JANUS

A JOURNAL OF FETISHISM AND C P

VOLUME 7 NUMBER 3

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JANUS

A Magazine of Fetishism and C.P.

Volume Seven Number Three

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No Escape

CHAPTER SEVEN
Escap-ade

The great day approached! Paul had written setting the day of the escape for October the second, weather permitting, and certainly the fates seemed to be on our side. The Autumn of 1926 was, in Scotland at least, an Indian Summer. Day followed day of warm sunshine and it seemed almost impossible that our luck would hold, but hold it did. Wednesday October 2nd dawned bright and clear with a light breeze and hazy sunshine. It had been agreed that Val and Fiona would report me sick with stomach ache, nothing serious enough to cause my move to the sanatorium and a visit from the doctor, but enough to keep me in bed. A small case of clothes had already been packed and hidden on the moor near the landing place, and at 11 a.m., with lessons in full spate, I would dress and sneak out and away to my rendezvous with Paul and the Moth.

There was one snag, well two actually. First the door of the building where our dorms were faced the classrooms and it was more than possible that a teacher would see me sneaking out. This meant that I had to leave by one of the windows which faced away from the school, and I had already provided myself with a rope for the purpose. The other snag was a human one, and therefore more likely to go wrong. Both Val and Fiona insisted on seeing the plane arrive and take off. Both said airily that they could be 'excused' from the lesson and get to the moor and back without being missed. I said that it was obvious that once the escape was discovered this 'coincidental' visit to the lavatory would be bound to make them suspect as accessories and that they would both be lucky to get away with a whacking. That, they said, was a risk that they were willing to take. Did I think that they were both going to sit meekly in the classroom while it all happened?

It seemed that the fateful day would never come, but as days have a habit of doing it arrived on schedule. We three were hugging ourselves with excitement and it was with the greatest difficulty that Val and Fiona behaved normally and went to P.T. and breakfast. My 'illness' was accepted. Matron came and looked at me and seemed quite satisfied with my explanation of 'stomach cramps,' saying that I should be well enough for school in the afternoon.

By 10.30 I had my underclothes on under my pyjamas and only needed to slip on kilt, blouse and blazer, and an overcoat for it would be cold in the plane. At 10.45 I was fully dressed and shoved a couple of bolsters in the bed to, hopefully, fool anyone glancing in. I looked out of the window that overlooked the moor. All clear. I took the coiled rope from my locker, tied it securely to the window frame and lowered it out. The window was about eighteen feet from the ground and the rope reached to almost a few inches from it. I was good at gym and the climb presented no problems, and within seconds I was down, leaving the rope in place. It was unlikely to be noticed anyway. So I slipped away to the moors, taking care not to be seen from the school.

I hurried to the rendezvous spot, retrieved my case, and waited. My watch said 11 o'clock, then almost five past. Val and Fiona joined me in a fever of impatience. Would he never come? Perhaps he was not coming! Then, just as our stretched nerves seemed to reach snapping point, there was a faint hum in the sky to the east and a dot appeared which grew bigger until it was undoubtedly a biplane. The DeHavilland Moth circled, its pilot waved, then made an almost perfect landing some hundred yards to our right. We hurried over. Paul grinned a greeting as he was introduced to Val and Fiona, but looked a little anxious.

'Look old girl, the old bus has been playing up a bit on the trip over, a choked fuel line I suspect. I don't think I can risk taking you!'

'Oh no!' we chorused in despair. 'You must, it's vital!'

Paul hesitated, his common sense battling with his wish to please us, then he shrugged. 'Alright then, it's your risk. But wear this parachute, and if I think it's necessary for you to bail out then you do so immediately and with no arguments. Promise?'

'Of course,' I said, hastily strapping on the parachute pack and scrabbling into the passenger cockpit of the sturdy little biplane. What were a few risks against the glory of escape from Stepholme? They only added to the adventure.

I strapped myself in and adjusted the flying helmet, scarf and goggles which Paul gave me. The engine, which had been ticking over, roared into life, and the Moth began a bumpy takeoff across the moor, with Val and Fiona waving enthusiastically. We became airborne just as girls and teachers, disturbed by the noise of the engine, began to hurry from the school building. We gathered speed



and height, the island and school receded beneath us, people the size of dolls looking up at us in astonishment. We were away!

'What was that aeroplane doing, and why are you two girls absent from your class to meet it?' Miss Thorn snapped at Val and Fiona. 'Come to my study. I demand a full explanation!'

* * *

It was within five minutes of gaining height and setting out on an easterly course that the engine coughed, spluttered, coughed again and then failed. Paul looked round anxiously, then shouted above the noise of the slipstream: 'She's gone again, this time I think for good! I shall have to try for a forced landing on that island down there, Rockwold I think it is. I can't risk it with you in it, the island's all rock and I shall probably wreck the plane. You must jump. No arguments. Remember your promise!' I nodded, it seemed inevitable. I unfastened my safety belt, scrambled out onto the wing and looked down. The island looked very small and inhospitable, the sea vast and lonely. I gulped, then braced myself and jumped into space, half hearing Paul's shout of 'Good luck!' as I went. I counted slowly to three then pulled the rip cord of the parachute. For what seemed an eternity nothing happened then, with a jerk, the pilot 'chute broke free and the main parachute followed. My headlong plunge into space was checked and I was swinging gently in the air, the wind lifting my kilt in a highly suggestive manner as I floated slowly to earth. Above me the Moth circled, then, miraculously, the engine spluttered then roared into life. Paul controlled the plane, gained altitude, then circled past me, shrugging and waving apologetically, then headed east. I was abandoned in space above a strange island miles from the mainland!

* * *

'And you mean to say,' said Miss Thorn icily, 'that Angela has absconded with some man, and that you connived at this idiocy?' Val and Fiona shuffled their feet uneasily and said nothing.

'Well,' said the Headmistress, 'I have informed the police and I trust that we will hear something soon. In the meantime comes the reckoning for your part in this stupidity.' She crossed to a cupboard and brought out a thin, swishy cane, then placed an upright chair in the centre of the room. 'Six of the best may help you to have more sense in future. You first, Valerie!' Glumly Val leaned over the back of the chair and placed her hands on the seat.

'No, grasp the lower rung if you please, I want your bottom well raised.' Val reached further over and grabbed the bottom rung, presenting straight legs and a taut backside. The headmistress raised Val's kilt and petticoat, tucking them well out of the way, then carefully pulled down the girl's silk bloomers to the knee. Then standing back she measured her cane carefully against the twin globes. Raising it high, Miss Thorn brought it cracking down across the large white buttocks positioned before her. An angry scarlet welt sprang up across the fair expanse of soft flesh. Val yelped!



The ground gradually rose to meet me. It was grey granite rock, hard, cold and inhospitable with little vegetation. I hoped that I would fall gently, a broken limb in that desolate place would be no laughing matter. From my bird's eye view the small island was spread out beneath me and I could make out a couple of fishermen's cottages and a large house that had some pretentions. It looked as if it belonged to someone of importance, who perhaps owned a telephone. I was just deciding that that was the place to make for when the ground suddenly rushed up to meet me. Hastily I tucked my legs under me and let myself fall on my hip as Paul had once shown me at Brooklands. I rolled over, the 'chute falling in soft folds about me. I stretched cautiously. I appeared to be unhurt. I scrambled to my feet and unbuckled the parachute harness, stuffing the whole thing under a convenient rock. It could be collected later I thought. I took off my flying helmet and scarf too and left them in the same place. I had no wish to arrive at a strange house looking like Amy Johnson. It was about a quarter of a mile to the big house across rough tussocky grass, interspersed with rocks and stones. The Moth would never have made a successful landing here. I picked my way carefully, wishing to avoid a sprained ankle. My case was still in the plane and so I had no luggage and was wearing only my 'mac' over my school uniform blazer and kilt. It would be quite a problem trying to explain where I had come from. Schoolgirls do not parachute from the skies every day!

I reached the large stone house, it looked unkempt and neglected. It might almost have been deserted except for a thin whisp of peat smoke rising into the October sky from one of the chimneys. I approached the large front door and lifting the knocker let it thud against its metal plate. The echoes reverberated through the house, again giving the impression of neglect and isolation. Despite myself I shivered. After some time there was the sound of footsteps, bolts were drawn back, a key turned in the lock, and the massive door creaked open.

It was opened by a thickset, middle-aged man who perhaps looked older than his years because of a thatch of silvery hair. It was, however, the eyes which you noticed first. They were bright, unnaturally bright, and penetrating, seeming to look right into you, stripping away your clothes and leaving you naked and vulnerable.

'Er, excuse me,' I began. I got no further. The man fixed me with an even more intense stare and said:

'So you're back are you? Well you'd better come in.'

At a loss to know how to reply to this unusual welcome, I entered the hall and followed my host, who had first locked and barred the door, down a long stone corridor which felt chill and dank. We turned at last into a comfortable enough room with a good fire burning in the hearth and the table laid with the remains of a plain but adequate meal. The man, without a word, busied himself laying a place for me and cutting a generous portion of cold meats, adding mashed potatoes and runner beans from the dishes on the table. 'Sit down and eat,' was all he said, 'you must be hungry after that journey.'

I did as I was bidden, as I was indeed hungry after all the excitement, and not having breakfasted because of my 'stomach ache'. The man still said nothing, but sat and watched me steadily through those piercing, unblinking eyes as I made a hearty meal, washing the food down with home made ale which the man brought from the kitchen, and making sure that my glass was kept replenished. Only when I had finished and pushed the plate away did the man speak: 'So you are back are you?' he repeated. 'You remembered that I said you come back only on my terms?'

I remained silent, not knowing how to reply to this puzzling question. Suddenly I began to feel very sleepy. Perhaps it was the heavy meal on top of all the excitement of the day, perhaps the home brewed ale, but certainly I could not keep my eyes open. The lids grew heavier and heavier, forcing themselves down over my eyes. Despite a gallant attempt to force them open they closed. Consciousness slipped away from me.

* * *

'Six,' said Miss Thorn. 'Kindly get up and adjust your clothing.' Gingerly Val straightened up, her hands clasping her throbbing buttocks. Scarlet-faced and close to tears, she gradually eased the soft silk of her knickers up over the welted curves of her bottom. She had had worse whippings, the Minister's after the affair of the lost knickers for instance, but even so Miss Thorn had laid on with a will and a practised flick of the wrist and each of the six strokes of the supple cane had cut hard into the soft flesh like a hornet's sting. 'You will remain and watch Fiona receive punishment,' went on Miss Thorn. 'Fiona, you have a smaller, less padded bottom than Valerie. I feel that it will be more effective if you lie across the seat of the chair. Remove your knickers first please.'

Fiona took her bloomers right off and placed them on the floor, then lay across the seat of the chair. 'One moment,' said the headmistress. She took a cushion and placed it beneath Fiona's stomach, raising her slim hips. She was now bent over the chair, fingers and toes touching the floor, legs straight, and her slight but shapely bottom raised to best advantage. Miss Thorn turned back Fiona's kilt and petticoat. The oval bottom was firm-fleshed and temptingly curved. The older woman took careful aim with the pliant cane. 'One,' she called, and the sound of rod against girlish posterior and the indrawn hiss of breath from the punished girl were as one.

* * *

I awoke with a slight headache and a bitter taste in my mouth. Instinctively I knew that I had been drugged. But why? I tried to rise and there was a clink of metal and my movement was restrained. I opened my eyes and blinked in utter astonishment. I was lying on a bed, chained hand and foot, and furthermore my school uniform of blouse and kilt were gone. Instead I was dressed in what seemed to be jockey's 'silks'. A gay striped blouse and tight silk jodphurs which tucked into soft leather riding boots. I slipped my chained hand down to my thigh. It was obvious from the feel that I had no underclothes on under the thin britches. My hand went to my breast, neither was there anything beneath the silk blouse. Under the thin, close-fitting garments I was naked! A broad leather belt was padlocked around my waist and this in turn was chained to the bed. I was held prisoner. But why?

I had scarcely time to think about my plight, still less to panic, when the door opened and the man with the wild eyes stood before me. In his hand he held what looked like a horse's bridle and bit. 'So you are awake? Good. Well now that you are back and awake we can play the pony game again. You know, my dear, how we used to enjoy the pony game. As you can see I have kept all the clothes, just as you left them. The trap is in the stable all oiled and polished. Somehow I knew that you would return!'

He approached the bed and I tried to pull away from him but was prevented by the chain about my waist. Deftly he placed the straps of the bridle over my head, pushed the rubber bit into my mouth and secured the straps at the back of my head. I was effectively gagged. Then, fastening a strap to my chained wrists he unfastened me from the bed and led me from the bedroom. Hobbled as I was with chains at my wrists and ankles I had no choice but to follow like a bitch on a lead. He led the way to the rear of the building and out to a stable. It held no horse, only a light trap similar to those used for sulky racing in America. He pushed me between the shafts and strapped my wrist manacles to each of them, the chain between stretching taut. Then he secured reins to the bit in my mouth and fastened a bar to the shafts before me for my body to push again. This was fastened to the strap around my waist rather as if I was a rickshaw boy. When I was captive the man removed my leg irons, making quite sure to keep out of range of my kicking feet.

'Wild eyes' looked at me gloatingly. 'My pony has returned and I hope has lost none of her speed — or spirit,' as he dodged a vicious kick from me, 'but we have ways of taming spirited fillies.' He got up into the light trap and from a socket took a long thin willow switch. He took this in one hand and the reins in the other and shouted: 'Gee up!' emphasising the command with a smart cut across my thinly clad buttocks. Goaded, I strained against the shaft pole and the trap began to move. Another vicious cut across the bottom spurred me to even greater efforts and I broke into a ragged trot with the trap behind me and 'Wild Eyes' encouraging me with words and stripes from the supple switch which etched lines of fire across my haunches protected only by the thin silk jodphurs. We circled the paddock twice, then he stopped me by pulling viciously on the reins. I stopped, gasping for breath, and sucking in air as best I could, my heart thumping uncontrollably. After a short rest came the command 'Up,' and the wicked switch cracked down again, and I was forced once more into movement. My breath became laboured, I had a stitch in my side, black spots began to swim before my eyes, but still I was kept trotting on, urged to greater efforts by the willow switch whacking across my rump, which felt like two burning balloons. Then mercifully a strange voice said: 'That's enough. Down you come and come along with me. Duncan, you unfasten the young leddie, she looks done in.' Half fainting, I realised that a large policeman was unfastening the straps which held me, while another led 'Wild Eyes' unprotesting, to the house.

I had been very lucky. As soon as Paul reached the mainland and an aerodrome, he had telephoned the police, telling them where I was. Miss Thorn too had already contacted them and so a search was already in progress. A motor launch with two policemen had set out from Scroban, and it was here that they had found me. 'Wild Eyes' was, of course, a lunatic. He had spent several years in an asylum after performing insane acts, amongst them the pony game,



on his wife. She had managed to leave him, and as a result of her complaints he had been certified. The year before he had been discharged from the asylum as 'cured' and returned to his old home, living there with no known trouble. It seems that my coming, and a superficial resemblance to his wife, had caused the relapse. I was lucky that the police came before I dropped with exhaustion. I was lucky too, the doctor later confirmed, that I had not been sexually assaulted in any way.

Within an hour I was dressed in my own clothes and in the police launch and on the way back to Stepholme to face Miss Thorn. 'Wild Eyes' they returned to the County Asylum.

CHAPTER EIGHT

A Present from St. Nicholas

My luck continued to hold — well, to some extent. When I got back to school I was immediately sent to the sanitorium to rest and recover from the shock of my ordeal with 'Wild Eyes', and I must admit that I was pretty shaken. All the same with a not-too-happy interview with the Thorn in prospect, I did hang out the convalescence as long as possible, partly to put off the evil hour, and partly to let her temper cool, also because I was naturally lazy and the comfort of the 'san' was preferable to lessons.

However, after three days the doctor pronounced me sufficiently rested and said that I could return to school, and that, of course, meant my interview with Miss Thorn.

'I am prepared to be lenient,' said the headmistress at length, after cataloguing my sins and shortcomings to the ninth degree. 'To some extent you have already been punished by your unfortunate encounter with the madman. Not that it was not your own fault that it happened,' she hastened to assure me. 'Nevertheless, were it not for that I should punish you with the utmost severity. As it is, I am prepared to accept that your airborne escapade (she smiled thinly at her own joke) was merely a prank and not an attempt to abscond from the school. So I will dispense with the severe flogging which you should have.'

('Good!' I thought, 'have I really got away with it?')

Instead I will deal with you lightly. You have, of course, brought a great deal of trouble to a good many people, not least myself, by your childish behaviour, and so of course you must expect a childish punishment. Tomorrow morning you will receive a long and humiliating spanking before the whole school. You will also write out the whole of Macaulay's *The Lays of Ancient Rome* as an imposition, and you will be confined to the school grounds for three weeks. Oh, and one more thing, I will send your father a full report of this incident. You may go, and consider yourself let off lightly!'

I did! Mind you, I was not looking forward to a prolonged spanking after prayers with everybody looking on while my bum took on a rosy hue, neither was I particularly fond of Lord Macaulay's little epic — somehow I guessed that these Lays of Ancient Rome were not classical ladies of ill repute! Even so, it was better than the eighteen with the whale bone switch that I had been dreading. Well done old 'Wild Eyes'!

Even so I look back on the next morning at prayers as one of my least pleasant memories. It was much worse than I had expected! First of all Miss Thorn, with a nice touch of sadism, had me paraded at prayers in just my bodice, knickers and stockings, and I felt a complete idiot as I stood in front of the platform throughout prayers, and singing *Now thank we all* in my silk bloomers. Then, after the announcements, Miss Thorn recounted the story of my misdeeds and those of Val and Fiona, who had, she said, already been punished.

'Such childish behaviour,' she concluded, 'is deserving of a childish punishment, and so for that reason, and also because to some extent Angela has already been punished, I propose to deal with her in a way befitting the nursery. She shall have her bottom smacked. Hard and long, for as long as I have the strength to smack her. Not a severe punishment you may think, but I assure you that by the time I have finished Miss Angela will regret joy-riding in aeroplanes and will weep real tears of remorse and contrition. Please fetch that chair, Angela.'

I brought over an upright chair and Miss Thorn sat, then beckoned me across her lap. I eased myself across her thighs in as comfortable a position as possible. I had a feeling that I would be there for some time to come. I felt Miss Thorn's hand stroke lightly across the seat of my knickers, testing the resilience of my bottom, then her fingers hooked in the waistband of my drawers and eased them down over my cheeks. The air felt cool to my bare buttocks. There was a little hum of excitement from the assembled girls as my arse was uncovered. I blushed. However often it happens, a bare bottom spanking is one of the most humiliating things that can happen to a girl. To know that your plump bottom is on public display and is about to be noisily and painfully slapped is shameful.

Miss Thorn's left hand clamped down on the small of my back holding me firmly in position, then her right hand contacted with my left buttock with a report of flesh meeting flesh, then 'crack' firmly across the right cheek, and so on, not too quickly, each smacking landing with the full strength of her arm. Each blow landing with precision and rhythm.

Val told me afterwards that that spanking lasted twenty minutes by the school clock. Twenty minutes in which slap followed stinging slap, and my plump cheeks began to sting, then smart, then burn as if a slow fire was being ignited in them. I began to twist and kick my legs in an effort to escape the inexorable palm, but I was held fast and firm in an effortless spanking grip, and Miss Thorn, a past mistress of discipline, made sure that each smack landed just where she wanted it and to the best effect on the crimson, smarting mounds which were my bottom.

'Smack', 'Smack', 'Smack', in an almost silent hall nothing was heard but the smiting of hard hand on tender soft flesh, and my heavy breathing and gasps as each stinging spank landed. This became more irregular and interspersed with little snuffles and whimpers as time seemed suspended and there was no reality but my throbbing buttocks and the constant crack of palm on wincing, reddened, burning bottom.

Tears came to my eyes and ran down my face. I began to sob, then weep. It was too much! Here was I, a big girl, a young woman, and I was being subjected to a nursery punishment, my bare bottom being whipped like a six-year-old, and before *everybody*. It was more than I could endure.

At length Miss Thorn paused in her relentless chastisement. 'Have you learnt your lesson, Angela?' — 'Smack'.

'Oh yes, no more' — Smack — 'ouch, no more, please, no!'

'Are you truly sorry?' — Smack, Smack, Smack.

'Oh yes! Please, no more, I'm burning!'



'Very well, six more will suffice!'

And six more there were, deliberately delivered with the full power of an arm that showed no sign of weariness, to a swollen bot that felt the size of a balloon.

I was lifted to my feet and made to face the school and repeat how sorry I was. Miss Thorn's object had been achieved, I had been reduced to a weeping repentant child. Then again my reddened smarting backside was shown to the school, and with a contemptuous little spank my knickers were roughly hauled up over my cringing flesh and I was briskly told to go and wash my face and be ready for lessons in ten minutes — or there would be more trouble.

* * *

The rest of the term passed without trouble, for me at any rate, and there was Christmas to look forward to. Christmas! Three blessed weeks away from the island, rapidly entering its winter grip. Three weeks in the bright lights and bustle of the city! Fun, laughter, drinks, friends, and games to play with Hazel.

December 17th and we were aboard the little steamship, fortunately not delayed by bad weather, and at the beginning of the tedious but welcome journey south.

It was a super Christmas. Hazel was pleased to see me, professing herself 'bore stiff' in my absence. With Robin it was indeed a case of absence makes the heart grow fonder, he said that for him there had been no other girl, and he had been counting the days to my return. I too was becoming increasingly fond of this rather introspective but charming boy. At first I had been attracted to him by his rather bizarre upbringing, but now I was beginning to see many other attractive qualities. While at school I had thought a lot about Robin.

Paul was most sympathetic and full of apologies over the foiled escape plan and its aftermath, but he was Jill's boy and she kept a tight hold. I did not mind too much, I preferred Robin. Illogically and unfairly I had the feeling that *he* would not have left me dangling on the end of a parachute!

The highlight of Christmas was to be a grand party on Boxing Day. All my friends were invited, about thirty guests in all, and, surprisingly for him, father had intimated that he would take time off from his money-making to preside as Father Christmas, or St. Nicholas as he put it — I did not appreciate the subtle distinction at the time.

The party was the event to anticipate and I bought an expensive gown in the latest 'flapper' fashion and costly underwear, always an extravagance of mine, for the occasion. Hazel was excited as she helped me to dress. My stockings were of gossamer silk and held up by suspenders of satin ribbon. My chemise and dainty panties were in costly *crepe de chine* of a very pale green and were worn under matching cami-knickers heavily trimmed with deep lace. My dress, as I say, was provocatively short and fashionable and had cost the earth. I looked, as the Americans say, like a million dollars.

The party began as a great success, and continued that way for most people. Good food, plenty of drink, dancing and kissing. Then came the highlight of the evening, St. Nicholas presented the gifts, and they were costly and in the best of taste. Paul for instance had a silver cigarette case beautifully engraved with a De-Havilland Moth aeroplane, Val and Fiona, though not present, were not forgotten and had gifts of expensive pearls, there was even a flat package for Miss Thorn, which I discovered later contained three selected malacca canes. My gifts were presented last of all, a small package and a long, carefully wrapped one. I opened the small one first, while Father Christmas and the guests looked on. It was a diamond pendant which must have cost a small fortune, the stones beautifully matched and sparkling in a rich gold setting. I threw my arms around Santa's neck and hugged him in my joy. He gently unclasped my arms. 'There's the other package to open, my dear!'

I felt it beneath its wrappings, hard but yet supple. What could it be? Eagerly I stripped off the gay Christmas paper — and got the shock of the evening! Inside was a 'birch' rod of three slender whale bone switches, firmly held in a beautifully carved horn handle. Another gift that must have cost the earth and one which I could well have done without. I still have it, it is one of my most treasured possessions, and it still gets used — but that is another story.

Daddy clapped his hands for silence. Not that he need have bothered. All eyes were fixed upon us and this unusual present was the cynosure of all eyes. Father, benign, bewhiskered and red-robed, held up his hand for attention. He got it.

'Ladies and gentlemen, friends, you may have wondered who I represent tonight, though it is fairly obvious at a Christmas party.' (Polite laughter.) 'Most of you would think about me, if you thought it at all, as Father Christmas, some as Santa Claus. You Hans,' he nodded to a Dutch friend, 'will recognise me as St. Nicholas. Although all these good gentlemen are variations of the same legend, there is one important difference. Father Christmas and Santa bring presents at Christmas. St. Nicholas, on the other hand, by tradition brings presents to *good* children and a birch

rod for the bad ones!

'I love my daughter Angela very dearly and have shown this by giving her in public a costly present. But she has also been naughty and wilful, and I have a full report from her Headmistress, Miss Thorn, about an incident with an aeroplane as evidence of this. It is only right therefore that I should publicly show my displeasure before you, her friends, so Angela shall have a whipping with her new birch rod!'

At this there was a hum of surprised and delighted conversation, and Paul had the grace to look uncomfortable, and Robin embarrassed on my behalf.

Without more ado, 'St. Nicholas' seized the naughty child and pulled her face down across his knee. I was too astonished to struggle, and before I realised fully what was happening my skirt was around my neck and father was fumbling for the little buttons that held the flap of my cami-knickers respectably between my legs. By luck or long practice on his part this was soon achieved, and the skirt of this intimate garment was pulled up clear of my hips. My plump bottom, in saucy *crepe de chine* panties was now on display to the cream of Knightsbridge Society and I squirmed with mortification. Daddy, how could you?!

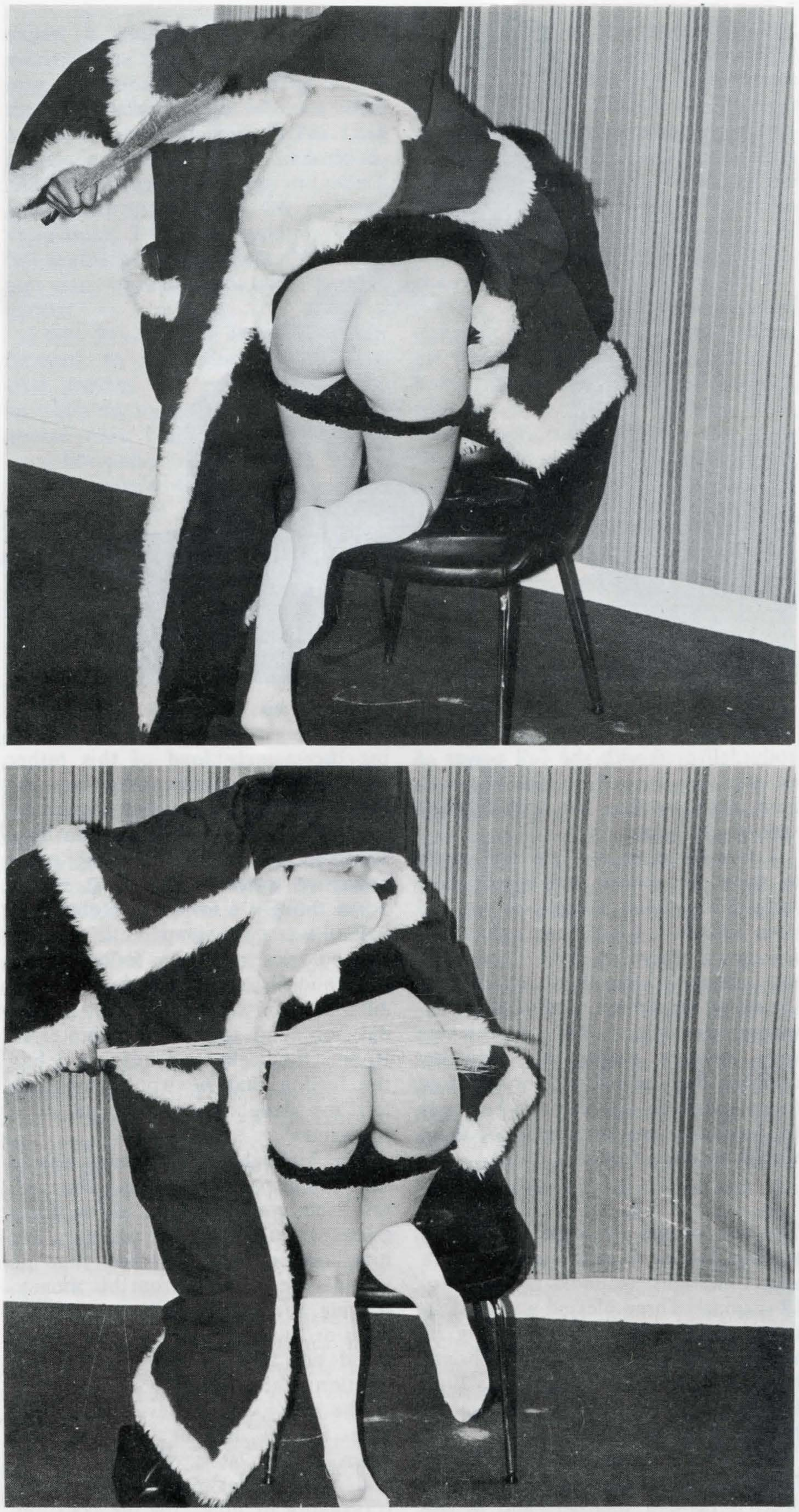
Well, at least father spared some of my blushes, he kept my knickers in place, but they were fashionably 'chic' and the thin silky material left little to the imagination and certainly offered little protection to an instrument of correction that had been cunningly made to deliver the maximum discomfort.

'Swish!' The birch rod descended with stinging force on my thinly covered bottom and it was evident that this was no mere party prank. Daddy meant it to be a punishment, and punishment it was!

'Swish!' again with a clear whack across both soft hillocks, and I kicked my legs and yelled. There was always hope that reaction from me would soften his hard heart. Not that it needed much acting, that damned birch stung like a scorpion!

'Swish, thwack!' and another smarting line of fire as the thin whale bone switches fanned out across my plump and tender flesh.

Eight excrutiating strokes my heartless father delivered, taking no heed of my yells and protestations that I'd already *been* spanked by Miss Thorn for the aeroplane affair. I am fraid that I behaved with scant dignity, and my 'friends' enjoyed themselves



hugely. Angela's Christmas party would be a topic of gossip for weeks to come. Perhaps it was as well that I was returning to distant Scotland, well out of it!

At last it was over and I was stood on my feet, hands clasped to my burning rear, which was as scarlet as my face.

'Right!' cried St. Nicholas, 'last drinks please, the party's over — and the cabaret!' I stumbled from the room and to the sympathetic ministrations of my faithful Hazel.

* * *



'You know,' said Robin, a few nights later, 'I was really excited seeing you get that whacking at the party. It took me back to the old days at Aunt Hester's, which I thought I had forgotten. Was it too dreadful?'

'No-oo,' I admitted slowly, 'it certainly stung, and it was certainly shame-making having my knickers dusted in public like that, but I suppose in a way I enjoyed it. In fact,' I continued archly, 'I wouldn't really mind a friendly spanking now. Not too hard mind!'

Within seconds I was across Robin's knee and to the delight of both of us my shapely bottom was exposed to his willing palm.

* * *

'It's too bad Hazel,' I exclaimed in mock anger. 'There's dust on this dressing table again. Fetch the hairbrush and get your naughty backside over my knee — skirts well up mind — no I'll take down your drawers myself. I'll teach you not to skimp the housework if it's the last thing I do. And stop giggling, you'll laugh on the other side of your face soon. Hazel, you really have *the* most spankable bottom! I do believe you left that dust there on purpose. You did? Then that's *another* dozen for deceit. Are you ready you bad girl?'



* * *

'Well, back to school on Wednesday,' said Daddy. 'I've put a note in with Miss Thorn's Christmas present to say that she's to stand no nonsense. I've also said that I've seen the error of my ways and are taking my parental responsibilities more seriously. Now come to my study, I think another session with the birch will do no harm, just as a reminder of what you'll get if there's another bad report at Easter. I think we'll try it without your knickers this time. No, don't "Oh daddy" me, you've had this coming for a long time!'

* * *

That was the end of my first year at Miss Thorn's Academy. I completed my two years, as did Val and Fiona, and we never succeeded in escaping. Mind you, that second year was certainly not without incident, with events as strange and bizarre as any that I've recounted so far. Perhaps I will tell you about them some time. Life at Stepholme was often painful, but rarely dull!

WHIPPING; BOYS - GIRLS

Being chastised for the crimes of another — yes, that was the misfortune of the infamous whipping-boys of the past. Could we credit the existence of this mode of punishment today? In our Western civilization, it is incredible that this practice could be encountered . . . or is it? Sheila and Andrea are very unlike the image of whipping-boys, but they are able to testify to the fact that their employer and guardian is a man who metes out punishment akin to that of the past. In his mind, the whipping-boy idea dies hard — hard against the girls' chubby bottoms! Let Sheila explain:

Strange people have crossed our paths, during the three years Andrea and I have been together; but there has not been anybody quite as odd, or as interesting, as Herr Schmidt.

Prior to our meeting him, our bottoms had suffered the occasional spanking from an irate employer, but that cannot possibly count as being strange. A spanking is what we often deserved, and although we obviously did not relish having our knickers pulled down, and a firm hand giving us six of the best, it was something which we could accept. Working as au pairs, which is what we have been doing over the years, sometimes lends itself to this kind of discipline, for we are often treated very much as part of the family. As such, we are punished in the same fashion as the children are. It cannot be said that the treatment which our rears undergo from Herr Schmidt is of this nature!

Herr Schmidt advertised for two au pair girls some months ago. We were offered the job; and we took it. It is difficult to see why we did accept at the time. It must have been because there are so few places abroad, actually requestiong two girls together. I would not part with my sweet Andrea for anything; and she, too, would loathe being separated from me.

The letter we received from Herr Schmidt was not inviting. It was cold and curt, and the brief contents consisted mainly of a warning; of a warning that he was a strict employer and would tolerate no nonsense. Momentarily, it crossed our minds that he might be indicating that he would certainly spank us, if we were lax. The thought of anything more severe did not enter our heads. The tone of the letter suggested that our real fear should be that of being sent packing straightaway, if we did not reach his high standards.

We are very smart girls, and are prepared to work, so we decided we could satisfy Herr Schmidt's demands. Happily, we kissed goodbye to England from the deck of the boat, enjoyed our journey through Holland and into Germany, finally reaching our destination (or should I say 'destiny'?) of Flensburg. Herr Schmidt had sent a car for us, and we were whisked away to his house.

On our arrival, we expected that a Frau Schmidt would be greeting us at the door, in a motherly fashion even, as our employers so often have done in the past. Our welcome was not like that. We were led straight to the master's study, gathering on our way from his man that there was no Frau Schmidt. Herr Schmidt was a wealthy bachelor; a bachelor whose word was law.

We both took a step back when we saw him. He appeared grim, and his attitude filled us with forebodings.

Herr Schmidt is a small, stocky man, but his eyes have the ability to pierce you. We both immediately felt conscious of our vulnerable female bodies, once his stare was upon us. Extremely correctly, but also coldly, he shook hands with us, and then he began to speak in his excellent English, his words, however, carrying additional weight behind them because of his harsh Germanic vowel sounds.

He made the point repeatedly that he was a strict disciplinarian, and I felt him looking Andrea and then myself up and down, whilst he walked round us. Andrea seemed to be trembling a little, and I found myself tensing my body. It struck me at the time that there was something sinister about that study, but I thought I was being stupid.

After informing us that he expected our appearance to be spotless, once we had had time to freshen ourselves up from the journey, he issued us with a list of our daily duties. Initially, I was imagining a whole host of things to be performed, but after reading the lists through, we heaved sighs of relief. It appeared that he was not such a hard taskmaster as appearances made him out to be.

There was a hint of a smile on his face, when we left the study. He had noticed our reaction of pleasure to the work sheets. I sensed he was mocking us. Was there something unforeseen, which we had yet to uncover?

For the first few days, all was courtesy on his part, albeit exceptionally distant. For our part, our desire was to please. We did not wish to risk making any mistakes and hence incurring his wrath. On our days off, we took the boat over to Denmark, or simply walked together along the shore. Flensburg is a beautiful place. For that first week, life, too, was beautiful. Andrea and I secretly shared a bed together at night, and during the day, we worked according to the instructions.

To Herr Schmidt, we must have appeared as two model au pairs. That is often the case, when we are working together. One pushes the other into action in order to avoid trouble.

Inevitably, a time arrived when a genuine accident occurred. Perfection never lasts; save, perhaps, in the closeness that Andrea and I share with each other.

One day, I was carrying a tray full of used crockery from the dining room. Herr Schmidt had been entertaining a friend to dinner, and now the two gentlemen were sitting, drinking coffee.

Quite what happened, I do not know. It was not my fault, but it was I who stumbled, and consequently I who was responsible for the resulting chaos. It might simply have been a trip, but the gleam in Herr Schmidt's eye, when I was walking past him, has since caused me to suspect that possibly he had deliberately put out his foot! The fact remains that I, Sheila, who has constantly prided herself on the steadiness of her hands, suddenly lay in a crumpled heap on the floor, surrounded by broken dishes. Andrea was immediately beside me, helping me to my feet.

A shadow loomed over us. Herr Schmidt was now standing. He was not offering assistance. On the contrary, his expression was one of fury, causing Andrea and I to clutch hold of each other. That gesture aggravated his enraged state, and after an ominous silence, throughout which I felt both Andrea's and my body quivering, our master spoke, sharply and crisply.

'Make right that mess, and then go straight to my study!'

Flustered, I began clearing up the broken china, but then I heard him add, 'That applies to both of you!'

I was startled. Only I had done wrong. What could he want with Andrea as well? She had no more idea than I had, save that we both imagined the most awful dressing-down from the infuriated Herr Schmidt!

While we were bending, picking up the debris, I sensed Herr Schmidt's eyes upon my thighs. He was looking up my skirt to my stocking tops and white knickers. The stare reminded me of that first meeting in the study. I was now convinced that he had a severe spanking in store for me to make me more careful in future. My bottom pressed against my knickers. A horrible feeling surged within me that he would administer the punishment with my buttocks bared!

My mind became side-tracked from these distressing thoughts and anticipations. Herr Schmidt was now gazing at Andrea's rear, with equal interest. I could not fit that into the picture easily. Certainly, he was not the type of man who would be caught furtively arousing himself by looking up women's skirts. Perhaps he was merely contemplating whether he would ever have cause to spank her at some point in the future. The mere thought of my Andrea being spanked stabbed my heart. I loved her too much for her to be hurt. At least she was in the clear and guiltless. That reassured me. The idea of anyone smacking her cutely pert bottom always made me shudder with horror.

After some intense scurrying about, we had the floor of the dining-room as immaculate as was possible. Herr Schmidt nooded to us, indicating that we should depart immediately for his study. He muttered a few words in German to his acquaintance, who raised his eyebrows, and then gave a deep belly laugh. I felt my cheeks redden. The two gentlemen were doubtless amused at the thought of the punishment I was to endure.

Hurriedly, I accompanied Andrea from the room. She gave me a quick embrace of love, as we walked hand in hand to Herr Schmidt's study.

'Don't worry, Sheila, I'm sure he won't really hurt you; he should have calmed down by now,' murmured Andrea. I squeezed her hand very tightly. I felt extremely close to her, and longed to feel her warm body cuddling up next to mine. My bottom twitched as I thought of the spanking which I was convinced would come. The pain I would undergo would be made bearable, though, by the knowledge that Andrea would be there, to comfort me in bed afterwards.

Cautiously, we tiptoed into Herr Schmidt's study. Its austere, stark aura overwhelmed us. We were frightened of this male preserve. There was an armchair in the room, but we intuitively knew that our place was to sit in the two hard chairs facing the desk. The chair behind the desk was empty. We gazed at it, aware that Herr Schmidt would soon be sitting there, laying down the law, glaring at his two defenceless au pairs. We held hands again, like two naughty sisters, awaiting the admonishment from their father.

The door behind us creaked open. We had heard no footsteps, and we nearly jumped out of our skins. We sensed the presence of Herr Schmidt behind us, but we did not dare turn round. It was an agonizing period. I was desperately hoping that the sight of my delicate form would soften his heart. When Herr Schmidt took his position behind the desk, his expression told me that my hope was to be unfulfilled.

He surveyed us with a look of distaste. 'What sweet girlish enjoyment you show in each other,' he mocked. He added something under his breath. It sounded as if he was saying that he would soon make us feel differently. His hand reached to one of the drawers of his desk. What he was taking out slowly became visible to me. I saw a piece of broad leather. As he pulled it out, I saw more of its length, and then noticed how it divided. It suddenly hit me. It was a thonged leather tawse! I felt the hardness of the chair's seat against my buttocks. I was unable to keep still. I gulped, terrified.

Herr Schmidt's remarks were now addressed directly to me. While he spoke, he ran the tawse through his fingers, causing me to attend to its formidable texture. Could he really be intending to allow that leather to cut across my bottom? I shrunk as I envisaged the burning pain searing through my flesh.

'Sheila, your behaviour this evening was unedifying. It was disgraceful! Not only did you break some of my most precious china, but you also made an exhibition of yourself in front of my guest.'

Herr Schmidt's stern tone did not falter. He continued, measuring his sentences.

'You are a daughter of the household. That is how an au pair girl should be treated. Consequently, I consider it my duty to punish you most severely for your misconduct!'

I could hardly take in the words. The sight of the tawse proved so frightening! Being treated like a daughter had never been like this before!

Unable to prevent my face and hands from trembling, I stammered out how sorry I was, and how it had all been an accident. Herr Schmidt either did not hear me or chose not

to listen. Mine was a hopeless cause. As I saw the leather being twizzled round his wrist, I clenched my buttocks tightly, praying for the punishment to be over.

I could not believe what my master was now saying. He was addressing himself to Andrea. I was horrorstruck. For a moment, my trembling ceased. I froze.

'I believe,' Herr Schmidt was saying, 'that I shall ensure Sheila is truly sorry for what she has done, if I chastise you, Andrea.'

I began to scream out, telling Herr Schmidt not to be so stupid and cruel. I even jumped up and began bending over, but he raised his voice above mine and silenced me, ordering me to be seated.

'Andrea is going to be chastised for your punishment, Sheila,' he barked. 'you should be grateful that your friend is prepared to accept the stings which this tawse will inflict!'

I was horrified. I looked at Andrea. She was wincing, but she nodded that she would accept the punishment due.

At Herr Schmidt's command, she stood up. She looked so utterly defenceless that my heart cried out to her. Herr Schmidt flicked the tawse through the air. Menacingly, it flashed before Andrea's eyes, but it was menacing me even more cruelly. I was the cause of the suffering Andrea would be undergoing!

She was instructed to bend her body across the desk. As she did so, her skirt ruffled at the back. I could see the tops of her stockings and her suspenders mirrored against her shapely white thighs. Slowly, Herr Schmidt walked round his desk, so that he was behind her.

I watched, still unable to believe this terrible thing was happening, as he hitched up Andrea's skirt right round her waist, displaying her pretty little pink panties. Then, I heard myself yelling again, when I saw him coldly pulling those panties down, down to her knees.

'Be quiet!' he shouted at me, angrily. 'The more fuss you make, the harder I shall punish her!'

He was speaking the truth. I was compelled to remain sitting, passively watching, whilst the chubby little cheeks of my love's bottom were completely exposed to this determined man.

For a few minutes, he stood there, perusing Andrea's lovely bottom and the hint of pussy which one could see through her thighs. He was judging how best to administer the chastisement.

I squirmed when I saw him eventually lifting the tawse high in the air.

'Remember, Sheila, I'm punishing Andrea for you,' he said, and then a second later, the tawse was swooping down upon her poor cute bottom. Her buttocks jumped upwards, as the separate leather thongs curled into her flesh. I could imagine the heat burning her skin, and I felt conscious of how my own tender bottom was getting away scot-free. It seemed criminal that all I could feel in my posterior was the cold hardness of the chair pressing against me, while Andrea was receiving the punishment from that leather.

My buttocks cringed against the chair. I gripped my hands, digging my nails into my palms, attempting to atone for what I was the cause of. Desperately, I wanted to grab hold of Andrea; to shield her body from the horrid tawse; to have my bottom naked with the leather cutting into me. Instead, I was permitted to do nothing save watch the painful chastisement Herr Schmidt was inflicting.

CRAACK! The tawse relentlessly cut into the tops of Andrea's thighs, and the thongs curled round her sides. She cried out, and her hands gripped hold of the desk top more desperately. The cry knifed through my very being. What she was suffering was what I should have been undergoing. How could I have made my sweet Andrea have to submit to this for me? It was truly terible.

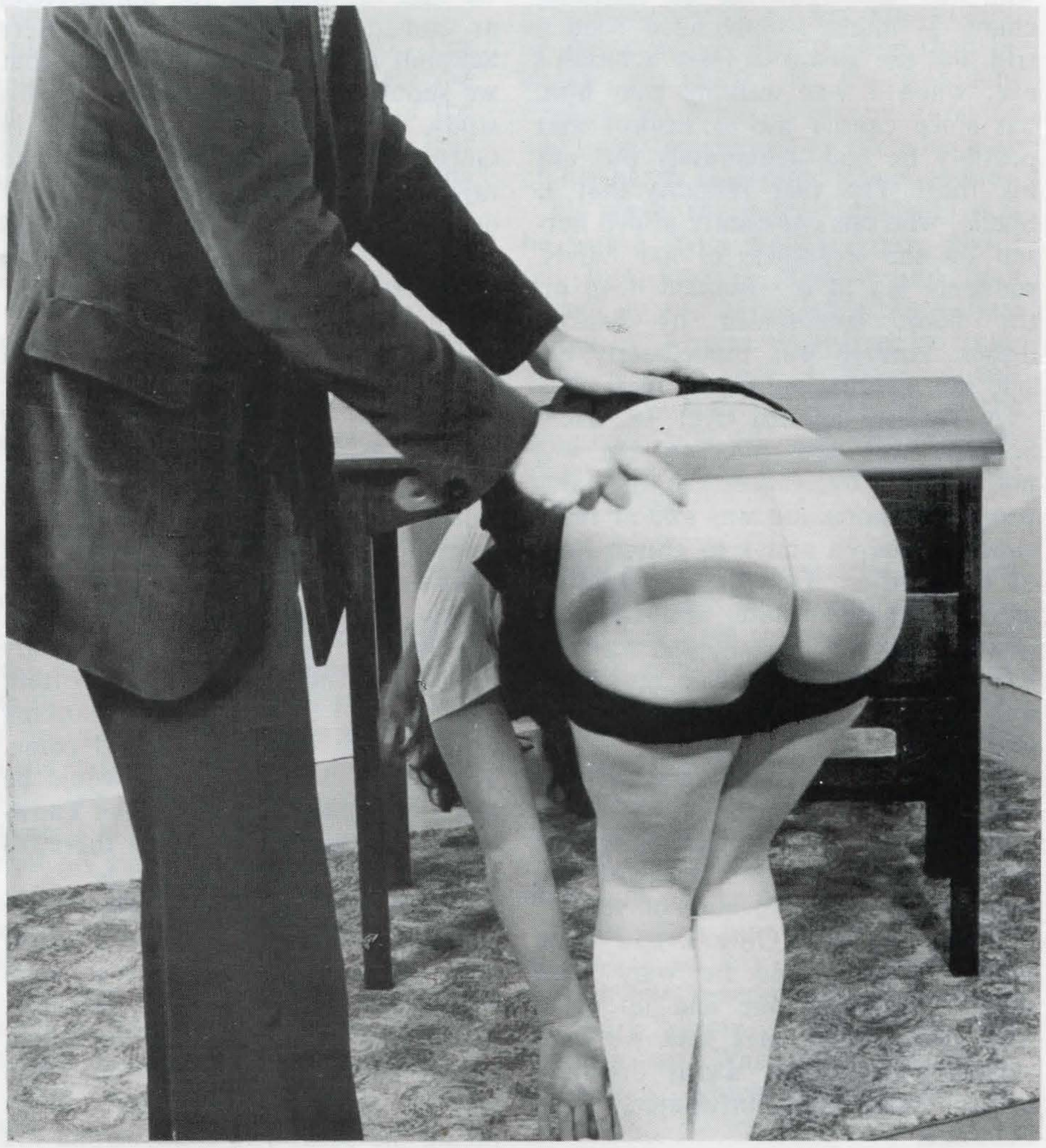
The tawse now fell once again across her bottom. Herr Schmidt was delivering the strokes with considerable care, ensuring that they fell in a series of horizontal lines across the bare bottom before him. I could see how the stripes were mounting outwards from Andrea's beautiful skin.

Despite the pain she was suffering, I guessed that, loveable creature which she is, she did not wish me to know the intensity of the burning in her rear, which she was having to bear for me. She was endeavouring to control herself as much as was humanly possible.

SWISH! *THWACK*! *CRAAACK*!

Herr Schmidt had gracefully aimed the last three strokes all upon Andrea's right buttock. He had delivered them in such a manner that the tips of the thongs spiralled into the groove between her cheeks, catching the most sensitive spots of her bottom in that intimate valley.

The fact that a few areas on



Andrea's left cheek had been spared only served to attract one's attention even more fully to the thorough manner in which our master had punished the rest of her bottom. Those evil leather thongs must have scorched her like nothing before.

Herr Schmidt stood back and surveyed his work with satisfaction. Andrea remained across the desk, her chastened bottom still naked, tensing and twitching. She did not know whether or not further strokes were to be delivered. What a pitiful spectacle she made — we both made!

The silence was oppressive. It was in stark contrast to the loud swishes and cracks which had reverberated through the room. Finally, Herr Schmidt's voice brought the suspense to an end.

'Pull your knickers up, young lady, and then both of you get out of here fast . . . or you will be sorry!'

Andrea tore her knickers in her haste to obey Herr Schmidt. I saw her grimace as the elastic cut into her swollen flesh, and her skirt rubbed against her sore skin. There and then, I wanted to clasp her body to mine, but I was sure that would earn her more strokes from the tawse. I controlled my feelings, until we were both safely out of that study, and the door was firmly shut behind us.

Immediately, I began apologizing for what I had caused to happen; for the pain she had endured. Tears were in her eyes, and I realized that my apologies could take a more concrete form once we were in our bedroom . .

Andrea was so sweet. Despite the burning in her bottom, she even had time to think of me. She remarked how awful it would have been, had she had to watch my bottom bared, and the tawse cutting into my flesh. Delicately, whilst caressing her, I rubbed some lotion into her hurt bottom, trying to soothe the red swellings. Feeling her poor bottom caused me to grow extremely aroused. My touch had the same effect on her, and soon we were both intimately comforting each other, while remarking on the severity of our employer.

As we guessed after that first terrible incident, it was by no means an isolated affair. Herr Schmidt, it transpired, also delivered hand spankings for minor offences; and always in the same manner, of one of us being smacked for the misdeeds of the other. Many times, we have been the unlucky recipients of these spankings on each other's behalf. Initially, we found our bottoms were exceptionally vulnerable to Herr Schmidt's hard

'You have earned six strokes of the cane across Sheila's bare bottom,'

hand, but after some experience, we ceased to dread the spankings that much. The main reason for this was that we delighted in soothing the other's smarting bottom afterwards. Unfortunately, as that first incident of chastisement from Herr Schmidt had suggested, we could not rely simply on being spanked when we were naughty.

I caught the next show of our employer's strict and severe discipline. The crime had been committed by Andrea; hence, I knew it would be my bottom which would suffer.

One of our most sacred duties (as far as Herr Schmidt is concerned) is the cleaning of his study. Andrea and I take this in turns, usually doing it for a week at a time. On the Friday of one of Andrea's weeks, somehow or other, it slipped her mind. It was only when we received a summons to go to the study that she remembered. Her face went as white as a sheet.

'Oh, Sheila,' she murmured, 'I'm sorry. Whatever will he do to you? It's all my fault!'

Andrea was more ready to burst into tears than I was. How well Herr Schmidt seemed to know us! The mental anguish he managed to inflict on the culprit was often as great as the physical punishment he delivered to the innocent party. In a sense, we both ended up suffering.

Trembling, we knocked on the door of his study. A brusque 'Come in!' made me quiver like jelly; but naturally we insantly complied with the order.

He was standing behind his desk, evidently waiting for us. As he came into view, I gasped with surprise and fear. In his hand was a thin rattan cane!

We were both instructed to sit on the hard chairs. He commenced, as expected, to berate Andrea for her forgetfulness and neglect, emphasizing the importance of his study. I was too overwhelmed to listen. My concentration was upon the cane, which he kept flicking against the sides of his trousers. Andrea, too, appeared to be bewitched by it.

We sat on the edges of our chairs. We were waiting for Herr Schmidt to come out with the sentence, presumably in the same fashion as prisoners await a judge's sentence.

Still addressing Andrea, Herr Schmidt began swishing the cane through the air, as he reached the climax of his monologue.

'You have earned six strokes of the cane across Sheila's bared bottom!' he barked.

She looked at me, her eyes filled with remorse. I attempted to put on a calm appearance. There was nothing she could do to help me; that I understood. We both had to succumb to the power and influence of our master.

Without further ado, Herr Schmidt ordered me to stand up, to go to the centre of the room, and to bend, so that my hands touched my toes. I did as he bid.

In that position, my head felt dizzy. There was a buzzing in my ears, but that did not prevent me from hearing the swishes coming from the cane, as Herr Schmidt playfully flicked it about. Nor did it prevent me from seeing his well-polished shoes and his immaculate trousers immediately beside me. The tip of the cane came into view, and I felt myself shudder. Then his hands were on my skirt, flinging it over my head. My knees knocked with fright. A caning would be a totally new experience for me. I wondered if I would be able to endure it. Herr Schmidt would not be lenient. He would deliver the strokes with all the force he could muster. He would punish me to the extent which he considered Andrea deserved!

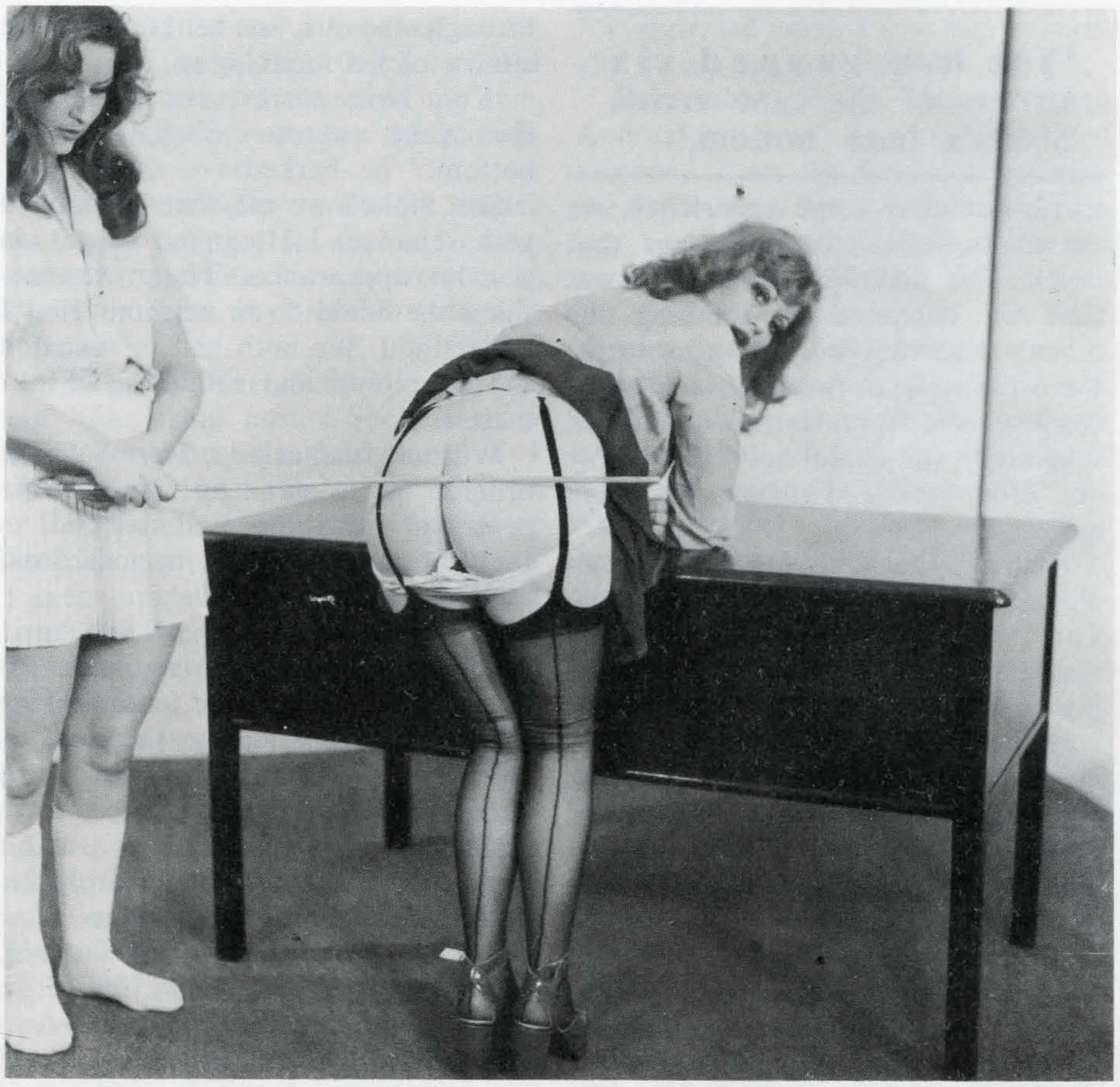
By now, my purple panties were making their descent down my nylon-clad legs. They came to rest round my knees, and I felt my face reddening as I imagined Herr Schmidt eyeing my bottom up.

There was a long pause. I tried to hold myself still, but all the time, my buttocks twitched, anticipating that cane cutting into them.

A whizz through the air sounded. This was it! *CRAACK*! I felt the rattan contact my left buttock. A hot stinging pain stabbed deep inside my flesh. My hand almost whipped round to clutch the sore ridge on my bottom, but I succeeded in controlling myself — both for my own dignity and for Andrea's feelings.

Another whistle through the air came, whilst I was still trying to take in the first stroke of the cane. *CRAACK*! Now my right buttock was taking the toll.

As the third and fourth strokes fell, cutting into the same areas as the previous two, I could contain myself no longer. In a frenzy, I attempted to dance out of the way of the horrid weapon. It felt like a sword slicing my bottom.



The firm, but unruffled voice of Herr Schmidt was now warning me to keep still. If I did not, he would have to cane Andrea as well! What a hold Herr Schmidt had over us, knowing how much we two girls loved each other! Making a superhuman effort. I gritted my teeth, and gripped my ankles with my hands, stopping myself from collapsing. Mercifully, the fifth and sixth strokes came quickly, so the time I had to hold myself in that position was brief. The power behind those last two strokes, however, was great. The cane had whizzed across the tops of my thighs.

I emitted a short yelp, but then regretted it; for I knew how it must have pained my Andrea. With considerable difficulty, I managed to raise myself without falling. My mind was in a whirl from the fiery sensations in my naked rear. Despite all this, I was able to produce a hint of a smile for Herr Schmidt's benefit. I knew how Andrea would be longing to make up to me in bed; and I sensed, from the expression on Herr Schmidt's face, that he was fully aware that whilst preserving strict obedience in us by means of his rare and severe punishment methods, he was also making the bonds between us all the more strong!

One evening, we went into the centre of Flensburg to discover what German night-life was like. We met some charming and friendly people of both sexes, and, as a result, we stayed dancing in a club until the early hours of the morning. Herr Schmidt did not cross our minds . . . until it was too late, and well after the curfew time set by him.

The light was still on in his study. It served as a warning to us. Quietly, we attempted to creep into the house unnoticed. It was the first ime boh of us had been naughty together. We could not resist giggling about how he would resolve our punishment, were he to discover that we had been out so late. Would be punish us both, at different times? That seemed too simple an answer to come from the devious mind of our Herr Schmidt.

As we tiptoed along the hall, we suddenly became aware of a presence. We looked round. Herr Schmidt was standing, watching us. He had heard our footsteps in the drive.

Saying nothing, he motioned us to follow him to the dreaded study. The serious solemn expression on his face had sobered us up. We knew we were in for it, and I became conscious of my bottom wriggling as I walked. Andrea's was also swaying. Would it be a spanking, the tawse, or what? I felt myself quaking.

Herr Schmidt had us sitting on those same hard chairs again, whilst he stood beside his desk. A smile now curled round his lips and he spoke. First of all, he instilled in us how badly we had behaved, telling us that it was his duty as our guardian to enforce a harsh discipline. He, then, finally got round to the punishment itself, and we pricked up our ears, while feeling our bottoms quiver.

'Since you have both seen fit to misbehave, I can see only one solution. You will have to punish each other! That is what you surely deserve!'

We gasped. We began to protest, but then we realized that would only make things worse. How could I ever hurt my beloved Andrea in the way he was intending? Yet there could be no question of my disobeying Herr Schmidt. I could not afford to lose my job, just as Andrea could not afford to. Furthermore, this man cast a strange spell over both us girls.

Andrea and I looked at each other. We were both thinking that perhaps we could deliver the punishments lightly, yet we were equally aware that Herr Schmidt's attentive gaze would be upon us.

We were relieved when we discovered he intended it to be a spanking.

'Andrea goes first,' he said.

I sat on the chair like a robot, while Andrea, obeying his instructions, got across my lap. Under Herr Schmidt's eyes, I lifted up her dress, and then tugged down her dainty white knickers. I gazed, virtually in a trance, at the beautiful creamy cheeks of her bottom. How well rounded and smooth they were!

Herr Schmidt's voice roused me.

'Go on, Sheila, spank her! Spank your precious girlfriend as hard as you possibly can! I expect every inch of her bottom to be punished; every inch to be red. Do you understand?'

I understood only too well. Already, Andrea's buttocks were tensing, waiting for my hand to fall. I must not prolong her misery. I obeyed the instruction.

SMAACK! *SMACK*! My hand swooped down on her left cheek, I felt her flesh vibrating from my slaps, but still I continued, until the cheek was turning a bright red. My hand felt terribly hot, so I could imagine how Andrea's buttock must have been burning.

Her right cheek then received the same treatment. She began to squirm, but I held her firmly. I was getting carried away. Spanking my Andrea, I was afraid to admit, was proving stimulating. My palm smacked down again and again on to her tender skin. I enjoyed watching the delicious creamy colour changing to the red

of strawberries.

Andrea wriggled, and the intimate areas between her thighs and buttocks caught my eye. With a natural flourish, I allowed my hand to fall upon her sensitive cleft. She gave a cry, which brought me back down to earth. I was filled with guilt . . . until I realized that Andrea was now pressing her groin hard against my stockinged knee. She seemed to grow more frantic the more slaps I administered.

Contrary to what I should have expected, it was only when Herr Schmidt told me to stop that it occurred to me to do so! It was now Andrea's turn to chastise me. Tentatively, she pulled her little knickers up over her sore cheeks, and then groaned when she had to sit down on the hard chair. She smiled wanly at me, as I got across her knee. It was as if she was trying to tell me something.

Reluctantly, she lowered my black panties. I felt her staring at my plump posterior, and then she commenced the spanking. My bottom stung as the slaps descended, but then I began to feel that there was also something nice about her touch. Naturally, it was because my Andrea was spanking me and not Herr Schmidt!

Although I sobbed from the smarting sensations, I was also beginning to relish in some tingles which were spreading from my bottom to my sex. Now, I knew what Andrea had experienced! I was quick, however, not to make Herr Schmidt suspicious, so I continued to wriggle, as if trying to escape. In fact, I was sorry when I heard his voice instructing Andrea to pull up my knickers.

When we were in bed afterwards, we kissed and stroked each other's bottom, whilst making love, almost feverishly. We had both discovered how arousing it was to be spanked by the other . . . and to do the spanking!

When we are alone, we do sometimes spank each other as a form of love-play, often reaching orgasm. Naturally, we never allow ourselves to go that far in front of Herr Schmidt. We cannot possibly betray our true emotions when he has instigated the punishment. Instead, we shriek out, growing even more excited at the thought that we are managing to deceive him.

Our difficulty is to ensure that our misdeeds always occur together; otherwise the cane or strap is wielded by Herr Schmidt himself. That is, by no means, a laughing matter!



A TANNING FOR THE TEACHER

Leslie Banfield

Edward Slatcher Harman, M.A.(Cantab.), the Headmaster of a minor public school nestling deep in the Wiltshire countryside, had perfected his technique with the cane over a score of years and an infinately greater number of boys' behinds. Like the famous Dr Keates, he could almost claim to have known many of his pupils' posteriors better than their faces, and in these modern times his beatings had also become legendary. Their combination of scientific precision and ferocity had led to Mr Harman becoming known (not unaffectionately, for he was always fair) as The Slasher, an appropriate pun on his middle name.

There was a well-worn patch of carpet in his study where so many young victims had touched their toes and another where those receiving their first Harman tanning — a landmark in their lives which was never forgotten — had been allowed the concession of bending across his desk. This was the position now occupied — incredibly at her own instigation — by Miss Angela Cartwright, who had just been appointed as the new and only female member of the teaching staff. In it, her exceptionally long legs, supported by high wedge heels, elevated her bottom above the upper part of her body which lay submissively prone along the veneered oak.

And what a bottom! Expansive but perfectly proportioned, the curvaceous hemispheres straining against the confines of tight tweed trousers. It was a sight to stir the blood of even the most jaded wielder of the rod and Mr Harman at that moment was feeling far from jaded. How often in the past as he laid fire onto fire, blazing furrow on to blazing furrow, had he wished that the target area could have been sumptuously upholstered feminine flesh, and now his wildest dream had become reality.

As he flexed the long yellow 'sixth form cane' — which they had agreed would be the most suitable instrument with which to begin the course of instruction in the art of administering corporal punishment — Mr Harman licked his lips like a gourmet about to savour a particularly rare and choice dish. Which, in colloquial parlance, Angela certainly was, reflected The Slasher as he surveyed the spacious seat on which he was to demonstrate his skill. His right palm bestowed three light smacks in swift succession on the right buttock, feeling the flesh quiver deliciously despite the tautness of the present posture.

'Just testing the resilience,' explained Mr Harman, trying not to let his voice betray his excitement. 'You have a lovely seat, Miss Cartwright. Absolutely made for the cane. Remarkably firm considering its amplitude.'

Angela made no reply to the compliment, but wriggled her hips in sensual enjoyment and a little satisfied smile appeared on the flushed face turned sideways on the desk top. Thus encouraged, Mr Harman delivered three matching smacks to the left cheek and continued: 'At the same time soft enough for the cane to bite in deeply. Now I have two methods of delivering a traditional six of the best. One is to aim the strokes at precisely the same spot, the other is to space them carefully over an area ranging from the apex of the buttocks to the top of the thighs. With a rump the size of yours, I propose to adopt the latter method. You will find the lower they land the more they hurt.

'Sometimes, when the culprits are wearing blue serge trousers, I chalk the cane to guide my aim, but in your case that will not be necessary. Those pink horizontal stripes on the check pattern of those beautifully filled slacks will serve admirably. Now I want you to get the full benefit of this tuition by concentrating your thoughts upon the area about to be chastised.'

'That should hardly be difficult,' answered Angela with a throaty chuckle, adding in contrast to the Headmaster's deliberately pedantic terminology. 'I've never been so conscious of having an outsize bum.'

'And I am delighted to find nature has endowed you so generously in that quarter, Miss Cartwright. Such a lot of it to feel the cane. You should find this a significant experience. Did you know I am nick-named The Slasher? Tell me, as our new English teacher, what is the dictionary definition of slash?'

Angela had a sensation of butterflies in her stomach as she replied: 'It means a particularly cutting stroke, Headmaster.'

'Exactly. Of which you are going to receive several. Where you will feel them most. Right — head down now!'

As smartly as a soldier, Angela turned her eyes to the front and gripped the edge of the desk so tightly that her knuckles gleamed white in

her determination not to cry out under the forthcoming onslaught. The moment she had planned for and eagerly awaited had arrived. She felt the cane tapping the centre of her buttocks hard enough to make them tingle as her mentor took careful aim and as her ears caught its first descending whistle she hollowed her back, pushing out to meet the stroke, a movement that was not lost on Mr Harman as he laid on an absolute scorcher.

The advertisement placed in *The Times Supplement*, while having to comply with the Sex Discrimination Act, had nevertheless indicated that the post was considered more suitable for male applicants and Mr Harman would certainly have rejected Miss Cartwright's letter had it not been for the intriguing final paragraph stating that she was a firm believer in corporal punishment and was therefore anxious to work at a boarding school where she would be permitted to practise such disciplinary methods. Well, no harm in seeing her he supposed, but the girl sounded a sadist. Probably most unsuitable and singularly unattractive to boot.

The Amazonian good looks of the twenty-six-year-old blonde who was shown into his study for her interview on that memorable Friday afternoon proved him wrong immediately on the latter count although with her aquiline nose and wide sensual mouth she was no chocolate box beauty. Her body was superb and dressed to emphasise its opulent contours, a yellow jumper moulding her full breasts and high waisted trousers of tailored tweed clinging to rippling curves so that as she walked towards him Mr Harman could tell by her pelvic structure and hip swinging movements that she was possessed of a truly magnificent rear end. Having perched this on the interviewee's chair she was soon leaning forward eagerly to explain her belief in strict discipline. During her years at State schools, she explained, the cane had only been used as a last resort and then only by the headmasters concerned who seemed to find the procedure positively distasteful.

'Honestly, sir, it was so frustrating,' Angela exclaimed vehemently. 'I kept order better than most of my male colleagues and could have worked wonders if only I had been permitted to warm some of those impudent little boyish behinds. I would have made those lads sit up — or rather, unable to sit down. I mean there's no better way of improving behaviour than a few juicy stingers across a pair of

'Oh I do agree sir. It is a great pity I've never been caned

trousers where they are stretched the tightest, is there sir?'

'Those are my views exactly Miss Cartwright, and I am glad to find you share them so enthusiastically. But if I took you on the staff — and I must admit your qualifications are excellent — there is one thing worries me a little. You would obviously wish to practise what you preach about corporal punishment, but on your own admission you have no experience of administering it. I know you will say that your prospective colleagues had to start sometime, but you must remember they are all public school products where they were all on the receiving end and later prefects. I think you have to be caned before you know how to cane.'

'Oh I do agree sir. It is a great pity I've never been caned. Mind you, I was always considered a spankable sort of girl with plenty to spank.'

Angela smiled as she lifted one generously curved flank from the chair and gave it a slow reminiscent rub. 'I seemed to spend a rather large proportion of my girlhood across various masculine knees having rather a large proportion of my person effectively dealt with.'

Mr Harman was finding this conversation becoming more stimulating every minute. He offered the attractive applicant a cigarette and as he lit it she steadied his slightly shaking hand with cool fingers in a charming intimate gesture. Expelling her first puff of smoke she continued: 'One of my vices, I'm afraid sir. I expect you give your pupils a whacking if you catch them smoking. Well, it's a habit that earned me a lot of aching bottoms when I was in my teens. My father used to take his belt to me for it. Face downwards on the bed with my nightie turned up. He made sure I slept on my stomach that night and found sitting down a problem for a long time afterwards.'

The Slasher found the words evoking an exciting mental picture of plump feminine rotundities quivering and rapidly reddening beneath a flailing strap and had difficulty in maintaining his detached tone as he said: 'I am sure you found such chastisement salutary Miss Cartwright. But the cane hurts even more than a belt, and wielding it requires more expertise.'

'Oh, I do realise that sir, and I've been thinking about it. Couldn't you give me lessons in the art of caning, say once a week? If you consider me suitable for the job in other respects that is.'

'You mean have you in here to watch my technique with the cane when I deal with offenders? Yes, I suppose that might be arranged.'

'No, I didn't mean that exactly, sir. Remembering what you said about needing experience on the receiving end, couldn't you cane me? Good and hard. Just as if I were a boy caught out of bounds for instance. If it wouldn't be too much trouble that is.'

Understandably the Headmaster wanted to make sure his ears were not deceiving him, or this was not just a delightful dream. 'You want me to cane *you*, Miss Cartwright?' he stuttered incredulously.

'I think it would be an awfully good idea, don't you sir?' said Angela demurely after a long pull on her cigarette. 'A series of sort of illustrated lectures with you explaining the finer points while you are actually beating me. I would be awfully grateful to you, sir, and would naturally expect you to apply increasing severity on each occasion. Until you have trained me to stay touching my toes while taking a round dozen on my bare bottom.'

The Slasher swallowed rapidly and then managed to say decisively: 'Miss Cartwright, your suggestion does you great credit. Welcome to the staff! As you said you are available immediately, perhaps you could move in this weekend and start work on Monday.'

'Oh thank you sir. In that case why don't you give me my first lesson right away? Perhaps just six of the best on the seat of my pants to start with. Then the marks should have gone in time for another session next Friday so I can again have the weekend to recover in. Although having seen the marks you made on young Dickenson's tough little backside a little while ago they'll probably last more than a week on my tender one.'

'You saw *what* on *what*?'

Angela gave a throaty chuckle. 'Well, I was early for this appointment so I was able to chat to two lads who were waiting in the corridor for you to have them in for a beating. And listen to the ensuing sounds through the study door. When they came out, one of them scuttled away in tears clutching himself behind, but Dickenson is obviously made of sterner stuff. It wasn't at all difficult to persuade him to take his pants

down for me to admire your handiwork. Looked like a railway junction, all those criss-crossing lines. Super!! Then I sent him away quite happily with a 50 pence piece in his hand and a friendly pat on his striped bum.'

Mr Harman seemed genuinely angry. 'Really Miss Cartwright. That was most improper. And indiscreet.'

Angela's eyes twinkled. Mimicking his pedantic phraseology she asked: 'Deserving no doubt of appropriate chastisement to ensure future propiety and discretion?'

The Slasher did not miss his cue. 'Yes indeed. After the six you have already suggested you will take your trousers down for three extra strokes. Touching your toes as Dickenson did and with extra strokes if you move from that position.'

Angela stubbed out her cigarette in the ashtray and stood up decisively. 'Yes, *sir*. It's always been a secret ambition of mine — having to touch my toes for a caning from a true professional in a genuine judicial atmosphere. Well, I'm ready when you are.'

Before ordering Angela to bend over his desk for the first stage of her tanning, Mr Harman demonstrated his extensive stock of canes by bending them between his hands and swishing them through the air with Angela running her hands reflectively over the area they threatened. Some were tossed aside contemptuously as inadequate for the occasion and a final choice was made of a gleaming waxed three-footer known as the 'sixth form cane' as it was reserved for use on the older boys.

The promised preliminary half dozen were laid on with all The Slasher's force and considerable expertise; he had never been one to neglect heaven-sent opportunities. The pink horizontal stripes of the check pattern of the capaciously filled trouser seat proved most helpful to him in raising corresponding red lines beneath them and he followed through as if trying to hit the desk beyond Angela's blazing bottom. But for the first three stingers Angela did not betray by the slightest sound or movement the suffering being inflicted on her large and lovely bottom.

'Hold on to your hat, Miss Cartwright. The next one is going to clip in where you will feel it most,' and sure enough the cane, swishing from a much lower trajectory, impacted on the supremely sensitive spot technically known as overhang. There was a sharp gasp of indrawn breath before Angela commented with apparent



detachment: 'Yes, I see what you mean, sir. I must remember that. Right where one sits. Most effective.'

Trying to land the fifth stroke there as well, Mr Harman lost accuracy at the expense of force and the cane cut viciously across the broad thighs.

'Oh!'

The quiet exclamation was as eloquent as a scream would have been from a less courageous woman, and nearly brought an apology from The Slasher for having hit so far below the belt. But realising he would lose face if he admitted that striking so low had been unintentional, he checked the impulse and instead decided to press home his advantage. His fingers roamed appraisingly over the smarting curves, feeling the welts that had been raised beneath the stretched cloth.

'Ah, yes. Just here, Miss Cartwright, there is a band of hitherto untouched flesh which has swollen up as a result of being compressed between two parallel weals. I shall endeavour to place the sixth stroke upon it and if I succeed this should have a salutary effect. To assist me in this objective I shall use a shorter but thicker rod. A malacca only employed on special occasions and known to its recipients as 'The Slasher's bum bruiser' for reasons which will no doubt become apparent to you.'

Striving to keep her gluteal muscles relaxed despite the apprehension (which she found of exquisite enjoyment) Angela was kept waiting a long time while the Headmaster switched switches and took prolonged aim at the selected spot like a golfer addressing the ball at a crucial stage of the game. The sounds produced by the different cane were different too; a deeper whoosh through the air, a reverberating thump instead of a crisp thwack on impact and a grunt from the victim as the breath was driven out of her body.

For a few seconds there was no further reaction, the blow evidently having at first a numbing effect, and then suddenly the big bottom wriggled frantically from side to side as if trying to shake off the excruciating pain engulfing it. To change the sporting metaphor, the Slasher had scored a bulls-eye!

'So now you know what six of the best feel like when properly executed. That, incidentally, is the maximum number my staff are permitted to inflict. If they feel that a culprit deserves more than six he has to be sent to me for punishment. But there is a way

in which certain of your future colleagues get round this ruling. Just stay there while I demonstrate this to you.'

Blinking back unshed tears, Angela turned her head to ascertain what was going on behind her back. 'Oh no!' she exclaimed, as she saw what Mr Harman was now holding in his hand.

'Oh yes, Miss Cartwright,' he said, brandishing the huge floppy plimsoll. 'You wanted to learn the tricks of the trade the hard way. This is a size ten by the way, so it covers a large area. I will let you off with a dozen from it.'

Holding the gym shoe by the toe end, Mr Harman brought the heel down in resounding whacks delivered alternately to the plumpest part of each quivering cheek, an expertly timed wrist flick accelerating the last few inches of its journey to span the cane weals. Angela saw no point in trying to remain stoically silent and acknowledged receipt of each resounding spank with a high-pitched 'Oooh!' which Mr Harman found extremely titillating.

As the echo of the last pistol shot died away he remarked: 'That should have sensitised your tail end nicely for the three extra strokes.'

'Oh no!' exclaimed Angela in dismay, 'I had forgotten about those.'

'Yes, I rather thought you had. But unfortunately for you, I hadn't.'

'But please sir, I'm so sore. I hadn't bargained for that slippering. Couldn't you leave them until next week?'

'I could — but I am not going to, Miss Cartwright. I never put off what I can do today. But I will allow you a short intermission. While I inspect the damage I have inflicted so far upon your delectable derrière. You can hardly object, having done that with Dickenson. So kindly remove your nether garments.'

Angela straightened up, her face as red as her antipodes. Wincing but not losing any of her dignity in the process, she peeled off her trousers. Beneath she was wearing the briefest briefs imaginable, a mere triangular wisp of black lace that had afforded no additional protection during the belabouring of her bottom.

'Those as well please,' ordered Mr Harman remorselessly, and after a momentary hesitation, she turned her back and obeyed, walked over to place the discarded clothes on a chair, the tomato-hued buttocks undulating provocatively as she went.

Modestly using both hands to pull down her pullover to avoid a full frontal display, she returned to where the Headmaster had seated himself, stood between his knees, turned round, and pulled the pullover up high above her slim waist. Craning over one shoulder she watched as well as felt Mr Harman run his hands lingeringly over the corrugated contours which were burning hot to the touch.

Wriggling voluptuously, she announced: 'I am going to make some little bottoms pay for this. Especially young Dickenson's. I wouldn't have three stingers still to come if he hadn't been so cooperative.'

'You have my full permission. You can cane the whole of the fourth form if you like. Provided you find a suitable excuse which shouldn't be difficult. But remember you in turn will pay for that privilege. You are not the only one with sadistic impulses,' and selecting the sorest-looking intersection of weals submerged by the overall redness, the Headmaster administered an extremely sharp pinch. The subsequent cry from Angela contained far more ecstasy than agony.

'You saucy minx!' Encircling the front of her thighs with his left arm to prevent any evasive action, Mr Harman lifted his palm high in the air before bringing it down sonorously on the already severely wounded spot.

'Ouch!' exclaimed Angela. 'I felt that!'

'Yes, I meant you to feel it. And now you are going to feel the cane again. Go over to the wall and touch your toes.'

Angela ambled across the room with a deliberately exaggerated wiggle, massaging herself vigorously and provocatively behind. In one flowing movement, graceful as a gymnast, she raised her arms high above her head before lowering them until her fingertips pressed down on her shoes. A voice floated up anxiously from near the floor. 'Please, not the malacca.'

'No, not the malacca,' agreed Mr Harman. 'It would be a crime to bruise such a shapely seat unmercifully. I am reverting to the swishy cane — but taking a run to lend it momentum.'

Angela seemed to feel her toes turn up in trepidation under her fingers and summoned up all her reserves of courage, bracing back knees and gritting teeth. Three times The Slasher thundered in with a hop, skip and a jump. Inevitably hitting previous stripes. Somehow Angela managed to stay stock still in the toe-touching posture, but in the long intervals between the cuts her martyred buttocks gyrated as if they led a separate existence. After the third had seared its way full across she straightened up slowly and turned to face the perpetrator of the pain which had caused tears to trickle down each cheek.

'Did I say you could get up?'

'N-n-no,' stammered Angela. 'B-b-but . . .'

'But me no buts, Miss Cartwright, I did warn you before we started. Well?'

The last word was not a question, it was a command. For a long moment they looked deep into each other's eyes, then the lush bosom heaved up and down in a sigh of resignation, and Angela turned and touched her toes again.

The cane whistled through the air once more, and this time Angela was careful to remain bending over until she was given permission to rise. This was accompanied by a downward backhand flick from Mr Harman, a favourite little trick of his, hurting the recipient far more than a full-blooded spank as fingernails soundlessly brushed a weal on the tautly extended naked curves. Taken by surprise, Angela jerked up as if he had touched a hidden spring with a loud 'Ow!' that the cane had failed to evoke.

'May I get dressed now, sir,' she asked, continuing to play her submissive rôle to perfection.

'You may, Miss Cartwright. You have had a thorough thrashing and I must say you took it extremely well, far better than I would have expected.'

Angela wriggled her raw rump back into her knickers and trousers, dabbed her wet eyes with a handkerchief. She loved the smart and ache of each of the purple weals now encircling her nates and already this was subsiding to a delicious pervading warmth. Placing her hands on The Slasher's shoulders, she gazed up at him in utter adoration.

'You are the first man to have tanned my bottom hard enough to make me cry, do you know that? You've certainly given that part of my anatomy something to think about.'

'I am sure I have. And don't forget that under our agreement I shall have the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with it for your next lesson. Samé time next week?'

Angela nodded, eyes sparkling. Kissing the Headmaster affectionately on the cheek she murmured softly: 'Thank you for that beautiful beating — I did enjoy it!'

'Even the four extra strokes?' asked Edward Slasher Harman, M.A. (Cantab.).

'*Especially* the four extra strokes,' replied Angela Cartwright.



THE STORY OF ROSIE O'MANTON

John Read

The deliciously young bum bounced and squirmed under the vigorously loving slaps of the muscular and handsomely dashing officer of dragoons. Holding her firmly in place across his uniformed knees with his left hand, moving his head well back from the excitedly kicking heels and every now and then darting his spanking hand under the crotch to tickle the ever-widening vagina, Colonel Hereward Dobson was doing what he was so superbly skilled in doing: preparing a virgin for a decisive charge of the cock.

The laughing and lightly screaming young damsel receiving the treatment was none other than Rose Luxley (soon to be Rosie O'Manton, Queen of the *Tableux Vivants* . . . and a little later, Empress of the most exclusive brothel in Birmingham).

Ever since, as an innocent newcomer to the Mayfair menage of Mrs. Amelia Courtney (London's most sought-after courtesan of the early 1870's) Rose had glimpsed the colonel striding about the boudoir of her mistress and fearlessly riding ferocious horses at breakneck speed along Rotten Row, she had fallen head over heels in love with him.

And now her heels were flashing about over her ravishingly lovely head in an ecstacy of sexual abandon. The colonel continued his carefully phased routine of spanking, gradually transforming Rose's high and perfectly rounded bum into a blush to match her name, given that she was of the crimson variety.

And there were certainly to be those in pious circles who were always ready to describe her as a 'scarlet woman' when her fame in whoredom management spread across the nation and even crossed the Channel. For the time being, however, she was no more than a beautiful young woman, intoxicated by the sensual wonder of a life now free from the repressive order exerted over his family by the Reverend Septimus Luxley.

Amelia Courtney, having made the exciting discovery that Rose's nervous system was of the rare kind which could transform a thrashing on the posteriors into high quality erotic enjoyment culminating in sexual orgasms, had determined that she should be her second in command in providing every class of fleshy pleasure for the well-born and new-rich of Queen Victoria's hey-day.

Thus she had gradually brought her one-time servant, now companion, into a comprehensive knowledge of the business and decided that she should be launched into courtesan society at the annual *Tableaux Vivants* contests staged in Brighton. Also that, unknown to Rose, Colonel Hereward Dobson should, while rehearsing her for a tableaux, seek occasion to relieve her of her virginity.

For it would be absurd, rightly argued Amelia Courtney, for a girl to enter the business in a formal manner without ever having had a preparatory cock both up her vagina and in her mouth. Amelia knew that Rose would be overjoyed by the experiences and being of high intelligence, realise that the career which had been mapped out for her would not merely be one of luxurious affluence, but additionally one containing as much physical sensuality as was prudent having regard to the requirements of a well-run establishment; even more so a whole chain of them up and down the country which, as she had agreed with Mrs Courtney, should be the long range aim.

That grand design was to be achieved; and a crucial early phase of it was to be the ending of Rose's virginity which was now taking place in the boudoir of one of Brighton's most expensive private hotels. It was the eve of her appearance as The Christian Slave in an entirely new *tableau vivant* conceived by Amelia Courtney, in close consultation with an earnest team of aristocratic brothel connoisseurs, and produced by Colonel Hereward Dobson.

As the named sponsor of the newcomer to the contests, the enormously rich Joe Bagstock, an ironmaster in the Birmingham region, had been chosen. He had been present at most of the rehearsals and was wildly enthusiastic about Rosie O'Manton's (for such was the name under which Rose Luxley had been entered) chances of total success. Success moreover, both in Brighton and subsequently in the club for which he had put up a deal of money; and readily put up even more once he had tasted the young manageress.

As the colonel proceeded with his spanking, causing the furiously roused girl to mingle pleas to 'do it now' with screams of laughter and erotic sobs, it was borne in upon his hardened mind that this was the most attractive young filly he had ever handled. The prospect of not simply cracking her that evening but of cracking her again and again whenever he fancied

gave him a delight which rose as, steadily through the spanking, his great truncheon of love had done the same.

And now all was ready. He could feel his genitals afire with fresh life and lifting the almost fainting burden from his knees as though it was weightless, he carried her to the large bed, tossed back the counterpane and sheets with a freed hand and lightly threw her several feet up so that our heroine fell, arms and legs asprawl, in a gloriously enticing heap.

'Oh, Hereward, Hereward . . . oh, oh, oh!' she managed to blurt as she regained a certain amount of breath. And as she did she watched with increasing excitement the intimidating, yet at the same time, utterly, madly, desirable spectacle unrobing before her widening eyes. Not realising what she was instinctively doing she also widened her thighs twisting and turning on the bed in a desperate, but never quite satisfying effort, to get them as far apart from her now raging cleft as her physical frame and capability would allow.

In a flash of frenzied anxiety, she doubted the possibility of accommodating so gigantic a cock as came into view as the colonel whipped away his jock-strap. He never wore underpants for the sufficient reason that they would spoil the line of his skin-tight emerald green uniform trousers.

Suddenly released from the imprisoning bag the cock shot up like a sprung cannon, the foreskin already well down below the knob and the aperture streaming with pre-come fluid. In one swift jumping action, the dashing soldier mounted the bed to splice Rose Luxley to the uttermost depth. So it was that she felt the full thrust of an aggressive sexual organ for the very first time in her young life.

And thought it the most marvellous experience in the whole wide world. She was to crave it endlessly (but in a firmly controlled manner) right to the day breath finally left her still magically attractive body; at seventy-three.

But how came it that Rose had not felt such a thrust before? After all, she was a ripe seventeen when she first entered Mrs Courtney's service and her entire life until then had been spent in one of the poorest parishes in London's East End. Girls from eight upwards (and even younger) were in continual danger of being deflowered in such an environment. Rose herself had come close to it when, at the age of twelve, she was returning from an errand in the fast-gathering darkness of a late November afternoon.

A drunken labourer had followed her up a narrow street, and pounced and even got her upon a low wall. Forcing her petticoats and skirt to her thighs, surprisingly he found the way forward quite clear since the Reverend Septimus Luxley had adamantly refused to allow his daughters to wear drawers. Consequently there was nothing for the vile sot to tear apart and he had even gone so far as to produce his fearsomely thick and lengthy weapon from the depths of his muddy dungarees.

But at that point Rose's protecting angels seemed to intervene and as he swayed back in order the more compellingly to penetrate the terrified girl, his drunken state caused him to stagger. Of this, much more through sheer panic than calculation, she managed to seize advantage. Slipping free, she fell back over the wall and was able to regain her feet and scramble down a side alley and so into a more commonly used thoroughfare.

Understandably Rose had never been able to forget the shocking attack, especially the awful girth and extent of the rampant cock. It seemed a different form of limb altogether from that pink and sturdy little appendage belonging to Herbert, her favourite young brother. That she had often studied and rubbed between her palms when supposedly she was helping him with his homework in the front parlour. She was always pleased when the young boy, loudly repeating his Latin phrases for the parents in the next room to hear, had urged her in whispers not to stop.

Rose had grieved sorely when a younger sister had been caught by the sin-obsessed father doing exactly that to another brother and had been soundly bum-thrashed across the piano seat for the wickedness.

Although there were certain resemblances between the great cock of the filthy East End labourer, particularly in the matter of dimensions, yet Rose saw nothing but a splendid virile beauty in that attached to her own, her very own, dashing colonel of dragoons. She felt it searching frantically around inside her belly and when the explosive climax came she screamed aloud and bit his right ear, holding on to it until crazy with the pain, the colonel drew back his left fist to deliver a short but efficient punch to her belly.

The breath knocked out of her, Rose Luxley gasped and so let go the ear which was trickling with blood.

'Don't ever do that again, you young bitch,' he cried clutching the wounded ear, 'or I'll cut you to pieces!' But soon he was covering her still quivering young body with massively wet kisses interspersing them here and there with deep love bites which set the no-longer-virginal Rose wild with ecstasy.

When all was calm again, she reached down boldly to his cock and rapidly worked it up again. Crying: 'Now have it up the Khyber Pass,' the colonel smartly turned her over, raised her bum and so went into the vagina by the lesser travelled route.

So passed the evening and far into the night. By the time the Brighton Town Hall clock had struck four, Rose Luxley had taken passionate love from the colonel in eight different ways, including what was to be her most unforgettable reception of the organ along the throat. Just in time, she stopped herself from biting deep into the column as the gushing started.

Almost on his hands and knees, Colonel Hereward Dobson crawled from her boudoir shortly before six o'clock. He was very late down for breakfast and appeared pale and rather shaken.

'I wonder what's wrong with Colonel Dobson this morning?' said Mrs Amelia Courtney to an effervescent bright-as-a-button Rose as she passed the toast, 'My, but he does look shaken! Very much under the weather I should say. Could that be because you have been under him?' and she burst into a loud peal of laughter in which the younger woman couldn't help but join.

When at long last the gaiety had subsided and the two could talk again with decorum, the older woman said: 'Rose! You are looking more beautiful than ever this morning. And different too. What can it be? I wonder if I can put my finger on it? Ah, yes! Until this morning, you were a girl. Now you're a woman. You have been putting *your* finger on it?'

And once again the two elegantly dressed and beautiful figured occupants of the corner table by the West window broke into helpless laughter.

'Come Rose darling,' said Mrs Courtney as she rose from her chair, 'We have much to go over about your first night at the *Tableaux Vivants.* In a way, it will be no less exciting than your last night.'

It was a basic ingredient in the perfection of Rose Luxley as a naturally gifted courtesan that commonsense could always prevail with her over passion. Because of this there were no

silly tantrums when Mrs Courtney told her that she had enjoyed as much of Colonel Hereward Dobson as could wisely be allowed.

'He was merely useful in bringing you to maturity,' she said with a firmness that wasn't to be challenged, adding: 'You are for much better things. I have arranged with a highly placed friend in the War Office that he should at once set off to rejoin his regiment along the North West Frontier where the natives are once again making a scandalous nuisance of themselves. He leaves tomorrow at noon.'

'So he won't be present at 'The Choice of the Finest' which takes place at 9.30 p.m.?'

'He will not . But you will say nothing of this to him. He won't be told until a prearranged telegram arrives early tomorrow. By then, of course, you will have become famous as the Queen of your *Tableux Vivant* contest and an absolute certainty for selection as The Choice of the Finest or, as I prefer to designate the illustrious status, 'Empress of Them All'."

'A pity about the colonel,' said Rose Luxley with a sigh, 'But what must be, must be.'

'Quite right, my dear Rosie, for I must start calling you Rosie O'Manton without delay,' said Amelia Courtney: 'And another thing which must be is that this coming night, following your victory, you will spend with Joe Bagstock, your named sponsor. I know Joe very well. He's a good performer but, having seen the state of the colonel this morning, I don't doubt but that you will be able to put him to sleep by one o'clock. Which will give you a good night's rest for the excited receptions you must attend tomorrow morning. All tonight's successful Queens will be there and you must shine them out of countenance.'

'Joe Bagstock's got too big a belly for my serious liking,' said Rosie O'Manton, 'and I don't much care for that great bush of whiskers. He even has stiff hair coming out of his ears. Yet I'll serve him well because I know of his importance in Birmingham. But Amelia dearest, I have always taken him for a thrasher. Surely he doesn't intend doing that to me tonight. It would show up in the parade for the Empress wouldn't it?'

'To be sure it would, child,' replied Amelia Courtney: 'He has solemnly undertaken to delay that pleasure until you get to Birmingham. You'll be travelling up there with him in his private railway coach in the afternoon after the selection. He may even do it in the coach because he has had all the necessary furniture and facilities fitted in. It will be an interesting experience for you to take the cane while in motion.'

'Especially when crossing points!' put in Rosie who, by now, had quite properly forgotten her virginal passion for the soon-to-travel-far-away colonel.

'Oh, Rosie,' said Amelia Courtney as she wiped away the tears of laughter from her lovely face, 'What a treasure you are! How miraculous it was that we were brought together.'

'Miraculous is the word,' said Rosie getting up and giving the older woman a very big kiss: 'Now tell me some more about the thrashing equipment which is being installed in the Birmingham establishment.'

Rose trembled with a strange mixture of eager sensuality and a reluctant acceptance of the pleasures of pain as she listened to the technical aspects of the many items of apparatus which had been installed in the club over which she was to rule. She knew that as a responsible governess of the specialised treatments it would provide, she had first to experience them fully herself. Otherwise how would she be able to judge the comments, pro and con, of the patrons?

'But now Rose,' said Amelia Courtney when the catalogue of pleasure-pain devices had been lightly gone over, 'I want to hand over three things which you will find very valuable up there. One is a book, another a surgical instrument. Oh, there is no need to get alarmed it isn't a saw or a chisel! Finally, there is something to wear.'

A flicker of anxiety had crossed Rosie's beautiful face at the words 'surgical instrument.' Mrs Courtney went on: 'You will recall I used the device upon you shortly after you joined my staff. But that was rather a clumsy model. At all events, clumsy compared with this brand new one sent over to me by an old friend in Paris.'

From a red leather box, indistinguishable from an oblong jewel case, she took a dazzlingly bright speculum. 'It is, pure gold,' she said 'and look, I have had your name engraved along the side.' Rose Luxley took the instrument and closely examined the lettering: 'To Rosie O'Manton with love and esteem, from her friend Amelia Courtney.'

'Oh, it's lovely, dear Mrs. Courtney, I mean Amelia,' cried the young woman in some understandably delighted confusion, 'how the mirror sparkles!'

'Use it often, my girl,' replied her mentor, 'brook no argument. Unless the girls accept it readily, dismiss them at once. You must run a clean ship. And go down deep. Superficial glimpses are useless.'

'I insist, as the proud owner of this splendid speculum,' cried the joyful girl, 'that you check me up here and now. To christen it, so to speak.'

'Well, there's no need, naturally. But it would be fun,' said the older woman, 'Get down then and drop the drawers. Turn the chair towards the window so we get maximum light.'

Rose swiftly obeyed and lying well back, inserted her fingers into the young vagina drawing the lips wide apart. Amelia Courtney first ran the speculum under the warm tap of the adjoining bathroom and then bending, slowly but deliberately pressed it between the complicated and wonderfully complex fronds of Rose's lower interior. Closely studying the inserted mirror, as she turned it from one side to the other and going further and further in until the throbbing folds of the vagina wholly enclosed the reflecting surface.'

Slowly she withdrew the speculum and walking back into the bathroom said merrily: 'Clean as a whistle, of course, Rosie. But if a job's worth doing, it's worth doing well. So get up on the seat and we'll have it up through the rear.' By that time Mrs Courtney had cleansed the valuable instrument and had returned to confront Rose's enticing bum with the wide apart thighs.

In went the speculum, enabling the utmost intelligence to be conveyed to the inspecting operator about the condition of Rose's vagina. 'Perfectly healthy, you lovely young thing,' said Amelia pulling it out and giving the superbly rounded posteriors several playful slaps. 'Be sure you are no less thorough with your examinations in Birmingham. All of them once a week, at least. Let no girl fool you into escaping the speculum.'

'That I shall not, you may rest assured,' declared Rosie with determination adding with a laugh, 'Did you notice any inflammation, by the way. The gallant colonel was anything but weak when he started. He really did work me hard.'

'It was blushing a bit along the sides to be sure. I quite envied you last night,' responded Amelia: 'But here are the other two things.'

She gave the young woman a thick book with the pages cut to reveal an alphabetical index. 'This names the

founder members of the Birmingham club and sets out their little foibles. What they like the girls to wear. Whether they prefer the whip, or the cane, or the birch, or the strap. What they like to eat and drink before and during the session. Whether they like to suck or be sucked. Helpful little details like that. Keep it up to date. Add in new members. And here, dear Rosie, is another little special gift from me to you. It is, I think, quite the latest thing in comfort and security.'

Opening a square red satin-lined silver box which just about fitted the palm of her hand, Amelia Courtney extracted a round rubber ring of silk-thin texture beyond the rims: 'Get that into you Rosie and you'll not feel a thing. And don't be misled by the fineness of the rubber. It's very tough. I'll let you have a new one every three months. They're far too expensive for the ordinary girls to have. You and I alone will have them in our organisation. But I do know that they are spreading fast through the interiors of the aristocracy.'

'Our betters, in other words,' said Rosie with a giggle as, lifting her skirts getting down her drawers and widening her legs and slightly bending at the knees, she pressed together the circumference of the ring and pushed the contraceptive into the correct vaginal position. Standing up again and adjusting her clothes she smiled broadly: 'You're quite right, Amelia, I don't feel a thing.'

'My advice to you, now,' said the other, 'is to take things very easy for the rest of this day. Read an improving book. Settle your mind. Although I have no doubt at all that you will win your Tableau this evening I don't want you to expose and flaunt yourself along the Brighton front and in the restaurants like the rest of the entrants are bound to do. Don't forget, you're going to be the virginal type. So much so, I fancy, that you will be setting a trend for the years ahead.'

Rosie thought for a moment then began to undress. 'You're absolutely right, Amelia. I'm going to lie abed till evening reading and dozing. Send my meals up, please.'

'Fine idea. And while you're lying there I'll tint the vaginal tresses a pure auburn. That's the most favoured colour this season. I believe you're going to be an utter sensation.'

Very careful thought had gone into the three tableaux in which Rosie O'Manton was to star. In three areas there were major departures from tradition:

1. She was to be the only woman. No adoring minor characters and only one man. The colonel dressed as a Turkish sultan with a large scimitar and a cat-o-nine-tails as props.

2. The setting was not Classical Greece or Imperial Rome, but Turkey and the theme Christian suffering. The only furniture was a large divan elevated at a 45 degree angle so that all in the hall could see what was on it.

3. There was to be a minimum of movement. This in order to let the judging audience carefully examine every part of Rose's figure.

'The other entrants, all of them much older, Rosie,' Amelia had said, 'will bounce their great tits and bums about foolishly imagining that the cultured taste in courtesans (she almost always avoided the use of the harsh word 'whore') is still bordering on the fat. But the young, slim but moderately well-bummed types are now fast coming into favour. I'm told its because the Prince of Wales has given them his active cock approval.'

The ballroom of the hotel was crammed when the curtain went up at 9 that night. The heat was tremendous and the cigar smoke so thick that doors had to be opened and newspapers flashed about to clear the atmosphere in order that those at the back could have a reasonable view of the stage. The five hotels in which the heats were taking place at the same time were similarly packed with high paying male enthusiasts, nearly all well beyond their fifties and so claiming to have a long and sound experience of women's flesh; they were also good judges of horse flesh and almost to a man had been to the races that day.

They were now betting heavily on the entrants. None had heard of Rosie O'Manton, and she was therefore considered an outsider. 'If she's a dark horse I wouldn't mind having a go on her,' cried one big-bellied, red-faced gentleman amid the loud conversation.

'No, I don't think she's a nigger,' cut back another elderly wit, 'I've heard a rumour that she's Irish and is fancied by Joe Blagstock. He's sponsoring her anyway.'

'Then Joe will be riding her tonight, win or lose,' retorted another, raising a gale of laughter.

'I pity the poor filly then,' quipped another, 'he must weigh close to a ton. Quite a handicap!'

At that point the lights went down except for the stage, and all the talking stopped.

Rosie was fifth among the eight contestants. Amelia had engineered that position. 'Get the old stagers on first with all the usual routines, and then you'll knock 'em cold with the novelties. They'll be talking so much they'll not pay much attention to the following two.'

So it turned out.

Her tableau was in three acts. First, she was shown in a supplicating posture before the ferocious sultan who had the scimitar poised threateningly above her head. The programme note said: *'Act 1: the vile sultan orders the newly-bought Christian slave to submit to the ultimate degradation.'*

Rosie was discovered in a kneeling posture, completely nude except for a wisp of red silk which hid the vaginal hair from view and which was held in position by a dab of spirit gum. Her arms were held high and wide, every finger spread to indicate fearful alarm. Her fine youthful firm breasts, the nipples of which had been carefully rouged, showed to perfect advantage. This was the basic aim of the posture.

The applause was immediate and deafening. The previous contestants had been both aggressive as huntresses, Amazons, female primitives and all had shown floppy tits with large and vulgar areolae. These were much sought after in the reigns of the Georges but now, under the gracious rule of Victoria, well on the way out.

But the *piece de resistance* was to come, and the colonel had suggested it. The one and only movement Rosie was to make in the opening act was to rise to her feet, opening her legs at the same time. This strained the spirit gum and the small piece of red silk fell fluttering to the boards. And so Rosie's auburn bush was presented to full view.

The audience seemed to go mad and the clamour go on long after the curtain fell. It was still roaring when the curtain rose on *'Act 2. The disobedient slave endures her awful punishment.'*

Rosie was presented lying across the angled divan so that her highly structured posteriors directed themselves entrancingly right at the cheering, hat-waving men. The colonel-sultan stood at her side with the cat-o'-nine-tails splayed out across the bum. After ten seconds of this pose, the whip was raised again which was the signal for Rosie to jerk up her bottom and thrash her legs wildly and widely apart. Every portion of her bum could be seen in apparent agonised motion. This representation of



the effect of the punishment created such a furor among the now nigh-delirious audience that the hotel management feared for the furniture.

'Act 3. *The Christian slave is subdued and lies ready for the ultimate degradation,'* so ran the words of the programme note and the curtain rose to exhibit Rosie on her back, legs far apart and knees drawn up. The colonel-sultan was shown getting off his baggy black silk pantaloons. His rear was to the audience and as the garment was brought down below the waist, Rosie lifted her head as though to gaze upon the approaching cock of the detestable infidel. She then threw up her hands in terror and gave a great shriek. The curtain fell.

But the long and piteous cry was hardly heard by any beyond the front few rows and the final curtain descended before a ballroom of uncontrollable enthusiasm. Chairs were stood upon, some were smashed in violent demonstrations of approval, and deafening cries and chants of 'Queen,' 'Queen,' 'She's the one,' began and could not be silenced.

In vain the officials rushed on the stage to appeal for order and let the other contestants have their chance. But the show could not go on and the behaviour of the men gave every sign of serious riot until, now modestly gowned and (one would have thought) very timid, Rosie was brought back to the stage for the victor's golden crown to be placed upon her head.

A few protests were lodged by the backers of the unseen entrants but the judges were in no doubt: 'The voice of democracy has been clearly heard,' said the chief judge, 'Rosie O'Manton wins by acclamation.'

Despite the acute nervous strain under which Rosie had been for more than an hour before the contest began, she faced Joe Blagstock with gusto when he got her to his room. He was surprised by the power of her sexual attack and it was more a case of supplying what she wanted rather than gratifying his own crude desires. At any rate by 12.45 he was sleeping like a baby and Rosie could relax in the still ample space remaining of the big bed.

In her contented mind she went over the events of the contest moment by moment and came to the solid conviction that she could not fail to win the accolade of 'Empress of them All' the following night. Then to booming Birmingham and the sexual subjugation of all the most powerful men in the British Empire! With, of course, help from Amelia Courtney. Such was the erotic fantasy.

But it was to be that very Amelia who was to pay a terrible price for young Rosie's brilliant success; and pay it mid-way through the following morning.

Into a Brighton afire with the news of a phenomenal new beauty on the whoring scene, came the calculated telegram instantly recalling Colonel Hereward Dobson to his regiment on the North West Frontier of the Empire's brightest jewel. Although he was stunned by the order, it took him very little time to conclude that Amelia Courtney had engineered it with one of her most potent clients in the War Office.

Duty on that turbulent section of Indian perimeter would not only take him far, far away from that Rosie O'Manton with whom he had now fallen desperately in love. It would also endanger his very life and of his life Colonel Hereward Dobson was also very much in love. To defy the order was out of the question. But he would leave behind a most tortured Amelia Courtney. That he certainly would.

His luggage packed, his batman in attendance and the carriage ordered for Brighton Station, he bade the coachman stop at Amelia's hotel: 'I shall not be long within,' he told the man in grim tones. 'Come with me, you,' he instructed the batman and both men ran smartly up the hotel's steps.

The colonel knew the way.

Arriving at Amelia's door, he drew back and thrust his sword through the panelling then forced his hand through the splinters to turn the key from within.

Together the soldiers burst into the room. Dressed in a bright yellow dressing gown, Amelia Courtney was quietly reading *The Times* and sipping hot chocolate. She screamed at the sudden intrusion but before she could repeat the noise, the colonel's strong hand went round her throat: 'Make a sound and I'll cut your belly to shreds,' he said, trembling with anger.

Amelia went deathly pale and quickly nodded that she understood the threat. The colonel spun her round and told the batman to tear off a strip from the gown and that was speedily done. Colonel Dobson then made of the material a sizable gag and prising open Amelia's gorgeous mouth forced it inside and secured it behind her neck. He then threw her on the bed.

'Get on her back and take up her clothes,' he ordered the batman.

'Yes sir!' was the eager reply.

Up came the dressing gown to reveal wide pink silk drawers delicately trimmed with light blue lace. 'Tear those open,' was the next order.

'Yes sir!' and immediately the magnificent creamy mounds of Amelia's matchless bum were laid bare.

But creamy it was not within a brief five seconds, though to the struggling woman it seemed half a lifetime with much, much more to come.

For from between his belt the deeply aggrieved man had produced a medium length malacca cane, gold-mounted at one end and tapering to a thin diameter at the other. And he straightaway set about ploughing up Mrs. Courtney's bottom without restraint or mercy. Seated on her back, the skirt of the dressing gown pulled right back, the batman watched the rapidly changing hue of the afflicted posteriors with glittering eyes and profound admiration of his officer's flogging skill. Several times he had watched such a performance but until now the victims had always been insubordinate subalterns.

'Get the bum open. I'm going for the brown!'

'Oh my gawd!' cried the batman. 'Are you really? Oh my!'

Amelia also heard the words and her struggles became even more desperate; but to no gain in comfort. One thing it is to be thrashed across the bum; another it is to have the cuts come down along the deep centre.

The batman reached forward and rudely parted the now scorching posteriors opening up to the angry view of the avenging soldier one of Amelia's most fascinating and sparingly allowed vistas. And the 'brown' was then afflicted seven times with great ferocity.

The soldiers left.

The colonel was to die a brave death beneath a pitiless sun leading his vastly outnumbered men against the devilish Pathans five months later.

By which time, Amelia had quite fully recovered from the shock and indignity of the wild assault.

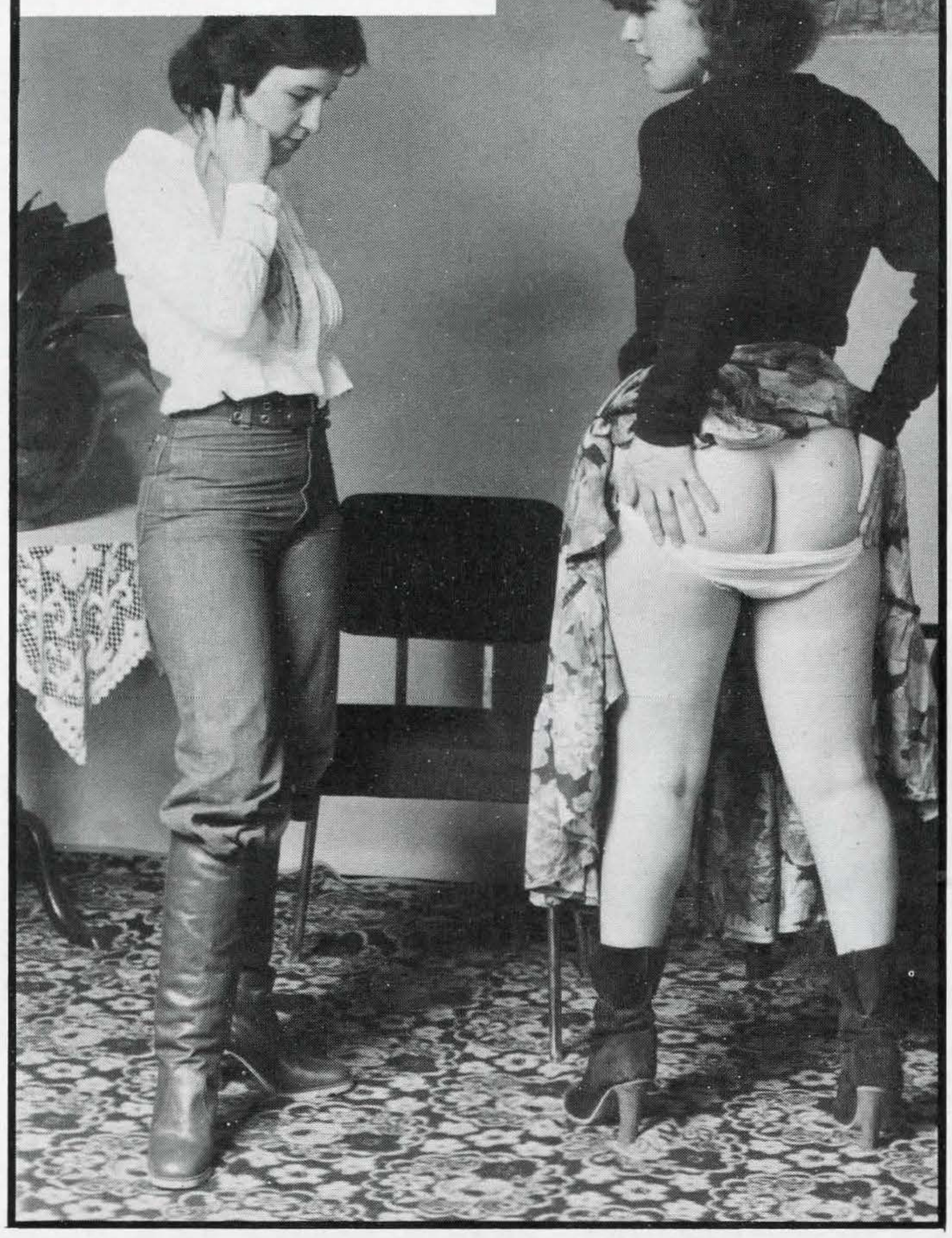
And Rosie O'Manton ruled unrivalled in Birmingham. How she reigned, suffered and prospered and spread her special kind of spanking-thrashing courtesanship across the Midlands and the North of England before coming down south to manage the high class brothel empire relinquished by Mrs. Amelia Courtney when, marrying a bishop, she retired to Cheltenham, is another story for another time.



'What on earth are you doing Joan?'

'Oh, hallo Marie, I didn't hear you come in. As a matter of fact I was just trying to get a view of my bum as my boss might see it. Do you think it's pretty Marie?'

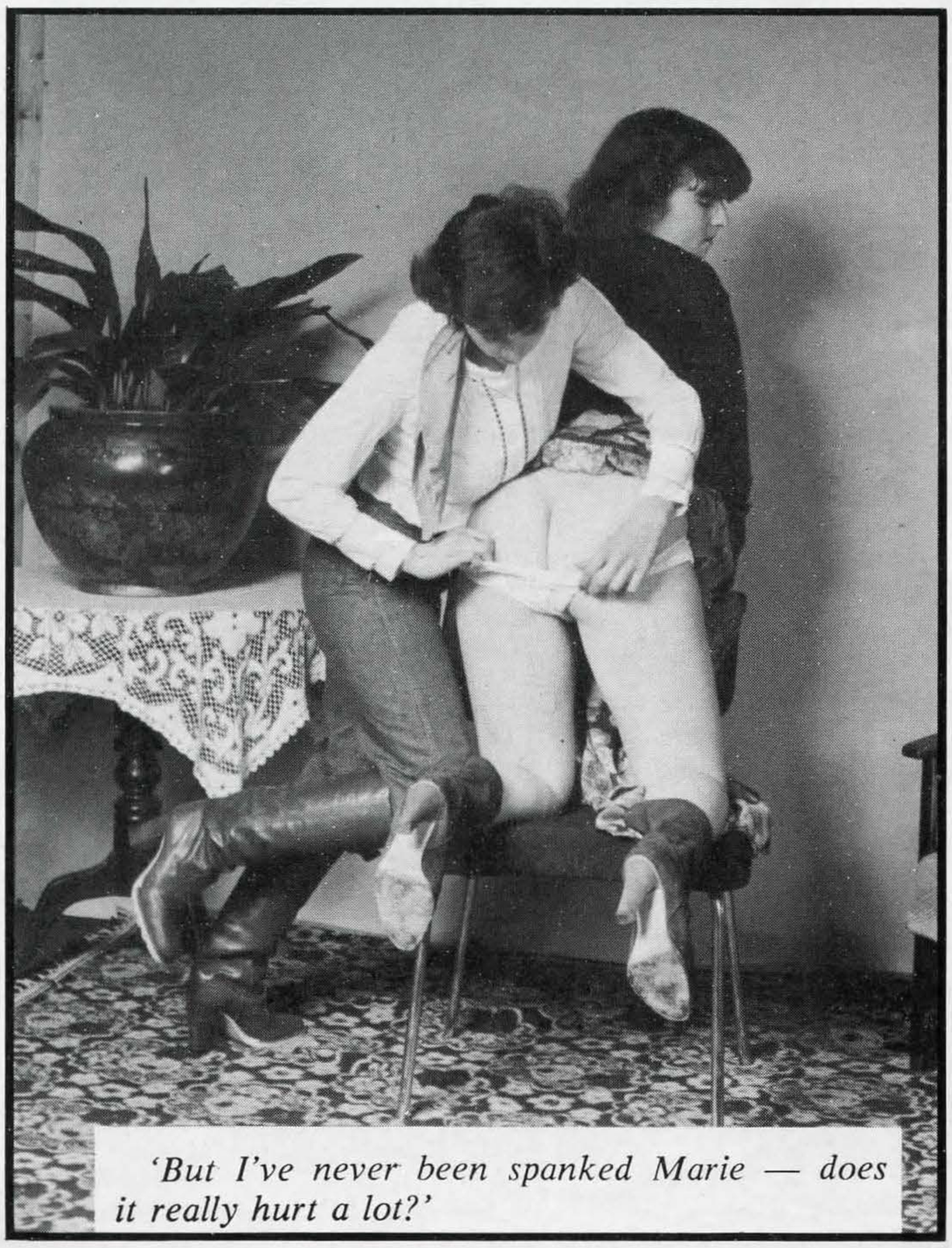
'Um, not bad at all, why?'



'Well my boss said if I was late again he was going to put me over his knees and smack my pretty little bottom!'

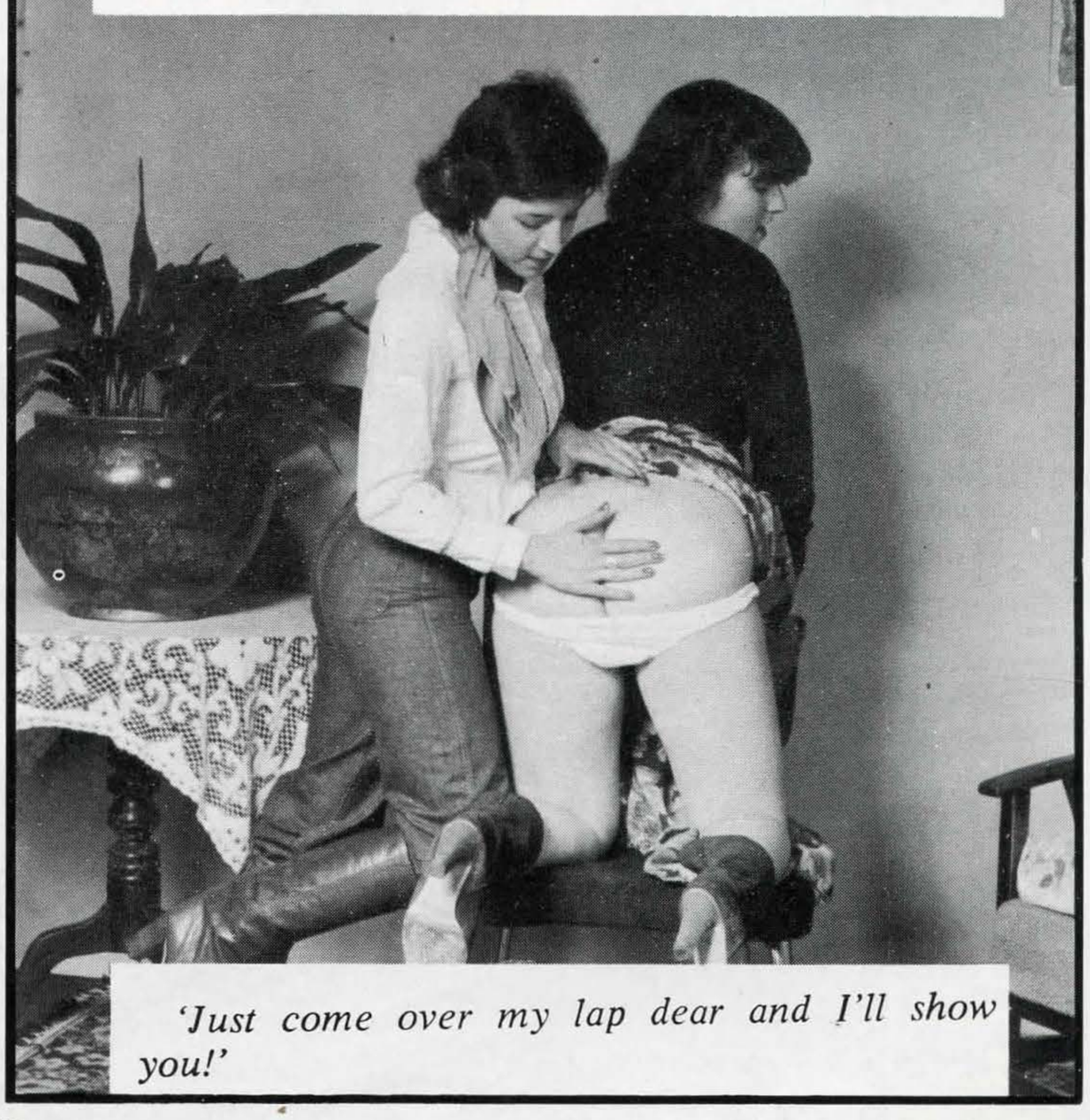


'Good for him. I hope he spanks it hard — it's about time somebody did it. One thing's for sure darling, he'll have plenty to spank!'



'Depends who does it Joan — if it's your Dad, yes — if it's your boy-friend — Ah! That's a different matter entirely — but I'd be delighted to give you an idea what it feels like.'

'How do you mean, Marie?'



'But I've never been spanked Marie — does it really hurt a lot?'

'Just come over my lap dear and I'll show you!'

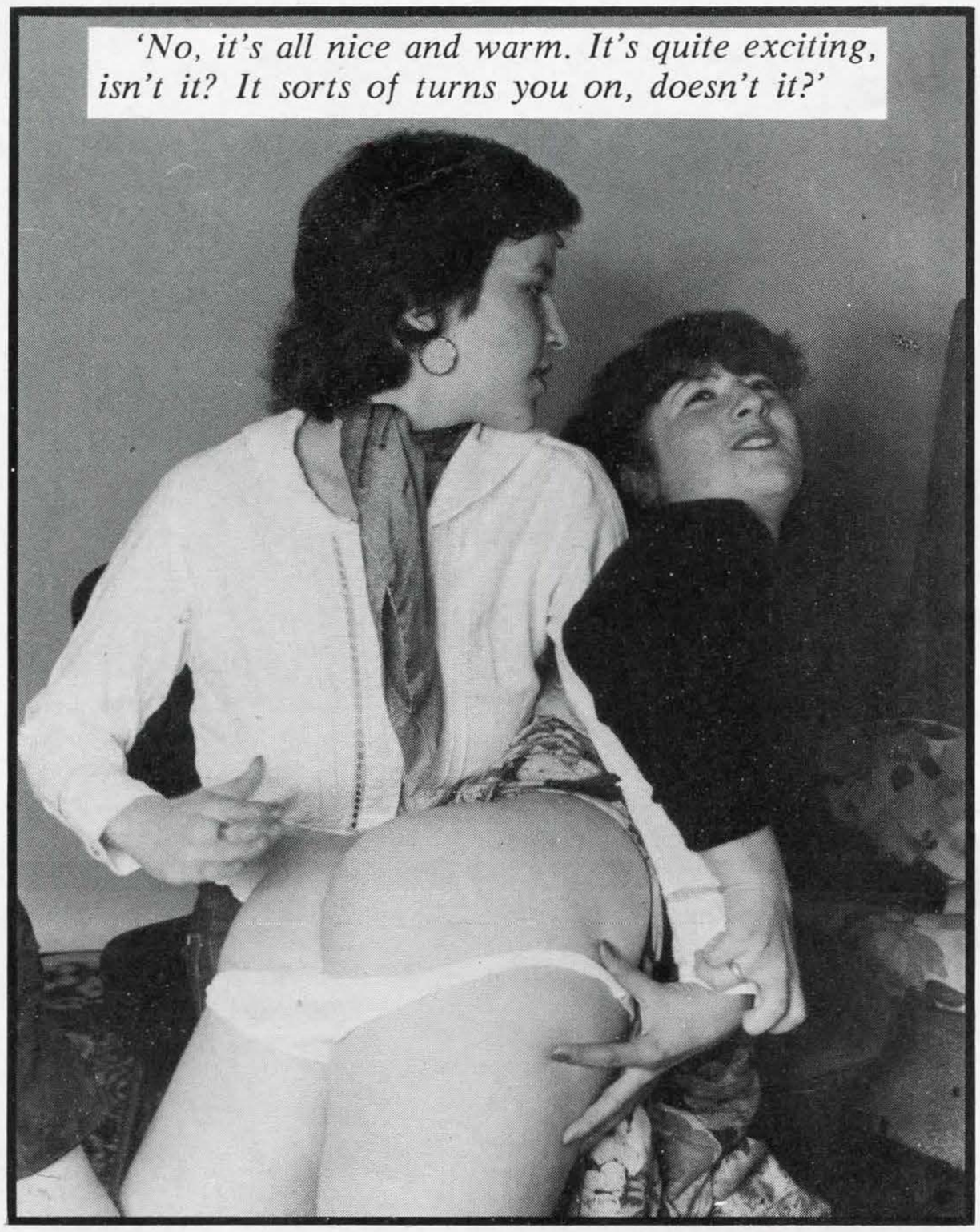
'Just come over my lap dear and I'll show you!'

'Well Joan, what do you think of your first spanking? Does it hurt?'

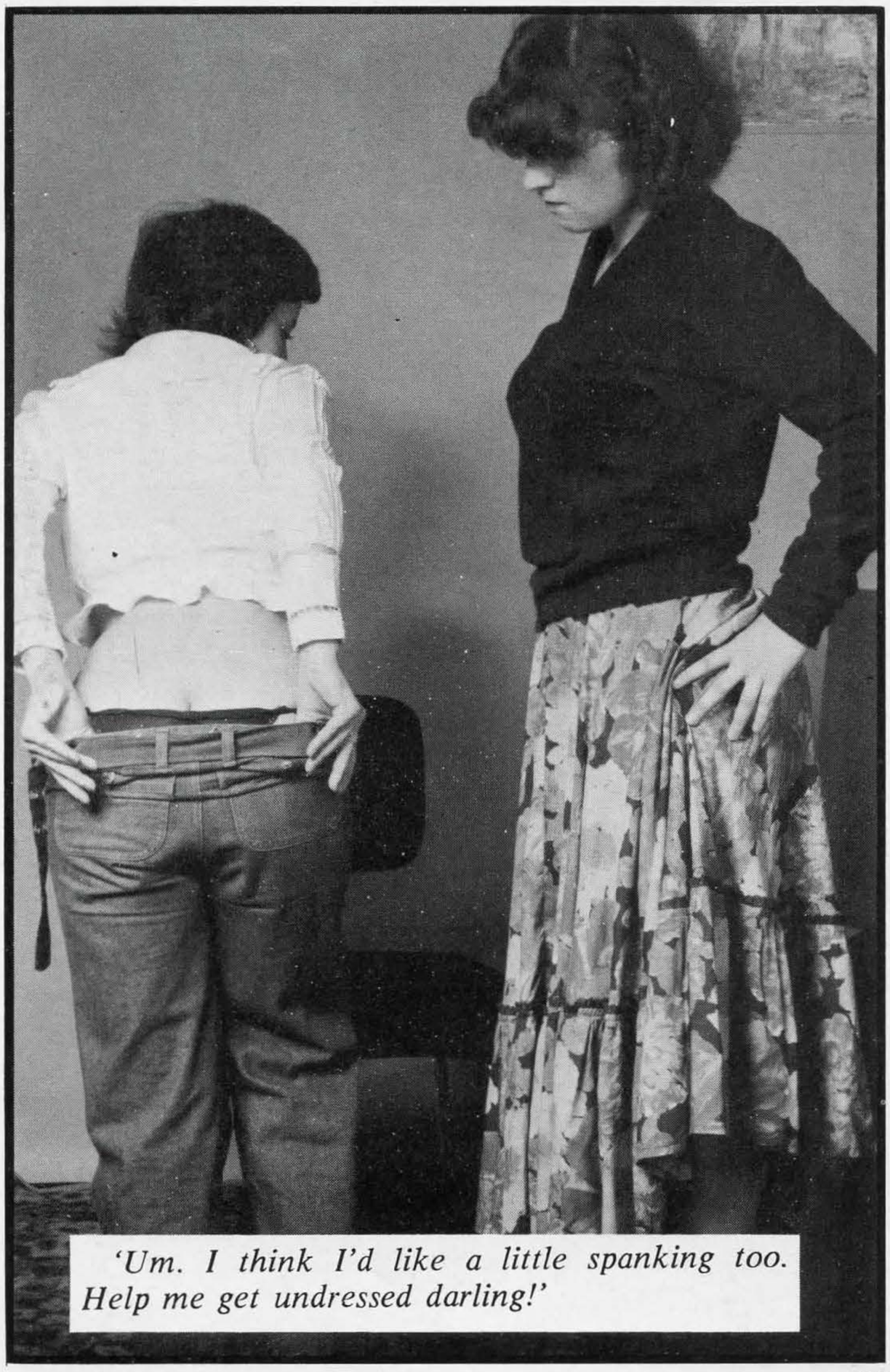
'Ooh! It's starting to tingle, Marie!'
'Yes, I can see — your bottom's turning a nice pink!'






'No, it's all nice and warm. It's quite exciting, isn't it? It sorts of turns you on, doesn't it?'


'You can spank me quite hard Joan, if you want to, and afterwards I'll show you what a real spanking is like!'


'Um. I think I'd like a little spanking too. Help me get undressed darling!'


'I think I'm going to enjoy this!'








To be continued next month.



JAMES CAMDEN HOTTEN and his naughty books

Mark E. Dessart

Connoisseurs of pornography sometimes come across a series of seven slim volumes, with plain grey covers, each bearing nothing but a number on the spine. On opening one of these volumes one finds the description: 'Library Illustrative of Social Progress. From the Original Editions collected by the Late Henry Thomas Buckle, author of "A History of Civilization in England".' Each book is, in fact, a reprint of an account of the pleasures of birching originally issued at the end of the eighteenth century. Who reprinted these books? Did they really belong to Buckle? What was their origin?

The answer to these questions can be found in the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum,* the first of Pisanus Fraxi's (i.e. Henry Spencer Ashbee's) accounts of 'uncommon and curious books'. According to Fraxi, 'the original tracts did not come from the library of Buckle, nor had he in all probability even seen them. All seven had been for many years, and are still, in the possession of a well-known London collector.' What happened was that the owner lent them to J. C. Hotten, who had them surreptitiously reprinted without the owner's permission or knowledge.

James Camden Hotten (1832-1873) was one of the leading publishers of his time. He introduced the English public to American authors such as Walt Whitman, Bret Harte and Mark Twain, and he was the only one who dared to publish Swinburne. He was also the only respectable English publisher of pornography. Pisanus Fraxi says: '. . . in this he took great delight. His private library of erotic literature was extensive and was, at his death, purchased *en bloc* by a London amateur.'

His friend Richard Herne Shepherd paints a glowing picture of him in an obituary in *The Bookseller*: 'During the last eight years he occupied a position as a publisher second to none in the trade. What a faculty for work he had was a lasting wonder even to those who knew him best. His fertile brain seemed never to be at rest. In suburban rambles, and in his own domestic circle, he seemed for a while to regain all the joyous spirits and *insouciance* of a schoolboy.'

Works published by Hotten concerning flagellation included *The Merry Order of St. Bridget* (1868), *The Romance of Chastisement* and *The History of the Rod* (1870), the *Library Illustrative of Social Progress* (1872) and *The Rodiad.* Fraxi argues that *The Merry Order of St. Bridget* and *The History of the Rod* have a common author, and he adds: 'Certain it is that Hotten got both of them from the same man.' Presumably he had inside information. *The History of the Rod* is supposed to be by the Reverend William M. Cooper, but the British Museum catalogue says this is an alias for James Glass Bertram. *The Romance of Chastisement,* which is described at length in *Janus's Second Anthology of Spanking Literature,* was written by Sir George H. Stock, a former lieutenant in the Second Queen's Royal Regiment. He used the pseudonyms 'Doctor Aliquis', 'Expert', and 'Major Edgar Markham'. Stock was incensed when Hotten did not publish tales he had written to supplement *The Romance of Chastisement,* tales with titles like *The Cane,* or an *Extract from the Diary of a Dancing Master* and *Wrinkles on Rod Making.* Some of them were published later. *The Rodiad* was written by one of the clients of



Sarah Potter, the last great whipping madam in the tradition of Theresa Berkley. He lent it to Hotten, who printed it without permission under the pseudonym George Coleman, and with the false date of 1810.

This brings us to the *Library Illustrative of Social Progress.* Actually, there had been an earlier reprinting, in 1830, by John Cannon. This was described as 'Printed at the Expense of Theresa Berkley, for the Benefit of Mary Wilson'. (Apparently Mrs. Berkley's most famous whipper was called Mary Wilson, a fact that causes the mind to wander.) Hotten advertised his edition as follows: 'the works are remarkable for the light they throw upon the state of society in the last century, and the mania that possessed all classes for chastising and being chastised.' Hence, reading them was uplifting since it illustrated 'social progress'. Hotten issued 250 copies of each volume, selling singly at 15s or £5 for the set — a considerable price at that time, of course.

According to the title-pages, they were originally published by G. Peacock, 66 Drury Lane. This was apparently W. Holland, who published in 1786 an engraving related to the books: *LADY TERMAGANT FLAYBUM going to give her STEPSON a taste of her DESERT after dinner.* The voluptuous Lady Flaybum reclines luxuriantly in a chair, her ample breasts almost fully displayed, a birch dangling from her right hand, while a maid is preparing her reluctant stepson to be stretched across her splendid thighs for a whipping. According to Pisanus Fraxi, this engraving is by James Gillray. Hotten reprinted a much inferior one as *Molly's first correction, from the very rare original by HOGARTH.* Molly's correction is proceeding in the background of the scene depicted by the engraving, which is not by Hogarth at all.

The dates Hotten put on the volumes of the *Library of Social Progress* are spurious, but probably not far off the dates of the originals. Fraxi argues that *Fashionable Lectures* was the first of the series (Hotten numbers it last) and it begins with a lengthy discussion of Rousseau's *Confessions,* which had recently been published. It seems that the publication of a book in which an eminent literary figure confessed to a taste for flagellation resulted in several books being published on the topic — this is perhaps comparable to the effect of the Penguin edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover.* Rousseau is usually regarded as one of the founders of the romantic movement, and it seems plausible that the revival of interest in flagellation towards the end of the eighteenth century is a sign of the rise of romanticism.

The title page of *Fashionable Lectures* reads: 'Fashionable Lectures: Composed and Delivered with Birch

Discipline by the following, and many other, Beautiful Ladies,' followed by a list of names including 'Miss Oliver' and 'Miss Goldsmith', and 'Kitty Fisher', the famous prostitute who appears in *The Beggar's Opera.* The lectures are all much the same, although different roles are depicted (a kept mistress whipping her keeper's son, a mother whipping her son, a lady's maid whipping the lady's son, a governess whipping a pupil and — most commonly — a stepmother whipping her stepson.) Perhaps the best is one attributed to Madame du Barry, whipping Louis XIV in the guise of an incorrigible stepson:

'So, my sweet youth, Lisseta informs me that she cannot get you to bed earlier than this pretty hour! I thought you would remember the whipping I gave you yesterday morning some time, but Lisseta informs me you don't mind a rod! Come, Sir, strip and go to bed!'

'Yes, mamma, but I am afraid you will whip me, indeed I am.'

'No, never fear; come and let me take off your clothes.'

'O indeed, mamma, I know you're going to whip me; I can read your intention in your countenance — on my knees I beg forgiveness.'

'Rise, you young urchin, this moment, and bring me the rod from the drawer in my toilet; bring it this moment, I say.'

'O my dear, dear mamma, forgive me this time! My sweet, lovely mamma, pray don't whip me now!'

'Not whip you now! I should be the worst of stepmothers not to whip you. I have you now across my lap, and your bold b— exposed to the rod, and I'll let you know you shall go to bed at the time I desired. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, you impudent young rascal! I have tried all methods of getting the better of you, and this rod is your only master.'

'O dear! O dear! O dear!'

'O, how I delight to make a bold boy's a—e quiver under an excellent rod! To see him dance as you do now! Nothing upon earth can be half so pleasing to me! I had a notion of turning you over to my own woman for correction, but I find that I can manage you myself; and it gives me the highest pleasure that I can do so! Wouldn't you much rather I should exercise a rod upon your b—, than my own maid?'

'O dear, yes, my lovely mamma!'

— And so on. In the end the lovers stop playing these roles:

'Well, my love, have I dressed myself to your liking this evening?'

'Nothing can be more beautiful, my lovely Countess! I once thought Madame Pomp***** the sweetest woman to take a frolic of this kind with, but you possess all the beauties she was in possession of, with your own bewitching ones.'

The next volume, in chronological order, seems to be *Exhibition of Female Flagellants in the Modest and Incontinent World Proving from Indubitable Facts that a Number of Ladies take a Secret Pleasure in Whipping . . .* (the title continues for another forty words). The book begins: 'Mere fiction (says Clarissa, closing the *Fashionable Lectures,* which she had just been reading), ridiculous nonsense! — What, my dear? said Flirtilla . . .' Flirtilla soon convinces Clarissa of the charm of flagellation with her tale of Miss B-ge-n and how she was 'whipped by this lovely woman, not only then, but several times since, in such a charming manner, that I shall never think of her but with the utmost delight.' Flirtilla then forcefully birches Clarissa 'for a full quarter of an hour' and Clarissa bears it 'with seeming pleasure'. That evening they go to Lady Caroline's and the company tells stories of flagellation, after which Lady Caroline birches Flirtilla, whose eyes 'sparkled with ecstasy'. On a later evening they go to Lady Carmine's and hear further flagellation anecdotes.

Part the Second of the Exhibition of Flagellants continues with anecdotes and stories but without Clarissa and Flirtilla. Some of these stories are in the form of letters addressed to the publisher. Here is one:

'Sir,

Laughing some time ago with a party of lively girls of the Cyprian train, over a print representing a number of boarding-school girls going to flagellate the governess, one of the ladies related an anecdote as whimsical as any I have yet heard or read. Belinda (for such is the Lady's name) was placed out, at a very early age, at a boarding school, a few miles from town, under the tuition of a woman who had acquired a great name among parents and guardians.'

A short while after Belinda had been at school, a French governess arrived. She was:

'One of the most charming women in the world. Her stature was majestic — her charms inspired universal rapture! The softest roses that ever youth and modesty poured out on beauty glowed on the lip of this lovely woman. This flight of ecstasy ran from one girl to another through the school on her appearance, little suspecting what a flagellating spirit lurked beneath this fascinating exterior.'

The tutoress soon persuades the head of the school to let her administer birch discipline, and the girls call her Madam Whipperanti. Belinda is 'the second whose posteriors were smartly whipped by this woman.' Eventually —

'This woman, anxious, I can safely swear, for a general display of backsides, dropped a little French book in a bed-room where about a dozen of the girls slept, in which many voluptuous scenes were described, illustrated with a number of prints of an inflammatory tendency.

'Maria C—, who was the life and soul of our society, translated the whole of the work, and set us cock-a-hoop to put in practise many of the scenes. One in particular struck our fancy: this was a print and glowing passage, where an amorous engagement with a mock —— is described. The belt and the machine were in a short while manufactured by the fertile genius of Maria, and we had, as soon as we had tasted the divine sweets flowing from it, above a dozen made in the course of a couple of days.

'One morning, Madame Whipperanti, wishing no doubt for a grand entertainment on the bumfight, watched our motions so very close, that she brought the Governess to a peep-hole she made in the next room, who, the Governess, with her flagellating companions, Miss Harriet, the niece, and a lady who was a boarder in the family, all burst into the room, and threw our divine party into the greatest confusion. Some ran out of an opposite door, who were soon overtaken, and we were instantly guarded to the schoolroom. Nothing but birch and the flaying of bums echoed around. Such as endeavoured to escape were tied down on chairs and stools. Some were horsed, who were not easily managed, among whom was your humble servant, who was mounted on the back of a maid servant as powerful as Hercules.

'I fancy to this hour, said Belinda, Madame Whipperanti took an uncommon liking to my posteriors, for I remember well she kept me up full five minutes, and exercised the rod with such severity, that with all her beauties, from her brilliant eyes to her angelic hand and arm, and from that to her matchless hand and foot, I could not feel anything of transport in it; though I am well persuaded any of the male creation would have thought it next a

journey to heaven to have felt her pull his breeches down, and tuck his shirt above his waist with as much deliberation and seeming pleasure as she lifted my petticoats, and the rod exercised by her magic hand with the utmost vigour.

'Indeed, I am convinced to this hour Madame Whipperanti had a violent liking for my bumfiddle, for I remember well while she was untying the instrument of pleasure, which was fastened round my middle, she complained of the knot, slapped my posteriors with her hand, and ran it both over cheeks repeatedly, till she had disengaged the instrument. But this was not the only thing that convinced me of her love for my posterior beauties, for every time I turned my head to implore forgiveness during her exercising the rod, I could perceive her beautiful eyes ready to bounce out of her head — so lost was she in transport.'

The most remarkable of the *Library Illustrative of Social Progress* is undoubtedly *Lady Bumtickler's Revels,* a comic opera in two acts. In Act One we are introduced to Lady Bumtickler, Miss Stoutback, and Lord Strangeletch. Lady Bumtickler birches her daughter Priscilla, to the delight of Lord Strangeletch. In Act Two, Scene One, Miss Telltale and Miss Tomboy, the daughter and stepdaughter of Lady Belinda Flaybum, have a quarrel. Enter Lady Belinda and her sister the Duchess of Picklerod. The Duchess offers to flog Miss Tomboy; Lady Belinda leaves with Miss Telltale.

TOMBOY: I won't — I don't see what right you have to whip me. I am sure my papa never gave you leave to use me as you have done since you first came here. If it was not for shame I would have shewn my papa what a condition you left me in often. But I won't bear it any longer, I'm determined! (*Whimpers.*)

DUCHESS OF PICKLEROD: You won't! my pretty Miss. O very well, come here, I'll see that!

TOMBOY: I won't be whipped! Let me down! Let me go! You shan't lift up my clothes! O what shall I do?

DUCHESS: Not lift up your clothes! But you see I will, up to the small of your back, and make this impertinent backside of yours smart sorely in an instant! Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, you saucy minx!

TOMBOY: Oh, I'll be good! I will indeed! Upon my honour, I will! Oh, for mercy's sake, don't whip me any more! Let me down! I'll be good! Upon my honour, I'll never insult you again! Oh, forgive me! Oh dear! Oh, my darling duchess, don't whip me any more!

DUCHESS: I thought, Miss, you were to complain to your papa about me, and exhibit your backside to draw down his vengeance upon me! So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so, so, you told me a minute ago!

TOMBOY: Oh, I won't indeed! Upon my honour, my dear duchess, I will not! Try me this once, and you will find me an excellent girl! Oh, my dear, dear, lovely aunt, don't whip me any more! Oh Lord! Oh God! Oh what shall I do!

If the opera were ever performed (a revival at Covent Garden?), a truly remarkable girl would have to play Miss Tomboy. After a long first scene she sings an aria, then receives (judging from the dialogue) at least thirty strokes of the birch, and then she is left all alone on the stage and must sing another aria of eight verses.

The act continues with the birching of Harry by the Countess of Greenbirch, and then we return to Lord Strangeletch and Lady Bumtickler. After some diversions, Lady Bumtickler flogs Lord Strangeletch and extracts a promise of marriage from him. The opera ends with a general chorus of:

> 'Then let us kiss that hand
> The loveliest in the land
> That whips with pride
> Each bold backside
> While culprits cap'ring ride!'

One can safely assume that the opera was never performed, but it is interesting that *The Boarding School* by Charles Coffey, which was performed at Drury Lane in 1783, contains the following chorus:

> 'While she is stripping to get a good whipping,
> I'll away, dance and play,
> Yes I will, that I will;
> While she is stripping to get a good whipping
> I'll go and romp with the girls and the boys.'

Number Four in the Library, *A Treatise of the Use of Flogging,* is a very boring book. A preface warns 'the hanging-lechers' that their particular vice 'instead of contributing towards the propagation of their species, has gone near to destroying it.' *Madame Birchini's Dance, now first published by Lady Termagant Flaybum,* is a miscellany. It includes a 'Parody of Sappho's celebrated Ode', by Miss C—, 'Addressed to the Rod, with which she had just been corrected by her Governess':

> 'Curst as the meanest wretch is she,
> Th' unlucky girl just whipt by thee,
> Who sees and feels thy stinging rage,
> Which nought but time can e'er assuage.
>
> 'Tis thou that plagu'st ev'ry day,
> To shame and smart mak'st us a prey:
> Is ought misdone — straight o'er the knee,
> Poor culprits, we are twigg'd by thee.
>
> Thy shatter'd ends and shabby plight
> Shew e'en thou suffer'st by thy spite:
> Judge then, thou ugly shaggy thing,
> How my poor flesh can bear thy sting.
>
> Guardian Powers, protect me then,
> Let me ne'er taste fell birch again;
> To naughty boys confine thy rage
> And not with tender chits engage.'

The last volume is *Sublime of Flagellation,* letters from Lady Termagant Flaybum to Lady Harriet Tickletail.

On the whole, these books do not escape Pisanus Fraxi's criticism: 'One idea — one only — is harped upon throughout all of them. The chastisement begins and ends each performance. Further, it is always the woman who wields the rod, never the man, and this is extremely one-sided.'

We could add: the instrument of correction is always the birch; there is no mention of the cane, the strap, the slipper or even the hand. Nevertheless, they can all, especially *Lady Bumtickler's Revels,* be read with enjoyment by the modern devotee, who can be grateful to the enterprising publisher James Camden Hotten for reprinting them.

A Touch Of Class

Joyce Field

The girl across the desk hitched her pink knickers a little higher up the rotundity of her bottom, making them feel more snug underneath but incidentally baring even more of her bum cheeks than before. She looked up at the wall-clock, nibbling at her lip in nervous anticipation.

Two minutes to two. He'd be back very soon. He was almost never late. He was everyone's idea of a solicitor. Punctual, pedantic, and a pain-in-the-arse was Mr Lambter. In Rita's case, quite literally a pain in the arse!

She spread her legs a little wider, knowing he preferred her that way, and made sure her skirt was neatly tucked up around her waist. He'd expect to see her ready in every respect for her punishment.

Thinking about what was going to happen when he got back, she found she was having trouble quieting the funny hollow bubbles which insisted on wobbling about in her tummy. She asked herself, as she'd asked a hundred times before, just what the hell she was doing here anyway. 'You're doing it for the money, girl.' She told herself. 'And when you've got enough saved up to go and visit your mum in Australia, and to do it in style, then Mr Solicitor bloody Lambter can go and stuff himself.'

The click of the door handle behind her interrupted these disloyal thoughts. She felt the cool draught playing around her half-naked bottom, and then the door was closed firmly and the sharply creased pin-stripe trousers strolled along the edge of her vision and stopped in front of her face.

A calm, cool, crisp voice, as unemotional as someone reading the news on the radio, said: 'A little wider with the legs, please Rita.'

Fussy sod! Rita shuffled her feet an inch or two further apart.

A thin, pale hand opened the desk drawer, barely six inches from her nose. A thin, pale cane clicked against the woodwork as it was withdrawn.

Hell! thought Rita, how I hate that bloody thing!

The pale hand swung the cane easily, almost lazily, in experimental arcs, its soft swooshing doing nothing for the waiting girl except to induce an anticipatory twitch or two in her tightly bending buttocks.

At this point she always began to think that all this really wasn't worth the extra thirty quid a week. But she gritted her teeth and told herself to 'shut up', and tried not to watch the cane as it swished eerily past a short distance from her face.

The sharp, efficient voice spoke again.

'Been a naughty girl then, have we?'

'Yes sir.'

'Yes, of course we have. We really must learn to be more conscientious, mustn't we?'

'Yes sir.'

The pin-stripe trousers walked out of view around the desk.

'Now then, what happens to naughty girls, Rita?'

'They — they get caned, sir.'

The cane spatted! against the plump underside of her cheeks. It didn't really hurt because it wasn't very hard, but it made her jump.

'*What* do they get?'

'Oh, they get *whipped* sir, Sorry sir.'

'Yes, they get *whipped,* don't they?'

The cane spatted! again across both full cheeks, making them wobble in unison and leaving a little sting behind. This was a new trick he was teaching her. He thought it sounded nicer to have her say 'whipped', instead of 'caned'. It made him feel more the disciplinarian. Yes, 'Whipped' was a much more evocative word!

Rita shuffled her feet again, getting back as nearly as she could judge into the 'approved' position.

'Six, then. Alright?'

She wondered what he'd do if she said no, it wasn't alright.

'Yes sir,' she said.

The cane arrived without further ado, thwacking solidly up under the twin cheeks. They juddered tightly under the impact, and the sharp bite oozed slowly into her taut bottom. Unable to help herself she gasped as the sting spread, and she wriggled her bum slowly, sensuously, knowing she shouldn't move but having to in spite of that.

Steadily, at regular intervals of about fifteen seconds, the cane revisited her pertly proffered bottom, each stroke making her squirm at least a little bit and eliciting an assortment of gasps and groans. But Rita was no novice, and she stayed obediently with her face and breasts and belly pressed firmly against the cool wood until the last stinger had Cracked! officiously across her trembling bottom.

'Ooooh! Ooooooooh!' Rita bit her lip, knowing that she mustn't move even now.

Mr Lambter placed the cane carefully on the desk, and then patted Rita's semi-naked bottom in appreciation of the pleasure it had afforded him. He studied the tight grouping of the bright, welling weals, the extremities of which projected beyond the flimsy protection of the pink knickers and seared her smooth cheeks on either side in a darker hue.

He hooked a finger under the elastic which curved up over her quivering buttock, pulled it across so that it lodged in the division of her cheeks. Did likewise with the other side. Stook back and admired the precision of his application. Every crimson stripe was evenly placed so that each of her buttocks had taken an equal share of the sting.

They were grouped in a depth of no more than four inches, yet each of them was very nearly parallel with its neighbour.

Mr Lambter nodded to himself, pleased with his accuracy. He knew he couldn't take all of the credit himself, of course. Much of the credit was due to the girl. Well disciplined, you see. Obedient enough to keep her bottom in exactly the right place while the swishing cane did its job. But there again, all due to his training of her. Yes, most of the credit must go to him after all.

'You may get up now,' he said.

Relieved that at last it was over, at least for today, although she was painfully aware that she'd probably earn herself several more punishments during the course of the coming week, Rita stood up and dabbed an exploratory hand at her tender bum. A little grimace distorted her pretty face as she felt the smart still teasing her punished bottom.

She straightened her knickers and let her skirt drop back down. She picked up her shoes and tights from under the desk, then remembered the diary. Christ, lucky she hadn't forgotten that. Her poor bum couldn't have taken another 'whipping' today.

She leafed through the pages. 'You have an appointment at a quarter-past two, sir,' she said, trying not to let her voice betray its unsteadiness. 'A Miss Wilson. That's in about five minutes.'

'Thank you, Rita. That will be all for now.'

The cane disappeared back into the drawer, Rita walked as carefully as she could back to her own office. Mr Lambter sat down in his comfortable leather chair. Everything was ready for business as usual.

Miss Wilson arrived, was shown in by Rita.

'Good afternoon, Miss Wilson, how nice to see you again.'

'Yes, nice to see you too Mr Lambter.'

'Do sit down.'

'Thank you.'

The solicitor walked around his desk, picked up a document which he'd placed ready. 'Regarding the reading of the will yesterday; my congratulations by the way; and the additional document which I said appertained to your own inheritance . . . '

Barbara Wilson adjusted her dress, pulling it protectively towards her knees. He was still the same, still gave her the creeps as his fish-eyes peered at her through his spectacle lenses, as if undressing her. She'd always tried to avoid him whenever he'd called at the house.

. . . well, this is the document. I would suggest that I simply read it through first, and then we can discuss its implications afterwards if you have any questions.'

He sat down, arranged the paper fastidiously on the desk, and began to read.

'As provided for in my will, I leave to my housekeeper, Miss Barbara Wilson, my entire portfolio of shares, debentures and loan-stock, in appreciation of her devoted service to me in these last years of my life, a service which I know was motivated by kindness and generosity, rather than a wish to gain any pecuniary advantage beyond payment of the salary to which she was entitled in my employ.

'However, kind and generous though she may have been, Miss Wilson was nevertheless a source of intense irritation to me in some ways, and in particular, although I accept that it was done in my own interest, I have very much resented being bullied, especially by a woman.

'Therefore, as a condition of the aforesaid Miss Barbara Wilson attaining to the inheritance of those shares, debentures and loan-stocks already itemised, it shall be required of her that she shall accept also this further legacy, which would already have been hers had I possessed the health and strength to bestow it upon her.

'Namely, that by way of restitution for her past high-handedness, however well meant, she shall repair to the offices of my solicitor, Mr Edward Lambter, once a week for a period of six months immediately following the reading of the will, where she will be dealt with in a manner befitting a young woman of her age whose natural feminine bossiness has overstepped the mark, and in the way that I should have punished her myself had I been able.

'To wit, I would suggest either a very sound spanking on her bare bottom, or a caning of up to a dozen strokes, similarly on her bare bottom. It suits me to leave those particular details to the discretion of my very able solicitor and friend, Mr Edward Lambter.

'There is enclosed herein a sample of a form which should be completed by Miss Wilson on the occasion of each punishment, and which should, on each occasion, be countersigned by Mr Lambter and also witnessed, in order to avoid criticism that the terms of the will are not being observed.'

Mr Lambter looked up over the top of his half-frame spectacles.

'Have you any questions, my dear?' he asked.

Barbara opened her mouth once or twice in bewilderment. At last she said:

'Isn't this a little bit unusual, Mr Lambter? I mean, shouldn't the other people he left money to have been present or something?'

'Not necessarily,' said the solicitor. 'You were all present at the reading yesterday. This document,' he indicated the paper lying on his desk, 'is by way of a subsidiary to the main body of the will, and as such does not concern any of the other beneficiaries.'

'Oh,' said Barbara, 'I see.' She didn't see at all really, but it sounded as if it must be correct. Anyway, Mr Lambter *was* a solicitor, so he must know.

'Isn't is a bit odd, though, Mr Lambter? I mean, do I really have to do what he says?'

'If you want to keep your money, yes my dear.'

'But I mean, couldn't we go to court and get it changed? Surely I don't absolutely *have* to let — let you, well — you know.'

Mr Lambter peered at the flustered girl, the sunlight through the office window glinting on his spectacles.

'Spank you?'

'Well, yes.'

'*Or* cane you!'

He seemed to enjoy underlining the alternative. His tone tender to emphasise too that it would be *his* decision.

'You wouldn't actually *cane* me would you?' asked the nervous

'To wit I would suggest either a very sound spanking on her bare bottom or a caning of up to a dozen strokes, similarly on her bare bottom.'

Barbara.

The solicitor allowed himself a slight smile, a tiny quirk of the lips, 'Well, not *too* hard. If you were a good girl, that is.' he added.

Barbara thought she'd better keep away from that particular point. She tried to get back to what she'd been saying.

'But what about it, Mr Lambter? Couldn't we go to court and get it changed. I've heard of people doing things like that.'

'Contest the will you mean?' He shook his head in his best legal-advisor way. 'It's not as easy as that, my dear. And think of the publicity.

'What publicity?'

'Well, all this would have to come out, you know. It might even make the national newspapers.'

'Oh, dear.' Barbara certainly hadn't thought of *that.*

'Well, I'll let you think about it Miss Wilson.' He stood up, judging the moment of her indecision precisely. He held out a slim hand, briefly clasped Barbara's. 'Goodbye. Perhaps you'll ring me and let me know what you decide.'

He led her to the door. 'But if you'll take my advice,' he patted her patronisingly on the ripe, resilient curve of her bottom, 'you'll consider very carefully before you give up such a great deal of monel, *or* risk going to Law. The publicity could attract a lot of unsavoury types, y'know. It doesn't always pay to advertise your wealth, especially for one so inexperienced in money matters as you.'

He smiled again as Barbara said goodbye, and he watched the full sway of her hips as she walked across the outer office.

He sat behind his desk and considered whether or not it had gone well. He decided that probably it had. At least the hook was now baited, and a young girl like her, what was she, twenty-four, twenty-five? Well, at her age, and alone in the world, it wasn't likely that she'd see through the deception. If the worst came to the worst he could always deny everything. But if it went according to plan, why, then he'd have her where he wanted her after all, and she'd make amends for all those times in the past couple of years when she'd teased and tantalised him, all unknowingly, whenever he'd called on her employer. He remembered her in her crisp white overall, serving tea and swishing around before his eyes in her starched uniform, provoking his desire, swaying her bottom as she

His eyes wandered up and down Rita's legs as she wriggled her glowing bum, making sure her knickers were comfortable.

walked.

Yes, she'd make amends alright.

* * *

'It's Miss Wilson, sir,' said Rita, a little breathlessly.

'Put her through then,' said Mr Lambter.

Rita went back to the outer office and pressed the button on the phone. Mr Lambter beckoned to her. She came back, still red in the face. He scooped up the little yellow knickers lying crumpled on the carpet, and offered them to Rita on the end of one bony finger.

'Good morning, Miss Wilson,' he said.

Rita took the knickers and thought she'd better not put them on in the outer office. Anyone might come in. She pushed the door to and stood in a corner of his office, slipping the delicate yellow and white panties up her thighs. She rucked up her skirt and pulled them up over her tender bottom.

Mr Lambter, listening to Miss Wilson on the telephone, found the contrast between the two colours, the yellow knickers and the crimson blotched cheeks, most satisfactory. Her bottom looked to have been very nicely spanked, despite the interruption of this telephone call.

'Yes, yes,' he said. 'Well, in that case why don't you call on me today, say about twelve o'clock?'

His eyes wandered up and down Rita's legs as she wriggled her glowing bum, making sure the knickers were comfortable. He decided he preferred her like that, in stockings. So much more convenient than tights. He'd have to have a word with her.

'Yes, well, why *not* today? We might as well start straight away, don't you think?'

Rita dropped her skirt back into place.

'OK then, twelve o'clock it is. Goodbye.' He put the phone down.

'Have you finished with me sir?' asked Rita.

'Yes. Unless you feel you could do with a little more?'

'N-no, thank you sir.'

'Very well then. Oh, by the way, would you make sure you go to lunch at twelve today. I don't think I have any appointments between twelve and two, have I?'

'No sir.'

'Right. Run along then.'

Twelve o'clock came, and so did Miss Wilson. Rita showed her in and went off to lunch. Mr Lambter locked the outer office door and came back into his own office.

'I do have one question, Mr Lambter,' said the plainly nervous Barbara.

'Yes, my dear? And what is that?'

'That paper you read to me. It said something about a form to be signed by you and me. And a witness. Well, does that mean that someone has to be here while — while you do it?'

Mr Lambter rubbed his chin, appearing to consider the question. He realised now that in his attempts to lend authenticity to the document which he'd forged he'd probably overstepped the mark.

'Ah, well, no. It doesn't actually mean that. It means that just your signature to the document need be witnessed.' He tried to judge her mood. 'As a matter of fact, I dare say we could dispense with that formality altogether, if you'd rather.'

'Yes please, if we could.'

'OK then. Consider it done.' He leaned his elbows on his desk, and steepled his fingers together. 'Now then. Shall we continue?'

Barbara looked suddenly very unsure of herself. 'Yes,' she said, in a small voice. His eyes on her made the tension worse.

'Wha-what are you going to do. I mean, are you going to sp-spank me, or what?'

'Well, first things first, my dear. Why don't you just slip out of your clothes, and then . . . '

'My clothes?' Her face showed her dismay plainly.

'Yes, please. You can leave your bra and knickers on, if you wish.'

Barbara hesitated for quite some time before she stood up and unzipped her dress and stepped out of it.

'And your tights please.'

She rolled the tights down her legs and pulled them off over her feet. Mr Lambter watched this unveiling with interest and with considerable satisfaction. Interest, because she had disclosed herself to be every bit as delightful as he'd anticipated, with strong powerful thighs, full hips and heavy, thrusting breasts which huddled together in the skimpy bra as if they were eager to burst free. And satisfaction,

He studied the plump, wide buttocks with what he liked to think of as an expert eye, concluding that they would indeed be nice to spank, but at the same time their firm resilient weight cried out for the sharp smack of the cane.

because his plan was working. He'd judged her right, as he'd judged young Rita and half a dozen other girls before her. It never ceased to amaze him what people would do for money. Or at least, those who had very little in the first place. It was the never failing cure for such ills as scruples, morality, honesty and dignity. And it was that, the knowledge that they would nearly all take their knickers down if the price was right, which really gave him the most pleasure.

Like young Rita. Pretty, desirable, but in love with money. And so she bared her sweet young bottom, nibbled her lip in that charming way of hers, and tried not to yelp and cry as the cane exacted penance from her trembling cheeks, tried not to squirm too much for fear of an extra stroke, and yet three or four times a week she would bend her youthful body across the desk and suffer the humiliation of the cane's savage kiss. It was somehow very reassuring for someone like himself of good, upper-middle class origins, that the power of money was still paramount in this the twentieth century.

'Turn round,' he said, when she stood there in just her bra and briefs. He didn't bother to disguise the authoritarian edge to his voice. She turned, her heavy round buttocks swaying very slightly as she moved.

'Take them down.'

Barbara knew what he meant. she hooked her thumbs into the knickers and peeled them down to her thighs.

He studied the plump, wide buttocks with what he liked to think of as an expert eye, concluding that they would indeed be nice to spank, but at the sametime their firm, resilent weight cried out for the sharp smack of the cane.

He decided. She would have to be caned. Perhaps he might amuse himself on other occasions by giving her a good, sound spanking, but this first time she would be 'whipped'.

'Bend over,' he said.

With her mouth dry and her knees distinctly a-tremble, the buxom Barbara did as she was instructed, her large bum pointing disconsolately to the ceiling.

The cane rattled out of the drawer. He stroke purposefully across to the waiting girl and laid the slim rod deliberately against the fat target.

''No wriggling now, my girl. You will take this whipping quietly, or you'll be punished until you do, is that clear?'

'B-but you said twelve strokes, didn't you? Yesterday when I was . . . '

'Quiet.'

'But I definitely . . . '

WHACK!

Barbara's cheeks clamped suddenly together, and she seemed to hover on the brink of some enormous explosion. Then her hands darted in an anguished flurry to her stinging bottom, and she yelled, throwing her head back and standing up straight, arching her back as she clasped both burning cheeks.

'Down again, please,' he intoned.

'N-no. No, please. Really, I can't, please don't make me . . . '

'Down, Barbara.' He spoke quietly, seeing no reason to raise his voice. She would be here until she'd been caned to his satisfaction, because if she hadn't been prepared to do exactly as he wanted she wouldn't have come in the first place.

Very reluctantly she assumed her bent-over position again.

THWACK!

'Oooooh! Ahhh!'

'Bend over, Barbara.' He was a patient man, was Mr Lambter.

SWHIIT!

'Oooooww! Oh! No! Please.'

WHIIT!

'Ooooooch! Mr Lambter, c-can't we d-do this some other . . . '

'Touch your toes please! And *do* keep still!'

WHACK! WHAAP! SWHAT!

The caning took a long, long time. Crimson stripes blossomed at slow and monotonously regular intervals. And little by little the weeping, wriggling girl learned her first lesson. Was still unable to control her bobbing, swerving response to the sizzling SPLAAT! of the cane, but learned at least that she was to resume her position just as quickly as possible, even if the tears pricked her eyelids and ran saltily on to her lips, and even if she couldn't control her childish blubbering.

At last Mr Lambter stood back, watched the plump cheeks wobble ever so slightly as Barbara heaved great sighing sobs. But now at last she was keeping her bottom still. Very still.

He surveyed the results of the nineteen strokes he'd had to give her, and shook his head with a distinct air of sadness. What a hotch-potch. No symetry, no balance. Not at all the kind of artistic whipping he liked to administer.

'Get dressed,' he said. He put the cane back in the drawer and paid the tearful girl very little attention until she'd struggled back into her clothes and dried her reddened eyes.

He sensed that she was about to speak. He cut her short, seeing no reason to be in the least polite to her. If she'd wanted to back out she could have done so at any time, but she'd stayed and taken every stroke.

'Same time next week. Same day, same time.'

'Y-yes.' She said.

'Goodbye.'

'Goodbye.'

He didn't even watch her go. 'You'll have to unlock the door,' he called. And then she was gone.

He felt vaguely annoyed with the stupid girl. He didn't object so much to tears. Didn't really mind if they wanted to bleat and whimper because their dear little bums stung. But he hated having continually to assert his authority. They ought to damned well do as they were told! All these interruptions *destroyed* authority, and made him feel uneasy. Made him feel that things weren't quite so under control as they ought to be.

He went off to lunch, and still the uncomfortable feeling was with him. At last he could stand it no longer. He left his meal and telephoned Rita, and when he came back he felt a little better.

Having returned to his office his confidence was yet more fully restored when he found Rita spread-eagled across the desk exactly as he'd said he wanted her. Her skirt was neatly folded across the small of her back, her knickers pulled up tightly across her still faintly blotched bottom. That was how he liked it. The status-quo, maintained.

He took the cane from the drawer and flexed it between his hands. Studied the neat, precise way the girl had prepared herself. He thought about her and decided he liked her.



She was a nice, ordinary, working-class girl. She knew her place. Understood authority and had respect for the power of money and those who possessed it.

Feeling more relaxed now he drew back his arm and dealt her meekly waiting bottom the first crisp, precise stroke. She moaned, very quietly, and eased the sharp sting with the merest movement, undulating her buttocks only very slightly before returning obediently to exactly the right position.

The cane swished again. Rita stiffled a whimper and nibbled her lip instead. For her this was the price of a return ticket to Australia.

Mr Lambter smiled a self-satisfied smile as he admired the even placing of his strokes. For him, this was more than just a naughty girl having her bottom whipped. This was his reassurance that he and his kind, and their respectable way of life, still had a place in this rebellious time. This was his justification.

BRIEF ENCOUNTER

as told to WILLIAM KENNEDY

JACK

There was this bird, you see, who had just moved into the flat above mine. I didn't know her name or anything about her, except that whenever I spotted her going up the stairs she wiggled her bottom in the most enticingly provocative fashion and her skirts were short enough to give an exciting view of long, slim, nylon-clad legs simply asking for a masterful male hand to be run up the length of them.

Whether they were tights, going all the way up to enclose that deliciously swaying bum, or stockings ending well up the gorgeous thighs spanned by taut suspenders vanishing into a cheeky pair of knickers, the skirts were never quite short enough to show me, in spite of my efforts to catch a glimpse as she waggled her saucy way up the stairs. But I meant to find out!

It was becoming a bit of an obsession with me and one day as I was just going out I heard her pass my door and quickly nipped out to watch her up the stairs again.

She was wearing an attractive dress of coloured hoops and her undulating behind as it moved the hoops up and down in the act of climbing the stairs absolutely begged to be explored.

Something clicked in my head and in three silent steps I was close behind her. She hadn't heard or seen me until my left hand had whisked up her dress and my other hand was firmly planted on the left cheek of that delicious bottom, encased in a pair of the briefest of lace trimmed pale lilac briefs. Tights all the way up, I am afraid, and knickers on the outside. But I'd found out part of what I was so anxious to learn!







up to the tight crotch of her pants.

The violence of her swing carried her right round and off her balance so that she collapsed backwards on to the stairs with legs flying in every direction but my hand still firmly anchored to the fascinating strip of nylon knicker between her legs.

She was an active and vigorous bird though and promptly took another swing with her other hand and this time it landed — Crack! — right across my face.

That did it! In a flash I grabbed her by both wrists, swung her and myself both round to sit on the stair with her sprawling across my knees. Slap! Slap! Slap! half on her knickers and half on the large expanse of bottom which they failed to cover.

She struggled free and bolted past me up the stairs. I heard her door slam and slowly got up and went down to my own flat, wondering whether the police would be calling on me as soon as she could get to her telephone.

Nothing happened, though, and after a while I decided that she obviously was not going to make any complaint, and went on wondering how I should behave when I met her in the future coming into or going out of the flats.

I needn't have worried, though, because later that evening there was a kock at my door — and there was the bird. Different dress, different expression. The tough young madam on the stairs was smiling and obviously in a mood to make peace.

* * *

TRISS

It had taken me a long time to summon up enough courage, after the sudden and amazing episode on the stairs, to go and, as it were, beard the lion in his den.

'Triss, girl,' I said firmly to myself, 'you may have got a lot more than you bargained for but after all you have been waggling your bum at this guy for a fortnight past to try and attract his attention. And that,'' I went on severely, 'you certainly have succeeded in doing! Even if you have managed to get yourself both groped and spanked, it has, at least broken the ice! So I think it is worth trying to see if you can't carry on the acquaintance from

The bird, however, did not share my enthusiasm and swung round on me with a yell, shifting my exploring hand from her left to her right cheek and aiming a swing at my head. I ducked the blow and my hand slipped down from her knickers to the top of her right thigh, enabling my fingers to probe right



where we left off.'

So it was with this in mind that I dressed myself in the sort of clothes that I hoped, if not exactly expected, might encourage the guy to a repeat performance. In black stockings and suspenders with tiny little see-through black knickers edged with lace there was every chance of being groped again, probably spanked, and with a bit of luck satisfactorily screwed if I offered even a little encouragement! I put on a black silk blouse (no bra) and a loose black skirt. They say black is sexy and I certainly gave it a chance!

He looked a bit surprised — well, more than a bit — when he opened his door to me.

'Hello,' I said with a smile: 'I've come to say I'm sorry for that clout I gave you this morning. May I come in?'

He looked even more bewildered but he opened the door wide and said: 'Come in.'

'My name's Patricia, but everybody calls me Triss,' I told him, sort of breaking the ice. 'What's yours?'

'Jack,' he answered and then, recovering his wits. 'But surely it's me who owes the apology. I hit you more times than you did me.'

'Oh that's all right,' I said, 'It served me right for belting you like that. After all, you weren't doing much harm really.'

He grinned widely at that. 'Well, if that's what you think,' he replied, 'we should get on very well. Only I must say you didn't seem to enthusiastic at the time.'

'That was just shock,' I assured him. 'After all a girl doesn't expect to find a strange man's hand feeling her bottom without any warning and I just re-acted a bit too smartly.'

'Smartly is right!' he said, stroking his cheek reminiscently, 'but after all I expect I made you smart a bit too, didn't I?'

'I'll say.' — I caressed my own cheeks — only mine were bottom cheeks — equally reminiscently. 'But I did say it served me right, and I smiled as provocatively as I knew how.

'So if you'd had a bit of warning perhaps, your re-action might have been different?'

'It might,' I admitted demurely, and then perhaps I wouldn't have got the spanking — or would I?'

He stepped up close in front of me, pulled me to him and gave me a kiss. A kiss and a half it was, and as I felt his tongue probing into my mouth and drawing my own back into his, I also felt his hands reaching behind me and inching up my loose skirt until they rested on my bare thighs above my stocking tops. Not that they rested there for very long either. Almost at once they began to slide upwards along my suspenders until they reached the lace edges of my little knickers. The knickers were too small and too tight for him to get inside them, but they were thin enough to offer little impediment to his caressing hands over my bottom.

I pressed closer to him and did a bit of wiggling. He released my mouth while keeping a firm hold of my bottom.

'This is a much better re-action,' he said.

'Mmmm!' I agreed, wiggling closer.

'But I think you get the spanking all the same. A bottom like this' — his fingers and palms exploring its contours excitingly — 'simply asks to be spanked. Don't you think?'

In the corner of his room was a desk with a big swivel armchair. He led me over to this and swung the chair round to face the room. Pushing me up to it he placed a hand in the middle of my back and gently bent me forward until my hands were on the seat of the chair. I felt him turn my skirt up over my back and his hands return to stroke my legs and bottom again.

Then — 'Here it comes,' he said — and SMACK! down came his hard right hand, slap across the left cheek of my bottom, hardly covered at all by the tiny see-through knickers, to be followed without a pause by another SMACK! on the other cheek.

I shot upright, my hands clasping my bottom. Those two smacks stung like mad and a rosy warmth crept over the area. I did not resist as he pushed me down again and four more slaps descended in quick succession. I yelped, 'Oooh! Ow!' but it was very exciting as the smart and warmth spread all over my almost bare bottom.

Then my skirt was dropped back into place and he was assisting me up from my bent over position.

'How was that?' he murmured. I pulled my skirt up again and rubbed my smarting bottom. There was a lovely glow against my cool hands.

'It hurts, I told him, 'but it's quite a nice hurt.'

'Exciting?' he queried.

'Thrilling!' I whispered back.

'Then we must have some more,' said he.

'Oh! must we?'

'Don't worry, you'll like it.'



'Promise.' His masterful hands crept round to my bottom again, displacing my own, and he gave me another long kiss. As he did so his hands went from my bottom to my waist, found and undid the hook and zipper of my skirt and slid it down till it dropped around my feet. Then he turned me round again to face the chair and made me climb up to kneel on the seat and lean over the back.

What next, I wondered, but I wasn't left wondering for long. From behind the desk he produced a cane.

'Oh! No!' I gasped.

'Oh! Yes!' he retorted and even as he spoke the cane sang through the air and cracked across my already burning bottom.

That really did make me squawk and I sprang upright again (still kneeling on the chair) my hands flying to the fiery weal I could at once feel across both cheeks of my bottom. Firmly he pushed me back into place again and the cane whizzed down and burned another stinging stripe — and again —.

It hurt like hell, but funnily enough I was also fascinated by the musical swish and the startling SMACK! as the cane swept down and landed full across both sides of my nearly naked behind.

The old feeling which I knew so well from other, perhaps gentler causes began to pervade my loins and I made no further attempt to escape the stinging cane. Hands fumbled at the side of my waist and the tie ribbons at the side of my knickers were loosened to allow the two transparent little triangles to fall away. My bottom was now absolutely bare and again the cane swished and smacked.

SSSSSSMACK! SSSSSSMACK! SSSSSSMACK! SSSSSSMACK!

I gasped and I yelped and I wriggled for both pain and joy — and then — it came. Or rather, *I* came!

The next thing I knew I was flat on the floor with my caned, burning bottom against the carpet, and whatever I may have anticipated when I came downstairs, I was certainly now getting the final instalment I had hoped for.

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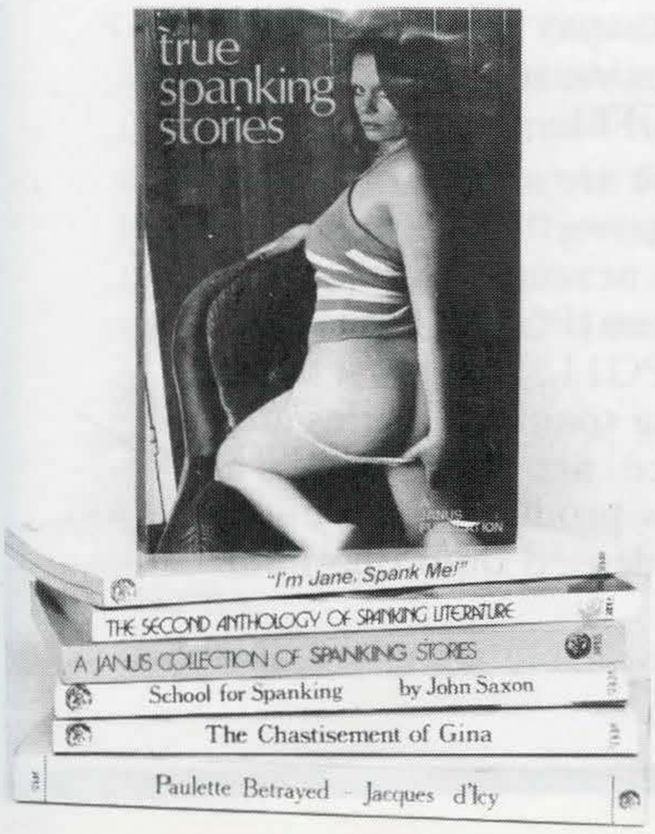
Is a vivid narrative of the adolescent development of the lovely Gina whose modest demeanour hides the passionate nature she has inherited from her mother, the beautiful, hot-blooded Maria, who demands and receives frequent spankings from her lovers. The question which is posed in this intriguing novel 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.

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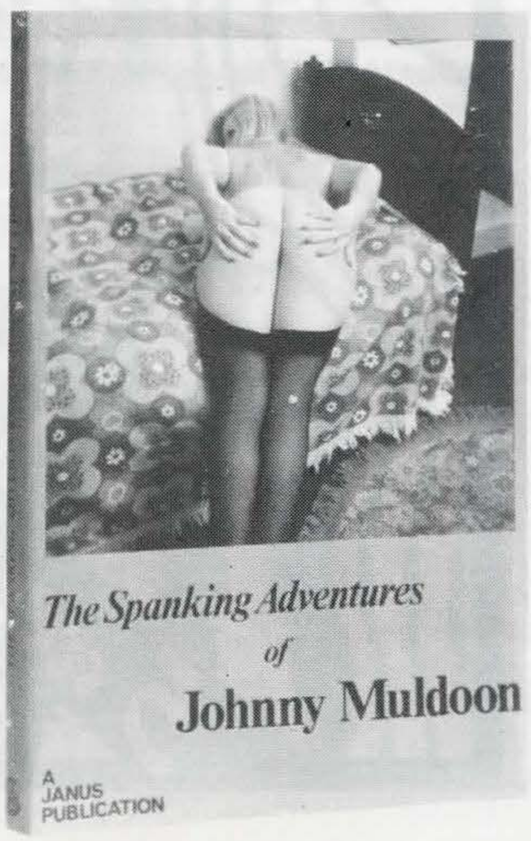


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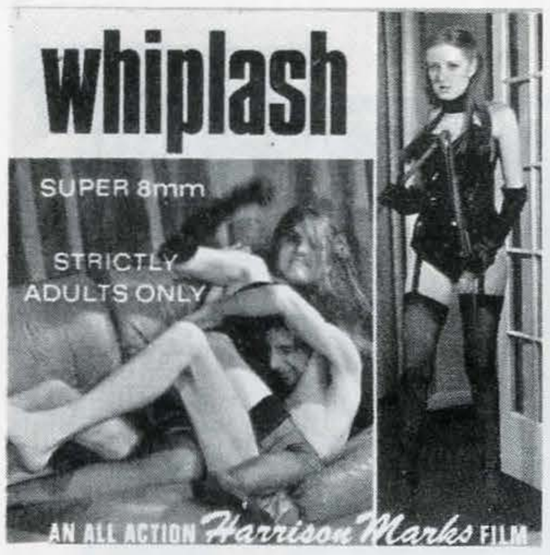
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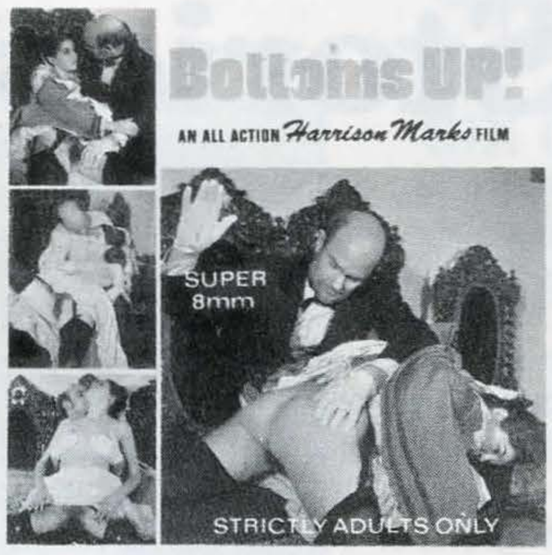
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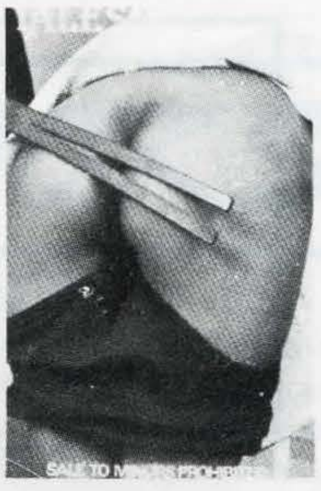












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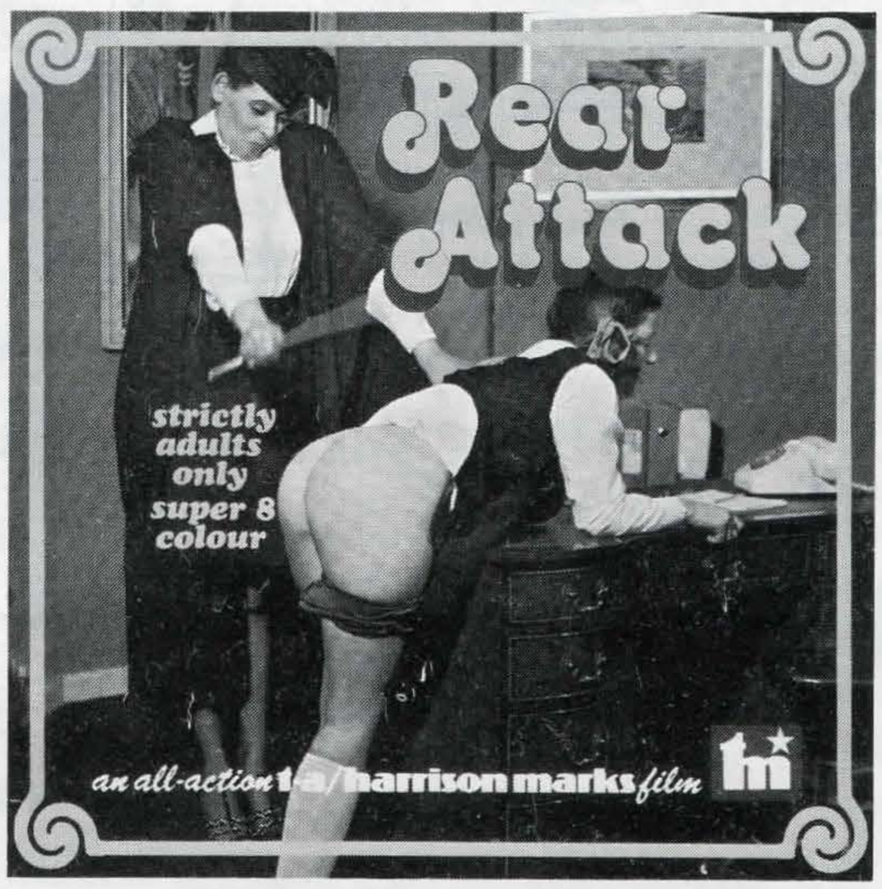
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DEAR EDITOR

THE JANUS GIRL

It seems that the letter we published on the fantasy of the 'Janus Girl' has caught the imagination of our readers and we now give you another reader's idea of how Miss Janus might have been brought up and be living.

Amongst the letters in this month's *Janus* (Vol. 16 No. 12), is a description of the 'Janus Girl'. Although the physical attributes are about right, I imagine her progress through life to be somewhat different.

Young Miss Janus proved to be a mischievous and forgetful girl. At the age of five she discovered what a proper smacked bottom felt like when taken across her mother's lap. As the years passed she graduated from hand to slipper and to hairbrush.

For some reason her father took little interest in these proceedings. Later on in life three men were to make up for this early lack of male interest in her bottom.

By the time she was eleven Miss Janus knew only too well that a 'well-warmed bottom' meant tears and being sent to bed to nurse sore red nether cheeks. Even in the middle of the day she had to undress and go to bed for an hour.

When she was twelve a new weapon of punishment entered the house. Sixteen inches of solid leather tawse. It made a significant difference to our young lady's punishments and was to be used until the day she married.

Up to the time of the strap, spankings had been administered over her mother's lap. This was no longer possible and two alternative positions were adopted. Bending over the back of a chair, and the traditional touching toes. She was still sent to bed as part of the punishment until her fourteenth birthday. Then her mother decided that a period of penance and shame would be a better deterrent. From then on she stood facing the wall with her bottom displayed and untouched instead of being tenderly rubbed under the bedclothes.

About that time another influence came into her young life. That of a schoolmaster. After her pranks had led to an interview with the headmaster on three occasions, he contacted her mother. Permission was sought and granted for a cane to be applied whenever necessary.

Miss Janus then found herself touching her toes in front of the headmaster. Gymslip neatly folded back and knickers well down her thighs, her young bottom bounced and reddened under the punishing cane on a number of painful occasions.

At fifteen Miss Janus learned the delights of wearing pretty nylon knickers, but only at the weekends, and then only if she had behaved during the week. With the knickers went matching nylon petticoats. These too were denied if she had been naughty and Miss Janus discovered the embarrassment of light showing through a summer dress

when worn with no petticoat.

Then came the great day when she left school. No more canings from the head, and she was too grown-up for any more of the strap from Mum. Or so she thought. Mother had other ideas and put them into practise.

After she started work Miss Janus normally wore



nylon underwear, but whenever she misbehaved she was put back into school knickers for a while. The old school uniform was kept neat and tidy to be used as a punishment dress during and after her still frequent association with her mother's strap.

Miss Janus also pleaded, completely unsuccessfully, for punishments to be administered in private. Mother knew the benefit of public chastisement.

Unfortunately for our young lady her new employer carried on where her headmaster had left off. Mistakes, carelessness and lateness were all paid for in the same way. Over a stool in the boss's office with her skirt in disarray. There was no longer a cane, but an eighteen inch ruler proved pretty painful on thin nylon knickers.

Then came the day when the boss encountered school knickers. Considering them too thick for effective punishment, he took them down. From then on her knickers, nylon or navy blue cotton, were always lowered when Miss Janus was due for the ruler.

Seventeen, eighteen and nineteen passed. Still it was necessary for parent and employer to punish that unruly bottom from time to time. As she approached twenty-one the number of occasions diminished, but coming home late, untidiness, lying and rudeness were all considered to warrant a good strapping. Boy friends usually laughed at her predicament, but the one who was to become her husband listened with interest.

When she married, Miss Janus escaped from her mother's discipline and as she left her job to become a housewife, from her boss's too. Her husband soon realized that something was wrong. Mrs Janus needed punishment from an older person just as much as Miss Janus had done. He approached his father, who, unlike Mrs Janus' parent had learned to apply suitable correction to his offspring at an early age. He still possessed a cane and was willing to use it.

Despite her strongest objections Mrs Janus was compelled to submit to chastisement at her father-in-law's hands whenever she deserved it. Through her twenties and into her thirties Mrs Janus still dreads the thought of a 'well-warmed bottom'. There is always her mother-in-law present, but she finds it especially humiliating if friends or neighbours are invited to watch.

At her husband's request, out comes the cane while Mrs Janus prepares herself. Sometimes she merely touches her toes for her skirt to be taken up and a summary punishment administered across her knickers, but frequently a more elaborate performance is adopted.

Everything has to be done at the double. Skirt or frock off and folded on to the back of a chair, knickers off and placed beside the dress. Into corner, hands on head, bottom only half covered by the petticoat. When called, Mrs Janus runs to the centre of the room and bends over grasping her ankles. Her petticoat is rolled back and despite her undignified position, she is made to put her feet well apart.

She may wait for five minutes, or fifteen, before her bottom starts to suffer. She desperately longs for the caning to be over, but doesn't want it to start. Father-in-law is in the habit of leaving long intervals between the strokes. He may take anything up to half-an-hour of smarting suspense, soft crying and fearful longing, re-inforced from time to time as each stroke re-kindles the fire in her bottom.

When it's over, wait again, still bent over. Run to corner, hands on head, stand still without wriggling bottom.

And the old favourite is back. Still running, upstairs, undress, into nightie, downstairs to show everyone that big girls are sent to bed for being naughty, back upstairs and into bed for an hour. No. Her husband doesn't go and join her. It's for punishment, not for pleasure.

Do we pity the Janus Girl? No, I don't think so. Admittedly it is the discomfort that pleases us, but she has only herself to blame for her troubles. If she behaves herself she wouldn't need to be punished. Whenever she misbehaves Miss or Mrs Janus must expect painful consequences and I, for one, intend to enjoy reading about them.

Thank you, *Janus*.

C.T.
Hounslow,
Middlesex



STRICT DADDY

A few months ago you published a letter from my father, and he has said that I might write to you about our experiences. I don't think that, as children, we were ever subjected to very painful spankings, although we always knew when we had one. Daddy was quite strict about certain things, he had to be, because we had no mother.

If we were naughty, we were well spanked. Upstairs, knickers down, and over his knees. It wasn't done in anger, either. We had our weekly spanking session on Friday nights, when all three of us, Louise, Jane and I, trotted upstairs after tea, to have our bottoms well warmed, if we had earned it.

The usual dose was one spank for each year of your age, times the number of offences. It doesn't need much arithmetic to see that if you were twelve, and had three or four 'crimes', this amounted to quite a lengthy walloping. But somehow, we didn't mind. We knew we deserved it, Louise usually caught out for the most, although she was the youngest. (I got it hardest, I think, perhaps because I was the oldest one.) It was always knickers off for it, and we usually got the leather slipper.

Later on, Daddy got a spanking paddle, made of leather; it looked rather like a hairbrush back, without bristles, and it certainly stung. If we had been very naughty, it was the cane. We had to bend over for that; it hurt, but not for long. I don't ever remember seeing my sister's bottoms with any marks on them the next day, and I'm sure mine had none, either.

But we learned our lesson, without any of the 'searing pain' or 'exquisite agony' so beloved of some of your contributors.

Another thing. Most of your writers look upon the syringe as either an embarrassing preliminary to a spanking, or (agony again!) after one. Well, we had it often, and we liked it! And it did us good. We had it AFTER the spanking when our bottoms were still hot from the paddle, but we were glad when the bowl of warm water was produced, and we were once more plonked over Daddy's lap, to feel the greased nozzle sliding into our botts and the tickly warm feeling of the water as it ran into us. I can't ever remember any feeling of cramp or pain, or even embarrassment. Daddy was a nurse, and knew how to do it properly — and I think that if people can't take the trouble to learn from someone who knows how to do it — then they shouldn't do it. It's dangerous.

All the feeling we ever got was that after we had had the water was a warm feeling inside. Daddy would let us sit with our knickers off, on a rubber cushion, while he syringed the next, or until we wanted to go.

We never had it as a punishment, that's silly. We had it to do us good, and it did. We all have marvellous skins, even yet. I don't think there's a single spot between us!

Once we had a little French girl to stay with us. Her name was Julianne. I think she was just a little bit younger than me, but she was much smaller. Daddy had to make a special little paddle for her. She got it too. he said it was 'not so bad as the martinet,' (whatever that was). The syringe made her help, but she didn't yelp for long. As soon as the water was in and out, she was yelping for more!

I'll close by telling you that Daddy runs a 'spanking school'. I can't tell you where, and he can't advertise, for some stupid reason. Some old fuddyduddies think it's 'indecent', but I've seen some of his spankees getting it — and he can sure lay it on when he has to — and he never touches them, and never does it without a parent being there. For boys it's usually the 'winton rod'. This is three apple twigs fastened together, or the cane. Sometimes it is six with the paddle first, then six with the cane.

Only rarely does a girl have the cane, it is almost always done with the paddle. Sometimes I do this, if the girl is small or a first timer.

In order of severity (according to my own experience, and reports from other recipients), the tawse is the most painful, closely followed by the thin cane, then the thicker ones.

The leather paddle certainly stings a good deal, but there are no marks on the bottom after two or three hours, although it turns bright red after half a dozen on each cheek.

Very small children, boys and girls both, go over Daddy's lap for a sound hand-spanking, which really doesn't hurt all that much, it's the fright they get as much as anything. Very few of them come back for a second dose, but the strange thing is that if they meet us in the street afterwards, most of them are all smiles, and greet Daddy quite gaily! None of them seem to bear him any ill-will, and some even send us Christmas cards and little letters, saying that they are 'much better girls (or boys) now!'

I am sorry to have to cut this short. Daddy has just called me to help him with a 'new customer' . . .

Well, that didn't take long. A girl of thirteen, caught in the act of pinching stuff from her aunt's sweet shop, Auntie brought her straight round to Daddy. Sensible woman. No long drawn-out 'court proceedings', just a good old-fashioned lecture and a paddling. Four each side. She yelled. But I don't think she'll steal again for a long time. Nice looking little girl, too. I think it was a case of 'what they do — I will too!' Luckily for her, she was caught first time.

Now really must stop.

M.T.
Wilts.

SCHOOL SLIPPERINGS

What a delight it was for those of us keen on slippering to see — at last — a smashing colour picture of a bedroom slipper landing on a bare bottom. Your excellent magazine has too long ignored the slipper as a spanking weapon: may we now hope for more stories and illustrations featuring slippers and gym shoes, especially on schoolboy bottoms?

The fact is that many of us have happy memories of youthful boarding school days, where slippering has always been a standard treatment for curbing boyish high spirits. While the cane tends to be reserved for serious offences, a handy gym slipper in classroom or dormitory is still an everyday event.

I attended a state grammar school, but we had a pupil exchange system with a boys boarding school in southern England, where I spent two terms — once as a thirteen-year-old and later as a sixth-former. In both cases I learned that a swift spanking left a tingling, rosy bottom, but no hard feelings. Although the 'grammar boys' were well received by the boarders, they had to undergo a two-stage initiation.

At the end of the first week the new 'guest' was welcomed with a dorm spanking. Each dormitory had its own spanking slipper, and I well recall the Friday night I was introduced to it. Just before lights out, with masters keeping a tactful distance, I had to fetch the slipper from its shelf on the end wall and take it to the first boy sitting on his bed. I bent low, as instructed, over the end of the bed, thin pyjamas drawn tight across my firm bottom, for a stinging spank on each cheek. Then on to the next bed, where the process was repeated. The gym slipper had a smooth, well-worn and quite soft rubber sole, and did no damage, but produced a warm exciting glow after twenty-two firm smacks (there were a dozen boys in each dormitory).

The second stage involved deliberately getting oneself caught out of bed after lights out, for which the punishment was always a spanking from the dorm prefect, who had a little bedroom opposite. My turn came just two days later,

and I was summoned by Hughes, the prefect, to stand outside his room while he fetched the spanking slipper. I was trembling slightly as Hughes marched me in and closed the door behind us, for although he was well-liked and by no means a bully, he was known to wield a slipper pretty hard. He sat down on a hard upright chair, surveyed me for a few moments and beckoned me without a word but with a slight twinkle. I stood to his right, wide-eyed and wondering what to expect.

'Right, young sir,' he said, 'one smacked bottom coming up!' And in a flash he had tugged my pyjama trousers down to my knees and tipped me over his lap. I felt the cool slipper pressed against my left buttock, and then smack! It landed smartly on my bare boyish flesh. Hughes nuzzled the slipper gently against my right cheek. A gorgeous moment's wait, and smack! The second stroke fell. Ten more spanks followed, each carefully placed, before Hughes stood me up again, sending me off with a ringing hand-smack.

'Not too bad, was it?' he smiled. I grinned ruefully, and trotted out and back to the dorm, where my bare bottom, red and scorching, was much admired.

In the rest of the term I earned a further four smackings with the slipper, all thoroughly deserved, none brutal and none resented. They included only one other bare-bottom spanking, when the housemaster slippered the entire dorm for antics after lights out. The other three whackings were for classroom offences, none serious. Canings were few and far between, and the school was happy and well-balanced.

Needless to say, I was excited on my return to the boarding school — this time as a seventeen-year-old — to find myself put in charge of a junior dormitory. Several of my former classmates were also prefects by this time, and we now relished the chance to take part in slipperings from the other point of view.

On my second night I decided it was time to test my skill and assert my authority. Hearing giggles in the dormitory some time after the boys should have settled down, I strode in and flicked on the light. Two boys, Richardson and Smith, were busy whipping blankets off each other's beds. Everyone froze.

'Come here, you two,' I said coolly, 'and bring the spanking slipper with you.'

Smith, a slim little blonde boy, looked apprehensive, but Richardson was full of bounce.

'Do you smack hard?' he asked with a cocky grin.

'As hard as you like,' I replied, and nodded them across the corridor to my room.

'Over the end of the bed, both of you,' I instructed.

'Don't worry, we're not even getting it bare,' whispered Richardson. Without replying, I walked across to the bed, slipped my hands under Richardson's waist, and whipped down his pyjamas to reveal a delightful round bottom, plump but not fat, and glistening slightly like an apple. 'Correction,' sighed the little scamp.

'Yes,' I smiled, 'correction is just what you need.'

I ran my left hand lightly over his bottom, and he twitched a little in anticipation. Gripping the slipper firmly, I took a good swing and swished it briskly on to his left cheek. Before he had time to squeal, I repeated the treatment on the right cheek, and at once two bright red marks appeared on his pink bare bottom. Warming to the task, I spanked lustily a further dozen or so times until his whole bum glowed deliciously. He stood up, face as flushed as his bottom, and scampered out with an enormous grin.

Alone with Smith, I decided on a little variety. I sat on the edge of the bed, pulled him across my knees and slid his pyjama trousers down over his wriggling hips and smooth white bottom. Discarding the slipper, I laid the palm of my hand across his bare flesh, and started to smack this most attractive bare bottom, lightly at first, but steadily harder, until Smith's cheeks were warm, red and obviously tingling.

'Ooh,' he squealed as I eased off and helped him to clamber up again. 'That was the best smacked bottom I've had since prep school! I'll have to play you up again.'

In reply I picked up the slipper and flexed it. 'Now, Smith,' I said, 'I'm going to give you this — to put back on the shelf, please! But next time I'll tan your bottom with it till it's warm enough to cook toast on!' In a flash he was through the door and back in the dorm, no doubt displaying his rosy cheeks to his mates.

By now, I dare say, Smith and Richardson are prefects, swinging the gym slipper to equally good effect. There is plenty of nonsense talked about sadism and brutality in our schools, but in fact these sort of games — for games they were — were a cheerful part of school life, producing young citizens a good deal healthier and more useful than the aimless louts which 'progressive' schools turn out.

Please keep up the good work — and please show us some bottoms, of both sexes, being thoroughly slippered.

G.F.
Sussex



OLDER WOMEN DESERVE IT TOO

How about some feature articles about older women receiving corporal punishment for a change? Most of your items appear to concern the chastisement of the younger females in the age group of the late teens to mid-20's, and while I am as keen as anyone to see girls in this group being soundly caned, I would also like to read of mature, middle-aged ladies undergoing appropriate punishment on their amply proportioned posteriors — or are they, for some reason, exempt?

Women up to the age of forty-five and perhaps more, are quite capable of sustaining a well-inflicted thrashing on their naked backsides, and are frequently more deserving than some of their younger contemporaries. A large number in their middle years are endowed with truly substantial rears, the thought of which exposed for the application of rod, strap, or birch, etc. conjures up some delightful images.

As anyone knows who has has experience of inflicting actual bum-punishments, the more voluptuously fleshed the buttocks

on which he is working, the more vigorous and prolonged the tanning can be, without causing any real harm to the recipient.

One can see some fabulous examples of such splendidly endowed ladies on a normal shopping expedition in a busy town or city, if one cares to look. Many are the times I have gazed upon the abundantly filled seat of a pair of outsize jeans or slacks worn by a really plump and buxom dame as she shops, and revelled silently in the vivid mental pictures of her undergoing a lengthy and exciting spanking in my imaginary punishment room!

Some indeed display a posterior development out of all proportion to the rest of their bodies. Women with essentially slim backs and narrow waists suddenly flair out enormously at hips and rear in a most incredible fashion, bulging their straining pants almost to splitting point, it seems. Like large twin balloons the two buttocks move up and down lasciviously at each step as if asking to be uncovered and smacked well and truly into submission!

It would certainly be interesting to know the thoughts of such an unsuspecting female if she were to realise that someone is contemplating the voluptuous charms of her lush bottom contours and considering ways and means of spanking it to a crimson sea of burning pain! Little would she know the penalty she would pay for owning such a remarkable bum if circumstances allowed — but alas, dreams are one thing, reality is another!

Similarly when I see fat-bottomed upper class ladies in the news at Ascot or the Hunt Ball or whatever, or opinionated lady politicians and other self complacent 'do-gooders', I have my own ball, imagining and hoping that one day they will get their 'come-uppance' and find themselves in the hands of some retributive authority, straddled across a bench with their fancy knickers pulled down having their bare bottoms well and truly whipped with cane or birch!

So here is my plea, let us have bigger and fatter bottoms of mature ladies gracing your pages and let us see them bare and properly presented for genuine chastisement, belly down and legs pulled under so that the buttocks are seen to be stretched in readiness for a real session with the cane.

Anyway, whatever happens, I still think *Janus* is the most exciting and interesting publication on the market, so keep up the great work.

O.B.
Staffs.

SHOP-LIFTERS CANED

I am aware that some of your writings are fantasy and some are fact. On the subject of shop-lifting to which some of your contributors refer I can recount an incident which I know to be true.

I am 26 years old and I have two sisters aged twenty-one and twenty-three. One married (the younger one actually) and one single.

They went for a day's shopping in the nearest town and I regret to say were caught in the store with articles for which they had not paid. I learned about this when they arrived home in the evening. I could see there was something wrong and later in the evening my single sister took me into her confidence and told me what happened.

I did not believe it at first, but had to accept it when after some persuading, Jenny agreed to lower her knickers and show me her bottom, which, quite obviously, had been severely caned.

Apparently they had been taken to the store manager's office, and under pressure had signed statements admitting the thefts. The elderly store manager then gave them the option of being taken to court or accepting what he called 'a naughty schoolgirl punishment'.

After trying all ways to extricate themselves they agreed to be punished provided it was not indecent or too severe. He then ordered them to bend over, side by side across his desk, which he had cleared. Shyly they did so and he left them like that while he fetched a cane from his drawer. He said: 'Surely you agree that naughty women should be treated like naughty girls and have their bottoms caned — so imagine for the next few minutes that I am your Daddy — so now let's get on with it.'

Jenny said he went behind them and lifted their dresses high over their backs and before they knew what was happening he had their knickers down and bared their bums. They looked at each other and decided to let him get it over without further ado.

He proceeded to cane them alternately — quite hard, but not too severely — and he kept saying: 'Daddy must cane naughty girls' bottoms, mustn't he?' and other similar expressions.

When he stopped caning them he said: 'Don't move and I'll put some nice cream on you both, as all nice Daddies should.' Jenny said he was quite nice and fairly gentle with them. He then let them get up and adjust their knickers.

After she had finished telling me, Jenny laughed and said: 'I only hope that Jack doesn't see Margaret's bottom for the next few days!

J.A.
Staplehurst.

WORTH WATCHING

Yesterday I had true pleasure when I went to see a film in London called 'The Violation of Justine'. It was of course the story taken from De Sade. While not in any way being sadistic I enjoyed the film because the heroine was a very lovely young girl with a wonderful body.

She appeared stark naked some ten times and each time to be flagellated on a bottom that defies any description. I would place her at about nineteen and her breasts are of a girl of fifteen, not more. Her pubic hair is semi-shaven, thus permitting one the sight of her very glorious vagina.

One scene in particular appealed to me of her being whipped with a sort of loofah affair while across a man's knees and one sees the bottom cheeks become redder and redder. One scene shows her stripped and then paraded with her bottom facing the cameras and she bends over so as to expose her anus. The man then kisses and bites her bottom and leaves red marks. She witnesses two men buggering one another in a wood. She sees a man masturbating under his huge cloak. She is masturbated by another girl and delights in it. I must admit that the film turned me on and for the first time in my life I climaxed almost without touching my penis.

I was bitterly upset in a film called 'Come Play With Me' that has been advertised. It is a complete nonsense and sexless. The girls are ugly and the men need baths. It's a waste of film.

H.S.
Feltham.

CANING FOR A FRIEND

Although *Janus* has now been increased to £1.65, my wife and I still think it excellent reading.

The following may be of interest to C.P. readers. A few weeks ago my wife and I paid our usual Friday night visit to our local, when my wife got into conversation with a woman about our own age group (25-30) who was sitting at our table. Our conversation was mainly topical and nothing about sex was mentioned.

At closing time my wife asked her if she would like a nightcap at our flat, and she said yes.

I poured out three drinks and after a few minutes my wife said to Muriel (the woman): 'Let me show you our flat.'

After about thirty minutes they returned and Muriel finished her drink and said: 'I'll see you in the local next Friday.'

My wife then told me



when Muriel saw the bedroom she noticed a cane in the corner and remarked: 'I didn't know you had any children.' My wife said we hadn't so Muriel asked: 'What's the cane for then?' and was told:

'Bill and I often cane each other if we feel the need for it before making love,' and my wife then laughed.

Muriel got a bit flushed and said she hadn't had the cane since she left school, and after what you have just told me, I feel as if I would love it right now.

My wife said: 'If you want it on your bare behind I will willingly oblige you.'

Muriel said: 'Would you?' and when my wife said 'Yes' she removed her briefs and bent over the bed.

My wife said: 'I'll do what we do. Start lightly and increase the strength, and you say when to stop.' Muriel took five cuts and then said:

'That's all for tonight.' My wife rubbed her behind to take any sting away, and Muriel said she would love it again one night: 'but please don't tell Bill (me)'.

My wife said she (Muriel) was coming round the following Wednesday afternoon for a cup of tea as it is early closing where she works — and also for a few harder cuts of the cane. She came, and now she comes back each Friday evening, but Muriel does not know that I know what for, because my wife said she wouldn't tell me, but she couldn't resist as she knows I wouldn't mention it.

It certainly makes my wife sexy for the cane and love after she has caned Muriel.

Looking forward to the next issue of *Janus*.

Bill W.
London,
W.C.1.

FAMILY CANINGS

The cane I have previously been using has been broken and unfortunately the replacement is rather thick and I feel it is a bit too severe for punishing my two daughters, although my wife says she enjoys the harder strokes — but then it is a prelude to intercourse!

For your information my daughters are aged seventeen and fourteen, and I have used the cane as punishment since they were twelve. They are only caned for serious misbehaviour and I suppose each is caned on average about seven or eight times a year. Even if both warrant a punishment neither witnesses the other's caning.

The procedure is that my wife and I go to the girls' bedroom and if the two are to be punished, they decide who is to be first. The offender then collects the cane from the Ottoman in our bedroom whilst we place one of their bedroom chairs at the back of the other. On entering the bedroom and handing me the cane the one to be punished stands by the chairs. She is then ordered to 'bend over' and kneels on one chair, bending over the chair backs with her forearms resting on the seat of the other.

She is then told the number of strokes she is to receive, which varies from the proverbial 'six of the best' to a maximum of twelve, depending on the seriousness of her transgression. My wife removes any clothing covering her bottom, i.e. undoes her jeans and lowers them to her knees, or lifts up her skirt and pulls down her tights. The only item that remains is her knickers.

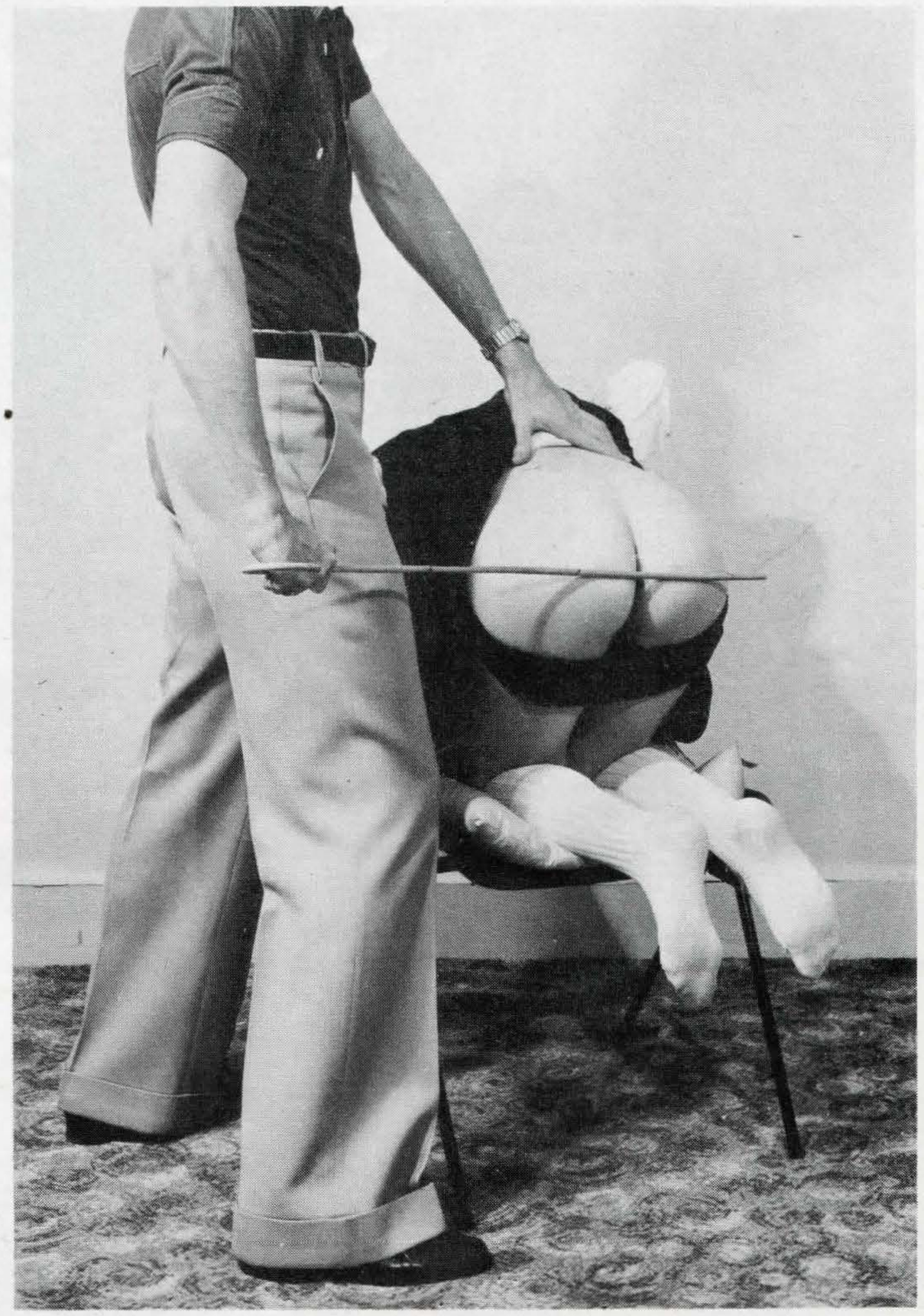
I then ask the daughter who is to be caned: 'Are you ready for your punishment?' Upon the offender's reply: 'Yes, Dad.' I then order: 'Pull down your knickers,' which she does. The allotted number of strokes are given at ten second intervals and my wife keeps a check using the second hand of the wall-clock, and as each cut is due calls out 'Now.' After each stroke the girl being caned has to count the stroke.

After the caning we leave the bedroom with the offender still bending over the chairs displaying an extremely striped and undoubtedly very tender bottom.

Just a few final points: —

(a) I don't believe we are sadistic, unlike some of your correspondents, and only use the cane as a last resort.

(b) All those letters that say they administer canings of twenty or more strokes without the person on the receiving end murmuring, are, I believe, fantasies, assuming they are using the cane for punishment and laying it on hard. The reason I say this is because even our seventeen-year-old has to cry out by the third or fourth stroke, even if it's just 'Ouch!', and with a caning of eight or more, she is sobbing by the end of her punishment.

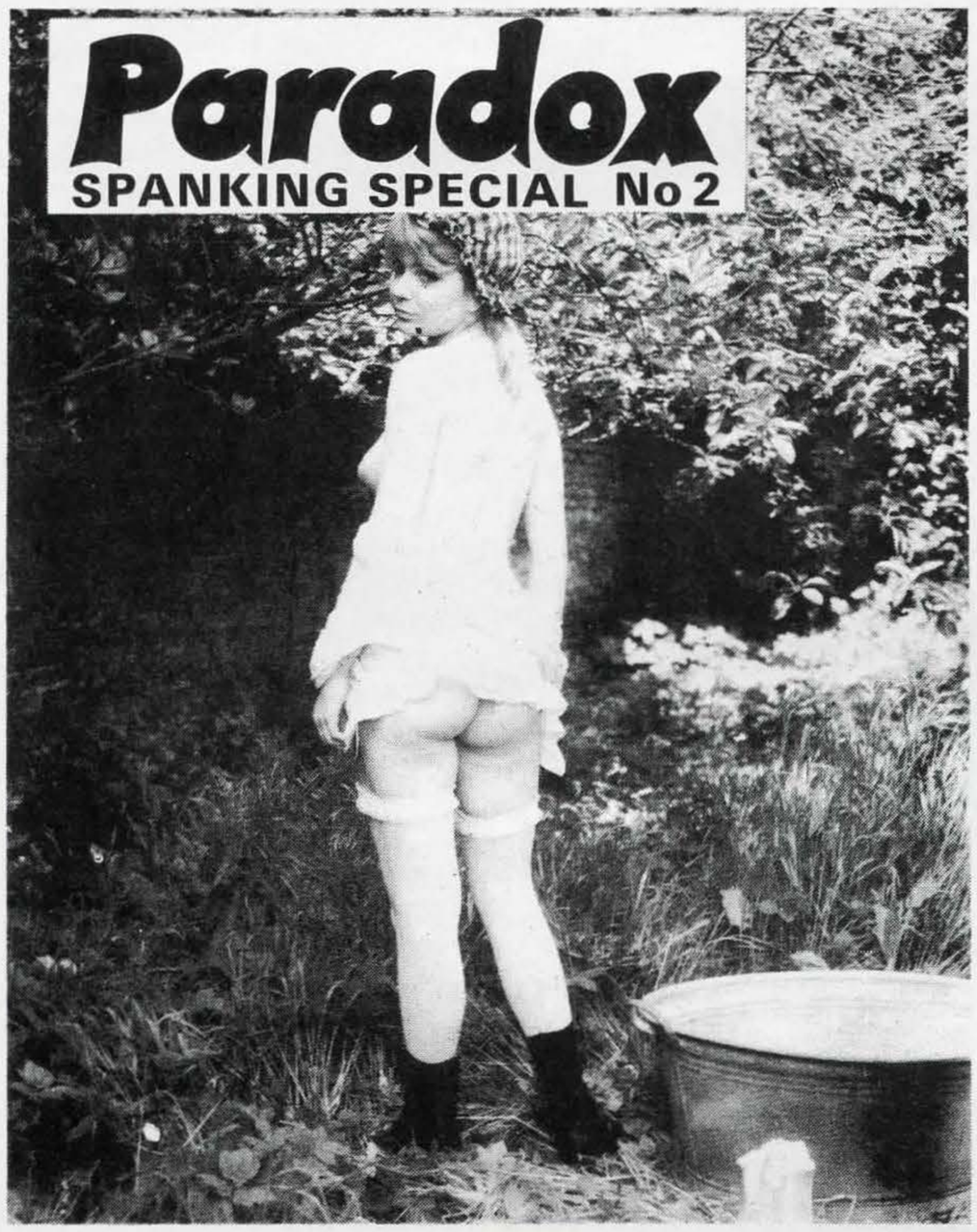


(c) Both my wife and I — and this may shock some readers — do gain a certain amount of excitement from caning one of our daughters bending over proffering her bare bottom for the cane, and watching the red weals appear as the caning progresses, transforming an unmarked pair of teenage cheeks to a pair of very red, tramlined and we think, aesthetically pleasing cheeks. Although, as I say, we enjoy the sight of the cane upon a sturdy young behind, I must stress that it is only used if all else fails, and we see nothing wrong in enjoying administering the punishment — *provided* that it is solely punishment.

Finally, my wife is also caned on her bare bottom as a prelude to making love, and to quell the doubters, she *does* enjoy a severe thrashing, and although she finishes in tears, the end (pardon the pun) result is an extremely pleasant bout of love-making.

This brings me back to the beginning of my letter — a less severe cane for my daughters, but I can assure your readers that my wife will still be keeping to the heavier 'stick', *and* of her own choice.

A.K.D.
Newport Pagnell.



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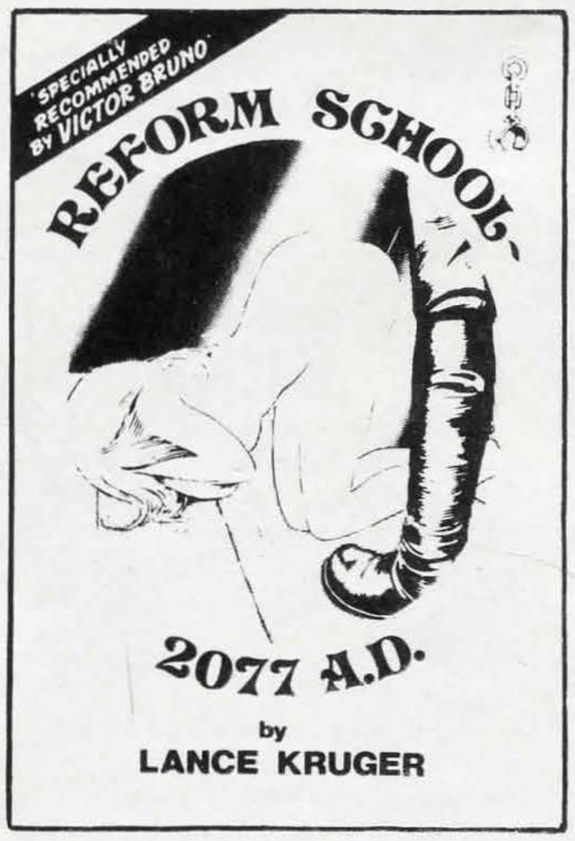
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