.'

'But that's not fair!' protested Nicolette.

'It's completely unfair,' agreed Angela, cheerfully. 'And unreasonable and tyrannical and... and... I wouldn't want it any other way! All the same, I'm never sorry when we find another girl to share the whackings.'

Nicolette made no reply. I filled her glass and waited. Some things are better not hurried.

'Perhaps I'm jumping to conclusions,' said Angela, apologetically. 'No-one's going to force you into anything, Nicolette. Some people just like to talk about it without going any further.'

'What an anti-climax that would be,' said Nicolette. 'I came here this evening expecting to go home with a very sore bottom!'

'You don't need to go home tonight,' I suggested. 'Sleep in our spare bedroom and I'll drive you to work in the morning. We often have overnight guests.'

'Do your guests sometimes go to bed in tears, with a well-smacked bottom and no supper?' asked Nicolette, her eyes twinkling with mischief.

'Almost invariably,' said Angela, and we all laughed.

'I've been reading letters about punishment clubs in the magazines,' said Nicolette. 'Do you belong to anything of the kind?'

'They may suit some people,' I said, 'but we're not too keen. We did try one a few years ago but it didn't work out.'

'It was no fun at all,' confirmed Angela. 'We answered an advertisement in a contact magazine. It made us curious and we thought it might be exciting.'

'We realised we'd made a mistake,' I said, 'when we met the people who were running it. It's not very reassuring when your host and hostess appear in shiny black leather full of

studs and spikes, and insist on being addressed as Master and Mistress.'

'They were into heavy domination,' said Angela. 'Whips and chains and a dungeon in the cellar full of blood-curdling equipment. Not our kind of scene at all. So we made our excuses and left – quickly.'

'I don't blame you,' said Nicolette, with a shudder. 'I'd have been terrified!'

'But you're not terrified of us, are you, Nicolette?' I asked.

She smiled enchantingly. 'No. Scared, yes, in a quivery, excited sort of way because I know it will be real punishment, not just playful smacks, and it will hurt! It's meant to, after all. But I'm not afraid that you'll go too far.'

'Of course not!' I said. 'If we did, none of the lovely ladies we introduce to the correction scene would ever return for a repeat performance.'

'And they do?' queried Nicolette, with a teasing pretence of wide-eyed astonishment.

'Not all of them,' I admitted. 'Some girls decide, very naturally, that one experience of a well-tanned bottom is enough.'

'But you'd be surprised how many come back,' put in Angela. 'One of them told me recently that there's nothing as thrilling as walking up our garden path and ringing our doorbell, knowing well what is going to happen to her.'

'Was that Caroline?' I asked.

Angela nodded.

'Caroline,' I explained to Nicolette, 'is one of our regulars. She's a lovely, plump, high-spirited lady of about thirty. Stewart, her husband, knows very well that she enjoys having her bottom thrashed every so often, but he can't bring himself to give her so much as a playful spanking. However, he's a very understanding, broad-minded guy who doesn't like to frustrate her disciplinary desires. So every couple of months, a nervous, excited Caroline arrives here, announces that she had been a very naughty girl and hands us a note from Stewart.'

'The first thing that happens,' said Angela, gleefully, 'is that Ross hauls her across his knee and takes her knickers down for a good spanking.'

'Oooh!' gasped Nicolette, bright-eyed and wriggling.

'I just love watching her squeal and squirm while she gets her big, bare bottom smacked,' said Angela. 'And

she knows it. While she's being spanked I read out the note, which is a list of all the offences she's committed since she was last here, and Ross tells her what punishment she is to receive for them. Six strokes of the cane for scratching the car by careless driving. Six more for flirting with Stewart's best friend. For buying gin instead of groceries with the house-keeping money Caroline has her bare legs smacked scarlet with a plastic ruler, thighs and calves. I expect Ross will show you what that feels like some time this evening.'

Nicolette said nothing but the expression on her lovely face was eloquent.

'Then perhaps she'll get a striptease strapping for...'

'What's a striptease strapping?' interrupted Nicolette.

'It starts,' explained Angela, 'when you touch your toes and get a hard whack across the seat of your skirt or trousers with the tawse. It hurts! Then you stand up, remove one article of clothing, touch your toes again, and whack! This goes on until you're completely naked and very sore indeed. If Ross is feeling really strict he'll count jewellery as clothing. A pair of ear-rings, a necklace, a bracelet and a couple of rings will mean six extra strokes as they come off one by one. When you're completely stripped and thoroughly strapped, you finish by going across his lap for a sound spanking with the back of a hairbrush.'

'You were talking about Caroline,' I reminded her.

'Yes, well you can imagine how Caroline feels, Nicolette, listening to Ross announce her punishment to come and feeling the sting of his hard hand on her bare bum at the same time. She doesn't get much chance to cool down for the rest of the evening, and by the time Ross drives her home she is extremely sore in a variety of places, very weepy, and more than ready to be consoled in bed by Stewart.'

'Nicolette,' I said, 'you've heard enough to have a good idea what to expect if you stay. Are you staying?'

Our lovely young visitor gulped, but said bravely, 'If Angela and the other girls can take it, I can. I'll stay!'

I sent Angela upstairs to change and collect some disciplinary equipment; Nicolette went with her. Presently I heard noises from upstairs, giggles and squeals and the unmistak-

able sound of spanking hand on scantily-clad bottom. Had Angela decided to start without me? If so, she would regret it. She was welcome to warm Nicolette's delectable backside later in the evening, but that young lady's first spanking in our home was supposed to come from me.

They reappeared in the living room. Angela in her discipline costume; tight, sleeveless white top, short, pleated, navy blue skirt, white ankle socks and flat black shoes. We don't keep punishment dress for visitors, so Nicolette was clothed as when she arrived; a multi-coloured silk waistcoat worn over a full-sleeved cream shirt, dark brown trousers and fawn mocassins. Both girls were flushed; there was feminine mischief in the air. Angela dropped a double handful of canes and tawses and other bottom-stingers to clatter on the table.

'What,' I demanded, 'has been going on?'

'Nicolette,' said Angela, giggling, 'has just given me a good smacking!'

'She hauled you across her knee by brute force, I suppose,' I said sarcastically. Nicolette was five foot three at the most and not noticeably muscular. Angela, on the other hand, is a big girl. Five eight in her bare feet, exuberantly curved, her mop of fair hair, blue eyes and freckled skin making her look like the farmer's daughter she is.

'You didn't say you fancied spanking as well as being spanked,' I said to Nicolette.

'I've often thought I'd like to try it,' she said, 'though I never expected to get the chance. Then when I saw Angela dressed like that I just had to say I'd like to spank her.'

'So I volunteered myself across her lap,' said Angela. 'It seemed a pity to disappoint her, and anyway you know I like it woman to woman sometimes.'

She turned to Nicolette. 'You'll have to learn to let yourself go, though. You didn't even take my knickers down. Still, you did warm me up quite nicely. Look!'

She turned around, lifted her skirt, and sure enough, the lower curves showing beneath the neat white briefs were a pretty shade of pink.

'That,' I said, 'will get much more attention later on, I promise you. Just now, the next bottom to be warmed will be Nicolette's.'

'I bet you don't forget to take my knickers down,' pouted Nicolette.

'You can take you trousers off first,' I said.

Saying nothing but blushing charmingly, Nicolette kicked off her shoes and removed her trousers. She had, as I'd speculated, very nice legs. I led her to a convenient chair and she went across my lap without any fuss.

I tucked the end of her shirt up under her waistcoat. She was wearing pink bikini pants which offered no protection to speak of to her perfect peach of a bottom, but I took them down anyway and paused briefly to enjoy the pleasure of having this delightful young lady ready for a spanking at last.

'I don't suppose it matters,' said Nicolette, wriggling apprehensively, 'but why am I going to be punished?'

'Because you went out of your way to offend those nice people at the Writers' Circle.'

'Screw those nice people at the Writer's Circle!' said Nicolette.

'So of course I spanked her.'

I've known girls who can take a good spanking and hardly move a muscle or make a sound. Thank goodness Nicolette wasn't one of them. She gasped and yelped and wriggled across my lap while I methodically smacked her cheeky little bare bum, and when the fiery sting in those glowing cheeks became really painful she said so, loudly, in an entangled but explicit melange of English, French and Arabic.

I gave her what I thought was enough to be going on with, relishing every impact of retributory male hand upon bouncing female bottom, and then I released her. As she scrambled to her feet a tear or two showed, but she didn't look at all subdued or contrite as she stepped out of her briefs. I think she was going to wipe her eyes with them until Angela hastily handed her a tissue. I noticed she made no attempt to touch her punished bottom.

'Of course it's sore!' she said when I commented. 'But the letters and stories in the magazines say that a girl gets extra if she rubs herself without permission.'

'That is our rule,' I confirmed.

'Then you might like to know,' said Nicolette, happily, 'that Angela rubbed herself after I'd spanked her – and she didn't ask if she could.'

'Thanks a lot, Miss Supergrass!' said Angela. 'You know what you've let me in for, don't you?'



'That's the idea!' I said approvingly, and then I whacked the tawse hard across the centre of her beautiful rounded backside.
'Aaaaaargh!' she screeched, writhing across the settee arm.
'Ross it hurts!'
'That,' I pointed out, 'is why the tawse is such an efficient educational aid...'

'Another spanking?' said Nicolette, standing trouserless, knickerless and shameless, with a hot, spanked bottom, and grin of pure mischief on her tear-stained face.

'Rather more than that,' I said, and selected a medium weight tawse from the table.

Angela knows better than to whine or wheedle, and she stepped forward immediately.

'Hold out your hands,' I ordered. She did, both together, right hand on top of left. I swung the tawse and stinging leather cracked across a tender palm. Angela grimaced and quickly changed hands. I gave her another whack across the left hand, then one more on each.

'I glanced round and saw Nicolette's serious, surprised face. 'Do you find this unexpected, Nicolette?'

She nodded. 'Yes — somehow I thought the strap was always used on the bottom.'

'Not necessarily,' I said. 'Would you like to try it on the hands?' I was teasing of course, and expected a hasty refusal, but to my surprise Nicolette hesitantly but bravely held out her hands as she had seen Angela do. Before she could change her mind I gave her a real cracker on her right hand.

'Ooooooh!' Her lovely face screwed up and she bent forward with her hand between her thighs, trying to squeeze out the pain.

'That's not allowed, Nicolette. Hands out again, please.'

Even more reluctantly she held them out again, left hand on top this time. I strapped that one too.

'Aaaaaaa!' With an obvious effort she stopped herself reacting as before, biting her lip, on the brink of tears, she changed hands again and waited.

I shook my head. 'No more for now, Nicolette. I just wanted to give you a sample. Anyway, I haven't finished with Angela yet.'

'I was afraid you'd remember that,' said Angela, glumly.

'Over there!' I said, pointing at the settee. It's a big, substantial settee, rounded arms, just the right size and shape for a naughty girl to bend over for punishment. We had made sure of that when we bought it. Angela had bent over the arm while I gave her a dozen hearty, open-handed smacks across the seat of thin, tight trousers. I still recall the shocked yet almost

nervous face of the sales assistant as she watched, too startled to protest or interfere. When Angela stood up, flushed but calm, there was a murmur of laughter, and a spatter of applause from the other people in the showroom. Angela and I bowed to them before turning back to the flustered assistant and concluded the purchase.

As she had done many times since then, Angela was bending over the arm again with her skirt turned up and her knickers round her ankles. 'How m-many?' she quavered.

'I thought of twelve.'

'Ross!'

'But since you've already had four on your hands, that leaves eight.'

Angela groaned dolefully but the reduction was obviously welcome. I took a whole-hearted swipe at her inviting rear end and the tails of the tawse thwacked solidly across warm, white curves.

'Ouuuuu!' Angela's feet left the floor for a moment as her defenceless buttocks absorbed the ferocious sting. 'Oh you swine! You're just showing off to Nicolette, aren't you?'

'Abusive language,' I said, 'is something to be firmly discouraged.' I gave her another scorcher, just below the first.

'Ooooooh!' Angela's expensively manicured nails dug deep into the settee cushions. 'Ross! I was only joking, you know I was!'

'In that case,' I said, 'why aren't you laughing?' I gave her the third stroke and then, almost immediately the fourth, taking her by surprise.

'That was just my little joke,' I told her. 'Never mind, love, we're half way there.' Angela responded by bursting into tears.

Howling, sobbing, pleading, Angela endured her remaining four strokes. Squirming miserably, she waited for permission to rise. I glanced at Nicolette, watching wide-eyed, fascinated. 'Shall I give her another eight, with the cane?'

'Oh no!' said Nicolette. 'At least — not yet. Give her poor bottom a chance to cool down a bit first.'

'What a kind-hearted girl you are, Nicolette,' I said. 'All right Angela, get up.'

She obeyed, looking very sorry for herself.

'Position of penance!' I told her, and few moments later she was facing the wall, hands on head and skirt tucked up to display her blazing bot-

tom.

I glanced at Nicolette again. 'Quite an efficient method of punishment, don't you think?'

'Yes, Ross,' she said nervously.

'There's only one way to really know that, Nicolette.'

Nicolette looked at the tawse in my hand and then at Angela's fiery, clenching buttocks. Then, without a word, she went to the settee and bent over as she had seen Angela do. She lowered her head and stared at the cushions.

'When I spanked you for offending the Writers' Circle Members,' I said, 'you didn't seem particularly repentant. So now I think you had better apologise to them one by one.'

'But – but they're not here!' protested Nicolette.

'Which is a pity. I'm sure they would all love to see you like this. But you will still say you are sorry to them, one at a time, by name. And you *will* be sorry, Nicolette, that I guarantee.'

I saw her squirm as she realised what I had in mind. Then she lifted her head a little and said in a low voice, 'I'm sorry if I offended you, Mr. Hardy.'

'That's the idea!' I said approvingly, and then I whacked the tawse hard across the centre of her beautiful rounded backside.

'Aaaaargh!' she screeched, writhing across the settee arm. 'Ross it hurts!'

'That,' I pointed out, 'is why the tawse is such an efficient educational aid. *Your* education is just beginning, Nicolette. Continue, please.'

'I – I – I am sorry indeed, Mrs. Persinger!' blurted out Nicolette.

Whack! She howled again under another application of scorching leather to the sensitive flesh of that lovely posterior.

'Keep going, dear, you're doing very well,' I encouraged her.

'Please, Ross, I can't remember all the names!'

'Don't worry about that, I'll remind you.'

So I did, and she apologised to Desmond and to Neville and to all the others, and after each apology the tawse came down to leave another blazing weal across the exquisitely sore and stinging flesh of Nicolette's naked buttocks. The pauses between apologies grew longer as she sobbed and squirmed and blubbered out elo-



quent promises of future good behaviour, but I was in no hurry. I was quite content to wait patiently until she could recover enough self-control to whimper, 'I'm sorry indeed . . .' to the next name I suggested. I don't think she was trying to cheat when she tried to apologise to Mr. and Mrs. Blunt together, but I had to point out that they were each entitled to an individual apology. Nicolette was abjectly remorseful about that, particularly when she discovered that there would be a penalty of three extra strokes. By the time she rose and joined Angela, facing the wall, she must have been extremely grateful that the Peartree Writers' Circle was no longer.

Nicolette's education was continued throughout the evening, much to her tearful discomfort, but at last it was time for her to go to bed. Angela had found her a pair of pink cotton pyja-

mas left by a sixteen year old niece who sometimes spends a few days with us. We had decided that it would be unkind to deprive her of her supper, but the knowledge that she was destined to receive the bedtime spanking which is the traditional fate of naughty girls seemed to have spoiled her appetite, as she nibbled forlornly on a biscuit and wriggled on a chair which even the softest cushion could not make comfortable for her.

'Would you like to deal with her, Angela?' I offered.

'It will be a pleasure!' said Angela. She beckoned to Nicolette. 'Come on, young lady, upstairs! You shall have a very warm ten minutes across my knee before I tuck you into bed.'

'Angela,' I said, 'were you thinking of using the slipper, or the hairbrush?'

Angela smiled as she took a firm grip of Nicolette's ear. 'Both, of course!' she said ●

A 1990'S UPDATE

Way back around 1980, when the world was young and political correctness not yet a cloud on the horizon, *Janus* published a series of articles entitled *Cinema Spanking A - Z*, covering spanking in mainstream cinema, with a dash of theatre and TV. After fifteen years, it seemed appropriate to produce a brief two-part update.

As *Janus* readers will ruefully acknowledge, the intervening period has not been a happy time for anyone with an interest in any aspect of disciplinary c.p. and cinema spanking is no exception. Of course, the glory days were long past even in 1980, but the then contemporary scene was not quite so bleak as today. It is true that a coyly erotic scene may occasionally turn up on T.V. (eg *The Wimbledon Poisoner*), and a few series (eg. *London's Burning*, *A Country Practice*) have featured the odd playful spanking, but as for a man physically punishing a woman, whatever the provocation — forget it. What would the *Guardian* and the *Independent* say?

This update therefore deals principally with newly discovered "old" material, rather than intrinsically new items. This has come about mainly through:

- the proliferation of TV channels, and,
- the explosive growth of video recording.

The former requires ever-increasing amounts of old as well as new material to fill transmission times, while the latter enables recorded material to be copied and transferred, internationally if necessary.

Thus,

— Turner Classic movies in the USA has in the past twelve months screened such sought after classics as ***The Naughty Flirt*** (1951); ***Footloose Heiress*** (1937); and ***Love, Honour and Behave*** (1938).

— It has been possible to establish Mexico and, more surprisingly, Czechoslovakia as major sources of

spanking scenes, as well as pick up occasional items from such unlikely countries as Hungary, Turkey, and Egypt.

One of the more appealing and unusual Czech titles is a short fable called ***How Honza Nearly Became King***.

The old King's teenage daughter has apparently been struck dumb — at any rate, she can't (or won't) speak. This, naturally, distresses the old boy, who issues a Proclamation promising vast riches to anyone who can get the Princess to speak. On the other hand, those who try, but fail, are liable to lose their heads — literally.

Honza, a peasant lad, decides to have a go, and presents himself at the palace, where he is left alone with the princess. His first move is to kiss her, whereupon she slaps his face and subjects him to a torrent of abuse, the general tenor of which is how dare he, a mere peasant, take such a liberty etc etc.

Keeping an eye on the main entrance, Honza summons the guard, and demands that he and the Princess be taken to the King. 'I've cracked it, your Majesty,' says Honza. 'Great!' replies the King, then, turning to his daughter, 'Let's hear you, honey,' (or words to that effect).

However, the Princess, still miffed at Honza, merely throws him a dirty look, and stays dumb. Ignoring Honza's protestations that, 'she really did talk, your Majesty,' he accuses Honza of treachery, and orders him to be cast into the dungeons for sentence and execution on the morrow.

Next morning, a vast crowd assembles to see the fun, and Honza is duly sentenced. He craves one last request and, somewhat grumpily, the King agrees. Honza approaches the steps leading to the dais on which the King and Princess are seated, and beckons the Princess to descend to him. Wonderingly, she does so, whereupon Honza puts one foot up on the steps, bends the Princess over his knee, lifts her long dress, and proceeds to spank her nicely rounded behind, thinly clad in polka dotted pantaloons.

Even before the second smack lands, she has voiced protests at the outrage, to be quickly followed by yelps of pain, threats, pleas to Daddy for help, and so on. Daddy, of course, is highly delighted. 'What a splendid idea,' he cries, 'Why didn't I think of that myself?'

Understandably anxious to establish beyond any possible doubt the Princess's ability to speak, or at any rate to yell, Honza lays it on long and hard before he finally lets her down, and she runs off, sobbing, into the Palace. The crowd acclaim Honza's success, and the King hands over the vast riches. He offers the Princess's hand in marriage as well but Honza, being an honourable lad, prefers to return to his village sweetheart.

After that pleasant little diversion, let me return to my main theme. The one country to have come badly out of a lifetime's research is our own; very few worthwhile spanking scenes from UK films were known by 1980, and only one or two have come to light since. In fact, 'le vice anglais' seems to have been given a raw deal by the UK film industry. Fortunately, thanks to our TV companies' policy of endlessly recycling a small stock of films, there is a fair number of watchable films both from the UK and elsewhere that have been screened in recent years, with luck and patience, they will come round again. A short sample of these is given at the end of this article.



As a further small diversion, and an illustration of how attitudes have changed, let me mention the 1928 film **The Head of the House**. In this one Father, a rich, self-made plumber, is taken ill, and gives his foreman legal authority to act as "head of the family" during his absence. In the course of so doing he spanks a) the eighteen year old daughter, for staying out late after he had ordered her not to; b) the mother(!), for some reason that now escapes me; and c) the daughter's best friend, an unpleasant girl who had tried to trick him. None of the three even thinks of dashing off to their lawyer or counsellor, and the daughter, though angry, and resentful at first, remarks at the end of the film that she deserved her chastisement, and that he can be "the head to her house" any time he likes.

Look for the Silver Lining

In this film the Director appears to be saying to Gordon Macrae 'This is the part you smack, Gordon'. Macrae contrives to look reasonably interested, while June Laver seems merely resigned.

Kiss me Kate

Even better known, this old war-horse has continued to bob up all over the place. Since the spanking is central to the plot, it seems so far to have been left well enough alone, though I did hear of one performance in Sweden (where else?) when the stage was plunged into darkness before operations commenced.

Love, Honour and Behave

I hope you will enjoy this advertising material. The show business magazine *Variety* commented 'Yale men won't care for this film, but their wives will think it's great'. Has the world, and have wives, really changed that much, I wonder?

McFadden's Flats

This still may look, and indeed is, rather posed and silly, but in those days studio publicity was able to quote 'a grown-up daughter spanked across her father's lap' as one of the film's highlights. The lady expressing shock, horror, and outrage is Mother, not a social worker specialising in child abuse.

The Adventures of Jim Bowie (USTV series)

Anyone remembering the original A-Z will recall my complaints about studio publicity that pretended there was a spanking scene in a film when there wasn't, and never had been. In later years, TV publicity showed it had nothing to learn from the film studios in this respect. I quote some extracts from material put out less than a week before the relevant episode was screened: 'Page 9 of the script called for Bowie to take Regina over his knee and paddle her unmercifully... she consented, but only if the scene was shot in one take... the fourth take was perfect... we changed the dialogue for the next scene,

A-Z CINEMA SPANKING

and I played it standing up.'

There is also a reference to Bowie dumping Regina head first into a pond, and this is the only part that actually happened.

Full House (1930's) & Friendly Relations (1950's)

These two were professional performance on the London stage. There were also spankings in many plays written specifically for amateurs: even those had to be OK'd by the Lord Chamberlain, sometimes he ordered their deletion or transference off stage, but quite a lot were passed.

A Bride for Henry

Another amusing still from the 1950s; I forget which of them she ended up with.

Finally, as promised, a short list of films to look out for on TV:

Across the Wide Missouri; Blue Hawaii; Flying Down to Rio; Forsaking all Others; Girl Shy; Her Favourite Husband; The Iron Maiden; Look for the Silver Lining; June Bride.

Look out for further A-Z features with more stills to browse through. Any reader particularly interested in this subject is cordially invited to contact me. The Editor has kindly agreed to forward any correspondence. ●

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which she loves!

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ANNE NAGEL
WITH
WARREN HULL
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CLAUDIA DELL

Directed by William Neigh. Associate Producer Dorothy Reid
Based on the Liberty Magazine story by Jacqueline Gauthier
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*lectures on marriage
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'Love, Honor AND Behave'

Featuring 1938's Top Song Hit:
"BEI MIR BIST DU SCHÖN"

1 "If your loving wife ever
should disagree with you...



3 Of course, she may throw
your faults in your face...



5 But if the lady still wishes
to push the argument...



2 First, try a quiet, gentle,
peaceful compromise...



4 In that case, a timely ca-
ress will avert the storm...



6 It may be necessary to
speak harshly to her...



7 That never misses! Forever and ever, she'll
"LOVE, HONOR AND BEHAVE!"

John Litel • Thomas Mitchell • Dick Foran • Directed by **Stanley Logan** • Screen Play by Clements Ripley and Michel Jacoby, Robert Buckner, Lawrence Kimble • Based on a Saturday Evening Post Story by Stephen Vincent Benét

Adam Rhodes watched the racing dinghies chase each other across the sea. The flotilla of boats had been skimming over the waves all afternoon, gradually tacking their way back to the harbour moorings. It was an almost perfect summer afternoon, with bright sunshine and an amiable breeze coming from the Sussex Downs. But Adam was impatient for the evening. He felt like a

were the summer nights that overflowed with heady sensuality and a unique sexual flavouring. An Ottoman evening delivered the finest jewels and just one night allowed Adam to endure the barren winter.

Just two miles away from the coast Natalie and Amy had parked their cars, stopping for a cool drink and the opportunity to compose themselves. Only a visit to Adam Rhodes allowed the London girls to plunge into the deepest erotic waters, all other experiences remained

had flayed their young bottoms, Natalie and Amy has stayed for the remainder of weekend and forged a lasting triumvirate with the dominant Mr. Rhodes. Natalie had surprised herself by bending over the Ottoman for a second time. Adam slipped her eager bottom with the enthusiasm of a man who had discovered a kindred spirit.

Although the two friends were now full-grown women, they were still spellbound by Adam and totally spooked by their experiences across his Ottoman. For Amy these journeys allowed her to be extremely naughty. She could happily rediscover more innocent times which were devoid of any complexities. Her "Uncle Adam" was strict with naughty girls, they got sent to bed without any supper, and got punished for cheating their elders.

Ottoman

by Robert Collins

savannah predator conserving his energy for the twilight hunt, resting in the shadow before springing back into action.

The big man stepped away from the window and retreated into the coolness of his study. Sometimes he regretted having moved to this isolated home on the Sussex coast; bitter winter gales threw salt and shingle at his door, and writing the novels he was famous for became a lonely chore. His London friends rarely ventured away from the capital during these frozen months. However, when summer arrived it allowed the author days of contented living and his pen cut across the page with renewed inspiration. Fine weather also heralded the return of his many comrades.

Some visitors were more special than others. Guests like Natalie and Amy received the writer's undivided attention and warmest hospitality. When those exquisite girls arrived Adam knew the "Ottoman" evenings were upon him once more. These

anchored in the mundane shallows. Natalie and Amy had first been summoned by Adam Rhodes ten summers ago and on that occasion it had not been for pleasure. The strict Mr. Rhodes had informed the two young publishing executives that their jobs were on the line. They had been giggling graduates in those days, trying to hold down their first proper jobs, they had also been stupid enough to have misplaced the final draft of the next Adam Rhodes novel.

On that unforgettable evening Adam had introduced the girls to the Ottoman which lurked in his study. Natalie and Amy took turns in bending over the elaborately decorated wooden chest and they both received bare bottomed strappings. The irate Author had leathered their buttocks hard – with enough force for tears and genuine apologies to arrive. Rather than despising the man who

Uncle Adam smacked bad girls' bottoms.

Natalie made the same pilgrimage as her friend but for different reasons. Her senses exploded when she bent over the curious Ottoman and received the bare-bottomed correction her Master administered so well. Adam was the man Natalie respected without doubt or ambiguity. The Ottoman was the place where she worshipped this leader figure. A sore bottom, livid from Adam's flagellations, and Natalie was a contented woman.

The girls parked the car on the gravel drive and Adam watched from his front door. Amy was out first,

showing advanced signs of her naughty inner character. The girl had not changed in a decade. Admittedly her blonde hair was fashionably styled in a short crop and the clothes were clearly more refined. But Adam was still confident that he would be in the presence of the high-spirited and pert-bottomed girl he adored. Natalie got out of the driver's seat and pushed her long brown hair into place. She was the complex beauty, capable of captivating transformations of character during the space of one evening. In London, it was Natalie the senior publishing executive. In Sussex she was the girl who got properly disciplined — Natalie had to bare her bottom and count her strokes.

After the happy reunion the girls went upstairs to shower and change. Adam cooked the meal and made sure the wine was chilled. They descended ten minutes later wearing shorts and T-shirts, Amy was already drunk with the giggles. Adam could

shore with the salt blood of the sea. Adam also instinctively understood that the woman listening at the window was flowing in his direction. It was time to begin. The Ottoman was in the centre of the room and a wooden clothes brush lay on top of the carved surface.

'Slip down your shorts and remove the T-shirt. I will take your knickers down myself. Now bend over the Ottoman.' Natalie stripped down to her knickers and approached the Ottoman. Other women would have clumsily draped themselves across the wooden treasure trove — oblivious to the subtleties of this moment — but not Natalie. She concentrated on assuming a pleasing position and displayed her submissive form with clear pride. Natalie viewed the Ottoman with reverence and she wel-

used the Ottoman for disciplinary purposes. Just maybe a brown-bottomed Turkish lass had wriggled over the Ottoman whilst a supple leather whip taught her some manners.

With a dramatic flourish Adam pulled down her knickers and Natalie assisted her Master by raising her hips. Adam had seen this bottom many times before, nude and anxiously twitching, but it was impossible to become blasé about such a ripe female offering. He started to spank the bottom with the clothes brush ever so gently at first, just allowing the wood to bounce across her posterior. Natalie arched her back and made her rump meet the brush — showing her Master he could

Evenings

feel his sexual appetite reach gluttonous proportions. The trio sat outside eating and drinking well, the girls updating Adam on London literary gossip. The women were excellent company, but the male epicurean was hungry to see their bottoms displayed over his Ottoman.

With the meal finished, Amy decided on an early night. Natalie knew only one direction and that was to follow Adam into his study. A summer high tide was sweeping into the nearby cove and covering the

comed this intricate opening ritual.

Here was a wondrous sight for Adam, a woman bent over in an expectant state, wise enough to appreciate that being submissive meant more than merely accepting her scourgings with good grace. A supple back arched out the derriere to the fullest extent. Adam could not stop smiling. He was thinking about the Turkish merchant, the Ottoman's original keeper, who could never have imagined that pretty English girls would be chastised across the antique chest. But perhaps that clever dealer from the South had

increase the tempo. Adam took a firmer grip on the brush and instantly the bottom began to move in a myriad of ways. Each spank produced a new response from the reddened arse cheeks. Adam became feverish. He had to stand back and suck in some oxygen because one more erotic bottom quiver would be too much.

He had been spanking Natalie for several minutes, but he was aware that the woman could take this kind of tingling until sunrise. Adam was determined to create a crescendo and to produce a little something which filled the study with more earnest feminine gasps. Suddenly the spanking became punitive in nature and Natalie was rather vocal 'Ad... Adam. I am sorry, CHRRISST Adam!' Those scalding bottom cheeks no longer had the temerity to

greet the clothes brush so brazenly. Natalie clung onto the Ottoman as if it were the only life raft on a turbulent Atlantic swell. Adam was no longer tickling her rump, he was tanning the upturned backside really hard, making the cheeks pancake out as if Shrove Tuesday had arrived.

To her immense credit Natalie survived this storm and remained in position until the bottom-searing conclusion. Adam summoned up one final spank before dropping the brush on the carpet. 'Good girl, Natalie! You took that well. Get up now please.'

The figure across the Ottoman did not respond. Natalie was determined to savour the intensity of her spanking and experience the flames which Adam had ignited in her nether regions.

Amy had crept out of bed, awoken from her slumber by the report of wood across bottom. She had gleefully witnessed the last minutes of her friend's correction. Now the smaller blonde girl felt genuinely naughty – just like a spanking equivalent of Peeping Tom. Amy had a strange urge to get caught and this resulted in a well-rehearsed cough which gained Adam's attention. Adam understood this stage direction and quickly fell into a new role.

'Will the wicked girl spying outside please show herself! Natalie you will go and stand in the corner. Your friend in going to get a taste of the brush as well.'

It was not long before Amy found herself draped over the Ottoman, the wooden surface was still warm and her friend's scent clung to its form. Adam studied the pert little bottom, clad in knickers, before reviewing the naked option and a deft tug at the waistband revealed a pleasing sight. The man fell into the "Uncle Adam" character as he strutted around the girl.

'What happens to Nosey Parkers who spy on their friends?'

A tinny voice replied. 'They get spanked Uncle Adam.'

The Uncle continued. 'And where do these horrid girls get spanked?'

Amy paused before chirping back, 'On their bare bums and over the Ottoman. Please not too hard Uncle!'

The honorary Uncle was not going to spank his Niece too hard.

Amy was the owner of a decidedly trim backside and she was not the sort of full-bottomed girl like Natalie who could take a dose of bamboo in her stride. Amy only required a decent peppering with something light to learn her lessons. Her cute bottom was just right for an avuncular slipping or maybe that old domestic favourite – the wooden spoon.

Adam took his time in administering two dozen spanks with the clothes brush and his naughty niece was left with a smarting derriere, as far as Amy was concerned there was no way she was going to stick her bottom out for more, Natalie clearly needed her head examined if she enjoyed that brush! Her real pleasure derived from the lectures and admonishments which Adam delivered whilst she was being punished.

'I hope you have learnt your lesson Amy?'

A dazed and confused girl managed an answer. 'Yes I have. I promise not to be naughty girl again or spy on Natalie when she gets a spanking. May I rub my sore bottom Uncle Adam?' Permission was granted and Amy tried to massage her rouged arse cheeks. After some frantic rubbing Amy was placed in the corner along with Natalie.

Adam was keen to end this Ottoman evening with an extraordinary finale. He directed the two women to straddle the wooden chest together and he was rewarded with a duo of red bottoms, both seats still displayed the cruel kisses of the brush.

Whilst the girls attempted to compose themselves and find a way of sharing the Ottoman, Adam reached for the sjambok. Just one stroke of the African whip would remind the girls of his authority for a good while to come.

It was also lean and mean enough for Africa to flash inside their heads for a second or two. Adam was kind with Amy and just gave the small bottom a firm tap. Natalie was less fortunate. When the whip swiped her flanks it seemed to bite itself into the flesh and almost reluctantly sprang back towards the man who wielded it.

By the time Adam had finished pushing the Ottoman back into place the tide had retreated from the cove

and the dawn was half painted in the sky. Two red-bottomed girls clambered off the Ottoman and kissed Adam softly. The man could not resist letting his hands roam across the naked arses, his fingers quickly discovering the distinctive grooves the sjambok had left. After a minute of silent cuddling the girls headed for their bedroom. Adam entered the room as the girls began to doze.

'No talking, young ladies, or any fooling about. You will go straight to sleep, my slipper is just outside on the landing and it is waiting for a bottom to spank.' Amy could be heard giggling from beneath her duvet.

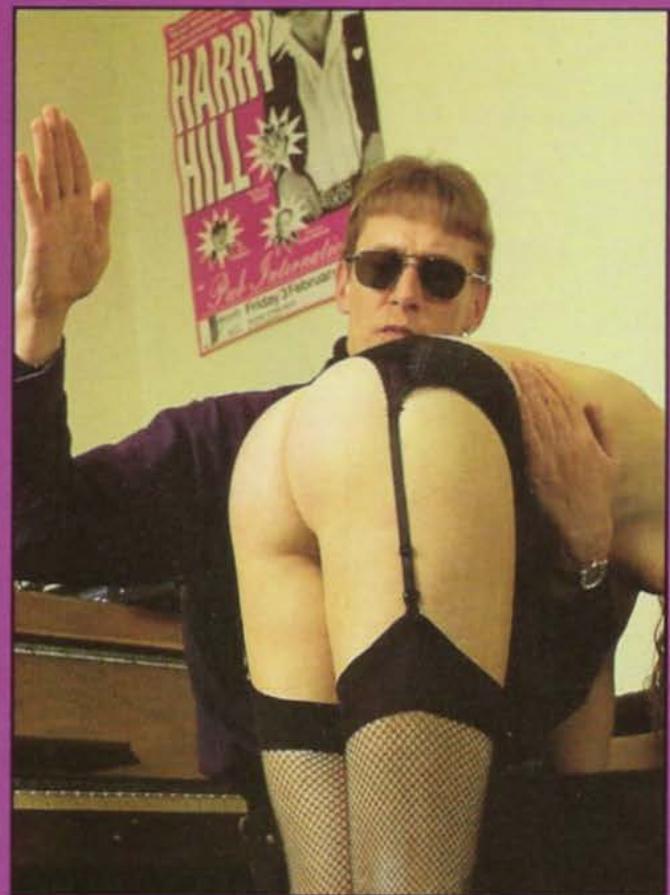
The next evening the girls reluctantly made their journey back to London and normality. There would be other Ottoman evenings – but not for a while – so Adam tried to concentrate on a few months' hard work. He found it awkward to write prose in his study because the Ottoman was always there, a physical reminder of hedonistic nights. Sometimes Adam would walk across the room and simply touch the wooden surface, imagining that Natalie was by his side, nervously waiting for his next command. It only took one touch to ensure that Adam was transported into that clandestine space which he and his girls loved.

Just before the start of a lonely winter season, a letter arrived from Natalie, her neat handwriting instantly standing out amongst the dreary bills and business letters. Adam tore open the envelope and started to read.

Dear Master Adam,

So sorry we have not been in contact for a few weeks. But you will be happy to know that Amy and I have been shopping in Camden Market. After many weeks of searching we are now the proud owners of our first Ottoman, obviously this purchase is not as grand as yours! Please find enclosed a copy of the train timetables between Sussex and London, we are both hoping that our Sultan will visit his London Harem girls. Please note – Amy has been behaving very badly recently and is in dire need of a trip across our new Ottoman.

Adam Rhodes started packing his bags the same day. ●





Rob sat on the piano stool and she came to him and draped herself across his lap. Light-headed himself, he felt her deliberately seek out his erection with her left hip as she settled herself. His hand was on Melanie Lane's exquisitely naked rumps. He was spanking them, spanking, spanking. Clap-smack-clap-clap-smack! As her arse-cheeks wobbled and blushed increasingly deeper shades of pink, she squealed aloud at each heavy smack of Rob's hand - a constantly quickening cascade of burning pain over every inch of her naked bottom.

'Spank me harder — harder, sir! The young singer straightened her legs, elevating her buttocks closer to his face and meeting the explosive slapping hand the more quickly. Rob's left arm went around her, almost like an embrace, to support her jerking body, while his right hand continued to smack Melanie's bare, bare bottom with strong, meaty wallops, driving out at the other end a succession of warbling trills, soprano soarings and scattered grace notes.

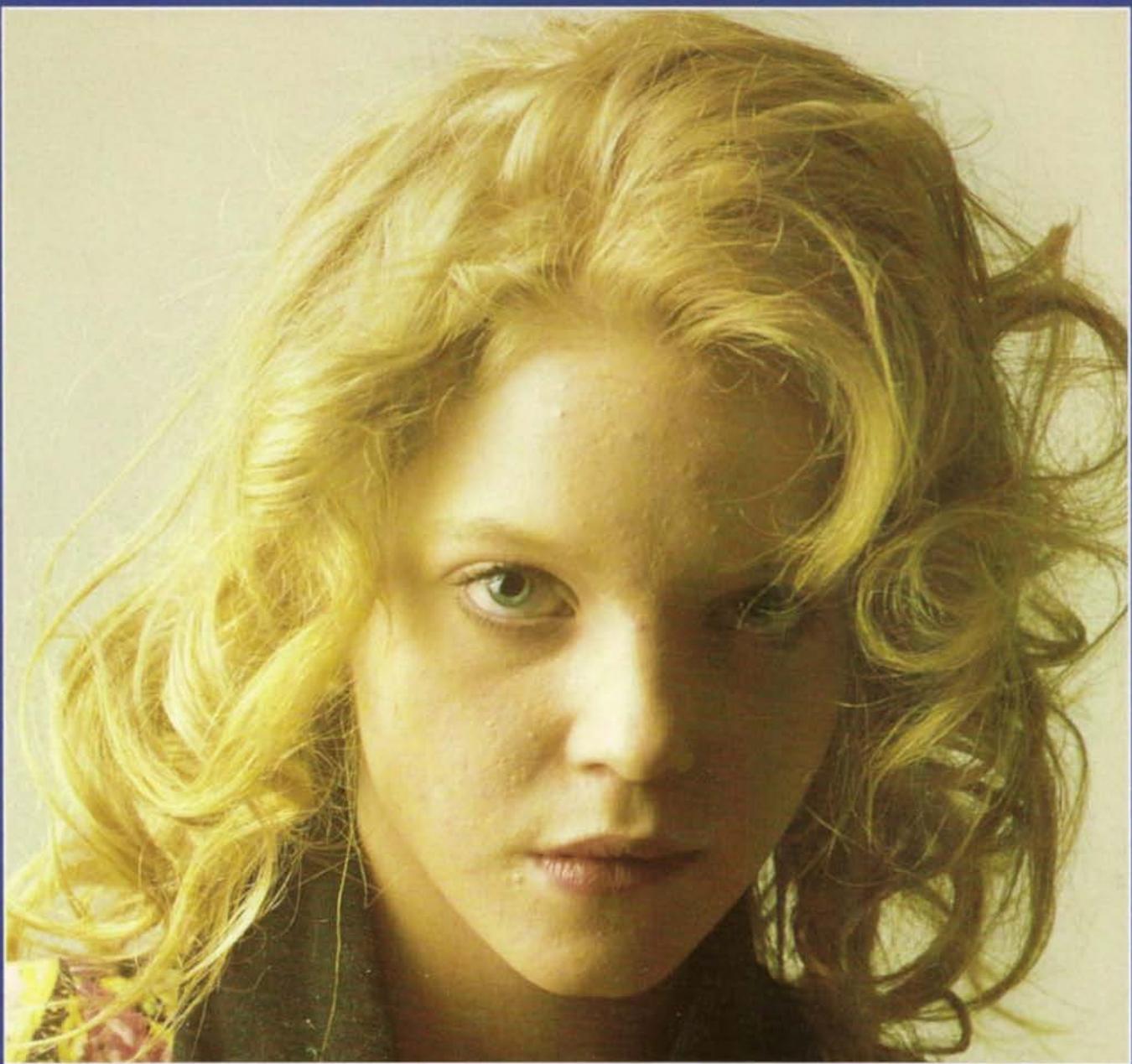
Melanie's bottom burned. It seethed, It tingled. Each buttock swarmed with blistering sensation as, gasping with happy effort, Rob set her on her feet again. Gates in her mind had opened, walls had tumbled. She was free at last.

Melanie Lane stood before her Svengali, naked but for her stockings, and sang and sang and sang a succession of perfectly controlled high "C"s, one after the other, in an orgy of joyful release.

The original Svengali used hypnotism to enable the English girl, Trilby, to sing like an angel and have the world at her feet. Well, Rob Scott and Melanie Lane had found their own method. ●



Carrie's



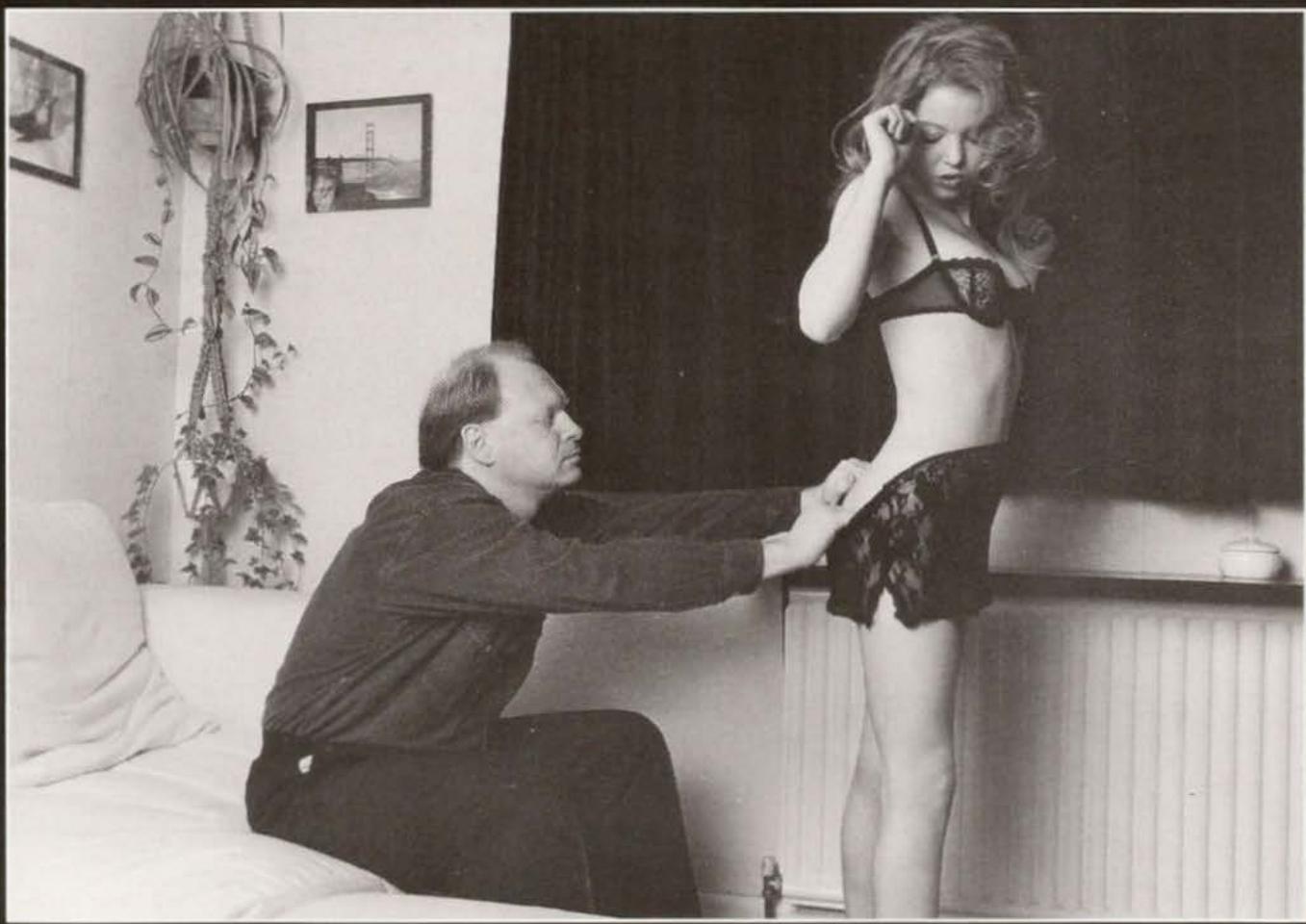
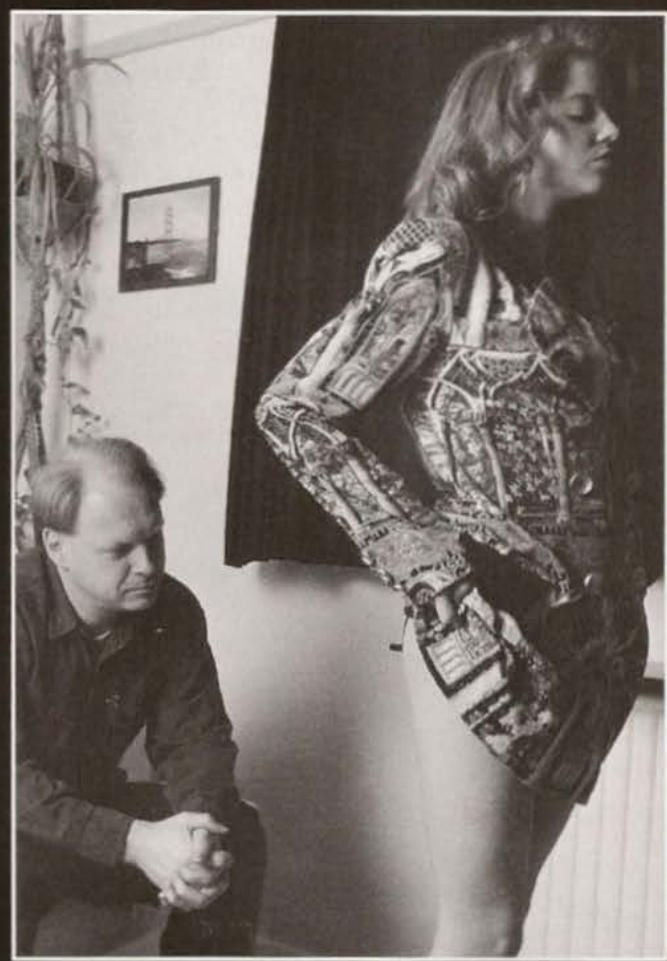
CONFESSOR

Carrie's friend Jennifer suggested it. Go to Alan and tell him everything. He'd be able to help because Alan knew about such things.

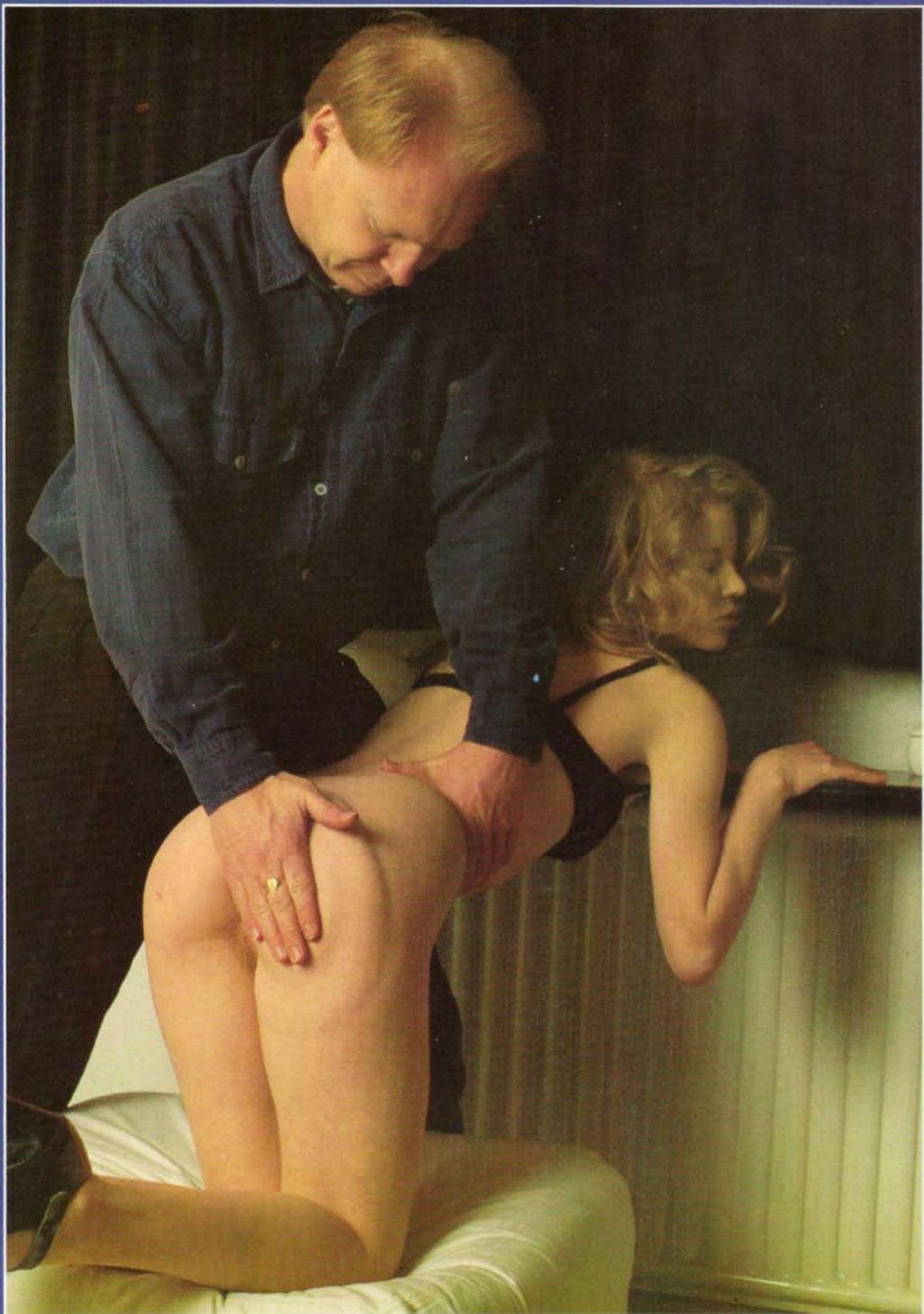
You see, Carrie had a problem. Well, actually, she had four of them. Boyfriends, that is; they were the problem. And now she was feeling guilty.

She had been brought up to be well-behaved, nice, and correct. Unfortunately, Carrie was none of these and she knew it.





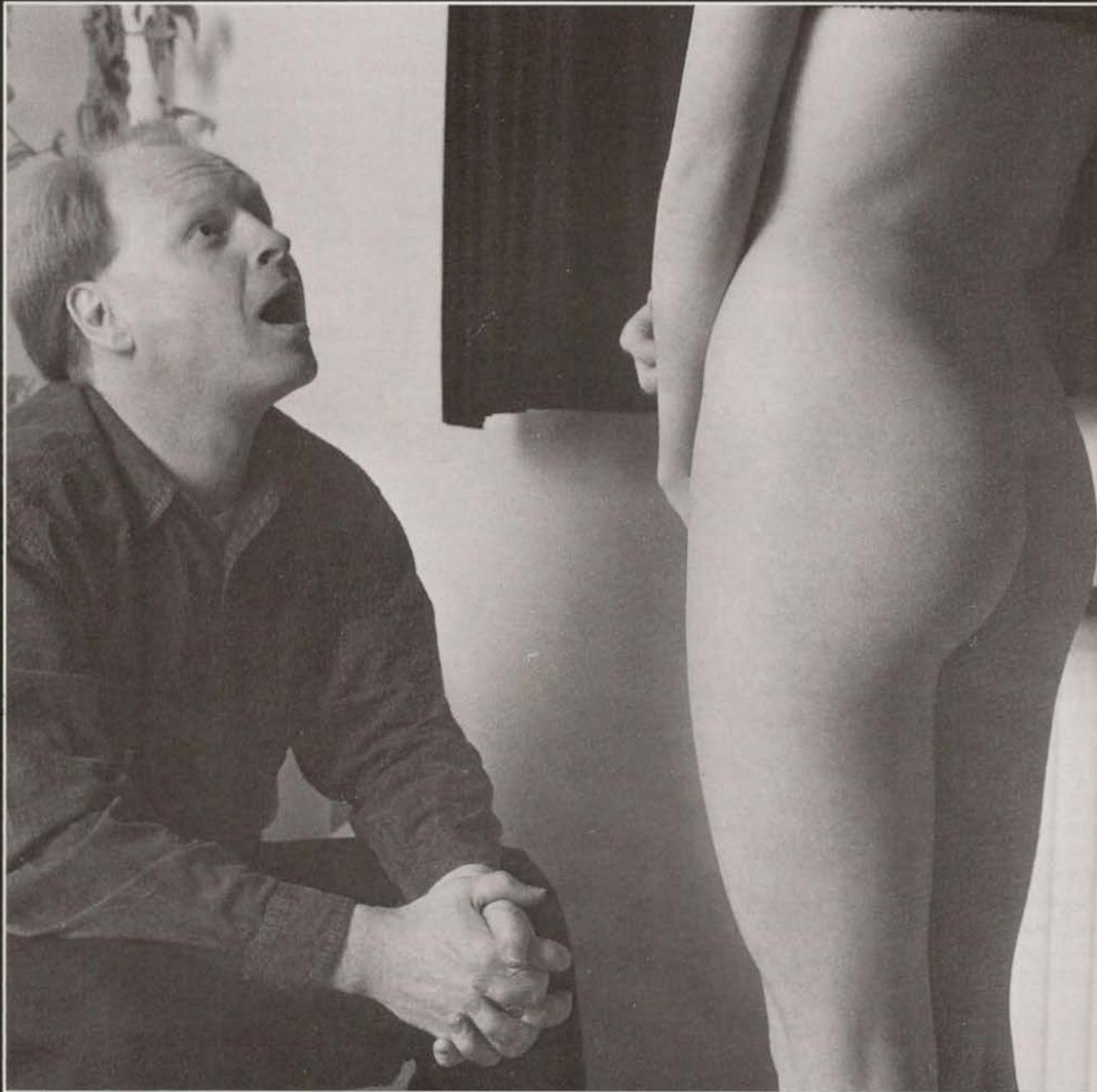


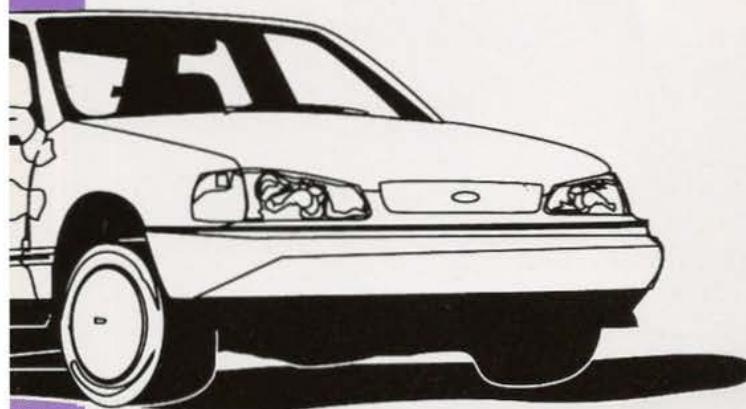


The trouble was that she could never say, 'No' — that was always what happened whenever she tried to be nice. She knew that she should exercise more control, but her needs always seemed to take over from her mind. Promiscuity was becoming a way of life and Carrie desperately wanted to stop before something serious happened. Perhaps Jennifer had been right. Perhaps she should tell someone who was objective. Perhaps she should go and see Alan.

Heart pounding, Carrie went to see Alan.

He told her that she could only absolve herself if she was honest. But she had to be completely honest. She had to tell him everything, and she had to accept his solution. He could exorcise her guilt through humiliation and punishment.





THE *Best* POLICY

by Andrew Grantham

A recent report by the RAC had tried to prove that women drivers were better than men. Not long after it had been published, Julian Fairhurst had good reason to query the findings.

He had stopped at a 'T' junction, before turning left to allow on-coming traffic to pass in front of him. A short break appeared, followed by a red car signalling a left turn. Julian then turned out onto the main road.

BANG!

The red car hadn't turned left. It had continued straight on! Fortunately, Julian had just begun his movement when the collision occurred, so the impact was not too severe. He could see that the nearside doors of the red car were stove in and that an aluminium strip now resembled a spider's web.

The collision forced Julian to stop and the car responsible quickly pulled up. He reached for a notepad and pen, which he always kept handy. As he did so, the front doors of the offending vehicle were opened. He saw the passenger first of all. She was a dark-skinned girl with long, black hair. She was very attractive. The black, fashion trousers and white top she wore suited her slim figure.

'You idiot! You shouldn't be on the f***** road!'

The coarse language of the driver was more suited to a brawny trucker rather than to the quite delicious looking, blonde-haired girl who had uttered the obscenities.

She was of average height with wide-spaced, blue eyes, a well-sculpted nose, sugar-pink lips and curly,

blonde hair. Her breasts were eye-catching mounds within a briefly skirted, lemon dress. The garment had probably come from a chain store rack, rather than a boutique. If the dress had not been designer made, then her legs must surely have been. Neither spindly, nor over-curvy, they were just perfection. The exposed thighs were a picture of sheer elegance.

Julian took all this in as the girl briefly inspected the damage to her own vehicle and then strode, purposefully, towards him.

'I've a f***** good mind to call the...'

Julian did not allow her to finish. Straight-backed, the six feet tall, dark-haired and well-built office manager cut an imposing figure. He quickly silenced the pretty, blonde girl.

'YOU signalled for a left turn,' he reminded her, regretting that they were meeting under such circumstances.

'Of course I f***** signalled!' Her bosom rose in her anger and Julian found himself looking at the parting between her breasts. The view was afforded by the low-cut, square top of her dress. 'I was turning LEFT to go into the pub car park!'

Julian now understood her action, although the female logic defied him. The pub was about seventy yards further along the road!

They stood arguing — until a man walking his dog came forward as a witness, on Julian's side. Still, the delicious blonde could not see the error of her ways. After exchanging details, she stormed off with her dusky

friend. The other girl had not said a word. Julian reckoned she was actually well aware that Gemma had been in the wrong.

He knew her name was Gemma. She had written it down herself on his pad. He had her telephone number, too!

Julian watched her retreating figure. Her behind provocatively pushed out the material of her dress.

'That's the sort of bottom I could really sink my teeth into,' he breathed.

About a week later, his home phone rang one evening. He answered it, expecting it to be a business call. At first, he did not recognise the voice. When he did, he pursed his lips and pulled a face.

'Mr. Fairhurst? This is Gemma Harding,' he was informed. 'We... er... bumped into one another near that pub.'

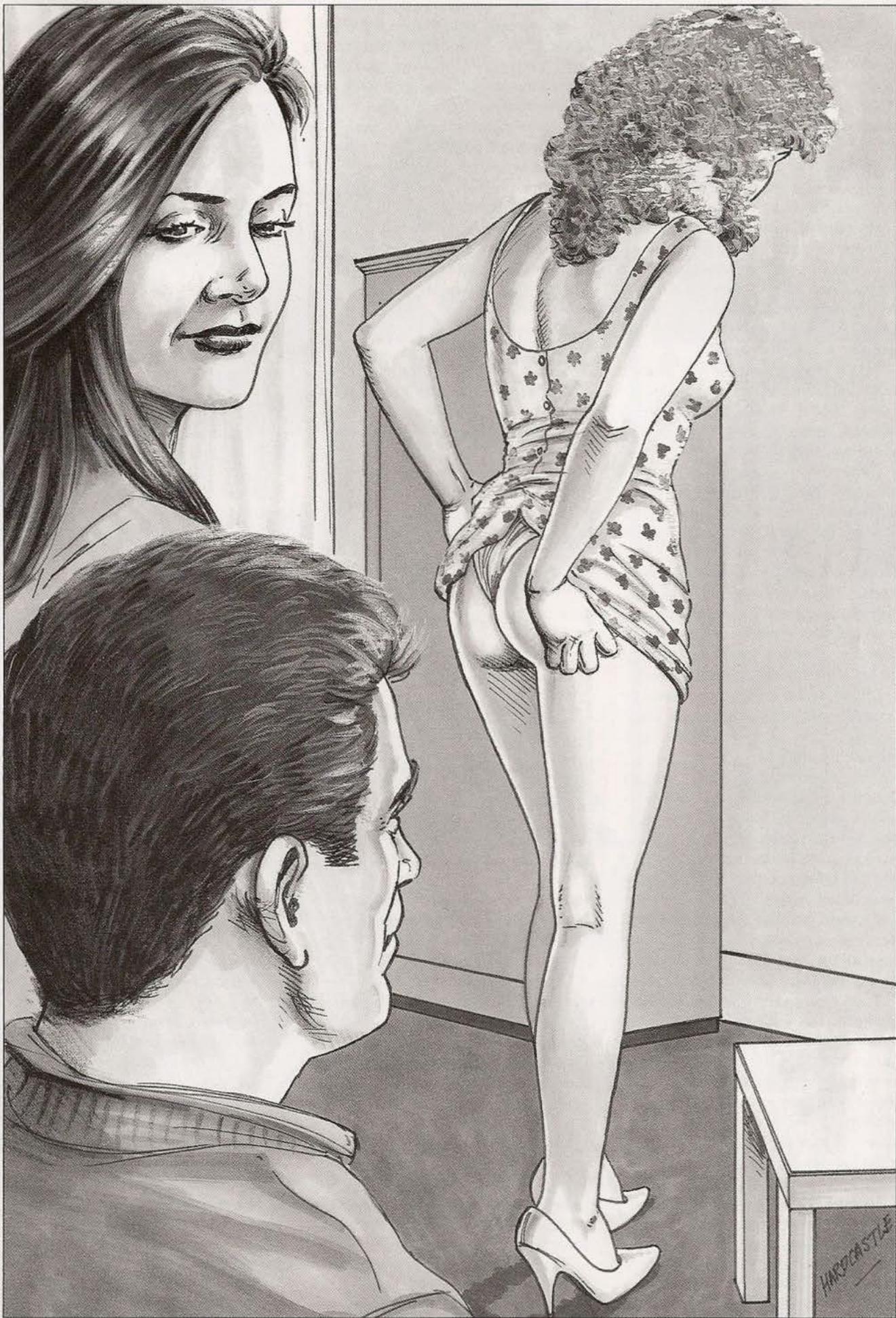
'Yes, Gemma,' he said pleasantly, wondering why she was ringing him. 'What can I do for you?'

'I've got a little problem with my insurance,' she continued. 'I wonder if I might pop over. You could probably help.'

'If I can.'

Julian tried not to sound too gushing. He would be pleased to give her the benefits of his commercial expertise. Besides, he enjoyed the company of pretty females and Gemma Harding was certainly in THAT category! The antagonism she had displayed to him shortly after the incident seemed to have disappeared. She hadn't said the 'f' word once!

'I'll bring my friend as well,' Gemma told him. 'Cheryl was with



me in the car...'

'Yes, I remember. Bring her by all means,' confirmed Julian. Now he knew the other girl's name, too.'

Gemma was being very clever, but rightly so. She was, not unnaturally, unwilling to be alone with him. He did not blame her for that, especially these days. Anyway, the slim, dark-skinned Cheryl was good to look at, as well as the blonde.

He quickly showered, shaved and changed — after having splashed on his "special occasion smellies". When the knock came, he did not rush to answer the summons. Julian wanted to give the appearance of being nonchalantly casual.

'You'll have to excuse the place,' he smiled, ushered the pair inside.

He had, however, hurriedly whisked around to make sure everywhere was neat and tidy.

Gemma had on a different dress — white with little blue flowers. Its manufacturers had saved on material, so allowing the blonde to display her fine legs to advantage once more. The same could also be said of her up-top assets. The scoop neck (if neck was the right word) was made for its wearer to display a generous amount of cleavage. Gemma had the necessary attributes in that department, as well.

Cheryl wore cream slacks and a loose fitting silky white top. Her small breasts could just be made out beneath the material.

'The problem is this,' began Gemma, when all were sat down in Julian's spacious lounge. The girls were on the settee, whilst the young man occupied his favourite easy chair. 'My car insurance firm won't pay for my accident repair.'

It turned out that she had gone for the cheapest quote. She hadn't understood all the "in and outs" of the small print of the Third Party only policy.

'I am really very sorry,' Julian told her, earnestly, 'but I fail to see what I can do. Of course, you don't have to pay for MY damage.'

'What my friend is trying to say.' Cheryl now opened her mouth for the first time. She had a very pleasant voice. 'Is that she would like YOU to admit liability for the accident, so that she can get the repairs done?'

Gemma now took up her own case. 'You drive a company car, don't you? Your firm pays for your insurance, so you don't have to worry about losing "no claims" or anything like that. They'll be none the wiser,

and it won't cost you anything, will it?'

Julian could not get over the cheek of the girls. An argument ensued. It was quite mild at first, gradually becoming more heated as it went on. He listened to himself being called 'unhelpful', a 'chauvinist' — and they were the more polite descriptions! He could have asked them to leave, but he didn't. In fact, in some perverse way, he actually enjoyed their presence.

Gemma changed tack and began to plead with him. She had a holiday to pay for and she needed all her money for that etc etc etc. Neither Cheryl, nor anyone else, could possibly lend her any.

'I told you it would be a waste of time, Cheryl.' Gemma stared accusingly at Julian. 'You never get anywhere with HIS sort!' The blonde girl's

The freshly applied hurt to the new area made Gemma open and close her legs with ever increasing force until he heard her knickers rip under the strain.

bosom heaved magnificently as she made to get up. 'Short of offering my body — and I'm not going to do that, I don't see what else I can do.'

Cheryl declared that she was not offering HER body, either!

'You could always let me smack your bottom, Gemma.'

Julian's quickly thought response brought immediate silence. What would be the reaction of the blonde girl? At her bewildered request, he repeated what he had said, although he knew full well she had heard him correctly the first time. He prepared himself for the "effing and blinding", but it never came. Gemma stayed sat down.

'I might have known you'd be after SOMETHING!' The blonde girl's lip curled, but she still looked pretty.

curled, but she still looked pretty.

'There's no gain without pain,' pontificated Julian.

He was surprised to see the dark-haired girl turn her head and whisper in her friend's ear. At first Gemma opened her mouth angrily, but no words came out. Slowly, it closed until her lips were pressed together as she listened to what was being whispered to her.

'She'll have to keep her clothes on.'

It was Cheryl who spoke. It seemed as though she was acting as the other girl's manager.

'There's no deal unless she strips off and I spank her bare behind.'

Julian couldn't believe that his outrageous suggestion had taken off!

Even in his sudden elation, he reasoned that having a fully clothed Gemma over his lap would be delightful — a totally naked Gemma would be mind blowing. Why shouldn't he stick out. This whole scenario hadn't even existed a minute ago!

The two girls exchanged glances. 'Okay,' came the sullen agreement from the girl in question.

To Julian's ears, that one simple word sounded like a full peal of celebratory bells. A frisson of excitement coursed through his body at the prospect of giving the lovely, albeit streetwise Gemma, a sound hiding.

Gemma, whom Julian sensed was not adverse to removing her clothing in male company, reached behind her back to unfasten the few buttons of her dress. Her thighs widened still more as the dress rose, just a simple foretaste of the wonderful delights that lay ahead.

'Do you want some music on whilst you strip?' giggled Cheryl.

'F*** off!' retorted the blonde. 'It's not funny.'

Julian smiled. The dark and lovely girl beside him seemed to be the nicer of the pair.

Gemma had to remove her dress over her head and the young man thrilled to the exposure of her full, shapely thighs.

Next followed a frontal view of her skimpy, white briefs. They were cut high on her hips and were so busting-tight that he could see the shape of her sex through the nylon.

His eyes dwelled on her flat, dimpled belly before taking in the sight of a low-cut bra, which hardly covered her nipples.

'I don't NEED to take anything else off,' she scowled, dropping her dress

to the carpet.

'No deal, otherwise.'

'How do I know you'll keep your word?' she asked.

Julian got up and went to his writing bureau. Quickly, he wrote out an admission of liability. He held onto it whilst the girls read it in turn. He enjoyed the proximity of Gemma's near nakedness. The blonde nodded and he folded the paper before placing it in his shirt pocket.

'I'll sit on the settee and take you over my knees, Gemma,' Julian informed the blonde, sitting himself down beside Cheryl.

'How long do I have to...?' began Gemma.

'Until your screams of anguish arouse the neighbours,' grinned the young man. He was aware of the girl alongside him chuckling quietly at his reply.

'Ha f***** ha!' was Gemma's desperate response. She pointed a finger at him. 'It's only because I'm desperate that I'm letting you take advantage of me like this!' she snapped.

'That's the law of the market place,' responded Julian, coolly.

Gemma came out with another most unladylike mouthful. Julian was hardly surprised.

It was, however, her friend who took the blonde to task. 'You'd better watch what you're saying, Gem.' she warned. 'You're the one on the receiving end, don't forget!'

Julian found himself warming to Cheryl more and more.

'I want you to make sure he doesn't get up to any funny business,' the blonde asked her pal.

As Cheryl acknowledged her duty, Gemma reached behind her back to unhitch her bra. The tension in the garment suddenly eased and the sheer weight of her breasts pushed off the cups.

'She's got a good pair of tits, hasn't she?'

The observation actually came from Cheryl. Julian could only nod his head in agreement. Gemma's boobs were indeed lovely to look at. The young man would dearly have loved to take hold of the melon-sized rounds with their delicate pink nipples, but he knew he dare not.

As if realising that her up-top assets were forbidden territory, Gemma began to taunt Julian by shaking her torso and causing her breasts to bounce and sway.

'I wish I could do that,' chuckled

Cheryl quietly, for the benefit of Julian.

He smiled at the remark and looked forward to the forthcoming display of the blonde girl's nether region — a much more intimate area than her tits anyway, delightful though they were.

With her boobs in motion, Gemma advanced on Julian. As she did so, he held out his arms — not in greeting, but ready to haul down her briefs.

'Cheryl will take my knickers off — when I tell her to,' she informed him.

Julian couldn't argue with that. He tapped his thighs welcomingly, his heart thumping with even greater ferocity as Gemma prepared to adopt the ancient submissive pose. He made to help her, but she knocked his arm away. He was sure Cheryl would not have done a thing like that.

Suddenly, the girl draped across

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in anticipation.**

him and he delighted in the warmth of her young nubile body. His eyes were naturally drawn to the exposed portions of her summits. The young flesh was superbly rounded. His hand would really bounce off a target like that! The taut gusset of her briefs provided a shield from his prying eyes, but it was a shield that would soon cease to offer any visual protection.

'Okay, Cheryl!' Gemma's voice came from down near the carpet.

As the dark-skinned girl beside him leaned across to remove her friend's final, flimsy covering, Julian began to ring the blonde's slim, warm waist with his left arm.

'Take it away!' ordered Gemma, brusquely.

Julian did as she wanted. It would serve her right if she fell onto the floor

Julian did as she wanted. It would serve her right if she fell onto the floor and landed on her sore arse!

The sensual excitement he was experiencing increased still more with the nearness of Cheryl, who now began to perform the task which had been expressly forbidden him.

Gemma pushed herself up a little as her friend slowly removed the triangular scrap of nylon. Julian thought it typical of the girl he was about to spank, to make a point as long as she possible could.

Fully exposed now in all its naked glory, he stared at the voluptuous bottom with which Gemma had been blessed. The dividing crease was long and deep, neatly bisecting the fleshy rounds at which he would aim.

'That's far enough, Cheryl!'

Gemma's instructions halted the other girl's removal of her briefs, which were now stretched over her mid-thigh area. Clearly, the object was to prevent her legs from opening too far and giving her tormentor an eyeful of her most intimate, personal part.

Cheryl sat back, just far enough to witness the spanking and yet not impeding Julian in his action.

'We'll start now, Gemma.'

There was no acknowledgement from the inverted blonde. He placed the palm of his left hand in the small of her back. His right hand scooped the fleshy fullness of each superb buttock, taking care not to let his fingers stray.

'If you don't want the goods, don't mess them about.'

The rebuke, mild in tone, actually came from Cheryl. Julian thought it was made more for the benefit of Gemma.

He raised up his right arm. There was going to be more than just enjoyment to be gained. It was just possible that the cheeky and bossy Gemma might also derive some lasting benefit from the session.

Pausing, he licked his lips. He was determined that the first slap was really going to count. As his hand accelerated towards the waiting hummocks, he opened out his fingers.

WHAPP!

His palm rebounded from the satisfactorily springy rounds which it had met at full speed. The resulting sound was satisfactory, too.

WOOHHH!

The audible intake of breath was Cheryl's. There was no noticeable reaction from the girl he had struck.

He knew she would go on for as long as possible, without giving any sign that she had been hurt. Julian was pleased, however, with that first slap. Gemma must really have felt it, despite her stoic response.

His hand rose ready for the next one as Cheryl leaned forward a little to observe the slight darkening of the struck arse. The bared bottom, he was

pleased to see, quivered a little in anticipation. Gemma had certainly NOT enjoyed that first taste of his stricken palm.

SMACKKKK!

The full blooded slap landed noisily on the undercurve of the peach-like mounds. The gorgeous girl-flesh vibrated with the impact. Again, Gemma rode the blow, without any

visible response. Julian knew that her unseen face would actually be screwed up in anguish.

He completed the preliminary toning up by delivering a few more spaced out smacks to the enchanting target. Still, Gemma did not react despite the palm-sized, rosy imprints now showing on both sides of the long cleft.



Then, with no pause at all, Julian began to cover the whole area of the blonde's delightful situpon, landing his punitive palm upon the pneumatic bum-mounds at a frenetic rate.

At last, Gemma began to react orally with muted gasps. Her bottom was really reverberating from the assault upon it and it now began to display the angry marks as a result of a pepering.

Suddenly, Cheryl held out a restraining arm. She was going to ask him to stop, surely? Just when he was really enjoying himself.

'I think you'd better pause for a little while,' she said in a soft voice. 'I think Gemma's arse needs a bit of a rest.'

Julian's heart leaped. He couldn't believe it. By calling for a break, Cheryl had actually prolonged the spanking. Surely she couldn't have realised what she had done?

The girl with the glamourous dusky skin actually tested the temperature of her friend's behind. She put the backs of her fingers on the scorching surfaces and pulled a face as she felt the heat.

Then, after a little pause, she nodded her head and said he could carry on.

Buoyed by the prospect of what was, in reality, a whole new session, Julian raised his strong right hand. His left hand pressed down on the blonde's back, an indication that things were getting under way once more. He was pleased to see her bum tense up, the long divide becoming a fine line.

SLAP! SLAP!

The quick smacks heralded the restart of the proceedings. When the messages reached Gemma's brain in quick succession, she gave out an 'OOH!' and an 'AGGHH!' Her head jerked up and then dropped down once more.

Julian briskly administered further slaps, covering the entire area of Gemma's super-heated derriere. Little whimpering sobs now began to break through. Julian could see that she was finding it more and more difficult relax her beaten buttocks.

He was ready for the blonde to say that she'd had enough or for Cheryl to call a halt. For whatever reason, neither happened.

Thoroughly enjoying himself, Julian landed slaps on the backs of Gemma's shapely thighs. She certainly didn't like it. He wondered if, per-

haps, the "witness" thought it was his way of giving her friend's bottom a bit of a rest! The freshly applied hurt to the new area made Gemma open and close her legs with ever increasing force until he heard her knickers rip under the strain. He was then afforded a view of Gemma's delightful, intimate charms.

'Not much more now!'

Julian was not suddenly overcome by an unusual show of mercy. His announcement merely meant that he was going to actually carry on for a while longer before he stopped. It forestalled the session being ended either by the girl whose fiery buttocks were on the receiving end of the drub-

Julian's hand grew hot on Gemma's wriggling bottom as, wailing continually, she tried to escape the agony in her glowing nether regions. In the brief pause between the briskly administered spanks, the girl's hot buttocks contracted and relaxed.

bing, or by the witness sitting beside him.

Naturally, Julian now returned the attentions of his scathing palm to the main punishment area.

'OW... OW... OW!' wailed Gemma.

Her head now seemed to be locked upwards and the delectably pointed toes of her pretty feet dug into the carpet. The girl's hips gyrated as the slaps rained down on her angry looking nates.

Julian's hand grew hot on Gemma's wriggling bottom as, wailing continually, she tried to escape the agony in her glowing nether regions. In the brief pause between the briskly administered spanks, the girl's hot buttocks contracted and relaxed.

'She's had enough now!'

Cheryl's intercession halted his hand in mid-flight. Gemma's final cry was one of relief. Her head dropped down once more.

Julian turned to Cheryl. 'Would you like to pull her knickers back up now, please?' he asked her.

'I don't think they're capable of being pulled up.' There was a trace of amusement in the dark girl's voice as she toyed with the torn fabric of what had been the blonde girl's briefs.

'I'll put a new pair in the post,' promised Julian, availing himself of a further opportunity of admiring Gemma's dewy secrets.

With an amount of puffing and panting, Gemma got to her feet. Shielding her blonde "vee" with a protective hand, she glared at Julian. As well as her derriere showing the results of her ordeal, so too, did her face. Tears had made her mascara run down her cheeks and she had smudged her lipstick with her rolling tongue.

Julian fished the "confession" out of his pocket and Gemma used her free hand to roughly snatch it from him. She didn't even say, 'Thank you'.

He thought that Cheryl would have done.

A couple of months later, Julian was out jogging near his home. Rounding a bend, he saw a small black car close up against a lamp post with which it had obviously been in contact. He thought he recognised the driver.

'Cheryl!' he exclaimed, stopping by the scene. 'It IS you. I thought it was.'

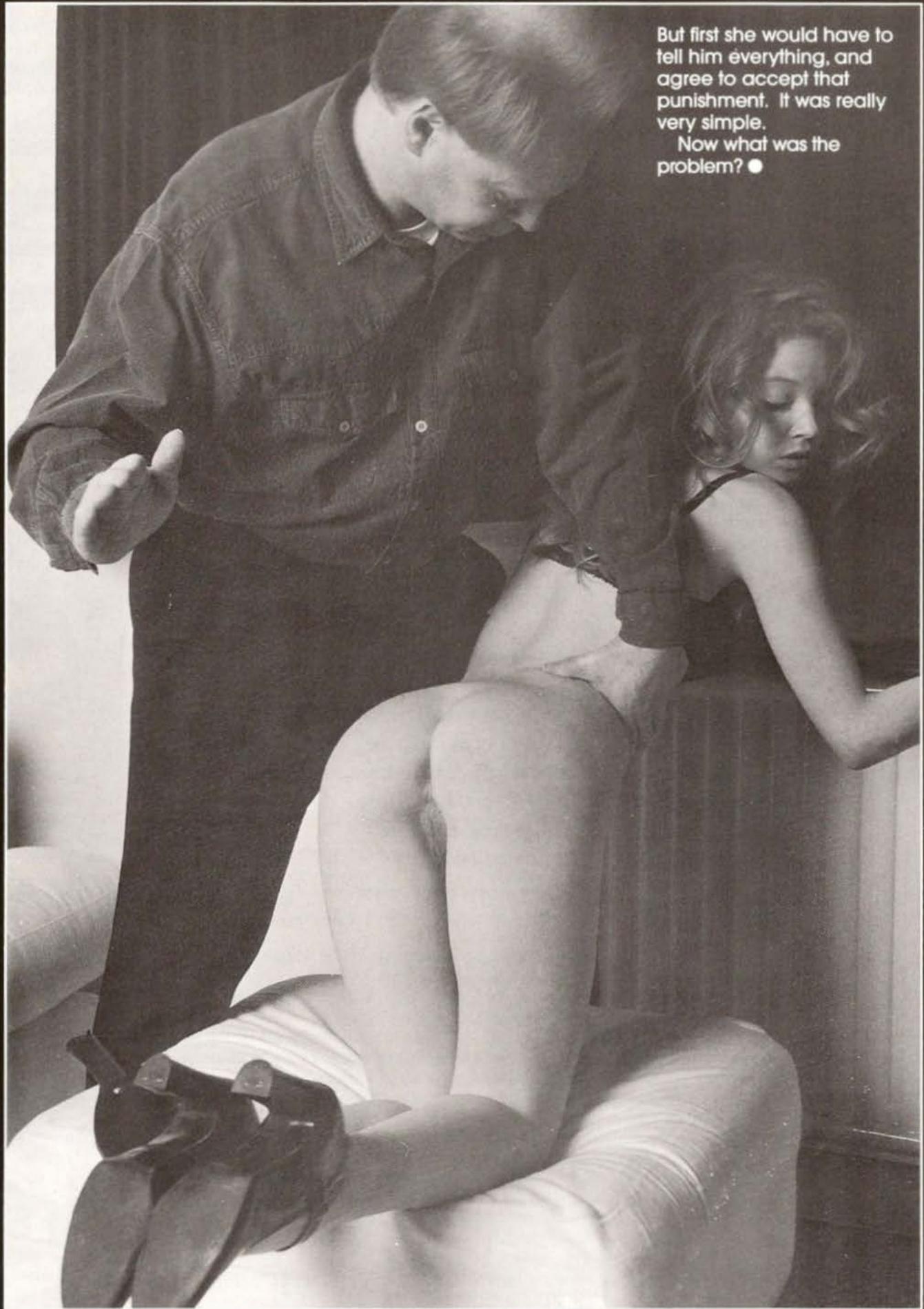
'Hi.' The pretty girl gave him a rueful smile. 'You must have a low opinion of women drivers. I swerved to avoid a cat and I hit the lamp post.'

Julian inspected the damage to the front of the car. 'Insurance job?' he asked.

'Third Party only,' she sighed, her small breasts making only little impression beneath her cream coloured, silky top as she did so.

They exchanged glances. Julian stroked his chin, thoughtfully. 'I suppose we could say it was MY fault. Would you like to ask Gemma to come and...?'

'It's quite all right,' chuckled the dusky beauty. 'I don't need a witness!'

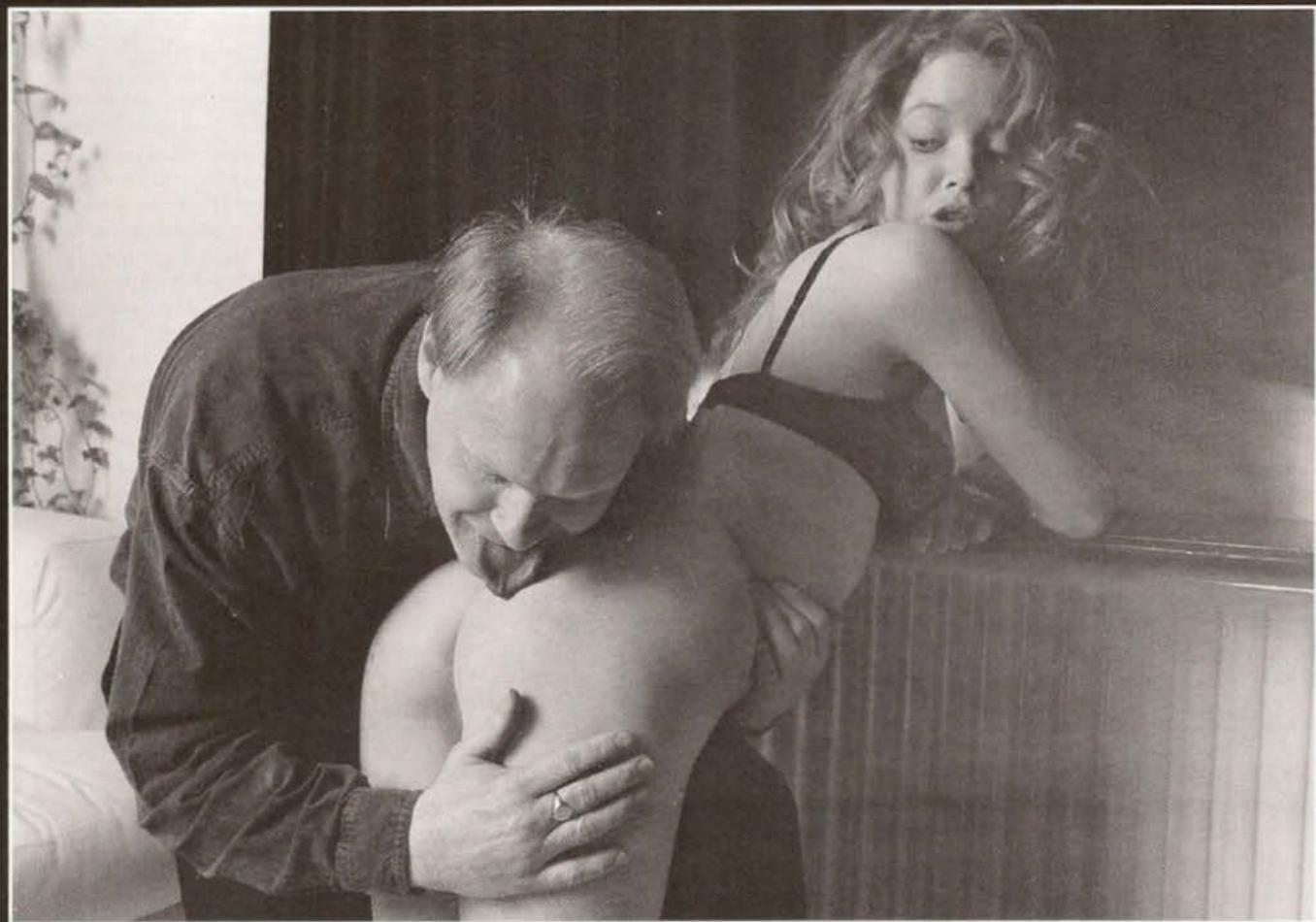


But first she would have to tell him everything, and agree to accept that punishment. It was really very simple.

Now what was the problem? ●







BLACKMAIL

by Mary B. of London

I was very flattered by the drawing of me in *Janus* no. 109, I hope the enclosed photo's are not too much of a disappointment in comparison! I have not dared to go back to that swimming pool anymore.

John has recently joined our local golfclub; last Saturday we were invited to a charity wine and cheese evening in the club bar. We had been there about an hour when a man called Mike came over and introduced himself. He said he was playing golf with John in a tournament tomorrow, and they chatted away about the club and golf. I must have looked really bored as Mike kept looking at me in a rather concerned way. Eventually he turned to me and said, 'Now I remember, we have definitely met before'. I smiled and said 'I don't think so.'

He calmly replied, 'Oh yes, I'm sure, although it's your bottom I remember more than your face, especially with those cane marks on it!'

I nearly choked on my drink and blushed from head to foot. John's jaw jut dropped, but Mike just smiled and said, 'I'm a regular swimmer at the leisure pool. I'm surprised at you John!'

'It wasn't me that caned her,' John blurted out, but then realised that this made the situation worse, not better. It was Mike's turn to look shocked now. He just said, 'Excuse me,' and went off to talk to someone else. John and I just stared at each other and John then suggested we left. I readily agreed, imagining Mike was going around telling everyone what he had seen at the pool.

I felt even worse when John said he would cancel his membership of the club and look for somewhere else.

It was about 10.00 on Sunday morning when the phone rang. John was talking for ages but I took no notice of what he was saying. After the call he seemed rather quiet but eventual-

ly he said, 'That was Mike. He has invited us both to his house for a drink before the tournament.'

I declined the offer, but John pleaded with me, saying it was best to "clear the air", so I reluctantly agreed.

Mike's house was magnificent. We pulled the car onto the gravel drive and just stared at the lovely gardens and conservatory. John told me that Mike's wife had died several years ago and that Mike was retired and spent most of his time at the golf club. John told me that Mike had talked on the phone about how lucky he thought John was having a wife like me, and that he had no intention of embarrassing John or me by telling tales at the club. I said I was pleased, but then John said, rather nervously, 'Mike suggested that in return for his silence he would drop out of the tournament and that instead of playing golf, he could stay with you instead!'

'You have got to be joking,' I said, 'Forget it. Do you really think I would put myself into that sort of situation.'

John said that Mike was no match for me physically and that I could sort him out if he tried anything. I had to admit Mike was rather frail and old-looking but I still said definitely no, and that we could go now if that is what he had planned for the afternoon. John shrugged his shoulders and got out of his car. I followed him up to the house.

The living room was even richer and grander than I expected. Mike was absolutely charming, he gave us champagne and talked about himself and his late wife. I began to feel sorry for him, all this wealth, but no-one to share it with. He went out of the room to get more champagne and I walked over to admire one of the pictures on the wall. I had my back to the door, so I did not hear him come back into the room.

'Well,' he said, 'it's nearly two o'clock — am I playing golf

or Mary this afternoon?' I was shocked by the abruptness of his question. As I turned to face him, I heard John reply, 'Golf,' but I looked straight at John and said, 'Mary.'

Both John and Mike just stared at me, then Mike rushed over to me, with a beaming smile on his face. He took the glass out of my hand, put it on the table, then undid the button on the sleeve of my blouse. Immediately he unbuttoned me up the front and pulled open my blouse. His hands were shaking. I was in total shock at the speed of what was happening. He went around behind me and I felt him unhook my skirt and pull down the zip. His thumbs then went into the waist-band of my skirt, tights and knickers and on one whoosh of air they were all around my ankles. He then shot back up to unclip my bra and that fell to the floor. He then rushed out of the room.

I just stood there, shaking with a mixture of shock, embarrassment and now fear. John could not look at me, he was just staring down at the floor. I was about to bend down and pull my clothes back on when Mike came back in, carrying a bag. He knelt in front of me and lifted my left foot, taking off my shoe and clearing away my crumpled skirt, tights and knickers. He then did the same with my other foot and stuffed all my clothes into the bag. He then stood up, took the bag over to John and gave it to him. 'Mary won't be needing these,' he said,

'I'll see you back here at 6.00 after the tournament; have a good game.' John stood up and Mike led him out of the room. I heard the front door close.

I wanted to run after him before it was too late, but I did not. I just stood there, stark naked, frozen to the spot.

I could not believe I had been so stupid. I had been annoyed with John for suggesting such a scheme, just to buy Mike's silence. Then, because John had answered, 'Golf', I had to say the

opposite, and then everything had happened so fast I could not get myself out of it. My pride at being liberated and sexually confident had stopped me from slapping Mike's face when he started to undress me. Now my confidence was gone, my husband was gone, my clothes were gone and a man I hardly knew was walking back into the room. I had to believe that John would not walk out and leave me like this unless it was all some sort of game Mike and he had planned.

'Let me show you the conservatory,' Mike said politely, handing me another glass of champagne. He seemed to ignore the fact that I was naked, chatting away about his home. However, I felt very uncomfortable as the conservatory was cold and several of the nearby houses had windows overlooking it. As we walked towards the kitchen door he put his hand on my bottom. 'You have a delightful bottom,' he said. 'It is lovely and smooth and cold. Bottoms are at their best either ice cold or red hot. Let me show you upstairs.'

He led the way to the stairs, but then stopped and indicated for me to go up first. He followed me up the stairs, a few steps behind me. His voice went frail and he stuttered as he tried to continue a conversation and enjoy the view at the same time. His interest in my bottom and his "red hot" comment left me in no doubt about what was coming, but I was rather amused to see how he was going to try it.

He showed me to the bedroom. There was a huge bed, set into units down one wall, mirrored wardrobes down another, and a dresser, table and arm-chair on the other side. Mike said the wardrobes were new, and slid open a door to show a walk-in area.

'Do you like all my ties?' he said. Politely I said yes, although I was really looking at myself in the mirrors.

'Choose two you like,' he said. I picked two, and Mike



then started to tie me around my wrist.

'You are not tying me up,' I said. Mike smiled at me, and continued. I was about to pull away from him when I realised he was deliberately tying them so loose that I could slip my wrists and hands out of the loops if I wanted to.

'Please stand up on the bed and raise your arms.' He then tied each of my wrist ties to the handles of the units above the bed. He was using me to play out a fantasy! I was surprised then

that he left the room, to return later with a video camera, tripod and still camera. I pulled my hand out of the tie and turned around. 'I'm sorry Mike,' I said, 'I am not letting you gather more evidence to blackmail me.'

'Please,' said Mike pathetically. 'Your face won't be in the video and the still pictures are what John asked me to take.'

This final confirmation that the whole thing was a set-up made me decide that I would give Mike everything he wanted and more, and see what John

thought of that!

I looped my hand back in the tie and waited. Mike spent ages setting things up.

As I looked around, I could see myself in the mirrored doors, in the dressing table mirror and now my bum in close-up on the TV as well, as Mike had connected it to the camera.

Mike stood at the side of the bed and tapped my bottom a few times, then when he was sure everything was OK, he started the camera, got back into position, raised his hand and smacked me quite hard on the left cheek. I thought he would say something, but I could see in the reflection that he was concentrating on my bum. I watched his hand come up again and then swing down with a loud smack onto my right cheek. Then up went his hand and down it came again on the left. The smacks were hard enough to make me gasp, and I bit my lip waiting for the next one.

Smack! on the right, then the left again. I would see in the mirror that Mike was placing each smack with great care, and on the TV I could see palm and finger marks in red, for each smack. After about twenty smacks I could see that my poor bum was an even red all over and the burning heat was starting to get uncomfortable. I found myself lifting one leg up after the blow on that side and then having to skip onto the other foot as the blow landed on the other cheek. I was using the two ties as support as I danced around.

The TV screen now showed these two globes that were scarlet with almost purple finger marks.

Still the smacks landed, but the hot glow was now overpowering and I could not tell one smack from another, there was just throbbing heat all over. The rhythm, the heat and the rubbing of my legs together began to build into a sort of climax I had not experienced before. I closed my eyes and started to push my bottom backwards, in a rhythm, ready to receive each smack.

The sensation grew and then shuddered through my whole body. Suddenly the pain took over and I could not take anymore. I called out to Mike to stop, but he continued. I shouted again and Mike looked startled, almost as if he had come out of a

trance.

He stopped and I collapsed onto the bed, holding my bum. I felt tears well up in my eyes.

I just lay on the bed for ages, letting the heat radiate from my bum. After a while I became aware that Mike was fiddling with his cameras, then I felt him grip my arm and help me off the bed. He led me over to the dressing table and bent me forward, arranging one elbow on each side of the drawers. I was still in a sort of trance, recovering from my first experience, I could not take anymore. 'No more Mike,' I said, 'I'm sorry.'

'I bought this years ago,' he said, 'but I've never used it. You have to take six.' He raised his arm and in the mirror I saw the leather tawse.

Crack! it streaked across my still scarlet bottom. I shot up, but my resistance had gone. I collapsed forward again and started to cry.

Crack! My knees went and I nearly fell to the floor. I had just straightened up when *CRACK!* it cut into me again. This time I did slip off the dressing table onto the floor.

I heard a bell ring and Mike left the room. It was the door bell, John was back to save me! I stood up and walked onto the landing, tears still in my eyes. I was about to go downstairs when I suddenly realised I could hear two men's voices and neither of them were Mike's or John's. I was horrified.

I was stark naked, my bum was scarlet and striped with purple, I was in a stranger's house and two men I did not know were downstairs. If Mike brought them upstairs anything could happen to me. I heard their voices in the hall! but then the door opened and they left. I have never felt so relieved in my life. Mike came back upstairs and apologised for the interruption. To his amazement I kissed him, handed him the tawse, took up my position on the dresser and said, 'Three to come, I think.'

When John finally arrived I was still naked and almost drunk with champagne.

Mike gave me a lovely pair of gold ear-rings as a present and John enjoyed watching the video while I stood around showing off my still scarlet cheeks. ●



READERS' LETTERS

All Janus readers' letters are edited versions of genuine letters received at our editorial offices — we don't make them up! Have you a fascinating experience to share with other readers? Go on, spell it out and send it to the Editor. Names and addresses are never disclosed. Photos of readers' wives and girlfriends in spanking situations are welcome too, so long as the model agrees to publication. We'll send a Model Release Form for any we hope to use in which faces are shown. Readers are reminded that it is our policy not to forward letters to our correspondents.

Bare Faced Cheek

I am a new reader of your magazine. As a matter of fact — I have only read one number, which I got from a friend for a very special reason — the story as follows:

I have been married for 12 years to my wife, Lena — she is now 34 years old and 24 years younger than me. She is a natural blonde with a shapely figure and a sturdy bum. Lately, however, a problem has occurred in our marriage.

She has — I think — become very exhibitionistic and runs around in our flat more or less naked most of the time. As we live in a rather big town (Örebro) with lots of apartment-buildings opposite ours and our flat is on the first floor, there are lots of people who can see into our flat. Need I say there are never any curtains closed. She can come directly from the bathroom into the kitchen and start doing dishes. Even in the bedroom there are no curtains drawn when she prepares for bed. I have spoken to her about this but she says that she is free to be as she wants in her own flat. 'If they want to look let

them.' It is, however, very embarrassing for me when we, for instance, do our shopping in the neighbourhood. It is like everybody is looking at her — especially the men.

A fortnight ago, however, there was an incident that made me understand that I have to do something about it. I had invited a friend from my work to have dinner with us. There was of course some drinking too and later on when we sat sipping our cognac and chatting quite freely my friend said: 'Let us see your big bottom bare, if you dare.' She laughed then resolutely stood up, took off her skirt and lowered her panties as you can see in the enclosed photo. It was my working-mate who shot the photo — very embarrassing for me — he must have known.

Since that day I have spoken to a near friend of mine about my problems. Perhaps I am too old for her now. It isn't easy to handle a 24 years younger wife! My friend however said, 'She is a very naughty girl and needs to be punished'. He then returned with a copy of your magazine *Janus* no. 108 and said, 'Read this — it will

give you an idea of what I mean. She needs to be punished in the most stern manner. You can ask the readers for advice.'

So, dear readers of *Janus*, what treatment do you suggest?

T.L., Örebro, Sweden

Meadows' artwork is excellent. It is said that competition is good business, *Februs* appears to be providing it, so I hope *Janus* will be able to keep its place as the foremost CP magazine.

Living as I do in the Channel Islands, censorship is rather strict. We still are governed by a one party "Methodist" government. As far as I know, no CP magazines, let alone "naughty" videos are on sale in these islands. One can't even dial the "naughty" phone numbers from Jersey, but I believe they can on Guernsey.

I realise that censorship in the UK has restricted your work in producing a magazine devoted to CP. No red marks, blushing, or stripes on bottoms, etc. As some of your readers have stated, it is quite all right to show rape, mutilation and even decapitation on videos though.

To conclude, may I wish you a very successful 1996.

D.L.T., Jersey.

Healthy Competition

Having been only introduced to your excellent magazine from issue no. 80 onwards, I wish to say how delighted I am with your product which I consider very good value for money. Since purchasing *Janus* 80, I have purchased many back-numbers, as I'm sure your sales department will confirm. Some subsequent issues I found better than others, but I must admit I was very disappointed with the 100th issue. I would have thought a slightly better, and perhaps larger issue, would have fitted the bill.

However, having said that, I particularly enjoyed issues 107 and 108. With regard to the "new format" I am not so sure. As a traditionalist, I am not certain as yet that I like the new idea. It will take some further issues before I can really decide.

In the Readers' Letters recently, I notice there has been some criticism. I feel that I agree with some of them. Richard Manton's work is repetitive and becomes boring after a while, his description of women's buttocks never vary, from very early issues to the present day! I also agree with some readers that David T. and Carol of London W5 have had their say by now. Not to say that it wasn't good reading, but it is now becoming rather boring. Michael B. and Judith of Grimsby's articles, spasmodic as they are, are far more entertaining.

I must say that your sister publication, *Februs* is excellent. Their photography is clear and concise, and of course, Paula

C.T. on C.P.

I have just received issue 111 of *Janus*, which is the last of my current subscriptions. I have for some while been giving serious consideration as to whether this would be renewed, as in my opinion, recently it's contents had not been up to, what I would consider to be its earlier quality and standard. I have been unhappy with the reproductive quality of some of the letter photos, take issue 109 as an example, I also found the fiction a little tiresome. However, I was impressed by the new layout which was introduced in issue 110, under the current editor, and have to confess to completely enjoying the most recent, issue 111.

I was furthermore astonished at noticing at least seven photographs from former editions which consisted of pages 51/52



READERS' LETTERS

'Sophie & Christian Fennington', the pictures on the readers letters pages 47/49 and the accompanying pictures of 'Maid for Punishment'. Although in spite of this, I did take pleasure from the latter because of the size, print quality and clarity, with page eleven being what I consider a masterpiece because of the position of the cane. I trust that *Janus* is not destined to reproduce old pictures on a regular basis which a competitive publication has been doing for some while, and which I have ceased purchasing.

The colour prints on page 25, from the photo feature 'Night Visitor', and page 32 from 'Paddling Madeleine Home' were most realistic. I hope that this type of realistic picture will be a regular feature, as recently the photo-features have been clearly artificial. The story entitled, 'Punishment of a Thief' was excellent and my congratulations to its author for providing a very entertaining read.

The contents of the letters section has also vastly improved, and I would express my thanks to Brian P. for 'Stranger and Stranger', which I have a suspicion I have read in another magazine, and special thanks to B.B. of NW1 for 'Lucy and Juicy'. I do have my doubts as to the authenticity of the gender of its author as the details appear to be too good to be true. Nevertheless it was most entertaining. If, however, my doubts are unwarranted and the author is female, do you have more tales to tell?

C.T., Edgware, Middlesex

I Love Linsey

Again and again you amaze... just when I think you have reached the pinnacle you soar to even greater heights in the name of Linsey Jane Zoff.

I strode into 40 Old Compton Street to get some back numbers thinking I had seen it all and bang, you hit me right between the eyes with Lindsey Jane Zoff.

I hope you won't be too modest to let me extol your brilliance in producing *Janus* No.96.

The fact that Miss Zoff is hands above head on her toes is

highly erotic. The pose is suggestive of having her wrists tied and being stretched from a beam. Also the cover excitingly depicts the submissiveness inherent in facing the wall. The full length picture on page 32 is sublime. Also subsequent pictures pages 40-42... about to mount the chair, and over the back of the chair are exquisite. Miss Zoff had beautiful feet and getting the feet posed correctly adds to the eroticism of the pictures.

'Up on the toes' is very sexy as it gives more shape to the ankles, calves and buttocks. It makes the legs look longer. It is the classic pose for a lady awaiting chastisement. The body language of being up on the toes and showing the soles of the feet conveys self imposed bondage as the recipient cannot flee when in this position.

Miss Zoff's beautiful feet are brilliantly displayed in the photographs. Any position showing the soles of the feet conveys submissiveness... kneeling up on a chair and face down on the bed are good positions as the soles of the feet are well displayed. Wendy No. 44 and Sheena No. 66 are good examples. Whilst kneeling up on the Peacock chair the soles of Wendy's feet are beautifully displayed. The photo of Liz Hurley, Sunday Times Colour section, 31st July '95 is given major eroticism by being up on her toes, albeit in boots, in the classic caning position: legs and buttocks stretched, fingers touching toes, hair flying... there can only be one reason for adopting this position. The hotel I use supplies a Temp and on occasion she kicks off her shoes and sits with the toes of one foot just spread on the carpet and one ankle twisted behind the other. It destroys my concentration. Linsey Jane Zoff's body language when on her toes says 'Yes, I accept the tawse.'

The facial expressions, which *Janus* captures beautifully, when on the toes can vary from the penitent to the sulky: 'Yes, I'm going to be caned but I will accept the strokes in a haughty, pouty manner. Perhaps crying out, but staying in position with buttocks presented unflinchingly to the final stroke.'

For me, the etiquette of the cane, which *Janus* captures so well, is very exciting. The order of procedure should be understood

READERS' PHOTO OF THE MONTH

We just know our readers have some great pictures! If you want to prove it, send your prints (only) to: The Photo Editor, *Janus*, 40 Old Compton Street, London W1V 5PB. There will be an award of £10 to the sender of the best in each issue. Unfortunately no entries can be returned.

There's just one thing to remember — if you show the model's face she'll need to sign a model release form consenting to publication. We'll send you one on receipt of suitable pictures.



This issue's winner is G. M. from Bradford

by both parties and be slowly drawn out.

There are two musts: the lady must be willing and the strokes be painful enough to command respect.

The lady must always be nicely apprehensive. Three things that increase the thrill:

1. The lady asks permission to undress. Then she should expect to be kept waiting nude for 5-15 minutes standing facing the wall, toes touching the skirting. This increases tension. I find an impending stroke of the cane concentrates the mind wonderfully well. The anticipation can be intense. Correct and meticulous

adherence to the niceties can sometimes result in the lady being let off (sometimes to have a lady nakedly submissive can be enough). This has the advantage of the lady being ever hopeful that she will not feel the cane and increases her desire to be exceedingly submissive at this stage. My wife, being kept waiting whilst I took a phone call, stood to attention, black velvet bow gathering her hair at the nape of her neck, facing the wall in the dark.

2. The lady should be asked to fetch the cane. This increases her apprehension. The lady should pay close attention as the cane is bent and swished for her approval.

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There are many fine pictures commemorating this moment in *Janus*. The lady, in her eager attention can request to test its bendiness and run it through her fingers, feeling its silky smoothness. The lady, well-versed in the finer points of correction, will always ask to see the cane and a nice touch of *savoir-faire* is to ask to see the rod demonstrated on a plump cushion before giving it her seal of approval. At this stage meticulous observation and favourable comment on the supple springiness may on the rare occasion allow her to redeem herself.

3. Counting the strokes. For some reason in my experience this can be met with some reluctance. When you have plump, female buttocks held crinkly in place, breath held, waiting for the cane to travel its short distance, it is a pleasure for the yell to be followed by the number. A perfect recipient would add 'thank you' after each stroke. An experienced lady would adhere to the niceties if pressed.

There is one other thing, not easy, but sensual if it can be achieved. That is to discomfort the lady by causing embarrassment in matters of bedroom correction. I have noticed, in company, that a lady does not like delicate matters of sexual preference referred to. Occasionally the matter is alluded to, but specifics not offered. I think this subtle embarrassment is to obtain submissiveness. Carol 'T' No.104 mentions punishment whilst her mother is in the house. This adds a piquancy. It is exquisite for a lady to be reminded in company that she is going to be chastised. It had been on at least 2 TV plays recently and has led to a coy flush of embarrassment on the part of the lady. We were at a dinner party recently when a friend said to his young and patrician wife, 'You won't need reminding that you have an appointment with the crop.' The remark made jokingly had a certain edge to it and the young lady blushed to her ample bosom.

We were in Harrods' Tackroom earlier in the week and I noticed a fascinating range of brightly coloured, lightweight riding crops. Pinks, yellows, crimson, lilacs. Thin, bendy and eminently suitable for the female bottom.

Not the colours you would associate with riding of the equestrian kind. Later, in the *Janus* shop I noticed new examples of coloured canes. Light, springy and guaranteed to tone with subtle shades. Either of these blissful examples could engender respect from a recipient.

Meanwhile, *Janus* continues to give the finest insights into the pleasures of CP. The picture of 'Valencia', No.104, page 33 is superb. She is beautifully positioned, buttocks well spread, legs straight, toes pointed, the cane

dream-girl in mind. Mine is Asian with long hair. I especially enjoyed *Janus* 96 with the Filipino maid. Asian girls are naturally submissive, and it is usually easy to train and to teach them how to be sweet and loving.

I live in San Francisco, where many Asians live, and I have been dating mostly Asian women during the past few years. With their innocent looks, long hair and slim bodies, it is a real delight to punish them. They usually have charming little voices and accents, and with these girls spanking becomes

to me, but with her knickers in her hand (she is pretty good at hiding them in her fist), then she sits with her skirt up to the waist, her naked rump directly on the chair (I love those old theatres with wooden chairs). I don't know how she removes her knickers discretely in the dark theatre, but somehow she always manages. It is true that I promise her 6 extra cuts of the cane if she fails to do it during the given time. I always have her wear those simple but sexy tight black skirts that look gorgeous with her long black hair, and it is a delight to observe her from the corner of my eye, incredibly vulnerable and beautiful, hiding her upper thighs with her purse.

Before the end of the show, I send her back somewhere else in the theatre, this time to put her knickers back on. Back home, I sit in my most comfortable chair and have her on her knees, her back to me, facing the fireplace. She has to raise her skirt, lower her eyes, her hands clasped behind her back. I start reading a good book, asking her to bring me a drink or something once or twice. Sometimes I scold her: 'You are going to deserve this. I am sorry but I will have to be severe.' Then I go on with my reading, interrupting it from time to time with long pauses, admiring her in her submissive posture. Then I ask her to take off her dress and face me with only her knickers and stockings on. This time I give her a detailed description of her future punishment, in which I always use at least three different instruments for variety. It is then time to ask her to lower her knickers to her ankles, with one hand. When she is naked, she has to beg me for her punishment. I then order her across my lap, taking my time to position her. When her lower back is well arched, her thighs slightly apart, her private parts not really hidden anymore, and her hand clasped behind her back or her neck, it is time to start her correction. By then, the scene has already been built up for several hours.

Asian girls have very soft skin and are usually sensitive, so the point is not spanking hard but rather taking time to cover the entire behind until it is definitely rosy. I have been waiting so long for that moment that I really enjoy taking my time spanking her in



deliciously applied. Fabulous facial expression yelling full approbation to the efficience of the cane.

Miss Linsey Jane Zoff continues to fascinate me. The cover picture is a dream. Her thighs and bottom are perfection. That sensual and submissive look with hands behind back totally captivating. You are the undoubtedly maestro!

Yours sincerely,
A.R., Frinton-on-Sea

simply the most enjoyable activity on earth.

Their small bodies, even if their buttocks can be quite round, ask for a different treatment than a European girl would get. Since there is less surface to take care of, and less padding to protect them, I make a special effort to emphasise humiliation before and after the punishment, so that the scene can last a long time. Wendy, my girlfriend, is a beautiful 22 year old Chinese woman, and I love to tease her before her punishment in order to make her ashamed. 'Aren't you ashamed to be spanked on your bare bottom?' When she really starts blushing and being excited at the same time, I tell her I am going to take her out. We go to see a movie. I like to sit in the last row, and once the movie begins, send her to another row in front of me. She has 10 minutes to come back next

California Dreaming

Everybody has his little preferences when it comes to CP, preferences pertaining to implements, clothing or positions. But also, everybody has a submissive

READERS' LETTERS

this humiliating position. After the spanking, I pet her bottom for a few minutes, telling her she has been good during that first instalment of her punishment, and then order her to bring the wooden paddle.

I love paddles, but again they require careful handling on a petite Asian girl. I usually give her a paddling a little less severe than what I would a Western girl, but a great deal more humiliatingly. I have her kneel on a chair, but with her elbows on the floor. She really feels humiliated in this position, and I take my time before starting to apply the paddle. The skin is very tight, so it is not really necessary to hit hard at all. There is nothing else like paddling

a naked girl in that position with a wooden paddle! Her posture is so intimate, and the instrument so hard (and thus so potentially painfully) that it creates a bond that makes our love and trust greater each time. After about 10 minutes of the paddling I have in front of me a very sorry woman with a crimson bottom, and who by then has other much more immediate concerns than her exposed private parts. I then trade the wooden paddle for a little martinet that I like to use to cover her thighs. I have her spread them as much as the chair allows her, and use the whip on all her exposed thighs, especially the inside.

She is then allowed 15 minutes of corner time. I sit in my chair,

enjoying a glass of Cabernet, thinking that the colour of the wine definitely matches her beautiful behind.

I then go to fetch the cane. If I notice that she really cannot take much more, I take the smaller one that allows me to cane her across my lap. Otherwise, she has to grab her ankles and present her vulnerable bottom, one last time for punishment. I have her count, and am very strict. If she forgets to do so, it always earns her an extra cut of the cane. Her beautiful black mane is all over the floor, her waist superbly bent, her rump offered obediently until she has six neat lines crossing it, and I usually think: 'Here is a scene that has been lasting for over 5 hours,

and I have never felt so good.' My woman might not share my thoughts at that moment, she is usually sobbing and needs comfort and affection. She knows she will have them. After the punishment, she is my queen, and I would do anything to please her and make her the happiest woman in the world.

I am always interested in finding CP magazines featuring punished Asian girls. I hope you might publish my letter in one of your publications. I have been enjoying readers' letters in British magazines for so long that I would truly enjoy finding a letter of mine in *Janus* one day,

Yours truly,
P.M., San Francisco

Spanking Vatman Wins £3,000 for Tax-Dodge Libel

A former VAT inspector accused of being a "secret spanker" has won £3,000 in libel damages because a newspaper accused him of tax-dodging.

In October 1993 Philip McHugh featured in a *News of the World* article under a headline alleging he was a "secret spanker".

The article horrified him, not because of the spanking allegation, but because it claimed he paid women in cash to avoid tax.

News of the World journalists Caroline Reid and Fiona Whitty visited him and wrote the article.

McHugh did not dispute that he liked women's bottoms, and thought of spanking them. He had even taken photo's of girlfriends apparently being spanked.

But he said the allegation that he had told them: 'I won't tell the tax man if you don't,' was a gross libel.

The judge at Liverpool high court awarded £3,000 damages against the *News of the World* and the two journalists after McHugh revealed that he resigned from Customs in January 1994.

DUP Expels "Spanking" Councillor

Irish Times

A DUP councillor who posed for photographs with scantily clad, cane wielding women, has been expelled from the party. Mr Jim Walker was pictured bending over as if about to be spanked by waitresses at a Belfast version of the London based restaurant chain, School Dinners.

Waitresses in St. Trinians style dress mete out mock spankings to customers. Mr. Walker, and an independent unionist member of Belfast City Council, Mr Sandy Blair, appeared in the photographs which were published in the *Sunday World* a fortnight ago.

The DUP executive said Mr. Walker was being expelled from the party for bringing it into disrepute. Mr Walker said he had done nothing immoral and that the party's stance was "slightly hypocritical".

Contributing to JANUS

Writing for *JANUS*, the world's foremost CP journal, is not easy. A thorough knowledge of the genre and familiarity with the magazine's policy, standards and guidelines is essential. For example: bondage, schoolgirl dramas, S&M, and debasement are all taboo subjects. Because of the wide range of eroticism explored, a minimum of at least three issues should be studied.

We continually look for originality and creativity, and reject over seventy percent of the material submitted to us. Hackneyed themes will just not make it, although if one of these can be 'turned on its head' that's a different story! A well-researched historical or factual piece has more chance of acceptance than almost anything. It is these aspects of the subject which are difficult to write about.

If you haven't already been put off and still want to submit that piece of fiction then here are a few technical requirements you should know about: we will accept a highly original piece no matter how it is presented, but all things being equal, professional presentation has more chance. Contributions must be double-spaced, and typed (or printed) on A4 paper using one side of the sheet only. A computer disc — either PC or Apple Mac — with an ASCII file of the submission should accompany hard copy. This is not essential, but it can make a difference to the length of time it takes to publish a piece. Payment will be made within one month of publication.

A word count, name and address and the daytime telephone number of the author are essential. Female pseudonyms will not be used for male writers.

Send editorial submissions to:

The Editor, *JANUS*, 40 Old Compton Street, London W1V 5PB

THE REAR...

Fantasies and facts, articles, poems, gossip, stories, photographs, reviews and critiques — in fact anything about the world of CP. If you'd like to join in please write to: The Rear End, **JANUS**, 40 Old Compton Street, London W1V 5PB.

**Did she fully comprehend the significance of what she said?
Was she aware of the effect she was having on me?
What was so fascinating about her?**

Let me recap...

Driving down to a conference venue in Surrey we were chatting away about people in the office, the weather, fashion, in fact all sorts of things when suddenly she asked whether I had read last week's Sunday Times. I take the paper (along with several others) and so naturally replied that I had. 'Did you read the short story about the girl student who passed a note to her professor which read "GIRLS LIKE TO BE SPANNED"?'

Well I had read it (several times) and was pleased that such an eminent author as Harold Pinter would write on a subject so close to my heart. I replied that I had read the story and it indeed had left me wondering.

'About whether they do?' she said.

'Yes,' I replied.

'Well, how can you ever find out without running the risk of being prosecuted for assault?' This had occurred to me on more than one occasion I can assure you. In fact looking back there have been relatively few times when I was able to establish whether my current girlfriends was "Game" or not, even after dropping hints about what would happen if she behaved badly, was cheeky etc. and on the odd occasion leaving a copy of *Janus*

or *Februs* on the coffee table for her to see.

'It is difficult,' I replied, trying to buy some time. 'Do you think it's true?' I asked, starting to throw caution to the proverbial wind.

'It depends on the girl and the circumstances,' she replied.

'Give me an example' I said now leaping in feet first.

'Well, take this conference we are attending. Supposing I made a fool of myself by not preparing my speech or getting tipsy in the bar when there were clients present, then I realistically would say that I deserved to be spanked but, whether I could honestly say that I would **LIKE** to be spanked I just don't know.'

'Have you thought about being spanked or been spanked recently?' I enquired.

'No, not really,' she replied, rather wistfully, 'but the article got me thinking.'

'What do you mean by not really?'

'Well, a couple of years ago, my then boyfriend did once pull me out of the car that he had parked in a country lane and dragged me into a field and wrestled me across his knee, lifted my skirt and spanked me about 20 times, but I can remember thinking that if I really wanted to prevent it happening I could have but I somehow didn't really want him to stop. I think I had been awkward and playing him up all evening and was in fact goading

him to do something which indeed he did. I can now recall that in a funny sort of way the glow that was developing very quickly on my bottom was turning me on and making me feel sexy.'

'So you did like being spanked then?' I remarked.

'Well I suppose I enjoyed the warm feeling and I must admit that the spanking did seem to add something and make the incident memorable,' she replied.

'You haven't had any other experience recently then?' I asked.

'No' she replied.

At this stage there was a lull in the conversation which must have lasted a good couple of minutes and then she chirped up with, 'I've still got some preparation to do for my speech tomorrow.'

Oh God, what do I say now, I was thinking, as I took a corner far too quickly and nearly deposited us both into a field.

'Sorry, I didn't mean to distract you,' she said edging slightly across the seat.

'You didn't,' I lied. 'It's just that I don't often have a conversation about spanking with an attractive young lady on a Wednesday afternoon driving through Surrey countryside.'

'Neither do I,' she said. 'It's just that I find you very easy to talk to and am interested to hear your views. Do you find the idea of spanking a woman an exciting one?'

Girls like to be Spanked

by Roy Tersley

(What do I say now?) 'Yes' I spluttered, 'I suppose I do, but I've seldom had the opportunity or the guts to do it.'

'Pull over,' she said sharply, taking me by surprise and with authority now in her voice. I said nothing and continued driving but my mind was racing.

'Over there,' she said pointing at a gap in the hedge with a gate leading into a field set back just enough to get out of the car. Now on autopilot I pulled in as instructed, applied the hand-brake, turned off the ignition and sat completely still. I could feel mild panic setting in.

'Let's go into the field,' was the next comment I can recall hearing, so out of the car we got and with some difficulty clambered over the fence into the field.

'My boyfriend had to drag me,' she said. 'But I'm going to make it easy for you,' and with that she slowly turned around and unzipped the back of her skirt and slid it down over her bottom and let it fall crumpled onto the grass. I was now completely transfixed and totally out of control of the situation as she looked over her shoulder and said in a husky voice, 'GIRLS LIKE TO BE SPANNED.'

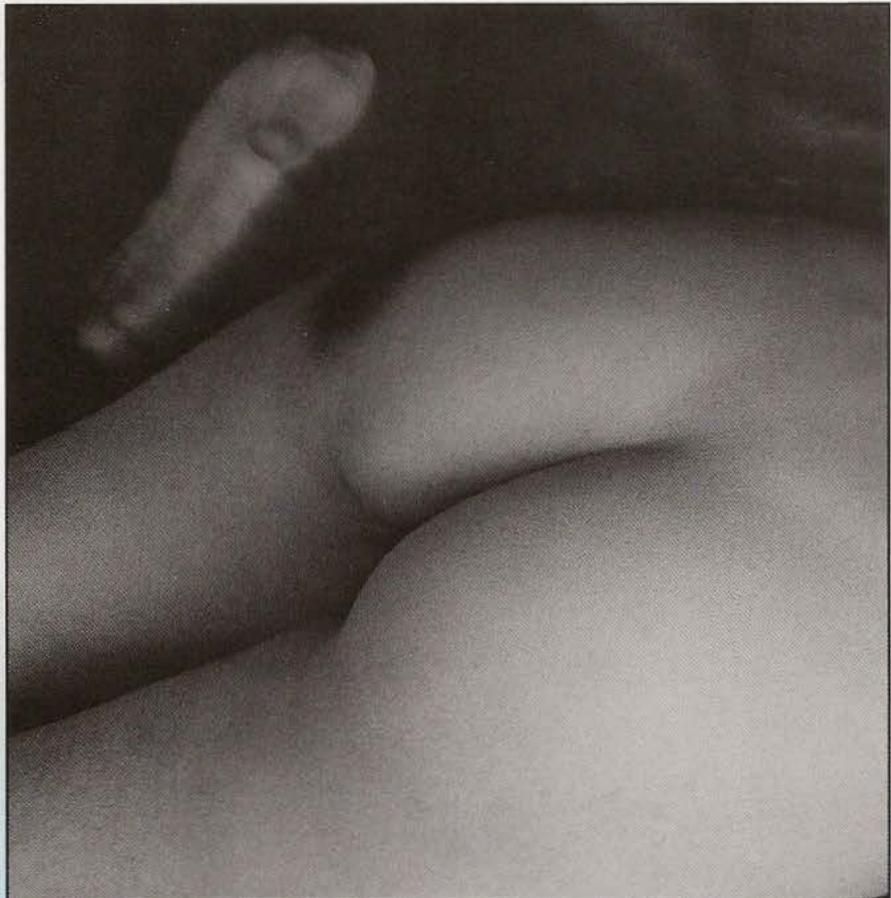
I found myself staring at the most beautiful bottom that was encased in a pair of taut white panties and not daring to say a word in case the magic of the moment was lost.

'Shall I take them down?' she enquired, obviously aware that I was staring at her bottom.

'No,' I managed to say, 'I will attend to that myself.' (That's better, I heard myself saying to myself. Be assertive and take control.)

'Come here young lady,' I said as sternly as I could as I took hold of her forearm and plonked myself rather unceremoniously onto the ground with her flailing rather more gracefully in a prone position with her bottom uppermost across my knee. With little hesitation (I'm pleased to report) my hand fell with reasonable force across her tight buttock cheek followed by a similar smack to her left cheek.

The reaction was hardly noticeable — a barely audible 'OUCH' emanating from her mouth. I continued the spanking



... END

and was growing confident with every slap as well as getting into a steady rhythm that only a true spanking enthusiast would fully appreciate. I wasn't counting the number, which is unusual for me, but I must have delivered a good sixty stingers to her knicker-clad bottom. For some reason I suddenly stopped to stare and I suppose, if the truth be known, to admire my handiwork by looking

at the redness and the traces of my finger-marks on her bottom. My goodness, it did look very sore and it was starting to get those blotches that start after fifty hard slaps or so.

'Have you finished?' she said looking up at me over her shoulder.

Normally I would have said something like, 'I haven't even started yet,' but this time I said,



'For the time being,' at which she rolled off my knee onto the grass giving one of those little girl looks.

'I think I need a drink,' I blurted out sure that I was now red in the face and looking very flustered.

'Relax,' she said 'after all, it's me who was just been spanked. Does it look very sore?' as her hand trespassed round to soothe and caress her cheeks.

'It looks pretty hot from here,' I replied.

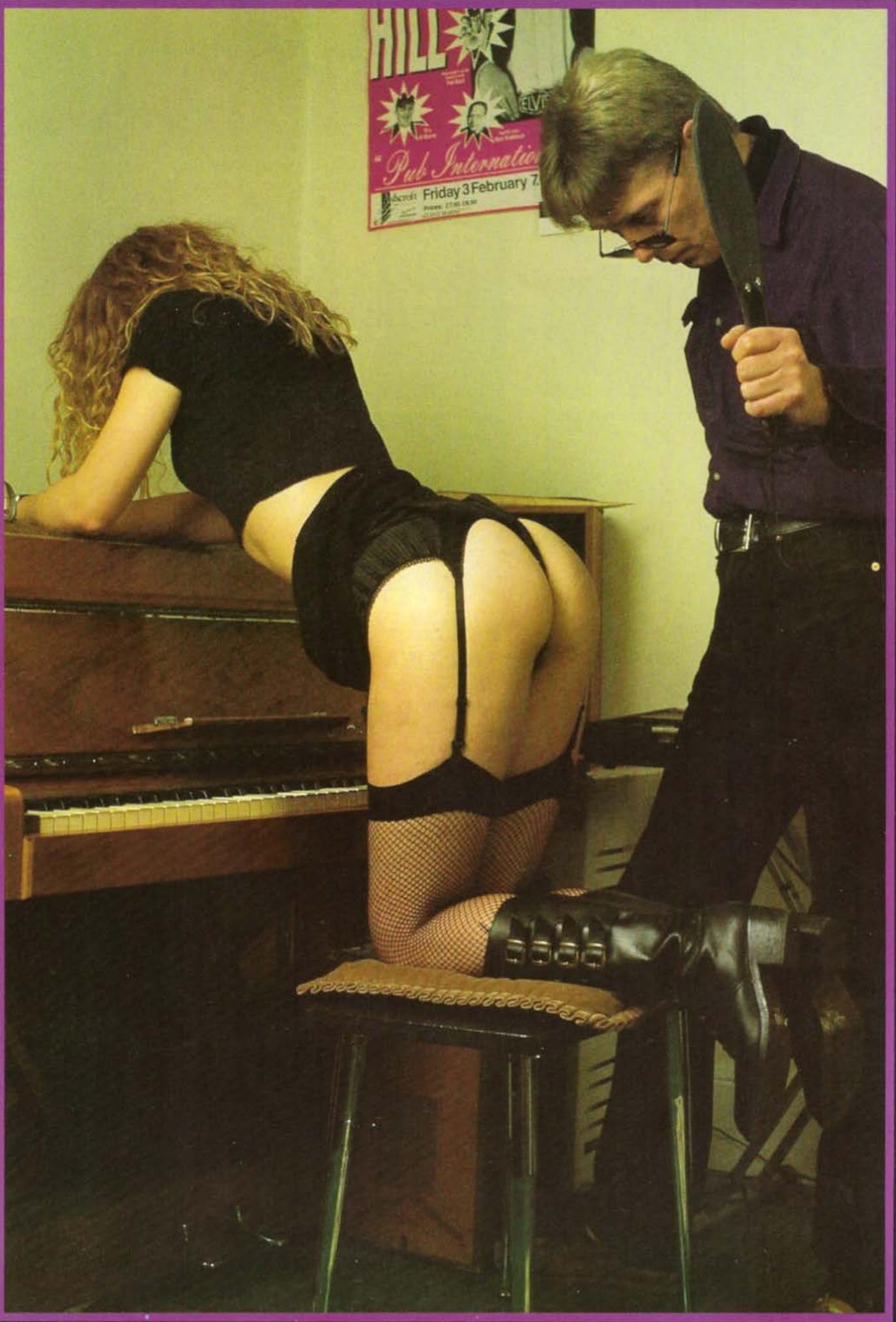
'It's roasting. I bet you could fry an egg on it!' she exclaimed.

I must admit to having a certain pride but I was also now getting concerned about what to do next. No worries. Coolness was this ladies middle name. She stood up and slowly slid her skirt up (I was sure it was now a tighter fit), brushed off the bits of grass sticking to it and started to climb back over the fence toward the car. I stood and couldn't resist giving a hard slap to her taut posterior presented at nose level. Her progress accelerated at this stage as she then quickly slid back into the passenger seat of the car. With mixed emotions I followed but couldn't help but notice a kindly smile as I sat behind the driving wheel and started the car up.

The remainder of the journey seemed to pass very quickly but we didn't say much — it was almost as if nothing had happened and we duly arrived at the hotel where the conference was being held and duly booked in to our respective rooms. The presence of the other delegates that evening made any conversation impossible but it seemed that every now and then I was getting a lingering glance from her, but it could well have been my imagination.

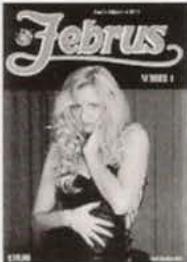
The following morning started well with my presentation being well received and just before our break for lunch it was HER turn to present.

Her opening words which are now etched in my mind and were delivered as his held my gaze were: 'I trust you find my presentation of interest and if you do please remember that 'GIRLS LIKE TO BE THANKED' ●



Februs SOMETHING NEW

As a sister magazine to *Janus*, that most famous (and some would say infamous) of CP publications, *Februs* offers an intriguingly different yet complimentary vision of the world of spanking and CP. Produced by former *Janus* illustrator, Paula Meadows and published by the *Janus* organisation, *Februs* provides a more feminine and personal perspective on the subject that fascinates us. Besides a full range of contents, each issue includes many superb original drawings by this uniquely gifted artist.



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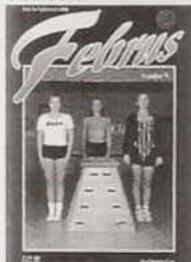
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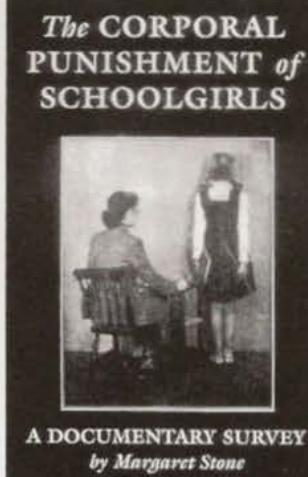
The Corporal Punishment of Schoolgirls

by Margaret Stone

Ever since girls have gone to school they have been subject to corporal punishment. The cane, the strap and, in America, the paddle, have been the most common implements, although slippers, rulers and hairbrushes have often been used for less formal spankings. It is often believed that formal corporal punishment was mostly restricted to boys, but the truth is very different, and this book reveals, for the first time, the real facts of the corporal punishment of schoolgirls with photographs and case histories. You will learn how during the 1914-18 war no less than 118 girls were caned in a typical English Midlands girls' school, each caning formally recorded in the school's Punishment Book with names, dates and details. You will see how the school's caning policy progressed over the years, with a marked increase in corporal punishment – both frequency and severity – in the 1960s. You will learn many other things that may surprise you. For example, that:

- As late as 1976 a girl was caned in Inner London schools for every day of the school year.
- In America a quarter of a million girls receive corporal punishment every year. Girls as old as seventeen and eighteen are often disciplined in this way.
- Before abolition six out of ten Scottish schoolgirls received the strap.
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The Corporal Punishment of Schoolgirls by Margaret Stone is the only book ever to deal with this fascinating subject in depth. Clothbound, £20.00 inclusive. 128pp Demy Octavo (83/4" x 51/2")



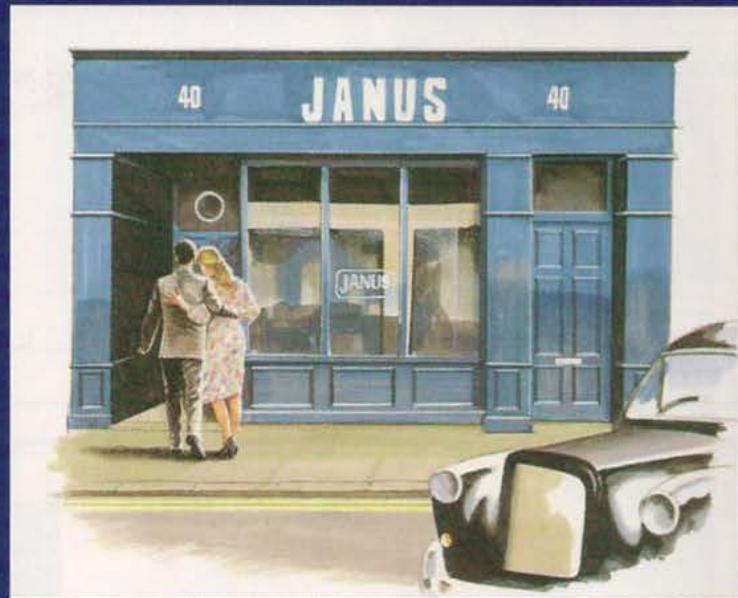
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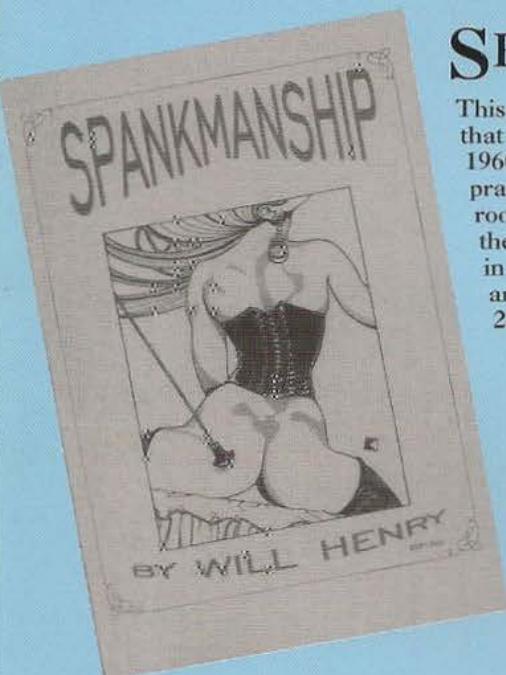
Classic Novels by Will Henry

It's with great pleasure that I present to you three complete novels by the infamous author, Will Henry. When it comes to the best writers who have ever produced classic novels on the subject of spanking, two names come to mind . . . Will Henry and Paul Little, better known as A. DeGranamour and Kenneth Harding. Many titles have been unavailable for over 20 years, and all true collectors of spanking erotica appreciate Will Henry's unique style of writing. Presented below are the first three of a series of novels we will be releasing.

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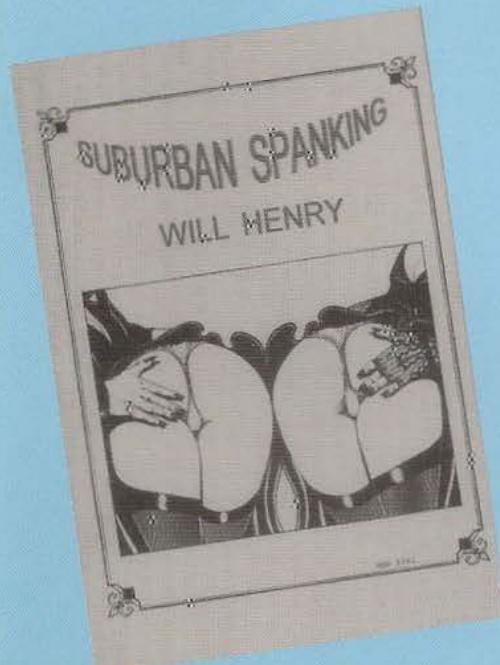
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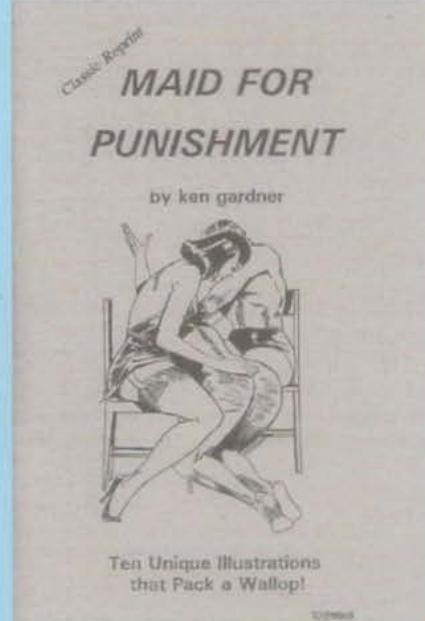
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by
TIP TAYLOR

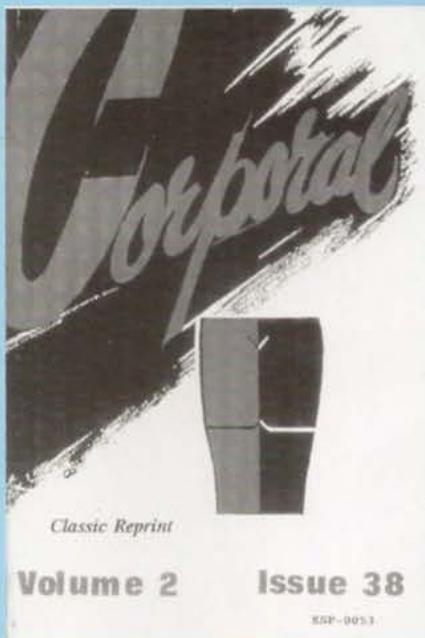


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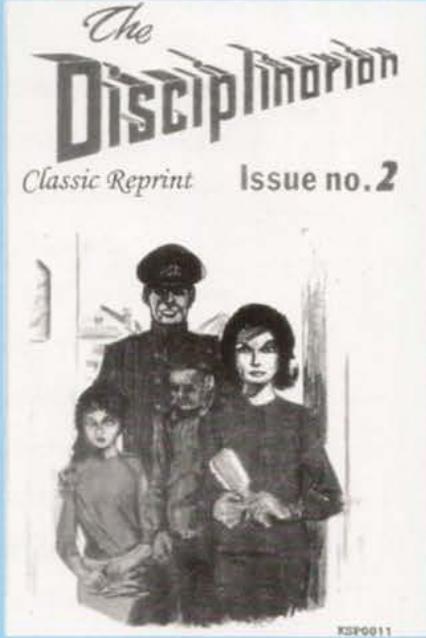
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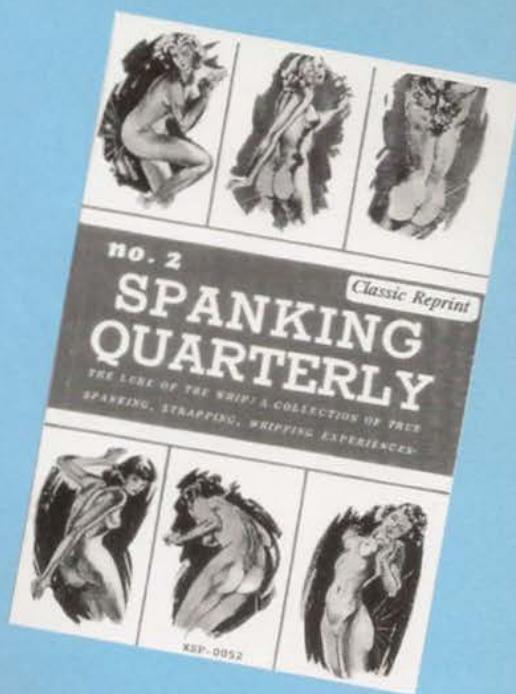
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