

JANUS



A JOURNAL OF FETISHISM AND C.P.

VOLUME 8 NUMBER 7

£2.00

THE GYM LESSON

**Pics & Review
of our Latest
Super Spanking
Film**

FOR ADULT ENTERTAINMENT
ONLY

●
NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS

THE Gym Lesson

Another superb spanking film from the studios of Harrison Marks and Luke Lukas.

Extract from the review by John Donnelly, the Janus film reviewer.

Yes, they've done it again. Marks and Lukas have come up with a film that it possibly even better than their original 'The Riding Lesson'. This time their masterpiece deals with a theme close to the hearts of all enthusiasts of corporal punishment, the caning and spanking of some highly attractive schoolgirls, dressed in the traditional outfits including navy blue gym knickers and long white socks.

The amusing story which leads up to the punishment of the two young ladies in question we will keep as a surprise but the result of the girls' misbehaviour leads to caning and spanking sequences that are not only genuine, but absolute classics.

Firstly poor Julie, the instigator of the crimes is led into the gymnasium ordered by her teacher to bend over a padded bench. Satisfied that the girl is in the correct position to receive her punishment the teacher methodically lays on six really hard strokes across Julie's very bare and very pretty bottom. The weals resulting, as you will see from the film are absolutely genuine.

Having disposed of Julie Miss Christopher turns to young Lisa who has been standing in the background witnessing her friend's punishment. The teacher grabs her second recalcitrant pupil and throwing her across her knee delivers the soundest spanking you are likely to see on film today, with the obviously very genuine results.

Another very real must for the spanking enthusiast.

**PRODUCED EXCLUSIVELY FOR
JANUS PUBLICATIONS**

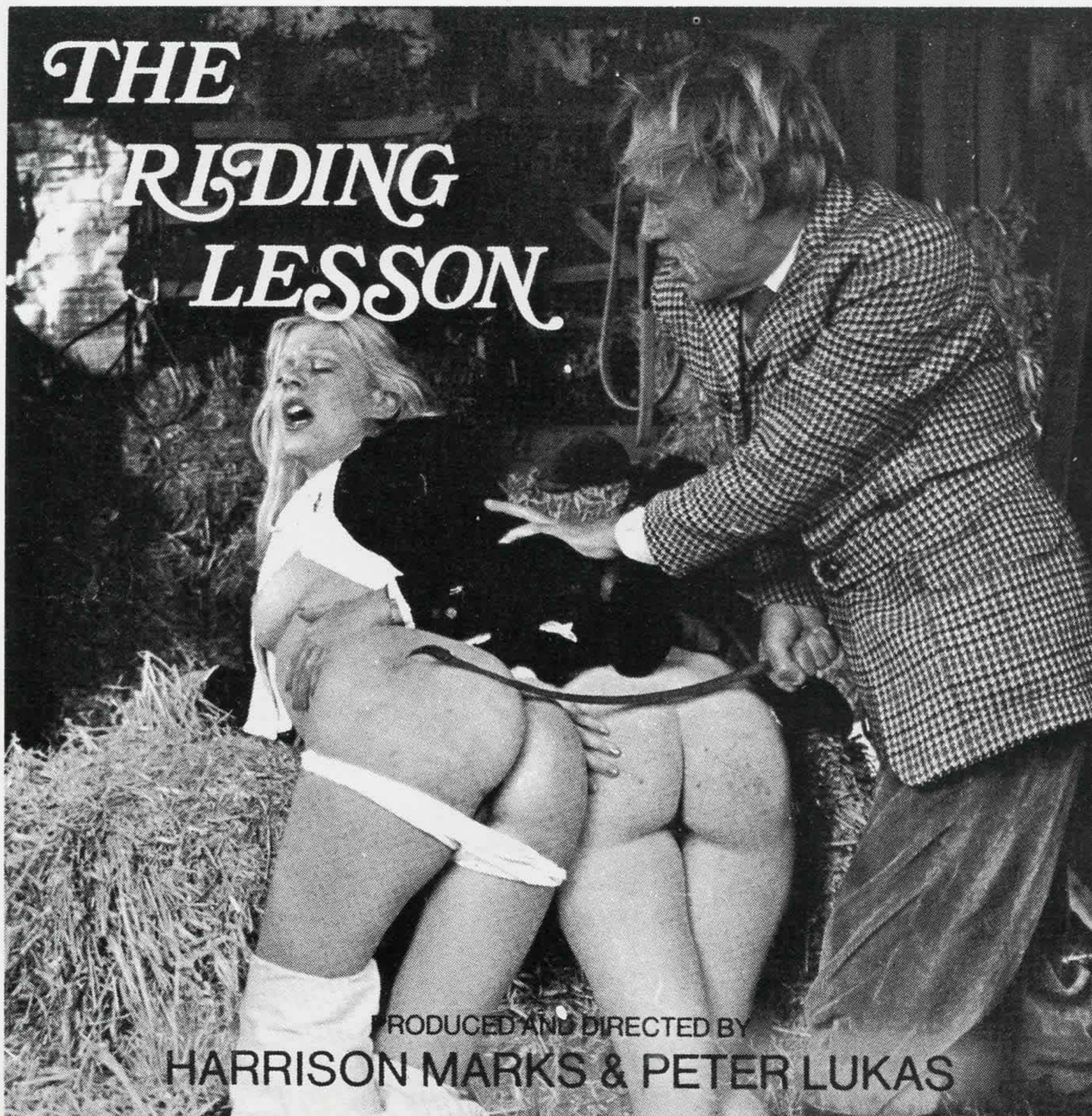
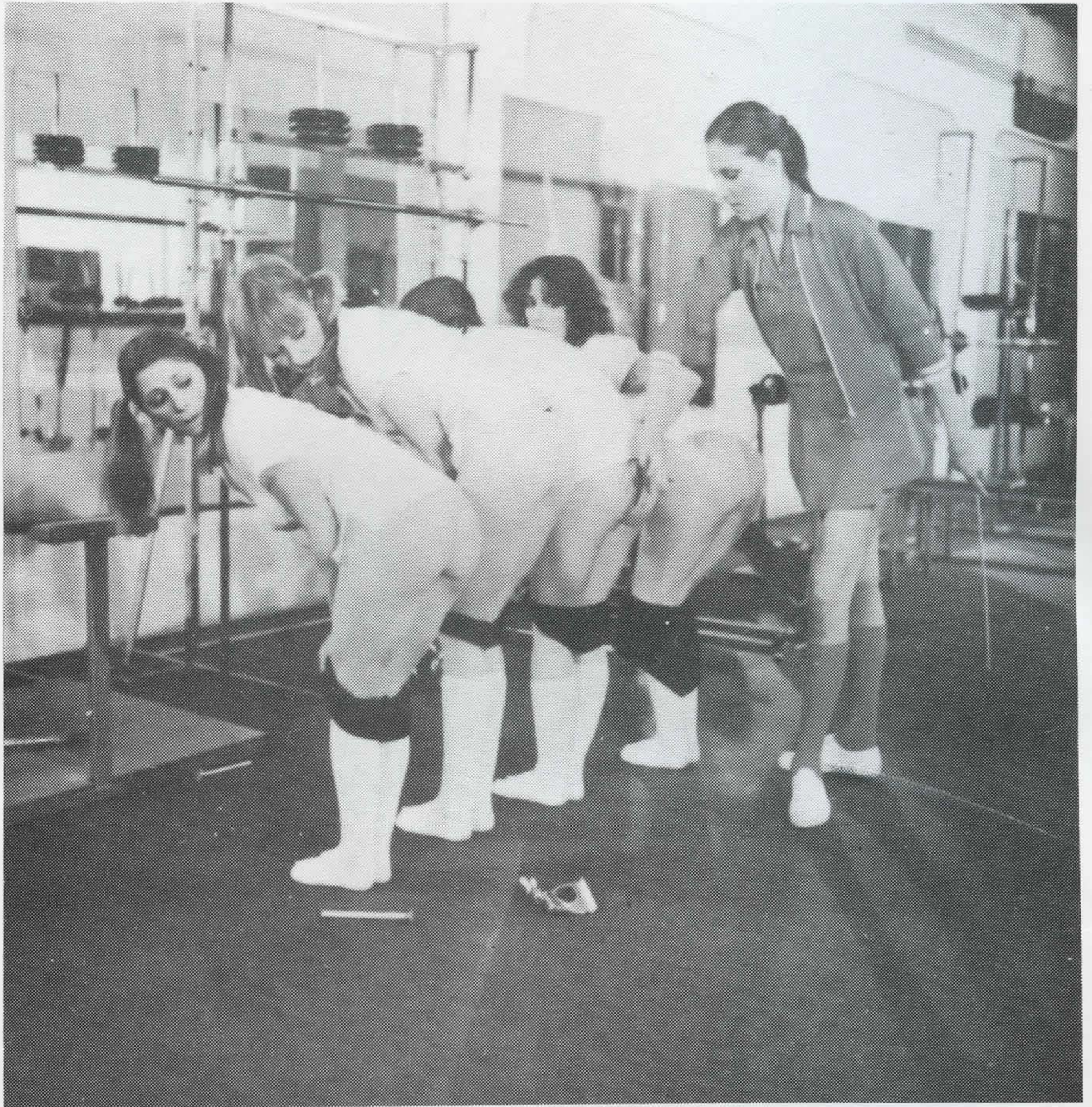
PLEASE NOTE:

ALL PARTS ARE PLAYED BY PERSONS OVER
18 YEARS OF AGE.

KANDINSKY LTD., 40 OLD COMPTON STREET, W.1.

SUPER 8 COLOUR

£20



PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY
HARRISON MARKS & PETER LUKAS

Directed & Produced by Harrison Marks and Peter Lukas.

A brief summary of the Janus Film Review — By the Janus Film reviewer John Donnelly.

Returning from a days hunting, the beautiful blonde debutante — Elisabeth Anne is surprised to find her ex-school friend, 16 year old Susie, slugging away at a bottle of wine and frantically puffing at a cigarette. Being rather fond of her own sex Elisabeth Anne strikes a deal with her; Elisabeth agrees not to tell Susie's father, provided Susie will make love to her. Just as their love making is reaching its climax Susie's father, Jack Illsley walks into the stable, and, infuriated by the scene before him drags his pretty daughter across his knee and, raising her gym-slip and pulling down her navy blue knickers proceeds to give her the thrashing of her life. Turning then, to Elisabeth Anne, the instigator of the whole affair, he informs her that he is going to beat her, with her own riding crop, rather than tell her father of this unfortunate incident.

Now we reach the climax of the whole film with this highly attractive girl (as you can see from the box cover) pulling down her skin tight breeches and bright white knickers, then bending over a heap of bales for the most brilliant authentic caning sequence that we, at Janus have ever seen. The agony on Elisabeth-Annes face and the vivid stripes on her beautiful bottom make the climax of this film an absolute classic.

**PRODUCED EXCLUSIVELY FOR
JANUS PUBLICATIONS**

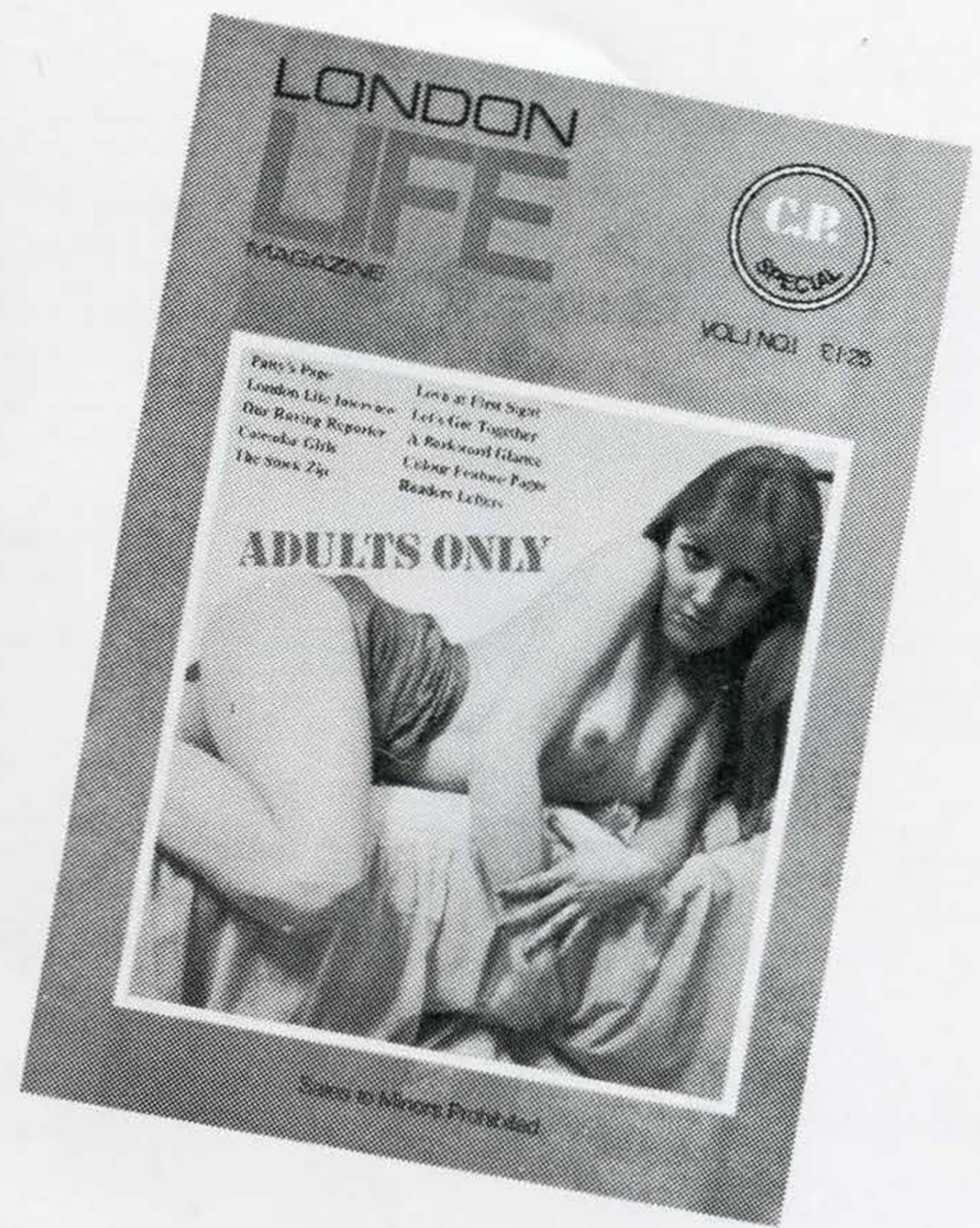
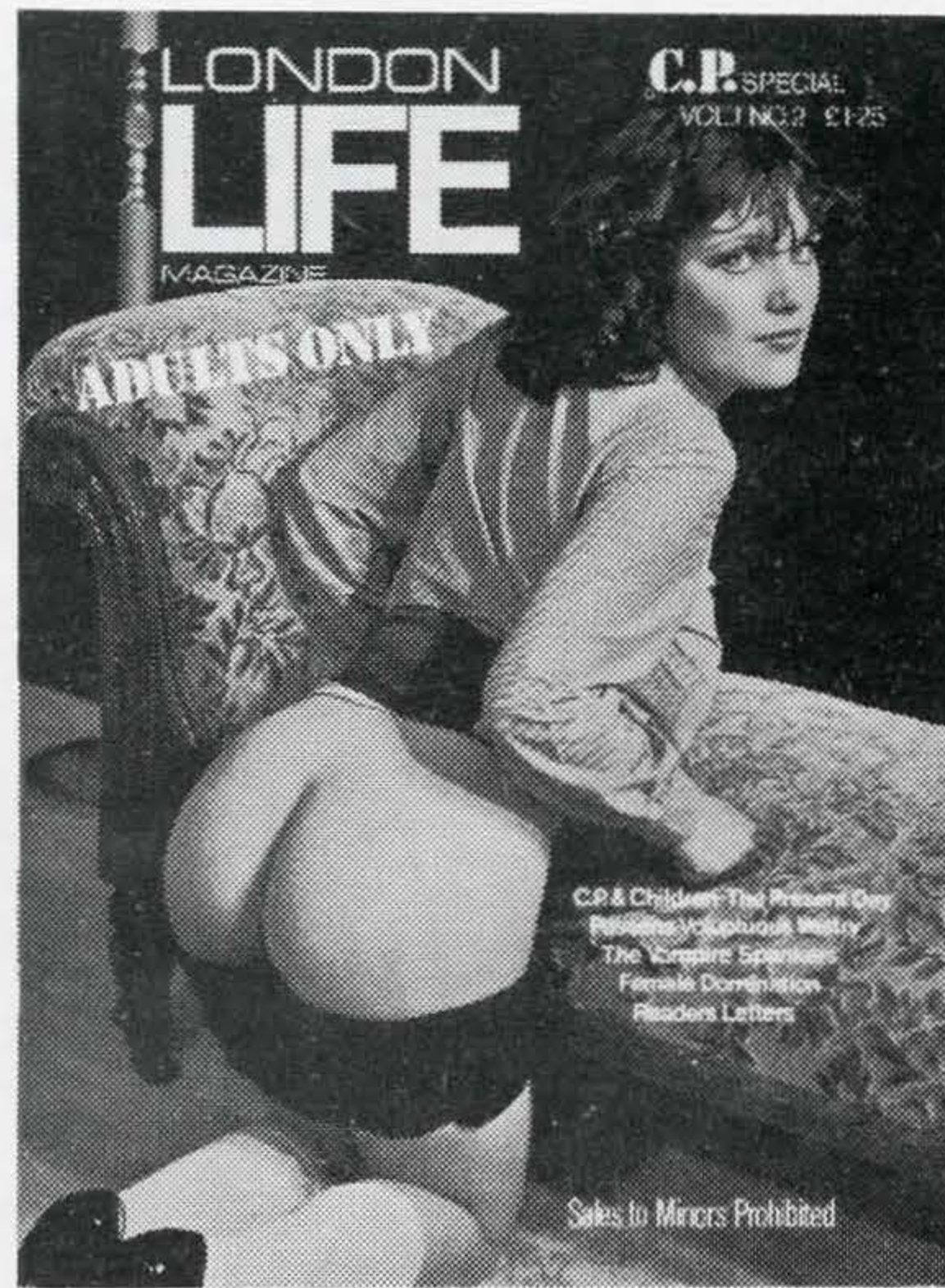
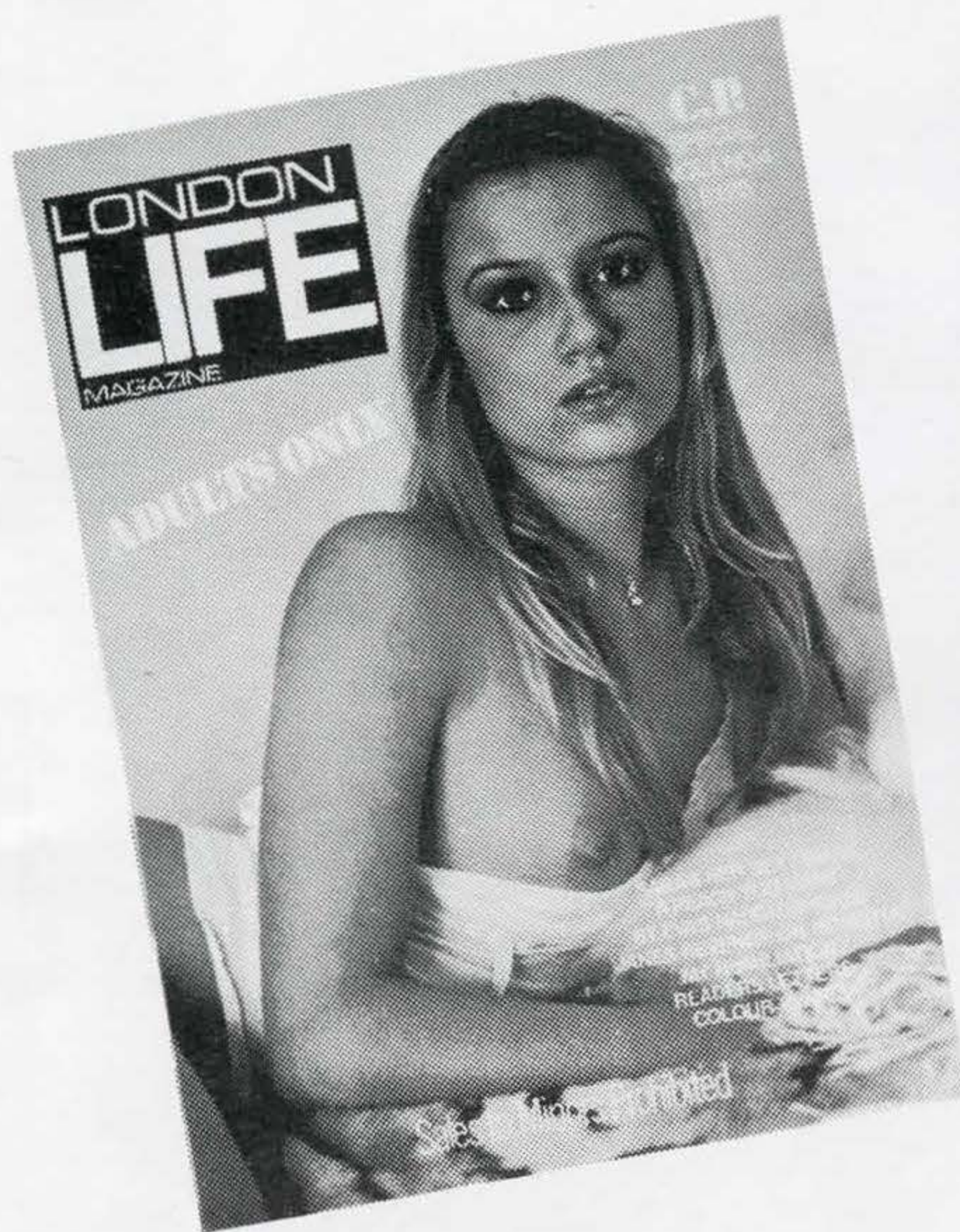
PLEASE NOTE:

ALL PARTS ARE PLAYED BY PERSONS OVER
18 YEARS OF AGE.

KANDINSKY LTD., 40 OLD COMPTON STREET, W.1.

SUPER 8 COLOUR

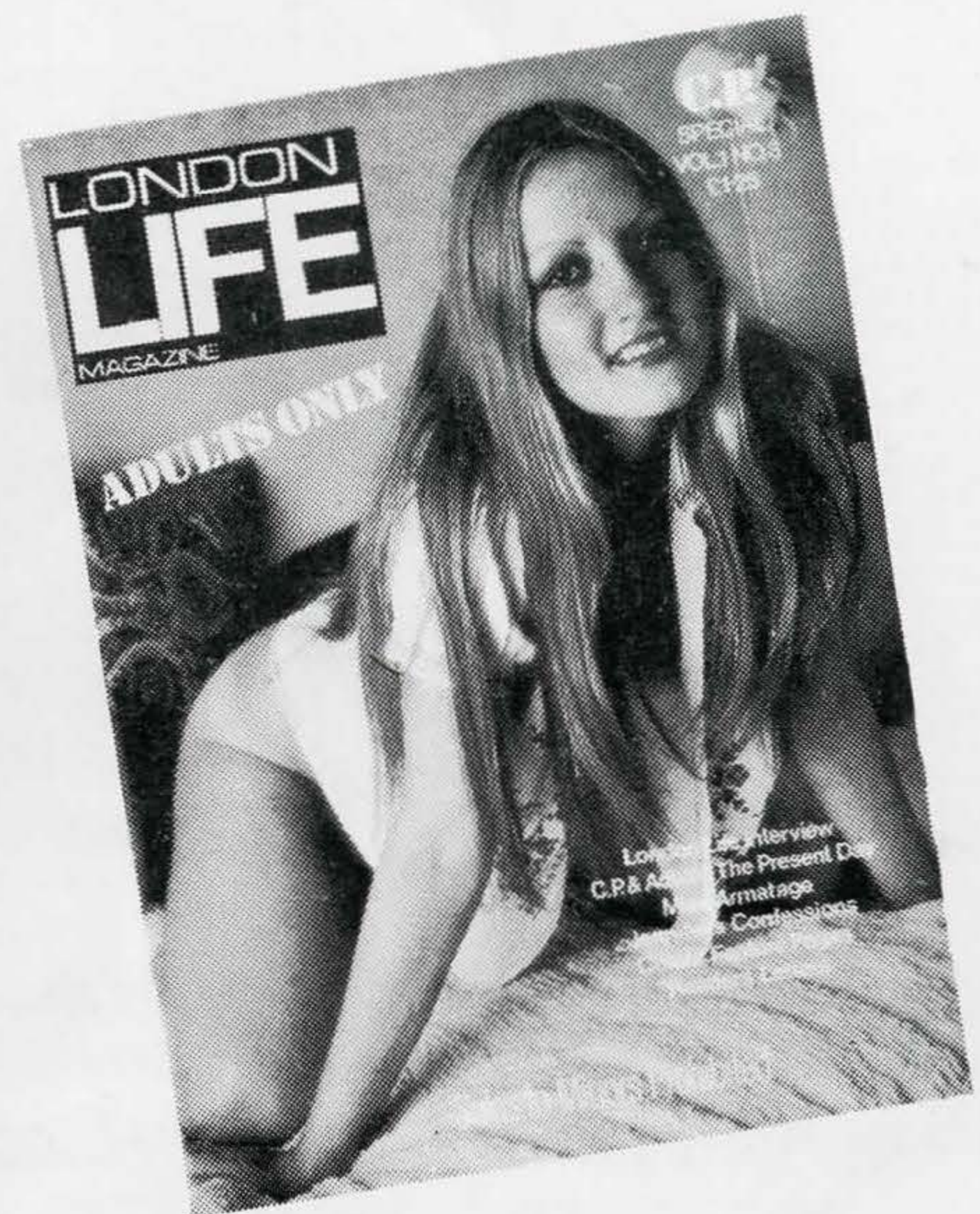
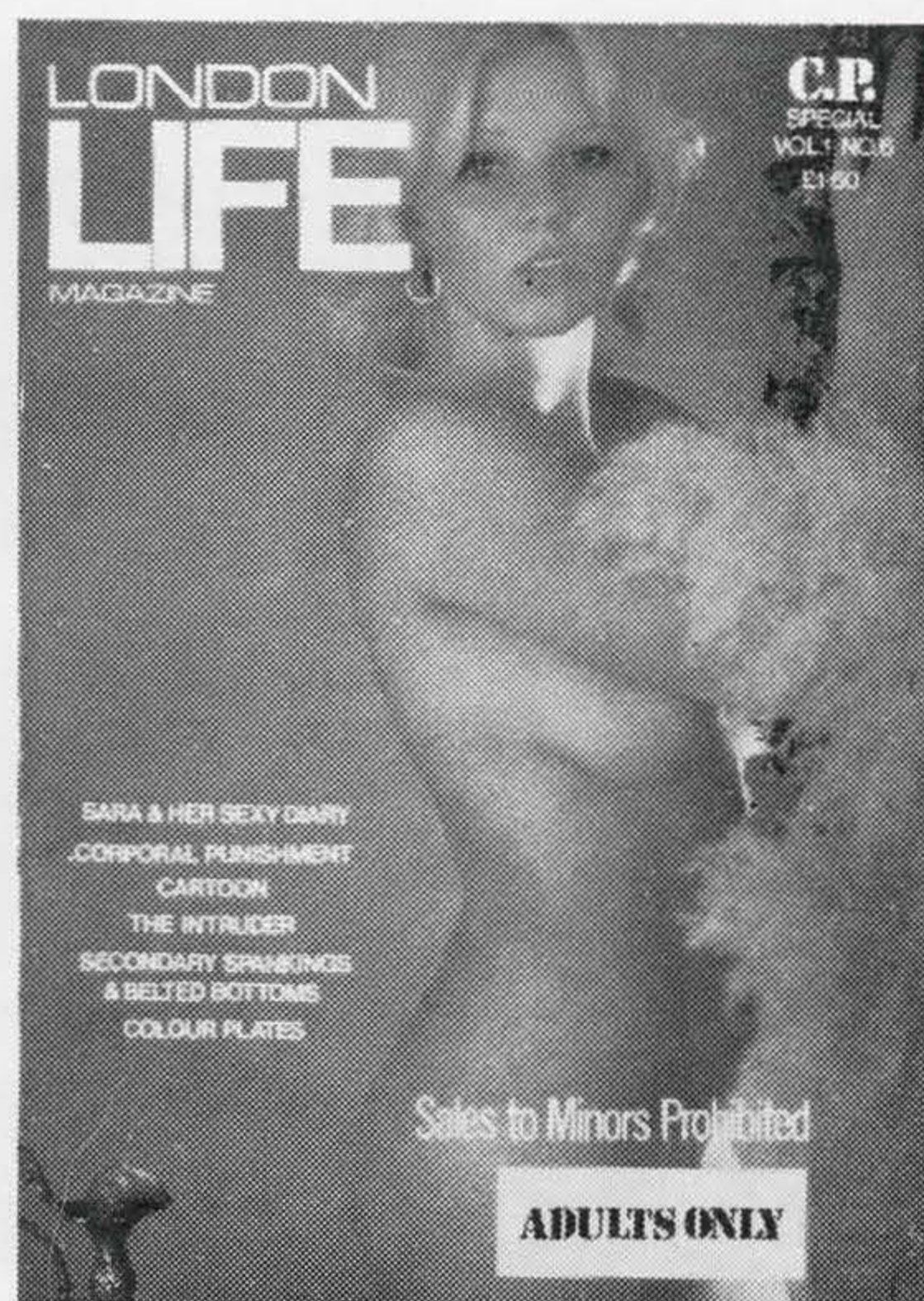
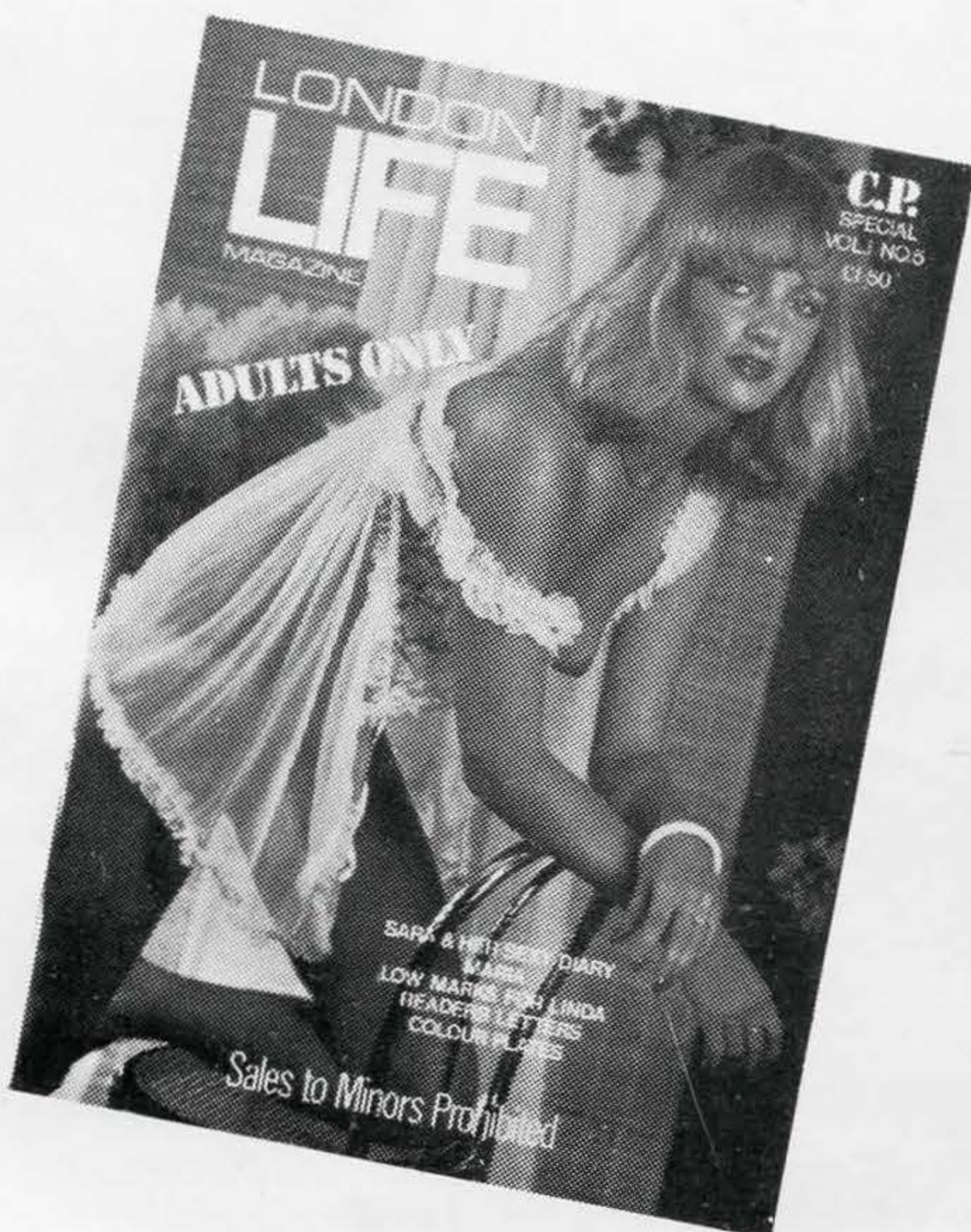
£20



LONDON LIFE

BY A SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE PUBLISHERS WE ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THAT WE CAN NOW OFFER OUR MAIL ORDER CUSTOMERS THE FIRST SIX ISSUES OF LONDON LIFE — A SUPERB SPANKING MAGAZINE

No's 1, 2, 3, 4 at £1.25 each — No's 5, 6 £1.50 each.





Scenes from our latest film "The Gym Lesson." See write up on page 46 and colour pics on pages 29, 32, 33, 36 and 61.

JANUS

A Magazine of Fetishism and C.P.

Volume Eight Number Seven

CONTENTS

Velvet Ribbon for Diana	<i>Georges Charles</i>	6
A Sting in the Tail	<i>Edward Boyla</i>	15
Tales of Spanker's End	<i>Cartoon by Colin Peters</i>	22
Felicity	<i>James Kenway</i>	26
Punishment Dress	<i>Mark Howarth</i>	34
La Ronde	<i>Patricia Ware</i>	40
Review of the New <i>Janus</i> Film 'The Gym Lesson'		46
Readers' Letters		47

EDITORIAL

We are extremely sorry to have to make this belated apology to our readers for the recent increase in price we have had to make. Many of you will know that the magazine goes to press three months before publication, and the price increase was forced upon us after all the letterpress for the last two issues had been completed and we were too late to make our apology then.

The reasons are only too well-known in almost every aspect of life nowadays. Prices of everything just continue to go up and up. Paper, typesetting, printing, all photographic work and material, colour printing in particular — even postage has become a burden. And that is only the raw materials, so to speak. Human effort costs more and more. Photographic models are much more highly paid than previously; hire or purchase of costumes, furniture and props has risen enormously; rent and rates are up; our office is being run these days by a much depleted staff. In fact, you name it — and it's gone up! You've heard it all before. There's nothing new about it. Whether it's fruit and vegetables or whisky and beer, up and up it goes, and poor old *Janus* has to keep pace, much as we hate having to do it.

We are not the sort of magazine that can carry highly-paid advertisements for motor cars or Hi-Fi equipment and vodka, or all the luxury items which finance many other magazines. We depend entirely on our readers to buy *Janus*, and continue to hope that they will continue to find our specialist approach and our literary and pictorial standards to their taste and worth the money.

Perhaps we may be allowed to add that not only are we still less expensive than most other magazines in the same specialist line, but that our recent survey, together with a lot of the independent correspondence which comes in, encourages us to believe that we are much the best. '*Janus* is still the tops. Keep up the good work' is very much the sort of comment we are always betting. So bear (or bare) with us, gentle readers, and we shall go on trying to keep it the best.

Janus, Published by Woodheath Ltd. Registered office: 4 Greens Court, London, W.1. Printed in England Distributed by Kandinsky Ltd., 40 Old Compton Street, London, W.1. Telephone: 01-437 1741. Trade enquiries: Sweden: Erik Horsta AB, Barnhusgaten 4, Box 3277, S103-11, Stockholm, Sweden. Holland: Octopus Trading Co., Starndammtrstraat. 73-75. Amsterdam. Tel: 010-3120-867-422. Denmark: Concerno, Gammel Mont 17, 1117, Copenhagen K, Denmark. Australia: Rical Enterprises Pty., Daking House, 11 Rawson Place, Sydney, Australia.

Although every care will be taken, no responsibility can be accepted for unsolicited material, which must be accompanied by return postage. All letters are deemed to be offered for publication unless otherwise stated. All photographs are posed by professional models over the age of eighteen, and no resemblance to any person living or dead is intended. Contents copyright © 1979 by Woodheath Ltd., and nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without the publisher's permission.



VELVET | FOR RIBBON | DIANA

Diana Ford turned up the collar of her full-length dark brown mink and tried to hide her slim young body more deeply in its warmth as she waited at the far end of the Heathrow viewing terrace overlooking terminal 3 departure apron.

Her husband's flight was an early one and there were still only a few other people standing in the cold morning

air awaiting the departure or arrival of loved ones. The Boeing 747 which would soon be whisking John to America on the first stage of yet another business trip stood, silent in its pale blue colours, connected to the terminal building by the large snake-like umbilical cord down which John would soon be walking.

It seemed to Diana unlikely that she would catch another glimpse of him as he boarded the huge aircraft

and even less likely that he would see her, but she waited on, in the cold, partly out of a sense of loyalty to her husband but partly also just hoping to exchange just one final wave which would be the last for six lonely weeks. Planes, cars and people came and went over the tarmac then suddenly, quite without warning, there he was in one of the tiny windows waving to her and smiling from the forward, first class, section of the aircraft. Almost too soon the plane started to move away from the building and turn so that

they could no longer exchange fleeting glances and then it lumbered off into the distance to prepare for take-off.

Diana waited, a shaft or two of watery February sunshine lit the airfield, and then at last the pale blue giant roared past the terminal buildings and rose silently into the morning sky. As Diana turned to leave, her thoughts returned abruptly to the day ahead and to things she had found it easy to forget during the three weeks that she and John had been together.

First, of course, she would have to retrieve her car from the multi-storey opposite terminal three. She walked slowly and deliberately toward the building as if trying not to arrive there too quickly. As she walked through the crowded concourse, her sumptuous soft leather handbag slung casually over her shoulder, she was, as always, conscious and appreciative of the many admiring and covetous looks which came her way. She rearranged her long blonde hair to fall outside the mink coat, tossing it high in the movement and allowing it to fall so that the dark fur emphasised its fairness.

'Little do any of them dream,' she thought to herself, 'what I shall be doing in the next hour or so.' Indeed she was, she remembered, not quite sure what was about to happen to her. As she approached the sleek low Porsche, which waited for her in the multi-storey like a well trained hunter, she reflected that there were, after all, some advantages in being married to a very successful business man even though it did mean frequent and all too long periods of separation. Diana had, on one or two occasions, gone along with her husband on a trip but she had not particularly enjoyed them. John had always been busy and preoccupied with work all day, rarely returning to their hotel much before midnight and usually being too tired for anything more than a quick snack and as much sleep as he could possibly get. These trips she had taken with him had, however, given her great confidence in her husband's fidelity whilst away, and she knew she never had any reason to question him on such matters when he returned — a fact always reinforced by his wanton and loving sexuality with her whenever they were together.

Diana slid into the driving seat, slipping off her fur in the same

movement and placing it, with her handbag, on the passenger seat beside her and thinking as she did so that her own behaviour in John's absences had not always been so completely unimpeachable. During their six years of marriage there had, in fact, been only two occasions on which she had given way to temptation. The first had been about two years earlier, on the occasion of an outing with an old flame who was visiting the district. He had phoned her on the off chance of a meeting. She had been lonely. They had wine and dined together and later the same evening tumbled into the matrimonial bed, just for old times' sake, emerging only after a weekend of hectic lovemaking interrupted by sessions of drinking champagne and eating cold salmon and delicacies from Diana's well-stocked freezer.

On his return she had, of course, confessed to John and he had forgiven her instantly with only a warning that any future indiscretion on her part would be dealt with by the age-old and effective method of a good whacking. They had both laughed about this, made love and forgotten during the days that had followed. But now, as her car sped towards the Windsor turn-off, his words came back to her.

She remembered also the occasion during John's last visit abroad when she had been seduced by, of all people, a visiting television engineer — he had called late when she had been cross with John for not writing to her, and had stayed the night. She had invited him back on two subsequent occasions but then had lost interest and the affair had come to an end. She told John about this 'silly business' as she called it, and had not really been surprised when he had dismissed the matter lightly and jokingly said that he would arrange the agreed penalty later. No more had been said until the previous evening, the evening before John's departure from Heathrow, when, having just made wonderful love on the hearth-rug, John had raised himself on his elbows and looking straight into her eyes had suddenly said: 'By the way, darling, I want you to drop in and see a friend of mine tomorrow, after you drop me at the airport.' She had looked puzzled but he had continued without pause, 'he will deal with you as we agreed for your little escapade whilst I was away last time — it will help you be good this trip.' Diana decided not to

question him more at that moment, she trusted John and knew he would never hurt her and besides, it was their last evening together and there seemed so many other more important things to talk about.

In the car, on the way to Heathrow, John had given her an envelope addressed in his own handwriting. 'This is the chap I want you to go and see when you have seen me off,' he said, half smiling. 'I've told him you will be there at eleven sharp — will you promise me you won't be late?' Diana had promised, of course, and she would keep her word. But now she was actually on the way there, without John to help her, and was beginning to worry. 'A whacking,' was that what John had called it. 'But why this friend Carlton Wreith to whom the envelope was addressed. Why had not John put her across his knee and spanked her like men always do in the magazines, that would have been quite sexy,' she thought. Wondering more about this, as the car sped along the M4, she became more apprehensive. She was sure that John would not hurt her, but there would be nothing stopping Carlton whatever-his-name-was from beating the living daylights out of her. Was that why it was to be him and not John, she wondered.

The speed of the Porsche suddenly dropped as Diana lifted her foot from the throttle in hesitation; 'discretion the better part of valour?' she mused to herself, and felt sweat between her breasts. Diana smiled at herself in the driving mirror. 'No,' she said aloud to her reflection, 'I gave my word to you John, I will go — promise,' and the car again gained speed. The Windsor slip road appeared almost at once, Diana slowed and turned off. At the outskirts of Windsor she pulled the Porsche into a lay-by, and took the envelope John had given her from the bag beside her. It was sealed. She held it to the light but could read nothing inside, thought for a moment of opening it but decided against. Instead she checked the address and pulled back into the road, keeping a close watch for Henley Road which should lead her to Eton Cloisters, the address on the envelope.

Soon she was turning into the gates of a large development of luxury flats. She took a deep breath, let out a long low whistle and said to herself: 'sleeping with television engineers — Diana dear, you de-

serve all you get.' She parked as close as possible to the large front entrance, the quartz clock on the dashboard showed only a quarter to eleven, which gave Diana plenty of time to comb through her hair, touch up her lips and adjust her eye make-up to perfection. It was important, she thought, to look her best for Carlton Wreith.

The next few minutes passed slowly and Diana felt her heart beating quite a lot faster than usual as she slipped from the driving seat, dragging her fur and bag behind her, at precisely five to eleven. She walked toward the main front door, proudly with her head high and shoulders back — or more truthfully, breasts thrust forward, wondering if anyone was watching from the windows above. She glanced upwards for a fleeting moment but in that instant the glass facade might as well have been quite opaque. As she climbed the short flight of steps to the glass doors a uniformed hall-porter swung open the centre one, greeting her with perfect decorum.

'Can I help you madam?' he asked.

'I'm looking for Mr Carlton Wreith,' she said, pronouncing the name 'Raith' as John had done.

'That's the number three penthouse,' the porter replied, indicating the lift. 'What name shall I say?'

Diana was momentarily taken aback and felt a slight blush which upset her otherwise perfect outward composure. 'Mrs Diana Ford,' she managed to say unflinchingly, and saw him turn towards the house telephone as she entered the lift. Although the penthouse was on the ninth floor, it took only seconds to reach, and before she had time for any second thoughts, she found herself pressing the bell alongside the deeply engraved brass plate bearing the name 'R. Carlton Wreith Esq.'

The door was opened almost at once. 'One advantage of a house phone,' thought Diana. A slim girl of Diana's own age, perhaps twenty-eight or a year or so less, stood in the entrance hall. Her hair was dark in contrast to Diana's and was tied back in a smart ponytail.

'Mrs Ford?' the girl queried, though of course she already knew. 'Do come in, Mr Wreith is expecting you.' Diana felt at once secure in the thickly carpeted entrance hall. The girl took Diana's fur which she put away on a nearby stand, then led Diana along a passage hung with several large and expensive-looking

original paintings and past several closed doors, finally ushering her into a spacious and luxurious living room. The room opened onto a large, Italian style, patio which was gaily decorated with tubs of spring flowers, not yet fully in bloom. Once she had closed the door the girl introduced herself.

'My name is Alison,' she said simply, and then: 'I'm so glad you were able to get here on time, Mr Wreith hates lateness. You haven't been to see Mr. Wreith before, have you?' she asked rhetorically.

'No,' answered Diana, wondering if she should add anything, and wondering also how to find out if this girl knew the real purpose of her visit.

'Well then,' Alison continued as if in answer to her unspoken question, 'you will be wondering if I know what you are here for. Let me say at once that I know all about it, we need have no secrets. I have worked as Mr Wreith's assistant for some time now and am completely in his confidence, also of course, you may trust me completely not to break any confidence which may arise between us.'

'Thank you for putting me out of part of my misery,' Diana responded. She liked Alison already and was prepared to trust her after what she had said — after all, if she knew already, Diana had little to lose! 'Perhaps then you can relieve me a little more by telling me what's to happen to me.' Diana came straight to the point.

'Sorry Mrs Ford, that's one thing I cannot discuss, but you know of course that your husband arranged for you to come here to be punished for . . . er . . . adultery?' she queried. A shiver ran down Diana's spine — she had never thought of her harmless escapades in such harsh words but, on reflection, being married and 'going with another man' as her mother would have put it was, certainly, adultery. Two other thoughts passed through her mind in that same instant — what a super chap John really was to take adultery so lightly and the realization that, at that precise moment, she had yet to find out the exact extent of John's superness or otherwise!

Her thoughts were interrupted by Alison's soothing voice. 'What can I get you to drink? Can I call you Diana?' she asked. 'It would be more friendly — you see it's my job to entertain and relax you till you see Mr Wreith.'

'How long will that be?'

'Long enough for a drink anyway.' Alison was obviously giving nothing away, so Diana chose a dry sherry and Alison poured out two large Tio Pepes from a leather-covered cellar-ette. 'Shall we sit on the window seat?' suggested Alison, and for the next twenty minutes or so they sat sipping sherries and chatting. Alison elicited from Diana details of her two little affairs and of her relationship with her husband and, in exchange, told about how she had taken a degree in economics but, unable to find a suitable job, had become first a masseuse in Paris and then a shorthand typist in London before getting her present job. It transpired also that Mr Wreith was something in the City and that he and John were members of the same club. About the visit, Alison would say little; she did reveal, however, that there was, in London, a small group of people who travelled away from home a great deal and who felt that, in this day and age, divorce was a stupid answer to an occasional marital indiscretion. The group had, it seemed, developed their own code of discipline, punishments and rewards to which they all subscribed but, try as she would, Diana could obtain no more details about the nature of her own coming punishment. Each attempt was diverted by Alison with the offer of more sherry or a cunning change of subject. Finally, in deference to one further attempt, Alison answered simply: 'Bathtime.'

'Bathtime?' Diana enquired quizzically.

'Yes, it's part of the routine,' Alison explained. 'Part of my duties are to bath you and then give you a full massage to make sure you are totally relaxed for . . . for.' Alison stopped suddenly and added, all businesslike again: 'Do you realize the punishment will be "corporal"?' she said the word softly and with tenderness so as not to frighten Diana, if she had not known. Diana tried to shrug it off lightly.

'Yes,' she said, 'John used the word "whacking" I think.'

'Yes, quite,' continued Alison, 'in that case you will appreciate that Mr Wreith likes to have his subject quite comfortable, warm, relaxed and in a frame of mind to be able to concentrate on the actual event. Come!' she said, putting an arm round Diana's waist, 'it really is bathtime.'

She took Diana to a small but

beautiful bedroom, furnished in pale blue with blue floral wallpaper and blue curtains. There were large plate wall mirrors along one side of the room and a huge cuddly Teddy Bear on the bed. The bedroom was heated by a huge radiator, which was clearly full on, and the now midday winter sun streamed into the bright little room. Alison led on into the equally luxurious en-suite bathroom which, Diana noted happily as she felt shivery from anxiety, was also deliciously warm. Alison turned on the bath and moving back into the little bedroom, her arm still round Diana's waist, said quietly:

'Will you let me undress you Diana?' It may have been the large sherries so early in the day, the intimate atmosphere of the room or the dreamlike situation that made Diana bend slowly forward towards the other girl.

'That would be nice,' she whispered as their lips touched. The kiss lingered a moment and then Diana felt Alison's hands come between them and press her gently away.

'Business first,' she said.

Diana was soon quite naked; Alison had insisted they remove all her clothes, jewellery and hairpins, even down to the little gold keeper pins she wore in her pierced ear lobes, explaining that Mr Wreith insisted that his clients wore no unessential adornment whatsoever, for punishment. Diana's figure, now exposed and reflected in the large mirrors, was Everyman's dream, though she herself would have chosen to have been given breasts that were a little less prominent, and wished also for a bottom a little less full and rounded. Alison sensed her slight embarrassment.

'You look quite lovely,' she said in confident tones and, giving her a little squeeze, led her through to the bathroom. Alison had prepared the bath with a generous quantity of perfumed bath oil and the fragrance now dominated the air, adding to the feeling of luxuriance and security that Diana felt at this strange girl's hands.

At Alison's request Diana lay back, full length, in the warm blue bath and allowed her hair to be expertly shampooed and rinsed.

'Stand up now my dearest and let me soap you.' Diana obeyed and stood facing Alison. 'Neck and face first, then we will work slowly down,' she joked, and with her bare hands began rubbing the soft, soapy suds over Diana. Alison cupped

each breast in turn, lifting it slightly and kissing each pink nipple as she did so. 'Surely you can't be cold,' she queried teasingly.

'You know I'm not — it's just you.'

The girls smiled at each other and broke into a little laugh.

'Legs apart,' commanded Alison in mock sternness. She obeyed and felt Alison's warm slippery hands between them and then up the cleft of her buttocks, concentrating for a second on her anus and rubbing it gently with a little extra soap. 'A little extra polish for the important parts!' she said methodically. Alison now turned the girl round to face the other way and soaped the two firm buttocks, now a rosy hue from the heat of the water.

Though of course she said nothing, Alison couldn't help herself from visualising the same scene a little while later when the delicate pink would have become a darker red. She wondered how this unusually lovely culprit would take her punishment. She had seen lots of girls, many quite pretty, come and go. Some had screamed and begged to be allowed to go, others had cursed the husbands who had sent them and yet others, sometimes the least expected, had endured what came to them with little or no complaint. Alison made no predictions about Diana, but secretly she hoped that it would not be too bad for her — she had already developed for this lovely creature, an affection beyond the call of duty.

'Lie down again now and rinse the soap off,' she told Diana. 'I'm just going to get you a towel, be back in a few moments.' Alison returned with a large white rough towel and Diana rose instinctively to receive it around her shoulders. stepped from the bath and the two girls set to work to dry her with intimate briskness.

It was then time for her massage which Diana took lying on the quilted bed. Diana noticed how skilful and professional she was, noticing too how Alison's manner had changed since their first kiss. In the bath there had been the intimacy of the breast kisses but nothing more, and now the massage was wholly professional and, as it should be, totally relaxing. Indeed Diana was so comfortable and at peace with the world, in spite of her imminent ordeal, that she began to wonder if the sherry had, perhaps, been doped! Lying now on her back and

looking up at Alison as she worked on her shoulders, Diana stretched up one arm in an attempt to pull Alison down on to her body and renew the intimacy between them, but Alison was too quick for her and, side-stepping gracefully, accepted the proffered hand in her own and raised Diana to her feet.

'Come,' she said, 'it's almost time and we must put the finishing touches to you for Mr Wreith.' Diana felt her stomach curl and a shiver of fear run through her body.

'I feel a bit scared,' she confided in her new friend.

'Of course,' Alison replied briefly, moving her charge to face one of the huge mirrors.

The two girls stood side by side, looking at each other's reflections, both conscious of the contrast between them. Diana the taller, quite naked and still pink from her bath. Alison in high heels and a smart black office skirt, dark stockings, or were they tights — Diana did not know — and a well-fitting, business-like shirt enclosing her small, firm, jutting, bra-less breasts. Her hair was immaculate whilst Diana's, dried and brushed, hung casually over her shoulders. Mutual admiration was in their eyes. Neither spoke.

Suddenly Alison was back at work. She took five pre-cut lengths of black velvet ribbon from the little dressing table and dropping to her knees behind Diana, tied one length round each ankle, first with a knot and then finishing off the long loose ends in a large bow. Two more lengths were tied the same way round her wrists and finally, the longest ribbon was placed delicately round her waist.

'There' isn't that pretty?' and indeed Diana was pleased with the effect. 'You should always wear them,' Alison added. 'Now just slip these on Diana, dearest.' Alison passed her a pair of plain white stretch panties, chosen, though Diana did not know it, a size too small.

'Will you be with me when I'm,' Diana searched for a word, 'when I'm done?' she asked.

'No, but don't worry, I'll be coming in with you and I'll be here, waiting for you when it's all over,' Alison replied, holding out a long black bathrobe into which she slid her arms as the robe was draped over her shoulders. The rough texture of the towelling felt harsh against her flushed body.

'This is it,' Alison said, taking the girl's arm reassuringly and leading her swiftly out of the bedroom and along the passage way. Diana's legs felt watery at the knees as they hesitated outside one of the doors—Alison gave her a little kiss of encouragement. 'There are probably boys down the road at Eton College getting it far worse at this very moment,' she said, opening the door. The thought gave Diana the necessary courage and she entered the room bravely.

'Mrs Diana Ford for you, Mr Wreith,' Alison announced. Carlton Wreith was not as Diana had imagined — she had expected him to look like her husband but he was older, fatter, and less attractive. She was, in fact, a little disappointed in Carlton Wreith.

'Hello Diana, you don't mind if I call you Diana do you?' he enquired, continuing without giving her time to reply. 'Your husband informs me that you have been rather a naughty girl recently, and that you have agreed that I should punish you.' Diana wondered if she had actually agreed to anything, but felt that now was not the time for any philosophical debate on the matter.

'Yes, I suppose so,' she said. Carlton Wreith seemed to ignore the 'suppose' and she noticed, not without some relief, that Alison was standing close behind her as she stood before her master. Carlton continued with a short lecture on what he termed 'cheating her husband', and how in some lands, even today, she could be stoned to death as was common in biblical times.

Diana remembered standing before her headmistress in the same demure and silent pose on several occasions in her childhood, and as Carlton went on about the pain and cruelty of divorce as we practised it today, Diana started to notice the room in which they stood. Like her headmistress's study it was lined with books and also had a large desk as its centre piece — the chairs, however, were mostly deep and covered in real leather, and a fire burned in an open fireplace at the far end.

'Luckily you have a sensible husband,' he went on. 'Some men would have thrown you onto the street without a penny, but John,' she noticed he called him by his Christian name, 'has the sense to see that a swift sharp chastisement will teach you an adequate lesson.' Carlton paused for a deep breath.

'Here it comes,' thought Diana correctly.

'I propose to cane you,' he said simply. 'You will receive eight strokes.' Diana paled visibly, her heart sank. A hand-spanking she had expected, maybe even a 'whacking', to use John's words, with a paddle or perhaps a belt — but eight cuts of the cane! The conversation was clearly at an end and time for action had arrived. She thought of bolting for the door and looked hopefully at Alison for inspiration, but she looked grim and firm and Diana realised that any attempt to bolt would be useless and, if she did get away, she would still have to face John and her broken promise.

Alison came forward and led her toward the fireplace, near which she now noticed, an ordinary ironing board had been set up with several cushions upon it. Diana looked about for a cane but was relieved not to be able to see the instrument anywhere. At the pointed end of the ironing board, forming a 'T' was a wide stool, upholstered in dark velvet, which Diana thought could have been a long piano stool. It was Alison who spoke next.

'Mr Wreith would like you to kneel on the stool with your knees as far apart as you can,' she said sternly, now fully on duty. Diana lifted the bathrobe enough to be able to mount the stool and, parting her legs as had been requested, allowed the robe to fall back onto the stool, covering her legs again.

'Now lean well forward along the cushions and try to straddle the narrow end of the board. That's fine!' she praised. Alison then asked her to drop her arms down beside the board stand and, as she obeyed, quickly loosened the black velvet bows and used the long ends to secure her wrists to the base of the stand. With equal swiftness, and almost before Diana knew what was happening, Alison had fastened her ankles, likewise, to the stool and was now lifting the robe up high over her back and fastening the waist bow round the board. Diana knew of course that the robe would have to be lifted to allow access to her behind, but she had not realized the real purpose of the bows, and now felt horribly trapped. Now she could not run away. 'If only, if only I had gone when I could.' Her thoughts were interrupted by Alison speaking again.

'Another gentleman will be com-

ing in a few moments,' she said calmly. 'He wishes to witness a punishment session before he sends his own wife to see Mr Wreith.'

Diana could hardly believe her ears — her humiliation was to be the source of gratification for some other man's curiosity and lust.

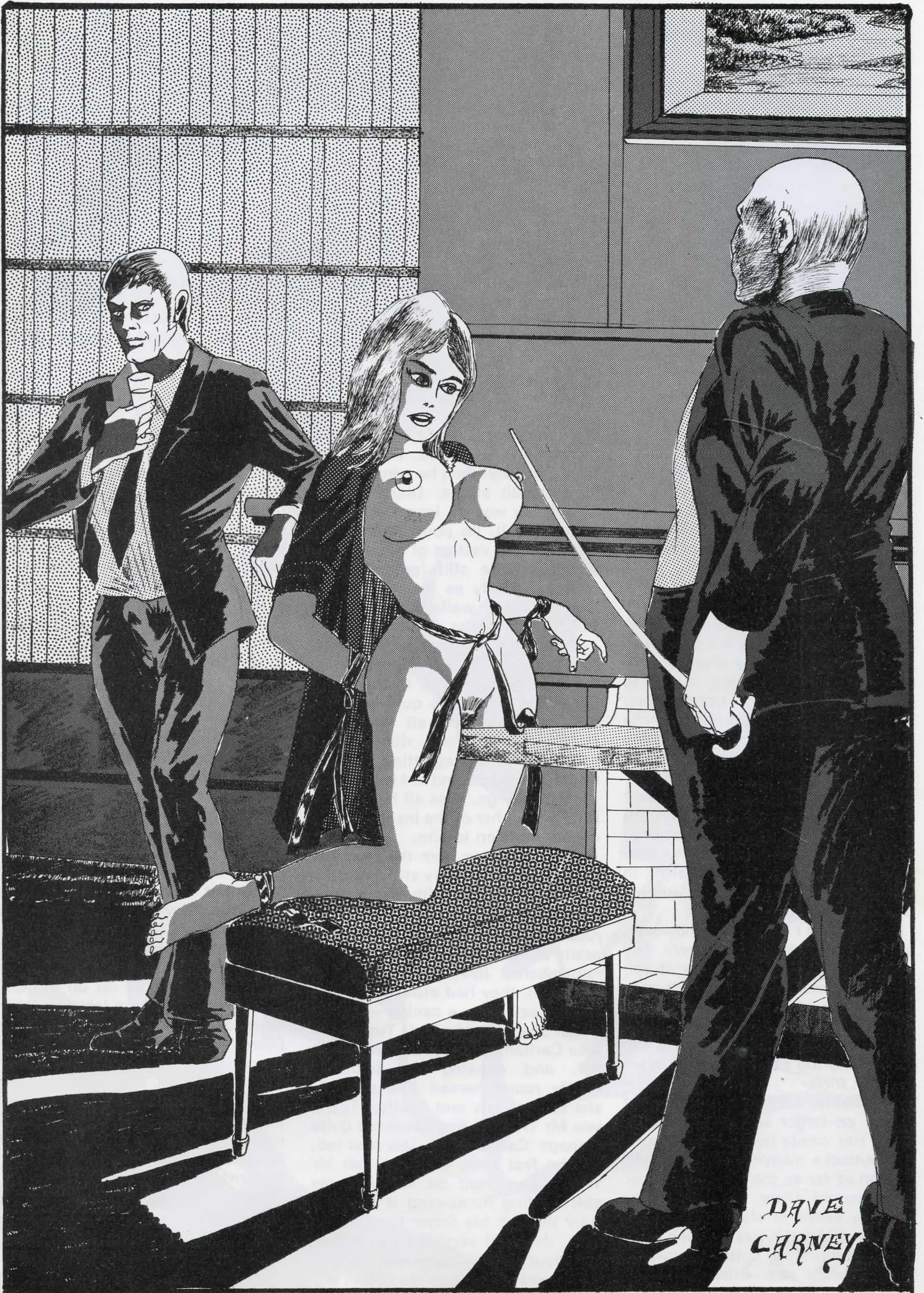
'Turn the other way if you don't want him to see your face.' It was Mr Wreith who spoke. Diana accepted the suggestion gratefully, but through the corner of her eye saw a young man, not much older than herself, barely thirty she thought, come through the door — he was carrying a glass of sherry with him, a gesture which seemed to complete her humiliation. Alison left the room and closed the door, leaving her deeply conscious of her absurd position, the highest part of her anatomy was her bottom and two men were obviously studying it in silence.

She was at that instant quite hopelessly grateful for the small pair of knickers, now tightly stretched and only partially covering her bum. Her thoughts returned to John, surely he could not know how terrible it all was, but then she remembered the spectator behind her — had John actually witnessed another girl in this situation and willed it for her too? Suddenly she decided to wrench herself free and run for it, but the attempt was frustrated before it had begun by a hand placed low on her back.

She did not look to see who was touching her, but felt somehow sure it was Carlton. Then the feeling of the waistband of her panties being lifted slightly.

'Oh God! They are going to pull them down,' she thought. Had she been able to see herself from behind she would have realised that this would have hardly been possible since her legs were so wide apart. The little pants would not have passed below her two rounded nates. She felt cold steel against her thigh, there was a snip and the left side of the waistband fell away. Instantly, the same feeling on the other side, another snip, and the little briefs were slipped neatly from between her legs.

'You bastard! You bloody bastard!' she cried out in rage, and struggled to free her bonds. She quickly realised, however, how strong the ribbons were and moreover she could feel that her violent struggling was serving only to reveal even more of her body and she sank



into humiliated stillness.

'In your position, language like that is most inadvisable,' a voice commented from behind. The two men, enjoying her display, were standing apart, the visitor some distance away, and only Carlton was close enough to view with some satisfaction the well-stretched buttocks and the open groove between them, facing directly towards him. In the division of her legs her vulva revealed a well-defined groove with no more than a trace of the closed lips showing from within.

'Get on with it, for heaven's sake get on with it,' prayed Diana. She remembered hearing people say that the worst part of a whacking was the humiliation and only wanted to get down from this position, the caning to come seemed an irrelevance.

She heard a SWISH and felt the stick cut into her bottom at the same instant. For the moment she felt no pain, just a sensation as though the cane was still pressing into her buttocks. In the instant she felt relieved — it wasn't too bad after all.

Then, suddenly and quickly the sting swelled through her body, rising to a crescendo. She suppressed the instinct to cry out but, taken by surprise, drew in a sharp breath. Mercifully, the stinging began to subside, but was at that same moment renewed with the second stroke — SSWACKK! This time the sting followed almost at once and rose to even greater heights within her.

'Two,' thought Diana, 'I'll never be able to take eight — I'll pass out or something.' Again she steeled herself against crying out and only the sound of breath, drawn in through clenched teeth, was audible in the room behind her.

The third stroke, however, brought an 'ARRAGH!' from her throat and the fourth set her straining, once more, against the bonds holding her wrists in an attempt to free a hand to deflect the next blow, but of course the ribbons were too strong and too expertly tied to give, even an inch.

Inevitably, the fifth stroke landed smack on target as had the earlier ones. Her whole body writhed now, her buttocks swaying in a rotating motion as far as the band round her waist would allow. She no longer felt any sense of shame and knew that her labial slit was opening each time she thrust her buttocks upward. Its lips were now enlarged, moist and glistening in response to in-

voluntary excitement and Diana became aware that she was sweating profusely between her breasts. But she was unable to escape the sixth stinging stroke, delivered by Carlton with rather more severity than the previous strokes — he knew well that her bottom would now be becoming numb and that he would have to hit her harder to maintain the required level of discomfort. As had the preceding swipe, the sixth stroke brought a cry of 'no, please no more,' from Diana, though she knew, of course, that it would be useless to plead.

Between the sixth and seventh stroke, she had a vision of John, sitting in the first class bar of the jumbo jet and, in this moment of her agony, enjoying champagne and canapés. 'I'll never do it again,' she cried out loud, but all Mr Wreith answered was: 'Good, I'm glad to hear that,' and then he administered the seventh stroke. Diana relaxed now, there was no longer any point in fighting it, no point in trying to preserve any vestige of dignity. She just lay quite still, groaning and moaning gently as the pain of the last two cuts welled through her. But, at last, it was over.

She heard the stranger leave the room at once, he had not spoken all the time he had been in the room. Carlton Wreith came quickly to her and snipped free all the, now stretched and worn, ribbons that had held her, leaving little red marks round her wrists and ankles.

'You may go,' was all he said, as if to remind her of the insignificance of the occasion to him.

As Diana rose from the stool her buttocks felt strangely stiff and painfully swollen, but with tremendous restraint she prevented herself from rubbing them whilst she walked uneasily to the door. Halfway there she remembered John telling her how, at school, they had always to thank the prefects after a caning — a tradition she had admired. Turning to face Carlton, who was still watching her, and drawing the bathrobe tightly round herself like a cloak, she said clearly and loudly: 'Thank you Mr Wreith.' She could not quite manage 'Carlton'. She saw now too, for the first time, the cane that Mr Wreith had used on her. He was still holding it, running it thoughtfully through his finger tips. It was long, thin and very flexible; yellow in colour and with a crook handle. Diana was eternally grateful that she had not noticed it before.

Leaving the room she ran down the corridor to where Alison waited and, closing the bedroom door behind her, immediately dropped the robe to the floor and still naked, gripped both her flaming nates. As Alison watched her she performed all the usual gyrations of the recently caned, swinging her body from the hips, rubbing furiously at her behind and lifting each knee high in turn to stretch, alternately, each delicious buttock. As she performed this ritual dance and sang the ritual chorus of 'OOOOs' and 'AARRRs!' Alison knew from experience that she could do nothing to help until the acute stinging had passed, which soon it would.

Diana, still clutching herself, looked at Alison. She had controlled herself in front of Mr Wreith, not for a million pounds, she thought, would she let him see her now, like this. But Alison was different, and she felt no shame before her in this plight, indeed in some way, Alison's presence seemed to make it all easier and as, at last, the stinging began to subside, the two girls found it possible once more to smile at each other and Diana collapsed onto the bed beside her friend, sobbing gently, but more out of relief that it was all over than from sorrow, pain or humiliation.

Now, perhaps, Alison could help. 'My poor darling love,' she said, 'does it hurt terribly?' Diana took her hand and held it.

'It's going off now,' she said — 'I had no idea it would be so awful Alison, why in God's name didn't you tell me?'

'Would you really have wanted to know? I could have told you, but I thought it kinder not to. I think if you had known you could never have faced it.'

'Umm — I suppose you're right — how well you seem to know me already!' Diana sat up on the bed and Alison wiped the tears from her eyes. She gave a little smile as Diana stretched a hand to her bottom again.

'It's still sore.'

'It will be for a while darling, that is really the whole idea — remember?' Both girls managed a little laugh at this and Alison bent forward to give her a firm kiss. 'Forgive me?' Alison asked.

'Oh yes, yes, nothing to forgive — you were very sweet to me.'

'Do you still love me?'

'Ummmm, of course darling — always.'



'I've got some lotion here,' said Alison, 'it will help cool the stripes. Have you seen them yet?'

Diana looked over her shoulder at her behind. 'No.'

'Have a proper look in the mirror.' Diana rose and stood, back to the wall mirror.

'My God! What a state I'm in — such deep ridges. Darling, how ever long will they take to go?'

Alison reassured her. 'A week or so,' she said. 'Four at the most. He did a real professional job though, you must admit. But then he always does.'

Alison ran a finger along the uppermost ridge. 'One,' she counted, then the next two ridges, vivid red across the width of both nates and spaced evenly an inch apart. 'Two and three,' she said. Alison's finger then went to the bottom weal, almost on the thigh.

'Sneaky low one there,' Alison said.

'I think that was the last one.'

'It's hard to tell.'

'How do *you* know, have you had it?'

'No, never, he wouldn't do it to me. Sometimes I feel a bit of a fraud though, I really ought to know what it's like.'

Alison moved her finger to a large swollen vermilion and purple patch between the other stripes. Four strokes had fallen in more or less the same place. 'Five, six, seven and eight,' she counted, gently pressing the big bruise. 'That's going to be sore for a few days, I'll bet.' Diana winced.

'Now we've had a look, let's put a little of this on.' Alison applied a pale blue lotion with cotton wool.

'Ouch, it stings Darling.'

'It will soothe it too, though,' Alison assured her.

Diana suddenly noticed that Alison had changed into a loose dress.

'Darling, you've changed,' Diana said, rolling back into the bed. Alison swirled the dress before the mirrors, then facing the other girl, started to unbutton it slowly down the full length of the front and letting it drop from her shoulders — Diana saw that she had nothing on underneath. The two girls rolled back on the bed naked, and embraced deeply; their tongues alternately and fervently exploring each other's mouths, then licking each other's eyes as if to wash away non-existent tears. The two naked bodies became entwined.

'You'll have to teach me,' whispered Diana in the other girl's ear.

'Just do what comes naturally, anything you want,' Alison moaned back.

Their legs were now pressing on each other, thighs firmly wedged in each other's crotch and both girls began a spontaneous rhythmic motion, kissing each other and caressing their bodies as they moved.

'Lie back Diana darling, that's right, now legs apart. Alison took up a position between her legs as in the 'missionary position' and raised the top part of her body on her outstretched arms. Her small breasts fell forward toward Diana beneath her, and as she started a rhythmic motion, grinding her swollen pubes against the other girl's, her breasts started swinging and Diana held up her hands to let Alison push them hard against her. Her firm nipples pressed into her palms and she allowed them to pass between her fingers and squeezed them firmly.

'Change places?' whispered Diana, 'my bum hurts.' Alison rolled off at once, turned the other girl onto her front and started caressing the deep swollen ridges which decorated her bottom. Alison licked along each groove and then gently blew on it to cool it, dealing with each weal like this, greatly to Diana's comfort. Diana squirmed and moaned with pleasure.

'My turn now,' Diana insisted. They knelt face to face, on the bed, their lips in deep embrace, whilst their fingers busily explored the warm wet cavities of pleasure between their legs.

'I said, my turn,' insisted Diana, pressing the other girl to the bed and burying her head between her legs. Her tongue found Alison's clitty already swollen and large, and started working it with her tongue. Alison watched Diana's bruised behind and tried to imagine the actual caning. Aided by this fantasy she was quickly brought to her climax, exhibiting spasms of delight. It was now clearly the other girl's turn, and in the expert hands of Alison she was treated to a long, lingering ecstasy.

As Diana approached her climax Alison wickedly sought out the most tender weal on her bruised bum with her fingers and squeezed. Gently at first and then harder, re-awakening in her the vivid sensations she had so recently experi-

enced. Diana orgasmed in perfect response.

'It's not like this with all of them is it?' Diana asked as they dressed later. Alison looked deeply hurt and ran to her friend, putting her arms about her neck.

'What do you think I am?' she asked.

'I'm sorry, I just had to be sure.'

'Duty is just a drink, chat, bath, massage and finally a glass of brandy,' Alison assured her, 'which reminds me, you haven't had your ration of Mr Wreith's brandy. Would you like some?'

Diana was brought back to reality with a jolt as she slid unthinkingly into the driving seat for the homeward journey. The seat springs caught her on all the wrong spots!

'Will I ever be able to drive home?' she wondered, springing tenderly out of the car again and giving her bottom a little surreptitious rub. She placed the mink on the driving seat to form a cushion, but found that now her panties pulled painfully across the largest bruise. A few miles down the road the discomfort caused her to stop by the roadside and adjust her clothing.

She drove home eventually without knickers and with her skirt hitched to allow her bare behind to snuggle into the mink. It was, she thought, nice to have the mink and, painful though it had been, how much better than to lose John. How much better even, to have received a quick sharp caning than to have had a long drawn-out period of suspicion and mistrust between them. Now, at least she knew where she stood and the price of an indiscretion — it would in future be up to her to choose, and as Alison had agreed to spend the occasional weekend with her, she might never even have to make the decision.

By the time John came home Diana's stripes had, of course, quite gone and there was nothing to show that she had in fact kept her promise. The matter was not mentioned by either of them, but she sensed that he knew that his instructions had been expertly carried out. The first time they made love, whilst he screwed powerfully into her pussy, she had felt his hands grip both her buttocks and squeeze hard. Perhaps by orgasming at once she had given herself away.

END OF PART ONE

A STING IN THE TAIL

'You'll have to cane them,' said my next-door neighbour.

'Oh really?'

'Get some bamboo canes about three feet long. Tie them up, make sure they stand up straight. It'll pay you in the long run. If you don't do it now, they won't grow up properly.' She smiled benignly, her eyes meeting and holding mine.

I did what she said. I bought three dozen canes, and tied each of my thin, newly planted shrubs to a length of bamboo. The canes were sold by the dozen, and I only had thirty shrubs, so I stacked the six spares in my garden shed and put my feet up.

At six-thirty, there was a knock at my door. It was my neighbour, Elizabeth, with a warm smile and an unusual request.

'I couldn't help noticing you putting those canes in this afternoon — I don't suppose you've got a spare one you could lend me for an hour, have you?'

'I've got a few spare — you can have them all if you want.'

'Just one is OK. And I'll bring it back.'

I couldn't help wondering why she wanted just one cane, and why she only wanted to borrow it. I took her up to the shed, and picked a cane from the pile. She looked at the others.

'Do you mind if I have this one instead?' she asked, with a mysterious smile.

'Sure.'

'I'll send one of the girls back with it. Bye.'

I suppose she was busy; she often was. Two daughters and no husband meant a lot of favours asked of neighbours, and little time for socialising — a pity, because the rest of her was as attractive as her smile and her eyes.

An hour later, there was another knock. By then I knew why the cane had been borrowed. About twenty minutes ago, I had heard the distinctive sound of someone being given six strokes of the cane, yelling and pleading 'no more!' The walls weren't particularly thin, but that kind of sound travels far.

I opened the door. It was Julie, younger of the two daughters. She offered me the cane.

'Mum says thanks for letting her borrow it.'

'That's all right Julie. I hope it didn't hurt too much.'

'No. Not too much. It did hurt, though.'

'Too bad. What did you do to get caned?'

'I was cheeky to her. She was just going to spank me but I was cheeky again. I said something very rude so I got the cane instead.'

'Oh dear. Better be more careful.'

'I will. I don't want that again. I

can feel the marks on my behind! Bye.'

She strolled away, hand pressed to the seat of her jeans, rubbing thoughtfully. I closed the door. I liked her, but I couldn't help feeling she'd deserved what she'd got — not that she seemed particularly put out by being caned. Several times, as I sat in my garden, I'd seen her playing her mother up, stopping just short of getting punished. Her sister was the same: they were both old enough to behave sensibly when they chose to, but they were both old enough to be punished with the cane and not the hairbrush or the hand when they started acting like five-year-olds.

I was not really surprised when, ten days later, Julie's sister Louisa knocked at the door, grinned awkwardly, and asked if Mum could borrow one of my sticks again. This was odd in a way: Mum had had every opportunity to buy her own sticks. Mum obviously thought it was a proper part of Louisa's punishment to have to face a neighbour and ask for a cane, letting him know what Louisa would have preferred to be a secret.

'They're in the shed. Let's go and look.'

I went through the pile of sticks

and picked out a medium sized one.

'Can't I have that one?' she asked, pointing to a very thin one that would have been as effective as a piece of straw.

'I think your Mum would prefer a thicker one.'

'I wouldn't!'

'Don't worry. None of these will do much harm.'

'That's what you say. She's in a terrible temper — that's why I'm not rushing back. Do you know what happened to Julie?'

'I heard it.'

'I watched it. I don't fancy being whacked with a cane — Julie still had marks when she went to bed. I don't mind a spanking — it's quite good fun, with Mum trying to make me feel it and me letting on she's killing me when all the time it's just getting warm. Not the cane though.'

'Still, you'd better take this one, or she'll get even angrier and send you back. This is the one Julie got, and she lived.'

'OK then. She might have cooled off by now. Bye.'

She walked away, swishing the cane at imaginary targets.

I got my secateurs out of the shed and set to work in my garden, won-

dering whether the caning would be audible. Five minutes and two rose bushes later, I discovered it was not only audible, but visible too. A light went on in the ground floor back room — a sort of study. I saw Louisa and her mother quite clearly — they were less than ten yards away — but they gave no indication of having seen me.

Elizabeth was angry, firm and determined. She took Louisa's arm and forced her across a desk.

'Now then Miss. We'll see whether you're so full of yourself after a good hiding.'

The cane was lifted, hovered, and fell across Louisa's jeans.

'Ow. Let me go!'

'Not before I've tanned your backside. Keep still.'

The cane flicked down again, again, and again, and Louisa, far from keeping still, wriggled around and managed to free herself. Prudently, she sat down, protecting her bottom. She wriggled around, but refused to be dragged up, fighting her mother off with her hands and feet. Elizabeth, even angrier, knowing she couldn't physically force the girl to bend over and keep still, had to use subtler methods.

'Louisa, you little minx, get up at once and bend over.'

'No! You can't make me!'

'Louisa, if you don't get up at once and let me cane you I'll take those jeans down — that's a promise. Will you get up?'

'No. And don't you dare try to take my jeans down either.'

'Right. You'd rather I went next door and got him to hold you down would you? You'd rather have your pants taken down while he's here? Because that's what will happen if you don't take your jeans down at once and turn over.'

They were magic words. Still sitting, little Louisa obeyed her mother. Her jeans came down, then she turned over so that she knelt on the seat and reached down to the floor with her hands. Her sun-browned thighs and small bottom were stretched and tensed. Elizabeth, given a free hit at last, brought the cane down on Louisa's bikini pants, but from where I stood it looked as though she held back slightly. Louisa yelled, but I suspected she wasn't as hurt as she pretended to be. She stayed still quite happily, as though she was a child playing schools with other children, happy to take token whacks from a twig while she waited for her turn to play teacher. Elizabeth's anger had

almost gone, and she gave three more that were hardly more than taps, but which had the young actress yelling and squirming as though in agony. Louisa's eyes were dry as she got up, and she didn't even rub herself. She was hugged by her mother as though she'd just won a prize.

The cane was returned twenty minutes later by a Louisa who was full of cheerful banter. I invited her in for an orange juice.

'How did it go?'

'The whacking? Oh it was pretty awful, but I'm quite brave about things like that. It's probably left frightful marks, but they'll go away. No, I'd rather not sit down thanks. I suppose I'll have to sleep face down tonight.'

'Poor girl. How many did you get?'

'Dozens. I lost count. It's usually six of the best, isn't it, but I got more like sixty. I suppose you got it at school, did you?'

'Once or twice.'

'We don't get it any more — not often anyway. I know a girl who got the cane, but I've never had it before. I've had the slipper loads of times.'

She was full of gushing enthusiasm, and described with relish her Headmistress's punishment ritual.

'I expect I'll get slippered tomorrow. I'm due to see the Head. Think of that — a slippering on top of a caning. I'll be black and blue!'

She was so full of herself that I was tempted to give her, there and then, a proper walloping that would put an end to her childish bravado. Instead of doing that, I listened to her prattle, and watched the way she accompanied her talk with hip and eye movements that would have been irresistible to someone who couldn't see through her showiness.

The next day, I was called upon to babysit while Elizabeth went to her evening class. Not babysit, really, just sit for two hours while Louisa and Julie did their homework. They were in a restless and excited mood.

'Shall we tell him, Louisa?'

'Tell me what?'

'Do you want to know what happened to her at school today?'

'Let me guess . . .'

'Come on then.'

'You got your slippering.'

Louisa could hardly contain herself.

'No!'

'You talked your way out of it.'

'No.'

'So what happened?'

They looked at one another.

'Show him, Louisa.'

They burst into embarrassed giggles.

'All right.'

Louisa came and knelt on the sofa next to me.

'Promise you won't look at anything you're not supposed to?'

'It's up to you not to show anything you don't want to be seen.'

She undid her jeans, and like a practised stripper slowly eased them down over her white cotton pants. Then slowly, carefully, an inch at a time, she tugged the waistband down at the back, grinning excitedly, until they came into view: two deep red cane lines, one in the middle of her small buttocks, one a little further down. She turned her head back and looked down at the marks, then touched them delicately with the forefinger of her free hand.

'I can still feel them! I got the shock of my life when Old Misery got her cane out. I thought at first it was going to be on the hands but she told me to bend over a chair. Up with the skirt and then Whack! Whack! I thought she'd cut me in half. Look at it — it's a great ridge. Feel it.'

I touched it gently. It was a ridge, just as she said. Perhaps if there were six, she wouldn't be so keen to show them off. I noticed that apart from the two lines, there was not a mark on her. Elizabeth's caning had obviously been a token effort.

'Well, well, well. At last,' was all I said.

She snapped her waistband back, and wiggled.

'I'm off to have a bath now. No peeping at the keyhole.'

For a girl of her age, she was advanced physically, but still childish in her pride over what should have been a matter for shame. That combination was obviously too much for Elizabeth. We talked about it when she got back from her evening class.

'I suppose you know I gave Louisa the cane last night, but it didn't seem to do much good. I hit her once or twice, but then I got this strange feeling that it should be me getting caned, not her. After that, I just tapped her, because there's nothing worse than getting whacked for something you haven't done. That's how I felt about Louisa.'

'But she did deserve it — she told me what she'd done.'

'Oh yes. And when I was young — not so long ago, you know — I used to get the cane sometimes and I never felt that Mum was to blame. *She* never held back like I did — not a bit. She used to raise stripes on me that make the ones I gave Louisa

look like kindergarten stuff.'

I knew the solution, and told her.

'Those bamboo canes are useless. Look, I've got a friend who's a teacher, he can get me a proper cane. All you'll have to do is use it once, properly.'

'I suppose so. It sounds bad, but I wish I could get their headmistress or someone I could trust to do it instead. Do you think she would?'

'I'd be very surprised. I think you'll just have to steel yourself to do it. Ten seconds at the most.'

I felt sure she would never be able to do it. Parents have to give and deny, but if there's just a mother, she is fully occupied giving and doesn't know how to deny. She knows in theory that her darling child needs a good spanking now and then, but when the moment arrives she can't make the change of heart on her own.

I got the cane anyway. I thought of taking it round to Elizabeth, but I decided to leave it to her to send for it. It was, after all, a last resort.

The problem had been shelved, not solved. A month later, at the beginning of the school holiday, there was Louisa on my doorstep again, grinning and asking if she could borrow a stick.

'I'm for it again. You can't tell her all your sticks are broken, can you?'

'I could, but I don't think I will. I'm sure you deserve all you're going to get.'

'Beast. That's the last time I show you my bottom!'

'Possibly. But if you try too many smart answers with me don't be surprised to find yourself over my knee with your pants down.'

'Promise?'

Impatiently, I broke off her attempts to flirt and fetched the school cane.

'Oh! I didn't expect . . .'

'Off you go.'

Off she went. It was a little difficult to say what took place when she got back. She certainly wasn't caned properly: the sound of the cane being swung was audible enough, but the five strokes I heard terminated not in the sharp slap of cane on bare or thinly covered flesh but in a light muffled tap. There were loud yells, but to my ears they lacked any conviction. Louisa's acting was all ham, but her mother's soft heart made it seem the real thing. I was a little annoyed at what I'd heard: I'd gone to the trouble of helping Elizabeth but she'd fumbled her chance in the same old way. I was also a little annoyed to see that Louisa could

manipulate her mother so easily.

My annoyance was brought to the boil when Louisa turned up with the cane, perky and flirtatious. I didn't invite her in, but she came in nevertheless, taking it for granted that she could have whatever she fancied from my refrigerator. She perched on the arm of a chair, chattering away, while I tried to decide whether to throw her out with or without a smacked bottom.

We were interrupted by the telephone ringing.

'Can I wash my hands, please — they're sticky from that cake!' she asked as I got up to answer it.

'Of course. Upstairs on the left.'

The phone call was from Elizabeth. She seemed worried that she'd punished Louisa too hard, and that instead of returning the cane, the girl might have run off. I reassured her about that, and then my simmering annoyance spilled over into a lecture on Louisa's deceit and Elizabeth's silliness. I ended up saying that Louisa was with me, cheeky as ever, and that if she gave me the slightest cause I'd give her the wallop that Elizabeth was obviously incapable of giving.

'You're right,' she said, 'I know you are. I kidded myself I was doing it properly but I wasn't really. Oh dear.'

Half exasperated, half joking, I said 'and when I've finished with your daughter, I'll come round and tan you as well.'

She laughed. 'You have my permission. Go ahead. If she plays you up, you can do what you think is necessary. See you later.'

We hung up. Just then, I felt I'd made my point strongly enough and I had no intention of doing anything to Louisa. It wasn't really my job. I fetched the cane from the lounge where I'd left it, and took it upstairs, replacing it in my wardrobe. As I was passing the bathroom, I was called.

'Can you help me? There don't seem to be any towels.'

She was right. I brought one from the airing cupboard, then knocked on the bathroom door.

'All right if I come in?'

'Yes of course. I'm only washing my hands!'

I went in and saw Louisa. All she wore was a white blouse, done up with just three buttons. Her breast swell and her pubic hair were clearly displayed. She gave me a siren look.

'Want to see my stripes?' she offered, turning, lifting her blouse over her bottom and showing lines that were a barely perceptible deep pink under the electric light.

I took hold of her, but not as she wanted to be taken hold of.

'What are you doing? No . . .'

But she was held fast as I sat down on the edge of the bath and pulled her, kicking and yelling, across my knee.

'No! No! No!'

The only suitable thing in reach was a big plastic bath brush.

'You've had this coming for so long Louisa that if I were to give it to you all at once we'd be here till morning. You never know when you've gone too far, do you?'

'Please don't hit me!'

SMACK! WHACK! PLACK!
PLACK! WHACK!

'Aaaaaaagh!'

The plastic back of the brush made a fearsome sound on her bare bottom, and it was made more fearsome as it echoed against the tiles and mirrors around us. Just those five turned her bright red and made her wriggle.

PLACK! CRACK! WHACK!
SMACK! THWACK!

Louisa squealed for real this time, drumming her feet on the floor, hammering me with her fists as I held her tight, keeping her weight well forward so that there was no leverage for her to stand up.

'Ow! Please let me go, *please*. No more!'

SMACK! CRACK! SMACK!
SMACK! WHACK!

For the first time in her life, Louisa found a punishment that she couldn't bluff or cheat or act her way out of. Though she'd reacted noisily to the smacks, she now seemed subdued and obedient.

'Promise to behave like a girl and not a tart?'

'Ouch! Anything. Yes.'

I let her go. She stood up, holding her bottom, blushing to the roots of her hair. A certain impish look appeared in her eye, and I began to wonder if I'd stopped too soon. The coquettish way she turned her head back and pouted at her flaming red bottom, inviting me to gaze at it, decided me.

'Come with me,' I ordered, taking her by the hand.

'No more, please! I couldn't!' she protested, but her body made no resistance. I took her into my bedroom. She looked at me, surprised and pleased, as if I were about to take her to bed.

'On the bed. Face down.'

I got the cane from the wardrobe.

'This is to show you, Louisa, that for every trick you pull I've got one even better. I know that spanking

probably stung, but this will sting even more, and I hope it will remind you what's waiting when you go too far.'

I whacked the cane on the quilt, and she jumped.

'Keep your head on the pillow, but draw your knees up towards your head. Further. Further still. Keep your hands away.'

I drew the cane back horizontally and whipped it in hard to curl against the lower part of her bottom.

'Yeeeeeeow! Wow! Oh!'

'Stay still.'

I drew it up vertically and whipped it straight down to curl around the very top of her buttocks.

'Aaaaaah-aah! Oh! Please, no!'

I drew it up at forty-five degrees and smacked it hard on the centre of her bottom.

'Oh! Ouch!'

'That's enough. That's the end of your punishment.'

She looked at me as she'd never done before. She no longer took it for granted that she could charm or flirt or joke her way round me. She was baffled and pained, and spent ten minutes sitting on the edge of the bed before she lapsed, softly and daintily, into tears.

'You hurt me! How could you?'

'If you'd had your way in the bathroom you'd have got yourself into trouble. If it didn't hurt, you'd never know when you'd left the straight and narrow. That's the way it is.'

'I don't mind. Really I don't. It's just that nothing ever felt like that. I couldn't believe it. The marks . . .'

'Never mind the marks. Just remember what the cane felt like whenever you feel like doing something you know you shouldn't.'

Free advice like mine was too cheap for Louisa; anything she learned she had to buy with painful experience. As I left her to dress and watched her leave, I was already wondering what she had learnt and whether the experience really had been painful.

Later, I caught her eye as she was to and fro-ing gently and easily on her garden swing. She winked at me and blew a kiss. Behind her, her back to me as she tied canes to her plants, was Elizabeth, and I began to wonder if I'd applied the cane to the right bottom.

Apparently I had: Elizabeth told me, some weeks later, what a difference my caning had made to Louisa. It was, she said, as though the girl had found an authority she respected. I must promise, she insisted, to whack her whenever it was necessary.



It should never have been necessary again, but it was. When I got back from holiday I found one or two things in my house had been moved, one or two were missing, and one or two were mysteriously damaged. Nothing serious enough to suggest a proper burglary, but just enough to convince me that someone had been in and made themselves at home. I had a fairly good idea who the intruders were, but I couldn't be sure, and I didn't want to make any rash accusations. They weren't necessary. That afternoon, Elizabeth and her family appeared on my doorstep.

'Louisa and Julie have something to tell you,' Elizabeth said when I'd invited them in.

They looked at the floor, then at each other, then at their mother: anything rather than look at me.

'While you were on holiday . . .' began Louisa.

'We used your house,' said Julie.

'We're both very sorry,' said Louisa.

'I see one or two things have suffered.'

'We're sorry for that too,' said Julie.

'I haven't punished them,' Elizabeth told me. 'I thought that was best left to you. I suggest a good dose of the cane on the bare bottom, but it's up to you.'

Both girls looked at the floor. If you looked at them quickly, they seemed almost grown up, but they weren't. I thought of them making free with my house, dropping cups, scratching records, leaving the fire on, and I became angry enough to want to do what Elizabeth suggested. I was angry with Elizabeth, too, but that could wait.

'Right!'

I went to the window and closed the curtains, then turned the lights on. My lounge suddenly seemed like a doctor's waiting room, the two girls

like patients waiting for treatment: a painful intramuscular injection that would make them forget the embarrassment of being undressed. They sat on hard straight-backed chairs, Louisa in her ankle-length flower-patterned dress, Julie in a practical pair of shorts. I felt like offering them an old copy of *Punch*.

Upstairs, I discovered that my cane was one item that had gone missing during my absence. Had Elizabeth borrowed it? Or had the girls used it to play a teenage version of schools, with real risk and excitement? Either way, it had gone. Angrily, I went downstairs and out into the garden, noting as I glanced in the lounge that the girls were giggling at the thought of my discovery. I fetched a bamboo cane from my shed, then clipped a long switch from my cherry tree, stripped the leaves, and broke off the small twigs. I wasn't sure how effective it would be, but the sound it made as I swished it encouraged me. I marched back to the lounge.

'Right, let's get it over with. Julie, kneel on the chair. That's right. Elizabeth, I think you'd better do something about her shorts.'

'No, I'll do it,' said Julie. 'And before you whack me I just want to say I'm sorry and I deserve it and I don't mind how hard you hit me because I've asked for it.' She undid the shorts and let them drop. There was no clothing beneath, just a pattern of white against suntan where her bikini pants normally went.

'Good,' I said. 'If I make it hurt, it's only because I don't want to have to do it again. Lean forward over the back of the chair. That's right. Touch the floor, and keep your hands there.'

Elizabeth moved over to us, and rested one hand on Julie's back, to make sure she stayed bending over, and squeezed my arm with the other. She nodded approval.

I rested the cold bamboo against Julie's skin and tapped it several times before drawing it back slowly and carefully, then swinging it down hard on the white bottom, making a short but fat red line.

'Ouch!'

It stung, but I knew the bamboo couldn't compare with the whippy cane that had vanished. There was a different technique in using it, too: the rigid bamboo had to be swung, not flicked. I swung it, and made a second mark on Julie.

'Oh! Oooh!'

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Louisa, wide-eyed, taking it all in, afraid but probably excited too.

'Don't worry, Louisa. It'll be your turn in a minute.' I tapped Julie again, twice, and she wriggled in anticipation. Back and up came the bamboo, then down with a loud hollow smack. 'Aaaaah-eee!'

I looked at her marks, then at Elizabeth. Elizabeth, to my surprise, looked just like Louisa. She'd admitted to having been caned as a girl, and she'd told me she was partly to blame for what her girls did. Why should this kind of punishment stop at fifteen, sixteen, or even twenty years? As long as there was guilt, there had to be a cane. I beat Julie again.

'Woooooh!'

The noisy strokes and cries seemed to have accumulated and built up an electrical charge in the atmosphere: the room had grown warmer, the light softer, and I had a strange feeling that Louisa and Elizabeth were actually, at that minute, envious of Julie and the thick, smarting ridges on her bottom. I even wondered whether Julie felt more than stinging, whether she looked forward to the end of her ordeal or perhaps to the next stroke. It came low, and before her cry had finished another two had landed and I'd finished.

We all knew that young Julie was the junior in the crime, and that she deserved a lot less than Louisa; she had seven well-defined red marks, but they would be gone within a day or two. She was hardly concerned enough, now that it was over, to rub herself and cry. She, like her sister, was more interested in whether I was going to use the cherry switch, and how effective it would be.

Poor Louisa. She stood there, demure in her long dress, knowing that her time had come, wondering how much it would really hurt, remembering the three I'd given her in my bedroom, trying to work out how many she could take, how many to take before she pretended to break down and trick me into stopping. Poor Louisa: if she'd known just how much a three-foot cherry switch can sting, she'd *never* have allowed herself to get into this.

'Your turn, Louisa,' I said, picking up the cherry switch and tapping it against the chair.

She curtsied and moved over to the chair.

'Want my dress off? I've got nothing underneath at all.'

'Louisa!' said her mother. 'You shameless little hussy!'

'Leave it on. But perhaps Elizabeth you'd like to lift it up.'

But Elizabeth didn't have to. Like a street girl, young Louisa leant down, grasped the hem, and drew the dress up to her waist. She then bent over the chair, down to the floor, sticking her bottom up like a prize.

'You don't have to hold me, Mum. I know I've got a whipping coming. Please make it hard — I don't care if it does hurt, in fact I want it to. I need to be taught a lesson, and this seems to be the only way.'

Was she, I wondered, trying to take me in? Perhaps — but I thought of Elizabeth, and her hints that she should be punished as well as her daughters. Perhaps Louisa had the same double feelings, afraid of pain, of course, but wanting it to cancel out the guilt.

The cherry switch was a gamble that paid off unexpectedly well. I tapped Louisa's bottom, which she held still, resolute and resigned. I whipped the switch back and then down and I felt it accelerate and hit Louisa with some force. What happened next startled me. When I gave Louisa the cane before, I'd been impressed by the way she'd gritted her teeth and taken it. Now, her bottom marked with a pair of red lines and a cherry bite where the tip had landed, Louisa was up like a rabbit, head back, eyes closed, dress down, walking up and down clutching herself and yelling.

'Ow! Oh! Oh! Oh! Wow! Ouch! Oh no! No more, please! That was *dreadful!*' She wasn't acting; I was convinced. It was in her nature to overact, but this was spontaneous. Somehow, by chance, I'd picked on a switch with the ideal weight and springiness: good. I resolved to press home the advantage, and give her a proper whacking. I gave her almost a minute before reminding her of what she'd said.

'Come on Louisa. Back over the chair. You said you wanted a lesson, remember.'

'Yes I did. I'm sorry.' She bent again and lifted her dress, looking anxiously back over her shoulder.

I tapped again several times, and took the cherry switch up and back, then made it howl through the air and cut her across the backside. She was up again, yelling and wriggling around and rubbing herself, pressing her fingers to the exact spot on her bottom where the tip had caught her.

'Louisa!'

'Yes, yes. I'm sorry. I'll bend over. It's just that it hurt so much I couldn't help it.'

'All right. But we can't carry on

like this. You bend over and promise to stay down and not cover yourself up or put your hands in the way and I'll tell you how many to expect. If you keep leaping up, I'll carry on until I've broken every switch on that tree. Understood?'

'OK. I promise.'

'Right. Ten more.'

'No!'

'You promised. Look, you're being taught to control your impulses. Ten whacks won't do any harm. Just make up your mind to stay down, and it'll hurt less in the long run. Be a good girl and get it over.'

She bent over again, and reluctantly exposed her bottom with its two ridges.

'Shall I hold her hands?' asked Elizabeth.

'No,' said Louisa. 'I promise to stay down.'

The switch came up in an arc and sang and clipped her hard. She yelled and wriggled a lot, but stayed where she was. As a reward, I sighted on her left cheek, took the switch up and swished it hard on a fresh place.

'Aaaah! Oh!'

Now that she'd accepted the discipline of staying in place, I made the strokes harder, and placed them carefully, alternating high and low, left and right. The cherry switch was frighteningly effective, raising its cherry red stripes and making Louisa howl and protest. I had the sudden inspiration that a single cherry tree planted in every school's grounds would solve the discipline problem overnight. Give one child six as an example and none of the rest would dare let his or her bottom suffer the same treatment. As I laid on the eight remaining cuts, I watched Louisa wriggle away her sauciness, her silliness and her defiance, and I heard her yell away her tantrums.

When I'd finished she stood up, knuckles to the fiercely stinging spots of fire on her bare bottom, but by then she was grown up enough not to rush around and show off her resentment. She sat down quietly, on her hands and said: 'Thank you. It hurt like hell and it still does, but I needed it. Here, feel this.'

She took my hand, and pressed it against her dress. Through the thin cotton I could feel the ridges and bumps the switch had left. They felt red hot. 'If ever I do something silly again, you must promise to give me the same. No. Give me double next time.' She squirmed on her seat.

Epilogue

Around midnight, I got up from my bed, opened my curtains, and looked out from my dark room into the moonlit orchard where my bamboo canes stood in a line like prison bars. A woman, wearing a translucent white shift moved among the shrubs and apple trees until she reached the cherry tree. She stopped and drew a branch down to her, her form a dark shadow visible through the thin fabric.

She plucked a switch and stripped away the leaves and the green half-grown cherries. She was left with a wand two-and-a-half feet long, and she drew the tip down her body and behind her till it rested on her buttocks. Her back to me, she drew the shift up, half turned, then hit herself with the switch, the sound tantalisingly delayed as it travelled up to my window. As quietly as I could, I opened my window. Perhaps she noticed; she plucked another switch, another and another and another and another, till she had five. Now facing me, then turing sideways, then away from me, she hit herself as before, once with each switch. I walked quietly downstairs, opened the door, then went back to my room.

Minutes later, Elizabeth lay next to me on the bed, clutching her cherry switches, asking me to take her dress off. On her naked bottom were five marks, points of extra sensitivity that I touched lightly.

She pushed one of the switches into my hand, and turned over so that she lay face down, her rump curving upwards. I leaned across, held her with my left arm and cut her once, twice, three, four times, the sound of the switch in the air and on her skin as erotic as the feel of hot skin and the scent of musk.

'Mmmm. More. Harder.'

'Why?'

'Not why. Harder.'

So it was more and harder, the switch singing and making fierce marks on Elizabeth, her form, her wriggling movements, her cries and her expressions reminding me so much of Louisa.

'Ow it hurts, ouch, oh, ooh, ow, oh, oh. It hurts, it hurts, don't stop.' I stopped when the switch broke. She'd buried her face in the pillow, and now reached back with her hands to the dozens of marks she'd insisted on having.

'Are you all right?' I asked.

'No.'

'Did I hurt too much?'

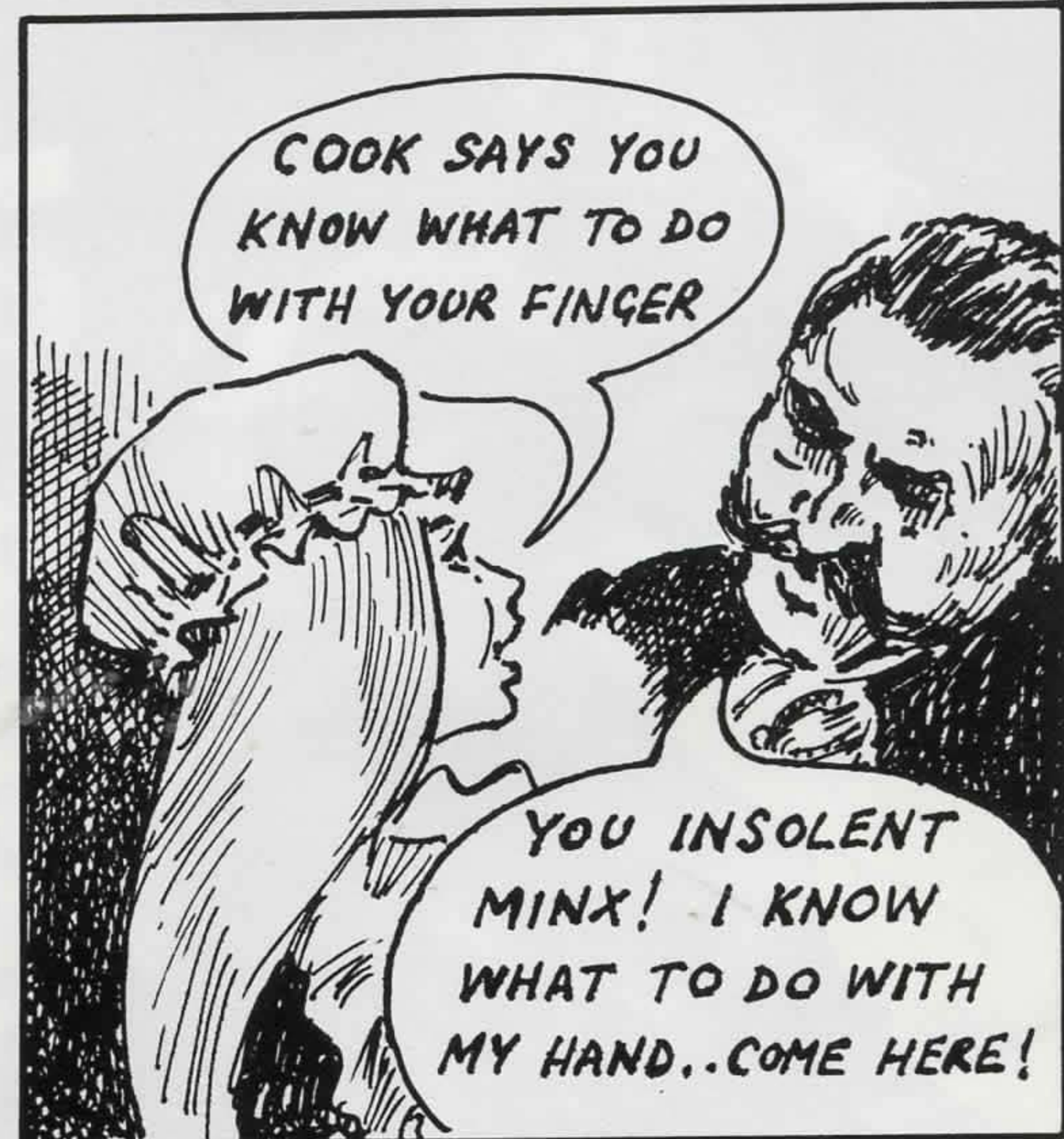
'Here, take these.' She offered me the rest of her switches. 'Use them all at once. A birch. Please.'

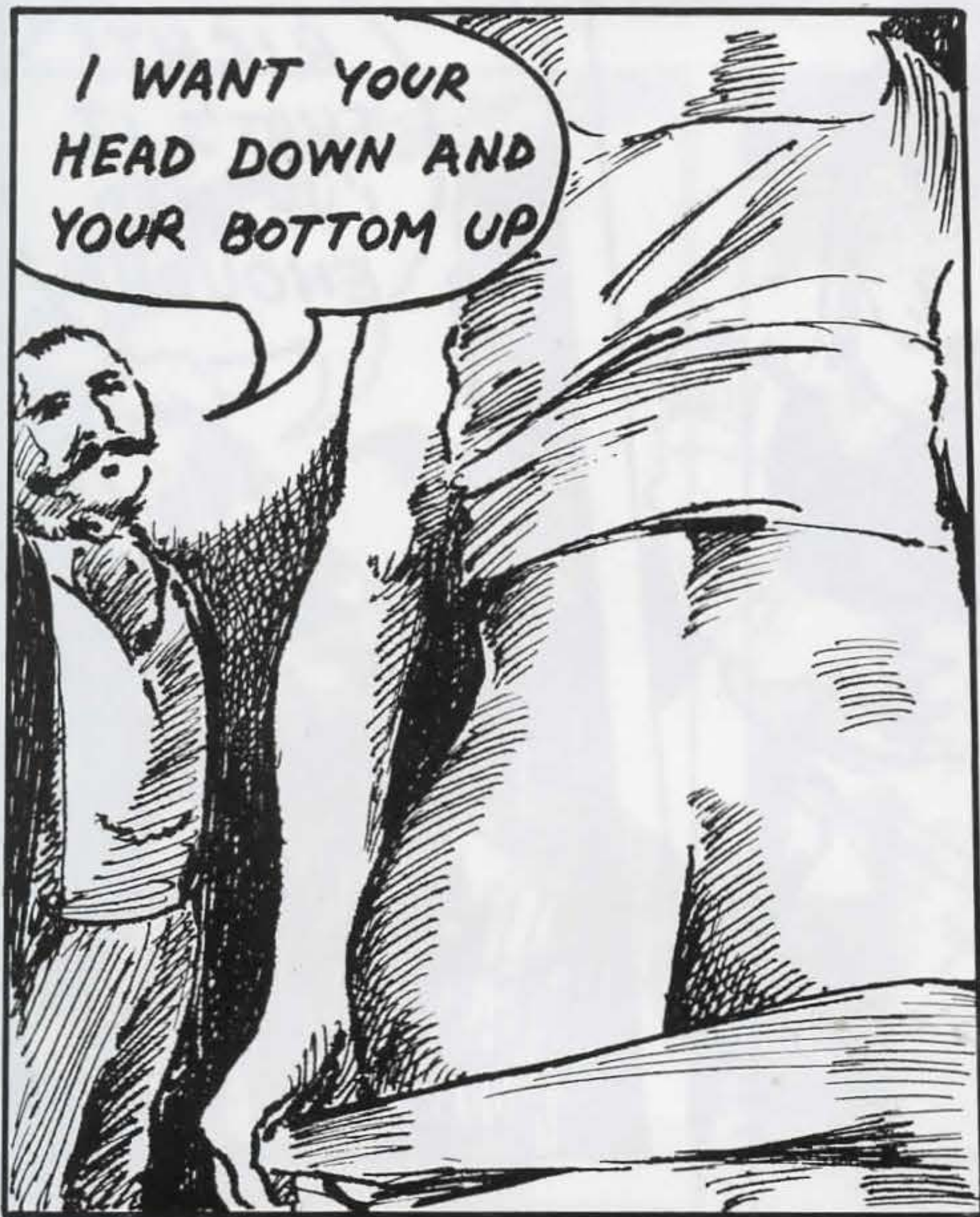
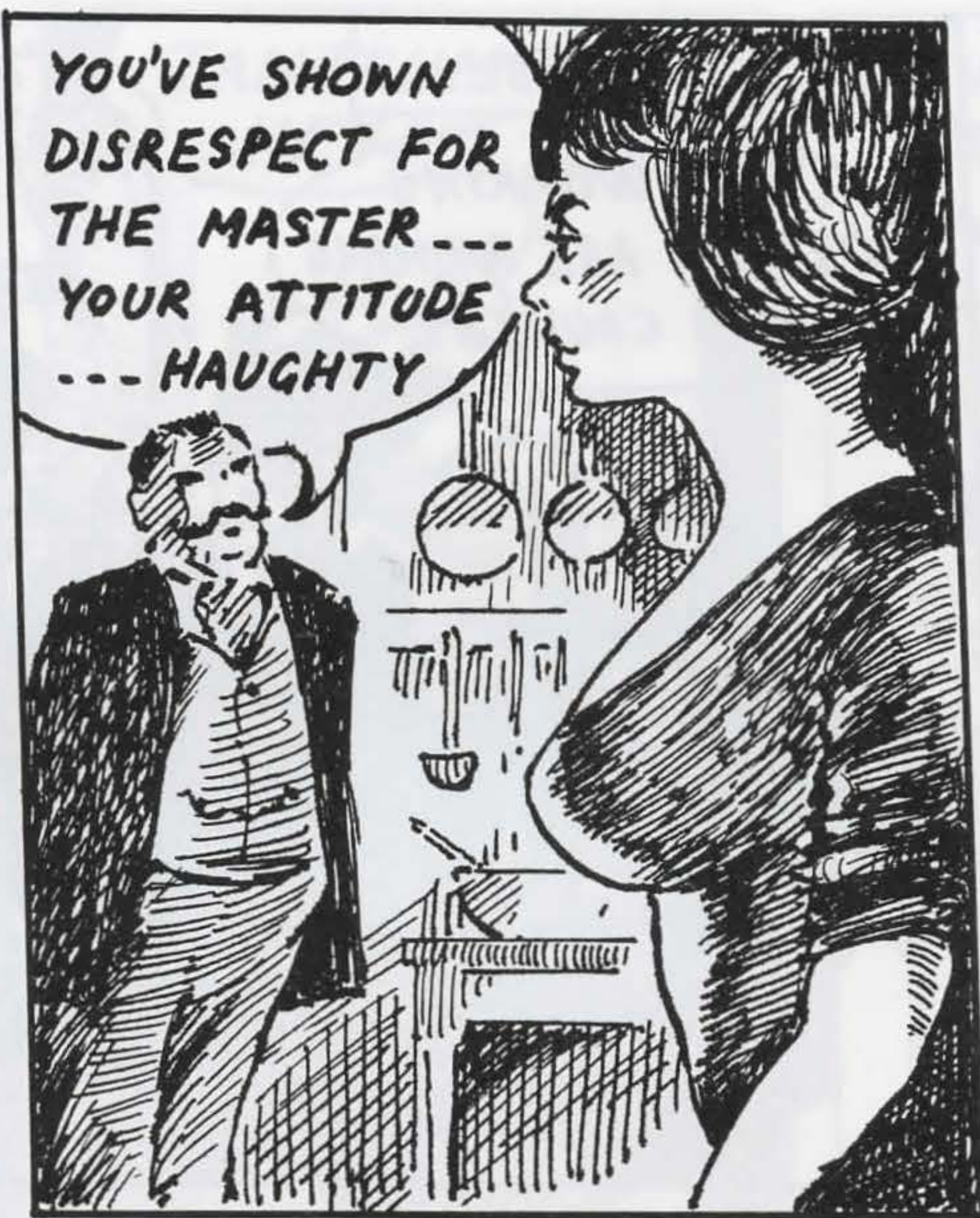
I held her again, but this time it was for sex, not punishment, my hand beneath her, at her nipple, then worked downwards over her belly to her thighs. She held me, too, blindly and gently, while her face was buried and I curled the bunch of switches against her bottom again and again, high and low, vagrant strokes making notch marks on the back of her thighs. Urged by her, I hit harder and fiercer until at last she rolled over onto her back and her stripes and I dropped the switches and reached between her wet silk thighs.

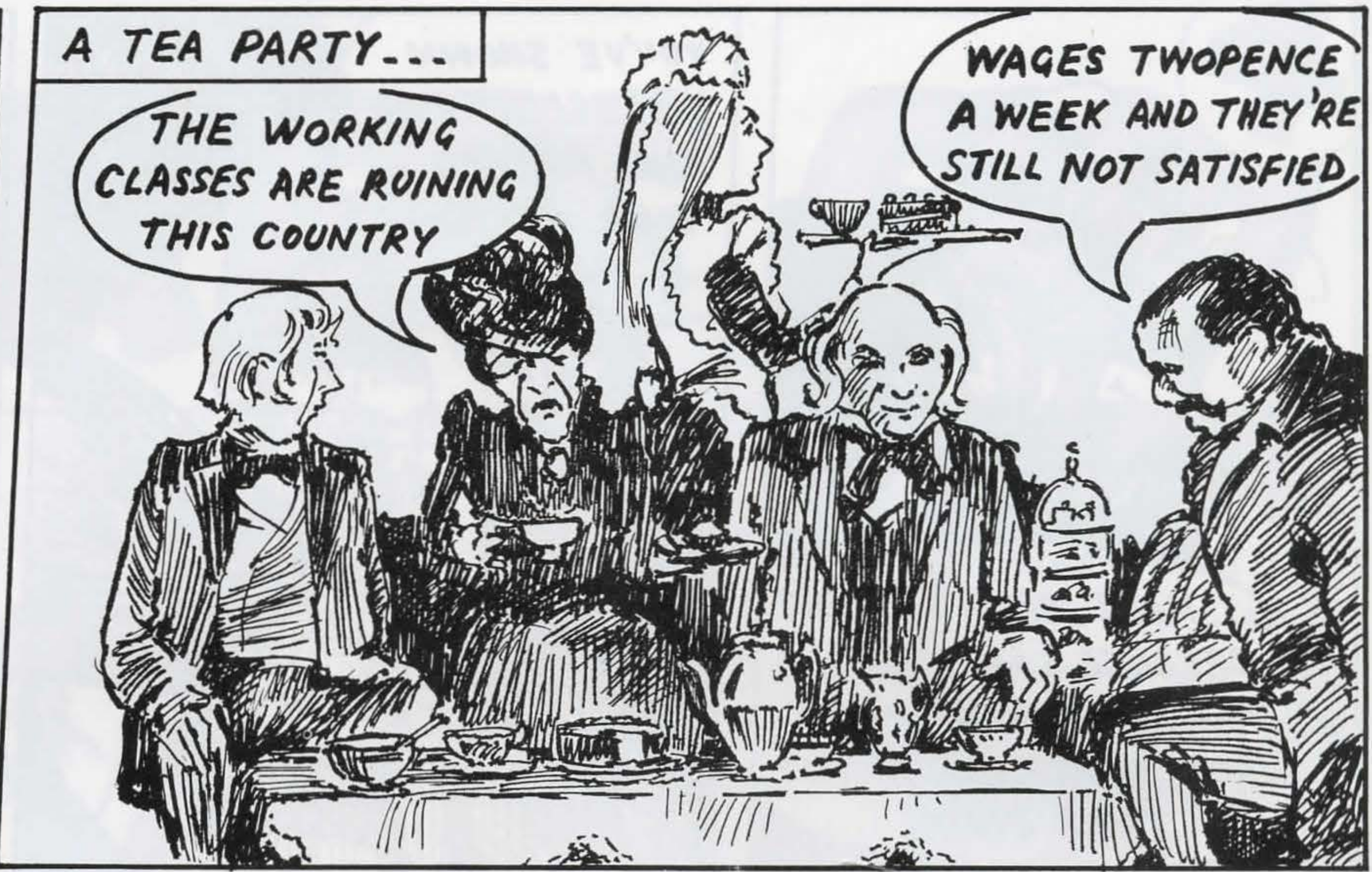




Tales of SPANKERS END 4







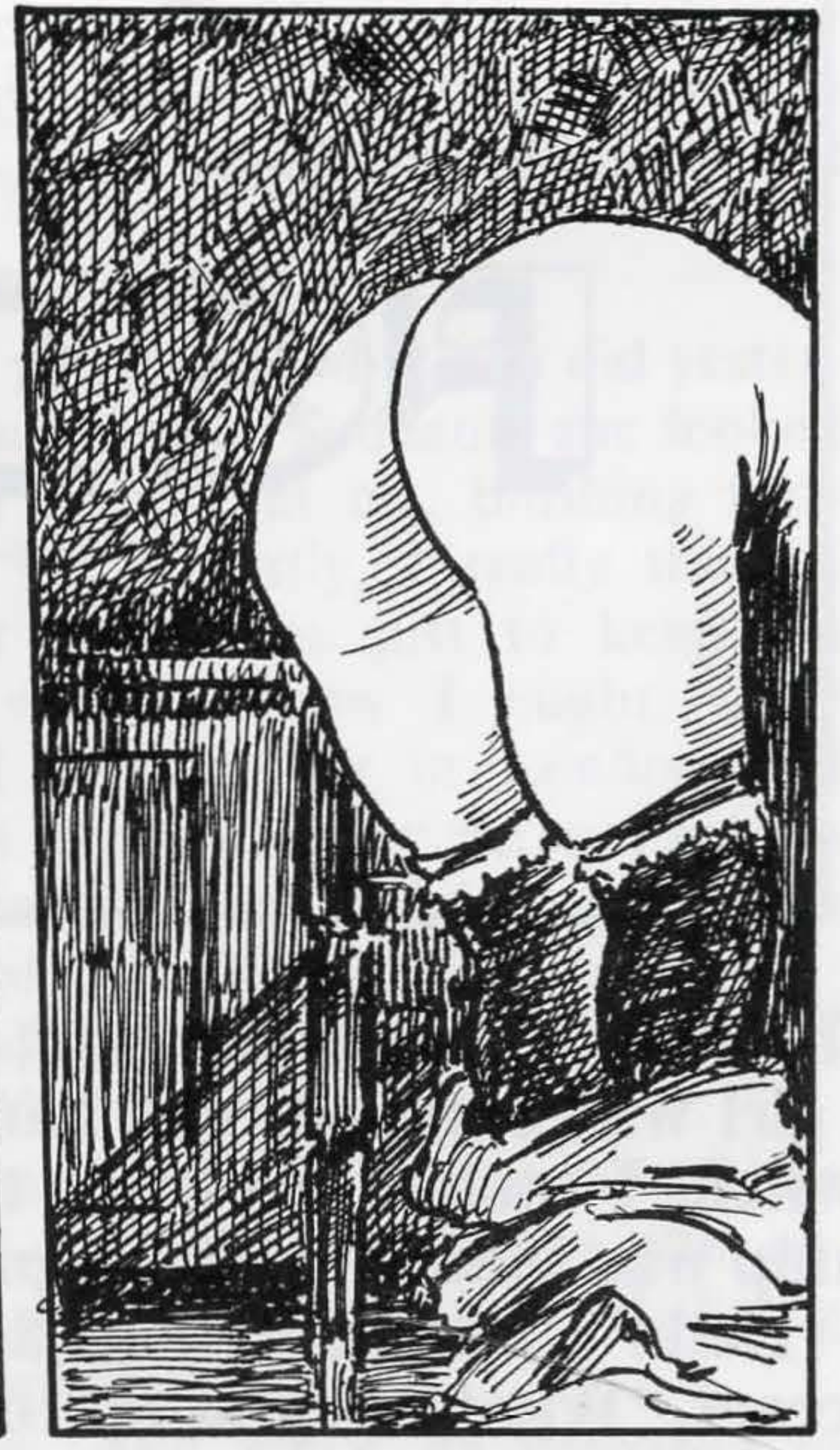
THE REBELLIOUS MAID IS LOCKED IN HER ROOM TO AWAIT THE MASTER



TANTRUMS
HEY!



WE'VE A SURE
CURE FOR
TANTRUMS!



NOW I'M GOING
TO GIVE YOU SUCH
A THRASHING!



ANGELA
AWAKES



ANGELA! HOW DARE
YOU WAKE THE WHOLE
HOUSE UP... MR. JONES
AND I WERE ABOUT TO...
ER...DISCUSS ECONOMICS

OH MUM! THERE
WAS THIS AWFUL
MAN....JUST LIKE
MR. JONES--GOING
TO THRASH ME



WELL THAT'S
ONE DREAM THAT'S
COMING TRUE!

NEXT MONTH - ANGELA AND FRIEND CONFRONT ONE OF THE DREADED SPANKING UNCLES

FELICITY

The door swung open and, in the oblong of light from the corridor, a girl was outlined, one hand fumbling inside the room for the light switch. I looked up from the circular pool of light which the desk lamp was shedding on the pile of papers before me.

'Hello Charles,' trilled a girlish voice with a distinctly cut glass accent. 'What are you up to sitting in absolute darkness?' The switch clicked, the striplights flickered on and the cluttered and untidy office filled with light. The girl stepped into the room, coming to an abrupt halt as she saw me.

'Really, Charles, I do think — Oh, I am sorry, I thought you were Mr Parker. Isn't he here?'

I think my voice must have given her a clear indication of my mood as I said: 'No, my so-called partner is not here, and from the looks of the books, the orders and the bills of lading, he hasn't spent very much time here in months, and nor has the clerical assistant-cum-secretary he insisted that we hire at a very substantial salary, either, so perhaps you can tell me just what it is you do all day, Miss Buckton?'

The girl swallowed nervously. 'Er, um, well, you see—' she began.

'No,' I interrupted. 'I do not see. I come back from a three-month selling trip slogging my guts out on a shoe string and what do I find? The office empty except for this chaos, you not here till—' I glanced at my watch. 'Till gone eleven-thirty and my long-suffering bank manager on the phone asking where the funds that my partner promised would be paid into the account this week are, as the overdraft caused by the substantial borrowing which Mr Parker has recently been making has grown too large.'

Felicity Buckton stood first on one elegant long leg, then the other, tugging nervously at the hem of her miniskirt.

at me, her long chestnut hair curling beribboned down, framing her face. 'I suppose I should have written to you or something when the shipments started to get lost—' I clapped a hand over my face. 'But really, I, I er, um . . .' Her voice trailed off. I looked at her.

Really, I suppose, this is a story of childhood deprivations being worked

'Have you rung his flat?' she twittered.

'I have,' I answered, grimly. 'A complete stranger answered. Says my smart alec partner vacated the place last week. No forwarding address.'

'Oh,' said Miss Buckton, slowly, her full mouth perfectly round. 'Oh dear.'

'Quite,' I snapped. 'The bird has flown. My assets with him. And you, who were hired just before I went away to serve *both* partners in this firm, and who must have seen the way things were going, and who also seems not to have done a stroke since you were given the job, didn't think it worthwhile even to tell me about it all, did you? What have you been doing these months?'

'Well, ectually,' she murmured, her eyes on the carpet, 'I suppose it *is* true that we haven't done very much work since you went away, but Charlie said there wasn't much to take care of and anyway it was just as important to get out to meet possible clients and things so that's what we ectually did a lot of the time.' She lifted her face and looked appealingly

out in adulthood. All my life I'd wanted to be my own boss, not slaving away for years without any real appreciation like both my parents had done, always pulling their forelocks to people who had it made, and whose daughters had accents just like that of Felicity Buckton. That was the real reason I had agreed when my partner, Charles Parker, had picked her for the job when he had decided that the firm could both afford to hire a girl and that it really needed one. I hadn't been at all sure about whether we could afford her salary, especially as what Charles had offered her was pretty generous. Her shorthand and typing speeds were good and she sounded very presentable on the phone, but so did a lot of the applicants. The real reason, I had admitted to myself, that I had agreed to hiring her was that secretly I liked the idea of having an ex-debutante who had been to a posh girls' school (I won't tell you the name but yes, *that* one) and whose Daddy owned a great big estate somewhere in the Home Counties, working for me. That had been the real reason. That and her looks.

She was tall for a girl, and slender, her long and shapely legs accentuated by the flared miniskirt she wore. Her hair, as I have said, was long and wavy, a deep chestnut with auburn lights. Her large and liquid eyes were grey and her lips full and her nose turned up.

Now she was standing in the centre of the office, looking decidedly abashed, in light summer top, her beige skirt, tan stockings and high-heeled white shoes. It was a picture I might otherwise have appreciated, but now I was just full of rage and disappointment at my ex-partner's betrayal, at her inefficiency and what looked, at that moment, like the end of everything I had worked for, the end of my own business.

'It seems to me,' I growled, 'that you've been taking your salary for doing precisely nothing. You were an expensive luxury to start with and you didn't even warn me of what was going on!'

She looked up suddenly. 'It's not my fault,' she cried. 'I suppose you think it's fun working in this beastly old building where no-one else even has an office. It's empty except for us—'

'It's cheap,' I put in.

'—and it's in a perfectly horrid part of the town—'

'We deal in exports, where else should we be but near the docks?'

'—and when Charles wanted to take

me to the Savoy instead of here don't you think that was nicer than sitting doing beastly typing?'

'The Savoy!' I yelled. 'That settles it! I'm working myself to a shadow and you're at the Savoy for lunch? So that was what all these receipts and stuff from the place was all about! Well, Miss Buckton, in case you hadn't worked it out, I'm broke and probably bankrupt and you're fired, but before you leave I've got something to give you that might perhaps cause you to remember me next time you perch your backside on a barstool at the Savoy!'

With these words I bounded out of my chair, seized her left wrist and sat down once more. With a yelp of surprise she was jerked forward and off her feet, landing neatly across my knees, her skirt flipping up around her waist from the impact.

She wore the kind of stockings that have elastic woven into the welt so they stay up by themselves and plain white nylon briefs with a cotton gusset and plump bottom visible either side of their bulging triangle. Immediately guessing my intention, she clapped her right hand, palm uppermost, over the exposed surfaces. I simply took it and crossed over its fellow and clamped the pair of them in my left hand. I am not a small man, and I was very angry. Her struggling was singularly ineffective. I drew up my knees slightly, so that she could not use her weight to roll off my lap and brought my hand up and brought the flat palm of justice down as hard as I could. She yelped as if she had been stung and the bright four fingered imprint sprang into view on that part of her right buttock which her panties left exposed, while the heel of my palm left a scarlet smudge on its companion. It was not a long spanking. I took no time to savour the finer points of her gradually hotter bottom or her cries and imprecations and threats which all too soon had turned into pleas and beseechings for mercy, or the frantic writhing and wriggling of her hips across my knee under the increasing rain of slaps. I did not even pause to take down her knickers, just spanked and spanked until my hand was feeling sore itself, so I knew her bottom must be, and then simply let go of her.

She scrambled up off my lap and clapped her hands behind her, rubbing the seat of her skirt. Feet apart, hopping and leaning forward, her wide eyes even wider than usual, she tried to speak.

'You, you, you,' she spluttered, but

words failed her, and with a final gasp of indignation, she turned and fled from the room. Feeling invigorated by the exercise and the feeling that at least one of the causes of my troubles had got her just deserts, I turned once more to the welter of papers strewn across the desk.

The following morning, after working most of the night, I had been in the office for a couple of hours when there came a timid knock at the door. Half expecting the baliffs or a horde of creditors, I called out an invitation to enter. The door swung open, and Felicity stepped through it. There was a moment's awkward silence.

'Is it all right if I clear out my desk?' she enquired.

'Be my guest.' She began to sort through drawers, the contents of which seemed to indicate that she spent most of her office hours painting her fingernails or reading glossy magazines. There was obviously, however, something on her mind, and finally she blurted out:

'You wouldn't, I mean, would you like me to, to stay on and help you sort things out? I'd like to, I feel a bit guilty about everything getting into such a mess.'

To say the least, I was surprised. 'Well, I could do with some assistance, certainly, but I'm not sure—'

'I'm a good secretary, really, and I'd like to prove it to you and I don't mind waiting for my salary, and if,

if . . .' She broke off, blushing, her eyes downcast.

'If what?'

'Umm, well, if you're not happy with my work for any reason, er, you could . . .' Again her voice faded away.

'Could what?'

'Oh, you know, what you did yesterday, you know?' Suddenly she looked up and straight at me, blushing furiously. 'Oh honestly, I really think I need it sometimes just to keep me doing what I know I ought. Ever since I got my flat in London and stopped living with my parents I seem to get in the most awful muddles. It's all absolutely ghastly.'

'Daddy used to keep you in order, did he?'

'I'll say! One didn't step out of line or one was likely to make the acquaintance of his riding crop! Stung most awfully.'

'I see. And you'd be prepared to work under those conditions? Behave yourself or be disciplined by me?'

'Oh yes, rather! I really so hate job hunting, and I do want to make amends.'

'Very well, then, we'll give it a try.'

'Oh super!' she cried, beaming.

'And we may as well start the way we mean to go on. You're more than an hour late. Come here.' Her face fell, she hesitated a moment, then, with dragging footsteps, approached my chair. I patted my knee. 'Over



you go,' I said, and, with a distinct look of trepidation on her face, she obeyed, lowering herself gingerly across my lap and steadying herself by holding onto my thigh. I wasted no time, flipping the hem of her short pleated skirt up to her waist and hooking my fingers in the elastic of her white pants. She gasped.

'Oh golly,' she said. 'Not on the bare, please, so jolly embarrassing!'

'The bare,' I said firmly. 'It will be on the bare from now on so we may as well start on the right foot, or the right cheek, perhaps I should say.'

'Please spare me the jokes,' she replied. 'A spanking's going to be bad enough, you have a jolly heavy hand.' The panties slipped smoothly over the curves of her bum and past the elasticated welts of her tan stockings to rest in a little tangle around her knees and I took my first look at a bottom with which I was to become very familiar. It was firm and well-shaped without a blemish and boasting two cute little dimples just above it. The flesh was firm and the skin was smooth, but best of all her deep bronze suntan ended and began once more just where her bottom did. The target area was in pale contrast to the surrounding tanned skin.

'You have a nice tan,' I complimented her.

'I think I'm just going to get another one,' she groaned.

'Now who's making jokes,' I replied, raising my hand. I fancied I could still detect a slight pinkness from my ministrations the previous day, but I did not stay long in examination, instead bringing my hand down in a high, flat arc.

Smackkkk!

'Owwwwwooooooh!' cried Felicity, her feet kicking involuntarily, a bright handprint now decorating her bottom. My palm tingled nicely as I raised it once more above my shoulder and brought it swiftly down, falling into a steady rhythm that soon had Felicity wriggling across my lap as if she were seated on a hot stove.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

'Yeeewwwww!' cried the young lady, busily writhing as if trying to avoid the rain of slaps.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

'Ow! Ooh! Ouch!' she squealed, losing the last of her composure and clapping both hands over her burning seat. I merely clamped them both in my left hand and quickly resumed the smacking.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

'Owww, oh please, I'll be good—'

The little scrap of white cloth

tossed and foamed around her knees and her stocking tops whispered together as she squirmed around, her long hair hung down to the floor.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

'Ooooooh, ow, oh, I can't stand it, stopit, please!'

I paused, then finished her spanking with a flurry of slaps that raised the brightness of her scarlet bottom to an even more fiery red.

Smacksmacksmacksmack!

'Ooooooh!' she squealed. I let her go, and immediately the hands flew back to the glowing skin and tried to rub the sting away as she stumbled awkwardly up off my lap.

'Owww, oh I say, that was absolutely ghastly, I didn't think anyone could spank harder than Daddy, but that was jolly thorough!' I grinned, watching her hop from foot to foot, her hands busy rubbing beneath her skirt and her panties hobbling her nylon-sheathed legs.

'Okay,' I said. 'I'll give you a five-minute break to powder your nose and then you can make me a cup of coffee and we'll get down to work. There's a stack of invoices for you to type. Until we get them out, there's no chance of improving the cash flow.'

When she walked back through the door, a little stiffly but exactly five minutes later, I had dumped the work on her desk. It made quite a pile, and she gave a low whistle when she saw it, crossing the floor and pulling out the adjustable revolving chair, into which she gracefully sank. A moment later, with a shrill shriek, she was up once more, the elegant and jewelled fingers tenderly explored the seat of her skirt.

'Owww!' she wailed. 'I can't sit down!'

'Oh well then,' I said. 'You'll have to do your typing standing up, won't you?' So that is what she did. I humped the typewriter onto the top of a filing cabinet and there she stood, in her high heels and miniskirt, the tumbling hair over her shoulders, busily clacking away at the machine. I began to feel that my business venture might have a chance after all.

In the subsequent week she had two more spankings, but I was pleased with her attitude to her work, and they were very mild affairs compared to the full, over-the-knee treatment she had been treated to at first. One was a few quick slaps just before lunch, when I simply put one foot on an open file drawer, bent her over my knee and, lifting her skirt, applied my palm fairly gently across her panties. I had, to be truthful, an

ulterior motive for this. I noticed that I had seemed to enjoy the second whacking I had handed out even more than the first, and I wondered why. They had both been administered with the recipient over my knee, but one had been given to a much more amenable young lady, so it could have been that, or it could have been that the second time I had taken her knickers down, so I left them up as an experiment, and I found that perhaps it was a shade more fun to watch the jiggling buttocks grow red.

The second time we were both standing, and I turned her around and bent her over the desk, lifted her skirt and slip up and took her knickers down before administering a half a dozen spanks across the rounded, lower part of her bottom. I came to the conclusion that panties down was preferable, but thought that quite a lot of research would have to be put into the matter before a final analysis could be arrived at. It was this line of thought which led to my next experiment.

It was about half an hour after we returned from lunch one day when Felicity rose from her revolving typist's chair and enquired whether I needed anything from the corner shop as she was 'just popping out for a moment.'

'You've only just come in,' I exclaimed, 'and now I come to think of it, you "popped out" at least three times this morning. How much are your little excursions to the corner shop costing me, d'you suppose? I think we shall have to put a stop to this. Take your clothes off.'

'I . . . I beg your pardon,' said Felicity.

'Your clothes,' I replied. 'Get 'em off.'

'But why, why?' she asked. 'Are you going to spank me?'

'I don't know yet, I might. And I definitely will if you're not stripped in ten seconds.'

Very rapidly, with no more ado, Felicity undressed, taking off her clothes in the swift and practical way that girls undress when alone or when the object of the exercise is not erotic. Her face wore a distinct look of trepidation as she unbuttoned her blouse and pulled it off her shoulders, then, a little shyly, unclipped her bra and shrugged it off. She then unclipped her stockings and unrolled each one before reaching up under her skirt to undo her suspender belt and pull its straps out of her knickers. She then unzipped her skirt and stepped out of it, standing hesitantly in



only her brief white pants.

'Everything?' she asked, rather plaintively.

'Everything,' I firmly replied. Nervously, she peeled off her knickers and stood, fidgeting, in nothing but the ghost of her bikini, two bands of white across breasts and hips where the sun had not tanned her.

'Do a twirl,' I told her, and she obediently turned around. Her figure was slender, firm and perfect, her tan a deep honey gold except for her white bosom and buttocks. Her legs were long and slim, her waist narrow and her bust high and beautifully rounded.

'OK,' I said. 'Get on with it.'

'Wh . . . what?' stammered Felicity. 'What have I got to do?'

'About two dozen invoices and fourteen bills of lading, haven't you?' I said.

'You mean get on with my work?' she asked, incredulously. 'Like this?'

'Of course,' I answered. 'That'll make sure that you stick to your typewriter instead of toddling off every five minutes, won't it?'

So for the rest of the afternoon, Felicity did her typing, answered the phone, filed correspondence and generally carried on the office routine, all completely in the nude. At first she seemed a little awkward, then gradually became more at ease. In our slightly shabby and almost empty old building we seldom had a visitor, and our windows were not overlooked at all, and soon Felicity was working at the same pace as she did with her clothes on, and as she stuck at her desk I got a full afternoon's work done. At five o'clock I stood up and pushed back my chair.

'Time to go home,' I said. 'Come here a moment.' She stood up and came over to me.

'Bend over the desk,' I ordered. She did so, and I noticed that sitting naked on her chair had given the lower part of her bottom a red blotch. I picked up the eighteen-inch ruler from my desk top. Felicity had folded her hands on the desk top and placed her chin on them. Her bare bottom stuck up in the air, inches higher than her head, her feet together and her knees straight. Aiming at the already reddened area I raised the ruler and brought it sharply down.

Thwack!

'Ow!' cried Felicity.

Thwack!

'Yeeowww!' squealed the girl.

Thwack! The twin mounds wiggled as the wooden ruler heated their surface. 'Ooooooh!' yelled my secretary.

Thwack!

'Yeeouch!' The bottom was now very bright scarlet, and, when I tasted it with my other hand, satisfactorily warm.

'Right my girl, you can stand up now and put your knickers on and go home. Let's have a bit less of this skiving in future too.'

Pouting, she stood up and, rubbing her bottom, crossed to the pile of clothes and stepped into her pants. When she was fully dressed once more she moved to the door.

'Could you do me a favour? If I've got to do all my typing in the nobby can you turn the central heating up, please?'

The next morning I had been pondering on the idea of having Felicity some of the time at least, sitting around the office stark naked. I liked the idea in principle, but thought perhaps one or two refinements might make it even more enjoyable as a spectator sport, so when, a few minutes before nine (since corporal punishment had been introduced as part of the office routine she had become very punctual) Felicity came in, I did not so much as give her time to put down her handbag before informing her we were going to try a variation on the theme of the previous day.

'But this time you're going to undress in a different order. Top first.'

Obediently, the girl put down her handbag and, grasping the hem of her skimpy sweater, pulled it clingingly over her head, her hair disappearing then springing free and cascading down over the taut breasts in their flowered bra.

'Skirt,' I said.

Putting her hands to her hip, she unzipped her short, pleated skirt, and, stepping out of it, tossed it onto a chair on top of her sweater. She now stood in bra, pants and suspender belt, all of which proved to be a matching set, with her stockings sheer and black and, on her feet, white clogs.

'Bra.' At this command she arched her hands up behind her back and the cups sprang away from her full young breasts, their nipples goosepimpled as if in excitement.

'Now turn around and take down your knickers.' Slowly she peeled the clinging material over her buttocks and then the buttons of her suspenders.

'Shall I take them off?'

'Yes.' The panties came right down, then one foot at a time, were stepped out of.

'Right, that will do nicely. That's your punishment outfit.'

'Suspender belt, stockings and shoes? What if I'm wearing tights or boots, or trousers?'

'Boots are alright, but woe betide you if I ever catch you not wearing a skirt or in tights. When, in future, you're told to get ready for punishment that's how you'll do it, alright? Now you can make me some coffee, we've got a lot to do this morning.'

'Well,' grumbled Felicity, 'I jolly well hope that I don't splash any hot water about. Golly! I've never had a job like this before.'

As she had complied with my wishes so readily, I did not give her a spanking that day, and her first in her punishment kit was several days later. I had been to one of the Royal docks to pick up a large trunk which we were shipping for a client returning to England after some time abroad. When the office door swung open and the taxi driver and myself, both hot and bothered, staggered in with it, one thing was quite obvious: my secretary hadn't expected me back so soon. She was sitting ankles crossed on her desk, which was littered with coffee cups and cosmetics bottles, painting her fingernails as she chattered into the phone, which was cradled in the crook of her neck. When she saw me she spluttered, jumping forward in her chair and spilling things.

'Crikey! Oh sorry, Mummy, oh dear, I hadn't um, weren't you due at the airport? I'll have to ring off Mummy, my boss is here.'

I paid off the taxi driver and turned to Felicity as the door shut behind him. 'Business call?' I asked, heavy with sarcasm. Felicity chewed her lip, shifting her weight from foot to foot, staring at the carpet.

'Er, no, ectually,' she confessed. 'I wanted to ring Mummy to ask her about Henley this year, and whether or not we'll be going to Ascot.'

'Charming,' I replied. 'Correct me if I'm wrong, but didn't you tell me that your parents were staying in Scotland at the moment?'

'Er, um, well you see, ectually, er, um, yes, ectually, they are.' I said nothing. She lifted her gaze and looked at me, beseechingly, then gulped.

'Punishment outfit?' she asked, her hands already undoing a button.

The skirt dropped in a puddle around her ankles, and was swiftly followed by minislip, bra and pants. In just her belt, stockings and shoes, Felicity enquired where one was required to present one's bottom for chastisement.

'Touch your toes,' I ordered.

'Ooof!' puffed the girl, bending from the waist. 'One hasn't done this since ballet classes.'

From her pile of clothes I disentangled the belt that she had been wearing, a red leather one an inch wide, wrapping the buckle end into my palm and around my hand so that I had a makeshift tawse about eighteen inches long before I took up position behind her, slightly to the right and, planting my feet firmly, swung my arm about shoulder height. The belt whistled down.

Whack!

'Yeow!' squealed Felicity, immediately standing up, clapping her palms to her seat and exercising a sort of war dance around the room.

'Right, that one won't count because you broke position. Over you go again, you've still got six to go.' Muttering a bit mutinously, she again put fingertips to toes, but as soon as the faint whistle of the strap was audible she half straightened up, involuntarily I was sure, pulling her bottom in and forward so that the strap only landed with a feeble flap. Each subsequent attempt proved equally unsatisfactory, with the young lady reacting even to the rustle of my sleeve as I drew up my arm.

'I'm sorry,' she apologised. 'I can't help it, it stings so you see. Daddy sometimes used to have cook hold me in place before he could get whacking properly.'

I glanced around the room, and inspiration dawned.

'Kneel on the trunk my girl, and we'll soon solve the problem. That's it, now place your hands on the floor so that they support most of your weight. Good, now you're just nicely positioned, bottom higher than head and you can't suddenly jump out of the way.'

'Jolly ingenious I'm sure,' riposted Felicity, her voice a little muffled. Once more I took up position behind the ghost bikini, now coloured with one good splotch of crimson and one lick of pale pink. I raised the strap once more and this time the target, though it wriggled a good deal, remained in the sights and I was able to get a rhythm straight away.

Whack!

'Oooooooh!'

Whack!

'Owww!'

Whack!

'Owww, golly, not so hard, please.'

Whack!

'Yeeewww! Oh lower down, do!'

Whack!

'Ouch, crikey—'

Whack!

'Eeeeeeeooooowwwww!'

My task completed, and Felicity's rear end glowing nicely, I took her by the arm, helped her up, found a block of foam rubber for her to sit on while she typed, and tackled my paperwork with the conviction that she would think twice before boosting the GPO's revenue by peak-time gossip with Mummy in the wilds of Caledonia in future.

I continued to experiment to establish favourite positions, implements and styles of dress proper to the discipline of female office staff. Once I made her take off everything that she pulled up or that went over her head, and she spent a lively ten minutes across my knee with only bra and boots on. On another occasion I gave out two strokes of the ruler with her touching her toes, two with her across the desk and two bent over her revolving chair, discovering that just the right degree of tautness of bottom was obtained in the last-named position. Also, when itemizing a cargo of schools equipment destined for West Africa, I discovered that it included a bundle of crook-handled rattan canes, and appropriated one of these in the interests of research, hanging it on a nail for future experiment. Felicity eyed it with a certain recalcitrance, and, although she was not very forthcoming, I gathered she had had some acquaintance with one in her days at the school we will not name. The opportunity to put it into use did not come for some time for, thanks to long hours and a little luck I began to make something of the mess that had been my business, a process which, geed up by the occasional mild hand spanking, Felicity aided a great deal. She certainly did nothing to merit the cane being brought into action. Then, one day, off to the North to supervise an export order to Scandinavia, I called in to the office on my way to the station, astonishing Felicity, who, by the fact that she was wearing a peasant style dress that dropped clear to the floor, clearly had not expected me. I feigned an anger I did not really feel, for, here at last, was my chance to try out the rattan.

'D . . . do . . . do you want me in punishment outfit?' stammered the girl nervously, when I had bawled her out for her mode of dress.

'No time,' I snapped. 'I can't afford to miss that train. Get over your chair and lift that damn long hem up double quick.'

'Er, lift my dress up,' she said.

'Couldn't you just cane me over my clothes just this once?'

'Certainly not, girl, now get on with it.' With a sigh, Felicity complied, and I discovered the cause of her reluctance. Beneath her dress, and underneath her black lacy pants, she wore tights.

'I see,' I murmured. 'Once I'm out of the way, this is what happens is it? Well my girl, I'll deal with this when I return. Today you can just have six stingers for the dress.' So saying I hooked the waistband of both tights and knickers between my fingers and hauled them down to her knees, then I took down the cane and touched it lightly to the dead centre of her behind, bisecting the cleft, and raised it.

Swish!

'Owww! I'd forgotten how one of these stings!'

A red tramline had appeared, as if by magic, across her bare seat.

Swish!

'Oooooh!'

Two lines now across the creamy whiteness.

Swish! Swish!

'Owww! Ooh please, you do lay it on ectually!'

Swish!

'Yeeeeowww!'

Her hair tumbled around her shoulders as her head tossed, her knees scissored each other, straining at the cloth around them. Five separate cane marks were visible across the smooth bottom. I raised the cane a last time, aiming for the full, plump, lower curve.

Swish!

'Eeeek!' she squealed, her control finally leaving her, and her hands flying to her burning rear, as I returned the stick to its hook, and regretted I had not the time for contemplation of my handiwork.

There is little else to tell. That caning happened last week as a matter of fact, and the marks have now faded, so I suppose it is time that I dealt with the matter of the tights — and never mind the 'oh no' my girl, just carry on taking down what I dictate, I want this saga typed up and sent off to *Janus* today, and you'll be doing it standing up again if you're cheeky. Oh, and do try to avoid typing errors, won't you? Up North I picked up a little something that might interest you . . . it's called a tawse. I'm very anxious to see how effective it is . . . Really Felicity, that is a very rude word for such a well-bred young lady, I really think I shall have to spank you for that . . .





Punishment Dress

In Volume 2 of 'Janus', a young lady of twenty-five, Miss M.T., of Cheshire, wrote: 'I have lived with my aunt since I was twelve years old, and soon learned that she was a firm believer in corporal punishment. Whenever I misbehaved she would put me over her knee, lift up my skirt and use a slipper to very good effect on my green regulation school bloomers. As I grew older I became too big to go over my aunt's knee and when I was about sixteen I had to bend over and touch my toes for my spankings still wearing my school uniform with the skirt raised. In fact if I earned a spanking when I was not wearing my school uniform, I had to put it on for this purpose.

'I left school when I was eighteen but was still spanked when I deserved it. However having outgrown my uniform I was no longer made to wear it except for the bloomers, which I didn't object to as they offered a little more protection than my normal briefs.

'Although I was by this time a mature young lady I did not object to being spanked. I did not feel humiliated as I was always spanked in the privacy of my room and I felt that if I upset my aunt at all then I deserved to be spanked.

'I am now twenty-five and although the occasions are few and far between, I find I still give my aunt cause to reach for the slipper. The procedure is still the same. I go to my room and bend over and touch my toes after first putting on my 'spanking bloomers'. My aunt comes in, raises my skirt and administers the spanking. My uniform bloomers recently succumbed to the attention of the slipper over the years, the seat finally wearing through. My aunt has replaced these with a new pair of directoire knickers but I find these less effective against the slipper than my old bloomers. A photograph which you used recently must bear a strong resemblance to me, although I have to bend over and not kneel on the bed.'

Janus six years ago! I wonder if Miss M.T. is still being punished when deserving, perhaps she will write and tell us. Her letter is of interest because it sums up the whole attitude which some punishers feel for the need for special dress to accompany punishment, or in this case, just one garment, the punishment knickers.

Of course the idea of a distinctive dress for delinquents is not new, as typified by prison dress for both sexes over the years — broad arrows, stripes, the lot — and although the authorities would doubtless have argued that an eye-catch-

ing uniform was required to make escaped convicts easily recognisable, the intention was doubtless as much to humiliate as to be practical.

It is interesting to note however that Miss M.T., let's call her Maureen, was not humiliated by her bloomers which she considered part of a deserved punishment. But what of the aunt's reason for so dressing her? Modesty partly, but the retention of the old school uniform until outgrown, then the bloomers until worn out, and then buying directoire knickers which were quite different from Maureen's usual briefs do show an intention to demonstrate to her that if she acts as a child then she will be treated as one. Maureen's case is of course by no means unique as letters to *Janus* over the years have shown.

Almost forty years ago (2 September, 1939) *Modern Mother* was writing to *Picture Post*, 'I always have a cane in the house and use it when necessary. But it is not always effective by itself. My eldest girl, aged 15, was caught smoking and naturally she was punished. Then I caught her smoking again, and I realised that hers was a psychological problem.

'You see, she had left school about six months ago and was getting too big for her boots (she even thought at first she was too big for the cane), and so I brought her down a peg or two.

'I made her change into her gym tunic and black stockings and stand in the corner for half an hour. I insist now that immediately she comes home from the office she changes and for half an hour stands in the corner. It doesn't matter who comes in or speaks, she mustn't speak or turn round until I give permission. This will be kept up for a whole week. The rest of the evening she must wear her gym clothes — wherever she goes, and she has to be in bed at 8.45.

'Should she speak or turn round without my permission she will be caned before the family and anyone else who is in — and will still have to go through with it.

'You may think my method drastic, but it is working and showing my daughter that she's not so old as she thinks.

'Don't think I am disparaging the use of the cane. I am merely suggesting a more effective substitute based upon psychology.

Ten years later (8 September, 1950), Jean of Keighley' was writing to *Reveille*, 'I am a typist and have left school a year, but I still get the strap at home. I am not against corporal punishment for teenagers, but my mother has preserved my school uniform, and if I misbehave during the week, the following Saturday I have to change into my navy gym tunic, and school blouse, and then looking like an overgrown schoolgirl I am given the strap.

Jean's experience is perhaps more common than she realised. A few years ago, while researching on behalf of *Janus*, I found that this form of punishment was quite usual, especially in the Home Counties. The old school uniform was the usual punishment dress, usually worn for a set time both before and after receiving corporal punishment, but Rowena of Bletchley was the not-so-proud owner of a little girl's party dress made by her mother, which she wore with three layers of petticoats and frilly panties, and Hazel D., of Chichester, had to wear a nylon baby doll nightdress around the house for the entire weekend before being caned on Sunday night.

Nor of course is this punishment restricted to erring daughters and nieces. Wives can also be punished in this way, though one suspects that this is often an erotic form of love play, fantasy for the mutual enjoyment of both partners. Ruth of Taunton wrote to me recently: 'My husband Bill, who I love very much, insists on a special punishment dress when I am naughty. My usual tights and panties are replaced by a corselette and nylon stockings and light blue nylon directoire knickers. I wear a matching slip and a navy blue pleated skirt and white blouse. As I am only twenty-one I hate this frumpish costume but I have to wear it for a minimum of a day, and once for as long as a week. I feel dreadful! At the end of the allotted time I am spanked, and the routine is the

same. I am called into the living room and Bill draws the curtains, then places an upright armless chair in the centre of the room. He calls me over to him and asks me if I am sorry for my misbehaviour. I hang my head and reply that I am. He then inspects me to see if I am 'presentable', that is that my stocking seams are straight, and that my slip does not show beneath my skirt, any untidiness can result in a longer spanking. Then I am given permission to prepare. This means that I take off my blouse, skirt and petticoat and stand before him in just my corset, stockings and knickers. Then, at his command, I lay myself across his knee. He unclips the back suspenders of my corselette, and pulling down my bloomers, folds back the corset, so baring my bottom. Then he replaces the nylon knickers, pulling them tight over my plump buttocks. When he is satisfied that they fit like a second skin with no sign of a wrinkle in the soft material he begins a prolonged and stinging spanking, while I squirm and howl across his knees!

Well, despite the punishment aspect it is evident that Bill is 'turned on' by spanking and blue nylon bloomers! Ruth tells me that their marriage is idyllically happy so that these episodes of domestic discipline certainly do not harm either partner.

Nor of course is punishment dress confined to girls. There have been numerous letters to *Janus* across the years from boys forced to wear shorts as punishment, and of boys having to endure the wearing of girls' clothes. Here the motive seems to be that the mother or aunt really wanted a girl, as with this letter taken from my own files. 'Some years ago I was recovering from a serious illness and went to convalesce with my Aunt Pamela, who then lived in Devon. Pamela had a thirteen-year-old son, Colin, a slight, rather girlish boy, with a fresh complexion and fair curly hair. Aunt Pam made him wear this quite long, and together with his slim build and quiet manner this seemed to make him more a girl than a boy. Soon after my arrival Aunt Pam confided in me that she had always longed for a girl and for this reason she always encouraged Colin to mix with girls rather than his own sex, and sent him to a select private co-educational school where he was sheltered from what she called 'rough boys'. This was a

boarding school, but at home during the holidays Colin was made to wear a kilt rather than trousers, although no one in our family is in the least Scottish.

'Aunt Pam was continually on the lookout for any "ungenteel" behaviour and this, I discovered, was the excuse to put poor Colin into girls' clothes for a week! It was soon after my arrival, and in the summer holidays, that Aunt Pam told me that Colin was to be punished in this way and suggested that I might like to be present during the transformation. "It will do him good to have another girl there!" was how she put it. We went to his bedroom, taking a little bundle of clothes, and found Colin, not unnaturally, sulking. At first he flatly refused to dress as a girl in front of me, but a sharp rebuke from his mother, and the promise of a sharp caning for "such disobedience" made him accept the inevitable. "I should think so!" exclaimed Aunt Pam grimly, "unless you want the cane each night for a week!"

'Shamefacedly Colin took off his pyjamas and stood naked before us, an almost girlish figure. I wondered whether it was his slight physique that encouraged his mother in her feminisation policy, and whether she would have bothered had Colin been a massive fifteen stone. It was quite evident that Colin was completely under his mother's domination. Blushing scarlet he put on a tight corset, lightly padded at the bust, which reduced his already slender waist, and accentuated his boyish buttocks. A pair of tan nylon stockings were smoothed over his legs and securely clipped to the six suspenders. Then came a pair of white silk panties, trimmed with lace, and over the corset came a dainty white slip. The outfit was completed with a delightful summer print dress with a full skirt. I had to admit that Colin looked sweet despite his blushes and sulks, "and," said Aunt Pam, "if he goes into the garden he shall have long gloves and a straw hat. Sweetly pretty, don't you think?" She stood admiring the wretched Colin, for once all maternal pride and satisfaction. However the dominant Aunt Pam soon reasserted herself, deciding that Colin's sulks should not go unpunished and that any incipient mutiny should quickly be nipped in the bud. "Colin, fetch the cane from my bedroom!" she commanded, "at once now!" And when the



poor boy had returned with a light and flexible cane, it was over Aunt's knee, his skirt and petticoat raised and six stingers on the seat of his silk knickers (just below the edge of the corset I judged) that made him squirm, used as he obviously was to corporal punishment. Colin wore that outfit, or variations on it, for the next week and a beribboned silk nightdress took the place of his pyjamas at bedtime.'

Certainly no one advocates this sort of psychological meddling, which can have the most harmful and lasting effects, as another report from my files shows. This might have been a sequel to the case of Colin except that it concerns Raymond, who lives in Scotland, and who has never been to Devon to my knowledge, and the two men have never met. It was Ray's wife who wrote to me, and fortunately this episode had a happy ending.

'At first when I discovered that my husband was a secret transvestite I was horrified,' Pauline writes. 'He had always been a good and considerate husband, and reasonable enough in bed, though perhaps not oversexed. I first began to suspect when I found various items of my underwear in places where I had not left them, and some seemed a little crumpled. On one occasion I found a pair of my panties drying over the bath. When I spoke about them Ray blushed and said that as he was rinsing out some socks he thought that he would do them too. However as he never washed socks anyway this was hardly a convincing argument. Then one day I came home early and found him in the bedroom dressed in some of my clothes. He was dreadfully ashamed and blurted out that he had had this compulsion since he was a boy. It seems that his elder sister, who had brought him up, had made him wear girls' clothes of a punishment, at the same time subjecting him to a sound spanking. At first he had been bitterly ashamed and humiliated, but gradually in a perverse way he came to look forward to these punishment sessions, and experienced a strange thrill at the feel of women's clothes against his skin, especially silk underwear. After he left home he still had this craving and was only really happy when "dressing up". He was however deeply ashamed of his deviation and had not been able to tell me about it, though he had often wanted to.

'At first I could not come to terms with this unusual behaviour. I could not understand why any man should want to dress as a woman. To me it seemed quite ridiculous. However as it obviously meant such a lot to Ray, and as his guilt complex was threatening our marriage, and as I loved him, I consulted my mother, a wise lady of long experience.

'"If it's going to make Ray happy and improve your marriage, then accept it," she said, matter of factly. "What people do in the privacy of their homes is their business, and goodness me we certainly aren't all alike, thank God! If Ray feels less guilty after being punished and likes to wear your knickers while you are doing it, well I should think that that's the least of your problems!" As I say, my mother is a remarkable woman.

'That night I told Ray that I was horrified by his behaviour and that at bedtime I would punish him. He was to go to our bedroom, undress completely and put on the costume that I would leave on the bed, then he was to stand in the corner and wait until I came. Later I went up, in some trepidation, carrying our large wooden clothes brush. Ray was in the corner as I had ordered, looking more than a little odd in a skirt and blouse and black stockings. Without a word I took him by the ear and led him to the bed and then laid him across it. Up went his skirt, up went his slip, and down came the clothes brush across the seat of his blue nylon panties. I did not spare him, despite his howls. I whacked away at his knickered bottom until I was breathless and he was almost in tears, then I gathered him in my arms as if he was a little girl that mummy had had to punish. Strange as it may seem that was the turning point in our marriage, and it has been a marvellous one.'

Ray, obviously very lucky in both his wife and mother-in-law.

However it is obvious that punishment dress is more common for girls and married women than for boys, perhaps as well, although I hope that readers will write in with their experiences as my files are obviously restricted. Only last week I received the following account from a happily married couple who obviously believe in combining fetishism and c.p. in their fantasy lives, how much of this is genuine 'punishment' I leave you to decide.

'Like many readers of *Janus* we

work on a demerit system,' writes Sandra. 'Any sulks or quarrels, any major neglects or misbehaviour on my part are entered into the Black Mark Register, and on totalling 50, well woe betide me for I am in for a punishment weekend. This means that for the whole of the next weekend I must dress as a maid and be totally subservient to my husband, attending to his every whim, and waiting on him hand and foot. Any errors or wrongdoings on my part during this time being punished by a summary spanking or a light caning, depending on his mood and the seriousness of the offence.

'On the Saturday morning I get up at six, while Frank, as befits his status as Lord and Master, snores on peacefully. I dress in my maid's costume, a very short black silk dress, flounced out with frilly petticoats, tight lace-trimmed panties, suspenders, and black, seamed nylon stockings. A little white apron and cap completes the picture. I make a cup of tea and take it up to him and while he dresses I prepare the breakfast, and so the routine of my serfdom begins. As I say, anything that displeases my lord will find me face down across his knee, my little panties being vigorously warmed by his heavy hand, or I can find myself upended over the kitchen stool while my knickers are pulled down and six light but stinging strokes of the cane applied to my bare bottom. If the whim takes him he will leave me in that vulnerable position, my panties around my knees, while the glow to my ill-treated cheeks gradually subsides.

'I must make it clear that our enjoyment on these occasions is mutual and that Frank never hurts me more than I can pleasurably endure or want. As I tell him: "A tingling bottom never hurt anybody!" Not of course that I don't make a great show of "oohing" and "ahhhing", some of which isn't put on. You see what your reaction is to a supple switch whipping crisply down across your bare bottom!'

'Love, honour and obey' are words that today get a mixed reception in the wedding service. Some of the more militant ladies have 'obey' taken out altogether. However this certainly is not the case with Pandora, who wrote to me recently from Exmouth.

'We have been very happily married now for five years, but there has never been any question about who is the boss in our house. Wally,

my husband is, and I would not have it any other way. Some of my friends laugh about this, but to my way of thinking it makes for a happy and dependable situation, and I do like to know where I am. Mind you, not being a saint, plaster or otherwise, there are times when I have my moods and fly off the handle, and I freely admit that I need a firm hand on occasions — and I get it from Wally.

'When this happens he will say, quite quietly: "Pan my girl, I think that you need reminding of your wedding vows. Go and dress!" Now when we married we decided to keep not only the wedding dress, but the whole trousseau, so I have the entire outfit that I wore at church that day, including the underclothes. So I go to our bedroom, undress completely, and dress from top to toe in my bridal outfit. As I put on the delicate undergarments, white suspender belt and gossamer stockings (carefully preserved), lace trimmed white silk panties, half cup bra and long white petticoat, my bad temper begins to recede as memories of that happy day flood back. By the time that I have hooked

myself, with some difficulty without the air of a bridesmaid, into the long white gown, I am completely relaxed and repentent of my outburst of bad temper. Then, veiled, I sweep down to the living room and my waiting husband.

'I kneel at his feet and declare my renewed love for him, then place myself across the large leather-covered pouffe. Very carefully he gathers up the wide train of my dress and folds it past my shoulders, then the skirt of my wedding gown is folded back to be followed by the petticoat. So there I am, kneeling over in virginal white bridal panties, the thin fabric moulding itself to the curves of my plump bottom, my skirts heaped over my back, my legs, thighs and buttocks vulnerable and exposed. Almost ceremoniously my husband lowers my silk panties, my last vestigial protection.

'I kneel there, bottom bare and expectant, while he leaves the room. I can only hear, not see, his return, but I know that he will bring in a short leather tawse, the relic of his Scottish childhood. "Pandora my darling, do you promise to love,

honour and obey?"

' "Yes," I falter. There is a pause then I hear the strap whistle down and explode in a swathe of fire across my waiting flesh. I grit my teeth because I know that there are five more to come. The punishment is painful and humiliating, but at the same time it is cleansing, renewing old hopes and love and aspirations, and when it ends he lifts me tenderly to my feet and kisses me, then sweeps me off to the bedroom there to divest me of my bridal gown and carry me to bed. Our love-making, despite my burning bottom, is marvellous. It is our honeymoon all over again. The old dress may be a ritual, but what a lovely part of a marriage!

Since starting this article the postman has called, and I have been sorting the mail. Here, by coincidence, is a letter from Anne of Southampton which begins: 'I am seventeen and still subject to corporal punishment at home. I do not mind this too much, but before I get a spanking Mummy makes me put on my old gym tunic and school knickers . . .' This, I think, is where we came in.





DAVE
CARNEY

ROY FENNER

Angered, Roy Fenner walked up to her desk, while the rest of the class watched silently. He snatched the magazine; Tamsin yelped in surprise, a shrill girlish squeak. She took in his grim expression. Immediately, she endeavoured to win back his favour. She put on one of her coy little smiles.

Roy Fenner was a young man with all the appetites natural to a male of that age. He was in his first teaching job, his first confrontation with naughty schoolgirls; but he was also a man of strong character and determination. He had had more than enough of the wiles of this attractive but very badly behaved pupil.

'What you need — and deserve — is a good hard spanking!' he exploded.

The whole class tittered at the very idea, now openly staring at Tamsin, and whispering to each other whether her bottom could take it. Roy Fenner's principal intention in making the remark had been to embarrass his errant pupil, this most annoying and exasperating pupil of his. He consequently watched with some satisfaction, as a blush suffused her cheeks.

While the other girls giggled and Tamsin fidgeted, still trying cutely to flutter her eyelids, yet feeling quite queasy at the idea of *being spanked* being associated with her, Roy began to consider what he had said with a sudden seriousness. He decided that a spanking was what Tamsin's cheeky body really did require. It would surely place some restraint on the ebullient young lady.

'Come and see me after the lesson!' His instruction was delivered in a

'Tamsin!'

Roy Fenner's voice cracked through the air, across the classroom to the corner where the young girl was sitting. A magazine was partially secreted beneath her desk, and she was immersed in the problems page. Being a pretty sixteen-year-old girl, Tamsin recognized these intimate difficulties as being ones she would be facing; they were far more important than the school lesson.

It was the third time Mr Fenner had called out to her. In all innocence, Tamsin had not heard. She was concentrating on the particular troubles a girl might expect with her first boyfriend. Tamsin's first boyfriend had yet to materialize; but she was certain he would be doing so. The details absorbed her mind in a way in which the passage of Caesar, which she was being called upon to translate, could never do.

stern sharp tone.

The giggles subsided. None of the girls actually believed Mr Fenner would dare to spank a pupil at school. Yet Tamsin herself gulped with fear. There was a worried expression on her face. She sensed that Mr Fenner was a man who saw to it that he kept to his word; and his word was that she deserved to be smacked; He had never uttered the sentence before . . .

Initially, the class had been delighted when they discovered that a young man was to be their Latin teacher. They found him rather 'dishy', as they would term it. However, to their dismay, they also realized, after the first few lessons, that he was not such easy game as they had hoped. He was an ex-public schoolboy; and he possessed his own extremely firm ideas on discipline. It was inevitable that there

should be a conflict between Tamsin and him.

He called out to Tamsin once again to perform the task which he had originally ordered. The girls' prep for the night before had been to prepare passages of Caesar for translation. Tamsin now rose to her feet, wondering what on earth she could do or say. For, as might be anticipated, she had not even removed her copy of Caesar from her desk for the lesson, let alone had she taken it home with her to prepare for today. A classmate quickly passed the appropriate text to the poor girl, but Mr Fenner had already appraised himself of the state of affairs. He motioned Tamsin to sit down. He would indeed be dealing with her later.

Tamsin was frightened. She could not fully have explained why; but she had a nagging feeling, a feeling which

told her she was about to undergo a totally new experience. Tamsin was not convinced that she would be enjoying this new experience! The fear of the unknown made her shiver; her buttocks clenched together in their navy blue school knickers. She tried to straighten her tie; it was, as usual, askew. She also tightened the sash of her gymslip, as though it might protect her . . . but from what? She repeatedly asked herself that question.

Tamsin continued improving her appearance, or, rather, endeavouring to do so. She attempted to pull her stockings up, for they were, as she would have admitted, a mess and in wrinkles. Her actions were such as to suggest that she was trying to excuse herself in advance . . . but, again, in advance of what?

Her aunt, Aunt Lorna, frequently remonstrated with her, complaining about her untidiness and carelessness. Tamsin felt trapped. She sighed, longing to escape from the stuffy classroom, into the outside world; but the next two periods, although games, would not satisfy her craving. Ball games, she despised; however the fresh air invigorated her slim, youthful body. For this reason, and this reason alone, she would rush about the lacrosse pitch with every appearance of enthusiasm.

Before lacrosse, Tamsin reflected, she had to face Mr Fenner alone. Lines and detentions were what he normally handed out on the spot; so what did he wish to say to her that he had refrained from mentioning in public? Tamsin laughed off the stupid notion of a spanking. She would receive a good telling-off, a threat of expulsion perhaps, but only a threat.

Quite what he did desire to say to Tamsin had also become a matter to occupy Roy Fenner's mind. As the Latin sentences were translated, he was as much preoccupied as was Tamsin. The more he thought about the issue, the more certain he was that a spanking would do the precocious young lady a world of good. Yet he could hardly carry out such a sentence in this virtual preserve of women, with its spinster headmistress. He, a male teacher, needed to be careful of being thrown into any compromising positions; and a girl like Tamsin bent over, with her skirt up, her bottom showing, would scarcely be a case of his being careful; Indeed, this was the first term that the school had even allowed men into its precincts.

Mr Fenner recognized that he needed advice and help. He mused;

he meditated. Perhaps the answer was to go and have a talk with Tamsin's parents . . . ?

He came straight out with the idea once Tamsin was before him, after she had reluctantly walked towards his desk at the end of the lesson. The girl flushed a little, as she explained that her parents were abroad, and that she was, at present, under the guardianship of her Aunt Lorna. She sensed that her irate teacher had been intending to indulge in a man-to-man talk with a stern father figure.

Roy Fenner did indeed hesitate, when he understood he would have to be dealing with the unknown quantity of an aunt. Still, that was not Tamsin's fault. He scratched his chin as he looked down at the girl. Tamsin was, without doubt, a young lady whom he considered possessed great potential; and hence he was even more annoyed when he contemplated how much she wasted her time. It would not have bothered him to such an extent had it been one of her less gifted companions.

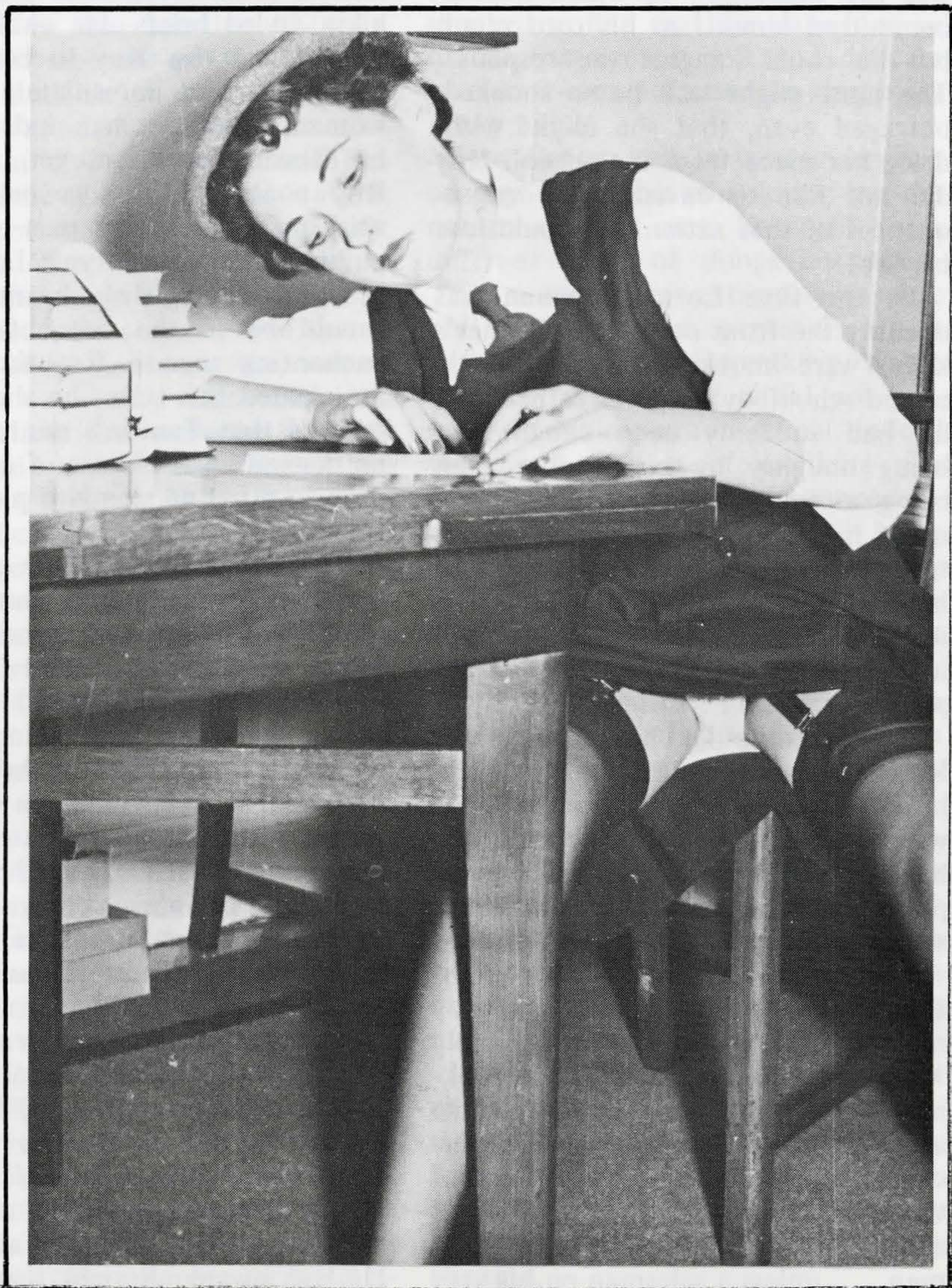
'Very well,' he said quietly, after listening to Tamsin's explanation, 'I

shall visit your aunt.' With that, he dismissed her; and on that occasion she found that the games' fields provided her with a satisfying sensation of freedom, save when her mind fell back to thinking of Mr Fenner discussing her education and discipline with her aunt.

Lorna Freeman, although Tamsin's aunt, was in fact herself only twenty-four years old. She had married Tamsin's Uncle George at the age of twenty-two; and, after an all-too-brief period of happy married bliss, had lost her admittedly aging husband in an unfortunate car accident.

Lorna had been pleased to take Tamsin in with her. The young girl was company and provided her life with an object, with some content and form to it. The devotion she took in caring for Tamsin's development was such that she forgot, or virtually forgot, 'poor old George,' as she would refer to him. She was fond of Tamsin — very, very fond of her . . . Perhaps too fond for the girl's own good?

Lorna often pondered on this latter point. Indeed, she wondered if her



charge was getting a little out of hand. Perhaps she needed some discipline? But her slender girlish body was so delightful; it seemed so . . . innocent. How could she dream of smacking the girl?

She thought of Tamsin's apple-like breasts, of her two small well-rounded buttocks; they were shaped rather like two oranges, and they stuck out so pertly, as the girl walked . . .

Lorna Freeman was engaged in such thoughts when the doorbell rang. She wondered who it could be, for it was still early afternoon. Tamsin did not finish school until four, and that evening she was going for tea with a friend. In any case, she had her own key. Lorna Freeman, needless to say, had no idea that Tamsin's Latin teacher could act so spontaneously.

The teacher in question was becoming nervous as he waited at the door. Presumably, Tamsin's aunt would be an old, or at least middle-aged, woman — a spinster perhaps, like the headmistress. How would such a female react to Roy's idea of a sixteen-year-old girl being spanked? That was the suggestion to which he had committed himself in his own mind; but he could imagine the response. The aunt might well be so shocked, outraged even, that she might withdraw her niece from the school. Roy did not like to envisage the consequences of that action. He could lose his job!

By the time Lorna Freeman was opening the front door, Roy Fenner's knees were knocking together like a scared schoolboy's. It was rather as if he had suddenly been caught out being naughty by his teacher than being a teacher himself! His mind could not help wandering to the picture of Tamsin performing on the lacrosse field, with her neat little bottom bouncing, as she caught the ball in the stick's net. Yes, it was an appealing image . . .

Roy Fenner pulled himself together. He concentrated on the naughty child he encountered in his Latin class. It was because of her that he was now having to undergo this ordeal. At this point, he took in the female figure standing before him.

Lorna and Roy stared at each other. Both were bewildered, though Roy more so than Lorna. Lorna simply wondered what business a nice-looking young man might have come about — insurance maybe? She perceived, however, that the manner of the male before her was not that of such a person, nor that of a salesman . . . unless a salesman on his very

first day!

'Yes?' she asked. She was about to continue by adding, 'Who are you?' but she stopped; she was fascinated by the sight of the tongue-tied Roy.

Roy Fenner made a supreme effort. At last, he managed to speak. 'I wanted . . . I thought Tamsin's aunt . . . but you can't be!' The last words contained a confusion behind them. He was virtually incoherent. He gazed, with a kind of awe, at the tall young woman in front of him, with her flashing brown eyes and dark hair falling in waves upon her shoulders.

Lorna was clad in a shirt and a pair of slacks. The slacks clung to her bottom and thighs like a second skin. She started to laugh, slowly realizing the young man's embarrassment. 'Did you say you wanted Tamsin's aunt? Well then, she's right here in front of you. Would you care to come in? Is there something wrong?

She walked ahead of Roy, leading him into the sitting-room. He noticed her buttocks softly undulating beneath the slacks. So tight were the slacks that he could also make out the outline of what were clearly a pair of bikini-styled briefs. He swallowed. It was difficult for Roy to believe that this lovely and immediately arousing woman, young woman indeed, could be Tamsin's aunt. And yet, in a sense, Roy could see that a pattern was emerging. It was part of the beguiling girl's nature, typical of her unbearably schoolgirlish charm, that she should be in the care of such an enchanting woman. Roy should have anticipated this state; he should have guessed that Tamsin's aunt would fit no conventional picture of aunt-hood. Tamsin fitted no standard picture of a sixteen-year-old niece.

Roy Fenner's eyes were riveted to the shape of the young woman's bottom. The sight was so stimulating, he found it so hard to control himself, that he wished she would sit down, saving him from undergoing the torment of wanting to touch her swaying curves. He was here on business, school business; he had to keep on reminding himself of that fact. It was important business, concerning Tamsin's educational welfare; and it should concern Tamsin's aunt as much as it did him.

At last, Lorna Freeman sat down. 'Well?' she said, smiling, 'I'm Lorna Freeman — Tamsin's aunt. I can't for the life of me think why you were so taken by surprise!'

Roy Fenner was not completely numbed by the woman's attractions. He was aware all right that she was

mocking him; that was a habit which normally he could not abide in women, yet . . . Yes, coming from this Lorna Freeman, it was strangely enticing.

It dawned on him that he had not even introduced himself. He quickly did so, and Lorna nodded, almost as if she had been expecting him.

'Are you dissatisfied with my niece's behaviour?' she asked, quite calmly. 'I have been wondering for some time if perhaps a little more discipline . . .'

Lorna Freeman had given Roy the opening he needed. 'Yes, exactly!' The words rushed out from his mouth. 'I think what Tamsin needs is a jolly good spanking — give her some of the medicine she deserves for being so cheeky and so . . . er . . . Yes, a spanking!'

His face reddened as he forced out those last words; he was feeling uncomfortable at his little outburst. Lorna, however, was not looking the slightest bit embarrassed. Rather, she was reflective; it was as though she was trying to weigh up the situation.

'What exactly has Tamsin been doing?' she enquired, a soft lilt to her voice.

Roy winced, but as his descriptions began to flow forth, they became more vivid, and he launched all of Tamsin's misdemeanours at her aunt. 'Really!' he concluded, quite harshly, 'her attempts at being grown-up cause her to behave like a naughty child. It must be that which set my mind on the idea that she needed to be spanked — a solid sound spanking! After all, that's what some parents do with their kids when they're badly behaved, isn't it?'

Lorna grinned. 'I gather from your remarks that your parents didn't go in for spanking their offspring . . . but that maybe some of your friends received a good hiding from their parents?'

'That's right!' said Roy, a little taken aback at being summed up so quickly. He felt as though this Lorna Freeman was sorting him out.

Their eyes met. Although they had known each other such a short time, both of their expressions seemed to portray the warmth of real, true friendship. Roy was aware that he was now very glad, very glad indeed that he had decided to make a call on Tamsin's aunt. Lorna, in her turn, was delighting in Roy's masculine innocence and youth. She might be only a few years older, but she felt that her experience of life, her experiences with George, made her infinitely more

comprehending of the true state of affairs. Roy, a young man, seemingly unmarried, needed a little teaching. Who better to provide such lessons as required than herself? But they must return to the subject about which Roy had called. Lorna could not allow her mind to drift. There was, after all, the bad behaviour of her niece to decide upon.

The picture of Tamsin's bottom was before both their eyes. Already, Roy's imagination had yanked down the girl's navy blue knickers, visualizing the cheeks of the girl thus bared. Lorna did not, of course, need any imagination to conjure up Tamsin's pert young buttocks. She saw them so often . . .

Frequently, late at night, Lorna and Tamsin would wander naked around the centrally heated house, for both of them instinctively slept without any nighties; and so why bother with dressing gowns and false modesty? Tamsin would press herself against Lorna's naked figure, as she said goodnight and went to her own bedroom. At weekends, things were sometimes different . . . Lovable, naughty but delicious Tamsin! How could anybody resist her girlish charms? Tamsin played upon her own cuteness; yes, her aunt knew that well, and was more aware of it than Roy Fenner! Tamsin's coy little smiles — really, they should not be permitted to get her out of trouble all the time!

'Yes,' said Lorna abruptly, interrupting Roy's personal reverie. 'I think our sweet Tamsin does need her bluff called. A spanking might do the trick. Besides . . .' her own eyes fluttered at Roy, 'it should be such fun to smack that soft cheeky bottom of hers, don't you think? Do you want to administer the punishment?'

Roy, once again, was surprised. He looked at Lorna Freeman. He could hardly believe his ears; but there it was. Curiously enough, they shared very similar thoughts over Tamsin . . . over the excitement of spanking Tamsin! They smiled at each other in a conspiratorial fashion. Leaping at the suggestion, but trying to remain cool, Roy began replying: 'Well, I do think perhaps that as her teacher, I should.'

Lorna nodded her agreement. Just as she had expected. Naturally, this man wanted to spank Tamsin himself. She had not envisaged it being otherwise. However, she was conscious of the fact that Roy needed to be protected from losing his job. With such a headmistress, he could not afford to be caught spanking Tamsin at the school. In any case,

Lorna Freeman had also formulated some other ideas about the matter; ideas which she would welcome the opportunity to put into practice.

'Of course, you should smack her yourself,' she beamed. 'Why not call here after school tomorrow?'

Roy's eyes brightened. 'Thanks very much — that would be great!' He could not hide his eagerness now. He got up, making as if to leave, when he found himself stopped by Lorna.

'I've been thinking though,' she said slowly, worrying Roy considerably. (Was she about to change her mind? To what might the *though* be leading?) Lorna continued, looking at her young man with pretended solemnity. 'To administer a proper spanking, you need to know what being at the receiving end feels like.'

Roy blinked. The idea Lorna must be getting at sunk in. His thoughts were confused and muddled. He was unsure how to reply. The thought of her spanking him . . . what could he be thinking about? But he knew what he was thinking about, and sensed how the very word, *spanking*, now embarrassed him. He felt his face twitch. He found he was averting his eyes. He did not like the position he had placed himself in.

Lorna Freeman smirked. She was, to put it mildly, enjoying herself. She had a somewhat whimsical nature; and because she very much liked Roy, she wished also to tease him. Nevertheless, the suggestion she had implicitly made, the suggestion of spanking him, of *her spanking him*, was no joke. She was deadly serious. She did indeed believe that someone who had never been spanked — she herself had come from a strict family; no sparing the rod there — should know what the punishment was like before they inflicted it on others; and they should know what it was like from direct experience! 'Well, Roy — if I may call you that!' (A feline smile was on her face.

Roy Fenner was realizing that he had little alternative but to accede to her desire. He had little alternative, that is, if he was to have any chance of tanning Tamsin's bottom. Now that possibility had been so strongly before him, he was loathe to lose grip of it. Visibly wincing, he began to stutter out excuses, but then stopped. Pulling himself together, he said determinedly: 'Just as you wish.'

Lorna immediately was patting her knee, beckoning him to come across to her. Roy hardly knew what he was doing, but he could not deny the fact that he was obeying, obeying instinct-

ively even; yet equally he felt extremely foolish, and a red hot burning touched his face. Indeed, his cheeks were scarlet, and he felt himself filled with humiliation, as Lorna Freeman dragged him into position over her lap. Why, he wondered, was he allowing this ridiculous pantomime to take place? Surely, it could not merely be because of Tamsin?

It was not. Roy Fenner now understood that the physical contact between him and this young lady was another important factor. Being so close to Lorna appealed to him, even though he was being so shamed. When she tugged at his trousers, and finally pulled at his underpants, he did not resist. He winced at the thought of her staring at his naked buttocks; but he stayed in place. Letting Lorna control him in such a manner, without a doubt, was stimulating him. To his embarrassment, he could not help himself! He hoped that she would not notice his state; or, at least, that she would not mind, when she did notice!

Slap! Smack! The first two spansks were crisp, each landing upon the cheek of his right buttock. He was shocked to find that the slaps hurt so much. For such a soft and delicate woman, Lorna possessed an amazingly heavy hand.

Roy Fenner had, in fact, undergone canings during his schooldays; but the nature of the cane belonged to a different order of things altogether. True, a caning was extremely painful; but the intimate personal aspect which went with a spanking, as he was now discovering, it did not possess — certainly not in school. Indeed the direct contact of spanking was both worse and better simultaneously. Roy felt extremely humiliated at being taken across a lady's knee, at having her administering spansks to him. How stupid his bared hairy buttocks must look! Yet the touch of feminine hands — indeed the very fact that an attractive woman was dealing with him in such a way — was immensely appealing.

No more time was allowed for reflection. Lorna Freeman's smacks rained down, fast and furiously. *Slap! Slaap! Sll . . . aaa . . . p!* The spansks were hard; they resounded against his bare skin, making a loud thudding noise.

When Lorna had covered the right cheek with a smarting red, she commenced upon the left. Roy groaned; some of the slaps occasionally were aimed at spots which had already been chastised, which were already stinging.



Lorna delivered her powerful palm against the peculiarly sensitive region between the man's buttocks. She saw him jerk. Clearly, Roy was finding the punishment almost unbearable; but he could not, would not, ask her to stop. He would not succumb; he was not going to show himself as a coward in front of a lady. She was, after all, only inflicting upon him what he was intending to administer to her niece.

Did Tamsin deserve such treatment?

Two hard smacks caught the tops of his thighs.

Did Roy deserve such treatment?

Roy was unsure what 'deserve' meant in the context. Certainly, he had in some way brought it all upon himself. And now the stings and stabs were percolating through his flesh. He began to experience a strange but rather satisfying warmth in his rear, in his whole body! Paradoxically, he basked in it, pressing his body more firmly against his chastiser's stocking-ed knee. In fact, he was just deciding that perhaps he was enjoying the spanking — though naturally only a little bit — when Lorna Freeman ordered him to stand up.

Lorna possessed excellent perception concerning men's reactions towards her. Roy must not be allowed to wallow too long in his first spanking.

Slightly shocked by the abrupt ending, he raised himself, and hastily pulled up his trousers and underpants. Why was it that while women always look sexy in their undies, men look unappealing and stupid? That is surely the case. Lorna was actually laughing at him! He turned on her, furious; but her own good humour was infectious.

'What a lovely red bottom I've given you!' she giggled. 'I wonder if you'll do so well on Tamsin? I must say I did rather enjoy it — and from the looks of things, so did you!'

Roy had a sudden urge to pull Lorna across his knee . . . but he sensed such an action would be premature. He found, instead, that he was laughing with her. There was nothing to get upset about. It was simply a game between friends, close friends. He would have liked to have taken Lorna in his arms, but he was frightened of receiving a rebuff. It was best to let things stay as they were for the present. They were friends.

As he grinned at Lorna, he felt he had good grounds for hoping that their friendship might be positively fruitful. A sympathy had already developed between them, despite the pain in his posterior.

Lorna stood up and took Roy's hand. 'You must go now,' she said quietly. 'Tamsin will be back, and I presume you may not wish her to

know what has been happening. Come tomorrow then, but try to arrive before she does . . .'

Lorna's lovely bottom swayed as she showed him to the door. She gave him the lightest of kisses, and he walked out into the early evening sunshine. He glanced at his watch: he had been with Ms Lorna Freeman for hours! And now he saw that she had been telling the truth about Tamsin's projected return. The young girl was wandering along the road in a rather desultory fashion, her school hat in her hand. She was taken aback when she noticed Roy. He had obviously been to her aunt after all; but why had he taken so long?

Tamsin blushed. Her eyes met his, and she recalled what must have been the purpose of his visit. With a curt 'Good Evening', Roy Fenner passed her by. She felt a little upset by his attitude; he was not normally so sharp and formal. Of course, she was not aware of the soreness of his bottom — in places, it rubbed against the roughness of his trousers. Furthermore, she was ignorant of the occurrence which had brought about the soreness; ignorant of his acute embarrassment at the very idea of how she and her girlfriends would laugh, were they ever to find out about . . .

Roy Fenner tried to banish all such thoughts from his mind; instead, he dwelt on the punishment of Tamsin's bottom . . . and the enticing curves of her charming aunt who wished him to come tomorrow before Tamsin arrived. His pulse throbbed with excitement.

Tamsin spent a strange evening, for her aunt appeared intent on avoiding any mention of Roy Fenner's visit. She was otherwise as sweet as ever; but it was a sulky Tamsin who went to bed that night. She was jealous of the fact that Roy Fenner seemed to be more in her aunt's confidence than she was herself. What had they decided upon? Was she herself to be told nothing?

Lorna Freeman chuckled as she imagined just such thoughts running through Tamsin's head. She had decided that a period of suspense was in order. She comforted the girl in bed, but still refused to divulge anything.

Tamsin had the next day at school to live through. As she left the house in the morning, Lorna mentioned to her that a guest was expected for tea. Tamsin shuddered: not, surely, her teacher . . . ?

END OF PART ONE



THE GYM LESSON

Reviewed by John Donnelly

Believe it or not, it's even better than 'The Riding Lesson'.

Yes, they've done it again — the Harrison Marks - Lukas team have come up with another real winner — 'The Gym Lesson'.

Following the runaway success of their first epic, 'The Riding Lesson', we managed to persuade Marks and Lucas to produce another movie for you, and some people have remarked to me that it's even better than before.

Set in a superb gymnasium with a cast of no less than five highly attractive young ladies (as you can see from the stills shot on the set), the film opens as four young schoolgirls dressed, as we have been asked by so many of our readers, in knee-length white socks, white shirts and navy blue gym knickers, are seen to be ragging around in the gym before the beginning of an extra P.E. lesson.

At this point Miss Christopher, the Gym Mistress at this apparently highly exclusive finishing school (The Park Academy) marches in and, infuriated not only by the fact that the girls are playing with the facilities without permission, but are also still wearing jewellery, orders them to remove their trinkets and get into line immediately.

Having lined the girls up, Miss Christopher begins the extra lesson, and we see the four recalcitrant girls performing various floor exercises, beginning with running on the spot, then changing to jumping with legs astride, then lying on the floor to do press-ups, giving us a fine display of the most beautifully rounded buttocks.

When the press-ups are finished, Miss Christopher instructs the girls to stand and watch as she gives a demonstration of toe touching, and as she does so the camera zooms into her white-knicker-clad bottom, but these are no ordinary knickers — someone has seen fit to draw a grinning face on the back of them in bright lipstick. The class is then seen to break into a fit of stifled mirth, and just to make matters worse, two of them, Lisa and Julie, pull out from their gym knickers a pair of pea-shooters, and thus armed begin to 'fire at will' at Miss Christopher's scantily clad behind, eventually getting a double hit.

Miss Christopher then spins round in pain, and as she rubs her bottom notices the masterpiece of art thereon inscribed. She is now beside herself with rage and, having fetched her cane, orders the commissioners of these felonies to own up and, when nobody does, orders them all to bend over and pull down their pants

for 'six of the best'. This they do, very reluctantly, and we are treated to the most magnificent display of backsides since 'The Riding Lesson', with accompanying pretty but terrified faces. The unfortunate part is that at this stage the two guilty ladies, Lisa and Julie, now stand and own up, thus getting the other couple let off; but having been good honest schoolgirls is not going to reduce their punishment.

The two girls are then shepherded into another part of the gym where Julie, who has admitted to buying the pea-shooters and ammunition, is the first to be punished. Like 'The Riding Lesson', it absolutely amazes us in the *Janus* office how Marks and Lukas manage to get such pretty girls to take such authentic whackings, but 'what can't speak can't lie', and this film is soundless evidence of a very sound caning for poor Julie, who finishes up with six hefty tramline weals across her pretty young bottom.

At the end of her punishment Julie stands up, rubbing her eyes and bottom at the same time, ready to witness her co-offender's punishment. Again we are lucky enough to see a highly authentic punishment as the beautiful Lisa is thrown across her Mistress's knee to receive the soundest spanking of her life.

Lisa gets a spanking as opposed to a caning because she is only an accessory to the crime.

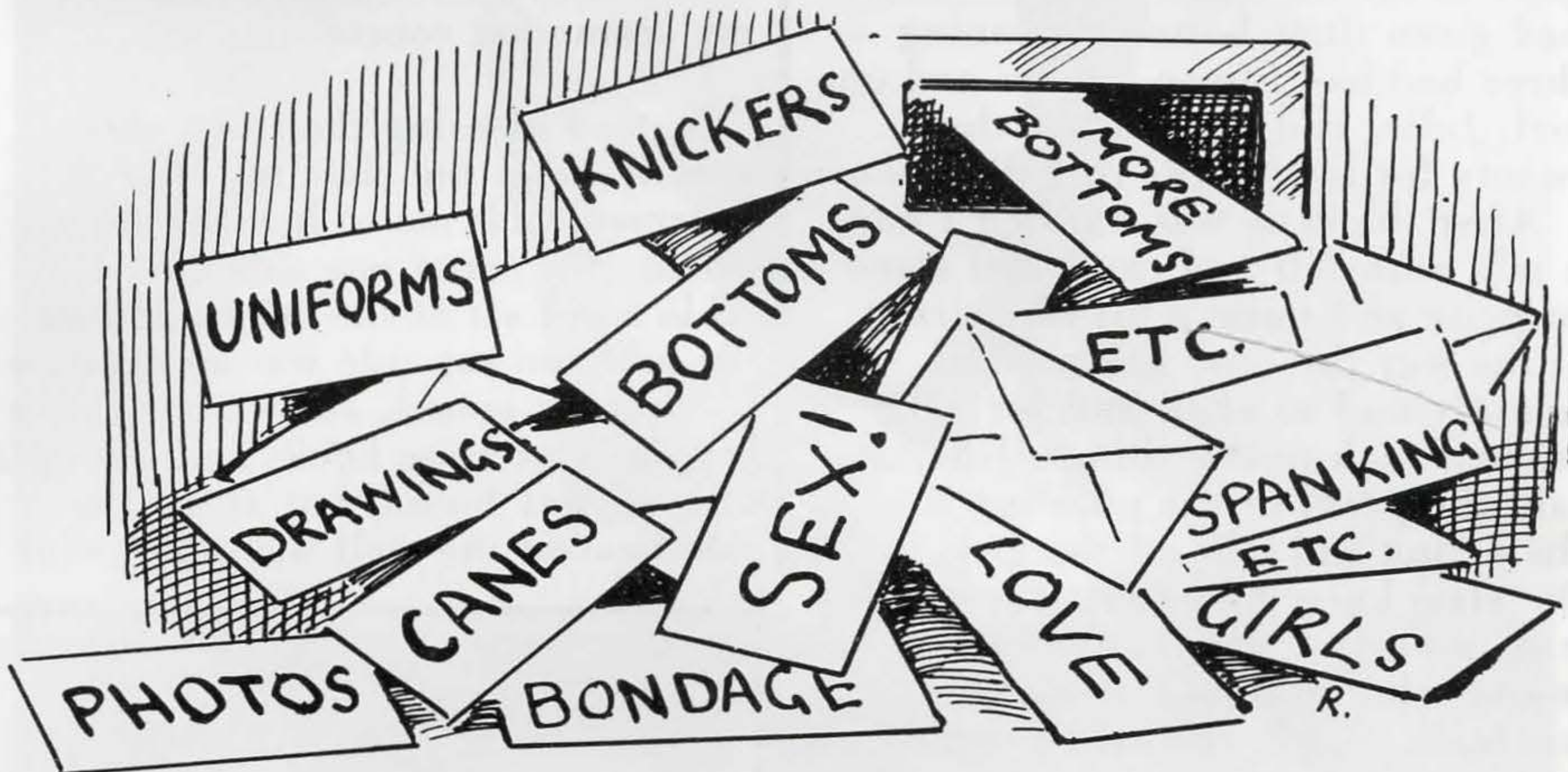
What a spectacle! Her bottom changes from white to bright red, and as we watch, the tears (probably very genuine ones) begin to run down her cheeks. Sheer magic for the spanking enthusiast!

My apologies for the brevity of this review, but I had literally one day between seeing the film and getting this review off to the printers, but in closing I would say a very big 'thank you' to the hundreds of readers who have written in to thank me for recommending 'The Riding Lesson' to them (especially those who bought a copy as their first ever purchase of a spanking film), and simply say to you one and all that if you've bought 'The Riding Lesson', then 'The Gym Lesson' is an absolute must, and if you haven't I strongly recommend that you try them — there's really absolutely nothing to beat them.

P.S. I hear from the grapevine that the powers that be in the hierarchy of the *Janus* organisation are so pleased with with these two films that they will both be available as a double on Video Tape soon. All enquiries can be sent to this office, and we will let you have further details as soon as they are available.



READERS LETTERS



FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS?

A few weeks ago I was invited by a friend to join a private evening class in French given completely free by a retired school teacher at her house. She said that I would be the ninth pupil in the class, and all the others were young housewives like myself.

I said that I could do with brushing up my French as I had not done any since I left school at sixteen (I am now twenty-seven) but that I would be little use at it and that I should be behind the other members of the class. However, Jill said that Miss Coleman was a very good teacher and would soon overcome these difficulties and that in any case 'she would brook no nonsense'. Anyway, she convinced me to go along and eventually it was decided that I should attend one class just to observe things before I actually joined the class.

Well, on the night concerned, I turned up and met my future classmates, most of whom were acquaintances of mine anyway and we went into the room which served as a classroom. In fact we all sat round a pretty large table at one end of the room using three sides of the table and leaving the side facing the other end of the room empty. The other end of the room was taken up

with a smaller table to act as the teacher's desk and a real school blackboard. There were various papers on both the tables, but what caught my eye was that hanging on the end of the blackboard was a very business-like looking school cane. This really took me aback a bit, and I was just about to ask Jill about it when in came Miss Coleman. Immediately all the chatter stopped and the girls went smartly to their places — I took an end seat next to Jill. I had never seen Miss Coleman before, but I was at once very conscious of her personality and firm attitude. The other girls were all sitting up very straight and looking very attentive.

Miss Coleman looked at me (on the end of the table I was very close to her) and Jill stood up and introduced me as the girl she had spoken about. Miss Coleman then said to me that I could watch the class and then report to her at the end of the lesson to see if I was suitable to join the class, and if I wanted to.

The lesson started. I was very impressed and rather awed by Miss Coleman and the very firm manner in which she conducted the class and strict way she dealt with the girls. For their part, the pupils were very attentive and there was no wriggling or playing about. I think I must

have looked pretty attentive too, as I watched the proceedings which were mainly just at that point French conversation consisting mainly of questions and answers. As this went on my gaze wandered back to the cane hanging on the blackboard and began to realise that from the strict way in which the class was being taken it might well be used on the girls. I did not have long to wait to find out. Miss Coleman finished the French conversation and turned to the girls' homework.

She handed out the girls' books and made one or two not very complimentary general remarks about the work and then turned (of all people) to Jill and 'you know very well my beauty that seven out of ten is not good enough for me. Come out.'

I am sure I must have looked most startled as I watched what followed. Jill got up and without a word walked straight over to Miss Coleman's desk. Without any hesitation or instruction she bent herself across the desk, lifted her dress and slip well up over her waist and tucked them in and then pulled down her tights and knickers to mid-thigh. Jill was only about two feet from where I was sitting and I was gazing (perhaps open-mouthed) at her fairly large, firm and very

bare bottom and I did not notice Miss Coleman go over and get her cane from the blackboard. Still not a word was said as Miss Coleman came back and then with all her force brought that cane down fifteen times on Jill's naked bottom. And Jill took this without a sound or a movement though the sting must have been out of this world. I gazed at the vicious weals across the cheeks of her bottom and thought that even if I agreed to join the class I should never be able to take such punishment. Before the lesson ended four more of the girls had gone to the desk and Miss Coleman had given their bottoms a caning — three had had fifteen strokes and one girl, Julie, had had no less than twenty for low marks in a dictation.

After the class was finished I had a talk with Jill and expressed some surprise and quite a bit of concern at the way the cane was used so soundly and so often and for what seemed such minor things. Jill just said the proof of the pudding is in the eating and that all the girls in the class knew how their French had improved and that it was mainly due to Miss Coleman's methods. Surely she said I could put up with a stinging bottom once a week or so (the class meets three times a week) if I was really going to master the subject.

When eventually I went in to discuss the matter with Miss Coleman she was quite pleasant but firm. She asked a bit about the French I had done at school and asked me a few questions in French which I suppose I answered to her satisfaction although she made no comment on them. She said if I joined the class it would be better if, instead of coming with the other girls, I came at least for a week or two on my own for what she called a cramming course until I had caught up with the other girls. I said I wanted to discuss the matter with my husband and that I had some reservations about the way she used the cane. Her answer was that it was up to me whether I joined the class or not but that if I did she would certainly not treat me any differently to anyone else. She would not get into a discussion on whether the cane would be used, or should be used, and would certainly not let any girl decide what punishment she should have as she said it was her prerogative to do that.

When I got home I discussed the matter with my husband and he took the caning side of it as rather a joke and said it was up to me — he said if you can't take the canings then you didn't ought to join the class. He said it was purely a matter for me to decide — I think he

thought I was making an awful lot of the caning bit. Jill came round and tried to convince me to join and I must say in fairness that when my husband said I was probably exaggerating the caning side, she very sportingly took her panties down and let him look at the weals across her bottom.

In the end, despite some reservations on my part, I finally agreed to join the class after some persistent arguments from Jill and some of my other future classmates, and on that fateful Tuesday in November I arrived at Miss Coleman's house for my first lesson of my cramming course.

Instead of using the room she usually takes the class in, Miss Coleman took me to her Dining Room. She sat at one side of the table and I sat at the other, and on the table on my side was an exercise book and a pencil, and on her side a couple of exercise books and a couple of grammar books, but along the side nearest the wall was that awful

three-foot supple cane that I had already seen performing its stinging duty on other girls' bottoms, and which I felt in my bones was very shortly going to be brought into action on mine.

I certainly did not have long to wait. She made me revise the present tense of 'pouvoir' and one or two things like that and almost abruptly told me to open my book for dictation. She rattled on for about four pages and all in all I really thought I had done quite well. I handed over my book for her to mark, feeling quite pleased with myself, and was quite surprised when she said: 'This is not good enough for me, my girl. Get over the table and pull your knickers down.'

I knew this was going to happen sooner or later and thought perhaps it was just as well to get my first caning sooner rather than later, to see if I could 'take it' like the other girls.

As I bent across the table and tucked up my clothes I was very conscious of her flexing and testing



her cane and it was with some trepidation that I pulled down my panties, but I made sure not to be too long about it as I had been warned by the other girls that being slow pulling down your knicks for the cane means extra cuts. My naked bottom seemed about half a mile wide as I clasped my hands under my chin and pressed my elbows into my side. Then I heard the hissing cane and felt the biting, burning sting as it cracked down on my bottom. At that point I would have sworn that I could not have taken another stroke without yelling and doing a war dance but, with the certain knowledge of extra cuts for making a noise or wriggling, in fact, I held my position with twenty of those stingers.

Over the next three weeks I went ten times for a 'cramming' lesson and every time I went Miss Coleman gave my bottom a good caning. But, as Jill said it would, I have to admit that I have learnt quite a lot and have now joined the class proper. I think although I have caught up very quickly that I am still perhaps a little behind the other girls, but Miss Coleman keeps an eye on me bearing this in mind and for the least thing she has me out and canes my bare bottom. Because of this I think I get the cane more often than the other girls and though Miss Coleman normally gives the girls fifteen strokes when she canes them she always gives me twenty.

I am sure I shall learn in time.

Janet
Chichester



TEEN-AGE TO TWENTIES

I'm pleased to see a publication like *Janus* that isn't afraid to report on the benefits of corporal punishment. Today's youngsters have it far too easy with the result that we have far too many delinquents. For goodness sake let's get back to a proper sense of proportion.

My husband and I were unable to have children of our own, but when my brother and his wife were killed their two daughters came to live with us. Diana was just eighteen and Sue was sixteen-and-a-half. A right pair of young devils. As far as I could see, my brother had let them run riot. They didn't have the first idea of discipline between them.

My parents had kept me on the straight and narrow by tanning my bottom whenever I needed it. After talking it over with Frank I bought a proper school cane. The next time they misbehaved themselves I

gave them to good talking to and produced the cane.

'Any more of this,' I told them, 'and you will be upended and given something to make you behave.'

They blustered and protested, but after Frank had a go at them as well they realised just how serious I was. A final warning and I let them go. Later that day I put the cane on the chest of drawers in the girl's room. It was to stay there as a constant reminder.

From then on I used a system. When either of them didn't behave properly she was sent upstairs to stand facing the wall in the bedroom. When I was ready I went up to deal with her. She pulled up her own frock and petticoat but waited for me to take down her knickers before bending over the stool in front of the dressing-table. The bedroom door was left wide open so that the sounds of punishment could be heard by everyone.

I would pick up the cane and

give the upturned bottom anything from six to twelve strokes with a good long pause in between each of them. All placed on the lower half of the cheeks where the girl sits. By the time I had completed that part the young lady was the owner of a very sore bottom indeed, but it wasn't over for her. Up on her feet she had to hold out one hand and then the other to receive up to four on each palm.

After that she was allowed to adjust her knickers and go downstairs to the living room. Once there she faced the wall, hands on her head until I gave her permission to move. If both of them deserved the cane, the girls took it in turns to face the bedroom wall while the other one received her just deserts.

If they were in serious trouble I sent them upstairs to fetch the cane and delivered its stinging message in the living room. It was bad enough for them when they were undressed in front of me, but they hated having

to show their frillies and bare bottoms to their Uncle.

One of my friends made it even more humiliating for her daughter. Even though she was twenty the girl had to strip down to vest and knickers an hour before the caning. She had to stand in a corner but every few minutes she was sent on some errand or other. Everywhere she went she had to run and then back to the corner again.

After half an hour she had to take off the rest of her clothes. She spent all the next hour standing by the table to be caned. Afterwards she went straight to bed.

Another friend of mine used a strap on her two girls. She also kept their old school uniforms, making Pam and Janet wear them as part of their punishment. They too were given smarting hands as well as tingling bottoms. It was quite a sight to watch what looked like an eighteen-year-old schoolgirl holding out her hands to be strapped. I believe they had to wear school knickers under their ordinary clothes for several days afterwards.

To return to my own two nieces, Diane outgrew punishment when she was twenty, but Sue needed an occasional lesson even after that. The last time she went over for the cane was a few weeks before her twenty-fourth birthday. The trouble arose when a dress she had bought turned out to be too small. In a ferocious temper she slammed doors, stamped her feet and was extremely rude. She had forgotten the cane was still in her room.

I sent her upstairs to wait for me facing the wall. Her face fell. Feet dragging, a very miserable Sue turned and went upstairs. Ten minutes later I went up and found her in her proper position.

'Come over here, please. You know what this is for, don't you?'

'Please don't cane me Auntie. I promise never to lose my temper again. I'm grown up now, please.'

'You should have thought of that earlier. Even at your age you shouldn't be allowed to get away with that sort of behaviour. Twelve on your bottom and six on each hand. Now get yourself ready.'

I hadn't caned her for at least two years but her training had lasted. Red-faced and reluctantly she lifted up her skirt leaving me to pull down her frilly pink knickers. I was going to make each stroke a memorable one.

One — pause, two — pause, three — pause.

'No, Auntie. No more please,' Sue wailed.

Four — five — six.

'Auntie, please, please, please.' I was getting through.

After the remaining six Sue was sobbing for all she was worth. She wouldn't forget this in a hurry.

'Up you get, my lady, we haven't finished yet.'

She climbed to her feet and held out one hand. Swish, swish, swish, I made her change hands after every three strokes. By the time it was over she was howling. She didn't know whether to keep her hands in her armpits, between her legs or to hold on to her bottom.

My punishment had certainly left Sue a very sore and very sorry young lady. And was it all worth it? Well none of the youngsters I know were ever in trouble with the law, nor did they make a nuisance of themselves. We should at least give the system a chance to work again.

(Mrs.) M.T.
Greenford,
Middlesex

BENEFICIAL TEEN-AGE SMACKING

At this time many so-called reformers are propagating the view that corporal punishment is not a deterrent. They are overlooking the fact that, because of this soft approach, behaviour of the young is at an all-time low level. I am sure that the majority of the older generation do not advocate the return of barbaric judicial punishments, but feel that a return to reasonable chastisement, both at school and in the home, would have an effect in raising general standards.

Throughout my teens I was beaten on several occasions and I certainly do not feel resentful about this. Indeed I can only feel grateful to those who helped shape my character.

Towards the end of the Second World War both of my parents were killed in an air raid, and soon after my fourteenth birthday I went to live with two Aunts, one of whom was a war widow and the other a spinster. In retrospect, I realise that they were kindly persons who were suddenly faced with the problem of having to look after a youngster who had undergone a traumatic experience and because of this they were perhaps too indulgent and allowed me to take liberties which would not have been acceptable in normal circumstances. What motivated them on the first occasion that they felt obliged to punish me I do not know, but every detail will always remain vividly in my memory although the exact description of later occasions when I was disciplined have become clouded in my mind.

On this particular evening my Aunts were unusually quiet and

perhaps I was unwise to argue with them over some trivial matter, but I could not have anticipated their reaction considering their previous acceptance of my behaviour.

I was told that my insubordination and insolence could no longer be accepted. They could no longer shirk their duty and as I had been acting like a spoiled brat I would be punished like one. I would be going to bed that evening with a smacked bottom. My arm was seized and I was led to an armless chair and told to lower my trousers.

I pleaded that I was too old to suffer this indignity, but was told that spanking was quite ineffective on clothing. It was obvious that no amount of bluster would change this new determination and I unbuttoned my trousers and allowed them to fall to my feet. Seeing that I was reluctant to prepare myself further Aunt Lena told me to lift up my shirt, and before I had realised her intentions she put her hands to the waist of my underpants and lowered them to my knees. The thought of the smacking to come held few worries for me, but embarrassment took over, for it was only too obvious that my Aunts could see exactly what lay between my legs and I hurriedly dropped my hands to cover my private parts.

Without further delay I was forced to lie across the seat of the chair and I sensed an Aunt coming to each side of me. They took an arm and brought them up to the sides of my back so that not only was it impossible to move, but my buttocks were now naked and unprotected. I was not kept in suspense, for the palm of a hand came down to sting one of the cheeks of my bottom. An instant later the other cheek received the same treatment from the other side. My buttocks tensed but I was not unduly concerned as I felt sure that this infantile treatment would soon come to an end. The two hands now came down alternately with little pause between each smack and I began to squirm as my flesh felt as though it were on fire. The area of my buttocks became an area of searing pain and each smack caused me to jerk from side to side, arching my body as far as possible at one moment and flattening myself to the seat of the chair the next. My legs kicked helplessly and I could not prevent my whimpers turning to cries and shrieks for an end to the torment.

At last the blows stopped, the hands were taken from the small of my back and I was allowed to rise stiffly to my feet, quite unable to hold back the tears which streamed down my face. I now felt no humiliation at my semi-nudity and needed

no second bidding to get to bed as I carefully pulled up my trousers over my chastened backside and stumbled out of the room.

This was a truly frightening and painful occasion in my life, but I have no doubt that my character benefited from my chastisement. On several later occasions I was to feel the effect of the palm or a light bamboo cane across my naked buttocks, but I know that it was necessary and although both of my Aunts are now dead, I have nothing but respect for their memory.

W.A.
Newquay

FIRST-HAND ACCOUNT FROM THE TOP CANING SCHOOL

I am a young wife of eighteen and both I and my husband Derek, who is twenty-five, think your magazine is absolutely smashing. We only recently discovered it, but have been having some marvellous evenings going through back-numbers we got from your wonderful shop. Derek doesn't know I'm writing to you and I am going to keep it a secret, so he will get a nice surprise if it appears in print! As this is the first time I have ever written to a magazine I hope you will be understanding if I don't write as well as some of your correspondents.

We particular like the letters section in your paper, and especially letters about the school experiences of other readers. Both Derek and I were lucky enough to go to schools where they didn't 'Spare the Rod' (to quote your recent very sensible editorial). Derek loves me to talk about my own schoolgirl punishments (as a preliminary to getting my knickers down for a certain amount of re-enactment, of course!) and we find it adds much spice to our sex-sessions to discuss the methods and spankings described by other wives and girlfriends in your pages.

I think I would have written to you anyhow, but I am doing so particularly to correct a statement by your correspondent J.B.R. of Walsall in Vol. 7 No. 12, who asserts that it is a lie to say 'it is still legal for teachers to cane and smack boys or girls across their bare bottoms.'

Derek has an older cousin who has been a teacher for some years. He and his wife are in their late thirties, but a chance conversation a year ago (actually, it was at our wedding reception!) gave us the hint that they shared our interest in the erotic side of corporal punishment, and we have since had some very

stimulating 'swapping' experiences in which slippers and canes always play a big part! I was therefore able to ask Steve (Derek's cousin) about this without embarrassment, and he told me that whether punishment on the bottom is 'legal' or not for girls is all a question of where the girl goes to school. He showed me a survey recently carried out on the regulations of different local education authorities, which proved that only eleven out of a hundred of these authorities banned bottom-whipping for girls, and *none* of the other 90 had any regulations against punishing girls 'on the bare'.

I already knew bottom-punishment must be legal in London schools, because I had it like that more than once with the slipper and the stick at the secondary school I was at for five years, until I was sixteen. In fact, my old school (Bacon's) which is only a short distance from where we now live, was more notable than we realised

at the time, because in a recent survey on school discipline it came out as the top caning school (for boys *and girls*) in the whole of London. The Inner London Education Authority found that in the year 1978 there had been well over two hundred canings of girls at Bacon's, and twenty-six girls had the stick three times or more often in the one year. When Derek saw the newspaper article about this 'survey' he was very tickled, but I said I thought the old place must be going soft, because I'd certainly averaged more than one whacking a term during my five years! Later on we came to the conclusion that the article didn't really do justice to Bacon's, after my stepsister Sandra, who is fourteen and goes there now, told us she'd been whacked five times in the last summer term alone, and she's not half as naughty as some of the girls round here! One of those whackings (Mr J.B.R. please note) consisted of six real smackers



on her b.t.m., and though it wasn't quite bare at the time, Sandra assured me it might just as well have been for all the good a pair of very thin and tight-fitting navy gym pants were to her! Her offence had been that when they were playing netball on the roof of the school (they have games on the roof, which is flat, because it's a built-up area and there is no playing field handy) she had repeatedly and deliberately been throwing the ball down into the street, and finally managed to smash a window in the church just across the road. The teacher whipped her straight downstairs and caned her really hard just as she was, in her blouse and pants. She said she was only glad she wasn't actually made to bend over up on the roof, because the cane stung her naughty little bottom so much she wet herself, and it was embarrassing enough to have that happen in front of a teacher, let alone all the boys and girls taking part in the game!

The hardest whacking I ever got at Bacon's was a sort of combination 'hands-and-bottom' job at the age of fifteen. I was due for six of the best for playing truant, and it would normally have meant three on each palm — really swishy strokes, too (how I sympathise with young Sandra). However, it was during the winter and I had slight chilblains, and managed to persuade the Head to substitute the 'posterior alternative' for which I was due to report after assembly the following morning. Normally, the mere idea of the cane was enough to get me quite damp between the legs, but on this occasion I got cold feet (thinking of what a hot b.t.m. I was going to get, because I'd been warned to expect the caning of a lifetime). So next morning I begged off, on the ingenious but quite untruthful grounds that I had just started my period!

Unfortunately, they checked up with my mother and soon found out that I was a little fibber as well as a little truantess! The result was a session which has my palms and b.t.m. tingling even now when I think about it: I had to bend over for six strokes with the longer and slightly thicker cane kept for bottom-punishment. I just howled, and the tears were streaming down my face, and when it was over all I wanted to do was clap my hands to the seat of my gym knickers and dance frantically round the room. Instead of which I had to hold them out, one at a time, for three on each palm, and though the cane used for 'handers' was smaller and thinner, I swear it stung every bit as much as the bum-whipping! All I could do afterwards was hug my

red-hot smarting hands tightly in my armpits, conscious all the time of the equally red-hot bonfire glowing inside my gym knickers, but quite unable to do anything about it! Not only was I unable to hold a pen for the rest of that day or the day after, but it was at least three days before I could sit at a hard school desk with any degree of comfort.

I think, incidentally, that it had a very salutary effect on my classmates to know and be able to actually see that a big girl in her mid-teens had had a really good hiding. I know that the sight of another boy or girl who had just had the stick used to make me feel randy, and I often had to ask to be excused in order to relieve my feelings in the toilet. One or two other boys and girls were obviously also excited by witnessing canings or seeing others (girls especially) who'd just had the stick, but for the majority it obviously had merely a deterrent effect from misconduct.

I know that I can thank my own school experiences of corporal punishment for my present interest in spanking, but surely that is an added argument in favour of the cane? If spanking is the spice of marriage (and Derek and I certainly think so!) we probably ought to be the more grateful to schools for fostering this interest in addition to the necessary and salutary keeping of good discipline. If so, perhaps my old school even qualifies for some sort of *Janus* award, for coming top of all London schools in terms of caned palms and bottoms! At any rate, Sandra tells me that following the recent caning-survey, the latest 'in-joke' at Bacon's is that the school motto 'Gloria in excelsis deo' (Glory be to God in the highest) has acquired a new meaning!

(Mrs.) Maureen C.
London, S.E.16

GERMAN SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BIRCH

As father of three naughty young ladies, *Janus* No. 7 Vol. 7 which dealt with the birch as a medicine, was most interesting for me. In Germany, as you may know, you must be very careful with C.P. as neighbours may bring you to Court as soon as they have the idea that you are hurting the bottom of a naughty person. If any red stripes are to be found you may even be sent to prison for cruelty! Therefore I've always used the good old birch to teach my youngsters manners.

From the age on, then they went to school, my wife kept an accountance book for each of the

girls. Marks were given for all sorts of misbehaviour during the week and Saturday is our traditional pay-day.

After washing up they have to bring the birch down into the sitting room. My wife repeats the number of marks she noted for each individual girl who then had to come forward and lay across my knee. I always enjoyed slipping down their knickers and letting their cream-coloured bottoms pop up. When my birch began to dance the change in colour always gave me the measurement for the speed of the dance. Up to three marks the result would probably have been just a slight rose whereas twelve marks would normally produce a deep tomato red colour. In the latter case the disciplined behind would usually start to dance too under the swishing birch. A part of the lecture was always for the next ones to wait and witness what would happen to their rear end in a few moments. After having received their treatment the ladies have to stand face to the wall for about fifteen minutes and enjoy the warmth without rubbing which I think is always a good addition to the punishment.

About one year ago the two daughters of my sister — we all have daughters in my family — came for a six week holiday. When my sister saw the birch hanging at the door of the lavatory, she asked me if I couldn't polish them up a little. Being sixteen and eighteen years old, and my sister divorced since some years they were missing a good spanking. My girls of course giggled when my wife declared that my nieces would get their marks too and as a result of this they would have to receive their payment on Saturday afternoon. I could think already how pleasant the payment would be when I looked at those extraordinary tight-fitting jeans of my nieces, which showed all the details of the pants they were wearing. When I had a look at these nice roundings my oldest niece Susanne blushed and remarked: 'You will not spank me. I'll look for that!'

I don't have to mention how excited my girls got as the week passed and Susanne was collecting a remarkable number of marks. On Friday night the birch was laid in the bath tub for wetting and my daughters had the greatest pleasure needling Susanne. They were actually betting if Susanne would fit into her jeans afterwards.

On Saturday afternoon at the usual hour, I asked my youngest daughter to fetch the, as I hoped, then most flexible birch from the bathroom. Most bewildered she came back without the birch, it

wasn't at its place in the bathtub. I had a stern look at the delinquents and it was obvious that Susanne had something to do with the missing birch when I saw her blushing again. So I asked her sternly what she had done with our well-prepared instrument. After some sobbing she confessed to having thrown it into the near channel just before lunch. Four pairs of eyes were waiting to see what would happen to Susanne now. Susanne who had camouflaged her beautiful rear under a long skirt today, was also waiting. I didn't want to spoil the fun, as all girls — beside awaiting their own payment — were most anxious to witness the punishment of eighteen-year-old Susanne. So I had to look immediately for some other kind of payment. My wife had not long ago bought a plastic carpet beater. This would do! The heart-shaped hot end would fit wonderfully on our young ladies' behinds. The length of the blue carpet beater made it impracticable to lay the girls across the lap so for a change I told them to change into their gym knickers, except for Susanne.

The youngest, our Rose who is thirteen years of age, came in first. In front of me, I made her bend forward until I could fix her head between my legs. Then her knickers were pulled straight in the middle so that they parted her seat and she was lifted to her toes at the same time. For measurement the heart-shaped end was placed on her shining silk before it swished through the air causing Rose to shoot forward, but there she was held firmly between my legs. This new treatment impressed me from the first moment on. After a quarter of an hour I had four girls who had all given a good show with their well-beaten rears. Standing at the wall I asked them to be kind enough to let their knickers down, so that the impression they received could be studied. I think all *Janus* readers would have liked to see the heart-shaped figures they showed!

It was natural that Susanne should get a special treatment. Whilst the four that had got their bottoms signed already stood face against the wall, I took Susanne who then tried to kick me, across my lap for warming up. When her frock was lifted not only a pair of wonderful slim legs were to be seen, but also a pair of pink elastic pants which formed two most attractive globes underneath. When I tightened these elastic pants still a little bit more, I am sure no one else could have resisted to spank this behind as beautifully as I did!

But this was only the first rate and for the second Susanne was told to

go to the gym room and undress with the exception of her tight pink pants.

'Oh, Susanne will get the jockey's ride!' my girls cried with excitement when they heard Susanne had to go for the gym room, and so it was. It should be a lesson for her to throw away a birch. After some probes, which was only ended when I promised her a treatment with a riding whip, she undressed as told, blushing down to the nipples of her wonderfully formed breasts. For the jockey's ride my girls had arranged a small bench in the middle of the gym on which Susanne had to sit first in a rider's position, pants pulled down to the ankles by which her feet were held across the bench. A broomstick through her knees below the bench kept Susanne exactly in the position which was needed. For the sake of comfort my girls stuffed some cushions between Susanne and the bench, so, when Susanne had to lower her head the punishment area was highest. It was a most delightful view, Susanne's legs spread beside the bench and her already hot-coloured rear globes. I then took our plastic carpet beater, measuring the precise distance between me and the left of Susanne's cheeks. The next moment our carpet beater swished through the air. 'Splash' it sounded when it met the apricot-like skin and sent Susanne's body jerking upwards, throwing her apple-like breasts

upwards. No cry, but a quivering bottom marked by a neatly heart-shaped figure. Interestingly it was white in the first moment before it changed afterwards into a flaming red. The next cheek was signed in the same manner and Susanne gave a loud cry.

Jerking up wildly she swung around and tried to protect the attacked portions with her hands. I had to change my position. As with my own youngsters I tucked away her curly head between my legs. That was it! Susanne's body began to swing in harmony with the carpet beater which kissed her bottom again and again.

After about another dozen a pair of contracting legs signalled that Susanne was not only feeling the punishing sting of the plastic beater, but also a more intimate feeling, and I stopped.

Fifteen further minutes on the bench gave the girl enough time to think about trying to escape punishment. Then the other girls were allowed to cream Susanne's gleaming behind and indeed, she didn't fit into her jeans.

The plastic carpet beater has replaced the birch since this incident and I wonder if anybody else has used a similar instrument.

D. Ernst
774 Triberg
F.R. Germany



Letter of the month

TEACHER TAUGHT

I was intrigued to read the letter by your correspondent 'Retired Headmistress, Sussex' in Vol. 6 No. 12, in which she describes how she dealt with a twenty-six year old housewife and administered a well-deserved bare-bottom caning to the young lady as she bent over the back of her armchair.

I am certain that I have met the good lady and learned a painful lesson at her hands thirteen years ago in 1965. The mention of her cottage home, her long appointment as Headmistress of a girls' college in Sussex and her armchair and adjacent cupboard in which she kept her canes and straps confirm that she is the lady that I met. I will not mention her name as it did not appear in her letter, but, if she reads this letter, she will remember me and I would like to take the opportunity of thanking her for dealing with me in the way she did.

I am a happily married housewife now, but at the time I was a young and inexperienced teacher not long out of Training College. I was twenty-two and had, very irresponsibly, used several pounds of my school fund (money collected from the children in small quantities) to tide me over to the beginning of the month when I would replace it with money from my salary. Miss G. (your correspondent) was then the Chairman of the Board of Governors of my school and it was, I recall, a rainy Saturday afternoon when I reported to her cottage to explain my conduct to her. She had the decision whether to make the matter official, which would certainly have resulted in dismissal and possibly a prosecution by the police.

I clearly remember standing in front of her with my hands behind my back and an empty feeling in my stomach as she lectured me at length before producing from her cupboard a thin yellow crook-handled cane which she flexed menacingly in her hands, saying, with an air of authority: 'I am going to deal with this here and now and give you the caning that you richly deserve. Now take off your skirt and put it on the chair.'

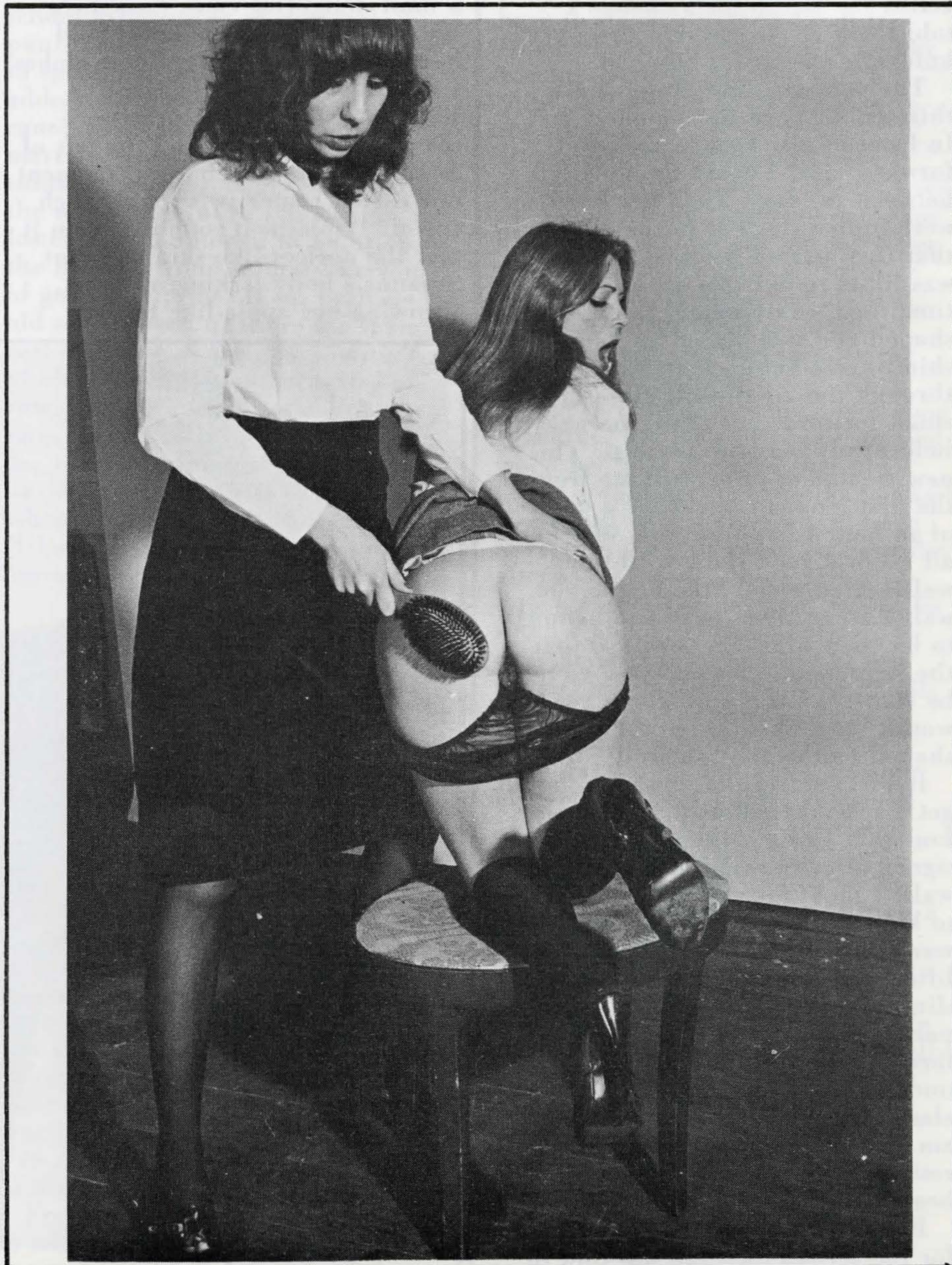
Flushed with embarrassment, I unzipped my skirt and let it fall to my ankles. I was wearing nylons, a black suspender-belt and black nylon briefs underneath and a short

white blouse which was barely down to my waist. As I stepped out of my skirt, my high heels caught it and I put it, almost inside-out, in an untidy heap on the chair. The cane swished down with a stinging crack across the bare backs of my thighs above my nylons and below my knickers and Miss G. sharply ordered 'Fold that skirt neatly, young lady.' I obeyed quickly, as she was now every inch a severe Headmistress again, dealing with a recalcitrant schoolgirl.

'Now bend right forward over the back of the chair,' she ordered. 'I'm going to thrash your bottom soundly.' Again I obeyed meekly, feeling the cool leather against the front of my thighs and the tighten-

ing of my nylons and suspender-belt as I did so, and the seat of knickers taut over my upthrust bottom. With an almost simultaneous swish and thwack, the cane thrashed down over my knickers with a searing, sickening cut. I drew in my breath sharply and gave a little cry, then gritted my teeth and gripped the arms of the chair as a further five strokes swished down over my thinly covered bottom. I tried desperately not to cry out, but could not stop myself as the strokes swished down with seemingly increasing severity over my twitching and writhing bottom.

Afer six strokes Miss G. commanded: 'Stand up. Knickers off and back over the chair.' I stood up



and my hands flew to the seat of my knickers, my palms rubbing the thin nylon and giving some slight relief from the smarting pain. I hesitated just too long in my reluctance to take off my knickers, and it was several seconds before Miss G. put down the cane, took hold of my arm and hauled me over to an upright chair, sat in it and pulled me face downwards across her knees. She took a flat-backed hairbrush from the coffee table and began to spank the seat of my panties with resounding whacks that made me kick and squirm in her vice-like grip round my waist. As she spanked me she simultaneously said, one word at a time in unison with the whacks: 'When - I - say - knickers - off - young - lady - I - mean - knickers - off - *immediately.*'

She released me and I quickly replied tearfully: 'Yes Miss,' and despite my acute embarrassment, pulled my knickers down and off and threw them on the chair with my skirt, immediately realising my error. I was back over her knee in a trice, howling, kicking and writhing as the hairbrush tanned my bare smarting bottom cheeks. 'You - will - learn - to - fold - your - knickers - neatly. - You - are - a - slovenly - and - ill - disciplined - girl.' With each word, the hairbrush tanned my burning, writhing bottom and my nylon-clad legs kicked and jerked under the resounding whacks.

When I was again released, I was ordered, sobbing and flushed, over the armchair once more. My embarrassment was gone and only the intense stinging of my bottom occupied my mind. My naked and fiery bottom cheeks protruded into the air to receive the final six strokes. How I managed to remain in position, I do not know, but to add to my humiliation, I had to count out the strokes aloud.

Swish — crack — 'Oooooh One Miss.' Swish thwack — 'Aaaagh pleeeeee Miss — two.'

Swish swaaack — 'Oooooh Aaah — three Miss . . .' and so on as my legs kicked involuntarily and one of my high-heeled shoes was thrown across the room and my bottom bucked and heaved in vain attempts to avoid the expertly applied caning.

After I had been given time to compose myself and dress, Miss G. informed me that she would be keeping an eye on me in future and that I would, if necessary, be sent for again. The welts on my bottom lasted for several days and I literally could not sit down for two days. I had heard the expressions 'I'll tan your bottom till you can't sit down', but now I really knew what it meant.

If Mrs. G. reads this, I would be very pleased to hear, through your letters, if she remembers me and if she has dealt with ladies of my age, that is thirty-five years old. I have retained my figure and my bottom has remained un-chastised since I saw her last. Anyway, at the risk of incurring Mrs. G's wrath, perhaps she is getting too old to

effectively tan the backside of a cheeky housewife. I have the brief white cotton shorts mentioned in Mrs. G's letter, and the plump bottom to swell them, but has she still the energy and expertise to spank them soundly?

Gillian B.
(ex-tencher)



DISCIPLINE FOR DAD AND THE KIDS

In this month's copy of *Janus* Vol. 7 No. 11 I was very intrigued when reading a letter from Sweden, under the heading 'Scandinavian Discipline'. What intrigued me was the fact that the disciplined bottoms concerned belonged to youngsters of between eighteen and twenty-one. I have been a regular subscriber to *Janus* for over three years now and this is the first letter I have written to you. It was the Swedish letter that prompted me to write. Twenty years ago I was a young nurse of twenty-one and I married a young doctor. We honeymooned in Italy and two weeks after our return home he was killed in a car accident. After I had partially got over my grief I returned to nursing and buried myself in my work. I had no time or inclination to marry again. I did have offers of marriage but I refused them all. This is not to say that I did not enjoy a varied sex life — I did. Two years ago my dearest friend died. She left a large family, three boys and three girls, aged between eleven and eighteen (the two thirteen-year-olds, a boy and a girl, were twins). Being such a frequent visitor to their home I knew them all intimately. They were a boisterous bunch of kids, rather wild and undisciplined. Greg, her hubby, a rather tall and well-made man, was at a loss to cope after Anne's death, being of a male character. I went as often as I could to help keep the house tidy, etc.

After nearly a year Greg asked me to marry him. Although I liked him a lot I was a bit hesitant, saying: 'Greg, you have a large family and a very undisciplined one at that. I am a firm believer in discipline and I will only marry you and keep the house in order if I can have a free hand in their discipline and as old and as big as they are they will get a smack on the bare bottom when they need it.' I then startled Greg by saying: 'You know I am a Sister at the Hospital and I shall continue in my job. I am now forty years old and for Anne's sake I will marry you to keep the home going and keep the children in order. You, like your children, will be severely disciplined if you do not obey me as I expect your children to do.'

He flushed, and laughing he said: 'But I am a man, not a child.' I did not reply. He had been warned and that was enough.

We married a few weeks later. We did not honeymoon, so the next day I called all the children together and said: 'I am your new mother,

and mother you will call me. You're all a very undisciplined lot of children and I am warning you that as from now if you don't obey me I shall severely discipline you on your bare bottoms. You are all still at school and that means that you all need plenty of rest. You will report to me in turn this evening after you have finished your homework and I will then give you your bed times and also the jobs that I will expect you to do about the house. You are all old enough to make your own beds and keep your rooms tidy and for the older ones, you will take weekly turns in keeping the bathroom tidy and clean.'

I then saw them all in turn. Kevin the eldest I saw last, and when I told him he was to be in by ten o'clock and in bed by ten-thirty he made more fuss than any of the others. He is a tall, well-made boy, but even so I gave him a good shaking and putting him across my knee I gave him a bottom-smacking that lasted ten minutes and he howled and bawled the house down. Keeping him over my knee I said: 'Kevin, it is now 8.15 and in order to learn some obedience you will go to bed now and I warn you, your next bad behaviour will really cause your bottom to learn what discipline is. Before the month was out all six bottoms had been disciplined some

several times.

My first month of marriage was far from blissful, working at the hospital and trying to keep six boisterous children under control made me realise that my hubby Greg's lack of parental control hadn't helped and it was then that I knew I didn't have six kids to care for but seven. Greg may be a grown man, but he was no different from the other children, and in telling him so I said: 'You're going across my knee for your first severe smacked bottom. I like you a lot as I do all my children, but I want a well run and disciplined home.'

I smacked his bottom for forty-five minutes which was essential for my control of him. Though it gave me much satisfaction to smack his bottom it was the first adult male bottom I had smacked in my twenty odd years nursing. I have been married a year now, and have Greg's and the children's bottoms under control. All now are models of good behaviour and obedience, but I still smack the bottom for the least fault.

Hope you publish this letter. I know a lot of parents today whose lives are ruled by their children. I will write more fully about how I got Greg and the children under control.

(Mrs.) Patricia Y.
London, S.E.21



CORNISH TURNOVER!

Just a line for your correspondence. I really must say that your letters on family discipline are wonderful, the one about Helston School and the girls being punished with the hair brush is quite true. I knew a girl who was punished across the end of the table and I saw her bottom before she caught her bus home and it was redder than any tomato. Poor Jean just didn't know what to do with herself.

I sincerely hope that *Janus* remains only and all C.P. — it certainly is the best on the market. I think from your letters Cornwall must be like Scotland, a strict place as I got hit as did all my friends both at school and at home.

As a child and a teenager we got punished with the riding crop. I think being a farming family with horses there must have been one in every room in the house, certainly to our cost some of them had steel going through the centre, but even so we still got thrashed with them across the bed, nightdresses pulled up.

I had four brothers, so my sister and I were somewhat treated a bit like boys, but six strokes from Dad in the study was by far the worst punishment of the lot. I don't think Dad knew if he was punishing boy or girl — I don't think he cared, all he knew was that one of his family had broken a rule and must be punished; that someone had been disobedient or broken something and punishment to fit the crime was needed, and they well knew it was due to them.

Hard yes, but quite, quite fair I suppose. He was a well-known farmer, a man of integrity, and he certainly never punished me unless I had deserved it. Our school P.E. skirts were brief — why not, did we not wear regulation cotton navy blue matching knicks skin tight or snug fit beneath them? But many a Saturday morning we have gone into school for a hockey or netball match or athletics with some strange marks on the backs of our legs beneath them, marks we would rather nobody could see or nobody but us knew about. So if we were punished 'low' the girls and our P.E. mistress knew all about it. She showed quite an interest in my punishment, and more than once went further and inspected the marks hidden by my school knickers — I regret to say I was punished rather frequently.

Penny and I got our worst thrashing for playing truant. We went off for the day for a walk through some local woods. Penny

was due to see the senior mistress, this would have resulted in her bending over the table, her legs spread, the Head holding her hands, for a dose of the hairbrush. Penny had had a row with Charles, our little brother, and he told Mum on us. Mum asked us in the evening and we lied to her, so she told Dad. Dad asked us and we lied to him. He telephoned our teacher and we were both called into his study.

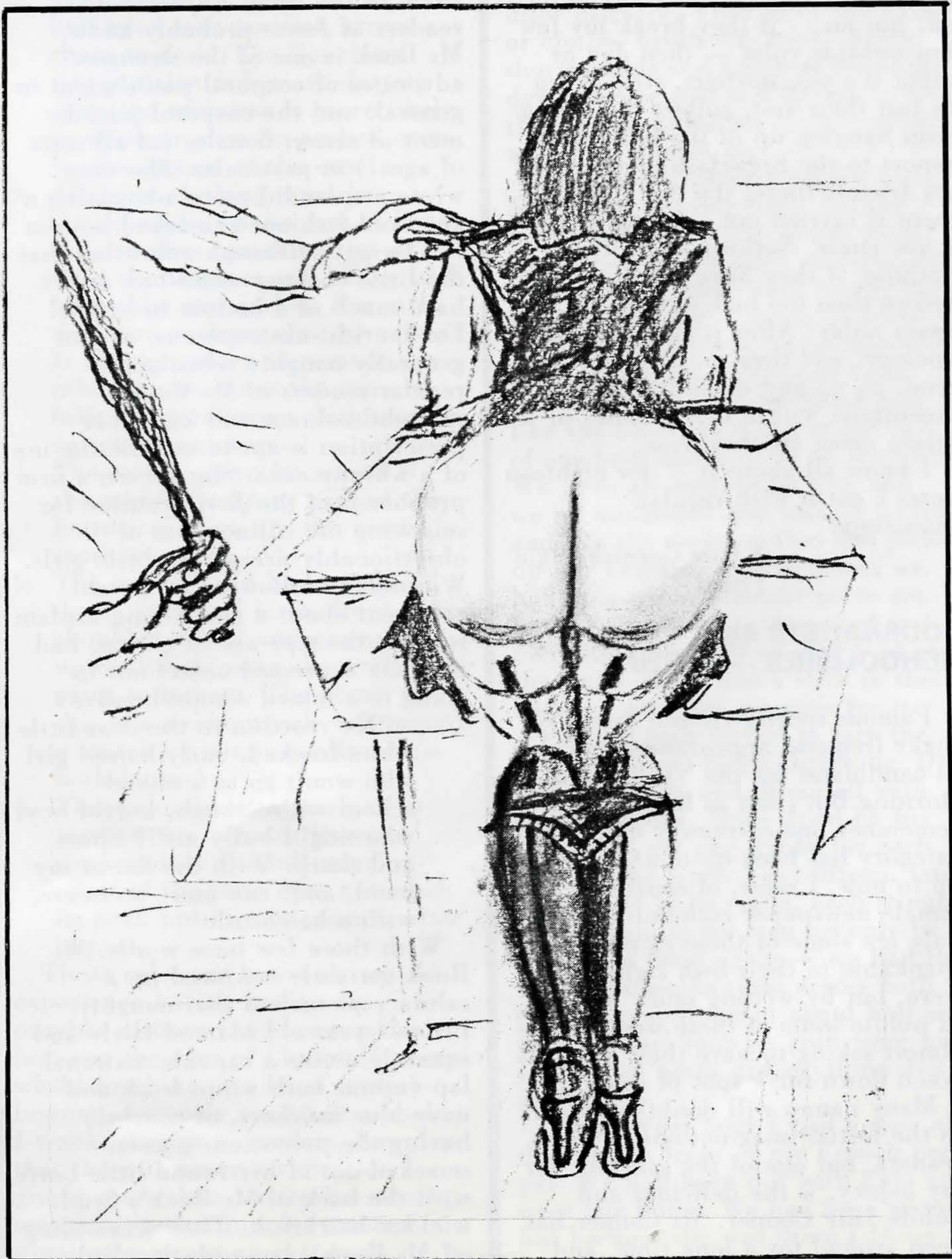
We must have been stupid — the two smallest boys were up in bed, but in front of Mum, Peter and Derek, we both undressed down to our vest and knickers, then in turn our knickers were pulled down by Mum as we knelt on a low stool for twelve of the very best across both our bare cheeks with Dad's riding crop. No words can describe the pain as it builds up at that very minute, but we accepted it with tears and yells. Next day we had to complete our punishment, clean out the tack room and clean every bit of

tack on the farm.

It was all piled on the floor. We were forbidden jeans, just old P.E. skirts from our primary school, and we were both far too sore to sit down or sit back on our legs. In all it took us from nine in the morning to nine at night non-stop, and when we thought it was done it was inspected, resulting in us both getting two strokes on each hand for not doing it well enough, then having to correct what was badly done. We also had our pocket money stopped for a month.

Needless to say, Penny did get her whacking when she returned to school on top of her already sore bottom, but for some reason I never inspected it. She came straight home and went to bed.

Mentioning knickers as many of your readers do — do you know. I was kitted out at eleven with six pairs, and although skin tight and faded, elastic replaced in tops and legs many times, I still had and wore



them every day up to being eighteen years old and passing and going to Teachers Training College — now I ask you — I bet my Mum didn't wear knickers six or seven years old, but because it was uniform then we kids had to.

We are all grown up now, the family are scattered. When we meet we talk warmly about punishment; we don't mention the bits about having to pull down our knickers in front of them all, we have forgotten all the little humiliating bits and bobs, the oo's and arr's as the crop bit into the skin of a tender place causing a blister as big as your finger to rise up to hurt in P.E. next day, or for the tight leg elastic to press against when we sat down at our desks.

There is no doubt about it, that six hard strokes laid on the bare bot of a boy or girl spaced about half an inch apart across both cheeks is the best possible form of punishment — this is what my kids now get — not nine, not twelve, but six, and they plead and plead to be let off, but no — if they break my few but sensible rules — then day or night it's yes, upstairs, strip down to just their vest, collect the riding crop hanging up in the hall, and report to the breakfast room. And my friends there, the due punishment is carried out bending across a low chair. Nothing stops it, nothing, if they have had it the day before then too bad — they get it again today. After it's all over an apology, and they must return the crop, go up and dress and return downstairs within two minutes or it might mean another dose.

I know all about it — for eighteen years I got it with regular monotony.

A true Cornish Pixie
Truro

JOURNALISTS AND SCHOOLGIRLS — BOTH!

Famous sportsgirls and actresses make frequent appearances in *Janus* as candidates for the 'Order of the Burning Bot', but as far as I remember one extremely deserving category has been quite neglected up to now. I refer, of course, to female newspaper columnists. Not only are some of these extremely spankable in their own right, as it were, but by writing saucy things in public some of these wenches are almost asking to have their knickers taken down for a spot of discipline!

Many names will doubtless occur to the fertile imaginations of *Janus* readers, but one of the sauciest, for my money, is the delicious and nubile Jilly Cooper. Ms Cooper has been around for a long time, and

ten years ago the sort of punishment normally meted out to a more-than-usually naughty teenage schoolgirl might have cured our Jilly's pertness — upstairs, into her pyjamas, trousers down and touch the toes for eight or twelve with a nice whippy regulation cane. But she must be turned 40 now, and can't be let off so lightly. Probably can't touch her toes like she used to in any case, and that broad in the beam she could do with a touch of the twigs — or rather more than a touch! Stripped to the vest, I think, and properly secured over a regulation whipping-horse for two dozen squealers in the real old-fashioned style with a good, well-soaked and green-withered birchrod.

Ms Cooper often writes about sexy girls and bottoms, and has even been known to express opposition to corporal punishment, so the above suggestion would really meet the crime!

For executioner, though, who better than the redoubtable Jean Rook of the *Daily Express*? As readers of *Janus* probably know, Ms Rook is one of the strongest advocates of corporal punishment in general, and the corporal punishment of errant females (of all sorts of ages!) in particular. She once wrote a splendid piece advocating a good old-fashioned smacked bottom for Twiggy, although admitting that the little cockney sauce-box didn't have much of a bottom to smack! For loutish, obstreperous, or just generally naughty schoolgirls, regular readers of Ms Rook's splendid column will know her prescription is apt to include the use of a whippy cane. She is even a firm proponent of the *Janus*-routine for smacking the silliness out of objectionably precocious little girls. Witness the following forthright comment about a pert young madam who, at the ripe age of eleven, had publicly expressed objections to going to a mixed comprehensive:

'My reaction to the dear little white-frosted, curly-haired girl who won't go to a mixed school with "rough, horrid boys who might bully me"? Short and sharp. With the flat of my hand, and, any more nonsense, with a hairbrush.'

With those few terse words, Ms Rook certainly conjured up a salutary picture of that naughty little 11-year-old planted fairly and squarely across a capable maternal lap (minus both white frock and navy blue knickers, of course!) having the precocious nonsense smacked out of her round little botty with the back of Ms Rook's firmly-wielded hairbrush. Then scrambling off Ms Rook's lap with that little

posterior looking like a couple of ripe tomatoes, and at length, in the privacy of her own bedroom, the forward little madam ruefully inspecting those juvenile rotundities in her wardrobe mirror and coming to the conclusion that pulled pigtailed in a mixed comprehensive might not be so terrible when the alternative was another encounter between her chubby young seat and Auntie Jean's hairbrush!

Ms Rook even closed her article with the comment (addressed to the same little girl) that 'a good spanking before it's too late — preferably from a boy — would be the making of you'!

Of course, if it's the back of a hard hairbrush for an eleven-year-old, it's hard to see how anything less than a really whippy birchrod could do justice to a posterior as broad and round as Jilly Cooper's. Whether Ms Rook would rate Jilly too old for such medicine is another matter, but I do remember that some three years back she very forcefully advocated sound whippings with the cane for naughty mid-teen schoolgirls in an article following all that fuss over the strapping of Tyneside schoolgirls and two big girls of 15 getting six of the best apiece from the Headmaster of Linskill High School in North Shields. Those two girls at North Shields were reported to have had the stick (as opposed to the strapping proposed for Newcastle schoolgirls), and Ms Rook's article seemed to support the cane particularly as the instrument for discipline — this may have been because the cane had been the thing which had kept our Jean on her toes in her own schooldays, as she herself was the first to admit. But as I recall it, that particular article of Ms Rook's wasn't a 'strap versus cane' feature, but was devoted more to the sex-discrimination angle. She was making the sensible point that boys and girls were the same 'from the elbow downwards', so that there could be no sexual argument against caning girls on the hand.

If Ms Rook happened to see the brief report in the *Evening Standard* of 30 October 1978 about Bacon's School, a mixed comprehensive in South London, she must have really been rubbing her hands — almost as vigorously, perhaps, as girls at that school must often be wringing their hands and rubbing their bottoms! For this report said the Inner London Education Authority had done a survey of school punishments, and at Bacon's, which had been rated one of the best in the capital for caning, the girls *alone* had had the stick more than 200 times in 12 months. They had whipped the

palms or bottoms of more than one fifth of all the girls there in that period, and 26 particularly naughty young madams had been given smarting hands or posteriors on *three or more* occasions! The paper printed a photograph of young Sue Olds, a particularly good-looking 14-year-old, who said she'd had it six or seven times while she'd been at the school, and wasn't ashamed to admit that she nearly always cried.

Sue's mother was said to approve of caning 'for serious offences like stealing', but apparently objected to the girl being whacked for playing truant, which was of course both silly and inconsistent and might have called forth some tart comments from Ms Rook! Bacon's School, according to another report, is very popular with local parents just because it's a place where they stand no nonsense. Unlike many schools today, there is said to be very little misbehaviour or truancy there, and of course any pupil would think twice about playing truant when he or she knows that the Headmaster has a supple cane in his study and hasn't the slightest hesitation about using that cane so effectively as to reduce even the naughtiest, biggest and handsomest young wenches like Miss Sue Olds to the condition of squealing, blubbering bottom-smacked nine-year-olds! It's true that Sue herself, in the *Evening Standard* piece referred to, only spoke of 'badly bruised hands and thumbs'. But she admitted that on one occasion, to increase the humiliation of the punishment, a number of boys had been brought in to watch her being disciplined, and it's my guess that the seat of Sue's navy blue knickers is no stranger to that supple cane in the Head's study.

Lucky for her she hasn't got Ms Rook for a mother! For an 11-year-old girl who didn't want to go to a mixed school 'because of the rough boys', it will be recalled that Ms Rook's answer was a squirming, squealing, bare-bottied and two-ripe-tomatoes smacking with the back of the hairbrush, if a similarly unknickered session with the palm of her matronly hand failed to set the precocious little Miss to rights. So a big, comely young madam of 14 — a young woman, in fact — would certainly need some sharp treatment, and no mistake, for hopping the wag, especially when even the salutary humiliation of being smartly and squealingly caned in front of schoolboys had been insufficient to cure the nonsense. If young Sue was Ms Rook's daughter, I bet an even whippier cane than her Headmaster's would jolly soon be wrapping itself smartly round the inviting curves of her thinly-

pyjamaed 14-year-old posterior. And, any more nonsense, with the trousers down, my girl!

Old Seahamite

ADVICE FROM A SCHOOLMASTER

It is apparent from reading *Janus* that the use of the cane, both in an educational and domestic context, figures high in the interests of a large percentage of your readers. Having been a schoolmaster for fifteen years, I can fully appreciate this interest since it is my considered opinion that the cane applied to the bottom is by far the most effective and painful method of applying corporal punishment, providing the punishment is administered in the proper way. I should like therefore to submit my six golden rules for 'six of the best'.

1. The cane should be flexible (preferably rattan) 30" to 36" long and approximately $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick.
2. The recipient should be in the half bent over position across a chair or desk. The 'touching toes position is less satisfactory since the recipient is more likely to move or even be pushed over by the impact of the cane.
3. All loose clothing must be moved aside. In the case of boys this involves removing the shirt from the trousers and lifting back both shirt and jacket. For girls, the skirt or dress must be raised. It is unnecessary to remove any other clothes since the cane is fully effective across cloth trousers or school knickers.
4. The strokes must be aimed at the middle to lower part of the bottom as these are the most sensitive areas.
5. The cane should be brought down, with full force, from above shoulder height and given an upward flick using the wrist just prior to impact. The result of this is a stroke which will impart a scorching sting equally across both buttocks.
6. There should be a pause of at least twenty seconds between strokes since the full stinging effect of the cane does not reach its peak until a few seconds after impact.

These rules are based on my experience having had to cane a number of boys (and some girls) between the ages of 11 and 16 years whilst teaching at a local comprehensive, formerly grammar school. I would suggest to readers, however, that there is never justification for giving more than six strokes whilst, using this technique, 3-4 strokes usually represent an extremely

effective punishment.

W.D.
Porth,
Mid-Glamorgan

WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERS

I read *Janus* because my doctor reads it and he is a great caner, punishing all his five kids with the stick across their bare bottoms, and makes no bones about it to anyone. Talk of naughty children and he advocates the use of the stick — all his patients know this, and I think most follow his advice. I find it all very interesting, as children we were beaten; not that we were beaten into submission by our parents, just kept under control. When my two brothers and my sister were small I can well recall being spanked by hand, in a summer dress, my knickers round my knees — yes, it was always a bare bottom-smacking, and I can recall loud howls and tearful brothers and my sister having to stand in the corner afterwards in utter disgrace. Then later the hair or clothes brush was used. Again shorts, pants and knickers were taken down; worse still was having to pull them down ourselves as our parents waited to punish us.

Grace and I along with the boys had a real tanning from dad for being caught playing Truth, Dare and Promise. We were all virtually caught in the nude with two or three other village girls, doing all sorts of things I would be quite ashamed to mention now — I recall being sent straight home and being told like the others to stand at the end of our beds and wait to be punished. We were all teenage by now and we all undressed and waited, Grace and I in the nude, as Dad had picked up our knickers and vests and we had only put our frocks on to get home — we were both scared and eventually heard Mum and Dad on the stairs. They had a stick in their hand — we knew we were for it.

Each in turn turned to face the bed, bent, and had a thrashing. Dad was very cross and disgusted with our behaviour. Mum stood by his side as we got one stroke for each year old we were. I got fifteen, laid on as hard as he could, each stinging stroke making me leap up only to be told to bend again — we had the marks for weeks right across both cheeks, spaced out at about half an inch parallel lines — gosh were we sore — we never did anything dirty again.

Then a year later I had a dose of the cane in front of my French pen pal. We had been out with boys and were late home. We had been warned but because she was there I chose

to ignore Dad's warning to be home when instructed. Furthermore I had told my brother that I had no intention of being home on time, but unknown to me Mum had heard what I had said to him. I lied and had chances to tell the truth, but decided not to — so I was sent upstairs and my French pen pal had a demonstration of what happens to strictly brought up young grammar school girls by an irate father. Yes, it was my knickers down and fifteen with the cane — I can tell you that I slept on my tum that night.

What are your readers going to say — how barbaric — punishing big girls on their bare bottoms, but wait a minute — it's not quite as bad as it seems. Let's face it, like your readers and their families we were a big united family with rules and regulations for our own good. From being little both Mum and Dad had dressed and bathed us, seen us all running around the house and the garden in just vest and pants, often less, so really when it comes to smacking what is the difference?

I think punishment should be hard, it should be felt, it should hurt, hurt so much and be so utterly humiliating that a child just does not wish to go through it all again, as it was for me when I had my fifteen cuts across my bare thighs in front of Marie — Marie told us that in her home at Ville in Normandy they used a whip with ten tails, that it hung on the kitchen door and no pants were taken down, but the whip is swished across both boys' and girls' legs and when teenagers in France have demo's the gendarmes take the kids back to the stations and many teenage girls get a darn good swishing with the whip when their fathers come to collect them, from a police officer in the presence of their fathers — but none of this ever reaches the press as they are not so stupid as this country is. They say C.P. should be banned because we are now members of the E.E.C. but punishments with the cane, strap, slipper etc. are prevelant in the E.E.C. areas much stricter than England — yes we must be nuts.

My congratulations on *Janus*, especially articles like Val and similar school punishment stories.

I regret that I cannot afford all your expensive books, but I hope that the sale of these will help keep the price of *Janus* stable. Please do not include other fetishes into *Janus* — please, please, please, keep it all C.P. so that I may not be ashamed to show it to all my friends — I am not ashamed of C.P. as I had so much of it as a girl, I do not dislike uniforms, even gymslips and navy knicks — as that's how we had to

dress, but oh no, not rubber and leather, and shoes, bondage, and the Madame Whiplash types — please do not spoil what is now the very best.

More letters please, true letters about home and school so that we can relive the past, and remember the waiting, standing there in our navy knicks, wondering, rubbing the backs of our legs, easing the leg elastic, pulling them up a bit, pulling them down a bit, that feeling in your tum, the feeling of no escape, hearing your brothers and sisters getting it, knowing it's your turn next, seeing your Mum and Dad walk in with that awful long cane, your turn, turning, pulling your tight knickers down, further, further, till they are round your knees, then bending and . . . WHACK!

Oh happy schooldays and memories.

(Mrs.) Judith D.
Sidcott, Avon

CANDID CRITICISM — AND A CANDID REPLY

Instead of indulging in self-congratulatory eulogies concerning your latest spanking film (*The Riding Lesson*) I suggest you get your priorities right by expressing your regret for the belated appear-

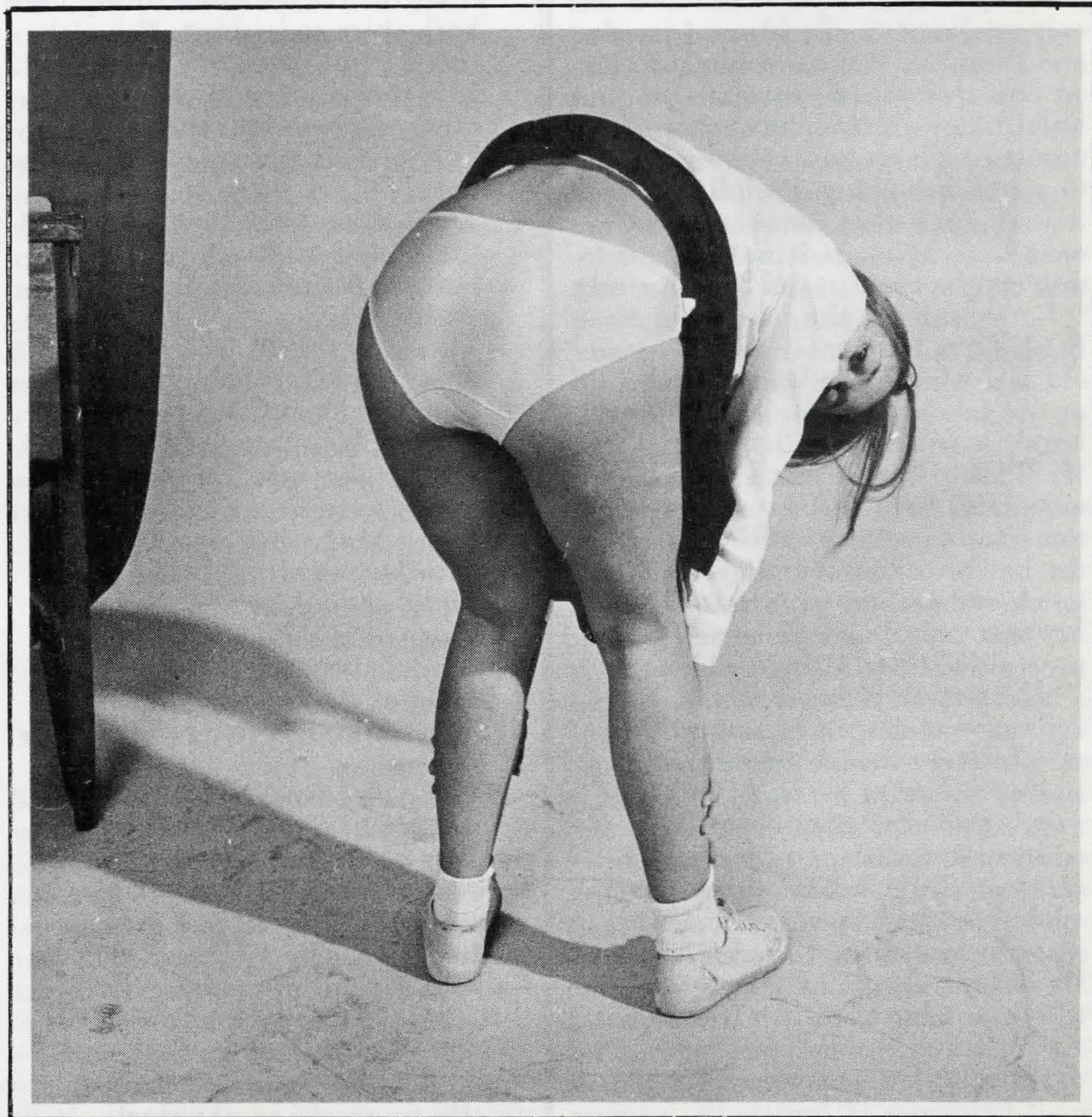
ance and inflated price of Vol. 8 No. 3, insidiously omitted in the opening pages.

You seem to be quite impervious to the wishes of many of your readers who desire more letters and less stories (only eight in this issue). More realistic drawings of school and domestic juvenile discipline and a speedy completion of the cinema film spanking series S-Z which has been dragging on for years.

M.S.
Exeter, Devon

P.S. You won't print this letter. It contains candid, constructive criticism.

Wrong Mr. S. We have printed it. You fall into a common error with which we are always having to cope, in believing that your own personal views coincide with those of everyone else. We try at all times to satisfy as many of our readers as possible in every issue, generally with reasonable success. We do see all the correspondence which comes in and possibly are in a better position to judge our readers' wishes than a single correspondent. We would also refer you to the Editorial in this number.





As all readers of Janus know, we are constantly seeking new items for their enjoyment.

In the past we have brought you the novels of Victor Bruno, Lance Kruger and Frau Oppenheimer.

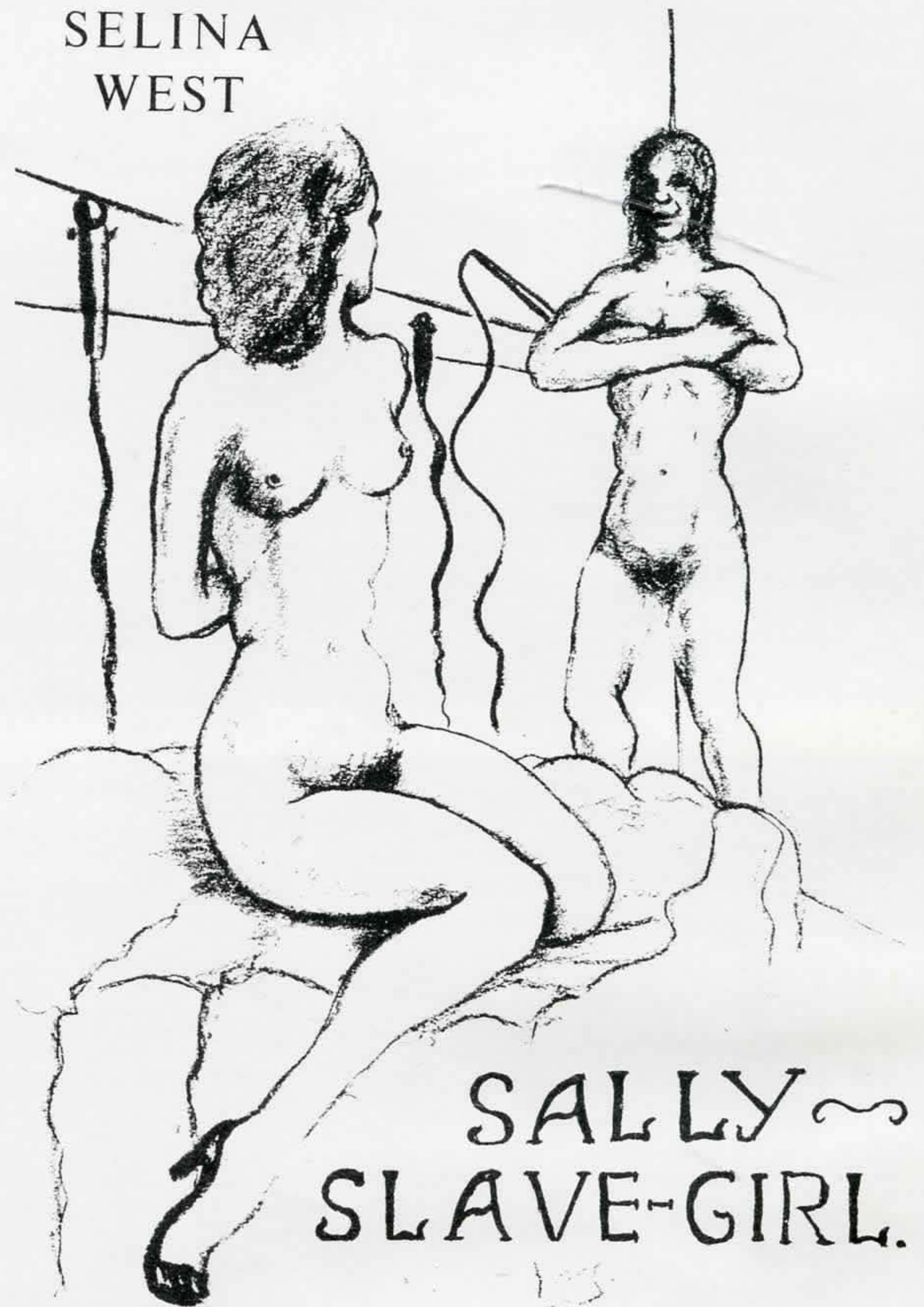
Now we are pleased to announce that for 1979 we have secured the sole distribution of a completely new range of exciting illustrated novels by hitherto unknown authors.

Now available: —

Sally Slave Girl by *Selina West*

SELINA
WEST

Price **£3.75**



To be presented shortly: —

- The Revenge of Sally Slave Girl
- Golden Face
- Island of Fear

Publication dates will be announced as soon as they are available.

SAVE MONEY

Have your copy of JANUS delivered to you every month

JANUS MAILORDER DEPT., 4 GREEN COURT, LONDON W.1

Please enter my subscription to JANUS for SIX MONTHS

I enclose £10.50

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....
DUE TO INCREASED POSTAL & HANDLING CHARGES THE OVERSEAS RATES ARE NOW:—

EUROPE £18.50

SURFACE TO AUSTRALIA £20

AIRMAIL £28

SURFACE TO U.S.A. \$40

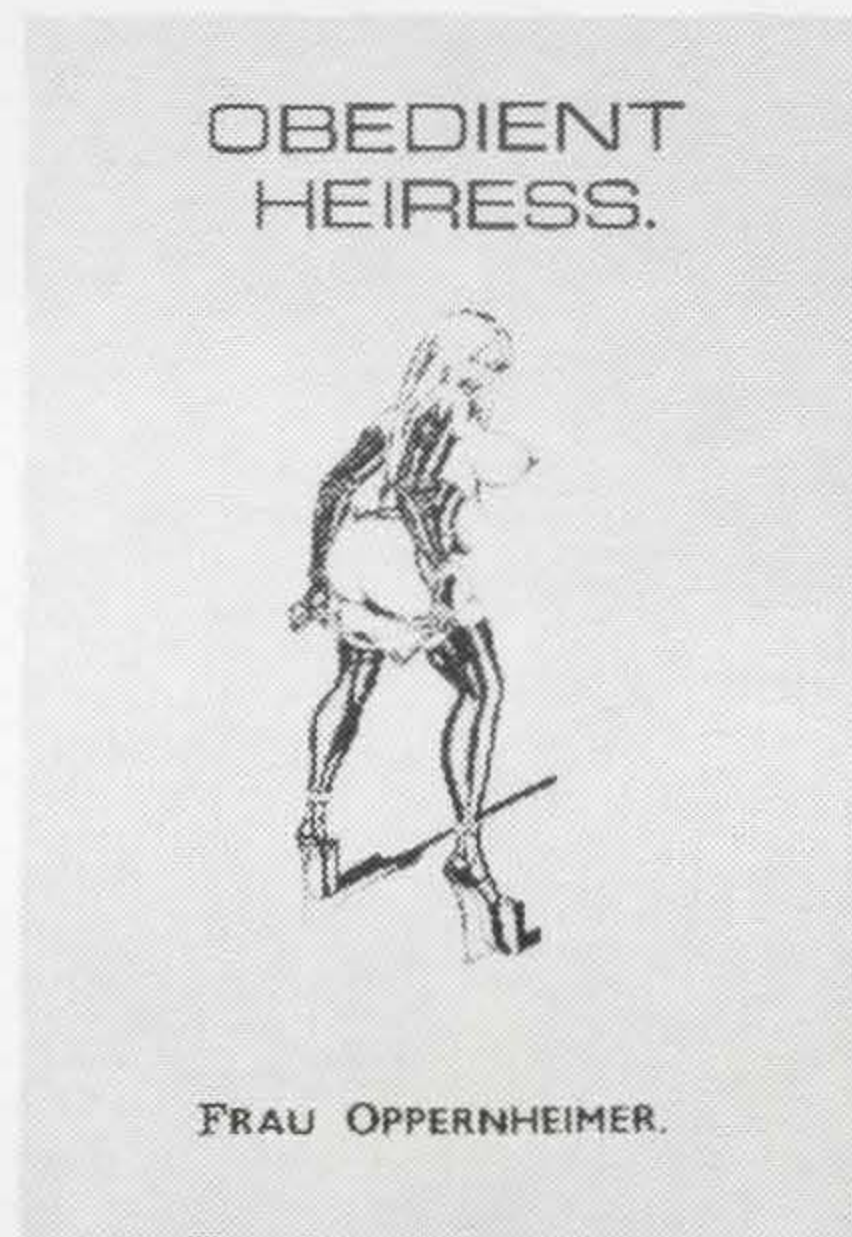
AIRMAIL \$56

THE **DEVIL'S KISS** £3.75

OBEDIENT HEIRESS £3.50

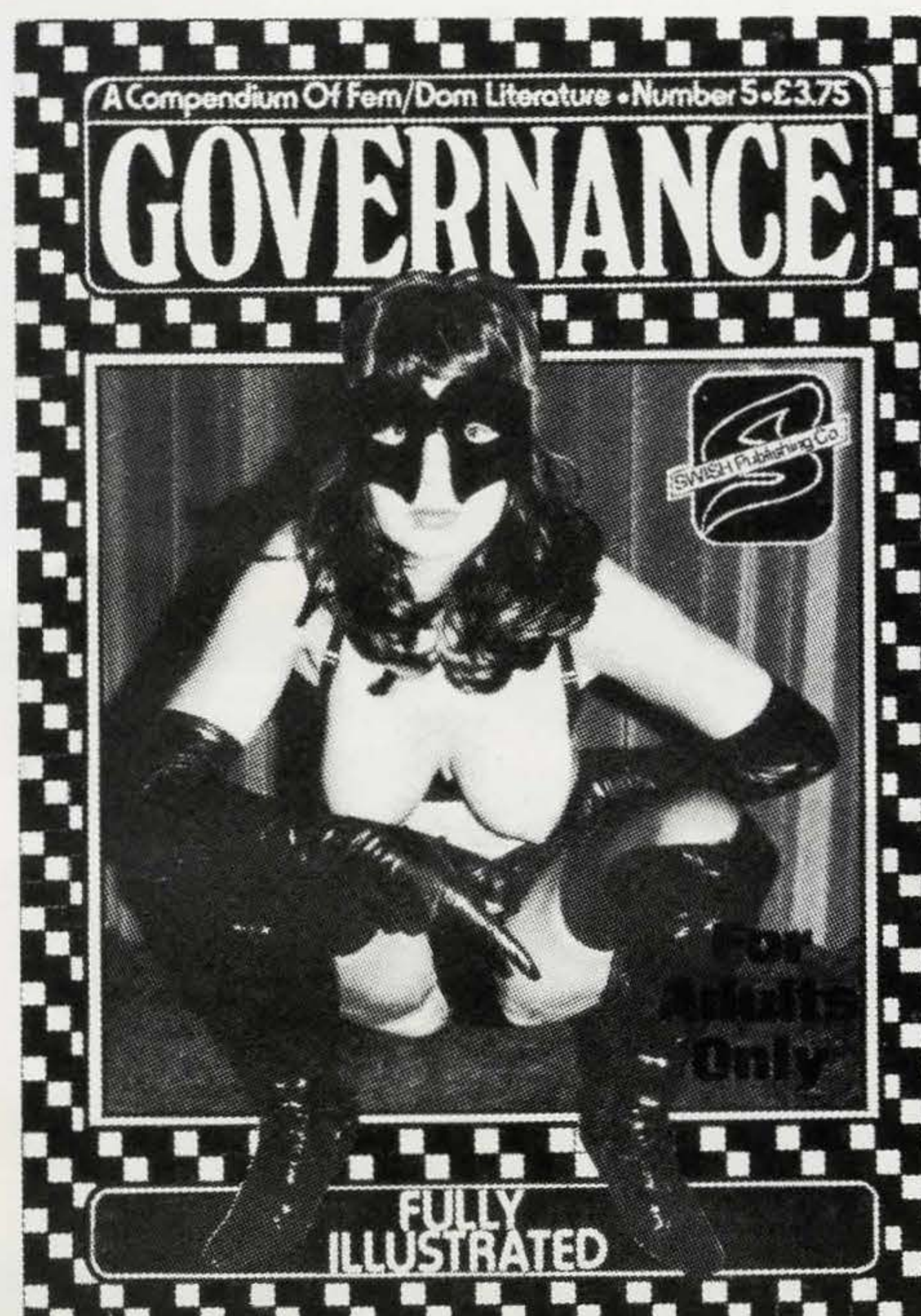
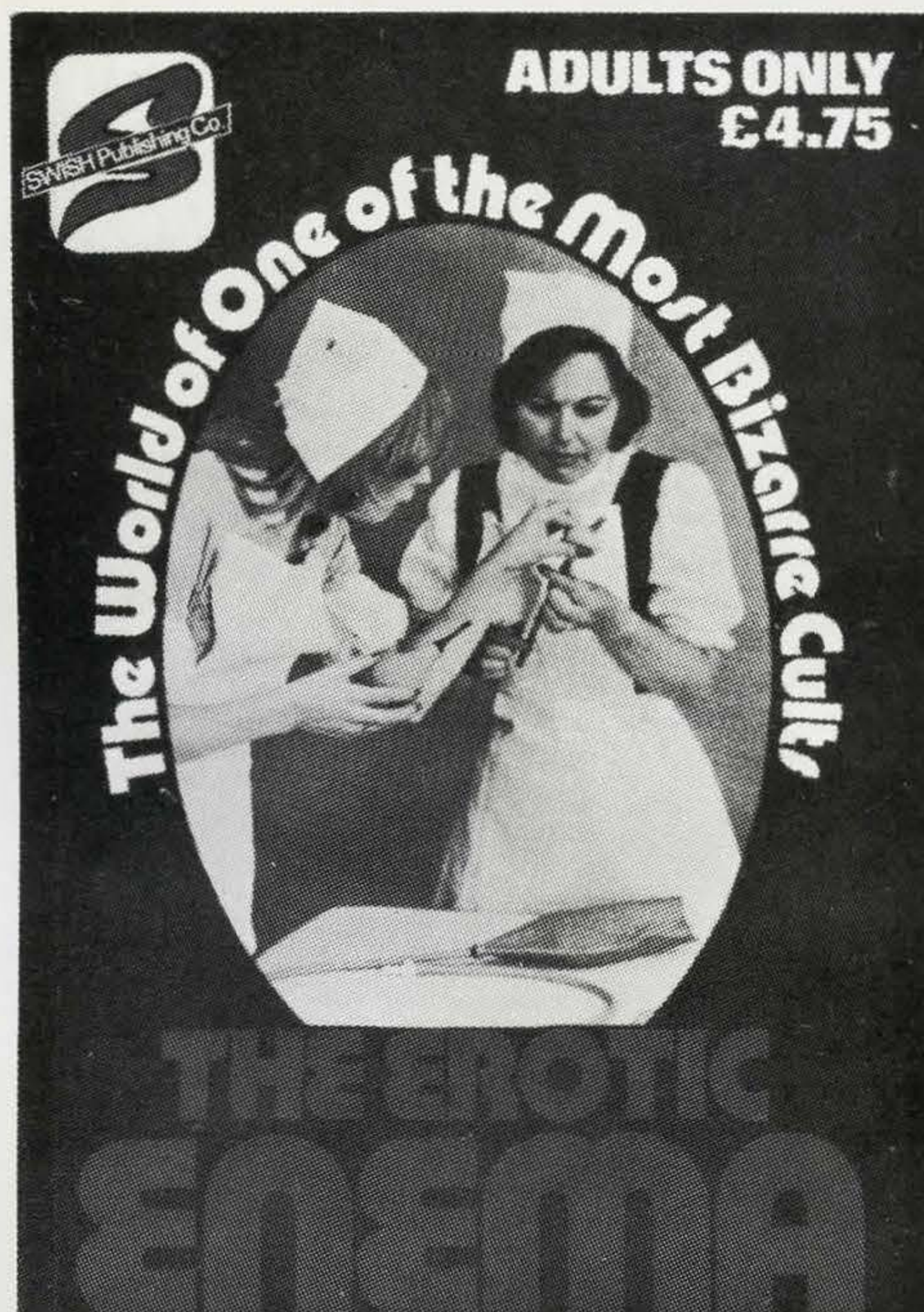
"**SUBLIME SUBMISSION**" £3.50

all by FRAU OPPERNHEIMER



THE EROTIC ENEMA £4.75

GOVERNANCE £3.75





A
JANUS
PUBLICATION