

KANE

74

The Ultimate in C.P Journalism for Adult Enthusiasts



*Not for sale to
persons under 18*



PUBLISHED BY **Harrison Marks** £10

Bottom Worshipers Only

**NO MORE
YOU BASTARD!!**
0896 403 902

**CP FOR
BAD BOYS**
0896 403 901

**STRICT
HORSERIDING
MISTRESS AND
HER CROP**
0896 403 898

**OUCH!! SIR,
THAT HURT**
0896 403
907

QUICK RELIEF
0896 403 904

**BARE
CHEEKS
AND
PADDLES!!**
0896 403
899

**A PAINFUL
LESSON
LEARNT
BY LINDA**
0896 403
911

**LIVE
MISTRESS**
0896 403
335

**A VERY FIRM
HAND FOR A
VERY FIRM
BOTTOM**
0896 403 913

**HEADMASTER
ADMINISTERS
PUNISHMENT
TO PUPILS**
0896 403 923

**LAURA, MADE
TO LIFT HER
SKIRT AND
TOUCH HER TOES
BEFORE SIR BRINGS
DOWN THE SLIPPER
ON HER SOFT WHITE
VIRGIN BOTTOM!!**

0896
403
921

**REAL UNCENSORED
SPANKING
FOR THE
CONNOISSEUR!!**



0896 403 919

**MOIST, DAMP KNICKERS
EXCITED GIRLS
JUST CAN'T WAIT!!**



0896 403 905

**THE
ADVENTURES
OF MISS CROP**
The Young &
Beautiful
Horse Riding
Mistress

0896 403 897

JOIN US IN THE TRAINING ROOM



0896 401 601

**Naughty Nurses
Giving Enema
Relief!!!**



0896 403 896

Maid for Spanking

**SPANK OUR
BARE BOTTOMS**

**LIVE
1on1**



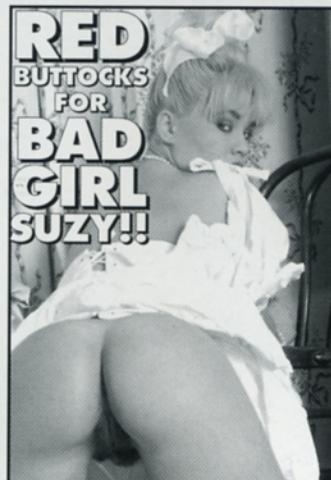
**NO
CREDIT
CARD
NEEDED**

**NO
INTERNATIONAL
CALLS**

0896 401 336

**STRICT
MATRON**
WILL
DEAL WITH
DISOBEDIENT
pupils

0896
403 912



0896 403 914

Kinky Sex

**FOR THOSE
WHO
PREFER
THEIR
SEXUAL
SATISFACTION
TO BE A
LITTLE BIT
DIFFERENT!!**

**TOO LATE FOR
SORRY
MY BOY!!!**
0896 401 602

**GOVERNESS OF
DOMINANCE
WITH HER SHE
MALE SLAVES**
0896 401 603

**CASTLE OF
ENFORCED
FEMINISATION**
0896 401 604

**MATRON
VICTORIA'S
HOUSE OF
BABIFICATION**
0896 401 605

**INTRODUCTION
TO SLAVERY**
0896 401 607

**MISTRESS
CORINNE
ADMINISTERS
TOTAL FEMALE
DOMINATION**
0896 401 608

**MADAM
MANDRAKE'S
DUNGEON OF
KINKY SEX**
0896 401 609

**MADAM
STELLA'S
DEN OF
DOMINATION**
0896 401 610

**CASTLE OF TV
SERVITUDE**
0896 401 612

**MISS CINDI'S
HOUSE OF
TRANSVESTISM**
0896 401 613

**FORCED TO
BE??**
0896 401 614

**MISS VERONICA
WELCOMES
YOU TO
HUMILIATION
HOUSE**
0896 401 615

**CASTLE STERN'
VISIT MADAM
STRICTLAND IF
YOU DARE!!**
0896 401 616

**MISTRESS
LINDA'S
ACADEMY OF
SLAVE
TRAINING**
0896 401 617

**ENFORCED
SEX SLAVES**
0896 401 618



KANE 74

Publisher and Editor
J. Harrison-Marks

Kane Magazine
Wellington House
23 Wellington Ave
London N15 6AS
Tel: 0181-802-2555



The publisher of Kane Magazine and Kane International, wishes to make it perfectly clear this is a magazine for adult entertainment, containing photographs of pure fantasy and fun. It is not the publishers intention to encourage any of the acts portrayed. All sexual acts of whatever description should only be indulged by consenting adults. We and the law do not find the abuse of minors and the use of force, fun at all.

Likewise the people used in our picture stories and titles are either professional models or enthusiasts who elect to appear willingly on our photographic assignments. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. All stories in most part are fictional, although all readers letters are genuine and have been received at our office from readers. Josie & Cliff will be pleased to receive any contribution readers wish to make.

Submissions should be printed or typed on one side of an A4 sheet with double line spacing. These can be made on floppy disk in RTF, ASCII or Word format, accompanied by a hard copy of same. Legible hand written manuscripts will be accepted. However these generally take longer to be published.

We are also seeking female enthusiasts to appear in our features and be interviewed in Kane. If you are interested and are willing to be photographed and appear in the foremost spanking journal, drop us a line along with a recent photo. however, It must be realised our photo assignments are for real; they are not faked! And we do not deal with third parties.



Seller Beware

By: Sarah Veitch

Patsy's shadow merged with the shadows of the men in the Auction House's front row. She hoped that one day she would share their obvious riches. This new career that Sir Kempton had given her was a stepping stone to such success. The twenty-three-year-old rubbed her naked arms with her hands as the gold-cased clock struck midnight. 'You're on. Make your debut!' Sir Kempton hissed.

When she didn't move, he flicked his walking stick against her pantied bum. Ow, that had really tingled! Blushing at his sexism, Patsy took the stage. Was she about to sell antiques or oil paintings? Her new boss had refused to say.

Patsy mounted the stairs, the high-heeled shoes that she'd been given ensuring that each upward step was small and careful. The black rubber dress that her boss had contributed skimmed the very tops of her black silk accentuated thighs. Forgetting to smile, she took her place on the stage's centre and perused the slender auctioneer's catalogue. 'We start off with lot 139,' she said spiritedly into the mike. She turned towards the bearded assistant she'd been introduced to earlier, and was unnerved to find that he held a leather whip.

'This is a...' Patsy started in her squeakiest voice, staring more closely at the devilish punisher. She cleared her throat, 'It's a... riding whip.' Desperately she signalled for the next lot to be brought on. Oh no! It was a swishy cane lying on a plump red cushion. A cane that

could make an erring girl's arse equally red. 'This is a... is a slender yellow gentleman's cane with an ivory handle,' Patsy whispered, feeling her eyes go glassy. She knew that each item required a five minutes sales pitch, but her mind had



Which whip would you like to taste on your backside?

gone totally blank.

The new auctioneer swallowed hard as Sir Kempton took the stage. He sighed. 'Gentleman, I'm forced to bring tonight's auction to a premature end due to Patsy's behaviour, but if you'll be kind enough to stay you can witness some strict staff training,' he said.

'She deserves the sack. She was useless!' one of the men in the front row said.

'Nevertheless, I'll be merciful,' Sir Kempton answered, tapping his walking stick against his leg with blush-making inference, 'I'll just publicly bare and thrash her lazy bum.'

He'd publicly bare and thrash her lazy bum! Patsy stared at her boss, and felt a strange pull go from between her soft round breasts to just above her neatly-trimmed pubis. Her vulva gave a little twitch of anticipation. 'You can't be serious,' she said.

Her boss smiled enigmatically and ordered his male assistant to bring over the whips and canes. 'You're the one who hasn't been serious, Patsy. You didn't even attempt a decent sales pitch. Your bum must pay.'

'Indeed it must!' one of the men concurred, 'I've travelled a hundred miles to hear this wench's mutterings. Couldn't get a feel for the goods at all.'

'Same here,' said another, leaning forward, 'I'd be more than happy to pull down the girl's pants.'

'And I'll palm her bare bottom and tell you when it gets hot enough,' a third gentleman said.

The twenty-three-year-old looked from one rich buyer to the other. A pulse started up between her legs. She could feel her facial cheeks reddening hotly. 'Which whip would

you like to taste on your backside, sweetheart?' Sir Kempton asked.

Patsy stared at the implements the assistant was holding. 'None of them!' she said faintly, unable to make eye contact with the man. Inside she was curious to know what such punishment felt like, but mortified at becoming such a

public display.

'If you don't choose one I may use them all,' her boss continued smoothly. He widened his eyes in an obvious query, 'But if you'd rather leave my employ I'll understand.'

'No! I don't want to leave! I... I guess I'll take the first cane,' Patsy said falteringly. She looked at its cruel power. 'But please, Sir - not on the bare.'

Sir Kempton put his head to one side and was obviously considering leniency. 'She deserves it on the bare,' said one of the watching men, 'Call that a sales pitch? She really wasn't doing her job.'

'I was! It's just...' Patsy couldn't admit that when she'd seen the horse whips her clitoris had tingled and all rational thought had gone out of her head.

'Yes, she needs it on her naked arse and with that arse bent fully over,' a second buyer added.

'And a nice thick bolster under her belly to push her hips up,' a third attendee said.

Meanwhile Sir Kempton was walking to the side of the Auction Hall. 'Take your seats in the Disciplinary Chamber, gentleman,' he murmured, pulling back a heavy red curtain. 'Our young friend's bottom baring awaits.'

He jerked a finger at the newly-visible doorway and Patsy preceded him through it. She was glad of her tight silk panties. She could sense that most of the men were staring at the dress-skimming lower curve of her bum. The girl walked into the Disciplinary Chamber, and stopped - it was a large warm room lit with muted pink lighting. Dressage whips and martinetts and tawses were displayed in long glass cases against the nearest wall.

'Some Auction House!' she muttered, 'This is a club for... for degenerates.'

'Degenerates who like to genuinely buy goods at my private auctions, though they also enjoy whipping bad young buttocks,' Sir Kempton said.

He paused as all of the men took their seats, facing the front of the room with its various bondage racks, whipping posts and trestle tables. 'Patsy, take a gentleman's cane from one of the glass cabinets and bring it over to me,' he ordered. Then he smiled, 'Unfortunately you can't be thrashed by the rod that you failed to sell tonight. It'll go forward for re-auctioning in another few weeks.'

'And will I be auctioneer?' Patsy muttered stallingly, 'Please, Sir - I'll try harder with my sales pitch.'

'For now just try not to moan as we lift that rubber skirt and pull down those silken pants,' her employer said.

He dimmed the overhead lights but

centred a spotlight so that its main glow focused on a trestle at the front of the Chamber. Patsy knew that her bare bum would soon be tellingly displayed over that same trestle. She knew that it would also be striped a shameful red. But she wanted to keep her job and had always wondered about what an erotic caning felt like so she walked tremulously to the relevant show case and slid the glass door along to reveal the first of the canes.

She stared at the corrective long rod. It was displayed on a royal blue satin cushion. 'Shall I bring the cushion?' she whispered uncertainly.

'Speak up, girl!' her employer said.

'Shall I bring the cushion, Sir?' If she got the protocol right, she'd hopefully earn herself a milder caning.

'Yes, we'll need it to put under your wriggling little tummy!' one of the watchers murmured with a wink.

Sir Kempton walked up to her and tilted her chin. 'Don't worry. We have a law here that says those who lay on the rod too hard receive the exact same punishment. We're very strict, but measured. If you can't bear one particular implement we'll let you try something else.' He jerked a finger towards the front of the room, 'Carry the cane on its cushion, but take care not to drop it. When you reach the front lie flat out on the rosewood trestle. We'll take it from there.'

Slowly Patsy walked towards her fate. She held the cushion with the cane right out as if it was an offering. She tried not to look at its severe slender lines. When she reached the restraining furniture she knelt and set the implement down then clambered awkwardly on to the rosewood. She lay there, the wood hard against her rubber-clad tum.

'George - do you want to assist?' Sir Kempton asked. Patsy looked at the mirror in front of her. She saw a tall somewhat angular man approaching the trestle, his face betraying nothing of what he felt. Was her rubber-sheathed body pleasing to him or repugnant? Was he looking forward to watching her being soundly whipped?

'The man squatted down by Patsy's face. 'Just relax into the machine. I'm going to press a button and a support will be mechanically raised to elevate your tummy. I'll put the cushion under you first so that it doesn't scrape your belly no matter how much you squirm.'

'Have other people in the club squirmed a lot?' Patsy muttered ashamedly.

George grimaced in sympathy. 'They have when they've chosen the cane.'

The girl quivered with apprehension at

his unexpected words. 'But I... well, figured the cane wasn't too bad. I mean, people always talk about six of the best with some affection.'

'Yeah, they do so thirty years after they left school!' the man replied. He looked back at the rod, 'At the time they probably tried to lessen the pain by wearing two pairs of underpants. And when the cane swished down they still went wild.' He put the pillow in place and obviously activated some unseen button, for Patsy felt her hips rise higher in the air. 'Don't worry, love,' he continued, 'If your hot arse really can't bear it you can choose the whip, the strap or the leather paddle instead.'

The twenty-three-year-old watched in the mirror as he reached for the cane. He weighed it in his hands then whipped it lightly through the atmosphere. The girl shivered. 'Reach your hands back and lift up your dress, dear,' Sir Kempton said.

Slowly the new auctioneer obeyed. She felt vulnerably aware of her silk-clad bottom. She prayed that they'd let her retain the silken covering, at least for a little while.

The College graduate winced inwardly as George stepped forward to push her dress even further up her back. 'Now pull down your pants,' he ordered curtly.

'Sir, couldn't I just...' Patsy started in a tremulous voice.

'Do you want to leave the Discipline Chamber this instant?' her employer queried.

'No, that wasn't what I meant!' To leave meant that she'd lose her exciting new contacts and her job and never know how such punishment felt.

'Then do what you're told without preamble,' Sir Kempton ordered.

Nervously Patsy reached her fingers back then edged down her close-fitting pants.

She stopped when the material was just below the top of her silk hold-ups and put her hands to the front again without either man's bidding.

'Good girl,' Sir Kempton said in a convivial tone, 'Now grip the bar.' Patsy stretched her hands out and took hold of the rosewood rod, which had obviously been fashioned, for a girl to hold on to. 'Keep your palms there at all times,' her employer continued, 'For if you suddenly reach back they may inadvertently taste the cane.'

For the next four minutes, Patsy lay there, waiting, with her bare bottom raised high in the air like a twin-globed sacrifice. Sir Kempton walked round and round her buttocks. George fussed with her rubber dress and half-mast pants. Finally, when her senses were begging for



*Nervously Patsy reached her fingers back
then edged down her close-fitting pants*

the experience to begin and thus soon be over with, her employer raised the cane. 'Six strokes on the bare for failing in your official duties, Miss,' he said quietly.

Patsy felt her bare bottom tensing. She closed her eyes as Sir Kempton pulled his right arm back.

The first stroke went over the centre of both naked cheeks. It left a trail of virgin fire. Patsy cried out and started to scramble backwards from the rosewood length. 'The first is the worst because you don't know what to expect,' George whispered, urging her back over, 'You're a grown girl. You can take the rest.'

The second stripe went lower, about an inch below the first. It stung just as much. Again Patsy yelled and began to leave the trestle. 'You're a third of the way through this,' Sir Kempton said reasonably, 'It would be a shame to start all over again with a different device.'

'I didn't... It's just...' Patsy rubbed at her punished bum for a moment then reluctantly put her hands back on the holding bar. She steeled herself to accept the remaining four strokes of the cane.

But the third stroke proved too much to bear. Her employer applied it near the tendermost tops of her thighs, where her hold-ups ended. Beyond rationality, Patsy howled then pushed back and up and levered herself off of the punishment bench.

'It's too much,' she whispered raggedly, holding her sore bum in both hands and wishing that her palms were cooler.

George nodded ponderously. 'As I said at the beginning, love, you can choose another implement of discipline instead.'

Patsy looked over at the hundred seated men. All one hundred looked impassively back at her. She knew that as she walked past them they'd turn to stare at her well-striped bottom and at the growing and surprising wetness that had somehow started to pool between her legs. 'Put the cane back,' Sir Kempton ordered, 'And select a different type of corrective implement from any glass case.'

Patsy reached for her pants, but her employer told her to leave them at her knees. Ignoring the stares, she shuffled up the Discipline Chamber till she came to the first of the display cases. It held a multi-thonged riding whip. Patsy remembered the thin cruelty of the cane, and walked smartly on, looking for a thicker implement. Maybe a wider surface wouldn't sting so very hard. She stared nervously at thick straps and swishy martinetts and merciless wooden paddles. Finally, she chose a leather three-

tailed tawse.

This time Patsy knew to bring the cushion as well. George would want to place it under her writhing tummy. It was a circular-shaped cushion this time, which admirably accentuated the deep brown straight lines of the tawse. Tremulously the girl walked to the front. As she did so a thread of desire slipped from between her pouting underlips and disappeared into the soft red carpet. Feeling more ashamed than ever, Patsy shuffled to the front, hugely aware of her rod-reddened bum.

She automatically made for the rosewood trestle, but Sir Kempton put a restraining hand on her arm. 'No, the whipping stool will be more appropriate this time, will hold your small arse more firmly.' The girl knew that it would also display her bare cheeks more fully to the watching crowd. 'Kiss the tawse,' her employer continued. Patsy pressed her painted lips slackly against the punisher. It felt slightly rough to her sensitive mouth.

It would surely feel so much rougher on her bum! Even so, the new auctioneer was anxious to get her punishment over with. That way she could soon be home enjoying some cold cream and a much-needed glass of gin. Taking a deep breath she faced the whipping stool and bent haltingly over it, letting her head hang down.

'This isn't the most comfortable position, so we won't keep you there long,' George murmured conversationally.

'After the tawsing, Sir, am I free to go?' Patsy said.

'No, we like to give a culprit pleasure after the pain. It ensures they'll willingly accept a sore bum for future misdeeds,' Sir Kempton said easily, 'But after you've yodelled your way to orgasm I'll have my chauffeur drive you home.'

The new auctioneer swallowed at his imperious words. Someone ran a considering hand over her raised buttock cheeks and she looked into the mirror before her to see that George was the one doing the caressing. 'That arse can take six of the tawse easily,' he said.

'Dyson - would you like to help out?' Sir Kempton asked, smiling at a man in the front row, 'You've always been most adept with the long tawse on a soft bare bottom.'

'My pleasure, Sir,' the newcomer said with a gleeful wink.

Patsy looked warily in the highly polished wall mirror at the approaching man. In turn, he looked at her helpless naked rotundities. 'Very fetching,' he said to no one in particular, accepting the three-tailed punisher from George.

Patsy flinched as he laid both of his hands over the hot cane marks as if he was assessing them. Then he stepped to one side of her and lined up the tawse.

The bloody thing stung more than she'd feared! Patsy exhaled loudly as the smooth strips of leather licked over her upturned young bum. She half lifted her head in protest, rubber-sheathed breasts moving against the lower legs of the floor-bolted whipping stool. Then, remembering that to protest too much meant accepting a new punishment or leaving Sir Kempton's employ, she stayed obediently in place. 'Ask me nicely for stroke two,' Dyson said. Mutinously, Patsy did so. Someone in the crowd whistled twice. The second stroke was laid on low. It re-awakened one of the earlier cane marks. The twenty-three-year-old yelped and kicked for a moment, but remained bent over the buttock-displaying stool.

'Now beg for the third,' Dyson ordered.

'Please give me the third,' Patsy muttered reluctantly. She was damned if she'd call this taunting rich bastard Sir.

'Address him as Master,' Sir Kempton cut in.

Patsy brindled over the stool: 'No! He's not my Master.'

'We're all your Masters whilst you're being punished for poor workmanship,' her employer said.

'I only failed to sell a few whips and canes,' Patsy blurted out, beginning to feel quite sorry for herself.

'Yes, but they could have been Chinese statues worth many thousands,' Sir Kempton corrected in a weary voice. He sighed. 'A man or woman who really loves their work sees each task as an enjoyable challenge. How can you learn to be a proper auctioneer if you can't even run a small private Auction House like this?'

Patsy didn't believe that the two things were really the same, but her bum was bared and displayed so she figured that she was in no position to argue. 'You've made your point! And... em... I do want to learn to run real auctions. So please, Master, lay on the third tawse stroke,' she said.

Her new Master obliged, the leather warming the helpless central swell. God, her poor bum felt tender! She whimpered for a few moments then asked tremulously for the fourth. Dyson laid it on. The three tails reddened both cringing globes in a fiery instant. Its lash made her squeal and move her hips from side to side. Patsy groaned again. Her raised bare bum was burning. She was unsure if she could bear strokes five and six.

Stalling, the twenty-three-year-old opened her eyes and stared into the mir-

ror. Dyson smiled. He walked closer to her raised red orbs. 'I don't hear you asking nicely for the fifth taste of my little friend,' he murmured, brandishing the punisher.

'I need... a few more minutes, Master,' Patsy said.

'Why?' Dyson countered, his eyes assessing.

The girl looked nervously away from the merciless implement. 'To compose myself.'

Dyson stared at her for a moment. 'A walk's supposed to be relaxing,' he said thoughtfully, 'It's meant to take a jumpy bottom's mind off its worries. I'll take you for one now.' He looked over at George, 'Can you bring me a lead and collar, George? Mm, the one for naughty girls.'

Surely he wasn't going to parade her like a floppy puppy? Patsy wriggled over the whipping stool in a paroxysm of humiliation and desire.

'I'll take the two extra tawse strokes,' she muttered, 'Please, Master, I want them!'

'You can have them after you've shown all of the nice men your pretty red bottom,' her new Master said.

A moment later he knelt and fastened a heavy black collar around her neck. It was snug but not at all constricting. Then he clipped on a short black lead with matching silver studs. Finally he had George lift her from the whipping stool and position her on her hands and knees like an obedient canine. Then he tugged gently at the lead.

'Walkies!' he said. Colour flooded Patsy's facial cheeks. Lust reddened her sex lips down below. Her thighs felt tremulous with yearning. Suddenly she wanted to climax hard and fast. Dyson seemed to know. 'You'll see the bitch is in heat,' he remarked to the first row of watchful gentlemen. 'You'll get relief soon enough, pup,' he continued, patting



Patsy howled then pushed back and up and levered herself off of the punishment bench.



They palmed her flesh until she trembled with excitement and shame.

her head. He pointed at the rows of out-stretched knees then lifted her until she lay along three sets of expensively-trousered male laps. 'Just wriggle along each row on your soft warm tummy whilst the men inspect your naughty hindquarters,' he instructed, spanking her naked bum.

Patsy did as she was told. She'd come so far that she was now determined to earn her orgasm. Christ, they'd seen her bare both cheeks for the cane and the tawse: did it make much difference if they saw those same globes in close up now? But the men didn't just look. Instead, they palmed her flesh until she trembled with excitement and shame and an ongoing frustration. One played briefly with her intimate parts and she almost came.

'Not yet,' Dyson chipped in, 'Remember you've still to beg sweetly for the last two tawings.'

'I'll beg! I'm asking nicely for them!' Patsy said.

But another four rows of men still had to inspect her chastened rear. Patsy was lifted from the first row and walked on her collar and lead to the second. Again, she was lifted onto the eager and often erection-filled laps. Again she writhed slowly along, having her red bare

bottom spanked and fondled. 'Please let me taste the tawse. Please! Please!' she whimpered, anxious to move on to her climax. Her pubis was swollen with need.

At last the final auction client had smacked her bum, and Dyson led her back on all fours to the chunky whipping stool. With something akin to relief, Patsy got clumsily back in place.

'Please lash my naked cheeks hard with the three tailed tawse, Master,' she whispered wantonly, 'It's what my bad bum deserves.'

She tensed up her arse then untensed it as the leather lash seared down. God, that Dyson gave a hard tawsing! Was he just being heartless or was he intent on further exciting her increasingly pulsing sex?

'I need... I beg for the final stroke across my hot bare bum, Master,' she said hoarsely.

'Is it a sore bum?' Dyson taunted, trailing the fingers of the tawse over both aching cheeks.

Patsy let her breath out in a heartfelt sigh: 'Oh yes, Sir!'

'Tell me how sore,' Dyson said.

Patsy skulked humiliatedly over the whipping stool. By looking in the mirror she could see the watchers straining eagerly forward.

'It's so hot that I can hardly bear it,' she whispered, 'And I want to beg for mercy but know I can't.'

'Good girl,' Sir Kempton chipped in. George smiled approvingly. Dyson applied the final searing stroke. It went diagonally, reheating both already-tender buttocks. Patsy roared and flexed her feet and brought her hands back, then slowly quietened and lay, quivering, over the stool.

An hour later, having eaten and drunk lightly in Sir Kempton's rooms, Patsy got into his chauffeur driven vehicle. Her employer pressed a thick bundle of notes into her accepting hand.

'This salary should keep you going all week. Report here at the same time next Saturday,' he said matter-of-factly. 'There will be another auction for you to run then.'

'Erotic paintings on sale this time, is it?' Patsy smiled. Her equilibrium was slowly returning, 'Or will I be selling more swishy whips and canes?'

Sir Kempton smiled knowingly. 'No, my dear, we'll be auctioning carts and bridles for naughty Pony Girls at this sale - and you won't just be selling them. We'll want you to demonstrate by being saddled up naked and pulling a cart.'

HERE'S LARRY

Those of you who have the usual view of clubland and club-men, as a general rule, couldn't be more wrong. I happen to belong to several clubs and my favourite, the Adventurer's Club in Bayswater, couldn't be more further from the usual notion of a lofty old Victorian building, all fumed oak and chandeliers, populated by a bunch of well-padded, decrepit old blimps who spend their days snoring in leather arm-chairs with copies of the Times over their faces. To begin with, it's situated in a semi-basement, has no dress-code, (although we *do* tend to frown on socks with sandals), permits smoking in any part of its premises, with the exception of the kitchen, and serves the best Steak Julienne this side of Maurice's on the Rive Gauche. (Yes, steak! What do you men "mad cow disease?" We're adventurers, aren't we?) In fact, a love of adventure is the prime consideration for membership. An old colleague from the Jock Easton stunt team proposed me for membership about twelve years ago. My film stunts were deemed an acceptable activity by the club committee, and I've been a member ever since.

Which is how I found myself in the club lounge, relaxing with a glass of the club's Chateau Lafitte (1971 – a wonderful year) in a pale blue haze of smoke compounded of Romeo y Julietta cigar smoke from my companions and fine Old Potomac Black Plug from me. There were four of us present – myself and three friends whom I shall call Johnny, Paul and Mark, since their real names will almost certainly be familiar to some of you at least. Johnny was a small, spare, wiry little man whose great passions were point-to-point racing, the music of Debussy and women. Tall, statuesque, glacial ones. Paul was large, bearded and constructed on the lines of a Chubb safe. Of him it was said that "if it could be climbed, he had climbed it." This actually included a number of rock-faces deemed (until his ascent) unclimbable. His ruling passions were impossible overhangs, the English countryside, greyhound racing (watching, not betting) and plump little blonde girls in nurse's uniforms. Mark was of middle height, inclined to be chubby and seldom without a smile or a laugh. He knew the world's deep-sea fishing waters as well as any man alive, and considered any fish, from shark to tarpon, that weighed under two-hundred pounds only fit to be thrown back. His other interests were genuine, first-class Indian food, the works of Conan Doyle and "any girl who likes black underwear."

In company like this, it was inevitable that the talk should eventually gravitate to what Rousseau has termed "the alternative sex". Before long, it became less than general. I forget which of us started it, but one of us proposed that the one who told the tale of the most unusual encounter should have the next round of drinks brought on his behalf. Paul immediately obliged with a quite scandalous tale of a broken collarbone after a thirty foot fall, a little blonde nurse, (naturally!) and a wild session in a public ward behind drawn screens

while having his temperature taken. Mark, not to be outdone, recounted an adventure while shark fishing off the coast of Bali, concerning a Balinese dancing girl, a bottle of native rum and a tame python that would get your favourite magazine banned from the news-stands should it ever get into print. John's contribution told of a member of the aristocracy leaning out of the back of a horse-box, resting her lily-white arms on the edge of the lower half of the door and waving to friends and colleagues on the course whilst he was inside committing all manner of dark and wicked deeds in the friendly darkness. After which, of course, all eyes found their way to me.

'Well, Larry?' asked Mark with a grin. 'How about it? We all know your preferences and predilections. Do you reckon you can top that lot?' I frowned for a moment as I knocked the dead ash from my pipe and carefully refilled it. 'I don't know about topping it,' I answered at length, 'But there was one instance – only about a month ago, in fact – that might just equal it.' I flicked my lighter into flame, applied it to the tobacco in my pipe-bowl, and looked at Mark through the ensuing smoke. 'You were at Maud Bannerman's party the month before last, weren't you?' I asked. His grin became, if possible, even wider. 'Sort of,' he admitted. 'Knowing Maud Bannerman as we both do, I decided to face the evening by getting as smashed as possible. So I delivered my lady wife into the tender mercies of our hostess as soon as I could, and – shame upon me! – sought refuge and solace in the blessed company of the bar. I don't even remember seeing you there. Why? What happened?' I settled back in the worn leather wing chair, beckoned over old Gideon, the club steward, pointed significantly to my empty glass, and began.

'I think I'd been at the party for about an hour when I first saw her. Not a great traffic-stopping beauty, but a lady with that undefinable something that turns heads in a crowded room. Perhaps I should make that clear. Not a girl – a lady. About thirty-five, I should judge, with a rich, rounded figure that obviously didn't need artificial constraint to hold it in shape. A round, somehow determined little face, with searching brown eyes, a snub little nose, a wide mouth that was, in fact, slightly out of proportion, but somehow looked totally right, and a close-fitting cap of tight brown curls. She was wearing a cocktail number that gave a whole new meaning to the phrase "Little Black Dress", a stylish piece of black velvet cut with the simplicity and economy that cost a fortune. It was, I'm happy to say, short enough to allow the beholder to behold that the lady was blessed with the kind of legs that the eyes of such hoary old reprobates as the present company, gentlemen. She was obviously looking for someone in the crowd, and I must admit to a pang of jealousy on thinking that it was most unlikely to be me. I

think, gentleman, you may well imagine my surprise when she started ploughing through the mob in my general direction, with me as her obvious objective! If I'd wanted to move, I don't think my legs would have obeyed me. Like the guy who he said just won the star prize, all I could do was stand there and wait for things to happen. And happen they did.

'You're Sir Larry Greythorpe, aren't you?' she demanded, standing foursquare in front of me, as if defying me to deny it. I took a deep breath. 'Yes,' I admitted. 'I am. Why do you ask?' She smiled, a little secret smile of satisfaction. 'I thought I recognised you,' she answered happily. 'I mean,' she added hastily, 'I recognised you from your photographs in – a certain magazine.' The smile took on an impish quality. 'You are rather distinctive, you know,' she said meaningly. I bowed, gravely. 'Thank you, my dear,' I replied. 'Most gracious of you to say so. But what, may I ask, is a lady like you doing reading magazines like *Ka*—?' I got no further. A small, soft hand clamped itself firmly over my mouth, and she hissed in my ear 'Behave yourself! You don't think I want my friends to know I read magazines like that, do you? What would mummy say?' This time it was my turn to smile, even though my brain was spinning with curiosity. What could this delectable little creature want with me? I wasn't left long in doubt. Or ignorance. Shifting her head from my mouth to my elbow, she drew me into a secluded corner. Well, a corner as secluded as one can ever find at one of Maud Bannerman's parties. 'Now!' she said, with some determination. 'I have a couple of questions I'd like to ask you, and I'd be very grateful for frank and direct answers. First and foremost – all those articles you write in – in you-know-which magazine. Are they true? I mean, do they really happen, or do you make them all up?'

I looked at her very steadily (which was, let me say, no effort at all. She was worth a second look from any man.) 'I make certain changes to the facts,' I admitted. 'I hardly ever use real names. Or places. In fact, I can only think of two instances when I have. But the basic stories are just as they happened. Would you mind telling me...?' She brushed the question aside, and continued. 'Two,' she said firmly. 'What about the Indian lady who wanted to be a dancing-girl slave? (see *Kane* 57) And the girl who wanted to be a Victorian parlour maid? (see *Kane* 53) Did you really play out those fantasies with them?' I nodded. 'Of course,' I answered. 'Why do you ask?' She considered for a moment. Then, in the tiniest of voices she went on 'Three. If I gave you a fantasy, would you play it out with me? My husband wouldn't mind, honestly,' she added, hastily. 'We have a lot of respect for each other's – foibles. And, anyway, it's about time I had turn.' With something of an effort, I was able to keep a straight face. 'By all means,' I answered, seriously. Well, as seriously as I could under the circumstances. 'What kind of fantasy did you have in mind?' She lay a finger across her lips and beckoned me closer. 'Too complex to tell you here,' she whispered. 'Where can I contact you? Write to you, I mean?' I took a card from my card-case, and scribbled the club's address on the back. 'Here,' I said, giving it to her. 'That's my town flat, and my club's on the back. You can reach me at either.' Without a word she plucked it from my fingers, stowed it away in her quite delicious cleavage and, with one

more finger-on-lip gesture, vanished into the ruck.

It was about five days later that I looked into the club and Marshall beckoned me over to the reception desk. 'Communication for you, sir,' he said, handing over a thick foolscap manila envelope. I thanked him, carried it into the reading-room and slit it open. On four sheets of extremely expensive looking notepaper, in small, neat handwriting and signed 'Monica' was one of the most extraordinary missives it has ever been my experience to receive. It consisted of two parts – what I can only describe as a scenario, and a covering letter which nearly raised my eyebrows up into my hairline. 'Dear Sir Larry,' it read. 'Thank you for your kindness and understanding at that truly ghastly party last week. If you were serious about helping me to play out a fantasy (and how I hope that you were!) perhaps you could meet me at the address at the top of the page at three-thirty on Wednesday next.' (Neither the address or the date really concern us, do they, gentleman? 'If you can't make it, for one reason or another, I shall quite understand. Just a formal little note to the above address, either accepting or regretting, will be enough. I do hope you can come, but please remember, **TIMING IS EVERYTHING!** Yours in anticipation, Monica.'

How could I refuse such an intriguing invitation? Especially after I had read the form that the fantasy was to take. I was cast in the role of Professor Kurt Steinhardt in the year 1910. The place was my consulting-rooms in Berlin, and I was to be (and I quote) 'a specialist in corrective therapy,' no less! A certain amount of local geographic detail followed, particularly concerning the room in the flat which was to be my "office", and I was to expect a visit from the Frau Baronin Ilse Von Sturmen. She in her turn would carry a letter from her husband the Baron with his suggestions for her "therapy". A footnote read that "an effort in the direction of period costume would be appreciated. If the professor would be kind enough to provide the following items, this, too would oblige." At the end of the short list that followed was written, in the same neat hand, the simple signature "Ilse Von Sturmen".

To say I was intrigued would have been the understatement of the year. I was fascinated! First, out came the A to Z, and I spent a happy ten minutes tracking down the address that she had given me, and working out the most practical route thereto. Then the old brown suitcase that usually accompanies me on my weekend excursions, and a careful selection from the Greythorpe Collection to cover the items on that amazing little list. Finally (and, oh, how gratifying!) a long and loving look through the costume cupboard before deciding how the Herr Professor should look to greet his "patient"! After that, it was simply a matter of waiting. When I say "simply", it was, of course, nothing of the kind. Actually it was a matter of finding ways to fill in the interminable hours until the following Wednesday. A very small part of the time, of course, was spent in penning a most formal note to "Ilse, Frau Baronin Von Sturmen," confirming an appointment for three-thirty the following Wednesday – in my most formal and stilted Germanic phraseology, of course – and signed "Kurt Steinhardt, Prof." Then I set myself to wait with what little patience I could muster.

On the fateful Wednesday, I arrived at the address on the letter at exactly three o'clock, to leave myself a little time for preparation. About to press the bell push, I noticed, with a little surprise, that the door stood, perhaps, two inches ajar. Taking a chance that this was no accident, I pushed it open and made my way in. The first thing I noticed was that two of the doors (there were four in all) bore yellow "post-it" notes stuck to their panels. The first – the one nearest the front door by which I had entered – read, simply and firmly, "DO NOT ENTER!" The second, two doors further down the hall, read "Consulting Room." This, evidently, was a lady who left as little as possible to chance. Taking the word for invitation, I opened the door, and went in. The room was large, if windowless, and the light had been left burning so that I could see that certain alterations had been made to its usual furnishings. A couple of slightly darker patches of wallpaper surrounding two of the pictures on the walls showed me that larger pictures had been temporarily displayed to accommodate two reproductions of young ladies in picture hats and button-topped boots being summarily dealt with by moustached young gentlemen in wing collars and peg-top trousers. (Where had she got those, I wondered?) A large, leather-topped table had been pulled into a commanding position to act, no doubt, as a desk, for a heavy old plush-covered chair stood behind it, and before it, in direct contrast, a hard, straight-backed, cushion-less chair that looked to me as if it would try the most iron-hard of rears.

The only furniture that concerned me was a very large, tub-shaped leather seat of the kind that used to be known as a pouffé, in one corner of the room, and next to the desk a small occasional table. I lifted my case on to the desk-table, and went to work. It didn't take long. Within fifteen minutes all the items on the Baroness' list were laid out on the small table like a surgeon's instruments, Sir Larry Greythorpe and all his belonging were tucked into the suitcase and stashed away in a corner, and Herr professor Steinhardt, complete with duelling-scars and monocle, stood resplendent in dove-grey frock-coat, wing-collar and black cravat, snug-fitting grey trousers and dark red brocade waistcoat, the ribbon of the Iron Cross in his button-hole, and his gold half-hunter ticking serenely in his waistcoat pocket. I just had time to load and light my pipe – a Viennese meerschaum, of course, – when a sharp double-knock on the door-panels reminded me of the business at hand. I took a very deep breath and barked 'Herein!'

She had obviously been hidden away in that Other Room – the one marked "DO NOT ENTER!" because she could have hardly come through the streets dressed like that – even in the back doubles, she would have caused some comment. From top to toe she was dressed and made up in total character. Her hair was dressed up and tucked into a toque of purple velvet with a spray of black osprey feathers in the side, held in place by a large marcasite clip. A veil of black net hung from the edge of it to just below her chin, where it was drawn firm across her face and fastened behind her head. The ankle-length black velvet coat bore an enormous collar of white fur and fastened at throat and waist with large gilt buttons. The black suede squat-heeled shoes had tiny diamante buckles that matched the clips at the

wrists of her black suede gloves. Even her make-up was in period, from the khol-mascard eyes of Theda Bara to the bee-stung lips of Clara Bow. All in all, she wouldn't have looked out of place in any of the silent films of the period.

She looked at me with undisguised hostility. I have a three-thirty appointment, I believe,' she said, icily. I nodded, and indicated the straight-backed chair with a wave of my hand. 'Please be seated,' Baroness,' I said sharply?' For answer, she thrust a familiar-looking brown manila envelope at me and seated herself, as straight-backed as the chair itself. I slit the envelope with my thumbnail and read the contents while she plucked off her gloves with sharp little movements of her fingers. The missive was short, and to the point. In neat block capitals, it contained a list of transgressions; each accompanied by the name of implement and a number. The first one, I remember, read "Failure to comply when requested – martinet – 25" It was signed, in a large, sprawling hand, "Franz, Baron Von Sturmen", and below the signature was not so much a postscript as a footnote. "If the professor considers it appropriate, he may use the Baroness for his own pleasure. F."

Now, there was a facer! If ever there was an invitation saying "Help yourself to the strawberries", this as it! I read it again, to make sure I wasn't having a little fantasy of my own, and I became aware that she was speaking. 'While I can't give you word for word, professor,' she was saying in that same Arctic tone, 'I am quite well aware of the tenor of my husband's instructions. I wish to say that you will find me totally co-operative. Just don't expect anything more than co-operation. Do you understand?' I bowed my head sharply, once, bringing my heels together with a resounding click. 'Understood perfectly, Baroness,' I snapped. 'At your convenience, then. When you are ready.' She stood up. What an inadequate phrase! I wish I could convey the wonderful flow of her body as she moved to her feet. There was no leaning forward to help her to balance – no shifting of feet. It was just one graceful lift of that lovely frame, and she was upright. 'I am quite ready, professor,' she assured me, coolly, dropping her gloves on the chair behind her, and undoing the two guilt buttons that fastened her coat.

I can only remember the moments that followed ever happening in my life one before, and that was during a Kane video called "The Kane Assignment" when the incomparable and quite unique Paula Meadows removes her outdoor coat to reveal total nudity beneath it. It was unexpected then, and it was unexpected now. She took the edges of the garment in her hands and spread her arms wide, holding the pose for a moment before lowering her arms and letting the satin-lined velvet slither down to the floor at her feet. She was quite delicious. Between the hat and the neat, buckled shoes, there was nothing – nothing, that is, but smooth white ivory flesh, broken only by the dark coral pink of her nipples and the neatly trimmed and barbered triangle of her pubic mound. She was richly rounded and smoothly curved, her breasts high and proud on the sculptured ribcage, the almost imperceptible dome of her belly sweetly dimpled by her navel. Her legs posed as if more to accentuate than hide the plump labia that peeped from the generous cleft of her Mons Veneris. You must have seen those little art nouveau statuettes made

in metal and ivory, where all the appurtenances are made in polished metal, sometimes enamelled, and all the flesh of the subject is shown in ivory. Well, I promise you, that was exactly what stood in front of me at that moment, the period nature of her attire assisting the illusion remarkably. Totally taken aback, I could only stand and marvel, letting this vision fill my eyes to overflowing.

'Well? She snapped, suddenly. 'Do I pass scrutiny, Herr professor?' as she stooped to pick up the fallen coat. It was just the cue I needed. I slammed to attention. 'Back where you were!' I barked, in my best parade-ground manner. 'You will move when you are instructed – not before. You understand? Now – the hands behind the head. And keep still!' Her eyes widened in shock, but she did as she was told, the lift of her arms doing quite delightful things to her breasts. Slowly I walked around her, daring her to try to follow me with her eyes. One circuit would have been enough. She was delicious from every viewpoint, but I couldn't resist making another, and, once behind her, reaching under one lifted arm to cup and squeeze one plump little mound. I heard her gasp, but she made no move to stop me, and I felt the coral bead of her nipple harden and peak as my finger-tips brushed against it. For several extremely pleasant minutes I enjoyed this delightful pastime, taking a totally perverse delight in her efforts to remain unmoved by my actions, until I felt the beginnings of a tremor run through her body. Immediately, I drew my hand away from its delicious occupation.

'Das ist genug!' I snapped. 'Time for the Baron's instructions to receive their full mead of attention. Over the desk, if you please!' Without a word, and with the carriage of a Duchess, let alone a Baroness, she moved to the desk and spreading her legs wide, draped herself across it, gripping the further edge in outstretched hands. So this was IT! Without haste, I moved to one side of her and selected my very favourite martinet from among the items on that very convenient table. 'The Baroness is aware,' I asked, as silkily as I could under the circumstances, 'of the Baron's orders?' she made some movement of her head that I could only interpret as a nod. (Well, you try nodding when you're lying face down across a table!) 'I am,' she replied, a trifle shakily. 'The first, I believe, was – martinet – twenty-five, was it not?' I trailed the tips of the lashes across the soft white globes of her buttocks. 'Correct,' I answered. 'And if the Baroness is ready?' A shudder ran through her body, and was almost as quickly suppressed. 'Ready!' she said stoutly. 'When the Herr Professor is ready.'

I had taken my measure during that last few moments of conversation, so the first stroke landed fairly and squarely on target. She gave a gasp of surprise, and writhed her hips a little, as if to encourage me. I began to ply the leather with a little more determination now, and, as her body warmed to the treatment, so her reactions became more those of gratification. Soon there was nothing in the world but the swish of the lashes, the sharp, spattering crack of impact and Monica's little moaning cries of pleasure. It wasn't easy for me to keep count under the circumstances, but I did my best. I had already decided what to do in this instance, and, as the lady had remarked in that strange little epistle of hers, 'TIMING IS EVERYTHING!' Consequently, when I had reached

number twenty, I stopped. Disregarding her little wail of protest, I moved squarely behind her and, quite suddenly, delivered the last five forehand and backhand across each cheek in turn, as her wail of protest became a howl of delight.

I dropped the martinet back on to the little table, and picked up another of my favourite items. My paddle. For those of you who have either never seen it, or have never actually noticed it, a word or two of description may not come amiss. It is another of those items I've made myself, so consequently I can handle it with a certain expertise. Imagine, if you will, a piece of leather about one-eighth of an inch thick, made by bonding together two sheets of one sixteenth thickness, so that the surfaces are identical. Cut from this a piece measuring about six inches by four, with a sort of tail about six inches by one and a half projecting from one of the narrow edges to act as a rudimentary handle. Not only is it most effective, but it delivers an extremely impressive sound on impact! Monica, of course, had never seen it. I wondered how she was going to react on being introduced to it!

('Just a minute, old man,' interrupted Paul. 'I hate to break into the story like this...')

'I should damn' well think so, too,' grumbled Johnny. 'Just when things are starting to get interesting. Ought to be ashamed...'

'...but I have to ask a question. Do you mind?' I shook my head. 'You go ahead, old son,' I answered. 'What's the worry?' Paul frowned. 'Well,' he said, at last, 'If you've never met this girl before – in this sort of situation, I mean – how do you know if... Well...'

'If she's actually being really hurt or not?' I finished for him. He nodded. 'Something like that, he mumbled. I knocked out my pipe and began to refill it. 'I always have a code-word or phrase that I've agreed with my – partner before hand,' I explained. 'In this case, the German phrase for excuse me – Entschuldigen sie mich – actually means 'Take it easy, for crying out loud! O.K.' He nodded again, a little shamefacedly. 'I see,' he replied. 'Sorry to hold things up.' 'So I should jolly well think,' laughed Mark. 'Right-o Larry. Off you go. And this time we promise to hold the questions 'till you've done.'

I took my position again, and placed the flat surface of the paddle gently but firmly against the nearest buttock. The cold touch of the leather made her bottom-muscles tighten in a most pleasurable way. I cleared my throat, deferentially. 'Does the Baroness recall,' I asked sternly, 'The Herr Baron's next instructions?' Somehow she managed to shake her head. 'Nein,' she whispered. I stroked the paddle once or twice across the flushed cheeks. 'it concerned a matter of leaving the house without informing the Herr Baron of your whereabouts,' I informed her. 'My instructions are – paddle – twenty.' She gave another of those nodding movements of her head. 'Sehr gut,' she whispered. 'When you are ready.' I allowed myself to stroke the waiting target once or twice – just to judge the temperature, you understand – before bringing the leather smartly down on the bottom-cheek nearest to me. The impact was electric. A crack like pistol-shot, a sharp 'OW!' from the penitent, and a spasm of that delightful body. And now the roses were really beginning to bloom! Before she could truly recover from that first slap,

the second landed on the other buttock. This time a plaintive, protesting 'Yeow!' from the Baroness Monica – but she neither moved, or uttered the code-phrase. Nothing daunted, it seemed to me that three must follow two, to be followed in its turn by four. The cracks and yelps that followed would have softened a heart of stone. But, I assured myself, if she wants out...

The rich rose-pink left behind by the martinet was rapidly becoming a richer scarlet in colour, first, in patches, each one marking the landing-spot of the remorseless paddle as I plied it first to one cheek and then the other. By the time I had reached the count of twenty, she was squirming and yelping to the manner born. I turned away for a moment, to drop my paddle on the little table, and you may well imagine my surprise when she moved away from the table to fall on her knees in front of me. 'Ent – entschuldigen sie mich, Herr Professor,' she whimpered. 'I must have a rest before the last item of the Baron's instructions is carried out. Please?' I was about to agree, of course, when she cut the legs from under me. Before I really knew what she was doing, she had ripped my flies open, captured its contents in one wicked little hand, and transferred them to her mouth in just about the time it takes to describe! Now I ask you, lads – what would you have done? I can promise you, I was in no condition to do a damn' thing except stand there like a dummy while that little witches' lips and tongue and teeth reduced me to a quivering wreck!

I don't know how long this went on. I only know I never wanted it to stop. But, of course, it did. At the very moment that I would have given anything for her to carry on, she stopped. She stopped! Worse than that, she stood up, looked me straight in the eyes and said 'Danke schöne, Herr Professor. I am ready again now.' And with that, the little vixen took up her position over the table again as if nothing had happened! Well! I thought. She doesn't do that and get away with it. Not to a Greythorpe, she doesn't! At that moment, two sentences came clearly to my mind. First, an old gypsy saying of my grandmother's – "If you don't want the apples, don't shake the tree!" Second, those words of the "Baron's" in his letter to the "Professor – If the Professor considers it appropriate, he may use the Baroness for his own pleasure." That settled it! This time, pleasure was going to be a pleasure! And she had left me in the perfect condition for what I had in mind. Talk about making it hard for herself...

Her position, of course, couldn't have been more appropriate. I simply moved behind her, took her hips in my hands and entered her in one not-to-be-denied thrust. Her howl as I did so made me extremely glad that the room had no windows, but I soon became aware that what I had at first taken for struggles for freedom were, in fact, movements of the most enthusiastic co-operation! Emboldened, I reached underneath the ripe little torso and captured a breast in each hand. Dimly I became aware that she was yelling out encouragement and thrusting back to meet me at every stroke of my hips. It was as if the fantasy that we had played had opened a door that had remained locked for far too long, and when she climaxed the grip of her body in its spasms was like a strong little fist.

Slowly, she disengaged herself, turned to face me, put her

arms firmly about my neck, placed her lips against mine and speared her succulent little tongue deep into my mouth. 'Thank you, Herr Professor,' she murmured, at length. 'I'm so happy to be able to reward your efforts, and I'm sure the Herr Baron won't mind. Shall we continue?' She lay across the desk again. While I racked my spinning brain for the Baron's next instruction. No good. Cursing inwardly, I reached into my pocket for the letter. Ah! Here it was. Oh boy! "Over-extravagance –" I read. "Cane – six." Well, I thought, this fantasy wasn't my idea. And she always had the code-words to fall back on. 'I'm ready, Professor,' she murmured, almost mockingly. 'Over extravagance – cane – six, wasn't it? Do, please, make sure the dear Baron isn't disappointed.' I picked up the slender length of rattan, and swished it experimentally through the air, noting as I did so the flinch of her bottom-muscles. Well, I thought, she's asked for it!

THWICK! 'OW!

THWICK! 'OW!

THWICK! 'OWOOOOO!

THWICK! 'YO-O-OW!

THWICK! 'BLUDDYELL!' (Not a particularly Germanic utterance, I would have thought.)

THWICK! 'OH, GOD – I'VE COME AGAIN!

And before I could even drop the cane, she'd leapt at me, tearing at my clothes as if desperate for a repeat performance...

'And what happened after that?' asked Johnny eagerly, throwing his dead cigar into the fire, earning himself a reproving look from old Gideon. 'What do you mean – after that?' I asked. 'Well,' he pursed, 'Have you seen her again? Was that her only fantasy, or does she have others? Do you suppose...?' I stopped him with a gesture. 'Sorry as I am to say it, gentlemen,' I confessed, 'But I've never seen the lady since that afternoon. I check my mail regularly, every time I come into the club, but so far – nothing. Luck of the draw, I suppose.' Mark patted my shoulder, and made soothing noises. 'Never mind, old son,' he crooned. 'Everything comes to him who waits. You'll just have to carry on waiting. And speaking of waiting, since Gideon's been collared by old Crockhurst, if we don't want to wait, we'd better go to the bar and get our own drinks. I vote that Larry's story takes the praise. All in favour?' Paul and Johnny raised their hands, and Mark pulled me to my feet. 'Come on, reprobate,' he chuckled. 'If you're not paying for them, at least you can help to carry them.'

We stood at the bar waiting for our order, and Mark provided the tailpiece to this little story. 'Tell me,' he grinned, looking in all directions to ensure that we weren't overheard, 'Did you really enjoy yourself as much as you say you did?' I nodded. 'Yes, chum,' I admitted. 'I really did. And I'd love to meet her again.' His grin, if possible, grew even wider. 'If that's the case,' he chuckled, 'I'll have to have a word with her next time we meet.' I all but dropped my pipe. 'You mean – you knew Monica all the time?' I stammered. His chuckle became a positive gale of laughter. 'You mean you don't know? You haven't guessed?' he roared. 'Idiot! Monica's my wife!'

MY IN-STORE SPANKING WENDY'S CONFESSION

One of the most tiresome things about the stocks of "Top Shelf" magazines in ordinary newsagents is that they do not include any books containing serious spanking stories. I always used to get bored with looking through the odd copy of the same, tame sex magazine that my boyfriend would occasionally bring home, just to try and find what might only be the shortest reader's letter about the joys of being spanked, or about actually administering a punishment.

So one day, I decided to be very daring, and visit an "Adult Shop" that I knew of, where I was certain I would find spanking magazines a-plenty! I knew of the whereabouts of one in a city about thirty miles from the town in which I lived, and that was far enough away for me to risk a visit. In a very excited mood of great anticipation, I set off on the long drive.

When I eventually reached the city, I parked my car in a car park close to where the shop was situated and then quickly and positively walked over to the shop, where I brazenly marched straight in. There was only one other customer in the shop at that time; needless to say, it was a man, who, somewhat surprised and startled by my appearance made a hurried exit. I was now alone – I felt just like a child alone in a toyshop.

I walked around, looking for what I so desperately wanted to buy, but, as it was my first venture into such an establishment, I couldn't find what it was I was so hopelessly seeking. What was I to do! It was then I realised that if a man couldn't find what he wanted he'd ask. So, that's what I'd do – ask!

Full of my new found confidence I approached the man behind the counter, 'Excuse me,' I said confidently, 'Do you have any magazines that deal with spanking?'

The man behind the counter looked at me lasciviously. 'As it happens we do miss,' he replied loudly, as he lifted up the counter flap and began making his way to my side of the counter, 'And I'd be happy to show you where we keep 'em!'

I followed him down a narrow aisle until he stopped and indicated an entire section devoted to spanking. I was taken a back by how many books and magazines there was

on the subject, for it seemed that everywhere I looked I was met with a bottom that was just begging to be smacked.

'So tell me,' he said inquisitively, 'Do you like to be spanked, or do the spanking? Or is just reading about it a turn on for you?'

Although I don't normally discuss my sexual preference with strangers, I guess being in a sex-shop made me feel uninhibited as I found myself really wanting to talk about spanking. 'I like being spanked,' I replied in a whisper. 'Nothing turns me on more than the thought of being pulled over an authoritative man's knee, or woman's knee come to that. Though, I've not yet been with another woman. Then to feel him or her pull up my skirt, slip their hands into the waistband of my knickers before tugging them down roughly and slapping my bare bottom very hard while telling me what a naughty girl I am.'

The assistant, a short, stocky man with greying hair, steel-blue eyes and who appeared to be in his late fifties said his name was Bill, he looked quite delighted with my response and said, 'You know, I'd be really honoured to give your bum a good sound smacking.' Strangely, I wasn't shocked by his brevity as he seemed to me to be a kindly, thoughtful man. 'I don't know about that, I hardly know you.' I replied, not wanting to sound too eager. 'But, I suppose I am rather naughty coming in here alone like this. Just out of curiosity though, if I did agree, would you spank me here in the shop or would you take me elsewhere?'

'Actually,' he replied curtly, 'I live above the shop. Got a lovely little room upstairs, if you want, we could go up there, that's if you're not in a hurry to leave.'

'Oh no,' I squealed excitedly, 'I'm not in a rush to go anywhere. Why don't you stroke my bottom now, and get us both in the mood?' As there was no one else in the shop at that moment, I bent over the counter and pushed my bottom up towards him. I was wearing my sexiest stockings and suspender belt. I hoped that the sight of my scanty underwear excited him even more. I was not disappointed. Cautiously, he slipped his hand under my skirt and stroked my pantie-clad bottom before moving his at-

tentions to the gusset of my panties. He then slowly stroked my already damp gusset for a few minutes, before slipping his fingers under the leg elastic and sliding his index finger along the wet lips of my aroused and pouting sex.

'I think you'd better go upstairs and wait for me, before I get carried away here,' he laughed. Although I didn't want him to take his hand away from my moist, sensitive region I readily agreed to his suggestion.

'Perhaps you'd like to take a couple of these with you and get some ideas?' he said, offering me an assortment of spanking magazines before taking me by the hand and leading to the stairs that lead up to his private rooms. 'I'll be up shortly!'

By now I was so excited that I went up to his living room, sat down on the sofa, slipped my hand under my skirt and began rubbing myself through my panties. Then I slid my fingers inside to feel the warm flood of juices that were brimming over my now pink and swollen clitoris. I just couldn't wait for what was obviously going to be a most memorable afternoon.

I opened one of the magazines, it was a copy of Kane, issue 68 if I'm not mistaken, the one that features the "Noisy Neighbours" and started to read while still fondling myself. Mmmm, what I wouldn't give to be put across that virile young man's knees and have him spank my bare bottom as red as he spanked Dawn's. Then I stopped. I didn't want to come too quickly.

I expected Bill to come upstairs at any moment, so I decided to greet him with an inviting view. I pulled my panties down to my knees, pulled my feet up onto the sofa and parted my legs a little. The sight he would have when he walked into the room would be quite a pleasant surprise.

A couple of minutes later I heard him coming up the stairs. I leaned back and parted my legs as far as my panties would allow, and then, as he entered the room I heard a long gasp, followed by, 'You naughty - naughty girl. What do you think you're doing? You will have to be punished severely for this behaviour. Pull up your knickers immediately! If anyone takes them down, it will be me.' he said emphatically.

I stood up and pulled up my panties, and as I did, he took my arm and sat himself down on the sofa.

'Right, my girl,' he said, as he pulled me over his knee, 'Young ladies who behave badly must be punished!' So saying, he took hold of my skirt, raised it and pushed it right up round my waist. I could feel his eyes staring at my round, still pantie-clad buttocks. I was just aching for him to take my panties down; but he didn't. Well, not straight away; first he pulled them tightly across my bottom and smoothed the satin with his firm hands whilst saying, 'what a beautiful bottom, you have my dear, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to make it very red and very hot.'

With those words, he pulled my panties down to my knees, and lifting his hand, brought it straight down, very sharply across both my buttocks. Oh my goodness, it felt wonderful, and I couldn't wait for the next one, which, I'm glad to say, followed very quickly. The feeling that it caused between my legs was even more wonderful and I pushed myself against him as firmly as I could.

He delivered four more stinging strokes across my bare bottom and then told me that six of the best was nowhere near enough punishment for what I had been caught doing. He then proceeded to slap each cheek in turn, and he gave me six more on each one. My bottom felt beautifully hot and sexy, and at that point he pushed his fingers between my legs and found my wetness. He rubbed me deliciously for several minutes, and slipped a long, thick, finger right up inside me.

'It appears to me that you are enjoying this,' he said sternly, 'Which confirms what I've just said, six of the best isn't severe enough for you. So I'll spank you again, then I'll find something harsher to sting your bottom with.'

I wondered what he meant, but he was already bringing his strong hand down across my buttocks, making me squirm and twitch with immense pleasure and pain. After the sixth smack, he stopped and felt my cheeks, saying that they were becoming rather warm, an understatement if ever there was one, I thought. This made me feel a little worried about his intentions. Nonetheless, I was really stimulated, and I just wanted him to keep beating my exposed bottom with something, although I was really hoping he wouldn't use a cane.

'Now then, my naughty one. Have you learned your lesson? You should know better than to touch yourself so intimately when in someone else's house.' Adding, 'Unless asked to, of course.'

'Yes sir, I have learnt my lesson,' I sobbed falsely, 'I promise not to do it again, sir.'

'But I'm not entirely convinced that you have learnt your lesson. I think that you are in need of even further punishment.' I felt another rush of excitement. He knew I wanted more. I wondered with thrilling anticipation. What else he was going to do to me?

'Stand up!' he said, pulling me to my feet and pulling my knickers up. 'Pull up your skirt, that's it, right up round your waist.' I was now facing him, and he leaned forward and put his fingers in the waistband of my knickers. He pulled them very slowly and sensually down my legs, until they reached the floor. Then he told me to step out of them and keep my skirt pushed up so that he could see my naked lower regions properly. This I did, and he just sat and stared at me for a few seconds. He pulled me towards him and began stroking my quim. Then he got down on his knees and gently eased my love-lips apart with his fingers. He inched closer and I felt his warm breath on my rudely exposed sex. A moment later I felt his tongue

flicking up and down my vulva, across my clitoris and push against my vaginal entrance. I begged him to make me come with his tongue. I pleaded. I was nearly there. Just a few seconds more - just a few - please I begged, but my pleading and begging fell on deaf ears as he pulled away from me and grinned saying, 'It's time for your punishment to continue.'

He picked up my panties from the floor and put them at my feet. 'Put them on and arrange yourself properly,' he thundered. 'You are behaving like a slut. I am going to take my belt to your bottom. I had decided to use my slipper, but I realise that would not have been severe enough for you; you need much more than a slipping.'

I was feeling so turned on by what he was saying, that all I wanted to do was bend over in front of him and feel him pull my knickers down once more. He took me by the arm and led me round to the back of the sofa where he issued the ultimate order. 'Bend over!'

I bent over the sofa, thrusting my bottom out as much as I could. Then I felt him pull my skirt up round my waist. 'You are going to have six strokes with your knickers still on,' he said auspiciously, 'And then six more with them down.'

I stood there bent over with my skirt up, while he walked round in front of me. I watched, horrified, yet with awe as he unbuckled his belt, pulled it from his trousers, and thwacked it through the air. My clitoris was aching with desire, and I knew that my bottom would soon be aching in sympathy. He came behind me again and just stood for a moment looking at my silk encased chastened rear. Then, he raised his belt in line with his shoulders and brought it down with a loud "crack" across my bottom. The impact of the belt was harder and stung much more than I expected, but it made me want him to do it again.

'That was number one,' he said imperiously, 'Now count out the next five.'

He immediately raised the belt and cracked it sharply across my throbbing rear. I counted two as instructed, and thereafter counted out each stroke loudly until I had received six firm strokes. My bum was now feeling quite sore, but I was loving every minute of it, I desperately wanted him to pull my panties down to my knees so that I could feel his belt on my bare, unprotected flesh.'

At that point, he stroked my bottom, then he pushed my skirt even farther up, and, to my delight, I felt my panties being pulled down. When they were just below the

curve of my bottom he stopped and felt me again, this time running his fingers between my legs and stroking my clitoris that shamefully was awash with my juice. After a minute or two, he pushed my panties down to my knees, and I knew that now I really would feel pain when the belt made contact with my already reddened bum.

'This time I'll count,' he informed me in a deep gruff voice. He sounded so masterful that I thrust my bottom out and parted my legs so that he could have a clear view of my pussy. Whether this was a contributory factor or not, I don't know, but I sensed he swung the belt harder, and I was right! The pain it caused when it hit my already sore behind made me wail like a banshee. My bottom stung, throbbed, and ached all at the same time. It certainly didn't help matters to know I still had five more of the same to come, yet, with each remaining stroke I could feel my clitoris swelling and my juices flowing, and couldn't help but wonder what he was going to do to me afterwards.

I didn't have long to wait.

With my head bowed, I caught a glimpse of him through my legs clutching his cock tightly. I made to straighten up, but he made me stay in position so that he could judge the result of his handiwork by the marks that adorned my rear. Then, while I was still bent over he stroked the lips of my sex until I was moaning with sheer ecstasy. After he took his hands away from my pink and swollen love chamber, I heard the zip of his trousers being undone and then the rustle of material as he let them fall to the floor. I chanced another fleeting glimpse and saw him pull down his pants, exposing an enormous erect specimen of manhood.

The rest I will leave to your imagination, but I will say, I experienced the most wonderful orgasm. When it was all over, I carefully dressed, being extra cautious when it came to putting my panties back on. I glanced at my watch; it was getting late so I made my excuses. Bill kissed me gently on the cheek and gave me the magazines, saying I should keep them as a keepsake of the time we spent together, and if I ever found myself in the city again to give him a call. He also asked if I would be willing to have another man, or woman present when I next came to call. 'Yes,' I replied without hesitation, adding, 'I think I'm going to be very naughty again in the near future!'

'Good,' he said, with a wide grin, 'That'll give us both something to look forward to, won't it?'

Ladies, if you would like to confess in Kane, why not put pen to paper and write to me, Josie, and tell me all about it. A free copy of Kane will be given for each confession we publish. Accompanying photos are welcome but not necessary. Confidentiality is assured; we respect the wishes of those who prefer to remain anonymous.

A GENTLEMAN'S AFTERNOON

A KANE LIVE EXTRAVAGANA

NOW THAT KANE MAGAZINE IS UP AND RUNNING AGAIN, IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO ANNOUNCE A FORTHCOMING GENTLEMAN'S AFTERNOON. LADIES, DON'T BE PUT OFF BY THE TITLE, THIS EVENT IS FOR ALL SPANKING ENTHUSIASTS NO MATTER WHAT GENDER. ALTHOUGH A DATE HASN'T BEEN FINALISED, WE ARE AIMING FOR SOMETIME IN THE LAST TWO WEEKS OF OCTOBER 98. TICKETS TO THIS WILL BE £150 (£125 TO CLUB MEMBERS) AND STRICTLY ISSUED ON A FIRST COME FIRST SERVED BASIS. HOWEVER, MEMBERS OF THE KANE PRIVATE MEMBERS CLUB WILL BE GIVEN PRIORITY.

AS TICKETS FOR THIS EVENT ARE LIMITED, IF YOU ARE INTERESTED PLEASE WRITE IN TO JOSIE AND MAKE IT KNOWN, THEN AS SOON AS WE HAVE A FIRM DATE WE WILL SEND YOU AN APPLICATION FORM.

STILLS FROM A PREVIOUS LIVE EVENT



CLIFF JAMES REVIEWS

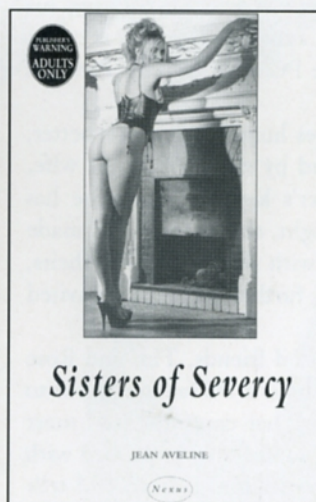
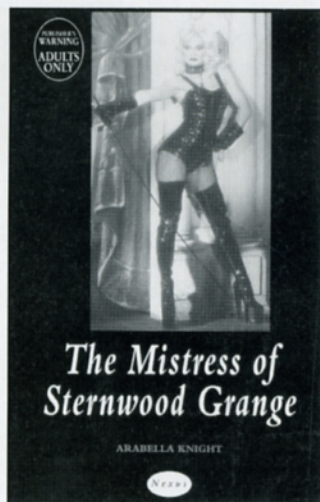
Over the past few months I've read many erotic paperbacks whose title and cover lull the reader into expecting an abundance of C.P., only to find that they are brutal, savage and a far cry from the type of story published in Kane. Then I received a new batch from Nexus that included Arabella Knight's: *The Mistress of Sternwood Grange*, and, Jean Aveline's: *Sisters of Severcy*. Thank you Nexus. If I say both of these are fantastic. It is an understatement but don't just take my word on how excellent they are, go out and buy them, and you will see what I mean.

The Mistress of Sternwood Grange

By: Arabella Knight

Amanda Silk suspects that she is being cheated out of her late aunt's legacy. Determined to discover the true value of Sternwood Grange, she enters its private world disguised as a maid.

The stern regime is oppressively strict and Amanda soon comes to appreciate the sharp pleasures and sweet torments of punishment. menial tasks are soon replaced by more delicious duties - drawing Amanda into deep into the dark delights of dominance and discipline.



Sisters of Severcy

By: Jean Aveline

Isabelle looked at Helene's freshly marked bottom. It was easy to understand the pleasure that Robert derived from having this beautiful flesh open to him. Looking at Robert she took the darkest, most sensitiveskin between thumb and forefinger and pinched.

Helene gave a little cry. 'Is this what you will do to me?' Isabelle asked. 'Shall I be whipped?'

Published by and available from:
Nexus, Thames Wharf Studios
Rainville Road W6 9HT
or any good bookshop.
Price £4.99 each.

Please mention Kane when you place your order

ERRANT WIVES & SECRETARIES

Starring as The Wives: Brandi as Rose, Sandy Lester as Pauline

plus

Lorraine Ansel as Mary The Secretary

It's bad enough when you arrive home from work to find the house is a tip and your dinner has not been prepared, yet that's what happened to Steve. But being a reasonable man he listened sympathetically to his wife's complaints about being bored with the mundane drudgery of housework and accepted her demand for a computer. Though, when it arrived she continued complaining because she didn't know how to use it.

After perusing the problem for a while Steve decided to get his personal secretary, Mary, to come over to his home and teach his wife the basics of computing. Confident that with Mary as a tutor his problem would be solved. Or would they?

As arranged, his secretary Mary arrived bright and early one morning to offer her computing expertise, but instead of getting down to the matter in hand, all she did was talk to Pauline about her love life and her two-timing boyfriend.

Expecting to find the pair of them hard at it, Steve arrives home only to find the computer is turned off and it doesn't take him long to realise that instead of working at the basics of computing, the girls have spent the afternoon chin-wagging.

Realising they've been sussed, they try to cover up their idleness and announce in unison that they've "Been at it all day and have just stopped working!" But Steve is no fool, he boots-up the computer and checks its data-file. He looks closely at the screen. 'Aha! I was right!' he announces triumphantly, 'The data file shows that the last time this machine was used was when I used it.'

Enraged by his wife's lies and his secretary's deceit, he reads the pair of them the riot act before sending Pauline to the kitchen to prepare the night's dinner. When she has left, he beckons his errant secretary over his knee. 'I think another PC lesson is called for Mary, don't you? Only in this case PC will stand for Personal Correction - not personal computer.'

The following day when Steve arrives home things look better, upon entering his lounge he is greeted by the sight of his wife, eagerly tapping away at the computer's keyboard. But she has reason to be happy. Much to her delight, she says she has made contact via the internet with a couple with similar tastes to theirs, who live just round the corner - and further more she's invited them over.

Later that evening Pauline's new found friends, Tim and Rose arrive, and not unsurprisingly, Tim, who is a PC fanatic begins to show Pauline how to get the best from her computer and most importantly what files not to delete. Pauline is so impressed with her new-found friends' patience she praises him no end and tells him how impatient her own husband is and about the spanking she'd received from him when she couldn't understand what he was saying. However, Pauline doesn't yet know about Rose and Tim's interest in the spanking scene and how her comments have ignited a burning desire in Rose's loins. Rose however can contain herself no longer, and much to Pauline's surprise says that she and Tim enjoy spanking as a form of foreplay, and, that it really turns her on. Before Pauline can understand all that's been said to her



the front doorbell chimes. Expecting this to be Mary, Pauline makes her way to the front door.

As Pauline greets Mary, things begin to go wrong elsewhere. While Tim is trying to recover some lost files, Rose presses the keyboard's delete key and crashes the computer. Boy is Tim is furious with her. 'Bloody woman!' he yells, 'It is always you! Cars - computers, all you ever do is crash 'em!' Poor Rose tries to defend herself by saying that she pressed the wrong key, but Tim is too fired-up to listen to her excuses and insists that she go over his knee for a thrashing, and not one that she will find likeable.

While Rose is getting her bum well and truly walloped, Pauline is making some coffee for all. 'How are you getting on with the computer?' Mary asks, 'Forget the computer,' Pauline replies, 'Let's talk about us, and the spanking session you had with my husband!' The two girls embrace and kiss each other passionately before playfully spanking each other's buttocks. That is until Steve arrives back on the scene, and after the initial shock of finding his wife and secretary in a very compromising position, takes the pair of them to task.

* * *

Eventually Pauline and Steve's guests leave. They are alone. Steve looks remorsefully at his wife's bruised rear and makes amends for her beating by covering her bruised bottom liberally with cold cream before rubbing it well in, but his reverie is suddenly interrupted by the intrusion of Rose and Tim. 'Sorry,' apologises Tim, Rose thought she'd left some software here, but that aside for a moment, I see you've been giving Pauline some lessons in hardware, perhaps Rose and I could join in? Needless to say, they did, and a spanking good time was had by all!

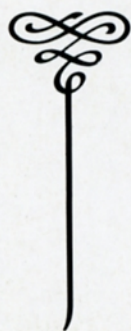
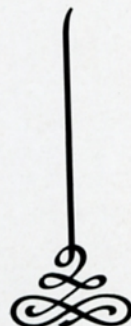




*ACTION STILLS FROM
ERRANT WIVES AND SECRETARIES*













IF YOU ENJOYED OUR PHOTO SEQUENCE, WHY NOT TREAT YOURSELF TO A COPY OF THE ALL ACTION VIDEO **ERRANT WIVES AND SECRETARIES**. THIS IS AVAILABLE BY MAIL ORDER PRICED £60 PLUS £1.50 P&P AND IS AVAILABLE ONLY FROM KANE AT: 23 WELLINGTON AVENUE, LONDON N15 6AS. CALLERS ARE WELCOME BUT PLEASE PHONE FIRST ON 0181-802-2555 OR 0958-795530.

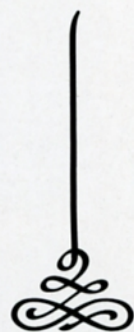
ALSO AVAILABLE IS A SELECTION OF FULL COLOUR 6" X 4" ACTION STILLS THAT WERE TAKEN DURING FILMING OF THE ABOVE. THESE ARE PRICED AT £25 INC P&P FOR A SET OF 10 OR £50 INC P&P FOR A SET OF 25 JUST QUOTE **ERRANT WIVES AND SECRETARIES - 10 STILLS OR 25 STILLS**

Please note: The above video is sold on the strict understanding that it is for private viewing only. It may only be purchased by adults aged 18 or over and may not under any circumstances be shown in public. All the models in the above video are aged 18 or over (proof on file) and are enthusiasts who appear of their own free will and freely consent to appearing. Both the law and Kane Magazine, do not find the abuse of minor's or any other persons fun at all!









*MORE ACTION STILLS FROM
ERRANT WIVES & SECRETARIES
KANE NEVER USES POSED
PHOTOGRAPHS*





KANE KONTACT KORNER

If you're looking for some spanking action, why not place a contact ad. A box number will be given to all advertisers, replies will be forwarded on the Monday of each week. Our rates are as follows:- Up to 20 words: £20 per insertion additional words 20p each.

Replying is just as easy, just select the advertiser(s). as many as you like, write a short letter precisely detailing your requirement. Write your name and address on an envelope and put on a stamp. Enclose the SAE and the letter into another stamped envelope and write the box no. clearly on the top left hand corner in pencil. Repeat this for each letter that you wish to be forwarded. A handling charge of £2 is made for each letter. Place your replies and cheque/postal order, payable to **J. HARRISON-MARKS**, in a larger envelope and send it to:- **KANE KONTACTS - 23 WELLINGTON AVENUE, LONDON N15 6AS**

MALE 37, SEEKS TALL STRICT HEADMISTRESS TYPE. AGED 45-60 TO ADMINISTER GOOD SPANKING AND SEVERE CANINGS. WILL TRAVEL. NK1

HAVE CANE WILL TRAVEL. DISCREET CLEAN MALE 41, WILL CHASTISE NAUGHTY WIVES AND GIRLFRIENDS FOR FREE. NK2

WANTED: STRICT GOVERNESS MISTRESS TO CANE EX SERVICEMAN'S NAUGHTY REAR. WILLING TO TRAVEL TO ANY PART OF COUNTRY. NK3

CP. AUTHOR (WELL KNOWN TO KANE) WISHES TO CORRESPOND WITH BOTH SUBMISSIVE & DOMINANT FEMALES. ALA. NK4

WHICH WOMAN 20-40 SLIM WOULD LIKE TO CONTRACT A REAL OLD-FASHIONED MARRIAGE WITH A 44 YEAR-OLD GERMAN. IN WHICH THE HUSBAND SPANKS HER BARE BOTTOM? I'M HOME-LOVING. ENJOY WATCHING T.V. READING AND LOVE NATURE. NK5

ELEGANT GENTLEMAN NEEDS HIS GIRLIE BOTTOM SPANKED BY POSH LADY IN HER FORTIES OR FIFTIES. WILL TRAVEL IN KILT! PHOTO'S AVAILABLE. NK6

34 YEAR-OLD MALE WISHES TO MEET FEMALE COMPANION TO ADMINISTER OVER-THE-KNEE SPANKING FOLLOWED BY STERNER ACTION.

HONEST AND FRANK LETTER APPRECIATED WITH PHOTO. WILLING TO TRAVEL LONDON AND SURROUNDING AREAS. NK7

SHY MALE 46, WOULD LOVE TO SPANK LADIES AGED 20-55, YOUR PLACE, NO FEES. WOULD ALSO LIKE TO BE SPANKED BY AUNTIE TYPE, HANTS, SURREY & W.SUSSEX NK8

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG COUPLE, 30'S, NEW TO SCENE WISH TO MEET OTHER COUPLES WHERE WIFE NEEDS EXCITING, IMAGINATIVE PUNISHMENT FROM MALE OR FEMALE. ALSO CONSIDER LADIES SUB OR DOM TO ASSIST IN OUR

PLEASURE GAMES. INDOORS AND OUTSIDE. WE DRESS TO PLEASE. A.L.A WITH PHOTO. TOTALLY GENUINE. NK9

CONSIDERATE KENT BASED MALE (41) 5'10" QUANTITY SURVEYOR WOULD LIKE TO MEET FEMALES UNDER 40 OF AVERAGE BUILD. CAN TRAVEL LONDON AND THE HOME COUNTRIES. NK10

DO YOU WISH TO PAMPER THEN BE CANED BY A SEXY YOUNG BLONDE? IF YOU DO, CALL ME. BUT DON'T EXPECT TO BE CANED FOR NOTHING, YOU WILL HAVE TO EARN YOUR THRASHING BY PAMPERING ME AS REQUIRED AND DOING YOUR CHORES PROPERLY. NK11

Kindly write your advert (block capitals please) in the following form using one box for each word.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

I have read and understand the terms and conditions of advertising and agree to abide by them. I also understand, agree and confirm that as the advertiser I am solely responsible for any liabilities or actions that may arise as a result of the above.

SIGNATURE.....

I CONFIRM I AM OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE

KANE 74

Complete this slip and send it with your correspondence when replying to Kane KONTACTS

I am aware that it is an offence to send items of an indecent or obscene nature through the post and accept full responsibility.

I enclose..... letter (s) to be forwarded and enclose payment of £..... as required

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

I HAVE ENCLOSED A S.A.E IN EACH LETTER - SIGNATURE.....

KANE 74

Please Note: the publisher of Kane will not be held liable for any situation arising from the placement of, or reply to any advertisement.

Eventually the queue dwindled and Marty was able to reach the counter. It was Monday morning in the city centre and the post office was choc-a-bloc with office workers and midday shoppers.

'Can I send this by recorded delivery?' he asked the girl behind the glass screen, handing her a brown paper-covered package.

'Certainly sir,' she replied. Sandra had been working in the shop for over six months and she was bored with the job already. She was used to dealing with boring old fuddy-duddies with their pension books and savings stamps; it made a pleasant change to be able to serve a good-looking young man. Marty, unaware of Sandra's admiration of him, ignored her and glanced impatiently around the shop.

'Is the item valuable sir?' she asked.

'Yes... I mean no - I...' Marty scratched his head and looked bemused. 'What I mean to say is it's valuable to *me* but not really valuable in the same way as jewellery or money or...'

He gave up searching for words, scratched his head again and smiled at Sandra. Sandra, smitten, smiled back.

'You mean you just want to make sure that the item gets to its destination?' she asked.

'Yes that's correct,' Marty said,

tained.

The drawings were beautifully executed, delicately sketched and coloured with pastel shades, but it was the subject matter that surprised Sandra - and excited her.

The first drawing showed a middle-aged school ma'am making chalk notes on a blackboard. Seen from behind, she was bending over suggestively, her skirts tucked up around her waist and her suspenders straining at seamed black stockings. Her white Directoire knickers had been pulled down to her knees and were stretched tautly between her parted legs. A man's hand and sleeve were visible at the left edge of the picture, the hand brandishing a crook-handled cane. The marks of the implement could clearly be seen on the woman's bare bottom, criss-crossing red tramlines across her big round buttocks.

RECORDED DELIVERY
By: Stuart Rogers

tocks.

Her hair was

swept up in a bun

so that her bespectacled

profile could be discerned. She

was looking up at the owner of the

cane pleadingly.

Sandra sighed audibly. The drawing was so life-like.

The next one showed a woman in riding gear being whipped with a riding-crop. She was dressed like a rider in a dressage competition: Black blazer, boots and white skin-tight riding breeches. She was leaning forward, her white-gloved hands resting on the flanks of a horse. Her breeches were split at the back so that most of her bare bottom was displayed in the oval frame of the taut material. Again, only the punisher's hand was visible. The horse looked on impassively as the whip descended, adding another stripe to the rear of the unfortunate recipient.

All of the beautifully coloured drawings depicted women in various uniforms and costumes being chastised. Some contemporary, some historical, there must have been at least twenty drawings in all and by the time she finished looking at them, Sandra's mind was reeling with prurient thoughts. She had often fantasised about being spanked but had never seen the act so gorgeously represented as in these sketches.

It was difficult to equate these highly erotic images with the handsome young man who had visited the shop that morning; he hadn't seemed the type. She had a sudden mental image of herself lying complacently over his knee whilst he administered a sound spanking. The thought made her head spin and she was momentarily tempted to masturbate but, looking at her watch, she realised she had spent her entire lunch break looking at the sketches. As she left the ladies room, a plan was forming in her mind...

That night Marty received a telephone call.

noticing how pretty

Sandra was for the

first time.

'It's busy in here this morning isn't it?' Sandra said, attempting to engage him in conversation.

'Yes - it is.' Marty wanted to say more; something witty to make her smile, but no words came. As he filled out his proof of postage slip, he cursed his inability to express himself properly to the opposite sex. He was always reticent in their presence, tongue tied and afraid of making a fool of himself.

Sandra could tell that he was shy and found that quality attractive. For a split second, just as he turned to leave the counter, she thought he might ask her for a date. He looked as if he wanted to, but, to her disappointment, he didn't. She felt sad as she watched him leave.

She held his package in her hand thoughtfully and, instead of putting it in the recorded delivery pouch, placed it in her personal effects drawer. That afternoon during her lunch break, Sandra took the parcel into the ladies room. Closing the cubicle door behind her, she took the package from her shopping bag where she had concealed it and stared at it for several moments. Feeling wicked, and at the same time excited, she slowly and deliberately opened the parcel and removed its contents.

Sandra gasped when she saw what the parcel con-



THE FIRST DRAWING SHOWED A MIDDLE-AGED SCHOOL
MA-AM MAKING CHALK NOTES ON A BLACKBOARD



HE WAS RIGHT, SHE WAS WEARING SUSPENDERS!

'Hello,' he answered. 'Who? You're the girl from the post office? The one who served me today?'

Marty's heart missed a beat. He had been thinking about the girl most of the day, annoyed he hadn't had the courage to ask her out even though he could tell she liked him.

'How did you get my phone number?' he asked, though the answer was irrelevant. The thrill of hearing her voice overshadowed everything else.

'You what? You opened my mail?' He tried to sound indignant but his voice lacked conviction. He suddenly felt embarrassed. What if she had phoned to berate him, to humiliate him about the contents of the package?

'Those drawings were intended for a specialist publisher in London,' he stammered, 'you were not supposed to see them. What? You *liked* them?'

By now Marty was trembling. Could this really be happening? It was like something out of his fondest fantasy. The gorgeous girl from the post office had something in common with him and had gone to the trouble of telephoning him to tell him so. He suddenly gained confidence.

'Even so, it was very naughty of you to open my mail,' he said, his voice wavering on the word, "naughty". 'I have some more sketches if you'd like to see them... Oh, you'd like to... I see. Well, I'm free tomorrow night at seven. Would that suit you? Very well...'

Marty was shaking like a leaf when he put the phone down.

He was still shaking the following evening as seven o'clock approached. He'd done his best to tidy up the flat. Ordinarily, there were pencils, pastel crayons, rubbers and sheets of sketching paper scattered all over the living room. But tonight he had made an attempt at creating order. It was important to impress his visitor if he wanted to strike up a relationship, and that was very much what he wanted to do.

The doorbell sounded at seven o'clock precisely. Marty wiped his sweaty palms on his jeans and went to open the door. When he opened it, he thought he had died and gone to heaven. Sandra stood there smiling radiantly. She hadn't been wearing any make-up in the shop when he'd seen her the previous day. Now she was and the effect was breathtaking - he thought her far prettier than any page three girl he'd seen.

'Hello,' she said.

'Evening,' Marty responded.

'Well aren't you going to invite me in?'

Marty apologised for his hesitancy and led her into the living room, still unable to believe what was happening. At twenty-five years of age, he was still hopelessly inexperienced with girls. He'd had some sexual experience, but he had found it nervy and unsatisfying. Perhaps things were about to change with Sandra.

Marty poured them both drinks and sat beside her on the sofa. They engaged in the usual small talk and Marty learned that she lived only half a mile away and that she was nineteen. They spoke about music, their old schools, their families and their jobs but Marty sensed impatience in Sandra's demeanour.

'I'm sorry I opened your parcel,' she said eventually. Marty noticed the overtones in her voice and actions when she said this. She had deliberately acted and sounded like the archetypal naughty schoolgirl and he

had to place his forearm over his groin to cover his suddenly swelling flesh.

'Are you going to punish me?' Sandra said impishly, placing her empty glass on the coffee table. A slight smile played over her lips.

'Did you send my package after you'd opened it?' It sounded ridiculous but it was the only thing his feverish mind could come up with. Surely, this was a dream? He would wake up any moment and feel foolish.

'Yes, I put it in the recorded delivery pouch after I opened it,' Sandra said, looking suddenly disappointed at the change of subject. 'You sent it first class so it should have arrived this morning.' She paused and ran her tongue provocatively over her top lip. 'But you still have not answered my question! Are you going to punish me for opening your parcel?'

Marty's cock gave a lurch under his forearm, it was as hard as an iron bar and she would surely notice it if he took his arm away. Suddenly he didn't care. The girl obviously wanted him to take charge of the situation and that was what he'd have to do. 'Of course I am going to punish you!' he said, surprised at the authority in his voice.

'Do you want me to wear the uniform I brought?' she asked mischievously, indicating the plastic shopping bag she had brought with her.

'Uniform?' he managed, consciously deepening his voice as he formed the word.

'That's what you like isn't it?' she asked. 'I could tell from your lovely drawings.'

'Er, yes. I think you should put your uniform on. What type of uniform is it?'

'A nurses! My older sister works at St Margaret's. I've borrowed her spare one. Are you going to sketch me while I'm wearing it? Only if you do, I'd prefer it if you didn't make my face too lifelike - I wouldn't want to be recognised.'

Sandra got up and asked where she could change. Marty indicated towards the bedroom-door and watched as she closed it behind her. This was all happening so fast! His mother had warned him about modern girls before he'd left home and got his own flat. "Modern girls are more forward than boys," she would say. "Nowadays it's the girls who do the chasing and don't you believe they're as innocent as they make out Martin - they know what they want and they'll do anything to get it!"

Marty was beginning to think his mum had a point, after all, it was Sandra who'd made the first move. She had obtained his phone number from the covering letter in his parcel and it was she who seemed to be pulling the strings tonight. She wanted him to show authority; but she believed herself to be in control. Martin chuckled inwardly, he would play along with the idea for now but in the near future she would discover a shift in the balance of power.

'What do you think?'

Marty startled at the sound of Sandra's voice and turned to see her stood before him smiling. Her sister's uniform fitted to a tee. Sandra had brushed her blonde hair up and fixed it under the nurse's cap. A blue striped apron hung before the regulation one-piece dress that was complimented by sheer black nylons. She was even wearing sensible flat shoes just like nurses wore on duty. The whole effect was completely

original and, to Marty, all the more erotic for being so.

'Very good,' he said. Sandra's apparent ease with the situation was rubbing off on him and he was growing in confidence. He took one of the chairs from the dinner table and placed it in the centre of the room.

'I want you kneeling on this chair,' he said determinedly.

Sandra moved quickly to obey, resting her forearms on the back of the chair and pushing her bottom out suggestively. She turned to look at him with a sorrowful expression, her eyes pleading and moist. She's a good actress, he thought, knowing full well that she was relishing the situation.

Placing his hand in the small of her back, he ordered her to push her bottom out further, out and back as far as she could. She complied as he ran the palm of his hand over her curvy backside.

'Are you ready to be punished?' he asked, not really caring how she would answer.

'Yes.' Sandra whispered, leaning further forward and raising her bottom, so much it was positively obscene. Marty sighed audibly, his prick straining in the confines of his tight jeans. Curiously, he wondered if Sandra was wearing tights or suspenders. His heart skipped a beat. Surely she must be wearing stockings and suspenders!

'It was very naughty of you to open my parcel,' he grunted and brought the flat of his hand down on the faded blue starched material covering her shapely behind.

'Oh!' groaned Sandra sensually, wiggling her hips.

He began to spank her rhythmically, gently at first but gradually increasing the force of the blows. Sandra responded by increasing the movement of her hips and pushing her bottom back to meet the smacks, all the while keeping her head facing forward, yet occasionally stealing a sheepish glance back at her punisher. Marty stopped suddenly and moved in front of her, as she looked up into his eyes he placed his hand under her chin and pushed her head back.

'It's important that you keep your chin up,' he said, 'Don't let your head drop forward. Is that clear?'

'Yes sir,' she sighed.

Marty thrilled at her use of the word "sir" this was going like a dream. He continued spanking her over her dress until he was satisfied, and then, he pulled her skirt slowly up so that it was rucked around her waist. He was right, she *was* wearing suspenders. He paused and savoured the way they strained at the dark bands at the top of her stockings. Her navy blue knickers were so tight that they had crept into the crack of her bottom. Marty pulled the panties upwards so that the sides disappeared completely into the cleft of her buttocks and held the stretched material in place. He seemed to know exactly what she wanted. The cloth was straining against her tender clitoris and she began to moan continuously. He resumed her punishment, enjoying the reddish pattern the palm of his hand was making on her exposed nates. Periodically, he yanked her knickers forward and to each side so that the cloth dug deeper into her sex causing her to shudder orgasmically.

'Please sir, please stop spanking me!' she pleaded suddenly, but the direct implication in her voice suggested the exact opposite, she wanted more and she wanted it harder!

'I haven't even started miss!' exclaimed Marty, taking the hint. 'And, I think it's high time we took these panties right off. Don't you?'

Sandra made feeble protestations as he roughly yanked her knickers down to the bend of her knees. Reluctantly she raised each stockinged leg to facilitate their complete removal and settled back into position, completely bare-bottomed and with her chin held high as instructed.

'Wait here!' Marty ordered and disappeared into his bedroom. A few moments later he reappeared, much to Sandra's dismay, clutching a thin whippy cane. He had bought the cane some years ago from a mail order company, simply because of his CP obsession. He never dreamt he would get the chance to use it on a real live girl. He swished the cane through the air several times as Sandra looked on, wide-eyed and paralysed, like a rabbit caught in a car's headlights.

'Oh please sir,' she begged, 'Please don't cane me!'

'Be quiet girl!' Marty ordered, revelling in the electric atmosphere. 'You know you deserve the cane, don't you?'

'Yes,' Sandra replied, her face creased with mock terror, 'I have been a very bad girl. Haven't I?'

'You certainly have,' Marty agreed. 'Now push that bottom out and face forward. Keep your chin up - come on - and your head held high. How many do you think you deserve?'

Marty expected Sandra to request the standard six and was taken aback at her reply. 'I - er - thirty.' she said, but then quickly amended the figure, '...I mean twenty. Is that enough?'

Marty struggled for words. 'Well yes. I think twenty is quite adequate, for now.'

He began to apply the cane gently but firmly while Sandra squirmed, sighed, moaned and cried, as she became increasingly aroused. When he had applied six strokes, he decided a new position was called for.

'Get off the chair,' he ordered, 'And stand with your legs apart. Keep them straight but apart.' He tapped the tip of the cane against her inner ankles until her feet were suitably positioned. 'You will now bend forward and grasp your ankles. Do you understand?'

'Yes sir, I understand,' Sandra muttered as she took up the position. She had to adjust her stance several times in order to maintain balance and Marty marvelled at her agility. By now he had lost all his inhibitions and felt completely in control. That was what he wanted - and he knew that was what Sandra wanted too.

He took in the sight before him, the gorgeous girl straining to keep the required position, her full buttocks quivering in anticipation, suspenders straining from her waist to her stocking tops. He felt exhilarated as he brandished the cane, insisting that Sandra count out the remaining strokes as they are delivered.'

THWAK!

'Ouch! One!' Sandra squealed.

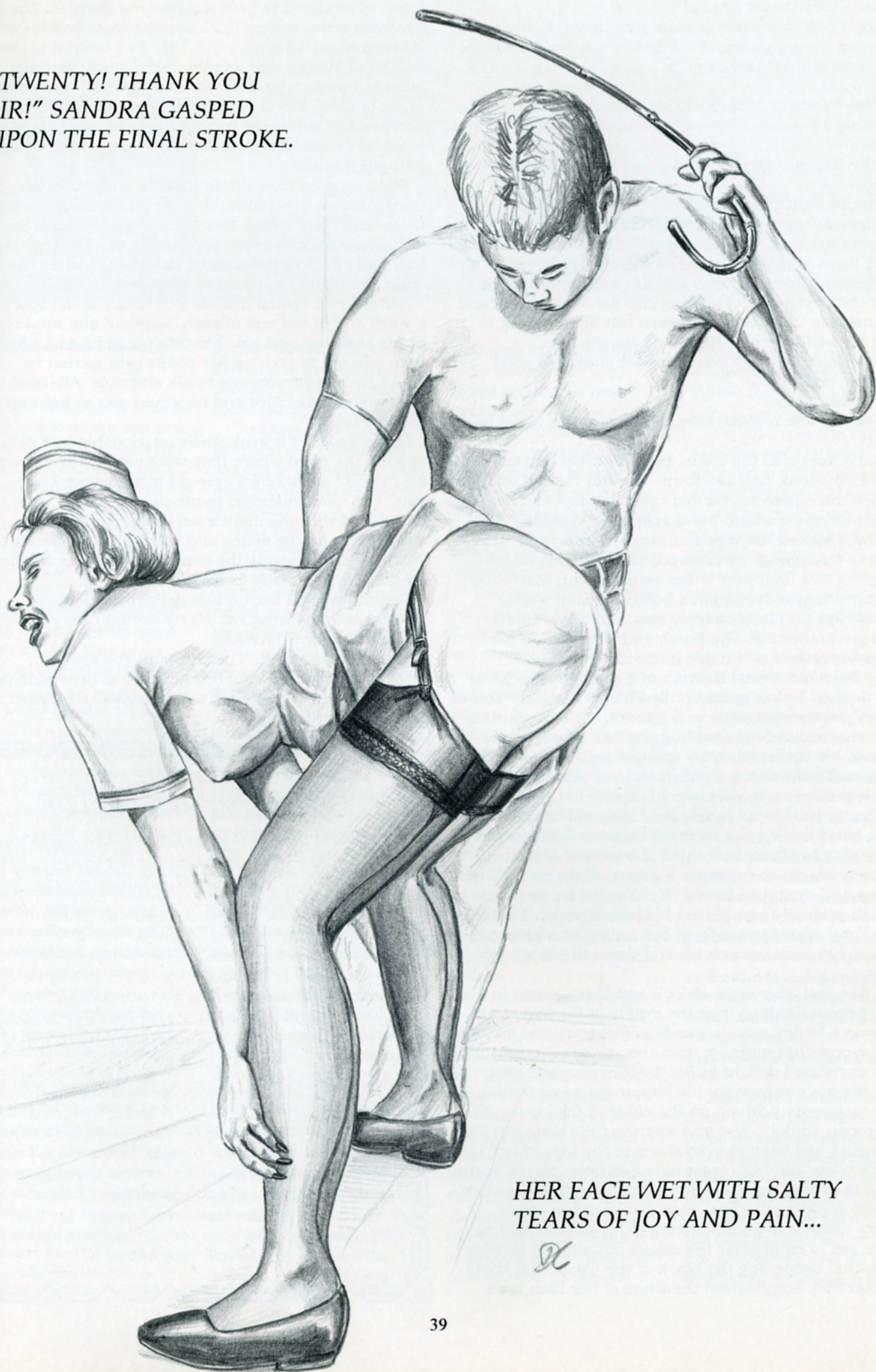
'It is not enough simply to count the strokes, I want you to thank me for each and every one.' Marty said, surprised at his own audacity and the clear and masterful tone of his voice.

THWAK!

'Ow! T-two thank you sir,' Sandra groaned, her bottom wobbling delightfully.

THWAK!

"TWENTY! THANK YOU
SIR!" SANDRA GASPED
UPON THE FINAL STROKE.



HER FACE WET WITH SALTY
TEARS OF JOY AND PAIN...

DC

'Oh! Three thank you sir!'

Marty continued the punishment, ignoring her cries. Her moans and groans were merely ways of augmenting their mutual pleasure.

THWAK!

'Yeow! Twenty! Thank you sir.' Sandra gasped upon the final stroke, her face wet with salty tears of joy and pain.

'You may rub your bottom if you wish,' Marty offered.

Sandra didn't need to be told twice and rubbed her reddened cheeks, surprised at the raised welts that covered her punished orbs and the heat that radiated from them. She whimpered softly. Marty placed his index finger under her chin and lifted her head gently so that their eyes met. For a second his old shyness and clumsiness threatened to return but he managed to pull himself together. He wasn't finished yet.

'You know I'm only doing this for your own good Sandra, don't you?'

he said mildly.

'Yes sir,' she replied, lowering her eyes in mock humility.

Marty collected the chair, brought it back to the centre of the room, and sat down. Without further ado, he pulled the nineteen-year-old over his knee and began to administer a sound hand spanking, relishing the way she kicked her legs and pleaded with him.

'Stop struggling!' he ordered; she complied immediately. In this final part of her punishment, Marty took the time to savour the girl's body, her slim waist, broad hips and long shapely legs, but above all her pert girlish bottom. The touch and the smell of her filled his senses and made him dizzy with lust.

He delivered a final flourish of righteous smacks to her flushed buttocks and pulled her to her feet. 'You've taken your punishment well Sandra,' he said, putting his arms around her and hugging her. For the first time in his life he felt truly fulfilled and he was sure Sandra felt the same. Confirmation of this came when she looked passionately into his eyes.

'Thank you for punishing me,' she said huskily, her little hand finding the stiffness between his legs and beginning to stroke it, 'I think it was well deserved.'

Marty fought to suppress a groan as she sank to her knees and unzipped his fly. He thought he would expire in ecstasy as he placed his hands on her bobbing head and stared vacantly at the ceiling as she began sliding her moist mouth up and down the length of his cock.

It was just after eight o'clock and Marty stood in his living room thinking over the events of the last week. He was a happy man; a handsome cheque had arrived in the post that morning from the specialist publisher who expressed delight in the drawings he had sent. But the main reason for his happiness was kneeling in her customary position on the chair in the centre of the room. Tonight, she was wearing full riding kit. Her jodhpurs had been yanked down to the tops of her black boots and her blazer tails had been parted at the back to expose the full splendour of her naked bottom. Before applying the final cane stroke of the cane, Marty made some adjustments to his sketch, adding more red to emphasise the colour of Sandra's glowing buttocks, deepening the black of the blazer and boots so that they emphasised the white of her bare back-

side. It was good to have a model, he thought. The sketches were coming thick and fast now and his work had improved infinitely. He had Sandra to thank for that, his very own unpaid model whose enthusiasm, at times, overwhelmed him. She had broken her piggy bank to buy the riding uniform she wore tonight and she had promised to obtain any uniform he desired. 'If I can't borrow it I'll have to buy it!' she'd said - simple as that!

She had even brought an instant camera on her third visit, so that he could take pictures and work on them when she wasn't there. And she no longer objected to having her face depicted in his drawings, she had told him so emphatically and even insisted that he make the likeness as real as he possibly could.

Sandra had visited his flat four times in the space of a week and at the end of each "session" she would look at his sketches and give her own opinions and advice, even offering to take up her pose again so that he could make amendments to his sketches. Afterwards they would make love and he would soothe her and console her.

In the space of a week, their relationship had developed to the point where they were practically inseparable. 'I don't know how I ever got along before I met you,' she had whispered in his ear.

Satisfied with the night's work, Marty placed the sketchbook on the settee and turned to face Sandra. 'Now,' he said, raising the cane high, 'This is the final stroke, are you ready to receive it?'

Sandra wiggled her bottom delightfully and answered in the affirmative. Marty brought the cane down with a firm THWAK!

'Owl!' she squealed, 'Thirty, thank you sir!'

He watched as she rubbed gingerly at her reddened rear. *Now that's what I call a RECORDED DELIVERY* he thought, contentedly.

THE KANE

PRIVATE MEMBERS CLUB

HAVE YOU JOINED THE KANE PRIVATE MEMBERS CLUB YET? MEMBERSHIP OF THIS IS JUST £25 PER YEAR AND ENTITLES MEMBERS TO A £5 DISCOUNT ON TAPES COSTING £50 OR MORE. YOU WILL ALSO RECEIVE PRIORITY BOOKING WHEN OUR NEXT LIVE EVENT TAKES PLACE (SOMETIME THIS YEAR) DETAILS OF VIDEOS AS THEY HAPPEN, PLUS TWO FREE 6"X4" COLOUR ACTION STILLS FROM EACH SHOOT, PLUS FREE PLACEMENT OF CONTACT ADVERTISEMENTS IN KANE MAGAZINE.

EACH MEMBER IS ALLOCATED A UNIQUE MEMBERSHIP NUMBER THAT MUST BE QUOTED WITH EACH ORDER. ALL THIS FOR JUST £25 PER YEAR!

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO JOIN THE "NEW KANE PRIVATE MEMBERS CLUB" SEND A CHEQUE OR POSTAL ORDER MADE PAYABLE TO
J. HARRISON-MARKS AT
KANE MAGAZINE, 23 WELLINGTON AVENUE,
LONDON N15 6AS



Since featuring Paula Meadows in issue 72, the phone hasn't stopped ringing, and we've been absolutely swamped with letters inquiring about her. So, for the benefit of all interested: Yes, Paula is a good friend of ours. No, she won't be modelling for us again. Yes, The Kane Assignment is still available. And yes, Cliff and I agree, she is talented and she is gorgeous.

The response I've received to the new 'Personal Members Club' is quite flattering. It's wonderful to know that you enjoy Kane as much as you did when it was produced by my father. Thank you all for your unwavering support.

Josie

A Room-Mates Revenge

Dear Josie,

I have been a reader of Kane going back to the very first issue before reader's letters were published. This was when I was in the army and passed through London regularly. Having now left the armed forces some eight years ago, I have not been able to visit London and have not been able to buy Kane. Although there is a sex shop local to me, for some obscure reason it does not stock Kane or any spanking material for that matter.

I cannot afford to pay fifty pounds for a yearly subscription having not always been in full time employment; I am working at the moment, but most of my cash seems to go on outstanding bills. If possible, I would like to be able to purchase a copy of Kane whenever I can afford it. I really would appreciate this as due to my wife having undergone a number of heart operations recently, we are no longer able to indulge in spanking games like we used to.

My wife understands how much I enjoyed that side of our sex life and has even suggested I find a girl who likes being spanked. This I have found impossible to do. So, if I could purchase your magazine occasionally, I'm sure it would help as our sex life seems to have lost it's sparkle. I would also be interested in any suggestion you could make in regard to improving our sex life. I do hope I can get my wife interested once

again as we had some marvelous times in the past; if not, I will have to make do with the occasional copy of Kane.

As I have taken the courage to write to you, I thought you and your readers might be interested in how I became involved in spanking.

Here goes.

When I was dating my first real girl friend, Sue, she told me she had found a magazine in her flat-mate Kathy's room that was all about spanking girl's bums and asked if I wanted to see it. Although I was not quite the man-of-the-world I am now, I had read quite a few 'girlie' mag's but I had never heard of one like Sue said Kathy had, so out of morbid curiosity I said yes. Almost immediately Sue took me by the hand and led me up stairs to her flat-mate's bedroom and took the book out of one of the bedside drawers.

As Sue flipped through the pages, I couldn't believe my eyes. She was right, it was crammed full of pictures of girls having their bottoms beaten: some girls were being spanked in the 'traditional' over the knee position; some were being strapped with what I now know to be a tawse, some were even being caned. I was shocked, yet also fascinated by what I saw.

Suddenly we heard a noise; Kathy had not left for work as we thought, she had been in the bathroom taking a shower. We were going to be caught red-handed. God was I in a flap! I thought Kathy would kill us if

she caught us snooping around in her bedroom! Sue and I looked at each other panic stricken, what were we going to do? It was then I realised our only hope was to hide under Kathy's bed. We had just managed to secret our selves when the door opened and in walked Kathy who took off her bathrobe and began rubbing herself down.

From my position under the bed, I was able to see all Kathy's body, which I found very exciting. Having dried herself she started to put on her underwear: first her stockings, followed by suspender belt and French knickers, but my good fortune was about to run out. She had picked up her bra but for some reason had dropped it on the floor. On bending down to retrieve it, she saw us. Forgetting about the bra, she shouted at us to come out and asked what the hell we were playing at. But then it really hit the fan! Kathy saw the spanking magazine that Sue was still holding.

'So you like spanking do you?' she asked Sue sarcastically. 'And if you like it so much, who am I to deprive you? Go and fetch one of your slippers!' she demanded.

While Sue was out of the room she gave me the option of either excepting the same punishment she intended to give to Sue. If I didn't accept, she said she would tell all of her friends that she had caught the pair of us snooping on her. Well I certainly had no wish to be la-

belled a "Peeping Tom", so I excepted the punishment, thinking that she would not dare to carryout her threat.

On arriving back in the bedroom, Sue carried a leather-soled slipper that she gave to Kathy. Kathy then told Sue to strip to her knickers and me to my underpants. While we were undressing, Kathy pulled a chair into the middle of the room and seated herself on it, still in just her underwear and still without bra. She then told Sue to get over her knee, which to my amazement she did without question.

Kathy then arranged Sue exactly as she wanted, with her bottom up and Sue holding onto the legs of the chair. She then told Sue what would happen if she put her hands in the way during the spanking. Next she pulled down Sue's knickers and started to smack her bottom with the slipper. You can imagine the view I had as Sue rolled her bottom from side to side, crossed, and uncrossed her legs as she tried to ease the pain and discomfort in her bottom. At the same time, Kathy's breasts were swinging from side to side, the sight of which gave me an erection.

After a good ten minutes across Kathy's knee Sue was crying her eyes out and her bottom looked very red and sore. Kathy then told Sue to get up and told me to come and take her place. This I did while Sue just stood there rubbing her bottom, not worrying what she was showing me. I was soon to find

out why she was only interested in rubbing her bottom.

When Kathy took my underpants down and got me into position, she saw I had an erection. Kathy said I was a dirty, disgusting little boy and began spanking me very hard. As her slaps continued I could feel my bottom getting hotter and sorer, and try as I might I could not keep still. As the spanking continued I began to cry, but my tears had no effect on Kathy, in fact, I think that encouraged her to slap me even harder. When she eventually decided I'd got the message, she told me to get up and join Sue who was still crying and rubbing her bottom.

As I stood there trying to rub some of the soreness out of my bottom, I thought that our punishment was over - but I had forgotten about the slipper; Kathy, unfortunately had not. Getting up from the chair Kathy pushed it to one side, got a low blanket chest (approximately 15" high), and pushed it into the middle of the room. She then told Sue to kneel on it with her hands on the floor and to raise her bottom as high as she could. She then told me to kneel on the chest but in facing the opposite direction and instructed me to position myself likewise.

Kathy warned us against trying to protect ourselves while she was slipping us, and then she stood along side Sue and bought the slipper down with a sharp 'crack' onto her right cheek. Sue began crying immediately the slipper struck her already sore bottom and wriggled it from side to side in a vain attempt to disperse the stinging.

Kathy then positioned herself behind me. The next thing I knew was the slipper descending first on one cheek and then the other, making me burst into tears too. She continued to slipper us until we had both received about twenty-five smacks on each cheek. Then she made us stay in position for about five minutes while she informed us what would happen if she ever caught us snooping

in her bedroom again. Eventually we both stood up, our hands immediately trying to soothe our well-punished behinds.

This was not however the only spanking I received from Sue's flat mate, but it is the one I remember most vividly. I also believe it is the reason why I enjoy giving and receiving a spanking and why I enjoy reading about spankings involving the use of the slipper. My only wish at the moment is that one-day I might be able to undergo the above once more.

Happy spanking
Allan Smith,
Merseyside

A Fan Remembers

Dear Josie,

I have just bought Kane 72 today (my first since 50) only to discover that there have been changes at Wellington House. I was very sorry to learn of the passing of HM. I am sure that you miss him, but I'll bet that it is "business as usual!"

I find it difficult to buy your superb magazine, not because I cannot find it - there are at least four shops within a mile of each other in Newcastle city centre who stock it - but because of my "family circumstances." My wife is very narrow minded and does not believe in *that sort of thing* (which includes everything, but then she is in her 60's, older than me by some ten years), but I do manage on occasions to purchase a copy here and there, which I have to keep hidden. As soon as my "office" is completed, there should be no problem with storage. All I shall need then is a secretary such as one finds within the pages of your magazine!

No chance!

I remember your father's photos and films in the 60's when I first went to London, but things have certainly improved now. I wonder if you will get girls volunteering to receive cp. now that it is to be outlawed in private schools. As a local lady remarked to me

when the news came over the radio, and I had said we should go back to the fifties and early sixties for education and discipline, "Education ended in the sixties!"

Keep up the good work, and best wishes to Paula the super artist next time you see her. I wish that... Oh what's the use?

All the Best.

Keith,
Northumberland

You certainly chose the right time to write to me Keith, as the day your letter arrived, Cliff and I had a coffee morning with Paula, who is a good friend of ours. So, you can be assured your comments were passed on and that she was pleased to receive them.

Josie

A Spanking Viewed

Dear Josie,

I am 37 and as long as I can remember, have been a big fan of spanking. Unfortunately, my wife is not, so I don't get much chance to indulge in my favourite pastime. However, I was fortunate enough to witness a spanking about ten years ago that I think will be of interest to your readers.

I had been running my own window cleaning business for three months and had been asked to clean a large house that was set in its own grounds. The house was owned by a magistrate who was in his late fifties and who was married to a stunning young woman who was at least twenty years his junior. She was blonde, well spoken and obviously came from a good background. I had cleaned the house twice before, but it was on my third visit that this extraordinary event took place.

At the back of the house, there was a large French window that lead into a vast library come office. I hated cleaning this particular window and had decided to clean it first to get it out of the way. When I arrived, the sight that befell me stopped me dead in my tracks. The

magistrate was sat at his desk with his back towards me and draped across his lap was his lovely wife who had her skirt pushed up around her waist, her panties down to the tops of her stockings and, was receiving a very sound spanking.

I must have stood there for a good five minutes as I watched this most attractive young lady receive a very methodical spanking with a short leather paddle. These were obviously hard smacks, and were administered to each cheek alternately. And, although I could not hear, it was quite evident from the way she was writhing across his knee, they were definitely effective. Eventually he put the paddle down and gave her two almighty slaps with the palm of his hand, one on each buttock.

She lay there for some thirty seconds before slowly pushing herself off his lap. At this point, I made a quick exit back to the front of the house. My heart was thumping and I was trembling with excitement at what I had seen. At this moment I was in no fit state to clean their windows, so I got back into my van, drove home and spent the rest of the afternoon reliving what I had seen. Even now I still get a huge erection when I visualise what I saw that fateful day.

Unfortunately, there never was a repeat performance, and as they have now moved never will be.

Many thanks for your magazine, it's great! By the way, I loved the pictures of Shaz in issue 72; I'd like to have her over my knee for a tearful fifteen minutes or so for a well-deserved lesson in behaviour. Any chance of printing more photos of her delightful, spankable bottom?

Yours truly,
Mark Williams
Radlett,
Herts

Thank you for your letter, Mark, I am glad you enjoyed issue 72 so much, we think it's the best the new editorial team has produced. Hopefully, the

forthcoming issues will be of the same standard.

At present, we don't have any more photos of Shaz. However, I'm keeping my fingers crossed that she'll send us some before and after shots like I suggested in issue 72, hopefully showing her with a well-striped rear!

Josie

In Praise of Kane (We didn't write these, honest!)

Dear Josie,

I am writing to thank you for your recent telephone call enquiring about the safe arrival of the 'Hot Cross bum' video. I was somewhat gobsmacked at being contacted by the editor and publisher of Kane Magazine in person.

I must say, you certainly know how to have good customer relations! It is rare indeed to be contacted by the "M.D." of any company on a fairly routine enquiry such as mine, and I am indeed grateful for your attention.

Well, as I told you, the tape has indeed arrived, and I must say at once how staggered I

continue to be by the capacity of Kane models to absorb punishment from hand, paddle, tawse, martinet and cane with a minimum of fuss, and often with some degree of enjoyment.

I presume that Kane Convention videos are taped in front of a 'live' audience in real time and, whilst necessarily being edited afterwards to fit a set video length, the action is indeed as hot and heavy as described in the publicity material. In fact, come to think of it, the girls may well endure more bum-bashing than we actually see on the tapes. The mind boggles! There's no way I could put my posterior through what the likes of Liz and the unnamed - who is she?) 'Madam' put theirs through - the fore-hand/backhand of Larry, Liz and the martinet put all efforts at Wimbledon to shame - as dear old Dan Maskell might remark, 'Oh I say!' Further more, I'm not sure which of these two girls has the most beautiful bottom. They both make a ravishing sight, bending over with skirt up and knickers down. Wonderful! I wonder, would you think me unduly

impertinent if I asked whether it would be possible to obtain a suitable autographed photo of either or both of these delectable arses? It would make my Millennium if Kane or the girls could comply with this request! What inspiring pin-ups!

Incidentally, are you planning any further Kane Conventions in the near future? I would love to attend, but work and distance often preclude the possibility of arranging such a visit. I seem to recall possible improvements to the Kane Members Club in a previous flyer, and I would be interested to hear what is or maybe happening in the future.

Sincerely
N.F
Birmingham

If the 'Madam' you're referring to is the lady who plays the part of the 'Headmistress', she is Julie Webster, who features in our video 'A Spanking to Declare'. If it is not Julie you're enquiring about, write in and describe the lady in question, and I will find out who she is.

Concerning the 'Kane Members Club', you should by now have received a letter and application form, if not, details can be found in this issue.

Josie

Dear Josie,

Could you please pass on my congratulations to the writers and editorial staff for constantly putting out a magnificent magazine.

Yours sincerely

Mr M.B., Leicester

When Josie passed these letters to me, I was touched. Getting Kane Magazine out regularly again has been a real effort and struggle. We've tried hard to make Kane interesting by making each issue a little bit different. Thankfully, it looks like we're getting it right. If we are, tell all your friends Kane Magazine is back; if we're not, write in and tell us.

With thanks,
Cliff James,

An Old-Fashioned Mother

Dear Josie,

I am old-fashioned mother who has long considered her twenty-year-old daughter Julia, deserved an old-fashioned spanking. Julia was rude, inconsiderate, spoilt and generally undisciplined. I could stand her tantrums no longer.

After an extremely difficult day, I realised I could no longer put up with her behaviour and I gave her a choice. A spanking or the party we were arranging for her twenty-first birthday would be cancelled.

There were tears, pleading and stamping of feet in temper, but in the end she agreed that she was acting like a spoilt brat and that she thoroughly deserved to be spanked and so we made our way to my bedroom.

Even though she is my daughter, and I guess I'm more than a little biased, Julia's bottom looked a real peach in her tight faded denim-skirt.

I closed the window, sat in a comfortable chair opposite a full-length mirror, and arranged my own skirts carefully.

Julia's face wore a haughty, petulant, couldn't care less expression as she placed herself across my knee, the palms of her hands resting on the thick pile carpet and her white high-heeled sneakers an inch clear on the other side. My hand nervously reached down to the hem of her skirt. There was a long pause while I plucked up courage and then, ever so slowly, her skirt was lifted clear and folded above her waist.

When I saw Julia's panties, I was shocked; they were beautiful, gossamer thin silk with a creamy texture with layers of dainty lace. Quite inappropriate for a girl to wear under denim, though I found myself proud of her expensive taste and her delightful underwear would have done justice to any bride.

I don't know why, but I found it exciting having Julia over my lap in such a manner and I viewed the coming proceedings with relish. Julia squirmed as I leaned over af-



Julie Webster, the unnamed Madam from "Hot Cross Bum" in a scene from "A Spanking to Declare"

fording a closer more intimate look while my itching fingertips ran lightly, lingeringly along the edge of fancy lace. A glance I the mirror showed Julia's face had pinkened and her bravado was sadly lacking.

'Oh mummy do hurry up; get it over quick' she pleaded 'Please mummy - it's, it's so humiliating.'

I knew just how she felt.

The thought of those dreaded, not so easily forgotten few moments, while clothing is being removed from the scene of operations was uppermost in her mind.

I watched her long shapely legs scissoring high in the air, with a flutter of drapery as she wriggled in vain to escape until she tired and lay still.

I never dreamed spanking Julia would be so exciting, I took a while to calm myself before proceeding.

'I must do this,' I murmured softly just loud enough for her to hear.

Her face was scarlet as I moved my hands lightly to and fro over the smooth shiny surface of her panties that were drawn skin tight and so thin as

to be almost transparent. I could feel the warmth right through.

Finally I peeled down her shell-pink panties and left them hanging loosely from her ankles.

'I've wanted to do this for such a long time! Are you ready Julia?' I asked.

'Oh mummy please not too hard!' she sobbed.

All the pent-up emotions I had suppressed surfaced and I recalled the trouble and anxiety she had caused me. I didn't hurry. Julia spent a salutary few moments of nerve-racking suspense waiting and thinking about it before I started.

The crisp sounds of smacking mingling with girlish cries and entreaties reverberated round the wall of the bedroom. I smacked that upturned bottom soundly and precisely, taking my time, until her creamy complexion turned a lovely plum colour. My hand rose and fell regularly and stingingly with unerring accuracy. Every inch of her youthful bottom was covered. Julia had one of the hardest spankings a girl ever had.

When it was over I made

her stand facing the wall and watched as she gingerly drew up her knickers. I have no regrets. Julia has become a changed girl. There are no tantrums and living with her is now most amicable.

Dorothy Drinkwater
Orpington,
Kent

A Tale of Two Sisters

Dear Josie,

A few days ago, my wife, Kerry, went to our local club with her sister. They had been out approximately two hours when the telephone rang, it was my sister-in-law Kimberly, who, to my surprise, quite happily informed me that Kerry was quite drunk and merrily flirting with some men at the bar. I was livid to hear this and immediately donned my hat and coat and made my way to where they were.

When I arrived, it took a lot of persuasion to get Kerry to leave. Nonetheless she did. Eventually we arrived back home; Kerry slipped off her coat and in doing so dropped a cash-machine slip from her

pocket. To my dismay, she had drawn out fifty pounds. I asked Kimberly how much she thought Kerry had left, "about a fiver," she replied nervously. Kimberly then said she was going to bed. I don't think she was genuinely tired, I can only presume she wanted to politely excuse herself.

Now that Kerry and I were alone, I brought up the matter of my wife's behaviour and flirting and told her she was to be caned on her bare bottom. You see, Josie, our relationship is based on trust, and Kerry had broken that trust. I cannot say she happily accepted her punishment, in fact, she was quite distressed to be given such a punishment while her sister, Kimberly, was staying with us.

As is the norm when Kerry is to have her bottom warmed, I made her strip down to her underwear and high-heels. I always make a point of making her wear high-heels when she is to be corrected as they tip her forward a little when she is bending. Dressed as thus, I told her to place one of the dining chairs in the middle of the room. I then sat myself down on



it and told her to lie across my lap, which she did without any hesitation. Now that she was in position, I pulled her knickers down to her knees and started to spank her bottom. After a dozen or so slaps her bottom began to change to a reddish hue and Kerry began to wriggle. I carried on smacking her for some ten minutes or so, which must have resulted in her receiving fifty or sixty slaps.

After a brief respite in which I allowed Kerry to rub her buttocks, I instructed her to bend over. The main part of her punishment, her caning, was to begin. Flexing our new 'Boonlout Rattan Cane' that incidentally I purchased from you I instructed Kerry to bend over and touch her toes. I then went on to explain that she was going to receive twelve strokes of the cane: four for wasting so much money on alcohol, five for flirting and another three for making a fool out of herself and me.

I gave her the first four with medium force, the result of which left immediate tramlines. I was just about to begin the second part of Kerry's punishment, (five strokes for flirting) when Kimberly appeared saying that she had heard me caning Kerry, and that she wanted to watch. I was most agreeable to this and told Kerry that having

Kimberly watch her being caned would probably be more of a deterrent than the caning itself.

I administered the next five strokes with roughly the same force as before, these too left tramlines across her bottom. I was just about to execute the final three strokes when Kimberly snatched the cane from me and gave Kerry three stinging cuts. The first two cut right across the centre of Kerry's cheeks and the third across the top of Kerry's, until now, unblemished thighs. This spiteful stroke caused Kerry to cry out loudly and tears begin to flow. This was the first time Kerry had been thrashed by any one other than me.

After telling Kerry to stand in the corner, which is normal practise after she has been chastised, I turned to Kimberly, who, with some reluctance handed me back the cane.

Kerry stood quietly in the corner and made no bones about what had happened until some ten minutes later when I let her look at her punished rear in the mirror. Seeing how much redder the stripes from the strokes that Kimberly had given her were, she started to scream at her sister that what had happened was all her fault. She continued saying that it was *her*

fault she had been caned as she was the one who had called me to tell me what was going on, and that she should have at least six strokes of the cane herself for being a snitch!

I never in a million years would have thought that Kimberly would accept this, so you can imagine my surprise when she readily agreed. I told her, it was all very well to accept a caning like Kerry, but if she was to be caned like Kerry, then she would have to be in the same state of undress as Kerry. Kimberly replied by nodding her head in agreement, even though she had already divested herself of her day clothes and was wearing one of Kerry's long cotton night-dresses. This she removed, and much to my delight, I saw she was wearing nothing underneath. Kimberly was now totally naked.

I told her to bend over and touch her toes too. When she had done this, and before I started to cane her, I just admired her bottom which was slightly smaller than Kerry's. I then took up the cane once more and flexed it to show her just how pliable it was. I then placed the cane onto her bottom and rested it there while I decided where to place the first stroke. It didn't take me long to

come to decision. I raised the cane to shoulder height then swished it down to land with a loud crack on Kimberly's as yet untarnished bottom. The severity with which it landed made her jump and scream all at once.

I gave her the next one with the same force and as the cane impacted she again jumped and screamed. I told her that if she could not stay still, I would start her caning again. This made Kimberly sob gently, and through her tears she promised me she would remain still and in position for the remaining four strokes.

I then made her spread her legs so that she had to bend over further to touch her toes. The effect of this made her push her bottom out further. Of course, this was part of my devious plan; I would now be able to cane the lower part of her buttocks and the tender tops of her thighs – but sadly, I didn't get the chance.

I was just about to strike again when my wife seized hold of the cane, wrenched it from my grasp and lashed it down with gusto where the last cut of mine had landed. This made Kimberly yell even more loudly; but not loud enough to for Kerry who continued raining down hard stinging strokes, causing her sister to cry and shout in

obvious discomfort and discontent with each one. By the time Kerry had finished, she had given her sister ten strokes of the cane ranging from the top of her bottom to her upper and lower thighs.

After she had finished, Kimberly said that it was one of the best canings she had been privileged to receive for a long time, which certainly surprised Kerry and I, as we had no idea that her sister was into spanking too. So now, I've got two delectable rears to thrash when the need arises.

Paul Marsh
Herne Bay, Kent

What a lucky man you are Paul, I'm sure you are the envy of all my readers. That



*is unless you're complaining!
Which I very much doubt!*

Josie

Are You Sure?

Dear Sir,

Whilst I cannot countenance anybody inflicting corporal punishment on one of their parents. I did have the good fortune to spank my mother-in-laws bottom on two occasions some eight months ago.

My work takes me all over the country so when I am in the south, I usually make a point of staying with Vera, or V as she is known. In her mid fifties she was widowed four years ago but recovered well from her bereavement and has become more outgoing than she used to be.

On the first of the two occasions we had an excellent supper and were chatting about her grand children, from her son's marriage. During the course of the conversation, the subject of CP cropped up and V adamantly insisted that a good spanking never did her any harm.

She then went into great detail about how she had even spanked my wife's bottom when she was eighteen. During all this, I was nodding in agreement.

I have to say that at this point the thought of spanking V's bottom had never entered my head.

So the evening wore on and we got a little merrier and were generally enjoying ourselves. It was as we were clearing away the pots that things started to happen. V dropped a cup and saucer and as she bent to pick up the pieces, I noticed what a superb bottom she had, despite her age.

In my best mocking / severe tone I said something like. 'Whose a naughty girl then?'

Her response delighted me as she stood up and faced me and in a very little girl like manner replied. 'Me sir, please don't be cross sir, I'm sorry sir.'

Quite clearly, the drink had got to us both but not too much that I couldn't appreciate the opportunity that presented itself to me.

I plucked up a bit more courage and told her that I was indeed very cross and asked if she could give me any reason why I shouldn't spank her bottom for her clumsiness.

My heart pounded as I waited for her response.

'None sir' was music to my ears.

Without further ado I moved one of the dining chairs into the middle of the room and sat on it, then taking her by the arm pulled her over my knees.

Well, there I was with my mother-in-law across my lap; her bottom raised sky-wards, her head down and her legs bent at the knee and no evidence of any struggle.

Taking her firmly round the waist I delivered twelve smacks to her excellent bottom. Each one was rewarded by a yelp from V and a bit of a struggle.

When I had finished, I sent her off to do the washing up. Apart from a few sidelong glances nothing more was said as off we went to bed at about eleven thirty.

I have to admit that I lay awake for a while reliving the experience and fantasizing about what else I should have done, (i.e.) skirt up, knickers down etc.

I was woken at about seven thirty to find V stood by the side of my bed with a morning cup of tea. She was dressed and had obviously been up some-time. As she moved to hand me the tea, she seemed to accidentally stumble and splash it all over the bed and onto my arm.

Without thought, I leaped out of bed, clad in only my shorts and taking the cup from her, put it on the bedside table, sat myself on the edge of the bed and yanked her over my lap again.

I had no hesitation this time. Taking the hem of her tweed skirt I pulled it up her thighs and over her bottom and folded it over her back. Next I hooked my fingers into the elastic of her knickers and tights and hauled them down to her knees to the accompaniment of V's protest.

Once I had her bottom bare I began to spank her again. This time it wasn't the tentative spanking of the night before, it was a severe spanking that covered all of her bottom leaving it a glowing red all over.

When I stopped I was short of breath and my palm was sore but not as sore as her bottom. What was even more evident to me was the state of my penis. I was rock hard.

An initial wave of embarrassment flooded over me only to be stopped when I felt V's hand worm between us and clutch hold of it, squeezing it hard.

I suppose all sense of propriety then deserted me as I pushed her off my knees so she was lying face down over the edge of the bed. Kneeling behind her, I put my left hand between her thigh and spread them as wide as her knickers and tights would allow then ground my cock up against the entrance to her sex.

In one thrust I buried myself in her sex then rode her vigorously. This didn't last long as we both climaxed very quickly.

I still think of my first two experiences with fondness though I now visit V once a month to spank her and have sex with her. We have now progressed to using a cane occasionally but she still prefers, as I do, a traditional over-the-knee bare bottom spanking, as it is so much more intimate.

Of course my wife knows nothing of my relationship with her mother and has no interest in CP.

Still I suppose I shall have to be satisfied with the pleasure of spanking V.

Yours faithfully
Paul Dixon,
Bramhall, Cheshire

Dear Josie,

Thank you for mentioning Misty's personal statistics (breasts, waist & hips) in the story line for "Rules of the Game". I think it would be a good idea to state the personal data for all of the girls in future, including how tall they are. 34-



24-26, six feet tall, is a slim model-type figure whereas a small girl of these dimensions is pleasantly plump and feminine. The girl who plays the part of the secretary in "The Rules of the game", in my opinion has a very ample, good-sized bottom, well suited for spanking and birching.

When I first got interested in women, it was the time of the "sex-bombs" such as Anita Ekberg, Mae West, Sophia Loren, and many others who had not only large bosoms but well-rounded hips and ample behinds as well. The women Renoir loved to paint had good-sized, well-rounded, large behinds too, and that goes for many more artists of his and former centuries. I suppose quite a few men of my age group feel alike and do not care very much for the slim-hipped girls so much in vogue nowadays. Seen from behind, they look almost like young - if somewhat effeminate - men.

I prefer, especially for spanking, wide hips, slender waists and prominent, almost over-sized globes, the pear-shaped figure, somewhat stern-heavy as a sailor would say.

The large, womanly bottoms, should be surrounded by lifted skirts and lowered knickers. This should put proper emphasis on the target. High heels would make her bottom even

more prominent and her walk more graceful and feminine.

Draughtsmen of old who drew spanking scenes very often enlarged the bottoms of the victims. I suppose G.H.M has some of their drawings in his archives. Louis Malteste, Milewski, G.Sieben, Szczygielski-Rogala, and lots of anonymous artists and artistes loved and love to draw very ample, sizeable, even over-sized bottoms.

Literature also is greatly in favour of big, womanly bottoms. For every pert little bottom mentioned, there are about three big ones. The heroines of *The Kallipyges* (Les Calipygues ou les Délices de la verge, Paris 1893) for instance are called *Lady Richbuttock*, *Lady Splendidorb* and *Lady Plentiful*. The two others are described "both with grand hips". The text continues: "of course, these owners of magnificent, fat behinds chose their maids according to there ideal." I should be very glad to see at least one big-bottomed woman in every edition of Kane and to have some videos starring ladies with well-rounded, prominent and fleshy buttocks.

In my opinion, *The Maid* should always be played by a buxom, hefty country lass, *The Mother* and *Teacher* by the matronly type. Some excuse or other can always be found to

have them bare their voluptuous posteriors (clothes too hot or too hindering for administering chastisement).

However, my predilection for big bottoms doesn't mean that the women be fat altogether. The *Mother* in *An Afternoons Entertainment* and in Kane 51 is just too much blubber all over, even more than *Sugar cane Jane*. I also like *Dawn's* on page 29 of *Kane Readers' Letters Special No. 1*. Would it be possible to revive the *Reader's Wives* section and to print the pictures somewhat larger?

Editorial Comment: As we mention in each issue we would love to print more reader's wives pictures, but we can only so if, and when readers send them to us.

I'd appreciate it very much to see some more mature women, who seem more within reach than the beautiful that appear in Kane.

Last year I thought of a great scenario for a video that I've titled, 'Mail Order Undies' that I offer for your consideration. I'd be interested to know what your reader's think of it.

I have in mind a matronly type, very well equipped in the nether regions, height 5'6", bust 37", waist 27" to 29" and hips 42" or more to play the part of 'The Wife' in this video.

Mail Order Undies

Hubby is sitting at his desk, studying the day's mail. Suddenly he roars: 'Mary, come here! What's this bill for £425 from *Kane* lingerie? You know I have absolutely forbidden you to buy anything on credit without my permission. Moreover, this amount is preposterous!'

Enter 'The Wife'. She is demurely clothed in blouse and skirt, but her black seamed stockings and high-heeled shoes show that she has sex in mind. Her face shows a mixture of apprehension and glad anticipation.

'I know, I know. I should have asked permission before. Now I have it coming!'

She takes off her blouse and skirt which leaves her in black chemise, tightly laced corset, stockings, shoes, and black half-slip. Then she walks over to her husband, turning her away from him. She slowly lifts her half-slip to reveal diaphanous French knickers, also black. The knickers are cut very loose and so they can be pushed anywhere.

Her husband pins her slip up so that it stays up permanently. He plays around with her knickers, pulling them up over her bum, to tighten them, then into the crack to expose her magnificent globes in various ways.

GENUINE CROOK-HANDLED CANES

WE HAVE RECEIVED MANY REQUESTS ASKING IF WE CAN SUPPLY CROOK-HANDLED CANES. WELL NOW WE CAN! ALL OF THE CANES WE OFFER ARE MADE FROM THIRTY-SIX INCHES OF QUALITY RATTAN, AND ARE GUARANTEED TO BRING A BLUSH TO ANY BOTTOM.

A. JUNIOR - A QUARTER INCH THICK OF WHIPPY BOONLOOT RATTAN £7.00

B. SENIOR - THREE EIGHTHS OF AN INCH THICK OF KOOBOO RATTAN £8.00

C. GOVERNESS - THREE EIGHTHS OF AN INCH THICK OF HEAVY DRAGON RATTAN £14.00

PLEASE ADD £2.50 POST & PACKING PER ITEM OR IF ALL THREE CANES ARE ORDERED £5.00
THESE ARE AVAILABLE FROM: KANE MAGAZINE, 23 WELLINGTON AVENUE, LONDON N15 6AS

TEL/FAX: 0181-802-2555 - MOBILE: 0958-795530

CALLERS ARE WELCOME BUT PLEASE PHONE AND LET US KNOW YOU ARE COMING FIRST.

PLEASE MAKE CHEQUES/POSTAL ORDERS PAYABLE TO

J.HARRISON-MARKS

Finally, he slowly, very slowly pulls her knickers down below her buttocks that are now framed by her corset, suspenders and knickers. After a few slaps on her as yet white bottom he makes her get over his knee to give her a sound but not too heavy hand spanking, asking, 'What the heck is this bill for anyway?' Picking up the bill from the table he reads it aloud. 'Victorian Bloomers, two pairs - Victorian bloomers with rear-flap, two pairs - CP knickers! Spankers Dream! Gossamer nightie and a Pauline Réage dress? That's enough for a fashion show! You'd better put them on and present them to me, each and every article!'

'Oh, all right. I'll put them on for you.' Her bottom still exposed, Mary slowly walks upstairs to the bedroom, followed by the camera that records the wobble of her slightly reddened bottom. Still in chemise and slip, she changes her French knickers for a pair of white, transparent batiste bloomers that actually consist of two parts. Standing in front of the full-length mirror, she inspects her behind, first with her bloomers closed, then

pulling the halves apart, bending forward then spreading her legs to get several views. Thoughtfully, she takes down one shoulder strap of her chemise, exposing the top of her corset and as much of her breast as will show above the half-cup of her tight corset.

Her husband hasn't been idle in the meantime. He has arranged various spanking implements on the mantle across the room and fastened a notice behind it.

It reads:

Every punishment is preceded by a brisk hand spanking, over knee.

- 1) Birch: bent over table, until bottom is quite red, but not bruised.
- 2) Plimsoll: over knee.
- 3) Paddle: kneeling on chair, bent over the backrest - 25 strokes.
- 4) Cane: six of the best, standing up & bent over backrest of chair.
- 5) Tawse: in the bedroom, lying on bed.
- 6) Martinet: in the bedroom, standing in front of full-length mirror.

Bottom must remain bare after punishment.

Back in the living room, she displays herself to her husband, front, side and rear, coyly opening and closing her bloomers. She opens the waistband to let the bloomers drop to the elastics round her legs and walks up and down for inspection. She hobbles a little because of the bloomers on legs.

'Darling, you know the procedure: you receive your warm-up spanking and then you let the die decide what your punishment has to be. It's all in the notice on the wall.

Hubby: 'I presume you've bought those things for my pleasure as well as yours. Therefore I am going to be lenient and softer than usual, but we must stick to the rules. You'll receive punishment for every article you have bought without my permission.' He points to the notice and then to the die on the low table. His wife crouches, picks up the die and casts them. 'One! Well, the birch fits my Victorian bloomers very well.'

She walks over to the mantle, beside which there is a bucket with several birch rods steeped in brine. As she bends down to pick it up, her

bloomers open to reveal her ample posterior.

She tries offers the birch to her husband, he declines, however, pointing to the top lines of the poster: 'You forgot the hand spanking that comes first.' Come here, my darling and hold your bloomers open.'

She comes over his knees one more to have her preliminary bottom warming. Without further instruction, she then leans over the table to receive her birching. Then she has to stand in the corner, schoolgirl fashion, holding the halves of her knickers apart.

Husband: 'darling, can you take some more, or shall we postpone the rest of the fashion shop and punishment?'

Mary: 'Of course I can. Those were almost love-pats, and I'd like to show you some more lingerie.'

Shortly after, she comes down in her other Victorian bloomers with rear-flap, but still in chemise, corset and stockings. She walks up and down as in a fashion show, first with rear-flap closed, then with her opulent bottom exposed, which is nicely framed by the bloomers. Without further ado,

TREAT YOURSELF TO SIX OF THE BEST FOR ONLY

£35

KANE MAGAZINE IS NOW AVAILABLE AT THE INCREDIBLY LOW PRICE OF JUST £35 FOR SIX ISSUES INCLUDING POST & PACKING. IF YOU WISH TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS FANTASTIC OFFER, PLEASE SEND A CHEQUE OR POSTAL ORDER MADE PAYABLE TO J. HARRISON MARKS, AT, KANE MAGAZINE, WELLINGTON HOUSE, 23, WELLINGTON AVE, LONDON N15 6AS

PLEASE FIND ENCLOSED MY CHEQUE/POSTAL ORDER NO..... FOR £..... AS PAYMENT FOR A SIX ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION OF KANE, STARTING WITH ISSUE NO..... EUROPEAN SUBSCRIBERS ADD £10 ALL OTHER COUNTRIES ADD £30

NAME:.....

ADDRESS:.....

I CONFIRM I AM OVER EIGHTEEN AND UNDERSTAND THE NATURE AND SUBJECT MATTER OF KANE. I ALSO CONFIRM THAT I WILL NOT SHOW KANE TO MINORS, AND IF I DISPOSE OF KANE, WILL DO SO IN A MANNER THAT WILL NOT CAUSE OFFENCE TO ANY OTHER PARTY.

SIGNED.....

DATE.....

PLEASE NOTE: YOU MAY CANCEL YOUR SUBSCRIPTION AT ANY TIME AND THAT ALL POSTINGS ARE DONE UNDER PLAIN WRAPPING. IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR COPY OF KANE YOU MAY PHOTOCOPY THIS FORM.



AN ANONYMOUS READER'S WIFE



he bends over her husband's knees for her warm-up spanking, before she casts the die once more.

'Six, so it'll be the martinet upstairs!' She walks over to the mantle, her bottom still on display, gets the martinet and then climbs the stairs, slowly, step by step, to give the camera occasion to scrutinise her behind, alternately with close-ups and over-all shots.

In the bedroom, she places herself in front of the full-length mirror so that the camera can show her front and rear at the same time.

Her husband stands beside her, bends her over a little, fondles the breast she has exposed and works on her buttocks with the martinet. At first Mary cries out in pain, but gradually she begins making noises like Audrey in Sugar Cane Jane.

So, she can only give him a long fervent kiss while he fondles and kneads her reddened bottom. Then he makes her lie on the bed to have her buttocks (*and the demesnes, that adjacent lie*) massaged with cold cream. Then he says:

'Considering the state of your behind, we had better postpone the rest of the fashion show; we'll continue the day after tomorrow.'

Two days later, Mary comes downstairs in the *Pauline Réage Dress* as described in *The story of O*. 'Well, what's so particular about this dress, except that it shows your beautiful tits?' her husband asks.

'You'll be amazed; I'll show you; Mary rolls up the front of her dress, waist-high, and secures it tightly with a belt. Her now revealed pink knickers are so flimsy that her bush is clearly discernible. To match the dress, she is wearing her pink stockings with black garters. Then she turns her back toward her husband: 'You'll have to do the same in the rear.' Having rolled up and fastened the rear of her dress, he drinks in the sight of her gossamer-clad, well-rounded bottom for a while before ordering her to take her knickers down, but only just



below the crease of her buttocks. Lying over his knees, Mary presents her behind, surrounded by her billowing skirt and petticoat, and her knickers.

Then it's the die again, which gives her a three, the paddle. As she walks over to the mantle to pick up the paddle, we see that her high heels make her walk with a most erotic wobble.

She hands the paddle to her husband and kneels on the chair, bending over the backrest. 'I am to receive 25 strokes with the paddle on my naked bottom, but not too hard, please as I'm going to get much more. I still have to show you the gossamer nightie, CP knickers and spankers dream.'

Husband: 'If all of it is too hard on you now, we'll have another session, but now you must have your paddling as stipulated!' Swat, swat, swat...

'To have some rest, you can lay the table for supper now, and to cool off your bottom, you'll stay in your Pauline Réage dress, with skirts up-turned.'

Moving around in the dining room, Mary alternately displays all her charms: her ample bosom, particularly when bending forward, her pubes, and most of all her reddened posterior.

After supper, which has her fidgeting on her seat, her husband tells her to put on her

"Spanker's Dream" next.

Again she goes upstairs, displaying her swaying backside. She returns in a stunning skin-tight dress with two cutouts in front revealing her breasts, and a third in the back revealing her knickerless bottom. Her husband whistles in admiration as she turns round, bending and stretching to show herself at her best. Then he beckons her to come over his knee. This time he makes her move forward so that her bottom is right on top and her head almost on the floor.

Having pinkened her bottom, he sends her to fetch the cane from the mantle, her sit-upon followed by the camera.

He puts a chair in the centre of the room for her to bend over the backrest.

Slowly and methodically, he places six parallel tramlines on her ample hemispheres.

Rubbing her behind, Mary goes to the corner to stand there awhile, displaying her backside, before she is allowed to go upstairs to change.

In the bedroom, she takes off her "*Spanker's Dream*". She puts on a pair of black net stockings with red garters and then the "*CP Knickers*". They are of white stretch lace, skin-tight with legs like cycle shorts. In the rear, however, there is a large opening nicely framed by a black lace border.

So, her buttocks are fully

accessible for a spanking or caning. The crotch is open too. "*Gossamer Nightie*" is a long black nightshirt of sheer transparent nylon fabric. Nevertheless, she turns her back to the mirror, lifts her nightgown and regards her splendid backside.

Back in the living room, the ensuing hand spanking really is a warm-up. Between spans, her husband gently fondles her bottom and her breasts. Once again, her cries of pain give way to sighs of pleasure. Evidently, she is getting not only warm but hot.

Letting her up, her husband tells her not to bother with the die as she is due for a no.5, the tawse in the bedroom.

In the bedroom, she first kneels on the bed, her bottom lifted, head down, for the first dose. Then her husband puts two pillows under her tummy and makes her lie down. Slap, smack, thwack, slap, thwack, crack!

When he stops, she quickly turns round, puts her arms around his neck and pulls him down to the bed.

Once again, thanks for making such a splendid magazine. I hope the above is of use to you.

H.S

Germany

Josie Replies:

Thanks for the idea H.S. we'll keep it in mind.

*** MICHELLE FASHIONS ***

Stockists of

MICHELE XR
RESTRICTIVE RUBBER R

MICHELE X
LATEX RUBBER R

SASHA
Designer Fashions

Sextasy

MIDNIGHT

Temptations

SPICE

Shop on line: www.michellefashions.com

Come & Visit our "NEW" **DUNGEON** Themed Showroom

Shoes & Boots

Fantasies in Footwear

TAWSES

WHIPS

PADDLES

CROPS

*** MICHELLE FASHIONS *** Stockists of a wide range of a products for correction, Fun & Fantasy. Restrictive Rubber, Leather PVC, Underwear, Wigs, Uniforms, Boots & Shoes. Lots to see including video's magazines & Furniture.

105 Epping New Road Tel : 0181 504 0418
Buckhurst Hill Essex IG9 5TQ Fax : 0181 559 0999

Dear Josie,

This is one of those letters that just had to be written.

I was brought up by parents who were entirely non-sexual with each other (I am adopted by the way) and so as I grew up I knew nothing of sensuality at all. This situation was made worse by being sent to an all-male school.

My first proper contact with adult women – outside of my rather undemonstrative mother was when I worked as a hospital volunteer at the sprightly age of seventeen. The nurses I worked with were very sensual and liked to touch. After a little while I began to have quite sexy dreams involving nurses making love to patients and to each other. However, I didn't have any sexual activity until I was twenty-three, and even then I realised something was lacking, even though the sexual act in itself was fine.

I didn't realise what this was until I picked up, quite by

chance a spanking magazine. I found the sight of a beautiful, submissive girl being spanked incredibly erotic the thrill it gave me was much more powerful and sexual than anything I'd yet experienced. I have to say that this began the liberation of my sexual personality, yet I found myself wondering if the pictures of the girls were real or posed. Although, somehow I knew that the girls were not really spanked at all! Then I bought Kane no. 68 and saw an exquisitely beautiful woman, who was obviously being spanked – her marks couldn't possibly have been faked, and, was obviously enjoying it.

I refer to the woman who appears on the full-page photo on the last page of no. 68 making love to a lovely blonde. At the time it was the most erotic photograph I'd ever seen. Since then, I've bought no. 72 and 73 and you've now surpassed what I believed possible. Issue 73 in particular contains several of

the sexiest women I've ever seen in some of the most beautiful scenes I have ever come across. I refer you to the following: Page 25 top picture and page 41 bottom picture, page 29 top picture, page 32 and page 51. In fact, the pictures on pages 32 and 25 (top) are definitely the most sensual pictures I've ever seen. I also found the front cover very sexy. Could you please tell me who the women in these pictures are, and if it is possible to see them in action or obtain copies of stills?

What I find most beautiful is that the women appear to be enjoying themselves in an activity that is obviously highly erotic for all concerned. They are obviously enthusiasts, and what they are doing enhances their considerable beauty.

Sincerely

T.S.,

Macclesfield, Cheshire.

P.S., I've recently arranged to come to London in July to learn the art of caning women correctly at the Wildfire Club. My desire is to be able to give pleasure to women who enjoy being spanked and caned. I'll let you know what happens.

Josie's reply: Dear T.S. what a lovely letter. I sincerely hope you enjoy your visit to the Wildfire Club. You really must write and tell me what happens.

As you've asked quite a few questions concerning girls who we've featured, I'm handing you over to Cliff, who will be able to give you the answers. Especially as you mention his favourite.

Cliff: Thank you, Josie,

I'm sure our reader's will think this letter is made-up, but I assure you, as T.S. himself knows, this is not the case.

I received this letter from Josie on the day that our new video was being shot. That in itself is not unusual; what is unusual is the fact that the day before, two of the models we

had arranged to use dropped out and we had to hastily find replacements. These are two of the girls T.S. has inquired about.

The exquisitely beautiful woman on the last page of issue 68 is Sandra Lester who appears in the Video, Noisy Neighbours.

The blonde girl on pages 25 and 51 is Brandi, who features in our video, Discipline in the Office.

The girl on page 41 is Dolores Freeman, who also features in, D.I.T.O as Marjory, the secretary.

Finally, to the beautiful blonde on page 32, as regular readers of Kane will know, this is Susan Ellis, 'see "A Profile of Susan Ellis" in issue 73', my favourite, who stars in many of our videos. Quite uncannily, after a two-year hiatus, Susan contacted the Kane office last week. So, who knows, she may well appear again?

For those of you who are interested, we have four sets of ten 6" x 4" colours stills of Sue. These cost £40 per set including P&P. As for watching the girls, of course you can! Just buy their videos.



Sandra Lester



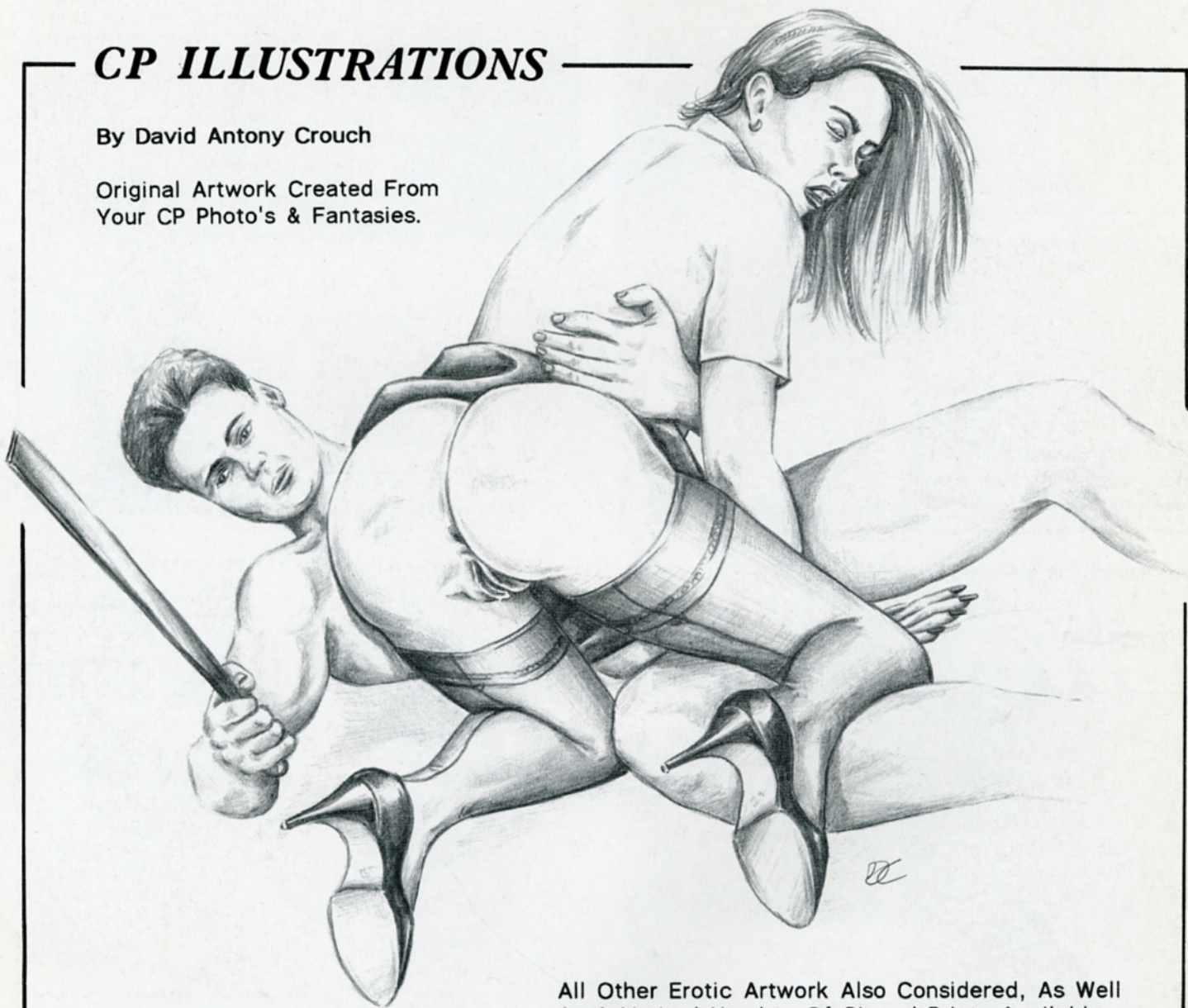
Especially for T.S.
One of his sexiest women,
Susan Ellis
who may soon be back with us!



CP ILLUSTRATIONS

By David Antony Crouch

Original Artwork Created From
Your CP Photo's & Fantasies.



All Other Erotic Artwork Also Considered, As Well
As A Limited Number Of Signed Prints Available.

Tel/ Fax: 01634 574200

Mobile: 0589 489020

1st Flr, 199 Napier Rd, Gillingham, Kent. ME74HN.

**ARE YOU WEARING
MY SILK KNICKERS
YOU NAUGHTY
NAUGHTY BOY?!!!
THEN BE PREPARED
FOR YOUR
PUNISHMENT**

**0896
403
920**



**SMACK!!
SMACK!!
SMACK!!**

**MISS BEHAVIOUR
ADMINISTERS PUNISHMENT
TO A VERY
NAUGHTY PUPIL
0896 403 921**

**RED RAW
AND
BEGGING**



0896 403 919

**ST. TRINGIANS
COLLEGE FOR YOUNG LADIES**

**TOO LATE FOR 0896
403
SORRY MY GIRL!! 923**

**DISOBEDIENCE DEALT WITH
IN THE OLD FASHIONED WAY
0896 403 922**

**AN ACHING BOTTOM FOR
DISOBEDIENT COLLEGE GIRL
0896 403 911**

**SMELL & LICK MY DAMP KNICKERS
0896 403 910**

**SAMANTHA STRIP SEARCHED
BY MATRON
0896 403 908**

**BECKY WINCES WITH EACH
STROKE OF THE SLIPPER
0896 403 907**

**HOCKEY TEAMS GOLDEN
SHOWER INITIATION FOR
NEW GIRL
0896 403 906**

**TAKE DOWN MY NAVY KNICKERS,
& SMACK ME FIRMLY
0896 403 905**

**30 SECOND INSTANT WANK LINE
0896 403 904**

**6
OF THE
BEST FOR
NAUGHTY
JANE
0896
403
903**



**A Short, Sharp,
Stinging Pain for Natalie...
She Loves It Really.
0896 403 918**

**WICKED
BITCH**

**REQUIRES A
COMPLIANT
MALE..**



**..TO
PAY HIS
DUES
TO
MISS
KANE**

**0896
401 606**

**QUICK
INSTANT
RELIEF**

**0896
403 916**

**MISS
STEELE
CHASTISING HER
SUB TV HUSBAND**



0896 403 915



**Madam Sin
Punishing
Her
Transsexual
Slave**

**0896
403 917**

**BOTTOM
MARKS**



**SAM LEARNS
HER LESSON
THE HARD WAY**

**0896
403 914**



**MISS
STERN
SHOWING
NO MERCY.
POOR SUE!!**

**0896
403 913**

**MISS SWISH
DEALS SWIFTLY WITH
MISDEMEANOURS**



0896 403 912



**DON'T MISS OUR NEXT ISSUE THAT CONTAINS AN IN-DEPTH
AND REVEALING INTERVIEW WITH**

BRANDI

YOU WILL BE SURPRISED BY WHAT SHE HAS TO OFFER!