JANUS

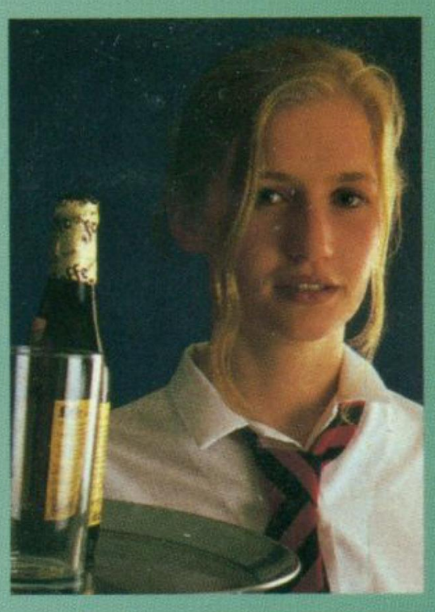
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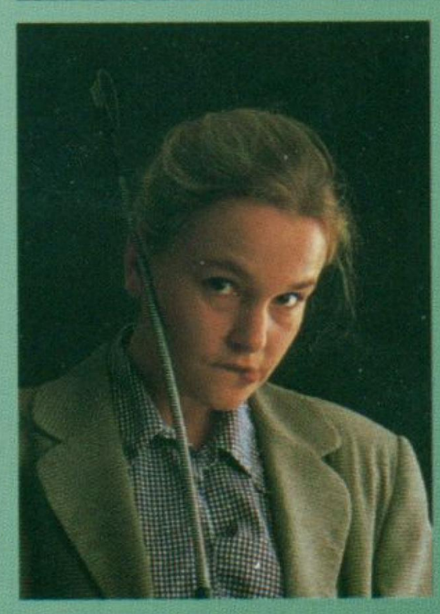












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JANUS

UNIFORM SPECIAL

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The AIR HOSTESS

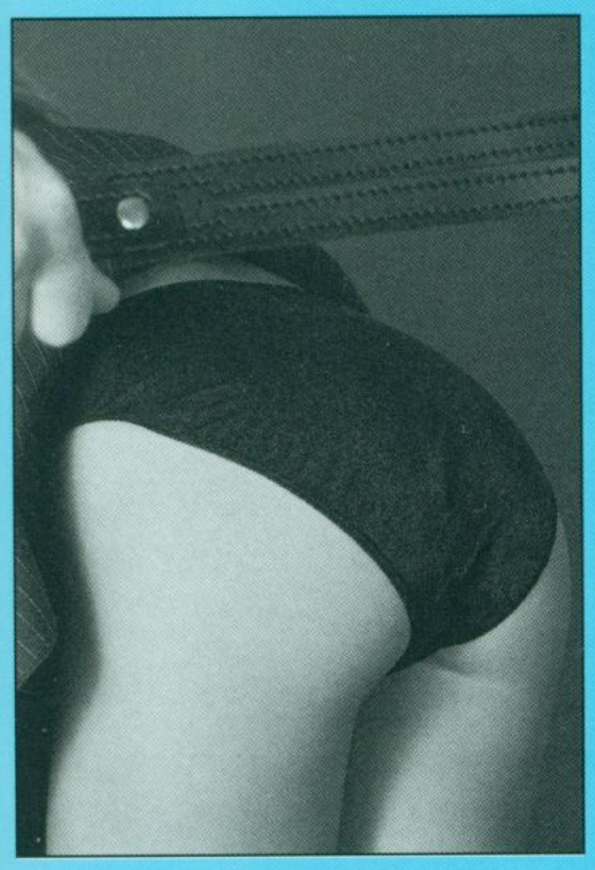


'At first I thought it was rather witty when people called me a high flyer,' said Annabel. 'You know, air hostess swept away to exotic locations and all that. But after a while the joke began to wear a bit thin. If anyone says it to me now, I sometimes think I'll scream!'

She softened the remark with a smile. One couldn't really imagine this exquisitely pretty girl screaming because of something someone said.

'Actually,' Annabel went on, 'being an air hostess is really far from the glamourous occupation

Annabel



travellers imagine it to be. Contrary to popular myth, the pilots aren't all debonair charmers with craggy smiles and seductive voices. Some of them can be a real pain, and the majority seem to be married anyway. Oh, there is a certain attraction for a girl when you think of the sheer amount of responsibility they carry, conveying hundreds of tons of plane and people at near-stratospheric heights to a perfect landing on the other side of the world.'

'What about the other air hostesses? Do you get on together?' Annabel smiled again. 'Some are lovely, of course, but others can be absolute bitches. I had a supervisor once who was a total tyrant. She always lined us up and inspected us before a flight. A strand of hair out of place or a button half undone and she'd hit the roof and issue a reprimand.'

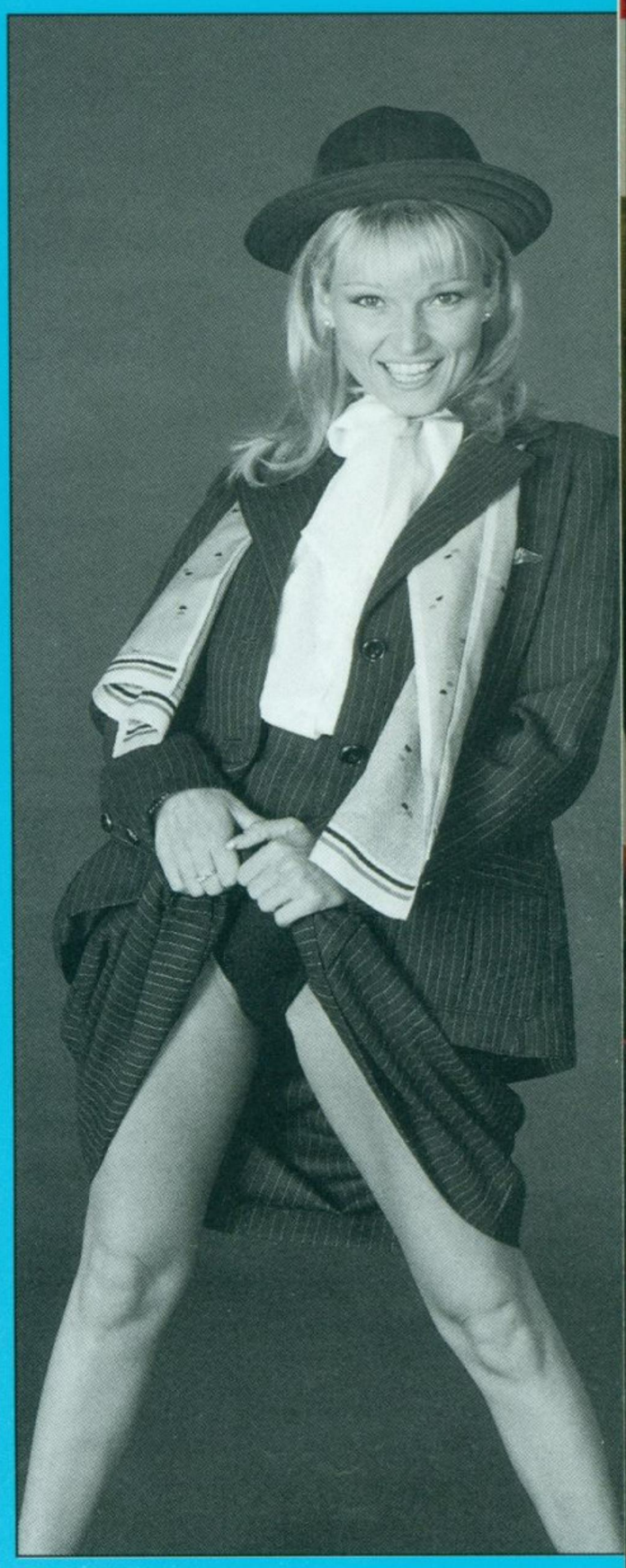
'The discipline is quite severe, then?'

'Oh, yes. If a girl can't take discipline, she may as well forget the whole thing. There's a lot of exacting work to be done during a flight, and very little relaxation. No sooner is one meal finished than another looms. Then there's the duty free booze and perfume, the trinkets tired businessmen buy for their lady-loves, the need to detail the emergency drill procedures, mopping up kiddies who are sick, avoiding straying male hands...'

'Have you ever had your bottom pinched?'

Annabel laughed. 'Less





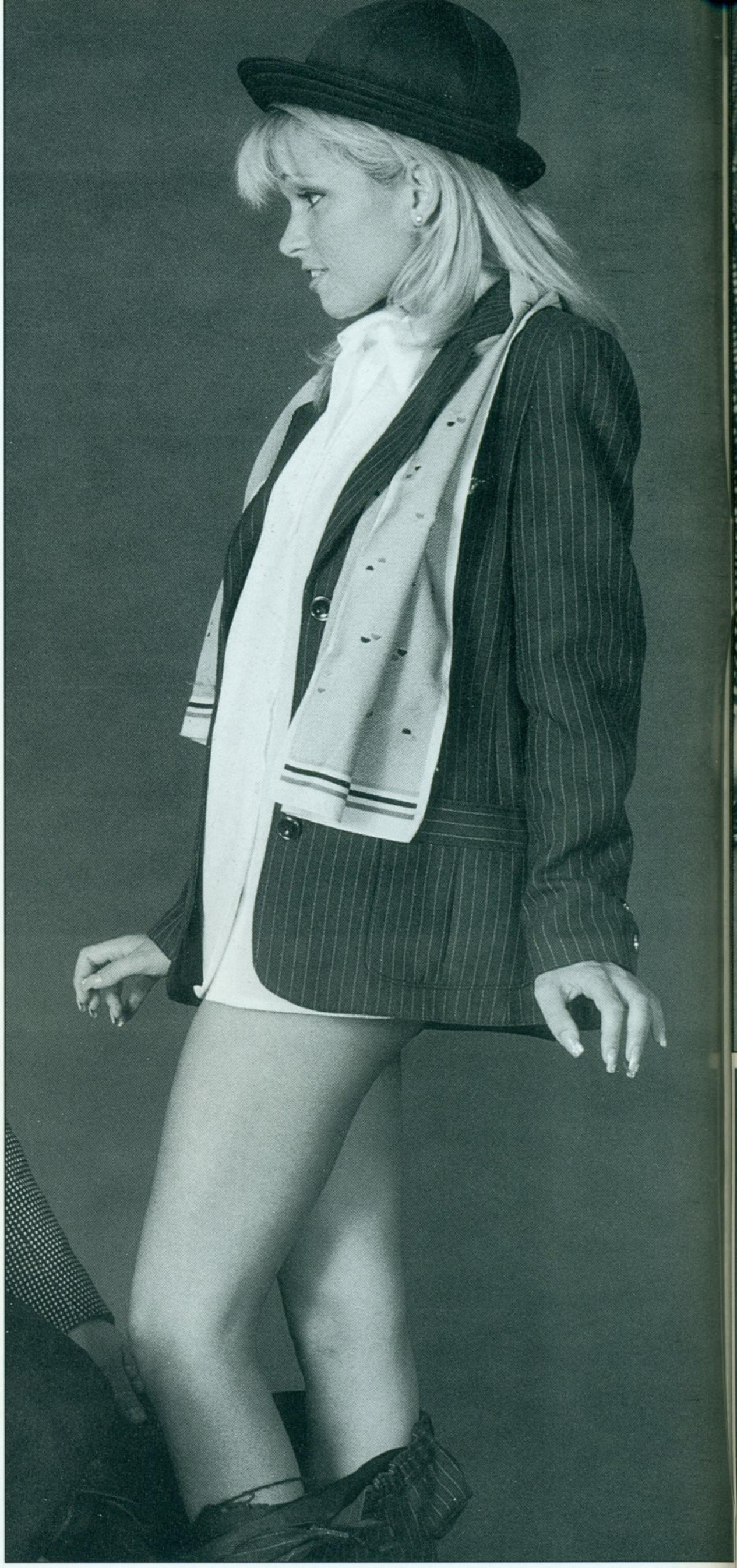


often than you might think. But once or twice, yes. The best thing is to let it go, but sometimes when you're working your way down a cramped aisle, and lean over to answer a query, it can push your bottom against a passenger's shoulder if you're not careful. On this occasion I got it patted and squeezed rather than pinched.'

'What did you do? Slap his face? Or is the customer always right?'

'I didn't look directly at him, but removed myself







at once from his vicinity and made a mental note not to get too close again. He was a fat businessman with an oily complexion.' She grinned. 'Now, if it had been some young hunk, I might have gone back and bent over near him again.'

'Why, you naughty girl!' Annabel's eyes are sparkling with fun. 'Are you really a tease?'

'Well,' she said, 'like all girls, I like men who flirt, and I enjoy flirting back. You know, a man can really be quite ugly and visually unappetising, but if he has a way with him, is cheeky and flattering without being offensive, it can actually be quite a turn-on.'

'How about discipline if you do something wrong?'

'I know what you're thinking! I think you're a bit of a flirt yourself. That's naughty!'

'And what happens if you're naughty? Say you spill drink in someone's lap, or drop a tray of dinner in mid-aisle?'

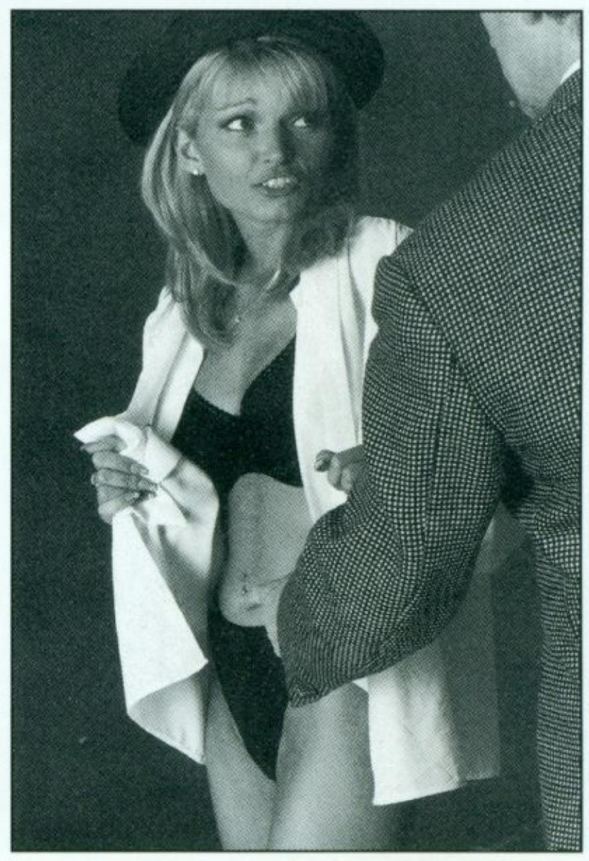
'Oh, we're called to

account afterwards. The supervisor sees to that. It goes on report, and it's usually just a ticking off. But if it's more serious, like rudeness to a passenger, it could be a severe reprimand or even dismissal.'

'How about a spanking?'

Annabel threw back her lovely head and laughed again. Then she looked at the tawse with a certain trepidation, the smile fading into uncertainty.

'Heavens, no. No doubt many of us deserve the occasional smacked bottom, but it never comes to that - not these days, anyway.' She looked at the tawse again. 'And certainly not with something like that!' She grinned. 'I don't even think the hostesses on Singapore Airlines get the cane if they foul up - though no doubt some of them deserve it too!'



'What about all those times you "fouled up", Annabel? Neglected your duties on a flight, failed to appease a dissatisfied traveller, snapped at the chief steward, made a colleague cry by saying something mean, served the wrong wine at the wrong temperature, forgot to smile goodbye to someone when your passengers disembarked?'

'Yes, it does happen,' she admitted ruefully. 'I'm sure I've done lots of things like that.' Annabel isn't smiling at all now.

'And were you called to account for all these lapses?'

'Well, no,' she faltered, biting a lip and fluttering heavenly eyelashes. 'We tend to get away with all





kinds of stuff like that, especially when the flight is hectic and busy.'

'Well, I don't think you should get away with it, young lady. Do you?' She paused, looked down, then shook her head. 'Not really, no. I suppose I ought to have been punished for everything.'

'And so you shall be.'

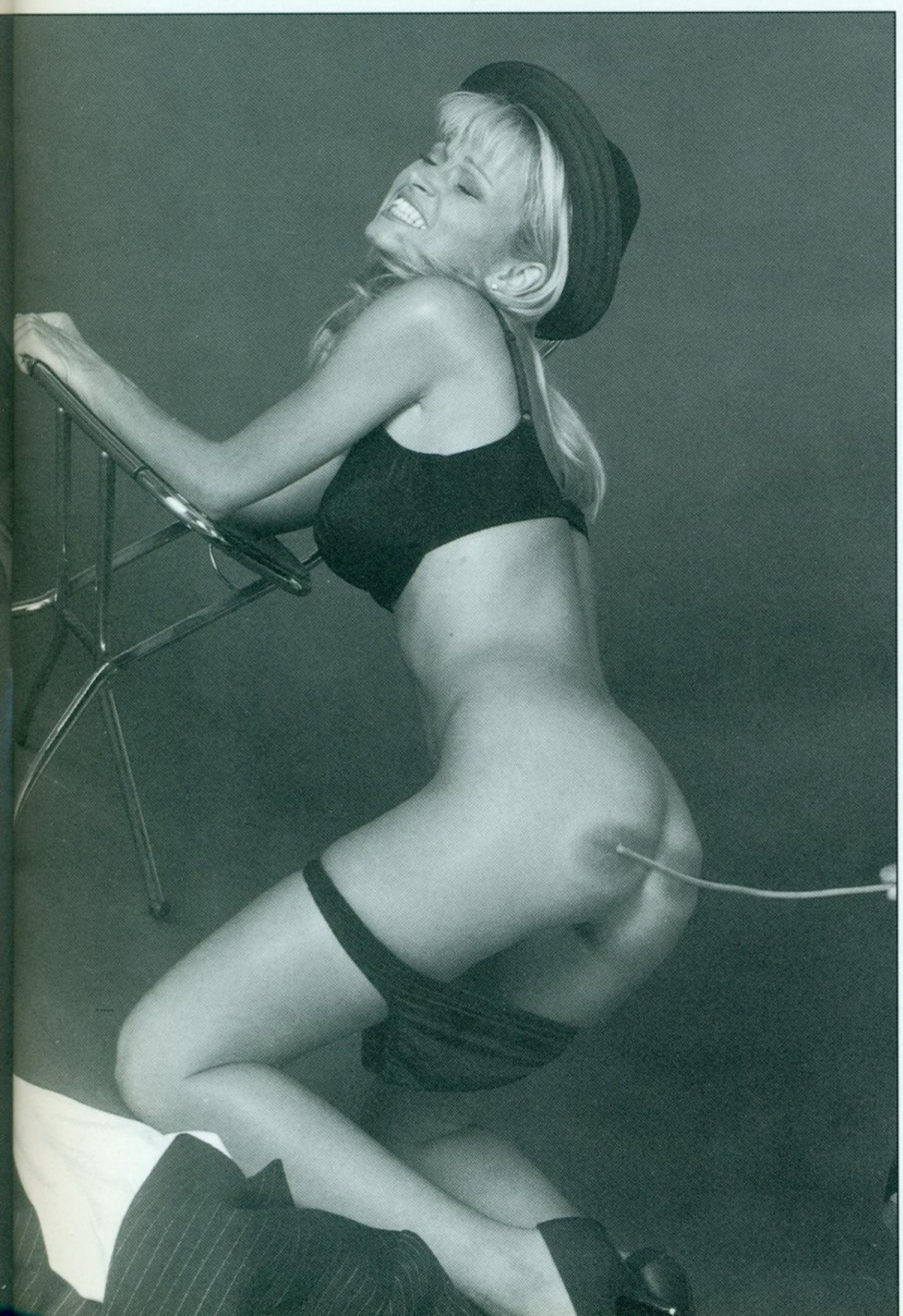
Annabel eyed the tawse. She was trembling.

'Will it hurt?'

'My dear, beautiful young lady - you are about to find that out...' ✖









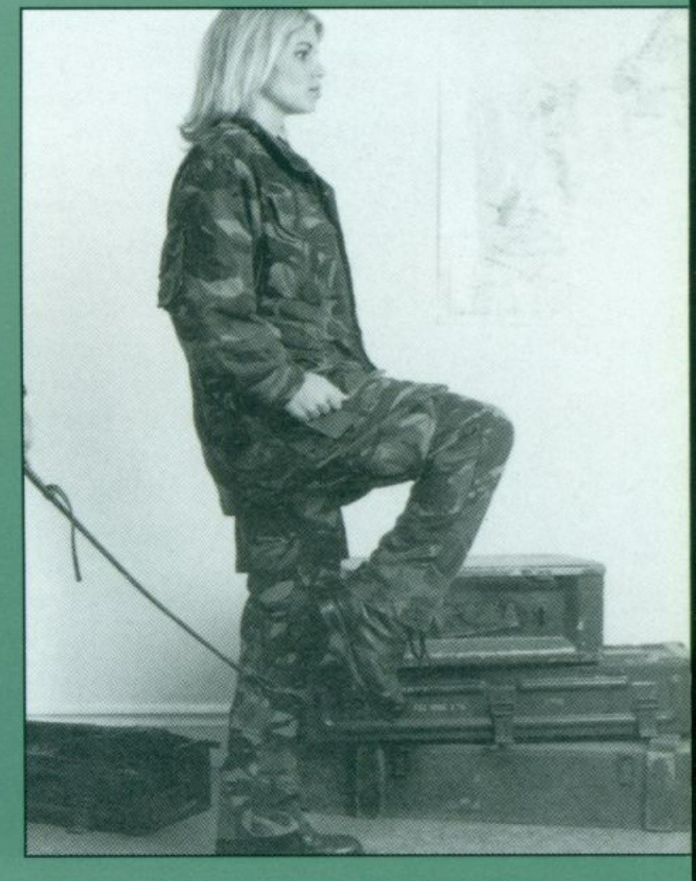
The ARMY CADET



Private Saffron







Private Saffron James, 19, stands to attention with her bugle under her arm, nervously awaiting the arrival of a superior.

When the door opens, the man is a stranger, drafted in from another regiment to conduct her disciplinary interview. Like the clothing, furniture and accommodation she has lived with for the past eight months, he smells of standard-issue army property: functional and unadorned.

'Your cases are packed?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Why?'

'Because Sergeant Morris said I should be prepared for instant discharge, sir. He said I am not shaping up as a soldier and that if I only want to play pretty music, I should go to the Conservatoire, sir.' Tears sting her eyes but she strives not to shed them.

'So you want to be a musician?'

'Yes, sir. I joined the army to improve my playing and get real experience of life that I wouldn't get at music college.'

'And has this been proven to be the case?'

'Yes, but I've found it difficult to adjust to army life.'

He circles her, saying nothing. Then he raises her chin so that their eyes lock. 'Somewhat unconventional aren't you? Lose the bugle and MARCH!'

The order takes her by surprise, but basic training has taught her to obey with alacrity.

'Drop the trousers.'



She balks. Basic training did not cover stripping off in front of male officers without good cause, but this man will determine whether she keeps her job and he carries a riding crop that lends a curious authority. Her hesitation annoys him and he yanks open her flies and tugs the heavy-duty trousers over her hips. Her underwear brings more disapproval: those panties are definitely not regulation issue.

'Turn: hands on cases, legs straight,' he barks.

She complies, but her legs buckle almost immediately as the crop slices without warning into the back of her thighs. A rustle of fabric and a disturbance of the air warns her that the weapon is being raised for a second strike and she half-turns, hobbled by her dropped trousers, a hand desperately trying to fend off the blow.

'Discipline, girl: it's what the army runs on. From the food you eat, the time you wake, wash and work to the clothes you wear. You don't care for it, do you? You thought you'd join up, get some free music lessons, see the world and leave to become a rock star. Well, it doesn't work like that. Get back in position.'

Slowly, her lower lip trembling, she bends over her luggage once more. The whip comes down a dozen times in rapid succession, making her cry out raucously and stamp her constrained feet. Above her yells, the lecture on military merits continues. Saffron hears the words but can hardly absorb them.



Her buttocks and thighs are ablaze. Nothing has prepared her for this experience and her mind is whirling: can he do this? Will she be allowed to stay if she submits or is it just a prelude to her dismissal? She sobs and sniffs in a very unmilitary way.

'Hands on head!' She stands and places her palms on her scalp, wincing as the crop strokes her lasciviously.

'You need the kind of discipline that isn't available at Basic Training Camp,' her chastiser rumbles. 'Take off your vest.'

Without hesitation she slips the garment over her head.

The anonymous officer is sitting on her suitcases and indicates she should drape herself across his lap. She guesses what is to come and whimpers with humiliation. A large, heavy palm strikes each buttock, over and over, without hurry. Every spank re-awakens the weals from the crop, driving the burning stripes deeper and implanting a new layer of pain and discomfort on her skin's surface. Her superior's free hand presses her down over his lap, chafing her naked breasts against the rough fabric of his uniform. She knows better than to refuse her punishment, but her blonde mane tosses and her feet thrash the air as the calloused palm impacts relentlessly on her exposed rear.

'March!' he commands, and she scrambles to her feet, eager to obey. Shoulders back, knees high, eyes front, she traverses the room. Her engorged buttocks tic involuntarily through the mottled shades of red and purple but she ignores the discomfort to fulfil the order to the best of her ability.

She is a musician. She will be a soldier. If this caring officer will allow it. ✖













The SOCCER STAR

It was every girl's dream wasn't it; playing at Wembley? But for Cassie Oliver the dream turned into a nightmare. A packed stadium; a roaring crowd; three lions on her shirt; England 1, Outer Mongolia 1; penalty shoot-out; over the bar; defeat; shame... she even refused to swap her shirt when the teams trooped off.

Cassie wouldn't be dropped because she was good at the back. No, she was excellent at the back and coach Glynn Haddle knew it.

More likely it would be the extra training routine and a rearguard defence. Haddle knew a good thing when he saw one and specialised in attacking from the rear. Putting Cassie through her paces meant staying behind after all the other players

Cassie



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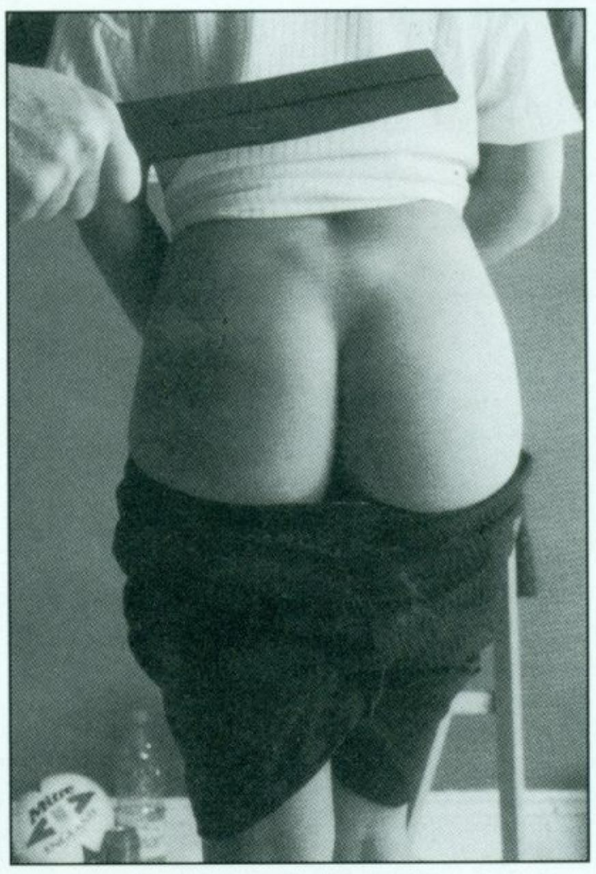


had left - in four-wheel drives and hot hatches, to mock Tudor houses in darkest Essex. It was a tough job but someone had to do it.

Fretful, Cassie changed into newly laundered strip - Coach Haddle insisted his girls looked the part at all times. Funny old cove really; he didn't go in for those trendy, fashionable baggy shorts. No Haddle's theory was that the briefer variety caused less drag when the girls had to stretch their legs. He insisted that tighter shorts would improve their form.

Personally, Cassie couldn't see it, her shorts fitted so





tightly across her bottom that it looked like a crowded penalty area in injury time.

When Haddle walked into the changing room, Cassie had just finished dressing and was concentrating on doing 351 'keep-upies' with the match ball. She was his star defender and he had to admit the girl knew how to juggle balls. Naturally, he preferred the whole team to practise hard, but Cassie was especially tight at the back and a session of extra training always helped to loosen her up.

He flexed the leather strap and the girl looked at it like Alan Shearer counting his



wage packet. There was no doubt about it, it was the infamous 'striker' from the team's penalty box. Only the truly bad girls had to defend against the 'striker'!

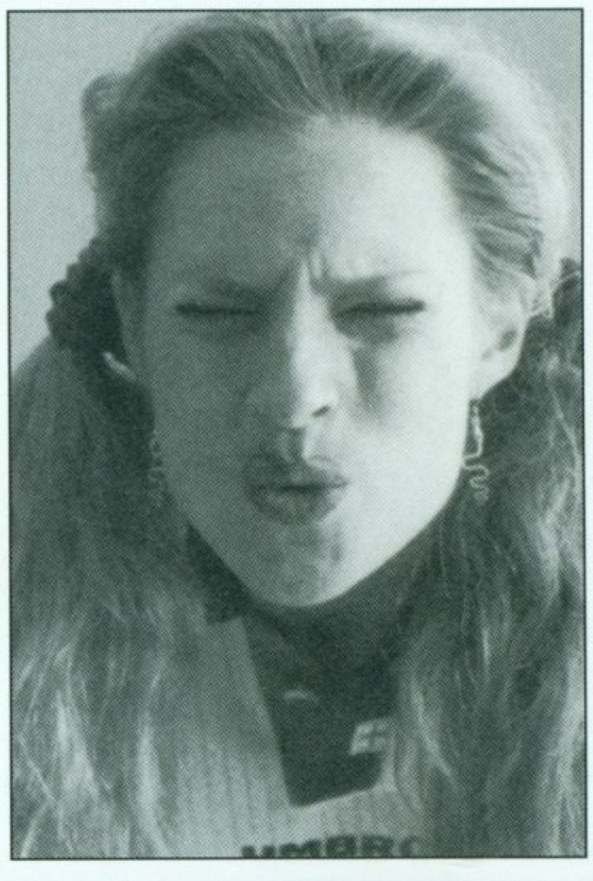
'Now then young Cassie,' Haddle started, 'I think we had better get to the bottom of why your performance lacked its usual sparkle, don't you?'

Cassie gulped. Her covering at the rear had been okay, but she had fallen down a bit when it came to bending over forward to support her team mates. Perhaps, if she showed him her twin towers he might decide to be a bit more lenient. But no, Haddle refused to even consider it. Cassie would have to endure a rigorous work-out with the 'striker', but she would get an orange a half time. Mind you, with energy resources falling, it would be the second half she would find difficult. It was definitely going to be a game of two halves, and of course, there was always a possibility that Coach Haddle might insist on extra time.

There was no doubt that his methods got a result and Haddle was over the moon. Cassie on the other hand, was as sick as a parrot. From now on, she would take each game as it came and try especially hard to fulfil her burning ambition.

Suddenly, it was 8am. Cassie swung her feet out of bed and reached for the spanking new England replica kit which lay waiting on a bedside chair. She was going to wear it all day in honour of England's first game in the World Cup. Slipping easily into it, Cassie paused long enough to examine her angles. Hmm... her full back was worthy of a place on the bench, any day.

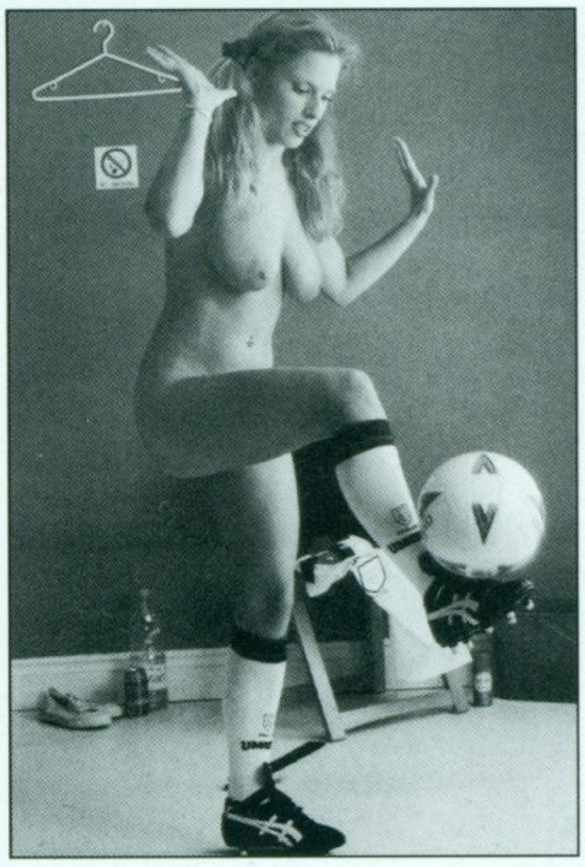
Well, we did say it was a dream... didn't we? ✖



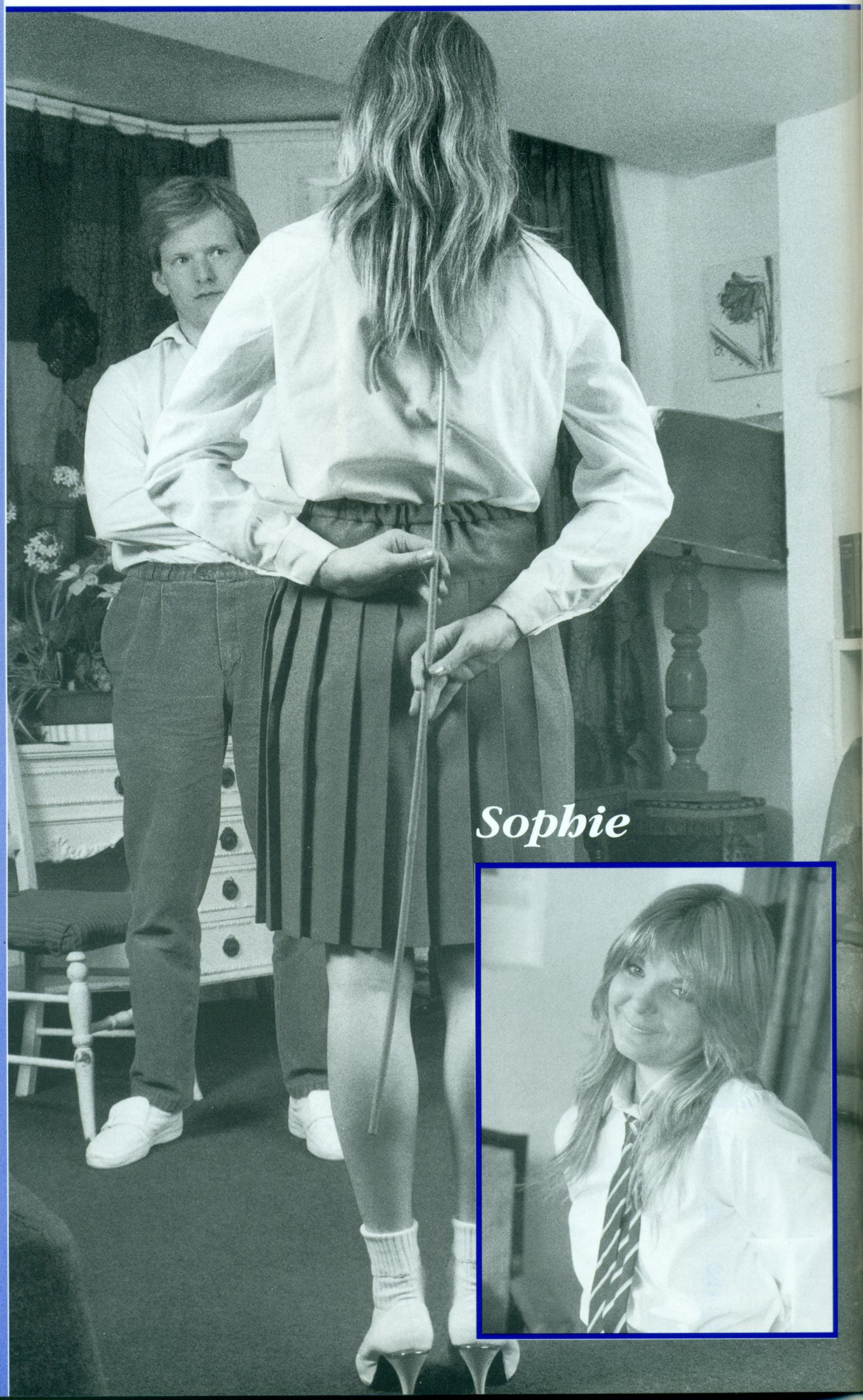








The 'SCHOOL GIRL'



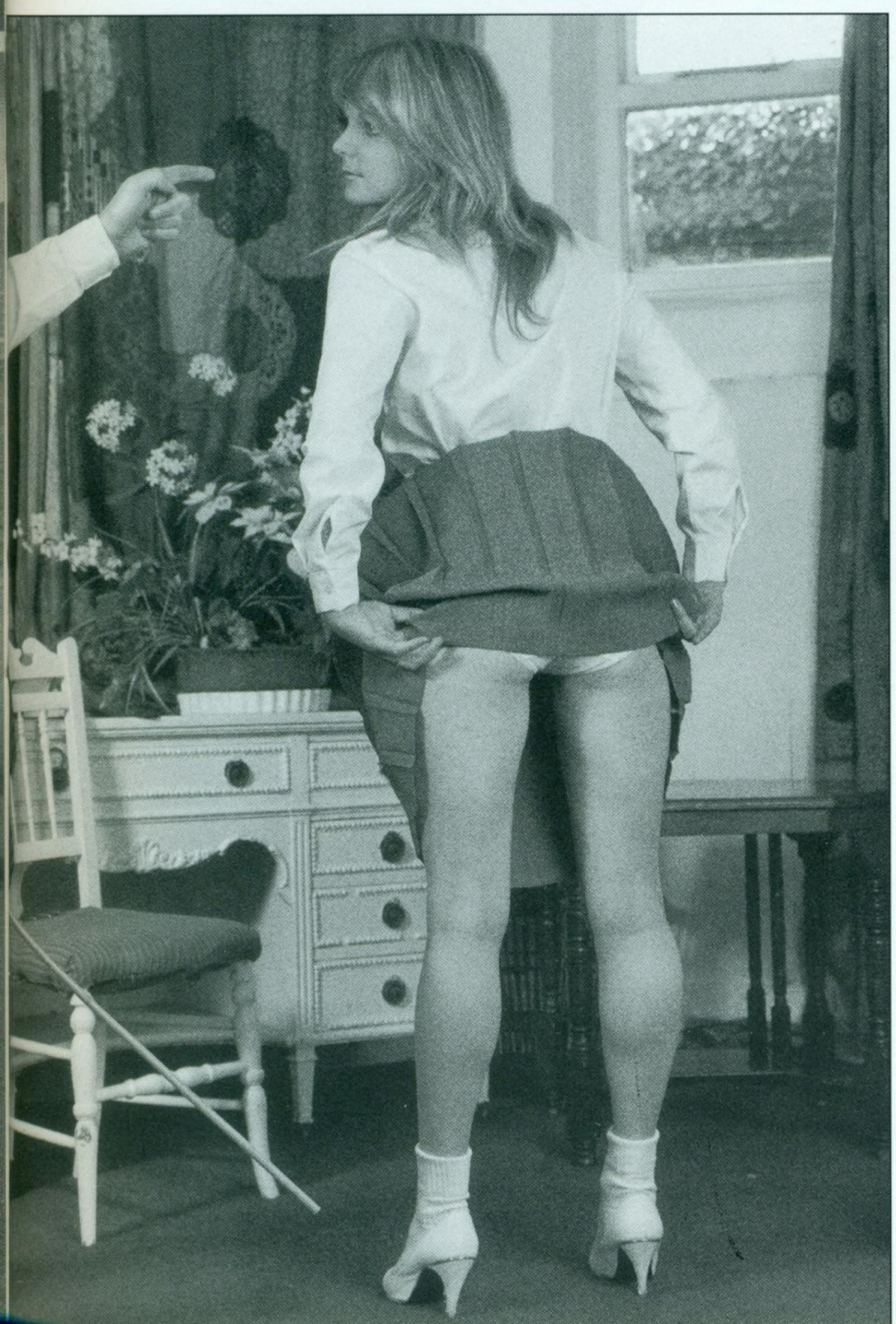
Sophie

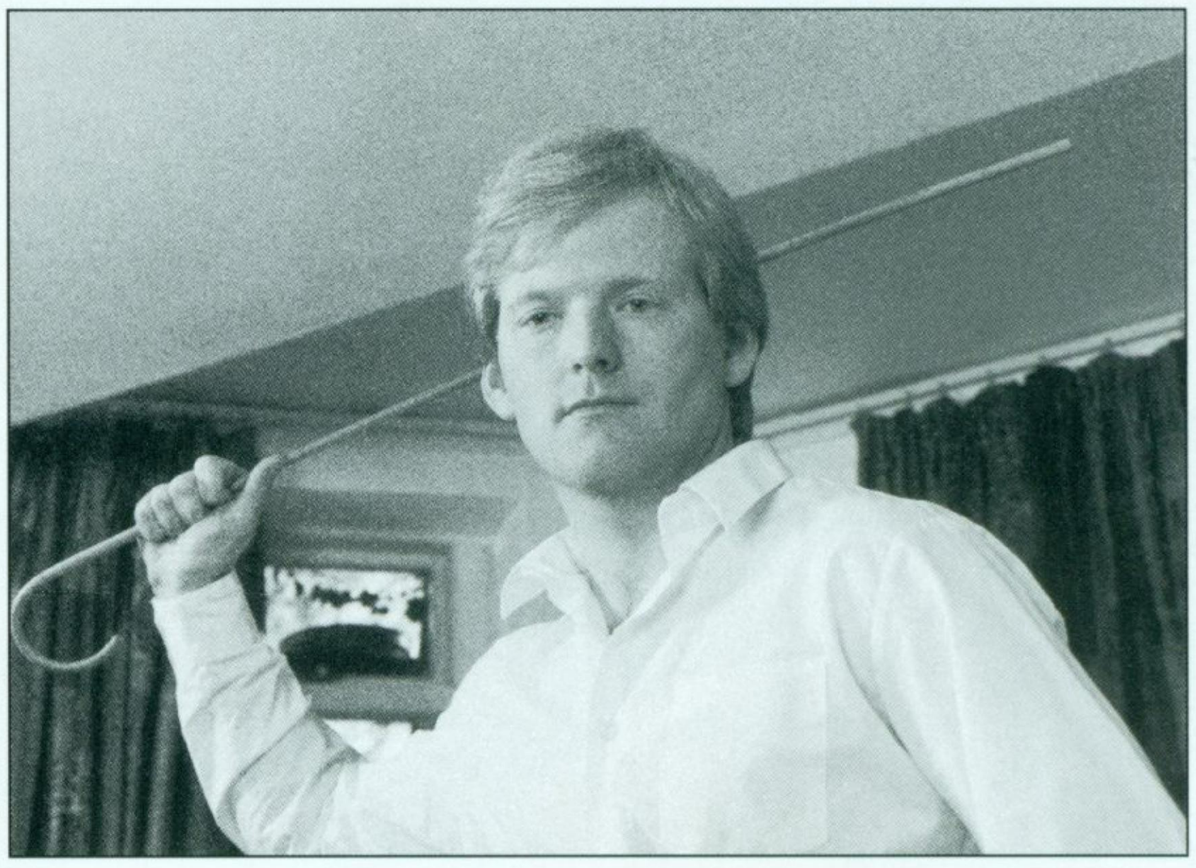
Sophie Fennington sat chain-smoking in her litter strewn lounge, almost sick with excitement as her imagination vividly enacted the things her husband, Christian, would do to her when he got home from work. Today, in final desperation, the normally dutiful and house-proud wife had deliberately upended the waste-paper basket, left dirty cups lying around, made chaos of the familiar impeccable neatness. This time, surely, he'd blow his stack! Christian abhorred disorder of any kind, and loathed it when she smoked.

They'd been married less than a year. Their sex life was okay so far as it went, but Christian didn't seem to want to understand her own special needs, despite all her hints. Quite simply, she didn't want to be the one who took the initiative, for in her mind Sophie desperately needed her husband to do that, to be the masterful male and leave her no option but to submit to his authority.

She wanted to shake him, shout at him, 'Look, I'm attractive with a good







figure, sure. But I've also got a bottom crying out to be smacked. A nice sexy bottom – or so you've always said – and I have been very naughty!'

There, he was home. Sophie heard the front door slam, and her pulse set off at a gallop. 'What a day! Sophie, where are you?' Christian entered the living room and froze in mid speech, his jaw jutting. The home of which he was so proud was looking as if a bomb had hit it – and his normally demure, fastidious wife was slumped in a chair, seemingly half sloshed on wine. Even worse she was smoking.

Her wide eyes held his baffled gaze with an annoying insolence. She didn't rise to greet him as usual; her burning cigarette continued to stain the atmosphere and stink out the fabrics. An habitually placid man, something snapped in Christian Fennington. 'What the hell's going on here?' he demanded to know, anger thickening his voice. 'Get off that chair and clear up





this mess!'

Sophie's excitement almost choked her. Exquisite little thrills flittered up and down her nerves. 'No,' she said calmly as she could.

Christian's mouth fell open. Rage flared suddenly high, heady and unstoppable as he stormed across to her. 'You will do as you are told!'

Sophie snapped to it. Piling used cups and clutter on to a tray she hurried about the house clearing up. She had never known him to be so furious; his anger was unspeakably intoxicating to her.

A few minutes passed. Silence. Christian's wrath began to modify. It started to occur to him that Sophie might be upset about something, for there surely had to be a reason for her inexplicable behaviour. He felt as though this was a turning point in their relationship. The pieces of the puzzle fell together in an instanse. Christian knew what he had to do.

'Go and put on that school uniform,' he rapped out. 'And bring the cane! If you're going to behave like a wickedly naughty fifth-former I intend to treat you like one!'

At the command, Sophie's insides seemed to dissolve. She scurried out. Thanks to her scrambling haste, driven by her body's demands, it seemed only moments later that she returned and stood submissively before him wearing the grey-pleated gymslip, with white blouse and striped tie. The sight of his wife dressed like that took away Christian's breath. The white ankle-socks and high-heeled shoes set off





her exquisite young calves to perfection – and the delightful taunting, infuriatingly appealing smile she gave him as she offered the cane served only to stimulate him further.

Christian took the cane and led her to the middle of the carpet, well away from any impeding furniture. 'Raise your skirt, girl,' he spat out. Sophie did, so, teasingly, to show that she now wore brief white cotton panties which clung tightly to her rounded posteriors. Christian swallowed hard again, and managed to continue. 'Push down your knickers,' he instructed hoarsely, 'then bend right over and grasp your ankles.' Her transformation was totally convincing; he could see her objectively, as a schoolgirl.

There was a steeliness about her husband now. With her legs apart Sophie did as she was ordered, leaning steeply forward to expose buttocks which gleamed like blushing moons above the white band of lowered panties clinging to her thighs. She sucked in breath as Christian laid the cool cane briefly against the fleshy, up-tilted hillock, swung back and swished again.

Thwack. The first stroke swiped her bottom with such insupportable agony that Sophie's entire body jerked in frenzy and her hands flew back to grip both nether-cheeks. And again, so absorbed was she on coping with the shattering pain-slash, she uttered no sound.

'Hands away!' he shouted, swishing the whippy cane even harder against the quivering globes so that a red line sprang up neatly on the surface of the skin directly beneath the first. Sophie wasn't smiling any more – she was being genuinely punished by a masterful male, doubled humiliatingly over and being soundly caned on her bare bottom by a husband who had every reason to do so. Just as she had always dreamed.

CRACK. The next scything cane-cut brought up a third livid stripe on Sophie's milky white buttocks, and she gritted her teeth in her strange deep stillness and squeezed her eyes shut, dazed and shaken by the hot branding impacts.





SWACK. Firmly, snappily, the cane hissed and bit its living delectable target; swung back again for its next fierce journey to her bottom. The pretty schoolgirl's legs began to wobble as Sophie's ripely-presented buttocks jumped and shivered to the stick's repeated explosions against her dainty flesh.

'No more,' she keened at last in a tiny pleading voice, and Christian knew that the day was his. 'I'll be good now – I will, Sir.'

'Keep bent right over,' her husband commanded. 'You've only had five.' Back came the cane, climbing, pausing – then down it swooped to collide with majestic vigour against the striped, indented target. 'Six,' he called. 'You may pull up your knickers.'

Sophie Fennington did so, somehow. For while she could not straighten up. Thoroughly caned, it seemed as if flames swarmed over every inch of the lushly-curved meat of her bottom. Frantically, she rubbed each roasting, smarting round, marvelling at the spreading warmth as the scalding heat of pain slowly modified to an almost unbearable pleasure. Christian stood before her. A husband to truly respect now in every way. A man, commanding and masterful. He knew now, as well as she did, that there would be many more occasions when she would surrender to a thoroughgoing thrashing at his hands. For both, it was the beginning of a new and passionate development in their marriage.

Still leaning forward, still rubbing her bottom with eager intensity, Sophie kissed him. ✖



UNIFORMS ILLUSTRATED



The CHECK-OUT GIRL



Rosie

ROSIE Dewson had never forgotten the thunderous hiding she received up at the Old Hall at the hands of Mrs Hanbury-Boyce (Janus 113) after helping out at one of that lady's dinner parties for some extra cash and making a mess of it.

And yet, as Rosie had sat next day in acute discomfort behind the checkout till at Betterbuys, face puffy from crying, a strange sense of ease began to steal into her.

Rosie was nineteen, and lived alone in a ground-floor flat near the supermarket. She had just got home from work and was still wearing her Betterbuys coverall, and had little to look forward to that evening.

The doorbell rang.

Rosie jumped. With trepidation, tinged with hope, she approached the door and cautiously opened it.

Hilary Hanbury-Boyce stood on the step.

'Oh,' said Rosie, completely at a loss. Oddly, she at once felt guilty, as if she'd been found wanting in some respect. 'Is there anything wrong, Mrs Hanbury-Boyce?'

'You need to wake your ideas up. Start to live! Have some pride in yourself. What are these shoes?'

'Pardon?'

'Great high heels like that! They'll ruin your feet and posture. Back straight! Stand up properly!'

'Yes, ma'am!' Weird, frightened thrills ran through Rosie. Her face went red, then pale. From the shapeless mess of her life a structure seemed to be forming.

'I see I shall have to punish you again, if only for your own good!'

The thrills grew so intense the girl could hardly breathe. Her palms felt clammy and her mouth dry.

Rosie stared as her visitor opened the bag she had brought with her and took out a long tooled strap. The girl flinched at the sight of it.

'First of all I propose to spank you.'

Rosie stared at the woman as she seated herself on the couch and patted a silk-clad knee. 'Over you come.'

Hilary's fingers trailed across the silky skin, prodding the springiness of the deep round flesh, almost daring to sink between the buttocks and explore the clefts and moisty openings.

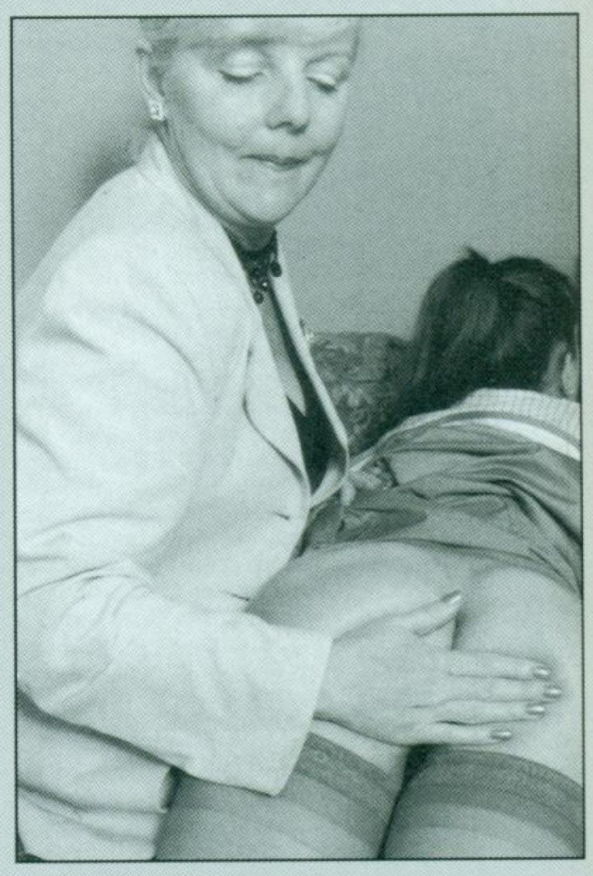
Spank-spank-spank-spank! Rosie whimpered and pleaded as the heat mounted in her buttocks. She learned that a hard hand slapping repeatedly down leaves a pain which the next spank intensifies, and although her hips began to move suggestively to and fro, and her cries might have sounded like those of a girl in



















growing pleasure, in reality they were of hurt distress.

As she continued to spank Rosie's bare bottom, Hilary savoured the way in which it became a deeper red all over, how the slightly engorged pussy peeped through as the girl kicked, squirmed and groaned, how the puckered hole deep between the enchanting buttocks played peekaboo with her senses.

Smack-smack-smack-smack-smack! Hilary Hanbury-Boyce's soul soared. Here at last, surely, was the maid she could mould from unpromising beginnings into beauty and grace, the wayward wench who responded to treatment. ✖



The

NURSE

Alison



When she was in her late teens, Alison Gregory joined the great legion of back-packers and left Britain's not-so-sunny shores in search of freedom and adventure. A trek across the entire breadth of India was followed by an opportunist crossing to the US. Although the trip had cost her nothing, when she arrived in Boston, Alison was broke.

With no qualifications, apart from a few 'O' levels which meant nothing in America, she tried to gain employment as an English nanny. Unfortunately, the agency that enrolled her had few openings. What they did have was a number of vacancies for private nurses. In general, many of these appointments required little





As more and more time passed, Alison and Vincent formed a close friendship.

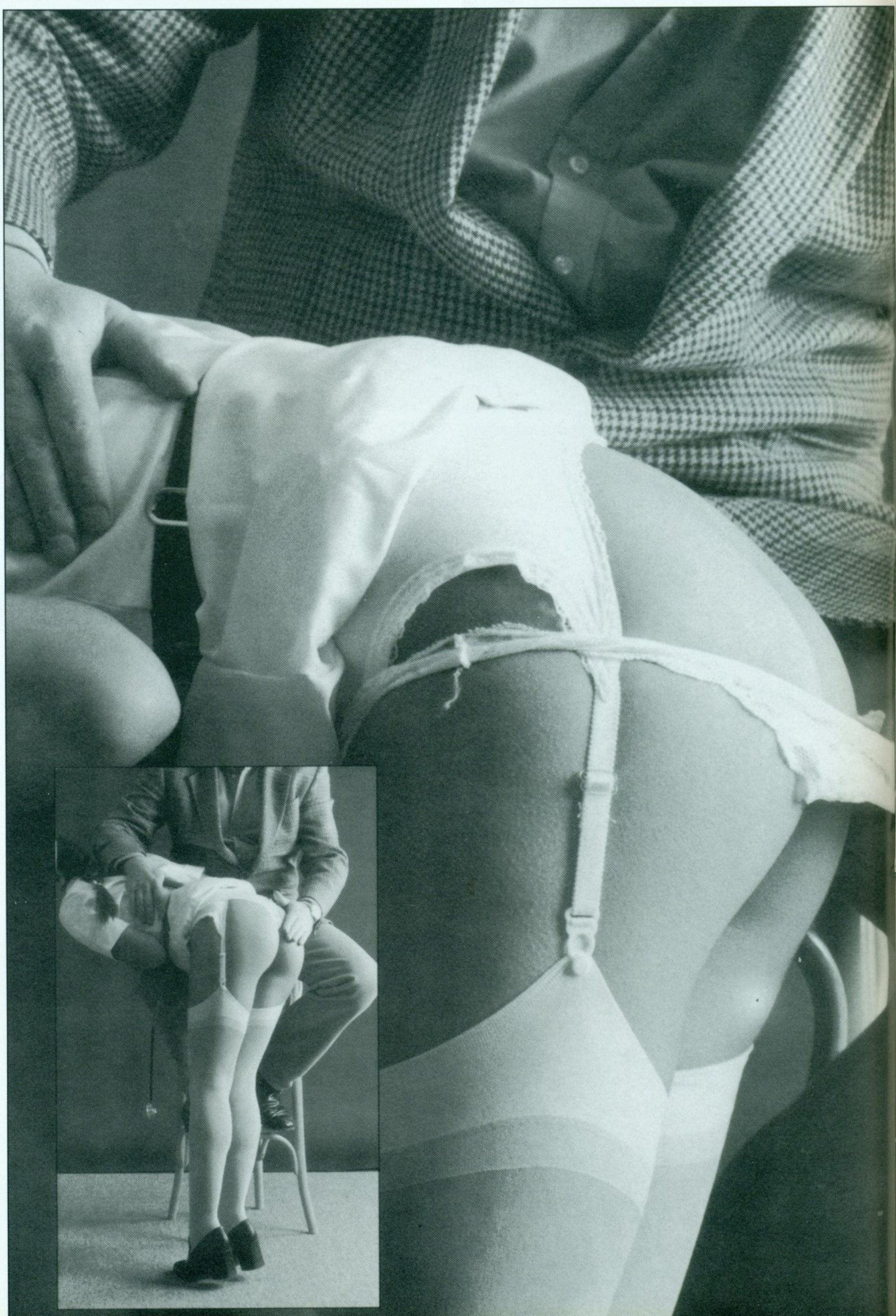
'For five months I had always worn smart casual clothing for work, but one evening Vincent explained that he would love to see me dressed for work in a nurse's uniform. Being quite naive I agreed. The next day he instructed his chauffeur to drive me into Boston so that I could buy the uniform. When I returned Vincent implored me to change into it straight away. In the past he had often been complimentary and was most taken by what he liked to call, "that great British accent". But I was unprepared for the barrage of praise and compliments when I paraded in front of him in my new nurse's uniform. After that, I had to wear it all the time. If I had enjoyed his attention before, I truly basked in it now! I suppose it was my naivety, but it took about a month before I realised he had real a fetish for nurses' uniforms. It didn't bother me, in fact, quite unconsciously I found myself playing-up to him. It was probably the first time in my life that I was aware of the true power of a woman's



medical knowledge and, because of her dire financial situation, Alison agreed to an interim appointment.

Her employer had once been a very successful importer of English tea, but an accident left him without the use of either of his legs and therefore permanently confined to a wheelchair. Having sold his company to an international conglomerate, the 'nice old gentleman' had an accumulation of wealth beyond Alison's comprehension. Her handsomely-paid duties consisted solely of helping him to dress, various household chores, and pushing the wheelchair whenever he wished to move around the spacious and elegant old house.

As the months passed, Alison realised that most of the things she did were well within Vincent's capabilities. (Vincent was not the man's real name.) In truth, she was nothing more than a lavishly paid indulgence. It was not something which bothered her, because Vincent was a perfect gentleman and Alison's duties were simple and easy. For the first few months she was happily bored, and by her own standards, quite well off.

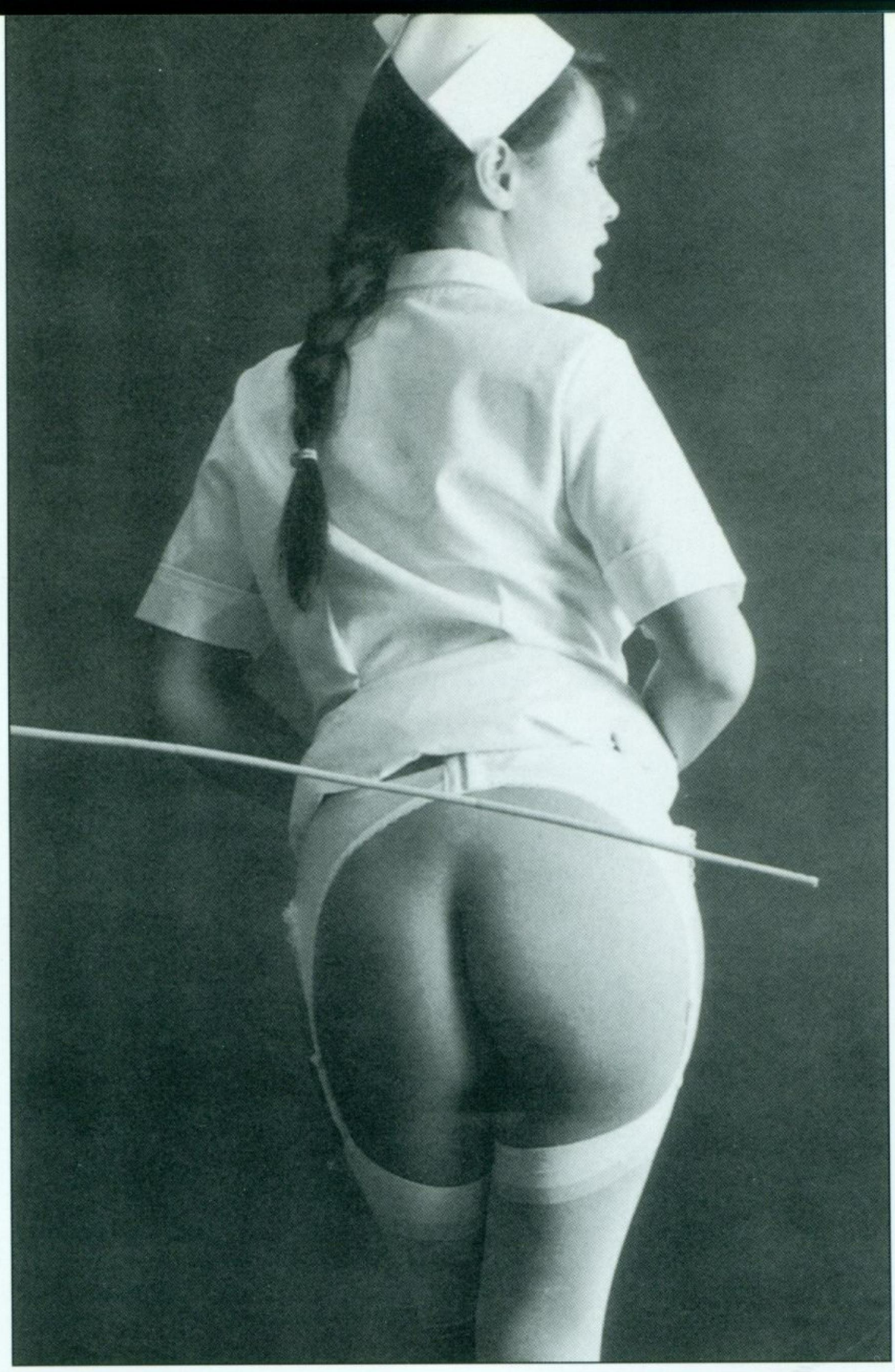


sexuality.

'For about three months, I think Vincent and I were "feeding" off each other. I know that I found myself posing and wanting him to look at me, and I'm sure he knew that I was aware of his little fetish.

'It was probably about nine months into my employment when - quite without embarrassment - Vincent asked me if corporal punishment was still practised in England. I mumbled something in response and before I could gather my thoughts, or even start to imagine where the conversation was leading, he asked me if I had ever been spanked. I guess it was probably bravado that made me respond by asking him if he was offering! He laughed and said: "If you like."

'I don't suppose he was aware of it, but I was tense with excitement. And for my part I was determined he should follow his suggestion through. Being slightly wicked actually added to my anticipation. For the next few minutes we verbally teased each other. In the end I feigned resignation and told him that he'd better get it over with. When I voluntarily lowered myself over the wheelchair and across





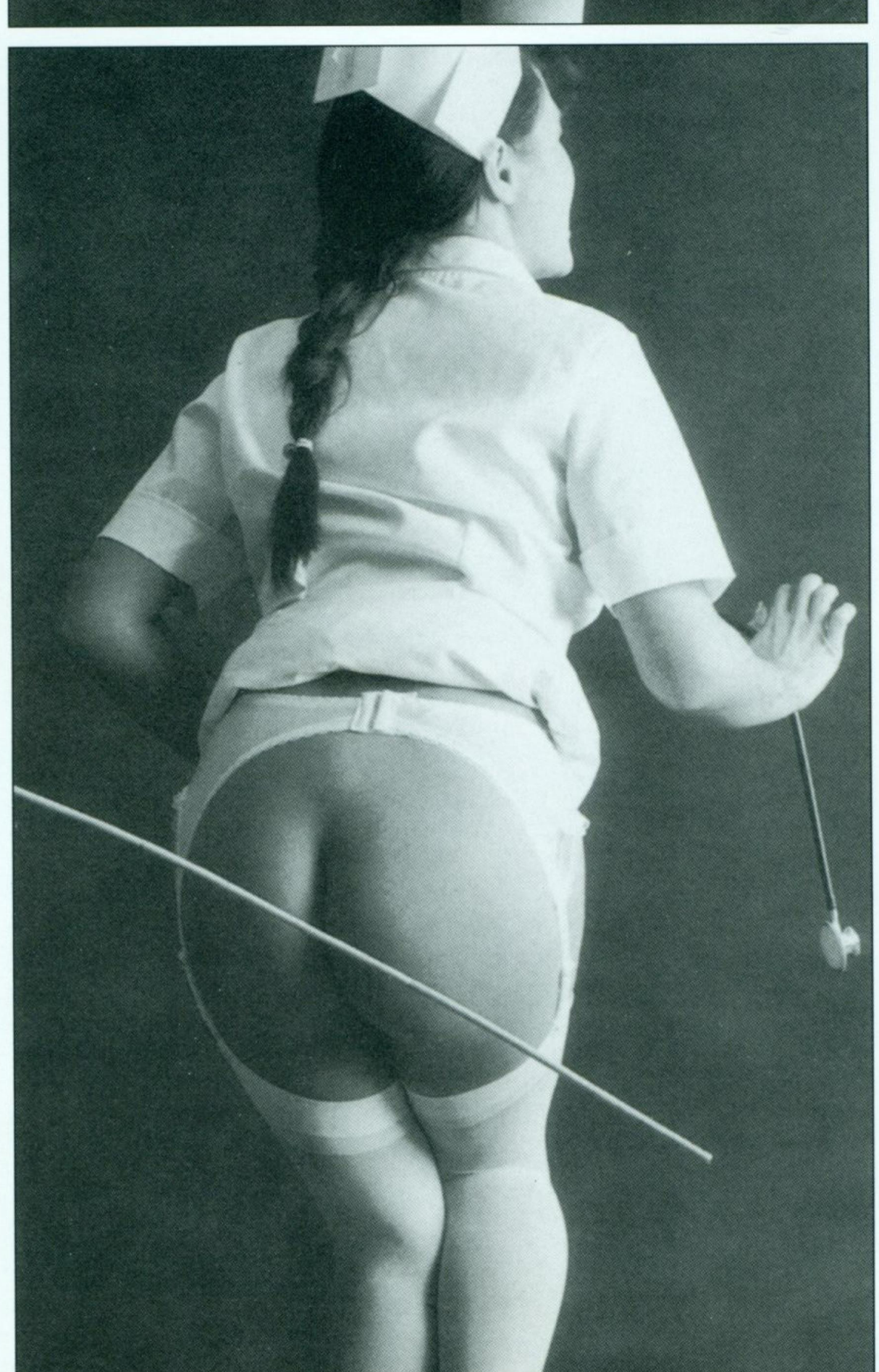
his knees, I am not sure who was the more surprised at my actions, him or me!

'After folding back the uniform skirt he spanked my bottom over my black knickers, almost reverently. He didn't really hurt me, he just kept on doing it lightly for ages and ages. It was one of the most sexually charged experiences of my life. Vincent wasn't to know, but I actually came after about five minutes of spanking. When he pulled my knickers down he may have noticed, but by then I just didn't care!'

Alison remained in Vincent's employ for nearly two years, during which time he spanked her regularly, but it was always while she was wearing her nurse's uniform. 'He didn't seem to have the same interest even when I wore my shortest skirts and tightest tops!'

'I've always kept the uniform,' Alison concluded. 'I can't bear the thought of getting rid of it. It will always remind me of one of the sweetest people I have ever known.'

For the first time in two years, Alison wore the uniform again. The pinkness in her cheeks had nothing to do with girlish embarrassment. On the contrary... ✖







The TRAFFIC WARDEN

Gina











Gina is twenty-two, but to use her own words, 'going on forty-two'. This doesn't mean that she feels old, it is just that she considers she has experienced more in her short time on this mortal coil than most. Many of the lessons she learned were at the school of hard knocks. She'd recommend a similar education to everybody.

Before starting modelling (at the age of twenty-one) Gina flitted from one unskilled job to another; never earning quite enough money, never experiencing job satisfaction and unsure what direction her blossoming young life would take.

'Unskilled jobs are the pits,' she explained. 'I was invariably overworked and badly underpaid and the only time I earned anything approaching decent money was when I was a waitress in one of London's trendy eateries. The basic pay wasn't too brilliant, but I made five times as much in tips! (It seemed that the prettiest waitresses received the best tips.) The only reason I left was because, although the majority of customers were great, those

that weren't treated me like dirt. Oddly enough, the genuinely rich customers weren't a problem, it was all the jumped-up little prats with no money who were only eating in the place so that they could impress their so-called friends. Eventually, after tipping a bowl of gazpacho into the lap of one obnoxious chinless wonder, I left and became a traffic warden!'

A traffic warden? Good heavens - why? Was the girl a complete innocent?

'No, not at all,' Gina laughed. 'I don't really know what made me apply for the job. Maybe it was one of the few things left that I hadn't done, or maybe it was the uniform - I'm not really sure. It certainly wasn't the money!'

Perhaps it was a latent craving for "power". Maybe, deep down, Gina wanted to get her own back for the rotten hand that the fates had dealt her. Isn't that right, Gina?

'Absolutely not,' she said. 'Well, not initially anyway, although you might be partially right because, after a few weeks, I found that I was unconsciously targeting trendy, chinless wonders and had effectively replaced that bowl of soup with a fistful of parking ticket! From there, I moved on to victimising the owners of 4-wheel drives, hot-hatches and anything I thought was remotely trendy. In the end though, my conscience got the better of me and I resigned. I suppose I felt guilty because about fifty percent of the tickets I had slapped on numerous windscreens were issued simply because I felt like it! It was not really my style, you know!'

Hers was the first case of traffic warden's guilt we had ever come across. Of course, by now, that guilt has probably disappeared and the nastiness of the job









itself receded into the dim recesses of Gina's mind, and filed under 'bad experiences'. Isn't that so?

'No, no, no!' she protested, a little too quickly. 'I continually regret having remained in the job for as long as I did. I should have packed it in after a few weeks instead of staying for nearly a year.'

We have ways of absolving nubile young girls from the inhibiting shackles of guilt, Gina. Like all those unfortunate motorists to whom you awarded a ticket, there is a statutory penalty to be paid. Naturally, the price is high, but the settlement is full and









final. Of course, if you're not prepared to pay the price, you will simply have to continue living with a conscience that had its chance to atone, but lacked the strength of character to do so. Time for a decision.

'Actually, I have never, ever been spanked, or anything like that,' Gina said hesitantly. 'It won't hurt too much, will it?'

But that's the whole point, Gina, it would not serve its purpose if it didn't hurt. It is not a game. Receiving corporal punishment isn't something where you have the luxury of choice. To properly absolve guilt, your chastisement should leave you with a balanced account. But in the end, the price must be high enough to be a fair exchange. There is no discount and your debit is paid direct. You will only have to suffer for your sins once. There will be no further instalments. There will be relief and satisfaction when you take the trouble to look at the "bottom line!"

Gina bit her lip. She thought about it. It took a full minute before she made her decision.

'I... I suppose I've always been a bit curious,' she started, her big eyes staring intently at her shoes. 'Sort of... well, wondering what it would feel like to be... er, spanked...'

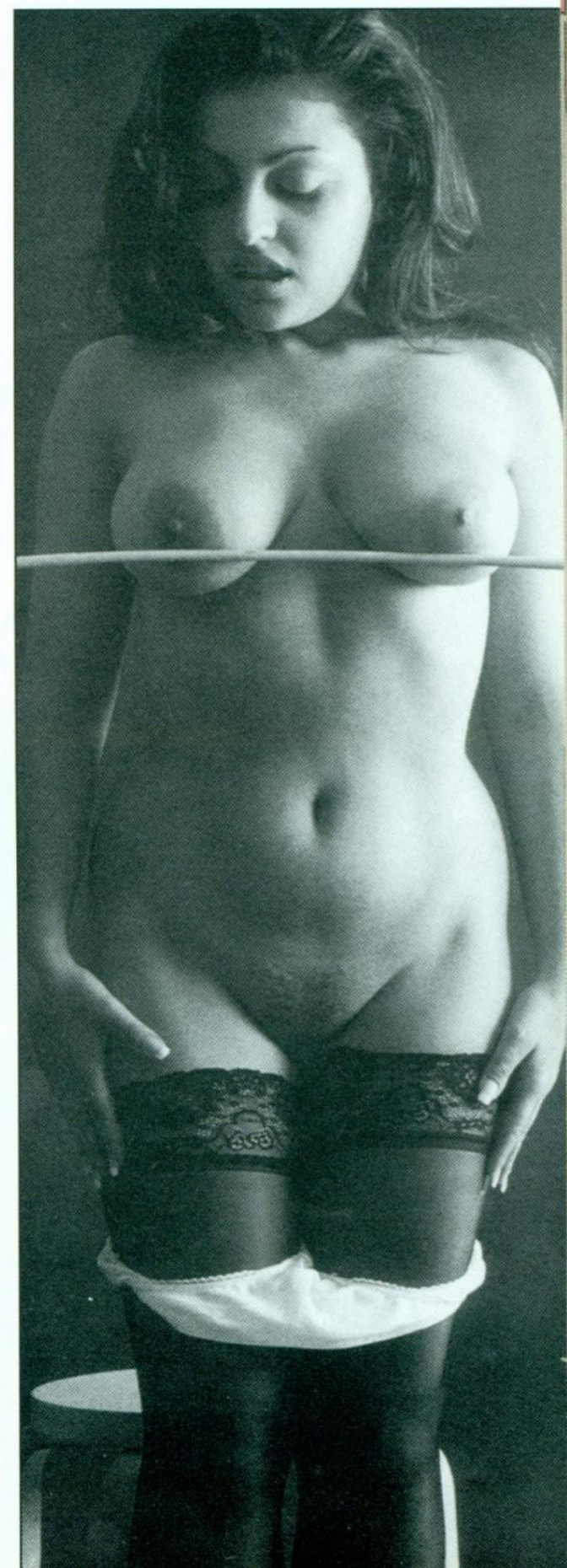
Wondering will not remove your guilt, Gina.

'All right then. I suppose I'll never know, unless I...' Her laugh was nervous. 'Unless I actually try it!'

Now you are seeing sense, young lady. You have taken the first step towards liberation and emotional freedom. This is your second chance - something the majority of traffic wardens are not lucky enough to be offered.

Now, do you still have that uniform? ✖

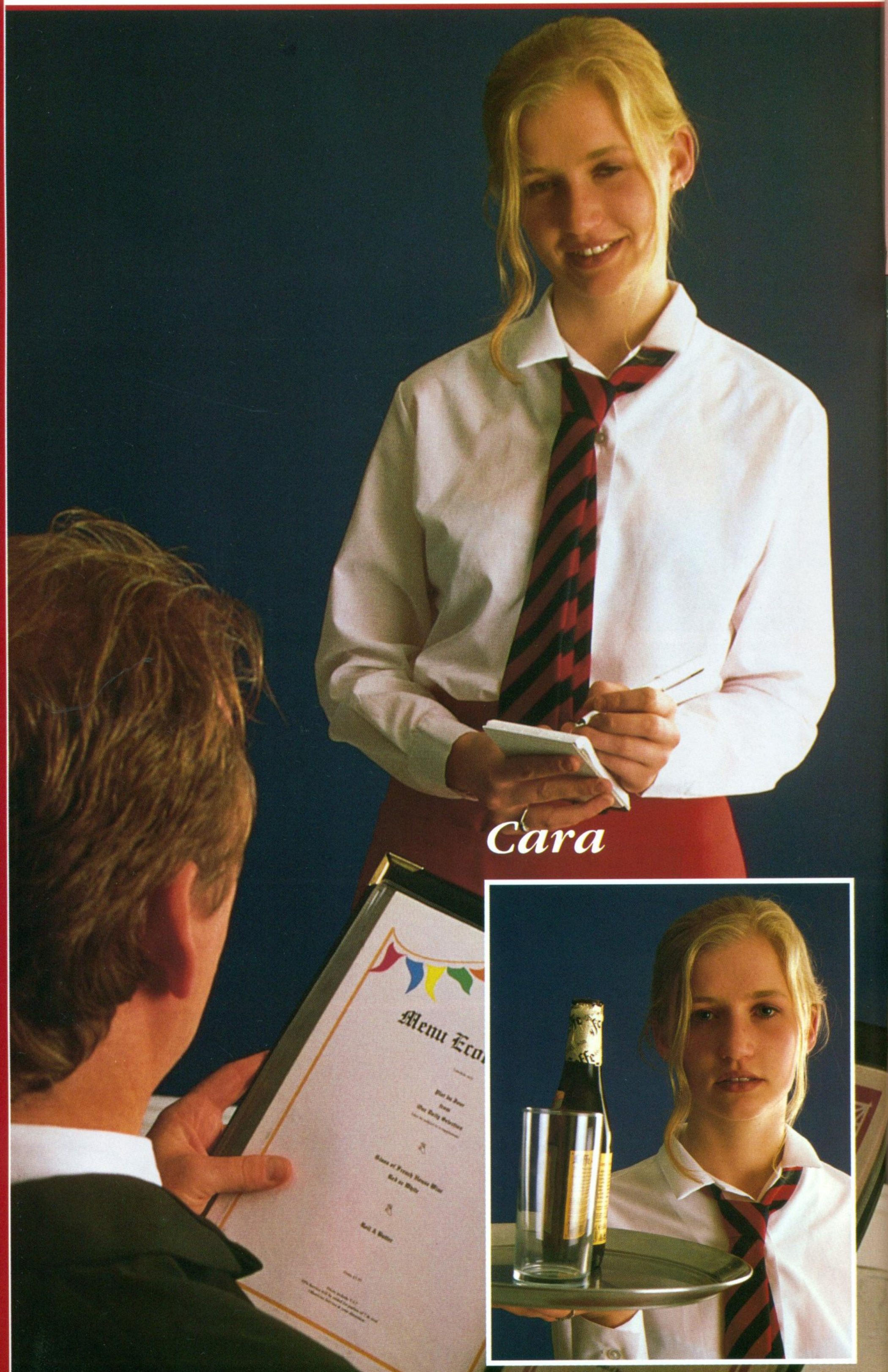




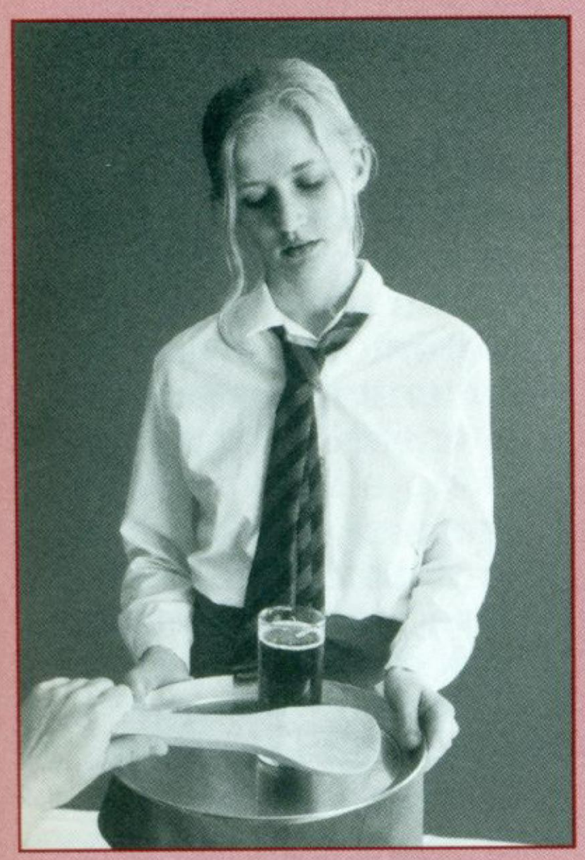




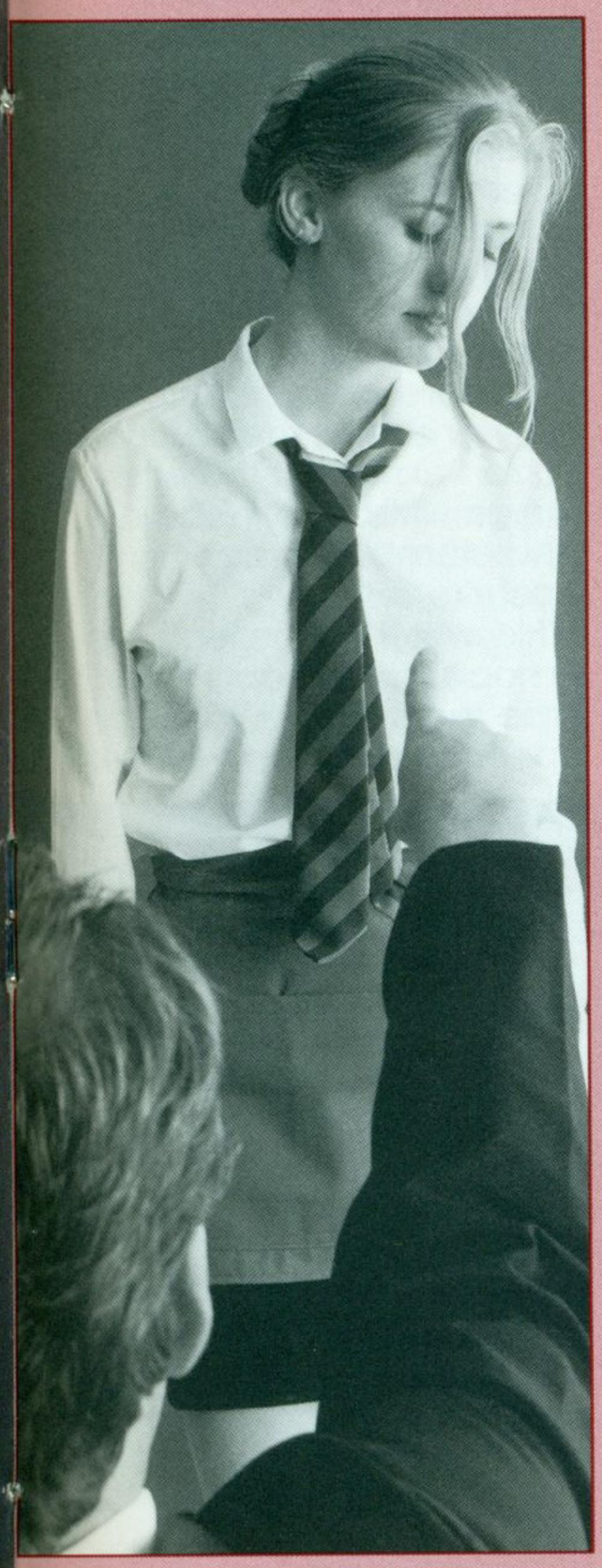
The WAITRESS



WAITRESS











tle unusual.'

Cara is just eighteen and is working hard to save up a little money for her first term at university where she will read English. 'I find waitressing easy, I think I am naturally subservient.' Cara giggled again.

'It was my boss that suggested I do some modelling. He has always been very complimentary about my figure and rather overfamiliar with my bottom. Always petting it and giving it a gentle squeeze whenever praise is due. It's no wonder he suggested I model for Janus.'

'Well, I'm sure you will enjoy your day with us. You'll feel at home in your waitress outfit as you're accustomed to wearing it almost every day. How do you feel about being spanked?'

Cara suddenly became very coy and a little flush in her cheeks was apparent. She looked up through her lashes and parted her lips a little, as one does when about to share a confidence. Her



'Sometimes people are just so rude, you want to tip their order all over them.' Cara Edwards chirped, half serious and half giggling at the vision of doing such a thing. Not really the kind of action one could really imagine this quietly spoken young lady to be capable of.

'But the boss would take it out on my rear end I can tell you. Oh, don't get me wrong, he's very nice. But most would find his disciplinary policy a lit-

mouth twitched as though she was choosing her words carefully.

'This isn't my first introduction to spanking, you know...' Cara's voice trailed off as her flush deepened. She nervously giggled and looked very uncertain.

'So when did you stumble upon it then?'

'Earlier this year the boss threw a party to celebrate the successful first year of the restaurant. We all ate and then began to wade through the unlimited alcohol the boss had laid on.'

'The boss had gone to his office to finish his figures, or something. Later he put his head round the door and asked me to bring him another beer. Feeling a little unsteady through a combination of alcohol and my silly high-heels, I tripped up the stairs and along the dark corridor and knocked on his door.

'As I entered, I realised that nearly half of the beer had left the glass and





was now sloshing around on the tray. I felt very silly and suggested that I go and get another. As I giggled the beer dripped from the tray and onto his trousers and as I bent down with a serviette in an attempt to mop it up, the whole lot toppled over making a loud noise and a mess of beer and broken glass on the floor.

'When I think about it now, I'm pretty sure I had an inkling of what would follow. All those times he had fondled my bottom had registered in my head. He told me to go and get a dustpan and brush, a cloth and a wooden spoon.'

Cara tipped her chin upwards and cast her gaze on the ceiling in reminiscence. 'Feeling such a fool and in a hurry to get the mess cleared up, I grabbed the wooden spoon amongst the other things without thinking and stumbled back upstairs.

'He watched patiently as I mopped the floor, all the time turning the wooden spoon over in his hands.





When I had finished he called me over to his side and began to size up my bottom with his hands. Gently he leant me over the desk and began to stroke and pat my bottom. The pats turned into smacks and each smack came harder than the one before.

'It didn't seem like long before he had pulled up my skirt and was now smacking me through just one layer. Occasionally, he would stop and stroke the length of my legs.

Cara's fascinating account paused momentarily and the flush returned. 'I could feel his hand stroking my skin now under my knickers and little by little the movement of his hand was pulling them down as if by magic. I was surprised to find myself excited by what he was doing.

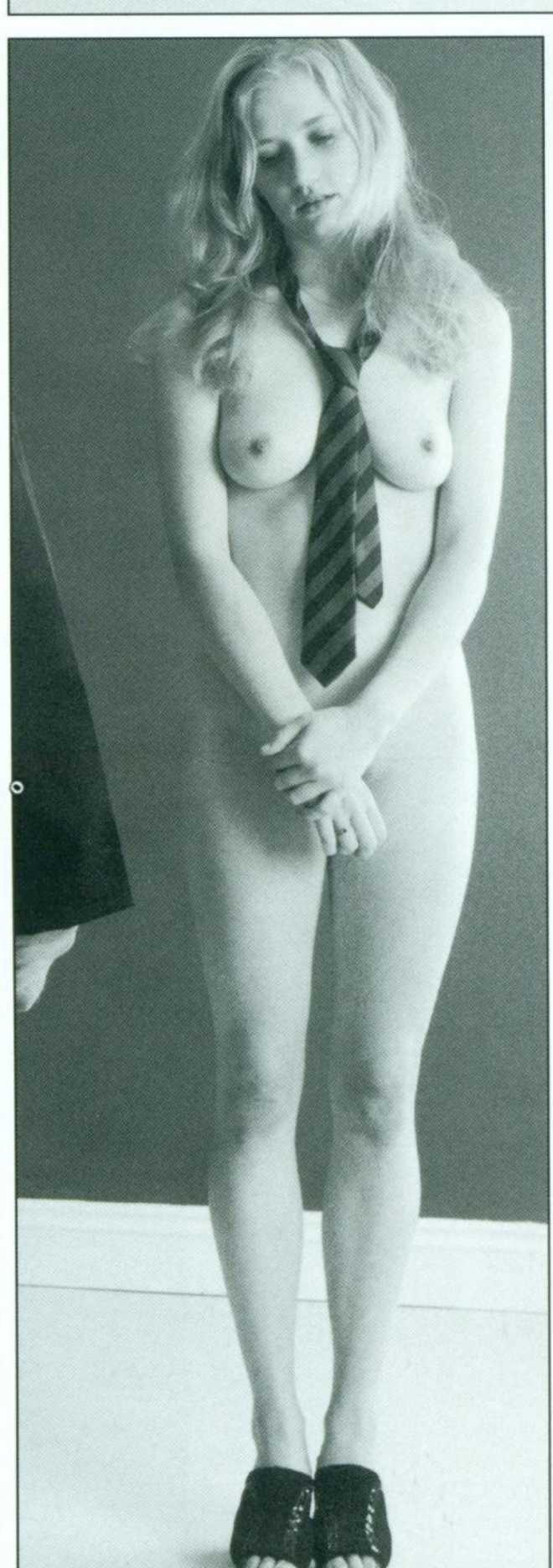
'Suddenly, he delivered a much harder blow to my bottom, it was the wooden spoon. God it stung! By the time he had finished my bottom was purply-red and very stingy.'











'It sounds to me as if you enjoyed it then. Have you been spanked since?'

'Yes, my new boyfriend says he will try anything once, so one evening when we were joking around he ended up spanking me. It was very pleasurable. He spanks me all the time now. He likes me to dress up too.'

'And what about you, do you like to dress up?'

'I like uniforms. love my waitress outfit. Everybody's always commenting that my skirts get shorter and shorter. I like people looking at me as I walk past their tables. I think high-heels and the tie really set it off - "saucy" you could say.'

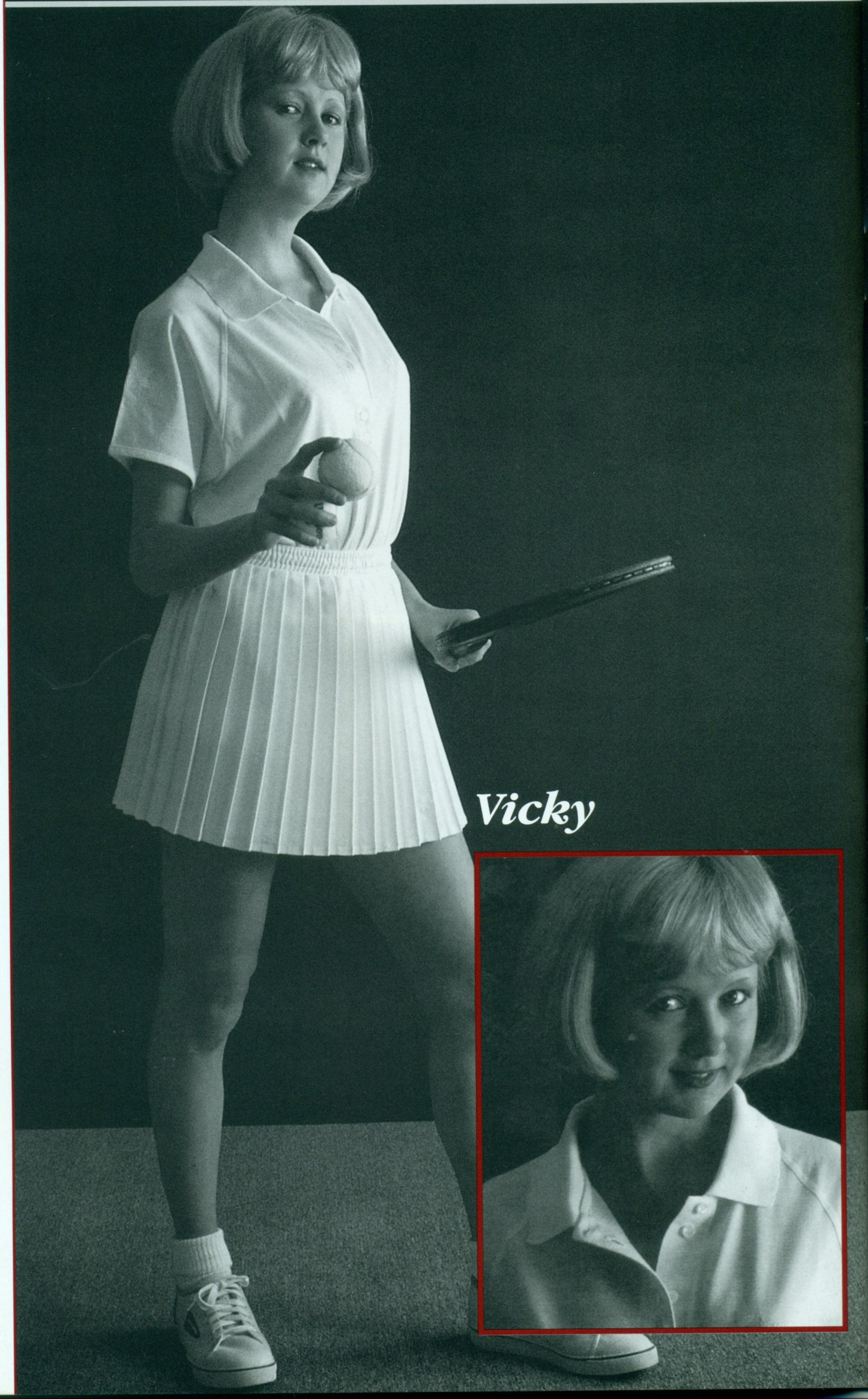
'So you like spanking, what about that stingy wooden spoon?'

Cara laughed and opened her bag. Out popped a wooden spoon. 'I kept it as a souvenir. I couldn't resist it, but I don't keep this one in my kitchen cupboard, it's strictly for the bedroom.'

'Well, it's about time we put it to good use then isn't it, young Cara?' ✖



The TENNIS PLAYER



Vicky

Vicky Martins is a classic player: or she could be, if she'd just set her mind to it. Pushing twenty, she has to get herself noticed this year or it will be too late. There's an army of nymphets, still wearing braces on their teeth, with their eyes on Wimbledon's Centre Court and the determination to get there: if she's not careful, Vicky will be trampled into the ground by their merciless trainers.

It makes no sense: she is a very talented player. She has a natural ability, innate stamina, a lean, fit body, natural blonde hair and amazing upper body power. She just lacks application.

Look at her in her classic tennis whites: her contemporaries are in body suits, multicolours, lycra, discreetly flaunting the logo of their major sponsors. Yet Vicky turns out in a pristine white pleated skirt and a top commonly called a polo shirt but in her case still referred to as a Fred Perry. Vicky would have done well in his era, would have been considered young and aggressive, sought after by the press. Instead she's almost at retirement age, scarcely known outside of the circuit and in danger of being dumped by both her coach and agent.

'I'm close to chucking it all in: this life isn't for me. Just because I'm good at something doesn't mean I have to earn my living at it: I've got other talents only I've not had a chance to show them in the last five years. It's not just the game and the training; it's the way everybody tries to control me, to change me. "Grow your hair and put it in pigtails," they said a few years back. "Capture the hearts of the nation with the fresh, youthful look." Of course, I refused: I like my hair in a bob; it's practical, easy to look after, suits my lifestyle on and off the court.

'Then they started on my clothes. "Wear something that shows off your figure more; try something coloured; wear frilly knickers." Honestly, I'm a tennis player, not an exotic dancer! They don't seem to realise how close I am to giving up: my coach has threatened to quit and I keep hoping he will so that I can use that as an excuse not to continue.'

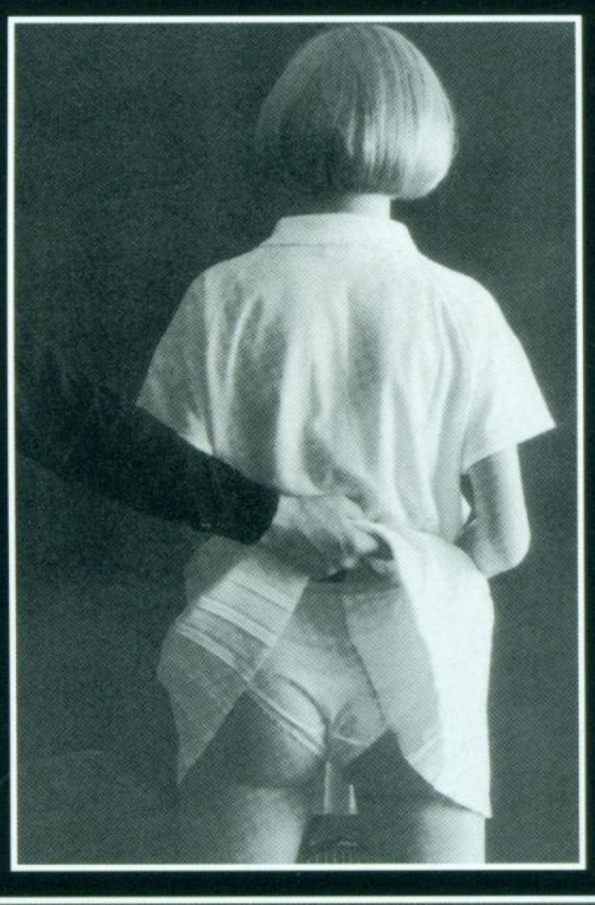
She's not coping well with the strain of constant practice and the pressure to court publicity. She trains lethargically much of the time and temper tantrums are becoming too frequent. Last week she hurled all the balls off the court so that they were lost in the shrubbery. A dog was seen chewing one yesterday.

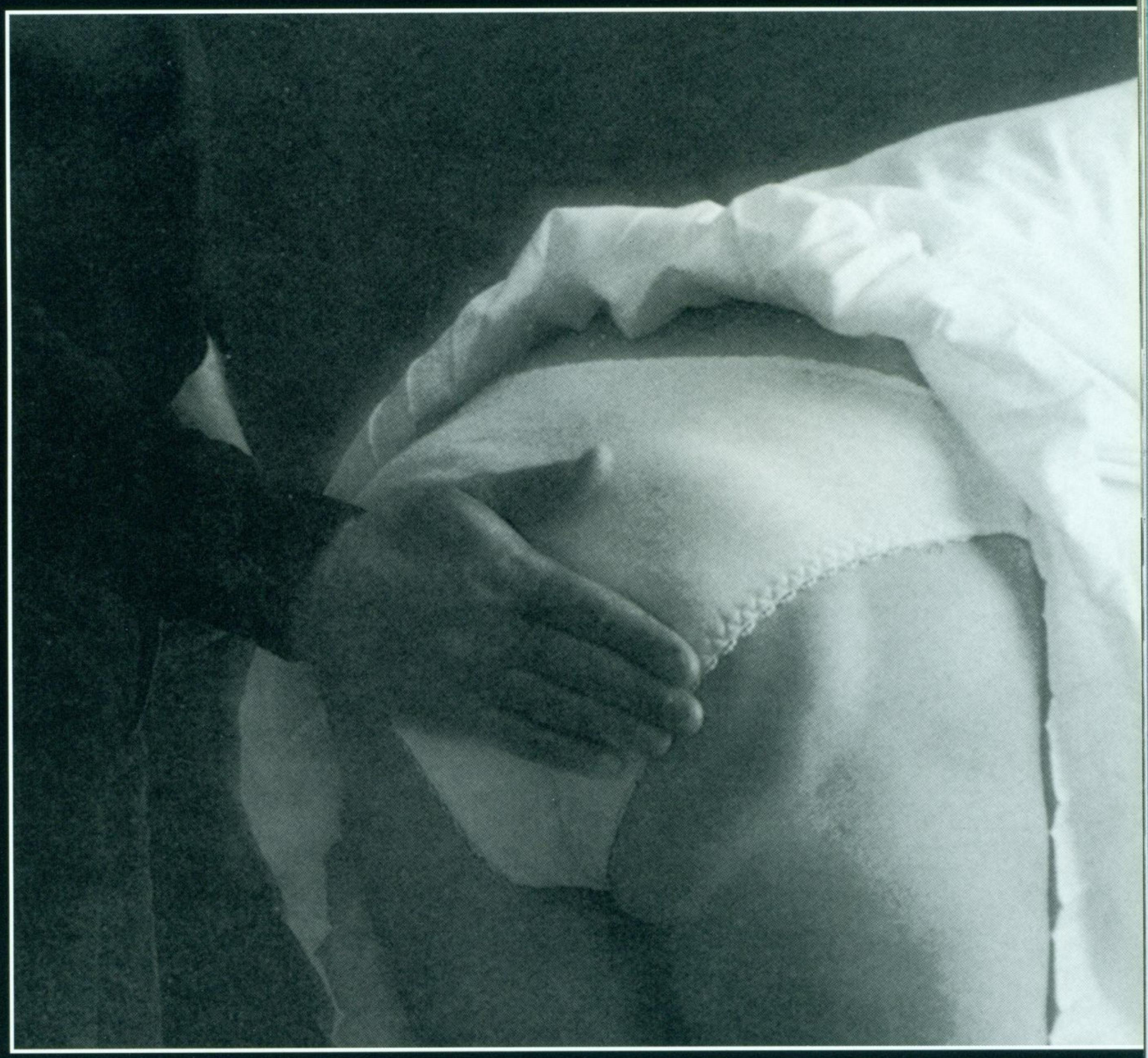
Today's session is not going well: any kid could knock a ball against the wall the way she does. Her coach and agent have been in conference and have agreed to give her one final chance to change her attitude: they've devised their own regime of "tough love".

Coach Williams watches her rehearse her service. 'Reach and follow through,' he calls.

Startled, Vicky Martins glowers at him. 'This racquet's useless,' she barks. 'It's too heavy, it pulls to one side... oh!' She suddenly erupts, raising a knee and attempting to break the offending item across her thigh. It's almost funny to watch her futile efforts.









'It's not the racquet, it's the player,' Coach Williams informs her.

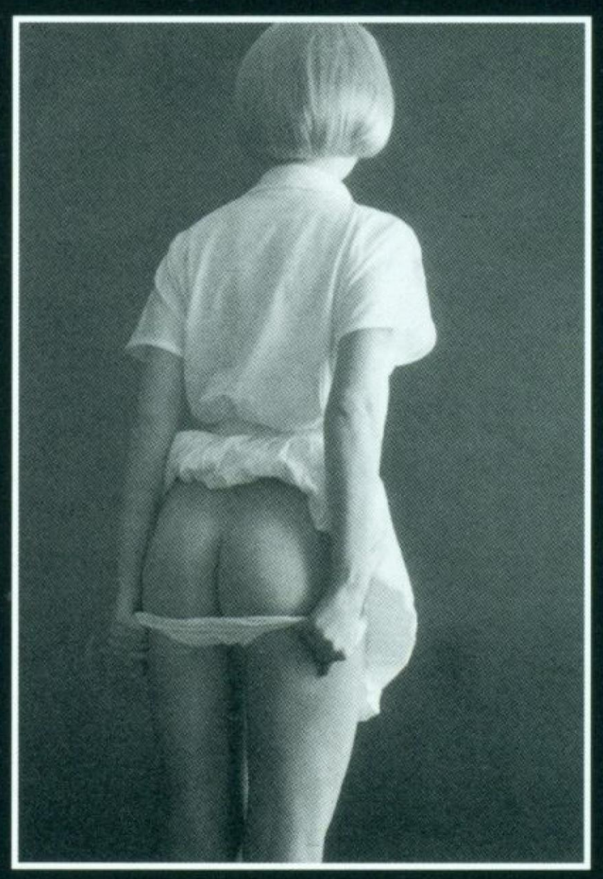
'I didn't realise he was watching. I suppose it's lecture time.'

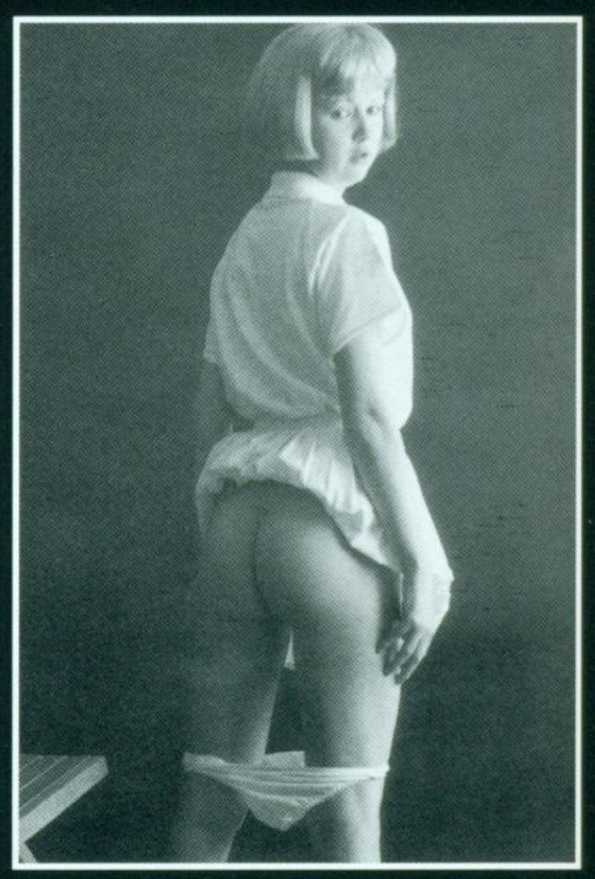
'I don't think traditional training methods are having much success with you, so I've decided to implement a new system.' She looks at him with sullen curiosity. 'As you're supposed to be a sports person, it's time you learned some physical discipline. I suppose you're wearing your nice, sensible white panties?' She nods. 'Very Christine Truman. Okay, rest your racquet on the floor so it supports your weight and bend over until I can see your pants.'

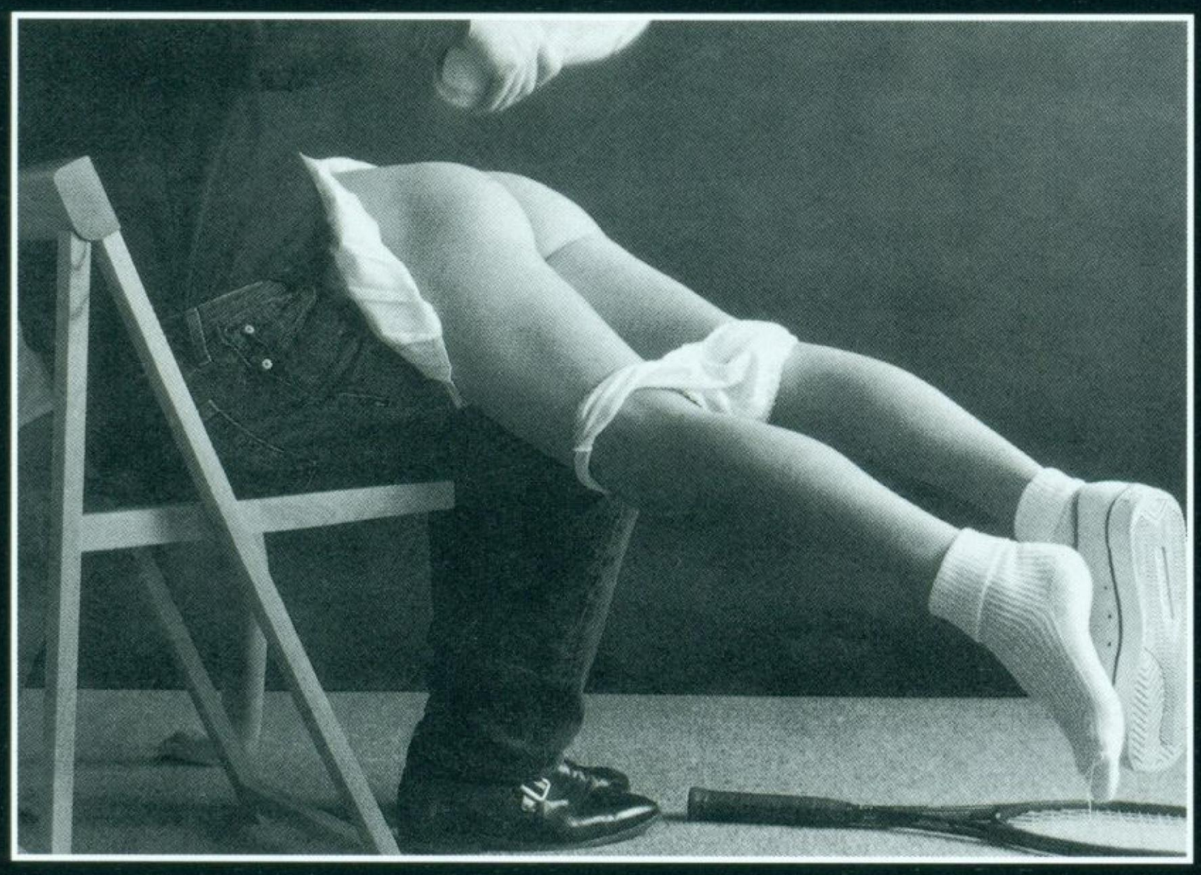
'What's he playing at now? I would have thought in his job he saw more than enough of knickers. He's fiddling about with my skirt; it must be something to do with upper leg tone, I suppose.'

He arranges her to suit his purpose, bent over, legs straight, skirt raised. 'See how strong your racquet is? It supports your nine stone without any trouble.'

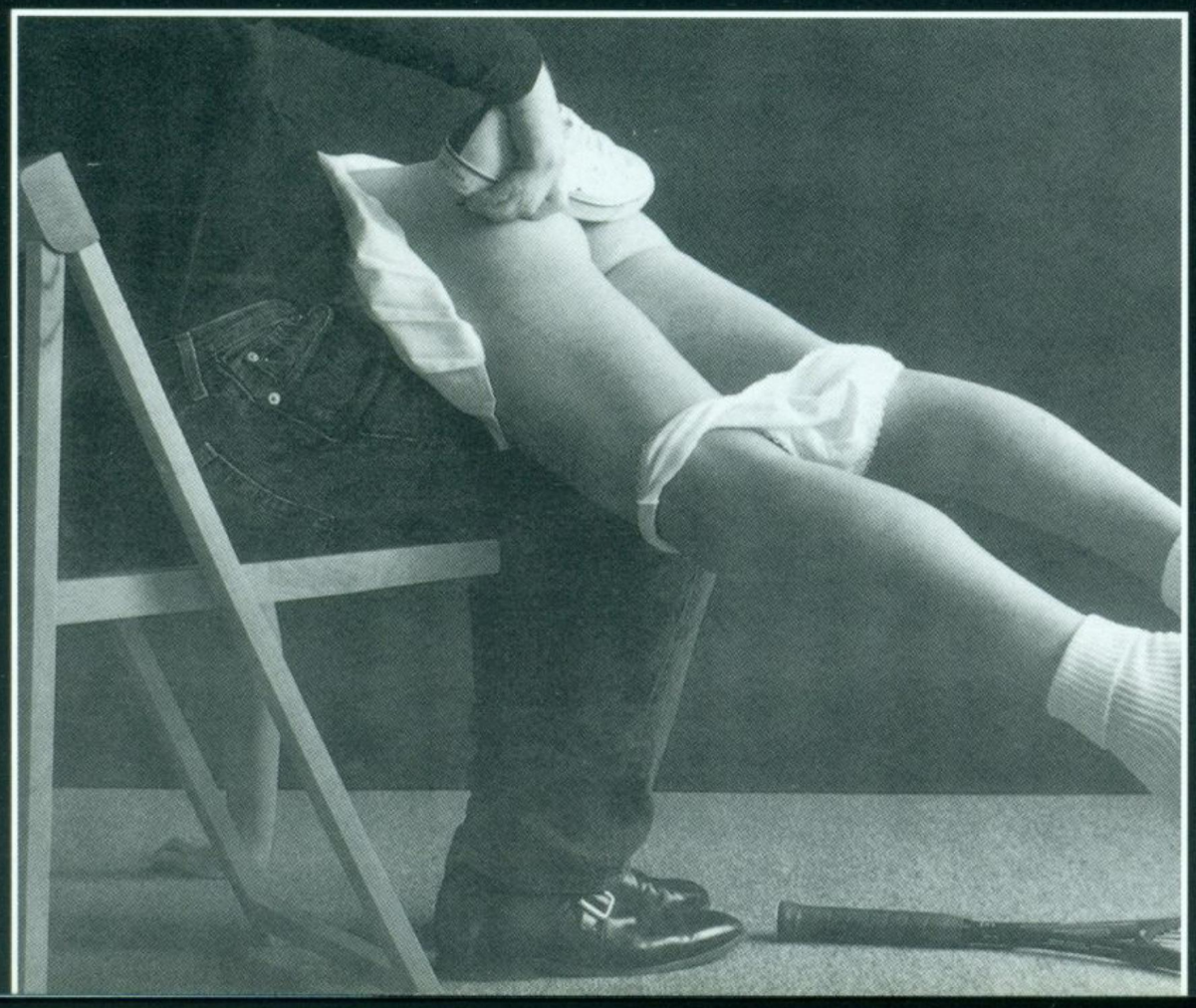
'This is an unusual kind of massage - not what I was expecting at all. He's kneading my bottom quite roughly, I think I should tell him to st... oh!'











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His hand has come down swift and hard on her taut, knicker-clad buttocks. The shock stops her reacting immediately, she just sways on firmly planted feet and the racquet rocks beneath her weight. As she tries to make sense of what is happening, his palm strikes again and, as she draws breath to curse him, again.

'This is our new regime,' he explains to her bent back. 'You slacken in your practice, turn down publicity opportunities, throw tantrums or in any way let the team down and I administer an old-fashioned spanking. Stand up and hold your racquet across your head.'

She's puzzled, but too bewildered to argue. Again the hand crashes into her buttocks.

'It's spreading in a circle. When I was bent over the heat went inwards, now my bum's softer it goes round in a circle from the centre. I should stop him really, but it's interesting...'

'I don't want to damage your assets,' he tells her. 'Let's get your pants off.'

'He wants me to take off my pants! Is he bluffing? Is this how he usually trains his pupils? This is so weird!'

Coach Williams is astounded by her unquestioning compliance. He watches spellbound as the pristine white briefs slide down her thighs, revealing her reddened nates. Small, firm, inviting. How much redder could they become?

'Take off one of your shoes.'

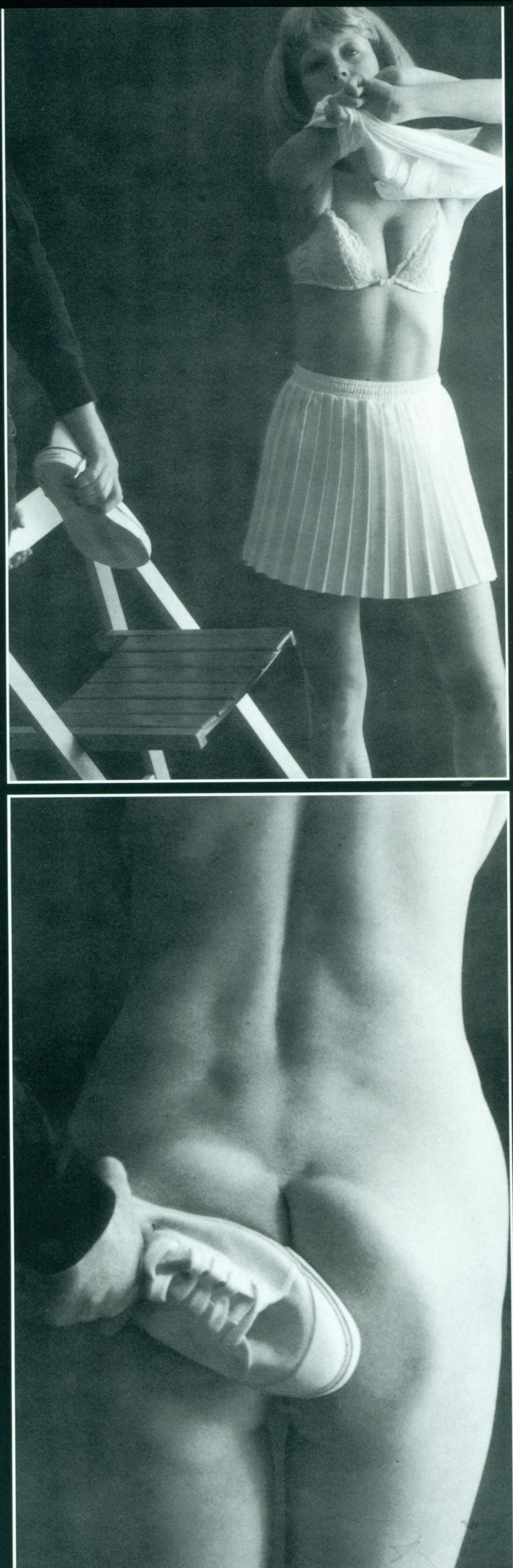
'My shoe? Just one? Surely he's not going to...?'

The coach pulls out a chair and, without even having to be told, Vicky drapes herself across his lap, knickers still at half-mast.

'I can't believe I'm letting him do this. The hand-spanking was a bit cheeky, but this is serious. The sole of my shoe makes this really sharp sensation, then there are little darts scrambling around the area. It almost tickles, but the first impact is too harsh for that. The noise is incredible: I can hear the initial slap and then it gets chased around the practice court and then the next one comes. How long will this last? What will happen if I tell him to stop?'

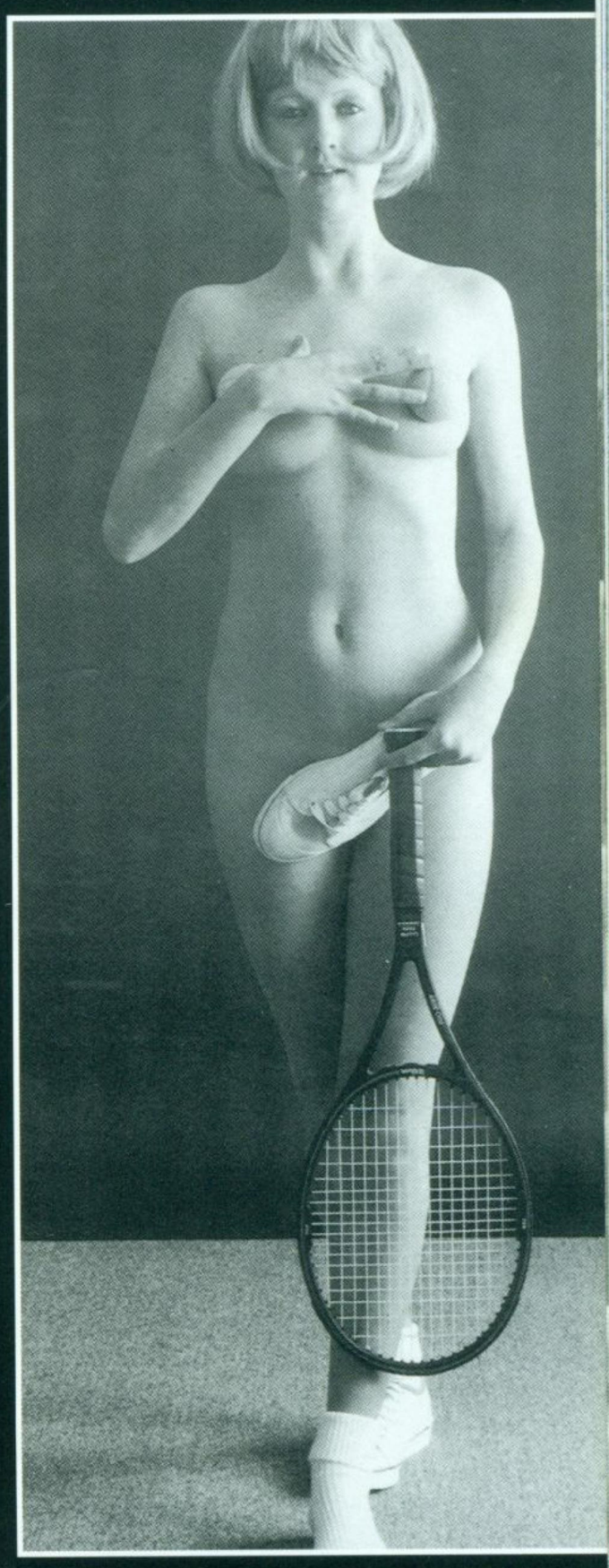
'I'm glad to see you accepting the new discipline programme. Is it concentrating your mind on your career? I want you to think about winning: collecting the shield, posing for the photographers so that they can appreciate your figure. Got it? Kneel up on the chair.'

'My bottom's scorching! The heat starts in the centre and spreads up my back and down my legs; I wonder if it will show under my skirt when I stand up? I wish he'd stop so we could get on with training. I need to practise my service before the match next month.'



He is amazed at her stoicism. Aside from a few grunts, she has made no sound. There is no sign of tears, no hint of protest. He's never met a girl who can stay silent during a heavy slippering. Vicky Martins rises in his estimation. He watches her ease herself of his lap and worries about the evident stiffness in her limbs. She climbs on the chair, facing away from him, bottom thrust out invitingly.

'Now the pain is direct,



immediate, relentlessly attacking a much smaller area. I'm crying: will he despise me for that?'

Tears at last: she's reaching her limit.

'Stand up.' She does so. 'Get the rest of your kit off.'

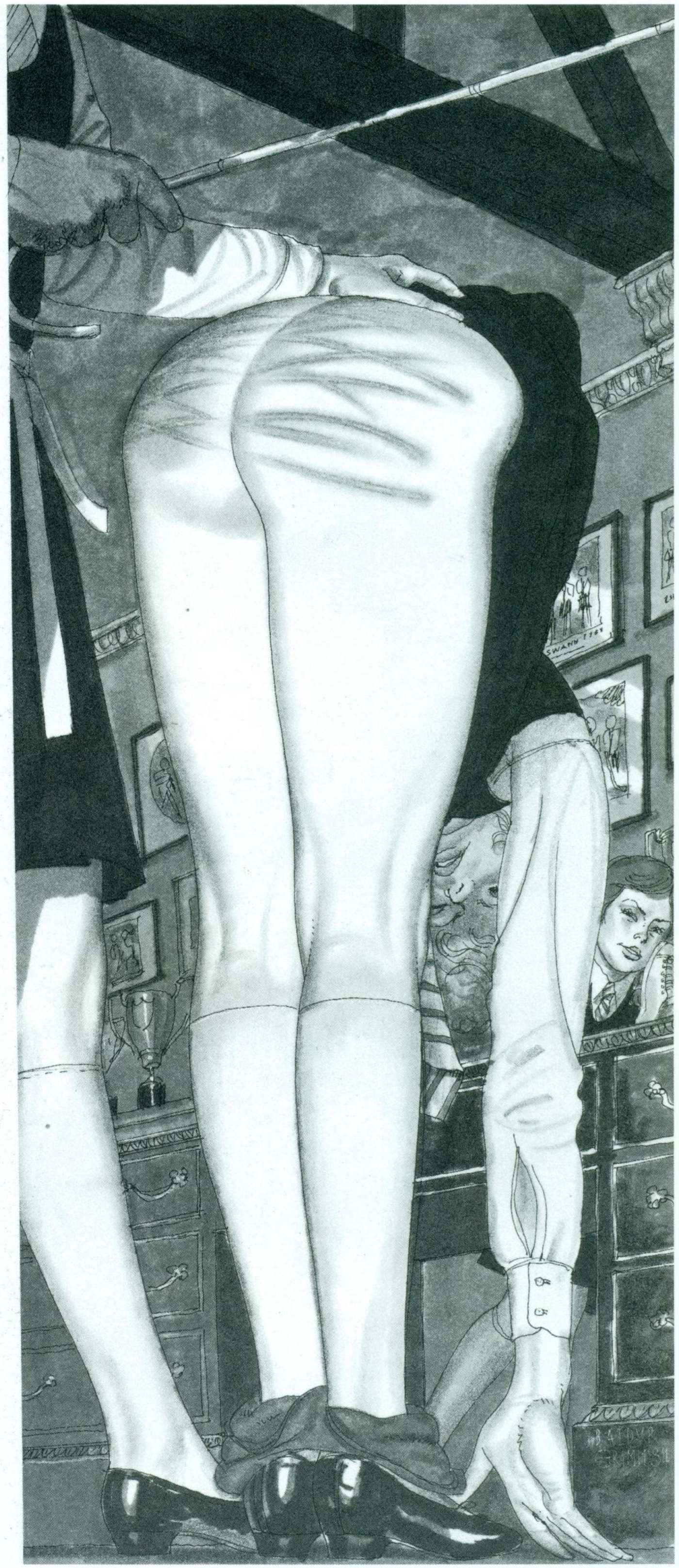
'What now?'

Still there is no argument. Just an efficient and strangely unerotic disrobing. The shoe strikes just once on her surprised behind and then it's back to business.

'Okay, I want you to work on that service. Let me see those muscles moving; I want to see how your whole body performs...' ✖

UNIFORMS ILLUSTRATED





The WREN

Andrea

When we asked her about career prospects and why she had decided to be a model, 20-year-old Andrea Drixoll brightly informed us that ever since she was a little girl she had always enjoyed dressing up. Modelling was just an extension of that.

'I wish I was tall enough to be a fashion model,' she said wistfully, 'then I would be able to wear all those wonderful creations by Westwood, Dior and Armani, and people like that.'

In those formative years, whenever she was alone in the house, Andrea would raid her mother's wardrobe for high heels, skirts and hats. Wearing a garish red lipstick from 'mummy's' cosmetics case, she would













totter around the house looking at her reflection in every mirror and pretend to be a beautiful, grown-up princess. As she got older and entered into relationships, Andrea quickly discovered that dressing-up had other and more exciting connotations.

'Most of my boyfriends liked me to wear all sorts of sexy stuff,' she giggled, her face illuminated by that cheeky, girlish smile that is so much a part of her youthful personality. 'I must admit that I needed very little persuading. The simple ritual of putting on special clothing which had sexual meaning was always enough to turn me on, even before I paraded in front of my boyfriend!

But why should Andrea find dressing-up so sexually stimulating?

'I'm not exactly sure,' she mused, her pretty brow wrinkling in thought. 'All I know is that my personality seems to change to match the clothing I wear. For example, if I'm all dolled up in a horse riding outfit and carrying a crop, I immediately become dominant. Mind you, if I wear something which is girlish or feminine, I find that I want to be - and usually am - truly submissive!'

Perhaps her future career should be in strip-o-grams. Plenty of opportunity to wear different, sexy outfits then.

'Oh no,' she protested. 'I can't visualise wearing something like a French maid's outfit and singing "Happy Birthday" to some doddering old lecher who's trying to get his hand up my skirt to have a feel of my bottom!'

There was no answer to that and anyway, it didn't seem appropriate...

However, it wasn't difficult to get Andrea talking about something which is obviously an extension (and another weapon) in her considerably feminine, sexual armoury. Wondering out loud If there was anything that especially appealed to her, or any particular outfit that she regretted she had worn, brought an instant and candid response!

'Well yes, there is actually,' she said rather haplessly. 'About a year ago I was in a relationship with a guy who was in the Royal Navy and he was fond of telling me that if I was a Wren on board his ship, I would probably start a mutiny! We only split-up about six weeks' ago, just after his last shore leave. It was odd really, because I suppose you could blame my love of dressing-up on our break-up. What actually happened was that he had somehow managed to smuggle a Wren's uniform off the ship with the specific intention of getting me to wear it as a prelude to him letting off six weeks of sexually abstinence! The problem was that his idea backfired - on him! The uniform - which a shipmate who worked with the Purser had managed to "acquire" - was actually that of a Petty Officer, or something, and my boyfriend was only a Leading Seaman, which is a much lower rank. What he expected and actually asked me to do, was to order him around and totally dominate him. At first, this was quite exciting, but as our role playing game progressed it became obvious to me that I had somehow plugged into his true character. I don't mind being dominant in a one-off situation, but my character is essentially submissive. I want my man to take charge of me; tell me what to do; be strong and make me serve him. I knew from that moment on, it would never happen to my satisfaction and that I would always be able to see his real character. A week later











UNIFORMS ILLUSTRATED



The EQUESTRIAN



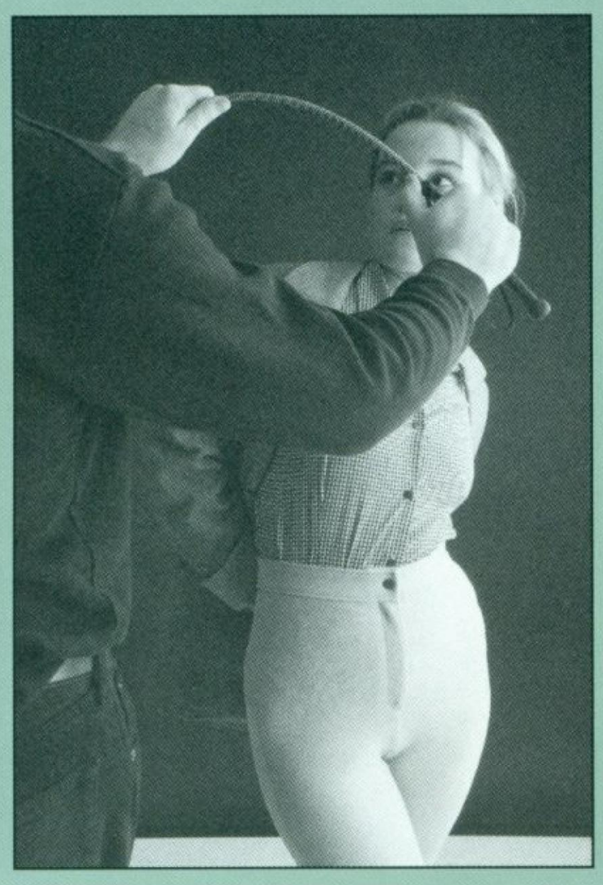
Georgina

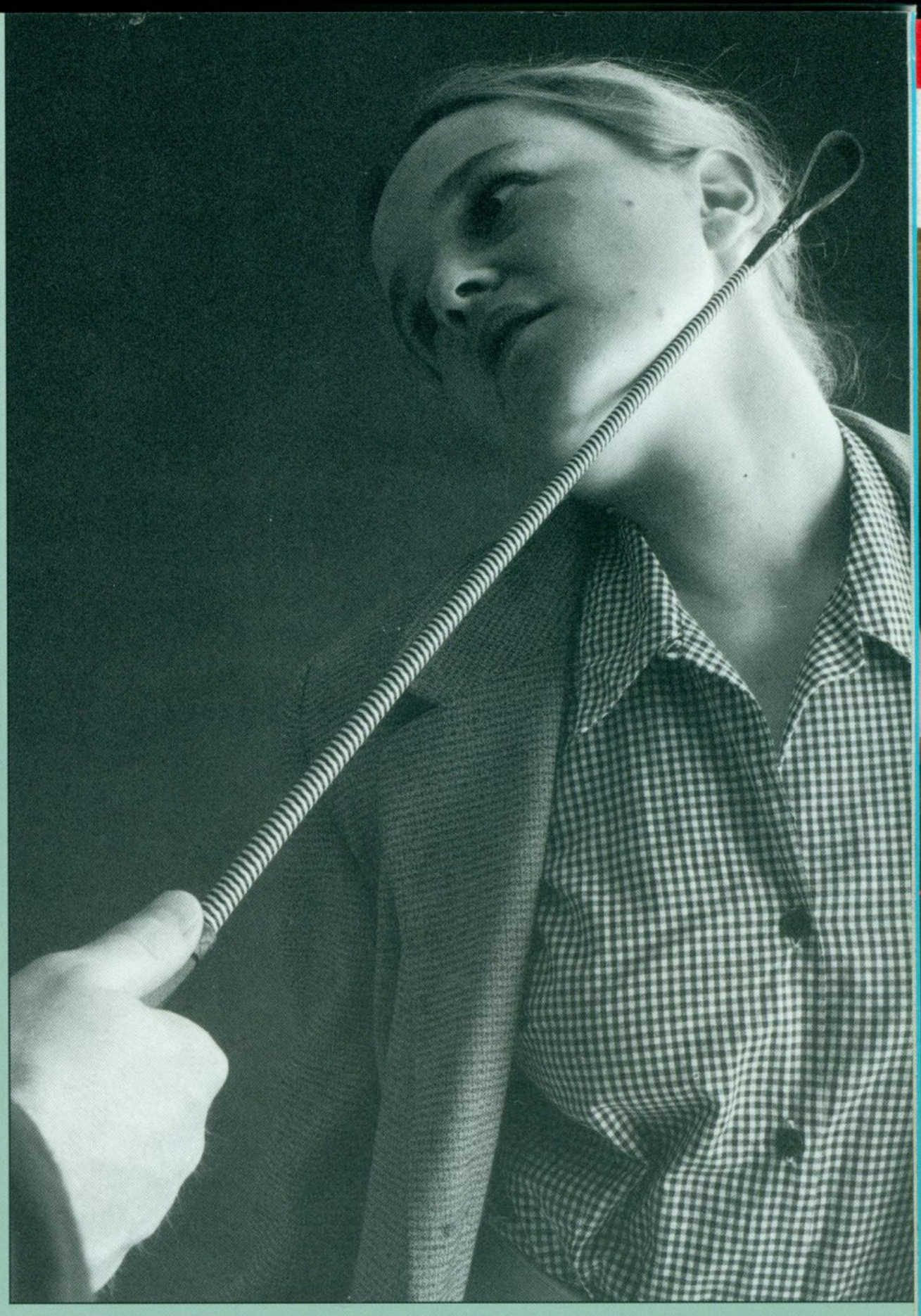
Georgina is now 24 years of age and has been crazy about horses for as long as she can remember.

Brought up on the family farm in south Hampshire, when she was a little girl Georgina would help in the stables with daily feeding, grooming and mucking-out. She would do anything to be around horses. Eventually, she graduated to cleaning the expensive leather tack for Daddy's four hunters, and if she was especially good, would occasionally be allowed to exercise and gallop them.

By the time she had reached her teens, Georgina was an excellent horsewoman and knew more about equine care than most of the so-called experts. At twenty, she joined the local hunt and remains an enthusiast and vocal supporter for the pro-hunting lobby, attending the recent countryside march. 'Fox hunting is the most thrilling experience one can imagine and despite the nonsense you hear on the subject, it is the most humane method of controlling foxes.' Georgina recalls those early years, 'I would













arrive home for the school holidays and the first thing I'd ask Daddy was: when is the next hunt? By then, he had bought me my own horse and when the hounds were following the scent I am afraid I didn't spare him (the horse). I shudder to think about it now, but I was so immersed in my own pleasure that, when the adrenaline was flowing, heavy use of the riding crop was instinctive.'

Didn't she learn anything about humanity when she was young?

'Not really,' she said. 'When I was at home, Daddy was always too busy to spend much time teaching me about anything except how to manage the farm and other aspects of life in the country. Boarding school wasn't much better because it was more concerned with academics and discipline. And all I was interested in was having a good time and enjoying myself.

Now, happily settled in Newmarket, Georgina is studying to become a race horse trainer. But what attracted her to Janus?

'My boyfriend encouraged me to contact you, he loves smacking my bottom and although reluctant at first, I can't wait to see my pictures!

Was corporal punishment available at her boarding school?

'No, but we used to have one head teacher who was always telling me that I would benefit from a good smacked bottom! I suppose he was right, because I do, frequently!'

Has Georgina ever used her riding crop on anyone other than a horse?

'No, of course not, but I wouldn't mind using it on that idiotic M.P. who tried to ban fox hunting!'

Apart from her admittedly obsessive campaigning, what about Georgina's beloved horses? Does she still find the time to ride for pure pleasure?

'Yes, of course I do,' she said, 'but only when I go back home to Hampshire. I look upon it as a special treat and I think I have more consideration for the horses I ride these days. I still carry a crop, but only use it to steer and direct. Of course, in your magazine it is for other purposes, isn't it?'

Now whether that was a hint, or not, we can't be sure but it was a perfect cue to suggest that she took part in this series. It was also a valid opportunity for Georgina to show us how good she



looked in riding gear.

She liked the idea, but there was a perplexed look on her face. 'Will I have to take the crop across my... my, haunches?'

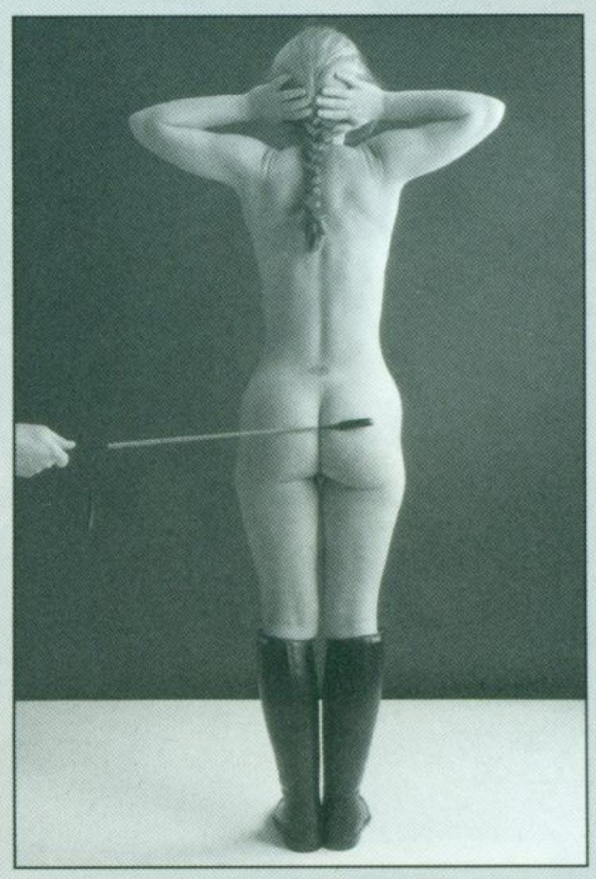
Well, her horses did, didn't they? Anyway, she had to realise that there were good reasons why she should enrich her understanding of punishment. Ironic isn't it?

'Well, yes,' she agreed hesitantly, 'I suppose it will make me think about how painful it can be to receive the crop - whenever I pick one up in the future.'

That much could be guaranteed. But was there a problem?







'Er, no, not really,' Georgina responded thoughtfully. 'I have actually received the cane before, you know, but it wasn't all that hard. Anyway, I know that it's true what has been said about pain being akin to pleasure. Perhaps I'll enjoy it. It won't hurt too much, will it?'

Only one of her beloved horses could answer that question. They had no control over the way she had used the crop on their haunches. Perhaps it is only right that she has no control over receiving it on hers!

Tally ho, Georgina! ✖

READERS' LETTERS

A PRIVILEGED ENCOUNTER

I would like to use your column to share my experience with those who, like myself, until recently, are 'closet Janus readers', unable to follow our interest in real life.

For many years I had read the magazine and been greatly envious of those who were actually able to spank and cane their willing wives and girlfriends. My own marriage, even in its happiest and most passionate days, never got quite that far. Did I really believe – could I believe – that such things as were described in the pages of Janus really went on?

Well, following the recent break-up of my marriage, I realised that the time had come to find out. I joined the Privilege Club and in the second bulletin I received, there was an advertisement from a woman who – if only I could believe it – was in need of treatment I longed to give. True, she was from another part of the country, but I felt she must be worth writing to.

Imagine my excitement when I received a reply from her. She had liked my letter and, though she was obviously being cautious, I definitely felt I was making progress. I wrote to her again and managed to restrain myself until she had had time to read my second letter before ringing her up.

I shall never forget that evening, when we talked on the phone for three hours and I realised that I had finally met someone who shared my interest in corporal punishment and had in fact willingly submitted to it. It would take too long to tell you every detail of the weeks that followed, the fantasies we discussed, the drawings and photocopies we exchanged – and then came the great weekend when she was visiting a city not far from where I live. On the Sunday afternoon I picked her up and took her back to my flat. Even though we had talked so much, I felt extremely shy and nervous and anything but dominant – was it all going to go horribly wrong?

No! She showed me the implements she had brought and tried out the various positions that could be taken up in my flat. By now I felt much more at ease, and when she came in dressed as a sulky schoolgirl, obliged to report to the Headmaster because of her rudeness to the teachers, I knew just what to do!

I put her across my knee and turned up her skirt for a sound spanking – which was added to because she turned out to be wearing 'non-regulation' knickers! (Too bad that I had myself instructed to her to wear stockings and suspender-belt!) Her bottom went a very satisfying red and I varied the spanking by using one of her slippers. Then she was bent across the desk for a strapping with a five-fingered tawse, and after that was made to lie stretched out on the settee for the cane. She was put in the corner while the punishment book was filled in, and then I told that her father would be telephoned and informed about his daughter's bad behaviour!

In the second part of the session I was the indignant father – and this naughty girl found that life could be just as painful at home as at school.

Finally, we acted out a scenario from the Penance Stone in Janus 32. This was one your best stories and was about an unfaithful wife, Lady Helen, who on her husband's return from the Crusades was sentenced by him to be birched soundly, completely naked, once a month for a full year. My wonderful Privilege contact suffered at least the first installment of these, and it was followed by a sound whipping, all over her back, bottom and thighs.

This third part of the session lasted about an hour. Of course, not all the strokes were very hard (we could hardly have kept on that long if they had been!) but some, especially towards the end, were distinctly nippy!

Afterwards we went out for a meal, and came back to talk and browse through old copies of Janus. To my delight, I found she was ready for some more and of course I was very glad to oblige.

In the morning I inspected her bottom – and found it a spectacular mass of marks. But she had obviously enjoyed the experience as much as I had, though she did warn me that I needed to learn to handle the cane with greater accuracy.

She will confirm the truth of this: it really did happen, although at some time it would have seemed to me merely the stuff of fantasy. I would definitely encourage Janus readers to join the Privilege Club and see what happens. It is so wonderful to know you are not alone, and that dreams can happen.

C.W.,
Staffordshire

SCHOOL KNICKERS WITH PUNISHMENT FLAPS

When my father became a technical manager for his firm, which had a large market in Scandinavia, our family moved to a town in Sweden called Orebro. I was then 17 years old and of course I didn't like being left behind to continue at the boarding school in Scotland which I, at that time, attended. I had changed school three times already for different reasons. Once because we moved from a village in Somerset to Hull and the next time because I didn't like my new school at all. The third time was when my father was transferred to manage some factories in Scotland and we moved from Hull to Aberdeen, where I started in the fifth form at quite a nice school. Though it was a boarding school with very strict rules I liked it a lot more than my earlier ones.

Because of my continuous nagging about my wish to follow the family to Sweden, Dad found me a rather small boarding school some 80 miles south of Orebro, which took pupils from different countries and had courses in Swedish. But most of the education was in English with English-speaking teachers from Sweden, and from England and the USA.

The school was situated in a nice part of the country near a very large lake and divided into two separate areas. One was for boys, and there were around 60 boys, far less than the number of girls. I seemed that most boys preferred to be educated in their own country. We girls numbered 140 and were aged from sixteen up to nineteen, though a few had reached twenty.

The time was the late Thirties and the world had changed since the Great War and had become peaceful and friendly, at least in the eyes of young schoolgirls. Our Headmaster was a Swede and the school board was also entirely Swedish so everything was organised according to the way people lived in Sweden. Of course rules were strict, but so they were in all countries then. Uniform was compulsory and we were not allowed to bring any other clothes. Most of

us liked the uniforms as they were well-tailored and we thought they looked smart. There was a seamstress at the school who helped us with alterations and repairs. Underclothes and the clothes we had to wear for gym and games in Sweden were, however, quite different from what I was used to. They were quite nice in some ways and soft to the skin and they were cut to fit our figures, but instead of elastic and strings they had lots of buttons.

We had to wear a white underbodice with buttons all the way down in front and it was shaped in at the waist and had four suspenders hanging down. Round the waist there were six buttons for our knickers. Our knickers were, of course, white too and had short legs and slits at both sides. The back part of the knickers over-lapped the front by an inch or so. We learned why soon enough. When we were naughty we had to go over the knee of a teacher, who raised the skirt and unbuttoned the knickers at the sides and the back. Then she could turn the rear flap down so that one's bottom was quite bare for a sound spanking or sometimes, which was worse, for a birching, which really made a girl's bottom sore.

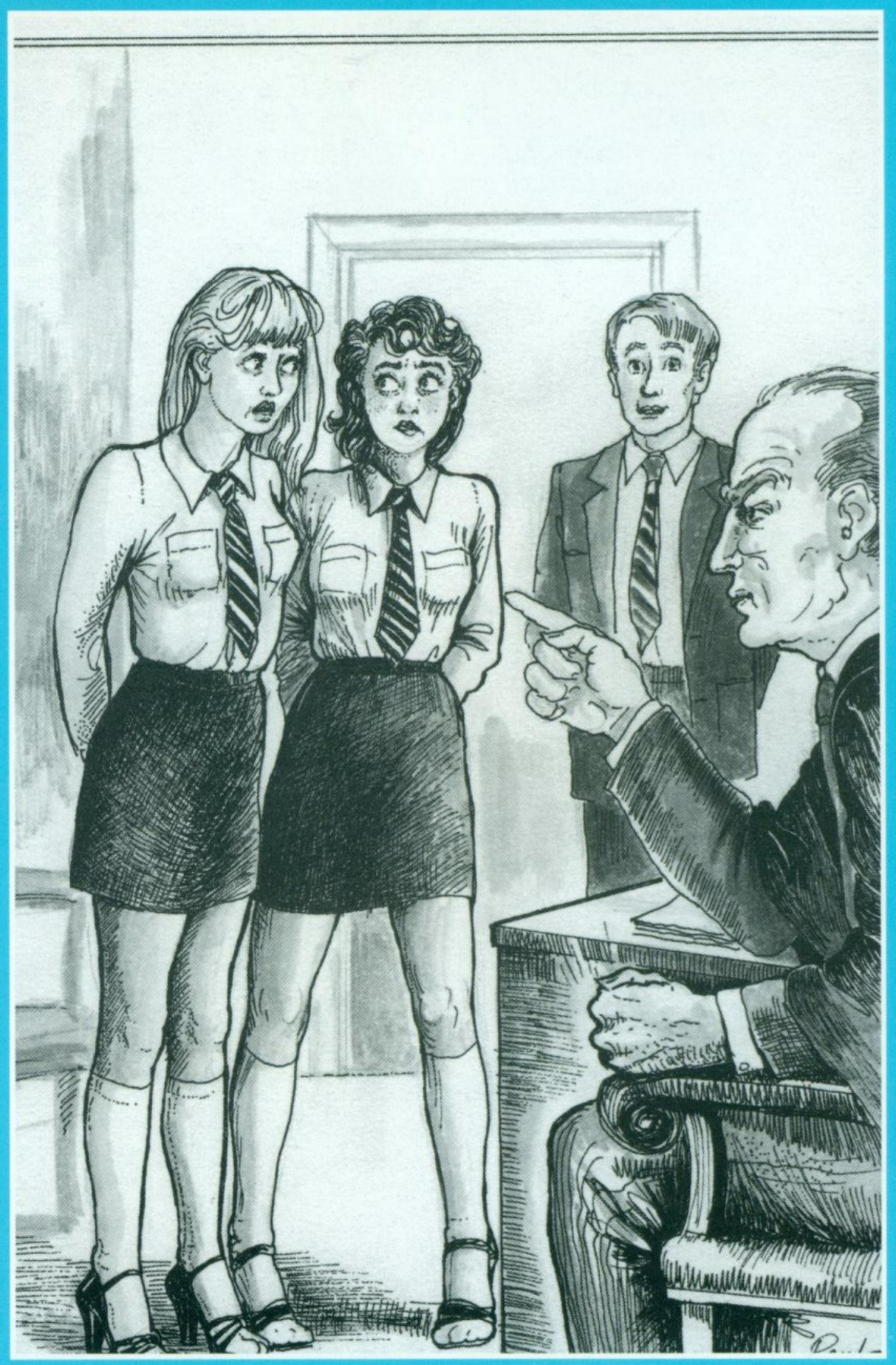
The advantage of such a flap was that the girl's modesty was preserved, because she never had to be bared in front. I was really grateful for that flap at the times I was punished by our strict Headmaster.

Our dresses for games and gym had the same kind of flaps and it happened quite often that a girl had her knickers unbuttoned at the back and was slapped red and sore on her bare bottom with the hand or a birch. I knew girls who openly said they preferred birchings to being punished with a cane or a strap. Punishments were mostly given in private, but sometimes more than one girl had been disobedient and then the culprits had to wait lined up for their turn with their backs to the teacher while one at a time was attended to.

When a girl had had her bottom reddened she had to shuffle away and stand facing the wall with the flaps hanging down so that her sore, spanked bottom was on display until at last all the girls had been punished and the teacher in charge, after a suitable shameful parade of the snivelling girls, let them button their flaps and run away. It made no difference if a girl was 16 or 20 and they really made a sight when they paraded along the wall with knicker-flaps hanging down presenting well-formed red-blotched bottoms to the spectators, who were usually two female teachers but sometimes our Headmaster was also present. He was there on several occasions when I had my red and sore bottom on display, and once there were nine of us lined up facing the wall.

Since the three years I spent in that school in Sweden, I have never seen those kinds of underclothes or gym dresses. Their advantage for the pupil was that she did not have to endure the humiliation of having her knickers pulled down both front and back before she





was punished. The advantage for the teacher was that she had very little trouble baring the disobedient girl's bottom.

T.R.,
(Retired Headmistress)

VIRGIN FANTASIES

I have recently begun employment with an airline based at Heathrow airport. And believe me, it's a real pleasure to go to work there.

I am an avid CP enthusiast and also enjoy seeing young women in uniform, which is an every day occurance here. I do not know if you have seen the Virgin airline staff? Their uniform is in the delightful colour of red and trimmed in light grey. For the female staff it consists of a close-fitting jacket and a tight pencil skirt which is really hip-hugging, with a split in the rear central seam which shows off their long legs a treat. All of the female staff seem to be long-legged curvaceous beauties, and this surely cannot be a coincidence. Their nylons must be extremely sheer because they look bare-legged from a distance.

A pair of red high-heeled shoes adds the finishing touch to a really sexy uniform (congratulations to Richard Branson). I would like to imagine that with their sheerest of stockings these stewardesses are wearing suspenders and brief knickers matching the colour or their uniform.

When walking behind one of these girls the sight of her buttocks and hips swaying beneath her tight skirt is a delight to the eye. Their bottoms just strain against the taut material of their skirts.

My dream is to have one of these beauties in a situation where I can tell her to pull her tight skirt up above her knickers and show me the delights of her round bottom and silky thighs. Then I would have a long lingering look at her lovely buttocks while they are encased by a pair of suspenders and brief tight knickers, before telling her to take her knickers down for a well-deserved spanking on her bare bottom. And perhaps two more strokes across her bare thighs for a sizzling finale.

Would it please be possible for you to feature a photo fantasy of an air hostess dressed as described above, being punished by a senior female flight attendant who is not much older than herself? A suitable offence would be overcharging for in-flight duty-frees and pocketing the extra. I would like to see her being made to remove her skirt and pull her knickers down before her superior gives her a spanking, followed by a sound caning on her bare bottom and thighs.

Please excuse me for not giving my full address but if I were found to be the author of this letter I would be dismissed from my position.

L.B.,
Edgware, Middlesex

CAROL, THE NAUGHTY NURSE

Girls in uniform have featured regularly in Janus photo stories over the years even though, regrettably, some favourites are now banned. Recently my wife Carol acquired a nurse's uniform and we decided to create a Janus-type scenario, taking photos using the camera's self-timer. The uniform consists of a short blue and white apron and black seamed stockings, worn with white underwear and a black suspender belt.

With Carol dressed as a nurse, I took the part of the senior doctor. I have received a report that Nurse Carol is persistently wearing her uniform indecently short and disturbing the patients by showing her underwear. I summon her to my office and tell her to sit down. Reluctantly she does so, leaving no doubt in my mind that the reports are correct.

Her short dress, leaves little to the imagination, which is why she has been told on several occasions to lengthen it. Having repeatedly ignored the warnings, the time has come for her to be punished. I tell her to stand up and I sit down facing her.

'You have been warned on numerous occasions, Nurse, about your indecent uniform and you have ignored those warnings. It is therefore my duty to punish you and I have decided to make an example of you, to discourage any others foolish enough to imitate you. Do you have anything to say?'

'I'm sorry, doctor. The patients like my short dress.'

'That is not the point, Nurse. Going around showing your underclothes will give the patients heart attacks. I'm going to have to smack your bottom, Nurse. Lift up your dress.'

Without hesitation, Carol reached down and pulled up her dress, holding it up around her waist. Her black suspenders were fastened to the tops of her nylon stockings, the straps threaded under her panties.'

Right, Nurse, you must learn to do as you're told, which is why I'm going to put you across my knee. Come here.' Reluctantly, Carol came closer and I pulled her face-down across my lap, her dress still up around over the seat of her panties and she winced, anticipating a smack.

'We'll have these panties down, Nurse, so I can spank your bare bottom.' I held the waistband of her knickers, slipped them over the suspender clips, and pulled them down to just below her stocking tops. I stroked her firm bottom meekly waiting to be smacked, then raised my hand. I began to spank her, smacking each buttock alternately as she wriggled and squirmed across my knee.

'Ooooh! Ouch! Please not so hard, doctor, ' she pleaded.

'I'll teach you to do as you're told, Nurse!' I promised, smacking her bottom harder. Her buttocks turned pink at first and then a deeper shade of red as the spanking progressed. Carol started to cry quietly and stopped squirming as she gave up resisting and resigned herself to her brisk punishment.

I spanked her a few more times and then paused. The tops of her thighs just above her stocking tops were still white so I began smacking her on those sensitive parts. Carol kicked her legs and squealed, begging me to stop. Finally, I did stop, judging that by now she had been punished enough.

I helped her up off my knee and she stood rubbing her bottom, hopping from foot to foot, panties round her stocking tops. I reached across to the table behind me and picked up one of the canes. 'Don't forget, Nurse,' I said sternly. 'This time you've been let off lightly with a spanking, but next time you'll get six strokes of the cane on your bare bottom. Now pull up your panties and go and make your uniform a decent length.'

A few minutes later I followed Carol into the bedroom and was surprised to find her wearing her bra, panties and stockings and standing with her arms folded. 'So,' she said in a surprisingly authoritative tone of voice. 'You've come to have a little problem treated by Nurse have you?'

'Problem?' I asked. 'What problem?' She pointed to the tell-tale bulge in the front of my trousers. Spanking her invariably gives me an erection.

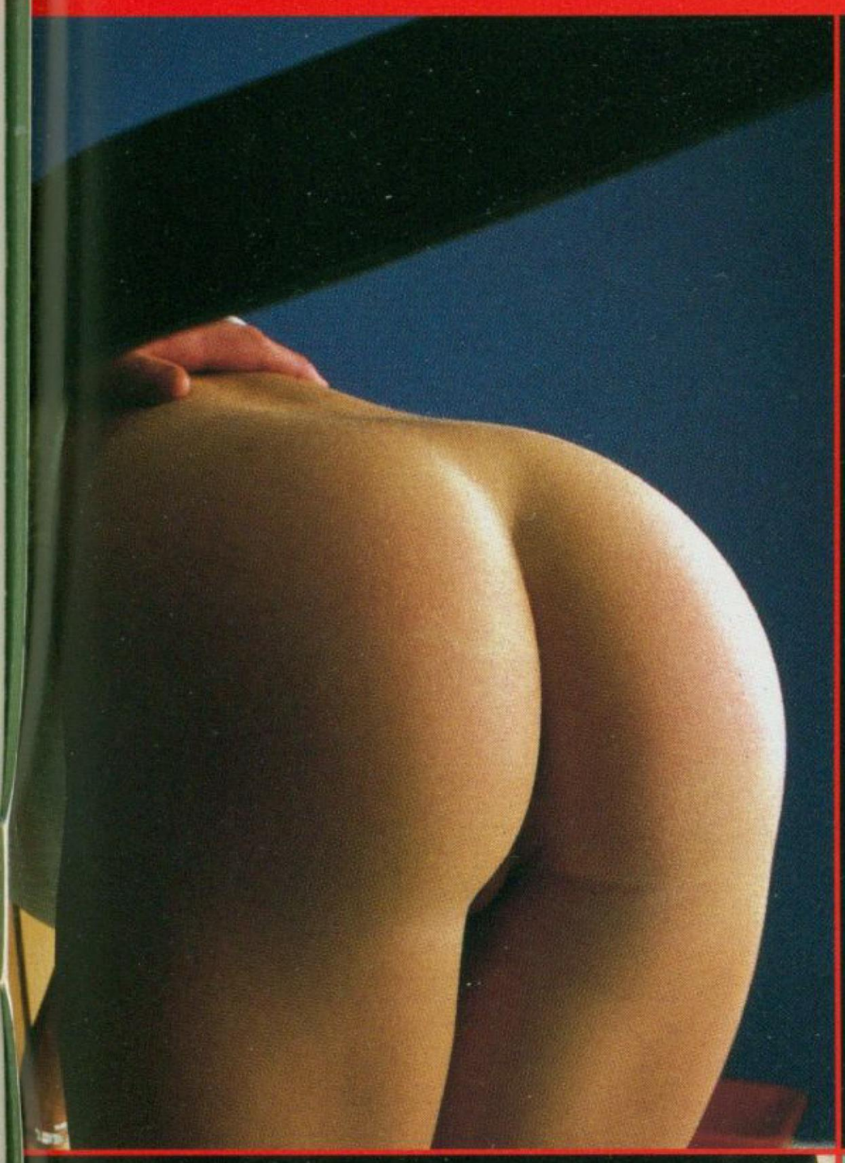
'I think that needs immediate attention. Take off your trousers and lie on the bed, there's a good boy.' I was completely taken aback by her tone, and simply did as I was told. I lay on the bed and she came and sat down gingerly beside me, wriggling on her naked spanked bottom. 'My bottom hurts. Now, let Nurse have a look at you.' She pulled my underpants down at the front.

'There we are, just as I thought,' Carol said, as crisply as any nurse could. 'That needs relieving with a good hard rub.' She grasped my penis firmly and started to masturbate me. 'Nurse will make it better,' she said soothingly. I closed my eyes.

'That spanking obviously did you some good, Nurse,' I murmured, aroused by her increasingly vigorous rubbing of my penis. 'This is just what the doctor ordered!'

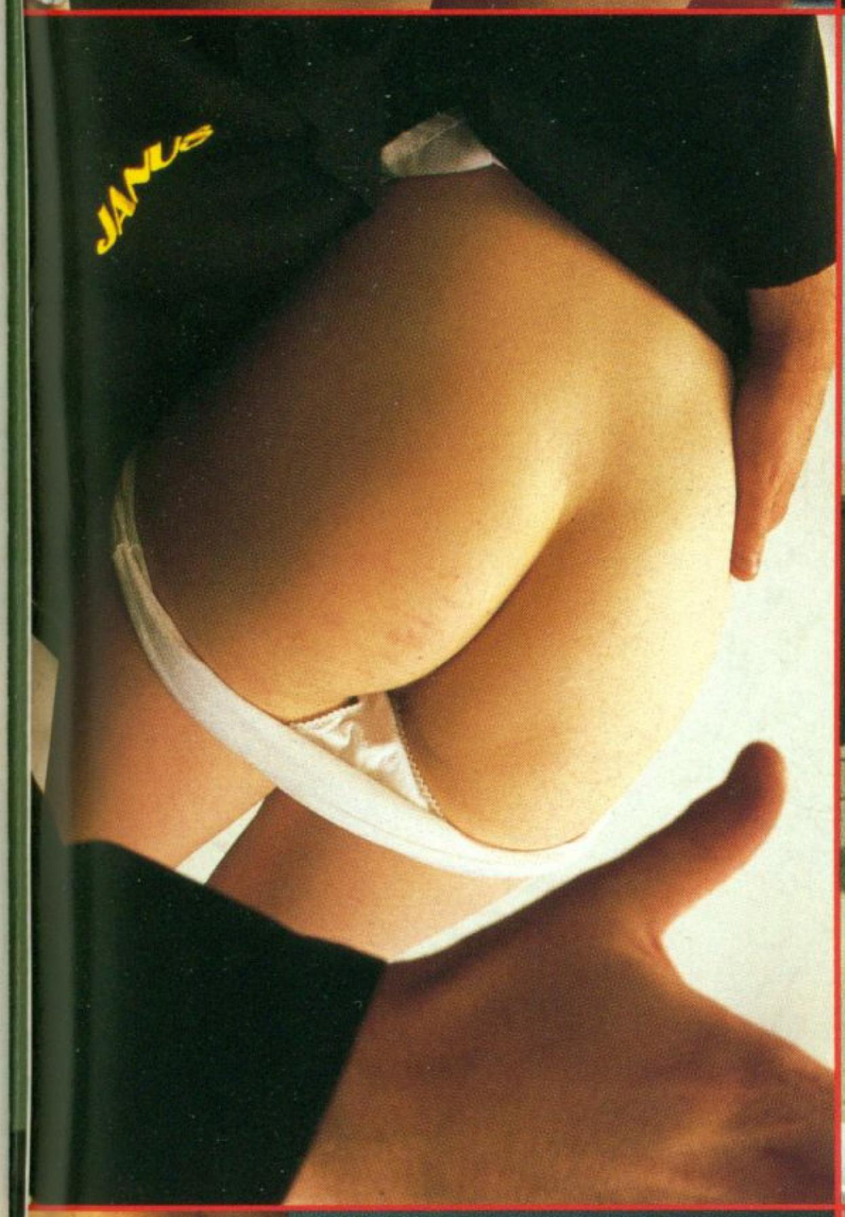
Bliss...

D.T.,
London W5








JANUS









