JANUS

A JOURNAL OF FETISHISM AND C.P.

VOLUME 7 NUMBER 2

£1.65

CHASTISEMENT OBSERVED

A LESSON FOR MADAM

EXTENDED SPANKING LETTER SECTION

FOR ADULT ENTERTAINMENT ONLY

•

NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS

JANUS

A Magazine of Fetishism and C.P.

Volume Seven Number Two

CONTENTS

ARTICLES

No Escape (Part 3)	*Angela Stanford*	*10*
The Story of Rosie O'Manton (Part 3)	*John Read*	*19*
Chastisement Observed	*Angela Warner*	*25*
Gala Performance	*Joyce Field*	*34*
A Lesson for Madam	*Peter Harvey*	*46*

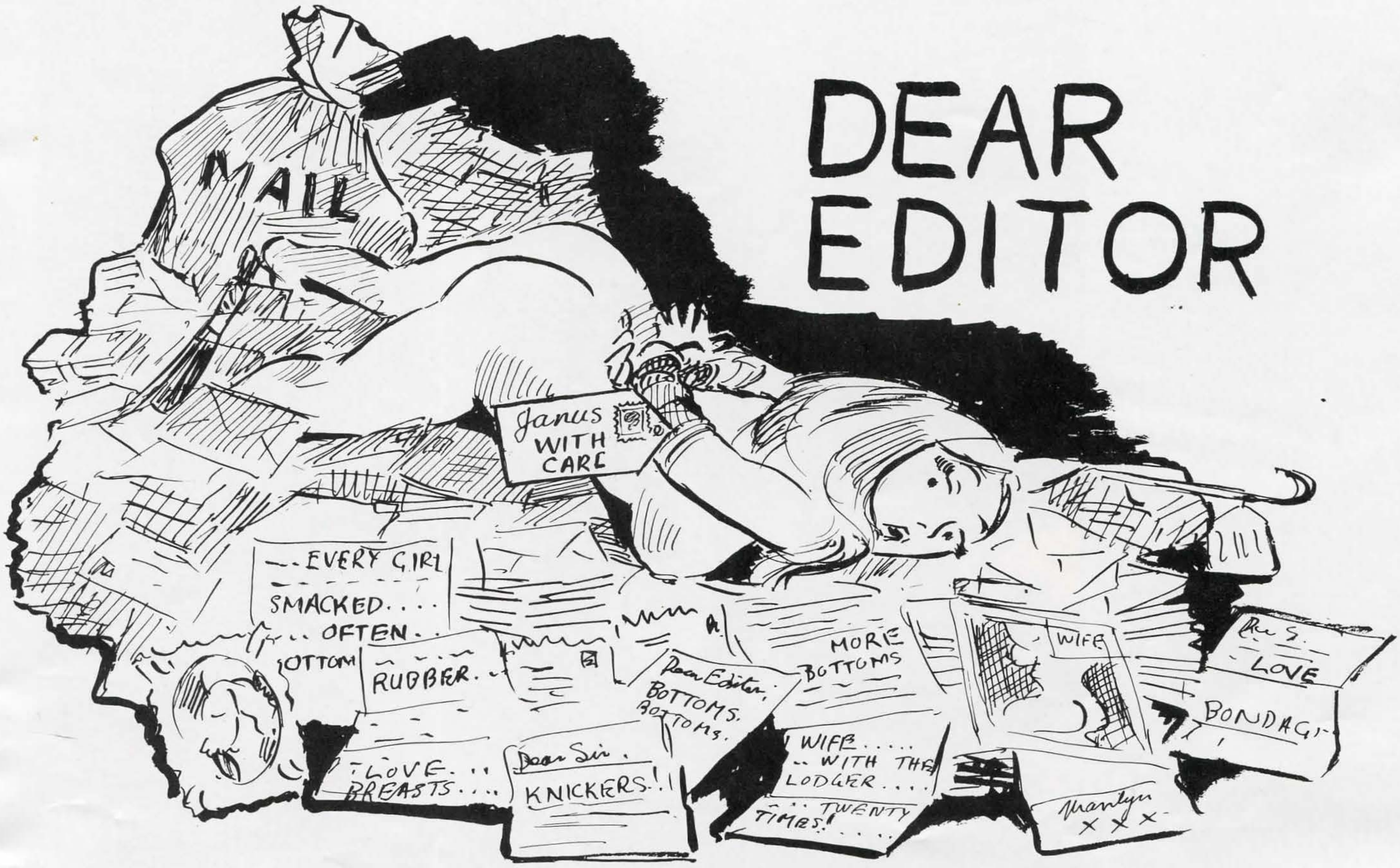
DEPARTMENTS

Dear Editor	3

Janus, Published by Woodheath Ltd. Registered office: 4 Greens Court, London, W.1. Printed by Arbrose Press. Distributed by Aesop Magazine Distribution, Unit 2, 40 Danbury Street, London, N.1. Telephone: 01-359 6655. Trade enquiries: U.S. & Canada: Parliament News Inc., 21314 Lassen Street, Chatsworth, Calif. 91311, U.S.A. Sweden: Erik Horsta AB, Barnhusgatan 4, Box 3277, S103-11, Stockholm, Sweden. Holland: Octopus Trading Co., 118 Stadhouderskade, Amsterdam, Holland. Denmark: Concerno, Gammel Mont 17, 1117, Copenhagen K, Denmark. Australia: Rical Enterprises Pty., Daking House, 11 Rawson Place, Sydney, Australia.

Although every care will be taken, no responsibility can be accepted for unsolicited material, which must be accompanied by return postage. All letters are deemed to be offered for publication unless otherwise stated. All photographs are posed by professional models and no resemblance to any person living or dead is intended. Contents copyright © 1977 by Woodheath Ltd., and nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without the publisher's permission.





WHEN WELLINGTON THRASHED — BONAPARTE?

In a letter you kindly published last year (in Vol. 5 No. 12) I mentioned that my wife and I were keen to see more in *Janus* about penal bottom-whipping of female prisoners, and we want to express appreciation of the response. Sandra raved over the account of the bare-bottomed reformatory canings doled out to that young tomboy Elaine by Master Miles, and more recently (Vol. 10 No. 6), we were greatly stimulated by Pro-Tawse's description of a typical session of posterior-punishment once Mr Page gets his Corporal Punishment Bill through Parliament.

In this connection, especially as *Janus* often has such graphic accounts of real-life punishments from history, Sandra thought you might be interested in a marvellous instance in a book she had out of the local library recently. It was in Elizabeth Longford's biography of the Duke of Wellington (*Wellington: the Years of the Sword*), and at one point she describes how Wellington dealt with plundering by the British army in Portugal during the Peninsula War. It goes without saying that the men caught doing this were flogged, but it was the custom then for the soldiers to take their wives and girlfriends along with them when the army went abroad to war, and apparently the women and girls were even more undisciplined than the soldiers when it came to looting the local population.

But Wellington jolly soon got right to the bottom of the problem. The women couldn't run away as fast as the men when the authorities caught them in the act, and if they were caught they got the cat — but not quite like the men. The men of course got it on the bare back in the usual army fashion, but Elizabeth Longford quotes a Scottish soldier who said that the girls and women were always given a whipping which consisted of 'sax and thirty lashes apiece *on the bare doup.*'

'Doup', of course, is Scottish slang for 'backside'. Wow! Thirty-six strokes on the bare bottom with a regulation army cat o' nine tails! Just imagine all those big buxom soldiers' wives lined up and taking it in turn to be strapped down over a whipping-horse in front of the whole regiment with their broad brawny peasant rumps and thighs all bare for the cat. After Sandra showed me this part in the book, we spent a whole marvellous evening picturing to each other just what it would have been like to be there, and gloating over the intimate details of the punishments. Sandra commented that the drummers inflicting the punishment must have been terrifically stimulated by the sight of the women bending over with their bare posteriors presented in such an indecent manner, and that as a result the cat was probably wielded with even greater vigour than when flogging a soldier on the bare back. The whippers' enthusiasm would probably have been further fired by frequent glimpses of the most intimate genital and anal areas as the wench under punishment tossed her 'catted' rump frantically from side to side, and by the sound of the swish and smack of the leather tails on the bare bumflesh and the abandoned bellowing of the naughty female looter as the draconian punishment proceeded.

Sandra suggested that in any case the drummers inflicting the punishments would doubtless have been specially selected from eager volunteers and that presumably there was no lack of these. While flog-





ging of soldiers on the back was probably seen as little more than dull routine, the disciplinary whipping of so many bare female backsides must have been anticipated as a special treat even in those far-off days!

After chatting together about all this for two or three hours, my wife commented that though we couldn't run to a genuine army cat we had a nice 3-tail Lochgelly in the wardrobe upstairs, and eagerly straddled our big kitchen table, stripped down to her vest (no bra). To increase the likeness to the scene to be re-enacted, I bound her wrists and ankles to the four legs as she bent over with her lovely round firm b.t.m. thrust out. I had previously suggested that 'sax and thirty' would be a bit much, but remembering how as a fifteen-year-old schoolgirl she'd taken a red hot pants-down slippering from her mum and less than a day later nine of the juciest on thin school knickers from her Headmistress at Seaham Modern, we decided that 18 with the tawse would be well within her limits, and 18 smackers were duly laid across Sandra's bare 26-year-old rump accompanied by the most delicious howls and squeals. At the conclusion I could hardly wait to get my own jeans down and get at her, and for both of us the session that followed was, while it lasted, the most satisfying we have ever enjoyed.

Sandra later commented on the irony that Elizabeth Longford, whose descriptive powers had evoked this tremendous sex-bout, was married to that old prude Lord Longford. My suggestion to this, as an afterthought, was that their daughter, the ravishingly luscious Lady Antonia Fraser, was surely a prime candidate for *Janus's* 'Order of the Burning Bot', and that to see the matronly Lady Antonia trussed over the whipping horse for 'sax and thirty lashes on the bare doup' would indeed be a sight for sore eyes.

The very next day our local paper, the Newcastle *Journal,* happened to carry a story about the education committee in Sunderland (which is right next door to Seaham, where Sandra and I were born and bred) planning to introduce more caning into local schools, including the whacking of big girls by young male teachers. One spoilsport Headmaster was quoted objecting to this because 'to imagine a young male teacher caning a girl of 16 or 17 is mind-boggling.'

Sandra read this out to me over the breakfast table, shifting her tawsed b.t.m. suggestively from side to side on her chair. I winked at her. 'Don't know about mind-boggling,' I said. 'Cock-stiffening, though — I bet some teacherly cocks on Wearside are getting as hard as Wellington's randy drummers when they were picked out to cat the bare arse of some soldier's wife.'

'Naughty boy,' Sandra said reprovingly, 'what *would* Lord Longford say?'

Old Seahamite

EXPERIENCE IN LONDON

I would like to tell you of my experience with a girl in London. She advertised herself as a model so I went to her to take some photos of her bending over, etc.

She was not all that attractive, but she had a nice body and looked good in a school skirt. I had a very good session with her, talking about her work. At the end I picked up one of her canes, an extremely swishy, three-foot long instrument and said to her I bet it hurt. To which she took the cane out of my hand and gave me a couple of flicks across my rear end.

I told her she could give me a few whacks if she wanted and she then moved me round and bent me over her stool. I held the rung and bent right down. I was only wearing tight cotton trousers — no underpants — because I was hoping something like this might happen.

She then started to give me a few whacks across my buttocks. Unfortunately she didn't give me any really hard whacks.

Next time I go to her I will ask her to give me a proper caning and then take some pictures of my buttocks (before and after) and send them to you if you want them.

Of interest to all *Janus* readers will be the letter in *Tit-Bits* the other day, writing to the 'Doctor' complaining that girls should be caned on the hands and not on the bottom. She would have done better writing to *Janus* for advice.

Apparently her daughter and four other girls had to touch their toes for a sound caning across the buttocks after they had been caught drinking in a pub at lunch time. Unfortunately the letter doesn't state whether the girls had to lift their skirts or drop their knickers, but the credit must go to the Headmistress who gave those five girls a good dose of the cane. It would be nice to find out the school or even the victims concerned, but that is only a dream.

Finally, I know it has been mentioned many times before, but with the recent crop of contact magazines around, with a few adverts in each asking for or willing to give a whacking, perhaps you could explain to readers the legal reasons why you cannot operate a contact column, something that would be extremely successful, I am sure. I for one would like one.

Keep up the good work. I hope to write to you again soon with, perhaps, some pictures of my poor reddened bottom.

By the way, a thought for one of your picture sequences: perhaps a shot or two of a young girl about to get, or getting a spanking across her tender bottom whilst dressed in sexy tennis gear, all white with white pleated skirt.

Best of luck for the future and to your readers, may they all get what they want out of spanking.

G.V.G.
Surrey

[*Editor's note: We are sorry, but it has always been the policy of 'Janus' not to have a contact section, and we find it advisable to continue this policy.*]

GIRL GUIDE'S MISFORTUNE

When people write, do they all say how good *Janus* is? All the girls in our office read it avidly, it really is excellent and I thought perhaps a letter for your correspondence section — a part of *Janus* that we all thoroughly enjoy — was called for.

I was brought up 'up North', moving down here to work — and went to an all-girls Secondary Modern School, with the most crabby teachers. We were forced to wear blouses and gym tunics, grey knee-length stockings, lace-up shoes, ties and the usual regulation navy blue knickers — elastic in the legs — with a back pocket.

My father slippered my two brothers and myself — across his knee, tunic up, and Whack! Whack! Whack! it went on until he got tired. Then scrambling off his knee you fled screaming, holding your red hot, burning bottom.

Mother reported us to him for anything. Sometimes all three of us got it. The boys first. Shorts down (shorts were lined so *no* underpants were worn in those days). He let me keep my knickers on, but if Mother punished me they came down even in front of all the neighbours or visitors — and once the gas man!

But to return to school. A horrible Victorian cold building. Dirty red brick with marble floors. The Head caned the girls if they were sent to her.

I was a very keen girl guide and worked hard to get lots of proficiency badges, and one day I took my home-maker badge with Miss Paton, the domestic science teacher — and passed. She told me to bring along my card and she would sign it, so next day I did so. We had no pocket in our blouses or tunics — only in our bloomers, so having signed

the Guide card, I folded it in two and it just fitted in my back knicker pocket.

My luck was out, for, during the break there was some horseplay in the classroom (when we should have been out in the playground anyway) and a vase was broken — and a prefect, hearing the din, came in and caught us. She told us all to report to Miss Saunders the Deputy Head, who, I well knew, would put us all in detention and make us pay for the vase.

So off we went, but I suggested we did nothing — but the prefect that day was in charge of detention from 3.45 to 5 p.m. and as we didn't turn up she checked up on us. I lied to her that we had been let off and she asked Miss Saunders, so I was sent for. Eventually all the girls concerned were put in detention and we all had to pay 3/6d. towards the broken vase.

But I was in further trouble as being a trouble maker, ring-leader, telling lies and being deceitful. I was taken to the Headmistress to be punished for these offences, also for wilful damage.

I knew they caned naughty girls, but I had never had it; never even thought about it, never mind considered myself naughty.

I was stood in the centre of the room, feet apart, hands behind my back. I was questioned, cross questioned, told not to be impertinent and cheeky, told not to lie—the Head asked me how I was punished at home and I explained how I was slippered — how many strokes? — I didn't know — then she produced the cane. I had never seen the cane before. My knees knocked, I felt weak.

'We will teach you a lesson young lady,' she said. 'Six of the best. Remove your tunic.' Well my pigtails caught in everything, but eventually with me in tears they had my tunic off and I stood in my blouse and my faded blue knickers. I was bent across a large chair and — WHACK! — a loud noise, but I didn't feel a thing. A long pause — then inspection — hands prodded my bottom — my knickers — I was stood up and the Girl Guide record card was produced from the back pocket.

The Head was furious. 'You wicked, ungrateful girl,' she said, 'trying to avoid your punishment.' I pleaded in vain, I tried to explain, but what two old senior teachers, what eighteen-year-old senior prefects listen to a half-naked, snivelling, naughty, disobedient schoolgirl about to be punished, making excuses?

Tearing up my Girl Guide card and throwing it into the waste paper basket, she picked up her thin rattan cane, flexing it between her hands, and announced: 'Nine strokes —with your knickers down child.' Screaming, I was forcibly bent and held while she pulled my knickers down, inside out, as far as my knees.

It was like a nightmare. Someone held my back, my arms, my legs. I just couldn't move. When it landed it was like a scorpion. WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! from the top to the bottom of my poor bare bottom, and all across the tops of my sore legs.

I was held down for a long time after it was finished, hot and wet with sweat, and finally I was told to stand up with my hands on my head. Miss Saunders was doing up my pigtails which had come undone and I had lost my ribbons. The head prefect roughly yanked up my knickers and tucked in my vest back and front. I sobbed uncontrollably, finally having my face slapped for getting hysterics, and water thrown in my face as I fainted, the room spinning round and round.

I was taken home by car and put to bed. My parents inspected my bottom and legs, covered in awful welts, and they complained. They were told of all my misdeeds. Dad and Mum were very cross with them — and me, but agreed with the school that naughty girls must be caned — yes, even bare!

We all got over it, but they all realised that I had been unfairly punished — and far too hard, but because of what my father said to the Head she found three further occasions to cane me in just blouse and knickers — and hard, too, reminding me of my father's agreement. All three times hard as I bent, with one stroke across the top of my bare legs for all the girls to see playing netball or in the gym.

I never got my Girl Guide card back, and Captain even told me off and called me stupid for losing it! If only she could have seen my bottom, all the result of putting and keeping the card in my back pocket.

Worse still, Dad and Mum got far stricter with me and beat me more frequently, saying: 'If they can do it at school — and bare — then you are not going to get away with naughtiness at home, and a strap replaced the thick leather slipper we all used to get. It came from the bridle of a Co-operative horse! And that really did hurt my poor bum!

Mrs. C.D.
Harlow



FOUR GENERATIONS

I read about tradition in family punishing. I will tell you something about my experience.

My grandfather bought a leather whip for his three sons and later my father got that whip. I was an only child and my parents didn't like to have a spoiled son. So I was brought up in a very strict way. No need to tell that my parents were firm believers in C.P.

When I did something wrong or if I didn't obey at once, the result was punishment. I had to go to Dad's study and had to take off all my clothes. Then I had to stand at attention before a heavy chair. No movement was allowed. Then my father took the family whip and said: 'In position'. Now I had to bend over till my palms were on the chair; my feet apart. Dad said now: 'On your toes,' and I had to stand high on the toes. The position was now ideal for the punishment — there was a good tension in legs and buttocks.

Then I heard the whip coming and 'thwack!' . . . on my bare bottom. I jumped, but Dad said: 'Knees straight. On your toes again' . . . then Thwack! Another blow of the whip and so on. If the punishment was over my bottom was covered with red weals. Now I had to sit — still completely nude —on a wooden chair, hands on my head. Daddy held the whip before me and I had to kiss the whip.

When I married, my father gave the family whip to me and told me to keep

the tradition. My wife (who is also a believer of Spartanic Education) and I got three children: one girl and two boys. We did not make difference between the daughter and the sons. They are educated with the same family tradition of punishment and it was carried out with the same whip. They knew that their father and grandfather were punished in the same way.

So, completely naked before a chair, on the toes, and Thwack! . . .

Now our daughter was the oldest child and I gave her that old leather whip when she married. She has now two children: a boy of nine and a girl of six. The girl is too young for the whip and she is spanked with a hairbrush. But the boy gets the whip in the same way. Nude, before the chair, on the toes and Thwack! . . . Afterwards to sit on a wooden chair and kiss the whip.

All of us agree that C.P. is a must. The children have to obey, do their work well and become good sportsmen.

I hope your beautiful journal will continue to publish the value of corporal punishment. I hope you will print my letter. In Holland there is not such a good journal for this matter.

Congratulations with *Janus*.

Peter P.
The Hague,
Holland

PLEASE DON'T MISS

I thought you might be interested in the enclosed sketch, a more artistic copy of which was Sellotaped to the wall of a gents' W.C. in a small boarding house near Kendal. This particular W.C. was seldom used, being at the end of a corridor and doubling as a store room. However I visited it regularly because it was near my room and I was amused by the notice; unfortunately one *is* likely to miss if paying too much attention to the notice. I had just returned to my room when there was a knock on my door. It was the landlady — fair, plump and about forty. She told me I had wet the floor. I denied this, more from embarrassment than anything else. She invited me to come and see for myself. Sure enough, there were splashes on the lino.

'Can't you read the notice?' she asked — 'and the implication of it?'

I wasn't sure if she was pulling my leg because she was smiling and seemed rather amused.

'You don't seriously mean you cane fellows who don't shoot straight?' I said.

'Clean it up and we'll talk about it,' she said. 'Come to my room at 11 p.m.'

I had a couple of hours to think about it. I had a shower and changed. The prospect of what might — or might not — happen intrigued me. Finally I went down to the small bar where she served drinks. About 10.30 I decided to go for a stroll. As I was leaving she called out:

'Don't forget. 11 o'clock. I'm closing the bar now.'

Promptly at 11 p.m. she answered my knock at her door and I entered her private sitting room. For several minutes we talked about everything in general except wetting floors and caning. Eventually, after a lull in the conversation, she asked: 'How old are you, Alan?'

'I'll be twenty-three next month, Mrs Percival,' I answered.

'Miss Percival,' she corrected, 'but you can call me Helen when we are alone. Were you ever caned at school?' she asked.

'Only on the hands,' I replied, 'not on the bottom.'

'Oh. So you're quite expecting it on the bottom,' she smiled. 'Well, after all you were a boy then, and now you are a young man.' She got up and went to her bedroom. When she returned she had a long crook-handled cane in her hand. She tapped it against her free hand. 'Here we are Alan, just like the lady in the picture. If you can make yourself just like the gentleman we can proceed with your punishment.'

I was rather apprehensive, looking at the length of the cane and imagining the pain it would inflict. I started to argue, but she just smiled and said: 'Come on, I'm not going to give you a severe thrashing. You only had a small accident and you did clean it up for me. Now, like the gentleman,' and pointed the cane to the arm of the settee.

'How many strokes am I going to get?' I asked.

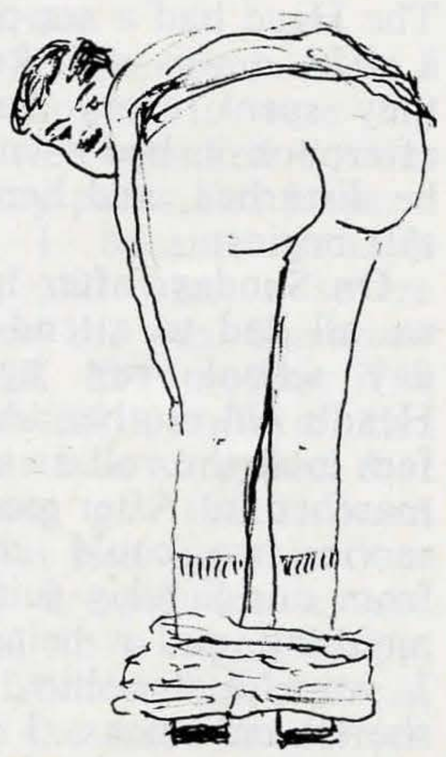
'I'll be able to judge that better when I examine your bottom,' she answered.

Soon I was bent across the settee with my legs slightly apart. 'Put your legs together Alan. We don't want to damage anything do we?' she said. I stood up to adjust my position and could not help showing my erection which I quickly covered with my shirt. She raised it again with the tip of her cane. She took a long look and said: 'Mmm. I wonder if my cane will cure your stiffness or make it worse? We shall see.' She then felt all over my bottom and thighs. 'I think six smart ones will do, but I shall keep caning until you say "Please don't, Miss", after which I will give you two more strokes of the same intensity, so when you have had enough the last two will be your real punishment. I can go on as long as you can take it.'

I felt her place the cane







across both cheeks. There was a swish and I braced myself, but the stroke never landed. 'Sorry,' she giggled, 'just practising.' Again the cane went across my bottom, but this time the swish ended with a thwack. She continued to cane by placing the cane across both cheeks and bringing it down in the place she had previously selected. After the sixth there was a pause. I wasn't feeling too sore because she wasn't laying it on too hard, but hard enough to make me wriggle even from the first stroke. She made a brief examination of my bottom before continuing.

After the eighth I whimpered: 'Please don't Miss! Please, please don't, Miss.'

'Just two more Alan, you've been very good. What a brave boy you are,' she whispered. The last two were a little harder and then she was helping me to my feet. Her arms went round my bare waist and on to my bottom, which caused me to wriggle against her. The next moment her hand was on my penis, gently stroking me, and our lips came together in a long kiss. I made an attempt to get her on the settee but she would not go, and threatened me with a severe caning if I did not stop my nonsense. Before I left we had a good talk about caning and its sexual connotations, and I learned a great deal from her about which I could write on a future occasion.

It was after midnight when I stood up to go. She insisted on unzipping my trousers and inspecting me back and front. She gave my penis a gentle tap with the cane. 'I'm sure you know how to get rid of that,' she said, 'but remember "Please don't, Miss"!'

This happened in Kendal. The lady's name was *not* Helen Percival.

A.T.
Liverpool

SPANK WITH A JOKE AND A SMILE

Vol. 6 No. 10 is my first introduction to your fascinating magazine. Some of the articles and letters made my hair stand on end and one or two were somewhat thought-provoking.

Perhaps fortunately I've never known any really wicked or nasty girls, and have never felt the urge to give any more than a spanking. Of course on many occasions it has only been a means to an end — a pretty bottom blushing red under one's hand is arousing, and the wriggles that the spanking produces give more revealing views than the girls realise.

The spankings I have dished out to secretaries, female relations (more clearly I will not specify), and social acquaintances (even political acquaintances) have all been taken in good part, often much appreciated, but I can hardly imagine that happening if you thrash a girl.

Spank with a joke and a smile, fellers — give it to them in a kindly way and you'll be invited back, one way or another, believe me.

D.N.
Slough

ONCE WAS ENOUGH

I was sent to a private boarding school as my parents worked abroad. The school had just joined up with a girls' grammar school and was maintained by the Council. There was the usual strict uniform, especially for the girls — gym slip, blouse, navy blue knickers, the lot; we boys had to wear shorts in the summer after school. I was at this time in the third form; most fourth and fifth formers were day pupils. The Head had a sex-pot of a wife, it was well known they spent every Sunday afternoon in bed — not to be disturbed, and here my tale begins:

On Sundays after lunch, we all had to attend Sunday school, run by the Head's old mother. A prefect took the roll as we all marched in. After morning service we could change from our Sunday suit into anything, and it being hot I wore a tee-shirt, gym shorts and socks. I crept out of Sunday school under all the seats and out of the back door, nipped over a couple of hedges and taking off my tee-shirt, settled down for an hour to sunbathe with a dirty sex mag and lit up a fag.

Unseen by me, a master and his daughter were out catching butterflies and they came upon me. He snatched my fags and my book, and picked up my shoes and tee-shirt, leading me back to school by the ear right to the Head's house.

'Right young man,' says he, 'report to the Head for breaking bounds, smoking, reading filth, and avoiding Sunday school.'

Up to the study I go, and knock. No answer — he leads me to the Head's bedroom (we all know he's there) so I knock again — long pause and Head appears in just pants. I tell him what I'm sent for — wife appears at door in brief housecoat. The Head was mad and told me to go and fetch his cane, but searching the study I couldn't find it.

All this time the master and his daughter stand watching me to make sure I don't do a bunk. Anyway no cane, so I go back to the bedroom and get taken inside. The cane was on the bed, long split one end and swishy. Wife — housecoat open at bottom revealing brief pink panties — Head now has jumper and slacks on. I stand in just gym shorts for lingering long lecture on smoking, sex books, breaking bounds and playing truant — four offences, the punishment twelve strokes.

I complained, but was told to bend over the bed — his wife said: 'Good heavens Charles, pants down at least, they even took mine down at the convent for far less than this, and that was years ago,' so my pants were taken down and she held her hands out for them — first my white cotton gym shorts then my underpants. I was bare, and I bent. I don't know who caned me — both did I think — I buried my head in the quilt. Each stroke was hard on my fourteen-year-old bottom. They came hard and slow, some at the very top of my legs, and I was told if I stood up or looked, then they would start again.

When it was over, I was told to stand and sent outside the door, still naked, to stand with my hands on my head and face the wall — as I came out so the master who had been listening to my beating and my cries, went. As I stood there red hot I got a beat on, and from the bedroom I also heard the sound of the cane; at that time I didn't understand — I do now.

She came out holding my gym shorts — 'Put them on boy and report for your knickers at nine o'clock.' At nine o'clock I reported to the sick room (she also acted as matron, and this was the time for evening medicine for boarders, especially those who wet the bed, etc.) Two girls were there. She held out my pants in front of them and said: 'Put them on.' I had to take off my white cotton gym shorts — she was in front, they were behind, so I slipped them down as they all watched. She was looking at my tool, they my striped bottom, but worse — she made me turn round to face them so that she could inspect my bottom. She made me put my hands on my head, and she took my pants, and holding them made me step into them, telling me not to be a naughty little boy again, and explaining to the girls what happened to naughty little boys — her hand resting on my now rampant penis. With a hard smack she told me to pull up my gym shorts and go — both girls I suspect were waiting to be punished by her, from what I learned later. I also heard she used to make them pull down their knickers and bend over a laundry basket to be whipped with a strip of thick line, but am not sure. But whipped the girls often were.

I never had a second dose. I never misbehaved again whilst at the school, and left soon afterwards, and the school closed and is now part of a large Comprehensive.

My marks lasted for about four weeks, and I still had them when I re-

turned abroad to my parents for the holidays, and because of them my sister Mandy was sent to another school in the U.K.

I.J.M.
Crawley

TRIBULATIONS OF AN AU-PAIR

There have been a number of interesting stories about girls who punish other girls in your magazine and I thought your readers would like to hear of my experiences when I came to England from Germany as an au-pair girl in 1971. I was a bad girl at school in my country, spending too much time with boys and not enough with my books and so failed all my exams. To give me one last chance my father sent me as an au-pair girl to an English family. The parents in the family were both teachers and had one daughter Jenny who was fifteen years old, just two years younger than me. It was a nice house and I didn't have to work too hard at first.

Soon I began to get friendly with John who brought the meat, and made him coffee in the kitchen when he called.

One afternoon I was feeling very randy and did not object when he unbuttoned my jeans and drew them down. He had quite a job as my jeans were very tight and my bottom was rather large. Then he pushed up my jumper and my bra and played with my nipples until they were erect and tingling.

He was just starting to take my pants down when the door burst open and Jenny came in. I had quite forgotten that she was at home from school that day and I desperately and unsuccessfully tried to pull my pants and jeans up and get my turgid breasts back into their bra at the same time.

Looking furious my young mistress said to John: 'I think you'd better leave at once,' and to me: 'Tidy yourself up Trudy and come to the drawing room in ten minutes.'

She was sitting on the sofa when I went in and I sat beside her and began apologizing and begging her not to tell her parents. Suddenly she slapped my thigh and even through my jeans it stung like mad.

'Shut up Trudy,' she snapped: 'I didn't hear you knock and I don't remember telling you to sit down. Now get out and come in properly.'

I did as she ordered and was soon back standing with my hands behind my back in front of her. 'You realise that I shall have to report this to my mother and she will send you home,' she said.

'Please Jenny, I pleaded, 'don't tell her. My father will kill me if I'm sent home. Punish me, beat me, do anything but don't tell your mummy.'

She got to her feet and suddenly I felt another stinging slap, this time on my right buttock. 'Shut up and let me think, girl,' she ordered.

Suddenly she seemed to make up her mind and sat down again. 'Get down on your knees Trudy and listen to me.' I knelt in front of her and looked into her angry young face. She was breathing heavily and her lips were full and red. I had seen her look like this before when she had given her puppy a spanking for making a puddle in the house. I felt nervous, as, although she was younger and smaller than me she was my mistress and I had been a very naughty girl.

'I will agree not to tell mummy of your disgraceful behaviour,' she said, 'if you agree to have a spanking from me and also agree to be my personal maid as well as the family au-pair.' At that moment I would have agreed to anything and at her dictation I wrote out a confession of what I had done and agreed to become her maid and accept punishment now and at any time in the future.

Then she made me take my jeans and pants down and bend right over her knee like a naughty small child. My soft thighs and tummy were pressed against her rather bony lap and my head was almost



touching the floor while my large, bare bottom waited for its spanking. I knew how hard her slaps could be even through my jeans and that they would be much worse now I had no protection. She spanked me very hard indeed and within a few minutes her relentless hand had made every inch of my bottom burn and sting. The slightest protest from me was silenced with: 'Shut up Trudy!' and a hard slap on the back of my thighs. The only other remarks she made were 'Get your bottom up higher girl,' and I would struggle to make my poor bottom more accessible to my mistress, and 'Gosh! This is making my hand sting.' I longed to say: 'Yes, and my bottom,' but dared not.

At last she stopped and I was allowed to ease my sore, well--spanked bottom into my pants and jeans.

So I became Jenny's maid, and what a severe mistress she was! She made me ask her mother if I could wear a uniform. Her mother was surprised that a young girl should want this but had no objection. Jenny dressed me as she wished in a tight fitting, low fronted black dress, which she made me shorten to six inches above my knees. The short length would emphasise my position in life and would make my thighs accessible for slapping if necessary, Jenny informed me. My breasts, which I had so naughtily allowed John to play with were now on display for all to see, pushed up and rounded by a flimsy platform bra.

I was also made to wear a starched white short apron and a pretty little lace cap sitting on my long blonde hair. Visitors of the male sex tended to ogle at me — especially John, when he brought the meat to the back door, but I made certain my mistress was not around before I let him make any advances!

Jenny had decided to treat me as she said Victorian ladies treated their servant girls, with lots of hard work, no praise but punishment for the slightest fault. My day started with Jenny's morning tea at 7 a.m. and finished with her coffee at 9 p.m.

In between she set me a long list of work to be done. She made me do everything the hard way. Floors had to be polished and carpets swept by me on my hands and knees and I was not allowed to use the vacuum cleaner.

Letters continued on page 53.

NO ESCAPE

Part 3

Angela Stanford

CHAPTER FIVE
Rough Justice

The holiday started well. The freedom after the restraints of school were exhilarating. We made a foursome, Robin and I, Jill and Paul, and for the next few weeks really lived it up. The theatre, tennis, swimming, drinking and dining. Fortunately for me both Robin and Paul, though enjoying a good time, had not the vicious selfish nature of the old gang that I used to go about with, and generally we kept out of trouble.

Paul, the Hon. Paul Lukes, to give him his full title, was the second son of the Earl of Hind, and was wealthy even by the standards of the set we moved in, in which no one was short of money. He had a small private aeroplane, a Moth, and we spent several sunny days down at Hendon, and he took us all up for joyrides, me more than Jill, as she had no head for heights and preferred to stay on *terra firma,* quite content to watch us roll, turn, and occasionally loop the loop. Paul and Rob both also had sports cars. Robin an M.G., and Paul a Lagonda, and there were exciting races and chases down narrow country lanes at night, when due to luck or superb driving we somehow managed to avoid disaster.

It was after one of these reckless excursions through the Sussex countryside that we were sitting relaxed outside a quiet village inn. The night was warm and starless, and almost perfectly silent apart from the insistent chirping of crickets. Paul broke the silence.

'Do you reckon I could get the kite down on that Bastille of yours? Is there anywhere flat enough for a decent landing?'

I looked at him, trying to grasp the implication behind his words and at the same time trying to conjure up a mental picture of Stepholms Island.

'Why yes,' I said, 'the centre of the island is flat pasture. Sheep graze there. Apart from a few gorse bushes and rabbit holes it should be suitable for a light plane like the Moth. Why?'

'Just thinking' said Paul, 'that I might drop in and see you next term. You know that I'm going to Edinburgh University to read law? Well I shall take the old bus up of course, and according to the map, Edinburgh to Inverness, and Inverness to Stepholme is quite on the cards for fuel. Could drop in on you. Rather a lark, what?'

While he had been thinking the beginnings of the *idea* were coming to me. Yes, he could drop in, *and* take me away with him! This was the ideal escape method — by aeroplane. With luck no one not in the secret would know how I had done it, and I'd be cocking a snook at Thorn, Stench, the lot of them! It was a pity about Val and Fiona of course, we had always planned to go together, but they would understand and help to plan the escape like the good scouts they were. To Paul's amazement I threw my arms round his neck and hugged him!

When I explained the escape plan they all became enthusiastic, even excited. What a lark! To disappear without trace. Paul could glide in to the island, probably unnoticed, as trees hid the school from the landing area. True we might be heard or seen taking off, but that was a risk that we had to take. It would have to be in the daylight of course, the unknown quality of the terrain made a night landing out of the question. No, it would have to be during the day, but if during school time there should be nobody about on the island. We began to plan details. I could go sick and stay either in my room or the sanitorium, then creep out for the rendezvous with Paul. Into the plane and far away! If we could devise some way for Val and Fiona to be in on the excitement, so much the better. We would have to think about that one.

There was one problem. What happened after the escape? I could go with Paul to Inverness or Edinburgh, but what then? I could not see Daddy being exactly overjoyed to see me on the doorstep, saying 'I'm back!' Still, we would face that when we came to it. The whole idea was far too priceless to spoil with carping doubts. Besides, we had the optimism and resilience of youth. Take no thought for the morrow for the morrow will take care of itself, was our philosophy.

* * *

There was however a more sinister side to that holiday. I began to get the feeling that I was being watched! At

first it was a sensation, no more. The unique spine-tingling feeling of being under observation. Yet looking around there was no one that I knew. Only a workman lighting his pipe or another time, footsteps hurrying away. But why should anyone want to shadow me? It was ridiculous, and I must be imagining things. But still the feeling persisted, and I began to glance nervously over my shoulder. Kidnap? Surely not? Daddy was wealthy, but there were plenty with more money and more power than he. No, it must be my mind playing tricks on me.

I had been with Rob to the *Dozey Drone* nightspot. It was situated in the unfashionable East End, one of the many clubs becoming popular with the Bright Young Things and springing up all over London in cellars, old warehouses — even old abbatoirs! The more bizarre the better. Bright lights, dancing to a negro dance band on a dance floor the size of a table cloth, and cocktails, with prices to match the exclusive clientele. I should of course not have attempted to leave alone. Robin, the perfect escort, was the last one to want it, but I had a slight headache and would, I assured him, be perfectly comfortable once I was outside.

'Don't fuss!' I snapped pettishly. What was there to worry about? I could get a taxi outside and be home in five minutes. 'No, for heaven's sake,' I said irritably, 'I don't want you to come. Can't you see when a girl wants to be alone?' Rob shrugged and looked unhappy, but let me go.

I made my way upstairs from the cellar club, the cool air striking chill after the smoke-laden atmosphere of the night spot. I collected my wrap and made my way into the dimly lit street of tall tenament buildings. A man stepped from the shadows and spoke to me.

'Taxi miss?' He was roughly dressed, a labourer, probably out of work and looking for a tip.

'Yes, thank you,' I replied. He put his fingers to his lips and gave a shrill whistle. Almost immediately a battered Austin 7 pulled up. It did not look much like a London taxi, but they are not all alike, and I had had too many cocktails to be suspicious or to care. It was only when the man, who had politely opened the door for me, scrambled in beside me and slammed the door and the car started off at speed that I realised that something was wrong. Yes, my worst fears were realised, I had been abducted. But why?

I tried to struggle, to cry out, but a rough hand pushed me down against the worn leather upholstery of the back seat, then moved to clamp itself roughly over my mouth. A voice, in a strong Cockney accent hissed: 'Keep still and you won't get hurt — yet. Struggle and I won't be answerable. O.K?'

I nodded and he removed his hand for a moment. I gasped for air then almost choked as a handkerchief was rammed into my mouth, effectively gagging me. Skilfully my captor pushed some sort of hood over my head, serving the double purpose of holding the gag in place and at the same time blindfolding me. Strong hands seized me and turned me over, pressing my face into the seat, then cruelly, tightly my hands were bound behind me with a silk scarf. Then I was allowed to sit up.

Where we drove to I cannot say. The ride seemed to last for hours to my fevered brain, but was probably only minutes. It could have been that the 'taxi' made detours to confuse me, I do not know. But at last I felt the car slow down and stop. A gate was opened, and the car driven slowly into what I supposed to be a yard. I heard the gate close again. The car's engine was switched off and the door opened. Carefully I was guided out and led, still bound and blindfolded, into a house, through a door and up some stairs. My hood was pulled off. I blinked, half blinded by the sudden gas light. I was in a shabby living room of what was probably a working-class terraced house. Quite ordinary. Nothing sinister. No chains, racks or thumbscrews, just a usual three piece suite, a table, some Victorian pictures on the walls, even a text: 'God seest thou!' Its normality was almost a shock after the mental pictures my imagination had conjured up during that car ride.

Two men and a woman stood facing me. One I recognised as the man outside the nightclub, the one who had called the taxi, the others I did not recognize, though it seemed a likely guess that the other man had been the driver. Both men were in their thirties, shabbily but tidily dressed and clean shaven. The woman was about forty, she looked tired but hard-faced and resolute.

The first man came across and took the gag from my mouth. I inhaled air thankfully, and with the sense of freedom came a feeling of fear. Why was I here? What did these three silent people want with me?

'If you want money,' I quavered, 'my father will send it to you, he's rich . . .'

The woman smiled grimly and broke into my protestations. 'Money, oh yes, you've got money,' she said. 'All you lot think about is money and how it will buy you out of trouble. But your money won't count *this time.*' She moved to a table and picked up a photograph of a middle-aged man. Stout, pleasant-looking, his hands clasped over his watch chain, slightly overawed by the importance of the occasion. It could have been any one of a thousand middle-aged artisans. 'Do you know who that is?' asked the woman, holding the photograph before my eyes.

'No-o,' I answered truthfully, as far as I knew I had never seen the man before.

'It's our father. We are his family,' went on the woman, 'and he is the man you knocked down in a stolen motor car while you were drunk. Oh yes, he lived, and your kind father gave him a job,' she sneered, 'but he will never walk properly again, and he lies awake at night with the pain in his leg, while you got away scot free. And you don't even know his face!'

Scot free! I could try to tell them about Miss Thorn's Academy, that even now I was being punished for the incident. Yet somehow, looking at their unrelenting faces, I knew it would be no good even trying. To them I was a rich socialite bundled off to an expensive finishing school to get me out of the way. Yes, to their way of thinking I was indeed off scot free.

The woman, who seemed to be the spokesman for the three went on: 'You should have gone to prison. If it had been one of *us* we would have. But the likes of you can get away with murder. Well my girl, you ain't going to get away with this so easy. No, we ain't going to harm you,' she said, seeing my scared expression, 'hurt you, yes, but not harm you. We are going to do what any decent father should have done to you years ago, just take a belt to you. Yes Miss Rich Bitch, we are going to take down those expensive silk drawers of yours and lay a dozen across that pampered arse of yours. You can make as much noise as you like, no one will hear, and we are going to make sure that you feel all of them. Take her up Charlie.'

Charlie, the driver, came across and gripped my bound wrists, then unknotting the silk scarf. Still holding me in a grip of iron he lifted my arms over his head so that I was held directly behind him. Then he bent over, lifting me off my feet and lying, bottom conveniently positioned, along his back in the position known as 'horsing'. The woman came behind us. Carefully avoiding my kicking legs, she seized the hem of my expensive evening dress and bundled it up over my waist. My slip followed, carefully tucked up out of harm's way. I felt myself go scarlet with mortification at the thought of my bottom and legs exposed to their eager gaze. Yes, a bottom expensively cover-



ed, as they had guessed, in fine silk step-ins, lavishly embroidered and lace-edged, the garment alone probably costing more than they earned in a week. Gossamer stockings held up by pretty suspenders trimmed with rosebuds peeped from beneath the expensive silk and traversed my smooth thighs.

If the woman was impressed, or envious of this beautiful lingerie, she made no sign. Impatiently she slipped the knickers down to my knees leaving my round plump buttocks poised and bare for the punishment which I knew in my heart was richly deserved. Meanwhile the other brother had unbuckled from his waist a thick leather belt and doubled it purposefully in his hands. The woman moved to one side to leave him plenty of room. Charlie was holding me effortlessly, easily, ignoring my kicking legs and muffled threats of retribution. The man with the belt took aim and raised it high in the air.

'Swish' it whistled briefly down, then 'Crack!' it exploded across my buttocks in a swathe of burning agony. The smart seemed to enter deep into my soft flesh and I howled, jerking against my captor, but he held me easily.

'Swish!' Again the broad supple leather sped down on its helpless target and splat a second wave of retribution, reddening the twin mounds of my girlish bottom. I yelled.

Slowly, inexorably, the cruel thrashing went on. Each stroke falling impartially, clinically almost, upon a seat which now glowed an angry throbbing scarlet above my wildly plunging silk-clad legs. How I moaned and cried. How I begged for mercy, but my executioners were determined that I should suffer, and suffer I did. Each of twelve merciless lashes, each with the full power of a muscular arm behind them paid full toll on my writhing, bucking body, while Charlie held me fast and his sister looked on with evident satisfaction, revelling in every impact of leather against tender flesh and my tears, groans and entreaties.

'Twelve!' she cried at last, as for the final excruciating time the leather streaked down across my scalded buttocks. From a drawer she produced safety pins and carefully readjusted my dress and slip, pinning them up high at my shoulders.

Charlie let me down and I nearly collapsed, hugging my exposed smarting rear, oblivious to dignity and the spectable I was presenting to strangers, two of them men. Charlie rebound my wrists with the silk scarf, but this time before me. He did not replace the gag, probably realising that I had no voice for shouting for help, only for sobbing painfully. The hood was replaced over my eyes and I was bundled into the car, my knickers still around my ankles, the leather of the back seat cool against my bare burning backside.

At last the car stopped and I was helped out. I found myself pushed hard against something rough and hard, a tree I guessed. My wrists were unbound then tied again around the tree, facing it. To make sure that I did not escape, a chain was padlocked around my waist and the tree trunk. I felt something hung around my neck, then the footsteps retreated and the car drew away. I was left a captive.

In the morning, in the cold light of early dawn, the daily help found me in our garden, secured to a tree trunk, my face under a black hood streaked with tears. My skirts were pinned up and my knickers were around my ankles, my bare bottom was still an angry scarlet. Pinned to my tucked-up clothes was a notice which said SPANKED. Around my neck was another notice — it said simply PAID IN FULL!

* * *

For the next few days I smarted. Not only from the pain of my sore and welted bottom, but also from the hurt to my pride.

True it could have been worse. Somehow we kept the incident quiet. Mrs Hobbs, the daily help woman, who had discovered me bound to the tree, had been shocked by the whole affair and would not, she said, mention it to a soul. But the household staff knew, the handyman having had to be called to saw the padlocked chain from my waist, and though the servants were usually loyal and were well paid — well gossip had a habit of spreading. In the meantime Daddy had been giving the staff a handsome bonus — and the warning of instant dismissal if the news of my discomfiture became public.

Jill and Paul, when told, regarded the thing as a huge joke. Robin was more sympathetic but took the view that I had only myself to blame for refusing to let him escort me from the night club. All this did nothing for my hurt pride at a time when I wanted comfort and reassurance. However, youth is remarkably resilient and I suppose I began to cheer up after a couple of days. I was lying face down on my bed, my nightdress tucked up and Hazel, my maid, was gently applying cold cream to my sore buttocks — something she had been doing several times a day since my abduction and thrashing.

'There Miss,' she said, giving a final rub and a friendly pat to my plump globes. 'Soon be as right as rain again.' Hazel was a cheerful pert redhead, much my own age, and in our way as maid and mistress were quite friendly. She had been my personal maid for about a year and helped out in the house when I was away at school.

'Ouch!' I said crossly. 'Be careful you stupid girl, I'm still as tender as if I've been skinned. I wouldn't expect you to know, but at least you would use *some* imagination!'

Hazel laughed. 'Not know! Cor Miss, I wish I had a pound for every time a hairbrush or belt has been laid on me. My Mum's a great one for walloping — Dad too sometimes. They say it keeps people in their place and stops them getting too upity. Beg pardon, Miss, I didn't mean in your case of course!'

'No, that's alright Hazel,' I said, interested despite myself. 'Did she really spank you? I mean after you were grown up, that is.'

'Oh yes, Miss Angela, still does! The last time I was home I stayed out later than I should have, and she was waiting when I came in. She ordered me straight up to my bedroom and I had to undress and go across her lap. She didn't half lay it on too!' And Hazel rubbed her shapely bottom in remembrance of the occasion. 'Not only me neither, Miss, there are six in our family, four girls and two boys, and we are all liable to catch it if we don't behave ourselves.'

A little imp of mischief, even desire, was welling up inside me. 'Well, you'd better have a care my girl,' I said in mock severity, 'I've got a nice strong hairbrush, as you know, for you've brushed my hair with it enough times. If you get above yourself I'll know what to do!'

Hazel responded to the challenge. 'You'd have to catch me first, Miss!' Then followed a lighthearted romp which quite dispelled my depression of the last two days. I, wearing only a sheer nightdress chased Hazel round the bed waving the hairbrush which I had picked up from the dressing table. There were girlish shrieks of laughter and at last I caught up with my young maid, wrestled with her and forced her down on the bed. We threshed about lightheartedly, first one in the ascendant then the other, until exerting all my strength I turned her over on her face and, kneeling on her shoulders, pinned her down on the bed.

'Right my girl,' I panted, 'you've asked for it, and you're going to get it!' I looked down at her recumbent form, a stocky, plump girl. Her black silk dress was partly disarranged in the struggle and I could see a black stocking top and a suspender elastic as well



as a froth of white petticoat. Grasping the hem of her dress with both hands, I yanked it up about her waist and followed suit with the silk slip. Her full round bottom pouted at me cheekily, only partly concealed by her saucy knickers, which just covered their p l u m p fullness. Black suspenders fastened to black silk stockings, then disappeared inside the silk panties to reveal themselves as shadows through the semi-transparent material.

For a moment I revelled in this pleasant sight and in my power over my vanquished victim, then inserting my fingers in the waistband of Hazel's knickers I drew them down over her firm curves which seemed to spring up to welcome me as if glad to be released from their soft confinement. I reached for the hairbrush. Hazel lay giggling quietly, obviously not at all dismayed by the impending chastisement. Joyously I raised the brush and brought its back down with a satisfying 'smack' first on one buttock, then the other. Hazel squeaked and wriggled delightfully.

So followed for me, and I believe Hazel as well, a satisfying fun spanking. I brought no great force to my blows, just enough to bring a pleasant tingling glow to Hazel's behind, and to turn it pink, then a glowing red. After about a dozen smacks I laid down the brush and continued to administer light smacks with the palm of my hand, these smacks turned to light caresses to the tingling globes, which felt hot to my roving hand. Hazel lay quiet and unresisting.

For a few minutes more I stroked the soft flesh, my fingers straying into the cleft of the twin hillocks and below. Then I raised Hazel in my arms. After giving the poor darling such a horrid spanking it was only fair that I comforted her, as a mother will comfort a loved but naughty child after punishment. And Hazel was very ready to be comforted!

* * *

The remaining few weeks of the holiday passed enjoyably and all too quickly with outings with the gang, evenings out with Robin, who I was becoming increasingly fond of, and romps with Hazel who never seemed tired of playing games. But August drew to its close and with September it was back to school, and with Daddy to make sure that I got there, or at least to Kings Cross station where several of us would gather to travel up under the supervision of Miss Tench. But I had my secret to take back with me, and to share with Fiona and Val. No one had yet succeeded in escaping from Stepholme, but this term that would be changed — by me!

CHAPTER SIX

Sunday

'For want of a nail the shoe was lost . . . for want of a rider the battle was lost.' I do not know about nails, but for want of a safety pin Val's knickers were lost, and it resulted in her getting the father and mother of a 'skelping', and on a Sunday too.

Sunday at Stepholme was hardly exciting. For one thing it involved compulsory church attendance in the morning. About the only good thing about Sunday was that we did not have to get up early. Church was at 10.30, and provided we were ready to leave school at 10 o'clock and walk in a tidy and decorous 'crocodile' the mile or so to the grey stone village church, breakfast was optional. Most of us preferred to laze in bed until about 9.30, or even later, relying on chocolates in lieu of breakfast.

This Sunday was no exception. Fiona and I crawled out of bed about twenty to ten and were in the bathroom shouting encouragement to a sleepy Val, who was a dreadful sluggard when it came to getting up.

'Come on *do,*' I yelled for the umpteenth time, over the noise of running bath water, 'you'll be late again, and you got a hundred lines last week!'

'Oh, alright,' came a complaining and sleepy voice, and at last there were sounds of yawning and scratching and of feet feeling for slippers. By the time we were out of the bathroom and dressing Val was just groping her way in, knuckling the sleep from her eyes, and we were almost ready to leave before she emerged and reached for her clothes.

'Oh blast!' wailed Val in despair, 'today of all days. My knicker elastic's broken. Why does it always happen when you are in a hurry?' She held up the offending bloomers which gaped shapelessly at the waist. 'Anyone got a safety pin?'

There followed a hurried scrabbling in handbags and dressing table drawers, a search which, predictably, produced nothing. 'It's no good,' cried the frustrated Valerie, 'you'll only make yourselves late too. You two get off, and I'll pinch a pin from Podge or somebody, there's bound to be one lying about the next dorm, even if they've left for church. You two get off, I'm not doing your lines for you if you get any — I shall probably have enough of my own!'

The next chapter in this saga of misfortune was not revealed until later. Valerie hurried off to Marion's dormitory and although it was empty she did manage to find a pin and returned in triumph, only to find that her knickers had vanished! Frantically she searched under the bed, in the bed, everywhere. Then realisation dawned on her. While she had been out after the pin the chamber maid had come in, seen the discarded garment, assumed that it was for washing and mending, and taken the knickers away!

Poor Val was now desperate. Clean underwear was brought from the laundry each week on Monday, and a quick search in the lockers revealed that none of us had a spare pair of pants. She ran to the laundry, only to find it closed and locked. Matron had gone to church too.

Already about ten minutes late, there was nothing for it but for Val to go knickerless. The schoolgirl crocodile had left and was wending its chattering way down to the village. Val knew that if she cut across country, and ran like blazes, she could still get to the church ahead of the rest of us. Perhaps she had not been missed and could slip into church ahead of us. A slim chance, but better than nothing. So pantiless, Val sped across the moor.

The little church of St. Andrew's was Presbyterian. The official creed of Miss Thorn's Academy was, of course, Church of England, and it was with considerable misgivings that the headmistress let her little flock attend the village kirk each week. True, it was Christian, well presumably, and so attendance there was better than nothing. However, Miss Thorn had doubts about this austere northern religion, regarding it as only one degree removed from paganism. To make up for it the prayers at morning assembly each weekday were uncompromisingly Anglican.

The Reverend Angus McRobie, M.A., was the island's minister, he was also the village 'domniie' or schoolmaster. A large man with a mane of ginger hair streaked with silver, and a bushy beard to match, he was an impressive figure. He also had an eye for a pretty girl and we were well aware of his covert glances to leg, breast and buttock. In fairness one can hardly blame Mr McRobie, who was human despite being in Holy Orders, but with the intolerance of youth and because he was too middle-aged to be interesting, we dismissed him as a 'dirty old man'. His sermons were long and awe-inspiring, reaching an impressive level of hell-fire oratory. The story is attributed to him that he once spoke in a

sermon of 'weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth' at the resurrection. One aged villager, taking it all in with w r a p t attention, interrupted: 'Eh meenister, I have'na any teeth!'

'Teeth sir,' thundered Mr McRobie, 'will be provided!'

On this particular Sunday morning Minister McRobie had left his Manse and was making his way to church past a fairly high stone wall which separated the kirkyard from the open moor. Suddenly his attention was caught by a scrabbling sound followed by heavy breathing. Before his astonished gaze two hands appeared at the top of the wall to be followed by a head and a slim, girlish body. Two very attractive legs hoisted themselves over the wall. Two long legs, two very pretty thighs topped by a disarranged kilt and petticoat. Despite himself, Mr McRobie looked again at the legs which were now kicking, trying to find a foothold on his side of the wall. Surely not! But yes, undoubtedly those thighs ended in a pair a delightfully dimpled buttocks, and those buttocks were quite devoid of knickers! Val had arrived! So, at that moment, did the school crocodile, headed by the staff. It is perhaps as well to draw a veil over the next few minutes. The conversation between the minister and Miss Thorn filtered through to our ears.

'Climbing walls on the sabbath, and without her breeks!'

'I really cannot understand it, Mr McRobie, but the unhappy girl will be severely punished. Perhaps we could see her in your vestry after the service.' This was agreed, and we filed into the church all agog, followed by a very chastened Valerie.

We paid less attention to the sermon than usual, our minds were fully occupied with poor Val's predicament. Fiona and I could guess part of it of course, but the other girls were completely mystified, but our whispering was quickly halted by irate 'Shushes' from the staff who were equally perplexed and intrigued by the incident.

After the service we filed out, waiting in the kirkyard in the soft September sunlight, talking uneasily while Miss Thorn, the Minister and Val disappeared into the vestry. Fortunately the villagers in the congregation were not aware of anything untoward, and had departed to their Sunday lunches a f t e r s h a k i n g hands with the 'Meenister'.

It must have been about twenty minutes later that the trio emerged. Miss Thorn looked grim, Mr McRobie had an air of self-righteous enjoyment, and poor Valerie was scarlet in the face, tear-stained and still sniffing back her sobs. Forbidding us to talk, Miss Thorn ordered us to form into line and we were marched back to school, Val in her place beside us looking far from happy.

It was not until that afternoon that we heard the whole sad story. The scene in the vestry had been bitter. The Rev. McRobie, who certainly was not noted for his Christian charity, had been highly indignant about what he considered this hoydenish behaviour, and professed himself shocked by the immodest sight which he had been forced to witness. Val's excuses sounded feeble indeed and were scarcely listened to. No, obviously this shameless minx must be taught a thorough lesson, and the better the day the better the deed. Now it so happened that Mr McRobie had a tawse in the vestry, he sometimes had cause to punish naughty choirboys, 'ye ken.' Miss Thorn agreed that justice should be done, and summarily, and as Mr McRobie was the agrieved party she suggested that he should be its instrument. The Minister did not protest over much.

I doubt if Mr McRobie admitted, even to himself, that he enjoyed spanking an attractive seventeen-year-old schoolgirl. To him it was a 'painful duty' and probably the Lord's work as well, but certainly, Val said, he was no sluggard in handing out condign punishment.

First poor Val had to hold out each hand in turn for three stinging strokes of the tawse across the palm, which made her jump about hugging her swollen and smarting hands beneath her armpits in an attempt to lessen the fierce hurt. That, she hoped, was that, but it seemed that Mr McRobie had not seen enough of Valerie's uncovered charms. Leading her across to a chair he sat, looking in his black cassock, like a prophet of old, and took the pantiless penitent across his knee. As he turned up kilt and slip he gave a loud cluck of disapproval as if he almost expected Val to have become modestly and miraculously attired during the service. Perhaps it was after all a sound of approval as those fair soft cheeks were uncovered before him. Certainly no erring choirboy had charms like this! Val's buttocks are white and dimpled, with round cheeks merging into slim shapely thighs, contrasted in regulation silk stockings, tautly suspendered. The Minister eased her recumbent form more comfortably over his own black cassocked thighs, raising those delectable mounds even more conveniently to his attention. Then, raising the split black leather strap, he brought it cracking down on the delightful bottom before him.

Of course I only have Val's story of that 'skelping' in the vestry on that sunny Sunday morning, but by all accounts it was a memorable whacking. Val says she lost count of the times the leather slapped down on her tender seat, the twin thongs spreading a lively smart into both cheeks and into the cleft between. She was soon kicking and yelling lustily, while Miss Thorn looked on in grim approval. At one stage Val wriggled so much that she slid off the Minister's lap to end in a heap on the floor, only to be hauled back in position and have her skirts tucked back above her waist, while the merciless tawse resumed its mission of imparting godliness into her scarlet burning buttocks.

At last Val was allowed to rise and danced about the vestry, hands clasped to bare bottom with scant regard to dignity. It was several minutes before she could regain sufficient composure to join us and make her way back to school, palms and backside throbbing intolerably. About the only good thing about it was not having knickers to put on, Val said. To have eased tight drawers over those roasted hemispheres would have been excuciating.

Well of course we were terribly sympathetic and took it in turns to ease cold cream gently onto a backside which was still burning several hours later. Val's silk knickers were gathered at knee level as we did so. She made quite sure to cover herself decently, suspecting that Miss Thorn might well institute a spot check. 'Lightning,' says the proverb, 'doesn't strike twice.' Perhaps not, but Val, whose bottom felt as if it had been scorched by a fireball, was not willing to test the truth of the old adage.

* * *

It was also on a Sunday when we saw Mam'zell spanked by the crofter. It was a Sunday afternoon, two weeks after the affair of Val's lost knickers. It was a perfect early Autumn day, the sun warm, the skies blue, but the leaves were taking on just that hint of gold which shows that, sadly, the summer's decline has begun.

Val, Fiona and I had been spending a typically lazy afternoon lying in the grass discussing plans. My Master Plan had been eagerly accepted by my friends and if they were disappointed that only I could use it they were loyal and sporting enough not to say so. Now in every spare moment we planned and schemed ways and means, suggesting and rejecting, plotting and perfecting. I had had a letter from Paul and the attempt was still very much 'on'. It would probably take place in the first

week of October — weather permitting.

From our position on the top of the cliff we had a perfect vantage point, looking down at the quiet sea, the white Atlantic rollers sweeping lazily in and breaking on the golden sands. We watched with only sleepy interest the small rowing boat approach from Scrooban and guessed that it was Mlle. Dupont returning. Mam'zell, as a Catholic, liked to go across to the larger island, where there was a priest, for Mass, when the weather permitted. She was rowed over by a local fisherman, stayed for lunch with friends, and then returned during the afternoon. Now we watched as her boat came in and followed her with our eyes as she paid off the fisherman and started up the cliff path which was a short cut to the school.

'Look,' said Fiona, 'there's old Hamish. Mam'zell will be in trouble if she meets him.' Hamish Douglas was a surely local crofter, the land over which the path ran was his and he had an obsessional and equal hatred of trespassers and woman. If Mam'zell, with her imperfect knowledge of English, was aware of this she made no sign, making her way cheerfully past a notice which read 'Private. Keep out'. As she proceeded up the path she was in our full view, but because we were above her and hidden up the cliff top she could not see us. Suddenly, down the opposite bank, came Hamish Douglas, angry and gesticulating. His voice carried to us clearly on the clear Autumn air. 'And where do you think you are going young woman?' he barked angrily. Mam'zell stopped and looked at him in surprise.

'Pardon?' she said.

'Can you no read?' spluttered Hamish furiously, 'tramping over my land as if you own it. You're one of they governesses fra up at the skull, aren't you?'

'I am sorry,' said Mlle. Dupont in her slow accented English, 'I find it hard to understand the Scottish. I am French.'

'Aye, I could tell you were no English as soon as you started clackin',' growled Hamish. 'But I don't care if you are a damned Zulu, I've had enough of you women — aye, and the young ones too — traipsin' about my land without so much as a by your leave. High and mighty stuck up madams, the lot of you.' He was working himself up into a fine state of indignation.

Mam'zell too was losing her calmness in the face of this unprovoked attack. She had an uncertain Gallic temper at the best of times, now little spots of red began to colour her cheeks, a sure sign of impatience and anger. 'I do not see what you worry about, you horrid man. I do no harm crossing your field. There are not even the sheeps in it. Now kindly get out of my way!' and she pushed him to one side. There was no force in the blow, but it was unexpected and caught Hamish off balance and he fell sprawling into a thorn bush. The hurt was doubtless more to his pride than to his person, but it did nothing for his uncertain temper. Scrambling to his feet he lumbered after the French mistress, who was walking away, and grabbed her wrist. Whether Mam'zell thought she was going to be raped or attacked was not clear, but she responded by kicking the farmer hard on the shins. With a howl of pain he executed a brief war dance on the grass which would have done credit to one of his Zulus, then going berserk he grabbed Jeanette Dupont and shook her as a dog shakes a rat. We could almost hear her teeth chattering! Then dropping on one knee he threw the unfortunate French woman face down across it.

After the shaking she had no breath left to yell and was probably too astonished to do so anyway as a large hand crashed down on her upturned bottom. After that one powerful smack Hamish paused. Perhaps the feeling of soft buttocks brought back sanity. It certainly brought a realisation of what he was doing. For fully a minute he looked down at the slight figure bent over his knee, her silk summer dress moulded to her curves, her shapely legs kicking wildly. We could almost read Hamish's mind. Would he let the mistress up and abjectly apologise? For a moment it seemed likely, but surrender to a woman was not part of Hamish's make-up.

Ye may as well be hangit for a sheep as a lamb,' you could almost hear him thinking. Certainly we saw him grin wickedly. Carefully, with his right hand, he gathered up the skirt of Mam'zell's silk dress and pulled it up above her waist as she gave a little gasp of protest and horror. An attractive lilac silk petticoat fluttered in the breeze around Mam'zell's kicking legs, the rich lace clearly visible from our hiding place. It did not stay visible for long. Hamish scooped it up as he had the dress and we had a delightful view of Mam'zell's slight but shapely bottom clad in panties which were obviously intended to match the slip. Appropriately enough they were short French knickers trimmed with pretty lace, and they scarcely covered Mam'zell's rear. Beneath them peeped taut suspenders, clipped to fine stocking tops. Hamish gazed hungrily at the soft curves tantalisingly arrayed before him, then his hard hand rose and spanked down on the smooth silk-covered buttocks before him.

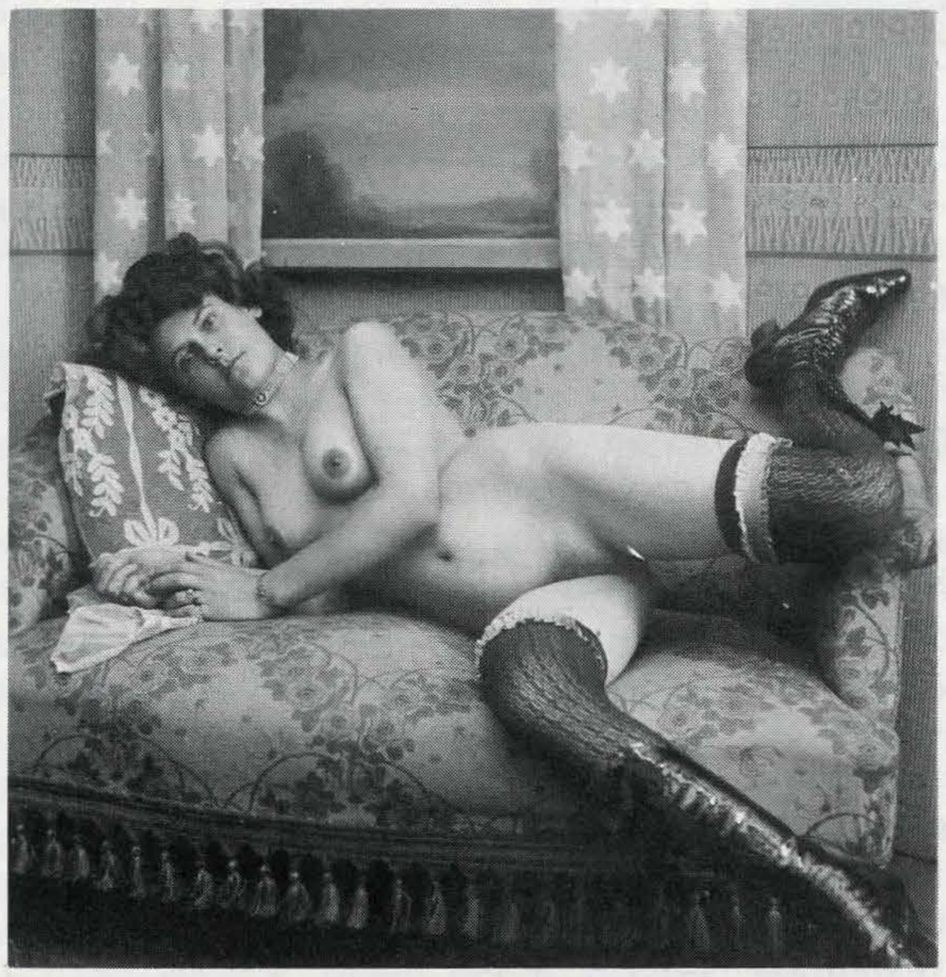
Mam'zell recovered her voice and yelled! She yelled in pain and humiliation. Never in her thirty years had a man dared to lift up her skirts, and now not only had one done so, shamefully, but he was smacking her bottom also! Neither did Hamish show any signs of letting up. He was obviously excited by the intoxication of the chastisement and his palm, calloused by years of hard work, continued to slap down on a virgin bottom which was probably receiving its first spanking. From where we were hidden, looking down on the scene, we had a perfect 'ring-side seat'. We could even see Mam'zell's bottom reddening around and through the scanty knickers that she was wearing, while her legs threshed wildly and her yells — mainly in French — were heart-rending. It was a sight to relish!

Gradually Mam'zell's yells gave way to sobs, then soft moans, while Hamish's hand seemed to lose something of its first punishing impact. He seemed to caress rather than punish, first slapping more gently, then patting, then stroking. His fingers seemed to stray away from the smarting globes of the buttocks, inwards, towards their cleft, and lower. Mlle. Dupont gave a little shiver, then lay quietly acquiescent. Hamish slipped down the panties and gently laid his former victim on her back in the grass, then he laid down beside her. We saw his hands move and Mam'zell's summer dress was unbuttoned and removed. The lilac slip followed, then a shift. Mam'zell's slight but attractive breasts were revealed, tipped with soft brown nipples. Gently Hamish's hands roved over them, his fingers circling.

This was the time to move. Somehow watching the spanking had been fair game and something not to be missed. This intimate love-making was another thing; something personal, almost sacred, and we had the feeling of peeping in on something which did not concern us. Quietly we got to our feet and slipped away, not speaking until we were well back on the way to school.

It came as a complete surprise to most of the school, about a month later, when it was announced that Mam'zell Dupont was engaged to local farmer Hamish Douglas. We three were not quite so astonished; after all we had been in at the introduction, the proposal — and even the consummation!





THE STORY OF ROSIE O'MANTON

With her back to the prone colonel of dragoons, who lay naked on her bed, the now gloriously roused Amelia Courtney bestrode his waist and firmly grasping the immense penis with her right hand, thrust it unceremoniously into the widely parted vagina and slammed her plump bum down upon his belly.

'Ugh!' he gasped, as the air went out of him; as much of his virility already had.

Amelia began a joyful jerking motion up and down the cock. 'After this orgasm,' she thought to herself, 'I'll let him go, for there is much to arrange concerning tonight's dinner. And I'll have to give him careful instructions concerning the busting of Rosie.'

She had had Colonel Hereward Dobson five times already, each one more tiring to him than the last, because Amelia's sexual appetite steadily grew by what it fed on. She could have kept his cock fully employed through the rest of the evening and most of the night had she had the time. And what made it so inexpressibly enjoyable for her was that the dashing soldier was not a client, but a plaything.

And a plaything of which she was rather bored. He was so utterly without brains. A fine set of genitals, yes. But of intelligence, none at all. She financed much of his high life, paid his tailor's bill, and made generous allowance towards his heavy officer's mess expenses. But she had lately decided to transfer her favours to a rather younger major who, she had good reason to believe, was not only madly enamoured of her, but who also had brilliant regimental prospects.

Amelia Courtney always had a handsome soldier at her command and the reason was simply that it was the fashion among the top courtesans of Victoria's hey-day to be so equipped. It caused great envy among other women, especially the sort who were on the hunt for young and heroic soldiers with first rate prospects not only for glory on the battlefield and bed, but also for social elevation. Possibly in politics or the ever-expanding colonial service.

Amelia, sensing another wild tempest rising up in her lower belly, quickened her pace and widening her thighs across the colonel, closed her eyes in blissful expectation of the oncoming climax.

It came just after, with perfect timing, she had forced herself deep into her now excessively exhausted partner's torso. Amelia liked to be motionless when the orgasm burst, so that she could compel her mind to savour every stingingly excited phase of the complex sensation.

It was, she often fancied, as though scores of little demons were ranging around her gut, delightedly prodding all the pleasure-stimulating nerves they could discover with electrified swords, pikes and daggers. In no way, she reflected for the ten-thousandth time, there was an undoubted element of pain in the vaginal upheaval; but it lay so far below the oceans of exalted delight which washed over her that it could be detected only by the most determined concentration.

Perhaps, she thought, as she eased herself off the colonel, the storms having died away, something like that happened when Rose Luxley, her one-time servant but now close companion, was whipped on her bottom. This transformation of pain into pleasure had indicated to Amelia that the very young woman was that rare sexual phenomenon, a converter; and therefore of incalculable value both to herself and others in the business of supplying erotic satisfactions to the discriminating connoisseurs of expertly organised sensuality.

But, mused Amelia Courtney as she got down from the bed, leaving the worn-out and genital-aching colonel to shift for himself as best he could, perhaps Rose Luxley was not entirely a converter. Maybe the thrashing she had received from the practised hand of her mistress was something of an accident caused by an unusual physical condition.

At all events, Amelia had decided that her friend (and client) Sir William Knavely would decide the issue very soon.

'That will be all this evening, Colonel Dobson,' said Mrs Courtney, handing him a neatly folded pack of bank notes. I think you will find I am as generous as usual. But I do think you're not quite the man you used to be a month ago.'

'I've been on manoeuvres, Mrs Courtney,' he replied weakly.

'Yes, but what kind of manoeuvres?' was the cutting reply: 'I think you drink and gamble far too much. And also waste your substance on cheap servants. But I have something for you to do in that connection which may well give you a few moments better quality entertainment.'

'Oh?' I shall, as always, Mrs Courtney, do my best to satisfy you.'

'It won't be me you'll be satisfying, of course. I have a young woman I want you to break in. I'm sure she's a virgin.'

'With an intact maidenhead?'

'Of that I can't be sure. Probably not. But what's that to you as far as the pleasure is concerned?'

'I agree, generally speaking I can't feel it split. But I like it when I do, it

gives me a stunning sense of achievement.'

'I want you to do it in Brighton,' said Amelia, paying no attention to the observation, 'the night before the heats of the *Tableaux Vivants.* I'm entering the girl and want her to feel a real, utterly realised woman when those dreadful men inspect her.'

'I can give you a tip about this year's contest,' said the colonel, buttoning up his trousers: 'this year's winner is going to have auburn hair round the crotch. It's all been arranged. The popularity of red hairs is finished for at least a couple of years.'

'I'd heard a rumour to that effect myself,' replied Mrs Courtney, provocatively widening her legs and seating herself before her elegant dressing table and starting to brush her own marvellously raven tresses: 'So Rosie will have to have hers dyed. That will be no problem. At the moment it's as black as mine, though not so shiny.'

'Yours is how I like a woman's hair,' said the colonel with enthusiasm, 'black as night and thick as Hell. And you've the sort of bum I prefer,' he added, falling on his knees and pressing fervent kisses on the intoxicating soft portions which spread beyond her gold brocaded stool.

'Don't do that,' said Mrs Courtney sharply, although she had deliberately provoked the action: 'but you can give me a light spanking if you wish.' Knowing what the reaction would be, she raised herself to lean forward across the dressing table and protruding the posteriors in a maddeningly exciting movement.

With a loud cry of appreciation at this unexpected boon, the now almost wholly recovered warrior grasped Amelia over the waist and with his right hand began to administer sharp tattoos on both delectable buttocks, alternating the right one with the left and in between running his thumb from the verge of the vagina right up the deep divide to about a foot up the spine.

Amelia adored that determined motion of the thumb. It drove her almost to the point of screaming aloud with ecstasy. Spanking her bum with that unusual extra was something Colonel Hereward Dobson always did superbly well. But then, she realised as she ordered him to cease the spank, any active man could do as well given a little preliminary tuition.

She had called a halt because the colonel's erotic enthusiasm was clearly running away with him and the bum was beginning to pain. And Amelia Courtney was averse to that. No converter she, as well she knew! She had in fact asked for a moderate warming of the bum because it always had a remarkably long-range effect upon her vivacity. A sound (but not harsh) spanking in the early evening would keep her lovely grey-green eyes sparkling well into the night. More so than three glasses of champagne, a wine for which, curiously, she did not greatly care.

In consequence of that well executed bottom exercise, her dinner party was an unqualified success, Amelia's wit and charm by general consent of the important political and ecclesiastical guests, being never so entrancing.

The middle of next morning saw Rose Luxley being told that she would be off to Brighton in a few days and to book the first class rail tickets and make general preparations for a three day residence at one of the most exclusive hotels in Regency Square.

'I think you are going to have a wonderful time,' said Amelia Courtney to a Rose Luxley who was now quite unable to contain herself with excitement. Jumping up and down and clapping her hands, she kept asking what would be the best things to wear from her by now considerably extensive and ultra-fashionable wardrobe.

'Make your own selection,' cried her mistress gaily, 'you have excellent taste, but do include your very finest drawers. From top to bottom I want you to be at your most beautiful, and smart drawers give a girl confidence. You are going to meet some wonderful people. The men you will go mad about. And as to that, I have a special surprise in store for you.'

Rose tried all she knew to wheedle the secret out of her, but Amelia Courtney would not disclose it. 'Now get on with your duties,' she said curtly, calling the young woman to order, 'and present yourself to me in my boudoir not a second after three and not a second before either. Else you will get a whipping.'

And laughing delightedly at the threat, which by now she know Amelia Courtney would unfailingly carry out should she be late for no good reason, Rose Luxley, the eldest daughter of one of the most energetic campaigners against sexual vice in the whole of London's East End, skipped away to perform her light duties of correspondence and train booking.

As the large grandfather clock in the spacious hall of Amelia Courney's splendid Mayfair residence struck three, Rose entered the boudoir to learn that her mistress had decided to administer an enema. Though surprised, Rose was overjoyed.

'I thought you would rather resent my wishing to flush you personally,' said the mistress: 'I did promise that when you had got the hang of it I would put you on your honour to get it done once a week yourself. I do not mistrust you, but simply want to make sure you are taking good care of yourself. More particularly, the air at Brighton is so bracing that unless you are in absolute tip-top internal condition, you may find it a bit overpowering.'

'I truly appreciate your concern Mrs Courtney,' said the young woman, as together they entered the gorgeous bathroom adjoining the mistress's boudoir, 'and really I would love you to do it. As a matter of fact — and I don't know whether you will be pleased or angry with me — I actually flush myself not once but three times a week. Back and front too. I adore doing it. Am I wrong?'

'Of course not, dear Rosie,' said the mistress as she pumped the bulb full of the cleansing fluid, 'I'm delighted with you for doing that. As you probably realise, I'm delighted with you in every respect. Take the drawers right off, I don't want them inadvertently splashed.'

Rosie, who had merely dropped the House of Courtney uniform drawers to her ankles, at once obeyed, and seating herself on the far side of the bath, opened her legs wide and even had the consideration to ease Amelia's task by pressing back the vaginal lips. The bulbous-ended rubber tubing then traversed most of its length up and down the interior, cleansing and purifying along its way.'

While the process went on in a leisurely but most meticulous manner, Amelia Courtney delicately broached the subject of the thrashing and how the sensations had changed while it went on. She found Rose only too willing to talk about it.

'My, but it was strange,' she said as she expelled the second flushing skilfully into the bath's plug-hole with hardly a splash going on to the porcelain: 'One slash and you were hurting me on top of the seven or eight which had gone before, and then while your hand was up to give me another my bum seemed to turn itself inside out and upside down, and when the next cut came down it was so excitingly different that I almost cried aloud with the pleasure of it. Of course, I kept howling otherwise you might have caned me even harder and the pain might have come back.'

'I began to sense you were not suffering when I got to the thirteenth stroke. No Rosie!' said Mrs Courtney brusquely interrupting her important discussion, 'you must bend a little further

down and so bring the bum higher, I like to get a good, clean, unbothered anal insertion.'

Obediently Rosie bent further, and the rubber tube progressed its sanitary way up her rear. 'You are an absolute darling, Rosie,' cried her mistress, quite unable to withold her admiration of the degree to which the young girl now clearly had the opening and closing of that tight orifice under complete mental control. Because as soon as the clam-shut aperture had felt the light touch of the rubber tube it had widened to receive what had to be received without fussy resistance, or even quivers.

'Do you think it would happen again, Rosie?' said Mrs Courtney, 'I'm talking about the caning, not the flushing, of course.'

'I have several times asked myself that very same question, Mrs Courtney. Perhaps I wasn't in good condition that day? Condition is the word isn't it?'

'Yes, I think so. But I can assure you, dear girl, that your physical condition then was as perfect as it is now,' and patting Rosie affectionately on the adorably youthful bottom, she added: 'Why, I do declare, except that it's a trifle higher, your bum reminds me of nothing so much as a plump young choirboy's.' It was a term of admiration Amelia Courtney usually employed to describe a lovely young bottom.

'Ah, but I've never seen a plump young choirboy's bum,' said Rosie with a giggle, as she got back into her uniform drawers, adding 'but I hope to soon.'

'You will do better for yourself than that, I think,' replied the older woman: 'Your drawers are a little smarter in style than those of the other servants. Yes, they are a distinct improvement. As you know, I had them designed that way because your father had never let you wear any and I wanted to make it up for you. But now that we get on so well with one another and you're more my assistant than my servant, I've decided you need not wear my uniform drawers at all.'

The anguished reaction was instantaneous and quite took Amelia aback.

'But I love wearing drawers, especially those button-back ones! Oh Mrs Courtney! Please, please let me go on wearing drawers.' Rose was in a considerable state of upset.

'No, no child,' cried her mistress, 'I didn't mean that you were to wear no drawers at all! Heavens, what an idea. No, I meant that you could wear *non*-uniform drawers. Creations from Paris, even. Come, let us look at some fashion magazines in my boudoir right away and you can choose any six pairs of whatever modes you fancy.'

Rose could hardly believe her unexpected good fortune and running to her mistress, hugged and kissed her without restraint: 'Oh thank you, thank you! You are so good to me.'

As Mrs Courtney at once realised, the time had arrived for her to put a decisive proposition to her young friend; servant no longer.

As together they pored over the highly coloured underclothing sections of the French fashion magazines and from time to time compared the creations with some taken from Amelia Courtney's own vast wardrobe of drawers and stockings, it was more and more borne in upon the older woman that in Rose Luxley she had a girl with an unerring innate sense of what was required for the most favourable development of masculine eroticism through the styling, colour and texture of lingerie.

The drab, joyless and colour-starved environment in which Rose had been reared, coupled with the absolute denial of sensual expression in anything to be worn on the body, had rendered her a virtual bombshell ready to explode into excited indulgence as soon as some admired and trusted person applied a match to the fuse. Mrs Amelia Courtney had done just that.

When the final decision had been taken about the six pairs of French drawers most wanted by Rose, the mistress took her by the hand to a large chair close to her bed, sat her upon her lap and ordered that her feet be put up on the bed. They cuddled together for a short while and Amelia gave her a long, wet kiss of the kind which always reduced strong men to manageable submission. And while the kiss was intensifying she placed her hand upon Rose's knee and slowly delved below the uniform drawers and so reached the recently utterly purified vagina. At first two, and then three, of London's most educated sexual fingers then parted the lips to find and tickle the most electrifyingly sensitive spot within the virginal complex.

'Now Rose,' she said, 'I want you to listen to me with the greatest possible care because I am going to suggest something which will be of the greatest importance to your future. I will put it to you without frills, unlike those Parisian drawers you want.'

'Please do, Mrs Courtney,' whispered Rose, kissing her, 'but I rather think I know what you're going to propose.'

'You do! And what will it be?'

'That we do things together. Sexual things.'

'Rosie, you're a perfectly amazing girl. So intelligent! Yes, we will do things together now and then, but primarily I want you to get to know how to make men mad with desire for you. Like I know Colonel Hereward Dobson, for instance ,could be made.'

This carefully calculated citation of. the colonel acted upon Rose with immediate effect. She blushed furiously . . . and instinctively opened her legs yet wider. 'Oh, but Mrs Courtney, he is your lover. I should die if he even kissed my hand. But how did you know?'

'From the moment you saw him I knew you had fallen head-over-heels in love. You have been so well behaved in trying not to show it. But, truly dear, the colonel is nothing to me except a bit of young excitement. If you want him, he can be yours.'

Rose was overwhelmed and while she was recovering from this stunning announcement, Mrs Courtney told her that while they would do enjoyable sexual things together, the colonel was able to do inexpressibly more wonderful things. As could other men. And what she wanted Rose to do was understand, through teaching and direct experience, just how they could be made to perform them for her. And also reward her financially as well.

'Never look down upon money,' she said, bearing in mind what Rose's ascetic father may have told her repeatedly about the inherently sinful power of gold, 'it can bring you supreme independence. And there is nothing in life more lastingly enjoyable than that.'

'I know,' murmured Rose, 'you have independence. You have many men who love you. I want to be exactly like you. I shall always do whatever you want. When can we start?' The reply was firmly given.

'The first thing is for you to stop wearing the Courtney House uniform. From now on you will dress as my companion and assistant. Some of the clothes you will have to wear from time to time when performing necessary duties may strike you as curious. Rubber things and funny leather garments. But I know what is best for you and you will get sublime excitements of which you never have dreamed.

'For example, you will experience fast-moving tremors of pleasure when you look at yourself in satin tights and close-fitting black velvet trousers with gashes at the rear.'

Rose's eyes shone. 'Oh my! ' she said.

'I can hardly wait to see you in that style myself,' went on her mistress: 'And in little girl clothes you will cause some men of my acquaintance to go faint and wish to give you lots of money. But it won't,' said Mrs

Courtney with a broad smile on her lovely face, 'be roses, roses all the way Rosie dear. At periods you will want to scream and it will be perfectly all right for you to go right ahead and do so. But it won't last, and you'll soon be laughing again. It will be a strange life but never, never, never without great interest and reward.

'To be practical. With the minimum of delay you must be caned again to see if that remarkable change in sensation occurs as a matter of course. And I know how we can combine that confirming exercise with your first large money-earning duty. And that money you will put into a bank in your own name. All you need from day-to-day I will pay for. You must bank and you must invest. Expert guidance on the subject will always be at hand to see that you get the biggest rates of interest. I hope you will agree to put some into a project I have myself begun to get under way in the thriving Midlands town of Birmingham. But I must at once get busy on your behalf.'

Taking her hand away from Rosie's crotch she bade the now extremely excited girl to go about her remaining work of the day, adding: 'I must go and see Sir William Knavely at once.'

So it came about the very next afternoon that, dressed as a demure twelve-year-old schoolgirl beneath her smart full-length top coat, she rode with Mrs Courtney in a hired brougham (a one-horse closed carriage) to the Kensington home of the wicked Sir William, whose most exquisite pleasure in life was caning naughty, lesson-careless schoolgirls. In the neat Gladstone bag on Amelia Courtney's knees reposed three canes of differing length and thickness. One of them had already most closely and insistently kissed Rose Luxley's bum; and was within minutes of carrying out that self-same amorous task again.

'Now remember what I have told you,' said Mrs Courtney, 'when he brings the cane down, holler for all you're worth. He likes to hear the howls of distress.'

'But won't the servants hear and the neighbours complain?' queried Rose, who was beginning to get just a little bit worried.

'Not at all,' was the reply: 'The servants won't hear for one thing, because the old rascal will do it in a specially built underground annexe with padded walls. And if by some chance they did hear, the servants know better than to mention it. As for neighbours, as you can now see, there aren't any.'

Rose looked out of the window as the brougham pulled up before large and darkly shadowed portals to note that the mansion was set in its own grounds and thickly surrounded on the east side by tall conifers. Even in winter that side of the building was therefore well shielded. And it was to that side that Sir William Knavely, after solemnly greeting the pair in his gloomy, book-lined study, led them.

He peered at Rose with small beady eyes. 'Is this the naughty girl who can't do her algebra? Or rather, *won't* do her algebra? he inquired of Mrs Courtney.

'This is the very girl, sir. Would you kindly administer the necessary chastisement?'

'I will indeed,' came the quick response, 'please to follow me.'

Through a small door went the three, down spiral stairs and into a brick tunnel along which oil lamps had been lit. After about fifty yards the old man, who wore an academic gown and mortar board, opened the end door into a well-furnished classroom. Closing and locking the door behind them, he turned up the large oil lamp on the heavy oak desk and pointed to what seemed to Rose to be a large letter 'A'. The apex was about two-feet-six from the floor.

'Get her across that,' he ordered Mrs Courtney who, having doffed her top coat, stood arrayed in the severe dark grey uniform of a school governess. From a pocket at her right breast she drew a pair of pince-nez and, adjusting them on her nose, instructed Rose to bend over the 'A' and get her skirts well up and her drawers well down. She then unfastened the Gladstone bag, took out the three canes and said: 'Knowing the stubborn character of this girl, Professor, I recommend the number seventeen. Especially as you are so wonderfully adept at its use.'

'You meet my own mind exactly, headmistress,' replied the old fantasist. For Sir William Knavely was no longer in his own town mansion, but living and moving in an academy for young ladies which, over the years, he had built up in detail in his own imagination and, in actuality in his own grounds.

'I think twenty-five cuts of major puissance, yes?' muttered Sir William, as having taken off his gown and jacket, he rolled up his right shirt sleeve. He always included a French word or two when Amelia Courtney brought him a girl because he imagined he was addressing an expert in the language. but had never taught it, e x c e p t a phrase or two to girls working under her who had specialised in the out-of-the-way sex delights w h i c h Frenchmen visiting England always appreciated.

'Oh no,' came the urgent response, 'I think thirty at least, Professor. You are much too lenient. And with a girl of this grave tendency to indiscipline we are surely both agreed that excessive leniency never pays.'

'What a pleasure it is to provide this service for you, dear lady,' said the old man who was now pinching and prodding Rose's bum to research the material now under his control: 'And what well architectured specimens of wickedness you bring me. Under your advice I shall raise the punishment to thirty-five cuts.'

Hearing this menacing conversation, Rose Luxley began dutifully to whimper and plead: 'Oh, please not! Not twenty-five . . . Oh no! Not thirty! . . . Mercy, mercy, not thirty-five! Oh dear! Oh dear! I like algebra, really I do! I'll never make another mistake . . . Ouwwwwww-oooooerrr' she let out a shrill scream as the first stroke came down.

'Ha-ha!' cried Sir William, his wrinkled face now wreathed in smiles, 'we have a protester, have we? Protest away, you naughty girl, you had better half save your breath because it will do you no good at all.' And he went to work with a vigour quite astonishing for so aged a gentleman. After every five massive strokes it was his pleasure to pause and cry: 'And there are twenty-five (or twenty, or fifteen etc.) to come. So you don't like your posteriors flayed, don't you? Well, well, what a surprising little girl!'

And he resumed the affliction.

By the time thirteen visitations of the number seventeen cane had cuddled Rose's bum with extreme intimacy, it was in a most sorry state and her lamentations were frightful. And at this early stage she was truly suffering, banging her fists against the slope of the 'A' before her tear-wet face and kicking her legs wildly as each stinging kiss arrived.

Mrs Courtney had a difficult task of observation. Not only had she to watch Rose's behaviour but also Sir William's. She knew him very well, and the extraordinary force he was using to cane the bum before him could easily prove too much for his heart. And an attack of that sort would be very awkward to explain away, though she had satisfactorily coped with similar situations five times before with other clients.

As it happened, this time it was not to be the heart which gave trouble, but an altogether different part of the ancient gentleman's anatomy.

What about Rose, however?



It had been agreed between the two of them that when the anticipated switch-over from pain to pleasure took place that the young girl should scream 'God, oh God! oh God! Oh sweet Jesus!' as though she was at the extreme limit of suffering.

Anxiously did Amelia Courtney now await the invocation to the Almighty, and even more did the bent-over Rose await the occasion to announce it.

'And there are twenty more to come!' yelped the old man, dancing with glee at the writhing, kicking and screaming he had stirred up with his punitive activities.

Amelia was beginning to lose hope when suddenly, the riotous screaming stopped and the clear words rang out: 'God! Oh God! Oh God! Oh sweet Jesus!' and then the yelling recommenced.

There was the confirmation past all doubts and arguments! Rose Luxley was indeed a converter as, looking down at the still very noisy 'sufferer', the mistress could actually see. For whereas the face had been contorted in agony, there were now flashes of placid contentment as Rose temporarily forgot that she had to make a great show of undergoing what certainly was the biggest thrashing she had ever had.

'And there are ten more to come!' cried the knight as he paused, adding: 'And since you have had the sacrilegeous impudence to take the Lord's name in vain several times, I am adding on five more,' whereupon Rose summoned all her strength and seemed to split the padded walls with her protest.

This intensity of sound acted as a fierce stimulant to the thrashing gentleman, and he strove to increase still further the ferocity of his attack upon the now alarmingly blushing bum. Blushing indeed, though not from an excess of modesty but simply because the volcanic heat engendered by the punishment made it seem to the punishee (who was now in a secret condition close to pure ecstasy) as though it was about to explode in a glorious bombshell of flame, such as she had seen in artist's pictures of the Crimean War a few years ago.

But the extra effort proved too much for Sir William. At the twenty-third stroke he abruptly ceased the arm action and dropping the cane, fell back and would have fallen to the floor had not Amelia caught him. Instead, she dragged him to a chair and quickly realised what was going on. Amazingly, the knight was in the first stages of sexual orgasm, and there was only one thing to do and that was to help him through it. There could be no arresting the process.

Rose Luxley got down from the 'A' and, fanning her deliciously flaming bottom with a sheaf of papers, watched the process of ejaculation with profound fascination.

Amelia Courtney swiftly unbuttoned the old gentleman's flies, instructed him to lean back in the chair, put his arms over the sides, stretch his legs and spread them wide. She then exposed the cock which was at a surprisingly rigid length for so old a man, and grasping the column firmly in her strong but graceful right hand, worked the foreskin up and down with calm deliberation. His eyes closed, the old man lay back, gently gasping.

Mrs Courtnew brought him off not only with efficiency, but also with a dignity conformable with his status as one of the dear Queen's most venerable knights.

Rose Luxley kept herself discreetly in the background as Amelia Courtney helped him put his trousers back in order, and don his jacket and gown. The three then made their way along the subterranean corridor, up the spiral staircase and into the study.

'Go on ahead, child,' said Amelia Courtney, resuming the tones of the headmistress, and Rose dutifully obeyed.

'Very satisfactory. Very satisfactory indeed,' whispered the old gentleman, who was slowly getting back his composure. 'That hasn't happened to me for quite a time. Very satisfactory.' Going to a safe in the corner he produced a key, unlocked it, counted out some banknotes and handing them to Mrs Courtney, said: 'Here's a little something for the school funds. And I'd like that naughty girl back again soon. I wasn't able to complete her punishment you know.'

'I do indeed, Professor. You shall have her again very soon. I don't doubt she will be up to more mischief and algebraic inattention in a day or so. Your generosity is overwhelming, but so much in character.' And smiling at each other they parted.

Back in the brougham, the mistress and the companion were in the greatest good humour. 'Rosie,' said Mrs Courtney, hugging and kissing her, 'you are a true converter, and you earned yourself a whole £200 just now, with £100 for me for finding the opening. And there's plenty more where that came from.'

'And so enjoyable and very interesting too, though the start was fearful,' replied the young woman as she laughingly counted the notes. 'When will he want me again?'

'Probably in Brighton,' said the mistress.

(To be concluded next month)



CHASTISEMENT OBSERVED

Angela Warner

Spanking your own wife's bottom is one thing. Watching another's hand spank it is something rather different. The husband is not playing the rôle of mere spectator; he sees himself as retaining control over the whole situation. His power is great. His wife is submitting to his authority, and yet is denied the rewards of his physical proximity; of being across his knee. Is, indeed, the woman in such an abject position when her husband treats her thus? We are grateful to a certain lady reader for throwing light on precisely how the wife may achieve satisfaction from this mode of punishment. She told her story to Angela Warner. In accordance with the lady's wishes, we have employed fictitious names for the participants. As readers will appreciate, when they have learnt of her experiences, it would not be in the lady's interests for her husband to be certain of her true identity.

Frequently, my bottom is so sore from a spanking that it is painful for me to sit down. I have submitted to the will of my husband, Colin. I have been disciplined, but it is not the hand of my own husband which has smacked me. On the contrary, my husband has never laid a finger upon my bottom as far as chastisement is concerned! Unlike most married men, he does not take it upon himself to mete out the disecipline I require.

I am not suggesting my husband is guilty of dereliction with regard to handling me. Indeed not! He is well aware of the duties of a husband, and, to my dismay, he is particularly keen to ensure that strict discipline prevails within the home. I say *to my dismay,* for that is the feeling which shows itself on my face when I learn that I am going to be spanked for a certain misdemeanour. My chastisement can never be a private affair, for my husband always has recourse to another person's hand in order that my spanking may be administered. He forgoes the rôle of physically delivering the punishment himself, preferring, instead, to direct operations.

His face flushes with excitement when he instructs me to pull down my knickers and to accept a spanking from the other man present. He delights in being able to view the whole scene of my body bent, with another man's hand ready to fall upon my exposed bottom. Not content with causing me the embarrassment of merely being spanked, he increases the humiliation by introducing this third party. Humiliation, it surely is; but only I know that, in addition, the feelings of arousal commence to build up within me. I make all the noises and movements of rebellion, otherwise my husband would guess my secret; otherwise he would halt the proceedings! My exhibition of discomfort, and, indeed, the discomfort itself, is a necessary part of my punishment, for both my husband and myself.

I think you will understand the emotions we undergo best, if I describe to you some of the punishments which it has recently been my wont to endure. Although the people my husband appoints as my chastisers fall into certain categories, they all retain their individuality, leaving their own mark on my bottom. I shall first offer you the instance of Mr Sloane. He was a complete stranger to me.

On the morning in question, I had slept through the alarm. (I should point out that getting up first is one of my responsibilities in the house.) Consequently, my husband had not the time to partake of breakfast before leaving for work. He did, however, find time to snap a few short and angry words at me.

'This evening, Sharon, you will be punished in the way you deserve — straight across a man's knee. You will

not know your chastiser, for I think I shall call upon Malcolm Sloane for assistance. He has only just started working for our firm, and you haven't seen him yet — nor felt him! I'm sure he's the type of chap who'd be delighted to help me out over this.'

With these parting words, Colin slammed the door behind him.

Imagine how I began to tremble! It was a long time since my body had been chastised by a total stranger. How awful is that initial embarrassment, when such a man first enters our home! My face immediately assumes a downcast expression. It is the thought that the man knows that he, an utter stranger, has been invited to spank me that is the worst thing about it. How much easier when the chastiser is simply a trusted friend!

Despite these grim circumstances, or perhaps just because of them, I cannot prevent myself feeling excited in my sex, as I anticipate the forthcoming humiliation. It is weird, but I find myself relishing the anguish of having to submit to another man's firm hand. It is the tantalizing power which my husband holds over me. He is in complete control, and yet I do not even receive the comfort of having my body bent over his knee. I must wait for the punishment to be ended; for the chastiser to depart, before I am permitted the touch of my husband's dominating masculine flesh.

It was such a mixture of emotions which engulfed me, when I heard my husband clanging the garden gate, and talking to someone — the person whom I took to be Malcolm Sloane. The whole day, I had spent in an agony of suspense and expectation. My buttocks had twitched, feeling my knickers slipping into my bottom's cleft. When my husband's key turned in the lock, I could scarcely contain myself . . . but I knew I had to. I could show my fear; I could not afford to display my excitement!

I stepped forward into the hall to receive the men. That is what my husband expects of me. I must always treat his guests courteously, including those whose prime object is to pull down my knickers and spank me.

Mr Sloane overwhelmed me. He was tall and handsome, with a glint in his eyes. He gazed down at me quizically. There was a smirk around his lips, and a hint of mockery in his expression. My face turned brick red when I met his stare, and I had difficulty in extending the required hand of welcome.

'Good evening, Mrs Stevens.' His voice was at the same time both harsh and laughing. It was clear that my husband had had no difficulty in persuading his new work colleague to take on the specified task of disciplining me. Malcolm Sloane was loving every minute of the meeting; and with the passing of each minute, I felt more embarrassed.

'I understand from your husband that you have been a naughty girl today,' Mr. Sloane continued, 'I gather that a spanking is called for: and as I have already informed your husband, I shall be delighted to lend a hand.

'I understand from your husband that you have been a naughty girl today,' Mr Sloane continued. 'I gather that a spanking is what is called for; and as I've already informed your husband, I shall be delighted to lend a hand.'

His face was triumphant, and he slapped his palms together, rubbing them gleefully. The resounding clap made me tense my bottom. I was torn between the arousal beating within me and a feeling that I could cheerfully kill both men; for my husband's face possessed a broad grin.

Despite the fact that a spanking was in store for me, I was still compelled to go through all the polite formalities of receiving a guest . . . even though he would be a working guest. I fetched Mr Sloane and my husband drinks, and even had one myself. My husband has always made it plain to me that I must behave as well as any hostess in normal circumstances.

With considerable difficulty, I made 'casual' conversation. I was shivering so much inside that I failed to notice my sherry. It was spilling on to my dress. Colin gave a nod to Malcolm. 'See that you dish out a few extra hard ones for that carelessness!'

I tried to pretend I hadn't heard, but my heart was now beating furiously. How many spanks would I be receiving in all? I did not know. What I did know was that time for action was fast approaching. With a tremendous effort, I managed to sip the rest of my sherry, while the men chatted, half in whispers — discussing the extent of my chastisement? I shuddered.

The atmosphere in the room was becoming increasingly heady. As I waited for my husband's voice to be aimed at me, I squirmed on the seat. I had tried to ensure my knickers were properly covering my bottom, but now I could feel them slipping again, and becoming twisted between my buttocks. I felt myself blushing. Mr Sloane would be seeing the state of my underwear!

'Sharon!' Colin's voice was curt and masterful. I nearly jumped out of my skin. My attention became fixed on my husband.

'This morning, when you neglected to have my breakfast ready, I promised you a punishment. Now, kindly get your body across Mr Sloane's knee to receive it!'

My limbs were like lead as I moved across to Malcolm Sloane. I did not dare to look him in the face; yet there was no question of my disobeying my husband. His word was law.

Awkwardly, I plumped my body against Mr Sloane's trousered knee. I held myself stiffly, but he moulded my figure right over his lap, so that my bottom was well positioned for the spanking. From the other side of the room, I could hear my husband issuing instructions.

'Lift up my wife's skirt now, and tuck it around her waist.'

Malcolm Sloane followed the orders to the last letter. I felt his eyes on my bottom. He was staring at my half-naked cheeks and the triangular shape my white knickers formed, crumpled in between my buttocks. We were waiting for my husband's next words.

'Pull her panties down to her knees, and then spank her for all you're worth!' His voice was filled with glee. There was also the satisfaction expressed that I would at last be receiving what I deserved.

Slowly, Mr Sloane eased the flimsy garment down over my rounded buttocks and down my thighs, taking care not to disturb the clips of my suspenders. My bottom's cheeks tensed as the knickers slid against my stockings. Then, without warning, the first spank came across my naked rear. Both men laughed. It had clearly been planned. I winced and wriggled my bottom.

The second smack caused my skin to heat up. My husband admonished me, while Mr Sloane continued with his crisp slaps. My face burned. I could feel this stranger stretching my buttocks apart, ensuring the complete area of my bottom was available for his firm hand. And his hand indeed did fall upon every spot. The humiliation of having to undergo his prying eyes was intense. I sweated with the discomfort, but I was also aware of a



delicious glow beginning to spread between my thighs; merging with the burning sensations in my bottom.

I do not know whether Mr Sloane was an experienced spanker. If he was not, he certainly picked up the ability exceedingly quickly.

SMACK! *SMACK*! Each cheek of my bottom became a bright stinging red. All the time, my husband was egging on this stranger with cries of 'Harder! Harder! Give it to her harder!' My husband even directed some of the smacks in order to ensure that my most sensitive spots received the punishment due.

'Give it to her there — it has most effect!' *There* referred to the tops of my thighs, just beneath the underhang of my buttocks. How stupid I felt at being made to appear so small in front of another man! No more could I be the sophisticated wife, with that hand firmly implanting itself on my most tender regions. I squirmed. Mr Sloane was going for the sensitive creases. Would his hand never tire? Would my husband not say 'Enough?'

At last, I could bear it no longer. I began to cry. My tears were the sign my husband had been waiting for. They exhibited my submission. As a result, he who had ordered my spanking demanded its close.

I was made to stand up. I felt so ashamed with my knickers round my knees. After a few minutes, I was instructed to make myself decent. It was agony when my knickers grazed across my swollen rump. Imagine how that pain was intensified when I was forced to walk through to the kitchen to make the men some coffee! My cheeks rubbed against each other and against my knickers, and the skin smouldered.

I was compelled to sit down, drinking the coffee with my husband and my chastiser. My bottom stung as the coarse sofa imprinted itself through my knickers. My cheeks flushed and I tried to avoid Mr Sloane's gaze. Even when he made the most ordinary of comments, I still could not help visualizing how only a few minutes earlier, he had had me across his knee; had taken down my knickers; had seen my bare bottom; and had given it a jolly good spanking. The humiliation which caused my cheeks to blush excited my whole body, bringing forth a new flush over my breasts.

It was good in bed that night with my husband. I was eager to receive him. Does he never notice how ardent I am after one of our little performances? It would seem not . . . or rather, he does not let on.

* * *

I am somewhat given to flirtation — not least because it annoys my own husband so much! One such incident occurred recently at a dinner party to which we were invited. I was placed next to George. I knew immediately that I would get myself into trouble. George is an old friend, and I have always felt attracted towards him. As the evening progressed and I drank a little more than is good for me, I found myself making up to him. It became increasingly obvious to the other guests present, including, of course, my husband. I shall not go into the sordid details, but certainly no one could have denied that I was behaving outside the bounds of propriety.

Colin glared at me across the table. My downfall was about to come — that I knew. I did not know how harsh it would be, but still my wanton flesh gloried in the expectation.

At the end of the dinner, Colin beckoned George and I. My husband's expression was grim and dark.

'I think, Sharon, that you deserve to have your bottom caned for such outrageous behaviour. Do you not agree?'

Naturally, I protested, maintaining my innocence, but all the time, my flesh thrilled at the prospect. I had already guessed to whom my husband would hand the privilege of meting out the punishment. He turned to my escort. 'George? Wouldn't you like to administer the strokes, considering it was you she was offending?'

My cheeks, as a natural response, turned scarlet. The very idea shamed me. The very idea excited me!

George's response was of exactly the same order as those of other males

who have received such a request from my husband on similar occasions. First, he stared, clearly shocked and not daring to believe my husband's words. Then, he realized that my husband was not indulging in a game. My husband was deadly serious. He considered that I did indeed deserve to be chastised, and that the most appropriate person to enact the caning was George.

By now, George was contemplating with pleasure how much he would enjoy seeing my bottom bared . . . and caning it. Some men take longer to reach this final stage than others; but, believe me, the chastisement of a woman's bottom appears to be something which even the gentlest of men cannot but view with a considerable amount of pleasure.

The three of us clambered into my huband's car. The expression on George's face had given Colin sufficient indication of his compliance, and had made me turn queasy inside. I sat alone on the backseat. I couldn't stop myself from trembling.

Colin turned to me once. 'I expect you're sorry now, you hussy. You ought to be thankful I haven't made it a proper public affair!'

I said nothing, though I knew I was not sorry, despite the unbearable suspense I was suffering of knowing how the cane would be biting into my flesh. I tried to contemplate the idea of a fully public spanking. My husband has never had the courage to have my knickers lowered in front of a big gathering. I'm sure, however, that the day will come. My thighs twitch with a certain horror and longing for it!

By the time the car reached our home, my body was bathed in perspiration. It had been quite a time since I had experienced a caning. The searing pain never fails to come as a shock to me. Neither, indeed, does the fact that it is administered by a man to whom I have attempted to play seductress. The contrast is, at the risk of making a pun, striking.

As we walked into the sitting-room, George gazed around him in a somewhat bewildered fashion. It was obvious that he could still not properly take in the situation. Could it really be as my husband had described?

Colin put such doubts at rest. 'Sharon!' his voice boomed out at me, 'I wish you to fetch the cane this instant!' My cheeks flushed right up as I grew conscious of George's eyes upon me. Whenever I flirt with men, behaving as if I'm seeking to make love, I am really making my bottom assured of punishment. The love-making comes later — from my husband.

I did as my husband had commanded. The cane was in its usual place; in the drawer of the bureau. How my hands shook as I pulled it open! The thin length of notched wood made me shudder as my fingers felt along it. I returned to the two men. They had been watching me like hawks.

'Hand the cane to your lover then!' My husband's voice was jubilant and ruthless. Clenching my teeth together, I placed the instrument in George's hands. He took it, wonderingly. 'So you really meant it,' he breathed.

Colin smiled. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'Sharon's bottom is often in receipt of such treatment.' Turning to me, he continued: 'Pull down your knickers then, my dear. There's no need to be coy!' He beamed maliciously. 'I know that's what you've been wanting to do for George all evening.'

With my back to the men, I did as I had been ordered. My sex was aching and my mind was in turmoil. It was the half-truth behind Colin's statement that nagged at me so much. I had wanted to pull my knickers down for George — but I had not wanted George to realize I fancied going that far; certainly not in the direction I was going . . . for a caning! I was ablaze with shame as my purple lacy panties came down as far as my knees. I was aware of both men's eyes on my would-be sexy red suspenders and black stockings.

I stood there, like an embarrassed schoolgirl. Colin instructed me to bend over, and then my evening dress was flung right over my head. In the darkness, I could not see what George was up to. I could not anticipate when the cane would fall, though I sensed his eyes taking in the full ivory moons of my bottom.

I heard the words, *six of the best.* Colin was authorizing him to administer those strokes against my poor bared bottom. I heard the cane swishing through the air. I kept tensing my buttocks, but George was only giving trial swoops. Almost lovingly, he must have been wielding that cane, gaining the sense of power it affords a man.

My reflections were rudely halted.

CRAACK! The first stroke had descended across both my cheeks. I nearly laughed with relief. It had hardly hurt me! Colin's voice rang out in annoyed tones. 'Harder than that! You're a man, aren't you! Lift the cane right back over your shoulder. She's only getting what she deserves.'

George must have taken my husband's advice! The second swish implanted a long ridge across my bottom. The very cane itself seemed to be eating into my flesh, causing a series of stings to jab inside me. What pain!

'See what your lover is doing to you now?' Colin sneered. He had picked just the right moment for reminding me of my flirtatiousness — when I was in a state of physical distress, and hardly the sensual woman to entice a man. Furthermore, Colin knew how these remarks hurt. Consequently, throughout the punishment, he continued to remind me loudly of my attempted seduction of my chastiser. I would have liked to drop through the floor with shame . . . a shame which, despite its nature, gnawed at the very heart of my sexuality.

SWISH! *THWACK*! Two more well-administered strokes swooped into my rear — the first on my left buttock, the second on my right. I was endeavouring to retain at least a little of my dignity by silence, but I could not prevent the tears from rolling down my face.

George delivered the cane with considerable force for the last two strokes. The wood dug into me, the tip stinging my sore skin, while the body of the cane criss-crossed with the marks left by the earlier strokes. Involuntarily, I jumped from one leg to the other, letting out tiny cries.

To my acute embarrassment, Colin laughed out uproariously. Even George seemed to find it funny!

'Well, George, what do you think of the elegant seductress now!' My husband knew the answer to his question . . . and so did I. I was only too conscious of the pathetic figure I must have been cutting. At the beginning of the evening, I was a well-groomed, even slightly haughty young woman; a woman of the world. Now, I was but a simple girl with a well-tanned bottom; furthermore, a girl who needed to be told when she could pull her knickers up!

My husband told me to stop acting like a child. I was ordered to cover myself and to thank George for caning me, before I returned the instrument to its place. I stumbled out the required words, while the pain in my bottom drove my sex into a wild frenzy. My 'lover' laughed in my face as I took the cane. He bid a cheery farewell to Colin. Although my bottom was as sore as hell, that night in bed, I positively dragged Colin on top of me. The caning had made my body yearn to have my husband make love to it.







Last week, my husband tried out something which proved one of the most arousing experiences of my life.

I underwent the degradation of being put across the knee of another woman. What is more, Colin did not have recourse to the seclusion of our own home. It was a semi-public situation!

We had gone for dinner with some friends, Terry and Liza. After the meal, I found myself getting into a heated discussion with Liza over a political issue. I hold very strong

opinions on such matters (a fact which Colin objects to in itself). Soon, I had lost my temper with the woman, calling her *bigoted* and *idiotic*. I think she was on the point of launching some verbal abuse in retaliation when Colin decided to pounce upon me.

'Sharon!' he snapped, 'you are behaving appallingly. I simply cannot permit my wife to be so rude to our hostess. You deserve to go across her lap and have your bottom smacked!'

I quivered, suddenly realizing what I had let myself in for. When my husband says I *deserve* something, that is precisely what I get! My face went from pink to bright red to scarlet. I know it did because I could feel the burning in my cheeks intensifying. Terry and Liza laughed it off, until Colin, with total sincerity, quietly asked Lisa if she would perform this act for him.

I have never considered Liza to have any great liking for me, but still, it did not enter my head that any woman could be so catty as to agree willingly to such a suggestion. It must be recalled that Liza has no greater knowledge of the passions which build up within me during a punishment than my husband does. Hence, her words: 'I'd be delighted to oblige you, Colin,' came as a shock to me. She undoubtedly wished to punish me physically.

I stared at her and then at Colin and then back at her. I was horror-struck. It was more like a nightmare than reality. Surely, this could not really be happening to me . . . ?

It was!

I felt so tremendously ridiculous when Colin instructed me to go and lie across the hated Liza's lap. I wanted to escape, butI knew there could be no escape. I always obey my husband, for I know only too well that the abject positions he forces me into are just those which keep my body pulsating with desire. What a mixture of shame and bliss!

Liza's face was the picture of smugness. There has always been an element of rivalry kbetween us. Now, she was getting not one, but one hundred up on me! Averting my eyes, I let my body fall over her stockinged knees. The beast actually started to giggle. I didn't know where to look. Then, she attempted to put on a serious air, and without even being instructed by Colin, she proceeded to pull my tight dress up, until it was ruffled around my waist.

Oh, the sheer torture of knowing another woman is looking at your upturned bottom, ready to administer a spanking! Her very gaze seemed to burn right through me. I was conscious of my little pink knickers revealed to her view. I could not fail to notice the look of fascination on my husband's face. He was clearly impressed by the determined character of Liza, now that he had set her a task.

I shivered. Would the bitch actually dare to lower my knickers without being told to?

She did! After her fingers had played around the hem, building up the agonizing suspense, she very slowly pulled the elastic down over the bulging cheeks of my bottom. Down, down, went my knickers; over my stocking tops, my knees, until they reached my ankles, twisting awkwardly around me. I felt my big white bottom was staring up at her; and she and the two men were staring back at it.

A light smack descended, and I breathed a sigh of relief. At least, the punishment was not going to hurt much. Liza's hands were too soft and delicate. A long interval followed. Evidently, she was contemplating the situation. As she did so, she parted my buttocks, her fingers tapping at my exposed cleft.

'My hand's not going to be hard enough,' she said petulantly. 'Is it all right if I borrow Terry's slipper, Colin?'

I squirmed with rage, but I dared not lift myself up. I knew only too well what Colin's answer would be. And, to the audible amusement of Terry, Liza was quickly handed his footwear.

Uncomfortably, I rolled about on Liza's knee, feeling her nylons pressing into my groin. A sudden swoosh sounded. The leather-soled slipper had descended forcefully right across the crack between my buttocks, flattening out my flesh. I clenched my knuckles and gritted my teeth. I would not give Liza the satisfaction of seeing and hearing me cry, despite the burning throbs in my bottom.

A second thwack was delivered against me with even greater vigour. Unable to restrain myself, I emitted a little 'ooh!' of pain. Liza laughed down at me, taunting and teasing me. 'Just like a naughty little girl across your mother's lap, aren't you, Miss High and Mighty Sharon?'

How I would have liked to slap her face at that moment, but instead, I remained in my attitude of submission. I sensed that rebellion would not be at all in my interest.

SWISH! *ZOOM*! *SWISH*! Liza concentrated on each cheek of my buttocks in turn. The scorching pain told me she was altering their former whiteness into a fiery beetroot colour. My bottom began twitching uncontrollably. As my legs kicked, restrained by my tangled knickers around my ankles, I became conscious of my sex sticking up through the rear of my thighs. I would never be able to look Liza and Terry in the face again. The thought of even running into them casually after this encounter was more than I could envisage.

Liza, having finished with my right buttock, commenced work on my left. *SLAP*! *SMACK*! The slipper was delivered relentlessly. It was sheer murder. She was giving me a leathering I wouldn't be forgetting in a hurry. It was all the more unbearable because of my determination not to give way to sobs. Liza's mockery, though, was already past endurance; yet with each additional slap, I grew wetter between my thighs.

The final few leatherings were directed at the tops of my thighs. Then, as I hung limply across Liza's knee, panting, I heard her at last returning the slipper to her husband. I heard several joking remarks about red-cheeked babies.

Suddenly, she jerked my body upwards with her knee, and I tumbled to the ground, to the amusement of both men. With my face as red as my buttocks, I painfully scrambled to my feet, hitching up my knickers over my raw skin. How relieved I was when Colin announced it was time for us to go home. I longed to comfort my sore bottom.

I tried to smile at my hostess, as if it was all a joke, but it was a smile with an edge to it. A disagreeable journey home ensued, with my bottom rubbing painfully against the hard car seat. But then came a blissful night in bed. The soreness in my bottom mingled with my pangs of sexual desire; and, as ever, my husband satisfied me.

* * *

And so those are examples of chastisements which my husband eagerly watches me undergo, and which I endure with a secret delight. Painful though such punishments are, I cannot deny the humiliation I suffer is one of my principal sources of sexual arousal. Colin must have an inkling of this — otherwise, surely I would protest more vigorously? Were he ever to realize the full extent of my feelings, however, half my pleasure would be gone. And likewise his . . . We must pretend I am resisting. Only then can come the joy of my humiliating subjugation.





GALA PERFORMANCE

Joyce Field

The three girls powered their way through the water on the last length of a 400 metre swim.

Sylvia's finger hovered over the stop button on the watch as the first girl touched with a flurry of foam. The time was good, very good indeed. But not good enough for Sylvia. She stalked off to the changing rooms without a backward glance.

'I'll see you downstairs,' she called.

Linda's lungs heaved air rapidly in and out as she stood gasping at the shallow end of the pool. Both the other girls were several seconds slower than her, but she knew that Sylvia's irritation was directed at her primarily.

When she'd recovered her breath sufficiently she put her two hands on the side and hauled herself out of the water in one movement, the water cascading from her strong, healthy body, and she turned as she bobbed out of the pool so that her plump bottom cheeks plopped wetly on the tiles.

She sat there for a moment or two while the other girls got out, then she walked slowly with them down the steps and into the long echoing cavern which was the girls' changing rooms. On the way she passed Bert, the attendant for the men's changing rooms. During these late evening sessions he was in charge of the whole place, because none of the women would work so late. This was Sylvia's special hour at the end of the day when no one but her girls were allowed in the pool, and consequently the building was almost deserted.

'Have a good swim?' asked Bert.

Linda grinned. '*I* thought so,' she said. 'But I don't think Sylvia agrees with me.'

'Oh! So youll be in trouble again?'

'Yep!'

Bert watched the girls padding their water-logged way down the corridor. He watched Linda particularly, especially the way her hips swung evenly from side to side as she walked. If she'd looked back she'd have seen Bert's grin. He'd known Sylvia for a long time now. Seen her various protegés come and go. There was no doubt that she had a way with young swimmers, and several that he could think of owed their place on the international team to her and her methods. Bert's grin widened. She certainly had some funny methods too!

He waited until the girls had rounded the angle at the end of the corridor, then slipped through the door marked 'Staff Only' and made his way through the boiler room to the far end. He slid the piece of cardboard to one side and peered through the crack. He knew they'd be there. It was Sylvia's favourite little corner, because the pipes from the boilers ran through that end of the changing rooms and kept it nice and warm. It was also well hidden from anyone who might just happen to come in, though that wasn't very likely.

Sylvia was standing with her hands on her hips, looking reproachfully at the three girls.

'A bloody awful performance!' she was saying. 'Pathetic! You, Allison, were three seconds behind your target, and Susan was almost four.'

She glared at Linda, who carried on towelling her hair. 'And as for you, I'm afraid seven seconds down is just too much altogether.'

Linda's pretty face looked decidedly sulky. She threw the towel onto the seat and glared defiantly back at Sylvia. 'I don't know why you're always picking on me!' she complained. 'I'm always the bloody fastest and yet you're always moaning at me for being the worst! How come I'm always getting into trouble?'

Sylvia's face clouded for a moment, then she sat down and spoke quietly and evenily.

'What would be the good, Linda, of always telling you how well you were doing? What would be the point of my setting target times that you could always beat? I push you the hardest because you're the fastest.' Sylvia looked candidly into Linda's face. 'Of course, if you don't like it, find someone else to coach you.'

Linda seemed to hesitate for a moment, then she turned away and picked up her towel.

When the other two girls peeled down their wet one-piece swimsuits and bent meekly forward, their hands on the wooden slatted seats and their bare, damp bottoms offered up obediently, Linda was only a little too slow in following suit. Her tardiness didn't go unnoticed however.

'How many?' Sylvia demanded of Allison.

'Three,' said the youngest of the girls.

SLAP! CRACK! — SMACK!!

Allison's bottom jiggled as Sylvia's palm smacked hard across her naked bum, and she pressed her legs together with an 'Oooch!' until the wet stinginess had faded away a little.

'How many, Susan?'

'Three, Sylvie.'

'I think it was more like four.'

'But you said it was *almost* four,' complained Susan.

'How can I give you *almost* four, you stupid girl?'

SMAACK!!

'Ow! That stings Sylv . . '

CRACK!!

'Ooooo!'





SPLAAT!! — SLAAP!!

'Ooow!'

Bert watched gleefully as Susan's pert bottom bounced under the impact of Sylvia's admonitory hand. She stood up with a grimace, clasping a hand to her stinging bum, her little tits bobbing cheekily as she rubbed vigorously at the two bright blotches on her bum cheeks, her nipples hard and erect from the chill dampness still on her breasts.

Linda's humbly proffered bottom was still obediently in position, the flesh tight and smooth, her legs parted slightly, the merest suggestion of damp pubic curls peeping timidly from between her thighs.

Bert's eye glued itself to the crack, watching everything with rapt attention. He'd seen young Linda having her bum tanned in these after-training sessions scores of times, but the spectacle never failed to fascinate him. He watched as Sylvia patted this last target with an almost affectionate touch.

'How many, Linda?'

Linda's answer was rather slow in coming. 'Seven seconds — according to you.'

'And who else do you suggest we consult?' said Sylvia acidly.

Linda didn't answer, but her bottom mutely awaited the visitation of Sylvia's hand. It didn't have long to wait.

SPLAATT!! Linda's full plump cheeks jolted as the slap bounced painfully off her drum-tight buttocks.

CRACK! SLAP! WHACK!!

Linda's quiet resolution couldn't prevent a plaintive mewing sound to escape her lips as the fourth crack caught her across the back of her thigh.

WHAPP!!

'Oooh!'

CRAACK! — SMAACK!!

'Ooooow!' Linda's smarting bum wobbled tightly under the last three slaps, and as she eased herself upright when Sylvia had finished with her Bert was sure he caught the gleam of tears in her eyes, although whether from the pain of the spanking or from the sense of injustice she obviously felt he couldn't tell.

Sylvia gathered her things together and tapped Linda's scarlet splotched bottom as she passed.

'See you tomorrow girls!' she said cheerily.

They waited until Sylvia was out of earshot before they launched into the bout of complaining and bewailing of sore bottoms that they mutually indulged in after every practice session.

'Jesus Christ,' said Linda, 'my bloody bum's sore!'

'And mine!' moaned Susan.

Allison just rubbed her bottom, twisting round to have a look at it over her shoulder.

Bert followed their lithe young bodies as they moved about, but as always he was particularly fascinated by Linda's plump but solid bottom as she squeezed it into her tight jeans, filling them out with a provocative fullness that made her look a good deal more of a woman than her sixteen years.

On their way out they met Bert as he was locking up.

'Want a lift Linda,' he asked.

She lived only a few streets away from him, and he frequently dropped her off on the way.

'Thanks,' she said, she waved goodbye to the other two girls as they headed for the bus stop.

Bert couldn't help noticing the way Linda lowered herself carefully on to the car seat when she got in.

'Been a bad girl again?' he asked cheerfully.

'You know I have. You don't need to rub it in.'

'You three ought to get together and give Sylvie some of her own medicine,' said Bert.

Linda looked at him rather queerly.

'You needn't be shy with me,' he said. 'I know that under those jeans your bum's as rosy as an apple!'

'How the Hell d'you know that?' demanded Linda.

'I know everything there is to know about what goes on in the pool.' He looked grinningly at Linda. 'I even know for instance that you were seven seconds slow tonight.

Linda was about to say something with a surprised look on her face but he cut her short. 'One of the other interesting things I know,' he said, 'is that Sylvie fiddled the qualifying times for the last inter-counties championships, so that Margaret Lysle got in instead of you.'

Linda's mouth drooped open in astonishment.

'Believe it or not, but it's true.' Bert turned smugly back to his driving.

Linda's face changed from surprise to incredulity, then slowly realisation dawned. 'So that's how that little bitch beat me to it! We swam in different heats, and Sylvie was the timekeeper in both of them. What a bloody cow that Sylvia is!'

'Now would you like to give her some of her own medicine?' asked Bert.

'You bet I would!'

CRACK! — The first spank landed with an explosive impact that seemed to scorch Linda's proffered bottom.

Bert drove in silence for a minute or so. Then he said, 'What d'you suppose the Association would say if they knew about that?'

'It'd finish her. I should think. She'd lose her coaching status for a start, and that's about the most important thing in the world to Sylvia!'

'Right,' said Bert, 'And I reckon she'd do anything to keep her little secret dark.'

'So?' asked Linda.

'So, like I said, why don't we let her have a taste of her own methods?'

'Yeah,' said Linda slowly. 'Why don't we?'

* * *

The following day the girls swam just as they did on every training day. Sylvia was as domineering as ever, and she chased them through their training programme faster than ever.

The little row of naked, penitent bottoms assembled afterwards in the changing rooms just as usual.

'How many, Allison?'

'Six, Sylvie.'

The girl bit her lip as the spanks cracked solidly across her taut bum, and pressed her hands together between her thighs in an effort to keep herself still as the sting burned through her buttocks.

'Susan? How many?'

'Four, I'm sorry to say.'

CRACK!! — THWACK! — 'Oow!' — SPLATT!! — 'Oooo! Sylvie!' — CRACK!! — 'Ooowoww!'

'So swim faster Susan,' said the unsympathetic Sylvia. She turned her attention to Linda's anxiously waiting bottom. 'And how about you, Linda. Something like eleven seconds slow, wasn't it?'

'Ten,' said Linda.

'Eleven,' insisted Sylvia.

CRACK!! — The first spank landed with an explosive impact that seemed to scorch Linda's proffered bottom. The cheeks huddled together as the crimson spank-mark welled up brightly on her left cheek.

SPLAT!! — Another stinger caught her low down under the right buttock, making her teeter forward as she instinctively lurched away from the pain.

'OWW!' — Linda couldn't help squealing as another spank and another arrived in quick succession on

her trembling cheeks. 'Christ, Sylvie, that's bloody painf . . . ' WHAP!! — 'Ooouch!' — WHACK! — CRACK!

Linda toppled forward, only her hands on the seat holding her up, her thighs alternately pressing together and sagging apart as she squirmed her bottom around.

THWACK!! — SWATT! — WHACK!

'Agh! Ooooow!' Linda's bottom glowed already with the bright firmness of stinging flesh. She spread her legs again as the burning pain seared her bottom.

SWHITT!! The last one smacked firmly against her still wobbling bum, and she yelped loudly in a mixture of pain and relief as she realised that it was over at last. She sagged against the seat, trying to hold back the tears that pressed urgently against her eyelids. She heaved a great sighing breath and eventually she felt she had it under control. Tenderly she dabbed a hand at her scarlet cheeks. They felt as if they were burning. She remembered suddenly that Bert would be watching. She looked over her shoulder, searching along the tiled wall for the crack Bert had said was there. She couldn't see it, but all at once she became acutely conscious that she was standing there naked. She turned her back on the wall, feeling unseen eyes on her bottom, or so it seemed to her.

As she struggled, still damp, into her knickers, Sylvia was getting ready to go. Allison was almost ready, and so was Susan. Linda realised that she couldn't let them leave with Sylvia, or the plan would be ruined.

Almost together the two girls and Sylvia gathered up their things. Linda would have to do something, and fast.

'Goodnight!' said Sylvia.

' 'Night,' chorused the two girls.

'Sue! Allison!' Linda called the girls back as they were about to leave.

'What?' said Allison.

'Just a minute,' said Linda.

'What d'you want?' demanded Susan, 'We've got a bus to catch y'know.'

'See you!' said Sylvia.

Linda kept the two impatient girls with her as long as she could. A scuffling sound from along the passage made Susan inquisitive. She looked around the angle of the corner. Linda's heart leapt to her mouth.

Susan turned back to her with a shrug, 'Well, what d'you want Lindy?' she demanded.

Linda breathed a relieved sigh. 'Oh, nothing! It can wait.'

Allison shook a mystified head at Susan, and twiddled hèr finger against her temple. 'Mad,' she said, 'you'd think she'd had a kick in the head, instead of a smack on the bum!'

The two hurried off. Linda waited until she was sure they'd gone, then scooped up her things, clothes, tòwel, wet costume, and still dressed only in her knickers which were clinging damply to her body where she'd been too much on edge to dry herself properly, she scampered along the now empty alley and knocked on the door with the sign saying 'Staff Only'.

After a moment the door creaked open. She slipped inside, into the gloom, and Bert shut the door behind her. He switched on the single naked light-bulb.

Linda almost burst out laughing when she caught sight of Sylvia, her wrists and ankles tied together with a string of lane-marker buoys, and her head swathed in a bundle of used towels. She was kicking and struggling and uttering muffled cries from inside her damp cocoon.

Bert's eyes took in Linda's semi-nakedness, and his stomach flicked over in a slow somersault as her nearness set light to his loins. He'd never been this close to her before, at least not when she was nearly naked, and he suddenly found it almost impossible to keep his mind on the matter in hand.

Linda's face was illuminated by a gleeful grin as she gloated over Sylvia's predicament. She turned to Bert, forgetting about her near-nudity in her excitement.

'What are we going to do now?' she demanded eagerly.

'The first thing to do is to go upstairs and lock up. We can't leave the doors open for anyone who might walk in.'

'Right!' said Linda.

'But I'll have to stay here and keep an eye on her,' continued Bert, 'I didn't have enough time to do a proper job on her. You'll have to go.'

Linda grabbed her jeans and went to put them on.

'No time for that,' said Bert. 'Just go as you are.' He gave her a little shove toward the door.

Linda was outside in the alley again and making for the stairs before she really had time to think about the wisdom of running about the place with next to nothing on. Too late now, she thought. I'll just have to hope for the best.

She was in luck. The building was empty and the big doors had already swung closed. All she had to do was click the latch.

She dashed excitedly back down into the changing rooms and banged on the little door.

When Bert let her in she was breathless as much with excitement as from the running.

'Come on,' she puffed, 'let's get on with it Bert!'

She looked around and found that Sylvia was still tied up in the corner, but the towels were no longer around her head. Far from being angry she looked decidedly sheepish. Her cheeks were flushed, it was true, but Linda had expected to find a snarling spitfire, not a sacrificial lamb.

Bert seemed to read Linda's mind. 'Sylvia and me had a little talk while you were gone.' He looked over at the uncomfortably trussed young woman. 'Sylvie's going to be a good girl, aren't you Sylvie?'

She glared at him, but there was no venom in her look.

'Aren't you?' insisted Bert.

'Yes,' said Sylvia sulkily.

'What've you done to her,' asked the mystified Linda. 'Hypnotised her or something?'

'I just happened to mention one or two of the other things I know about her. Like I know she prefers the girls to the boys, if you see what I mean.'

'Shut up about that Bert!' hissed Sylvia.

'*And* which of the younger ones she prefers!'

'Bert!' Sylvia's voice sounded desperate now. 'You promised me, Bert.'

Bert looked down at her for a moment, considering. 'OK then Sylvie,' he said. 'But don't forget what you promised me.'

'How could I?' complained Sylvia. 'And now can we get on with it please, whatever it's going to be?'

'Yes, let's do that.' Bert pointed to a large pile of laundry bags. 'Drag a few of them over here, Linda, put them in a pile.'

Linda hurried to do just that. Bert started untying the nervous Sylvia. He couldn't keep his mind on the job however, because his eyes kept wandering over to Linda, heaving at the heavy bags, still dressed only in her knickers. Her strong young thighs, widespread as she tugged at the bags, were firm and solid. Her plump bottom pushed fascinatingly against the thin nylon knickers, and the cheeks quivered as she dragged the bags around. The knickers went alternately taut and loose as she moved, and still crimson cheeks thrusting themselves free of the elastic legs as the

material bunched in a tight ruck into the division of her buttocks.

When the improvised punishment block was ready, Bert hauled the protesting Sylvia out of her corner and pushed her unceremoniously face-down across the soft pile.

'Sit on her,' he said.

The enthusiastic Linda pounced heavily on the prostrate young woman, sitting across her back with her legs astride and facing towards her bottom. Eagerly she pulled the skirt up out of the way and Sylvia's large, curvaceous bum appeared. Bert yanked at the tights. They slithered down her thighs and off her feet, and joined her shoes on the floor.

Linda pushed impetuously at Sylvia's tight black knickers. 'These too!' she insisted.

'Of course.' Bert grasped the waistband and dragged them down off the round, pink cheeks.

Sylvia moaned under Linda's weight, and squirmed her hips as Bert removed her knickers.

Linda swiped a hand viciously across Sylvia's naked bum.

SMACK!! 'Shut up, ratbag!' she yelled. 'We're going to smack *your* arse for a change, and you'd better get used to the idea!'

Bert couldn't help grinning at young Linda's unreserved choice of words.

'Isn't that right Bert?' said Linda.

'Look's like you've started without me!' said the amused Bert.

SPLATT!! — SWHAP!! —

Sylvia heaved in vain against Linda's confining thighs astride her back. 'Oow!' she gasped.

WHACK!! — CRACK!! — 'How d'you like it, you bitch?'

'Oooooh! Oww!'

Linda cocked her head on one side and looked at Bert in a parody of childish innocence. 'She doesn't seem to like it at all, Bert. What's the matter with her?'

'Perhaps she'd rather I did the spanking.'

Linda squeezed a fat pinch of Sylvia's glowing pink buttock between her fingers. 'Is that right?' she demanded.

Sylvia wriggled helplessly underneath Linda. 'Ouch! You spiteful bitch!'

'Smack her arse, Bert!' said Linda, 'I think she wants you to.'

Bert cracked his heavy hand solidly against one of the wobbling cheeks. SPLATT! — Sylvia lurched violently forward, and let out a howl.

SMACK! — CRACK! — WHAPP!

Sylvia's thighs parted as she began to writhe uncontrollably, her bottom burning with a visible glow as Bert stoked the fires in her bum. But Bert's attention was divided between the wildly struggling bottom that he and Linda were spanking between them, and the tantalising way that Linda's knickers stretched tightly across her fat little pussy as she endeavoured to remain astride the rearing, plunging Sylvia.

Linda seemed oblivious to the effect she was having on Bert. With a devilish grin on her pretty face, she suddenly let loose a flurry of sharp slaps which burst explosively across the wriggling contours of the helpless bottom, the wildness of the assault making her tits bounce vigorously up and down.

Sylvia squealed pitifully as the spanks landed on her already sore flesh. She wriggled violently from side to side as the girl wickedly slapped at the insides of her parted thighs, first one and then the other, until Linda was almost exhausted from the excitement of her efforts. With one last galvanic lurch, Sylvia managed to heave her hips up underneath the gloating Linda hard enough to dislodge her tormentor. Linda tumbled down from the laundry bags, and then sat up cross-legged, giggling gleefully.

Bert lunged at Sylvia before she could escape and pinned her under the weight of his left hand. With his right he slapped again and again at the wildly struggling woman, while Linda yelled insults at her teacher, interspersed with giggles of enjoyment as she revelled in Sylvia's painful predicament.

At last Bert desisted, and with one final swipe at the scarlet bum-cheeks, he too collapsed in an exhaustion of laughter.

The wretched Sylvia stayed perched atop the pile of bags, blubbering tearfully and gyrating her bottom in a distinctly sensual motion, which continued for some time after her two assailants had recovered their breath. Eventually, with an almighty sigh compounded of anguish and relief, she closed her eyes and subsided limply across her perch.

Linda stared at her wide-eyed.

'D'you know what?' she said to Bert. 'I really do believe that Sexy Sylvie here actually enjoyed that last little bit.'

Sylvia's orgasmic squirmings hadn't gone unnoticed by the observant Bert. But it only confirmed an idea he'd had all along.

'Looks like you had a bit of fun yourself,' he said.

Linda grinned unashamedly. 'So what if I did?' The bulge in Bert's trousers told its own story, and it had been that, as much as anything which had triggered off her own excitement. 'I suppose you found it all incredibly boring, of course.'

'Of course!' said Bert, his grin betraying the lie. His eyes, wandering down between Linda's parted thighs, gave her a very funny feeling indeed. She decided that there was more to Bert than she had so far realised.

His open gaze as she eventually stood up and got dressed convinced her that, after all, she liked the idea of Bert looking at her like that, like all the times he must have done while she was getting spanked by Sylvia.

She dressed slowly, letting him look his fill. At one point Sylvia stirred and made as if to get up. Bert's hand smacked stingingly down across her elevated bum.

'Stay there!' he demanded. 'I haven't finished with you yet.'

'What're you going to do with her then Bert?' asked Linda as she wriggled into her jeans.

Bert looked at her quite candidly. 'What d'you think?' he asked.

Somehow that added to her excitement. It was with the utmost reluctance that she allowed herself to be ushered out of the door. As it closed again she caught a last glimpse of the still prostrated Sylvia, naked from the waist down, spread-eagled invitingly across the laundry bags. The gleam in Bert's eye told her all she wanted to know.

She let herself out of the building and walked undecidedly up and down for a while. She came to the conclusion that Bert, middle-aged though he was, had gone up considerably in her estimation. There wasn't much doubt in her mind as to what kind of price Sylvia was having to pay at this very moment for Bert's continued silence about her past indiscretions.

She walked around for a bit, getting more and more excited by the minute. It crossed her mind that Bert would give her a lift home if she went and waited by his car. She leaned on the wing and watched the last of the summer sunset over the roof of the building. It reminded her of the rosy glow she'd helped to spank into Sylvia's cheeks, which reminded her of the way Bert's eyes had hardly left her own nearly naked body the whole time. She decided that he'd been more interested in her than he'd been in Sylvia.

Yes, she thought, it should be well worth waiting for a lift home. Or somewhere.


LA
AUNA

Janus **Books** Books

FROM THE PEN OF VICTOR BRUNO £4.00 EACH inc. p&p.

Victor Bruno has long been acknowledged as the master of powerful novels of domination and slavery, and we are privileged to have an arrangement with him to bring **Janus** readers his books. His titles quickly go out of print and only the following are available.

Naked Cargo takes place on a slave ship cruising the more remote parts of the Pacific Ocean and carrying an unusual cargo, that of young women who have been sent there by their masters for training and discipline. The regime is strict and the prisoners suffer, but there is no escape. A masterpiece of punishment and humiliation. In *The Taming of Julia* a sequel to *Naked Cargo* we follow the adventures of the reluctant heroine who has been sent to the ship for special training by her betrayed lover. The reader observes the action through her eyes and every suffering step she takes, every ordeal she undergoes, every humiliation she is forced to submit to, is described in graphic detail.

Imagine a large ranch situted in a remote part of Argentina, populated with several dozen, beautiful slave girls and you have the setting for *Teresa's Torment.* Consider all the possibilities inherent in their situation, their training rituals and punishment sessions. Envisage their humiliation and domination, and especially that of the lovely heroine who has a personal cross to bear. Once more this prolific author has produced a brilliant novel of female submission.

Madame Maxine proves that Bruno is equally at home writing about the dominant female. A strict governess has charge of a young, meek adolescent boy and quickly moulds him to her will. Hynpotised he falls under her spell and becomes more than willing to submit to her stern discipline. Punished and humiliated he eventually becomes so enslaved that he is prepared to grant her absolute devotion and indulge her every whim. No finer example of the dominatrex exists than *Madame Maxine.*

Britannia Rules is another *tour de force* of female dominatrex in which a cruel mistress captures a group of soldiers of fortune and subjects them to the utmost in vigorous training and severe punishment. A detailed study in sado-masochism.

NOVELS BY JOHN SAXON £2.75 EACH inc. p&p.

THE CHASTISEMENT OF GINA

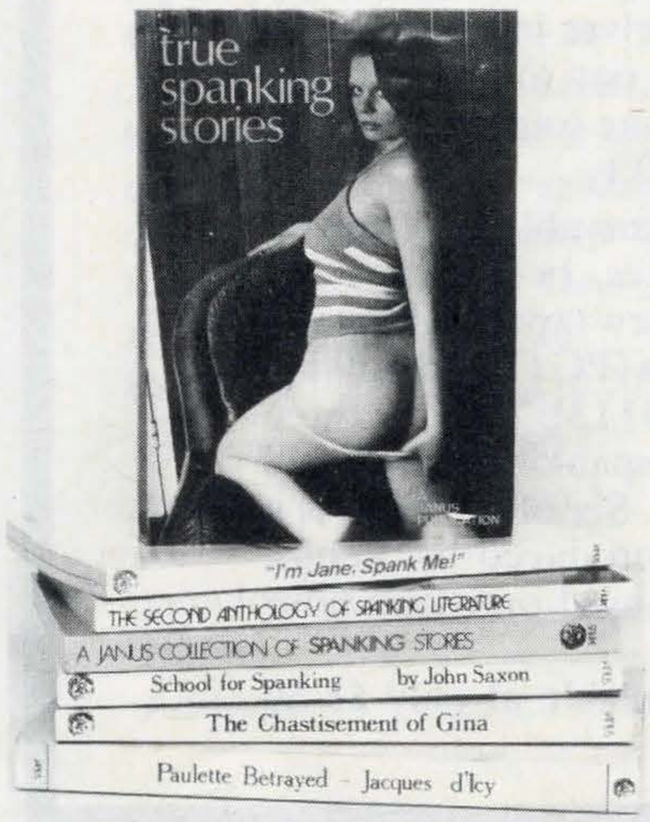
Is a vivid narrative of the adolescent development of the lovely Gina whose modest demeanour hides the passionate nature she has inherited from her mother, the beautiful, hot-blooded Maria, who demands and receives frequent spankings from her lovers. The question which is posed in this intriguing novel is whether Gina will also find that she has the same urge to humiliate herself by lowering her knickers and presenting her naked bottom for the smarting hand and the kiss of the cane. We observe Gina's career with compassion as the conflict in her mind develops between her gentle personality and her deep, overwhelming passion for punishmenf and humiliation. As her character develops Gina discovers that her desire for submission becomes paramount and her experiences of the rod are graphically described by the author in this brilliant novel of modern discipline.

SCHOOL FOR SPANKING

Shows how Dupont, a suave and eccentric Frenchman, gains the confidence of the headmistress of an exclusive boarding school for aristocratic young ladies and tricks his way into the establishment, which is the beginning of a number of unusual adventures. Dupont has hidden, almost uncontrollable urges to wield the cane on the delectable bottoms of the schoolgirls. He is able to witness a number of scenes of corporal punishment and cunningly becomes a participant. In order to cane one of the pupils he disguises himself as a woman but is forced to pay for this subterfuge by submitting to severe punishment at the hands of the headmistress. But he does not go unrewarded as her discovers that some of the girls are only too willing to submit to his discipline as well as surrender their charms. A number of unusual intimate relationships develop in this intriguing novel by a master of the boarding school *genre*.

Both of John Saxon's novels are fully illustrated with matching, original photographs and are £2.75 inc. p&p.

2 NEW Spanking Books from Janus



TRUE SPANKING STORIES

Three novelette length true Spanking Stories edited by James Saxon and illustrated with 20 original drawings. 192 pages.
£3.00 inc. p&p.

THE SPANKING ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY MULDOON

Johnny Muldoon, The secret agent who out Bonds Bond. Permanently surrounded by beautiful lady Spies who like nothing better than to launch themselves across Johnny's knees and beg him to spank their lush bare bottoms prior to indulging in hectic bouts of love making that make the Kamasutra seem like a vicar's tea party. Fast & Furious action from start to finish. Fully illustrated.
£3.00 inc. p&p.



BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS

SPANKING ANTHOLOGIES

Our two great anthologies, of which we are justly proud, remain in constant demand. No serious student of the subject can afford to be without them as they are comprehensive surveys of spanking life and literature, combining fact and fiction, and accompanied by a shrewd, well-informed commentary. The first volume is mainly concerned with the 18th and 19th centuries while the second offers similar interesting and intriguing insights into the disciplinary aspects of modern life. Both texts are liberally adorned with appropriate drawings and photographs and the reader is afforded the chance of acquiring long extracts from numerous rare and privately printed books which are now virtually unobtainable in their original form.

1st Anthology £2.25 inc. p&p. 2nd Anthology £2.75 inc. p&p.

TWO GREAT COLLECTIONS OF SPANKING STORIES

The short story is an ideal medium for exploring the world of corporal punishment and *A* **Janus** *Collection of Spanking Stories* is no exception to the rule. This delightful addition to the spanking enthusiast's library contains numerous descriptions of swift retribution and strict discipline for the offenders in these domestic anecdotes. A well-illustrated, sophisticated volume, this collection will sharpen the appetite of even the most cynical and jaded reader. Original in style and demonstrating rare psychological insight these fictional accounts and real-life confessions vividly portray a variety of naughty schoolgirls, recalcitrant wives and saucy maids, raising their skirts and lowering their knickers to receive their richly deserved punishments.

The serious student of corporal punishment will be further delighted with *A Second Collection of Spanking Stories* which also contains a veritable galaxy of nubile young ladies with skirts raised and plump bottoms prepared for punishment.

Whatever their station in life their transgression inevitably result in richly deserved spankings delivered with stern authority by their masters and mentors.

Hands, canes, straps and any other instruments that come to hand are used with equal force to instil respect and obedience in both these fully illustrated volumes.

1st Collection £2.75 inc. p&p. 2nd Collection £3.00 inc. p&p.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

MISS, The memoirs of a young lady of quality, containing recollections of boarding school discipline and intimate details of her chastisement. This rare novel is now available in paperback and in English for the first time. Illustrated with specially commissioned, original drawings, *Miss* is a classic of adolescent corporal punishment. **£2.75 inc. p&p.**

Paulette Betrayed is a rare, classic novel of spanking, illustrated with original drawings. Written with verve and wit it tells the story of a group of bizarre girls who rival each other in their adventures along the path of fetishism into a world of spanking and sexual deviation, which culminates in the making of a transexual film. **£3.25 inc. p&p.**

Memoirs of a Slave is the fascinating first-person narrative of Margot and her life in the *demi-monde.* Becoming aware of her submissive nature she meets a succession of dominant men and women who use her, but also give her pleasure, until she finds one man to whom she becomes eternally enslaved. A masterful study of female masochism which throws considerable light on the desire for punishment and humiliation.
Twenty-five superb drawings.
£2.75 inc. p&p.

ILLUSTRATED SPANKING STORIES

Another beautifully produced volume of the kind of short stories that most appeal to *Janus* readers. Once more we have a large collection of naughty girls who just can't behave themselves and have to be placed across laps, bent over chairs, pushed down on beds and forced to bend over touching their toes, to receive anything from a spanking with a hot hand to the stinging strokes of the tawse and the cane.
£3.00 inc. p&p.

BIG GIRLS DO CRY

A seventeen-year-old schoolgirl cannot hide her terror of the dark when she is left in the care of her uncle, and he discovers that she'll do anything to avoid being left on her own when the lights go out.

She cries when she's spanked and she yelps when she's caned, but she submits herself to the humiliation of punishment time and again, because she has no option. And a bare bottom, offered up meekly to the swish of the cane, isn't all she's prepared to give up for the guarantee of safe conduct through the hours of darkness. Fully illustrated.
£3.00 inc. p&p.

"I'M JANE, SPANK ME"

Jane and Velda, two beautiful girls who love to spank and be spanked, find themselves in an awkward situation when they become involved with a gang of neo-fascists. Furthermore, they are captured by foreign secret agents who subject them to torture, bondage, flagellation and sexual degradation.
£3.25 inc. p&p.



SUPER SPANKING CASSETTES

Pictured on the left is the first cassette produced exclusively for, and under the direction of Janus Publications. This 40-minute, all action cassette tells the story of two decidedly naughty Scottish sisters who get themselves into a series of situations in which their bare bottoms pay the penalty for their impudence. If you enjoy the genuine sounds of spanking, this tape is A MUST! Order no. JT1.

We are also pleased to tell you that we are able to offer you four new top quality spanking cassettes, before they are available elsewhere. The titles of these new tapes are: **Spanking Salesman** (PG110), **Spanking Lesson** (PG111), **Spanking Sisters** (PG112), and **Six of the Best** (PG113). The first three are action packed, extra long, exciting spanking stories and are beautifully recorded and produced. Six of the Best is a collection of the best spanking tapes produced by Venus, Bedtime and Bedside Tapes, all condensed onto one hour long super value cassettes.

All the above quality cassettes are available at only £3.50 including P&P and VAT.

SPECIAL OFFER

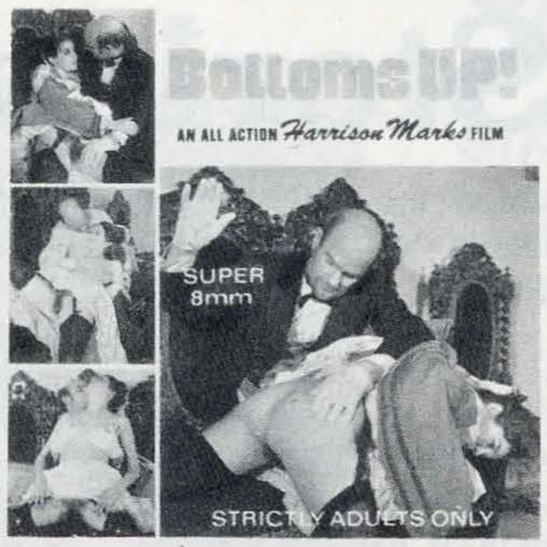
FOUR NEW HARRISON MARKS SPANKING FILMS 100 ft. ALL ACTION COLOUR SUPER 8mm

£12.00 each or all 4 for £40.00



WHIPLASH

Dressed in leather, black stockings extra high heeled shoes and flourishing a whip a lovely young Dominatrix thrashes her boy-friend until he rebels and they end up fighting on the floor.



BOTTOMS UP

A saucy Victorian maid is caught stealing by the butler who spurns her attempts to evade punishment puts her across his knees and gives her the spanking she deserves.



FLAGELLATION

A pretty French Maid who is caught peeping through the keyhole watching her employer making love, ends up over the bed-end having her bare bottom soundly smacked with a martinet.



HOT ASS

A naughty Edwardian schoolgirl whose home work is not all it should be is soundly chastised by her tutor before he succumbs to her advances.

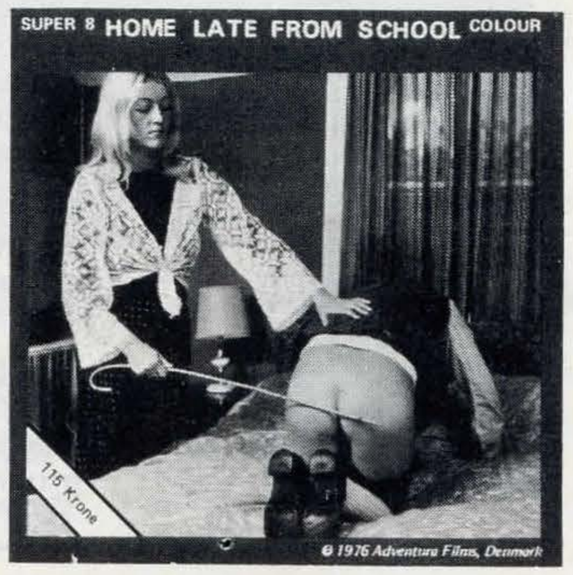
HOME LATE FROM SCHOOL

Despite repeated warnings, young Susan was always late home from school. One day she was very late. Her mother was worried, and on her arrival Susan was promptly marched into the living room, her knickers were taken down and her bare bottom severely spanked!

Although the spanking was very painful, and made her cry, the very next day she was late home again!

In desperation, Susan's mother went out and bought a thin, whippy cane. Poor Susan waited in her bedroom, knowing punishment was to come, and shivering in anticipation.

Her mother burst in, brandishing the cane, and Susan screamed in fright. She was well and truly caned – her bottom striped with the red lines of stinging pain left by her mother's cruel instrument.



Order Form

Janus Publications, 4 Green's Court, Brewer Street, London, W1.

All prices are net, inc. p&p and VAT where applicable.

Big Girls DO Cry, £3.00 ☐ ; Illustrated Spanking Stories, £3.00 ☐ ; Petra, £2.25 ☐ ; Britannia Rules, £4.00 ☐ ; Fantasy in Blue £2.25 ☐ ; Diary of Fiona Hunt ,£2.25 ☐ ; The Governess, £2.25 ☐ ; Delinquent Daughter, £2.25 ☐ ; School of Discipline, £2.25 ☐ ; Linda's Choice, £2.25 ☐ ; Bend Over Bunty, £2.25 ☐ ; Memoirs of a Disciplinarian, £2.25 ☐ ; Tales of the Tawse, £2.25 ☐ ; Teenage Experiences, £2.25 ☐ ; Mistress Marilyn, £2.25 ☐ ; 1st Anthology of Spanking Literature, £2.25 ☐ ; 2nd Anthology of Spanking Literature, £2.75 ☐ ; Janus Collection of Spanking Stores, £2.75 ☐ ; 2nd Collection of Spanking Stores, £3.00 ☐ ; Chastisement of Gina, £2.75 ☐ ; School for Spanking, £2.75 ☐ ; Miss, £2.75 ☐ ; Memoirs of a Slave, £2.75 ☐ ; Paulette Betrayed, £3.25 ☐ ; Naked Cargo, £4.00 ☐ ; Taming of Julia, £4.00 ☐ ; Madame Maxine, £4.00 ☐ ; Teresa's Torment, £4.00 ☐ .

I'm Jane, Spank Me, £3.25 ☐ . True Spanking Stories £3.00 ☐ ; The Spanking Adventures of Johnny Muldoon £3.00 ☐ ; Late Home from School, £18.00 ☐ . Bottoms Up £12 ☐ ; Hot Ass £12 ☐ ; Whiplash £12 ☐ ; Flagellation £12 ☐ ; All Four £40.00 ☐ ; Spanking Salesman £3.50 ☐ ; Spanking Lesson £3.50 ☐ ; Spanking Sisters £3.50 ☐ ; Six of the Best £3.50 ☐ ; Spanking Daughters £3.50 ☐ ;

I enclose (total).....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

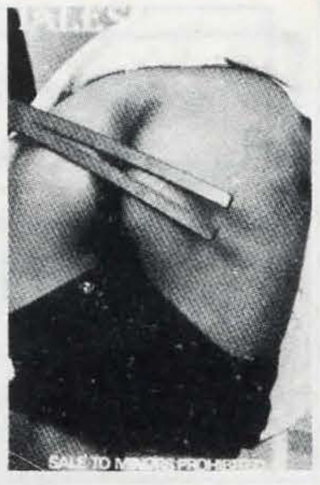












Photo–Stories



In *Delinquent Daughter*, Jill cannot help herself. Constantly in trouble, it is almost as if she is positively begging to be spanked.

School of Discipline features a reform school populated with extremely naughty girls.

Linda's Choice presents our heroine with an agonising dilemna. Should she allow herself to be reported for stealing or should she accept immediate justice in the form of corporal punishment?

The heroine of *Bend Over Bunty* is another saucy young miss, cheeky to an outrageous degree, who taunts her mother's lover until he finally loses his temper.

Memoirs of a Disciplinarian is a narrative consisting of a number of anecdotes describing different punishment situations, including ritual role playing and spanking games.

Tales of the Tawse is exactly what it says it is. There are vivid descriptions of this feared instrument of punishment being applied to reluctant bottoms.

Katrina discovers, from the very beginning of her subjection to corporal punishment, that pain is not all unpleasurable. *Teenage Experiences* describes her increasingly exciting adventures.

Ben, the hero/victim of *Mistress Marilyn* also has a penchant for punishment and when he meets the dominant heroine he quickly slips into his natural role of submissiveness.





Petra
Petra's fingers were touching the floor. Her bare bottom was about to feel the strap for the first time. Strangely, feelings of guilt trouble the man holding the strap. Read her story to find out why.



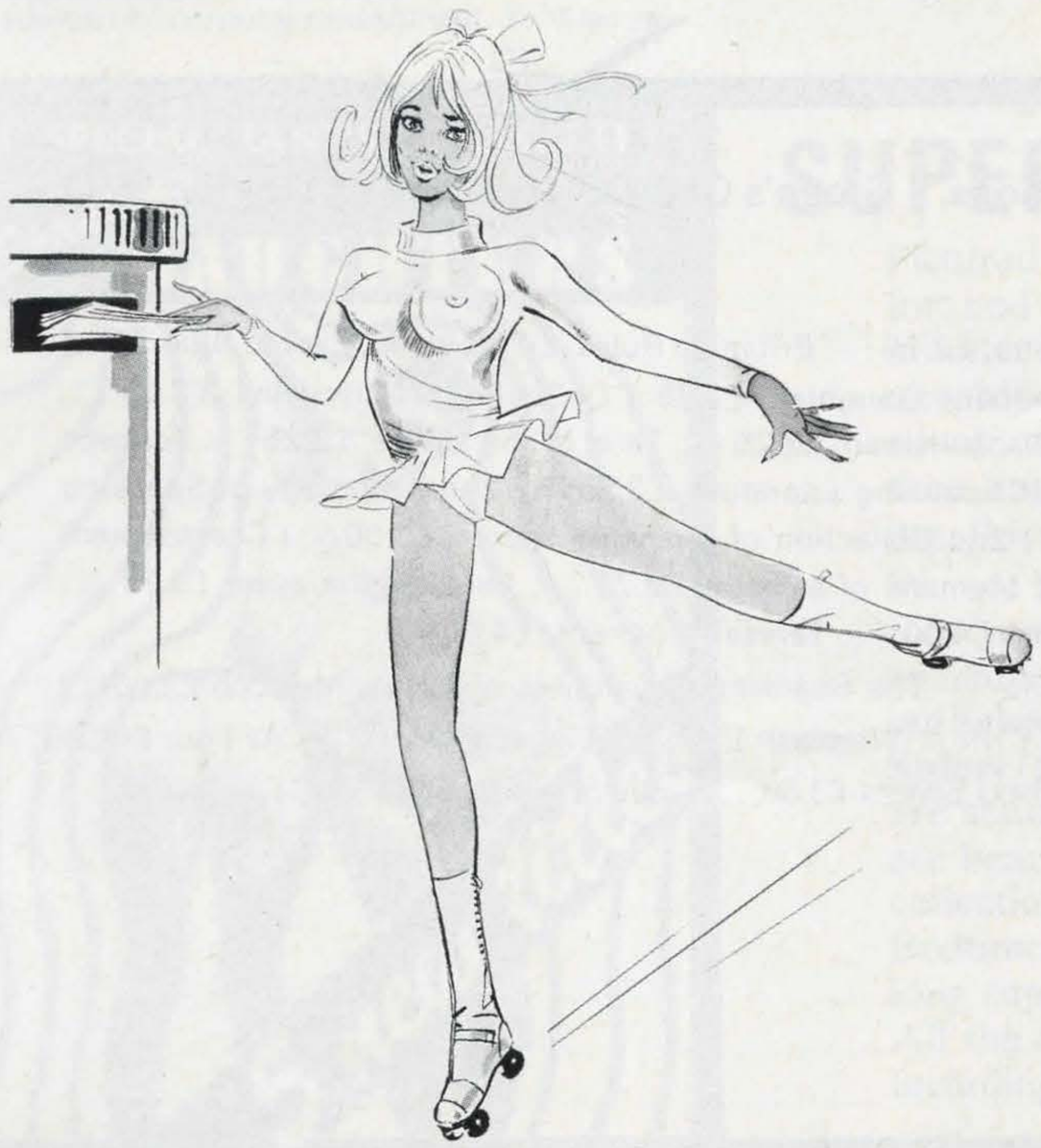


The Diary of Fiona Hunt
This novel tells the extraordinary story of the relationship which develops between the young girl and her adoptive 'uncle', a respectable, prosperous businessman. What happens between them is bizarre to say the least.

Fantasy in Blue
Belinda in her younger days actually enoyed being spanked. Now she is worried that her daughter, Louise, has developed the same taste. Louise does get tawsed, thereby creating an emotional crisis and family conflict.

The Governess
The headmistress of a teachers training school is a strict disciplinarian and many are the students who feel the weight of her cane. Perhaps her experiences as a student herself provide the explanation for her behaviour.





"Get your skates on and save money!"

Janus Mail Order Dept., 4 Greens Ct., London, W1.

Please enter my subscription to **Janus** for six months.

I enclose £9.00 ☐

Name

Address

Due to increased postal and handling charges the overseas rates are now :– Europe £14 ☐
Surface to Australia £15 ☐ Air Mail £21 ☐
Surface to U.S.A. $30 ☐ Air $40 ☐

SS! STOP PRESS! STOP PRESS! STO

TWO NEW SPANKING FILMS

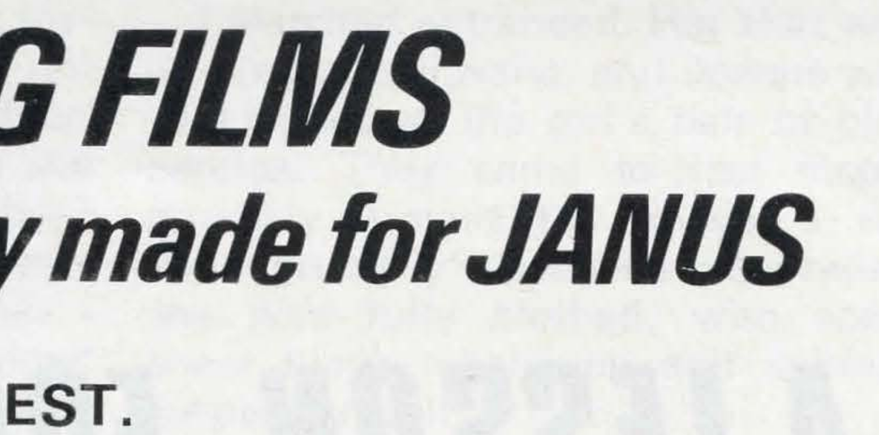
Specially made for JANUS



SIX OF THE BEST.

Caught doing what comes naturally a teen-age student and her boy friend are soundly spanked and caned by their irate Headmistress.

100 ft. colour Super 8 £12.



REAR ATTACK.

Scolded and caned by her Headmistress, delinquent teenager shows Dad her bottom. Indignant Dad storms off to school and it's the Headmistress who ends up across her own desk.



Price £3.50

safari of shame

BY FRAU OPPERNHEIMER

Since the fifteenth century, the Oppernheimer family have produced some of the finest Classical erotic literature in Europe. Like her forbears, Frau Oppernheimer has produced this latest novel revealing a deep understanding of the female subjected to shameful and humiliating captivity.

Similar in style to the books by Victor Bruno, this story relates the misadventures of three girls at the hands of a Dominatrix and her aides.

We have obtaind sole rights of all the back numbers of 'JUSTICE' a sparkling fantasy magazine.
A limited number of issues 1 to 12 are available at £1 each.

Janus Mail Order Dept., 4 Green's Court, London W1

Six of the Best ☐ Rear Attack ☐ Safari of Shame ☐ Justice ☐

I enclose £.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

A LESSON FOR MADAM

Peter Harvey

We know a man cannot resist the allure of a cheeky upturned bottom. We should remember that neither can some women! The sight of another female, with her rear bared, can so easily tempt a lady into spanking the naughty bottom. Administering one spanking naturally leads to . . . another! Mr Charles Stockwell visited a respectable modelling agency. It was there that he first came into contact with a lady who was only too eager to punish any miscreant girls. Mr Stockwell saw nothing wrong in this, but it was not long, as he is happy to inform us, before he was also giving some crisp lessons.

What a delicious array of bottoms! I thumbed breathlessly through the files Miss Milton had presented me with. There could be no doubt about it: I had happened upon a model agency which catered for my own peccadilloes.

I was ebullient. Each girl's bottom had been photographed with a superb care and attention to detail. It spoke of a love of the female bottom which must have been as great as that which I possessed. Miss Milton smiled at me, noticing my delight. She was clearly proud of her girl's figures, and I sensed that her great interest was their fine posteriors. On this first occasion, however, it did not seem appropriate to question the proprietress of the agency concerning her own passions. I satisfied myself by noting what an attractive woman she herself was; and when she rose from her chair, I could not fail to note how tightly she wore her slacks about her hips. Through the material, I could see the outline of her knickers; and when she walked, I could not help observing the undulation between her thighs and full buttocks.

I arranged with Miss Milton to have some short sessions with most of the girls I had seen on her books. Consequently, the following few days were filled with the pleasure of photographing these beautiful models.

I have made it perfectly clear that my love is of the female derriere. It is indeed, but I do not believe that a full appreciation of this portion of the female anatomy can be divorced from the other features. A saucy smile on a girl's face may add immensely to the naughtiness of her bottom. Hence, my photographs were of the total female.

To describe all the models would be an impossible task. Suffice it to say that they ranged from the elegant Claire, with her slim smooth haunches, who must have spent hours making her face up, to the fun loving Marie, whose facial cheeks were as rosy as the pert apple-like cheeks of her bottom.

I revelled in this variety. The girls' naked bodies were sensual, and they moved their limbs easily into position for me. They would also pose in their charming little knickers. They often appeared so cute and innocent. Then, sometimes without my having to give them the instructions, they would ease the knickers gradually down their thighs, allowing me to capture every intimate moment of a girl removing that piece of underwear most dear to her. I knew I should never tire of these girls.

Throughout this period, I also became more fully acquainted with Miss Milton. It was not unnatural, for I was constantly bumping into her, and she took a considerable interest in my photographs. Indeed, after a couple of days, we were on first names terms, and we were growing closer.

I had observed how well-mannered the girls always were to her. The extent of this may be exhibited by the fact that they only ever called her *Madam,* a mode of address sadly out of fashion these days.

One evening, whilst I was having dinner with Joanne (yes, that is Miss Milton's christian name), I happened to comment on how respectful her models were in referring to her as 'Madam'. Joanne laughed, and then, turning quite serious, told me that she believed it necessary to impose the strictest of discipline upon the girls. They were models, and if they were to reach the summit of their chosen career, they must be taught to have complete control over their bodies and emotions. This was not something with which I could argue; nor, indeed, did I wish to argue. It could not be denied that some of the girls from Miss Milton's agency had justly achieved their ambitions.

The words, 'the strictest of discipline', struck a chord within me. I wished to hear more about what it entailed. For some reason, it was instinctively intriguing me. Joanne further what she meant. She did, giggled, but declined to describe any however, provide me with a hint.

'The key's right here!' she smirked, patting her own well-curved posterior, after lifting herself off the chair. Innocent, I indeed was, for I did not guess the full import of what she meant. I have to confess, the idea of *spanking* did come before my mind. In my imagination, I conjured up all the girls' bare bottoms, and realized

what a pleasure it would be to have my hand slapping their naked flesh. That was pure fantasy though — a typical male gut reaction. I could give no credence to the notion of Miss Milton's respectable agency being run on those lines. How would she be enabled to retain so many delectable young girls on her books?

I grinned at her smiling countenance, and taking hold of her body, joked, 'Oh, yes? Like this?' With a swift movement, my hand was behind her, playfully slapping her bottom under her skirt. I could feel her knickers drawn tightly over her fleshy cheeks, and I congratulated myself on my good fortune. Not only had I uncovered a well-supplied — well-endowed, even! — modelling agency, I had also wooed the curvaceous owner!

It was approximately a week after this conversation that my first insight into Miss Milton's methods occurred. On the Thursday afternoon, I had had the lovely dark haired Diana posing for me. Regarding her modelling, I had nothing but complete praise. She gyrated her form into all the most enticing positions I am aware of.

Towards the end of the session, I was having her reclining on the couch, with just her knickers round her knees, and her moon shaped bottom pouting out. I wanted her skin to glisten, so I asked her to rub some oil into her buttocks and thighs. She started to do so very sensuously, but then she stopped, saying it would be better if I did it. I could make sure it went on evenly. Naturally, I was happy to oblige, but when my fingers touched her cheeks, I became aware that she was trying to guide me between her thighs. It made me feel awkward, so I hastily retreated, muttering what a naughty little minx she was.

She made no fuss, and carried on posing. Perhaps I had been mistaken in her intentions? My mind returned to her vuluptuous naked body — naked, save for the black frilly knickers round her knees! I managed to obtain some good shots. She wriggled her bottom about, causing her panties to slip down her legs. Then, she discarded them completely, kicking them away. She had, in fact, performed an exciting tease for me . . . and my camera. That, however, was not to be all.

While I was packing my equipment away, I suddenly became aware of her standing before me. She had not slipped her robe on. Indeed not! Diana was positively brushing her bottom against me. 'How about some fun now that the work is over?' she whispered. 'But you mustn't let Madam know. She wouldn't approve of it at all!'

Stiffly, while trying to contain myself, I assured her that I would not approve of any such goings on either. Had I not made that clear when she had tried to tempt me into oiling her?

To me, Diana was an exceptionally good model; and that was what I wanted — not a prostitute! I retained my composure. I could see little point in permitting the incident to mar our relationship. Once she had it drummed into her that I was not interested, she let it rest; and we parted on our usual friendly terms.

That evening, I was with Joanne again. We were chatting about the girls, and almost before I realized what I was saying, I was letting out how Diana had endeavoured to make an improper suggestion to me. Joanne's face darkened. She was clearly angry. She was seething inside.

'That's the trouble with the modelling world!' she burst out. 'It has so many pitfalls, if a girl does not learn to watch her behaviour early on . . . I've warned Diana about this before. She 's no young innocent!'

I was startled by Joanne's response, though I did have to agree with her. There was something in the air, though, which told me that Joanne was not merely angry. There seemed, if anything, to be a malicious gleam of satisfaction in her eye; but I couldn't make it out. The episode left me feeling a little worried. It seemed Diana would be given a good dressing down when she came to work the following morning. The issue, however, was raised no further that evening.

The next morning, I arrived at the studios somewhat earlier than was my custom. At this point, I should explain that I as now semi-retired, and so I am essentially a man of leisure. There is plenty of money at my disposal; and indeed, on that day, I was disposed to enjoying another photographic session with a new lady on Joanne's books.

However, I arrived early. I did not do so consciously, but I have to face the fact that it is more than a mere probability that I was hoping to discover how Miss Milton would be treating my badly behaved Diana. What a sight met my eyes, when I noiselessly opened the door of the proprietress!

Joanne Milton was sitting in her accustomed chair. Normally, it was placed at the desk, but now it was turned away, affording her ample space around her body. And it was space which she needed! Across Miss Milton's knee was the lovely Diana.

I watched entranced. Her skirt was up around her waist, and Joanne was yanking down the girl's pair of pink panties. They came to rest incongruously around her knees. I say 'incongruously' because otherwise, she was fully clothed, with some sheer black nylons on and a black suspender belt.

There could be no doubt as to the fate which she was to endure. Miss Milton's hand was already high in the air, and then fell briskly, with a resounding slap against the girl's bared bottom. Diana twisted and cried out, as Miss Milton delivered a whole series of spanks uninterruptedly; but there was no question of escape. Diana's chastiser was holding her firmly round the waist.

As I stood there, Diana's buttocks visibly reddened from her employer's smacking, for Joanne was carrying out the punishment with great gusto, as well as a certain relentlessness. This, indeed, was *strict* discipline!

I coughed slightly. It must have been deliberate. I did not feel at ease being a furtive voyeur, though I cannot deny that I found the sight of Diana's bottom being thoroughly and masterfully spanked an extremely stimulating one.

Joanne looked up, giving the girl a marginal respite from her ruthless hand. When she saw me, an infectious smile crossed her face. I was on the point of making my apologies for intruding and was about to exit, but Joanne, to my surprise, insisted that I stay.

'It will do Diana good to have you watching her. She will realize that she's nothing but a silly little schoolkid,' Joanne observed, and so saying, continued with the chastisement. The smacking noise which occurred when Joanne's firm hand made contact with Diana's soft flesh gave me some idea of the stinging sensations the girl was undergoing.

Diana was indeed unfortunate, for now she was feeling humiliated in front of me. She tried to put a brave face on it, but it was no good. Her face flushed up and was as red as her poor sore buttocks. Some tears welled up in her eyes, and then ran down her cheeks, causing her mascara to run, and her long dark hair to stick to her mouth and cheeks. Gone was the image of sensual seductress with which she had attempted to attract me on the previous day.



She did now look just like a naughty schoolgirl; and Diana must have been aware of it. She was ashamed of being punished in front of a man.

SLAP! SLAAAP! Joanne Milton certainly knew how to deliver a spanking. Whenever loud owws burst forth from the girl's lips, she was quickly admonished by Joanne for not being able to take her medicine.

I watched, with a horrified fascination. It cannot be denied that I found a certain appeal in the sight before me — of a young woman squealing, while bent across an older woman's knee; her knickers down, and her bottom receiving a sound spanking.

I felt I was not the only person in the room who appreciated the beauty of the scene. Joanne did; and so, I suspected, did the victim herself! Diana, despite her struggles and cries, was revelling in the punishment. Perhaps 'revelling' is too strong a word, but certainly she accepted that what Miss Milton was administering was solely what she deserved. She recognized the proprietress' right to chastise her for her misconduct.

This is not my imagination running wild. During the days which followed, I gradually discovered that this attitude did indeed prevail amongst most of the girls modelling at the agency. They accepted Miss Milton's right to discipline them, and to stop them from straying from the straight and narrow. There was a rational element to this, for indeed, the girls were wanting to be trained well; but more importantly, there was an emotional element. Miss Milton held a peculiar spell over them. They admired her as a woman who had retained her figure, her beauty. She was Madam. She was in her late thirties, and in order to retain her favour, the girls were prepared to suffer. In effect, some of the girls indeed did have crushes on their mentor.

Joanne Milton administered a few more stinging slaps to the already well-chastened rear of her charge. I fancied that one of them caught poor Diana between her thighs, for a sudden shriek of discomfort was emitted.

I gazed at the red swellings on Diana's bottom. Joanne slowly pulled the girl's knickers back up, and I could see the elastic cutting into her raw flesh. Diana grimaced and dried her eyes. She was finally allowed to depart to make herself up, and, no doubt, to rub cream into her sore cheeks. I felt an urge to comfort the girl, but I thought better of it.

To my astonishment, after only fifteen minutes, Diana was back, as bright and as sparkling as the day before. The spanking seemed to have given her a healthy glow. Perhaps it was no exaggeration to have said that she had relished the discipline! I should have liked to have taken some photographs of her, with her knickers down, exposing her red bottom, but it seemed inappropriate.

When I had the chance, I apologized to her, telling her I had no idea that my casual remark about her behaviour could produce such consequences.

Diana gave a light shrug. 'Don't worry, I'm used to it,' she said. 'Anyway, it's probably good for me to get taken in hand occasionally!'

She minced away from me, wriggling her bottom in my direction. What a charming girl she was! Then I appraised Joanne's figure. And what a charming arministrator the agency had! I felt I could smell the delightfully refreshing atmosphere in the agency now. Needless to say, when I was next with Joanne Milton, I couldn't resist giving her bottom some playful slaps. 'Just to keep you under control,' I joked. The joking was not to continue!

Diana's was not the only spanking I witnessed during the subsequent weeks. Quite a few of the models caught Miss Milton's firm hand against their backsides. These punishments were delivered because of improper behaviour, insolence, or laxity over appearance and dress. The severity of the spanking varied, depending on the grossness of the offence, but it was apparent that Miss Milton would tolerate no errors. The girls had to behave perfectly.

It struck me that the girls were indeed having meted out to them what they deserved. If they were unruly, bringing discredit to the agency, then it was only just that they should be disciplined. Miss Milton had the agency's reputation to think about, as well as her own. Naturally, I was fascinated when I was permitted to watch the punishment. Often, I felt eager to lend a hand. My opportunity did eventually come, but not in the manner I had expected.

It was an incident with Jilly which sparked things off. One afternoon, she was modelling for me. Once she was naked, I took considerable interest in her deportment as well as her figure. To my surprise, I could not help noticing that her bottom had some red ridges across it. She had tried to cover them with cream, but they still showed through. I couldn't help wondering how she had acquired them, for she was a girl who was in no way too forward either in her manner or her sexuality.

Jilly was a straight model. She obeyed all my instructions in the minutest details. When I reached the stage of wanting her skin to be glistening, she positively avoided allowing me to touch her. Although she was prepared to model nude, she was modest. There was not a trace of the promiscuous attitude which had characterised Diana. Consequently, I was at a loss to understand how it was that she had been punished.

The question of her chastisement fell from the forefront of my mind, in my delectation of her cute little figure. Small and petite, she was ideal to be dressed as a schoolgirl.

Once she was in the garb, I tried to shoot her from every angle. Then I had the delicious experience of her gradually slipping out of her schoolclothes for me. Off came the tie, the blouse and the white brassiere. She slipped off her pleated skirt, and I was confronted by her wearing only her bloomers and stockings.

Coyly, she rolled down the well-gartered stockings, while my carema clicked away. Then came the final unveiling. She stepped out of her navy blue bloomers, and held them shyly in front of her groin. That sweet innocence considerably aroused me. Indeed, I was surprised it wasn't me this time who made the improper suggestion!

There was no chance of that! Jilly quickly skipped back into the changing-room She could spot potential dangers. She combined just the right amount of sexuality with a virginal modesty. Hence, my astonishment the next morning . . .

Punishments always took place first thing, and not unnaturally, I had made it my custom to ensure I was at the agency early. Yes, I admit to the enjoyment of seeing a naughty nubile rear being chastised. Arriving before the agency really opened for business also gave me the pick of any new girls who might have appeared on the scene.

My relationship with Joanne Milton was increasingly close. We still tended to part last thing at night, for I was accustomed to my bachelor comforts; save for that, our time was spent together — our evenings at her flat, and the daytimes at the studios. On this particular occasion, I can only assume that she thought I would be late in the morning because of our exceptionally long evening together. Or perhaps I am mistaken; I sometimes wholeheartedly believe that I

do not comprehend the psychology of women and their feminine mystique.

The atmosphere pervading the studios caused me to enter cautiously, noiselessly indeed. I had heard a girl's cry, but the sound preceding it seemed too sharp to be that of Joanne's hand. I peeped round the door of the office, and there I spied the source of the tenseness. Joanne Milton was there, but she was not sitting in her accustomed position. She was standing upright beside the desk, while bent across the hard wooden top was poor little Jilly.

To do nothing, save observe, was my immediate reaction. I needed to witness precisely what the Madam of the agency did consider to be her rights with regard to discipline. And what I was witnessing was indeed something worthy of note.

Joanne Milton was wielding a cane through the air. There was already one long ridge on Jilly's bare bottom. It was whitish and clearly freshly inflicted.

Joanne's figure lurched forward, her arm descending. The cane swished down, following the ridge already made in the girl's flesh. Jilly's bottom jerked upwards from the stinging. Joanne Milton's response was briskly to order her to be still; otherwise she would merit additional strokes.

What crime could the modest girl have committed? I was unable to conceive of any. Her gorgeous face was trembling, with an expression of anguish across it; yet deep inside her eyes, she was faithfully accepting what Miss Milton considered to be her due!

SWISH! SWISH! The cane swooped down, first across Jilly's right buttock, and then across her left. How many more strokes had she to suffer? Now, she was leaping about like a wild cat. Throughout the commotion, I kept hearing her words, 'It's not fair; I didn't do anything!'

Was she telling the truth? Whatever the case, her devotion to Madam was sufficiently strong for her to bend her body back across the desk, submitting to Madam's will.

Two more strokes swished down, cutting into the girl's tender skin at the tops of her thighs. Miss Milton stood back, while the girl remained in position, her hands gripping the edge of the desk. After these few minutes of suspended agony, which seemed to tick by so slowly, Miss Milton informed the girl her punishment was complete. She was free to leave the room, but instead of dashing straight out, she pressed her young body against her chastiser's, and I could see Joanne's hands gently soothing the rising, reddening ridges. Jilly might be annoyed at her punishment, but she felt no resentment. In any system of discipline, there are always to be found a few miscarriages of justice. Perhaps that was the attitude the girl was adopting; or perhaps she did enjoy the affectionate compensation Joanne offered afterwards. I did not know.

Eventually, the girl was told that she must go. Miss Milton helped her to ease up a pair of dainty white panties over her soreness, and Jilly went off into the studios.

Almost guiltily, or so I judged, Joanne Milton carefully returned the cane to a cupboard. It was at that moment that I chose to make my entrance. Joanne's face flushed, reaching a bright and most unusual shade of scarlet. She slammed the cupboard door hastily, endeavouring to put on a welcoming smile. Walking straight past her, I went to the cupboard, and she froze. I brought out the cane, and drew its length through my fingers.

'Joanne,' my voice was stern but quiet. 'I saw everything. Would you kindly inform me of the offence Jilly had committed?'

Joanne became flustered. She attempted to bubble her way out of the question. I looked at her sharply. She stammered.

'She had behaved improperly . . . with her last client. It was necessary to cane her!'

Joanne's words lacked conviction. She had fallen into her own deceitful trap.

'Necessary, simply because you find her pert little bottom too irresistible to leave alone!' I replied sharply. Jilly's last client was me, and since I made no complaint . . . '

It was unnecessary to continue. Joanne Milton hung her head in shame. The elegant proprietress of the model agency had herself taken on the appearance of a naughty schoolchild.

Completely in commend of the situation, I placed new authoritative tones behind my voice.

'It strikes me that you need a little of your own treatment!' What I said was harsh, but inwardly I was experiencing a deep fondness for this woman. I felt she was more mine, now that I was in control.

'I've a good mind to give you a spanking, right now, in front of all your models!'

'No!' Joanne gasped in horror.

'All right then,' I pretended to acquiesce. 'Instead you can look forward to a dose of this cane, when they've gone!'

Joanne's face went brick-red, but she bit her lip and said no more. Her fate was sealed. It was in my hands. I believe she liked the novel experience, despite the fact that my fingers were running along the swishy cane.

Pulling herself together, her haughty stance returning, she strode out to greet some of the girls.

For the rest of that day, I remained in the agency. Whenever Joanne's face caught sight of me, it went a delicate shade of pink. When our eyes met, she immediately lowered her eyelids. This was a constant source of pleasure to me. What would any of her models think, were they to know that their Madam was to be chastised?

The question amused me. I could tell it was on Joanne's mind. It made her nervous, and she found it difficult to keep her mind on the girls. They must have noticed, for I heard some of them murmuring what was wrong with Madam.

The day dragged out for Joanne. For me, it seemed to pass like lightning! I envisaged Joanne's amply proportioned posterior. It was, no doubt, squirming against her knickers. Soon it would be squirming from the caning she so justly deserved. Every now and then, I would take the instrument from the cupboard and finger its power. Sometimes, Joanne saw me!

The last girl finally departed for the day, and we were left alone together in the office. Joanne automatically sat down at her desk, but abruptly, I instructed her to rise and to fetch the cane. Her lips tensed. She was not accustomed to receiving orders, let alone obeying them; but she did as she was told.

I commanded her to bend her body over the desk in precisely the manner she had had her victim in the morning. To her acute embarrassment, I compelled her to lift up her own skirt. It was not easy, for she had to wriggle, while ruffling it up over her plump buttocks. I stared at the globes of her bottom. The cleft between them was just visible through her stretched nylon knickers.

She shivered with the suspense. Then I began the delicate task of lowering those white knickers. I pulled them down inch by inch, exposing only a tiny portion of her rump at each tug. I knew that she was dying for me to get it over with, but I was determined to make her wait. I was contemplating some of the other punishments I had seen her



administering so blithely. Possibly the girls did not mind all that much, but it did not mean that some degree of revenge on their account was not called for.

The huge white globes of Miss Milton's bottom were now on full view. The elastic of her knickers pinged on the clips of her suspenders, and her thighs trembled. I drew the knickers right down her stocking-clad legs to her very ankles, so that not a vestige of dignity would be left. Her buttocks were already tensing, in painful anticipation. I cannot deny that I was pleased. The sight of Miss Milton, with her bottom bared, uncomfortably bent over the oak desk, was something, which in retrospect, I had been longing to encounter!

I had never delivered a caning before, but Joanne herself had unwittingly provided me with ample example. Raising the thin strip of wood with the crook handle, I stretched my arm right back, and then threw it forward. The cane swooped down with an almighty swish across the centre of her buttocks.

I noticed her biting her lips. She was determined not to cry out; not to let herself down. I waited a full minute before I delivered the second stroke. It was fascinating, watching the muscles of her buttocks clench and then release themselves, and then clench again, in the dreadful anticipation.

SWOOSH! The cane cracked down, criss-crossing the mark left by the first stroke. Two lines were now rising from her flesh, and at the point of intersection, her skin twitched.

By now, I was anxious to get my hands on Joanne's gorgeous bottom, so I continued the caning by means of a splatter of strokes in quick succession. I alternated from the left buttock to the right; left to right. She writhed against the desk, the soft



flesh of the front of her thighs being pressed into the hard edge.

I had not informed her of the number of strokes she had warranted. The lack of knowledge would add a particular piquancy to the caning.

A fine pattern of intermeshing lines were now visible on her bottom. No longer was she able to remain silent. A cry of protest escaped from her lips. I gave her buttocks an affectionate slap with my hand for good measure, and then got on with my job.

I had decided upon nine strokes, and I laid the final two across the tops of her thighs, where her flesh coloured stockings ended. The cane caused her suspender clips to catch her skin.

'Ouch!Oww!' Those strokes certainly had the desired effect. She was now wriggling like mad, and not even our Miss Milton could stop herself from attempting to slip her hands round, in order to comfort her stinging thighs.

'Naughty girl!' I said, smacking them back. I put down the cane, and rested in Miss Milton's chair. She did not dare to get up herself. Eventually, I dragged my big naughty girl across my knee, and after inspecting the marks, I began to mould together the large hurt cheeks of her bottom. I couldn't resist delivering a few spanks as well, I have to admit — despite the fact that the ridges from the caning were rising quite sharply.

Miss Milton winced, but she pressed her naked bottom closer against my hands. Soon, I was doing other delightful things to the once haughty Madam of the agency.

Things have not changed significantly, save that I am now a partner in both the agency and Miss Joanne Milton's life. The girls are still punished by her, both with her hand and with the cane — the latter for really important misdemeanours. I am pleased to report that such treatment is continuing to produce the finest and best disciplined models you could imagine. Such treatment is also keeping another woman well-disciplined — yes, Miss Milton herself!

I have insisted that she keep a private punishment book, noting down the reasons for the spankings and canings she has administered. Our relationship is such that she would not dare to lie to me.

Every evening, I read through the book very carefully, while Joanne stands before me like a recalcitrant schoolchild. Should any undeserved punishments have been carried out, or should she have succumbed into spanking a girl merely because of her bottom, she knows she will receive a chastisement as severe in return.

Normally, I make her wait for her punishments until we have returned home. A little anticipation increases the sting!

How her bottom is twitching as she stands at the kitchen stove this evening! She's fully aware of what she has coming to her just before bedtime. It is her own fault. She paid undue attention to the cute buttocks of the new model, Candy, this morning. With a laughing hint of menance, I draw the leather of my belt through my fingers. I slap it against my hand, measuring its impact. There should be some fun in our bedroom tonight!

TURKISH DELIGHT

by Victor Bruno



FULLY ILLUSTRATED

"I rate this one of my best books yet," says Victor Bruno

Step by step, this enthralling story traces the descent into slavery of the arrogantly aristocratic Lady Isabel Dysart.
In the closely guarded confines of the harem of the Palace of Quireme, as a slave-girl now re-named Belle, she learns the true meaning of instant and absolute obedience to both master and mistress.
Soon she is no longer too proud to beg for mercy and also acquires a grovelling – almost eager – submission to whatever is demanded of her.

Originally published in private manuscript form, in a limited edition of 100 copies, and now produced as an illustrated, full-length book.

"Belle rose and stretched her white nakedness across Hassan's powerful black thighs. How he enjoyed that first contact of the lush flesh! He enjoyed too the sight of the plumply curvacious bottom right before him. *Her ladyship's* bottom, he thought with a grin, as his hand ran over soft flesh. 'You call me "master" — and don't forget it,' he said. Then he began to slap Belle's buttocks with the flat of his hard palm."

"Belle got a slashing cut across the tops of her thighs before she could force herself to stumble forward. 'Oh God . . . no . . . no . . . nooo!' she cried. The switch bit into her buttocks again. *'Yes!'* rasped Vesta. Belle's face lifted up, her nostrils flaring with revulsion at the sight before her, her mouth a letter-box slit of pain and horror."

"I suggest,' said Mario, 'that we toss for her. That seems fairest.'
'O.K.' agreed Herman reluctantly.
Naked and in chains, Belle watched as the coin which was to decide her fate spun, gold-glinting, in the air."

"That means,' said the slave-mistress Vesta, 'that Hasson is now your keeper. And from now on you will obey him in the manner in which you have been trained. Is that understood, girl?"

To: Janus Publications, 4 Green's Court, Brewer Street, London W1.

Please send me 'Turkish Delight' at £4.00 inc. p&p.

I enclose .....

Name .....

Address .....

Letter continued from page 9.

Sometimes Jenny would make me meet her out of school to carry her books home, but luckily she allowed me to hide my uniform under my short, shiny, white mac.

Occasionally we went home with a school friend of Jenny's where I would be made to tidy the bedroom and clean the shoes while the other girls chatted.

I got plenty of slaps from Jenny on my bottom and thighs but it was at coffee time on Saturday evenings, if her parents were out, that I paid my dues for any bad work or behaviour during the week. Jenny kept a book beside her bed, labelled 'Trudy', in which she listed everything I had done wrong. After I had brought in her coffee she would say quietly: 'Get the book, Trudy,' and I would run anxiously to get it. Then she ordered: 'Get on your knees,' and I had to kneel in front of her.

She read out the list of my offences and as it got longer I felt more and more anxious and vulnerable as I knew I should soon be paying for my sins. I got a funny cold feeling in my spine and the nerves in my bottom tingled as it anticipated the spanking it would shortly be getting.

My mistress seemed so calm and severe, sitting on the sofa with a flowery dress covering her skinny, flat chested figure while I, her plump young German maid knelt in front of her with my prominent breasts quivering slightly and my rounded thighs trembling as I tried to pull my short dress down further.

After she had read the list out she punished me. At first she used her hand but complained that it hurt her too much and soon started to use a ruler and finally decided that her old leather bedroom slipper was best for me.

She would order me to get the slipper, bare my bottom and get over her knee. She always insisted on a bare bottom, and how that slipper stung! I had to bend right over so that my bottom was easy for her to get at. As I bent my dress tightened but she eased it over my bottom and then went through my list of offences again, giving me one or more whacks with the slipper for each. By the time she had finished I was very warm and sore indeed. So while other girls looked forward to an enjoyable Saturday evening I had a smacked bottom and an early night, but started the week with a clean slate, which unfortunately soon filled up again.

Trudy M.,
Huntingdon.

DUTCH DISCIPLINE

Congratulations with your splendid and necessary journal. My husband and I are very interested in your readers letters, especially about c.p. because we can learn much from others' experiences and methods.

Therefore we will tell you ours and I hope you will print my letter.

We have an 'old fashioned' family, five boys and four girls and we believe they need 'old fashioned' discipline. We live in a suburb of The Hague, in a house with a rather large garden. The trees and plants don't let people from outside look into the garden! So we let the children gym and P.E. completely in the nude. They have to do that daily at 6 p.m. (before dinner) from May till October. The other months inside the house. Even if it rains they have to do their exercises or otherwise they are punished (see later).

They have to rise at half past six a.m. and to take a shower of cold water. They all sleep completely nude and window open. From October till May one blanket. In summer one sheet only!

The boys have to wear shorts till fourteen years old. In summer no underpants, so the fresh air can reach the legs and genitals. The girls have to wear a skirt — rather short — and a blouse. No bra. In winter a knicker and in summer a very brief panty.

For minor faults they are caned on their hands. For severe misbehaviour, disobedience etc., they are put on the punishment list.

Friday evening is punishment evening. After dinner all children have to come to my husband's study. They may wear only a blouse!

Now we are taking the punishment list, and beginning with the youngest, one by one are punished in front of the others. When I call a name the culprit has to rise and stand at attention. We lecture him or her what was wrong and tell how he or she get the punishment. My husband uses a good leather strap with two 'fingers' (comparable with the tawse in your country). The culprit has to bend over the arm of a heavy chair, the bare bottom towards the other children. And then . . . Thwack! . . . the strap lands on one cheek, then on the other and so on.

When the punishment is finished the child has to sit down again (on his bare behind) and the next name is called.

Now we have obedient children and the hard education is very good for all. They get fine bodies and develop well. We believe an 'old fashioned' discipline is what we need these days.

We hope to read much more in your *Janus*.

Linda W.
Wassenaar,
Holland.

SCHOOLDAYS RECALLED

A few weeks ago I bought a cane at the Janus shop, having noticed canes hanging on the wall there whenever I went in to buy magazines. As the cane I selected was very supple and pliant it went into my case easily, and I could feel an erection at the thought that my wife Milly and I were going to get a few strokes from it when I returned home.

Milly had found a copy of *Janus* among my magazines. I told her I hadn't mentioned it before as I didn't think she would be interested in the subject of corporal punishment, but she then told me that she had been interested ever since she was caned at school. She then told me that she and another girl had played truant at their boarding school one afternoon and that as a punishment both girls were not only caned on their hands but received what was for their school the rare punishment of a severe caning on their bottoms.

I then told her that I had the cane several times at school and that on two occasions I received it on my buttocks.

As a result of our talk she suggested that we should experiment using a cane on each other as part of our sexual exercises — she had been very interested to read letters in *Janus* and I agreed to buy a cane next time I went to London, not knowing where else to get one in these days when canes are not visible in hairdressers' shops as they used to be when I was at school.

When I got home Milly was curious to see the cane I had bought. She really fondled it as she ran her fingers along it and bent it into a big arc to test its suppleness. We measured it and found it was 34 inches. including the nice curved handle. We both thought it was a lovely cane. Milly gave it a little swish in the air and said: 'My! that's going to make us smart!' She seemed anxious to use it then and there but I said it would be better to save it until bed time.

After we had undressed for bed Milly picked up the cane and invited me to give her the same caning as she had had at school — two strokes on each hand and four on her bottom, saying they needn't be just little slaps but strokes like her headmistress used to give. I warned her that she would feel it but she laughed and said that she could at least get her own back in caning me.

Milly looked quite attractive as she stood there holding her hand out, with her pert little breasts and long nipples and a thick bush of black hair under her belly. I raised the cane

and gave her a smart stroke across her palm and she immediately clapped her hand to her mouth and said: 'Oh, that was smart.' I then gave her a stroke across her fingers and she said that was very smart. She said afterwards that her headmistress had aimed at her fingers as well as her palms and it had made her wet her knickers because the strokes were so smart.

Milly then lay across the edge of the bed. She has a nice soft slender bottom and I warned her that any strokes I gave her would make it burn and sting, for I was sure those lovely cheeks would shake and quiver when they felt the sting of the cane. However she was quite determined and told me to carry on and that I must cane her bottom in the same way as I imagined her headmistress must have done from how she had described her caning to me.

When I gave her the first stroke she cried out again: 'Oh! ' but she had asked for it and now I decided she was going to get it. After three more stinging strokes she got up from the bed rubbing her smarting bottom, saying: 'You certainly gave it to me,' as she looked into the full length mirror in the bedroom and saw four prominent red marks right across both cheeks.

Then it was my turn. Milly took the cane from me and made preparations, flexing the long swishy cane in both hands as she adopted the tone of a headmistress and ordered me to hold out my hand. The cane fell with a loud swish and I found she could cane as well as any headmaster or headmistress and her aim was quite good. Nor did she spare me when it came to caning my buttocks. After all I could expect it in return for caning her. Afterwards my bottom was burning as if it had been beaten with a red hot poker.

Then we made love. Milly's bottom stung her as she lay on her back and mine was burning as I drove into her.

Of course we don't always use the cane when we want to make love, reserving it for the occasions when we are both feeling a little more randy than usual. Then the cane comes out of its hiding place and is hung on a nail where it can be seen as in schooldays. The mere sight of it hanging there as if waiting for us, looking ever so long and swishy has the desired effect on both of us and when it is taken down we know what to expect from it, as I certainly did every time I stood at the headmaster's desk waiting for the punishment which I knew I was sure to get, making me feel hot under the collar — and elsewhere by the time the cane was taken down to give me what I suppose I must have deserved.

F.W.
Fleetwood.

PUNISHMENT DRESS IN HOLLAND

The letter of J.B. in *Janus* No. 10 (p.57) was very interesting to me. I am twenty-three years now. My sister, brother and I got a very good and strict education. We were often punished by means of 'punishing dress'. There was no difference made between the girls (my sister and me) and the boy. We had to strip completely and then only a blouse (without sleeves) was allowed to wear. So feet, legs and buttocks bare.

In our 'punishing dress' we had to do our normal work. Homework for school, playing piano, cleaning our rooms etc. If we did something wrong or if we don't obey at once, mum gave us a hard blow with the cane on our bare behind. If we were sitting with crossed legs she hit the upper legs with that cane.

When we deserved more punishment we got a real caning at last. Then we had to bend over a large chair, legs apart knees straight. Swissss . . . h said the cane in the air and Thwack . . . Thwack on a buttock cheek . . . again Thwack . . . on the other one and so on! The last blow was laid in the cleft between the cheeks and often the tip of the cane touched our pussy.

Red weals on our buttocks we had to stand in the corner till no crying was heard.

I can recommend the use of 'punishing dress' and c.p. A strict education is necessary; just in these days.

I hope you will print this letter in your famous magazine.

Yvonne de W.
The Hague.

SPANKED BY BROTHERS

As a girl of nineteen I am not very interested in Girlie magazines but I borrowed one (Vol. 6, No. 10) from one of my older brothers who reads *Janus* regularly, and having looked through it I was amazed that you completely ignore one dimension of corporal punishment.

The magazine is full of photos and stories of schoolgirls beaten by mistresses, wives by husbands and even in this one an American girl in gaol being beaten.

But not a mention of the earliest form of beating that girls in large families such as mine have to undergo. I mean beating by elder brothers. I am one of six children and very unfortunately I and my younger sister arrived late so I have four elder brothers and like most young sisters I know I received far more beatings from the boys than I ever did from my parents.

But to do them justice they only beat us when we deserved it which was pretty often till we learned to be very attentive to their wants. Again like most sisters in a family pattern like ours we were each responsible for two brothers. I looked after the two eldest and my sister Jill after the other two. We had to do their rooms and run their errands, bring them a cup of tea in the morning and even dig worms for them for fishing! If we did all this O.K. we were all right but if not it was a bare bottom beating the first night our parents were out. And the beatings were with a strap or cane and for real and made us yell our heads off. There were no sex games about it at a letter from a Scottish housewife describes her beatings from her husband. They were given to drive home a lesson and they usually did — till next time! In fact the only incestuous touch was when I was beaten by my two favourite brothers. While I was still bent over the bed when they had finished I often got my very sore bum deliciously kissed by them and immoral or not, it certainly helped to take away the pain.

But I repeat, they were fair, if hard in their beatings and by the time we were twelve we had both realized that a young sister's bottom is provided by nature for elder brothers to beat. After they were over the boys usually took us out for dinner or gave us a present, so you can guess we are a close family.

Miss P.G.
London, W.6.

SOUTHERN GIRLS CANED?

My new boss reads *Janus* and occasionally leaves it around. I gather readers are asking: Do Southern girls get caned too? They do, they do! This one anyway. And bloody painful and humiliating it is too.

I assume I qualify as a girl — I'm twenty-six, though my boss pretends not to believe it (well the truth is I lied and said I was twenty-three) and says I look like a kid just out of school. If you print this he'll read it and no doubt I'll get another caning but I don't care. I won't identify him — I wouldn't do a dirty trick like that — but the way I feel now I want, more than anything else to let people know that things go on in some of London's offices that they never suspect.

When I went out into Oxford Street for my sandwiches at lunchtime today I no doubt looked like all the other girls in my summer frock, short, loose and a bit see-through. But under mine I had nothing on — I never wear a bra

anyway and my tights and briefs were locked away in my boss's drawer. And already across my buttocks were four flaming weals administered with his cane this morning while I touched my toes with my frock folded up — four strokes as a sample, something in advance as he put it — with instructions to stay behind this evening 'to be taught a lesson in discipline' (his words again) for careless work, constant lateness in the morning, overstaying my lunch-hour, insolence and being 'a bad tempered little bitch' (him again).

I suppose it's all true, up to a point, although he's blown it up out of all proportion. But of course I wouldn't stay five minutes if it weren't for the unemployment situation. I was out of a job for five weeks before I got this one, and when he's said he'd pay me £3,750 (at least £10 a week more than I've ever got before) I jumped at it.

To give him his due he warned me at the interview that if I didn't toe the line he'd wallop me. I took it as a joke until I found I was often getting stinging slaps on my rear, sometimes with his hand but sometimes with a heavy two-foot ruler which he keeps on his desk. Then, three weeks ago I got spanked. Properly, over his knee, everything down and I was smacked till I was sobbing.

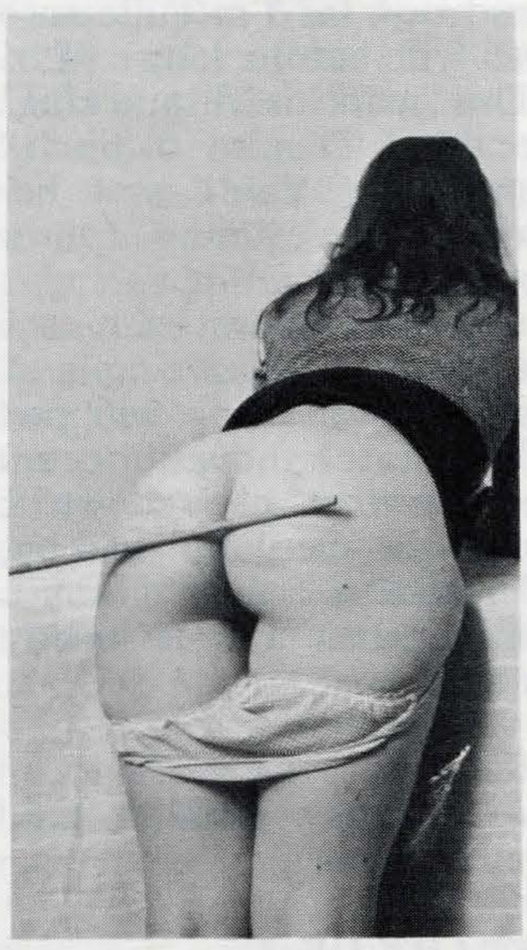
This morning when things blew up into a row — I had been playing him up, I know — he told me I'd had my spanking and now it was going to be something that would hurt rather more (the understatement of the year, I'd say!) When he told me he was going to punish me with the cane I could hardly believe my ears. I stormed and I pleaded but he was quite unmoved. He said he'd brought up three daughters and was disciplining secretaries before I was out of nappies, and he knew what I needed.

He sent me away to think about it for ten minutes. I did! I thought about my £70-odd a week and about going back on unemployment money, and I went









crawling back. The door was locked and for my outburst I got another spanking, and then, bawling with the pain of it, I was handed a key and told to bring 'it' from a drawer. 'It' was a well polished yellow-brown school cane; only about as thick as a pencil, with a crooked handle one end and a couple of inches of waxed thread binding round the other end.

It was then that I got my sample four cuts, and how they hurt! Now I'm waiting for this evening and trying to keep my mind on my work and trying not to think about the punishment in store for me when I report to him at six o'clock. But it's difficult, not only because, even with a cushion, those four weals on my behind hurt as I sit at my desk but also because of the humiliating knowledge that he's got me stripped under my flimsy frock in readiness for the hiding to come. For it's painfully obvious to me that if those four strokes were only a sample, it's a pretty severe caning he has in mind for me.

* * *

Same evening, 8.15 p.m.

What can I say? It's been a day I shan't forget in a hurry! I've been well and truly caned. Christ, I shan't forget that! but I've also been well and truly taken, had, screwed, f----d, call it what you like, and that was a marvellous release coming right after being tanned till I was sobbing, wriggling, blubbering, squirming in a sea of pain.

He made me take my frock right off and looked me up and down, stark naked and even told me to turn around for 100% inspection. 'Not bad at all,' was his comment — then: 'All right Liz, you know the score. You're a big, fine girl, even if you are as irresponsible as a kid, and I'm not taking half measures with you. I'm going to tan you good and proper. You're going to get six for poor work, six for bad timekeeping, and' — he paused and grinned at me ' — a dozen of the best for being such a bitch.'

He brought in a high stool from the draughtsmans' office and I had to hoist myself on to it, legs dangling down one side and the top half of me dangling down the other side, tits hanging down and my hair sweeping the floor. It was the most ignominious position and I was acutely conscious of my buttocks and thighs, the skin stretched tight upon them, high in the air, presented on a plate, as you might say, and awaiting the ministrations of his cane.

Every one of those twenty-four strokes hurt more than my morning four, partly, no doubt because of my different position. But he was also putting more beef into it — I knew by the sound of the cane as it sang through the air. I got the first dozen across my buttocks and I felt I couldn't possibly stand any more.

'And now for teaching an



insufferable little bitch some manners.' And he gave me the second dozen across the upper half of my thighs. And how I yelled!

He helped me off the stool and I clung to him, grizzling. He produced a hanky. Then he was caressing my breasts and I glanced down and saw the huge erection forcing his trousers out at the front. Still sobbing I undid his belt and unzipped his flies. He picked me up and dumped me (none too gently) on the carpet, and after a minute or so of delicious dalliance at my entrance he was inside me and we were pumping away together, and for a brief while the fierce pain of my twenty-eight stripes was forgotten.

I'm not stupid enough to call it love-making. I don't even like him. I've little enough cause to. But if, in order to keep my job and the fairly good salary that goes with it I've got to take a caning from him from time to time — I've no illusions about this being a 'one and only' — I might as well enjoy a little solace as well.

It will be a bright spot on the horizon next time he fixes me with a steely glare and says (as I'm quite sure he will before long): 'Liz. This work is disgraceful,' or 'Liz. You're a bitch,' and adds 'You'll stay behind this evening for a sound caning.'

Do you know, even as I write this, only a couple of hours after being whipped by him, the thought occurs to me that deep down I may be actually looking forward to it! If I am a bitch, then I'm a bloody stupid one!

Liz J.
London, E.5.

START OF A SPANKING CAREER

Psychologists tell us that our sexual inclinations are mostly determined in our childhood. Thus, a woman who, as a litle girl, was sexually aroused for the first time in her life on being spanked by her father, may spend the rest of her life looking for a man who will re-enact that scene; or a boy who achieves his first erection when being caned by his aunt will always thereafter crave to be beaten by a woman.

I myself, I am convinced, became hooked on flagellation when at the age of five, I saw my elder sister — two years older than myself — spanked on her bare bottom by our nanny. The sight of it stirred me emotionally as nothing in my life had before and left a profound impression. Had I been the victim instead of my sister I should probably have become a masochist. As it is I have never had any desire to be spanked; I have always wanted to do the spanking.

My earliest day-dreams were inspired by the chorus of little girls who acted as fairies in the Christmas pantomime. They were dressed like ballet dancers and wore white cotton drawers under their skirts, of which there was a thrilling glimpse when they threw up their legs. I tried to imagine them with drawers removed and little bottoms exposed for spanking.

My first opportunity to indulge the sadistic impulse came when I was appointed a prefect at my public school. This entitled me to cane the younger boys and I made the most of the privilege. Six cuts was the maximum, given over the pyjamas, with the culprit bending over the bath. With his pyjamas seat stretched tight across them, the chubby buttocks of a fourteen year old were a tempting target, which I took all the more pleasure in chastising if the boy was good looking.

After leaving school I lost interest in flagellation and had conventional sexual relationships with a series of girls. Although occasionally it occured to me that it would be nice to spank one, I never had the courage to propose it.

One evening, however, my current mistress produced a pornographic book which had been given to her by some men in Paris. It was lavishly illustrated with drawings, most of them depicting a gentleman in Edwardian evening dress engaged in whipping a maidservant. Various implements were used—birch, cane and martinet — and the maid was usually shown strapped to a chair with her voluminous skirts pinned up to her shoulders, her knee length drawers round her ankles and her voluptuous bottom criss-crossed with stripes.

As we turned the pages, I sensed that my companion was as intrigued by the pictures as I was, At a certain moment I put my arm around her waist — we were seated side by side on a sofa — and drew her gently face down across my lap. Very deliberately I rolled up her skirt above her waist and pulled down her knickers to her knees. Then, taking a firm grip with my left hand; with my right I proceeded to spank her bare bottom. She did not demur or struggle and I continued the punishment until the whole surface of her buttocks was suffused with a rich, pink glow. By this time I was thoroughly aroused and lost no time in laying the girl on the floor, separating her legs (after tearing off her knickers) and slaking my lust inside her. I was in too much hurry to give her pleasure the first time, but with my second orgasm she climaxed too, so all ended happily.

After this I never looked back. Spanking and/or caning became part of my regular love-making routine and I never met with any serious objections from my partners, although most of them made it clear that they put up with, rather than enjoyed being beaten. They accepted it as a harmless aberration for I never hurt anyone seriously — which they liked me enough to tolerate, knowing that if they didn't, I would look elsewhere.

It would be interesting to hear from other correspondents what started them on their spanking careers and how they set about it.

A.S.
Exeter

AFRICAN JUSTICE

I wonder if I might add a little to the comments of other readers concerning the subject of judicial

flogging. My experience goes back a few years to 1947 when, as a recently qualified S.R.N., I went to that part of central Africa that used to be the Belgian Congo. I had studied my nursing as a VAD during the war in Ceylon and had learned a lot of tropical medicine. The man I was interested in, a young doctor, took up a post in a small native village that possessed a small clinic, it was hardly a hospital, at that outpost of the Congo. I followed him as his head of nursing staff. I was twenty-three years old and we had great plans.

The clinic had ten African nurses and my Paul was the only doctor. The village was one of three, closely bound, deep in the jungle area between the rivers Aruwimi and Uele. The nearest big town was Buta about 300 miles away. The small town of Isiro was only 75 miles distant. Our village not only boasted the clinic but also the only jail for miles and it was in this jail that wrongdoers were brought from all over the district to suffer judicial whipping according to a lawful sentence. Paul, as the only doctor, was paid a useful fee to examine the prisoner to be whipped and pronounce him, and sometimes her, fit to receive punishment. He was also expected to be present during the whipping in the interests of the prisoner. From the hospital it was often possible to hear the victim's cries of pain and the crack of the whip.

Now although I was a nurse and dedicated to alleviating suffering I was, nevertheless, a young full-blooded female with normal female instincts. Like most members of my sex, I think, I had that urge for sado-masochism that wants us either to be whipped or whip someone, preferably a man. I have always had the urge to be a dominatrix or at least to witness a man being whipped. Listening to the sound of the whip on male flesh, from the jailhouse, followed by the cry of a full grown man in pain had a stimulating effect on me. I wanted to see, and the opportunity arose late in '47 when England was stupidly considering the abolition of the cat of nine tails as a form of correction.

Paul had to go to Buta for several days and I was left in charge of the clinic. The prison governor, a Belgian and the only other white man beside Paul in the villages, came to see me. He was sorry to worry me but a man was arriving at his jail the next day to be whipped for violent robbery. As the doctor would not be back for several days would I act as medical advisor. For the usual fee of course. The governor did not know that I would have done it for nothing and I presented myself at the gates the next morning complete with a small madical bag.

The prisoner had arrived an hour before, secure in handcuffs, after a journey of 75 miles from the court. After his whipping he would be transported all the way back again. I was taken to his cell and was shocked to find that the man was white. A dirty snivelling quivering white, but a white all the same. He wore only a greasy pair of trousers and his naked body above the waist glistened with sweat and he smelled of sheer terror. He sat still as I listened to his chest and the sound of his terrified heart hammering away. His eyes looked at me pleadingly.

'Please, miss,' he croaked, 'please don't let them do it to me. I couldn't bear it.' He whined on and on. 'Please young lady please,' he begged until the governor arrived and ordered him to silence.

I had been starting to feel sorry for the poor wretch when he said: 'Don't forget he attacked an elderly lady and broke her jaw. She is now in hospital with her teeth wired together.'

Like Pharaoh of old I hardened my heart. 'What is his sentence,' I asked.

'He will be given fifteen lashes on his bare buttocks and back,' came the reply. The man started to snivel again and I felt a stirring in my loins. Fifteen lashes and I would have a grandstand view. The governor took my arm as I pronounced the man fit, sending him into sobbing panic.

'Let us first have lunch,' he suggested and he led me from the cell block. Lunch was served in the governor's residence by his attractive half caste wife and midway through the soup he asked her who was on duty to carry out the punishment. I was staggered when she looked in her book, she was the prison secretary, and replied.

'Miss Kumalo.'

The governor just nodded but seeing my startled expression said: 'Don't worry, Miss Kumalo is a most experience officer and will certainly administer the punishment as firmly as any man.'

'That was not what was worrying me,' I replied. 'It was the fact that the whipping would be administered by a woman to a man that surprised me. Is there not a danger of some sexual overtones.'

He shrugged. 'Perhaps,' he said, 'But Miss Kumalo is the senior officer on duty and I don't think there will be much sexuality when she lays about this thug with her whip.' The flogging was going to be interesting I thought. At that moment a kock on the door heralded a tall negress in the uniform of a chief officer. 'Ah,' said the governor rising, 'Miss Kumalo come in.' I was introduced to this African beauty with dazzling teeth and wide smile. She was about thirty-five with long legs and full breasts that would turn most men's heads. Her smile broadened when the governor mentioned my fears.

'Don't worry Sister,' she smiled. 'When I larrup that boy I larrups him good and he won't get no fun out of it at all. I'll sting his ass so hard you'll hear that boy in Buta.' That 'boy' by the way was about thirty-five years old too. She turned to her chief. 'When do you want him whipped Sir?' she asked.

'First stroke at two thirty Miss Kumalo please.' She left the room. It was nearly 1.45. At 2 o'clock, as I was eating some fruit, I saw the poor man being dragged into the square before the residence. In the middle was a metal triangle standing upright. His wrists were secured to the apex of the triangle by handcuffs, only just above his head, then the guards unfastened his trousers and dragged them down. As a nursing Sister I have seen many men naked but there is a difference between a patient laying on a bed and a bound man being stripped for punishment. I craned forward at the window for a better look.

With his trousers removed his legs were pulled apart and his ankles clamped to the bottom corners of the triangle. He could not move his feet but had plenty of slack at his wrists. He tugged and squirmed at his chains and I was fascinated by the swaying of his genitals that appeared to move quite independently of his body movements. They had a ridiculous swirling motion that brought a smile to my lips. As he jerked from side to side his penis and testicles slapped up and down then, when he jolted vertically, his penis swung to the right and his testicles sloshed about to the left. A most peculiar movement indeed.

At a few minutes to the half hour I stood, to one side of the triangle and Miss Kumalo stood on the other coiling a short thick deadly looking whip in her long fingers. The governor stood before the man with his wife, who like me, was no doubt enjoying the spectacle of a man about to be whipped legally by a member of our sex. He read the charge and the sentence then looked at Miss Kumalo.

'When you are ready chief,' he said. She looked at the naked man whose eyes had been fixed on her whip all through the governor's speech. They were nearly out of his head and the sweat of fear was running down his bare skin. The African beauty unfastened her tunic and removed it. Underneath she wore only a brassiere.

'Look to your front boy,' she snapped at the wretched

man, 'or the strokes don't count.' His head snapped obediently to the front.

'Administer One,' called the governor. The man arched his body forward stretching his arms to their limit in a futile effort to avoid the sting of the lash. Miss Kumalo swung the whip high and swirled it around her head twice as the man strained forward before her. It hissed then gathered speed as she flicked her wrist to give greater impetus. It seared across the bare cheeks of the man's buttocks with a loud thwack. His hair stood on end and his eyes screwed up tight as his head jerked forward. Then it jerked back and his mouth opened for a long pitiful wail.

I watched as the thick weal turned bluey black on his backside. He tugged and screamed, pulled and twisted as the sting of the first of fifteen lashes burned through his buttocks to his brain.

Miss Kumalo waited patiently for his antics to slow down, drawing the lash through her fingers. Soon the wretch slumped in the triangle, his legs buckling as he hung by his wrists, although his head continued to rock as the pain burned him. The governor nodded and the whip swirled gracefully about the head of Miss Kumalo. It lashed out, slashing viciously across the soft flab of the bare buttocks shaking them violently, galvanising the prisoner of the triangle to further shrieking activity. Once again I marvelled at the asymetric movement of his genitals. He jerked vigorously towards me but his thick heavy penis slapped up against his sweating stomach with a wet splat. Another thick weal was added to his body. Miss Kumalo smiled a satisfied smile and waited for her victim to quieten down. I was enjoying the spectacle of a man suffering a good whipping at the hands of a woman and I can remember, even after thirty years, that I felt that I should be ashamed of myself. I found that I too was perspiring and it was not the African sun. I knew the man had had enough after only two lashes but I wanted this thug flogged and Miss Kumalo was just the girl to do it to him.

That whipping was the only one I have ever seen, but after all these years I can remember every stroke of that whip. In the hot sun Miss Kumalo, now glistening with sweat of exertion, thrashed that wicked man as he begged for mercy. She laid her strokes with consummate skill at regular intervals about the bare buttocks of the man on the triangle. I noted that she changed her target at the sixth lash and drove her whip at his bare back, searing the flesh between his shoulders and instituting a new dance in the man's ballet of pain. Again and again with the same wet Thwack as the whip cut across the area of his back from shoulder to waist. He would think several times before striking an elderly lady again.

The count reached ten, I remember it so well when he almost passed out and we waited several minutes before the governor asked me to attend him and did I think he had had enough. I stood in front of him, his mouth was open and I could see down his throat as he sobbed and begged me to have him released. I nodded to Miss Kumalo and she raised her whip. Well, I thought, why the hell should he get away with it when the poor old woman was lying in hospital with a broken jaw. I had my hand on his clammy chest when the lash cracked across his buttocks again. Those red raw welted buttocks. He was flung forward against me and I jumped back as he started his thrashing about routine. The governor was counting again and I noted that it was the thirteenth that curled right around his hips, the tail of the whip leaving a bloody whorl as it thwacked against the front of his thigh not a gnats whisker from his dancing testicles.

'Careful,' I cried out. But the fourteenth wrapped about his waist leaving another welt, a ragged line, on his stomach. Miss Kumalo waited, savouring the last stroke. It was a humdinger. Full force, full blooded, a searing Thwack, laid wickedly by this magnificent woman hard on the lacerated buttocks before her. The welts on his flesh were of the ragged variety left by a curling whip, they crossed and criss-crossed his bum and his back. He was lashed from shoulders to the tops of his legs with his bum getting the lion's share.

He was taken down and laid in his cell where I examined him and proclaimed him well and truly whipped. I also thought he was unfit to travel and he spent the night there. The next morning I saw him taken away and carted painfully back to Isiro where he would be released to his family and reflect on the foolishness of his ways. No doubt he will remember Miss Kumalo all his life. I know I shall.

Retired Nurse,
E.E. (Miss)
SRN, SCM, RNT.

HEADMISTRESS REMEMBERS

I am always interested to read the letters in *Janus* about corporal punishment in schools as I was headmistress of a girls' school in the Midlands for twelve years.

A letter in a recent issue said that caning on the hands could be as effective sometimes, as caning on the bottom, and I agree with that from my own experience, as I think caning on the hands can be under-estimated.

Of course there are times when a girl deserves to have her bottom well and truly caned for very bad behaviour and I have caned quite a lot of bottoms for that, but I think that in many cases, caning on the hands is quite appropriate. I am of the opinion that properly administered strokes of the cane on a girl's palm and fingers can be an effective punishment and I am sure that in my own case any girl I caned on her hands found that the strokes I gave her made her smart for a long time.

I remember reading a letter in *Janus* where a girl with an injured hand was caned and of course it made it worse. The fault in that case was obviously the girl's for failing to open her mouth to tell her headmistress of her condition, and so does not condemn the act of caning on the hands in other cases, for I have never heard of a caning injuring a girl's hand when the strokes are properly administered.

Of course if the punisher is a bit of a sadist who canes wildly then anything can happen, not only with caning on the hands but also on the bottom, as in the latter case a stroke badly given can cause injury as well as breaking the skin.

I suppose I must have given a few thousand strokes of the cane during my time as headmistress (that may sound an awful lot but caning several girls a week can add up to a lot in the course of a year), and never once did any stroke I gave injure a girl's hand (most were on the hand as I reserved caning on the bottom for more serious offences) in spite of the fact that the strokes I usually gave were such as to make a girl's hands smart and tingle so much that after the caning I could see that the cane had done its work.

Your reader I mentioned at the beginning of my letter referred to one aspect which may sometimes be overlooked, namely that when a girl's hands are caned she has to face her headmistress and can see the whole action taking place. When I was caned at school I regarded this as part of my punishment, for while the headmistress reprimanded me she flexed the long swishy cane she used into a large arc as if to impress me how supple it was. Then I would sheepishly hold out my hand and watch the cane being raised well above her shoulder. Then I heard a loud swish as the cane whistled through the air and landed on my palm (or the fingers where the sting was even greater) making it



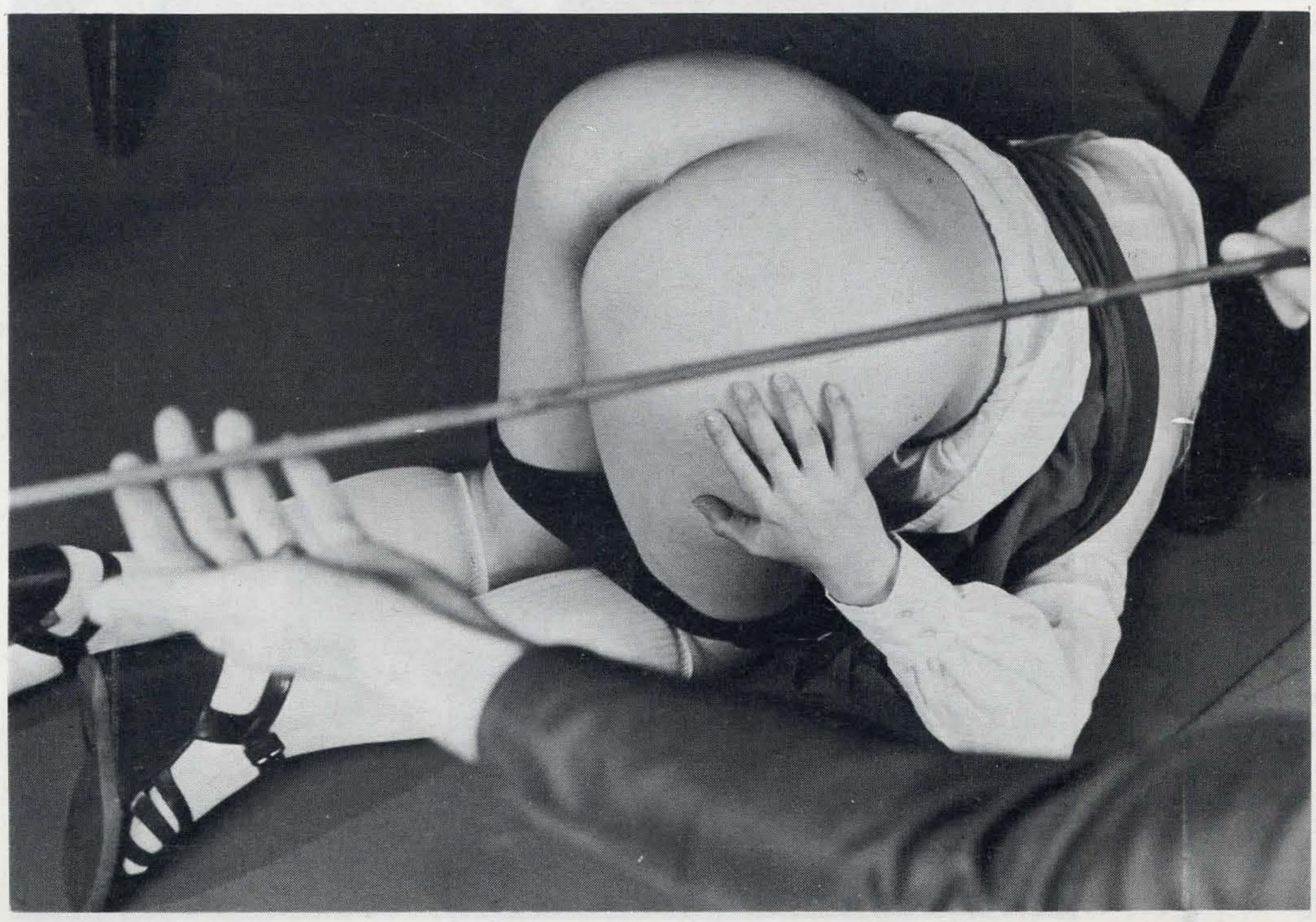
smart intensely. Then I had to continue facing her as she gave me more strokes, for she rarely gave a single stroke and both hands were usually caned with one, two or three strokes.

As to effectiveness, I could vouch for that as I sat in class afterwards rubbing my smarting hands or cupping them to my mouth in a vain attempt to reduce the smartness, which lasted for the rest of the lesson at least, and even for a couple of hours.

So, when the time came for me to use the cane myself I remembered my own experiences and it enabled me to use the cane effectively by caning the girls as I myself was caned.

I always kept two canes, one about twenty inches or so for the younger girls or for minor offences, and the other quite a long one about three feet long, slender and swishy. I think the girls came to know which cane to expect when they were sent to me for punishment, but one afternoon a girl thought she could make her own choice. I was taking a senior class in the absence of the teacher through illness, when one girl named Marion B. gave me a lot of trouble. At last my patience gave way and I called her out and told her to fetch the cane from my room. I omitted to tell her which one, so she returned with the shorter one, thinking she could get away with that instead of bringing the longer one which always hung alongside the other. I suppose one could expect





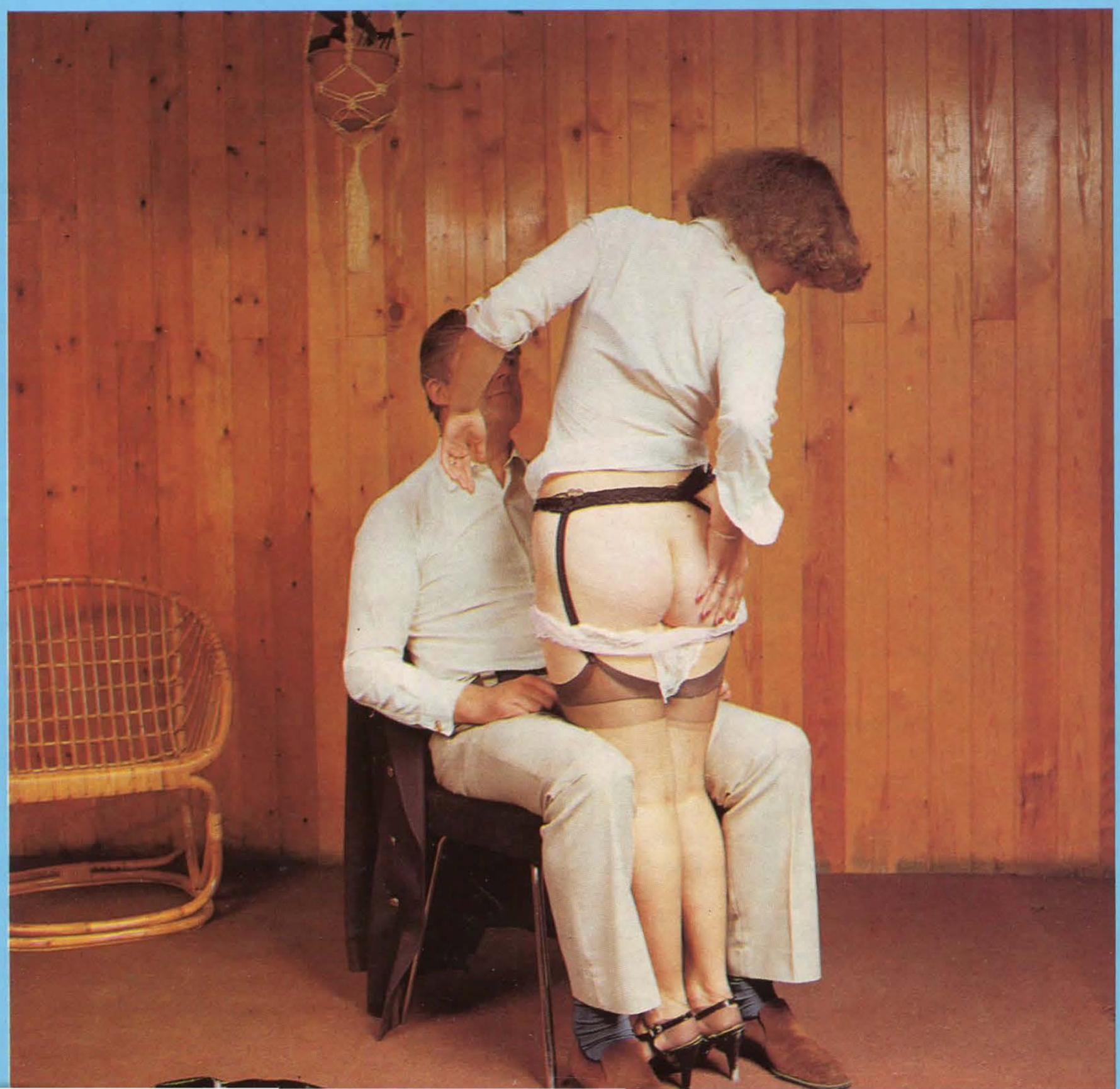
her to make such a choice but unfortunately for her, when I ordered her to take it back and bring me the longer one she pulled a face at me and stuck her tongue out. When she returned I could see her watching my movements as I twirled the long swishy cane in both hands while I admonished her in front of the whole class, guessing that she was in for it.

I was determined to give her a lesson so I gave her three strokes on each hand and then told her to bend down. Raising her dress, I gave her three swift strokes across her knickers, and it was a blushing Marion who got up eventually to adjust her dress, the first and only time I caned a girl on her bottom in the presence of other girls, as I always did it in my room. To add to Marion's discomfort I made her stand in front of the class for the remainder of the lesson and so she was compelled to make whatever movements she needed to ease her smarting hands and bottom while the other girls could tell how effectively I had caned her.

In caning a girl on her bottom I never made her lower her knickers as I thought this might be going too far in humiliating her. In any case the strokes I usually gave were such as to make any girl's bottom burn and smart, even when covered. I gave three strokes as a rule, and these were preceded by one or more strokes on each hand so that the girl would smart in several places. However, I always made the punishment fit the crime, giving fewer or lighter strokes where justified, and I think that in all cases punishment was justly and properly administered.

There were, of course, the more unusual cases where punishment had to be more severe than usual, such as a girl writing sexy sentences and passing them round the class, etc. One girl who had her paper confiscated had made a very good drawing of a boy's cock in the normal, and erect, conditions (she was an excellent scholar who became an artist) so of



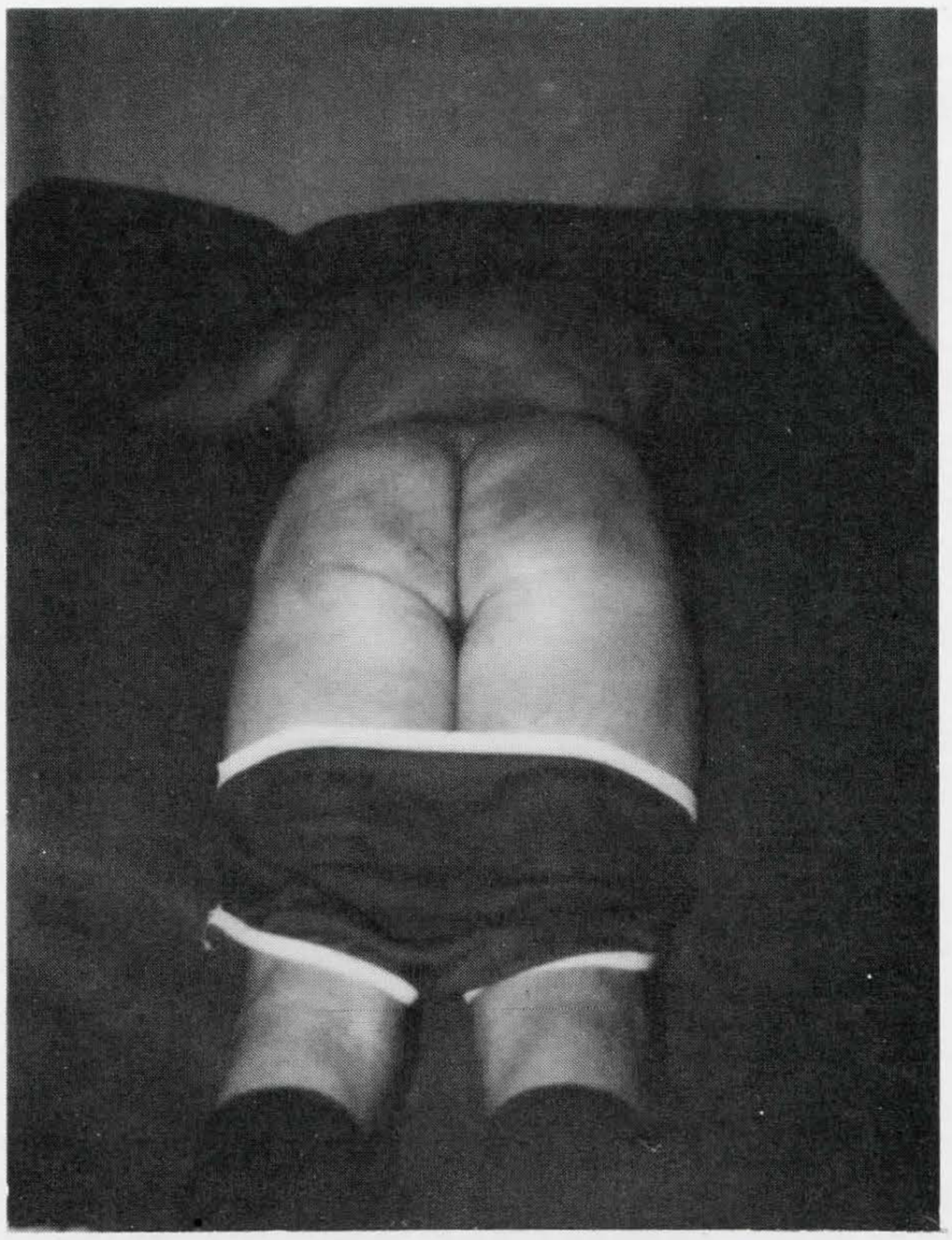


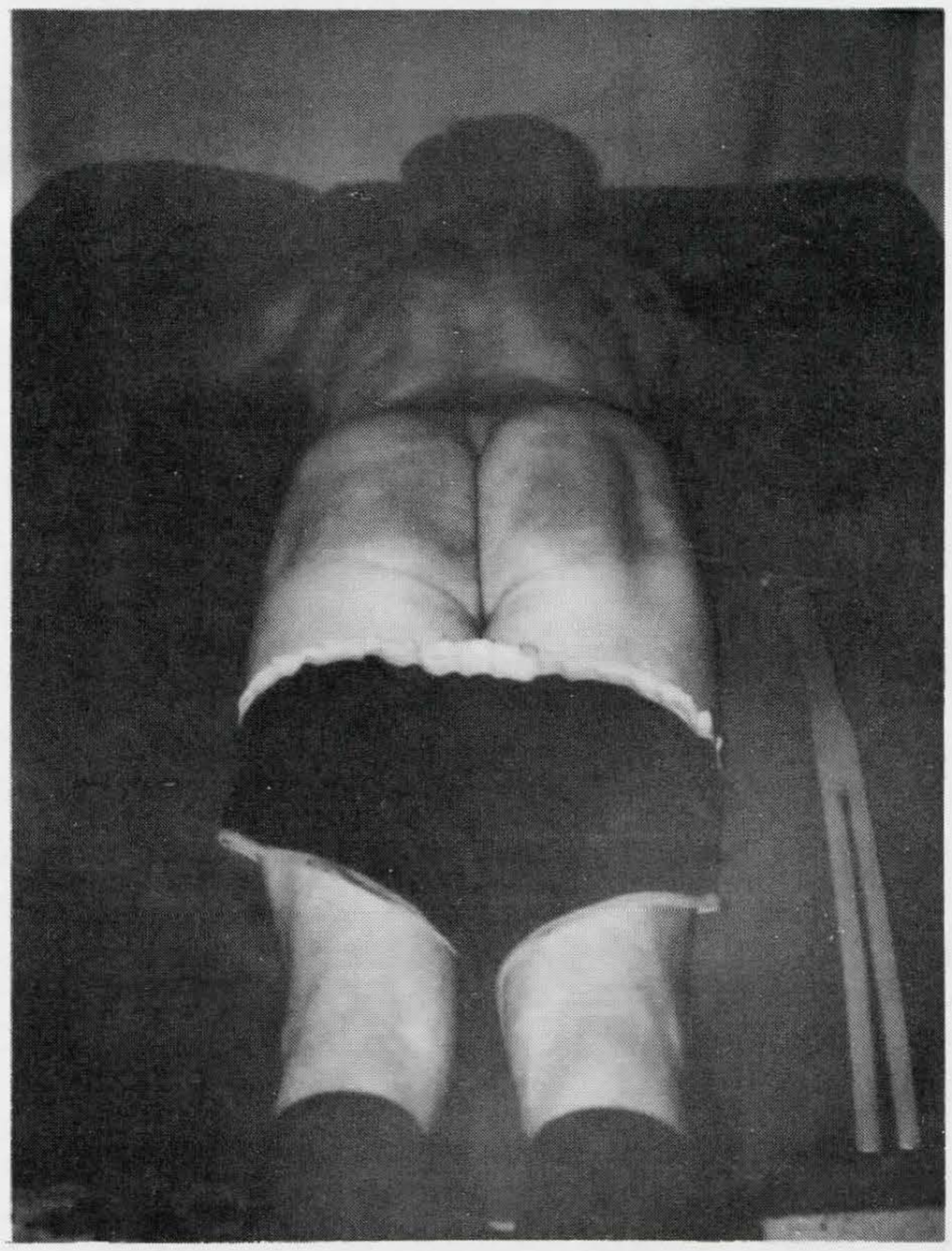
course in such cases the bottom had to be well caned as well as the hands.

I think the declining use of the cane has a lot to do with the increase in disorder in our national life, for if children go unpunished it is obvious that as they grow older they will not conform to discipline. Being kept in school or given useless 'lines' to write is not, in my opinion, an adequate punishment; a well administered stroke of the cane is much more effective.

I cannot speak about the tawse for I have never used one, nor even seen one; I understand it is used more in the North and especially in Scotland, but not in the Midlands where I was. Maybe the tawse can be even more effective than the cane but I wouldn't know. What I do know is that the type of instrument I used — a rattan cane I think it is called — with its slender length and curved handle enabling it to be put on display as a warning, was an instrument which I never regretted using when necessary during my twelve years in control of a Midlands school.

Janet H.
Carnforth,
Lancashire.





HUSBAND TAWSED

In my recent letter to *Janus* (Vol. 6, No. 7) I criticised the unreality of your spanking and caning pictures. When I wrote that letter I did not tell my wife about it. As she now reads *Janus* also she was furious when she read it and after telling me that in future she was to be told if I wrote to you again she went to the drawer where she keeps her tawse, and returning, gave me a sound whipping.

Another letter in the same issue, by J.M. of Glasgow gave my wife food for thought, when he wrote that the bottoms portrayed in *Janus* should look as if they were halfway through a spanking. She asked me what I thought of that one and I told her I agreed with J.M. My wife then said she was going to take a photo of me halfway through a whipping with her two-tailed Lochgelly Heavy, and send it to *Janus,* which she said should please me and J.M. as she would make sure it would really look real.

I was then told to get undressed and lie over the bed; the camera was placed ready: then I was given ten strokes with all her weight behind the tawse. Then while my bottom was stinging and felt as if it was on fire she placed the strap beside me so that it was also shown as she took the photo in colour.

You can take my word for it that the red marks on my buttocks were really made with the strap you see in the photo. The other photo shows my buttocks after ten strokes with the same strap during a whipping from my wife just before I wrote this letter.

My wife knows about this letter. She told me to write it and include the pictures.

H.B.
Edinburgh.

BACK ISSUES OF JANUS

For those of you who have not been able to obtain all the issues of Janus that interest you we offer a comprehensive list of all back numbers to enable you to complete your collection. Every issue is fully illustrated and contains a liberal selection of readers' letters, accounts of personal experiences as well as authoritative articles on various aspects of fetishism and spanking. Some of the features contained in each number are listed below. The original small issues are **50p each post free** and the later ones in the larger format are **£1 each.** In addition there is one Special Christmas number at **80p.**

VOLUME 1

No. 1 Discipline in the Bedroom
Girls who like Girls
No. 2 Voyeurism: the Watchers and the Watched Marquis de Sade: Man & Myth
No. 3 Victorian Sex Secrets
Justine: Virtue Defeated
No. 4 Photo-feature on knickers
Juliette: Female Monster of Cruelty
No. 5 Fetish Appeal of Feminine Underwear
Rubber Fascination
No. 7 Further Revelations of Victorian Vice
No. 8 Exotic Female Exhibitionists
Survey of Spanking Attitudes
No. 9 Fetish View of Knickers, Stockings and Suspenders
No. 10 Spanking Initiation. Rubber and Leather Fetishism
No. 11 Girls Bound to Please
The Penis. Does Size Really Matter?
No. 12 Sex and Spanking in the Cinema
Men in Bondage and Submission

VOLUME II

No. 1 Tools of Bondage
Victorian Playmates
No. 2 Erotic Fantasies and Secret Publications
Masochism in Women
No. 3 Modern Chastity Belts
Lessons for Knicker Watchers
No. 4 Annette Spanked
Causes of Impotence and its Cure
No. 5 The Rod and the Birch
Lesbian Adventures
No. 6 Shoe Fetishism
The World of the Frotteur
No. 7 The Joy of Bottoms
Enhance your Sexuality
No. 8 Male Chastity Devices
Transvestism
No. 9 Rubber Fetishism
Spanking Interview
No. 10 More Victorian Playmates
Three-way Sex
No. 11 Hair Fetishism
Breast Bondage
No. 12 Those Sexy Au Pairs
Female Fetishism

VOLUME III

No. 1 Spanking in the Thirties
Solitary Vice
No. 2 Aphrodisiacs
Sex Fun
No. 4 Petticoat Discipline
Rubber Marriage
Christmas Number 80p post free
Women Who Say Treat Me Rough
Spank Me Darling

VOLUME III LARGE SIZE £1.00 each

No. 7 The Inner World of the Sex Act
Those Were the Days: Part II
Solority Spankings
No. 8 Initiation Into Bondage
Spanking Before and After
Extended Letter Section
No. 9 Memoirs of Dolly Mason: Part I
The Ordeal of Nurse Marshall
No. 10 Girl in Fox Furs
Russia's Randy Royalty
Adventure in Italy
No. 11 Female Domination
Paying for Sex
Caning in Africa
No. 12 Sexual Empathy
Macready's Triumph (spanking)

VOLUME IV LARGE SIZE

No. 1 Sex on the Roads
Are you male or female?
No. 2 Punishment? Me Corporal?
The Virile Victorians
No. 3 A Spanking Miscellany
Fetishism & Bondage in the Cinema
No. 4 "Oh Sergeant!" (spanking)
Sue's Story
No. 5 Spanking in Spain
Change Partner
No. 6 Spanking in Spain: Part II
Is the Wench Willing?
No. 7 The Camel Whip
Spanking in Poland
No. 8 A Dream of Olwen (spanking)
The Gynaecologist
No. 9 Randy for Rubber
Postmans Progress (spanking)
No. 10 Spanking Sisters
Distinct Lesbian Influence
No. 11 Bondage for Pleasure
Advice for the Advanced Spanker
No. 12 Spanking in Germany
Mantrap

VOLUME V LARGE SIZE

No. 1 Those Spanking Victorians
Helga – Masochist
No. 2 A Victorian Remembers
Rubber and Sex
No. 3 Dressing for Spanking
Tie Me and Love Me
No. 4 Miss Whiplash Tamed
Women's Sex Fantasies
No. 5 A Spanking Farce
An Office Spanking
No. 6 Spanking Dream World
House of Fantasy
No. 7 Model Spanker
Miranda's Secrets
No. 8 Gymslip Pleasures
Fetishism and Fashion
No. 9 Directoire Nostalgia
Secrets of Spanking Photography
No. 10 I Want to be Spanked
Spanking Tables Turned
No. 11 Fundamentals of Fetishism
Spanking Confessions
No. 12 Red Bottom Maid
Join Us In Rubber

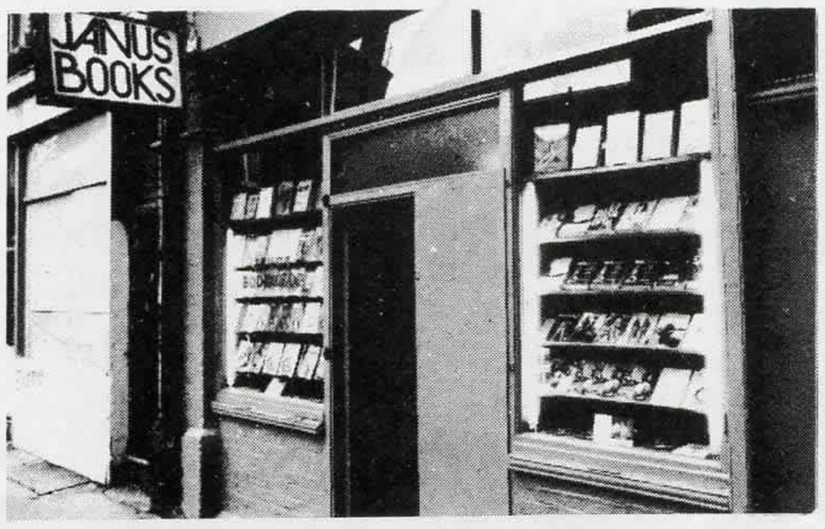
VOLUME VI LARGE SIZE

No. 1 Schoolgirl's Revenge
Spanking Substitute
No. 2 Loving Spankers
A Judicial Caning
No. 3 Beauty and The Birch
A Strict Nanny
No. 4 A Mistress and Her Maids
Over a Neighbourly Knee
No. 5 When Harem Girls Bend Over
Hair Fetishism
No. 6 Circus Girl with a Whip
Spanking in the Movies
No. 7 Well Disciplined Au-Pairs
Twin Tanning
No. 8 I'd Rather be Caned
Spanked before Breakfast
No. 9 Instruments of Flagellation
Southern Belles Birched

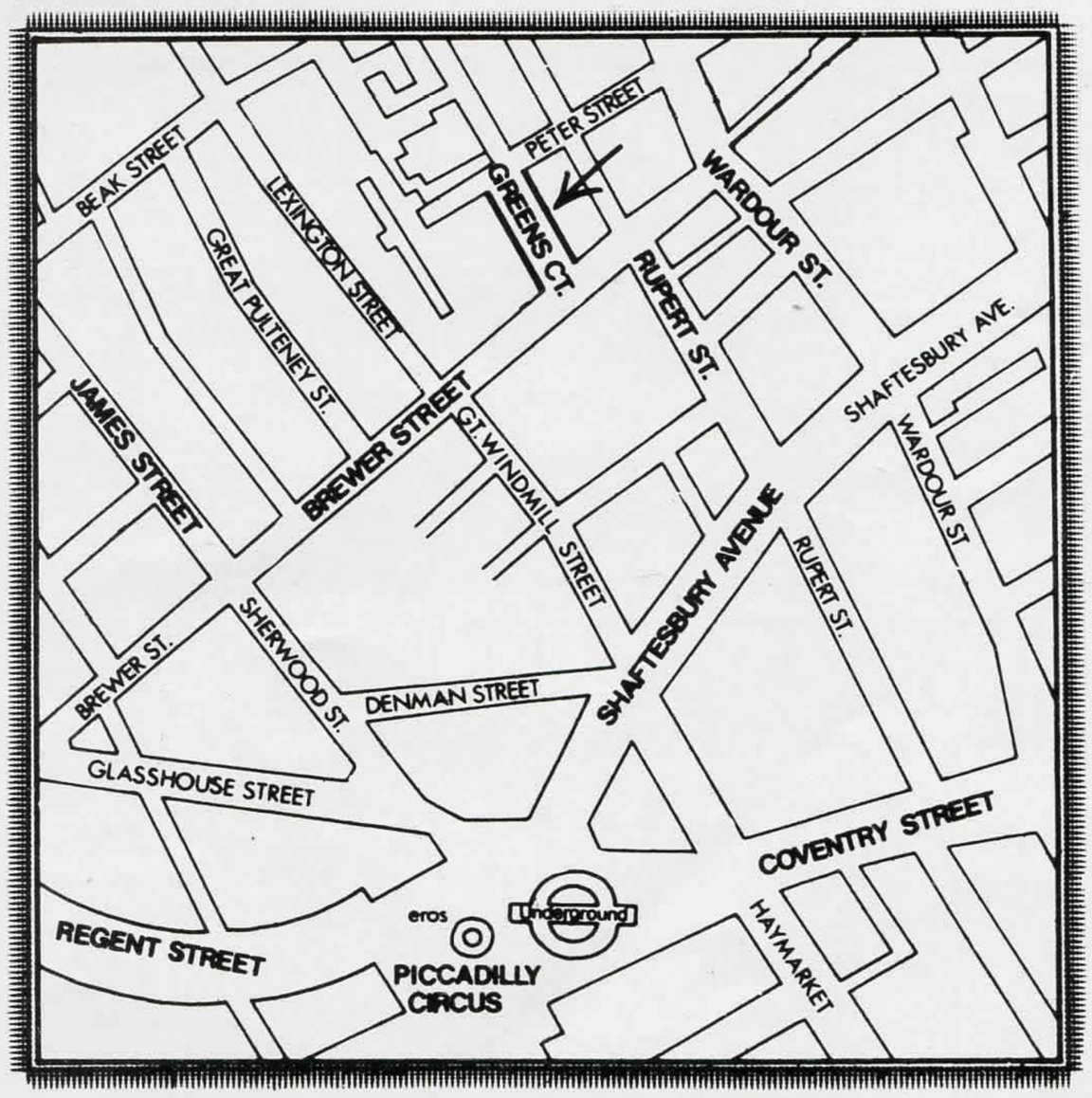
As a Regular Janus Reader don't forget to visit the

JANUS BOOKSHOP 4, GREENS CT. W.1.

The *Janus Bookshop* is situated at 4, Greens Court, off Brewer Street, London W.1, and is open from 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Monday–Saturday. All our back numbers are on sale as well as a comprehensive selection of other books, magazines and films which we know would appeal to the *Janus* reader. Spend a couple of hours browsing around; you will be most welcome. Our trained, expert staff are there to help you. Canes, paddles and sex aids are also available as are mini-movie booths for your private viewing pleasure.



The map should help you find it.



When the Janus Bookshop is closed customers will find all Janus Publications as well as all other specialist books and magazines at Tres Camp Books, 40 Old Compton Street W1, which is open every day until 11pm including Sundays and is only three minutes walk from our shop.



A
JANUS
PUBLICATION